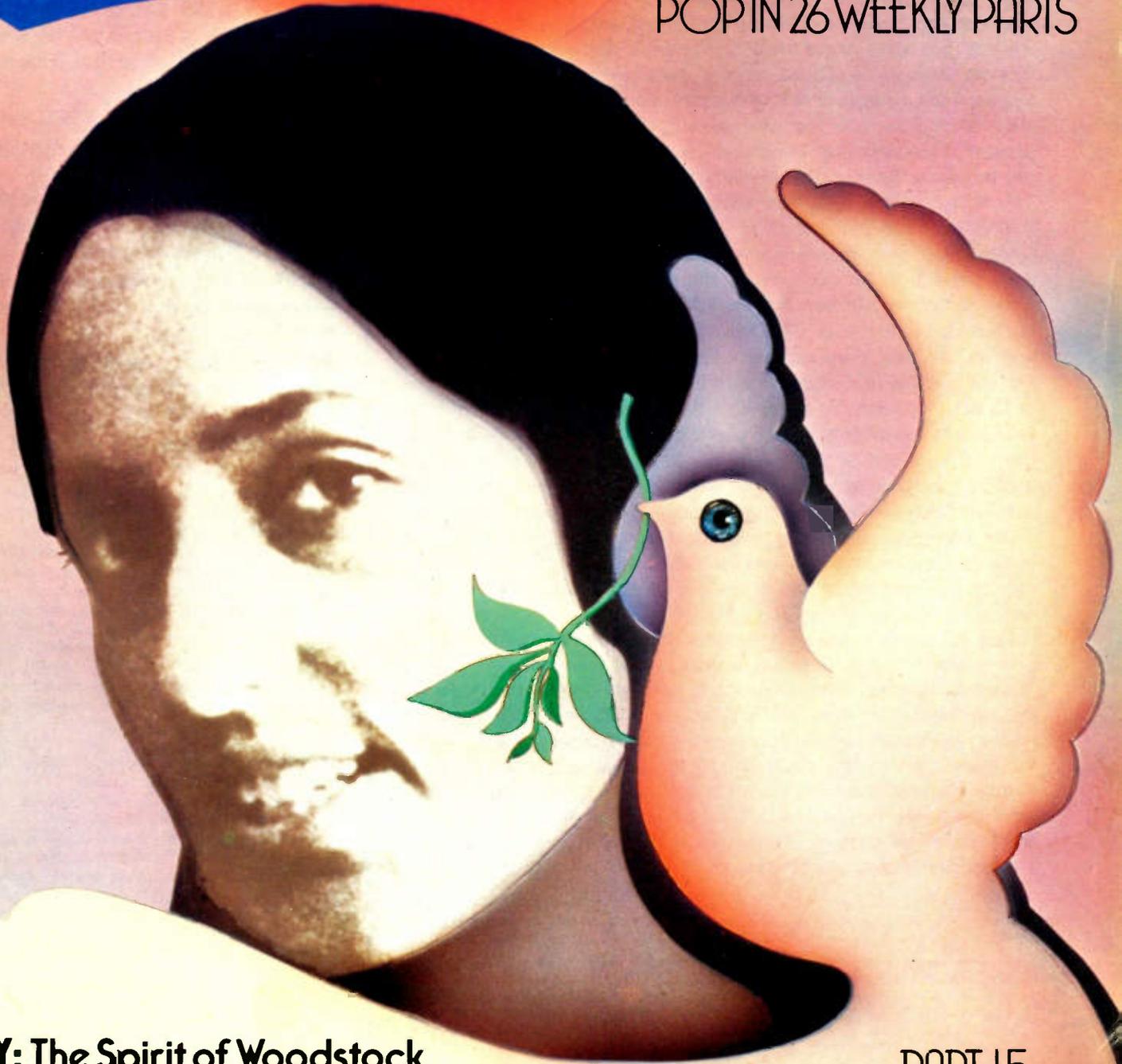


**THE
RADIO
ONE**

Story of Pop

THE FIRST
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF
POP IN 26 WEEKLY PARTS



CSN&Y: The Spirit of Woodstock
JOAN BAEZ: A Voice for Peace
THE BYRDS: West Coast High Flyers
PLUS: Dylan, The Village, Black Struggle & more

PART 15
25p
EVERY THURSDAY



The unprecedented increase in communications made the youth of the '60s the best-informed of any generation. This, coupled with increased literacy and improved education, bred a new type of teen who was radicalised and not simply vaguely discontented, but could actually pin-point areas of distrust, disillusion and injustice. The 'Rebels Without A Cause' of the previous decade had rebelled against their parents and found expression in the raucous exuberance of rock & roll. The new decade, however, saw a rebellion against inequality and imbalance in existing systems, and it too needed its anthems and its marching songs.

Folk music had long flourished in coffee shops and basement clubs, but traditional songs of past fights and struggles were no longer good enough. There were still wrongs to be righted, and they needed to be exposed by the most popular medium of all – the pop song. But first there needed to be balladeers and writers of musical broadsheets. One arrived in the shape of Bob Dylan, and pop all at once grew up, achieved literacy, and found meaning. Protest was the new cry, and such is one theme this week. We look at Dylan as a writer in the first of two essays which deals with his early social comment, his pre-electric days. We profile Joan Baez, taking a look also at the folk boom as it appeared in pop, and the marriage of folk and rock via one group and one song: the Byrds and 'Mr. Tambourine Man' – a song that created a new musical language.

The struggle of the Blacks in the States had aroused a generation of white middle-class kids who identified with their Negro brothers, rode on freedom buses, raged at indignities, and supported in effect and spirit James Meredith and Martin Luther King. From these events came new, powerful songs and the start of a self-realisation among Blacks that would soon express itself in their music.

Also in this issue we investigate, through a first-hand account, the significance of Greenwich Village to a whole section of young music-makers who would soon achieve prominence; look as well at the legacy left by the drop-outs of the previous generation – the Beats. And the superstars are Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, who emerged at the height of youth's celebration of its own uniqueness and power – Woodstock. Protest and music, then, are our dominant themes for this chapter of the story.

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

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POP: 1960-73

The Byrds

West Coast High Flyers

*'Won't you pay for your riches and fame?
Was it all a strange game? You're a little insane,
Money that came and the public acclaim
Don't forget what you are, you're a rock'n'roll star.'*

(*'So You Wanna Be A Rock'n'Roll Star?'*)

So sang the Byrds in 1967 in a song riddled with irony. After two years of success, a year as international chart toppers and a year as an 'established' group, 1967 saw the Byrds as has-beens. The dubbed-on screams were real, but they came from a 1965 concert; no one was screaming at the Byrds in '67.

A further level of irony is that back in the

early '60s, when the various soon-to-be-Byrds were making their first tentative steps in the music business, rock & roll stardom was the last thing that they sought. For Jim (later Roger) McGuinn, Dave Crosby, Chris Hillman, Gene Clark and Michael Clarke — in common with many others — rock & roll was dead. It was in folk that most of the Byrds began

their musical careers. McGuinn, the only one with a musical education, started backing the Limelites, joined the Chad Mitchell Trio, and then in 1962 began doing folk music session work and supporting Bobby Darin, who had introduced a folk spot into his night-club act. Similarly, Gene Clark did a stint with the New Christy Minstrels, and Crosby was a Les Baxter Balladeer for a while (Baxter was a big-time American band leader, who in the wake of the folk boom, like Darin, quickly inserted a folk slot in his show). Hillman, like McGuinn, began playing folk in local coffee houses, then temporarily left folk for bluegrass, first with the Scottsville Squirell Breakers and then with his own group, the Hillmen, as a joint



S.I./Peter Owen



Above: Byrds 1965 – Chris Hillman, David Crosby, Gene Clark, Jim McGuinn, Mike Clarke (unseen). Centre picture: Byrds 1965 again – Mike Clarke, Jim McGuinn, Chris Hillman, David Crosby, Gene Clark – and Bob Dylan, whose songs the Byrds remade, adding their own distinct formula at that time.

CBS Records

folk and bluegrass venture of some merit.

By 1964, the Byrds as individuals were almost old troupers on the folk scene. Like rock & roll before it, folk was being swallowed up by the record industry. In McGuinn's words: "It was getting very commercial and plastic packaged in cellophane . . . a low quality product . . . I wanted to get into something else."

The opportunity to form a group came when McGuinn played the Troubadour in L.A. in the summer of 1964. Gene Clark saw him, and suggested they form a group – 24 hours later Crosby joined them and they began rehearsing as the Jet Set. Stuck in L.A. on their own, they turned for help to Jim Dickson, who had tried recording Crosby as a solo singer and was also trying to sell an album he'd produced for the Hillmen. When it became apparent that the Jet Set wouldn't make it as a trio, Dickson asked Hillman to join. He did, and so all that was needed now was a drummer – enter Mike Clarke, a conga-playing acquaintance of Crosby's.

Songs On Tape

The next step was to get some material together and go looking for a recording contract. Since Dickson had the run of World Pacific studios they decided to make a tape of their songs. McGuinn later described their early music as a synthesis of Dylan and the Beatles:

"In the spectrum of music at the time . . .

I saw this gap, with Dylan and the Beatles leaning towards each other in concept. That's where we aimed."

But when the tapes were eventually released as 'Preflyte', the lame 'Little Drummer Boy' version of 'Mr. Tambourine Man' notwithstanding, it was the Beatles influence, not to mention imitation, that stood out.

On the basis of this tape Dickson got them a 'one record and option' deal with Elektra for which, billed as the Beefeaters ('I plead guilty . . . but there had been such a run of British groups,' Jac Holzman, then president of Elektra) they put out a very Beatlish single 'Please Let Me Love You' in the autumn of 1964. The record failed, and the band, now officially the Byrds, switched to Columbia (CBS). Once again the search for a single began. Earlier that year the Animals had had hits with 'Baby Let Me Take You Down' and 'House Of The Rising Sun', which were rocked-up Dylan material, if not Dylan compositions, so Dickson suggested they remake 'Mr. Tambourine Man'. They did (with the help of session-men Hal Blaine, Leon Russell and Larry Knetchel), and after a six-month wait for it to be released it soared to the top of both the US and British charts.

Like 'Satisfaction', 'Like A Rolling Stone' and 'She Loves You', 'Mr. Tambourine Man' is one of rock's great singles, but in 1965, its significance lay more in what it represented: the arrival of folk rock and the

stemming of the tide of the British Invasion. Though the Byrds rose to success with the song and the freaky image they projected, they faded quickly. Their second record, 'All I Really Want To Do', was beaten to the top by a Sonny and Cher cover version, and, though their next, 'Turn! Turn! Turn!'; made no. 1 in October 1965, from then on they were always struggling for chart success.

Diamonds Of Perfection

In the two years between 'Mr. Tambourine Man' and 'Eight Miles High' the Byrds changed a lot. After their first success Columbia allowed the band to play on the follow-up album, which was the expected synthesis of Dylan, 'folk' songs and their own compositions. But if the material was straight folk-rock, their performance of it showed the first real signs that 'Mr. Tambourine Man' was no accident. On all the songs the Byrds made an attempt to stylise and Byrdise the material. By the next album, 'Turn! Turn! Turn!', the Byrds had got folk-rock down pat: out of songs like Gene Clark's 'Set You Free This Time', Dylan's 'Lay Down Your Weary Tune' and the traditional title song, the Byrds created little diamonds of formal perfection. All that was missing was a sense of excitement.

The next album, 'SD', demonstrated that the Byrds were certainly weary of folk-rock. In between it and 'Turn', Gene



CBS

Top picture: Byrds 1968 – Kevin Kelley, Gram Parsons, Roger McGuinn, Chris Hillman. Bottom row, left: Byrds 1967 – Jim McGuinn, David Crosby, Chris Hillman, Mike Clarke. Right: Byrds 1967 – Mike Clarke, Chris Hillman, David Crosby, Jim McGuinn.

Clark had quit to pursue a solo career, thus causing McGuinn and Crosby to either write more songs (Clark had been the group's major songwriter) or look further outside the group than Dylan for material. Strangely, the result was the first Byrds album without any Dylan songs. In their place were very traditional folk songs ('Wild Mountain Tyme'), and the beginnings of McGuinn's personal space odyssey in which science and mysticism were equally mixed ('Mr. Spaceman', '5D'). '5D', which was issued as a single and bombed completely, made explicit the gap between the group's concerns and those of their audience:

*'Oh how is it that I could come out to here
And be still floating,
And never hit bottom and keep falling
through
Just relaxed and paying attention?'*

At a time when 'Eight Days A Week' was a surrealist idea for most record buyers, McGuinn wanted his fans to understand and *buy* a record that he later explained "... as an ethereal trip into metaphysics ..."

On the singles McGuinn was the Byrds: it was his voice and distinctive guitar that were the group's trademarks. On the albums however, McGuinn was merely one of the group. 'Younger Than Yesterday', the fourth album, saw Hillman and Crosby step forward. The album was

released just after 'Sgt. Pepper', and was wholly overshadowed by it. Moreover it was made at the time when the Byrds were at their lowest ebb. As Crosby explained:

"The Byrds would come out there and be a mechanical wind-up-doll. . . . We would get through a set, forty minutes long – just barely – of material that we had done so many times we were ready to throw up with it. We were bored we were uptight."

Baroque Rock

Yet, following up their tradition of capping each album with the next one, 'Younger' saw the electronic experimentation of '5D' brought to absolute perfection: 'CTA 102', a McGuinn space-song about a quasar, caught the sounds of space to a T, 'Have You Seen Her Face?', and 'Time Between' saw Hillman out-do the Beatles, while Crosby on 'Everybody's Been Burned' and 'Renaissance Fair' proved himself a master of baroque rock and, of course, there was 'So You Want To Be A Rock'n'Roll Star'.

Crosby, by this time fed up with the bad gigs and bad feeling inside the group, was forever threatening to leave and showing his feelings by gigging with Buffalo Springfield when they opened the show for the Byrds – a very unprofessional thing to do.

The crisis came to a head in late 1967,

during the recording of the next album, 'The Notorious Byrd Brothers'. Crosby refused to sing Goffin King 'pop' songs – 'Goin' Back' and 'Wasn't Born To Follow' – demanded more political songs, and then finally quit for a cash settlement to join Crosby, Stills and Nash – leaving the group with a half-completed album. Somehow the Byrds managed to finish it as a trio, and again somehow it was superb. More importantly, for the Byrds at least, the group had a lucky break. Classified as a singles group by the new rock audience that had suddenly appeared in 1967, 'Younger Than Yesterday' had been neglected as an album. But by the time of 'The Notorious Byrd Brothers' in 1968, the growing number of rock *critics* had begun to re-appraise the Byrds, and thus gave the album a good reception and it sold fairly well. Moreover, the same audience that couldn't understand 'Eight Miles High' would quite happily accept 'Change Is Now'.

By now the Byrds had a growing cult following, though the larger audience raised on San Francisco music still eluded the band. To capture that audience another 'Notorious' was required. Instead, the Byrds added Gram Parsons and replaced Mike Clarke with Kevin Kelley and headed up country with 'Sweetheart Of The Rodeo'. The Byrds just couldn't stand still for long enough to collect an audience around them. Later, 'Sweetheart' would be seen as enormously influential,



Whatever the line-up, the Byrds and their longest lasting member, Roger McGuinn, are part of our established music scene.

but in 1968, no one in either the States or Britain was willing to accept any rock group, let alone the Byrds, singing Merle Haggard redneck songs.

But if 'Sweetheart Of The Rodeo' lost the Byrds the progressive album audience, it also more or less destroyed the band. The next time the group came to record, McGuinn would be the only original member left. First Gram Parsons left when the Byrds agreed to do a tour of South Africa, and then on their return, when McGuinn wanted out of the country trip, Hillman, who's idea it had been, left to form the Flying Burrito Brothers with . . . Gram Parsons. McGuinn had always been the group's front-man but, never very good at handling break-ups, he seemed about to lose all credibility as Crosby sneered at him from the safety of CSN: "As far as I'm concerned there were only five Byrds ever. Period." Leaving Hillman to deal the killing blow: "All McGuinn's doing now is riding it out till it ends, just for the money."

Easy Rider

The new, new Byrds' album, 'Dr. Byrds And Mr. Hyde', with Gene Parsons (no relation) on drums, Clarence White on guitar and John York on bass, didn't help McGuinn much: first it was pretty bad, and second he seemed unable to get away from country musicians. Henceforth, like it or not, there would always be a country tinge to the Byrds' music. At this low point luck entered the picture again in the

form of the film *Easy Rider*, which used a few of their songs on the soundtrack. The Byrds were almost respectable again. The album that quickly followed, 'Ballad Of Easy Rider', was better than average and against all predictions, the Byrds seemed to be on the way up again.

By 1970, Skip Battin (of Skip and Flip, an early '60s imitation Everly Brothers) had replaced John York, and after some hard touring the group even began to earn a reputation as a live band. Indeed, they seemed so sure of themselves that half of the double-album 'Untitled' was a recording of a live performance. As if that wasn't amazing enough, the other half saw McGuinn back on form as a songwriter. He'd been commissioned, with Jaques Levy, to write a musical version of Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, *Gene Tryp*. The musical fell through, but out of it came a batch of fine McGuinn/Levy songs, all of which slotted into the classic Byrds mould of weary resignation. In 'Chestnut Mare', McGuinn sings of 'Catch(ing) that horse if I can', knowing that when he does he'll lose it again, and soon. 'Just A Season' offers a bleaker and sadder version of 'Change Is Now':

*'If all my days were hills to climb,
And circles without reason,
If all I was was passing time,
My life was just a reason.'*

Change seemed impossible for the Byrds and, just as McGuinn's philosophy was becoming stuck in a rut, all that was

left for the group was to continue in the hope that something would turn up. In 1972, after another two albums – 'Byrdmaniax' and 'Farther Along' – McGuinn gave in and folded the Byrds to, of all things, reform the original five Byrds. The idea was to see if in an atmosphere of revived 45s, the group could take off yet again. The album, 'Byrds', was a failure: there was nothing to return to, there weren't even any worthwhile little-known Dylan songs for them to do!

Solo Album

But if 'Byrds' managed to demonstrate that there wasn't any magic left in the original Byrds by 1973, it helped lay the ghost of the Byrds for McGuinn. Quickly after 'Byrds' came McGuinn's solo album, 'Roger McGuinn'. It was this album rather than 'Byrds' that was in the tradition of the Byrds: Hillman, Clarke, Crosby and even Dylan were all in there helping out as McGuinn re-worked his old themes of space, technology, and of course helpless weariness . . . but this time with a spark of optimism:

*'The water is wide, I cannot cross over
And neither have I wings to fly.
Build me a boat that I can carry two
And both shall roam my love and I.'*

McGuinn may not ever have been the Byrds, but he has certainly outlasted all the members of the group.

NEXT WEEK IN POP: The Protest Boom Goes Pop.

The Beat Generation

Although many of the changes in the years since the Second World War may at first sight appear trivial and superficial, this has been a period of ever-accelerating social change both in Britain and the United States.

In the '70s it is no longer automatically assumed, for example, that any long-haired male is either homosexual or degenerate and, perhaps far more significantly, a recent survey in Britain estimated that over 7% of the population had smoked cannabis . . . a staggeringly high figure once the very young and elderly are discounted as unlikely dope fiends. The rock festivals of the late '60s produced temporary cities with populations exceeding many provincial centres. International travel is now no longer the sole prerogative of the rich, and every year tens of thousands of young people leave the Western World behind, hitch-hiking to faraway places with strange-sounding names. The commune movement in the States is much stronger than in Britain, but on both sides of the Atlantic it has been an important factor in a critical reappraisal of the role of marriage and the family in our society.

Flexible Individual Society

Viewed in isolation, any one of these changes could be dismissed as mere shifts of fashion, but collectively they at least suggest the development of a more flexible, possibly less conformist society where the individual enjoys slightly greater opportunities to recognize his or her potential.

Rock & roll music itself has done much to emphasise the possibilities of a new and radically different life-style for young people. Many of the ideas and attitudes that rock music has popularised are generally associated with the hippie movement that sprang up in the mid-'60s, but the hippies' original 'Peace and Love' slogan is now only a patchouli-scented memory for most people. Long hair, dope, sexual permissiveness and mobility, however, are now inescapable facts of life, and it's worth realising that these changes and the life-styles they embody go back a lot further than 1967 and the elfish charm of the flower power era.

Ten years before the hippies had even started massing in San Francisco's Haight-

Ashbury, another group had already defined the rules, or at least the styles, by which so many of today's young people now live. When this movement was at its height in the late '50s it had many names, but one seemed to fit better than most – the Beat Generation.

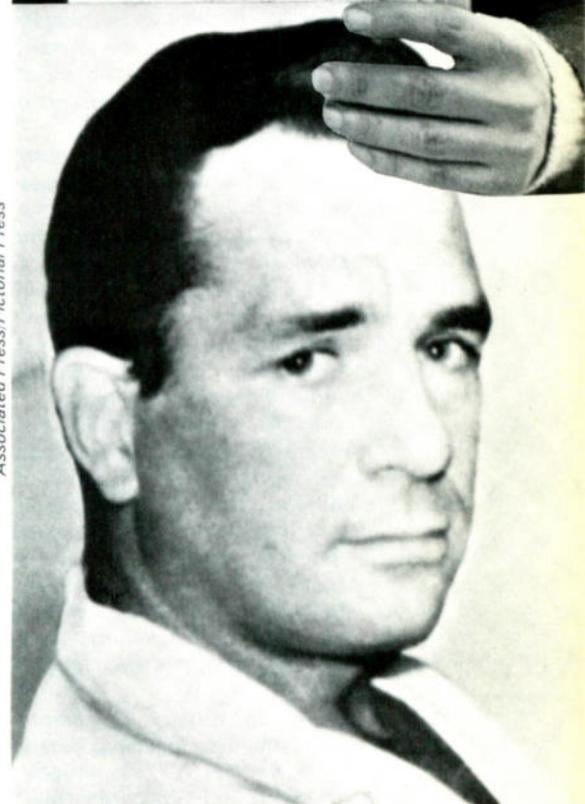
Curiously enough, the Beat Generation started out as yet another literary movement, one of the many sudden swings in literary fashion that have taken place with almost monotonous regularity since the beginning of this century. But it soon became obvious that the Beatniks or Beats (as the press instantly labelled the members of the movement) were concerned with something far more complex than a simple redefinition of literary attitudes. The writers who formed the original hard-core of the Beat Generation were less interested in developing new literary techniques than they were in destroying the traditional gulf that existed between the artist's work on the one hand and his life on the other.

Novelists like Jack Kerouac and William S. Burroughs, and poets like Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and Gregory Corso wrote directly from their own everyday experience of life. This approach could have produced literature of total mundanity if they had lived mundane lives. But 'mundane' is the last adjective that anyone could apply to the insanely frenetic and freewheeling existences that the heroes of the Beat Generation lived out in the kaleidoscopic years of the '50s and early '60s.

To them their lives were works of art, as tangible and as heavy with meaning as any novel or any poem. What was it then that made their lives so different, and enabled them to become the Avatars of a whole restless generation?

Post-War Austerity

The Beats were the first influential group living under 20th Century Western capitalism who attempted to dissociate themselves from the society in which they lived, for reasons that were neither explicitly political nor religious. Growing up in the austerity of post-war Britain and America, the Beats found themselves confronted with a system whose goals (financial, marital and social success) reflected the older generation's desperate need for a secure and predictable world in which they could forget the chaotic horrors of the war years. But that security



Associated Press/Pictorial Press

Top: Poet Allen Ginsberg. Bottom: Writer Jack Kerouac. They formed the original hard-core of the Beat Generation.

could only be guaranteed by relatively authoritarian social structures that frustrated the many experimental and individualistic drives that powered a less-paranoid younger generation.

Recognizing the frustrating pressures under which they were forced to live (including the (then) still novel threat of extinction by nuclear war), the Beats rejected the possibility of changing society as a whole, and concentrated on changing themselves, their relation to society, and their perception of it. Because their desires and ambitions were socially unacceptable they were alienated from the mainstream

of their society, but instead of regretting this alienation they gloried in it and exploited it as the basis of their life-style.

Under so-called 'free enterprise' capitalism (with its inevitable tendencies toward big-business monopolies and rigidly structured social hierarchies) there are always social minorities that are alienated by society's failure to respond to their specific needs. In post-war America, where the idea of a Beat Generation was first established, there were many such groups – the poor, the uneducated, the delinquents, the drug addicts, the homosexuals and, most important of all, the Negroes.

All these groups had something in common: they had no real possibility of improving their position in society, and so they combated the reality of a hopeless future by living only for the present and the few real pleasures it could provide – ignoring the inevitably depressing possibilities of tomorrow or the day after. Recognizing that they too were an isolated minority who had no real stake in the American Dream, the Beats enthusiastically adopted this habit of living for the present and, inspired to some extent by both Zen Buddhism and Existentialism, developed it into a clearly defined philosophy of life.

The basic principles of this philosophy were very simple: 'Today is real because we can experience it, but tomorrow is the future and, as such, is unreal. Because the future is unreal, the whole concept of progress is meaningless. Since progress is meaningless, the idea of social responsibility and traditional Christian ethical notions of right and wrong are an enormous fraud and should be ignored.'

And so, freed from the chains of conventional morality, the Beats set out to lead an existence that made sense in terms of experience and pleasure *now* – rather than the promise of experience and pleasure this year, next year, sometime or, more probably, never. Committing themselves to spontaneity at any cost, Jack Kerouac and the rest rushed backwards and forwards across America in search of the Ultimate High.

The novels and the poetry they wrote catalogued their activities in loving detail. Kerouac's *On The Road* (1957), Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* (1959) and Ginsberg's *Howl* (1956), probably the three best-known literary efforts of the Beat Generation, graphically described a life-style that revolved around wild experimentation with drugs of all sorts, sexual excesses both heterosexual and homosexual, mysticism, crime, speed, action, jazz, violence, visionary madness and premature death.

Predictably enough the straight middle-classes of America and Britain were both appalled and titillated by the phenomenon. Almost ironically, *On The Road* became a monster best-seller. Parents bought the book because it enabled them to be simultaneously shocked, self-righteous and sexually stimulated: always a winning combination as the success of books like Harold Robbins' *The Carpetbaggers* and Phillip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* so

clearly demonstrated. Their children bought the book so that they could discover just what it was that they were missing out on.

The media, sensing an almost unlimited supply of lurid headlines, latched on to the Beatniks with fiendish glee; praising them as 'the only truly honest people in our decadent society' one week, and condemning them as 'the most utterly depraved dregs of humanity' the next. Film stars like James Dean and Marlon Brando



Kobal Collection

Steve McQueen in *Nevada Smith*, one of Harold Robbins' successes.

were suddenly seen as thinly disguised members of the Beat Generation who had somehow managed to infiltrate the Hollywood dream factories. Films like *Rebel Without A Cause* and *The Wild One* became the cult classics of the new movement almost overnight. Even Elvis Presley who, as his most ardent admirers must admit, is not noted for his involvement with poetry or any of the other literary arts, was hysterically condemned by all the usual reactionaries as yet another agent of a sinister international Beatnik conspiracy. ('Probably organised and financed from Moscow', the more paranoid conservatives suggested, 'after all, rock & roll was a Communist Plot. Everyone knew that!')

And while responsible adults ranted and raved, applauded and condemned, the young in America and Britain began to realize that the movement had at least the advantage of offering them a few new ways of getting out from under the many pressures of their existence. They started growing their hair and sporting beards and dark glasses.

The hip slang that Kerouac and the others had taken from the American Negroes, with its limited and infinitely permutable vocabulary ('cool', 'dig', 'hip', 'man', 'way out', 'crazy', 'cat' and 'chick'), became the basic recognition signal of a new breed of young, would-be hedonists. Seedy, well-educated school-boys started hanging round the all-night London blues clubs, nodding their heads

dreamily to the music and whispering about 'five-bob deals' of 'gear' or 'charge'. Some of the more suicidally brainless trendsetters even took to using heroin as a mark of their total devotion to the new – if in their case, rather short – life-style.

In 1965, Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti and Corso came to London to read their poetry to a packed Albert Hall. It was the most convincing show of force by the Beatniks that Britain has ever seen . . . and it was virtually the last. In some way the evening, with its scattered flower petals, bells, mantras and joss, was more memorable as an early indication of the coming of flower power, the movement that was to replace the Beats. But whether it is seen as a funeral or a birth, the 1965 Albert Hall Poetry Event made it overwhelmingly clear that the Beat Generation – the movement born out of the alienated, life-affirming craziness of a few men more than 15 years earlier – had at first developed into a focus for thousands of young people on both sides of the Atlantic, and then degenerated into just another fashionable stance, totally lacking in conviction and vitality.

This is not to say that the Beat Generation failed. Given the initial philosophy of Kerouac and his contemporaries with its profound lack of belief in the whole bourgeois concept of 'success', it was impossible for the movement to either succeed or fail. Success or failure were irrelevant. What matters is that it happened, and that its effects are now apparent in many of the changes we see around us.

Leaving The System

Liberation is a word that gets tossed around casually these days, but the Beats were the first large social group in either Britain or America this century to attempt to cope with the problems of a repressive and authoritarian social structure without resorting to some variation on a Marxist analysis of society. In many ways, though, they were both selfish and self-deceiving. Indeed, what 'leaving the system' meant to most 'beats' was finding some cosy out-of-the-way niche within the system – artist, 'liberal studies' lecturer, or writer – something brimming with freedom . . . and comfort.

Much of the Beats' freedom was illusory, and depended on the continued tolerance and financial support of the middle-class they despised. Their emphasis on individuality and on an experiential rather than a conceptual approach to the external world prevented them from becoming a cohesive mass-movement with the power to implement any sweeping changes. But it is wildly misleading to try and judge the Beat Generation as any sort of political movement. It wasn't. If anything the impulse behind the Beats' frenetic search for transcendental experience was a religious one. Cosmic gunslingers, lost and holy outlaws on their 'speechless, seeking trail', they tried to find a new dimension to existence.

PROFILE: 1959-73

JOAN BAEZ

In 1962, when *Time* magazine decided that the folk-song movement in America was worthy of notice, they chose Joan Baez as its representative figure and stuck her picture on the cover. She was shown dressed in jeans and yellow shirt casually plucking a guitar, and gazing out into the distance.

The *Time* writer waxed lyrical about her singing:

'Her voice is as clear as air in autumn, a vibrant, strong, untrained and thrilling soprano. She wears no make-up, and her long black hair hangs like a drapery, parted around her long almond face. In performance she comes on, walks straight to the microphone, and begins to sing. No patter. No show business.'

No Need For A 'Star'

A dozen years later, Joan Baez retains her no-nonsense attitude to the show business establishment. She still sees no need for the trappings of the 'star' status, which many artists less talented and less successful eagerly claim. But what has changed is the kind of material she sings. Gradually she has moved away from a strict repertoire of authentic traditional ballads to include first, songs by Bob Dylan and then, songs by a wide range of contemporary writers, both folk and rock – until today her performances consist mainly of songs she has written herself.

In the beginning though, Joan was the queen of the folk conservatives. She gained that title after her very first major professional appearance at the inaugural Newport Folk Festival of 1959 when she was 18. Before that, she had been singing in clubs and coffee bars in Boston, where her Mexican-American father was a research physicist. It was among students like those at Boston's many colleges and universities that folk music first took a hold, before sweeping the country as a major force in early '60s pop via such people as Peter, Paul and Mary and Bob Dylan. In this atmosphere Joan Baez soon absorbed songs and styles.

Like other traditional singers of the time, Joan drew most of the songs she performed from a collection called the *Child Ballads*, made by a Harvard professor in the 1890s. The themes of such pieces as 'Barbara Allen', 'Lord Randal' and 'Mary Hamilton', were of doomed illicit love or violent death in the late mediaeval world of the Scottish borders. It may seem incongruous that a teenager with a flawless, soaring soprano voice should make so great an impact

with such material, but Baez, Judy Collins, and other singers like them had struck a vein of idealism in large numbers of college students who were as dissatisfied with the mainstream of American culture as they were with its politics.

Her first two albums were best-sellers and, for the next three years, she toured the college campuses performing her established repertoire of *Child Ballads* and traditional American songs from the Appalachians, like 'Wildwood Flower' and 'Copper Kettle'. Like many of her fellow folk-singers and her fans, she was also very involved in the Civil Rights struggle of the Southern Blacks, and with the developing anti-bomb peace movement.

Joan, like most of the other young, politically concerned singers, wrote and sang protest songs at rallies and on marches, but for a long time she stuck to her traditional ballads because she felt that most of the new stuff was not good enough. The late Richard Farina, himself a gifted writer and the husband of Joan's sister Mimi, wrote about a conversation he had with Bob Dylan in 1962.

"Take Joanie, man," said Dylan, "She's still singing about Mary Hamilton. I mean, where's that at? She's walked around on picket lines, she's got all kinds of feelings, so why ain't she steppin' out?"

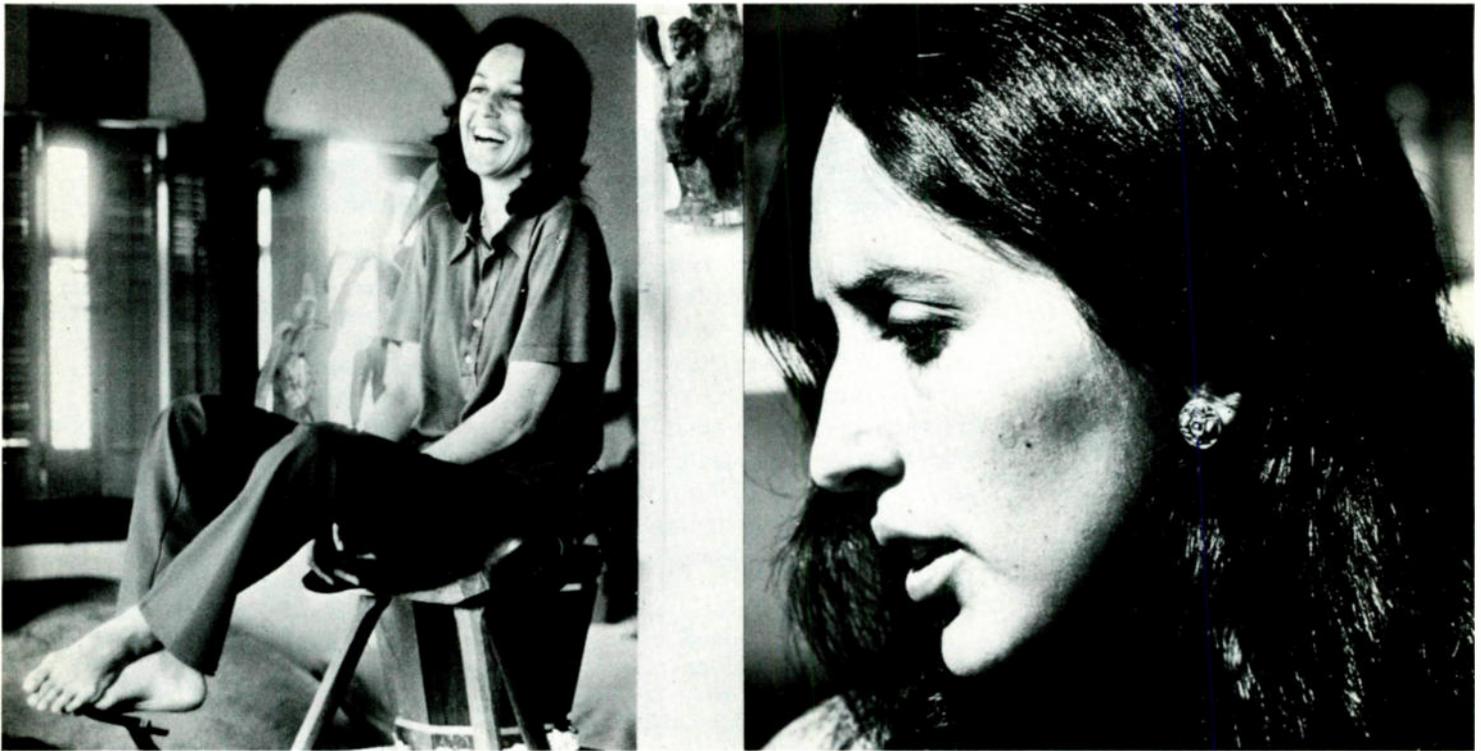
Won Over By Bob

It was, of course, Bob Dylan whose songs changed Joan's mind about contemporary material. She now tells about how her manager used to carry around a pre-release copy of one of Bob's albums on tour, pleading with her to listen to it. When she finally agreed, she was completely won over. Soon she was singing 'With God On Our Side' and other Dylan songs in her performances. The two finally met at the Monterey Folk Festival in May 1963, after which Dylan stayed with Joan for several weeks at her home in Southern California. A close and intense relationship had begun that was to last for two years, during which time it was often rumoured that they would marry.

Baez and Dylan appeared together that year at Newport, which by now was attracting nearly 50,000 people. The fact that Joan Baez, the undisputed queen of folk music brought Dylan on to sing with her there – and at many other concerts – meant he had finally made it in the folk world. After this, Dylan's popularity rapidly grew. The major reason Joan Baez became estranged from him was his single-minded determination to become a star. In addition, she disliked intensely his



SKR



Left: A recent shot of a happy, laughing, Joan Baez. Right: The younger, serious Joan more often remembered.

new bizarre, personal songs. In her book *Daybreak*, Joan was in fact to describe Dylan the rock star as a 'huge transparent bubble of ego'.

Bob Dylan had become a different person and artist from the one she had been so attracted to and influenced by. But Joan Baez remained profoundly affected by his poetic protest songs and they remained the most important part of all her concerts. She was still determined to try and unite her personal beliefs with her career as a professional singer.

During 1964, she proved her determination on two contrasting occasions. Before the assassination of John Kennedy she had accepted an invitation to sing at a Democratic Party 'Salute to the President' concert in New York. She eventually appeared before the new President, Lyndon B. Johnson, and told him firmly: "I realise we are very young by your standards, but some of us like to consider ourselves serious thinking people." She then sang 'The Times They Are A-Changing' and 'Blowin' In The Wind', sounding, according to one reviewer, 'like some sinister oracle'.

By this time, in stark contrast to Dylan, Baez was becoming more and more involved in political issues – to the extent that they claimed as much of her energies as recording and performing. In particular, she was setting up her Institute For The Study Of Non-Violence in Carmel, California, where for \$10 a week tuition fees, young people could come to study the pacifism of Gandhi, Martin Luther King and others.

Meanwhile, her music was marking time. Her annual albums still sold well and her concert audiences were still ecstatic, but the quality and power of the songs she sang were not keeping pace

with the deepening of her thought and work outside music. Only a few new songs were comparable with what by now were the Dylan standards – 'The Times They Are A-Changin'', 'When The Ship Comes In' and the rest. One of these new songs was her own 'There But For Fortune'.

Then, in 1968, a change came. She went to Nashville, home of conservative country music, to make a double-album of Bob Dylan's songs.

Sympathy With Music

Since that first recording visit, Joan Baez has been back every year to cut an album – six in all. Each in its own way has been a small masterpiece, and it is a pity that they are not better known. In recent years her only massive selling record has been a version of the Band's 'The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down' – although all of her records still command a substantial audience. The reason for all this is simple: the unwillingness of Joan Baez to compromise with showbiz. She flatly refuses to have a glamorous and safe image constructed for her. Her Nashville producer Norbert Putnam put his finger on it in an interview with Geoff Lane published in *Country* magazine:

"If it wasn't for her political connections she could probably be the top female country singer . . ."

But of course the power of much of Joan Baez' music comes precisely from the fact that she wants to fuse her political anger and sympathy with her music. Not in a simple way by stringing together a set of slogans – she hasn't forgotten all those crass protest songs of the early '60s – but through songs using imaginative ideas and images to get a message across. A good example is 'Rider, Pass By' from her

last album, about the situation of women and men in the context of the growth of women's liberation:

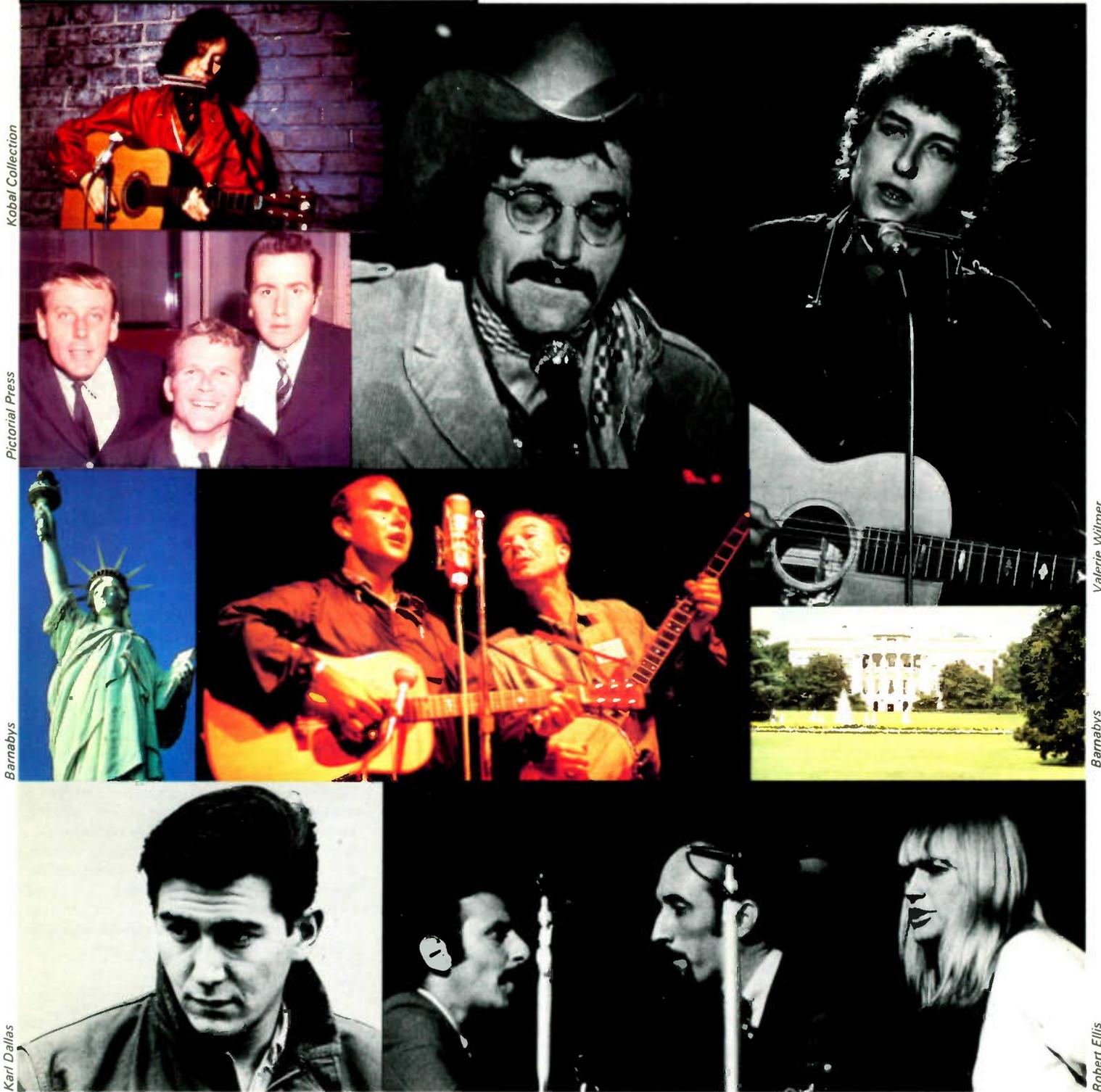
*'But who can dare to judge us
The women or the men
If freedom's wings shall not be clipped
We all can love again
So the choice is not of etiquette
Of finding lonesome ways to die
But liberty to ships at sea
And Riders passing by'*

The '70s have also seen Joan Baez casting her net wider in her choice of other people's songs to record. Among these have been the Stones' 'Salt Of The Earth' and John Lennon's 'Imagine'.

Joan's political commitment remains as steadfast as ever: she has spoken, marched and sung against the Vietnam war, and even visited Hanoi during the air-raids to see the results of American bombing. She is now much less isolated in doing so than in the mid-'60s, because many other musicians, actors and actresses in the United States are also speaking their minds in public about political issues. Along with them, Joan Baez is keeping alive the idea that pop music can be enjoyable and thought-provoking.

This belief is nowhere more apparent than in her concerts, where her political comments and introductions to the songs come across as a natural part of the proceedings, because she speaks to the audience as equals rather than lecturing them from the stage. Her acute sense of humour comes into play there too: for several years she included an item which she announced as 'a recent hit for the Supremes, dedicated to the President'. Then she sang just the first line of 'Stop In The Name Of Love'.

POP INFLUENCES: '30s-'70s



Kobal Collection

Pictorial Press

Barnabys

Karl Dallas

Valerie Wilmer

Barnabys

Robert Ellis

Joseph Stevens/Pictorial Press

Top row from left to right: Arlo Guthrie, Rambling Jack Elliott, Bob Dylan. Next row: Kingston Trio. Middle row: Statue of Liberty, Tom Paxton and Pete Seegar and the White House. Bottom row: Phil Ochs and Peter, Paul and Mary.

U.S. FOLK MUSIC

You can blame it on the Senator from Wisconsin. If the late and unlamented Senator Joe McCarthy hadn't appointed himself America's Redfinder General, the folk scene might never have played such an important role in the growth of pop, up to and including the present day.

Think about it: without the McCarthyite hysteria of the mid-'50s there might have been no Bob Dylan, no Joan Baez, no Peter Paul and Mary, no Country Joe and

the Fish, no Band, no Simon and Garfunkel. The mentality of the people who saw reds under every folk-singer's bed was aptly illustrated by a resolution from the Fire and Police Research Association of Los Angeles Inc which solemnly declared:

'WHEREAS it is becoming more and more evident that certain of the "Hootenannies" and other similar youth gatherings and festivals, both in this country and in Europe, have been used to brainwash and subvert, in a seemingly innocuous but actually covert and deceptive manner, vast segments of

young people's groups, and 'WHEREAS there is much evidence indicating an accelerated drive in the Folk Music Field is being made on or near the campuses of a number of high schools and colleges by certain individuals of questionable motivation, including members of the Communist Conspiracy,

'THEREFORE, be it resolved that the Fire and Police Research Association hereby formally requests the Congress of the United States, through its House Committee on Un-American Activities, to investigate Communist subversive involvement in the Folk Music field, that the continued, effective misuse of this media may not be made, and that it may not further be used as an unidentified tool of Communist Psychological or Cybernetic Warfare to ensnare and capture youthful minds in the United States as it has so successfully and effectively captivated them abroad.'

The Witch Hunt

That was in the '60s, and though the resolution was actually debated on the floor of Congress, not too much attention was paid to the fuzz and firemen of L.A. Ten years earlier, though, the Un-American Activities Committee had thoroughly investigated the folk scene in terms not unlike that resolution. More than one well-known folksinger, notably Pete Seeger, was threatened with jail for refusing to answer its questions. What really seemed to spark off the witch-hunt was when Seeger's group, the Weavers, hit the charts jackpot in 1950 with a sing-along waltz-tune, 'Goodnight Irene' that they'd got from a black ex-convict called Huddie Ledbetter – Leadbelly. Leadbelly was a tough guy, jailed twice on murder raps, who only got out of jail with the help of the eminent folklorist John A. Lomax, and his son, Alan.

The Weavers were a three-men-and-girl group of white middle-class Americans who got the inspiration for their vocal harmonies from the Golden Gate Quartet, a rather polite (by today's standards) black gospel group.

Pete Seeger and Lee Hays, two of the Weavers, had actively participated in an earlier group, the Almanack Singers, whose main audience had been left-wing political rallies and trade union meetings. Another Almanack had been Woody Guthrie, who later was to become the inspiration of the '60s protest-songwriters like Dylan, Tom Paxton and Phil Ochs.

The success of the Weavers' single attracted the attention of the McCarthyites and within two years the group was finding it impossible to get work. A year later, the blacklist forced the group to disband. Up till then, so far as the pop-biz was concerned, folk music had been a jolly, unsensational affair. 'Goodnight Irene' was one of a string of sing-along folk hits that didn't bear a lot of resemblance to the sort of songs the 'folk' actually sang, which often got right

down to the tough nitty-gritty of what life was about, good times and hard times, love, birth and death. And politics.

Songs Of Social Comment

A thin red vein of protest had run through the folk music of America for centuries, just as it does in every country, but it had rarely been commercial. When Woody Guthrie was booked for a top radio show sponsored by a cigarette company in New York and found that they wouldn't let him sing his songs of social comment, he just spat on the floor and drove off to California in the brand-new 1941 Pontiac they'd given him as part of his contract. The job went instead to an unknown folk singer called Burl Ives – who 10 years later was to 'finger' many of his old folk-singing buddies for the Un-American Activities Committee.

But the blitz on folk-singing – like the attacks on rock & roll that began a short time later – didn't kill the music. Instead, it helped to crystallise the music into a strong movement.

By the time the folk movement had begun to grow again and the Weavers were able to re-form in 1955, they were singing a whole new kind of folk song. 'Kisses Sweeter Than Wine' and 'Goodnight Irene' were still in their repertoire, but so were tough union songs like 'Which Side Are You On'.

McCarthyism had closed the normal show business outlets to professional folk singers, the cabarets, night clubs and coffee houses, and especially the concert halls. Instead, the folk singers and their audiences got together in informal singing sessions called 'hootenannies'.

At such events all sorts of songs might be sung, and not all of them were folk. But a lot of them had been turned out on his battered typewriter by Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, an Oklahoma-born writer and a guitar-picker with a rusty, rustic voice.

Actually, though Guthrie was recognised by the folklorists as an authentic traditional bard – he was taken off to Washington's Library of Congress where "... they recorded several hours of questions and answers and all of the songs I could remember on a pint of pretty cheap whiskey".

Life Was Hard

Meanwhile, life was hard throughout America in those post-World War I days but especially for the rural people and particularly after the Wall Street crash of 1929. In their attempts to organise the cotton-weavers of North Carolina and the miners of Kentucky and Virginia, the Union organisers often wrote new words to the old traditional tunes. One of these, as we've already seen, was 'Which Side Are You On', whose tune came from an old Scottish ballad about a young woman who dresses up in men's clothing to follow her true love off to war. One of these singing organisers, Ella Mae Wiggins, was murdered during a strike in Gastonia. The

folklorist George Korson wrote of another Union musician, Orville Jenks: "When word was passed in advance that Jenks would sing and play his ballads, those hillbilly mineworkers flocked to the meeting, for love of balladry was in their blood."

The most famous of them was the legendary Aunt Molly Jackson, who sang dozens of old ballads for the Library of Congress and served 10 days' jail for assault with a rifle when she was 10 years old. Later Woody Guthrie was to write of her:

"Aunt Molly Jackson would sing us an hour or two of Bloody Harlan County, songs of organising the coal miners to beat the thugs of old Sheriff Blair. Molly told tales from her life as a mountaineer midwife, sung us the songs that she used to make the sweethearts lose their bashfulness, the husband and wife go back to their bed, the lonesome ones take up new heart, and the older ones to be in body and action as quick, as funny, as limber and as wise as the younguns coming up."

At about the same time as the Harlan County strike, the Commonwealth Labour College was founded in Arkansas and a local preacher, Lee Hays, brought along the great traditional singer, Emma Dusenbery, to remind the students of their local traditions. Later Lee Hays was to sing bass with the Weavers.

Another similar institution was the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee, founded by a Georgia poet and singer Don West (father of the folk-singer Hedy West) along with Miles Horton, whose wife Zilphia collected a re-written Baptist hymn from striking tobacco workers, later to become world-famous as 'We Shall Overcome'. It was she who turned on Pete Seeger, son of the folklorists Charles and Ruth Crawford Seeger, to the 5-string banjo and, through him, started a nation-wide renaissance in this then unfashionable instrument.

The Cold War

World War II was succeeded by the Cold War of hatred between America and Russia, and attitudes that had been OK in 1944, became reasons for losing your job in 1954. Even your past record could be held against you: Woody Guthrie was accused of having been 'prematurely anti-fascist' before the war. A similar charge could have been made in Britain about Winston Churchill.

The records that people like Woody, Pete Seeger and the Weavers had made in the days before McCarthyism became collectors' pieces, passed reverently from hand to hand, copied on the new tape recorders, and sung by young men and women in hootenannies. By this time, Woody Guthrie was in hospital with the disease, Huntington's Chorea, which was later to kill him, and Pete Seeger was singing to all the audiences he could get, of any size. But if Seeger was the great enthuser, the spreader of the gospel of





Above: Woody Guthrie, an Oklahoma-born writer, who sang songs of social comment.

folk, Woody had become its patron saint. Young people used to write to him from all over the world, and lots made pilgrimages to his home, only to be turned away by Marjorie, his ex-wife, who was having enough trouble raising his kids and taking them to see him at the hospital. One night, however, when she was out, the babysitter let one of them in.

"By the time I got home," she told me once, "it was so late I could hardly turn him away. Besides, he was playing so nice with little Arlo, teaching him to play the harmonica."

The boy was a college drop-out from Minnesota, a Jewish kid called Robert Zimmerman, who was exploring every avenue he could find to make his career in music. He'd talked his way into sessions with blues singers like Big Joe Williams. He'd played piano with rock & roll star Bobby Vee, he said later, though Vee said he couldn't remember him. He'd changed his surname in honour of the great Welsh poet, Dylan Thomas.

That story about Bobby Vee was typical of the mist of legend and myth he wove around his background, claiming to have run away from home four times "... and they didn't bring me back but three times."

He also gave the impression that he'd been an old buddy of Woody's, travelling the roads with him – when all he'd done was to visit him in hospital – an impression that was heightened by the fact that his vocal style was a clear imitation of Woody's rusty Okie voice.

In this, Bob Dylan was not unique, for many of the new folk singers were rootless kids, mainly from middle-class America, who found the folk tradition provided them with more meaningful roots. In the words of Shel Silverstein's satirical song:

"Whatcha gonna do if you're middle-class, white and Jewish?"

Another white middle-class Jewish kid called Elliot Charles Adnopoz, son of a Brooklyn doctor, – who *had* actually hit the roads with Woody when the singer was still fit enough to travel – had changed his name to Jack Elliott (later, at the height of his commercial success, becoming Rambling Jack Elliott) and had gone around in a cowboy hat, saying he, too, came from Oklahoma. In many ways, all that Bob Dylan was to do was to take this legend over, substitute a railroad engineer's cap for Jack's Stetson, and take it from there to fame and fortune.

After a slow start for Columbia records with a traditional-style album, Dylan recorded his second album, "Freewheelin'", which established the young Minnesota boy as the creator and leader of a whole new category of music, the singer-songwriter.

Of course, there'd been singer-songwriters before, from Jimmie Rodgers to Woody Guthrie, and in Britain a school of folk writers had sprung up around the Scottish playwright Ewan MacColl. But this boy seemed to be made of different cloth – a continuation of the old forms with something uniquely modern, expressing the rootless discontent of the young of the atomic age, communicating with each other by the medium of electronics, like soldiers lost in a jungle, in touch with walkie-talkies. Previous generations had taken to the roads, singing "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum", out of dire necessity, because of unemployment or economic depression, but something else was driving these kids away from home, at a time of America's greatest prosperity.

Blowing In The Wind

Why? The answer to this and all the other questions troubling the new generation and their elders, said Bob Dylan, was blowing in the wind, just waiting to be grabbed a hold of. The old weren't sure they wanted to – as a later Dylan song put it, they knew something was happening, but they weren't sure what it was – but the young grabbed it by both hands. "Freewheelin'" really began to sell.

Though they liked to think they were somehow different, there wasn't a lot to choose in terms of background between the rock fans of the '50s and the folk fans of 10 years later. When they wouldn't let the kids dance at the cinema showings

of 'Rock Around The Clock' – they rioted. When the police tried to ban open-air folk singing from New York's Washington Square in 1961 – the folk singers rioted. This new generation wasn't about to be pushed around by anyone.

As Dylan's next album put it, 'the times they were a-changing', though not as fast as some wanted. True, Pete Seeger's jail sentence was reversed on appeal in May 1962, but when the ABC-TV 'Hootenany' show took to the airwaves the following year, the anti-Seeger blacklist, that had closed down the Weavers 10 years earlier, was still in operation. It was ironic that the man, who had given the word 'hootenany' to the language, should be banned. But while in the '50s a number of folk singers had fallen over themselves to declare their innocence of association with people like Seeger, in 1963, instead they queued up to put their names to a declaration, refusing to appear on the show until Seeger was allowed to sing on it: Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul and Mary, the Kingston Trio, Jack Elliott, Joan Baez, Tom Paxton.

People Boosed

On the black music scene however, a tougher, more electric sound arrived, the guitars whining like banshees, backed up by bass and drums. From this music, out of Muddy Waters by way of Chuck Berry had come rhythm & blues, later to be transformed by white boys like Elvis Presley into rock & roll. Of all the folk singers, Dylan was most aware of what was happening in rock – though in the early days of his success he seemed to choose to ignore it. Then came the Animals' recording of his own version of 'House Of The Rising Sun', which was like the opening of a door, and a new kind of sunlight streamed in.

The old-style folk fans didn't like it one little bit. In 1965, Dylan appeared at Forest Hills with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and the people booed, actually booed. At Newport that same year it happened again, and Bob was reduced to tears. But just like the early opposition to rock, like the McCarthyite persecutions, it didn't weaken his resolve. He told an interviewer in October 1965:

"I never wanted to write topical songs. That was my chance. In the Village there was a little publication called *Broadside*, and with a topical song you could get in there. I wasn't getting far with the things I was doing, songs like I'm writing now, but *Broadside* gave me a start."

If he sounded bitter, that was because he was. Later he was to return to acoustic folkie melodies by way of country & western, and in the early '70s there was to be a revival of interest in acoustic performers like Tom Paxton and James Taylor. But from now on, in America at least, the folk scene had stopped being something separate and unique. From now on, it was back in the mainstream of American pop.

THE MUSIC: LYRICS

Talking 'bout my generation

EVE OF DESTRUCTION

words and music by P. F. Sloan

*The Eastern world it is explodin',
Violence flarin' and bullets loadin',
You're old enough to kill,
But not for votin',
You don't believe in war,
But what's that gun you're totin'?
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'!
But you tell me over and over and over again my friend,
Ah, you don't believe we're on the EVE OF DESTRUCTION.*

*Don't you understand what I'm try'n to say?
Can't you feel the fear that I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed there's no running away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave.
Take a look around you, boy, it's bound to scare you, boy,
But you tell me over and over and over again my friend,
Ah, you don't believe we're on the EVE OF DESTRUCTION.*

*My blood's so mad feels like coagulin'
I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'
You can't twist the truth it knows no regulatin'
And a handful of Senators don't pass legislation
Marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'.
But you tell me over and over and over again my friend,
Ah, you don't believe we're on the EVE OF DESTRUCTION.*

*Think of all the hate there is in Red China
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama!
You may leave here for four days in space
But when you return, it's the same old place.
The pounding drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
Hate your next door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace
But you tell me over and over and over again my friend,
Ah, you don't believe we're on the EVE OF DESTRUCTION.*

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The British stars of the mid-'60s didn't have it all their own way; shortly after their first incursion into the States the young writers on the West Coast replied with a burst of good songs. The pair featured this week are divided by two years, and their content shows very clearly how attitudes had shifted in that short time. P. F. Sloan's 'Eve Of Destruction' was a hit for Barry McGuire in 1965, and is a blatant cash-in on the much more sincere expressions of discontent voiced by Bob Dylan and others. Dylan's songs of protest were much more cutting, more fluent, and more specific. 'Destruction' is a catch-all song that hardly misses a trick or a cause. It is pacifist, anti-hypocrisy, anti-Bomb, pro-integration, anti-peaceful demonstration, pro-revolution, and just about contradicts itself in every verse! McGuire, an ex-New Christie Minstrel (a safe-as-milk commercial spin-off from the folk boom), delivered it with an ersatz anger, but however much he growled

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SAN FRANCISCO (BE SURE TO WEAR SOME FLOWERS IN YOUR HAIR)

words and music by John Phillips

*If you're going to SAN FRANCISCO,
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.
If you're goin' to SAN FRANCISCO,
You're gonna meet some gentle people there.*

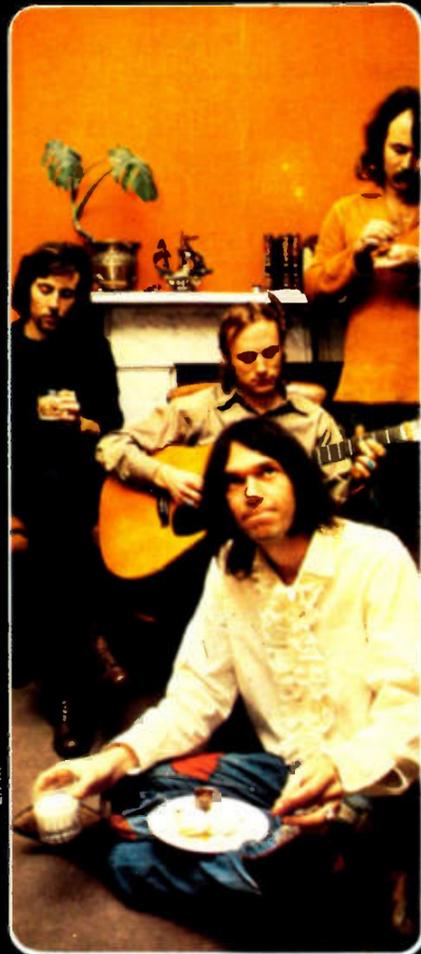
*For those who come to SAN FRANCISCO,
Summer time will be love in there.
In the streets of SAN FRANCISCO,
Gentle people with flowers in their hair.
All across the nation,
Such a strong vibration:
People in motion.*

*For those who come to SAN FRANCISCO,
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.
If you come to SAN FRANCISCO,
Summer time will be a love in there.
If you come to SAN FRANCISCO,
Summer time will be a love in there.
There's a whole generation with a new explanation,
People in motion,
People in motion.*

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and scowled as he performed he couldn't hide the fundamental dishonesty of the purpose. 'Eve Of Destruction' was the death-knell for genuinely political protest music of the time, but it had a good melody and remains something of a curio.

John Phillips' 'San Francisco' was *the* anthem of 1967. But like 'Destruction', it celebrates a false ideal that could never be and was quickly dissipated into commercialism, dirt and drug abuse. Haight-Ashbury may have been a beautiful, free-living enclave of San Francisco – and certainly many people sincerely believe that the message of the song was a true way to a better life – but in retrospect the gentleness of the music and the stary hope of the lyrics make for a better pop song than philosophical tract. Nonetheless, it is typically Californian in feel talking about love and flowers, as befits the man who helped create the sunny, smooth Mamas and Papas sound of previous years.



L.F.I.



Rex Features

oblique sequences of poetic comments on the situation of the pop star. Like the six-minute epic 'Broken Arrow', which foreshadowed some of his later songs on albums like 'After The Gold Rush'.

Buffalo Springfield dissolved for two main reasons. The first was the pressure (common to all four members of C.S.N.&Y.) of working within a straight pop context when your ambitions went beyond the hit single format. The second was the heavy tension within the group between its most creative members, notably Stills and Young, who felt frustrated by having to subordinate themselves to the group identity. The same problem arose, of course, within Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young itself, and though it was ultimately responsible for their breaking up too, it also generated much of the energy that C.S.N.&Y. projected in their live concerts.

To begin with, they were a trio: Crosby, Stills & Nash. In an interview with *Rolling Stone*, David Crosby described the moment it all began:

'We started singing together and one night we were at Joni Mitchell's - Ah,

there's a story. Cass (of the Mamas and Papas) was there. Stephen was there. me and Willie (Graham Nash), just us five hangin' out... What happened was we started singing a country song of Stephen's called 'Helplessly Hoping'. I had already worked out the third harmony and Stephen and I started singin' it. Willie looked at the rafters for about ten seconds, listened and started singin' the other part like he'd been singin' it all his life.'

'Captain Manyhands'

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Stills & Nash' was however overshadowed by the more well-known 'Deja Vu'. This album's more forceful playing and singing showed clearly the impact of Neil Young on the group. Whereas the first album was mainly acoustic with gentle harmonies and, if at times the lyrics are overblown, there's a sense of group involvement in every track lacking in 'Deja Vu' - where each of the four does his own songs, virtually using the others as a backing group.

Several songs on 'Crosby, Stills & Nash' had the familiar Californian style of romantic autobiography: bitter-sweet in Stills' superb tour-de-force 'Suite: Judy Blue Eyes' written about Judy Collins; lazily sensual in Nash's 'Lady Of The Island'. There were also songs evoking mythologies old and new: Crosby's 'Guinevere' and 'Wooden Ships' which came out of a long science-fiction story he and Stills had constructed in the long, hot, Pacific summer. But most typical was Graham Nash's 'Marrakesh Express', with its evocation of the sights, smells and sounds of that hippie Shangri-La. It was the perfect laid-back song on a classic laid-back album.

The album completed, they were ready to get out on the road. Crosby and Nash were happy to play acoustic guitars and put all the weight of their performance on the singing. Stills wasn't so sure, he wanted a band that played some rock & roll. So they compromised. One half of each concert would be soft and acoustic, the other amplified with a rhythm section and rippling lead guitar.

Drive To The Sun

And so, enter Neil Young, the quiet, intense Canadian who a few years earlier had left Toronto to drive down to Los Angeles 'because that's where the sun was'. Since the break-up of Buffalo Springfield he'd made a much-acclaimed solo album, featuring more impassioned singing and biting guitar-work than he'd ever been able to do in a group format. Stills persuaded him to come to a rehearsal, and he liked what he heard. Greg Reeves was brought in to play bass, and soon after C.S.N.&Y. went out to play before live audiences.

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'Finally they begin. Crosby is angry at the wait, and once into the song he tries to pull Young in by jamming on him but Young is still fiddling, tuning, and finally he turns his back on the whole thing, walks over to the amps, and begins re-stringing his guitar. Nash and Stills pull the song along, twisting it about until Young gets through and jumps in, linking and a-picking on his electric. The song goes on for 15 minutes, with the best electric music ever made before an audience, but the concept is nowhere,



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Much of the energy of those concerts is captured on the live double-album '4-Way Street', but by the time the band went into the studio to cut 'Deja Vu' it had begun to evaporate. Nevertheless, whatever criticism could be made of the record on musical grounds missed the main point: 'Deja Vu', like a very few albums before it, seemed for a moment to focus the feelings of every young American who went out and bought it - feelings about what their generation was and where it might be going.

Here were songs of hope for the new life-style, like Joni Mitchell's 'Woodstock' and Nash's 'Our House', and balanced against them the powerful sadness of Young's 'Helpless' and Stills' '4 + 20'. And in a weird way David Crosby's 'Almost Cut My Hair' seemed to sum up the confusions and paranoia of living in Nixon's America.

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And that was it as far as Crosby, Stills, Nash, Young, Taylor and Reeves were concerned. For contractual reasons they had to make one more tour, but their hearts weren't really in it. "It just wasn't fun any more, what with all the bickering and fighting that went on," Stills told an interviewer later. Ironically, a group which had come together to escape the pressures and limitations of the successful hit singles band found in its turn just the same problems as it rocketed to stardom in the album market. And the result was the same.

C.S.N.&Y. was never intended to be a band which demanded full-time commitment from each member, though at one euphoric moment one of them was quoted as saying that he could see them cutting an album a year for the next decade. And in fact even during the unit's active life, Neil Young was working with his own band Crazy Horse, and Stephen Stills was exercising his diverse talents in preparing a solo album.

Predictably enough, since the split those

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While Crosby and Nash have been content to stay laid-back in California, Stills and Young have, in different ways, been moving out and away in their search for the musical means to express themselves. Stephen Stills has been the more eclectic and diverse in his projects. All four of his recent records use country music and latin rhythms, in addition to the familiar rock style he developed in Buffalo Springfield and C.S.N.&Y. Indeed, with his current band Manassas he seems almost to have come full circle since his second-in-command, Chris Hillman - as a member of the Byrds - helped to give the Springfield their start back in 1966.

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example of the now common phenomenon of well-known musicians getting together to play on each others records. But unlike most of those records, at their best C.S.N.&Y. were able to spark each other off and create a fiery unity of almost frightening intensity.

If rumours towards the end of 1973 are to be believed, then C.S.N.&Y. are once again heading towards the recording studio. This time though they come together not only as a band re-formed, but as a group of musicians who, over their years of separation, have each established themselves as outstanding talents in their own individual rights.

Neil Young, particularly, released 'Time Fades Away' in September, 1973, and showed a return to a harder, more electric sound that had been missing in his previous solo effort, 'Harvest'.

Like Steve Stills, Young has been on the road for some time with a hard rockin' band, and with Nash and Crosby having spent the time mooning around on the West Coast, it's hard to imagine that C.S.N.&Y. are going to find it any easier this time to work together as a unit - although the well-known rivalry between Steve Stills and Neil Young, dating from their days as alternate lead guitarists with the Buffalo Springfield, is what was supposed to have provided the special energy of that band.

A Mirror Of Moods

However, more than anyone else in 1969-70 they were a symbol for their audiences, singing and playing songs which mirrored a whole range of moods and reactions common to many thousands of young people. When they split up it was almost as if they broke in half, with Crosby and Nash taking the softer, more contented side, and Young and Stills the exploration and questioning. Even if they do get together again, they'll never quite recapture the magic they created when the two sides were united back in the '60s.



Top left: David Crosby with the Byrds. Top right: Stephen Stills and Neil Young with Buffalo Springfield. Bottom: Far left, Graham Nash with the Hollies.

"Hey man, I just gotta say that you people have gotta be the strongest buncha people I ever saw. Three days man! Three days! We just love yuh, we just love yuh . . . This is our second gig. This is the second time we've ever played in front of people man! We're scared shitless!"

Thus spake Stephen Stills and David Crosby to an audience of 500,000 at Woodstock, N.Y. in the summer of 1969. For their performance, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young received \$5,000, which made them in financial terms 13th on the bill, below such people as Canned Heat, Richie Havens, Blood, Sweat and Tears and Joan Baez. Just 12 months later, C.S.N.&Y., with two best-selling albums behind them, were drawing greater audiences and earning more money than nearly everyone else who had played at Woodstock.

They made it because they managed to capture something of the mood of young people like the Woodstock audience and the hundreds of thousands who were there in spirit. 1969-70 was a time when the earlier simplicities of 'Peace and Love' were crumbling as opposition to the war in South East Asia grew, resulting in events like the Kent State massacre, when National Guardsmen shot four student protesters.

The reaction of Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young to that event was to rush out 'Ohio', an angry song of protest which reflected the feelings of a generation.

The main feature of the sound of C.S.N.&Y. was their vocal harmonies which they brought close to clear-white perfection. Principally responsible for the incredibly tight singing were Graham Nash and David Crosby, each of whom had previously been in groups particularly noted for their harmonies.

Nash, formerly leader of the Hollies, one of Britain's most consistent pop groups in the '60s with 18 consecutive Top 20 records between 1963-68, had his head turned away from straight 'pop' by the philosophies and the sounds that came out of California in the wake of flower power and all that. He began to feel constricted within the Hollies, a prisoner of his early success with simplistic pop tunes, and so set out for the West Coast to hang out with David Crosby.

After three years with the Byrds, writing songs like 'Eight Miles High', Crosby had been sacked in October 1967. The immediate reason was a political comment he had made from the stage at the Monterey Pop Festival, but for some time it had been clear that he didn't fit the image the rest of the group had created for themselves - that of a hip, progressive band, but still safe enough for the AM (Top 40) radio stations. David Crosby was

too much of a hippie, too eager to propagate his new-found life-style.

Underpinning the harmonies created by Crosby and Nash was the playing and songwriting of Stephen Stills and later, Neil Young, former members of one of the most important American groups of the mid-'60s, the Buffalo Springfield. Like the Byrds and the Lovin' Spoonful, the Springfield contained musicians, who had first of all gone into the thriving folk scene of the early '60s because of the deadness of most pop music of the time, and then into rock when the Beatles showed that imaginative beat music was possible.

Stills and Young were the group's main writers, and while the former specialised in more up-tempo comments on love and life, Neil Young was the introvert of the group. Their first hit was the Steve Stills song, 'For What It's Worth', a response to the clashes between teenagers and police on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip in 1966. It started with a series of menacing guitar chords, and then came the opening lines:

*'There's something happening here
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Young's best songs for Buffalo Springfield were mysterious evocations of states of mind, like 'Expecting To Fly' or

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Valerie Wilmer

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CROSBY STILLS NASH & YOUNG

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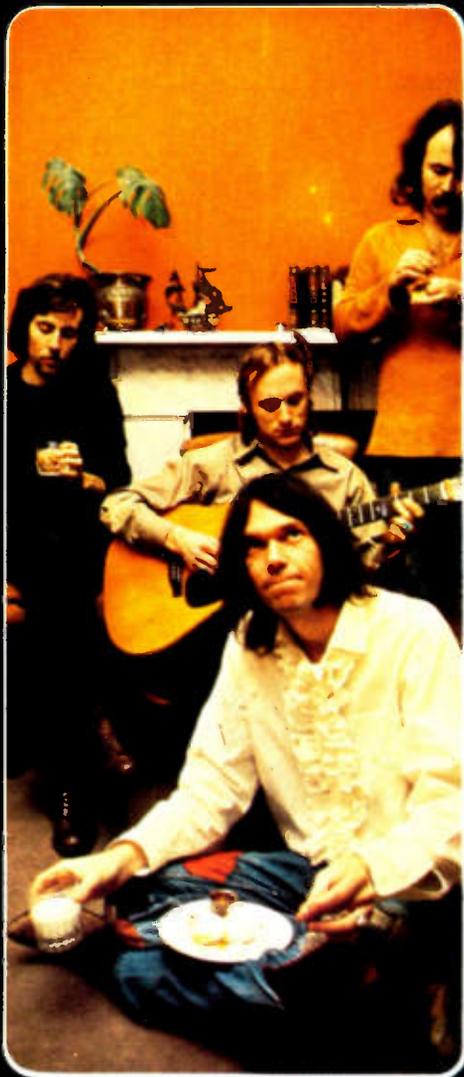
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oblique sequences of poetic comments on the situation of the pop star, like the six-minute epic 'Broken Arrow', which foreshadowed some of his later songs on albums like 'After The Gold Rush'.

Buffalo Springfield dissolved for two main reasons. The first was the pressure (common to all four members of C.S.N.&Y.) of working within a straight pop context when your ambitions went beyond the hit single format. The second was the heavy tension within the group between its most creative members, notably Stills and Young, who felt frustrated by having to subordinate themselves to the group identity. The same problem arose, of course, within Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young itself, and though it was ultimately responsible for their breaking up too, it also generated much of the energy that C.S.N.&Y. projected in their live concerts.

To begin with, they were a trio: Crosby, Stills & Nash. In an interview with *Rolling Stone*, David Crosby described the moment it all began:

'We started singing together and one night we were at Joni Mitchell's - Ah,

there's a story. Cass (of the Mamas and Papas) was there. Stephen was there, me and Willie (Graham Nash), just us five hangin' out... What happened was we started singing a country song of Stephen's called 'Helplessly Hoping'. I had already worked out the third harmony and Stephen and I started singing it. Willie looked at the rafters for about ten seconds, listened and started singing the other part like he'd been singing it all his life.'

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And so, enter Neil Young, the quiet, intense Canadian who a few years earlier had left Toronto to drive down to Los Angeles 'because that's where the sun was'. Since the break-up of Buffalo Springfield he'd made a much-acclaimed solo album, featuring more impassioned singing and biting guitar-work than he'd ever been able to do in a group format. Stills persuaded him to come to a rehearsal, and he liked what he heard. Greg Reeves was brought in to play bass, and soon after C.S.N. & Y. went out to play before live audiences.

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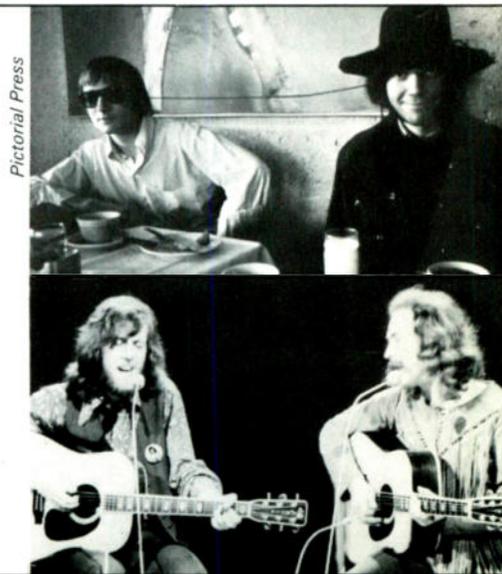
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Kim Sayer

BLACK MUSIC: '20s–50s

The Black Struggle

'Anything you want, got it right here in the USA' sang Chuck Berry, celebrating the American Dream, but for the black man the words were certainly ironic – for whatever 'anything' might be – from a late-model Oldsmobile to a split-level ranch-style home, from a college education to a medical insurance policy, no matter what it was – the black American almost certainly wouldn't have it.

For black people in America the struggle has been hard, dispiriting, morale destroying, seemingly unending. It has been a struggle against segregation, injustice, brutality and inequality; a story of bitter campaigns fought to achieve such simple things as the right to sit at a lunch counter or to travel in the front of a bus. But it has also been a much more basic struggle: to get a decent job and keep it; to bring up a family on little money in the midst of squalor; to maintain a sense of dignity and self-respect in a society where a man without possessions is less than nothing; to keep up the courage to go on living from day to day in the face of ceaseless humiliations and rebuffs.

As George Jackson asked: 'How long

will we be forced to live this life, where every meal is an accomplishment, where every movie or pair of shoes is a fulfilment.' Over and beyond this, it has been a struggle on the part of the black American to maintain and develop a sense of his own identity, despite a world that has continually denied it; to hang on to a sense of black solidarity, forged under conditions of oppression in chain gang, plantation and ghetto; to create a black culture in which his hopes, fears, feelings and aspirations could find articulation and expression. Black music – from gospel and ragtime to the blues, from New Orleans to be-bop and soul, has been at the very heart of this struggle; it was music made not for luxury and ease, but born out of poverty and despair. As J. A. Rogers, one of the first black writers to comment on the new jazz, perceptively wrote:

'Jazz isn't music merely, it is a spirit that can express itself in almost anything. The true spirit of jazz is a joyous revolt from convention, custom, authority, boredom, even sorrow – from everything that would confine the soul of man and hinder its riding free on the air.'

Yet in the 1920s, many black intellectuals tended to see black music primarily as a folk music, whose themes could be worked up into art music – much as Dvořák had done in his 'New World' symphony. But

while such a viewpoint seemed reasonable at the time, it failed to give due recognition to the unique creativity, fertility and potential of black music to develop on its own terms; its determination *not* to be assimilated but to remain close to the truth of the black experience.

Owning Up

In the age of Cole Porter it was usual to discuss love in a detached and sophisticated way – at the end of an affair to say, 'Thanks for the Memory' and 'It Was Just One Of Those Things'. After 'Heartbreak Hotel' it became possible to admit to emotion, to own up to feelings of hostility, loneliness and despair. And this 'owning up' is what black music is all about.

Art, to be art, always existed on the other side of a thick plate of glass. Black music, on the other hand, breaks down these barriers – all participate and become involved in a common rite, where foot tapping, finger snapping, swaying, dancing, shouting encouragement, are not forbidden but are of the very essence; where the performer does not merely improvise, but improvises over and orchestrates this emotional response to produce emotional climaxes – you can hear Charlie Parker doing this in informal jam sessions, just as you can hear B. B. King

doing it on 'Live At The Regal'. Jazz, gospel, the blues are no watch mechanism in perspex, they constitute a music of feedback, response, of answering and recognition; where the response demonstrates the truth of experience, the unity and solidarity of a people.

The call-and-response figures of gospel music, where this unity was forged, seem to have set the pattern for all that followed: in the blues, guitar answers voice, and voice guitar; in New Orleans jazz, clarinet and trombone echo, embroider and answer the trumpet lead; in big bands reed figures answer the brass; in soul music the back-up vocal group reinforces and rams home the message of the song. But equally, black music is a talking, a direct flow of conversation, the speaking of one man to another. Hence it distrusts the impeccable tone, the unbroken melodic line. White musicians, like Benny Goodman, could not understand why anyone should want to play 'dirty' – for them it was simply careless and sloppy musicianship – they could not understand that jazz is an inflected music, that seeks to give musical language all the manifold intonations and inflections of speech. To a pupil Sidney Bechet said:

"I'm going to give you one note today. See how many ways you can play that note – growl it, smear it, flat it, sharp it, do anything you want to it. That's how you express your feelings in music. It's like talking."

Similarly, the black singer uses speech to keep a song anchored in experience, so that it never acquires the abstraction of a Tin Pan Alley standard like 'Night and Day'. Bessie Smith was criticised for prefacing blues in her stage act with a long monologue, and Isaac Hayes has been accused of gimmicky for doing the same thing, but, like the 'Yeah's' and 'let me tell you's' interjected by the soul singer, they serve as a constant reminder that the

feelings which the songs speak of are real, and can affect anyone at any time – 'Blues Got You'.

Boll Weevil Blues

The great fact about black people in the USA in the 20th Century has been their migration from the South to the slums of the Northern cities. In 1910, three quarters of them lived in rural areas, nine tenths lived in the South. By the 1960s, more than three quarters lived in the cities. Hardship, rather than prejudice, started the flow. In the First World War, the boll weevil, transmitted from Mexico and hero of many a blues song, caused widespread destruction of cotton crops, while in 1915, there were disastrous floods in Alabama and Mississippi. But because of the draft there was a demand for black labour in the North.

Harlem was one of the first areas to be settled, and there many lived in dank, dripping, rat-infested cellars with only slits for windows and with old newspapers stuffed into cracks to keep out the cold. Today, vast areas of Northern cities like Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Boston and Cleveland are made up of dilapidated housing such as this, abandoned to the black man – square mile on square mile adorned with TV sets now, but still infested with cockroaches and vermin. As Julius Lester asked:

"Where is the humanity in a system that allows a child to be bitten by rats, while the dogs of other children wear clothes costing more than many families earn in a week?"

But for the white man Harlem was a place of glamour. Jazz, blaring from the phonograph horn, fed the craving for the primitive, the unsophisticated, the naïve, that overtook the West in the aftermath of war. At the Cotton Club in Harlem, the wealthy could hear the 'jungle music' of

Duke Ellington, and pursue the path of hedonism, momentarily forgetting the social rules in settings where the black man was often actually barred, even if he could afford their prices. The black way of life was subtly glamourised by such writers as Carl Van Vechten, author of *Nigger Heaven* and Langston Hughes. Describing a performance of Bessie Smith, Van Vechten referred to:

'the wailing, muted brasses, the monotonous African pounding of the drum,' to 'strange, rhythmic rites in a voice full of shouting and moaning and praying and suffering, a wild, rough, Ethiopian voice, harsh and volcanic, but seductive and sensuous too.'

All this, seen through white eyes, was certainly primitive – the white man could scarcely have too much of it – Langston Hughes, the black poet, was dropped by his wealthy white patroness for being not nearly primitive enough. This attention was flattering – but was the image of the black man so very different from that held by the Ku Klux Klan, who terrorised so widely in the '20s and since, and whom the indomitable Bessie also confronted – advancing menacingly on the trembling and astonished Klansmen she bellowed: 'Pick up them sheets and run!'

The '30s and the Depression brought more hard times to black people. In 1931, the flames of racial intolerance were fanned by the indictment of the so-called Scottsboro Boys on a trumped-up charge of rape. Black workers were the first to be fired, and were seldom engaged again as business activity started to pick up. Moreover, American unions saw to it that blacks were kept out of worthwhile jobs. In Chicago and elsewhere 'Don't Buy Where You Can't Work' campaigns had some success, but, in Harlem in 1935, resentment exploded into widespread destruction of white-owned stores.

Because the North had always promised

The Scottsboro Boys being escorted by troops from jail to the courthouse to face a trumped-up charge of rape.



more, the betrayal of its promises was felt more intensely, as the black man experienced the daily pain of humiliation of 'going to meet the man'. Richard Wright, the black writer, describes how he was forced out of a promising job in an optical factory because of his failure to call a fellow employee 'Mr Pease' – he wrote:

'For weeks after that I could not believe in my feelings. My personality was numb, reduced to a lumpish, loose, dissolved state. I was a non-man, something that knew vaguely that it was human but felt that it was not.'

Hollywood too did much to reinforce racial stereotypes. In deference to the myth of a Southern box-office, it portrayed the black man, in the person of the aptly named Stepin Fetchit, as a shambling, inarticulate halfwit.

In theory the New Deal, under Roosevelt, as a movement dedicated to the ideals of democracy and widespread social reform, should have done much to help the black man. It sometimes helped to get him a job, but it did far too little to

Top right: Nat 'King' Cole. Bottom: Duke Ellington. Bottom right: Joe Louis.



All pics Popperfoto

improve his social position. In part the Democratic Party was still a prisoner of the Southern voters, but the attitude of reformers was patronising, granting the black American a favour not a right. Typical was Eleanor Roosevelt, who tried to call off the march on Washington of 1941, called by A. Philip Randolph to get black people a fair share of jobs in the defence industries, on the grounds that such a demonstration would be a display of ingratitude towards an administration that had done so much for the Negro.

The march was called off when Roosevelt signed Executive Order 8802, but discrimination persisted, especially in the armed services, where there was a high level of racial tension. The insulting attitude of white sailors sparked off the Detroit race riot of 1943, and in a sample of black soldiers taken at the end of the war 93% said they thought they had been badly treated. Discrimination was not

officially abolished until 1948, by President Truman.

The ghetto forged a new consciousness in black people, a greater defiance of the values of white culture. Avenues to success were few: prizefighter (especially after Joe Louis' triumph in 1937), pimp, preacher, hustler, musician. Many, like Malcolm X, Jelly Roll Morton, Big Bill Broonzy and Miles Davis, have been more than one of these. And to achieve success in ways forbidden or illegitimate, was that much more appealing – an outrageous flaunting of the values of white society. The musician too was a rebel, who used his guitar or saxophone as a weapon against slave status and servitude.

This rebellion became evident in the '30s and '40s. Swing was invented by the black arranger Fletcher Henderson, but it was soon dominated by the big white bands. Acceptance of black

musicians reached a peak around 1940, with the inclusion in the Benny Goodman Sextet of such outstanding talents as Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton. But in the candyfloss of the Glenn Miller sound, with its delicate orchestral textures and illusion of waltz-time graciousness, in the plethora of crooners and close harmony groups, black music could scarcely breathe. Whereas previously there had been white musicians working in a context created by black music, now figures like the Inkspots and Nat King Cole worked within a white ambience.

All of this was violated by be-bop. The boppers deliberately mutilated romantic swing standards – they played ballads at breakneck tempos, destroyed the melody, altered and elaborated the chord changes. Bop was a movement for black insiders, that repudiated the values of white America and which kept white musicians out – at least to begin with – by its extreme technical and harmonic demands. As part of this bop life-style there was hip language, a garb of beret, goatee and dark shades, a cult of experience for its own sake – exemplified by Charlie Parker, whose incredible musical inventiveness was matched only by his appetite for food, girls, alcohol and heroin. This life-style, directed towards dropping out of society, has, through Kerouac and the hippies, become a central part of the rock culture today. But it would be wrong to miss the anger and resentment felt by the boppers, or to fail to see that the heroin dependence was also a way of shutting out the pains, humiliations and hassles involved in facing the white world. Playing it cool concealed a deep inner hurt. Parker, refused admission through the front entrance of a St. Louis club, carefully broke all the glasses the black musicians had been using, saying white folks wouldn't drink out of them.

Cold War Crisis

More than any, the black man was aware of the paradox of a war fought on behalf of democracy. In 1942 Randolph had asked:

"How can we fight for democracy in Burma, a country we have not seen, when we don't have democracy in Birmingham, a city we have seen?" This issue came to a head in the '50s, in the Cold War period, when black people fought against segregated schools. At Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1954, Eisenhower's main concern, when sending in Federal troops, was not with the position of the black American but with America's image abroad. In his address he referred to the harm being done to her 'prestige and influence', and spoke of the hostility of communism to 'a system of a government based on human rights'. What Eisenhower would not face up to was that the black man did not have these rights.

Onto a scene where feelings against black schoolchildren, and indeed anything black, were being whipped up to a point of hysteria, came rock & roll.



THE MUSIC: 1960–73

Bob Dylan: The Great White Hope for Folk

Elvis Presley; the Beatles; and Bob Dylan. That wraps up the true super-greats – the people who came along and changed the music forever. Of the three, Bob Dylan has sold the least records and made the most changes. Elvis started it all off; the Beatles gave it a new lease of life when it was sagging into a rut. But Bob Dylan took on all the rules and all the restrictions, and broke them down single-handed.

He wrote songs that were 5, 9, 12 minutes long when the old showbiz rule-book said 3 minutes, kid. He refused to answer stupid questions politely, when the rule-book said always be nice to the press. He never lent his name to adverts for Coca-Cola, or allowed his tunes to be turned into TV jingles. He refused to have an official fan club because 'to call someone a fan is an insult'. He was prepared to stand up in front of audiences, who yelled abuse and slow-handclapped when he sang the things he believed in, rather than bow down to the rule that says always-give-the-public-what-it-wants. And when the rules said stick to 'I-love-

you-please-be-true', Bob Dylan wrote honest, powerful songs about the real world outside.

And all this in 13 years – a career that spans traditional folk music, modern folk, country music, the blues, protest-singing, folk-rock, acid rock, rock & roll and cowboy-movie music. The lot.

It was in 1965, to the boos and cat-calls of folk fans and politicians who thought he'd betrayed them, that Dylan picked up an electric guitar for the first time. But by then he'd already made himself a legend. This is the story of those stunning pre-rock years.

In The Beginning

Bob Dylan, born Robert Zimmerman, in Minnesota, was indeed a boy from the north country. The climate and the times were fierce, the countryside long-since stripped of its forests and then raped by the mining companies.

Late in 1960 Dylan left Minnesota, and in early '61 arrived in freezing New York City – in the depths of the coldest winter for 17 years. He made straight for the folk haven of Greenwich Village, and spent his time sleeping on people's floors, playing at any of the coffee-houses and

clubs that would let him, and getting to know all the big-wheels on the scene. By this time, Woody Guthrie was very much Bob's idol, and eventually Dylan met Guthrie, both in the hospital where Guthrie had been since 1958, and later at the home of friends.

Guthrie was impressed. "Pete Seeger's a singer of folk-songs," said Guthrie, "and Jack Elliott's a singer of folk-songs. But Bobby Dylan's a folk-singer. Oh Christ he's folk-singer all right." There could have been no higher tribute.

When Dylan first made the kind of impact that Guthrie's compliment suggests, it was as a *performer*, not a writer. He bowled people over as a shy kid with a funny Huck Finn cap (much copied later by mid-'60s folk-rockers like Donovan) and a Charlie Chaplinish style of stage movement. He might have looked very young and waif-like, but he *sounded* like some octogenarian black guy singing the distilled experience of a lifetime's hardship and regret – or, one song later, like an equally time-battered old Calvinist from the rugged communities of the Appalachian mountains. And what was especially amazing about all this was that everyone else around – all the other middle-class whites emerging on the same

folk circuits – *sounded* white, and middle-class, and *nice*.

When Dylan put one of his earliest compositions on his first album, 'Bob Dylan', a song called 'Talking New York', he made out that people's reactions to his arrival had been hostile:

*'You sound like a hillbilly
We want folk singers here . . .'*

The point, as Guthrie had already settled, was that of course Dylan *was* a folk-singer, a genuine folk-singer, and a truly exceptional one.

By the time his first album came out in March, 1962, it was already much less than a representative sample of his talent, for by then Dylan *was* writing. He was turning out songs in an incredible torrent – five or six a day, at times – and all seeming to pin down in a new and original way some challenging subject or important cause . . . within the framework of American folk-song structures.

Shining Contrast

The album had, apart from 'Talking New York', one other Dylan composition – the beautiful, understated tribute of the young man for his idol, 'Song To Woody'. Beyond that, it was a breathless race through the songs of old bluesmen, like Blind Lemon Jefferson's formidable 'See That My Grave Is Kept Clean', Bukka White's 'Fixing To Die' and C. Jones' 'Highway 51' Blues' – all of which underlined the stunning contrast between Dylan's youthfulness and his Ancient's voice. The preoccupation in the songs with dying and the decay of death – plus torrid re-workings of purely traditional material ('House Of The Rising Sun', 'Man Of Constant Sorrow'), of one man-band Vesse Fuller's medicine-show hurly-burly ('You're No Good'), of modern folk material like young Rick Von Schmidt's 'Baby Let Me Follow You Down', and old Roy Acuff's 'Freight Train Blues' was heady stuff. This was rough, rugged, raunchy material soaked in a sense of the traditions of others and the freshness of the moment; and it makes for an album that crackles with an overload of nervous energy, and tugs with the remorseless pulse of the blues.

'Bob Dylan' was cut in 12 hours at Columbia's New York Studios at the cost of just \$402, with Dylan's girl Suze Rotolo watching and Bob using her lipstick holder to fret his guitar.

The second album, 'The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan', with Suze Rotolo on the front cover, came out less than a year later and demonstrated the leaps Dylan had made. Though several of the songs were, as before, based on traditional material, they were all Dylan compositions, and ran with an unfailingly abrasive edge through a whole welter of those social and political subjects with which the young radical New Left was becoming preoccupied.

There was 'Blowing In The Wind' which stated, in a kind of abstract call to arms, the general outlines of this new socially-conscious thinking that was infiltrating

the brash, materially acquisitive insularity of American life in the '50s. It was a precursor of 'The Times They Are-A-Changing' – an anthem – and it touched a chord in the hearts of many thousands of people . . . so much so that around 80 different artists from *outside* the folk arena rushed into studios to cut their own sugar-sweet versions of the song.

Cuttin' Through

There was 'Masters Of War', with all the structural strength of the English folk ballad transmuted into the Yankee American tradition, and with all the unflinching venom of a lyric attacking the faceless merchandiser of war . . . though this was before the real escalation in Vietnam, in which those masters of war were to supply 6,000,000 tons of bombs.

There was 'Oxford Town', a barbed satiric attack on the racial segregation that, not long before, James Meredith had tried to challenge in Oxford, Mississippi. There was the black humour of 'Talkin' World War III Blues', with its chilling portrayal of the all-American survivor of a nuclear decimation – the spectre of which had been raised by Kennedy's brinkmanship in the 1962 Cuban Crisis – still gleefully playing with his big flashy cars on desolate New York streets.

And the nuclear theme was employed most successfully in 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall', a song of extraordinary achievement. No wonder Dylan disliked the term 'protest song', with its implication of a crude polemic process, for 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall' is the result of a very different process – the paring down and distillation of language into a bare elemental structure that has the penetration, economy, and undeflected purpose of great art. As we listen, 'we are besieged with images of dead and dying life . . . the vision at the brink' (as David Horowitz put it). Line upon line the pictures are piled up; direct moral diagrams rolling past as if on and then off a screen, without opportunity of recall:

*'I met a young woman whose body was
burning . . .'
'I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody
on it . . .'
'Heard the song of a poet who died in the
gutter . . .'*

Yet there is not one single redundant syllable in the song – and it is with the confidence of knowing himself that Dylan ends up a song with a theme as apocalyptic as this, on the lines:

*'And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
it's a hard,
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.'*

In addition, the album looked both back towards the first, in having another travelling blues number, 'Down The Highway', though this time the song was by Dylan himself instead of an older black artist from the past; and forward to the

albums that were to come after, with the first of Dylan's extraordinarily powerful and unconventional love songs, 'Girl From The North Country' (based on Scarborough Fair'), and the classic 'Don't Think Twice, It's All Right'.

By now he was getting known, though only to the outside world as a writer of unusual, controversial songs. In the Village he was big as a performer in his own right, but across the rest of America 'Bob Dylan' was only the name in tiny print under the song-titles when people bought 'Blowing In The Wind' by Peter, Paul and Mary.

The New Spokesman

But Dylan couldn't be held back long. At first he held himself back, by telling his manager he didn't want to perform, he wanted to get on with his songwriting. Then, Dylan appeared in front of a national audience at last, at the Newport Folk Festival of 1963. He came to the Festival as a minor artist way down on the bill underneath the big names – Pete Seeger, Peter, Paul and Mary, and Joan Baez. By the end of the three-day event, he had (as they say) stolen the show. Bob Dylan emerged from Newport as the unchallenged spokesman of the new youth/folk movement.

His second album, full of his own material, was a far bigger seller, and by the time of his third album, 'The Times They Are A-Changein'', he was established as an artist in every sense: he was a singer/songwriter now, and not just a composer in the background; and he had won himself a national, even an international audience. His own rough-edged single of 'The Times They Are A-Changein'' was played on pop radio stations – hitting millions of listeners more accustomed to the dulcet tones of Roy Orbison and Ricky Nelson like a bombshell.

Don't Follow Leaders . . .

Meanwhile, every other established folk-singer had long been obliged to include Dylan's songs in their repertoires; and the thinking of a whole generation of college kids and other young people was finding not only a voice, but a direction, through Dylan himself. A new consciousness was awakened – an awareness that America wasn't the glorious Land of the Free, that there were many, many things to stand up and fight for, and that an increasing affluence wasn't enough. Young people began to make it plain that life was about more important things than hot dogs and drive-in movies, and that love needed a more complex and honest expression than Moon-and-June lyrics give it.

Dylan was saying it all in his songs, and not even the hysteria of Beatlemania in America could squash the new movement which Dylan had led. And in time the Beatles themselves, and all those other bright new groups who led the 'British invasion' of 1964–5, were strongly under

the influence of Dylan's work. They were influenced by his revivals of older, traditional folk material (so that the first two singles by the Animals were songs from Dylan's first album, the second – 'House Of The Rising Sun' – using the same arrangement except that Alan Price's organ took over from the guitar-part). They were influenced by his protest songs (so that Manfred Mann, for instance, recorded 'God On Our Side'). And they were influenced by the intelligent, honest lyrics which Dylan was putting into the increasing number of personal, as against political, songs he was writing (so that the earlier Beatles lyrics seemed strangely out-of-date, and the newer ones got more and more thoughtful and articulate).

Eventually, in 1965, it erupted into a whole 'protest craze'. Barry McGuire got a Gold Record for 'Eve Of Destruction', which protested against almost everything you could possibly think of; the Hollies made a record about nuclear war solving the over-population problem; Sonny, of Sonny and Cher, had a hit that protested about people telling him to cut his hair.

In other words, it had become silly. It had become vulgarised and commercialised as a pop music trend; but behind that, as a genuine movement, as a consciousness and an awareness and an ability to question all the tired old assumptions and rules by which people were supposed to live – as all that, it was unstoppable.

Chained Down

Dylan himself, in any case, had moved away from 'protest' long before it became a craze. He had resented being made to feel chained down to singing 'Blowing In The Wind' for the rest of his life; he felt he had already said it all (as indeed he had); and he wanted to explore more personal, introspective realities. All through his concert schedule in 1964, he was cutting down the number of openly political songs in his repertoire, and was writing instead love songs and songs of personal perception. A lot of his oldest admirers attacked him viciously for making this shift – yet these new compositions were just as revolutionary in their own way as the old. And their impact was as great.

What Dylan did then – and even now the changes he was pioneering have not been fully realised, though they're on the way – was advocate personal relationships based on discovering how two people feel about each other, not on how society had always told them they should feel. His songs made it clear that the old kind of game-playing was a lie; that there should be no grabbing, no grasping, no you-gotta-be-mine. No possessiveness, no using someone as a crutch for your own hang-ups. When Dylan sang, in 'It Aint Me Babe', that he refused to be:

*'Someone to close his eyes for you,
Someone to close his heart . . .
A lover for your life and nothing more'*

. . . he was throwing out a fundamental

challenge to what pop songs were all about, just as much as when he had sung 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall'. Because in pop songs, 'a lover for your life' was the ultimate promise – there was 'nothing more'; and if you wanted to make it with somebody, you *did* tell them they were the only one in your eyes and in your heart.

So much had happened so fast. When Dylan appeared again at the Newport Folk Festival, in July 1964 – just one year after his first overnight success there – he gave the first public performance of yet another tradition-breaking song, showing that he was prepared to explore yet another aspect of real but never-mentioned experience, and setting off another bombshell. The song was 'Mr. Tambourine Man'; and while it is a great enough song to work on any level – as a celebration of freedom and liberation – it was on one level clearly a drug-song: the first modern hymn of praise to the beneficial effects drugs could have.

It opened the floodgates. Everybody knows how many other songs that dealt with drug experience have come rushing through those gates since. Dylan, as usual, rushed elsewhere. In 1965, he played his last solo concerts, running fast through his older songs, boring himself stiff with them, and longing to get a group behind him and weld his poetry to the electric music that he felt truly related to the brash, chaotic, urban confusion of the times. At the traumatic Newport Festival of that year, Dylan was booed and berated for appearing with an electric guitar and a back-up band. The audience felt betrayed – felt that Dylan had sold out to what they saw as mindless pop music.

It wasn't true; Dylan was making rock & roll into a creative medium, an art form – and he was, as always, leading. Within two years, everyone had swung round and realised that there was a creative future for rock – as the huge upsurge of imaginative new bands from 1967 onwards showed. And when Dylan himself felt that all that was getting into a blind-alley of electronic wizardry, he switched his attention elsewhere yet again – in total and isolated contrast to the psychedelic symphonies and excesses so much in vogue among the other rock giants of the time – and came out with the bare, concentrated economy of his masterpiece, the 'John Wesley Harding' album. And after that, led everybody back to yet another pasture when his 'Nashville Skyline' album re-alerted this 'acid rock' generation to the long-despised and forgotten strengths of country music and simplified living.

Audiences Were Booing

But that is running beyond the bounds of this story. (It's hard not to do that when you are writing about someone who always did run ahead, and always did go beyond all the boundaries there were.) Back in 1965, at Newport, the audience was booing, wanting to hold him back, wanting him to sing what they wanted, instead of what he believed in, wanting



him to rest on his laurels and just do 'Blowin' In The Wind' all over again. They should have known that he wouldn't submit to any such restrictions or demands.

They should have known better – but they didn't. Dylan walked off stage and eventually returned, carrying his old acoustic guitar. The audience went wild with delight – they thought they'd bullied him into submission (though if they had done that, they should have been sorry, not delighted). Moments later, in any case, they discovered how wrong they were. When Dylan sang them, 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue'.



Fair Entertainments

The young Bob Dylan following in the footsteps of his mentor, Woody Guthrie, bringing folk music to the Deep South.

These, then, were the pre-rock years: in which Dylan proved himself, as he was to prove himself all over again after he took up rock, a true innovator of unrivalled impact and magnitude. The one true genius of our times, whose vision and integrity and artistry had got across and into the minds of a generation in more fundamental ways than any other giant of music had ever begun to do.

As with any real 'original', Dylan had taken inspiration, modes of expression, ideas, from sources that were there before him – but had used them to create something revolutionary and uniquely his own.

What he took in these pre-rock years was a thousand bits and pieces from America's folk heritage – he took the narrative ballad form from traditional Yankee folk-song; he took his harsh elliptical delivery from traditional Southern Poor White folk culture (from hillbilly mountain music, the music of the settlers). He took structures and conventions from southern cowboy music; and he absorbed the linguistic fundamentals of the blues.

What he gave, when all this was re-processed in his own work, was an equally priceless legacy of his own. Right from the beginning, he gave all of his incredible

creative energy to a generation that sometimes booed and sometimes applauded, but always found itself profoundly affected by the barrier-smashing Dylan achieved, the integrity and determination Dylan maintained in the face of all possible pressures from inside the recording industry and out, and most of all, by the new consciousness which Dylan helped to shape, articulated most clearly, and crystallised single-handed.

Long after the importance of everyone else written up in this publication has faded into oblivion, the importance of Bob Dylan will remain obvious and clear.

NEXT WEEK IN MUSIC: Dylan as a Post-Rock Writer.

The Village

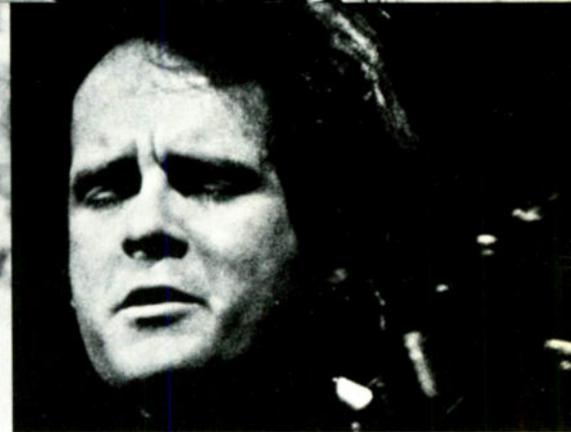
While the rock & roll heroes of the '60s were serving their apprenticeships in the sweaty shoe-boxes that passed for British rock clubs, another, equally seminal music source was developing in the folk music coffee-houses of New York's Greenwich Village. A tangible excitement was in the air, as the likes of Bob Dylan, John Sebastian, David Crosby, Jim McGuinn, Felix Pappalardi and Buffy Sainte-Marie prowled the streets, almost visibly growing in musical stature and preparing their assaults on the world.

Most of them played for peanuts and free beer. Anything just to get on a stage and be heard, competing, jostling, getting drunk, writing, jamming, playing sessions . . . getting themselves ready. From this scene emerged the likes of the Lovin' Spoonful, the Byrds, the Mamas and the Papas, Mountain, Blood, Sweat and Tears, and a myriad host of others. The breeding grounds for greatness were a cluster of small, unimpressive-looking clubs like Gerde's Folk City, the Gaslight, the Cafe Au Go Go, and the Bitter End.

At the time, the Playhouse was one of the most important. It didn't outlast the folk-club boom of the early '60s, but in those days it really counted. Its proprietor was Joe Stevens, later road manager for the Lovin' Spoonful and Miriam Makeba, and later still one of the major forces in the birth of the underground press in New York. He worked as a photographer for the *East Village Other*, and later put in a spell as the photo editor of *Changes* magazine, before moving to Britain in 1970 to shoot for *Oz*, *IT*, *Friendz*, and many other publications. In the summer of 1973 he worked as tour photographer for Wings, and has since become a staff photographer for *New Musical Express*. He was an active participant in the Village scene, and his narrative here presents us with a close-up of those times — to which the whole mood of the '60s owed so much.



Joseph Stevens



Joseph Stevens

Top: David Peel, from the Lower East Side. Bottom: Buffy St. Marie and Tim Hardin.

"I got into the Village scene by working as a kitchen boy at a club called the Third Side in New York's Greenwich Village, running the place, cooking and operating the espresso machine. Phil Ochs, Tim Hardin and that lot worked there, singing and passing the hat to support themselves, and Ochs especially doing well. On a very busy Saturday night, Phil would hand me a hatful of coins for exchange into paper money.

Signed And Sealed

"Bob Dylan would frequent the Third Side. He wasn't signed to any label, at that time, but he and his manager Albert Grossmann were negotiating with Columbia, and Grossmann had a deal with the Third Side owner which allowed Bob to run a tab at the place for his coffee and snacks. A bill was sent each week for \$10 or \$15 and he would pay it. Bob had it made. Tabs, record deals and managers, and he'd sit around the place writing tunes, and biding his time. One afternoon he dropped by with the sleeve for his first album, and we were all amazed. He had been signed to Columbia! Dylan seemed impressed as well. After all, Columbia had never signed a folk-singer before.

"At the Gaslight, another coffee house situated down the street, there was some fine music to be heard. People like Tom

Paxton, Len Chandler, Buffy Sainte-Marie, and Hugh (Wavy Gravy from *Woodstock*) Romney held court there every night. Bob Dylan walked into the rehearsal room with his guitar one time, pulled out some lyrics, and gave us a preview of his latest ditty. It was 'Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall', which he spoke rather than sang. It was in an early, rough state, but it was nevertheless haunting and memorable for all lucky enough to be there.

"Afterwards, he made an unannounced and completely unexpected appearance on the Gaslight stage. He did three songs, and 'Hard Rain' was one of them. The stunned audience rose after that, applauding and cheering themselves silly. Dylan, guitar in hand, exited through the excited throng, and headed upstairs to the Kettle of Fish — a boozier frequented by the folk crowd. All the while in the Gaslight they were still chanting for an encore, and Bob probably heard the roar while ordering an alcoholic concoction called a 'boiler-maker' from the bartender.

"Swinging around on the balls of his feet and wavering a bit, young Bob sat down at a table for some serious drinking. By this time his clan had alighted from the Gaslight to gather around their hero. Eric Anderson, Tom Paxton, Bobby Neuwirth, David (nee Cohen) Blue, and Ochs among them. They laughed and chortled, guffawed and gasped at anything Dylan had



Pictorial Press

Electra Records

Above: Joni Mitchell. Main picture: Fred Neil, on the corner of MacDougal and Bleeker Street.

to say until the wee small hours of the new morning, and a grand time was had by all.

No Hats Please

"The direct competition to the Gaslight was my coffee house, the Playhouse, up MacDougal Street, which I had opened after my tenure at the Third Side. The Playhouse was a non-basket house (no hat passing), and its speciality was folk music and satire – the artists receiving payment from a percentage of the door admissions. John Sebastian, Jim McGuinn, David Crosby, Mama Cass Elliot, Felix Pappalardi, Peter Tork, Tim Hardin and others regularly appeared on the Playhouse stage. Pappalardi, a fresh-faced kid straight out of music school, was the guitarron (Mexican acoustic bass) player behind Fred Neil, a white blues singer/songwriter playing 12-string guitar. He wrote 'Everybody's Talkin'', 'Candy Man', and many more excellent tunes which were later recorded by Nilsson, Roy Orbison, and the Jefferson Airplane, and by Fred as well. Also accompanying Fred was a fat, harmonica-playing school-kid called John Sebastian, still living with his folks, and soon to work consistently on studio sessions with Doors producer Paul Rothchild . . . and much later to form a group named the Lovin' Spoonful.

"On the same bill with that bunch was Jim (later Roger) McGuinn, playing 12-string and singing tunes by an English rock & roll band who were gaining fame in the States, but had not yet hit. The sign outside the Playhouse read: 'JIM MCGUINN – BEATLE IMPRESSIONS'. Jim turned us all on to the Fab Four because he dug them and had a pile of their Parlophone singles, which no one else had at that time. McGuinn and David Crosby later formed a folk-rock group, the Byrds – America's first crack at the Beatles.

"One night I discovered to my annoyance that our door admissions cashier had taken a dollar apiece from none other than Albert Grossmann and his client, Beautiful Bob. But they were happy to pay it, and accepted cappucinos and pastries with my compliments. All the time I was hoping he'd do a set. That night he did, and an unusually thick audience (mainly tourists) and a few regulars were given a treat. Using a borrowed guitar Bob played eight tunes – mostly from his 'Bringing It All Back Home' album, at that time not yet recorded. Events like this, plus our frequently excellent regular show, quickly put the Playhouse on the 'must visit' list of folkies, players and aficionados, coming to the city.

"Other coffee houses in the neighbourhood usually employed as a 'house-opener act' a tow-headed brat called Peter Tork. He

played banjo accompanied by his voice, which was usually flat. That didn't matter though, since his banjo was generally out of tune, but he was great for opening the house. His patter was jolly, and he tried hard. Unable to secure a spot on the Playhouse show, Peter was welcome to open our Monday night hootenany nights, which involved doing a set for an empty house until someone paid to get in – then I'd give Peter a signal to get off . . . he was that bad. Later, a monolith Hollywood film company had Peter sign a very bad contract, and he was signed away, virtually for nothing – as a Monkee! The TV series – *The Monkees* was an instant teenage sensation, with Peter and three other kids cavorting around in *Hard Day's Night* type episodes.

Jimi Hendrix

"When the Monkees toured for the first time it became apparent that studio musicians had been used on their records, but the kids didn't know, and packed screaming in to America's arenas. An unusual treat was the Jimi Hendrix Experience, fresh over from the UK and wreaking havoc on the young, mainly female audience with his amp humping, burning guitars, and weird clothes. All too much for a Monkee gathering, leaving the dears confused but stimulated.



Joseph Stevens

Having a blow at the Playhouse – guests ranged from Dylan to Peter Tork (Right).

“Dylan was a week away from performing at Carnegie Hall for the first time, and when I spoke to him he appeared nervous about the forthcoming event. He said that remembering his tunes presented a problem in that his latest lyrical revisions confused him and he might mix them up, combining two choices, and wrecking the set. I suggested using index cards with the relevant lines scrawled upon them. Rather than a music stand, I suggested he should use a stool, on which he could place the cards, his harmonicas and water-glass. In December of '63, Bob employed these hints on-stage at Carnegie Hall, and made a colossal hit. A lotta good it did me!

Well-scrubbed Folk

“The Cafe Trivia was a coffee house in Coconut Grove, Florida, where Fred Niel and I would hide out whenever we could get away from New York. I would run it, and Fred would do sets. While visiting another folk house in the area, an act called the Mitchells (Chuck and Joni) were roosting, trying for a break, and not going anywhere. A syrupy, well-scrubbed folk duo with cutesy singalong numbers all combined with goeey monologues. Fred and I beat a hasty retreat to the confines of our funky Trivia, followed soon after by the Mitchells, anxious to find out what we thought of their show. Fred diverted Chuck into a rap about guitar strings, while I bungled through with my review of the set with the attentive and lovely Joni. ‘It stunk the joint out’, said I, ‘but you’ve got what it takes, toots.’ Adding: ‘ditch that guy and you will go places, stardom maybe.’ The rest is history.

“The 1965 Newport Folk Festival brought out an endless string of great and near-greats of all sizes, shapes and colours, to end finally with its features attraction – Dylan.

His ‘Blowin’ In The Wind’, a massive single hit for Peter, Paul and Mary, had given Bob an extra introduction to many who might have missed a good thing. At the festival he was expected to let one and all know where it was all at, with guitar and poetry. A darkened stage, and a trembling, excited audience awaited the man of the hour, seen suddenly picked up by a white spotlight, loping to the microphones, all decked out in black leather trousers and a white shirt. The crowd went wild, standing on their chairs, whooping and hollering. He had an electric guitar, to which he made final tuning adjustments, and meanwhile the Paul Butterfield Blues Band got ready to exercise their collective chops.

“‘Maggies Farm’ came first, a new one heard live for the first time. We loved it. For some of us it was our first folk-rock concert – the new music. ‘Like A Rolling Stone’ followed, which, when recorded was to become Dylan’s first big single, an instant chart buster, an all-time classic, and a mid-‘60s international anthem. When it was finished, most of the overjoyed throng went berserk, but the folk purists in our midst thought otherwise . . . electric guitars indeed! Boogie started: ‘Cut the wires!’ With that, dumb-struck, Bob headed back-stage.

“Compere Paul Stookey of Peter, Paul and Mary attempted to cajole the thousands into calling him back. They did, and after a long wait the tearful Dylan returned; ‘It’s All Over Now Baby Blue’, igniting fires, and extinguishing others. An important moment in the history of pop, and for me it was unforgettable.

“A young lady from Bay Street, Marie, Canada (a Cree Indian) arrived, guitar in hand, for a hootenany at the Bitter End, another club in New York’s Greenwich Village. Lovely but jittery, she introduced herself as Buffy Sainte-Marie. With a voice



Joseph Stevens

unlike any around she delivered her songs, among them her masterpiece ‘Now That The Buffalo’s Gone’, and immediately established herself as a force in the music world. The contracts were out before she had finished her set, and after a spell woodshedding in New England folk clubs around Boston – influencing and being influenced by Patrick Sky, Tom Rush, Eric Von Schmidt and Joan Baez – she lit on to the American college circuit and soon became a national favourite.

Ballads And Black Ties

“The ‘circuit’ still thriving today has an inexhaustible thirst for new talent, and back then were some winners including David Crosby, who was involved in a group worth forgetting – Les Baxters Balladeers. All decked-out in red jackets, thin black ties and crew cuts, they sang ballads of course. Topping the bill were the Big Three, and a sizeable chunk of their appeal was in Cass Elliott – a belter later to be in the Mamas and the Papas. After a college concert in the New York area, Cass, David and friends could often be seen hootin’ in the Village cafes – part of paying their dues, doing their own thing. Along with them an electric band then getting started was the Blues Project, a talent-galore ensemble with Steve Katz and Al Kooper, who later formed Blood, Sweat and Tears, the first of the jazz-rock bands.

“So it’s all down to musicians needing a place to play, and Greenwich Village helping fill that need. The acoustic guitar was amplified, huge P.A. systems devised, and the folk heroes then became the rock & roll stars of today.

“Today, the clubs that Joe Stevens remembers as bulging with a motley crowd of young musicians hustling around, playing for dimes, and sleeping on friends’ floors up and down the Village, are – predictably – no longer what they were. Instead of the looseness and craziness of the early ‘60s, with the likes of Dylan and Peter Tork and hundreds of others who never made it big trying to catch the eye of the businessmen from the record companies; the Village is now a ‘must’ on every young tourist’s visit to New York, and the clubs themselves have become little more than showcases – but this time showcases for the record companies trying to catch the public’s eye with their latest discovery. But times change, and there are no doubt scenes elsewhere that in 10 years will have become just as famous as the Village is now – but it’s hard to imagine that another place could ever have such influence.”

POP FILE

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

JERRY KELLER, another of rock's lost legion of one-hit wonders, rose high in the charts in the summer of 1959 with a bouncy song he wrote himself 'Here Comes Summer', which contained the memorable line 'School's not so bad but summer's better, gives me more time to see my gal'. Keller never enjoyed any notable success again.

KING CRIMSON was founded by Robert Fripp in 1969. He is the only surviving member of the original band that split after a big publicity drive, one album and an American tour. Since then the band has split and reformed numerous times and has produced six albums of 'progressive rock', featuring Mellotron and electronic sound effects. The line-up, which recorded 'Larks' Tongues In Aspice', is: Robert Fripp (guitar, Mellotron), David Cross (violin, flute, Mellotron), ex-Family bassist John Wetton (also plays viola and sings), and ex-Yes drummer Bill Bruford.



SKR

BEN E. KING was singing with the New York group the Crowns when in 1958 they became the Drifters (following the break up of the original Drifters). King sang on 'There Goes My Baby', 'Dance With Me', 'This Magic Moment', 'Lonely Winds' and 'Save The Last Dance For Me' with the group before leaving to go solo. His first solo recording was 'Spanish Harlem' (1960), and he enjoyed success with 'First Taste Of Love' (1961), 'Stand By Me' (1962), and 'I Who Have Nothing' (1962).

Pictorial Press



ALBERT KING was raised in Osceola, Arkansas, on the Mississippi. The first guitar he played was one he made himself from broom wire and a lump of wood. He started playing it left handed and has played that way ever since. He began playing in clubs around his home and then in St. Louis for \$5 a night, where skill at avoiding flying bottles was as important as skill at playing. It was only in 1967 when white guitarists such as Mike Bloomfield and Eric Clapton acknowledged their debt to players like Albert King that he reached a wide audience. He played the Fillmore West, toured America and Europe, and has performed with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. His guitar-style is influenced by B. B. King (no relation) and Albert in turn has particularly influenced Eric Clapton. For instance Clapton's solo on 'Strange Brew' is a note-for-note copy of King's playing on 'Born Under A Bad Sign'.

B. B. KING started singing his blues on the streets of Chicago after he had finished his US Army service in World War Two. He worked for a while as a disc jockey on station WDIA and moved to California where he put together his first bands, which usually included brass and sax. B. B. King names T. Bone Walker, Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt as his major influences, his music has always been fluent and sophisticated - quite different from the raw Chicago blues style. During the '50s he had many successes in the black record market but remained unknown to the white audience until acknowledged by Eric Clapton and other white guitarists. Ever since jamming with Clapton and Elvin Bishop in 1967, B. B. King has been a major name in his own right and has toured the world.



Joseph Stevens

FREDDIE KING, like B. B. and Albert, was unknown outside the black audience until English groups brought the blues to white America in the mid-'60s. Among the musicians who cited Freddie King as an influence, and so opened up new opportunities for him, were Jimmy Page and Jeff Beck. He grew up in Gilmer, Texas, and moved to Chicago with his parents when he was 14. He worked as a session guitarist for King Records before becoming a hit name for that company with his recordings of 'Hideaway', 'Love Her With A Feelin'', and 'Have You Ever Loved A Woman'. Freddie is a tireless worker and he spends his time touring non-stop, only pausing to make albums. He combines elements of rock and soul in his blues style and the impact of his shows comes as much from the way he involves the audience in stomping and clapping as it does from pure musicianship. He has now made three albums for Shelter records, produced by Leon Russell.

JONATHAN KING, a Cambridge University student, hit the UK charts in 1965 with 'Everybody's Gone To The Moon'. He decided to leave his graduated 3rd in English and quit the academic world for a pop career and since that time has concentrated on record production. His method is to produce one-off bubblegum hits, corny and slick, performed either by himself under a pseudonym or by a hitherto faceless band of session musicians. He has involved himself in most aspects of the industry and runs his own label.



SKR

DON KIRSCHNER, known as 'the man with the Golden Ear' had been involved in the pop industry for many years before he realised that there was room for traditional pop music in the USA in the mid-'60s, when rock was getting increasingly intellectual and was harbouring pretensions as a serious art form. Kirschner, by contrast, rationalised the business side of rock by setting up a TV show about a rock group and then advertising for people to fill the bill. From hundreds of applicants four were picked to become the Monkees and step to instant stardom in 1966. Kirschner later repeated his success on a smaller scale with the Archies, where the computerisation process was taken a step further. The Archies sang their hit 'Sugar Sugar', but they were only cartoon characters.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS (Gladys Knight, Merald Knight, Edward Patten and William Guest) got together at school in 1958. As early as the age of four Gladys was winning talent contests and offers for a showbiz career, but her mother insisted she should finish her education. The group stayed together through years of hard work and only meagre recording success, until they signed with Motown and made their 1967 hit 'I Heard It Through The Grapevine', which sold over two million copies. Of all the Motown groups, Gladys and the Pips have the least automatic and the most soulful sound.

S./



ALEXIS KORNER is often called the daddy of them all in Britain – and with good reason. Among the artists who have worked in Korner's bands since he formed the first Blues Incorporated in 1961 are: Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Ginger Baker, Brian Jones, Graham Bond, Keith Richard, Jack Bruce, Eric Burdon, John Baldry, Dick Heckstall Smith, Cyril Davies, Zoot Money, Lee Jackson, Steve Thompson, Phil Seaman, Paul Jones, John Surman, Hughie Flint, Marsha Hunt and Victor Brox. In 1968 Robert Plant worked as half of a duo with Korner before joining Led Zeppelin, and since the late 1960s Korner has worked solo bringing along friends to play with him. Alexis is well-known for giving help and encouragement to musicians, unworried by the fact that people have passed through his bands to far greater commercial success than his own outfits have won. Alexis was playing a blues spot in the Chris Barber band as early as 1948 and was part of the Ken Colyer skiffle group of the early '50s. He was largely responsible for wooing American bluesmen to Britain in the late '50s and developing the whole blues scene there. Ironically, his greatest commercial success had not been with blues but the rock-big band sound of CCS, which had a big hit in 1971 with their version of Led Zeppelin's 'Whole Lotta Love'.

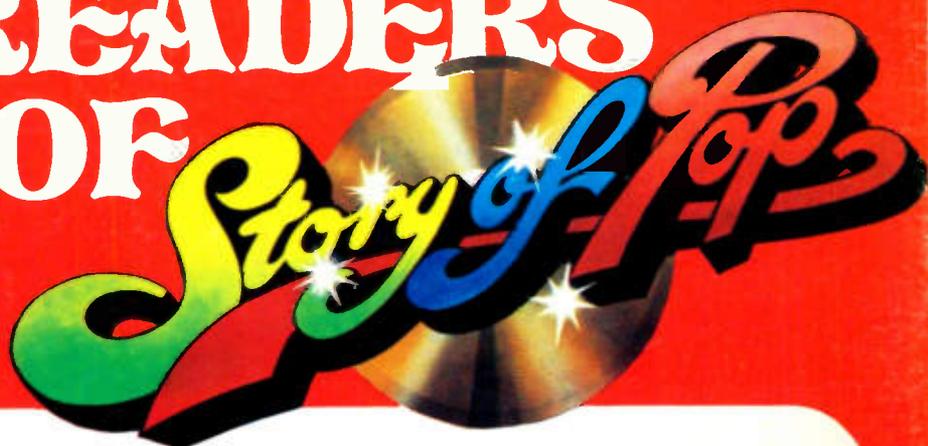
BILLY J. KRAMER AND THE DAKOTAS made the charts in 1963 with the Beatles' 'Do You Want To Know A Secret'. The Dakotas had been a bigger name in the Liverpool area than the Beatles at one time, but despite a series of hit records up to 1965 (including 'Little Children', 'I'll Keep You Satisfied' and a cover of 'Trains And Boats And Planes') Billy J. just didn't have the personality to make it nationally in a really big way. Once the Merseymania era subsided, Billy J. Kramer went out of the public eye too, although he still plays in clubs in the North of England.

FRANKIE LAINE was a top American singer with a powerful voice who had hits throughout the '50s including 'Jezebel', 'That's My Desire', 'High Noon', 'Sixteen Tons' and 'Rawhide'. Laine was one of the established singers whose fans were the generation just too old for rock & roll, and Laine's popularity waned as the new force of rock swept in.

LEADBELLY (Huddie Leadbetter) was born in 1885 and was brought up on his father's farm, where he began to play guitar. As a teenager he was hanging round clubs and bars in Shreveport, Louisiana, where he heard barrelhouse piano players who influenced the rhythm he played on his guitar. The man who taught him and influenced him above all others was Blind Lemon Jefferson. He had already escaped once from the O17 gang and assumed the name of Walter Boyd when, in 1917, he was charged with murder following a shooting incident and sentenced to 30 years in prison. He remained unknown until the late '30s when the Lomax Brothers made their famous journey through the South, recording and documenting black folk music in the fields and in penitentiaries. Their greatest discovery was Leadbelly, who is the source of many well-known songs including 'House Of The Rising Sun', 'Good Morning Blues', 'John Hardy', 'Julie Ann Johnson', 'Take This Hammer', 'Midnight Special' and 'Goodnight Irene'. Leadbelly greatly influenced Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger (who with his group the Weavers had a no. 1 with 'Goodnight Irene'), and through them his influence comes down to the folk singers and blues singers of the present day. He died in 1949.

POP FILE

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