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NME MOD

Originals

INTERVIEWS, REVIEWS & RARE PHOTOS



THE WHO
SMALL FACES
THE JAM
40 YEARS OF
MAXIMUM R&B

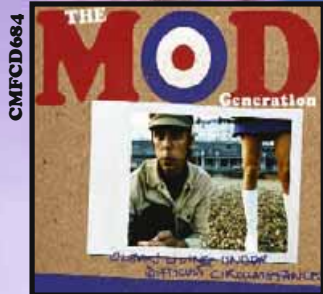


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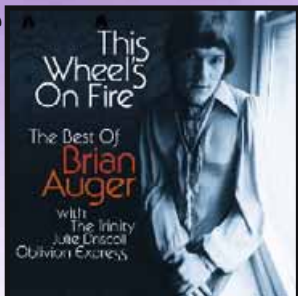
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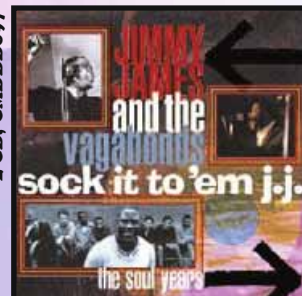
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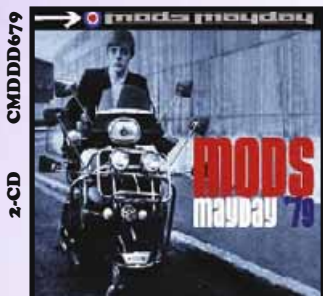
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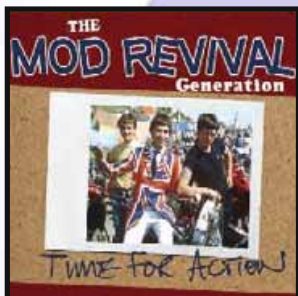
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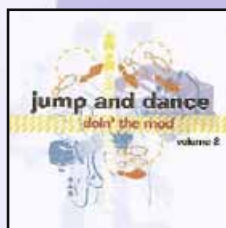
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The Lambrettas
Da-a-a-ance
The Anthology



NEMCD479

The Go-Go Train
Doin' the Mod
Vol. 1



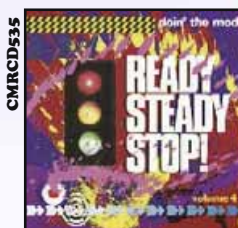
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Vol. 4



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That Driving Beat
Doin' the Mod
Vol. 5



← FOREWORD →



Ian McLagan **SMALL FACES**



“To tell the truth I’d never been on a Lambretta until a couple of years ago. Kenney Jones and I did a photoshoot on one and laughed about the fact, but I vividly recall what that era meant and what being a mod meant.

“Originally it stood for modernist as opposed to trad. I went to art school and you were one or the other. I decided I was mod. I wanted to be part of what was happening. The clothes started coming together and I definitely wanted to be part of that.

“Certain faces about town led the way. There was a dealer we knew in Notting Hill called Denzel and he always looked the business, so much so that *The Sunday Times* colour supplement got hold of him and put him on the cover. He had the look. You’d have the look just right, then someone else would arrive in a great shirt. It was one-upmanship.

“By 1965 you could go down Carnaby Street and pick the stuff off the racks. The Small Faces had accounts in most of the shops: Lord John, John Stephen and Toppers – we looked very sharp and we were all in competition

“Every new generation rediscovers mod. It’s never going away”

to get something cool – if you saw someone wearing something you already had, that was it.

“We’d take inspiration from anywhere. Even Dick Van Dyke in his series with Mary Tyler Moore. He had the perfect modernist haircut. Lee Marvin in *The Killers* was definitely mod. Booker T & The MG’s when they came over – they had really short, tapered mohair trousers that finished four inches above a pair of pointy shoes. They looked fuckin’ great, I’m telling you.

“Mod was all about attitude. Steve Marriott had it in spades. It became harder and harder when it became a movement, everyone was doing it so we’d dress down as a reaction. The drugs changed, too – we ran on purple hearts, French blues and double dexys, but acid arrived and messed things up.

“But every new generation rediscovers mod. I get emails from Rome and Munich. I meet Texan mods where I live now. It’s never going away.”

CONTENTS

6-33

CHAPTER 1

THE BIRTH OF MODERNISM: 1945-1964

- 8** Introduction by Paolo Hewitt
- 14** Original Mod Top 100
- 16** Ready Steady Go!
- 22** The R&B scene
- 23** The High Numbers
- 24** The original mods – caught on camera

34-83

CHAPTER 2

MAXIMUM MOD: 1965-1968

- 36** Introduction by Paolo Hewitt
- 42** The Who
- 44** Spencer Davis Group
- 48** John Stephen & Carnaby Street
- 50** Pete Townshend
- 52** Small Faces
- 56** The original mods – caught on camera
- 66** The Action
- 70** The Creation
- 72** Geno Washington
- 73** Jimmy James & Zoot Money

84-131

CHAPTER 3

THE MOD REVIVAL: 1977-1985

86 Introduction by Chris Hunt

90 The Jam

98 Quadrophenia

108 Pete Meaden

114 March Of The Mods tour

120 Secret Affair

126 The Chords

130 The Truth

132-145

CHAPTER 4

A NEW KIND OF MOD: 1990-2005

134 Introduction by Paul Moody

136 Acid Jazz

138 Menswear

140 Blur

142 Ocean Colour Scene

144 The Ordinary Boys meet Paul Weller

INTRODUCTION

NME Originals exists to shine a fresh light on some of the more overlooked areas of British music journalism, reprinting many vintage interviews, reviews and features for the first time since their initial publication in the pages of the *New Musical Express*, the bible of the British music scene since it first appeared in 1952.

In preparing these special editions we have also had access to the archives of the *NME's* long since

defunct sister publications *Melody Maker* and *Disc*, while for this particular issue, focused as it is on the music of the mods, we have been able to draw on material from the back issues of *Rave*, the most mod of all of the magazines from the swinging '60s.

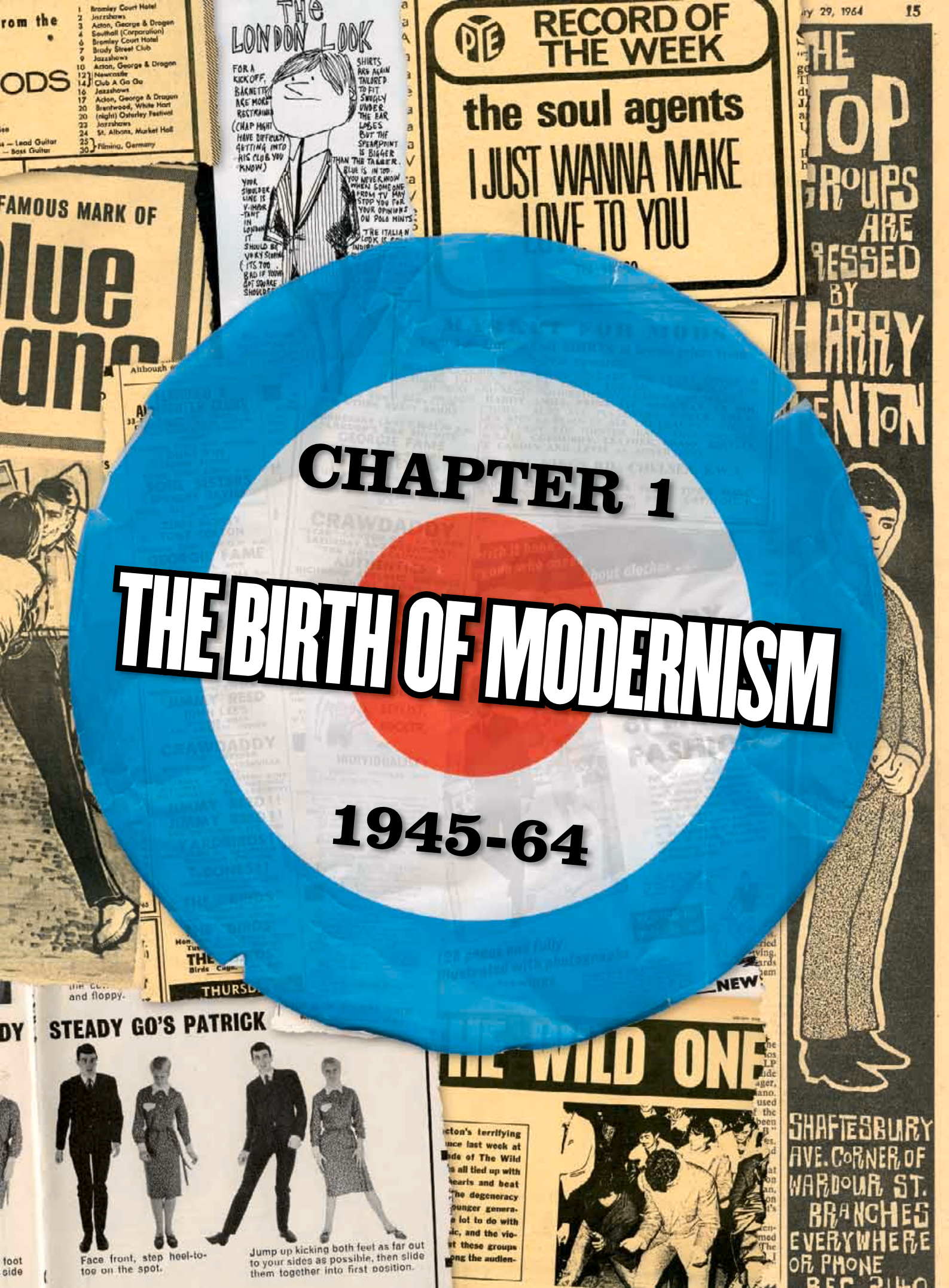
In taking a theme as broad as mod, we have been faced with the challenge of trying to offer a mere snapshot of writings about a musical style that has endured for more than 40 years. This magazine does not purport to be a definitive history, but hopefully it will offer an interesting insight into the bands that have been associated with the mods, as seen through the pages of the British music press.

To all of this we've added a selection of newly commissioned writings to place the archive material into context, and not forgetting some truly fantastic photographic images. So what are you waiting for? Ready, steady, go – the magazine starts here!



Chris Hunt
Editor





- 1 Bromley Court Hotel
- 2 Jazzshows
- 3 Acton, George & Dragon
- 4 Southall (Corporation)
- 5 Bromley Court Hotel
- 6 Brady Street Club
- 7 Jazzshows
- 8 Acton, George & Dragon
- 9 Newcastle
- 10 Club A Go Go
- 11 Jazzshows
- 12 Acton, George & Dragon
- 13 Brentwood, White Hart
- 14 (night) Dunsley Festival
- 15 Jazzshows
- 16 St. Albans, Market Hall
- 17 Filing, Germany
- 18
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- 21
- 22
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- 24
- 25
- 26
- 27
- 28
- 29
- 30

THE LONDON LOOK



FOR A KICKOFF, BARNETT ARE MORE RESTRAINED (CHAP MIGHT HAVE DIFFICULTY GETTING INTO HIS CLUB & YOU KNOW) YOUR SIMPLER LINE IS Y-HOOK-TANT THE LIGHTNING IT SHOULD BE VERY SLIM (ITS TOO BAD IF YOU GOT SOME SHOULD

SHIRTS ARE AGAIN TAILORED TO FIT SWIGLY UNDER THE EAR LINES BUT THE SPEARPOINT IS BIGGER THAN THE TALLER BLUE IS IN TOP YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN SOMEONE FROM TV MAY STOP YOU FOR YOUR OPINIONS ON POLA MINTS THE ITALIAN LOOK IS

RECORD OF THE WEEK

the soul agents

I JUST WANNA MAKE LOVE TO YOU

THE TOP GROUPS ARE PRESSED BY HARRY TONTON

FAMOUS MARK OF

Blue Jeans



CHAPTER 1

THE BIRTH OF MODERNISM

1945-64

STEADY GO'S PATRICK

Face front, step heel-to-toe on the spot.

Jump up kicking both feet as far out to your sides as possible, then slide them together into first position.

THE WILD ONE

London's terrifying... since last week at... side of The Wild... is all tied up with... hearts and beat... the degeneracy... younger genera... a lot to do with... ic, and the vio... at these groups... ong the audien...

SHAFESBURY AVE. CORNER OF WARDOUR ST. BRANCHES EVERYWHERE OF PHONE REC 3140

From the ashes of the Blitz a new, indomitable spirit grew in London. Coupled with post-war prosperity, a new breed of forward-thinking young people developed new styles of music and new ways of dressing. **Words:** Paolo Hewitt

On September 7, 1940, a year into the Second World War, the '60s started.

With great symmetry, German planes flew over London on a Saturday night, the night of partying, and began a 57-day bombing campaign of the East End, seeking to destroy the capital's docks and vital centres of communication. 15,000 people were killed, 94,086 houses destroyed. Yet among the death and the broken buildings, a new spirit of defiance came into being.

Those who woke to the chilling knowledge that this could be their last day on Earth would now contemptuously brush aside all social conventions and norms. These people would seize the day and damn tomorrow and this spirit, small in nature at first, would gather pace over the years and fuel the vast social upheaval of the '60s.

At the war's end this spirit had grown indomitable, restless. Pretty soon, it moved into London's Soho and infected a bunch of young jazz freaks, with names such as Ronnie Scott, Pete King, Eddie Harvey and, best of all, Tony Crombie.

These young blades are at the very source of mod. They were the first to shape a life defined by their music and clothes. They were driven by the idea of the new. The past was a no go area and the future was theirs to shape. America was where they took their lead from.

Modernists adored bebop, a new and complex music that ridiculed the sweetened music of big bands and placed high musical innovation as its main focus of expression. Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie, these were the men who led the movement, who created a new art form imbued with a culture of 24-hour hipness. You never took a break from being a bebopper. These men rose at sunset and retired at dawn. They lived and played in clubs and hotel rooms and they gathered up women, wardrobes, booze and bad addictions.

That was side issue stuff, though. Of much more importance is how they changed the musical landscape for good.

Modernist musician Eddie Harvey recalls being in India in 1947 when he heard "this music (*bebop*) on the radio. It was 'Things To Come' by Dizzy Gillespie. I couldn't believe it. I thought the world had gone mad".

In London, Carlo Krahmer, a half-blind drummer and owner of Esquire Records, is the route into this world. Krahmer speaks in clipped sentences, rarely cracks a joke. Humour is unhip, unhip is humour. Every now and then, he receives a message from America's bebop land and it comes wrapped in a record.

Krahmer puts out the word and the Soho crowd rush to his house to hear the latest tune. Gathered around his record player, the record is played until its magic is soaked so far into these musicians' skins they know it off by hand and they can now add it to their setlist.

Other routines: Monday morning, musicians gather in Archer Street to fix work. They buy the jazz rag, *Melody Maker*, and scour the ad pages. They mingle, exchanging gossip like jazz riffs but, in fact, are hustling for work. It is here on Archer Street that Ronnie Scott and ten

others open up London's first bebop club, the Club Eleven. All the essentials are present and correct. Drink, drugs, sex and the freshest music that black America can offer. The crowd party all night to live music and emerge onto grey London streets, wide-eyed and wasted, just as they do today and will do forever. Nothing is new under the sun.

"It was always dark down there," said one customer, "they didn't put on any lights. The darkness gave the club a kind of illicit feeling. You couldn't see a damn thing, which was even worse for us because, as modernists, we wore sunglasses. At six in the morning, we would all tumble out of there sweating as if we had been swimming all night."

Clothes-wise, this switched on minority emulated the dress sense of their American gods. This meant suits and ties and shirts and sunglasses and hair cropped short, just like jazz player Gerry Mulligan's.

The suit was nothing new to them. Up until the very late-'50s, the suit was the mainstay of the British male, the cloth representing their



Georgie Fame entertaining the early-mods, 1964

Modernists adored bebop, a new and complex music that ridiculed the sweetened music of big bands

vital passage from boy to man, from the world of school to that of work. ("You passed workmen digging up the road," recalls stylist John Simon, "and you saw their suits hanging on nearby fences.") Yet in comparison to the American suit, the British number was lacking.

America was the land of money, of comfort, of consumerism. Britain was broke but America, vast America, was financially untroubled by the war. Therefore, their goods were the best in the world.

In his quest to distance himself from the happy image of jazz legend Louis Armstrong, Miles Davis had now taken to wearing a scowl and Brooks Brothers suits, the clothing of the establishment. ►



Mod gods: Charlie Parker...



...Dizzy Gillespie...



...and Miles Davis

REDFERNS/REX FEATURES/UPPA PHOTOSHOT



Zoot Money and his band outside the Flamingo, Wardour Street, London, 1964



Mods adopted the latest styles from Europe

► Based in New York, the Brooks Brothers company had invented the button-down shirt and dressed presidents. They were prestigious, rich and knew their job better than anyone else in town.

Their suits were classic, usually made from Mohair style material, three buttons on the jacket, lapels and vents present, tight, creased trousers to finish off.

Their main customers were Wall Street executives most of whom had been educated in the Ivy League, the collective name given for a number of North American colleges and thus this look.

Miles' appropriation of this style was brilliant. Here was the underclass dressing like the upper class. If you passed him on the street you might take him for a Wall Street trader. In reality, he was fucking with everyone's head by producing some of the most radical music of the 20th century.

(Years before, the boxer Jack Johnson had applied a similar technique when he started posing for pictures in golfing attire, the sport of the white rich and years later, Kevin Rowland of Dexys Midnight Runners would follow the same path for the band's 'Don't Stand Me Down' album.)

Thus was born the idea of using clothes as camouflage, of blending into society so as not to draw attention to one's illicit actions.

It was a lesson that the teddy boys failed to heed.

Teddy boys were forged from two distinct sources. The first was a Norman Parkinson picture published in *Vogue* magazine showing three young upper-class men who called themselves the new Edwardians. Using their style as a springboard, the teddy boy drew up a uniform of drape jacket, brothel creepers and slicked back hair.

It was a good time. The economy was booming, national service was no more and hire purchase widely available

Their other primary source was American rock'n'roll music.

American rock'n'roll music smashed modernist jazz into pieces, sent it scurrying underground. In the time it took Bill Haley to sing "We're gonna rock around the clock", rock had replaced jazz as the soundtrack of the young. Rock'n'roll brought sex and rebellion into the grey British world and things were never the same again. This was a simple music, beat-driven and repetitive. It made boys use knives and chains, rip up cinemas, rip up each other. And it made the girls tingle in funny places and scream out in pleasure.

MODS & SKA

How London's Jamaican population influenced their modernist neighbours

Late one night during summer 1964, Prince Buster was in a car passing a 24-hour tea stall by Battersea Bridge. The singer fancied a snack, but because there was a group of white lads gathered around the trailer, those in the car with him advised against it. This was his first tour of England and stories of racial unrest in the motherland from the late-'50s were still taken seriously in Jamaica. Buster wasn't even remotely worried. "I'm a friendly sort of person," he remembers, "and I don't see why I can't walk anywhere. I got out, these guys look me up and down, and tell me I must be alright because I've got on the same narrow-foot pants they have!"

They got talking, and this coterie of mods were clearly impressed by more than the cut of Buster's trousers, because they ended up following his tour. "I first

saw them in London, then in Birmingham, Manchester, Nottingham... everywhere I went they would go and make sure everything was alright. They would be round me like bodyguards, they'd ride along all around my car on their scooters, like I was royalty." It was the most tangible link between mod and ska, a relationship that had been simmering on the underground for some time.

Ska surfaced on the London mods' soundtrack thanks to a crossover with R&B among performers, as immigrant Jamaican musicians found work in the capital's jazz or R&B bands. Guys like trombonist Rico Rodriguez and guitarist Ernie Ranglin slotted in to a club scene bossed by the likes of Georgie Fame, Zoot Money or Alexis Korner. And it was a two-way street: British players will tell happy stories of how they'd find



Mods and Jamaicans get down to the latest ska sounds

Because of this, the young became the biggest threat to national security ever. Or so the media said. For two years rock'n'roll took all before it, but then faltered. Elvis went into the army, Jerry Lee Lewis married his 13-year-old cousin and no-one told him to keep his mouth shut about it, Little Richard found God and Chuck Berry took an underage girl over state lines and was imprisoned.

Rock'n'roll was not hear to stay, it was dead and buried.

Into this space came the mods. It was a good time to appear. The economy was booming, national service was no more and hire purchase widely available.

At first there were only 20 of them in London, young men who were, first and foremost, absolutely obsessive about clothes. "We would often sit around and talk for hours about a T-shirt or a vest the best thing to wear under an American button-down collar shirt," original mod Patrick Uden once said.

themselves at after-hours sessions in Ladbroke Grove eating curried goat and rice and playing ska, for fun. It also meant Jamaican ska singers resident in the UK such as Laurel Aitken, Dandy Livingstone, Jimmy Cliff and Jackie Edwards could work, as they had no problem finding bands to back them.

Although this wasn't strictly a mod scene, there was always a degree of mod interest as the clubs that put on R&B would also promote Jamaican artists: the Upper Cut in Forest Gate, the Ram Jam in Brixton and the Flamingo or the Marquee in Soho. This shouldn't be too surprising, as the proximity between white working class kids and ethnic minorities – at work, at school, on the council estates – has always facilitated a far greater degree of cultural crossover than among the middle classes. In this case it was the sharp-dressing, working class mods rubbing shoulders with the sharp-dressing working class black kids, and both sides liked a dance on a Saturday night. Of course they were going to check each other's music. When clubs all around the country started giving nights over entirely to ska, there was always a strong mod contingent in the crowd.

Around that time the Roaring Twenties opened in Carnaby Street, to play exclusively Jamaican music courtesy of two ex-pat sound system DJs. Immediately this combination of the best imported records, formal sets by visiting Jamaican and black American musicians and impromptu jam sessions pulled in a large mod clientele, and the club became the after-hours hang-out of choice for the next wave of British R&B such as The Rolling Stones and The Who.

As mod R&B osmosed into the speedy Stax and Motown that carried the swing at mod all-nighters, it was entirely natural for ska to stick with it. After all, tracks like 'Burke's Law', 'Guns Of Navarone' and 'Broadway Jungle' slotted perfectly into the amphetamine-fuelled beats that would soon form the basis of northern soul. And, importantly for music aficionado mods, it was all of a high and



↑ Ska trek: Prince Buster and Desmond Dekker

intricate musical standard, meaning so much ska could be listened to with the same discernment as jazz. By the mid-'60s, the mod-ska scene wasn't solely dictated by musicians, but mod club DJs were playing ska records in with the soul.

British musicians would end up at after-hours sessions in Ladbroke Grove playing ska for fun

By this time, Emil Shallit's Blue Beat label was releasing a string of ska records in the UK (Prince Buster and Laurel Aitken both recorded for the label), achieving widespread success among the hipper

urban youth – Shallit even promoted a Blue Beat night at the Marquee club and sold a range of Blue Beat clothing. It was very nearly mainstream and, for a significant elitist minority, this was mod-lite. Blue Beat records, recorded in England as well as licensed from Jamaican producers, were held aside from "real" ska. And those clothes? They were mass-produced! To many, the only ska worth listening to was what guys like the Twenties DJs or sound systems were playing and came direct from Jamaica. Records by Roland Alphonso, The Skatalites, Lester Sterling, The Maytals or Don Drummond.

Because so few ska artists toured the UK and these unconventional distribution channels promoted the records themselves rather than the artists, unlike with Stax and Motown acts there were never many ska personalities on the mod scene. Or in the country in general. Prince Buster was a mod icon, as was Desmond Dekker, and Laurel Aitken had a big following, but they either visited regularly or lived here. It meant that as ska died out around the same time as mod, although it had been a vital part of that scene's record box it was never a very big one.

Lloyd Bradley

TEN MOD SKA FAVOURITES

MADNESS Prince Buster

Classic ska, exciting enough to inspire a bunch of blokes from Camden Town

WATERMELON MAN Baba Brooks

Ska's jazz roots show in the trumpeter's take on a Herbie Hancock classic

GUNS OF NAVARONE The Skatalites

Gutsy sax-led instrumental, a huge club hit in 1965

BROADWAY JUNGLE The Flames

The Maytals under another name: hollering, gospel-tinged, Toots Hibbert-led

EASTERN STANDARD TIME Don Drummond

Woozy trombone wizardry from the master

HUMPTY DUMPTY Eric "Monty" Morris

Cool, boogie-ish nursery rhyme nonsense

BURKE'S LAW Prince Buster

Like so many ska songs, named after a TV cowboy show

KING OF SKA Desmond Dekker

Joyous, self-celebratory and surprisingly energetic

LOVE ME BABY Laurel Aitken

Very early, very R&B-ish

SILVER DOLLAR Tommy McCook

Understated but still relentless as the sax powers through

Clothes were the mod's magnificent obsession and their attention to detail was awesome. They got on buses and refused to sit down for fear of ruining their trouser crease. The writer Nik Cohn spoke of mods who would not have sex at parties unless a trouser press and a shoehorn was available. They went to the cinema to watch foreign films and the actor's wardrobe. They studied the record sleeves of American jazz and R&B acts, then sat in cafés and pretended to read French papers. "For the first time," stylist Carlo Manzi recalls, "it was much more important that your male friends complimented your clothes not your girlfriend."

At first, the suit was at the centre of the mod wardrobe, either an Ivy League number or an Italian job in the style put forward by the Roman tailors, Brioni. This was a short box jacket first seen on Soho streets on the bodies of imported Italian waiters. Italian shoes were top grade as well, as was the idea of running around town on a scooter. Just like Peck and Hepburn in the 1953 film *Roman Holiday*.

But there were other influences. The haircut was an amalgamation of the American college boy cut with a French-style bouffant and raincoats were also Français, white and long like their cheese.

At first, mods shopped at expensive outlets such as Austin's on Shaftesbury Avenue or Cecil Gee on Charing Cross Road. Austin's hit your wage packet badly but always supplied the best in American clothing. The Rolling Stones' drummer Charlie Watts was there every Friday night, Georgie Fame and Eric Clapton were also customers. Cecil Gee was more downmarket but thoroughly in tune with the times. After holidaying in Italy, he had filled his shop with colourful tops thus starting a move away from the formal style to the mod casual look.

Mods also used key tailors such as Bilgorris in Bishopgate or Sam Arkus and Mr Eddie on Berwick Street. The twist was that the mods, much to the annoyance of these established tailors, customised all they touched. Suits had to be made to the specific instructions they ►

► had dreamed up the night before. I want *this* many buttons on the cuff and I want stitched flaps for the pockets. I want the jacket vents *this* long, no more, no less, and so on.

Such was the effort that mods put into their style, the pace became unrelenting. Every week a new item of clothing had to be displayed and admired by your peers otherwise you were just a “seven and sixer”, the price of a run-of-the-mill shirt.

The ones who came up with the best clothes, the best look, got to be known as faces. Peter Sugar was one, Pete Meaden was another.

The mod style did not stay exclusively smart but gradually turned towards colourful casual wear. An important name in this shift is John Stephen.

Stephen, a young Glaswegian, came to London determined to, “own as many shops as possible” (he got to 26 before his luck ran out). He began life as an assistant at a shop called Vince which mainly catered to the West End gay crowd. Vince stocked colourful clothes in hard to get or unusual fabrics and his prices were way beyond the average. This is where Stephen made his killing. He designed and made available colourful, smart clothing that was within the reach of everybody. Colourful jumpers, striking shirts and narrow trousers all rolled off the Stephen production line at an amazing rate of knots. And by only creating limited editions, he ensured a regular

Mod had become a charade played out on the cover of the papers and attention is the Achilles heel of stylists

crowd eager to pick up the new. You had to be quick off the block to get the latest fashion or die of shame that week.

Another innovation of Stephen’s was to employ young people to serve in his shops and to play pop music in them. Sounds dead simple now, but shopping in Britain mainly took place in large, grey department stores populated by dour staff who made you feel they were doing you a favour in serving you.

By employing the young to look after his tills Stephen attracted the young to his shops. Stephen was now at the forefront of a major fashion revolution. Fashion once belonged only to women. Now men were in on the game and, for the first time, a distinct feminisation of their look was clearly discernible.



Carnaby Street became a mecca for a new type of consumerism

Initially, the uncomprehending fiercely resisted the emergence of bright colours. Steve Marriott’s mum recalls her son being beaten up one night in the early-’60s for wearing a pair of white trousers. Another mod remembered to me how his mum deliberately bleached his pink shirt so that he wouldn’t get into bother.

As for music, mods displayed equally exquisite taste. Like their jazz predecessors now hiding in clubs such as Ronnie Scott’s, mods turned to contemporary black America to provide the soundtrack of their lives. In 1962, that meant R&B shot through with jazz and blues.

R&B had arrived on these shores in the early-’50s. The writer Dave Godin heard his first R&B record (a Ruth Brown tune) at a fairground in 1953 and was bowled out in one. He discovered that his passion was not singular. After publishing a letter in the music rag *Record Mirror* Godin was flooded with letters from like-minded souls.

R&B music fused together gospel and blues and created an infectious, sexy music. R&B aimed itself at the listener’s heart and feet while also capturing the imagination with double entendre lyrics or amazingly clever wordplay.

The fact that this music came from the heart of black America, gave it an irresistible glamour that the Brits would always find hard to match. No matter. Soon, London’s clubland was awash with R&B locations. There were two main spots, the Flamingo in Wardour Street and the Scene Club in Ham Yard. At the Flamingo Georgie Fame would perform every Saturday to a crowd mainly made up of black American servicemen. They would bring him the latest imports and, by the week’s end, he would have the tunes down pat.

Then a knifing occurred in the club and the servicemen were grounded. The next week, the mods took over.

At the Scene, Guy Stevens’ amazing R&B collection gave him and the club a reputation that lasts to this day. It was here, and at spots such as Klooks Kleek, that the mods gathered to pop pills, to preen, to peacock and to dance deliriously to R&B all weekend long.

But in 1963, their cover was blown.

Blame The Beatles. Their enormous success had made the young so hip that everyone wanted their money. They were the new market to exploit. Television was no exception and thus, in 1963, Young Britain sat down on a Friday night and watched a new music show called *Ready Steady Go!* that nationalised mod. By using a young audience that had been selected from London’s hippest clubs, the show spread the fashions nationwide.

A kid in Manchester or Glasgow or some other faraway place, could now see all the latest fashions and styles and clothes emanating out of London, and could copy the latest craze. The spotlight was too intense. It diluted the essence of the scene. By 1964, the originals had joined their modernist elders in Ronnie Scott’s and left the scene to so-called mods that went fighting rockers on the beaches.

Mod had become a charade played out on the cover of the national papers and national attention is the Achilles heel of true stylists.

The papers ran headlines saying “Mods Run Riot On Day Of Shame”. Instead, they should have put “Shame! The First Era Of Mod Is Dead”. ■



Scooters, and their accessories, were the mod mode of transport

PAUL WELLER

STUDIO 150



SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION ALBUM

Including a bonus disc featuring live tracks from the Studio 150 tour
Plus the newly recorded version of **Come Together** in aid of the Tsunami appeal.

Available from the 14th March

12 CLASSIC TRACKS

WISHING ON A STAR

"Terrific and shines in a soulful arrangement" **UNCUT**

THE BOTTLE

"Dashes along with an infectious sense of urgency"

THE INDEPENDENT

BLACK IS THE COLOUR

"Winningly delicate" **MOJO**

CLOSE TO YOU

"One of the highlights of the album" **SUNDAY TIMES**

EARLY MORNING RAIN

"Weller's delicately emotive take on this where he sounds as if he can really relate to the hedonistic narrator pining for his airborne lover" **Q**

HERCULES

"Really rather good." **FHM**

THINKING OF YOU

"Highlights include a gentle romantic take on Sister Sledge's disco classic Thinking Of You." **NEW WOMAN**

IF ONLY I COULD BE SURE

"Another winner" **UNCUT**

DONT MAKE PROMISES

"This is best of all." **THE INDEPENDENT**

ONE WAY ROAD

"Reworked to fine effect." **Q**

ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

"An inspired take." **WORD**

BIRDS

"Quite possibly the best and most effective thing here"

SCOTLAND ON SUNDAY

"A gorgeous interpretation." **CLASH MAGAZINE**

ORIGINAL MOD TOP 100

In 1979, DJ Randy Cozens compiled an inspiring chart of the best mod records. Eddie Piller puts the list into context

Randy Cozens was an original mod from the old school – the Scene Club, Peter Meaden, sharp clothes and soul music. In 1979 he was to compile a chart that would help to dictate the path of mod through the '80s and give the flagging northern soul scene a lifesaving boost.

The second wave of mods had nothing to go on but their bands. Mod was iconography – a tonic jacket, a parka, some desert boots, or a Who badge. It was a way for the 1978 generation to establish itself apart from the punk explosion, and from the early days of The Jam, The Jolt and the Buzzcocks, the next logical step for mods was The Chords, the Purple Hearts and Secret Affair.

Into the mix jumped one Randy Cozens, who was still only in his early-30s by the time the mod revival happened. The parka-clad revivalists were a million miles away from his '60s contemporaries and they needed to be taught about the real music of their mod forefathers; about the clothes and the style; the jazz, the soul, the ska, and the rhythm and blues. To this end Cozens wrote letters to every music paper in the country, urging these kids to check out their heritage. Mod wasn't about bands. It was about clothes. It was about music.

Aware of collectors eager to claim to own the lot, he even inserted one fictitious recording in the list

One music magazine requested him to compile the Mod Top 100, a chart (in no particular order) that reflected his appreciation of the top '60s mod DJ Guy Stevens. Aware of collectors eager to claim to own the lot, he even inserted one fictitious recording ('Rancid Polecat' anyone?) to catch out the bluffers.

Published in August 1979, the chart proved to be a revelation. Together with the 6T's soul club that he formed in association with Ady Croasdel, the Mod Top 100 came to influence the overall direction of mod. When Cozens died in 2003 there were 500 people at his funeral, mods and all.



Randy Cozens: keeping his rancid polecat to himself



1 WHAT'CHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT Doris Troy

Initially an unlikely candidate for the top mod tune of the '60s, but on reflection Doris Troy's plaintive vocal perfectly compliments the tortured souls that inhabited that twilight world of Soho all-nighters, amphetamines and long-lasting comedowns.

2 SO FAR AWAY Hank Jacobs

The Hammond organ defined the mod sound. This Guy Stevens discovery released on his UK Sue label featured an ethereal lead line over a dirty R&B backing. A mid-tempo dancer with a kick.

3 COME SEE ABOUT ME Nella Dodds

A gritty take on the Holland-Dozier-Holland composition that hit for The Supremes. A typical Wand production, it highlighted the proliferation of cover versions on the soul scene. Good songs were good songs, period.

4 HOLE IN THE WALL George Stone

One of two versions of this tune that broke on the mod scene (the other was by The Packers), this instrumental sits nicely alongside 'Smokey Joe's La La' by The Googie Rene Combo or Ramsay Lewis' 'Hang On Sloopy'.

5 QUE SERA SERA The High Keys

Extraordinary. A super-cool latin soul version of the saccharine-sweet Doris Day hit, featuring a classic progressive percussion-and-piano intro that was lifted by Ray Barretto for 'El Watusi' and appropriated by the makers of *Grease* for 'Summer Nights'.

6 GETTING MIGHTY CROWDED

Possibly the biggest dancefloor track – with the exception of 'Out On The Floor' by Dobie Gray – of the Mod Top 100 inspired northern soul revival.

7 I DON'T WANNA FUSS Sugar Pie DeSanto

Released on Checker in the States, this uptempo rhythm and blues stepper is cut from the same cloth as her 'Soulful Dress' hit. Raw and dirty Chicago grit.

8 WALKING THE DOG Rufus Thomas

Although later a big hit, when Rufus Thomas's rough'n'ready dance tune was introduced to the mod scene by Guy Stevens, it caused a sensation.

9 HOLD WHAT YOU GOT Joe Tex

The 'down-home' preacher finally hit paydirt in 1965 with this gospel-tinged belter. One to hum while standing outside the Scene Club at 4am.

10 TIME IS ON MY SIDE Irma Thomas

A new Orleans gem made legendary by The Rolling Stones, although Thomas' spine-tingling and masterful delivery wins out.

- 11 I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAY **Ike And Tina Turner** Sue
- 12 THE DRIFTER **Ray Pollard** UA
- 13 ANY DAY NOW **Chuck Jackson** Stateside
- 14 THE MONKEY TIME **Major Lance** Columbia
- 15 LA DE DA, I LOVE YOU **Inez And Charlie Foxx** Sue
- 16 THE CHEATER **Bob Kuban And The In Men** Stateside
- 17 I'M IN YOUR HANDS **Mary Love** King
- 18 THE JERK **The Larks** Pye Int
- 19 I HAD A TALK WITH MY MAN **Mitty Collier** Pye Int
- 20 OH NO NOT MY BABY **Maxine Brown** Pye Int
- 21 GOTTA HAVE YOUR LOVE **The Sapphires** HMV
- 22 EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY TO LOVE **Solomon Burke** Atlantic
- 23 LA LA LA LA LA **The Blendells** Reprise
- 24 RIDE YOUR PONY **Lee Dorsey** Stateside
- 25 SELFISH ONE **Jackie Ross** Pye Int
- 26 TIRED OF BEING LONELY **The Sharpees** Stateside
- 27 EL WATUSI **Ray Barretto** Columbia
- 28 TREAT HER RIGHT **Roy Head** Vocalion
- 29 WHO'S CHEATING WHO? **Little Milton** Chess
- 30 OUT OF SIGHT **James Brown** Phillips
- 31 MERCY MERCY **Don Covay** Atlantic
- 32 OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR HEART **Darrell Banks** Stateside
- 33 A LITTLE PIECE OF LEATHER **Donnie Elbert** Sue
- 34 GO NOW **Bessie Banks** Red Bird
- 35 SEARCHING FOR MY LOVE **Bobby Moore** Chess
- 36 YOU CAN'T SIT DOWN **Phil Upchurch Combo** HMV
- 37 THE DUCK **Jackie Lee** Fontana
- 38 DOCTOR LOVE **Bobby Sheen** Capitol
- 39 SHE BLEW A GOOD THING **The American Poets** London
- 40 WATCH YOUR STEP **Bobby Parker** Sue
- 41 LOVE AIN'T NOTHIN' **Johnny Nash** Pye Int
- 42 RANDY **Earl Jean** Colpix
- 43 RANCID POLECAT **Ian And The Clarks** Liberty
- 44 OOWEE BABY I LOVE YOU **Fred Hughes** Fontana
- 45 A TOUCH OF VENUS **Sandy Wynns** Fontana
- 46 DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD **Nina Simone** Phillips
- 47 AIN'T LOVE GOOD, AIN'T LOVE PROUD **Tony Clark** Pye Int
- 48 I'VE GOT A WOMAN **Jimmy McGriff** Sue
- 49 CANDY **The Astors** Atlantic
- 50 SMOKIE JOE'S LA LA **Googie Rene Combo** Atlantic
- 51 MR BANG BANG MAN **Little Hank** London
- 52 IT'S ROUGH OUT THERE **Jerry Jackson** Cameo
- 53 OH HOW HAPPY **Shades Of Blue** Sue
- 54 AIN'T NOBODY HOME **Howard Tate** Verve
- 55 DIMPLES **John Lee Hooker** Stateside
- 56 LONG AFTER TONIGHT IS OVER **Jimmy Radcliffe** Stateside
- 57 TWINE TIME **Alvin Cash** Stateside
- 58 LIPSTICK TRACES **The O'Jays** Liberty
- 59 LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL **Bunny Sigler** Cameo Parkway
- 60 THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO SAY BABY **The Incredibles** Stateside
- 61 PEACHES AND CREAM **The Ikettes** Stateside
- 62 WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME BABY **The Invitations** Stateside
- 63 HOLE IN THE WALL **The Packers** Pye Int
- 64 FINDERS KEEPERS **Gloria Jones** Stateside
- 65 NOTHING CAN STOP ME **Gene Chandler** Stateside
- 66 SEE YOU AT THE GO GO **Dobie Gray** Pye Int
- 67 LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND **Deon Jackson** Atlantic
- 68 COOL JERK **The Capitols** Atlantic
- 69 THE IN CROWD **Ramsey Lewis Trio** Chess
- 70 RESCUE ME **Fontella Bass** Chess
- 71 60 MINUTES OF YOUR LOVE **Homer Banks** Liberty
- 72 SWEETEST THING THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN **Chris Bartley** Cameo
- 73 A L'IL LOVING SOMETIMES **Alexander Patton** Capitol
- 74 YOU'VE GOT TO PAY THE PRICE **Al Kent** Track
- 75 MAKE ME YOURS **Bettye Swann** CBS
- 76 THE PAIN GETS A LITTLE DEEPER **Darrow Fletcher** London
- 77 TALK OF THE GRAPEVINE **Donald Height** London
- 78 ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME **Lou Johnson** London
- 79 STEAL AWAY **Jimmy Hughes** Pye Int
- 80 YES I'M READY **Barbara Mason** London
- 81 GEE WHIZ **Carla Thomas** Atlantic
- 82 MY GIRL SLOOPY **The Vibrations** London
- 83 GYPSY WOMAN **The Impressions** HMV
- 84 YOU DON'T KNOW LIKE I KNOW **Sam And Dave** Atlantic
- 85 I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU **Garnett Mimms** UA
- 86 NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF YOU **Toussaint McCall** Pye Int
- 87 THE 81 **Candy And The Kisses** Cameo
- 88 MR PITIFUL **Otis Redding** Atlantic
- 89 THIS CAN'T BE TRUE **Eddie Holman** Cameo
- 90 YOU GOT TOO MUCH GOING FOR YOU **Jimmy Beaumont** London
- 91 HELP ME **The Spellbinders** CBS
- 92 HIGHER AND HIGHER **Jackie Wilson** Coral
- 93 THAT'S ENOUGH **Rosco Robinson** Pye Int
- 94 I WANNA BE **The Manhattans** Sue
- 95 SPRING **Birdlegs And Pauline** Sue
- 96 PEACE OF MIND **The Magnificent Men** Capitol
- 97 HEY-SAH-LO-NAY **Mickey Lee Lane** Stateside
- 98 MERCY **Willie Mitchell** London
- 99 GYPSY WOMAN **Derek And Patsy** Island
- 100 DR KITCH **Lord Kitchener** Jump Up



RSG! dancer Patrick Kerr and his wife do the block in 1964 (instructions below right)

Mecca for mods?

Is Ready Steady Go! just a place to be seen?

Melody Maker January 25 1964 Page 8

Every Friday 180 hand-picked young people collect in a London TV studio to become part of a live programme. For the blasé few, it is almost ritual. For wide-eyed others, a pilgrimage.

The programme is *Ready Steady Go!* and is watched in nearly three million homes in London and some other parts of the country every week. Its TAM rating has leaped in four months, putting it in the London Top Ten – unusual, to say the least, for a late tea-time showing.

It is the TV stronghold of mods, the frighteningly clean, sharply-dressed arbiters of tomorrow's tastes in practically everything

It hit the news harder than usual last week, when hundreds of hopefuls marched on AR-TV in response to a request for audition applicants. There was a riot, and several made an appearance before magistrates instead of TV cameras.

"That was the first auditions that have been announced publicly. We will have to think hard before doing it again," press officer Susan Wright said wryly.

It was one way of letting *RSG!*'s secret out. It is a very popular programme, revolving around guest pop artists miming to their records, interviews – sometimes last-minute affairs with stars who drop in – film clips, records for dances to be demonstrated, more records just to be danced to.

Something else. It has developed, partly unconsciously as in the case of ATV's *The Avengers*, into something mysteriously "in", with an avant-garde clannishness. If you have ever read about mods and rockers, and watch the show, you will know why. It is the TV stronghold of mods, the frighteningly clean, sharply-dressed arbiters of tomorrow's tastes in practically everything.

They consider themselves a cut above anyone who does not conform to their cult in clothes, dances and behaviour. Their attitude smacks of social prejudice instilled in too-young minds.

It also smacks of children's social codes, which



makes the programme infantile in many people's view. This is denied by the show's editor Francis Hitching, responsible for slotting the Friday fragments together. Its success, he says, was hoped for but not entirely expected.

"Basically, it has identified itself with teenage modernists. It sets trends. The difficulties involved on both sides of the show are making the right selection of records and artists and teenagers who appear.

"The only complaints we get are when artists mime badly. It would be impossible to do a live show with live performances in the same way. The Beatles are never the same onstage as on record, for instance..."

The audience for the show comprises dancers and watchers. They all rub shoulders with the stars – The Beatles, Dusty Springfield, Gerry And The Pacemakers, Kathy Kirby, you name them, they've been there – and absorb the exciting atmosphere of a TV studio swirling with colour under glaring lights.

But was it for these privileges that the hopeful hundreds turned up last week? Or was it because *RSG!* is the place to see and be seen in?

For if the gingham-shirted, long-skirted, blues-dancing audience are mods, surely the long-haired Liverpool stars – not to mention the Olde English Rolling Stones – are rockers?

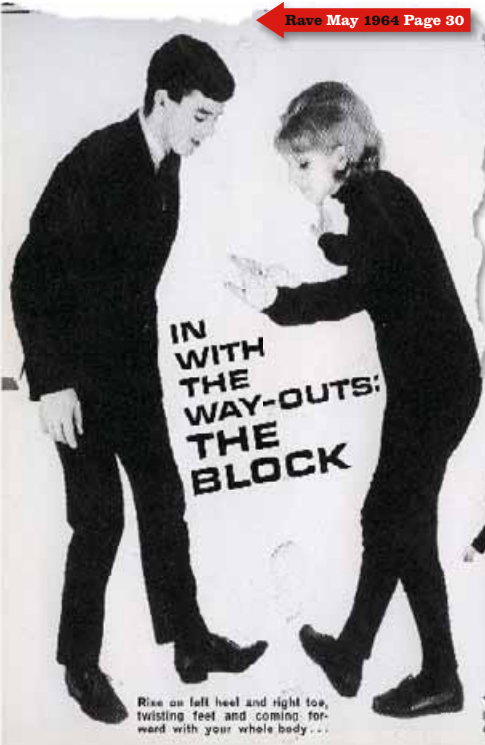
"Oh no, we don't judge them by their clothes, just by their records," says Michael Aldred, 18, and Cathy McGowan, 20, the show's dancing, interviewing team.

"We'd never turn a group down because they look terrible," Michael said.

Cathy added: "Mods and rockers? Well, for instance the rockers walk along in a gang on the pavement causing trouble. Mods don't look for trouble and fight." (Just riot in Kingsway on a Tuesday.)

On second thoughts, I'd prefer to believe those three million homes are tuned in for the music...
Chris Roberts

← Rave May 1964 Page 30



Rise on left heel and right toe, twisting feet and coming forward with your whole body...



Then rise on your right heel and left toe, twisting both feet again...



Raise arms to shoulder level; left palm turned in, right turned out and clap...



Send body forward and place right foot behind left, twisting and moving back at the same time...



Place left foot in front of right, relax knees and shake, swinging right arm across body.

WHERE THE WAY-OUT ONES CAME IN — **READY STEADY GO!**

← Rave May 1964 Page 28



Brolly good: Long John Baldry on *RSG!* in 1964

Never has pop music been so popular. Never has there been a show like *Ready Steady Go!* It seems that every day newspaper headlines shout: "5,000 FANS RIOT OUTSIDE TV STUDIO."

"STAR WALKS OUT OF TV SHOW."
"SCREAMING MODS MOB POP STAR."

What makes it so controversial? What makes it the show for the way-out ones?

Two of the 80-odd dancers who each week turn a sedate TV studio into the centre of mod said:

"You get on the show and you find nobody's ordering you about. You just dance and chat like you would normally, only, of course, the music's better." An 18-year-old hairdresser from Balham.

"The stars don't look a bit stand-offish. They mix in and

everything. I always feel envious if I have to watch it at home." A 20-year-old student from Hornsey.

A 15-year-old schoolgirl summed it up: "Everybody on the show seems with it. I mean, you can tell what all the new fashions are by just looking at *Ready Steady Go!*"

The producers of the show admit the programme has been taken over by the kids that's why it's so successful.

The result? Way-out ones adore it and parents also tune in to see how their children behave. It also means that Studio 9 at Television House in Kingsway, London, is now one of the centres of pop music.

The heart of all this is *RSG!*'s office in TV House. A tiny room – muddled, piled high with discs.

Here works Francis Hitching, the editor, Vicki Wickham, his assistants, Cathy McGowan and

Michael Aldred – the two mods hired to advise and interview – plus the oldest way-out one of them all – Keith Fordyce, who brings a touch of showbiz authority to the show.

On the face of it, Keith is the odd one out: receding hairline, more than his share of weight round the middle. You wouldn't expect the teenagers to fall over him. But they do!

It's the happy-go-lucky, what-the-hell attitude that does it. An attitude that everyone else reflects.

The formula has produced a show which has launched a vast number of singers and hits: Cilla Black, The Dave Clark Five, The Rolling Stones, Manfred Mann to name a few.

And well over half the new records featured on the show become smash hits – a feat unequalled *anywhere!*

John Levesley



"That jacket is so last week!"; scooter boys talk fashion, 1964

WAY-OUT SPOKEN

Young mods have their say on the scene

Rave May 1964 Page 30

"Being Mod is a frame of mind. You can't just buy it off some geezer in a shop."
Harry Matthews, 19, checker, Pimlico

"Mods are more steady. They follow one group and one kind of music for a long time. Rockers just want an excuse to jump up and down and yell."
Bob Cowley, 16, bookbinder, Kilburn

"Mods are more sensible. That's why I smoke cheroots. They cost less than cigarettes and they won't give me cancer."
Harold Brand, 19, advertising salesman, Brixton

"I'm looking forward to the day rockers start to wear mod gear. Just think of it! A world without rockers!"
Roger Carter, apprentice electrician, Knebworth

"Real mod girls act far more mature. If a Rocker has a fight the girl eggs him on. A mod girl stands aside."
Marion Kent, 16, clerk-typist, Holborn



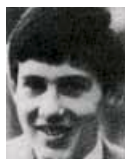
"Mod boys are getting too feminine, too conceited. We used to look everyone up and down who wasn't like us. We thought we were it. What fools we were."
Clare Castagnetti, 15, student, Chelsea

"Boys pay more attention than girls to all this business of casualists and stylists. One section of mods still goes for clothes that are more relaxed and don't match. Stylists have to have good suits, good shoes, with everything perfect."
Vincent Gibson, 16, apprentice printer, Dulwich

"It's impossible to be an individualist these days. Calling yourself mod doesn't make any difference."
Peter Evans, 18, broker's clerk, Chelsea

"Faces don't wear Hush Puppy shoes any more. Plimsolls are out too. I used to spend £3 a week on mod clothes but

not now. There's too much of the same stuff about."
Allan Love, 17, post clerk, Earl's Court



"I'm an individualist now. That's what mods were supposed to be, but I didn't like being pushed into buying gear I couldn't afford."
Barry Condon, 16, decorator, Wandsworth

"Mods are kidding themselves. There's lots of people you wouldn't spit in the gutter for – are you going to change your mind about them because they buy themselves some great new gear?"
Larry Ames, 18, Student, Camberwell

"I think it's great that British mods are setting the trends throughout the rest of the world. It seems to me the Americans resent us for it. They always have to follow other countries' styles."
Barry Carter, 16, clerk, Loughton

There are half-a-dozen ways of being Mod. Be honest and see which description fits you.

FACES

You set the trends in everything . . . dances, talk, gear, the lot. If people don't follow you, you're not a Face.

CASUALISTS

You were one of the original Mods, but got tired of being copied by all the others.

INDIVIDUALISTS

You thought you were being stamped into styles that changed too quickly and cost too much. You avoid being copied.

STYLISTS

You like slightly more formal clothes, matching perfection, balanced accessories.

MIDS

You don't want to be classed as anything. You're middle of the road and not all of your money is spent on gear.

TICKETS

Anything a Face does, you follow. You have to be way up in front . . . regardless.



"Manufacturers put out trash to youngsters of 12, telling them it was mod. I don't want to look the same as a lot of little kids in mass-produced gear."
Margaret McFadyen, 17, typist, Chelsea

THE WAY IN TO THE WAY-OUTS

← Rave May 1964 Page 38-39

GLASGOW

CAVE Off Jamaica Street
CROWD: Average age 18, conventional Mod, lots of leather
PRICE: Members 5s
RESIDENT GROUPS: No resident group. Local beat outfits, Records
DRINKS: Soft drinks only
TIMES: 8 to 11pm. Closed Tuesday and Thursday
DANCES: The shake
Under a railway tunnel, hence its name. Not a place to visit just to listen – it caters for dancers only

LIVERPOOL

CAVERN Mathew Street
CROWD: Average age 20, any gear goes
PRICE: Members 3s (weekdays), 5s (weekends), guests 1s extra.
RESIDENT GROUPS: About 40 groups play here every week. Records
DRINKS: Soft drinks and snacks
TIMES: 12noon to 2.10pm, 7pm to 11.15pm. Closed Sunday
DANCES: The shake, Cavern stomp
Internationally famous as the home club of The Beatles and other top Merseyside groups

MANCHESTER

BODEGA Cross Street
CROWD: Average age 20, mod influence
PRICE: 3s (weekdays), 7s 6d (weekends)
RESIDENT GROUPS: No resident groups but The Merseybeats and The Applejacks play regularly
DRINKS: Licensed bar and restaurant
TIMES: 7pm to 12midnight
DANCES: The shake, the hully gully
Groups appearing on BBC TV's Top Of The Pops frequently play here while in Manchester. Because of this it is one of the city's most popular clubs

LIVERPOOL

MARDI GRAS Mount Pleasant
CROWD: Average age 20, casual mod
PRICE: Members only 5s
RESIDENT GROUPS: Cy Tucker's Friars, Earl Preston's Realms, The Astroids
DRINKS: Two fully licensed bars
TIMES: 7.30 to 11.30pm. Closed Monday, Wednesday and Thursday
DANCES: The whack, the stomp, the shake, the hitchhiker and the monkey
Tastefully decorated with murals depicting life in Liverpool. Used to be a famous traditional jazz club. Capacity 800

MANCHESTER

TWISTED WHEEL Brazenose Street
CROWD: Average age 18, slight mod influence
PRICE: From 2s 6d to 7s 6d
RESIDENT GROUPS: None, but The Animals and Long John Baldry are frequent visitors
DRINKS: Soft drinks and coffee bar
TIMES: 7pm to 12midnight (weekdays), 7pm to 5am (Saturday)
DANCES: The shake, the monkey
This is Manchester's answer to Liverpool's Cavern and is regarded as the blues club of the North

LONDON

LAST CHANCE Oxford Street
CROWD: Average age 18, West End/mods
PRICE: Subscriptions £1. 1s (boys), 2s 6d (girls). Admission 3s 6d (weekdays), 7s 6d (Saturdays)
RESIDENT GROUPS: The Creoles. Records
DRINKS: Soft drinks and snacks
TIMES: 7.30pm to 1am (weekdays), 7.30pm to 5am (Saturday). Closed Sunday
DANCES: The shake, the monkey
The club is designed and decorated to resemble a Western saloon, complete with swing doors – the lot!

LONDON

DISCOTHEQUE Wardour Street
CROWD: Average age 20, mainly mods, but trends aren't started here
RESIDENT GROUPS: The Bluebirds, Lee Grant And The Capitols. Records
DRINKS: Soft drinks only
TIMES: 7.30pm to 4am (all week), 7pm to 7am (Saturday)
DANCES: Mod's dance, the shake
Many Ready Steady Go! dancers are members. Décor is off-beat: car radiators, headlamps and metal twisted into weird shapes. Specialists in blue beat on Fridays

LONDON

SCENE CLUB Ham Yard
CROWD: Average age 21, way-out mod
PRICE: Members free weekdays, 5s at weekends. Guests 5s and 7s 6d
RESIDENT GROUPS: The Animals, The Cousins. Records
DRINKS: Soft drinks and snacks
TIMES: 8pm to 1am (weekdays), 8pm to 3am (Saturday) Closed Sunday
DANCES: The shake, the monkey and the hitchhiker
One of the most popular clubs in town. Many fashion and music trends start here

LONDON

FLAMINGO CLUB Wardour Street
CROWD: Average age 21, American mod
PRICE: 3s 6d to 8s (members), 5s to 12s (non-members)
RESIDENT GROUPS: Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames, Ronnie Ross Quintet, plus others
DRINKS: Soft drinks bar, snack bar
TIMES: 7.30pm to 1am (weekdays), 7.30pm to 11.45pm and 12noon to 6.30am (Sats), 3 to 6pm (Sun)
DANCES: The shake, the hitchhiker, the flyer
One of the mod centres in London, this club is also one of the top R&B places



"Before, tailors used to invent the styles and everyone bought them. Now we invent them and the tailors are going out of their mind trying to keep up. I started wearing crepe, Nylon cycling jumpers because they were cool for dancing. All the tickets wanted to know where I got it – but if I told them they'd all be down the shop tomorrow."

Mick Tanner, 18, tailor's cutter, Stepney

"We try to act our age. Rockers... I know some well over 20 and they still act like teenagers. They're just peasants."
Ben Anshah, 19, clerk, Wandsworth, London

"You can't go into these clubs looking like a dog's dinner. I wouldn't go out with my boyfriend unless he looked good. I don't think he'll ever buy something I don't like."
Sheila Golding, 18, technician, Clapham, London

"Mods more honest? Not true. Rockers buy more records. Mods knock theirs

off at parties. You ask a lot of mods to a party and you won't have a record left!"
Terry Clark, disc company employee, Marble Arch



"White suits? You see them all over Africa. How can you be mod if you're behind Africa. It takes more than clothes to make

someone interesting."
Ron Barfield, 18, insurance clerk, Chelsea

"I'm getting a white suit made because I haven't seen another person in one."
Colin Marriott, 18, maths student, Kennington

"I like having a scooter. You can't go around London on a motorbike, blaring away and stinking of petrol like the rockers."
John Ball, 16, messenger, Brixton

"The mod male has more money than the young man of the 1950s. He can afford to keep up better taste."
Mark Stone, 16, West End shop assistant

"I spend £3 a week on my scooter. When I get fed up with the colour I have it resprayed. I've got seven spotlights, but if I'm going dancing I take them off in case they get nicked."

Benny Hines, 18, apprentice fitter, Kennington

"I spend every bit of money I get on clothes. I'm still at school but I get 25s a week for working Saturdays. I'm mod because I like to feel clean and rockers are scruffy. They'd send you up if they saw you in white socks."

Brian Smith, 15, Blackheath



"I make £7 a week and I reckon I spend £5. Most of it goes on gear. I know it sounds a lot, but I'd rather go out two nights a week looking well-dressed than hang around in filthy jeans like the rockers."

Graham Bowad, 17, messenger, Longfield

"Only one mod boy in hundreds wears powder. And it doesn't mean he's funny. He just does it to be different."
Alex Miller, 18, electrician, Wembley

"You very rarely see a boy with powder. It's just showing off. We laugh at them."
Joy Reid, 17, typist, Southend

"Certainly I use hair lacquer. I spend 12 bob on a proper haircut. So what's wrong with a few penn'orth of lacquer on it to stop it blowing about?"

David Ellsmore, 18, assistant stores manager, Walthamstow

"Mod boys are so far ahead that lots of girls prefer to buy men's woollies and slacks. Some of the stuff is so dishy that it makes me sick when some mods come out in anoraks and plimsolls."
Linda Joyce, 18, machinist, Epping



"I think being mod costs too much. I spend £2.5s a week on clothes. I used to think it was worth it to be unusual. Now I'm not so sure."

Dave Martin, 16, van man, Tottenham

"We don't go around looking for trouble. We have to come to London for good rhythm and blues."
Richard Leyland, 16, student, Reading



Young mods snap up the latest gear, 1964

Decca music man likes British clothes

Disc February 29 1964 Page 14

Buy British and buy best," said Mike Leander, brilliant young mod Decca music director and producer. "Three years ago it was all the Italian bit. Three-button suits, imported sweaters and all that jazz. "But not today. Now it's all British. Everyone's fighting to be different, and with the variety of clothes in the shops today, it's not difficult." Mike himself chooses to wear mostly casual clothes. With the exception of his shirts, which for the most part he has specially made, he buys at small menswear shops. He is not influenced by American fashions, despite a very recent trip there. "I hate to say this, but generally, most young people in the States have no idea how to dress," he admitted. "They still go for lightweight suits, conventional white shirts and slim ties. "Or else they go to the other extreme and wear jeans and sweatshirts. To dress casually and smartly in the States is very expensive. Besides, there are no smart menswear

shops there – most of their fashionable casual wear is imported from Europe." Mike says that like the music industry, which has swung back to home ground, so has our way of dressing. And with the new English trend, has come much more style. "The young smart mods are wearing well-cut suits with double-breasted waistcoats and dark ties," he said. "The new trend in waistcoats are things like tartan and black brocade. "I think a lot of fashions are set by the hit parade groups. Now The Beatles have stopped wearing collarless jackets so has everyone else. "The dancers on *Ready Steady Go!* always look smart and well-groomed, and you can pick up several fashion hints by just watching them. "Besides, you'll find that a lot of young people today are creating their own fashion combinations. "There are very few places that don't cater for young styles and, today, clothes are not really expensive – or don't need to be." *June Harris*

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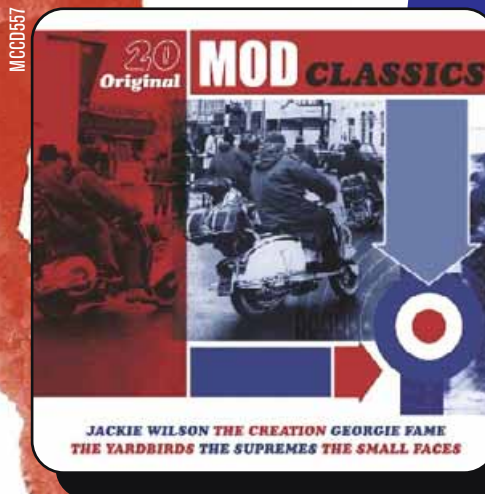
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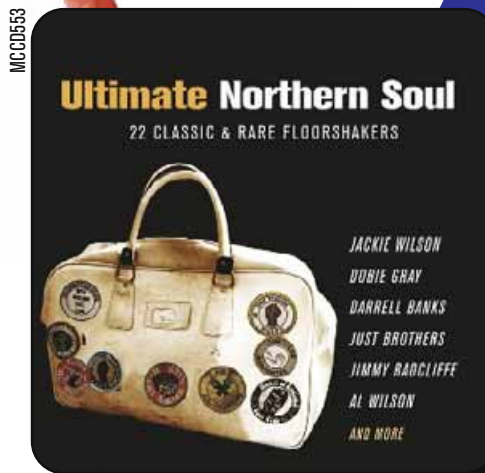
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There has been a lot of talk about Greater London's swing to the left. But it's been swinging to rhythm and blues for some time. R&B is, in fact, the London sound. And it's spreading, although there is, as yet, little to be heard north of Newcastle or west of Bristol.

"Everything is exploding," declares Bill Carey, manager of The Band And General Agency, recently formed by Ted Morton of Jazzshows.

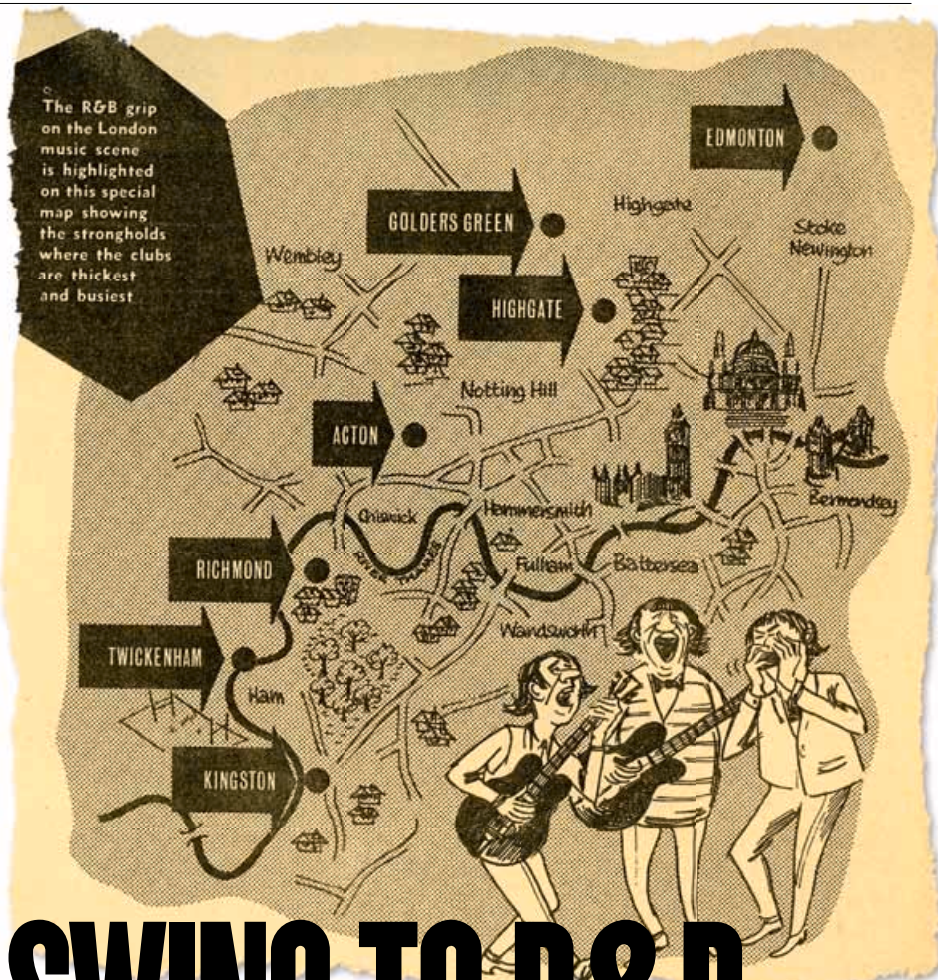
And Bill quotes figures to prove it. He claims that within a 40-mile radius of central London some 300,000 people pay to hear R&B every week.

According to Bill there are some 300 groups in the country claiming to play R&B – 140 of them in the Greater London area.

"That is quite distinct from the beat scene," says Bill. "I reckon that each week groups are pulling in around £750,000 worth of business – and it will pass the million mark soon. It may be a small-time entertainment industry but it certainly has a big future.

"I would say R&B is a southern scene – not forgetting that The Animals played for years in Newcastle and there are plenty of groups outside London. One curious thing about it all is that the males outnumber the females in the audiences. You see great stag lines in front of the stages.

"And the London audience is definitely increasing. Any club presenting R&B that doesn't pull in 500 people can consider it is doing poor business. At 100 Oxford Street, R&B is pulling in between double and treble the number of customers who come for trad.



MASSIVE SWING TO R&B

London falls for the new sound, and now it's spreading northwards!

Melody Maker April 18 1965 Page 9

"Every agent seems to be after every band at the moment. I believe far too many agents are signing every group they can get hold of, just to have them on the books. It may do the agents good, but I'm sure it will be bad for the groups in the long run.

"Up-and-coming groups? In the next four months, I think it will be a hard fight between The Animals, The Pretty Things and The Yardbirds.

"In the last three days I've had ten groups ringing me – and I'd never heard of any of them. It's getting that ridiculous" John Gee, Marquee manager

"And two groups I'd love to have on my books are The Tridents and a Northampton outfit called The Apex."

The names certainly get further and further out, with titles like The Who, Them, The Bluebottles and The Pretty Things.

"Using the leader's name is going out," says Carey. "Many of them pick names from tunes they like. The Pretty Things are named after the Bo Diddley tune, for example."

Hamish Grimes, manager of The Yardbirds, asserts, "They are working seven nights a week at very high prices. They are booked almost solid for the next three months."

Their first release is due out next month.

"R&B is going down extremely well in the Midlands and the North," asserts Grimes. "But I think there are two distinct kinds of followings. One set follows the Georgie Fame type of music which is essentially a London thing. Other groups, like The Downliners Sect, Jimmy Powell & The Five Dimensions and The Yardbirds appeal more on the fringe scene with beat."

Perhaps the biggest bookers of R&B are the Malcolm Nixon agency. Their John Martin told me: "Apart from London, the big centres are Newcastle, Manchester, Birmingham, Stoke, Sheffield and Norwich. The South Coast uses between 20 and 25 of the groups every week.

"My tips for the the future? Long John Baldry's groups, of course. They not only took over where Cyril Davies stopped but had pushed further ahead. Alex Harvey is getting really big."

John Gee, manager of the Marquee, admits the club books R&B because it "brings in the money".

"In the last three days," he told me, "I've had ten groups ringing me – and I'd never heard of any of them. It's getting that ridiculous. Jazz is holding its own at the Marquee. Saturday, admittedly a good night for anything, we have modern jazz and attendance compares favourably with R&B nights. The same goes for Sundays when Stan Getz has pulled in fantastic crowds over the past month.

"Our one bad night is Wednesdays when we present mainstream or trad.

"My tips for R&B stardom? The Yardbirds have got what the kids seem to want. Another excellent group is The Cheynes, who dipped at the club while Manfred Mann was on tour."

Bob Dawbarn



LONG JOHN AND THE HOOCHIE COOCHIES

Melody Maker January 25 1964 Page 12

The tragic death of Cyril Davies has left his second in command, Long John Baldry, standing unexpectedly in the centre of the British R&B stage.

Baldry, all six-foot-seven of him, has taken over The Davies All-Stars and its date book. But he is determined to plough a new furrow rather than rely on Cyril's considerable reputation.

The name of the group has been changed to Long John Baldry And The Hoochie Coochie Men and there have been personnel changes.

The line-up now reads: Long John (vocals, guitar), Johnny Parker (Hammond organ, piano), Jeff Bradford (lead guitar), Chris Barton (bass, vocals), Ernie O'Malley (drums) and Rod Stewart, a 19-year-old vocalist who doubles on guitar.

At London's Marquee Club this week, Long John told me: "We don't intend to use harmonica for a while, though a couple of the guys play it. The harmonica has seemingly become as essential to R&B groups as the banjo was to trad.

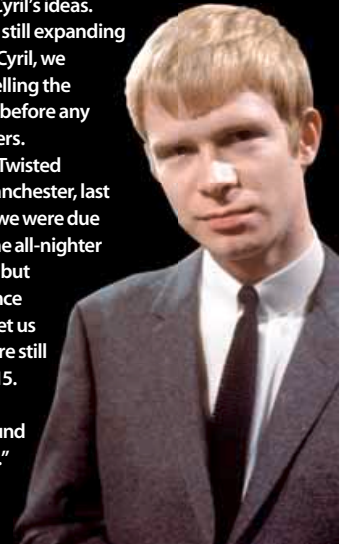
"But the thought doesn't worry us particularly and we don't want people to think we are just living off Cyril's ideas.

"R&B is still expanding and, with Cyril, we were travelling the provinces before any of the others.

"At the Twisted Wheel, Manchester, last weekend we were due to finish the all-nighter at 5.15am, but the audience wouldn't let us go. We were still there at 7.15.

"They stood around transfixed."

Bob Dawbarn



How high will these High Numbers go?

Disc July 1964

Hailed as "the first authentic mod record", four hip young men called The High Numbers are out right now with 'I'm The Face', backed with 'Zoot Suit' – a Fontana disc. Two numbers penned by co-manager Peter Meaden.

How mod are this mod-mad mob? VERY mod. Their clothes are the hallmark of the much-criticised typical mod. Cycling jackets, T-shirts, turned-up Levi jeans, long white jackets, boxing boots, black and white brogues and so on to the mod-est limits.

Says Pete Meaden: "After all, the mod scene is a way of life. An exciting, quick-changing way of life. The boys are totally immersed in this atmosphere. So they have this direct contact with thousands of potential disc-buyers.

"And the reaction is already very strong indeed. Take places like the Scene Club in London. The fans are mad about the disc – both sides of it!" In fact, 'Zoot Suit' was planned as the A-side, being switched only at the last moment.

In a way, The High Numbers' sound swivels directly around the

vocals and harmonica-wailing of Roger Daltrey. His blond hair is styled in a longish French crew-cut and he buys clothes in the very latest styles. Currently he's modelling zoot-suit jackets. He digs the blues and Buddy Guy... and is glad he no longer has to work as a sheet metal worker.

Lead guitarist Peter Townshend originally wanted to be a graphic designer, having been to Ealing Art School. A near



"I used to be in an income tax office. This gave me an ambition: to get OUT of the tax office."

John is certainly the most conservative of the group, really preferring classical music to most other kinds. He is an accomplished musician.

Come in now, drummer Keith Moon. He's the youngest of the group – only 17. A Wembley resident, he went to Wembley Technical College and was a trainee representative before

"The mod scene is a way of life. The boys are totally immersed in this" Peter Meaden

six-footer, he has cropped dark hair, piercing blue eyes – and says: "I admit to spending a fortune on bright and in-vogue clothes. I go for the *West Side Story* look and the Ivy League gear." Musically, he's for Bob Dylan and the Tamla Motown Gordy label.

On bass is John Allison. He went to school with Roger at Acton County Grammar School.

turning professional musician. He is the smallest of the group too, has black hair and brown eyes – and says: "I spend all my free time listening to the music in various West End clubs."

The boys stand a good chance of getting away with 'I'm The Face'. One thing is for sure: the phraseology is good and authentic. Mod in fact.

MELODY MAKER, December 19, 1964—Page 25

ROD STEWART
(Formerly with Long John Baldry)

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MODS

CAUGHT ON CAMERA

No photographs managed to capture the mod experience better than those shot by **Terence Spencer** in 1964

In July and August 1964 photographer Terence Spencer shot nearly 100 rolls of film for *Life* magazine, documenting the flamboyant lifestyles of the mods and rockers. He was even on hand to witness and record the infamous “Battle of Hastings” in August 1964.

“It was pretty horrible in those riots,” he recalls. “The funny thing was that when the mods beat up the rockers, they used to have about ten mods to every two rockers – and when it was the other way round it would be two rockers beating up ten mods. The rockers were much more powerful.

“I was very surprised by the trouble, but the thing is as a photographer you have to shoot what’s in front of you and you don’t really question it. Having covered five wars I was pretty used to violent situations – and at least there were no bullets flying around in Hastings.”

“Having covered five wars I was pretty used to violent situations” Terence Spencer

Spencer shot the mods in various locations, from a local dancehall in Putney to a High Numbers gig at the Scene Club. He even travelled down to Brighton, shooting the action from the pillion of the leading scooter.

“There was one picture in particular that I remember,” he says. “I was with a crowd of mods on scooters and I got two rockers to come around and interfere with them. There’s a great picture of one of the mods shaking his fists at the rockers who are riding by.”

Terence Spencer’s pictures would later form the backbone of Richard Barnes’ seminal book *Mods!*, but here we offer many images unseen since they were shot in 1964.

Chris Hunt



MINI
UL96

“This was shot from the pillion of a scooter. When I did a shoot with the rockers, I got one of them to do what they called ‘a ton-up’ and I sat on the pillion facing backwards doing 100 miles an hour, shooting pictures of them as they all came up.”



SCOOTER CLUB
JULY 1964

"Before the mods there were the Teddy Boys, and I shot them too, but it was not on the same scale as the mods."



SCOOTER CLUB
JULY 1964

"I was amazed by the amount of money that the mods would spend – on their clothes, and on their hair, and on their scooters. Remember, we were just coming out of the kind of period when no-one was well off."

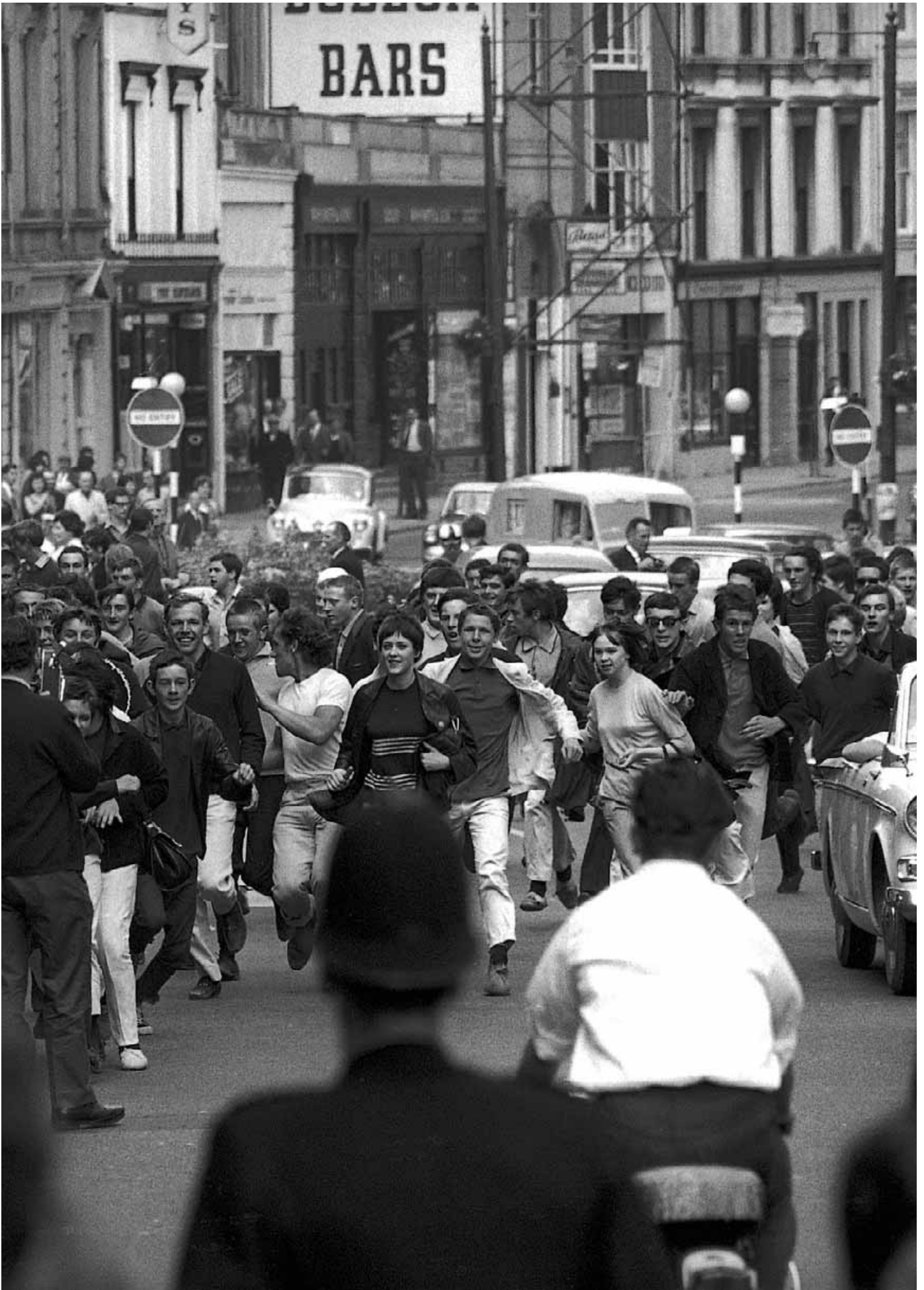


BRIGHTON BOUND
JULY 1964

"I travelled with a group of mods on their way down to Brighton and I shot a lot of it from the pillion of a scooter. I can't remember how I got to Brighton, but I definitely didn't go all the way on a scooter."









**BRIGHTON
JULY 1964**

"I would have been 37 when I did these photographs and I was already very ancient compared to the mods. At that point I'd already worked for *Life* magazine since 1952 and flown Spitfires and Hurricanes in the Royal Air Force."



**"BATTLE OF HASTINGS"
AUGUST 1964**

"This is a confrontation with the police and the mods are running at them here – you can see a policeman in the foreground. They were all screaming and shouting but in a fairly good mood. From the look on their faces they were obviously jibing the police."

**BRIGHTON
JULY 1964**

"The mod style was in total contradiction to the rockers... but despite the frightening look of the rockers, I found them more friendly than the mods at that particular time."





←
**"BATTLE OF HASTINGS"
AUGUST 1964**

"This was the culmination of a very big police attack on the mods. There had been rioting between the mods and the rockers in the town earlier and the police had chased them down to the beach. Here the mods are chasing the rockers into the sea. I wouldn't say it was really serious, like the football rioting that we see today. On the whole it was isolated incidences."

mods

2. The Land of A Thousand Dances

By PAUL RAMBALI

with assistance from C. J. REEVES

BILLY HADN'T slept for two nights running, but that wasn't what was bothering him. He'd just gobbled down his few remaining blues. Billy liked to save a handful for the come-down, to smooth out his by-then badly frayed edges — not like some blokes, who said they got a kick out of parachuting down to the mundanities of Monday.

His mouth tasted like the inside of a vacuum cleaner, his eyes hurt, his face ached, his stomach felt like a towel wrung out by a heavyweight wrestler... some kick.

He jangled the last of his wages in his pocket — silently cursing his mum for the loan shark she always became when he asked to borrow his 'bus fare' to work, extracting promises of domestic chores before opening her purse. He never did them of course, but all the same he didn't like the pretence — it made him feel like his old man, though at least Billy's was an open and so fairly honest deception...

There was only one light on in the whole sleeping semi-detached street. Billy threw a lump of earth at the window and waited for the dull rattle to bring a peering face. Keith could be counted on to cheer him up.

Keith could tell a fly-in-the-soup joke to one of those starving Asians who were always being written about in the papers and get the poor sod to laugh so much he wouldn't even notice the irony, thought Billy, vaguely sensing the slight lift the pills were giving him.

The sight of Keith's face was enough. Nature had cured him with two over-present dimples and matching crow's feet, so that when teachers told him to wipe the silly grin off his face the most he could do was transform it into an even sillier smirk.

You had to have a well developed sense of humour to live with that. The clock by Keith's bed said quarter past four. He was ironing a pair of cords he'd bought that weekend. Without noticing, he'd been pressing the same crease for the past 15 minutes.

"I read about this bloke in the *Sketch* today," said Keith, finally setting about the other trouser leg. "He got fined £75 at Margate, and when the judge told him, he said 'I'll pay by cheque'. Turns out he hasn't even got a bank account. So the judge gave him two weeks to pay because of his cheek."

Why did anyone even bother going down the coast anymore? Billy knew there was still some sort of attraction. The train now standing at platform nine is the 11.25 to Hayling Island, stopping at Brighton, Clacton and Margate.

Will all mods intending to travel on this service please report to the station master's office where they will be supplied with the necessary leapers...

And the looks they used to get from the bank holiday crowds, a fearful dumb uncomprehending stare that used to make Billy feel, well, proud. Not because he'd succeeded in shocking the dolts — that was so easy it wasn't even an achievement — but because he'd wrecked that 'We know what's best for you, sonny Jim, and we fought a war so you could have it' smugness; shown them something they didn't know, and couldn't hope to understand, not in a million years.

Only Billy didn't know that it wasn't a million years that separated them, merely the time it takes for one generation to grow old and settled and the next to grow up.

Keith had started telling him about the time he and John Shipwell bunked off school and dodged their fare to Brighton. He knew the story but he also knew there was no stopping Keith.

... saw The Who having their pictures taken on that zebra crossing down by the pier. Then they all went on the pier for a ride on the dodgems, and I got in this car and bumped Townsend. Now being a bit of a tanky bugger Townsend bangs his head on the post that carries the electricity, so him and Moon come after me, and when they catch me...

Getting slugged by Pete Townsend had just about made Keith's day.

"But if it was Otis Redding, mind, I'd have probably asked him to hit me again."

Billy knew that if Otis was really riding the dodgems that day, Keith would have been too awe-struck to move, let alone dare to muck him around... But the reminiscing had triggered his own memory. He remembered John Shipwell complaining about how his dad couldn't stop talking about Dunkirk when he got drunk. And remembered how John couldn't

stop going on about the battles on Brighton beach when he got back...

For a while it'd been great. But after about a year it was all over — when there were so many mods that they ran out of greasers to face. The sheer weight of numbers had banished the greasers to their transport cafes on the A1 or out on the Mad Mile. Now there were hundreds of mods just aimlessly going down the coast. It didn't seem to have the life anymore; there wasn't this big contest between two identifiable groups... lobbing stones at greasers... lobbing their bikes off the pier... lobbing them off the pier...

Crazy, thought Billy, and for the first time he found himself wondering at his actions.

THE LAST time he'd been in Brighton he'd went as usual to the Cauldron. It would have made a Health and Sanitation Inspector throw up his hands in despair but it was open nearly all night, had a juke box, sold coffee and as such provided a refuge of sorts for people pillied out of their skulls.

But the cats you'd find in The Cauldron were the real debris — the ones so out of it they never made it home.

That time Billy had been down there with about 200 mods. Mick Sherman was at the head of the mob, which was always the case when the Croydon area lot got together for a coastal excursion. Sherman was a very hard gaezer, one of the notorious Market Boys — so called because they came from the clans that ran the local fruit 'n' veg market and probably quite a few other operations the local police chose to turn a blind eye to.

When Sherman snapped his fingers you jumped, because if you didn't he was liable to deprive you of the use of a vital limb for a few months. That's why Sherman was out at the front. He was a natural leader because he was feared.

Family enough, Billy's older brother, who had been one of the last army conscripts and stayed on for reasons Billy couldn't understand, had once said the same thing to his Sergeant Major.

(His brother was probably getting shot at in the dirty streets of Cyprus right now, for reasons Billy understood no better.)

Anyway, Sherman saw this bloke standing by the railings, peering out at the sea, and wearing this really nicely cut green leather coat they were just coming in then. He set about his usual trick of relieving people of desirable items of clothing by intimidation, then suddenly the bloke pulled out a Luger and started blasting away at the crowd.

Billy had never seen a gun before. He knew James Bond had a license to kill but didn't think this bloke was going to even bother applying. So, along with 200 others, Billy scattered. But he never went back.

"It's funny innit," said Keith, reaching under the bed for the sock in which he kept his always well-stocked supply of pills, "but now that everybody's selling their scooters, nobody goes down the coast much anymore."

"Who cares anyway?" snapped Billy. The come-down always made him short-tempered. He was glad Keith gave him those few extra pills.

Keith had run out of things to iron, and decided to go and make coffee and toast, which he was always doing. Once Keith was a character named Dr Death had broken into Ravel's to nick shoes. They were in there for hours, pillied out of their heads, with Keith out the back making coffee and toast. You know what it's like an speed: everyone's your friend while you're going up... They stole about 600 shoes, got them back home, and then had a sudden awful realisation: they were so busy making cups of coffee and taking pills that they forgot the simple fact that you take them from the boxes and not the display racks, which of course have only

one of a pair. The final tally of their escapade was six pairs of shoes, two of which were the wrong size anyway.

Billy had never really known Dr Death. But he knew of his reputation: a penchant for pills had left his face forever pallid and drawn, like a bare white skull almost, this being the reason for his colourful nickname.

Dr Death was well known up to them first. There were a few such characters... some notorious because they were hard and heavy others because they were always up-to-the-minute in clothes. That was Dr Death. The pills gave him the energy to work to buy the clothes.

Billy saw him once towards the end, when worn out he would do his blues in a day. He'd take a load then be so busy doing things he'd forget he'd taken them, so he'd take a load more — that was half the reason people got into taking so many. It was like someone had wired him in to the mains and forgotten to turn him off. Two weeks later Billy heard that he'd jumped off the top of the multi-storey car park.

The pills were beginning to clear the racing confusion that cluttered Billy's head, or so he thought...

PILLS, Blues, Frenchies. Leapers, Dubas Great. They used to be sixpence each — ten bob for 20 Blues — then they went up to ninepence. Black Bombers were more, usually a shilling or one and six a time, and Dexes were about half price. Billy liked Dexes best.

He had to think hard to remember a jimp when he hadn't been taking pills, realising this left him ever so slightly uneasy.

But there was a time. He and his mate had used to hang around the bus shelter up by the pond just sat there, their bollocks, so to speak. Dragging and goading and getting nervously cocky whenever girls were about. At that time he'd just



eady



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lately become aware that there was something outside the front door besides games of cowboys and Indians.

Then the pieces started coming together. Somebody knew somebody else who had a scooter. Someone had been to a place where they played all these amazing dance records that he'd never heard before. He'd met Keith through his cousin, and Keith had been 'up west' and was only too pleased to tell him about it.

Keith had also been to the Olive Tree, it had been open about three or four months — a coffee bar open late at night, with all the attendant thrills that Billy was soon to discover. He went down there one night and couldn't believe it: birds, pills, music... it was all happening. And it was still only mid-week. The atmosphere was fairly leisurely because the patrons had got over their come-down from the weekend. They were just starting to think about the next weekend.

And the weekends were what it was all about. The rest was just planning in between. Your money came at the weekend, and your clothes were for the weekend. Billy used to earn about £12 a week working for the Southern Railways printers as an apprentice cum tea-boy. A quarter or perhaps a third went on pills and coffees and that, and the rest on clothes and records. He was invariably broke by Monday.

Within a week Billy had been able to rattle off the names of half a dozen Prince Buster records, and was already buying his copy of 'Bonanza Star'. He could tell you what colour the Formica was on the Olive Tree's tables, how the coffee tasted, who the top faces were and what they were wearing, everything.

Within two weeks he'd met a bloke called Ralph and taken his first pills. He was with Del when Ralph asked if they wanted to buy some. He and Del were wearing the Parkas they'd bought that

weekend, and they already knew they were going to say yeah because wasn't that what it was all about?

Billy took four double Blues. Ralph said it would be okay to take more, so he did. He found himself rabbiting away and he was up, suddenly digging the music more than ever, digging everything that was happening, and it all was.

The next thing he knew it was two o'clock in the morning and he was still there.

Every Friday night after that a bloke from the West and would turn up in a mini and park about 200 yards away from the Olive Tree. Ralph and his partner Binky would go out and do the business, walk back to Ralph's house to sort out the quantity and sample the goods, then come back and give everybody their orders.

You'd see Ralph coming down the road already up, laughing and clicking his fingers, and at that point you could almost feel the change from expectation to anticipation. It was then, when Ralph went from table to table, talking and joking with the cool assurance that hid his business transactions even better than the tables underneath which they were conducted, that the weekend began. And from Friday night on through to Sunday night it was like you had to be places. It was no good sitting around watching the telly — there were other things. You had to be somewhere doing something.

NO WONDER people like Dr. Death just burnt themselves out, thought Billy. What's the bleedin' point of it? He was going to ask Keith, who had just returned with his snack, then realised it was no good asking. Keith was one of those blokes who acted first and thought later (if he thought at all). So he just said, "I'm going to flog my scooter."

"How come?" "Same reason everyone else is getting shot of theirs, I suppose... What was true, except Billy didn't know why everybody else was selling their scooters."

Billy had been through two scooters already: an LD 125 which he'd had to hide up an alley whenever he went to the Orchard Ballroom because everyone took the piss out of it; an LD 150 which Laurie Gibbons had written off on a particularly dangerous downhill right-hander. And he had only recently had the panels chromed on his TV 175...

"I want to spend the money on clothes an' that."

The clothes came and went... the white Levi's, the hipsters, the wide white belts, the maroon trousers, button-down collars, the serge trefler jackets, (the loud, outrageous checks and stripes; all that bright, leery clobber that you had to have but couldn't afford so you bought something every week and then did your best to juggle it around.

And jackets... you couldn't wander into Burtons and get one off the peg. You had to have them made to get the vents and lapels and pockets and fancy silk lining right... Billy would have liked to get a job at one of the advertising agencies in the West End. That was where the top face mods were at, wearing imported hand-made gear, driving Minis — the best passport to pull birds a bloke could have.

Keith laughed when he heard this — not maliciously mind, because the ideal Billy had just described held its attraction for him too — but he didn't tell Billy that he was going for an interview with one of the big insurance companies in the city in four days time. £15 a week to start if he got the job.

Billy was nearly 20. What had he done with himself? That was the question his father asked

whenever Billy stopped whizzing about long enough for him to pose it. His parents had tried to 'give him a trade', dyeline printing for Southern Railways. But his restlessness, some of it natural, some of it not, had soon put paid to that. All he had to look back on were a variety of low-paid jobs and the often colourful circumstances surrounding his leaving of same.

The rest was just a dizzying blur of coffee bars, block-ups, ballrooms, bowling alleys and brews. And the Stax-Volt revue at the Fairfield Halls.

Everybody would sit around the Olive Tree just jawin' — talking away about nothing. Somebody would say something about a chair and you'd be away for the next half hour. All the while drinking endless cups of coffee and smoking fags. Or else you'd be downstairs dancing to Dave King's discotheque... he knew where it was at: Otis, Marvin Gaye, The Sires, Labak, James Brown, Sam and Dave, Prince Buster, the Wicked Pickets...

And being where it was at was what it was all about.

IF BEING a mod meant anything to Billy, or to Keith, or Dal, or John, or all the other mods he knew, then that was it. You were sharper than all the slow, normal people. It was that crushing slowness of normal life that Billy just couldn't sweat the boredom of sitting in front of the telly, and the rubbish coming over the radio. The Mirexy thing had hit its peak and there was a big trough; it had declined until only the survivors were left. It had to be *Soul*, quite definitely soul. It had to have that dancing beat to it.

To Billy's way of thinking normal people were just stupid, they didn't know anything. He didn't associate with them. Rockers were like gorillas, they knew even less. But normal people were a subject of

amusement, they were nowhere, they weren't important, simple as that. They didn't think so, but Billy did, and that was all that mattered.

The extent of Billy's contempt for the humdrum everyday life always surprised Keith, even frightened him a little. Because for Keith it was all over; the only thing that made his blood boil was the Rockers, who insisted all day in greasy cafes eating greasy egg and bacon. Mods could be found — if you were fast enough to catch them — in the more urbane places: the perspex fronts and the glittering lights, and all the gear that went with it: cappuccino coffee, American hamburgers and small French Fries.

Keith's idea of a top face mod, if he let his imagination go a little, was a bloke with a penthouse flat with a television that came out of the wall on a push button (although he'd never actually watch the thing). And a record player he could operate by push-button. And a fast, zippy little sports car. And all the up-to-the-minute gadgetry and possessions the affluent society people were always talking about. All mod. Cons. in fact.

And this, as Keith would realise if he ever paused long enough to think about it, was what he was working towards.

Billy, who was only just beginning to think about it, had a slightly different angle. The one important thing above all else was that nothing would get stale. You had to keep on moving in every way. You had to be fast... fast and slick. That was what it was all about.

It was light when Billy tip-toed out of Keith's house. He'd been there over two hours but could hardly remember a word he'd said. He felt as hard as he did when he first arrived, but in some dim half-sensed way he at least knew why.

He felt as if he'd been standing in a crowd and then suddenly looked around and seen no-one there.

W17020

rave

NOVEMBER 2nd 6d



HOW JOHN LENNON WON THE WAR! EXCLUSIVE PICTURES HAVE DISCOTHEQUE FASHIONS STEVE MARROTT RAVE-UP THE LOOK AGAIN! BEAUTY LOOK

Melody Maker

WEEK'S AND SCENE

DEE DATE

BILL



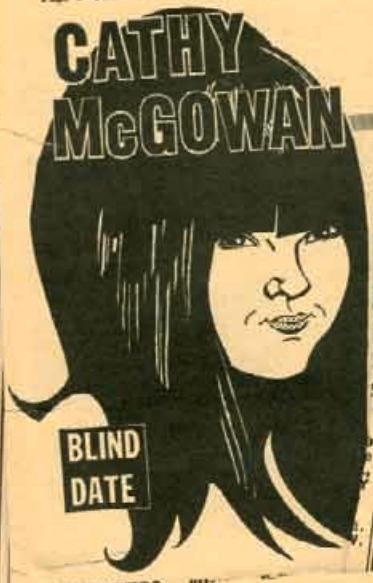
SMALL FACES

-TOP DINGEE

WHO ON NEW LABS

Page 6—MELODY MAKER, June 5, 1965

CATHY McGOWAN



BLIND DATE

WHO? THE WHO!

WHO do the Who think they are? There are mods in Manchester besides the self-centred London out crowd. They are not popular here and authentic mods have no desire to identify themselves with the Who. I am utterly tired and irritated at London being chosen as the metropolis of MODERN civilisation.—MIKE SMALL, RIDGE, Sale, Cheshire.

MARQUEE

90 WARDOUR STREET LONDON, W.1 Phone: GER 8923

- Thursday, January 7th (7.30-11.0)
 - ★ LONG JOHN BALDRY and the HOOCHIE COOCHIE MEN
 - ★ ROD STEWART with the SOUL AGENTS
- Friday, January 8th (7.30-11.0)
 - ★ THE T-BONES
 - ★ THE MULE SKINNERS
 - ★ At 8.15 Radio Luxembourg Records "READY, STEADY, RADIO"
- Saturday, January 9th (7.30-11.0)
 - ★ JOE HARRIOTT QUINTET
 - ★ RONNIE ROSS QUARTET
- Sunday, January 10th (7.30-11.0)
 - ★ HUMPHREY LYTELTON AND HIS BAND
 - ★ DANNY MOSS QUARTET
- Monday, January 11th (7.30-11.0)
 - ★ MANFRED MANN
 - ★ MARK LEEMAN FIVE
- Tuesday, January 12th (7.30-11.0)
 - ★ THE WHO

TWO SMASH HITS!

SAM AND DAVE

HOLD ON! I'M A COMIN' 554 003

SOLOMON BURKE

Have the SMALL FACES replaced THE WHO as mods?

"PETE TOWNSHEND is a fantastic goosier. Really clever, covering the joys of looning with Moon, and Townshend do in life."

rave

FEBRUARY

SPECIAL ISSUE, FMS COMPLETE 12 PAGE PULL-OUT CALENDAR FOR LOVERS



IS THE SINGER YOU'VE HEARD BY GROUP FROM LIVERPOOL TO LOND ABOUT—AN EXCITING NEW RELEASE THE SINGERS' SINGER THIS WEEK...

THE FOOL CHRIS MARLOWE

PAUL BARR



MISS

CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT ME

DAVID BOWIE

JUST DENNIS

months, RAVE artist Dennis, models the new look in clothes for boys.



MOD

The animal world's equivalent to mods are called sheeps. Two more weeks of "My Generation" in the Pop 50 and the flower of our youth will develop bad stutters. And if Pete Townshend ever gets a wooden leg, Thursday nights at the Marquee will sound like a carpenter's workshop. The trouble with writing about mods is they've probably all changed by the time you're finished typing. And there's nothing so pathetic as the mod who's a step behind — like the cat on the left. At this particular second mods like Bob Dylan, mohair, the Yardbirds,

vents, Len Barry, scooters, Sonny and Cher, op art ties and Roy Head. The girls haven't started wearing Union Jack underwear yet, but they will. There are no fat mods, so if you can't stick to the diet sheet you'd better get out to the Ace Cuff with the rockers. Mods believe Britain is ruled from London's Carnaby Street. They have more suits than their fathers had hot dinners. And despite nasty rumours, enro...



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 Lesley & Peter
 M. & Alison
 N. & Charles
 P. & Gillian
 R. & John
 S. & Alan
 T. & Alan
 V. & Alan
 W. & Alan
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 Y. & Alan
 Z. & Alan



YEARS
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 POP NEWS



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CHAPTER 2

MAXIMUM MOD

1965-68

ELVIS: MAJOR LANDMARK
 RANCY DINATHIA
 by her boyfriend
TOP POP NEWS

POLL 5 IN WO AND I
I LOVE RAIN
 LOUIE G

DAY!
E EVENT

AND THIS YEAR'S MOST EXCITING L SMALL FACES



THE ST. LOUIS UNION GIRL
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As the '60s progressed, the mod scene grew, even going national after exposure on hip young TV shows such as *Ready Steady Go!* – but everything changed when LSD became the new drug of choice. **Words:** Paolo Hewitt

At first, they called themselves modernists, later mods. The title was apt. Mods were about the new, about looking forward, never back. The reason was simple. The past was a horror show, a world of war and poverty, mass horror and atrocities never to be returned to again.

By the time this 1945 baby boom generation had reached their teens, Britain had changed for the better. Opportunities denied their parents were widely available. National service was no more, new industries such as TV advertising and a mass media were being created. Britain's economy was booming, work and money was plentiful. Furthermore, for the first time ever, the young now had the financial power to break away from their families and establish their own identity.

In the late-'50s, the mods did just that, creatively using the power of fashion and music to build themselves a secret world. That world demanded a secret music and this translated itself into a huge love affair with contemporary black American music, be it blues, jazz or R&B. Apart from the power of these art forms, what gave this music an extra charge for mods, what made it so appealing to them, was its exclusivity, that it was so hard to come by.

The mods' secret world demanded a secret music and this resulted in an affair with black American music

The lines of communication that we take for granted today – club, radio and live appearances – were extremely limited in the late-'50s and not tailored to providing obscure R&B singles from America.

One of the major points of entry for these records was through Britain's major docks, such as Liverpool. But even when they arrived in the capital there was only a couple of resting places available to them, such as the large department store Imhoffs on Tottenham Court Road or Transat Records on Lisle Street.

Most of the time mods had to go to their local record shop and order their tunes in other ways. "I used to subscribe to *Billboard*," says early mod David Cole, "I'd go to my local record shop and look at the *Billboard* charts and say get me this or that."

In fact, it was the mods' initial liking of modern jazz that gave them the modernist tag in the first place. In Colin MacInnes's significant 1958 novel *Absolute Beginners* this point is made very clear. The book's



March of the mods: The Who in Manchester, 1966

nameless hero consistently extols the virtues of modern jazz, the music he gets his 'kicks', from. For him, modern jazz is hip and free, and tells him all kinds of things about life. On the other hand, pop music, moreover the business of pop music, sickens him.

"They buy us younger every year," he sneers to his friend on page one. He prefers visiting Soho's jazz clubs and hanging out with his friends who sport college boy haircuts, Italian round collared shirts, tailored Roman jackets and narrow trousers with 17-inch bottoms.



Mod gods: John Lee Hooker...



...Jimmy Smith...



...and Jimmy McGriff



The jazz that mods favoured was akin to the Blue Note label variety. It was danceable, groovy, usually driven by a catchy riff that the musicians would then launch their solos from. The Hammond organ sound was extremely popular and musicians such as Jimmy Smith, Jimmy McGriff, Big John Patton, Richard 'Groove' Holmes and Brother Jack McDuff were venerated artists. So were others such as guitarist Wes Montgomery, songwriter Mose Allison and John Coltrane, whose song 'Ole' was a big club hit of the time.

The mod adoration of these musicians was considerably strengthened by the act's album covers, which always depicted them in smart Ivy League suits or colourful eye-catching tops matched with great shoes.

Running parallel with this interest in jazz was a strong liking for blues music. The three major players in establishing the blues in the UK were the musicians Chris Barber, Alexis Korner and Cyril Davies. Korner was a highly-talented musician and a massive advocate for the music. According to Tony Bacon's excellent book *London Live* when Josh White arrived in London in 1950, the first black American solo singer-guitarist to play the UK, it was Korner he asked to accompany him onstage.

Chris Barber, a leading trad jazz musician, had arranged White's concert, and his subsequent concert promoting of major artists such as Big Bill Broonzy, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, proved invaluable in establishing blues music in the UK.

Perhaps Barber's most notable show was Muddy Waters' performance at the 100 Club in October 1958. Much to the astonishment of the blues purists, Muddy showed up with an electric band and created a rumpus among the purists as big as Bob Dylan would do later in 1966. Only without the attendant publicity.

Other bluesmen that mods were drawn towards included John Lee Hooker, Slim Harpo, Lightnin' Hopkins, Howlin' Wolf, Jimmy Witherspoon and Bobby Bland. Mods investigated these musicians and their careers with a fine-tooth comb. It is said that on John Lee

The mod adoration of these musicians was strengthened by their album covers which depicted them in Ivy League suits

Hooker's first trip to London, he was astounded by the amount of white kids who kept asking him to play obscure B-sides of singles he had long forgotten about. Soon, visiting American musicians began changing their live sets to suit the more knowledgeable UK audiences.

Just as buying these records was difficult so too was listening to it. National radio did not touch the scene so many tuned into the American Forces Radio or stations such as Radio Luxembourg, Radio Caroline, even Hilversum in Holland. ►



The stars of Motown outside the Ready Steady Go! studios in 1967

► Even so, a demand was being created that London's clubland did not dare ignore. Major jazz spots such as the Ealing Club, Eel Pie Island Hotel and the Flamingo soon changed their musical policies.

The Flamingo in Wardour Street remains an essential component in this story. The club's resident band was led by Georgie Fame and his audience were primarily black American soldiers, stationed just outside London. The soldiers would bring in the latest import records, sent to them from home, and pass them onto Georgie. He and his

Blues and jazz were perfect for your amphetamine comedown, but soul was the music mods worshipped the most

band would spend the week listening and learning and, by Saturday, they would be playing inch-perfect copies. Such was his musical prowess, many of the soldiers regarded the Flamingo and its music as a home from home.

That all changed one night when a vicious knife fight broke out and the soldiers were grounded by their superiors. It was the mods who took their place, making up the numbers with the remaining West Indian clientele. In 1961, Fame released his classic mod album, 'Live At The Flamingo' (engineered by one Glyn Johns) which acts as

a great musical document of the time as well as giving a vivid musical portrait of Georgie's skill and his band's talent. Even the mod purists liked this album.

The other great mod club was the Scene in Ham Yard. Here the DJ was one Guy Stevens. As head of Sue Records in England, Stevens had links with America that no-one else had and thus was able to put together a collection to die for. It was that collection which gave Stevens and the Scene Club their lifelong reputations.

Stevens' records ran the whole gamut of R&B, but in truth it was his soul tunes that grabbed the most attention.

Blues and jazz were important to mods but they had limited use. They were perfect for listening to at home as dawn broke over your amphetamine comedown, but soul – or R&B music as it was then known – was the music they worshipped the most. Soul lived at the centre of the mods' night. It was music for dancing to, music to define yourself by. It hit both heart and head in equal measure. It was smoother than the blues, slicker than jazz and the best music for dancing to when you were pill'd off your head. For mods, soul groups such as The Impressions or The Miracles, with their three button jackets and sharply creased trousers, were the last word in glamour.

Musically, the breakthrough record was Ray Charles' 1959 hit 'What'd I Say' which for the very first time placed gospel in an R&B structure. Many American musicians soon followed Charles' example and a torrent of R&B records followed. Record companies sprung up

in every major city to accommodate this R&B explosion. Early records by Sam Cooke, James Brown, The Chiffons, The Shirelles and The Impressions were eagerly snatched up in the UK.

Mods quickly learnt how to spot a decent label and some American companies became very collectable and desirable. Berry Gordy's Tamla outfit was one, especially tunes from The Miracles, Martha & The Vandellas and Mary Wells. Ahmet Ertegun's Atlantic label was another and so was its valued off-shoot, Jim Stewart and Estelle Axton's Stax operation in Memphis, which gave the world Booker T & The MG's, Otis Redding, Sam & Dave, The Staple Singers and Eddie Floyd to name a handful.

The impact these companies made on mod UK can be gauged by two specific events: *Ready Steady Go!*'s Motown special and a bit later the 1967 Stax tour of Britain featuring Otis Redding, Sam & Dave, Booker T & The MG's, Carla Thomas, The Mar Keys, Arthur Conley and Eddie Floyd.

Ready Steady Go!, thanks to the efforts of its visionary producer, Vicki Wickham, gave soul music the chance to compete on an even field. Visiting American soul acts were accorded the same treatment as name pop groups. Thus, in *RSG!*'s eyes, James Brown was as worthy of a special as The Who. (More so in mods' eyes.)

RSG!'s Motown special was hosted by Dusty Springfield and provided major confirmation of the label's importance in the UK, validating the mods' initial support. In 1965, Berry Gordy himself appointed the late music writer Dave Godin as head of the UK Motown fanclub. As a present, he flew him over to Detroit where he was met at the studios by Marvin Gaye and The Supremes. Godin advised Gordy on what singles to release in the UK and his advice proved as effective as his later writings for magazines such as *Blues & Soul*.

Many Motown stars played London. For 2/6, one could see Little Stevie Wonder or Marvin Gaye at clubs such as the Noreik in Tottenham. Their package tours, however, were not as popular. On one tour Georgie Fame was brought in at the last moment to boost ticket sales. Perhaps mods far preferred dancing in clubs to this music than watching it live.

Ready Steady Go!'s Motown special was hosted by Dusty Springfield and confirmed the label's importance

In 1967, the Stax tour of Britain proved a watershed moment for Otis Redding, Booker T & The MG's, Carla Thomas, Eddie Floyd and Sam & Dave. On their arrival in this country, these musicians were afforded a rapturous reception.

"They treated us like we were The Beatles," Steve Cropper later reported. "It pretty much overwhelmed everyone in the band."



From Motown to Canning Town: The Supremes meet the Small Faces

"MODS LIKED OUR ENERGY"

Jimmy James

"I came over to England from Jamaica in 1964 and started off by playing to the West Indian community. We used to play a mix of old dance band music – 'Moon River' and ska – but the music scene was moving towards US soul and R&B, so we went with that. We then met up with a guy called Pete Meaden who in turn introduced us to Harold Pendleton, the owner of the Marquee. He put us on as support for a gig there one Tuesday night and it turned out to be for The Who. We went down a storm with their fans and earned a regular slot. The mod kids picked up on us because we played with energy. We pitched our sound more and more to this new scene that had sprung up, so much so that when we put out our first album it was called 'The New Religion'. It had a red side of uptempo stuff and a blue side that was more soulful.

"Mod meant a mode of living. Everyone looked real smart – Ben Sherman shirts, sharp suits, pointy boots, razor-cut hair. The music and the style complemented each other perfectly. It was an era of invention, everything looked new and seemed new. Even the collarless jackets The Beatles adopted came in with us from Jamaica. We had



already been wearing them for a couple of years, they were known as The Continental, then all of a sudden they became Beatle jackets.

"We'd play anywhere and everywhere: the Cromwellian, the Flamingo, the Marquee and everyone would always go crazy. There was loads of participation. You'd start a song and everyone would join in. We'd finish with a gospelly thing called 'Amen' and it became our anthem. I remember they'd dance without stopping. They had these purple hearts and they'd keep going all night. After coming to see us those kids would leave with their clothes dripping wet – they worked harder than us."

"I couldn't believe it," Booker T added. "People knew my songs in Scotland and France and England."

Not only people, but Booker's contemporaries. On their arrival at Heathrow airport, limos sent by The Beatles were waiting to take them to their hotel. After two days of rehearsals, Carla Thomas and Booker T & The MG's played a private show at the hippest club in town, the Bag O'Nails – more than 300 people, including Paul McCartney, jammed the place.

The tour then kicked off playing to full houses everywhere. But by this time a live circuit for British R&B artists had long been firmly established, created by the pioneering work of musicians such as Barber, Korner and Davies.

In this period, the early-'60s, Cyril Davies had tired of skiffle music and was now a fervent blues disciple. Later on, Chris Barber would also make the same leap, ditching the skiffle sound and inviting Alexis Korner in to play blues with him.

At the time of his asking, Korner had formed his own band, Blues Incorporated, which featured Cyril Davies on harmonica. Every Wednesday night the band were to be found at the Marquee club, tearing the place up and building a fearsome reputation. They also appeared at major mod clubs such as Le Discotheque.

It was Korner who then persuaded the Ealing Jazz Club to forget jazz and switch to R&B. The club agreed and the band that Korner took to the stage with on opening night included a young Mick Jagger and Art Wood – brother of Ron – on vocals, Charlie Watts on drums and Cyril Davies on harmonica.

Word soon spread and the club became a major R&B venue. Davies also had his own outfit, the Cyril Davies All Stars which attracted a strong mod presence thanks to his lead singer, Long John Baldry who always performed wearing silver-grey Mohair suits. Later on Baldry would form his own band with a young Julie Driscoll and a modded-up singer by the name of Rod Stewart who supplied backing vocals. ▶



Mod gods: Booker T & The MG's...



...and Otis Redding

◆ These groups were just the tip of a musical iceberg. Everyone who formed a band in the early-'60s wanted to sing like a black American or play R&B in some form. There were no exceptions.

The Beatles continually sang the praises of Tamla Motown tunes in their interviews and on their debut album covered The Isley Brothers' 'Twist And Shout' and Arthur Alexander's 'Anna (Go To Him)'.

Mods remained unimpressed by their efforts, though. For the true mod, the original is always the best.

Yet a pattern did emerge in which bands would form, pick up an enthusiastic mod audience and then instantly lose it through using

Everyone who formed a band in the early-'60s wanted to sing like a black American or play R&B in some form

R&B as a launchpad to success. The Beatles' great rivals the Stones are a great example. At first, they picked up a heavy mod audience by covering artists such as Ben E King, Chuck Berry and Muddy Waters. Mods appreciated the band's taste, it reflected their own. But when the Stones began recording songs such as Arthur Alexander's 'You Better Move On' – songs that were regarded, in one mod's memorable phrase, "as about three places below God" – they were instantly ditched and left for the young girls to pick up on.

(One great story, maybe apocryphal, has The Rolling Stones playing Manchester and afterwards visiting the town's premier mod soul club, the Twisted Wheel. On spotting the band, the resident DJ Roger Eagle played the original version of every song the Stones had put on their debut album and in the corresponding order. Apparently, the band left the club shortly after.)

Another example of this process are the Small Faces, east London mods whose early setlist and colourful fashion sense again attracted an initial heavy mod presence to their gigs. The band revolved around the songwriting partnership of Steve Marriott and Ronnie Lane, a relationship cemented by their love of acts such as Bobby Bland, Ray Charles and especially Booker T & The MG's, whose line-up the band deliberately mirrored.

Yet when they used a Solomon Burke riff for their debut single 'What'cha Gonna Do About It' it immediately lost them their male mod following and gained them a female teenage audience which would be the bane of Steve Marriott's life.

The Small Faces' biggest rivals on the mod Scene (although both bands were never truly accepted in the manner of, say, Arthur Alexander or Booker T) were The Who. They had started off life as The Detours and their initial set was typical of the time. It included Jimmy Reed's 'Big Boss Man', James Brown's 'Please, Please, Please', Howlin' Wolf's 'Smokestack Lightning' and Mose Allison's 'Young Man Blues'.

Later on, the band were transformed into mods by their mod-obsessed manager Pete Meaden, who took them to the right clubs, dressed them in the right way. He even wrote their debut single, 'I'm The Face' and 'Zoot Suit' for them by ripping off two records, Slim Harpo's 'Got Love If You Want It' and 'Country Girl' by The Showmen.

That record failed but R&B music, aligned with mod culture, allowed Townshend a way to start developing a unique strain of songwriting, which would be marked by themes of teenage alienation couched in three-minute, explosive but very structured musical arrangements.

"EVERYONE GOT REAL SHARP"

Geno Washington

"I got out of the US Air Force and came back to England in 1965 to start a band. We weren't called The Ram Jam Band then but we got ourselves a manager. We didn't really know anything about the mods at that point but suddenly these kids started showing up wearing nice suits. The fashion was changing, everything got into the groove, man. Before then things were so drab, the trousers didn't even have pockets in the back so there was nowhere to put your damn wallet! Suddenly you'd see all these kids walking around in sharp Italian suits and long leather coats. Everyone got real sharp, man. It was truly exciting.

"Soon we were pulling big crowds. There was the bang-bangers who were into The Who, the Small Faces and The Action, then there were the hardcore soul fans into us. We had an army of mods following us around. People came to see us let it rip at places like the Flamingo – we put a phenomenal presentation on, like Little Richard. He was my hero. We started out there then we moved on to the Marquee. They normally didn't like acts from the Flamingo because they were in hot



competition but the Flamingo was cool, man, the joint was always jumping. You'd get a lot of black GIs there. The all-nighters we played were best. There was no drink but the kids would sneak in a small bottle of Scotch or bourbon and then order a Fanta or a cola and fill it up with booze. And there was no problem finding artificial stimulants to keep you going, if you know what I mean. Anywhere we played there was a party.

"Another cool club was the Scene – the mods just took it over. I remember you'd walk in and it had all those ultraviolet lights showing up the dust on your suit but I liked it a lot. Man, it was a really exciting time – everyone had so much fun and I had a piece of it!"



The Who maintained their mod following by writing songs about the crowd and acting violently; females don't tend to go for groups that end the night by smashing their equipment and each other up. The Kinks were another element in this process, using R&B standards such as 'Beautiful Delilah, 'Long Tall Shorty' and 'Milk Cow Blues', before establishing themselves as premier craftsmen of '60s pop.

Not every British band from this period started off from the R&B block. Some headed for a jazz tip, such as the Graham Bond Organisation or Brian Auger's Trinity, some headed for the blues, such as The Yardbirds or John Mayall And The Bluesbreakers.

But, overall, the majority of bands were R&B driven. These included the Spencer Davis Group (whose vocalist Stevie Winwood had a voice that was about a million years older than his actual age of 16), The Animals and Them, led by still fervent R&B disciples Eric Burdon and Van Morrison. There was also The Action, The Creation, The Alan Bown Set, The Eyes Of Blue, the Downliner Sect, The Pretty Things, Jimmy James & The Vagabonds (the band that Pete Meaden went on to manage after The Who), Duffy Power, the Fifth Dimension, Herbie Goins & The Nightimers, Geno Washington & The Ram Jam Band, Manfred Mann, Timebox, The Artwoods, The Birds, Zoot Money's Big Roll band and about a million others.



Mod for it: Peter Quaife of The Kinks

"IN '66 BRITISH WAS BEST"

Chris Farlowe

"I'd got started in music during the skiffle years, then picked up on American rock'n'roll music from the Gl's that were over here. They'd lend us their 45s and it kickstarted my interest. By the early-'60s mod started to break and that really suited the way I was then. I was very concerned with my appearance. I was a smart dude. I did all my own ironing because the trousers had to be pressed just so. I was born at the right time because clothing was special then, we'd emerged from the post-war restrictions and there was a fascination with style and image. Everything led from there really. We used to get US *Esquire* magazine and there'd be these golf adverts, whole pages featuring guys in Sta-Prest trousers, button-down shirts and tiny pork pie hats. That was an influence.

"We'd begun playing blues stuff like the Stones did, but we began to play our own stuff, a bit faster. We put out 'Buzz With The Fuzz' which became a mod anthem because it was about going out and having a good time. The lyrics were all double entendres about joints and stuff and it struck a chord, so much so that it got banned for being risqué.



"We developed a big following all over London – places like the Fender in Harrow, Wycombe Hall in Romford and the Riki Tik. It was all London-based to begin with and then it spread north.

"All the shops were in London at the start, places like Cecil Gee, Lord John and the Carnaby Street boutiques. For a while in '66 everything British was best: sex, drugs, rock'n'roll, but by 1970 flower power had started to make headway. But you can still see the mod influence in bands today – even Franz Ferdinand. The movement is still there. It's cool, that's it. I mean, what's the alternative, Marilyn Manson?"

Some of these bands were huge on the live circuit, others had minor hit singles and others passed into mod mythology.

Yet a change was gonna come, it always does. In 1966, the drug LSD came to London. Within a year, everything was different. Mod London became Swinging London. Colourful, outlandish designs replaced mod neatness. Profits and shares in amphetamines badly dipped. The Beatles' 'Sgt Pepper', with its heavy allusion to LSD drug culture, was the album of choice. The Small Faces went from singing about speed dealers to exclaiming that "it's all too beautiful".

The UFO Club in Tottenham Court Road featured a band called, The Pink Floyd. They experimented with lights, music and acid. Their

In 1966 LSD arrived in the UK. Within a year everything was different. Mod London became Swinging London

audience freaked out in front of them. The hippie style arrived from America and the young, liberal middle classes adopted it wholesale.

London clubs dropped R&B and the music travelled north to the Twisted Wheel and, later on, Wigan Casino. R&B still maintained a huge presence, but LSD and the hippie culture had trampled on its roots and set in motion the birth of an overpowering rock culture; the album replaced the single in importance. The music press got serious. Bands adopted an artistic, hippy image and went off to the country to write albums which then took forever to record. Then came the advent of the singer songwriter followed by the genesis of prog-rock.

As for R&B, you can still go to Soho and hear Georgie Fame and get a whole heap of history off the man. But these days it will be at Ronnie Scott's or Pizza Express. The Flamingo is now an O'Neill's pub and the Scene Club is a car park. Urban Music is now the new R&B and its listeners the new mods.

Yet little changes really – night time will always be the right time. ■



↑ The Who onstage at Goldhawk Social Club, April 1965

WE'RE AS WILD AS POSSIBLE!

Say the chart-busting Who



Disc Weekly April 10 1965 Page 3

Ask any of the four members of The Who, one of the latest London groups to crash into the charts, to describe the group's stage act and they'll probably say: "It's sensation provoking."

At least that is the way guitarist Pete Townshend described the boys to me when I spoke to him at *Top Of The Pops* last week.

"We go onstage to cause a sensation. It's deliberate," he told me as we sat in his dressing room, just before the run-through for the show.

"We like to be as wild as possible. For instance, we do things like bash our guitars against our amplifiers. It's a bit hard on the guitars – in fact the one I'm using now, a Rickenbacker, is almost finished – but it gets the required effect."

Wild onstage or not, The Who are four boys with quite different

personalities. "In fact," said Pete, "music and our sense of humour are about the only things we have in common. And even though we share similar musical ideas for the group our personal favourites are quite different – though we all like The Beatles and the London group The Vagabonds,

"We go onstage to cause a sensation. We do things like bash our guitars against our amplifiers" Pete Townshend

who were originally from the West Indies and play soul music.

"For example, Keith Moon likes The Beach Boys and Jan & Dean, Roger Daltrey goes for James Brown, Nina Simone and Buddy Guy, John Entwistle likes Wagner and Beethoven, as well as Buddy Guy – and I dig Bob Dylan."

Pete told me that outside the group, all four have separate interests and don't necessarily stick together on their rare days off, though they are all from the west London areas of Hammersmith and Acton.

Since their chart success, they have had interest expressed from America

where their record has been in the Hot 100 for a good few weeks.

Interest has also been shown in the group by French fans. French TV has already done a half-hour film on the group in which they played six numbers.

Alan Walsh



The Who – one hit but four films!

NME April 23 1965 Page 11

Not many groups with only one chart entry to their credit can claim to have appeared in four films! But as The Who discovered, that's one of the advantages of having an ex-assistant film director as a manager.

"Two of the films were shorts for British television," said manager Kit Lambert. "Another was a 30-minute picture, about mods, which was shown recently on French television. And they also appear in a film about a stripper, to be released shortly."

The Who were relaxing in their manager's Belgravia flat when I spoke to them. "About 18 months ago we were known as The Who," said lead guitarist Pete Townshend. "Then we changed to The High Numbers, when we recorded a song called 'Zoot Suit'.

"At this time we had a fanatical mod manager who wanted us all to be the complete mod.

"But this was a contrived, artificial modness and we wanted to be ourselves."

Bass guitarist John Entwistle – who prefers to be known as John Browne – used to work with the Inland Revenue, but gave up taking other people's money for someone else – and started making more for himself!

"We all come from the Shepherd's Bush area," John told me. "Before I started playing guitar I used to be a trumpeter in a jazz band. But now we all prefer the Tamla Motown and Zoot Money sound of music.

"We went to see the Motown show and loved every minute of it! But we expected a far bigger audience. It's a pity support was lacking because they're great artists."

Drummer Keith Moon and singer Roger Daltrey joined us and started talking about the fabulous fans in Manchester.

Explained Pete: "The fans are different in every part of the country and we try to adjust accordingly."



From Shepherd's Bush to the silver screen: The Who in 1965

"I figure we will probably have about a year as a popular group. Could be less" Pete Townshend

Pete, who wrote 'I Can't Explain', went on to talk about the group's future.

"When 'I Can't Explain' was released early January, we had no idea what would happen to it.

Our first record as The High Numbers had flopped and 'I Can't Explain' could easily have gone the same way. Fact is, we thought it had!

"It was not until the end of March that it actually got into the charts. It's been there for about six weeks now and although we know it won't go higher than Number Ten, we think it will bang around for a little while yet."

Unlike most groups, The Who do not eventually see themselves as all round entertainers. They look at their futures realistically.

"I figure that we will probably have about a year as a popular group. Could be less. Maybe more. But we want to make the most of the time we have. We would also like to get to Number One. I hope we make it with our next disc," concluded Pete.

Norrie Drummond

◎ SINGLE

NME January 15 1965 Page 6



I CAN'T EXPLAIN The Who

Brunswick

Here's a group I like immensely, and their absorbing sound matches their gimmick name, The Who.

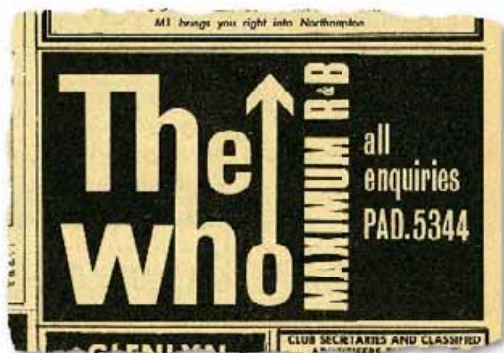
(They were originally The High Numbers.)

'I Can't Explain' is a pounding shuffle-shaker, with surf-like counter-harmonies behind the main lyric. It's insidious and insistent with an arresting backing – a sort of blend of Merseybeat and surfing!

Keep your eye on this one.

Even better is 'Bald Headed Woman', which starts with a bluesy solo vocal set to a rasping funereal backing with gospel-type chanting – and gradually speeds into a wild hand-clapping raver.

Derek Johnson



LAST OF THE R&B GROUPS?

The
Spencer
Davis
Group

Melody Maker June 12 1965 Page 8

Remember those strange days when Manfred Mann was a struggling beat group? Sophisticated, but still struggling. Then there was an up-and-coming blues artist called Mick Jagger. And for years fans shed tears over The Yardbirds and Georgie Fame.

"When will they get a hit?" was the cry. That was when scores of new R&B groups were queuing for the public ear.

Today there are few deserving groups that have failed to gain public interest or a hit record. One of the few is led by ex-teacher Spencer Davis, featuring 17-year-old singer Stevie Winwood. The Spencer Davis Group, including Muff Winwood, bass guitar, and Peter York, drums, are held in enormous regard by select club-goers and fellow musicians.

Spencer and Stevie met me for a noggin of Fleet Street beer, plates of revolting curry and a chat this week. What emerged was a picture of an intensely happy and dedicated group.

They talked about themselves and the shifting attitudes to beat by public and musicians.

Are they last of the R&B groups?

"Possibly we are the last," said Stevie, who bears a startling likeness to Paul Jones. "There are a lot of very good R&B groups still, but not many are trying to make the chart. I don't know if Zoot Money is trying to make the charts, but he doesn't do much with his records."

"It's so difficult to define R&B," said Spencer. "Definitions have gone to pot. We much prefer to call it younger generation American Negro pop.

"This is becoming tremendously popular and it has been made popular by disc jockeys and they have done a lot to change public taste. We wouldn't label our group as pure R&B."

"We don't play any white stuff, and we don't say that in a derogatory way. It's just that we prefer Negro stuff.

There are so many new names to hear, undiscovered artists, and, it's so exciting.

"The Beatles paved the way for American Negro pop here, by liking The Miracles and The Temptations."

Spencer glanced at Stevie. "Shall we get some ciggies, or do you want some eggs?" Stevie weighed up the two alternatives and settles for cigarettes and curry.

"Groups are sick of the word R&B," said Stevie, later, lighting a cigarette with his curried breath.

"R&B is such a wide term. It can mean The Beatles and it can mean Jimmy Smith. We are sick of it and prefer this term Negro pop.

"I think R&B artists killed themselves by being over-exposed. Kids saw them and said, 'That was good, now let's think of something else.'"

What else are they thinking of?

"We really want a hit record. Then I could buy a house," said Spencer.

"I could buy myself a Hammond organ," said Stevie.

The group's new record, aimed at the chart, is called 'Strong Love', which only scratches the surface of the group's power and authenticity.

"We got it from an eccentric record collector in Manchester. It's a number recorded by an American group called The Malibus," said Stevie.

"The public's music consciousness has never been so jolted as it has in 1965. Can you imagine if the whole thing folded up, the vacuum it would leave in everybody's life?" said Spencer.

"I'm still waiting to see Ornette Coleman in a kids' club," grinned Stevie. **Chris Welch**

"Groups are sick of R&B. It's such a wide term. It can mean The Beatles and Jimmy Smith" Stevie Winwood

Frankly Spencers: (l-r) Muff Winwood, Stevie Winwood, Peter York and Spencer Davis



How to make it with two misses

Melody Maker April 24 1965 Page 8



The Artwoods are working full time. They are doing regular club and concert dates. They have appeared twice on ITV's *Ready Steady Go!*, on BBC's *Beat Room*, *Easy Beat*, *Saturday Club* and *Saturday Swings*, and they backed US blues singer Mae Mercer on her recent tour.

But... they haven't had a hit. Manager Steve O'Rourke, of the London City Agency, says cheerfully: "The Artwoods have brought out two records, 'Sweet Mary' and 'Oh My Love'. They were both misses!"

Far from being dejected by two misses, the Artwoods are light-heartedly bringing out another record. Amid great laughter, leader and vocalist Art Wood says: "We have faith in this one as well."

Derek Griffiths (lead guitarist): "Naturally we would like a hit record."

"But we're doing the maximum work at the moment without any sort of hit," adds Art.

Drummer Keef Hartley said his piece in a thick Lancastrian accent: "Fill the clubs from Edinburgh to Brighton – that's our ambition." And musically?

"We never copy anybody," says Derek. "Unless it's the arrangement that absolutely makes the number. For instance, a James Brown one doesn't really need to be rearranged."

Said Keef: "When we do a new number we never agree on the arrangement. There's Jon Lord the organist and Malcolm Pool the bass guitarist, as well as us, and we all have our individual ideas."

"We pride ourselves on not sounding like anybody else," said Derek.



The Artwoods get out of their tree: Art Wood is at the top left

"We're a good working band. A hit record would be a bonus" Art Wood

"Six months ago we sat down and thought what we would do when R&B went out. Now we realise we have changed with the trends," he added. "We've dropped the slow blues, the Jimmy Reed stuff, quite unconsciously."

"The thing is," added Keef, "the fanatics of months ago have now

matured into entertainers."

Art agreed: "This is what we want to be – a good working band, and still going in five years. To us, now, a hit record would be a bonus."

"And of course it would make us enough money for me to buy my mum a goldfish bowl and my dad a motorbike!"

Melody Maker June 12 1965 Page 10

MARQUEE

Where the action is

Where is the pop corner of the world? For thousands of youngsters it is London's Marquee club. It is the melting pot of today's hip music, where jazz, folk and pop meet on equal terms, where trends are born and stars emerge. It could be compared with New York's Apollo theatre, but really there is nothing like it in the world.

It was here the incredible Rolling Stones were acclaimed, and Britain's R&B revolution got underway. It was here that chart-smashing groups like The Moody Blues, The Yardbirds, Manfred Mann and The Who built their fan following. Now it is the turn of The Mark Leeman Five, T-Bones and Jimmy James & The Vagabonds. All can be heard in the steaming atmosphere in Soho's Wardour Street

The club used to be housed in a basement in Oxford Street. But on Friday, March 13, 1964, they moved. In Oxford Street the club mainly catered for jazz, but pioneered the R&B field with Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated and the late Cyril Davis. After the move, policy diversified and took in the whole gamut of hip artistry.

Atmosphere is an important ingredient and when The Moody Blues are storming the stage or The Yardbirds are exploding climactically, there can be few places to equal the excitement. Fans sit around, listen, dance, crunch packets of crisps and suck bottles of Coke. On a really wild night there is little room for dancing and kids just crush together, swelter in the heat and dig the band.



Waiting for the next Long John Baldry gig in Wardour Street

The *MM* team visited a typical Marquee night session. Jimmy James & The Vagabonds drew the crowds, supported by The Mark Leeman Five. The Vagabonds are a coloured group and there were more coloured fans in the audience than usual. The crowd were slightly older than the average Who or Yardbirds audience, and there were more dancing.

Vagabonds manager Peter Meaden explained bluntly: "It's because there isn't so much of a sex thing going with the Vagabonds. Although they dance about and are very entertaining, I don't think the girls really dream about them, as they probably do when they watch the Beatles!"

"I come to the Marquee because they have the best groups," said one fan. "The atmosphere is great and it's the most well-run club in the West End. It's light enough to see where you're going, and to have a good time. You can have a good snog in the corner!"

Facilities are a vast improvement on most similar clubs. There is a coffee bar and a licensed bar on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There are plenty of seats and settees available and proper cloakroom facilities.

Additional attractions are the recordings for Radio Luxembourg's *Ready Steady Radio* on Tuesday nights. Radio London take over the stage on Saturday afternoons and record their disc show. On some Sundays, jazz films are shown.

The Marquee is not a scene for way-out mods, and rockers are an unknown breed. It is a home for good music.

Nick Jones & Chris Welch



Target practise:
The Who in 1965

They think the mod thing is dying...

...but they don't intend to go down with it



Melody Maker June 5 1965 Page 7

A new name is being hurled around in hip circles – The Who. They are four mods from Shepherd's Bush and their popularity is gathering strength in the same way The Animals experienced two years ago.

Like The Animals and The Yardbirds, The Who are products of the club scene.

Today, with one hit gone, and another on the way, they are reckoned by the "in crowd" to be on the crest of a success wave that could make them the new rave – on a nationwide scale.

The Who are Roger Daltrey (aged 20, singer), Pete Townshend (aged 19, lead guitar), John Entwistle (aged 19, bass guitar) and drummer Keith Moon, 17.

Their music is defiant, and so is their attitude. Their sound is vicious. This is no note-perfect showbiz group, singing in harmony and playing clean guitar runs. The Who lay down a heavy beat, putting great emphasis on the on- and off-beats.

Moon thunders round the drums. Townshend swings full circles with his right arm. He bangs out morse code by switching the guitar pick-ups on and off. Notes bend and whine. He turns suddenly and rams the end of his guitar into the speaker. A chord shudders on the impact. The speaker rocks.

Townshend strikes again on the rebound. He rips the canvas covering, tears into the speaker cone, and the distorted solo splutters from a demolished speaker.

The crowds watch this violent display spellbound.

The Who started a year ago, changing their name from The High Numbers. They began regularly at the Goldhawk in Shepherd's Bush, but graduated to the plusher Marquee in London's West End.

They became favourites of the mods. Mods identified themselves with The Who because The Who identified themselves with them. Pop music is often allied to social trends and fashions. This was how it was in The Who's early days.

Pete Townshend wore a suede jacket, Roger Daltrey hipster trousers. Mods played mod music.

It's an exhausting act to watch. But also highly original and full of tremendous pace.

"Union Jacks are supposed to be flown. John wears one as a jacket" Pete Townshend

What makes The Who click on stage?

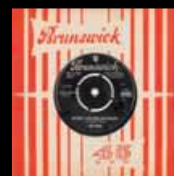
Townshend: "There is no suppression within the group. We say what we want when we want. If we don't like something someone is doing we say so.

"Our personalities clash, but we argue and get it all out of our system. There's a lot of friction, and offstage we're not particularly matey. But it doesn't matter.

"If we were not like this it would destroy our performance. We play how we feel."

◎ SINGLE

NME May 21 1965 Page 6



ANWAXNOW, ANWHERE The Who

Brunswick

After a startling guitar opening, The Who's 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere' bursts into a wild raver, with just about every conceivable gimmick – the leader semi-shouts in an R&B style, with high-pitched surf-like chanting support, plus rumbling piano, cymbal crashes and violent tempo changes.

Midway through it erupts into a veritable explosion of sound. You can't ignore this disc – it commands attention and should do well.

A drumbreak heralds the mid-tempo flip 'Daddy Rolling Stone', with a rasping blues-style vocal, yeah-yeah chanting, and again that vibrant backing.

Derek Johnson



The Who are linking their image with pop art. They describe their current chart success, 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere', as "the first pop art single".

"Pop art is something society accepts, but we represent it in a different form. Like Union Jacks. They're supposed to be flown. John wears one as a jacket.

"We think the mod thing is dying. We don't plan to go down with it, which is why we've become individualists."

Anti-Who people condemn their music as a messy noise. The Who like this. "Best publicity we could have."

The Who are modern, short-haired rebels with a cause. There's sadism in their characters and in their music. But at least what they're doing is something new to the pop world.

They are undoubtedly the most emergent young group on the scene. And with legions of fans shouting them on, they could well be tomorrow's big stars.

WELL, WHAT IS POP ART?

Melody Maker July 3 1965 Page 11

What is pop art? For weeks the hit-parading London group The Who have been at the centre of a big storm. Some say it is a lot of bunk. Others defend pop art as the most exciting musical development since the electrical guitar boom started.

Who guitarist Pete Townshend defined pop art for the *MM* this week.

"It is re-representing something the public is familiar with, in a different form. Like clothes. Union Jacks are supposed to be flown, we have a jacket made of one. Keith Moon, our drummer, has a jersey with the RAF insignia on it. I have a white jacket, covered in medals.

"We stand for pop art clothes, pop art music and pop art behaviour. This is what everybody seems to forget – we don't change offstage. We live pop art."

Trowel-nosed Townshend, aged 20, was sitting in a high-class restaurant wearing a loud check jacket.

The Who are ridiculed for smashing pounds worth of equipment. Why do they do it? Pop art?

Pete, the culprit wrecker, answered: "I bang my guitar on my speaker because of the visual effect. It is very artistic. And it gets a tremendous sound.

"What annoys me is the person who comes up after a show and says, 'Why

"I bang my guitar on my speaker because of the visual effect. It is very artistic" Pete Townshend

didn't you smash your guitar tonight?' It's split right down the middle of the neck, but the audience don't realise.

"If guitars exploded and went up in a puff of smoke, I'd be happy. The visual effect would be complete.

"Roger Daltrey, our singer, smashes his microphone on Keith's cymbal. He does this every night, because it's a sound. I use feedback every night.



Mid-'60s Who: literally wearing their pop art on their sleeve

"The big social revolution that has taken place in the last five years is that youth, and not age, has become important. I'm important now, but I won't be when I'm over 21."

"We play," continued Townshend, "pop art with standard group equipment. I get jet plane sounds, Morse code signals. Mind you, near pop art discs have been produced before: The Shangri-Las, with seagulls and motorbikes, and Twinkle's 'Terry'.

"Hey! We should have done 'Trains And Boats And Planes!'"

Nick Jones

That's a sound. But, if the audience isn't right I don't smash guitars. They wouldn't appreciate the visual effect."

What is pop art about their music?

"Well, our next single (*My Generation*) is really pop art. I wrote it with that intention. Not only is the number pop art, the lyrics are young and rebellious. It's anti middle-age, anti boss-class and anti young marrieds!

THE PRICE OF POP: The Who count the cost

Melody Maker August 28 1965 Page 9



PETE TOWNSHEND

Guitarist Pete owns nine guitars, all on HP. Five of them cost £170 each, four of which are already smashed to bits. He also has a 12-string, a six-string, a six-string bass and an acoustic – total £1,200. He claims to have every amp and speaker that he has ever possessed. They are three amps at £150 each; two stereo amps at £80 each; four 100-watt amps which cost £160 each; five £80 speakers; and three four by 12s which are £160 each. Peter records the group and other artists in his own studio which cost £1,000 to set up. He gets through eight sets of strings a month at one guinea each – and 100 picks a month at 2s each. He buys four or five guitar amps and amp leads a month for the group and himself, costing about £10. The group have a £50 per month repair bill. Clothes-wise, Pete spends about £20 a week on a jacket.



KEITH MOON

Drummer Keith hasn't done at all badly. He joined the group ten months ago and has thundered his way through no less than three drum kits. That makes a total of £1,050 on HP. Keith has a phenomenal drum stick bill. He breaks about four pairs of sticks at £1 a pair – over £100 per month. A cymbal usually cracks every two weeks. So that's £40 a month and he reckons on £10 worth of hi-hats going monthly. He cannot estimate how many skins he gets through because it varies. They cost 25s each. Keith spends a great deal of money on personal luxuries like record players, cameras, tape-recorders and clothes like white leather jackets that aren't for stage wear. He is mad on surfing records and spends a good £8 a week on LPs.



ROGER DALTREY

Singer Roger possesses a £500 PA which he pays for himself on HP. His particular stage trick is accompanying the wilder guitar solos with the screeching of his mic against a cymbal. Roger's mic bill comes to £35 a week. He owns the group car (£1,500 on HP). They contribute to the running costs, but not the car's purchase. Like the rest of the group, Roger spends about £2 a week on haircuts and stage make-up. Most of his shirts are handmade and cost anything from £6 to £10 each. The usual clothes buying form is for two or three of the boys to go to London's Carnaby Street, and spend £200 in one visit. This is not on expensive suits, but on things like T-shirts. This takes place about once a month. The Who expect at least one article of clothing to be stolen per week, mainly from dressing rooms.



JOHN ENTWISTLE

Bass guitarist John is the maniac guitar buyer in the group – he has ten guitars. On HP, they cost an average £150 each. He also owns four bass speaker cabinets, for which he will pay £160 each. And three 100-watt amplifiers which cost £160 each. For various experiments in sound and pop art, John also has a £150 piano bass and a £50 piano. To add to the expense, John is a stickler for having good-condition strings on all of his guitars and he gets through about eight sets a month at £4 a set. He is also adding a £150 go-kart to his collection. On clothes he contributes to the £200 they spend a month. He likes flashy things like suede jackets (£25) and he got the first Union Jack jacket made for £30. He has lapsed into wearing Cuban heeled boots, but he just puts it down to comfort.



John Stephen outside one of his Carnaby Street shops

He's the man who puts the stars in top gear!

Disc Weekly July 31 1965 Page 10

Dave Clark bought 50 sweaters from him. Cliff Richard buys trousers and The Walker

Brothers buy at least two pairs of slacks a week from him. The Who go for shirts and Mick Jagger for expensive jackets. Goldie & The Gingerbreads buy slacks at his shops and Lulu and Dusty Springfield buy dresses from his girls' department.

He is the biggest and most talked about outfitter for young people in London today. He is John Stephen, 29, who in seven years has become a self-made millionaire.

Glasgow-born John started his business in one room in Soho. But his empire now encompasses a staff of over 200, a factory in London, another outside Glasgow, and 18 shops.

This week John is off to America to arrange for his clothes to be sold there.

On arrival he has to face newspaper men and TV interviews. They want to know about his clothes, which are the biggest rage in America at the moment.

John owes his success to the pop people. Over lunch the other day he told me: "We essentially aim for the young market and the pop world has been our biggest lift to fame."

"We give ten per cent discount to all artists but this doesn't mean their bills are small! Dave Clark bought 50 sweaters just before he went to America this time. This isn't unusual for him. I wouldn't like to think how many he's got. It's nothing for Dave to come in and spend £200 on sweaters."

Eight of John's shops are in London's Carnaby Street — they're thinking of re-naming it Stephen Row! — and prove a wonderful haunt for autograph hunters. In one shop last week members of the Stones, Unit Four Plus Two and The Merseybeats were being served at the same time.

Different artists always have their own favourite shop — and assistants.

"A lot depends on the assistants and how they treat the people," remarked John. "All my people are young like the customers and dress the same way."

At Stephen's Male West One store The Who are among the best customers.

"They're not at all fussy but just want to be different all the time. They usually spend about £60 a visit."

On BBC's "Jazz Club" on Monday compete HUMPHREY LYTTLETON said: "This is a show with a difference. For a start PAUL and BARRY RYAN aren't on it!"

I PREDICT the whos "My Generation" will be 1 in the chart. and the date. He recovered in

Disc Weekly November 20 1965 Page 2

CARNABY GET IN TOP GEAR!

CARNABY STREET in London is the swinging mod what Savile Row is to the sober square.

Tape measures aren't the only things that swing along Carnaby Street. Five of the gearmen not only talk pop music to their star clients, they play it as well. And they reasonably decided to call themselves the Carnaby.

The vocalist is John Cahillane, and he's one of those lithe, energetic gentlemen who wriggle in between tailor's dummies in the shop windows, gearing them up in an artistic, eye-catching manner.

John listed the rest of the Carnaby. Lead guitarist Steve Miners, rhythm guitarist Kip Smith, bass guitarist Andy Andrews, and drummer Ronnie Ross. Everybody's 20 years-old except John, who's two years younger.

"We got together because we worked in Carnaby Street," he continued.

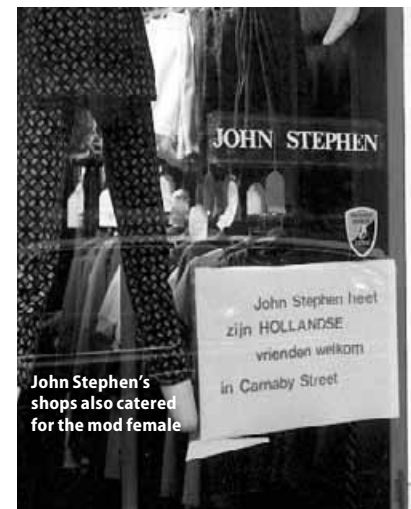
"John Stephen designed some Op Art gear for us," said John. "Some great shirts with red and white stripes. We looked like animated barbers' poles."

The Carnaby's first record is "Jump And Jance." Disc Weekly reviewer Penny Valentine reckons they sound like a cross between the Who and the Kinks.

"We reckon we've got a sound of our own," said John. "We haven't deliberately gone after a special one. It's just happened."



● CARNABY: mod group with a mod look



John Stephen's shops also catered for the mod female

...gated... that a ca...
added.



SAY it with flowers! Yard-bird Jeff Beck shows off his new flowered shirt, one of the latest designs from "Gear Peer" John Stephen, London show biz fashion stylist. Jeff and the boys are wearing these shirts during their current tour of the United States.

MARIANNE'S

Disc Weekly September 11 1965 Page 3

"Roger Daltrey likes one thing and Keith Moon another. Roger is a bit more sober in his choice. He was one of the first people to wear a striped linen jacket. He always says he likes way-out things but he never wears them.

"John Entwistle buys more jackets—particularly ones in colour suede. But then they're all keen on the linen jackets. Every time they come in they go through the racks saying: 'Got it! Got it!'" he added.

"Pete Townshend prefers casual sweaters and different trousers. They all have lots of their clothes altered.

"Keith was in the other day for some white T-shirts. He has the target signs put on the front and since he started with this craze lots of other customers have been coming in asking for them," John added, finishing his coffee after a millionaire-type lunch.

We left the restaurant and wandered down Carnaby Street looking in his shops. At Male West One we met Kink Dave Davis who had called in to pick up some slacks.

"Dave is a very easy customer," John told me later. "He comes in, tries on a jacket and takes it. But his brother, Ray,

4 DISC WEEKLY, October 2, 1965

top pop news top pop

'Model man' Georgie

GEORGIE FAME acted as a "model" for clothes chosen for him by *Chrissie Shrimpton*—sister of famous model *Jean*—at the opening of a new Mod style boutique in London's Carnaby Street last week. Also at the reception were Jonathan King, Cathy McGowan, Zombies Chris White and Rod Argent, Spencer Davis, and members of Unit 4 + 2.

is slightly slower choosing. He seems to give more thought—very deep. Ray usually picks the group's stage shirts.

"Pete Quaife, like Keith of The Who, likes way-out clothes. He's out and out mod. Mick Avory stands and looks in the mirror, pulling faces and says: 'Yeah, all right, I'll have that one.'"

to make. That wouldn't be right—they want to be individual.

Not only boys buy at John Stephen's shops. "Goldie & The Gingerbreads are always popping in for slacks," John explained. "We've got a new girls' section in one of the shops and Dusty was in the other day for a dress. She

"Every time The Who come in they go through the racks saying, 'Got it! Got it!'" John Stephen

"The Spencer Davis group are another group who must have different things. If one buys one thing and another likes it he has to have it in a different colour.

"We never produce for general sale any special designs which artists ask us

came in very early when there were no other customers and no one watching her make her choice.

"Lulu buys quite a few skirts there but shortly we're opening another shop, especially for girls, in Carnaby Street called, of course, Her Clothes."

on April 11.
find out just what it is
Disc Weekly March 27 1965 Page 9

ROUND THE CLUBS ★ THE FLAMINGO, London

THE FLAMINGO is probably the most established London club. It's been in Wardour Street for the past eight years and its proudest claim to fame is that it discovered **Georgie Fame**.

Georgie was more or less resident at the club for over two years and attracted The Beatles and The Rolling Stones, who went out of their way to see him play.

Today Georgie still plays there, but people like Zoot Money and John Mayall play long stints. The Animals are frequent visitors. They treat it like a second home and it's the one club of its kind that has as many celebrities in its audience as playing.

The club is run by the Brothers Gunnell—Rik and Johnny—and Johnny acts as DJ between the "live" sessions. These are very long and two bands alternate all evening



GEORGIE FAME discovered there.

playing for about three hours. Records are very definitely R & B based—as are the people who play at the club.

Visiting Americans like Charlie and Inez Foxx, Rufus Thomas and T-Bone Walker always play The Flamingo.

The club is really one huge room downstairs in the basement of an old building. It is exceptionally dark and crowded, although people insist they dance there. There are two bandstands with a balcony round them and the club's only decoration is five rows of cinema seats in front of the stand. There is a bar and a hot dog stand and one room completely full of coke bottles—where they recorded Georgie Fame's first LP!

Membership is well over 600,000 and is 10s. a year. The club is open every night except Monday and Tuesday, as well as having a Sunday afternoon session. Regular all-nighters are held usually on Friday and Saturday from midnight to six in the morning, and entrance price is 15s. for non-members. If you are not already a member, it's possible to join on the door when you go in and this means you're a member for life.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION
GROUPS: Georgie Fame, Zoot Money, John Mayall, Jimmy Reed, The Soul Sisters, John Lee Hooker.

CHARGE: Varies depending upon who's on and what nights. Usually around 5s. for members and 7s. 6d. non-members.

AMENITIES: Hot snacks and the Gunnells' speciality "British Railway sandwiches."—P.V.

PICTORIAL PRESS/GETTY IMAGES



The honest truth with the most way-out pop group of them all

Pete Townshend speaking



Disc Weekly July 3 1965 Page 9

To put it in the words of their first hit record... you "can't explain" The Who. They're one of those strange

groups which suddenly appeared from out of the blue, and found themselves with a hit record. And then, just to prove they weren't going to be a one hit wonder, they quickly followed it up with another of their own compositions, 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere'.

They call themselves The Bush Boys because they all originally lived around Shepherd's Bush – and they're all ultra-mod in dress and appearance.

But the honest truth is that they just don't get on together! Socially, that is! Read here what Pete Townshend thinks about himself, Keith, John and Roger.

You don't live in Shepherd's Bush now, do you?

"No. Since we came into a bit of money, we've all moved around a bit. I live in Belgravia – just around the corner from our manager's flat. Keith, our drummer, is back at Wembley with his parents. John still lives in Shepherd's Bush, and Roger, who was born and bred in that area, still lives there too."

What's the reason you don't all live together like a lot of groups?

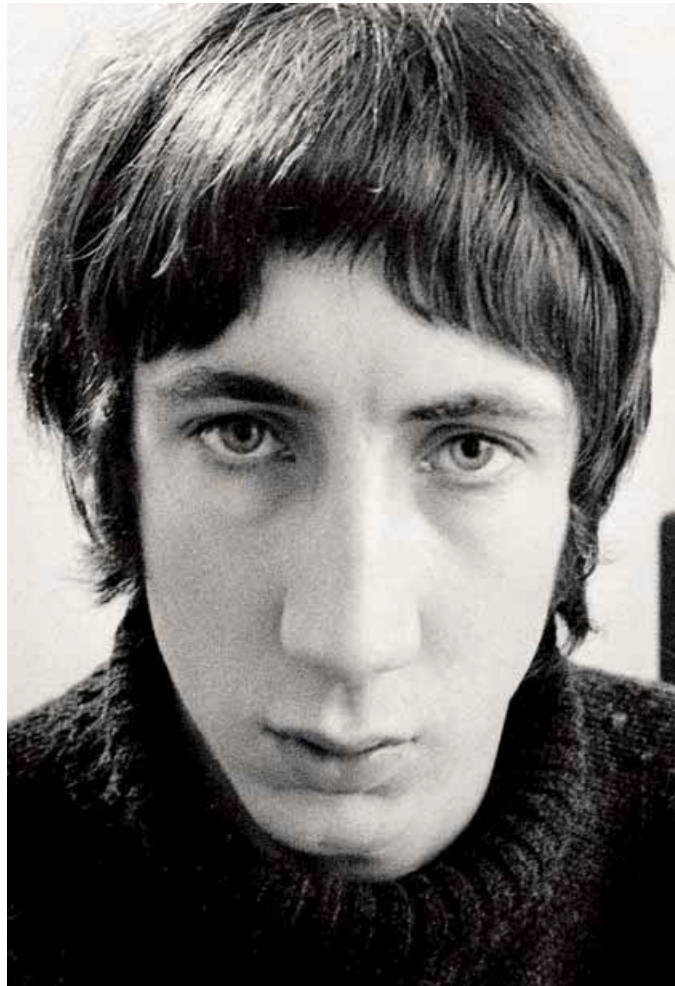
"We could never live together because we're not that sort of group. None of us get on all that well. Our tastes are so conflicting. Keith plays surfing records all the time and has got a very forceful personality. Roger's always bringing up what he thinks are matters of dire importance. On the other hand, any of us could live with John. He's easy to get on with. I prefer to live on my own."

What sort of music do you like – apart from the pop you write?

"Modern jazz. My favourites are John Coltrane and Charlie Parker, their records number hundreds in my collection. I wrote our latest hit and that was inspired by a Charlie Parker number."

How long have you been together?

"About nine months. Before Keith joined, myself, John and Rog were



"We could never live together, we're not that sort of group. None of us get on that well" Pete Townshend

together with another drummer. We started off as The Detours, then The Who, then The High Numbers... and then we went back to The Who."

Would you say The Who's image is built up on the sound you produce?

"We don't go for a sound. It's come like that. People think we're a bit weird, but we're not at all. Not so long ago we were playing all-out R&B – the sort of thing The Pretty Things are doing. Then we

changed to sweet music like Tamla Motown... and from that derived the sort of stuff we're doing now."

What about all this business of smashing your guitars against the amplifiers?

"In a lot of ways it's show – but it's a deliberate idea. Initially, what had happened was that one of the valves in my amplifier was up on the wall and I gave it a knock with my guitar. This got

a sound which everyone seemed to like. It also provides a good visual effect."

You must get through a lot of guitars?

"Yes, but it doesn't really smash up in a puff of smoke, which is a drag. If it did it would be great! It just cracks them and makes them unusable."

Who would you say is your closest friend in the group?

"I've known John the longest. He'd be the closest friend – but then, everyone else would say the same. He's the easiest-going. There's no friendship really, within the group, at all."

Who are you most friendly with in the business?

"I know a lot of groups. I know Lem Lubin of Unit Four Plus Two. We know Donovan, The Mojos, The Merseybeats. We know the Stones – from the Cromwellian and all those places."

Did any of you have any musical training at all?

"Yes, John. He's an accomplished French horn player. He was with the Middlesex Youth Orchestra. They only used three horns – and he was the lead."

One of the outstanding features of The Who must be the strange antics of your drummer, Keith. Why?

"He's only been playing for about two years. He's such a singularly extrovert drummer, that to talk about music as far as he's concerned would be ridiculous."

What happens if it ends tomorrow?

"I'll carry on writing and arranging."

What hobbies do you have?

"Roger always goes on about fishing. He's a mad fisherman – and an excellent one! John goes buying guitars. He buys and sells guitars like a salesman!"

What about girls? Anyone going to get married?

"I hate the thought of it. I live in a world of geezers. I like going around with blokes – or being on my own."

Mike Ledgerwood

Disc Weekly September 18 1965 Page 10

SMALL FACES: WE ARE MODS AND WE LIKE THE WHO!

SMALL FACES were busy throwing pieces of paper at traffic wardens.

They don't like traffic wardens! But they do like everyone else. In fact, they are overwhelmingly friendly.

"We are right Mods," they said cheerfully. And they talk about their "bottles" being "gone" at the success of "Whatcha Gonna Do About It."

They come from East London where they live with their families. They have been formed only 11 weeks and because of this—and the middle break in their record—they face a pretty obvious

comparison with that other Mod group, the Who. It upsets them.

"We like the Who, don't get us wrong," says Steve Marriott, their 18-year-old vocalist and lead guitarist.



● Steve Marriott

"But we aren't like them. That middle break in our record happened by accident."

There are four Small Faces —Steve; James Winston, who is 20 and plays organ and guitar and indulges in singing from time to time; Ronnie "Plonk" Lane, who's 19 and plays bass guitar and also sings; and Kenny Jones (17), drums. He doesn't sing.

Steve was a singer at 15 with a group which got nowhere. He left to take up an acting career. Then he joined another group called Steve Marriott's Moments. This didn't do much either.

WHO-DUNNIT!

Pete Townshend's experiments with noise at home for those weird sounds

Disc Weekly July 17 1965 Page 6

A huge Union Jack adorns one wall of his tiny bedroom, a model racing car set lies in a corner. Beside the ivory telephone is a red roadwork lamp. This is The Who guitarist Pete Townshend's pad, high above the homes of London's rich.

But it's no ordinary flat. In fact, it's not so much a home... more a do-it-yourself recording studio—for in a white-painted room across the landing Pete has equipment which would turn any tape recording enthusiast green with envy.

"I suppose there must be close on 1,000 quid's worth of stuff here," said Pete, indicating two tape decks, several guitars, a few large amplifiers and a couple of microphones.



Another not so quiet night in with Pete Townshend, 1965

"A lot of it is throwback stuff from the group, of course, which I've patched up." (The Who, you'll remember, are famous for the short lives of their equipment—because of the hammering they give it to get their sound.)

Pete spends nearly all his free time in his little studio—singing, playing, double-tracking and experimenting with weird and wonderful sounds. He hopes to record a few guitarists he's heard around the clubs.

He has been in his bachelor flat for only a month and is slowly furnishing it himself. There's a bookshelf above his bed and a pile of LPs. Hanging from a row of coat hooks was an expensive-looking camera, a nifty portable tape-recorder, a transistor radio and next to the white phone a battery-powered record player.

I asked about the model racing car kit in the corner.

"Oh, it's just a hobby. Sometimes we lay it all out and it almost fills the whole flat," said Pete, yawning loudly and rubbing his eyes for the umpteenth time. "I only got in from The Moody Blues' party at six this morning. Quite a rave, it was! Still, I never usually get to bed 'til about six anyway."

We wandered back into the studio and while Pete twiddled the knobs of the recording machinery I lounged in the cane rocking-chair which only arrived that morning.

Pete's flat is not so much a home, more a do-it-yourself recording studio

Suddenly my eardrums were blasted as the giant amplifiers burst into life and crashing guitar chords filled the room.

"This is a little something I worked out myself," said Pete. He turned the deafening sound down a bit. "It's called 'Blue Baby Blue' and I'm quite pleased with it."

What about the noise and the complaints from the neighbours?

"I've had about a dozen so far—but I don't take any notice. I'm planning to soundproof the place soon. It's OK so long as I don't start messing about in here late at night!"

Mike Ledgerwood

A VERY FRANK QUESTION TIME WITH THE YARDBIRDS

NME July 9 1965 Page 10

How far do you think we can go before the machine takes over from the musician? For example, haven't The Who gone too far with electronic sounds rather than music?

Keith: "The Who are creating with sounds just as surely as an artist with brush strokes. What is more important they are original."

"I've just been listening to a symphony on the third programme where they used effects from steel sheets, slabs of marble and 15 speakers. It was wonderful."

"I also believe that The Who have been inspired by us. We were always seeing them in our audience at one time either at the Marquee or the Crawdaddy."

Jim: "The Who and ourselves are the only groups doing anything new. I think that's far better than reviving these old numbers like Peter And Gordon. We all dislike that type of song."

Sam: "I would say that Bacharach's experiments with melody have been more successful than The Who's."

Jeff: "I was experimenting with echo effects and feedback years ago. Now it's become the thing. The Who's effects are drawing the crowds. I think they incorporate their own sound with some of The Beach Boys' style, and they are very good."

Keith Altham



Feedback to the future: The Yardbirds backstage at the Marquee



What sort of pop fan are you? How much do you spend on records compared with other things? What, in short, is YOUR fan rating? Disc Weekly today takes the pop temperature of two fans. Do their tastes and dislikes tally with yours?

IS THIS YOU?

NAME Andrew Lauder. **AGE** 17.

JOB Invoice clerk.

LIVES

In Notting Hill Gate hedditler (5 guineas a week). Parents and two older brothers live in County Durham.

POP LIKES

Animals, Who, Dusty Springfield, George Fame, Zoot Money, Solomon Burke, most of the Tamla-Motown stars. Specially interested in the blues.

DISCS

Buyt an average of two singles each week (6s. 8d. each) and about one LP per month (32s. each). Large collection of blues albums.

TV

Likes "Ready, Steady, Go" and "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Can easily live without the rest.

RADIO

Likes Radio London by day and Radio Luxembourg by night. Owns battery portable (price 13 guineas).

OUTINGS

Visits London clubs regularly each week, mostly to hear groups. Marquee (admission 7s. 6d.), Flamingo (10s. for all-nighter, 5s. for ordinary session). Used to go to pop concerts in Sunderland when living at home (average price 12s. 6d.).

FAN CLUBS

Doesn't belong to any. Would join Sae Records Appreciation Society if anything.

CLOTHES

Spends about £5 a month (and occasionally a week!). Likes light clothes, out of the ordinary, with personal touch and style. Shops mostly at Jefferson's, Charing Cross Road, London. Likes shoes, and spend about four or five guineas per pair.

HAIR

Visits barber once every six weeks for lifting up (price 6s.).

AFTER SHAVE/HAIR DRESSING

Uses Old Spice (if up early enough) while Christmas or birthday present last. No hair cream or oil, prefers to leave well alone!

SMOKING

Occasional king-sized tipped (2s. 8d. for 10).

DRINKS

Coke (1s. a bottle), half-a-bitter (1s. 2½d.).

AUTOGRAPHS/PIN-UPS

Got one autograph once from Freddie Freeman. Doesn't bother now except to gather as much information about blues and photos of blues stars as he can.

Life-lines of SMALL FACES



STEVE MARRIOTT RONNIE "PLONK" LANE JIMMY WINSTON KENNY JONES

Real name:	Steve Marriott	Ronald Frederick Lane	James Winston	Kenneth Jones
Birthday:	January 30, 1947	April 3, 1946	April 20, 1945	September 16, 1948
Birthplace:	Bow	Platow	Stratford	Stepney
Personal points:	5ft. 6in.; 8 st.; green eyes; brown hair	5ft. 6in.; 8 st. 8 lb. hazel eyes; dark brown hair	5ft. 6in.; 10½ st.; blue eyes; dark brown hair	5ft. 4in.; 9 st.; blue eyes; fair hair
Parents' names:	Kathleen and Bill	Stanley and Elsie	Cis and Bill	Violet and Samuel
Brothers and sisters:	Sister Kay	Brother Stanley	Brothers Frank and Derek	and None
Present home:	Ilford	Platow	Stratford	Stepney
Instruments played:	Guitar, drums, organ and harmonica	Bass and guitar	Organ, guitar	Drums
Where educated:	Sandringham Secondary Modern	Lister Technical College, Platow	Stratford Green Secondary Modern, Then Theatre Workshop and Self-taught singing with a jazz band	Stepney
Musical education:	None	Self-taught		
Age entered show business:	12	16	15	15
First public appearance:	The show "Oliver"	Duke's Head, East Ham	Sunset Strip Club, Jersey	Stepney
First professional appearance:	"Oliver"	Cavern Club, London	Small part in a TV play	College of Science
Biggest break in career:	Meeting our manager	Forming Small Faces	Forming Small Faces	Forming Small Faces
Biggest disappointment:	None	None	Nothing big	None
TV debut:	"Chicken James"	"Thank Your Lucky Stars"	"Silent Evidence" — a TV series—also commercials	"Thank Your Lucky Stars"
Radio debut:	"Don't Get Caught Freddy," a BBC play "Oliver"	"Saturday Club"	"Saturday Club"	"Saturday Club"
First important public appearance:			Singing with the jazz band. Many plays at Theatre Workshop	London's Cavern Club band. Many plays at Theatre Workshop
Compositions:	Numerous	"I Got Mine"	Numerous	None
Biggest influence on career:	James Brown, Garnet Mimms, Bobby Ray Charles	The Small Faces	Lighterman on the river	Assembler of musical instruments
Former occupation:	None	Working in a fairground	Lighterman on the river	Assembler of musical instruments
Hobbies:	Learning new instruments	Buying clothes	Skating, horse-riding, boxing, driving and travelling	Horse-riding and girls
Favourite colour:	None	None	None	Blue
Favourite food:	Anything nice	Anything nice	Salads, steaks, and curries	Fish
Favourite drink:	Coke	Coke	Champagne disguised as Coke or milk water	Coke or milk
Favourite clothes:	Anything mod that looks good	Anything that's mod but nice	Depends	Mod clothes
Favourite singer:	James Brown	Nina Simone	June Christy and James Brown	James Brown
Favourite actor/actress:	Peter Sellers, Ursula Andress	Jane Fonda / Steve McQueen	Marlon Brando, O'Toole	Peter Tony Curtis
Favourite bands/instrumentalists:	Charles Mingus, Patton—organ	Jon Charles Mingus, Ray Charles	Small Faces	James Brown
Favourite composers:	Numerous	Bacharach, Lennon-McCartney	Small Faces	
Favourite groups:	Hollies, Booker T and the M.G.'s	Hollies, Beatles, Stones, Booker T.	Hollies, Beatles, Stones, Booker T.	Hollies
Car:				
Miscellaneous likes:	Pleasant girls	Meeting nice people	Anything that's nice	Any girls so long as we get along
Miscellaneous dislikes:	Unpleasant girls	Meeting nasty people	Family and group	Travelling by bus
Most thrilling experience:	Falling over my wallet		Opening a bank account	Joining the Small Faces
Fancies in music:	Jazz—love volume	Anything played well	Everything except trad	New pop sounds
Personal ambition:	To play jazz	To be successful	Many. To have a No. 1 of course	To be liked by everybody and please everybody
Professional ambition:	To be a name group	To be a good bass player	Many. To have a No. 1 of course	To give my best on the drums at all times

from you to us COMMON TO ALL Current hit and latest release:

'Buzz' with a traffic warden!

CHRIS FARLOW and the Thunderbirds held a Press reception recently to launch their new record 'Buzz With The Fuzz' (which is slang for 'trouble with the police'). As a gimmick they had two men and a girl dressed up in police uniform to add "colour" to the proceedings.

They had just finished their number when they were called downstairs urgently—to find that a traffic warden had pinched them for illegal parking. And this warden was for real!

Sandie wants



CHRIS FARLOW, and Ian Hague and Paul Carson of the Thunderbirds, are "copped"—but not by the police. See "Bozz with a traffic warden."

◎ SINGLE

Melody Maker August 7 1965 Page 11



WHAT'CHA GONNA DO ABOUT IT

Small Faces
Decca

Starts with that great Solomon Burke 'Everybody Needs

Somebody' beat, but it's a bit thin to come off. Not the Doris Troy version of the same title. Latest modern guitar solo using slides and feedback—a good disc but lacking in decisive punch.

Bob Dawbarn

SMALL FACES GET THEIR FANS GOING!



Kennedy, Plonk, Steve and Jimmy face the future



NME October 15 1965 Page 12

The four young Carnaby Street-clad mods filed into the pub and I immediately realised why they call themselves the Small Faces. It's simply because they're probably the smallest group on the pop scene. They're all less than five foot six!

They introduced themselves, bought a round of drinks and we settled down round a table. "Although we've only been together four months," began Steve Marriott, sipping ginger beer, "we think we have now got quite a good act."

Part of the Small Faces' success onstage seems to be that they have a ball. As Ronnie Lane, known as Plonk, explained: "It's all a gas! We go onstage and really enjoy ourselves. We play the music we like and we improvise on well-known numbers. Goes well."

Steve continued: "The fact that we are enjoying ourselves seems to make the audience feel more at ease. They find it easier to let themselves go. On the rare occasions we've had only a handful of people in to see us, we still enjoy playing for them and our own amusement."

"A crowd of rockers arrived at one of our gigs and we thought a punch-up likely. But they just formed a circle and danced about. It was great!" Steve Marriott

Although the group is still getting a great big kick from what they're doing they realise that the pop business is not just one long giggle. Now that 'What'cha Gonna Do About It' is climbing the *NME* Chart, the group is taking life a bit more seriously.

"We now feel that we'll have to think about follow-ups and so on. We didn't have much to worry us before but now we'll have to work hard," said Steve.

The Small Faces formed more or less by accident. When Plonk left school in Plaistow (London) he started working in a fairground. After it closed for the

winter, he decided to form a group round his bass playing. First he wanted a drummer. His brother suggested someone he had heard playing in the local pub – Kennedy Jones.

Kennedy joined Plonk and shortly afterwards they met lead guitarist Steve

in a coffee bar in East Ham. They soon recruited him and he suggested the fourth member, a guitarist-organist friend of his called Jimmy Winston.

The group played at a working men's club in Sheffield.

"We went onstage and started the act we'd planned. Halfway through the manager stopped us, said he was sorry but we were just not right for a working men's club. Anyway, he paid us before we left!

"But strangely enough there was a woman of about 60 who loved us. She knew all the James Brown numbers we played and kept asking for more. The other people, however, just didn't go for our kind of music."

That episode didn't particularly worry the Small Faces, but what does worry them is the fact that they have been compared with The Who.

"We admire The Who," said Plonk, "but we have never tried to copy them in any way. We are mods and appeal to mods, but that's about all we have in common with them."

Kennedy added: "At the moment we are trying to get a sound of our own. We want people to recognise us immediately. But we don't want to do this by copying anyone else."

Being a mod group, does this mean that their appeal is limited to the London area – the heart of mod territory?

"Not in the least," Steve replied. "There are many places in the North and Midlands that are as mod – if not moddier – than London. A crowd of rockers arrived at one of our gigs and we thought a punch-up likely. But they just formed themselves into a circle and danced about. It was great!"

When the group returned from up North they started working in an East Ham pub. While playing there an agent liked them and gave them a one-shot at London's Cavern Club in Leicester Square. The group were so popular they were booked for a five-week residency!

Their reputation gradually grew and soon agent Don Arden wanted to sign the Small Faces without seeing or hearing them. The group insisted that he must see them first.

When eventually he did see the group, he signed them on the spot.

Although they have only been together a short time, the group is already preparing for its first film. "It will be a comedy thriller and we'll be playing several numbers in it," Steve revealed. "It's hard to believe that six months ago we didn't even know each other!"

SMASHING TIME COSTS WHO FORTUNE!



Jumping Jack smash: Townshend at the Goldhawk Social Club



NME November 12 1965 Page 3

Anyone who has ever seen a demolition gang smashing down a building will know what it's like when The Who get up steam. Their music rolls and crashes and throbs like a berserk thunderstorm – and naturally, it doesn't do their instruments any good.

Vocalist Roger Daltrey slumped into a chair and told me: "This isn't a gimmick and I'm telling you no lies, but we have got to get new guitars and drums every month or so. They just get smashed up. And it's costing us a fortune!"

Then he sat up and gave it to me straight: "You could even say The Who are running at a loss."

There wasn't even the slightest trace of a smile. For Roger Daltrey, helping to produce the group's searing brand of music, is the most serious person in the world.

This is the kind of dedication that has sent The Who's 'My Generation' absolutely c-c-crashing up the NME Chart this week. It now stands at Number Three, a jump of 13 places.

So many theories have been advanced about the disc and its stuttering gimmick that I asked Roger if one story credited to him – that the number is about someone who was "blocked" (or on drugs) – was true. He denied he had ever said that.



Roger Daltrey: "The most serious person in the world"

"The song just tells about a young kid who's tryin' to express himself, y'know?" Then he grinned. "Apart from that, it was freezing in the studios when we

"We don't want to follow anybody else's trend. We want to set it" Roger Daltrey

recorded it. That's why I stutter on the lyrics!"

There was a lot of disagreement about 'My Generation' and the treatment they should give it. "Near punch-ups," according to Roger.

He has never disguised the fact that quite often the members of The Who can't stand each other. He claims that this is all good.

"Don't believe whatever you've seen before," he says heatedly. "The Who will never split up. We have arguments all the time but this is what gives us that extra spark. We thrive on friction."

Like it or not, Roger's regarded by many as an avant-garde mod spokesman in the pop business. I asked him for his views on the current pop scene.

He feels that it is in "a bad state" at the moment, but that discs like Ken Dodd's 'Tears' are purely a momentary lapse!

At the same time, he doesn't want to stick his neck out by making a prediction about the next big pop trend.

"We don't want to follow anybody else's trend," he told me. "We want to set it. The worst thing

about starting something new, like we have, is that everybody else jumps on the bandwagon!"

He looked thoughtful. "I suppose it's a good thing, because it makes us change to something new. And that's what we want to do. We just feel we never want to get in a rut or grow old."

Alan Smith



ALBUM



MY GENERATION
The Who
Brunswick

Earthy R&B sounds emerge as Roger

Daltrey wails over his messages, aided by the others vocally and instrumentally. The two guitarists get a full sound, and drummer Keith Moon really beats out a compelling rhythm. There may be disagreement within the group, but when they get together they put on a united performance!

Allen Evans

NME December 17 1965 Page 4



Steam power: (l-r) Rod, Long John, Julie and Brian

The how and when of The Steampacket

Melody Maker August 28 1965 Page 7

In a somewhat loud striped suit, blues singer Long John Baldry, with the help of organist Brian Auger, told the story of the formation of The Steampacket – a small package show which promises to make a big impact in the R&B clubs.

Muttered Baldry: "I had to disband The Hoochie Coochie Men, who I was then playing with, because of financial reasons – I was losing £400 a week! It just couldn't happen so I swallowed it."

Auger took up the story with rather a mad gleam in his eye: "We were having one of our raving scenes at the Cromwellian one night, and John suggested that it might be a good idea if we joined forces."

Along came John: "So that I wouldn't have to sing a two-hour show completely on my own I thought we'd include another singer, Rod Stewart, who used to be with Jimmy Powell & The Five Dimensions, The Hoochie Coochie Men and, of late, The Soul Agents."

"To complicate matters," said Brian, "my manager Giorgio Gomelsky thought that we might add girl blues singer Julie Driscoll. Since December The Trinity, who I play with, have been going from strength to strength – so I thought this travelling package show would be a good idea.

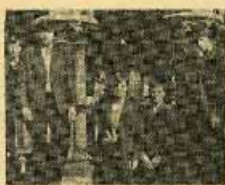
"There wasn't anything of this type in England before, and I felt a move in this direction in the R&B field would be a good thing."

Are we going hear The Steampacket on single records? Said Brian: "Well, naturally that's on the cards, but at the moment it is impossible because we are all under different record labels. So, I think, it will be a while before the Packet get a hit!

"It's a weird situation because we are all turning out individual records. I've a new single coming out, 'Green Onions '66', and an LP and EP, all with The Trinity."

Said Long John: "I'm recording a new single this week called 'How Long Will It Last', which is scheduled for late-September release, so we're going our separate ways. However, if we get hits, it all goes to helping The Steampacket, so buy our records, folks!"

THE UP-AND-COMERS ON THE LONDON CLUB



ARTWOODS: One word and not two, the Artwoods formed in 1964 as an amalgamation of the Art Woods Combo and Red Bludd's Bluesicians. Art Wood was a founder member of Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated with Cyril Davies and Charlie Watts. Playing jazz-based R&B they have backed artists like Little Walter as well as drawing their own fan following. Line up: Art Woods (vocalist, harmonica), Derek Griffiths (lead guitar), Jon Lord (organ and piano), Malcolm Pool (bass guitar) and Keef Hartley (drums).

JIMMY JAMES AND THE VAGABONDS: An all-coloured group they came to Britain from Jamaica in the West Indies and broke into the scene by playing at debs' parties. But they didn't really enjoy the restriction on their music it necessitated and are now happier playing London clubs like the Marquee. Currently on the Manfred Mann – Yardbirds tour they go to Hungary for concerts at Budapest at Christmas. They call their music "rock and soul". Line-up: Jimmy James (vocals), Count Prince Miller (vocals), Rupert Balgobin (drums), Phillip Chen (lead guitar), Carl Griffiths (Tenor sax), Wallace Wilson (bass gtr) and Carl Noel (organ).



THE ACTION: One group who caused quite a stir when they supported the Who earlier this year at the Marquee, were the Boys. Six months ago they changed their name to the Action and started building up a firm following which resulted in a contract with Beatles recording manager George Martin, receive all over England. All from North London, the Action are one of our best Tamla Motown-style acts in group form. Their line up is—Reg King (singer), Mick Evans, (bass guitar), Pete Watson (lead guitar), Alan King (rhythm guitar); and Roger Powell (drums).

JIMMY BLUES: Mayall one of R&B a great public ago wife te tree ho group i the mo authent ly lead R&B gr the Jo house plays r monica harnes many "Crocc his fe up Ery Hughi John monic Jack I

TOP NATIONAL AND LOCAL GROUP

Melody Maker November 13 1965 Page 11

THE ACTION

RECORDS. recorded several records when known as the Boys. Changed to the Action six months ago and under the supervision of Beatles man, George Martin, recorded their latest disc, "Land of 1000 Dances". **PERSONNEL:** Reg King, 19, singer; Mick Evans, 19, bass guitar; Roger Powell, 13, drums; Alan King, 20, rhythm; and Pete Watson, 20, lead guitar. **THEY** adore the Tamla Motown label and hope to switch more people on to their kind of music. Otis Redding and James Brown also figure in their up to date repertoire. "1000 Dances" is almost off the ground and their fans, especially in London, Manchester and Portsmouth, are doing everything to plug it. They also express a firm desire to buy a new band coach. Their present one is murder!



SINGLE

Melody Maker October 23 1965 Page 8



LAND OF ONE THOUSAND DANCES
The Action
Parlophone

No idea. Who is it? The Action – they're new aren't they? It has great merit. It has a cute little something about it that implants itself in the mind. Hooray for The Action, that's all I can say.
Alan Freeman



Pickett of the pops: The Action in 1965

MODS

CAUGHT ON CAMERA

Not only was **Terence Spencer** in all the right places at all the right times, he was obviously the right man for the job

Early in 1979, during the mod revival, Pete Townshend suggested I compile a book covering the original '60s mods and the new mods. I disliked books written by outsiders who didn't know their subject and felt I couldn't write about the mod revival, so I limited it to the original '60s mod. Unfortunately, I soon hit a major problem. Basically, despite intensive research, there were hardly any photographs of mods to be found anywhere and, of the few there were, less than a dozen could be considered great.

I decided to abandon the first book and start again, redoubling my search for pictures. Slowly and surely, we assembled photos from various sources and it was looking good. Places like the *Daily Mirror* photo library proved particularly fruitful. (Fortunately the librarians knew me by sight, but didn't realise I'd left the *Mirror* some years earlier.)

Terence Spencer captured the essence of the mod movement with the eye of a professional

Then, by chance, we were handed a thick folder in a central London picture agency which contained dozens of contact sheets specifically covering our subject. Photographer Terence Spencer had shot a series of photographs in the summer of 1964 for a feature on mods and rockers in *Life* magazine. The press had recently discovered mods as a result of the riots at Clacton and Brighton.

His photographs were exactly what we needed and filled the gaps. He'd not only got pictures of the Bank Holiday battles but he'd also covered the clubs, *Ready Steady Go!*, the Scene Club, The High Numbers and so on. He really got to the heart of it. This was surprising as most Fleet Street photographers had a knack of completely missing the point, getting everything wrong then trivializing it. Terry Spencer, although he was 20 or so years older than his subjects, not only captured the essence of the mod movement he also did it with the experienced eye of a professional photographer. That's why more Terry Spencer pictures feature in my book *Mods!* than from any other photographer. He did it all so perfectly – not only was he in all the right places at the right times, but he was obviously the right man for the job.

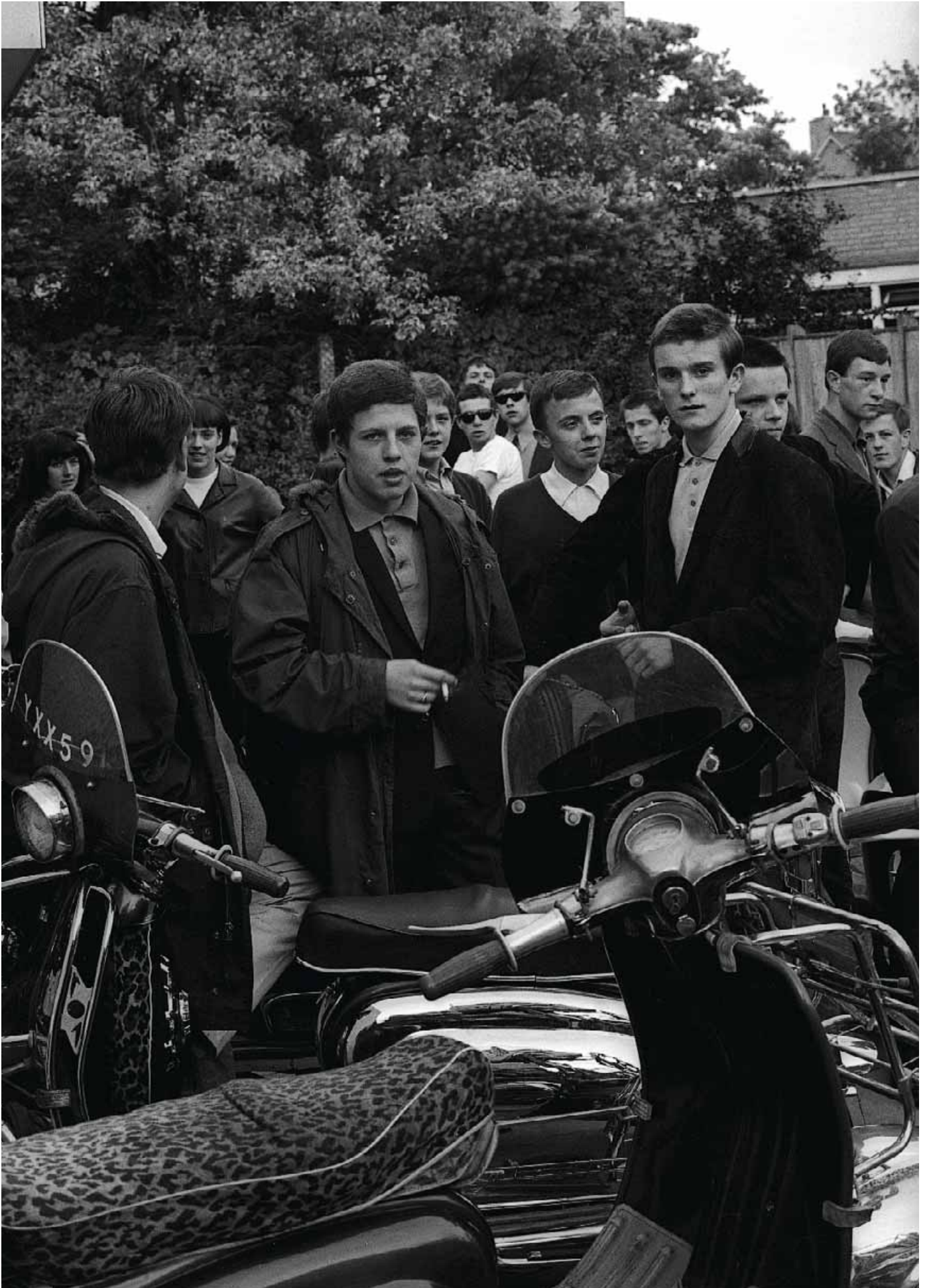
Richard Barnes

LOCAL DANCE HALL, PUTNEY JULY 1964

"Terry Spencer's panoramic picture captures the experience of the local dance hall in Putney during the mod era in July 1964. The boy in the forefront in the white suit has a characteristic French backcombed hairstyle. Kids would dance together, alone, in groups of either boys or girls or mixed. As the boys were getting more clothes conscious and concerned over their appearance, many girls became more masculine in appearance with short hair and no make-up."









DOING MICKEY'S MONKEY
JULY 1964

"Mickey Tenner was a great dancer and is here seen in the Scene Club, the top club for the top faces. The girl in the patterned print top is Sandy Sargeant who was a regular featured dancer on *Ready Steady Go!* and went on to marry Ian McLagan of the Small Faces. Mod dance styles were very neat, particularly the block and the bang, two very mod dances which had intricate, fast-moving, neat steps that seemed to be dancing in on themselves. This was perfected because of the small dancing area allowed in the crowded clubs."



THE SCENE CLUB
JULY 1964

"Singer Ronnie Jones playing at London's top mod club, with Pete Townshend and The High Numbers backing. The Scene was right at the heart of London in seedy Ham Yard, just minutes from Piccadilly Circus and boasted mod legend Guy Stevens as DJ (boss of the Sue record label and, years later, producer of The Clash) and kids mostly danced to his selection of 45s, however live bands such as Jimmy James & The Vagabonds, The High Numbers and Herbie Goins & The Nightimers also played in the club."

SCOOTER CLUB
JULY 1964

Opposite page: "The main mod accessory was the scooter. Scooters, mostly Vespas and Lambrettas, fitted perfectly into the mod ethos because they were modern and sleek and clean. Not dirty and oily like motorbikes, which were considered 'too working class'. Scooters were not only good for posing but gave mods mobility. Berets were worn before helmets were made compulsory."



READY STEADY GO!
JULY 1964

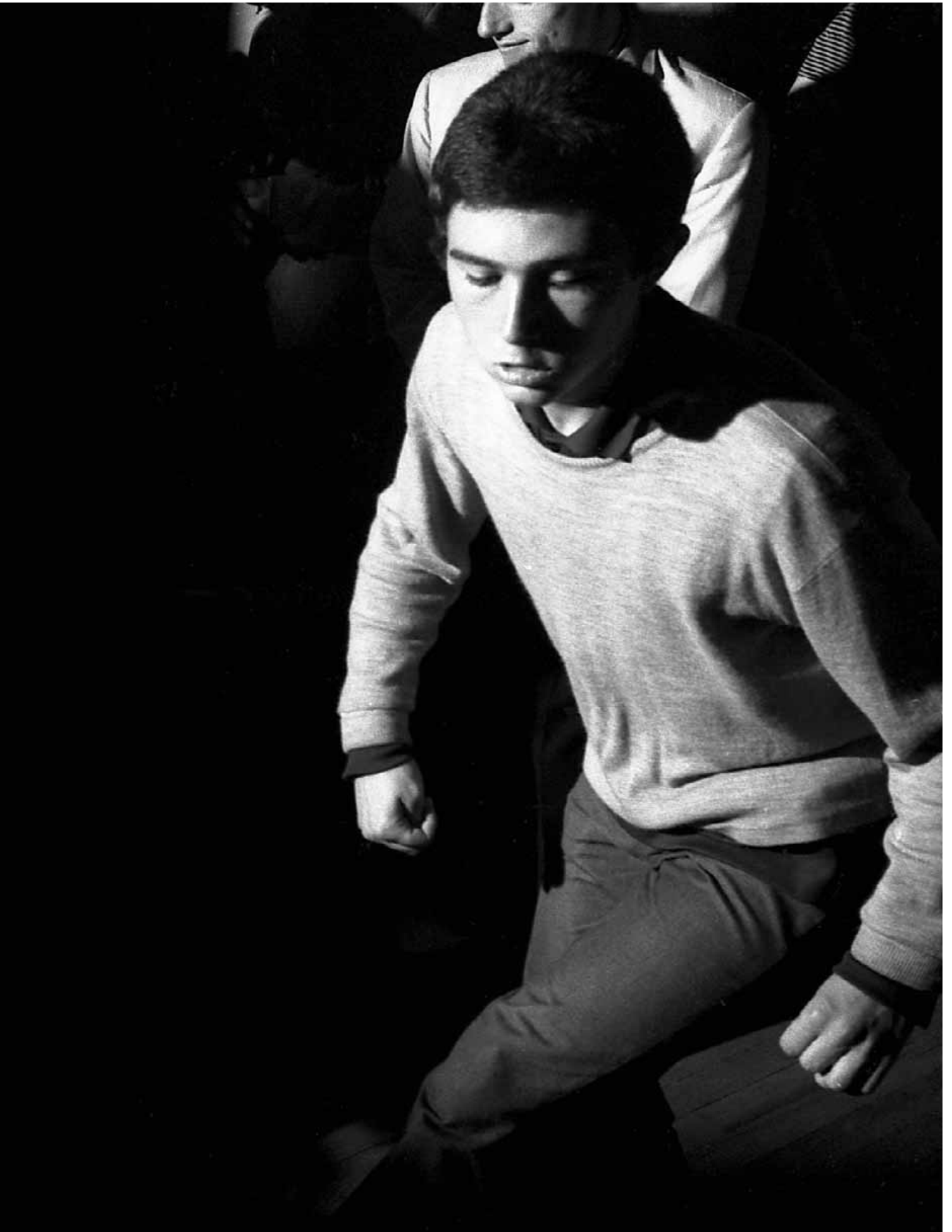
"Just after six o'clock on a Friday evening television screens would see a series of pop art images – arrows, targets and chevrons with the announcement "5-4-3-2-1... the weekend starts here!" The credits to *Ready Steady Go!* would burst onto the screen and television would briefly turn mod. Other TV pop shows were all a bit naff, but *RSG!* was right on the button. This fantastic TV show has never been bettered. Copies of all but about a dozen shows were wiped or destroyed by Rediffusion who couldn't see any merit in preserving them.

"It would be watched countrywide by mods determined to catch sight the latest hairstyles, jackets, suits, dresses, make-up and dances. The show became the main conveyer of the most up-to-date style changes and did more than anything else to communicate the mod lifestyle. About 250 kids were recruited from clubs and dance halls every week to make up the audience. You could show off your dancing, your clothes or just see and be seen. Good dressers and dancers were invited back."



THE SCENE CLUB
JULY 1964

Opposite page: "A dedicated mod would start the weekend dancing on *Ready Steady Go!* then move on to the Scene Club until midnight, then round to the Allnighter in Wardour Street to catch *Georgie Fame* until 4 am."





CARNABY STREET
JULY 1964

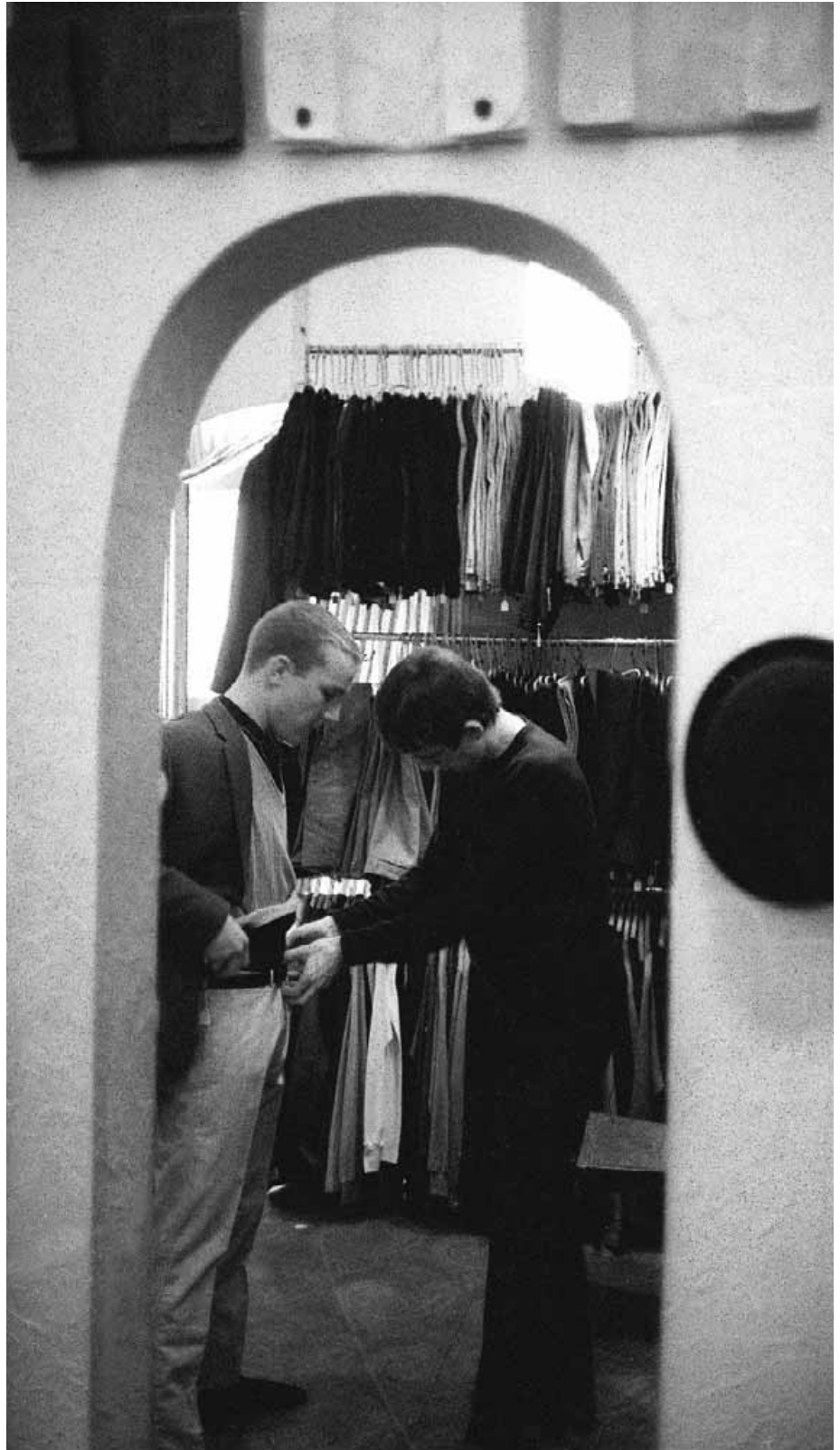
"Ace scooter mod in his suit outside The Mod Male in Carnaby Street. His bluebeat hat, like a traditional English bowler hat with a short brim, and called a 'Pork Pie' hat, was originally worn by the West Indians from the influential nightclub the Roaring Twenties which, probably unknown to this mod, was located, by coincidence, in an innocuous basement in Carnaby Street."

CARNABY STREET
JULY 1964

"Terry Spencer photographed inside to show the actual day-to-day shop life in Carnaby Street. It is difficult today to imagine how groundbreaking Carnaby Street was. British male fashion seemed stuck in the dark ages with very little style until the '60s. Apart from maybe Cecil Gee, the high street clothing chains like Burtons just didn't cater for the newly emerging youth market."

CARNABY STREET
JULY 1964

"Before the '60s young people didn't have any disposable income. With full employment and higher wages kids could buy what they wanted for the first time. A major change on youth style came about with the introduction of hire purchase. A kid could buy a scooter or a suit without having to save up. He paid for it weekly."





CARNABY STREET
JULY 1964

“Boutiques like those in Carnaby Street transformed shopping making it more fun and less of an ordeal. The place was exciting and mods and others would not only shop but ‘hang out’ there like these three kids (above) seriously posing with their shades. Pop stars would mingle with the shoppers. After a while, nearly every shop was a clothes shop and the name Carnaby Street became famous and attracted media attention.”

CARNABY STREET
JULY 1964

“Designer John Stephen set up his workshop in this tatty narrow back street between Beak Street and Marlborough Street because the rent was only £10 a week. He opened a shop based on a continental boutique called His Clothes and along with three or four others imported and copied casual, well-cut French and Italian menswear. For a time the daring, stylish, sexy clothes from Carnaby Street quite literally couldn’t be found anywhere else and, simply by word of mouth, the place took off. Soon every Saturday saw hundreds of style-hungry teenagers searching out this backwater.”

POP THINK IN

Steve Marriott

Melody Maker June 4 1966 Page 19

Soul singing

"Everyone's got soul, but as far as Negro soul singing goes only they can do it. But white artists can interpret coloured soul into their own. You don't have to be born on the wrong side of the tracks."

The Who

"A gas. I can't really understand their personal basis – the friendship basis – but I don't want to understand. Their music is great and always will be."

LSD

"Something I don't know much about, except what I read in the Sunday papers. It's a mind drug and a short-cut."

Purple hearts

"Things of the past. There are so many pills now that people refer to as purple hearts. I think they are a drag. Pills do you in eventually."

Yakking birds

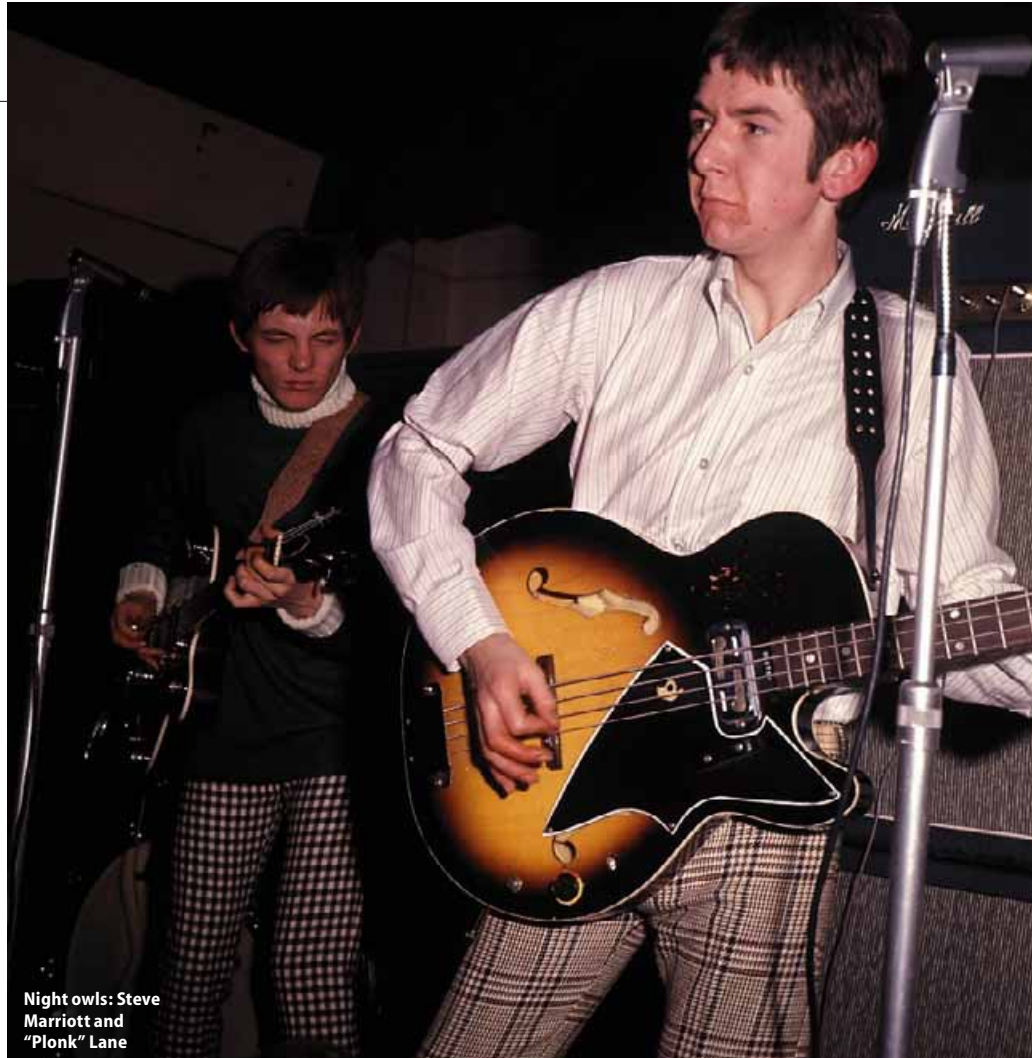
"Pills give a lot of these birds the rabbits. If I meet a yakking bird I say, 'Oh, I'm sorry, I've got an appointment.' I try to keep out of their way. But when a bird starts rabbiting look at her eyes, and you'll always suss 'em out."

Spoons

"My dad plays them. Really – he's great! Fred Scuttle for President!"

French fags

"Do my lungs in. It's all they smoke in France, funnily enough."



Night owls: Steve Marriott and "Plonk" Lane

Night time is the right time for the Small Faces



Melody Maker February 26 1966 Page 12

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

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

"We're still playing roughly the same old stuff but we relive it," explained Steve Marriott, "It's the Booker T kick really. He plays 12 bar numbers, but they are fantastically hip

sounds. We dig Booker T & The MG's and the guitarist Steve Cropper is the guv'nor."

What is the point of these moonlight sessions?

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

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

Mac began to explain to what lengths the group would go to with their "mystery sounds". "Even if we went further out than The Who, we'll still be different from them sound-wise. The Who are completely wrapped up in sound whereas we're more conscious of our stage act. We worry about which numbers to put in, and which to leave out, and have ends arranged for each number. The Who might improvise a wild middle part, and then just peter the number out.

"I attach great importance to the end of a number," said

Mac seriously, "because the audience remember and notice the end."

Does Mac believe the group's preoccupation with weird sound will lead them into deep waters?

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

"After a gig, or on a night off, we have these work-outs" Steve Marriott



I'M A RAVER, NOT A SINGER

Admits Small Face Steve Marriott

NME May 20 1966 Page 3

The Small ("ah! – aren't they cute?") Faces are doing big things on the pop scene. Their third big hit, self-penned and called 'Hey Girl', in the *NME* Chart this week at Number 13, has added more power to their tiny elbows.

Steve Marriott, the 19-year-old lead guitarist, composer and vocalist, with the onion-shaped hairstyle, is a tough, alert Stepney lad with some interesting views on his status as a pop singer.

"I'm not a singer. Singers sing!" he informed me. "I go onstage and I just rave around. That's how we make our records. I sit down and work on the lyric while Plonk (the bass player) raves around me, keeping me awake.

"Tony Bennett sings. I don't. Scott Walker sings; he's probably the best singer on the scene at the present time. Singers are people like Frank Sinatra, whom I don't dig – but I dig his daughter!" he added graciously.

A certain amount of ape-like assent from round a café table by the other

Faces signified we were on common ground over Nancy Sinatra.

We arrived in the café after admiring drummer Kenney Jones' new Mini, with its black and white chequered bonnet. The boys then ordered up a selection of doughnuts and custard pies which would have sent the less courageous groups rushing for the acne ointment.

The conversation began to revolve around the refurbishing of the Pimlico

"Singers are people like Frank Sinatra, whom I don't dig – but I dig his daughter!" Steve Marriott

house where all the boys live. The house is looked after for the group by a German housekeeper, whose greatest attribute would appear to be that "she makes 'ansome fudge", as Plonk put it.

The topic switched to their refusal to appear on *Thank Your Lucky Stars*.

Steve said: "We refused to do it because, although we had a best-selling

LP out and a single in the charts, they refused to let us do more than one number and they wanted us to open the show, which was being topped by Dee Dee Warwick."

Plonk took over: "We'd been opening everything," he said plaintively. "They were beginning to call us the Small Openers. I mean, own up – we had a number in the Top Ten. So let us be second or something."

Craig Douglas then came under the hammer, largely due to the fact that the Small Faces had recently played in cabaret with him at Mr Smiths. Plonk was particularly moved by Craig's rendering of 'Why Am I A Teenager In Love'.

"He actually did all his hits," said Plonk, shaking his head.



The film in which the boys debut is *Dateline Diamonds*, but it's apparently not to their liking.

"You mean our latest comedy?" said Steve. "I wish they'd stop treating us as Walt Disney material and give us a juicy role. Like in the Stones' new film."

We finished our tea and left. Steve invited me to share a lift in the Mini back to town. "Where are you going?" I enquired.

"Carnaby Street," replied Steve. Somehow it figures!

Keith Altham



Small Faces head to the local café for more doughnuts and custard pies



Up on the roof with The Action: Reggie (in Arran) Mick (in centre),

to England we got on to the Tamla Motown kick in a big way.

"We were a united group, rather than five kids just formed, and we chucked in the R&B stuff completely and built up a new repertoire from scratch," said Mick.

"It took us six months to finish a Tamla repertoire in between supporting The Who at the Marquee. They were on the same kick then. After that six months we became a complete group, and from there it was a matter of building ourselves to a successful and commercial unit.

"I don't think The Action will be complete until our repertoire is totally original. I think we have absorbed enough music over the years to start writing our own Motown numbers, but just now there's too much on our plate. What? Well we are

"We are grooming ourselves into a professional unit set for commercial success!" Mick Evans

grooming ourselves into a professional unit set for commercial success!

"Tamla is a musical form that takes a long time to learn and understand and until we do fully it would be silly to write diluted rubbish," said Mick.

Already The Action have been accused of being unoriginal and wasting their time reviving Tamla numbers. What does Mick think?

"We have never claimed that our numbers were our own. It's the music we dig and believe in, so we'll go on playing it whatever anybody thinks. We rearrange all of the numbers, and most of them are twice as long as the originals – so they are not cover versions, but re-arranged 'classics'."

The Action are cool and nicely unaffected by the turmoil going on around them and as Mick shrewdly says, they've had so many 'let-downs' in their recording career they won't believe they're on a TV programme until it's over.

"We won't believe we've 'arrived' until we've got a hit record under our belt and the audience are joining in – and if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

Nick Jones

WHERE THE ACTION IS...

Melody Maker February 19 1966 Page 6



The last group to stir up so much reaction in London were The Who. Before their volcanic uprising the scene had been comparatively dead except for Spencer Davis' timely arrival.

Now there is The Action. They are five north Londoners with a cool, clean, harmonic Tamla sound, and they look like they'll chalk up another triumph from the Marquee club launching pad.

Their tall bass guitarist Mick Evans sums up the feeling of success: "I keep getting silly birds phoning me up all of the time – but otherwise all this attention is rather nice. Naturally we like the status it gives us, but I resent people who think that groups are overnight successes. They don't realise most groups have been on the breadline years before they 'arrive'."

Singer Reggie King, drummer Roger Powell, rhythm guitarist Alan King and lead guitarist Peter Watson, along with Mick the bass, have certainly arrived. Life is suddenly nothing but interviews, photo-sessions and well-paid jobs – but it took the boys two solid years slogging away to get there.

"Sometimes I get embarrassed watching someone like Herbie Goins & The Nightimers. They are proper musicians who we admire musically, and in most cases we'd be supporting them on the bill. Suddenly I realise how positions had been reversed and they are our supporting group. It can be a bit embarrassing."

A well-rehearsed, polished group, The Action spent six months last year practising daily for five hours.

Along with two months in Germany, this has prepared them for the big time.

"We had six months with almost no work, so we just practised away. I think that, coupled with ambition and not wanting to do a 'grey' nine-to-five day kept us going. Then we did the German stint mainly on the blues kick. When we returned

THE ACTION – RAVERS JUST LIKE THE WHO

THE ACTION's manager — a nice gentleman called Ricky Farr — said that he would get them out from under the table and drag them to the telephone.

The Action are like that. People everywhere, it seems, are wandering around with glazed expressions muttering "The Action—pov!" — just as they used to about the Who.

PUNCH

Musically they are knocking cold all within listening range of the Marquee, Wardour Street, London. Their personalities are no less outrageous.

Apart from hiding under tables they are given to strong desire to punch people up the

ear, and make peculiar noises at innocent pedestrians from their cars.

Their connection with the Who is strong.

"Two years ago we turned professional. We were called 'The Boys' then and we were second group to the Who at the Marquee," said the Action's lead singer Reggie King.

"We used to look up to the Who. The good thing about being on with them was that people who saw them saw us at the same time. We were very envious of them and used to walk around saying 'One day that will happen to us'."

The Action — unlike most new raving groups — seem to get on extremely well.

They all live near each other in Kentish Town and have



● Reggie King

been friends since school days. "We're all potty," says Reggie cheerfully. "But terribly normal. We all live at home with our family, and report home at night."

NAMES

The Action are Reggie (20), Roger Powell, drummer (19), Pete Watson, lead guitar (19), Alan King, rhythm guitar (19) and Mick Evans, bass guitar (19).

WATCH THE ACTION. FOR AS THEY SAY THEY "ARE."

Disc Weekly February 19 1966 Page 10

Another towering performance from The Who



Goodbye to the pop art era

Disc Weekly October 1 1966 Page 20

The Who

The Who were the first people in the world to wear pop art clothes, it was an absolute scoop," said the group's manager, Kit Lambert, over lunch with Pete Townshend this week.

True enough. Way back in the days of 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere' it was Mr Lambert's idea, with impressions gained by Mr Townshend at art school, to put The Who in Union Jacks and targets and start a fashion stampede.

The Who are rarely seen wearing anything so patriotic these days. Is their sartorial brainchild all that old hat?

"We have finished with pop art in a way," said Pete. "Though we are not completely departing from it. For instance, we are thinking of starting one of our TV programmes by bursting in through Union Jacks. It will be to show group development, presenting The Who as they were a year ago.

"But that's all it amounts to now with us - group history. We've passed the stage where we used it as a great promotional idea. We don't need that now.

"I just want to stay with the group as it is as long as I can, because it's great fun. In fact everyone in the group wants to stay in music for the rest of their lives.

"Obviously The Who won't last that long. And when pop becomes completely non-existent I'm leaving. What I would like to do then is to go into writing musicals and operettas.

"That doesn't mean I'm getting fed up with writing pop songs. I think they're as valuable musically and aesthetically as anything else. The stuff we are doing at the moment particularly gives me a lot of satisfaction.

"I've been writing The Who's numbers for two-and-a-half years now since the days of our first record 'I Can't Explain'. The others

another helped think up the name The Who.

"That's what I like to do in the evenings when we're not playing - to sit at home and work out new ideas. So does Roger.

"John and Keith also have the same choice in nightlife - they spend most of their time in clubs.

"So out of working time we don't see a lot of each other, because we all live in our own places and they're a long way apart.

"Our ambition now is to break into the American chart. We're all hoping our promotional visit there will do it for us. A film of us being

"What I would like to do is go into writing musicals and operettas" Pete Townshend

are writing a bit of our stuff now, but I still do most of it.

"But I'm quite happy to take a background place to Roger in the group. Of course, I like the glamour but I don't particularly want the top spot when we appear.

"I get most of my ideas in conversation with friends. I have a lot of buddies who are full of ideas.



"One of them did the artwork for the 'I'm A Boy' publicity and

shown on TV there to coincide with the release of 'I'm A Boy'.

"I don't know why, but we are one of the few top British groups who haven't made it there yet.

"People in the States seem to have the idea that we're the third biggest group in Britain and they're just waiting for us to hit it there.

"I think they're just as surprised as us that we haven't, but the fact remains we haven't."


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◎ SINGLE

Melody Maker March 5 1966 Page 8



SUBSTITUTE

The Who

Reaction

Oh, great. It's just too much. They sound like Billy Fury. (Falls on floor laughing). It's good. It's great. I think they'll

get a Number One with this. That'll please Pete - and Keith's mum! I can honestly say it's not as good as 'My Generation', but it's definitely a Number One. Dig that 'Rescue Me' sound. Pete's writing more and more commercial stuff - this actually conjures up a visual picture of them. Hayley Mills will like it.

Steve Marriott



THIS IS THE ACTION

The Action is at London's Marquee Club. And that's where Maureen O'Grady went to get this RAVE story for you . . .

The Action's manager, Ricky Parr, had warned me not to be too surprised about the behaviour of his group. They're all crazy, he had said, and soon around a lot. Fortunately, when I met them, they'd just completed six days on the P. J. Proby tour, and were, I'm glad to say, beautifully subdued and tired.

There are five in the Action—Reg King, the lead vocalist; Al Kings—no relation they tell you automatically—an rhythm guitar; Roger Powell on drums; Peter Watson on lead and Mick Evans on bass. Roger was out buying new drums and Mick new clothes for the group and the three I had before me were Al, Reg and Pete.

The Action are, as if we didn't know, the latest group to have had a great big stand off into the Pacific land with "It's Keep On Holding On", and are long-standing residents of the Marquee Club.

But things haven't always been so easy for them. Reg told me "We've been together for about two-and-a-half years. Then we were called 'The Boys'. We've known one another since our schooldays. Pete was the last to join about a year ago. We started off quite well, did the German hit in Drutschick, some luck, and found we were out of work. Not many bookings. About one wedding every three weeks!"

He laughed, "I just lived off our savings and dad's. So, we used to spend our time rehearsing; five days a week in Alan's front room. The rehearsing made us better and then gigs started coming along."

The result was that the boys became the supporting group to the Who's resident spot at the Marquee. The club that gave a big push-off in the right direction to The Who, Spencer Davis, Yardbirds, Manfred, to name just a few.

Al supplied the reasons why. "The Marquee is a reputable club, it's respected. It's a great place to start off at, and you get your chance if you're good. You've seen by the right people, it's a sort of stepping stone. At the Marquee fans like to sit, watch and listen. Up North, the kids are really with you from the word go. One night in Stoke, we stopped playing in the middle of 'Land of 1,000 Dances' but the kids went singing and dancing on. It was great! We made it up North first really, that's where we started getting rave audiences. The Marquee audience is static, just watching you. You have to work them up, and get them clapping and jumping. If you can give that kind of audience, you can please anyone!"

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CREATION DENY A WHO TIE-UP

Melody Maker June 18 1966 Page 7

About a month ago The Creation signed with Shel Talmy, head of Planet Records and the man who made The Who's 'I Can't Explain' and 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere', apart from numerous Kinks hits.

Shel denies firmly that he has signed up The Creation as opposition to The Who. "I've been after them for a year but they have always been committed. Last month they were free, so I signed them up."

To the suggestion that The Creation sound too Who-ish, Talmy replied: "It is a sound that I record in the studio, a sound that I personally like to get on my records. I feel entitled to recreate this sound with any group."

"The only policy The Creation are adopting is to make a hit record and I think they are extremely capable of doing just that."

The four members of the group – Bob Garner, 20 years of age the bass guitarist; Ken Pickett 22, the singer; Eddie Phillips, 20, guitarist and Jack Jones, 21, the drummer – aren't intentional "Who-sounders" either.

As Eddie pointed out: "We're just another group that has been playing about for a few years. We make records of numbers we write ourselves and we use some weird sounds. That's as far as it goes. We are not

"We are not out to beat The Who or anyone else. Weird sounds are our department" Eddie Phillips

out to beat The Who or anyone else. Weird sounds are our department and that's it."

Said singer Ken: "If you listen to almost any of Shel's pop records you'll find that there are 'Who-ish' parts. It's a sound he digs."



On 'Making Time', written by Eddie and Ken – a mod, fuzzy, sound-laced disc – Eddie plays his guitar with a violin bow. "It's a bit difficult as the strings lie flat so you can't play individual ones. On 'Making Time' I play mainly chords. It's a difficult sound to describe."

"Like a coarse oboe sound," chipped in Ken. "No, more like a bloke with a sore throat playing bassoon," retorted Eddie laughing.

"I also use an extra pick-up – which I call my electronic toy," said Eddie, "and this gets a fluttering sound picked up from the strings."

"Yet our sound is still removed from The Who," added Ken. "I guess we have a different style altogether."

Whether The Creation are Talmy's new answer to The Who is a question that won't be answered for several months. In the meantime, watch them creating.

The Creation: (l-r) Kenny Pickett, Bob Garner, Eddie Phillips and Jack Jones



SINGLE

Melody Maker October 8 1966 Page 10


PAINTER MAN
The Creation

Planet

Good sound. I'm in their fan club - I'm biased. A hit. Fantastic. Great. Terrific. They sent me a copy of this to me,

but I hadn't played it yet. I'm so glad you played this. Without deliberately stealing sounds, The Creation could be any big group's development. This could be The Who's next record, The Troggs' next, or The Beatles'. It's got the sound most people are using at the moment. They wrote it as well, which makes it even better. Fantastic. Can I hear it again? Great. Another good record. Another fine musical disc down on the wax platter! The only new thing The Creation had to offer over and above every other group in this country was this bit with Eddie playing guitar with a bow. And they've stuck to their guns. So now they've got a recognisable sound.

Pete Townshend



Painter men in action onstage

Are Creation out-Who-ing The Who?

Disc Weekly July 16 1966 Page 7

When The Creation appear onstage in front of a nine-foot by six-foot abstract painting and start talking about "art pop" your immediate impression is that they've completely missed the pop art boat launched by The Who.

After all, The Who did start all this business of feedback and weird sounds in a big way about two years ago.

And now along come The Creation with a record called 'Making Time' and claiming they see their music as colours.

But they firmly deny any intention of "out-Who-ing" The Who.

Said singer Ken Pickett: "We were using feedback two years ago and we try to keep it more tuneful. Anyway, why shouldn't we be compared with The Who? They are a good hit group, though we don't go out of our way to copy them."

The Creation's sound is produced by lead guitarist Eddie Phillips, bassist Bob Garner and drummer Jack Jones. Ken, Eddy and Jack were together in a London group called The Mark Four and made four discs before being noticed by top American producer Shel Talmy.

Bob Garner, the only Northerner in the group, joined them from Switzerland, and Ken and Eddie wrote 'Making Time'.

The painting that appeared onstage with them was also called Creation and

was painted by Keith Grant, who likes pop groups.

To save themselves the expense of insuring it against damage the group plan to use a photocopy. Other ideas for stage decoration include suspended cut-outs and fibreglass structures.

"We're trying to bring as much colour into our stage act as possible," explained Jack Jones. "Kids are fed up with going to see dull groups on a drab stage."

All this excitement sometimes seems to have the wrong effect. Last week a gang of hoodlums turned over the group's van with their road manager inside.

"This sort of trouble is on the increase round dance halls," said Ken. "We try to make the music as exciting as possible but we hope it doesn't have this effect."

No. get away... don't have any time for... the Beatles—sick, sick, sick... and

THE CREATION

OUR MUSIC IS RED
... WITH PURPLE
FLASHES!
— EDDIE PHILLIPS
LEAD GUITAR

'CREATION'
BY
KEITH GRANT

MAKING TIME
C/W
TRY AND STOP ME
PLF 116

A
SHEL TALMY
PRODUCTION
PLANET

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Our bombers, our Dexys, our high: Geno Washington



"Now the kids all wave their arms at us while we're playing. We started that off and now the kids follow suit. Whenever we go to a new place, we know the kids that know us because they raise their arms.

"We have a giggle and too many groups are too dedicated and serious. We have a ball, but I don't want to tell other groups what to do. If they want to go on and be fierce and dedicated, OK. But we find it's best to make the crowd feel they are wanted and worthwhile.

"Let the kids shout and holler and we have a rave! I love the reaction and when they jump onstage and take the mic I really do love that.

"But I feel really deprived – we haven't seen a fight since we started! Everybody enjoys themselves so much we never get any fights. I love

GENO'S SUCCESS FORMULA

Melody Maker August 20 1966 Page 24

One of the happiest developments in recent months has been the wave of fan worship for Geno Washington's Ram Jam Band, rapidly spreading across the country, as they tour north to south, east to west.

Happy because it's a different kind of fan fever. Geno's people are usually happy cheering boys and girls, who actually smile when he's performing, wave their arms without connecting fists to their fellow fans' ribs, and demonstrate affection without putting the boot in.

At the centre of all this good-time enthusiasm is Geno, 22, an American singer from Evansville, Indiana. He joined the Ram Jam Band, one of the Rik Gunnell Group empire, a year ago when he left the US Air Force, after three years serving in Britain.

Recently their first successful single 'Water' hit the chart, and now they are back with the loping 'Hi Hi Hazel'.

Says Geno: "It's nice, I'm really surprised. The radio stations have kept on playing the record and it's selling quite well. All the guys in the band are really pleased. It's only our second record. 'Water' kept sliding up and down the chart for about eight weeks."

"We've been going for about 13 months and we're really doing well

"I love to see people have a good time. We feel like laying down our instruments and joining in" Geno Washington

for an unknown group. Word gets around each time we play and in some places the crowds are really getting out of hand.

"The promoter at the Ricky Tick Club, Windsor, had us on Saturday nights then he put us on Thursdays, hoping the crowd would drop down a bit and

it would be more comfortable for everybody, but the people just kept piling in.

"They didn't want us at the Windsor Festival at first, but after the show, the guy that ran it came over and congratulated us. Now they want to book us for their club!"

Geno explained the band's policy and recalled when the first wild

reactions began to build up.

"When we get to a dance we try to put on a show. We change the atmosphere from a dance to a party, because everybody loves parties. Every week the kids go to the same dance hall and they get tired and bored, so we give them something different.

to see people have a good time, and sometimes we feel like laying down our instruments and joining in.

"This wild reaction started around Christmas and has built up in Manchester, Sheffield, Norwich, Yarmouth, Cambridge and Windsor.

"One promoter was just about giving up his hall. He'd tried everybody and nobody came. But then he tried us and we saved his dance hall – so now he's a happy man too!

"When we started we used to copy a lot of groups, but we don't now. Lots of groups look very bad onstage, drinking Coke and picking their noses.

"We hate all that. We like to do the job right. We play four numbers, non-stop, and keep the kids' minds occupied. If you start messing about between numbers it's hard to keep their attention.

"A lot of groups are starting to copy us now, but there's nothing we can do about it. We just want to progress."

LEIF PEDERSEN

Jimmy spreads the gospel of good-time music

Melody Maker August 27 1966 Page 9



Party people: Jimmy James (front) and The Vagabonds



"It's a bad deal if we don't cause a riot!" said Jimmy James, lead singer of The Vagabonds, one of Britain's new wave of riot groups. Along with Herbie Goins and Geno Washington, Jimmy and his band are spreading the gospel of good time rave music, rapidly replacing old-fashioned neurotic scream groups. Instead of the call and response action of hip wiggling and mindless girl-shriek, his band build up a happy shouting reaction among those who like to be vociferous without being vacuous. "But I don't really like that word 'riot,'" says Jimmy who came to Britain from Jamaica two years ago with The Vagabonds. "I prefer to call it a party - that's the word. It's a reaction that started at places like Portsmouth and has now spread to the North and all over, at clubs and colleges. "The kids want to be part of The Vagabonds, and we don't mind if they jump onstage and join in."

When The Vagabonds arrived in Britain they worked at deb's dances, playing mainly banana-boat type calypsos, until they met their present manager Peter Meaden who happily brought out the best of R&B in them. "You can call their music American pop and soul, or new wave R&B," says Peter. "Either way it's entertainment."

"I prefer to call it a party - that's the word" Jimmy James

"When we started we didn't have drumsticks, cigarettes or a penny," says Jimmy. "Because we were so broke, we used to drink iced water just to fill our stomachs."

"We feel what we've done now is an achievement. To us it's like a dream come true.

"I'm so happy working with this group because the guys never get big-headed. But so many guys see their name here, there and everywhere, and they begin to think 'nobody can touch us'.

"And when you see a group with a Number One hit record insulting the kids, it makes me sick. I hate that. Kids are the people who make you. If I ever get a Number One, I'll stay the same guy.

"Every kid in the audience has the will to be an entertainer, and it's just not brought out in them. They want to entertain and show off as well.

"They want to be the guy that's onstage singing and we try to help them do that."

Disc and Music Echo—September 3, 1966 7

ZOOT and GENO are in the MONEY

by MIKE LEDGERWOOD

INTO THE chart with a bang last week came a couple of London's most underrated but genuine hit-worthy artists—namely that compulsive clown Zoot Money and the electrifying Geno Washington.

Both have made a breakthrough into commercial pop in the same way that Alan Price and Chris Farlowe followed the footsteps of Georgie Fame.

Zoot has accumulated a band of fans through his blatant extrovert behaviour as well as searching soul singing.

American Geno Washington consistently packs 'em in by employing emotion and encouraging fans to join in and rave.

GENO WASHINGTON stumbled into pop more by accident than design. He came over here with the U.S. Air Force four years ago, but was demoted from the military police after being found asleep when supposed to be guarding a squadron of nuclear-armed bombers based in the Home Counties and on round-the-clock alert.

Explained genial Geno: "I'd had a few drinks and fell asleep on duty. The next thing I knew I was out on my ear!"

But the authorities weren't too harsh and Geno quickly found himself a comfortable niche as PT instructor. Not long after, he took a weekend pass to London, visited the famed Flamingo and was soon sitting in with George Fame and the Animals.

Big attraction

"I'd never planned to become a singer," he said. "It just happened... that way—and I enjoyed it."

To cut a long yarn short, he went home to Evansville, Indiana, on demob then decided to return to singing in Britain.

"I hadn't any money—so I managed to get signed up on a tour for a couple of weeks to earn the fare back. It wasn't easy but I eventually got back to London and ambled along to see Rik Gunnell (now his manager)."

The outcome was a link-up with the Ram Jam Band and bang! . . . "Water," their first

record together, was a mini-hit. Now Geno's back with a vengeance and the classic "Hi! Hi! Hazel."

A yardstick of Geno and the six-piece Ram Jam Band's popularity is the way they pack them in. At an all-star one-nighter at Bournemouth, recently—on a bill with such chart names as Fame, Farlowe and Price—Mr. Washington was moved to tears of joy by their reception.

THEN THERE'S Zoot Money! Dear Zoot, the oh-so unpop pop star, who often finds



Geno Washington, leader of the Ram Jam Band, gives the "thumbs up" sign to mark his chart comeback with "Hi! Hi! Hazel."



CLOWN Prince of Pop ZOOT MONEY, with whom the rest of the world shares some sort of love-hate relationship, considers himself a prophet without honour in his own land. Now he's a "Big Time Operator." Picture shows Zoot (centre) at his makeshift Piccadilly, London, office plugging the record. A couple of "armed" fan club members stand by to ensure co-operation of the multitude who showed up to support him!

it difficult to take even his excellent music seriously. Suddenly he's up among the hits and finding himself in the money. At last a real "Big Time Operator."

"They tell me I'll have more money going into my bank account now I've a hit," he said. "But it won't make much difference . . . it's non-existent anyway!"

"But remember, we're not yet lifted to those beautiful heavens known as the top. I shall not rest until I'm Number One every week," jibbered Zoot.

I asked the rary Zoot if he thought he'd have to tone down his madcap act to be accepted as a pop star proper.

"I don't think I'm capable of chasing," he chuckled. "When people come to see us they're entitled to be brought down if they want to. That's the way it goes!"

In common with Geno Washington Zoot is really only part and parcel of a band. Although the act is sold on the strength of their names, the other musicians are just as important—particularly to them.

"WE GO OUT AS A COMBINED FORCE, THE FACT THAT OUR NAMES ARE USED TO SELL THE GOODS IS INCIDENTAL," THEY AGREED.

Melody Maker February 19 1966 Page 8

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

WHY NO RSG FOR JIMMY?

They are one of the biggest grooves in clubs and theatres, and have an electric act which is very popular with all the mods. RSG! is supposed to cater for the mod type, so surely the Vagabonds should be given some RSG! exposure.—ROGER DALTRY, London, NW1.



Swinging London

Our man on the scene, Bob Farmer, asks just how cool is our capital city?

Disc and Music Echo December 24 1966 Page 11

For the last few days, I've been on licence to loon. In London, where it's all supposed to be happening.

Buying clobber on Carnaby Street, meeting the young mods at Tiles, drinking with the in-crowd at the Cromwellian, keeping awake with cups of Soho coffee, collapsing into kip at 5am, wondering how the hell to keep going without a fix.

Fortunately, none of my friends has a fix to offer, anyway. But it makes one begin to understand the need among so many young Londoners. Said one 16-year-old from Kilburn: "The kids come into the West End at weekends and won't go home, There's only one way to stay awake, then, isn't there?"

The tragedy is that for most of them it's not a need at all. It's all part of belonging. To Swinging London, London in itself isn't swinging. It's the people who put the swing into it. Anxious to keep up with the crowd.

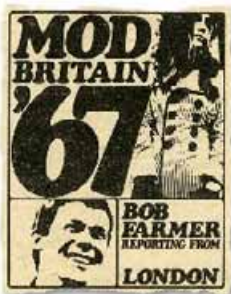
Stand back and it all looks rather stupid. Get involved and you've got to keep it going.

Keith Goodwin is Swinging London. A top pop publicist. He says: "Swinging London doesn't exist.

It's a drag. It's all people trying to have a good time and the biggest falsity I've ever seen. Swinging London? No. Drug scene? Yes."

Keith Moon is Swinging London. Pop star. Sees it all the time. "We see mods with eyes as big as saucers. You see drugs passed in any loo in any London club. I'm sorry I mentioned that because loos will be banned now.

"Take away this aspect though, and London is the best place to be. The provinces have their little scenes but it's a small-time world for them."



"You see drugs passed in any loo in any London club. I'm sorry I mentioned that, loos will be banned now" Keith Moon

Young London isn't only drugs, of course. It is also Carnaby Street, discotheques, doubtful Chelsea coffee bars, good times, glamour jobs. It is not the Tower Of London, Buckingham Palace, St Paul's Cathedral, TV Centre.



Shopping for the clothes to put the S-W-I-N-G into L-O-N-D-O-N

Lord John opened on Carnaby Street two years ago, straight from Petticoat Lane. Today he has six shops, employs 32 salesman.

"The youngsters enjoy working in Carnaby Street because they are always seeing stars. In a day they might serve the Stones, the Walkers and Herman. It gives them a kick."

But do the stars go there these days? Cat Stevens, pop star: "Carnaby Street has become old fashioned. I prefer the Portobello Road."

Lord John: "You can liken Carnaby Street to The Beatles. Everybody imitates us, but we're the originals."

And how much money does Young London spend on clothes?

"The Average boy spends a third of his wages, the girl about 40 per cent. They spend so much because the clothes are exciting."

But if they spend so much in Carnaby Street, the average teenagers haven't much money left to loon it up at the supposed "in" places.

Instead they go to large-scale discotheques like Tiles, the Marquee, the Flamingo. "I might manage somewhere like the Cromwellian at weekends, but usually I'm happy enough to go to Tiles, where it's cheap and you still have a good time." The comment of several of the teenagers who daily rave it up in the cheaper discotheques. And all are after one thing... to have fun. That's why they call it Swinging London. It's the attitude of mind, not the places to go.

All rather ridiculous. All rather trite. All rather fun. If you can last the pace. With or without drugs.



“Everybody do the paranoia!” hissed Steve Marriott as he sloped across the room of the Small Faces’ Pimlico pad.

Resembling an unlikely gang of underwater karate experts, mimicking the great Wilson, Keppel & Betty, the remaining Faces followed about the room in slow motion.

The squeamish may find the Small Faces’ latest warcry a little cruel – Napoleon XIV didn’t stay unbanned – but then the Faces live in a compact, happy, air-tight little world of life, thought, ideas, and music.

Steve, Mac, Plonk and mate Mick – a kind of hidden Small Face you never hear about – lounged about in front of the TV. Kenney was out underneath his Mini. Someone stealthily moved to the record player and put on a sound. After about one third of a bar the Faces were all grooving along with the record, listening hard and digging.

Downstairs, faint shuffling, step-treading and the occasional “eeeeee”, came floating under the front door. “They must be soaking wet by now, they’ve been out there for hours,” thought Stevie of the handful of fans clustered under the front porch.

“They’ll have all the neighbours out soon,” said Mac, visualising angry next-doors chasing the bedraggled girls down the street.

The Small Faces’ recording session wasn’t booked until 11pm. “The girls have usually gone by about 9 o’clock,” continued Mac. “That means it’s a free passage to the awaiting mini-cab,” he laughed. Talk of the session prompted the boys to tumble slowly downstairs. Via the kitchen for bread and jam first.

The dining table stood majestically in the middle of chaos. Tape recorders,



When the bass drum boom was satisfactory and Plonk’s bass speaker crackle was eliminated the first backing track was laid down.

Recording was under way. “Strictly No Entry When The Red Light Is On”. “Circles of greeeen”, hummed Steve over engineer John’s shoulder.

Kenney’s drums exploded from the battery of huge speakers in the control room. Plonk sang out the melodically eerie bass line. No more “everybody do the paranoia”. No more neighbours. No more ‘Sha-La-La-La-Lee’. No more ‘My Mind’s Eye’.

The past is blocked out completely for the moment. There’s only one way – forwards. Each record is that bit better.

“Our outlook is one of happiness and well-being,” said Steve, “and this must come through with your music. We are living and we want our music to too. Superficially a number like ‘Green Circles’ sounds sinister but we want people to listen. If they listen, and they can think, they’ll get a kick out of it.”

Lunacy broke through again. “Orlright was it?” beamed Plonk. “Can’t I take the bottom off this piano,” laughed Mac. Kenney sat quietly in the corner and watched. The boys listened to the playback. Discussed it. Louder ideas. Adding, subtracting, louder, softer, harder, longer. Brandy.

Back into the studio. Shouting, joking, falling about. Red light. Another layer of bass guitar from Plonk, 12-string guitar from Steve. More jangle from Mac – now with a stripped down piano. The sound began to grow, as the different sounds went on. Another track. Another idea.

‘Green Circles’ was getting better.

Stevie was back in the studio falling about with a load of enormous chimes.

SMALL FACES IN A TIGHT GREEN CIRCLE

Nick Jones at a Small Faces recording session

Melody Maker December 17 1966 Page 7



miles of tape all over the place, guitars, speakers and an old piano. On to a tape recorder whirled a rough backing track – just drums, bass, piano, and guitar – of the Faces’ newest composition.

“We based it on a dream Mick had. He saw this geezer, a nice bloke actually, walking about with this green aura round him,” explained Steve, “by the time we’ve added all the sounds it’ll be a gas. We’re not sure yet if Ron – oh, that’s Plonk – or me is going to do the lead vocal.”

“It’s a gas,” breathed dreamer Mick. The boys concentrated on ‘Green Circles’, remembering their parts and adding little bits. Ideas were flowing

freely and Steve was dancing excitedly by the time he’d thought of all the sounds that could be incorporated.

At 11pm, clutching brandy – Napoleon of course – guitar cases and

hello to John the engineer, switching the lights off, and generally grooving about. “We’ve forgotten the tape for John,” cried Plonk. Disaster. How could they

By 3am the backing track is “mixed”. A mess of machines, and a mass of electricity

other oddments of misery and imagination, four small, happy, faces bounded into the recording studio.

“I love this place,” sighed Steve, rushing up to the control room, saying

describe to John what kind of sound they wanted on ‘Green Circles’.

Marriott went into action. “A nice big jangle on Mac’s piano; rock’n’roll bass sound; and a deep, crisp drum sound.”

In with the bells. In with the conga drums. More depth and a bit further forward.

By 3am the backing track is “mixed”. A mess of machines, and a mass of electricity. They tried the vocals. First Plonk then Steve doing the lead. “The old voice box begins to crack by this time,” said Mac. “No, it’s not right.”

“I’m tired,” volunteered the engineer. “Right,” answered Steve. Too tired.

“Home!” came the cry. Snoring road manager is awoken. Red light off. And the green circles grew and they all lived happily ever after.



MARRIOTT: MY MOTHER IS FRIGHTENED

"Our other car's a Mini": Small Faces in 1967

Disc and Music Echo January 14 1967 Page 8

The Small Faces look so typical of the mod generation that idolises them that it's easier to imagine them wandering round the London clubs than living graciously in their well-appointed pads.

Long before they were famous they actually did live the lives of their fans. So how does it all look to them now they are able to look at the idolising young crowds from the stage?

"Yes, I lived that sort of life myself at one time," recalled Steve Marriott as he partook of a lunchtime breakfast of tea and toast while the record player blared and a girlfriend sat silently on the sofa next to him.



"I couldn't live the sort of life my parents have lived. I couldn't settle down" Steve Marriott

"I used to go down to the Marquee and the Scene Club when I was about 15 years old. I was just goofing about at the time, getting stoned, meeting nice chicks and so on. I would say that my average week then consisted of playing in groups about twice, drifting around the clubs about four times and meeting various chicks in offices about twice.

"I still occasionally go to the clubs – the last time was a month ago when I went to the Marquee to see the Cream. It was murder – I couldn't even see over anybody's head!

"And I think it's a great life – marvellous! You're only here once, so you might as well go and get stoned, go round a few clubs. What else are you going to do? Get up and go to the factory? The kids have never had it so good, they have so many things to do." Then, laughing at the cliché, "The kids are alright."

He went on: "Kids are much more complex than they used to be. Their minds are more affected by little things, they think a lot about them. But if you forget about the big mess everything's in, and just take you for yourself – and maybe someone else – you get a nice little scene.

"My philosophy is to live for now, tomorrow – forget about yesterday.

"Of course, it's been condemned, because people think you have to live for a purpose.

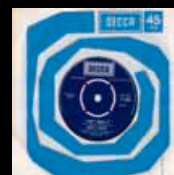
"Take my mum and dad. Before I was in the group they were always saying to me you have to get a job, have a purpose, a path. You have to have an education and a good job.

"But I couldn't have lived the sort of life my parents have lived. They're steady people, married for 30 years, with a nice little place, but I couldn't settle down like that. I'd have to keep looking for a different scene, I couldn't stay on the same one – getting up, going to work, coming home, going to a social club to play bingo.

"But that's the sort of life my parents and every other parent has been living, unless they have a lot of bread. I wouldn't do it, so I got in a lot of trouble.

SINGLE

NME March 4 1967 Page 4



**I CAN'T MAKE IT/
JUST PASSING**
Small Faces

Decca

Typical Small Faces excitement with Steve Marriott doing his nut, and the other boys chanting along in exuberant style. The beat is terrific – with organ, maracas and a throbbing insistence. And towards the end, Steve works up to a wild frenzy.

A stimulating track – the sort of material we've heard before from the Faces, but nevertheless stamped with hit quality.

Flip: A double A-side, and I prefer this one. Soloed by 'Plonk' Lane, it has a fascinating lyric, a slowish rhythm and off-beat effects. It has the contrasting effect of the Stones' 'Ruby Tuesday'. But the snag is it only lasts for 75 seconds.

Derek Johnson

I had a lot of opposition from my parents about what I wanted to do. I got in a lot of rows.

"Now, of course, their attitude has changed and I go home a lot – once a week. But they still can't understand me. My mother says I frighten her. She thinks the way kids live today and the music they play is all very frightening.

"If I hadn't made it, I think I'd still probably be getting stoned, going down the clubs, meeting a few nice chicks."

Richard Lennox

The Smoke's hit starts smouldering

Disc and Music Echo March 25 1967 Page 2

With a record called 'My Friend Jack Eats Sugar Lumps', The Smoke could have expected some sort of kerfuffle.

But the stern rebuke from the *News Of The World* was only the iceberg tip of what went on behind the scenes.

It cost EMI £750 and two months to re-record and change the lyrics four times before their doubts about its suitability were assuaged.



"In fact we only came to write the song by accident. It was a sticky time for us, nothing we wrote seemed to go right. To try to cheer the others up

I began to sing this stupid phrase 'My Friend Jack Eats Sugar Lumps'. Nobody could forget this line and so we began building a song around it."

The four have been members of rival groups at home, but joined forces on the strength of their shared taste in music. They came to London



Lysergic reaction: The Smoke

"We didn't set out to be controversial" Michael Rowley

Quite a rumpus for four young lads from North Yorkshire to kick up in their first few months in London.

"We didn't set out to be controversial, although I suppose the meaning must be obvious to even someone who's only seen LSD on his chequebooks," said Michael Rowley the lead guitarist.

four months ago and in between working as a dishwasher, salesman, flat cleaner and waiter completed 35 songs.

Why The Smoke? "Everyone where we come from calls London 'the smoke' and as the city has such a special significance for us we thought it a good name."

12 Disc and Music Echo—February 11, 1967

Disc and Music Echo **GIRL of the YEAR**

Meet Miss Mod '67!

She's Here

Dream Datebook

HERE it is! A pop fan's dream diary—a datebook to send them all. There are some of the swinging events which will become part of lucky Jayne's life over the next few days.

Sunday, February 12—Hilton Hotel, London, for Disc and Music Echo's Valentine Pop Poll awards reception.

Thursday, February 16—Visit to "Top Of The Pops".

Friday, February 17—Opening night of the Gene Pitney-Tiggs-David Garrick - Sounds Incorporated tour in London.

Following this exciting first week come visits to film premieres, discotheques, radio and TV studios, interviews, photographs with stars and more tour highlights with the Walker Brothers, Cat Stevens, Paul Henders, Roy Orbison, Small Faces, Paul and Barry Ryan, Hollies, Spencer Davis, Paul Jones and the Beach Boys.

AND THIS IS ONLY THE START FOR HER YEAR OF OFFICE!

MEET "Miss Mod Britain '67"—blonde JAYNE HARRIES from Ewhurst, Surrey, chosen from seven finalists this week to be Disc and Music Echo's Girl Of The Year.

Now begins a whirlwind Tour of Office which starts with her appearance at our Valentine Pop Poll awards ceremony at London's swish Hilton Hotel this Sunday where she will welcome star guests and top pop names.

Jayne was picked as winner by a panel of judges comprising Tom Jones, Stava Marriotti, Simon Dee, Disc and Music Echo Editor Ray Coleman and columnists Anne Nightingale and Samantha Juste.

With her title goes a cash prize for an outfit from a London boutique and the opportunity to be present at all the pop happenings of the year. She will be photographed and feted wherever she goes and dozens of chances for fame in '67 will come her way.

FOLLOW "MISS MOD BRITAIN'S" TRAVELS IN POP AND SHARE HER EXCITEMENT IN DISC AND MUSIC ECHO EVERY WEEK.

The girl named Jayne

THERE'S nothing plain about our Jayne! She caught our talent-spotting team's eye dancing to the Four Tops' "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" at "Top Of The Pops" is very fetching black velvet hipsters and a daring, low-cut, white-silk frilled blouse.

She's a leggy 17 year old and dedicated follower of fashion who recently completed a secretarial course but hasn't really mapped out a career.

She has a weekday Playfair flat but spends weekends at the family home.

She likes driving, horse-riding and going to race meetings.

Popwise, Jayne's an ardent Tamla fan and adores the Tops, Supremes, Paul Jones and the Stones.



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◎ SINGLE

Disc and Music Weekly June 17 1967 Page 15



SHADOWS & REFLECTIONS The Action

Parlophone

Curiouser and curiouser how records are now getting more and more involved. Sometimes the melody line is so far away you can't hear it – an example is this highly competent record. A song about going back to the empty flat where he last saw his girlfriend, it has a good solid sound which opens on the chorus and some super-tight trumpet on the middle break.

Penny Valentine

Melody Maker October 14 1967 Page 22



I CAN SEE FOR MILES The Who

Track

In a town without end, with a moon that never sets, there is a fire burning. It is the fire of The Who, once thought diminished or dying, but obviously glowing with that renewed heat. This marathon epic of swearing cymbals and cursing guitars marks the return of The Who as a major freak-out force. A Townshend composition delivered by the emphatic Daltrey. Nobody can deceive him because he can see for miles. And The Who are going to see their way back into the chart.

Chris Welch

NME December 9 1967 Page 6



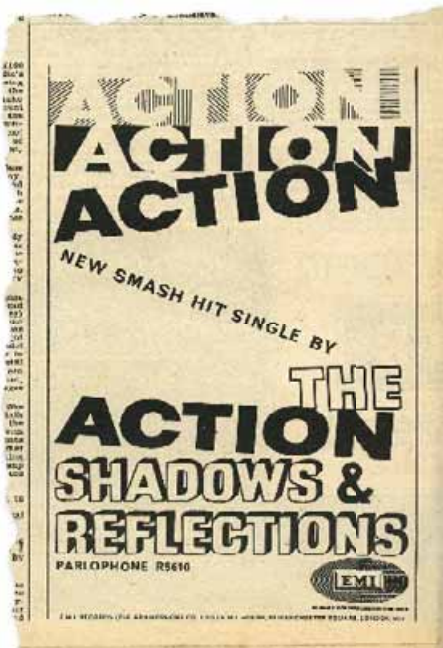
TIN SOLDIER Small Faces

Immediate

Don't be misled by the title – it isn't a protest song. It refers to a boy's relationship with a girl, and is an analogy.

Starts slowly and builds remorselessly to a frenzied climax, with Steve Marriott blues-shouting until you think his lungs will burst.

Derek Johnson



PP Arnold at her Kensington home in 1967

PP Arnold: "I'm planning to stay in England"

Disc and Music Echo May 20 1967 Page 8

To her friends, PP Arnold is known affectionately as the chocolate button.

She achieves this tag by being just five feet tall, with dark brown sparkling eyes and a warm personality. She is 20 years old and looks constantly happy.

She lives in a pretty little mews house off Baker Street and has her first big hit with 'The First Cut Is The Deepest', a classic of its kind written by Cat Stevens. She is in the enviable position of not only having a hit but having sorted out her life in England with a remarkable sense.

She came to Britain last year with The Ikettes and when they went home she stayed on.

"I don't know what I would have done if Andrew Oldham hadn't suggested that he would record me. But I would have gone solo. The Ikettes thing just wasn't working for me and I would have broken away from them if we had gone back to America.

"When I first heard about staying I was worried because I knew it was hard for girl singers here and of course I'd never done anything on my own – except type when I was a secretary!

"I'm lucky because once I lost my nerves and got going I always had a lot of respect. It's hard being a girl in this scene. You have to be careful. You only have to make one little mistake round some un-

"I got married very young and divorced a year ago. And I had to leave my two kids in Los Angeles with my parents.

"It was really bad. I missed them both so much, and they're only two and three years old, so you can imagine how awful it was tearing myself away from them.

"That's why I'm so glad about the record being a success. Of course, it's nice for my career but

She came to Britain last year with The Ikettes and when they went home she stayed on

cool people and... there you go.

"So I've always managed, even with Ike and Tina Turner, to stay on the outside of the scene. Just on the edges so I didn't have to get too involved."

During the first few months of living in London, and despite all the new friends she very naturally attracted, Pat was very homesick.

I'm planning to stay in England for good now. It's my home. So I'm going back to Los Angeles in September and I'll be able to bring the children back with me. Which will be great."

Pat Arnold is someone who in just six months has firmly established herself on the British pop scene – a feat indeed.

New Musical Express

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Week ending July 1, 1967

WORLD'S LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY MUSIC PAPER



Visit the UPPERCUT

with Barry Peake's candid camera



Above: the entrance to the UPPERCUT in Woodgrange Road, London, E.7. Admission board tells cost to enter each particular day. It shows 10s. on day picture was taken. Crowd at door wonder if they can raise E. Right: OTIS REDDING, bill-topper of Stax show, gets moving during his all-action vocal act. Backing group is BOOKER T and MGs.



Above: the fun part with its varied pin-tables and the soccer game. Walls are decorated with boxing lists. Right: three Stax stars who toured here and appeared at the Uppercut (from left) EDDIE FLOYD, CARLA THOMAS and DAVE PRATER.



OTIS REDDING points to his name on Uppercut bill.

and a talk with OTIS REDDING

BIG Otis Redding tugged a comb through his wiry hair, wiped a trickling bead of perspiration from his glistening face, and sat calmly on a table in his dressing-room at Hammersmith Odeon.

He had just rushed from the stage, and he was like a half-spent ball of nervous energy—vague, unable to collect his thoughts, trying to listen to several conversations at once.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "I'm kinda 'y'know . . .'"
"Dis' worse trailed away, but I knew what he meant. I'd watched him perform, and I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd taken straight to his bed for at least an hour's rest! The artist most pop fans know only for six-soul numbers like "My Girl" is, in fact, a scorching dynamo who raves around the stage like a man out fire. Audiences love it—there were over 3,000 fans to see him at the Stax package show, and they roared their appreciation over and over again.
"This breathlessly: "Did you hear those people? I tell you, British audiences are beautiful—beautiful!" We set out to bring them this thing we call soul, and I think we've won. They love it!"

Act too short

"Even so, I won't ever come to this country again with the same kind of package. A show like this takes too much attention away from me. I've been doing only 20 minutes. A short act like that doesn't give me a chance to prove my worth.
"When I next come to Britain I want to give the people at least 45 minutes, so I can be the star of the show, and I can do all the numbers they want to hear."
I asked him why he didn't wax more numbers like "My Girl," particularly as this kind of material seemed to have good chart potential here.
"That's O.K., emphatically." In the U.S. I would always record a song



General view of the main room of the Uppercut, with stage on left, taken from the snack bar. Below: the entrance, featuring a portrait of club chief BILLY WALKER, the famous British heavyweight boxer—but the painting has since been stolen.

Below: the hole in snack bar wall so that fans can watch show on the stage.

ABOUT the CLUB

ONE of the most common complaints about London clubs is that they are generally hot and crowded. But this could never be said of Billy Walker's Uppercut in Forest Gate Centre, Woodgrange Road, E.7.

It must be one of the largest clubs in London, able to accommodate 1,500 people in comfort. In fact, it is more of a dance-hall than a club, although there is a licensed bar for club members. The manager of the Uppercut, Brian Tinney, tells me that most of his customers are aged between 15 and 20. Thursday and Sunday are the two

by NORRIE DRUMMOND

most popular nights with that age group," he said.
On Friday nights, the Uppercut features big names such as Eric Winston and Denny Holland for the over-18s, and cabaret attractions have also been introduced recently.

Top names

Since the club opened at Christmas most of the top pop names have played there. The Who, the Move, Small Faces, Jimi Hendrix, Dave Dee and Co., Gene Washington and many more have all appeared.

Sunday nights at the Uppercut features up-and-coming new groups. Rapido declines appear other evenings with girl dancers' entourage to present the latest records and host competitions.

The club is open most nights from 7.30 until 11.30 and admission is generally around 6s., but is higher when a top name is appearing. Unlike many of the West End discotheques, the Uppercut does not only appeal to one section of the public. Their programmes vary from week to week and older people as well as teenagers are catered for—and at a price most people can afford.

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Soul '67: The Foundations with lead vocalist Clem Curtis (front)

ALBUMS



THE NEW RELIGION
Jimmy James & The Vagabonds



Piccadilly
LONDON SWINGS
Various Artists
Pye

Jimmy James & The Vagabonds are featured on two big sound albums. 'The New Religion', a rock set of 14 tunes, sung by the moody-bluesy voice of Jimmy (and aided sometimes by Count Prince Miller), which has one side for leaping around, the other for deeper listening. With wild girl vocal backing at times from Doris Troy, Madeleine Bell and Goldie. They all get a great sound going... and on 'London Swings' you hear 'Live At The Marquee Club' another eight tracks from Jimmy & The Vagas, making up one side of another great R&B LP. The other side features the Alan Bown Set, with deep, rich sax-brass sound to go with the rest. They play seven tracks, including 'Sunny' and 'The Boomerang'.

Allen Evans

NME January 14 1967 Page 11

FOUNDATIONS REVIVE BRITISH SOUL SCENE



NME October 21 1967 Page 4

Just as everyone was happily assuring themselves the British soul scene was on the way out – with the exception of that exceptionally talented Geno Washington – along came The Foundations to make everyone think again. The seven-plus unit are nicely placed at Number Ten in the *NME* chart this week with 'Baby Now That I've Found You'.

Lead vocalist Clem Curtis, who comes from Bayswater (via Trinidad), talked to me of the good times that have come out of bad times for the London group.

"I can't believe that we've got so far with our very first disc," he said happily. "The group are not exactly teenagers' idols, but we are trying to provide a soul sound that has been missing on the British scene. Geno is great, but I think of him more as a showman and entertainer than a soul sound and it is the kind of sound we have on the single that we are going for as a band."

To say that this talented selection of musicians are "not exactly teenagers' idols" is probably something of an understatement, with one member in his late-30s and another hovering around 40 years of age, but

then Clem emphasises: "Age is not important with a group like ours. You have to have experienced musicians to provide really good music and the music is the thing with us.

"With a number of good soul bands now out of action or moving over to the psychedelic scene we must have room to do something."

Nine months ago Clem was a painter and decorator with no aspirations of becoming a pop vocalist.

"We are trying to provide a soul sound that has been missing on the British scene" Clem Curtis

"In fact, I was doing quite well boxing but," he extended a somewhat knotted brown hand, "I broke my hand. When someone suggested I try singing with the group I thought, 'Why not? I might as well try anything.'"

At that time the group were playing in a London coffee bar called the Butterfly and it was their constant rehearsals that drove Barry Class, who occupied the offices above, downstairs to find out what was going on. Barry owns a chain of disc shops

and reckons he knows a good sound when he hears one and promptly offered to manage the group.

"We did about enough work to pay for the rent at first," recalled Clem. "Did some tours with Edwin Starr and The Toys – at least I think that's who they were – and we auditioned for clubs like the Flamingo."

Clem claims that the musical influence in his family comes from his mother who had won talent competitions at Hammersmith Odeon and another aboard the SS United States for singing.

A great deal of the credit for this record must lay with the composers, John Macleod and young Pye Records recording producer Tony Macaulay.

"It was Barry who contacted Tony and got things moving," related Clem. "We were very lucky to get a number as good as this for our first single and they have written another song for our follow-up."

Macleod and Macleod may be two names to keep in mind because last Friday I heard Long John Baldry sing one of their compositions, 'Let Their Heartache Begin' – which is his new single – on a TV show in Southampton. It is possibly the best ballad of its kind that I have heard this year and disc jockey Tony Blackburn goes right along with me!

The Foundations were seven but now they are eight.

"In fact we were originally eight," Clem explained, "but our tenor saxophone player Pat Burke had to drop out to take another job while we

were going through a bad patch. Now he's rejoined us – a great player!"

That's about the story. The group has not been to a great many places or done a great many things yet, but if they can come up with another fine interpretation of a Macaulay-Macleod composition they deserve every encouragement. Clem is a pleasant, modest and well-spoken individual who does them credit as a press representative. And so it was in the beginning...

JOHN'S CHILDREN

FIRST OF THE ANTI-LUST GROUPS

NME March 18 1967 Page 12

John's Children, who make their chart debut this week with 'Just What You Want' are described by their manager Simon Napier-Bell (also The Yardbirds' manager) as the first of the "anti-lust" groups.

With the exception of the lead guitarist, Marc Bolan from Wimbledon, the group all come from Leatherhead in Surrey where they manage their own club, the Bluesette.

Simon, who enjoys sticking pins in the more self-righteous and exaggerated concept that the pop scene is now a hotbed of drugs, immorality and degradation, declares the group a permanent thorn in pop pomposity!

"They have already had a hit in the US charts with 'Smashed Blocked'" Simon told me. "I wrote it and it was nothing to do with drugs or drink," he

added indignantly. "It was about illicit sex! We came down against it." The second of the group's singles was 'Not The Kind Of Girl (You'd Like To Take To Bed)' which was turned down by the recording company who were apparently shocked that any group should be so moral!

"'Smashed Blocked' is nothing to do with drugs or drink. It's about illicit sex" Simon Napier-Bell

"Their next single is 'Remember Thomas A Becket,'" said Simon. "We decided to play safe with this and get right away from drugs and sex and into a good healthy murder. It's all about a fella who goes mad and begins playing funerals in his back garden!"

Onstage the group all use Jordan equipment especially made for them in the United States and only used by top American groups like The Mamas And The Papas and The Turtles. They wear white stage suits and gold medallions, although Simon is not sure why.

"I discovered John Hewlett, Chris Townsen and Andy Ellison in prison on a vagrancy charge while I was on holiday in St Tropez," says Simon. "You might say they were a group, and one of the conditions of my bailing anyone out is that they work for me for three years."



I spoke to folk-singer Marc Bolan who lately replaced the lead guitarist, as they were rehearsing in London on Friday. "We are writing and arranging all our own material onstage," said Marc, "and although I still hope to record independently as a solo artist, as far as the group is concerned Andy is lead and sings on the disc.

"Our club, the Bluesette, is a knockout - we choose all our artists. Last night we had Graham Bond and next week Simon Dupree. Apart from Andy, who is 21, we are all 19."

Simon describes his group as "completely arrogant, cripplingly honest, totally naive and four clean, healthy lads who sound like The Who plus blues!" A powerful combination!



Whiter than white:
John's Children



Small Faces and PP Arnold on *Top Of The Pops*, 1968

Small Faces shatter their old image



NME January 27 1968 Page 11

That's my body you're laughing at!" said Ronnie Lane indignantly, having removed his shirt to reveal a torso which would have given Charles Atlas a nasty turn. To other remarks about his freckled back from the Small Faces, he retorted, "That's a map of the stars that is!"

The group were at their image-shattering best while rehearsing for Southern TV's *New Releases* in Southampton. Washing his hair in a sink Steve Marriott was also happily debunking pop star idols.

"It's amazing that I should have to wash my hair like a real person really," said Steve sarcastically.

"We were just four geezers having to pretend we were pop stars" Steve Marriott

Perhaps the most refreshing thing about the Small Faces is that they are not frightened to be themselves and any attempt to put them on a pedestal is derided by the group.

"We've been through that phoney scene of being the 'Four Little Mods' for the public," said Steve. "We'd

turn up for a TV show and they would say, 'Where are all these trendy clothes you're supposed to wear?' We were just four ordinary geezers having to pretend we were pop stars. Now we've stopped pretending.

"We recorded rubbish like 'My Mind's Eye' because we knew it was commercial and it would sell. Now we can afford to do what we like, I feel sorry for groups like The Herd who are capable of doing things much better than 'Paradise Lost' but they do it because they want to sell. No-one wants to own up, that's all!

"There's nothing worse than doing something you don't dig or being something that you are not. Take today. We're down here to back Pat (PP Arnold) on her record because we want to do it. In the old days they would probably have stopped us because it might look bad for our image. To hell with that."

A man from the make-up department is called to instruct them to get made up for rehearsals.

"Oh man, not for rehearsals," pleaded Ronnie, "it brings me face out."

There was a general strike by the other three in support of Ronnie's face.

"If you don't get made up you won't do the show," said the man politely.

"Yah boo," said Mr Lane.

Finally producer Mike Mansfield came down to reason with the rebels. They remained unmade-up for the rehearsals but co-operated for the final run-through.

The Small Faces' new single, 'Tin Soldier', has got off to a slow start but recovered momentum following Steve's very "live" performance on TV recently.

"That *Top Of The Pops* where we were all onstage with Pat dancing behind us was the seller. They set it up well and we could all get going together."

The Faces are all on their way to Australia for a tour this week and then to Japan.

"I'm not looking forward to the travelling," said Steve. "I get more frightened each time I get on a plane but it'll be good to groove about onstage with The Who. When we come back we're going to get the British scene going again. At least three gigs a week," he promised.

Keith Altham

SINGLE

NME April 6 1968 Page 6



THE CREATION Midway Down

Polydor

A fairly good one from The Creation this – the lyric is a colourful description of a travelling fair, with all its

intriguing sideshows. The boys present it well, with rich harmonies and background heavenly chanting embellishing the soloist.

There's also plenty of those guttural twangs for which the group is renowned, plus a catchy la-la chorus which everyone can join in.

Derek Johnson

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CHAPTER 3

THE MOD REVIVAL

1977-85



...has got better
the thing I'd say to young
...when you get
...it's a fiddle
...really screwed up
...ing we could get our
...to see all the
...in general and Vox
...can't say the
...
...
...
VOX



As the 1970s came to an end parkas, scooters and target T-shirts were once again seen on the streets of Britain, all inspired by a certain power trio from Woking and the timely release of *Quadrophenia*. **Words:** Chris Hunt

No-one really had expected the mod phenomenon to achieve a second coming, but in the late-summer of 1979, parkas, scooters and target T-shirts were once again a regular sight on the high streets of Britain. Some elements of the original mod ideal had been preserved through the '70s within both the scooter clubs of the North and the northern soul scene, but it wasn't until 1977 that the first real shockwaves of the new mod hit with The Jam. Inspired by hearing The Who's 'My Generation' for the first time, the young Paul Weller had been swept away by the power and energy of the record, and gradually he turned his band into the uniformed mods of 'In The City'. He flirted with other mod imagery too – Union Jackets, Rickenbacker guitars, pop art action painting – and peppered his live set with old Who and soul songs, but at the onset of the mod revival The Jam were still thought of as mods working within punk and gradually a new breed of mod bands began to evolve in complete isolation from one another.

In Romford, Jeff Shadbolt, Bob Manton and Simon Stebbing of the Purple Hearts were brought to the idea by their love of '60s music. "Jeff's mum and dad



Parkalife: the young Paul Weller inspired the mod revival

“We were quite surprised when we first saw other mods at Jam gigs”
Simon Stebbing, Purple Hearts

used to have a stall on Romford market,” recalls singer Manton, “and we started to get a lot of '60s records through that stall, some quite obscure stuff. It all sounded so refreshing.”

“I don't think there was a mod thing bubbling under at around at the time,” says guitarist Simon Stebbing. “We were aware that The Jam were there, but they were still lumped in with the new wave. It was only a bit later that Paul Weller was openly mod, although he obviously was a mod at that time and had a scooter. I think we were quite surprised when we first saw other mods at Jam gigs. Maybe it was naive, but we were amazed that anyone would think of this.”

In south London the various members of The Chords were similarly refining their musical tastes. “There were reasons why we were all doing it at that time,” recalls drummer Brett Ascott. “There was a slight disillusionment with punk – although I was really a bit too late for punk; there was a love of the original 1973 ‘Quadrophenia’ album and there was a taste for '60s music. The music of the early-'70s had left me cold and I backtracked to an earlier generation, discovering ‘Revolver’, The Kinks and The Who at a time when everyone else was listening to The Glitter Band or Yes.”

Ian Page and Dave Cairns of Secret Affair were likewise flirting with the sounds and imagery of mod, although at the time they didn't realise exactly what they were dealing with. In mid-1978 their band the New Hearts had been released from their record contract one year into a five-year deal, but songwriters Page and Cairns were retained and given unlimited time in the CBS studios to develop their songs. Still six months away from the formation of their new band, they used this period as an opportunity to demo the songs that were to become backbone of the first two Secret Affair albums. The vision was to fuse rock riffs with a Tamla beat, something that their New Hearts rhythm section had not been capable of doing.

They also flirted with the imagery of smart-suited gangster chic, inspired by watching too many late-night showings of the Mick Jagger/James Fox cult classic *Performance* at the Scala cinema in King's Cross. “The whole East End '60s gangster look was what Ian and I wanted to emulate,” recalls guitarist Dave Cairns. “It was not a deliberate attempt to be mod but it was a closely aligned look.” Gradually they worked up the idea of a smart-dressing youth cult and in September 1978 Page duly wrote this youth movement-to-be its theme song – ‘Glory Boys’.

In August 1978 the emergent mods had been given a shot in the arm when The Who placed a full-page advert in the *NME* asking for mod bands to appear in the movie of *Quadrophenia* that was currently in production. “It was pretty damn exciting time,” recalls Simon Stebbing. “You could feel something was snowballing and I think the making of *Quadrophenia* had got a lot to do with it as all the mod bands sent a tape in. Without the film there still would have been a mod scene, as we were already dressing mod and looking mod at the time, but without the film it probably would have stayed underground.”

Even into early 1979 the new mod bands were still existing as if they were the only ones to have discovered this secret style. “We were all totally unaware of each other,” says Brett Ascott. “It was a complete coincidence we were all doing the same thing at the same time. And it definitely wasn't because of The Jam. The first time I saw them live was in May 1978. I remember shouting out for ‘So Sad About Us’. Weller heard me and came to the mic, saying, ‘At least we've got one fan in tonight.’ But I'd only gone to the gig because I'd heard that they covered The Who song. Weller was a first class songwriter in the



Mod revivalists: Purple Hearts...



...The Chords...



...and Ian Page of Secret Affair



Merton Parkas:
the first chart
stars of the
mod revival

beginning but my interest in them was solely because they were a surrogate Who at a time when The Who were doing nothing. Without The Who there would have been no Chords – but if The Jam hadn't existed, The Chords still would have done."

Ian Page and Dave Cairns had toured with The Jam when they were the New Hearts. Once they had refined their Glory Boys concept, Secret Affair finally made their first public appearance as support to The Jam at Reading University in February 1979, and it was at this gig that they discovered they weren't alone in their sharp-dressing vision. "There were mods there and they liked us," said Ian Page later the same year. "They said: 'Look, we're mods, there's quite a lot of us, and what we're really looking for – I mean we love The Jam – but we're looking for a band of our own, because they're famous already. What we want is a band that's part of us.'"

Directed to a pub in Barking, Ian Page went along to check out this burgeoning youth movement and was blown away by the sea of suits and parkas. "I'd invented this Glory Boys concept," Page said later in 1979, "and if I'm going to be honest the real idea was like a spiv – a suit, a black shirt and a white tie. I walked in and I thought, 'they're all Glory Boys!' But too late, they were mods. That's how our following started."

It was starting to become apparent to the music press that after the demise of the much-hyped power-pop scene, the stirrings of the next big thing might be found in mod. The *NME* were the first to take a gamble by giving over the front cover of the April 14, 1979 issue to an image of a scooter-riding mod from the Bank Holiday riots of 15 years earlier. The 'mod special' trailed on the cover devoted four pages to the lives of the original modernists, but tellingly two further pages were given over to the new wave of mods.

In the same issue of *NME*, the Bridge House pub in east London advertised the first of its regular mod nights. "Secret Affair came in like millions of bands did," says Bridge House proprietor Terry Murphy. "They were nice and tidy in collars and ties – it was the way I used to dress when I was young. I asked them what kind of music they played, and they said, 'A bit of soul, a bit of R&B,' so I knew right away they were a mod band. I booked 'em for the following week and I billed it as 'Mods Monday'. I gave them a residency after that."

Over the course of the next month, Murphy used his 'Mods Monday' to audition bands for a live album he was planning for his Bridge House label. The 'Mods Mayday '79' album was recorded on Monday, May 7 and it caught the mood just right. With very little hype, mod had become a hot ticket in the venues of London. On the same night you could see The Chords and the Purple Hearts heading up a bill at the Music Machine in Camden that also included The Scooters and Back To Zero. Across London the Special AKA were taking to the Noise Factory stage, and if you fancied a quick trip up the M11, you'd find Teenbeats playing at Bishops Stortford's Triad Centre. But while The Jam were having a Bank Holiday night off in the early stages of a 20-date tour on the back of their 'Strange Town' hit, it was at the Bridge House in Canning Town that the mod revival would truly be put under starter's orders, with Secret Affair headlining a bill that also included the Merton Parkas, the Small Hours, Beggar, The Mods and Squire.

"The whole East End gangster look was what Ian and I wanted to emulate" Dave Cairns, Secret Affair

"The live Bridge House LP is going to be the same to the mod movement as the Roxy LP was to punk," boasted Ian Page in July 1979. The Secret Affair singer wasn't too far wide of the mark. The album might not have featured all of the main players of the new mod, but it showcased enough raw talent to satisfy the insatiable demands of a growing audience. It also featured some of the first released recordings by Secret Affair – and it was the inclusion of Page's band that would make all the difference to the album. That this independently produced and financed album managed to secure and release live renditions of two songs – 'Time For Action' and 'Let Your Heart Dance' – that would become Top 40 hits within months was an amazing coup for a record label that was merely the offshoot of an East End pub.

It would be Secret Affair who dragged the 'Mods Mayday '79' album into the charts for a one-week stay at Number 75 later in the year, but by this time they were already a Top 20 singles act and had long ▶

► since taken their vision around the country with the March Of The Mods package tour. A truly collaborative effort, Secret Affair and the Purple Hearts took turns to headline, with Back To Zero warming up. “Some nights Secret Affair would blow us offstage and some nights we’d blow them off,” laughs Bob Manton. “Usually it was them blowing us off – but they could play. I became a massive fan of Secret Affair and I even travelled with them for a while. I did read something about the ‘Glory Boys’ album being a great British guitar album in the tradition of ‘Ziggy Stardust’ and ‘Never Mind The Bollocks’ and I thought that was spot on.”

It could sometimes be tough to win over the crowds on the tour, as the travelling Glory Boys could alienate the hometown fans. “These gigs would be like real battles,” recalls Simon Stebbing. “Sometimes we won over the crowd because we were quite spunky and aggressive, but up North it was like *Gunfight At The OK Corral*. It could be an ordeal.”

But just as the mod revival was at its peak, with all the main players signed to major deals and queuing up to follow Secret Affair and the Merton Parkas into the charts, suddenly the fans were given another, less challenging option. Since its earliest days the mod revival had run a parallel course with the new ska boom, spearheaded by The Specials, Madness and the highly marketable 2 Tone label. For several months the two movements had shared stages, fans and even many of their influences (Secret Affair and The Beat both plundered Smokey Robinson’s back-catalogue). But in the battle for the high street fan, the dance-friendly 2 Tone



“We are the mods (again)! We are the mods (again)!”: Glory Boys in 1979

“If there’s one genre of music that you can’t define it’s mod, because it’s about style” Brett Ascott, The Chords

movement won out over the sometimes earnest, aggression-fueled pop of the mod bands. You could party to Madness – and it was much cheaper to buy a Harrington jacket than a suit.

“There we were ploughing our dirty old ‘60s furrow, doing our Who-ish thing. But the 2 Tone bands were smarter, they had the whole look – and the tunes were great,” suggests Simon Stebbing. “The rise of mod happened because people had been excited by punk, but they didn’t want to dress in bin bags. The early mod thing mopped up a lot of people who had liked punk but who were getting a bit smarter, but the truth is they probably understood the dance grooves of The Specials and Madness a lot better. The mod audience went 2 Tone overnight.”

“The early gigs often involved ska bands and mod bands playing together, which was really healthy,” says Brett Ascott. “But the problem was that it was hard to get people to understand what you were about. If there’s one genre of music that you cannot define it’s mod, because mod is about style – it’s not a genre of music. It became easier to buy into 2 Tone, because it was black and white – literally.”

Unsurprisingly, the biggest hit of the mod revival came from a group who understood why the 2 Tone bands had been a success. Secret Affair might have just delivered the most addictive pop record of the revival with ‘My World’, but it was The Lambrettas who scored biggest with their ska take on the classic ‘Poison Ivy’, a song often covered by the early Stones and suggested to the Brighton mods by their executive producer, Pete Waterman. The record’s good time groove made it

accessible enough to chart, but the band were always viewed somewhat skeptically by the hardcore. “We were never particularly loved by the mods,” says singer Jez Bird. “Our name was so explicit and I think some mods wanted something a bit more subtle, but we weren’t ever subtle. We were actually quite a good band live, quite a rocking band.”

Although many of the key players carried on and tried to grow and develop, notching up a string of minor hits, the only real survivor was Paul Weller. The first of the new mods, he had been the most distanced from the revival that he had helped to inspire. While others, like Ian Page, were outlining a manifesto for mod, Paul Weller let his image speak for itself as he was all too aware of the pitfalls allowing his band to be harnessed solely to the vagaries of a fashion movement.

“I’d happily admit that I wasn’t as clever as Paul Weller,” says Ian Page today. “I should have been watching him much more closely. That’s where I was too self-centred and too self-preoccupied. I was going my own way, while someone who was more experienced than me, who was occupying a very similar musical space, was handling it with a lot more care and consideration. If someone wants to ask me about regrets, the biggest regret that I have is that I didn’t handle that situation in a more sophisticated manner. But what I wouldn’t do, even all these years later, is sit here and say that I was anything other than a mod in a button-down shirt – I loved the look and I loved the music.”

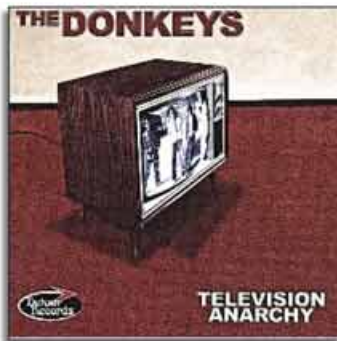
If 2 Tone had stunted the growth of mod in 1980, the forward-looking new romanticism of 1981 rang the final death knell – even though some of the same dance/soul influences had been brought into play. “We used to go and see Secret Affair,” recalls Spandau Ballet’s Steve Norman, “and just as they were taking off I remember us thinking, ‘Damn, they’ve beaten us to it!’”

If Spandau Ballet’s different take on soul music harnessed to a fashion movement provided them with their own path to glory, the look that they ushered in made the retro stylings of mod look even more backdated. “In those days the image was gone so quickly,” recalls Jez Bird. “It was always onto the next thing. Fashion seemed to be much more associated with movements then.”

By early 1982 the mod revival was well and truly over, and although it was given a boost a couple of years later when bands like The Truth, Makin’ Time, Small World, The Moment, The Scene and The Prisoners gave the youth cult a renewed vigour, by the time the 1990s came around the real mods were underground, while the spirit of mod had totally re-invented itself for a new decade. ■

Ian Page dances with a fan in Plymouth, 1979





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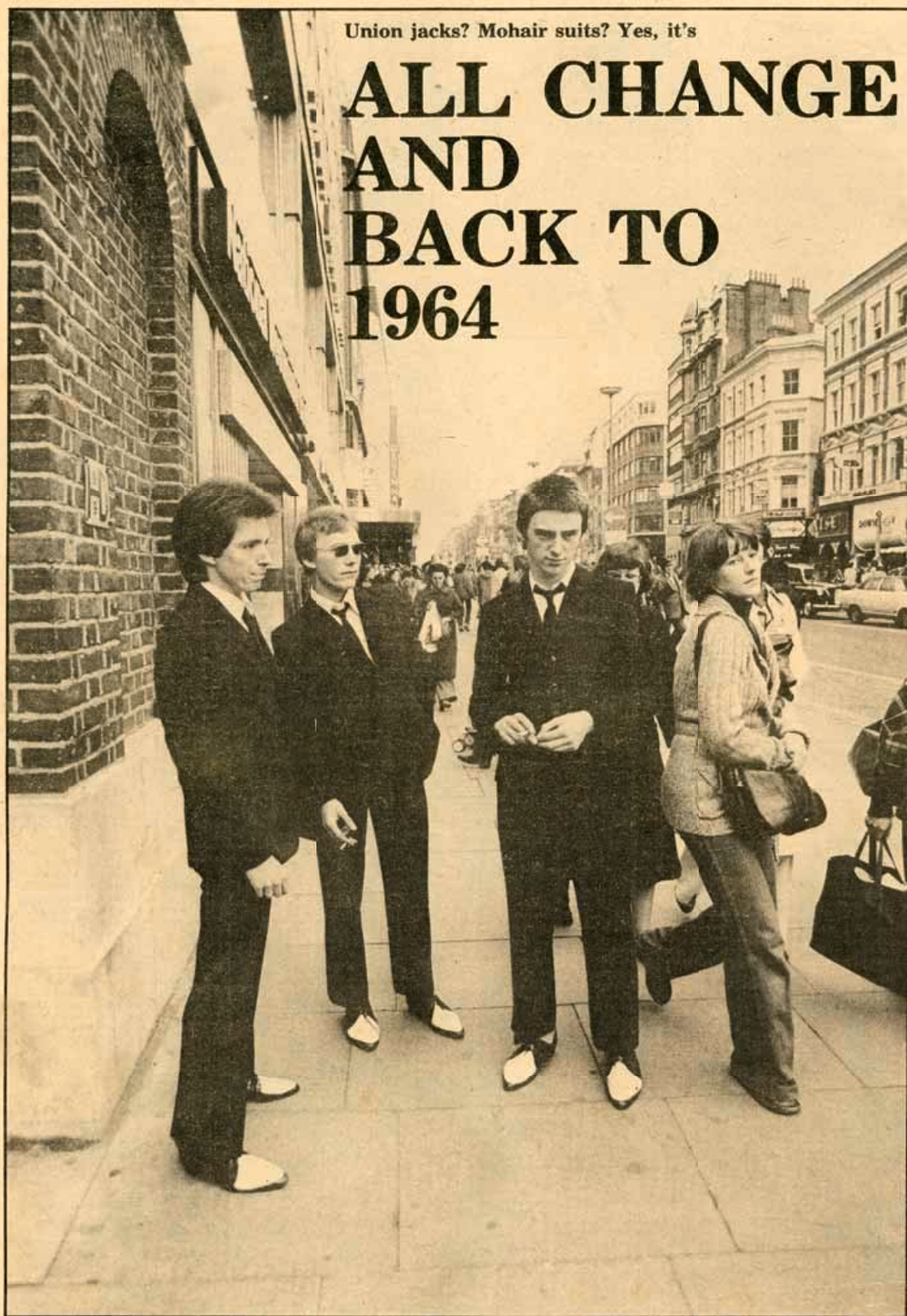
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ALL CHANGE AND BACK TO 1964



The Next Big Deal is:

~~The PISTOLS~~
~~The DAMNED~~
~~The CLASH~~

...THE JAM

BY NOW ONLY THE STAUNCHEST REACTIONARIES amongst the nation's rockpeople can be of the opinion that the much-touted New Wave, despite its several less than endearing facets, isn't a good thing. But, just in case you still had any doubts, get a load of The Jam.

You'll doubt no more. For The Jam, while eulogising the nation's youth — and, come to that, the nation itself — with total commitment, remain the scene's renegades.

"We're the black sheep of the New Wave," says lynchpin Paul Weller.

The Jam most certainly do not toe the Punk Party Line.

Why, they've even been known to commit such sacrilegious acts as burning onstage the Blank Generation's mouthpiece *Sniffin' Glue* after said journal had complained of The Jam's being "laid back" and "lacking direction" — not to mention "spending too much time tuning up onstage".

Aggro!

WITH AN IMAGE straight out of the Scene Club 1964, The Jam wouldn't know one end of a safety-pin from another.

Unlike the New Wave Elite (Damned, Stranglers, Clash, Pistols), they are, sartorially speaking, three very sharp young men — the proud owners (and I mean proud) of customised Mohair suits of the kind (say) The Yardbirds wore when they were an R&B band.

And, unlike adherents of the New Wave Dogma, The Jam don't go for wholesale rejection of their predecessors.

One Otis Redding is Paul Weller's favourite singer. He even attempted to sing like him at one point. Bassist Bruce Foxton admits to copying the odd carful of Bad Company and Thin Lizzy once in a while. And, to top it all, drummer Rick Buckler has owned up to possessing a couple of Genesis albums and liking the band when he saw them at Guilford in 1973.

Such views demonstrate the group's open mindedness and individuality — something which Weller is keen to emphasise — and also their *honesty*. (It hasn't been unknown for The Damned's whirlwind drummer Rat Scabies to blag a Joni Mitchell album from her record company — but imagine him laying that on an interviewer. Or, come to that, an interviewer printing it . . .)

Moreover, The Jam have no time for playing the blank moron. Instead of the amphetamine-blitzed expression of vacant aggression copyrighted by New Wavers, The Jam come on as sharp as their creases. Wasted, they are not — though I can't believe they're quite as clean living as they make out.

But perhaps most important of all, they are the best rock'n'roll band I've seen in many a year.

So sweeping a statement begs for qualifications and not least among these is Paul Weller's flawless rock star credential. Each of The Jam has an individual onstage persona strong enough to attain stardom in the not-too-distant future, but Weller stands out like a king among princes.

THESE PAST YEARS British rock has failed to come up with any truly high-calibre working-class rock stars, the likes of which were typified in the Sixties by Pete Townshend, Steve Marriott and John Lennon. This decade only folk like Lee Brilleaux, Wilko Johnson, Phil Lynott and (I suppose) Noddy Holder have come anywhere near to continuing that tradition, but none of these has even aspired to, let alone been taken seriously, as spokesman for their generation.

What's more there's nothing intrinsically teenage about either The Feelgoods, Thin Lizzy or Slade — which is not true of The Jam whose Paul Weller will in years to come, if not sooner, be regarded in the same light as those previously mentioned Sixties figures.

Weller has Rock Star written all over him — and it's not just the fact that his razor cut and clothes bring back memories of the Mod era.

Onstage and off, Weller, unlike some of his New Wave peers, is taut with positive vibrations — almost as if he's about to explode. Only occasionally does he slow down with the intensity . . . and then you realise that Weller is after all a guy on the tip of his 19th birthday from Woking in Surrey, on the far reaches of London's hinterland.

THE JAM (left to right) BRUCE FOXTON, RICK BUCKLER, and superstar-to-be PAUL WELLER



Words: STEVE CLARKE

"This change-the-world thing is becoming a bit too trendy. We'll be voting Conservative at the next election."

Pics: PENNIE SMITH

Remarkably unconfused, his age doesn't strike you, despite the total absence of lines on his face. In one publicity shot of The Jam, Weller, perhaps not coincidentally, looks as if he's trying his darndest to come on like Pete Townshend, eyebrows arched to emphasise his determinedly mean stare.

Weller, in his own way, is doing what Townshend did over a decade ago — writing songs for and about kids and performing them with the exhilaration only a few can muster. And that's where age is an important, if not crucial, factor.

Live, The Who still have more energy than any other band in rock, but it's a calculated, polished energy. When The Jam hit the stage the commitment is all but tangible. Weller putting his all, and more besides, into it.

FIRST stumbled across the band at Islington's Hope And Anchor where, incredibly enough, The Jam managed to come over visually despite the severe limitations imposed by the venue's tiny stage.

The area between band and audience was alive with electric energy, the posing kids and The Jam's frontline of Weller and Foxton (another good looking guy, less tough-looking than Weller, though still possessing a youthful tightness) in total empathy with one another — Weller thrusting himself up and down with youthful abandon, occasionally pushing himself towards Foxton who simultaneously launched himself backwards in Weller's direction so that the two collided momentarily, a double act with all the markings of a classic Rod-and-Ronnie or Bowie-and-Ronson routine.

Given more room, Weller gets into a few Townshendesque, thighs-tucked-beneath-the-abdomen leaps, the sense of commitment transcending mere plagiarism. Rick Buckler, complete with shades, looks good behind the drums, exuding nonchalant cool.

Musically, The Jam reflect Weller's tightness. There is nothing remotely sloppy about them, and they execute their material with a taut knife-edged intensity — whilst losing nothing in the way of warmth. As Chris Parry, the Polydor A&R man who signed them, says, their music is brutal, but it is not without compassion.

Individually they play great too, especially Weller and Foxton.

These two have plumped for Rickenbacker guitars which goes some way to explaining why The Jam's sound is comparable to early Who and on occasions to The Beatles themselves; those with ears will have noticed the similarity between Weller's lead runs on the flip side of the group's "In The City" single, "Takin' My Love", and the way John Lennon used to embellish a rock 'n' roll song like "Bad Boy" or "Dizzy Miss Lizzy".

But like Lennon of Townshend — at least early Townshend — Weller is essentially a rhythm guitarist and quite a remarkable one at that,

perfectly capable of playing fast, clipped rhythm chords like Wilko Johnson, or coming on with triumphantly ruthless power chords, just like Townshend. You should hear the way Weller plays on Larry Williams' late Fifties rock 'n' roll classic "Slow Down". Go, Paul, go.

THE JAM's version of "Slow Down", live and on their soon to be released first album, is almost as good as The Beatles', though, as befits the genre, played faster and with more urgency. It's their overall pace which they have in common with our other New Wave bands, but their music is not just about playing fast. Their songs (all of 'em Weller's) are, with the exception of The Stranglers' (hardly a teenage band anyway), easily the best, musically and lyrically, to come out of all this punk hoopla.

True, there are more than a few resemblances between the chord progressions Weller uses and those Townshend laid down in the past, but there is no denying Weller's ability to write a song which rings true. And one which has melody and passion behind it.

Of the ten originals which grace their album, it's the lengthy (over three minutes) reflective dolefulness of "Away From The Numbers" (great title, eh? conjuring up all kinds of images) which impresses me most.

But every song is memorable, whether it's the pure adrenalin rush of "Art School", the reckless abandon of "I've Changed My Address" or Weller's paeon to the fact that for the first time in ages young bands are playing to young audiences: "Sounds From The Street."

Apart from their own songs (and, of late, Foxton has started to write), The Jam include in their set blistering versions of those two mid-Sixties soul classics Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Hour" and Arthur Conley's "Sweet Soul Music" — as well as a version of The Who's "So Sad About Us".

In a nutshell The Jam have taken what they want from the past and fused it with a Seventies' street consciousness while totally eschewing the blind negativity which has, until now, been de rigeur amongst their fellow rebels.

As Weller once told *Spinifin' Glue*: "I don't dig hippies, but they achieved something in the Sixties. They brought about a little more liberal thinking."

"We're all standing and saying how bored we are and all this shit. But why don't we go and start an action group, help the community? How many people can you see getting off their asses? Not fucking many."

WHEN PAUL WELLER was a kid in Woking, the son of a labourer (who incidentally and ironically enough gave up his job six months ago to manage The Jam), he was absolutely besotted by the Fab Four. He had one of those Beatles' souvenir guitars, the red and white

plastic ones replete with mini-portraits and 'autographs' of The Fab.

Paul used to mime to "She Loves You" in front of the TV. Later on he got himself a Hofner violin bass just like McCartney's.

"I've got a Rickenbacker now, so I'm Pete Townshend," he mocks defensively — for there have been those who contend that The Jam are just pale shadows of the early Who. At the local comprehensive school he grew his hair long and smoked dope, just like all the other kids did, to rebel. Rick and Bruce were at the same school but, because of the age difference (they're both 21), the three of them didn't know one another that well.

From the age of 14, Weller was convinced he was going to be a rock star, thereby gaining exemption from the humdrum.

"I didn't want to work," he says. "I didn't want to become Mr Normal." He has no doubt he'll succeed either.

Weller left school when he was 16. For a time he worked as a window cleaner and worked "on the building" with his dad, who'd always encouraged him in his musical pursuits. Most of the time, though, he didn't work, finally falling in with Buckler (who'd stayed on at school in the sixth form with the idea of becoming an architect, but quit before A-levels came round and worked for a time as an electrical inspector) and Foxton who had got himself an apprenticeship in the printing trade.

Weller might have been a Beatle freak, but the thing which changed his life was hearing The Who's "My Generation" on the "Stardust" album a couple of years ago.

He fell in love with the Mod image. And, while he's unwilling to admit it, Townshend's influence on Weller can't be dismissed. It's apparent when he voices off about what he thinks of The Who these days — over-reacting to the point of scoffing at Roger Daltrey's beer-gut.

"You can't play rock 'n' roll when you've got a beer-gut."

Weller is adamant that The Who haven't produced a worthwhile lick since "Tommy" and expresses no interest in seeing them, despite the fact that he's never seen them onstage. Opines Weller, "The songs Townshend writes now are so self-indulgent. He comes on with all this martyr shit. He can't rest on his laurels for the rest of his life."

"Why doesn't he give way to some of the younger bands? He's got a lot of money and so have the Stones, so why doesn't he put it into some clubs or build a . . . I don't know . . . Anything. Just do something with it. Some rehearsal studios or a record company."

"I think they owe it to the business, if anything. They've got enough out of the music business so they should put some back."

"Instead of Keith Moon going round smashing up cars, use that

money instead of wasting it. That's what really pisses me off. This is the old order and they're all wasting their bread. Paul McCartney brings his cats up on a plane and all this sort of shit. "Lennon is the only one who hasn't sold out. He's the only bloke I've got confidence in still. He's quietened down. He's not so outspoken but I like him still."

"It's like us doing 'In The City' when we're 27. Maybe we'll be expected to sing it like The Who are expected to sing "My Generation" but I don't think we'd do it."

Unsurprisingly he has little sympathy for tax exiles.

"There's people that work in factories that pay a lot of tax and they can't split to the South of France," he says rather naively.

"Why don't these rich rock stars open up some clothes shops. There's no personalised clothes these days which is one minor thing, but . . . Buckler butts in:

"You walk up this road here and you look in the clothes shops (Oxford Street) and they're all the same. All the clothes shops are exactly the same."

Weller points out that such mass production is a sign of the times.

"Really," Buckler continues, "people are forced into buying that kind of thing because they say this is the thing to wear."

SURPRISINGLY enough all the band, particularly Weller, are fiercely patriotic. When The Jam perform, they drape a union jack behind them and it's unusual if one or more garment of Weller's isn't decorated with the odd union jack or two. They even went to the trouble of having some badges made with union jacks on them.

Weller believes in the monarchy (and this is the same scene which sired The Pistols) and defends the queen so:

"She's the best diplomat we've got. She works harder than what you or I do or the rest of the country."

Buckler echoes him:

"They're an example to the country."

So much for "Anarchy In The UK". . . . Moreove, Weller says he'll vote Conservative at the next election and he and Buckler reckon it's the unions who run the country.

But even if fundamentally Weller supports such pillars of the establishment as the monarchy and the Tory party, his songs do have strong reformist attitudes. "Bricks And Mortar" numbers councils for getting their priorities wrong. "Woking's like a fucking bomb site," he says.

One of his newer songs describes his fear that Britain is heading towards a police state. And throughout his songs the predominant theme is Youth Consciousness.

But I don't see any point in going against your own country. If there's such a thing in the world as democracy then we've got it.

"We're not totally brainwashed — yet. "We will be in two years time if we don't do something about it. "Everybody goes on about new orders, but no one seems really clear what they are. Chaos is not really a positive thought, is it? You can't run a country on chaos. Maybe a coalition or something with younger party members.

"All this change-the-world thing is becoming a bit too trendy. I realise that we're not going to change anything unless it's on a nationwide scale."

QUITE RIGHTLY The Jam think they're a cut above the other New Wave Bands, surmising that their songs are better-structured and more subtle lyrically. They have kind words for The Pistols, though.

"They spurred the whole thing off. Not that we're very much associated with them, but they still did a lot for the music. They bought about a lot of change. They frightened some of the older musicians which is a good thing."

So did they influence you at all musically? "It wasn't that I saw The Pistols," says Weller. "It was that for the first time in years I realised there was a younger audience there, young bands playing to young people which was something we'd been looking for in a long time."

Most of the New Wave bands are very much into speed. . . . "We're not into drugs," Weller replies very quickly. "We don't need it. We don't need that to go onstage with. We don't need it to get in the mood of playing. We might when we're 30 or something. We might have to. In that case we'll give up."

THE JAM have been together for two years. Originally they were a four-piece. They started off playing the usual stuff — Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley — before going through a phase of playing Mersey Beat ("Beatles' songs were too difficult"), for a time wearing satin suits and adopting a teenybop image. And before hitting the London circuit last year they'd worked in working men's clubs and cabaret around the Woking area.

Three months ago they signed to Polydor. Chris Parry, (the A&R man who'd "almost" signed The Pistols, The Clash and The Damned), offering them a contract as fast as he could so as to ensure a rival company didn't step in with a larger advance.

Already there's action on their first single "In The City", a genuine Seventies' teen anthem, and when their album of the same name comes out later this month don't be surprised if that follows The Clash and The Damned's albums up the charts, for The Jam alone justify the emergence of the New Wave.



Foxtan and Weller
in the city and on
the stage, 1977

THE JAM LIVE AT THE 100 CLUB

NME January 22 1977 Page 33

◎ SINGLE

NME April 23 1977 Page 24



IN THE CITY The Jam

Polydor

First release from the new wave's finest band, The Jam, and the title cut from their soon-to-be-released album,

'In the City' is the most convincing British-penned teenage anthem I've heard in a very long time – perhaps since the halcyon days of the '60s. The song shows The Jam to have been influenced by The Who, and the Townshend-esque power chords Paul Weller wrenches from his Rickenbacker back up the impression. But that's like saying The Beatles were influenced by early Motown. Everyone has to start somewhere – and The Who never played with quite the same urgency as this, and The Jam are as contemporary as the Callaghan government.

The music is well played and conceived – and highly commercial with a bass riff, supplied by Bruce Foxtan, holding the song together and lodging it firmly into your consciousness after one hearing. A huge hit and a record those narrow-minded reactionaries who control our radio will have to play.

Steve Clarke

I wasn't sure whether to stay for The Jam, but it soon became obvious that I would regret it if I left. While they have the outward trappings of a punk band, with guitarist Paul Weller wearing a stiff stand-up collar and drummer Rick Buckler wearing what appeared to be masochistic goggles as used by those under sunray lamps, their musical ability was considerably in advance of that displayed by most young bands that I've seen.

A trio, with Bruce Foxtan on bass and extra vocals, their material appears to come from three sources – originals; early Who LPs, from which we heard 'Much Too Much', 'So Sad About Us' and 'Heatwave'; and neatly crossing over into the second category, classic soul from the '60s. It's a long time since I've heard 'Sweet Soul Music' done with any enthusiasm, and I've



never heard it done as a medley with 'Mustang Sally' before. Also their version of 'Slow Down' was sufficiently urgent to revitalise a song we've all heard too often.

With such familiar fodder as a base, their originals also worked well. 'Sounds Of The Street', a first public performance apparently, was highly reminiscent of The Who ten years ago.

The urgency of the music made any attempt at a stage act unnecessary, except for the occasional Hunter/Bender bumping between Weller and Foxtan, and the rarity of soloing made for a continually interesting set. In comparison to the much vaunted Clash, The Jam are totally superior, not least because they have sufficient respect for their material to want it to be heard as music, rather than felt as noise. Exceedingly promising.

John Tobler

Jam
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The JAM file

EEVOLUTION: Formed by Rick Buckler and Paul Weller at school when they were 15, and used to meet during their lunch break in the music room for rock 'n roll jam sessions, which, incidentally, inspired the name of the band. Steve Brooker and Bruce Foxton joined and they started doing youth club gigs with Bruce on rhythm guitar, Paul on bass, Steve on lead guitar and Rick on drums, a line-up which lasted a year, extending their scope to social clubs in Surrey. They managed to get a few gigs in London and set up of these, after Steve had left and Paul had moved to lead guitar with Bruce on bass, they were heard at the Marquee in February 1977 by Polydor's Chris Parr, who fixed a demo disc, which led to a recording contract.

DEBUT: 100 Club, summer 1976.
FIRST RADIO: John Peel Show, BBC, April 1977.
FIRST TV: Top of the Pops, May 1977.
MANAGEMENT: John Weller, Jam Ltd, 44 Dalmore Drive, Maybury Estate, Woking, Surrey (Woking 54737).
AGENT: Martin Hopwood, Cowball agency, 153 George Street, London W1 (01-262 7253).
MUSIC PUBLISHING: Bryan Morrison and Son Music Ltd, 14-16 Bruton Place, London W1.
RECORDING: Polydor Records Ltd, 17-19 Stamford Place, London W1 (01 499 8696).
PUBLICIST: Geoff Evans, Polydor Records.
FOR CLIP: None.
TRANSPORT: Group car is a Corvair Mark III and equipment goes in a Mercedes Benz.
TOUR MANAGER: Dick Bell, assisted by two roadies, Alan Balcher and Mc Trovdis.
BRITISH TOURS: Began their own 28 date tour at Barbours's in Birmingham on June 6.
AMERICA TOURS: None.
SINGLES: "In The City" c/w "Takin' My Love" (Polydor 22/April/1977).
ALBUM: "In The City" (Polydor, 13 May/1977).
P.A. SYSTEM: 2,000-watt hired from Easy Hire.



PPAUL WELLER: Guitars.
BORN: Woking, Surrey, May 25, 1958.
EDUCATION: Sheerwater County Secondary School, Woking.
FATHER: John, a building worker, who now manages the band.
MOTHER: Anne, who doubles housework with employment in an office.
BROTHERS: None.
SISTERS: Nicola, still at school.
TUTOR: Self-taught.
CAREER: Has been playing since the age of 14 and the Jam is his first band.
OTHER OCCUPATIONS: Window cleaner and post-carrier on nights away.
COMPOSITIONS: Writes all the songs for the band and three have entered "The Street" "Bricks And Mortar" and "The Modern World".
FAVOURITE SINGLE: "My Girl" (Gee Records).
FAVOURITE ALBUM: "My Generation" (the Who).
FAVOURITE MUSICIANS: Beatles.
FAVOURITE SONGWRITER: Tim Hardin, Soukris Robinson, John Lennon.
STATUS: Single.
RESIDENCE: Lives with his parents in Woking.
HEIGHT/WEIGHT/HAIR/EYES: 5ft 11ins, 10st, brown, blue-green.
INSTRUMENTS: Two Rickenbacker 350 guitars, one Rickenbacker black solid guitar, Peavey acoustic guitar, Palmer V1200, Vox AC 30 amp.



RICK BUCKLER: Drums.
BORN: Woking, Surrey, December 6, 1955.
EDUCATION: Sheerwater County Secondary School, Woking.
FATHER: Joseph, a GPO telephone engineer.
MOTHER: Patricia.
BROTHERS: A twin brother, Peter, who is an electrical engineer and two other brothers, Andy and John.
SISTERS: None.
TUTOR: Self-taught.
CAREER: Has been playing the drums since he was 17 and the Jam is his first band.
OTHER OCCUPATIONS: Mail stamp collector, wheelchair, drawing office, electric disc inspector.
MUSICAL INFLUENCE: Paul McCartney.
COMPOSITIONS: None.
FAVOURITE SINGLE: "Stayed Awake All Night" (Scepter/Tortie Overdrive).
FAVOURITE ALBUM: "Tommy" (the Who).
FAVOURITE MUSICIAN: Paul McCartney.
FAVOURITE SONGWRITER: Pete Townshend.
FAVOURITE SINGER: Frank Sinatra.
HEIGHT/WEIGHT/EYES: 5ft 10ins, 11st, light brown, blue.
STATUS: Single.
RESIDENCE: Lives with his parents in Woking.
INSTRUMENTS: Hayden drum kit comprising 22 x 17-inch bass drum, 13 x 8.5 x 14 and 13 x 16-inch tom-toms, 14 x 13-inch snare drum, Paiste cymbals, six 18-inch hi-hats, two 18-inch crash, 20-inch ride, 20-inch crash and custom sticks bought at Bob Peart's Drumstore.



BRUCE FOXTON: Bass guitar.
BORN: Woking, Surrey, September 1, 1955.
EDUCATION: Sheerwater County Secondary School, Woking.
FATHER: Henry, a cable collector in the coal trade.
MOTHER: Helen, who works part-time in a baker's shop.
SISTERS: None.
BROTHERS: Derek, a composer and Roy, a bus driver, both older than he is.
TUTOR: Self-taught.
CAREER: Has been playing guitar and bass since the age of 15 and was with one of the 1000 bands of little significance before he joined the Jam.
MUSICAL INFLUENCE: Tunde Wonda.
COMPOSITIONS: One titled "Candy Street" which will be included on their next album.
FAVOURITE SINGLE: "My Charlie Amish" (Globe Wonder).
FAVOURITE ALBUM: "My Generation" (the Who).
FAVOURITE MUSICIANS: Beatles, Steve Wonder.
FAVOURITE SONGWRITER: the Beatles.
STATUS: Single.
RESIDENCE: Lives with his parents in Woking.
HEIGHT/WEIGHT/HAIR/EYES: 5ft 10ins, 10st, dark brown, blue-green.
INSTRUMENTS: Rickenbacker 400 bass, 100-watt bass amp, and Corisabe cabinet with two 15-inch speakers.

ALBUM

NME July 8 1978 Page 25



THE JOLT

Polydor

'What'cha Gonna Do About It' was a good single a few weeks back, lending a burst of youth and arrogance to the Small Faces' classic. All I knew of The Jolt then was that they'd supported The Jam a few times and were a three-piece, presumably sharing some similarities with the headliners.

Suddenly, here's the debut album, and the band take shape as three young Glaswegians who emerged largely out of the new wave but were initially trampled on because they didn't conform.

Cut off from the elite London scene, their roots in R&B with a noisy mod slant (as if The Jam grew

up listening to the Small Faces instead of The Who), The Jolt have been largely ignored for the last 18 months. And they appear to have put their time in exile to good use. This album's raw and young and flawed but, coming as it did out of nowhere, a gross shock to my monophonic R&B ears. The cover's an essential first impression; lovingly laminated, it looks like a genuine 1965 archetype right down to the moody front photo, spoilt only by the group forgetting to wear inch-wide ties.

To complete the image, they might have recorded in grotty mono with artificial scratches. Instead you get a rich, ambitious, textured sound, achieved by adding a second guitar track and coming on like a fluent fourpiece. The opening cut, 'Mr Radio Man', is instantly attractive, a snarling swipe at musically sterile rock radio and indifferent disc-jockeys. 'I Can't Wait' and 'No Excuses' are efficient enough but unfortunately rather too reminiscent of The Jam circa 'In The City'.

That's the most obvious trap The Jolt might fall into, trying to outdo their labelmates and coming off decisively second-best. It's fair to say that the occasional Jam influences didn't occur to me the first time I heard the album. This record's a great chunk of noisy, young dance music and, for me, one of the biggest surprises of the year. I've only been looking for faults and mistakes because the follow-up could be so much better.

Kim Davis

SINGLE

NME October 7 1978 Page 27



DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT

Polydor

Handsome! At last some rock singles after last week's pitiful turnout against the ever-present, effervescent spears of disco. Hardly any of the 'soldiers' of '77 now have anything near a 100 per cent vinyl record of success but this band is the exception. This is The Jam... 'All Around The World', 'In The City', 'David Watts' and now (so soon!) a new screamer, incisive tempered and taught.

Like '...Wardour Street' it's a shout against that cowardly scuttling creep, mob-handed random assault. Anyone who's ever stood waiting for the last one - be it at Whitechapel or Wood Green - knows the tightening of the chest when that rabble of football froats starts howling in from the station stairs. You're on your own Jack, and all the trains are the other way. "Hey boy, they shout, 'have you got any money?' I said, 'I've a little money and a takeaway curry/I'm on my way home to my wife/She'll be lining out the cutlery/You know that she's expecting me/Polishing the glasses and pulling out the cork/BUT, I'M DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT!!!"

They simmer through the verses but screech through the choruses until the violence is whirling around, taking the song to exhilarating peaks.

The track is coupled with The Who's 'So Sad About Us' and also 'The Night' but I find it hard to turn this over just yet. It's stuck fast to my deck.

Danny Baker

The Jam as the
new Who, 1978



THE NEW WHO?

Paul Weller of **The Jam** talks to Ian Birch about his former idols



Melody Maker August 12 1978 Page 33

About the middle of last year, the press became trigger-happy about back references for the new bands.

Bob Geldof danced like Jagger and The Boomtown Rats were the new Rolling Stones. The Stranglers' keyboard sound turned them into the new Doors. The Pistols received so much coverage that they were laid alongside The Beatles.

And The Jam wore mod two-piece suits, played the *Batman* theme and became the new Who. The situation smacked of desperation.

Now that The Who are celebrating a harvest of years in the "biz" it seemed a fine time to set the record straight about that last teacher/disciple tie-up.

I snatched a few words with Paul Weller, guitar-vocalist-songwriter with The Jam, just before they set off for a date on their current mini UK trek.

The crux of the comparison lies in the fact that The Jam relate to the time-honoured tradition of pop art rock, an area that the likes of Pete Townshend, Ray Davies and Marc Bolan helped pioneer and develop.

Three-minute bursts that weld together intensity, insidious melodies, well-heeled observation and often the rough side of the tongue.

The Jam are continuing the style today in a way that both looks back through constructively critical eyes and Rickenbackers to the '60s and steams ahead into the rapidly approaching '80s.

The cover of "This Is The Modern World" catches the image. Underneath the Westway, the band look surly and sport Who and Union Jack badges.

Nevertheless, Paul was understandably wary about discussing a band that has proved more of an albatross than a creative launching pad for their own development.

"It's really difficult to talk about The Who because I really don't like them now. I don't want to slag them off because I still respect them. It's not my sort of music."

But what about the Who neckbrace that was forced upon them? "Their influence is more apparent in our work than other groups. In some ways

I liked the comparison but it was a drag being given the Who revivalist tag. I just put that down to lazy journalism."

He really became aware of The Who a couple of years ago when he heard the classic 'My Generation' anthem. "It sounded different from anything I'd heard before. Like their '65 stuff is a lot different."

Not surprisingly Paul's favourite album was the first Who outing on Brunswick. "I got hold of the album because of 'My Generation'. I liked the Morse code stuff and feedback, which was totally new to me. The main thing is that I've never seen the band live which a lot of people don't know."

The main attraction and admiration lay in Pete Townshend's ability to whip off forceful melodies.

'Tommy' he could just about take but 'Quadrophenia' posed a whole lot of problems. "I like the cover. His intentions were honourable but for something about a working class kid it was far too complex. Kids worry more about trivial things like waking up in the morning with spots on their face but those kinds of things aren't trivial to them."

One major centre of respect is Townshend's early lyrics, which blended firmly with the three-minute volley of sound, opposed to, say, "Dylan reeling off a ten-line poem over the top".

"Like Ray Davies, he deals in melodrama – to really exaggerate an aspect of life. To add a bit of humour to it, to magnify it and see the humorous side of it. If you've only three minutes, you have to do it quicker." Fittingly,

"I'll make sure The Jam aren't around in 14 years' time. If you're not totally creative all the time there's just no point in going on" Paul Weller

He cites cuts like 'Dogs' and 'Circles' as great early numbers (remember the 'Ready Steady Who' EP masterwork?) because of the especially strong chord sequences.

"They stopped writing melodies around the time of 'Tommy'. You try and pick out a tune on the newer ones and they're just not up to Pete Townshend's standards. Maybe he's sick of writing melodies. I dunno... I don't want to slag them off because it's almost too big a contrast for me to grasp."

Paul also rates (though with some reservations) 'A Quick One' and the final/title cut that paved the way for the deaf, dumb and blind boy's spiritual journey.

"The idea behind that was pretty clever. I've got a live version which is actually much better. If I was ever going to write my opera – which is what every serious artist is supposed to do, innit? – I'd do it in two-and-a-half minutes."

one side of the new Jam single is their version of the old Kinks number, 'David Watts'.

OK, so Paul prefers early Who material to later, but surely over such a lengthy time-span change, development and experimentation is not only natural but essential to prevent artistic silting up?

"I suppose after 14 years that does happen. I'll make sure The Jam aren't around in 14 years time. If you're not totally creative all the time there's just no point in going on.

"In a recent interview I read with him, Pete sounded doubtful about his role in the band, but if he feels that way so strongly, he should give up."

Still, there is unanimous agreement that The Who have not only been hugely influential on rock in general but also on the glorious rock'n'roll hurly burly of the last few years despite all those tiresomely dumb claims that everything began from scratch around '76.

"A lot of the people who said they've not listened to The Who's stuff are just lying," added Paul.

How right the man is.

The Who as the old Jam, 1965





ALL MOD CONS

The Jam

Polydor

Third albums generally mean that it's shut-up-or-get-up time: when an act's original momentum has drained away and they've got to cover the distance from a standing start, when you've got to cross "naive charm" off your list of assets.

For The Jam, it seemed as if the Third Album Syndrome hit with their second album. 'This Is The Modern World' was dull and confused, lacking both the raging, one-dimensional attack of their first album and any kind of newly-won maturity. A couple of vaguely duff singles followed, and in the wake of a general disillusionment with the Brave New World, it seemed as if Paul Weller and his team were about to be swept under the carpet.

Well, it just goes to show you never can tell. 'All Mod Cons' is the third Jam album to be released (it's actually the fourth Jam album to be recorded; the actual third album was judged, found wanting and scrapped) and it's not only several light years ahead of anything they've done before but also the album that's going to catapult The Jam right into the front rank of international rock'n'roll; one of the handful of truly essential rock albums of the last few years.

The title is more than grade B punning or a clever-clever linkage with the nostalgibuzz packaging (like the target design on the label, the Swinging London trinketry, the Lambretta diagram or the Immediate-style lettering), it's a reference to both the broadening of musical idiom and Weller's reaffirmation of a specific mod consciousness.

Remember the mod ideal: it was a working class consciousness that stressed independence, fun and fashion without loss of integrity or descent into elitism of consumerism; unselfconscious solidarity and a dollop of non-sectarian concern for others. Weller has transcended his original naivety without becoming cynical about anything other than the music business. Mods became hippies and we know that didn't work; the more exploratory end of mod rock became psychedelia.

Just as Weller's mod ideal has abandoned the modern equivalent of beach-fighting and competitive posing, his mod musical values have moved from '65 to '66: the intoxicating period between pilled-up guitar-strangling and 'Sgt Pepper'.

Reference points: 'Rubber Soul' and 'A Quick One' rather than 'Small Faces' and 'My Generation'.

'Down In The Tube Station At Midnight' is a fair indication of what Weller's up to on this album, as was 'A-Bomb In Wardour Street' (I can't help thinking that he's given more hard clear-eyed consideration to the implications of the Sham Army than Jimmy Pursey has), but they don't remotely tell the whole story. For one thing, Weller has the almost unique ability to write love songs that convince the listener that the singer is really in love. Whether he's describing an affair that's going well or badly, he writes with a penetrating, committed insight that rings perfectly, utterly true.

Weller writes lovingly and (choke on it) sensitively without ever descending to the patented sentimentality that is but the reverse side of the macho coin, and both sides spell lovelessness. The inclusion of 'English Rose' (a one-man pick'n'croon acoustic number backed only by a tape of the sea) is both a musical and emotional finger in the eye for everyone who still clings to the old punk tough-guy stereotype and is prepared to call The Jam out for not doing likewise.

The brief, brusque title track and its immediate successor ('To Be Someone') examine the rock business; first in a tart V-sign to some entrepreneurial type who wishes to squeeze the singer dry and then throw him away, and second in a cuttingly ironic track about a superstar who lost touch with the kids and blew his career. Weller is, by

The Jam brought us The Sound Of '65 in 1976, and now in 1978 they bring us the sound of '66, but it all sounds fresher and newer than anything else this year

implication, assuring his listeners that no way is that going to happen to him

'Mr Clean' is an attack on the complacent middle-aged "professional classes". The extreme violence of its language is matched with music that combines delicacy and aggression with an

astonishing command of dynamics. The first side ends with 'In The Crowd', which places Weller dazed and confused in the supermarket. It ends with a lengthy, hallucinatory backwards guitar solo which sounds as fresh and new as anything George Harrison or Pete Townshend did a dozen years ago.

'Billy Hunt', whom we meet at the beginning of the second side, is a faintly ludicrous all-powerful fantasy self: what he projects in the day dreams that see him through his crappy job. The deliberate naivety of this fantasy is caught and projected by Weller with a skill that is nothing short of marvellous.

'It's Too Bad' is a song of regret for a couple's mutual inability to save a relationship which they both know is infinitely worth saving. 'Fly' is an exquisite electric/acoustic construction, a real lovers' song, but from there on in the mood changes for the "Doctor Marten's apocalypse" of "'A" Bomb' and 'Tube Station'. In both these songs, Weller depicts himself as the victim who doesn't know why he's getting trashed at the hands of people who don't know why they feel they have to hand out the aggro.

We've heard a lot of stupid destructive songs about the alleged joys of violence lately and they all stink: if these songs mean that one less meaningless street fight gets started then we'll all owe Paul Weller a favour.

The Jam brought us The Sound Of '65 in 1976, and now in 1978 they bring us the sound of '66. Again, they've done it in such a way that even though you

can still hear The Who here and there and a few distinct Beatleisms in those ornate descending 12-string chord sequences, it all sounds fresher and newer than anything else this year. 'All Mod Cons' is the album that'll make Bob Harris'

ears bleed the next time he asks what has Britain produced lately; more important, it'll be the album that makes The Jam real contenders for the crown.

Look out, all you rock and rollers: as of now The Jam are the ones you have to beat.

Charles Shaar Murray



Sofa so good: at the Winterland, San Francisco, April 18 1978

November 4, 1978

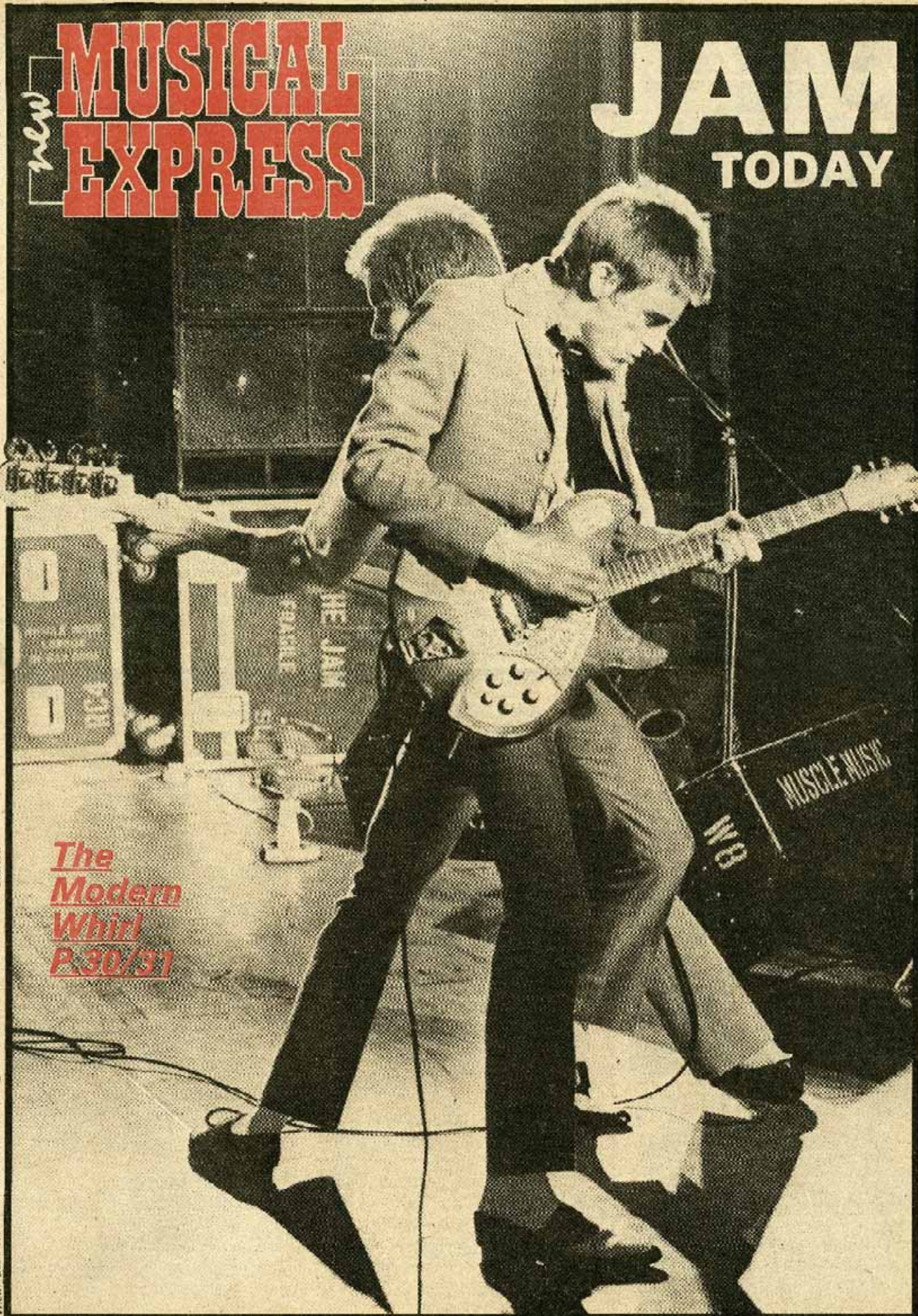
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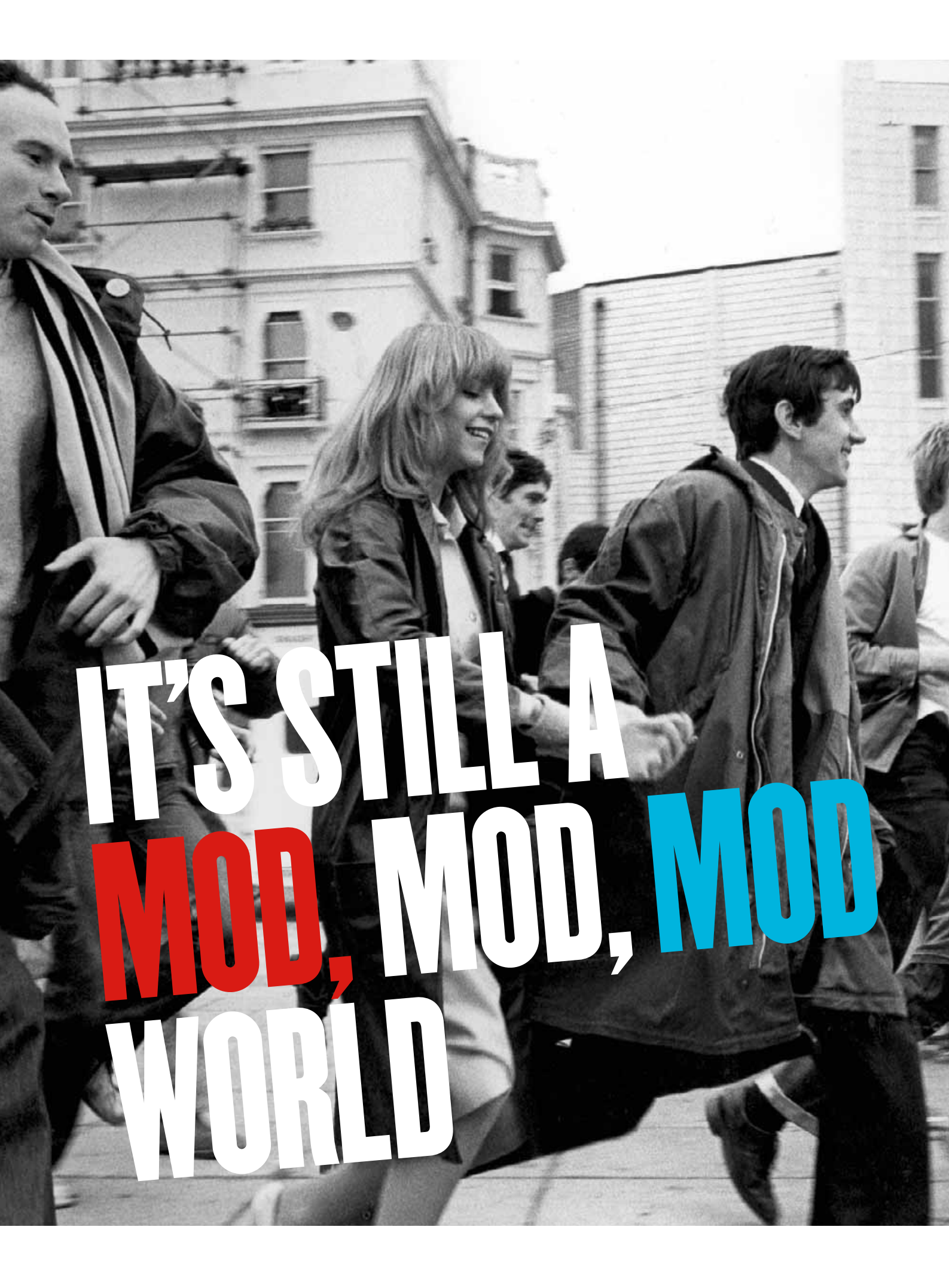
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JAM TODAY



*The
Modern
Whirl
P. 30/31*

William Barr Here Come The Jam... Again. Real Life Portrait: PENNIE SMITH.



IT'S STILL A
MOD, MOD, MOD
WORLD



Last week the Vespas meet the Bonneville in nostalgic battle on Brighton beach. It was only for the film cameras – but some of those mods were real. **Words: Michael Watts**

Melody Maker October 14 1978 Page 39

According to the script, today being Thursday the Battle Of Brighton Beach is to be re-enacted. It's an October morning, and a perishing wind is swirling around the stanchions of the old pier and the deckchairs of the mums and dads; but once more they strip down to their summer beach-wear in readiness.

The assistant director bellows through a megaphone. "Regroup! Regroup!"

On the promenade above, the huddle of khaki figures begins to look menacing.

The megaphone issues a command. And down the slope to the beach charges the Class of '78, mods in parkas with close-cropped hair and red ears, and the girls in their tarty clothes and thick pancake make-up, chewing gum and shrieking like bats homing in on a blood-source. They sweep across the beach, scattering families and sandcastles alike, with the Old Bill hotly in pursuit. Deckchairs fly; a beach ball is tossed aloft. There is murder in the air.

Then, from the other direction, appears a knot of leather boys, all tooled-up with somewhere to go.

The camera slowly describes an arc and frames a perfect scene of carnage as boots lash out and police dogs bark at writhing bodies.

But nothing worse than sand is spilt. It's an effort for hooliganism even to keep a grim face. So cold is it that action is preferable to hanging about interminably as the generals behind the cameras plan new strategies.

"Alright! Come back now to your original positions," shouts The Megaphone.

"And repair all the damage on your way back."

There have been times, though, when the mods and rockers have really wished to renew their ancient enmity. Yesterday the café on the prom was done over and the rockers copped it – filmically, you understand. Then a cameraman received a plate in the mouth, and one kid was bitten by a dog and had nine stitches in a back wound.

"The mods and rockers are still fightin'," sniffs Ray, a motor mechanic from Colindale. He's left his Harley chopper at home and come down on the train.

"There's only 'alf a fuckin' dozen of us. We get much 'assle we'll get on the blower and we'll 'ave fuckin' England down 'ere."

He points to an ominous belt that doesn't look as if it merely supports his pants,

"Nobody'll come up against that. That's four bloody bike chains there."

His friend Twizzle says he's just had his bike "sabotaged". The brake had been disconnected.

"Someone done it. One of the mods, I should think."

Then the two of them slope off, maintaining a dignified air.

Steve Orridge is a stocky little guy from Barnsley and the Vikings Scooter Club, and he wears a perpetually earnest, hang-dog expression. He's one of a bunch of young mods from up North who have been recruited for two weeks by the makers of *Quadrophenia*, put up in digs and given a mechanic for their scooters, and though they are grateful they feel the clubs and pubs of snobby Brighton are closed to their accent.

"T'girls 'ere fook me off," he mutters bitterly.

The surprise is that real mods exist at all. Two thousand extras have been hired for the mods and rockers scenes, but the majority of them have been picked up from the Brighton Labour Exchange (or Job Centre, as the euphemism goes).

A lot of them are punks, a fact which deeply disgusts Steve and his fellow mods. They belong to a new generation of mod, to whom the colours have been handed down from the '60s by elder brothers and sisters. Mainly northern, from Barnsley and Preston, whereas the rockers on the set are from London and the South, they are members of clubs which undertake long scooter runs to seaside resorts. Franc Roddam, the director of *Quadrophenia*, recruited them at a scooter rally in Southend.

Their devotion to the mod ideal, as they understand it, is unswerving. Second-hand shops are rifled for the correct gear, and old scooter models are doggedly hunted down. They turn up in back gardens, rusting away, forgotten glories of the '60s. Some can be bought for 30 quid.

Steve drove to Brighton on his SX200. "And there are two LI150s in t'garden, and an SX frame that needs an engine.

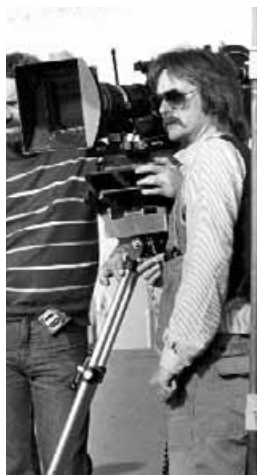
"I've also got a Suzuki 185 that cost me 150 quid, I've only rode it once," he adds witheringly. These mods have a touching faith in the music of The Who and other '60s-originated bands like Geno Washington, although some of them say The Jam have taken over. But they really seem to be seeking an identity and a continuity of that identity.

Kevin Lawn wears an earring from which dangles a little silver scooter (removed, for the sake of historical accuracy, during filming).

"I've got a little girl of two," he confides, "and I'll make 'er a mod when she grows up. She sits on my scooter now. She loves it. And my brother, 'e's 30, 'e's still a mod."

These kids, in their late-teens and early-20s, gritty but small beside the swaggering rockers, are wary of their arch-foe around the set. But, out of earshot, they define their differences. ▶

Director Franc Roddam films *Quadrophenia*, 1978



► “Look at a lad on a scooter,” explains Steve, “ow good he is. Then just look at that one on a bike – you can’t go out dressed up on a bike.”

“It’s class, mod,” says another, warming to the conversation.

“You’re on a scooter, you got freedom, you do what you want.”

“We go everywhere. We’re never at ‘ome.”

“If rockers wanted to start anythin,’ they could wipe us out, but they’ve no sense of style, ‘ave they? They’re just like sheep, they follow t’crowd. We like to be different, mods like.”

“This lad ‘ere, Martin, is dedicated t’scooters. ‘E’s got a scooter stripped down in bedroom, y’know.”

“All t’walls are panelled wi’ it.”

“It’s in yer blood. I’ve ‘ad a scooter since I were 16 and I’m 22 now and I can’t gi’ it oop. I’m injected wi’ it.”

“We’re chromin’ us bikes oop six months ‘o year, tunin’ it, gettin’ all extras on it, gettin’ it ready for first run to Scarborough.”

“Every Bank ‘oliday.”

“We know kids from all over t’country just with scooters. It’s like a brother‘ood, in’t it?”

“I were at Skegness and somebody asked me if I were an ‘ippie.”

(A look of baffled outrage.)

“This film will bring ‘em back. Wi’ a vengeance.”

“We’re talking about tekkin’ a run to London for t’premiere.”

“Fetch everybody down.”

“Loads’ll go then.”

“It’s somethin’ in the blood...”

I don’t know what clicked inside me, but I got fed up with sleeping under the flyover. The weather was terrible for a start. Two rainy nights and that was it. I really started to fancy going back to Brighton. I still had about 200 leapers left, kept me company.

What was really weird was seeing this bird that I really liked. I even had her on the beach at Brighton. Two in a sleeping bag is really cosy until you’re finished.

Anyway, she was with my mate, Dave. Him! She walked right past me after a dance at the Goldhawk. The girl of my best friend and all that. It did me in. It was like the last straw. The real last straw was yet to come. I was so brought down, I smashed me GS up in the pissing rain. I can’t bear to think about it.

I walked to the station down the railway tracks, across the river. I felt like throwing myself in front of a train, but I didn’t. I took about 20 leapers at once, got a first class ticket to Brighton and set off to my land of dreams. (From ‘Jimmy’s Story’ on ‘Quadrophenia’)

The punk meets The Godfather

It’s costing two and a half million dollars to make a film of The Who’s ‘Quadrophenia’, but it’s totally British; which is what Pete Townshend wanted. After Ken Russell’s stylized *Tommy* he was looking for a treatment that was naturalistic but still under British direction.

“If rockers wanted to start anythin’ they could wipe us out, but they’ve got no sense of style, ‘ave they? They’re just like sheep, they follow t’crowd. We like to be different, mods like” Steve

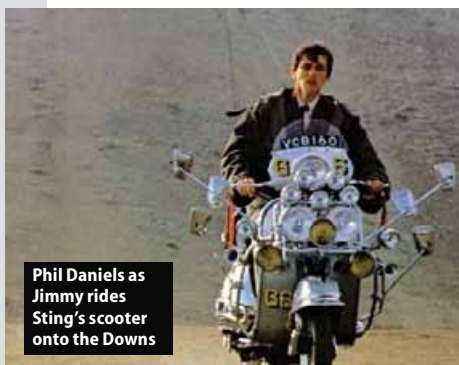
Officially, The Who Films Ltd will be presenting a co-production by film executive Roy Baird and Bill Curbishley, The Who’s manager. But The Who have put in none of their own bread; that’s gone to the semi-documentary of their career, *The Kids Are Alright*, which John Entwistle has recently been editing in America. That *Quadrophenia* is being made at all is a tribute to The Who’s growing bankability in the film business.

The Who themselves are little involved in its making, although Roger Daltrey, who lives near Brighton, has occasionally cast a proprietorial eye over its progress. Townshend is committed to writing some new music, and the makers hope to include songs by other mod favourites of the ‘60s’.

In short, the film is Franc Roddam’s. Roddam, 32, from Cleveland, is best known as a television director. Earlier this year he made *Dummy*,



Sting: Ace Face and part-time bellboy



Phil Daniels as Jimmy rides Sting’s scooter onto the Downs



Roger Daltrey checks out the film’s progress

the award-winning play about a deaf-mute girl that was distinguished, amongst other attributes, by its fiercely realistic direction.

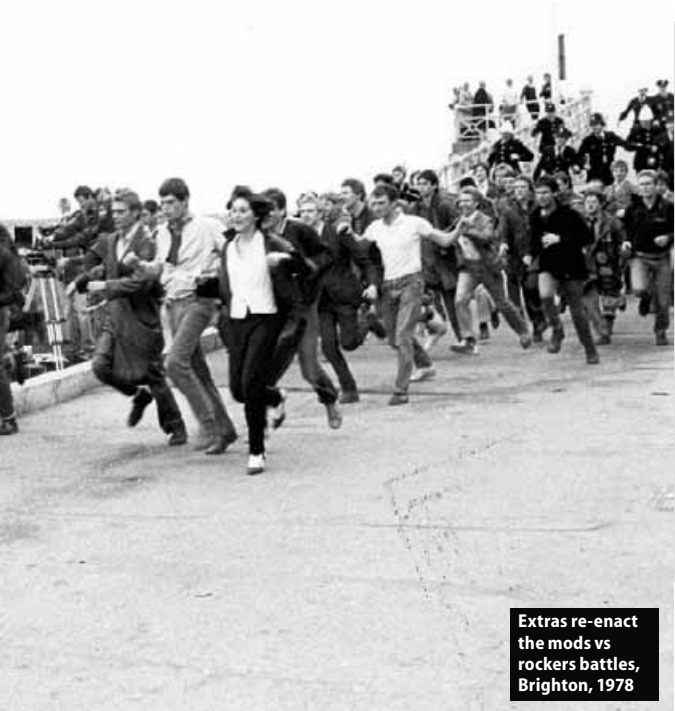
The Who had wanted to film a version of ‘Quadrophenia’ for many years, and four months ago Baird, who had an association with them, suggested Roddam as director. Townshend, who had been considering Nick Roeg or Alan Parker, had seen *Dummy* and reacted instantly.

“I think Pete Townshend thought now was the time to do it because of the punk movement,” says Roddam. (Not true, replies Townshend: the time was merely financially opportune.)

Eventually Roddam, collaborating with two different writers, developed a script which he hoped “remains true to the spirit of the album, of The Who and the mods, and of revolt itself”. This was a difficult undertaking. What narrative there is on the album is briefly sketched in Townshend’s liner notes which assume the first-person voice of Jimmy, a kid who attempts to find a sense of purpose through the mod movement and suffers various adventures in London and Brighton.

Jimmy is not only a distillation of adolescent neuroses, he is a composite of predominant characteristics, in The Who themselves: Daltrey the fighter, Moon the madman, Entwistle the romantic and family man, and Townshend the seeker.

“The idea of *Quadrophenia* is that someone is not being allowed to be themselves,” declares Roddam. He is a slight, boyish figure who



Extras re-enact the mods vs rockers battles, Brighton, 1978



Method mod-ness on the beach in Brighton

sports a drooping moustache and has an odd Irish lilt to his accent (the result, he thinks, of large numbers of Irish settling in his hometown). “There are pressures from family, school and work, and if you want to move on you have to resist those pressures.

“It’s ten days in the life of one guy in 1964, and he’s trying to find himself. In the end he rejects the mods, too. What I’m doing is a translation of the album, if you like. I’m using ‘Quadrophenia’ as an inspiration, plus my own knowledge of the period, because I was 18 in ’64 – though I was never a mod or a rocker.

“I want the film to work on several levels. As nostalgia, as a rock film with all the music – because we intend to get music by Geno Washington, Georgie Fame and the Small Faces, among others – in its own right as a story, and as something with a social and contemporary relevance.

“If Jimmy likes the mods at all, you see, it’s that they move with one voice. I think there’s a direct link from the mods through to the punks and the National Front.

“The mods weren’t in any way revolutionary. They worked and spent their money on clothes and pills and music. They weren’t saying, let’s change the work system; they weren’t interested in change but in getting the best from what was there, and in a way that’s what makes them boring.

“Eventually, they settled down and got married; they had no politics or social awareness, but they were a socially interesting group. It was the first time young people had mobility and money, and so the media were aware of it. Out of it came *RSG!*, the clothes market and all the rest.

“Punk, I think, is interesting in that it’s a disruptive force. It’s saying there’s a complacency in fashion, music and moral attitudes. And with that background this is the right time to make *Quadrophenia*.

“In the past the films I’ve made have been about people who lack experience, and therefore they can be taken advantage of. I’d like to get people into a situation where they don’t get bullied and pushed around, either by society or individuals.

“*Dummy*, for example, was about a person who couldn’t receive information, and neither could she give it out, not just because she was deaf – she was an extreme example of all of us.

“But that’s one side of my films. The other is that I’m interested in people who’re looking for alternatives, and Jimmy is one of them.”

Townshend professes himself pleased with the script, but retains his caution about the working of the film industry.

“The biggest danger is that it could come out looking like *That’ll Be The Day* or *Stardust*, because low-production British pictures have that look about them. I suppose I’m banking on the fact that Franc Roddam is, I think, the only British TV director who’s gonna properly make that transition to film. If he does pull it off I don’t think there’s gonna be anything stopping him.”

The style will certainly be un-flashy because Roddam declares he has put content before form: there are no high or low angles, for instance. The film will look like “Belfast, or a football club brawl”.

He has also chosen unknown actors and actresses from un-theatrical backgrounds.

Jimmy is played by a 19-year-old from King’s Cross, Phil Daniels, who had a recent part in Barry Keefe’s TV play about bored working class kids, *Hanging Around*, but who is probably best remembered in that David Bailey ad for Olympus cameras. (“That’s David Bailey.” “Who’s ‘e, then?”). His girlfriend in *Quadrophenia*, Leslie Ash, has done little beside modelling.

Daniels, a sly, engaging Londoner who mooches around the set in his parka and tight brown suit, turns out to be a singer and guitarist in a band called Renoir. “Nuffin’ to do wiv punk,” he says; in fact, he shares with Townshend a passion for Bruce Springsteen, whom he saw at Hammersmith Odeon. “E’s a great man, in ‘e?”

His father is a caretaker, his mother an accounts clerk, and he still lives at home. Despite his age, he was always familiar with The Who,

“The idea of *Quadrophenia* is that someone is not allowed to be themselves. It’s ten days in the life of one guy and he’s trying to find himself. In the end he rejects the mods, too” Franc Roddam

he says, and bought ‘Quadrophenia’ when it came out in 1973. For this part he has listened to a lot of Who and Geno Washington, and talked to mods from the ’60s.

“They say kids are what they are because of the newspapers. They don’t regret the period at all, none of ‘em; they love it. They say it was all very nutty, wrecking all these places. Lovely.” A wicked smile crosses his pinched, freckled face.

The ’70s, going on ’80s

The irony of *Quadrophenia* is that for Townshend the mod era is now fossilised. “It stopped very, very suddenly, and in a very definitive way; and what stopped was the attitude, that identification with other people on the street, that affirmation.”

Townshend sits on Brighton Pier and ruminates. Over there is the Florida Rooms, where The Who used to play; now it’s full of dolphins. Below, the camera crew, surrounded by curious locals, is shooting a close-up of a rocker getting his head kicked in.

Along the promenade the Preston Wildcats and the 5.15s are roaring off; for those Brighton people who don’t know but who do remember, it’s an uneasy sight.

“The details around it, the subtlety, fell apart,” Townshend continues, “and the way I feel about it now is not at all nostalgic. After all, I can neither pretend to be able to look like a mod now, nor even want to.

“But there was something about it that was very, very fine. Fine is really the right word for it.” ■

THE CHORDS

Live at The Albany, London

NME April 28 1979 Page 33

You've seen the Parkas, you've heard The Rumours and you'd be well advised to catch The Chords.

The recently-exposed mod revival gathers speed. Initiated solely by a hardcore of underground bands, its intention (so they claim) is to recreate the spirit of the punk boom and not just resurrect mod music.

Their growing army smitten with anorexia and squarely sheared crops, insist they're new mods whose '60s garb fronts a '79 attitude.

Predictably, there's opposition.

The Deptford punks are lining the walls suspiciously eyeing the mod contingent as they shuffle round the dancefloor.

There's a slight tension that's strangely reassuring. There's also a reek of contrivance – a sense it's all just a synthetic context to give a directionless music some kind of immediate significance. But a couple of numbers from The Chords and all dissent is shown the door.

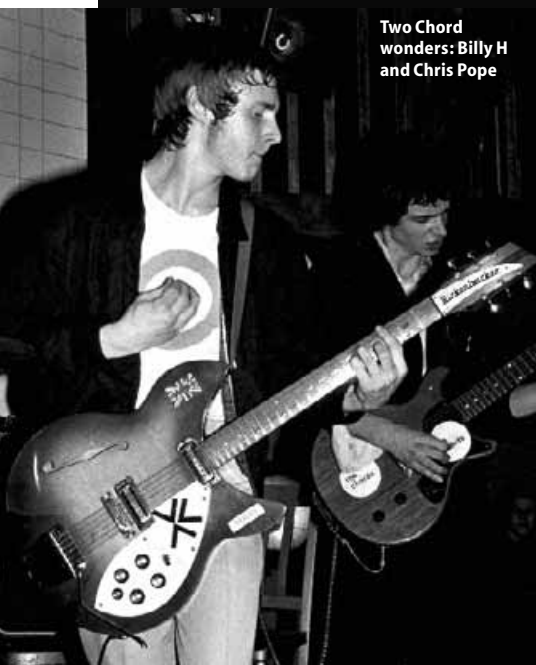
Young, under-rehearsed and competent, their awareness of detail goes way beyond snappy suits, shirts, ties and Rickenbackers.

Individually, all four are in complete control. Together, they're sometimes loose as hell and wildly out of tune. But none of that hides an acute understanding of mod music.

They set the tone by including the obligatory covers – 'Knock On Wood', 'Circles' and a stunning version of the Small Faces' 'Hey Girl'. In the same vein, their own numbers are brash, confident, forceful pop.

With such strong originals and the added capacity of a four-piece framework, they'll soon reduce those inevitable tags. Whether or not the initial sparks of modrophenia get fanned by the media out of all proportions, The Chords have enough class to survive.

Mark Ellen



Two Chord wonders: Billy H and Chris Pope



Paul Weller strains his vocal chords and his trousers, 1979

since the business of being a mod was always essentially male.

If Friday had been '64 or '65 and The Jam a genuine mod band, they wouldn't have been playing here at the former Finsbury Park Astoria. No mod band ever got that big. The Who were Shepherd's Bush scruffs kitted out in Carnaby Street, the Small Faces were more like it, but they didn't play mod music. Georgie Fame, Chris Farlowe, Ronnie Jones et al were the ones, and they played all night to stand-up pilled-up crowds in clubs. And the best stuff, anyway, was all on import records.

The Who, however, took mod to the provinces, the way John Stephen put its clothes in high street boutiques, and it was their spirit that infiltrated the evening, a spirit made manifest by the vast target hovering behind the drum kit, the indelible symbol of Moon's T-shirt. The Jam lack that band's voice, but none of the vigour.

Paul Weller's songs are powerful anthems to be sung along with from start to finish, and the crowd did just that, having leapt up and as near the front as the bouncers (cotton wool spilling from their ears as if their brains were made of it) would permit

The Jam live at the Rainbow, London

Melody Maker May 19 1979 Page 45



Fashion notes first. The band, of course, were in their sharp suits, looking less like matching mods, though, than a good old group in uniform. Out front parkas predominated, as if plum levers and peanut suits had never existed. Parkas originated as practical wear for the boys with scooters, but there were major faces who wouldn't be seen dead on two wheels.

Indeed, the essence of mod elegance was minutiae: the name on the label no-one ever saw, a millimetric precision in the depth of vents or pocket flaps, the arrangement of ticket pockets inside the jacket. The girls in the audience were less concerned to recreate the cult or didn't know how – not that it mattered much,

them from the moment the music began.

They massed before the apron, pogoing and passing broken seats above their heads like fainted kids at football, knowing not just the numbers, which mostly came from 'All Mod Cons', but even the running order. A new set is clearly due.

Unlike Jimmy Pursey and some others, The Jam maintain an old-fashioned aloofness from their audience – Weller never once looked anyone in the eye – and the succession of solo dancers on the stage's edge were whipped off within seconds like unsuccessful auditioners, but they're loved none the less for that and were called back for a double encore.

A closing question: why do roadies always look like hippies? John Pidgeon

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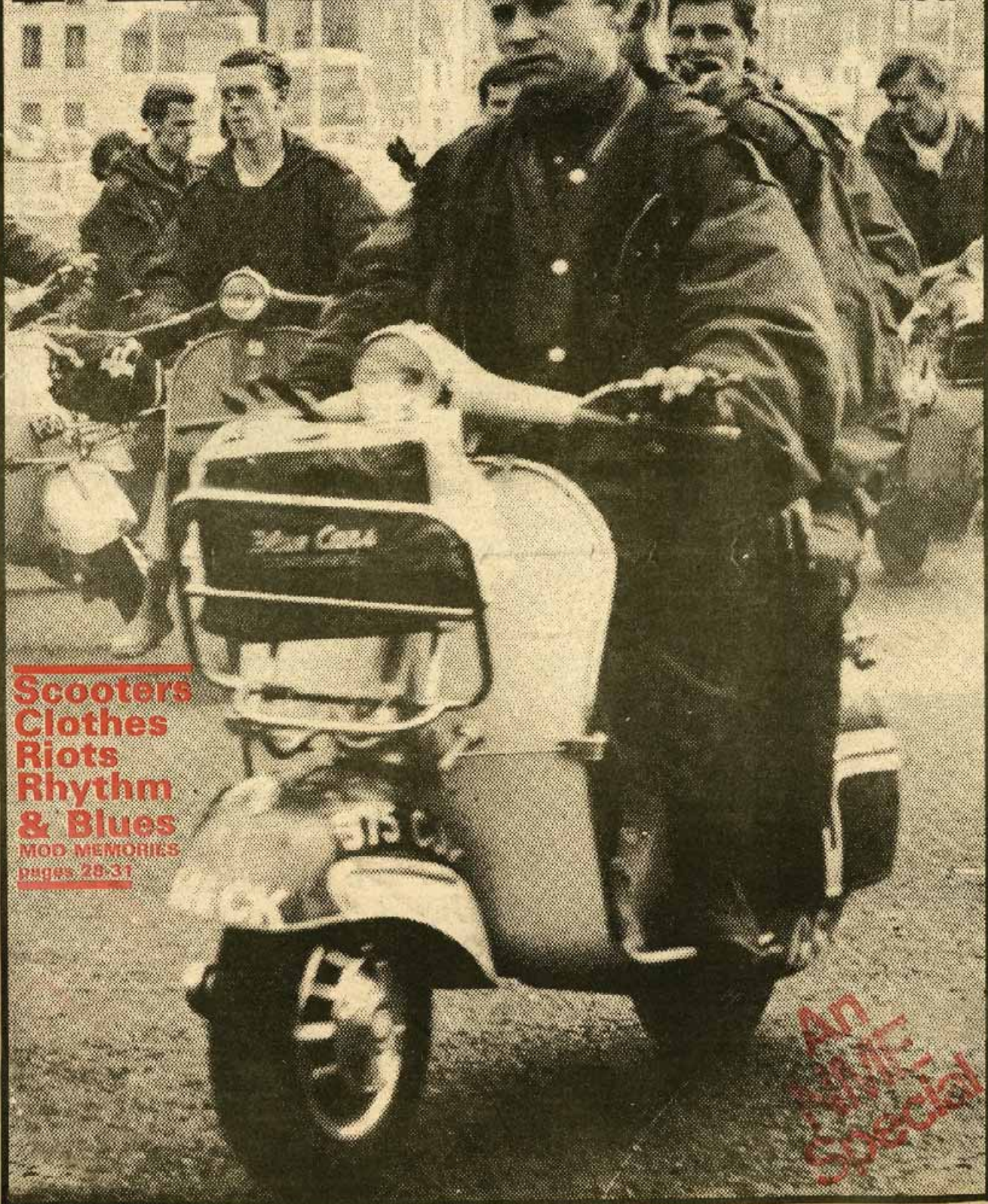
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MODS

Bank Holiday Battles Revisited



**Scooters
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MOD MEMORIES
pages 28-31

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QUADS? QUODS?

Who are they and how do you spell it? ADRIAN THRILLS looks at the sounds and styles of Modrophenia '79

"Every time you walk down Oxford Street these days, you see one more bloke wearing a parka."
Billy H, The Chords.

"In the last few years, everything has come back — skins, tees, rockabilly — and the mod thing is the last to make a real comeback. So it's got to be the one with a real chance of staying."
Bob, 18, Bethnal Green mod.

"Mod is not just what you look like. It's what goes on in your head. It's more an attitude than anything else. But the mods you're getting now are '79 mods. They're not trying to revive anything."
Clive, Enfield mod fanzine editor.

YOU SEE them at Jam gigs, or maybe just sniffing out a pair of Doctor Marten's or some ex-army threads in a surplus store. You'll soon be noting the multiplying numbers of scooters on runs down to the south coast resorts: check the loafers, white socks, sta-prests, two-button jackets, Fred Perry and Slazenger shirts ... All of a sudden — over the past 12 months — there seem to be all these sharply-dressed, short-haired kids in baggy dark green parkas, more often than not carpeted in badges, stickers, tassles, patches, iron-on transfers, or chalked-on slogans.

This time last year we were in the middle of a small-scale grass-roots rockabilly revival. This year: M-O-D! Just what we needed, eh? Another revival, another movement with all the blinkered narrow-mindedness and gang battles that Another Movement usually entails ...

However, something — as they say — is most definitely in the air. No-one seems to know precisely what it signifies. Few people seem to have any idea of what is going to become of it. But it is happening, albeit on a minor scale as yet. And — unlike the powerpop hype of 12 months back which was generated in the minds of the media and the sweaty palms of cash-hungry A&R men — this year's t'ing (oops!) is coming from the roots upwards.

There haven't been as many gigs advertised almost solely by word of mouth or — at best — a couple of hundred Xeroxed handbills since the embryonic days of punk. The effectiveness of the rooty DIY enthusiasm that characterises Mod '79 was illustrated recently when The Chords — one of the capital's leading nouveau mod groups — played their fortnightly Saturday residency at The Wellington, in Waterloo.

The tiny bar was surrounded by the light fittings by parka-clad hordes. Which brings us to the bands, a rough list of which is as long as Brighton beach itself. There's Purple Hearts and The Cobras from Romford, the aforementioned Chords from Deptford, The Fixations from Holloway, The Merton Parkas from — oh yes! — Merton Park, Captain Scarlet And The Mysterons from Elm Park, The Scooters from Enfield / Coventry / Southend (take your pick), Long Tall Shorty and Chicane from Brighton, The Low Numbers from Camden Town, The Estimators from Tottenham, Secret Affair from Ilford, The Ricky Ties from Nottingham,

The Vespas from Watford, The Points, French Blues, The Teenbeats, Detours, Back To Zero, The Golden Faces ...

Most are unknown quantities. A fair number are doomed to obscurity. But the best — three of which are featured later on in this piece — are definitely worthy of your attention as good bands in their own right, irrespective of 'the mod thing'.

Many of them are prone to continually changing those wonderfully evocative names, the trouble with mod monikers being that demand is already starting to outstrip the limited supply.

Thus The Low Numbers were until recently The Two Tones, and before that The Camden Town Action. Long Tall Shorty used to be The Indicators. Captain Scarlet etc were formerly The Sharp Set, and Secret Affair sprang from the ashes of the dreaded New Hearts.

Get the picture? Don't bother. It's probably already changed!

"It's a neat scene at the moment, but that's partly 'cos it's on a really small scale. Once it gets big you won't know where you are."

"At the moment most of the kids we know are mods. Like, if you see someone at a gig and they're a mod you'll go up and talk to them because of that."

"There's a type of comradeship like in the early days of punk."
Paul, 17, Swiss Cottage mod.

THE FIRST thing you need to know about what could all-too-easily get tagged as no more than just The New Mod Sound is that, strictly speaking, there isn't one.

There is nothing that'll change the world or revolutionise rock as we know it. There are no extravagant claims made, and none to fulfil.

That said, the current mod scenario is more than an unnecessary anachronism — it fits as healthily into the late '70s scheme as The Gang Of Four, The Members and Public Image Ltd.

Just realise that and we should be okay. What does exist, here and now, is a plethora of bands each identifying themselves to some degree with various aspects of '60s youth culture.

The current crop of groups will readily doff their titles and acknowledge their respect for the flavour of '60s mod. Just as vigorously they will emphasise their hard-headed, post-punk characteristics. But to assume that none of the bands listed above have any individual character or anything original and contemporary to offer would be cynical and inaccurate.

Indeed, The Chords, say, are as different from The Purple Hearts as the Sex Pistols were from The Clash 30 months ago.

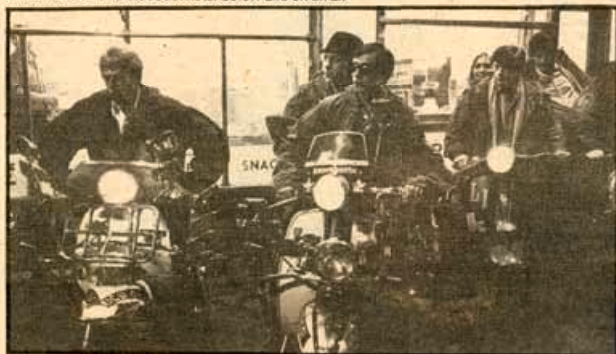
Naturally, there is intense rivalry — always a healthy sign — and this often spills over into bitchiness. The Fixations claim The Scooters are trying too hard to revive the 'arty' aspects of '60s modism and The Chords stupidly slag off The Purple Hearts for occasionally doing 'London's Burning' as an encore.

In the main, however, there's a spirit of camaraderie that again harks back to the halcyon 100 Club days of The Clash and Pistols.

But the bands are not having it all their own way. Already the first fanzine of the modwave



Reconstructions of the mod lifestyle from The Who's forthcoming 'Quadrophenia' movie. Above: blood and bluebeat hats. Below Life on an LI.



has emerged: *Maximum Speed*.

Run by three Enfield mods and edited by Clive — one of the fans whose comments form the framework of this article — *Maximum Speed* features band reviews plus a collage of old pictures, including the inevitable beach fights.

Interestingly, the three scribblers who produce it have also started promoting their own gigs, the first of which was a mini-festival in Enfield boasting four groups — The Purple Hearts, The Fixations, The Scooters and Back To Zero — backed by a bluebeat, ska and motown disco. And all for 50 pence!

A clear-cut case of someone doing the right deed for the right reasons at the right price.

Inevitably, entrepreneurs are beginning to get hip to the trip that there's lucre in dem dere loafers and exploiting this healthy, refreshingly rooty, naive confused 'scene' for what they can.

'Jam' jackets are already selling at £35 a throw in the Carnaby Cavern around the corner from NME Central, sta-prests are available at £18 in the Kings Road and the classified pages of the music papers are steadily filling with ads for ex-NATO parkas.

And just try counting the A&R men at the bar should you happen to chance upon a Purple Hearts gig. So it goes.

Just where it's heading we should know by summer, with the general release of the *Quadrophenia* film and mod centre page spreads in all the tabloids.

"Most of the girls who go to the mod gigs with us wear pretty much the same clothes as the blokes. The main reason you don't see many girls dressed as mods is just that there's been no publicity about what they're supposed to wear."

"Unlike the blokes, they've had no-one to model themselves on. I suppose the only person in the last few years has been Faye Fife really... she dressed it although she never actually came out and said that she was a mod."

"Another thing is that most of the bands in London are too concerned with trying to look right as mods in terms of dress."

"Most of the best bands are from the suburbs — places like Enfield and Romford."
Tony, 19, Wembley mod.

THE PURPLE HEARTS, regarded by many as the best, hail from Romford in Essex.

They formed in 1977 playing spirited punk as Robbie Ratchett — not Jack Plug! — And The Sockets, before heisting their present name from the back of a Small Faces album.

Bob Manton, their restive, volatile vocalist, says the mod affiliation came about through their disillusionment with what had become of punk.

"We just wanted to do something other than punk. We didn't ever quite fit into the punk thing and I personally got disillusioned with it pretty quickly."



The Chords from Deptford. Pic: Mike Laye



The Fixations from North London. Pic: Stevenson



The Purple Hearts from Romford. Pic: Mike Laye

"We were naive enough to think punk was going to change the world."
 "At one stage we just knocked the band on the head for about a month or so 'cos we got so fed up. But then we reckoned that if we did give up it would just be admitting defeat."
 "The thing is, when we got back together, we didn't have to radically change any of our ideas. We always did want to play this type of music."

"It was just that we hadn't been technically able to play it up until now. No-one's going to believe us, but we've been into the mod thing for five years."

"Even when we played The Roxy as The Sockets, we were doing 'Whatcha Gonna Do About It'."

"To us there's much more to it than just mod and the mod revival. We are playing this sort of music at the moment and we'll still be playing it this time next year when the present mod revival thing has blown over."

"Personally, I can only see this current mod thing lasting six months. Maybe a year. The trouble is there are too many people trying to revive it exactly as it was then, going out and buying scooters and all that."
 "If The Sockets were, in Bob's words, 'punk taken to its logical conclusion — no song had more than three chords', then The Hearts are never anything less than competent and classy, with guitarist Simon Stebbing's feedback-ridden haywire raunch well to the fore."

"They cover three oldies — The Monkees 'Steppin' Stone', David Bowie And The Lower Third's 'Can't Help Thinking About Me' and wicked Wilson Pickett's gut-wrenching 'If You Need Me'. But it's the eight originals that make up the bulk of their live set that leave no doubts as to what decade Purple Hearts are living in."

"It's a fact that none of our songs could have been written in 1965," emphasises drummer Gary Sparks.

"It would be narrowminded of us to say that we're a mod band, fullstop, and that we only play mod music. We get a total mixture at our gigs. There's punks, skins and mods."

"Our music is pop music. We're a pop group. My influences are obviously Stax stuff and '60s pop. But even now we're still influenced by punk, especially early Clash and things like that."

"On the first Clash album they were talking about things that actually meant something in the everyday lives of people like us. On the second album, it's all this world politics shit."

"We don't want to recreate and revive the '60s mod thing. The spirit of the original punk bands is living on in groups like us."

The Purple Hearts, still in their late teens like most of their contemporaries, are also quite a wacky bunch, particularly prone to extravagantly verbose, tongue-in-cheek classifications of their music.

Bassist Jeff (year, just Jeff) describes their epic single-to-be, 'Jimmy', thus:

"It's not about *Quadrophenia* for a start, which is what everyone's going to say. It's just about the frustrations of a kid who gets pushed around at school."

"It's a Pop - Art - Teen - Confusion - Anthem!"

The last word goes to Bob Manton:
 "The Purple Hearts are the gap between Newton's Third Law and Einstein's Theory of the toilet seat!"

"I got into The Jam, I used to wear a suit when I first started going to see them and I just took it from there."
 Gary, 17 Paddington mod.

THE CHORDS are perhaps more readily identifiable as A Mod Band than The Purple Hearts. Visually they look the part — all Rickenbackers, neat suits and '60s flash. My main musical reservation is the similarity of some of their songs to pieces on The Jam's first album.

But there are plenty of London mods prepared to vouch that they're far and away the best, technically, of the bands to emerge in the past year or so.

The Chords talk passionately and articulately, particularly when faced with criticism. Vocalist Billy H — who plays exactly the same guitar as Paul Weller — puts it this way.

"If there is a similarity in the sound, it's not because I'm trying to copy Weller. I just find the Rickenbacker very easy to play. My fingers are really small and that guitar has a really slim neck. It's as simple as that."

"Our music comes from the same roots as The Jam — blues and soul — but we don't

want to end up sounding like them
 "We don't look like them. Lyrically, we're nothing like them."

The Chords got together in Deptford last August when Billy H met lead guitarist Chris Pope and bassist Martin Mason. Drummer Brett Ascot is a more recent recruit.

They rehearsed for months on a diet consisting largely of old Sam And Dave classics, but only started gigging seriously this year.

Their current set still features Sam And Dave's 'Hold On I'm Coming' alongside the obligatory Who, Small Faces and Beatles numbers as well as half-a-dozen originals penned by Pope.

"We're likely to get labelled as no more than just another mod band," opines the guitarist, realistically aware of the backlash that's always just around the corner.

"But if we're strong enough we'll pull through. If we're good enough to play strong gigs and produce strong records, then we'll be able to stand up after this current mod thing, no matter what image we portray."

"If not then we deserve to die."

"The mod thing is like a natural progression from punk. Hopefully it's strong enough to progress on into the '80s. We want to do something better than mod achieved in the '60s. It died a death before it ever reached its natural conclusion."

So how will The Chords develop it?

"Well, being a four-piece we've got more of a chance to do exactly what we want live than, say, The Jam. Onstage The Jam always do numbers exactly the same way as on record. It's perfect and it's cold."

"What we want onstage and on record is a much more improvised sound. Something that gives us more of a chance to be more versatile visually and musically, gives our individual personalities more of a chance to shine through."

"I think that the mod bands coming out now are actually better technically than the bands that were forming in 1976."

The Chords were last seen recording demos of their three best songs — 'Now It's Gone', 'Maybe Tomorrow', and 'Dream Dolls' — for JP Records.

"Mod is the sort of thing that should be accessible to everyone. Even the disco kids. The soul boys will be into it for the smooth image."

Bob, 18 Bethnal Green mod.

THE FIXATIONS, unlike both The Chords and The Purple Hearts, play all their own material — yet were not as impressive when I saw them recently supporting Berni Torme and The Nips at Acklam Hall.

I admired their spirit — it takes guts to play wittily and with enthusiasm in front of two dozen disinterested faces — but any appreciation of their musical finesse was jaundiced by a truly dire sound and the instrumental shambles that resulted.

However, as singer Paul Cattin points out, "what the mod bands need at the moment is the chance to grow. The scene is healthy — although we all know that it wouldn't be here if it hadn't been for the new wave."

Cattin was turned on to mod by an elder brother, claims not to have missed a Who gig in London since 1970, but sees himself and the band categorically in post-punk terms.

He formed The Fixations with guitarist Paul Cathcart, drummer Ken Gamby and Bassist Richard Sharpe over two years ago in North London, although they have only been playing consistently for the last six months.

"The real equivalent of the '60s mods in today's youth culture are the soul boys," he tells me after the Acklam debacle. "It's important to realise that the mods of today are all '79 mods."

"I'm not into it for the fighting. It's the smartness, the camaraderie, the fact that the mods were the first youth group ever to actually start thinking about things in the '80s, start questioning things."

I turn to guitarist Cathcart — obviously the thinker of the band — and enquire innocently what mod means to him. His reply is short, instant and sweet.

"We're arguing about exactly what it means all the time."

NME May 26 1979 Page 5



Chords in accord

THE CHORDS — pictured above with Jimmy Pursey (centre), who's just signed them to his J.P. Productions company — are currently on tour with The Undertones, playing their final date with the Irish band at Hanley Victoria Hall on June 5. They then have gigs in their own right at London Kensington Nashville (June 11), London Marquee (15 and 17) and Hastings Pier Pavilion (23). As reported last week, their debut single 'Now It's Gone' is released next month through Polydor.

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The New Tribalism, part 17: a Chord fan's Parka. Pic: Mike Lave

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SMALL HOURS

Live at the Brecknock,
Camden, London

NME June 23 1979 Page 56

If these unknown quantities could do justice to Graham Parker's 'Soul Shoes' with the master's voice still ringing in my ears, they're doing something right. Even better if their own soul-injected R&B and poppier interludes cut it next to certified classics.

Vocalist Neil Thompson knows a good influence when he hears one. Former-Saint Kym Bradshaw on bass and Jolt drummer Ian Sheddon (on loan) don't mince with the beat and Carol Isaacs fleshed out the already frenetically brimming sound with her Farfisa fills. They might be hot property one day but before fanning the sparks, I'd like to hear them with more upfront guitar from Thompson's bro' Ian and a decent PA; then we'll see about prime time.

It's still early days for the Small Hours.

Elissa Van Poznak

TEENBEATS/ THE LAMBRETTAS

Live at the Dublin Castle,
Camden, London

NME August 4 1979 Page 43

The Lambrettas, Brighton's self-proclaimed "beat boys in the jet age", were first on.

Unlike most new mod groups, they play a totally original nine-song set, with guitarists Jez Bird and Doug Sanders trading lead vocals with each other and wisecracks with the crowd.

The Teenbeats are a different kettle of kinetic energy altogether. Watching them in the Dublin Castle – where the 'stage' is on the same level as the dancefloor – is like having The Undertones performing in your front room.

They're a young and classy pure pop group. A five-piece from Hastings, their songs cover the predictable moddy trains of thought – 'Time For Change', 'Strength Of The Nation' – but they also do a great cover of The Troggs' 'I Can't Control Myself'. The Nips' singer, Shane MacGowan rates them as one of the best new bands around. Who am I to argue.

Adrian Thrills

Teenbeats: "a different kettle of kinetic energy"



Bob Manton wears his Hearts on his sleeve

Purple Hearts live at the Hope And Anchor

NME June 23 1979 Page 62

The consensus among some of the hardcore London mods is that Romford's Purple Hearts are no more than a bunch of punks in mod clothing and so unworthy of your attention. An "ignore-them-and-hope-they-go-away" sort of thing.

Forget it.

Not matter how they are tarred, the Hearts have both the talent and the energy to transcend the tags. One of their biggest trump cards is that they consistently refuse to conform to any of the stereotyped expectations of the mod bands: they don't wear suits and spats and play Rickenbackers; nor do they play too many obvious cover versions.

But they're already walking around as if they're front page news!

Their brand of catchy, vigorous dance music is infused with a good-natured cocky Cockney arrogance, much of which stems from restive, chirpy vocalist Bob Manton – who stands some comparisons to The Undertones' Feargal Sharkey.

Next to Manton stands angelic-faced guitarist Simon

Stebbing. His simple but hauntingly melodic chord patterns and impeccable sense of timing and dynamics give the songs a framework under which the spadework of drummer Gary Sparks and bassist Jeff Shadbolt provide solid anchor.

Their live set – a couple of well-chosen esoteric covers aside – is weighted firmly in favour of the originals. 'Millions Like Us', already earmarked as the first

fits too tightly/And there's lead inside my boots?.

They cover the armchair Bowie obscurity, a bouncy 'Can't Help Thinking About Me', but the best non-original is undoubtedly the Wicked Pickett's hot-headed ballad 'If You Need Me'.

These boys have soul as well as sparkle.

They encore, somewhat complacently, with a couple of

One of their trump cards is that they refuse to conform to any of the mod stereotypes

single, fits the terrace-anthem bill perfectly, although it's the more introspective songs like 'Frustration' and 'Jimmy' that really catch the ear. But Manton has still to acquire the vocal character and expression to give them the impact they fully deserve.

And the lyrics, far from being throwaway lines, suggest that the band could soon be capable of something rather special. Take 'Frustration' – "I get frustration/I wear it like a suit/But the jacket

standards: 'Steppin' Stone' and 'What'cha Gonna Do About It', taking both songs from the point where the Sex Pistols, rather than The Monkees and the Small Faces, left off.

Despite some awful sound on the night, they left no doubt in my mind that they are happening Right Here and Right Now.

As Gary Sparks would say: "The Purple Hearts are the gap between lunch and dinner!"
Adrian Thrills



DEALS ON WHEELS

FIRST things first: I don't like Mod. For me, at least, it's been pretty uninspiring. From its fanzine (carrying copy nicked from other papers) to the clothes (drab replicas of the Sixties), through most of the bands with their oh-so-calculated "pop" music, the whole movement has always looked backwards for inspiration. For a movement whose one original rule was to set the pace rather than follow it, the validity of its Seventies off-spring pales in comparison.

Of all the Mod bands to appear in recent months, the ones who have moved fastest, in terms of a record contract and general approval from press and crowd alike, are the Merton Parkas. And so it is that on a cool summer night I find myself in their local boozier, surrounded by three of the band.

Mick Talbot, their keyboard player, unravels their history: "Well, we all played in a band about four or five years ago. It was a different group, with just my brother Danny singing, and we had another guitarist. Then, about two or three years ago, that split up — but us three (Mick gestures to Danny, the guitarist and Simon Smith, the drummer) stayed together."

"We got a bass player, Stewart (who's credited on the forthcoming album) from an even earlier band, but after a while, about 16 months ago, Stewart hurt his hand. He was also losing interest a bit, so I went to see Neil, who was working in a big department store at the time. I went into the boys-wear department, tapped Mr Hurrell on the shoulder and said: 'Excuse me, can I have a blazer and a bass player please?'"

Right on cue, Neil Hurrell walks into the pub, just as the words have left Mick's mouth.

The band have retained this line-up ever since, though at one time they were called the Sneakers, but confusion with another band of the same name caused them, in November of last year, to change it to the Merton Parkas — in honour, of course, of their home town.

Acquiring management in January, they soon got disillusioned, and their management now rests with guitarist Danny Talbot. It's a wise choice, Simon thinks, "because at this level it would be silly having someone taking 20 per cent."

THEIR history established, the conversation moves on to their record company, the phenomenally successful Beggars Banquet, which is marketed through the giant WEA. In a recent article, the company had more or less implied that the reason for their interest was purely because they saw the Parkas as their token Mod band.

Mick: "Well, he hasn't said exactly the same to us. He said that he thought we would be a good pop group whatever, but obviously they want a Mod band. I don't mind, because everybody gets in on some-



THE PARKAS in downtown Merton (from left): Mick, Danny, Neil and Simon

The Merton Parkas, the first New Mod chartmakers, tell PAULO HEWITT that life's a lot easier in a Ben Sherman button-down than in a ripped bin-liner.

thing." "One of the main reasons, also, was that he thought we were a good live act, and Mick (of Beggar's Banquet) likes a good live act."

How do they feel about their single, "You Need Wheels"? Mick: "It's not our most representative song anyway. It was done in a rush, but we figured it was our most commercial. It's not our best song."

Simon: "The album is better, because I think we learned a lot from recording the single. The guy who did the single knew what we wanted, but just couldn't get it. The guy who did the album knew what we wanted and got it. It's more us."

Later on, Neil Hurrell expands a bit more on the band's actual relationship with Beggar's Banquet: "It's good because you can go in and talk with the people who matter. With a big company like CBS or EMI, you can go in and say you're not satisfied with the album cover, or whatever, and they say, 'Well see the receptionist on the 23rd floor.' It just doesn't work."

"With WEA, they've got a reputation as the best marketing company in the world. Beggar's Banquet ask them if they want to promote a single, and if they don't Banquet say fair enough. But they've usually been lucky in choosing the right single, and this means you're able to get to the top people in Banquet — which in turn means getting through to the top people at WEA."

Danny puts forward a more realistic view: "You tend to think that the record companies are always the enemy because they take a bit of your percentage — but that's their job, isn't it? Beggar's Banquet have been pretty fair to us so far."

My argument that one school of rock says that rock should never be respectable but about outrage, rebellion, etc., is greeted by Danny with a terse "You get kicked out of home, then!"

The Mertons also believe that Mod doesn't just exist in London. Danny: "There's a lot up North. They've been going for ages with scooter clubs, and you've got to give credit to these guys because they've been doing it all their lives."

Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli as his favourites.

This talk of the early Sixties brings us neatly on to the current state of play. Mod-wise, and its relationship to punk.

Mick: "It's more accessible than punk. Okay, a lot of people may have bought punk records, but how many people went into work the next day with purple hair and bondage trousers on? It's a lot easier to be Mod. It's more respectable."

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Mick: "There's also a parallel thing going with Northern soul. When that came out, it had a lot of

comparisons with Mod — smart dress, people getting into black American music . . ."

Simon: "We never got involved with the punk thing at all. When that was around, we were playing in working men's clubs."

But Mod hasn't been as successful as punk, has it?

Simon: "Not in terms of record company signings."

Danny: "They're all holding off because they made a mistake with the punk thing. They signed up anything that moved, and a lot of them were great financial losses. They just think it's another punk thing with Mod."

The Mertons' musical attitude lies in the belief that rock 'n' roll's main function — and therefore their own — should be one of entertainment.

Mick: "We're not trying to innovate. We're just entertainers, that's all. I think that Chuck Berry is probably the best rock 'n' roll songwriter, and what does he sing about? Cars, girls and school."

Simon: "It should be fun. There's so much depression in the world, it's got to be fun to a certain extent."

Danny: "No one wants to think about the world blowing up tomorrow. It's heavy, then, and you start going away in a depressed mood after a gig. I think rock 'n' roll is an alternative to a lot of shitty things that are going on, such as politics, war, jobs — everything like that. Rock 'n' roll is the relaxing side of life."

AND therein lies my main argument with the Parkas. There's no doubt that, as entertainers, their working men's club days have stood them in good stead: they do entertain. But surely rock has more to offer than just entertainment? And, if anything, it should be the young bands such as these who should offer the alternatives.

The Mertons disagree, and choosing instead to walk the straight and narrow. Watching them in action at the Music Machine a few days after the interview, there seems to be no stopping them. The single has reached 58 in the charts, their album is due out soon, in September of October, and they're also featured in a movie titled Stepping Out, going out on support with The A-Men, which is likely to be the next enormous Star Wars-style box-office smash. (Stepping Out is a look at the current London scene, mixing the unlikely combination of Mod and disco together.)

Perhaps though, it's Danny Talbot's simplistic cliché which best sums up their current state of health: "Rock 'n' roll is like surfing. When you hit the big waves, you ride along as best as you can. It's when you reach the bottom that it counts, because you've got to pull yourself up again. And if you can't do that, then you should get out of the business."

Somehow, I don't think the men from Merton are going to be struggling for breath for quite some time.

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THE ACE FACE'S FORGOTTEN STORY:

SOCIAL REVOLUTION ON SPEED, SIDE VENTS & THE SCENE CLUB

The late **Pete Meaden** was the man who introduced The Who to the hardcore mod cult of 1963. He became their manager, christened them The High Numbers and wrote their first record. These interviews uncover the sometimes disturbed visions of one of the leaders of the original mod movement.

Words: Steve Turner

← NME November 17 1979 Page 40

Towards the end of his life, Pete Meaden told me that he'd read an interview in which Nik Cohn, writer of the story that became *Saturday Night Fever*, attributed the origins of the tale to his own memories of Shepherd's Bush mod society circa 1963.

In particular, it was from this experience that he took the idea of The Face, an idea which focused itself in the movie when Travolta swept into the 2001 Odyssey disco to hushed whispers and respectful glances. Travolta was The Face.

The connection Meaden was making was that if the Goldhawk Club equalled 2001 Odyssey, and if The Face equalled The Face, then Peter Meaden was John Travolta. The last time something like this happened was when The Who released 'Quadrophenia' in 1973. He had listened to it and thought: "I am Jimmy. Townshend's writing about me!"

Even if neither connection was justified, Pete Meaden deserved to feel that he was the stuff of legend. After all, it was he who saw the possibility of calculatedly making a rock group the focal point of a teenage revolution – The Who being the group, the mods being the teenage revolution. Without his style, his 'suss', it's doubtful whether The Who would carry the cultural weight they do today and it's doubtful whether modism would have spread so far, so fast.

What Meaden didn't have was organisational ability and a tough business edge. This saw him virtually giving The Who's management away just as the group were making it on the strength of his ideas.

Pete Meaden deserved to feel that he was the stuff of legend. It was he who saw the possibility of making a rock group the focal point of a teenage revolution

I first met Meaden in the summer of 1975. After a series of phonecalls I tracked him down. He was a patient in a mental hospital just outside London. He'd talked to the press only once before and it was as though all the history was bursting out now he'd found someone to listen. He also seemed to feel that he'd found an opportunity to establish his role in the history of The Who.

Later I talked to Pete Townshend who admitted that there would have been no Who as we know them today if it hadn't have been for Meaden. Daltrey, too, was quick to confirm his role. "He thought we could pick up on the mod thing and he was very right because mods had no focal point at all and The Who became that, we became the spokesmen. When Kit and Chris took over management they basically just took Meaden's ideas and made them bigger."

I saw a lot of Pete Meaden during the three years following our interview. It was a time during which he pulled himself together after years of drug abuse, a nervous breakdown and a divorce. The last time I saw him was in June 1978 when he came along to hear me read my poetry at a small theatre club in Waterloo. We went for a drink and his conversation was disjointed, abstract. All I can remember now are apocryphal visions of the end of the world and questions about religion.

Within a month he was found dead in bed of barbiturate poisoning. He was 36 and back living with his parents in the home where he'd dreamed up The High Numbers and written 'I Am The Face'. The coroner passed an open verdict, although close friends feel that Meaden knew too much about drugs to die of a careless mistake.

It seemed a very mod place to die, a cramped terraced house in an Edmonton cul-de-sac, and also a very mod way to die. Before his death he'd been feeding in ideas to the writers and producers of *Quadrophenia*. I think he would have liked the result, but I can't imagine him being more than amused at the mod revival; the spirit of modism was so much against re-creating the past. Modism was pushing forward. ▶

► Where do we begin?

“Existing is what it’s all about because with society as we know it breaking down, I think that survival is of the utmost importance. It’s all very well being immensely talented, having a good time and making great music – but not being able to sustain it. This sustaining bit is the most important of all and The Who are survivors. That’s what I’m interested in, what I’ve always been interested in. There was a long period of time when The Who didn’t have any hit records at all, but their music is survival music.”

Do you think the mod thing is still alive?

“I wonder actually, where all the old mods went – they’re probably all in garages, second-hand car outfits, scrapyards, something like that, ’cos there’s such a thing as mod suss. That’s what mods are about – suss out a situation immediately, its potential, controlling it. Rather than letting the potential control you.”

Are you in touch with any of your old mates?

“Yeah, one’s a coke-dealer, one’s in prison, and another one’s the guy who appeared on television with a shotgun – with The Who on *Ready Steady Go!* – he was the greatest mod leader of them all – Phil The Greek. Pete Townshend and I talk about him often.”

What do you mean when you say you “got The Who together”?

“I got them together, in that I loved the life so much I got The Who and I dressed them in mod clothes, gave them all the jingoism and all the paraphernalia of modism, right on the button, timing just right, ’cos timing is where it’s at, you know?”

You were already a mod by then?

“Yeah, I was a mod, it was my life. There was a little club called the Scene Club, at Ham Yard, off Great Windmill Street, and there, on several nights a week the greatest records you can imagine were being played. There were records like ‘Ain’t Love Good, Ain’t Love Proud’ by Tony Clarke, Major Lance’s stuff, Smokey Robinson, early Curtis Mayfield Impressions stuff, you know, which was eminently danceable.”

Did you sort of think that you were the king mod at the time?

“No. I was the feller who saw the potential in modism, which is the greatest form of lifestyle you can imagine – it’s so totally free – in so much as that there were lonely people having a great time. Not having to be lonely, not having to be worried about relationship, being able to get into the most fantastic interesting, beautiful situations, just out of music. On a Friday night I would go down to *Ready Steady Go!* and watch the people I was working having a great time. There’d be all the faces and people that I knew. A face is just someone you recognise, you might not even know his name, but he’s known as a face.”

“You stayed up all night. Drynamil kept me up for three days and I zoomed around on that – I had such a great time, fabulous time, living this life of Riley just listening to the music I liked”

That’s why you called your song ‘I Am The Face’?

“Yeah, ‘I Am The Face’ is one of the people who is familiar. *Ready Steady Go!* was interesting in so much as it got the vibe right out, with the right amount of grit edge on it. That would be a great foot for the weekend to start off on. That would be a nice edge, like the kickstart on a motorbike – WHOOMP and she starts firing, and you go off into the weekend.”

You didn’t sleep at all?

“No you didn’t sleep at all – you stayed up all night. I was taking pills, in so much as I’d been introduced to pills by my doctor for the anxiety thing, while I was a graphic designer for John Michael, the clothes shop. I took some Drynamil, and it kept me up for three days, and I zoomed around on that – I had such a great time, fabulous time, I would go out with ten bob in my pocket, and my doctor’s pills from



the National Health, which didn’t cost anything in those days I think, she would give me 30 a month, purple hearts, the triangular ones with the line down the middle. So, anyway, I was living this lovely life of Riley, where I was just listening to the music I liked, which was very private – I didn’t have to get hung up on birds.”

You saw The Who becoming a focal point for all this?

“Yeah, they were the focal point, because I was thinking about revolutions then, I was thinking about how society was great when you had speed, a couple of pints of cider. If you could add the visual impact of a really tough group, which was what I wanted, then you had The Who – you had The High Numbers in fact – and that was the focal point of mod-dom.”

You say mods weren’t into chicks?

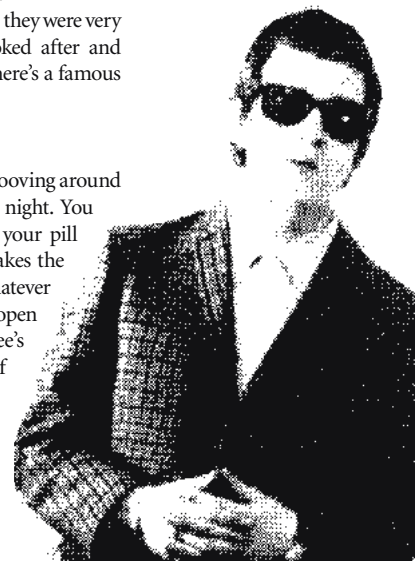
“Not too heavily into chicks, no, because chicks, you got to remember, are emotionally stressful situations for a man, and we were free ’cause your sex drive, your libido, is taken right down low by Drynamil. You didn’t need to get too heavily into sex, or pulling chicks, or ‘sorts’ as they were called.”

Were they similarly not into sex?

“They were similarly not into sex, they were very matriarchal, they would be looked after and protected, but there’d be three girls dancing together – there’s a famous picture of them dancing the block.”

So if you took away the dancing and the music...

“Took away the dancing, well you’d have the West End, grooving around on a Saturday morning after a long night out, all Friday night. You have a couple of drinks, you drink cider or beer with your pill because you know that the alcohol in a pint of bitter makes the barbiturate in the Drynamil, purple heart, the blue or whatever you can lay your hands on. You sat around ’til the shops open on a Saturday morning, then you go down to Cecil Gee’s although mainly you’d go to Austen’s to buy yourself another Arrow shirt, with a button-down collar, and a little button on the back of the collar, then groove around with your new purchase, and it’d be a groove!”





Pete Meaden (circled) grooves at London's Scene Club, July 1964

“Kit Lambert came round that night at the Railway Inn in Harrow, he lied to me, he said he was a promoter, so I gave him the hard-sell and I hard-sold myself right out of a band”

But take away the dance and take away the music, and there'd be no point in the pills?

No, you'd be a hippy, then. A hippy doesn't depend so much on music as a mod does. A mod needs hard, fast and loose, new wave R&B.”

The pills are directly tied in with this?

“Yeah, that gives you the freedom, sustaining power. Imagine having a party which starts Friday night and doesn't end 'til Sunday morning, and you can have it any time you want it. If you want it to start on Wednesday night, you can...”

What was your attitude towards your job during the week?

“I used to work at an advertising agency during this time, before I first started to be a mod, then I split from that, I was a graphic designer.”

Did you think it was a cop-out to be in a job?

“No, it just used to buy my clothes, and then I became a publicist.”

So you sort of used society in a way?

“No, I didn't use society, I became a publicist.”

You said a mod takes what's there...

“Oh, he takes what's there, yeah...”

But a hippy doesn't?

“The hippy doesn't do anything except vegetate. You move off of various identification points, such as religions, which are easy to identify with, 'cos that's all they are – identification points. I happened to pick up on mods.”

So it's like a religion?

“Yeah, I made an album called ‘The New Religion’ with Jimmy James & The Vagabonds, which was the real purist mod band.”

The Faces enter the Odyssey club



FEVER PITCH

Nik Cohn, the celebrated British pop writer, whose original story inspired *Saturday Night Fever*

Melody Maker April 1 1978 Page 9

Nik Cohn has been a critic of popular music for over a decade in his native England and now in New York, and it was his story *Tribal Rites Of The New Saturday Night* which inspired the Robert Stigwood Organisation to make *Saturday Night Fever*.

Cohn reports that within 12 hours of the article's publication Stigwood was on the phone and a contract was delivered to his door.

Cohn's portrayal of Tony Manero and his Bay Ridge cohorts in search of the exceptional high they would only reach on Saturday nights in the disco seemed to Stigwood to be an ideal property for one of his epic productions.

“I was lucky,” Cohn said. “I must admit, I didn't find it an obvious film, and it didn't occur to me at the time of writing, but now it's almost an industry.”

The film differs from Cohn's original story in that it's optimistic and made to sell. “I don't object to the film's ending,” Cohn said. “It's not like compromising great art – they made a commercial film.”

“Being a foreigner, I had to make up for my lack of knowledge about American neighbourhoods. I worked on a thesis that basically things repeat themselves with different accents, so while the story is in Brooklyn, I borrowed characters and attitudes from things I knew best – the English mod scene of 1964/1965 in Shepherd's Bush.

“Tony and the Faces are actually mods in everything – except for the dances. In fact, I even borrowed the name Faces from the days when The Who started in England. Their manager had this group called the Hundred Faces show up at every gig.

“I substituted the same values, the same ambition – or I should say, lack of ambition. The basic feeling is the same – that there is nothing except for The Night. No use in planning, nothing was going to come of it.

“Certain things in the story are literally true, and other details may not be factual, but they feel right.”

And they were coloured?

“Yeah, they were coloured.”

Was there no white band that stood for the mods?

“Oh yeah, The Who.”

How did you lose The Who?

“Well, I wasn't too hip in business. Kit Lambert came round that night at the Railway Inn in Harrow, he lied to me, he said he was a promoter looking for a band to put in his club so I give him the hard-sell and so I hard-sold myself right out of a band.”

What happened?

“I tried to get in touch with Pete for a few days, but strange things were happening. Pete didn't answer his phone – he wasn't at home. Then Roger said, ‘We're going with this feller – let's go and have a drink.’ Roger was the leader of the band, so Roger and I went and had a drink in a pub in Brewer Street and I bought him a drink and he said, ‘Well, listen, man, we're gonna get paid £20 a week now.’ There was nothing more to say about it, except Kit got in touch with me. I think it was probably Pete said, ‘Look after him’ or something, 'cos I'm a fragile person, you know?’ ■



The back Page: Secret Affair's Ian and Glory Boys



'Shake And Shout' is a step in the wrong direction. Here the band lean perilously into the mass splodge of unappetising heavy metal, as did The Who during the lean years when the funeral procession fell into line behind the mighty Zep. They grind with no bump. Dave Cairns' normally volatile power-chords blur without blazing while structure becomes obscured and finally invisible: an avoidable pitfall.

It's an isolated miscalculation. 'My World' conveys a seamy, timely nostalgia with tangible echoes of The Kinks. It's in 'Time For Action' that Secret Affair state their case firmly and without compromise. 'Let Your Heart Dance' celebrates that proclamation; a sinuous build-up bursting into Cairns' volcanic low-register guitar. There's a lot of soloing on this number and even that remains danceable.

Dennis Smith and Seb Shelton (bass and drums respectively) clock an asphyxiating rhythm which slots their sound neatly into the right place on time. This band's faith ventilates, uplifts, stimulates from head to toe.

Whisper it around; gig of the year... for this week anyway.

Pete Archer

Secret Affair live at the Marquee



NME July 21 1979 Page 51

The majority of mod groups lay down the red carpet to their own downfall by carbon-copying definitive and inimitable sounds of the '60s. Watching modern mods is often like watching a repeat episode of *Thunderbirds*: full of the musk and tinselled shades of the golden past but self-defeating and of minimal significance to the modern groover.

diluted punk's energy and have streamlined it with mod's panache; a quick about-face and stand to attention.

Secret Affair are one of these groups. While others walk a strained tightrope of tailored harmonies and dummy's togs, Secret Affair energise and flex with supple muscle. Vocalist Ian Page, ex-New Hearts (as is guitarist Dave Cairns), looks like Bill Nelson but he's no Yorkshire rip-off. Foremost he's

Reactions in front of stage are monkey mad – mods and initiates alike, clambering on each others' shoulders.

Mass conversion to modism? Doubtful, but there'll be enough wanting the return ticket to this lot.

Reactions are monkey mad – mods and initiates, clambering on each others' shoulders

Re-evaluation is the key. So today's mods have disowned a number of groups who've simply remodelled and plugged themselves into modern trends. In their place they've opted for bands who haven't

a buzzing entertainer, swooping from one side of the stage to the other with Transylvanian passion.

It's left to Page to let the Secret out to the slobbering hordes and he does so to the tune of four encores.



Secret Affair make some more hearts dance

STEVENSON

Great Headlines We Have Known And Loved (No 67)

PUNK IS DEAD!!

Shock Claim By Rising Mod Stars

SHOCKED?! STRUCK Dumb!!! The first time over I clapped eyes on Secret Affair I almost doubled up in disbelief. What was going down on the stage of Camden Town's Music Machine that night was hazel-eyed pulverising all the unwritten laws of rockabillog.

Wers my ears deceiving me or was this really the bolt-from-the-blue metamorphosis of the year?

Gradually the seemingly impossible realization sunk in... from the ashes of the washed-up old-tat New 'Powerflop' Hearts had grown one of the hottest unsigned bands I'd seen in ages.

They had the following to bear that out too. A legion of moddial devotees, most of them obviously Fast-enders. Many of them preferred to go by the name of Glory Boys, taking their cue from one of the Affair's brash, flash anthems.

Sometimes you just can't keep a secret. And sometimes you never can tell.

Not that Ian Page has any visions of retaining the obscurity of the cult hero for too long. Indeed, for the former mainpring of a band who were one of the most embarrassing artistic and commercial failures of last year, he certainly doesn't lack confidence. His front borders on arrogance.

"A lot of people say that all the Mod bands we're the most likely to be successful," he tells me, spitting out the words with speedy enthusiasm.

"They say we've got the greatest crossover potential. But it's simpler than that. It's just that we are the best! It's nothing to do with being commercial or anything like that. Our songs are good songs whatever the classification."

The songs — written in collaboration with guitarist Dave Cairns — are vastly superior to anything the New Hearts ever mustered. But it is not only as a songwriter that Page (aka Ian Payne) has grown up. As a singer he has improved beyond recognition. And for all his wearisome egotism, he possesses the vocal chords that, given half the chance, would charm the buttons off the cuffs of the collected mohairs at a Marquee 'mod nite'.

So much for the singing. Secret

live work and studio activity.

Dave Cairns succinctly sums up the result as "a sandwich of sounds".

"What we're trying to get is the rhythm, the dance parts, of old soul and Tamla records and combine that with some of the anger and frustration of today through our more contemporary lyrics. We like the music of the sixties, but you can't talk about '60s things today."

"If you listen to the radio, you can tell that disco is on the decline. They play a lot more Tamla Motown and a lot less disco. And that's what we are — dance music that isn't disco."

SECRET AFFAIR were born within a few weeks of the New Hearts splitting up, with Page and Cairns indulging in a flurry of songwriting activity to counter their disillusionment and cynicism towards the music business. The New Hearts had made just two massively forgettable singles for CBS: "Another Teenage Anthem" and "Plain Jane".

Explains Dave: "By the time we split, we were totally demoralised. There had been a real division between us two (Cairns and Page) and the rhythm section. We'd wanted to go less powerpop and more '60s pop."

"Dave and I were forced together," continues Ian. "Just after the New Hearts split I went around his house and we started writing some songs. The first song we ever wrote together was 'Glory Boys'."

"After we'd written that song, we decided exactly what we were going to do, what we were going to sound like and everything. We actually said then that we were going to be more like a 60's mod band. But we didn't know then that this whole mod thing was going to come about."

"Then we did our first gig, supporting The Jam at Reading... and Modsl! It was all a real shock to us!"

The set they play today boasts ten Page-Cairns originals plus a couple of slightly dodgy Tamla covers, the Tempus's "Get Ready" and Smokey Robinson's "Going To A Go-Go". The originals — songs like "Time For Action" and "Let Your Heart Dance", both scheduled as future singles, and "My World" — are infused with instantly memorable hooks and some intense, heartfelt lyrics, most of which are written by Page.

SECRET AFFAIR "could just turn out to be as important as they think they are."

By ADRIAN THRILLS.

Affair are also a potent dance-floor force with Cairns' rock-orientated lead bringing the icing on the cake of the bristly Stax and Motown style rhythms of drummer, Seb Shelton and bassist, Dennis Smith.

With Shelton and Smith having been snuffed from two more of last year's clubland loser bands — the Young Bucks and Advertising respectively — it is hardly surprising, even though they've only been gigging since April, that Secret Affair are noticeably more proficient than the majority of their peers.

And now, as if to emphasise the 'new-wave soul' tag they were handed with by on-the-ball, glossy magazine *Maximum* Speed, they have begun using guest saxophonist, Chris Gent, for both

"A lot of the songs are about how we hate the music business," he smiles wryly. "But I also write about being a Mod and being conscious of the fact that you don't like what's gone before. Trying to prove that punk was wrong."

"Everyone of us and all our followers hate what's become of punk. For me, the full stop was the first Clash album. I still love that record, but that's where it stopped for me. Punk only succeeded as a fashion and now it's time for a change."

TAKE THAT with a pinch of salt. Most of Page's animosity towards punk probably stems from the sour grapes of the punk audience's almost total rejection of



Left to right: Dave Cairns, Dennis Smith, Seb Shelton, Ian Page. Pic: Mike Lay.

BUT POSING BY BRICK WALLS IS STILL ALIVE AND WELL

the New Hearts and everything they stood for. And now he can brand punk a total failure when it still, a patently means so much to such a large chunk of the rock audience just escapes me.

More worrying, however, was his irresponsible comments in a London evening paper last week about the likelihood of Mod-punk gang warfare. The last thing we need, with so much good music around, is another full-blown summer of hate, along the lines of the punk-Ted battles of '77.

But just at the moment I was beginning to think Page's attitudes were well wide of the mark, he came out with one of the best things I'd ever heard him say — even if it was just about fashion.

"The Mod thing now is nothing like the old Mod thing in the 60's. Then, all the Mods had plenty of money. But the Mod thing now is about a lot of working class kids without much money aspiring to be as good, as sharp as someone with all the money. They're suited subversives..."

"In that way, it's the antithesis of punk. Most of our audience are the suit and Fred Perry merchants. Not even your usual Parka jobs."

"But if a punk comes to one of our gigs, we wouldn't tell him to fuck off. But we'd like him to listen to what we've got to say; it's time for a change. It's time for action."

"You've got to have change," echoes Dave. "It's a new sound that we've got. The clothes are the only throwback. There again, punk was pretty negative in a lot of ways. In fashion terms, the Mod thing is better because you've got a framework to work within."

"But you're still trying to look better than the kid next to you, within that framework."

"Even though the fashions will

always be a bit revivalist — and any Mod will admit that — the lifestyle is very '70s. The dancing, it's the only other thing you can dance to in that way."

There's only one thing stranger than their misguided distaste for punk and that's their perfectly understandable aversion to the aciemer aide of the music business.

Experiences with the New Hearts and the mistakes that were made first time around have left Ian and Dave determined to do as much as possible off their own bats this time.

To this end, they are self managed and have just produced and recorded their own single. And again, it was a phone call from Ian himself, not the customary agent or middle man, that first brought me into contact with the group.

"We're trying to prove that we can do it exterior to the music business. You can run things yourselves and do it your own way."

"When we formed the band we were just so pissed off, so cynical that we decided that if we couldn't make it on the strength of just being a good live band then we wouldn't bother."

"Me and Dave are in complete control of everything that happens. There's no managers or middle men at the moment."

BASSIST Dennis Smith played me a rough mix of that self-produced single backstage at the second of Secret Affair's recent string of Sunday evening gigs at the Marquee. The weakest song in the set 'Soho Strut' makes up the tipside but the stomper on the A-side 'Time For Action' is destined to become one of the debut 45s of the year, complete with the

multi-tracked blast of Ian's trumpet fanfare and Chris Gent's sax. Ifford's answer to the Memphis horns?

"We've got all the sounds we want on the single," says Ian. "A really snapping, solid rhythm, the rocky guitar and the melodic vocals. And at the end we've got twenty of the Glory Boys chanting and clapping in the studio."

"There's a very strict division between what we sound like live and in the studio. Live, we concentrate on anything that makes people enjoy themselves; rocky guitar and plenty of raps with the audience."

"In the studio, we're more interested in experimenting with sound. We're not interested in trying to get the same sound as on the stage. We use a lot more instruments in the studio. I play a lot more trumpet."

"Before we did the single, I spoke to a lot of engineers to try and find out how various aspects of the Motown sound were achieved. As it turned out, having found out how to get some of the sounds, we set everything up in the studio and found we were able to do something different with the same basic sounds. We definitely didn't want it to sound like an old record."

"Most of it is down to the rhythm sounds — snare, handclaps and tambourine. But we've managed to get a lot out of it. I reckon we've managed to get a new musical style sounds. We definitely didn't want it to sound like an old record."

"If the single gets into the charts, I reckon it could be really influential. It could have a real effect on what people are doing."

There you have it. Eastside Ian and the Glory Boys. An epic single in the pipeline and a band who — provided Ian Page can keep his feet on the ground — could just turn out to be as important as they think they are. Stay tuned.

Melody Maker

THE GLORY BOYS AND THE NEW NARCISSISM

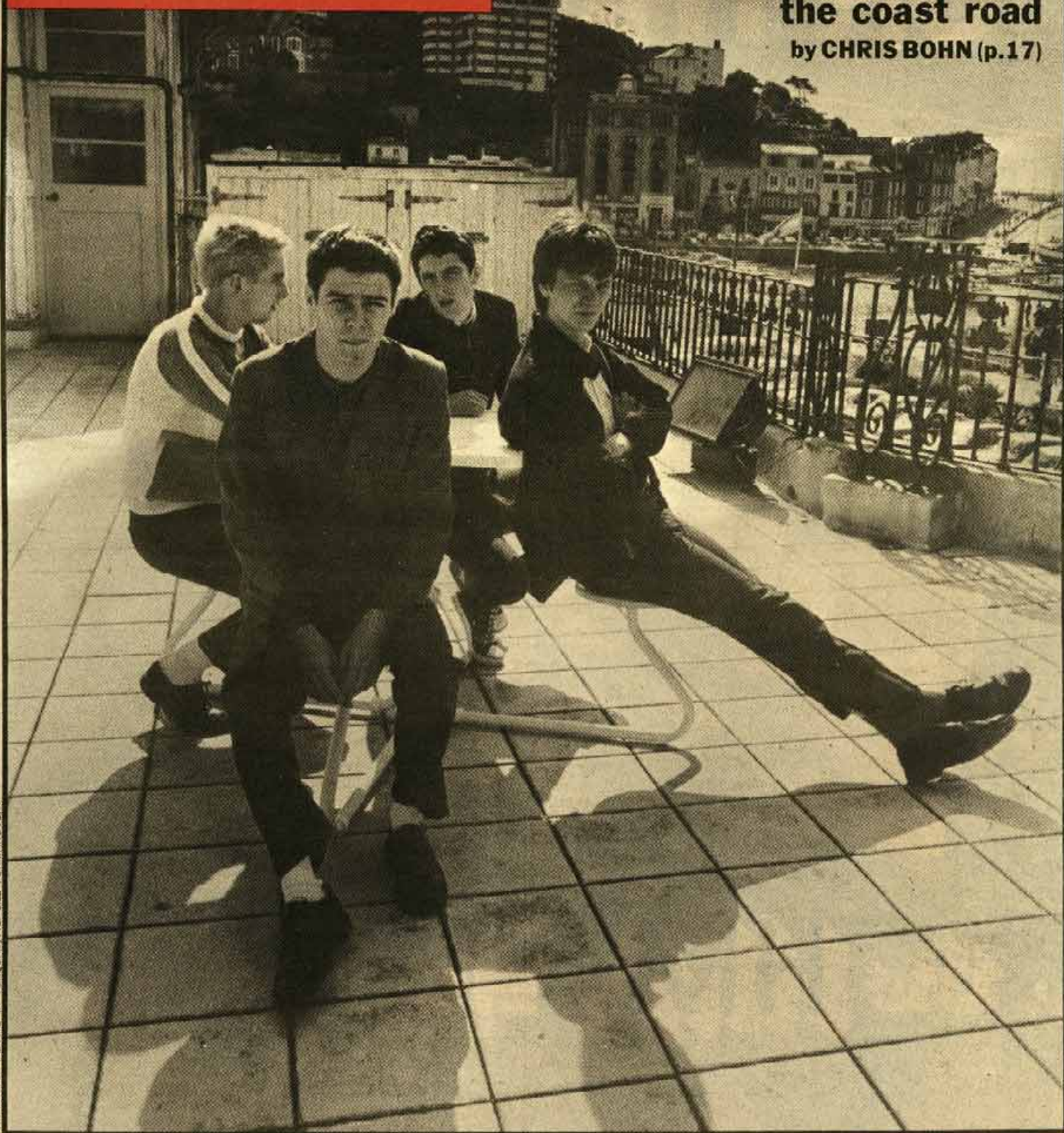
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The nouveau mods take
the coast road

by CHRIS BOHN (p.17)



READY STEADY GOES LIVE

Who are the Glory Boys? What's the New Narcissism? Why is a mohair suit "subtly subversive"? Chris Bohn boards the magic bus with **Secret Affair**, the **Purple Hearts** and **Back To Zero** for the March Of The Mods tour

The New Narcissism begins with mod. Four well-dressed boys walk along the prom, preen themselves for the "renes" – one rung above boilers – and pose for pictures. The session draws the girls' eyes to the boys, and they're loving it.

Ian Page, Secret Affair's singer is leading his three accomplices through the beach-hut paradise of Torquay's seafront, where the band have their pictures taken (at their request). Page wears his East End peacockney bravado in his smile.

"OY RENE! ARM!" he orders, offering his elbow to nonplussed potential takers. His success rate would not win him favourable odds, though he's not really trying too hard. (There's a girlfriend back home, but you have to keep up the image, don't you?)

The rules of this game differ, however, insofar as the renes eye the boys and the boys eye themselves in any readily available reflective surface, mod boys keep swinging, regardless.

Secret Affair are in the South of England on the first leg of a co-headlining March Of The Mods tour with the Purple Hearts and supports Back To Zero. The neatly attired Page would have preferred a Get Smart banner "but the Purple Hearts are too scruffy," he asserts.

For perky Page's band, the alternative name would have been perfect. Apart from the reference to their immaculate dress sense, the title would have had an extra connotation in the reference to the old TV spoof spy serial.

Page says to me as we prepare to begin the trek south: "So your name's Chris Bond, eh?"

Close.

"Good. Bond fits in with Secret Affair."

That's about the limit of my link with the nouveau mod movement. Neatness is an essential prerequisite of the new order. I'm surprised that they tolerate my unkempt presence.

The grouping of the three outfits came about through the teaming of the two top groups on the scene, the Purple Hearts replacing the Little Roosters at the last minute.

Page contends that for a co-operative tour such as this the Roosters wouldn't have been compatible, so the more amenable Purple Hearts got the gig. Back To Zero are a recently gathered together collection of north London mods, whose inexperience will undoubtedly benefit from roadwork.

The co-headliners offer two very different varieties of 1979 mod. Secret Affair's music is an immensely danceable marriage of '60s Tamla soul with a hard-edged contemporary rock aggression, which works admirably. Purple Hearts' spunkier roots show ▶

Seaside affair: (l-r) Dave Cairns, Seb Shelton, Ian Page and Dennis Smith



► through their modish appearance. The band once stated they filled the gap between life and art. I would say they bridged the years between punk and mod, but maybe that's because I'm ignorant.

PH are second on the bill on the opening night of the tour, at Plymouth Clones. We arrive just as Back To Zero have started their set. They look like one of those bands which used to populate party scenes in movies of Swinging London. Singer Brian Betteridge, a short stocky chap with a cheap haircut that looks as unbecoming as John Entwistle's in the early Who photos, holds the mic languidly.

They include their upcoming single 'Your Side Of Heaven' and a version of 'Land Of 1,000 Dances' in their set. They might get better, but for the moment I'll pass.

The first night is not a very successful one for the Purple Hearts, but Secret Affair, billtoppers-of-the-day, win over a small crowd of local mods, stray punks and inquisitive holiday-makers with consummate ease. They are very good indeed.

The key is a carefully calculated dance music which enslaves the feet, leaving the mind at the mercy of a succession of well-written youth anthems. The titles say it all: 'Shake And Shout', 'My World', the single 'Time For Action', and even the soul staple 'Get Ready'. But, above all, 'Glory Boys'.

From their very appearance, the crowd knows that Secret Affair are going to cut it. This is not the scooter/parka fragment of the mod movement. They belong to the set that derived its reputation from looking better than the rest.

Onstage throughout the set in well-cut suits, none of them removes his jacket or loosens his tie, despite the heat of the night. Page has perfected a persona that takes in the sharpness of Frank Sinatra, the relaxed cool of biopic bandleaders (eg James Stewart's Glen Miller) and the ability of any number of the best rabble-rousers, from Noddy Holder through to Jimmy Pursey.

The three elements are used perfectly in the band's rallying cry, 'Glory Boys'. By the song's end, the crowd is captivated, joining in on the chorus and punching the air along with Page. And this is only the second song into the set.

Secret Affair are dangerous. The more I think about them, their strength, their powers of persuasion, the more convinced I am of their ability to use an audience, to suck in newcomers and swell the ranks of their Glory Boys. Be cool, get smart, go mod. Enough.

Page is cocky and confident. He'd told me, in the bus on the way to the gig, what was to come. He asserted then that the mods need no-one – and by "mods" he means Secret Affair.

His every move has been carefully choreographed, even to the extent that it accommodates outsider hostility by its very exclusion. His aim is to create a nationwide Glory Boys clone network, to prove to everyone that he can do it. Odds on he will, too. The ultimate narcissism.

I've heard it said that Page is motivated above all by revenge; revenge on the music business that gave his and guitarist Dave Cairns' old band, New Hearts, such a bad time. He says now that his first band, formed and signed when they were still only 16, were rooted in '60s pop, but then they didn't have the rhythmic flexibility to carry it.

Their company, CBS, released two unsuccessful singles, and the relationship was terminated well before the end of the five-year contract. Bitter but sussed, the duo set about searching for their dream band.

Page says: "We used as a foundation what we learnt with the New Hearts, and this is a logical progression from the '60s pop band, which was then called power-pop. Secret Affair is a soul-type, dance-type band of a new kind.



"New Hearts were simultaneous with The Jam, but we were up there learning the ropes. We weren't good enough, but Secret Affair take it further than The Jam. They were a mod band working in punk, and their audience was punk."

Cairns: "The word mod shouldn't be used. This lifestyle, this way of life – the Glory Boys – was being nurtured then. You could see then that there were five or six kids into dressing smart, and they were called something else other than mod."

Package tour: (l-r) Purple Heart Bob Manton, Seb Shelton, Ian Page and friend

"I think it's quite subversive for kids who haven't got a lot of money to dress up in a suit and look twice as good as someone who's got three times as much money. It's a social comment" Ian Page, Secret Affair

Page: "I would agree. The only thing wrong with the movement is the usage of the word mod. But we know that mod is only an abbreviation of 'modern', and our alternative is Glory Boys, anyway, and we can't do more than that. We can't help being called a mod band and we can't help sharing a lot of the ideas of the old mod bands."

Whatever, they were determined not to get fooled again. Once the New Hearts had split, they saw the makings of the movement.

This was 18 months ago, when smart kids in the East End began congregating around places like the Bridge House and the Wellington and scooter clubs kept the old traditions alive.

Page: "The first bands came about six months later. We set ourselves a two-year plan to try and ensure that we never sell ourselves out. It began with finding our dream band, then setting up our own label through which we'd have complete control over our own records."

A firm believer in free enterprise and self-sufficiency, Page is level-headed, acutely business-minded, and conservative with a small 'c'. He's the cocky East Ender made good by strength of his actions and has no sympathy for the less motivated who can't do it themselves.

The talk comes round to the role smartness plays in the mod manifesto. The crux of the mod rebellion.

Last gang in town: mods on the march, August 1979



"I think it's quite subversive for kids who haven't got a lot of money to dress up in a suit and look twice as good as someone who's got three times as much money.

"It's a social comment for someone to be badly off and instead of glorying, like the punks did, in having no prospects, to do the complete opposite, to make a positive statement and say I'm entitled to anything there is in the world and I'll take whatever I can get."

In the mod world, the only priority is self. Selfishness, says Page, is a healthy thing – me first, the world second. The Me Generation.

"The American Way, it came about through being very well-off anyway. That's why the American situation isn't subversive. But, over here, selfishness is, because it's not based on any kind of economic success. There's a true desire within to be better than everyone else.

"I resented a lot of the values and order forced on me when I didn't have any control over them, I rejected them and insisted on making my own.

"The working-class background and all that entails, the things you are meant to respect, I reject and resent. You're told that you are not very well-off, and this is your basic life pattern. Like comprehensive schools – why do they force you into manual work? I'm articulate, and I was forced into doing courses like bricklaying, which was wrong. Comprehensives don't accommodate any artistic leanings at all."

Compared to the calculated but engaging chatter of Page, the rougher, ruder Purple Hearts at first don't really look like they'll live up to their co-headlining status. They offered no competition to Secret Affair in Plymouth.

The following night is a lot different, however. I am prepared for the Purple Hearts to miss out badly. Instead they revel in the competition and they turn in a strong, powerful set which strengthens a hitherto shaky alliance at the top of the bill.

The PH are closer to what outsiders like myself would expect from a nouveau mod band: tremulously sustained chords over Moon-style thrashing and spidery bass crawl. Their previous punk connections show, and the spike-tops respond by pogoing enthusiastically and hailing singer Bob Manton with a barrage of gob.

When I point out the punky tendencies of their music, things degenerate into an entertaining, larger-than-life, *Python*-esque reiteration of clichés, both punk and mod.

Simon Stebbing (guitar): "If there's any comparison to be made, it's in the energy and aggression."

Bob: "I've always been into mod and '60s music – even before I was a punk. That sounds like a cliché, but it's true. When I was young I used to go down to the local record shop and look at the sleeve of 'Quadrophenia'. That's all I could afford to do.

"Mod's an attitude more than anything, really. An attitude to life. Take working: you've got to have a job, but many people haven't and still manage to live. But the thing is to accept it, and not to think about it, and not to be a slave to it. You have to get money to look cool, enjoy yourself."

I observe that the Purple Hearts are not so sartorially blessed as Secret Affair.

"I think we look better," Bob insists. "We get our clothes from jumble sales, which is more creative."

Simon and Bob obviously have a few ideological differences.

Bob: "I want middle-aged people to be really offended by it. We're angry... all that repression, old people putting younger people down. It's got to be said again and again. If we were all one cult, the power of youth would be incredible. We could just do what we liked, we could smash up a town and the police wouldn't be able to stop it..."

Simon worriedly interjects: "But that's pretty negative..."

"The power of youth is incredible," Bob continues, "but it's in the interests of society to keep them divided which is why mod is the nearest you're gonna get. People are repressed, fucked up, don't know what's going on..."

Quite. Thank you very much. Next please.

The Purple Hearts are not as crass as Bob's rantings make them appear. Their first single will be released on Chris Parry's Fiction Records. It was he who recorded The Jam and The Jolt a few years back.



"The power of youth is incredible, but it's in the interests of society to keep them divided which is why mod is the nearest you're gonna get" Bob Manton, Purple Hearts

By the time this story appears, the March Of The Mods will be midway through its nationwide campaign. Its attractions are obvious, its inherent dangers less so.

The name Sham 69 crops up a lot in both the Purple Hearts' and the Secret Affair's interview. Like Sham, they share a tough, rootsy audience, but unlike the Hersham Boys, the Glory Boys revel in looking good, and in the good-time ethic.

Ian Page is aware of his ability to articulate the experiences of like-minded people around the country, and he's going to capitalize on it.

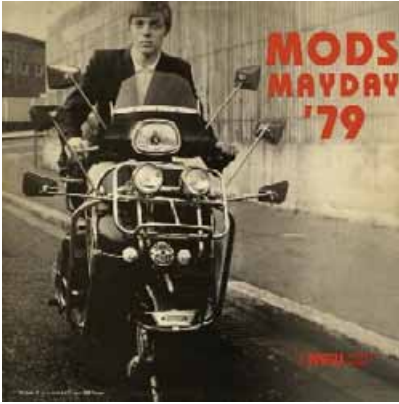
He claims that the opening of *Quadrophenia* was brought forward a few weeks to coincide with the MOTM tour, because the film's distributors thought they were going to miss out on the mod explosion, at first labouring under the delusion that they were going to create it. But the film will undoubtedly increase the movement's momentum.

Mods thus mobilized, Page will soon be calling the shots in the marketplace and the affair will no longer be secret. ■

Ian Page onstage in Plymouth, August 1979

ALBUM

NME August 4 1979 Page 36



MODS MAYDAY '79 Various Artists

Bridge House

On a bootleg fidelity scale of ten, this album – recorded amid the pints and parkas at the Bridge House, Canning Town – checks in at a fraction under eight, but any lack of technical expertise is compensated for by the overall rough-edged feel. In all, five bands: Secret Affair, The Mods, Beggar,

Squire and Small Hours are each afforded three tracks to strut their proverbial stuff. Of the fearless five, it's Secret Affair who take full advantage and completely dominate the event, being one of the few mod mk2 bands to realise they are engaged in a renewal programme as opposed to a revival.

The remaining bands display more enthusiasm than direction, flitting as they do between innumerable mid-'60s forms, rarely mastering any

It's difficult to believe that up until recently half of the Affair (singer Ian Page and guitarist Dave Cairns) were actively involved with neo-new wave no-hopers the New Hearts. This time around Page and Cairns have got the chemistry correct: great songs, excellent streamlined arrangements, masterful performances. Even though recorded *au naturel* (so to speak), Secret Affair have already defined their own group persona, graced with a high degree of pop sensibility that eludes bands with much greater reputations.

Should they now choose to record the anthemic 'Time For Action', Secret Affair might just have a chart single on their hands.

Roy Carr



SINGLE

NME August 18 1979 Page 21



TIME FOR ACTION Secret Affair

1-Spy

A 'new' wave, a 'new' anthem; something else for people too cynical to be impressed by youthful exuberance to be bored with, or mystified by. Its appeal is obvious: it's fast, young, smart and anthemic. The fact that the jumping instrumentation and hook carry not one iota of originality or genuine wit matters very little. Don't bicker about it, either buy or ignore it.

John Hamblett

Melody Maker December 22 1979 Page 13

Real blues?

UNTIL recently there were only a small number of mods wearing suits and parkas. We were all involved in the movement together; nobody bothered to speak of us, so we let our looks do our talking.

The King's Road was different then, it wasn't crammed with mods. You were often surrounded by punks, who've now disappeared. And yet, Melody Maker ignored us, leaving mod to the cheap sensation papers, just at the time mod was a positive movement.

What about those who laughed, tell us we didn't know what we were doing? Well, they're now paying for their mistake, buying parkas costing £22 (remember when they cost nine, suckers!). Expensive badges

and patches and suits which don't fit are on their shopping lists; they copy what we wore, wearing it because it's fashion, not with pride or reason.

We can now watch groups of mods charge down our local high streets as though they've only just seen "Quadrophonia". These young Glory Boys ask me where I hang out, and where do I get my blues? But only because I know how to dress smarter.

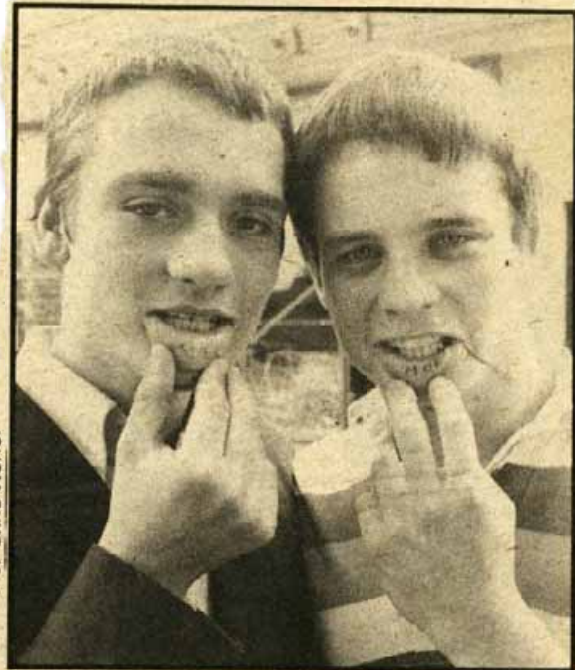
People now see you as trouble if you wear a parka, whereas not so long ago they looked with surprise. You're big news now, and your mod riots make the press — but I still remember the line "Not trying to cause a big sensation" — EX-EPSOM MOD, Beaconsfield Road, Epsom, Surrey, KT18 9HD. ● LP WINNER

It's A Man's Life In The Glory Boys

MEET The Glory Boys. The latest in the line of modern musclemen have lifted their handle from Secret Affair's mod anthem in praise of natty dress. Look out for those tell-tale signs — the squarely-shorn barnet, the 'keyhole' logo emblazoned on the biceps, the word 'Mod' tattooed on the inside of the lower lip.

The bruisers in question have exchanged their East End stomping-grounds for a stretch of The March Of The Mods tour. They claim to be Secret Affair's personal protection service, though without them, muses a sceptical Thrills, the band probably wouldn't need any.

In fact, there's been occasions of late when the band have had to protect The Glory Boys. Indeed, after the Factory gig in Manchester, Affair hired a troop of taxis to ship the GBs to safety



Pic: Chris Horner

Just don't give those boys no lip, alright?

when alien factions seemed to have them outnumbered.

At Torquay, Affair and The Purple Hearts were left with a sizeable bill for a trashed hotel bar when their fearsome followers dropped in for a late night jar.

And worse . . . when Affair played a recent Acklam Hall gig for the purpose of making a promo film, the unsuspecting GBs were sprung on leaving by a rival army, with a couple of cars getting totalled in the process.

Honestly, you can't slink off for a quiet night out anywhere these days, now can ya?

GILBERT T. FISH

THRILLS

NME August 25 1979 Page 11

In amid the wet-wiped plastic and chip-grease chic of a Camden High Street Wimpy bar, Tony Meynell of the mod band Squire is telling me all about their record.

"I wrote 'Walking Down The King's Road' when I was walking down the King's Road." No kidding.

"I was just thinking about what it used to be like, trying to imagine if I'd been there 10 or 15 years ago, what sort of things I'd be doing, the sort of things I'd be hearing, and why it wasn't the same any more. And I started thinking that perhaps it could be the same one day. So I wrote a song about it."

Put out through Arista on Secret Affair's I-Spy label, and produced by Dave Cairns and Ian Page of that group, their debut single should spread the word on Squire, the most promising of the mod acts yet to get some real recognition.

Squire's music is planted solidly inside the '60s: especially The Beatles, the Stones and The Who. What marks them apart, besides stripey blazers and a fondness for the Stevie Marriott school of hair-control (find the middle and attack) is a fresh and lightweight sound of danceability ("The kids are gonna think, 'Why go to discos when we can see The Specials, or Squire, or The Selector and dance to them?'"). Plus they've got a writing talent that promises to see them through even after all the mod trappings have fallen away, as surely they must.

Now down to a three-piece, Squire are bass-player Enzo, guitarist and writer Tony Meynell and, a fairly recent addition, his brother Kevin on drums.

Growing up, like The Jam, around Woking, the band began to take shape when Enzo's group, then obliged to play a rag-bag of cover versions, teamed up with Tony: "I just had this tape of my songs, took it to Mark Perry and he said, 'Great, go out and find yourself a band.' And that was Squire. When we hit

Blazer squad: Squire, with Tony Meynell (centre)



"STRIPEY BLAZERS ARE BACK"

Squire – another mod band. But more than just another mod band, says Paul Du Noyer

NME September 29 1979 Page 8

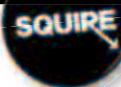
London, I thought we were the only mod band. I was really surprised."

Kevin: "We're definitely the most '60s sounding group. But it's not important to the kids whether you sound '60s, '70s or '80s."

And Tony again: "I thought we'd go back to the roots and work our way out from there – maybe in the way the '60s should have turned out, without going through all that hippie stuff – let's go another way and see what it could have been.

"No mod band would ever, I hope, sit down and think, 'Oh well, that's it, headbands on, move into the psychedelic revival, now.' I wouldn't do it. I'll go my own way and hope I'm going the right way."

Squire's view of the mod revival is pretty realistic – there's an acknowledgment that it's helped them, and that it's up to them to prove themselves when all the attention wanders off elsewhere.



"Half of them don't know what it's about anyway," reckons Enzo. "They're just into the fact that it's a new thing and they want to do it. Every mod band you hear is completely different. None of them are the same."

Tony: "I think we'll survive. When it dies, turns into something else, we'll survive."

Enzo again: "It's like punk. The best punk bands survived. They're not the same as they used to be."

"When you come down to it," says Tony, "when you stand the mod bands up, a lot of them are exciting live, but when the time comes to release LPs then you've got to have good material – and I think we'll have the edge over them in that respect."

"A lot of bands call themselves mod bands, but just haven't got that mod appeal, you can't dance to them. Whatever it is, it makes them not a mod band. The mod movement decides who's a mod and who isn't."



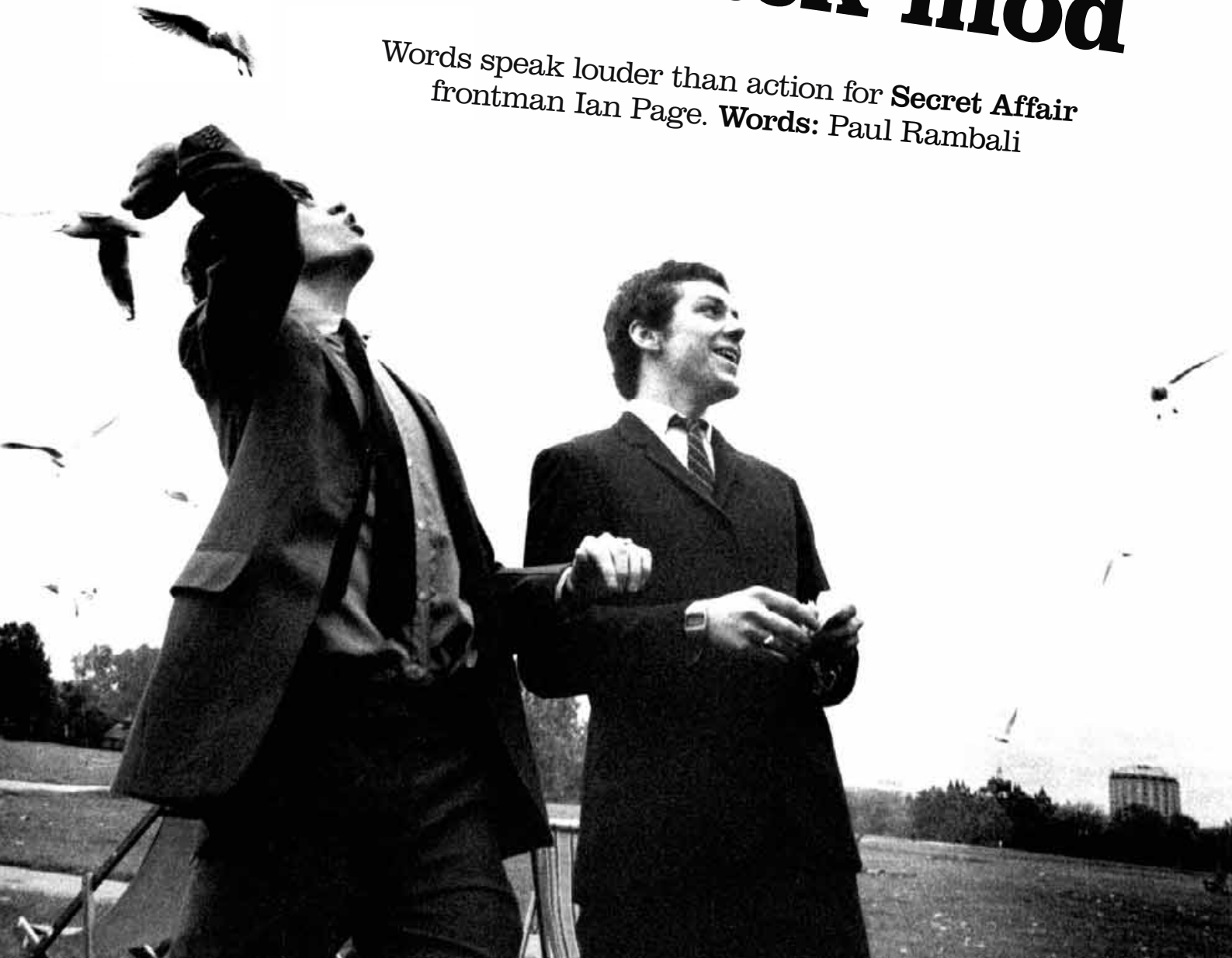
Already the record companies are showing interest in the outcome of Squire's present one-off arrangement with I-Spy. Meanwhile you can check more Squire products on the Bridge House 'Mods May Day' album, although the band are less than happy with the quality of their contribution.

Oddly moderate, these mods, quite conventional really; they're quicker to shrug shoulder than to get controversial; they throw about words like 'clean' and 'smart' with great approval. They'd never heard of The Human League. What can it all mean?

Whatever your stance on Sta-Prests, keep a kindly eye out for Squire. Find out that there really is life after Woking.

**Fly away '70s
fly away punk,
come back '80s
come back mod**

Words speak louder than action for **Secret Affair**
frontman Ian Page. **Words:** Paul Rambali



T

he man from the *Moscow Literary Gazette* wore a dapper pin-stripe suit, every crease and fold in place. He wore it with meticulous thoroughness, as a tourist might carefully pronounce every syllable of a phrase in a visitor's handbook. He was in his 40s, of solid build, and scrupulous about his work – which he modestly counted as being of some small influence amongst the *Gazette's* more powerful readers. He had come to write a story about mod...

It costs Russia tens of thousands of roubles a year to scramble the Western radio broadcasts that the youth of the country secretly tune in to. The black market for rock and its accessories is thriving. Those who can afford it will pay as much for a pair of jeans as they would for a washing machine.

Elton John, Boney M, Cliff Richard and Wings have whetted appetites behind the iron curtain more than sated them, and the man from the *Gazette*, through his frequent contact with the West, could begin to understand this need. Furthermore, he grasped the sense of finding a young band to fulfil the need of young people. The idea being, perhaps that by channelling it in some way, they can defuse a potential rebellion.

The Russian journalist took out his tape recorder and his notes and sat down amid the administrative clutter of Arista Records' press officer to talk to Ian Page, the smart, eager spokesman-elect of Secret Affair. Page felt suddenly sobered by the implications of what was taking place. Everything he had achieved – the hit singles, the tours, everything – seemed somehow insignificant.

His mind raced to contain his awe: here is a representative of millions of people whom I though I would never get to meet. All that suffering, all that creativity stifled in there... and *he* wants to ask *me* questions!

"This is what we are doing: we like the suits, and we like the hair. We like for our young to dress nice," explained the Russian, adding that their government felt that fashion has its place as a harmless mode of self-expression. "But there are certain things I'm worried about and this is what I've come to ask you about. Firstly, this 'action' of which you speak, what is the action?"

Page thought carefully about where his words would be read.

"Basically, I'm talking about the right of any one person to change that which directly affects their lives. If I have a political stance that is it; believing in the rights of an individual, and identity, and the rights to say – it can be something really unimportant to somebody else, but if it affects you, then you should have the right to do something about it. And without that being a socialist or communist belief, it does link."

"So you believe everybody to be equal..."

"No. But I believe everybody should have the opportunity to be. They should have the chance."

"This thing about mods; what do the suits mean?"

"They're a fashion. They're a new way of having fun."

"And this movement, it started in the East End of London?"

Page quickly felt the innuendo. "Yes. Initially it was a working class movement; it started with the working classes."

"But this is what worried me," countered the Russian. "Working class wearing suits, and you talk of rich men. What do you mean there?"

"We're just saying we're better or we're as good as any rich man."

"You desire to have the financial gain of the rich man; this is what you are trying to say?"

"No. It's richness in spirit. The fact that you stand the two together (*he places two bottles of Perrier side by side*) and you don't know which of those bottles cost the most. You don't know who has got the most money, and it dismisses the concept, or the ability, of some guy in a Rolls to snort at somebody who's only got ten pence in his pocket."

The Russian smiled. For the first time not just out of politeness.

Ian Page walks on the soles of his loafers peering around. He spies some graffiti on a wall near Arista's offices. "There's something I've often noticed," he remarks, with the sly expression of someone confiding a conspiracy. "Mod graffiti is always small..."

"Every punk should hate the punk elite. That inverted snobbery, that more-street-than-thou pose" Ian Page

On walls maybe, but in the media the opposite is true. Mod – literally a handy ad speak abbreviation of a popular '60s consumer selling point – has changed the face of '79, just as punk defaced 1977. But in any sense other than a strictly literal one, mod means lots of different things to lots of different people.

It's anathema to rock idealists; a curiosity for sociologists; good copy for journalists; a potential goldmine for financialists; a boon for the rag trade; one in the eye for rock's pall-bearers (or not, depending on how they see it, or don't see it...); power pop with parkas on; a way for adolescent schoolboys to acquire cool; a movement free of hypocrisy; a movement free of originality; a movement created by the press; a movement destroyed by the press; you can't dance to it; you can dance to it. All these things and, more fundamentally still, a new way to have fun.

Like it or lump it – and his feelings on this aspect seem to lie halfway in-between – Ian Page and Secret Affair have found themselves, either by default or cunning bearing the standard. "Time For Action" is the closest the new mod has come to a definitive anthem. A brash, stirring single that mixed gruff chorus lines out of the Clash/Sham tradition with ordinary, energetic, enthusiastic post-punk rock. Music to stamp and cheer together to, solidifying in its tone at least a vague ideal, that brought its singer the automatic status of figurehead – as well as earning him the enmity of certain factions who charged that lyrics such as "*We hate the punk elite*" were self-serving and deliberately divisive.

"Every punk should hate the punk elite," Page states firmly and evenly. "That inverted snobbery, that more-street-than-thou pose, that PVC-trousered glam rock tart, and you see so many of them, who represent the complete death of something that could have been so good but just became more and more of what was bad about it. ▶"

↓ Parklife: Dave Cairns and Ian Page, 1979





Time for action (and some leaf sweeping): Ian and Dave

► “The mods have got the advantage that they had so long to solidify their ideas, and become confident of what they are, because no-one gave a toss about that they were doing.”

But there were punks around in '76 before it happened in '77, just as there were mods around in '78, before that happened in '79.

“I’m not talking about the music press, I mean the media in general. That’s how punk was stolen, how it was taken away from what it might’ve become.”

Page chooses this moment to vent his anger at the doom-sayers of mod, with reference to some shoddy words that have appeared in *NME*, specifically in recent *NME* headlines. However the media was almost as quick to proclaim the end of punk, so how will mod survive?

“If punk was a question then mod is an answer – and some people really don’t like the answer” Ian Page

“If punk was a question then mod is an answer – and some people really don’t like the answer. The answer to the questions that were raised in punk is... Actually no, blowing up the houses of Parliament isn’t in fact the way to change those things that are wrong, and in the end all anybody has or can rely on is themselves. And this age when everybody’s meant to have everything is in fact the total opposite. You can have lots of material things, but they don’t mean anything because of the nature of the society they’ve come from.”

Page is a reluctant mouthpiece for the mod movement. He prefers to see himself as simply a mod who happens to be in a band. But Secret Affair have defined mod to a great extent, and there are those who would have only become mods on hearing the call of “Time For Action”.

“Well the function is communicating, and I’m communicating a feeling. It could be time for a party, but action is a much more important word than party.”

It’s also much more vague.

“Exactly,” he pleads. “That’s the whole point. As I said to Russia, it’s leaving them the choice to decide for themselves what they’re going to do and what they think of the world around them. All I do believe is – we didn’t have this with the previous fashion, but we could have it now – you don’t like something, you do something about it.”

The obvious comeback here is if that’s what he feels, why doesn’t he say so more explicitly in Secret Affair songs? But we could argue till the moon falls out of the sky because whatever anybody else might think, he feels he’s saying it well enough for his purposes.

Secret Affair arrived with the right stance at the right time. An off-the-peg combination of dance beat, clothes and attitude. The peg it came off happened to be located in the same junk-store of discarded '60s ephemera that more than a few others had discovered and were beginning to celebrate. It seemed like too good a coincidence to be true, but Page denies all charges of calculation and the circumstances support his defence.

The hub of Secret Affair first met at college, where Page and Cairns had gone to do A-levels, though such academic goals were quickly forgotten in the intoxicating onset of punk.

“I was really inspired by what was going on,” Dave Cairns will later recall. “I didn’t like the idea of ripping clothes and the ridiculous hair, but we thought... great! Surely this was going to give young bands a chance. That’s why we left college – we felt that strongly about it. We put on stuff that we wanted to wear – these blazers made out of deck-chair material – and stormed out of there and said, ‘OK, punk revolution, give us a chance...’”

The name of the band was New Hearts, who suffered badly at the hands of what had become by then a narrow and in its own way reactionary movement. New Hearts used to support The Jam, and – lest we forget – it was The Jam that started all this, way back in the days when Paul Weller would enthuse about a half-forgotten British teen-cult. Weller seems unwilling to speak about his baby – unless you care to read in the title of the last Jam album his final pronouncements on the matter – but it was nevertheless he who gave people the idea.

And you could see the signs of its ascendancy as long ago as last year. Dotted about The Jam’s Rainbow gig were as many as 30 cumbersome green coats called parkas. Outside The Who’s memorabilia exhibition at the ICA every Saturday were row upon row of gleaming scooters, many from the long-lived Northern scooter clubs; and inside, absorbing the nostalgia and picking up some cues, yet more parkas...

New Hearts broke up midway through the year – partly due to the machinations of their record company, CBS, and partly due to the widespread resentment that greeted their musical brand. Cairns and Page dropped their old rhythm section, which initiated the change from being “a '60s band that you couldn’t dance to”, as Page puts it, “to a '60s inspired band that you could”.

They began writing new songs, many of which are on the Affair’s upcoming album. Coming after such bitter disillusionment, the lyrics Page wrote were essentially a giant snub to anyone and everyone who every put him down, telling them all they’ve done is strengthen his belief in himself and his convictions. They read like the revenge of power pop.

It took a while to settle the rhythm section; to find a drummer who understood that the idea wasn’t to play fills, but to hold on tight to the beat. Eventually, just after Christmas, with bass player Dennis Smith and drummer Seb Shelton, they played their first gig, supporting a pseudonymous Jam warm-up gig at Reading University.

“We did the gig and there were mods and they liked us,” explains Page. “We were strolling about afterwards and they came up to us and said, ‘Fuckin’ hell! What’s all this then?’ Because, don’t forget, The



“I’ve heard so many people asking Ian questions like could he please relate his position and the mod movement to the political state of the country, the unemployed and whatever. Ian is very clever in his replies, and he does seem to be very sincere in what he says, but when he starts making comparisons with the American Democratic party... I don’t think he even stops to think sometimes.”

Dave Cairns takes Page’s place in front of the tape recorder. Both of them wear suits, but the contrast between them is marked.

Cairns is less outwardly confident, less verbally sharp, less determined and excitably than his partner in song, but he chooses his words and collects his thoughts more carefully, and his opinions of mod. While sharing the basic enthusiasm of Page, he tends to be more coldly objective. Despite or perhaps because of this contrast, they have a good relationship.

“We come from two different ways of life, Dave is working class and mine are middle class. We’re opposite in many ways.”

Cairns reveals that he doesn’t have quite the same positive and heartfelt belief in an ideology of mod. Page’s emotional bluster on the subject gives way to Cairns’ cold and somewhat regretful appraisal.

“It’s very good to work with a certain philosophy that began in the early mod movement,” he begins, “and Ian is very good at promoting ideas, but I don’t think the people he’s talking to want to think that deeply. I think you should put forward a basic philosophy, like the idea of wearing suits – Ian makes a lot of that, one of his favourite quotes is the one about standing next to the bloke with the Rolls. But you look around at a gig, and the kids aren’t wearing suits – they’re not that committed. In terms of politics, I don’t think a lot of the kids – I’m not saying they couldn’t think that deeply – but I just see it as fun, and it disappoints me greatly to walk into a mod gig.

“Unfortunately the worst thing about the movement is the tie-up with the ‘60s, and the various references to revivalism, which I think have spoilt it to an extent for the kids. There is a minority who have a fresh approach to it. Surrounded by those people I thought it was exciting and unique; although we wore Hush Puppies I thought it didn’t matter. Now I can see that it did matter, which is why it’s now lying low a bit, and pretty soon, the press will come in for the kill.

“We saw it heading towards being trapped in revivalism – then *The Sun* would swoop down and that would be it, they’d all be walking around with the mod tag, which is why we wrote ‘Glory Boys.’”

Cairns mentions his surprise that ‘Time For Action’ sold 200,000 copies, and adds sardonically that it was because the DJs who plugged it thought it was “nice boys in suits”, which is the very crux of most of the contempt for the movement; that it doesn’t threaten the values of those sort of people.

“Yeah, but it threatens from within. It threatens all the other factions. I don’t think they see it as something harmless...”

All mod seems to aspire to become part of the establishment. But then, all a lot of punks aspired to was to be on the dole. What does Cairns make of the logic behind the mod in his suit and the man in his Rolls?

“I got left behind at a gig one day, and I had to get a train to catch up with the band. Arista got me a ticket, a first-class ticket. So I zoomed off the station and jumped on the train. It was packed in the second class carriage so I got in the first class. Great! There I was wearing a suit, and it was just like in *Quadrophenia*, sitting between these two blokes. I sat there wearing my nice suit and there were these city gents in horrible suits all around me.

“I thought, yeah, this is part of it. I sat there with my copy of *The Guardian* and I thought this idea does work; I feel great and they aren’t looking down at me. I do look smarter and I feel better about it!

“And then the train pulled into a station and this station-master was walking up the side of the train, looking for people who were sitting in the first class without the right ticket. He came up to the window and banged on the glass. ‘What are you doing in there?’

“Now how d’ya suss that one?” ■

↑ Court in the act: (l-r) Seb, Dennis, Dave and Ian

Jam don’t dress like this (*he indicates his spotless tonic suit*) offstage. They all came from Dagenham: Dave Lawrence, Ian Stratton, Grant Flemming. They said, ‘Look, we’re mods, there’s quite a lot of us, and what we’re really looking for – I mean we love The Jam – but we’re looking for a band of our own, because they’ve already made it, they’re famous already. What we want is a band that’s part of us.’

“He was expressing it that articulately – he’s not very articulate, but he has a depth of emotion. We said, ‘Where do we play?’ A pub called the Barge Aground in Barking, go down there any night, but Friday’s the best.’ And there it was. A sea of suits, parkas and hairstyles.

“Ian is very clever and he does seem to be very sincere but I don’t think he even stops to think sometimes” Dave Cairns

“I’d invented this Glory Boys concept, which was my reaction to being told that I wasn’t any good, and if I’m going to be honest the real idea was like spiv; a suit, a black shirt and a white tie, clothes being very important. I walked in and I thought, they’re all Glory Boys! But too late, they were mods. They said: ‘We chose mods. We like what they did, and now we’re going to make something of our own out of it.’ That’s how our following started. We said, ‘We’re going to get a gig down the Bridge House’ – down they came, and that was it, the first night at the Bridge House. It was the climate and the idea.”

Do you really think clothes are that important or, as you sing in ‘Time For Action’, that “*Looking good is the answer*”? Isn’t it a bit pathetic to judge people by the cut of their clothes?

Page isn’t going to be moved: “The clothes express the idea. They are as much as we allow people to see; they are the kink, the bond. Let me put it this way...”

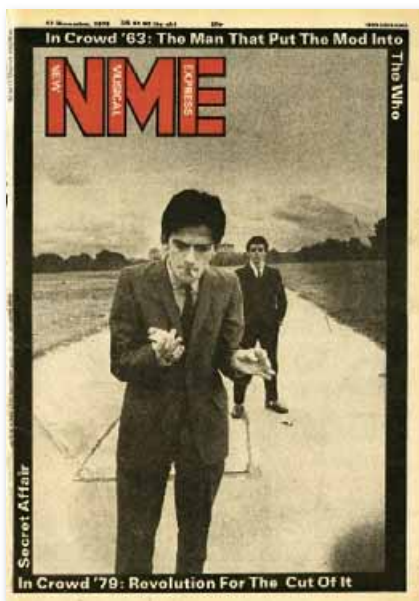
He pulls out of his bag a copy of a Tom Wolfe book and flicks the pages.

“Let’s call each page in this book a suit, no, better still, a mod. Each one is different from the other, each one is striving to be different and that’s what the mods are doing because they are doing it for themselves. They allow the outside world to see that much of them (*he flicks the pages again*), in fact they’re probably doing it at that speed as well!”

“It’s a uniform, and behind it is a uniform thought – to be individual.”

To be really individual, though, would entail rejecting the uniform.

“That’s not individualism. That’s exile.”



ALBUM

NME March 29 1980 Page 35



BEAT THAT! Purple Hearts

Fiction

Along with their labelmates The Chords, Romford's Purple Hearts formed one half of the two-pronged spearhead which heralded the birth of last year's mod movement in London.

Now, no more than 12 months on, the same two bands still stand head and shoulders above the flotsam as the best things to come out of the whole shebang.

Purple Hearts have always upheld the punkier end of modbeat and 'Beat That!', despite a few flaws, confirms them as one of the few mod bands to actually cut it on rock'n'roll terms.

Of the nine originals on the album, all but one come from the pens of vocalist Bob Manton and guitarist Simon Stebbing, a teen wonderkid with a perfect sense of musical dynamics.

Two of the better things on 'Beat That!' are the covers, Wilson Pickett's 'If You Need Me' and David Bowie's 'Can't Help Thinking 'Bout Me'.

The Pickett song is done as a plaintive, bluesy ballad even though Manton's occasionally flat voice hasn't quite the range to do it justice, while the Bowie cover is an energetic obscenity from the remote days of David Jones And The Lower Third.

The problem, surprisingly, lies in Chris Parry's production. Parry was the man behind all the early Jam singles and his tin-wall of sound is usually an impressive hallmark but the production on 'Beat That!' is murky and indistinct.

Purple Hearts' sound is a potent pot-pourri of The Monkees, The Yardbirds, the Pistols and The Clash. It is almost great pop, and it would be a mighty shame if the Hearts fail to reach that plane because of a touch of the lurgies at the mixing desk.

Adrian Thrills

SINGLE

NME February 2 1980 Page 15



MAYBE TOMORROW The Chords

Polydor

In a week of hectic activity on the singles front, the three youth cultures clash head-on as mod, rockabilly and ska battle it out for a place at the top of the pile, making this the single of the week. What a way to wake up to the '80s!

There is absolutely nothing to choose between the top three records in this week's pile of new releases in terms of performance, but The Chords just edge the necks of their Rickenbackers in front by dint of a slightly superior song. The result is 'Maybe Tomorrow', the band's best song live and now arguably the best single to surface from the mod 'thing'.

The solid wall of trebly buzzsaw guitar lies closer to the heart of the Buzzcocks and The Undertones than more obvious mentors such as The Who or The Jam, although The Chords betray their '60s roots in the classic key-change midway through the song.

If this, their second single, is indicative of what the Deptford four-piece are capable of achieving on record, they might just free themselves from the constrictions of mod before the movement finally goes under.

Adrian Thrills

The Land That Time Forgot . . .

THE MOVIE *Quadrophonia* nearly got it right. Its representation of the mod enigma came close to invoking the mood of youthful exuberance in the south, but in the north it was different. When the rest of the world casually slipped on its beads and kaftans, the north remained steadfastly devoted to its black roots and dedication. Wigan Casino became a Mecca for the disenchanting mods of the '60s. They changed, modified, developed and remained totally the same all the way through the '70s becoming 'The Torchholders', the soul fraternity who kept the faith.

Towards the end of the decade however, much of the respect they had gained for their stalwart belief in all-night dancing, amphetamines and soul had descended into virtual self-parody with their short sleeved shorts, airline bags and flappy trousers.

To most people they seemed ridiculous anachronisms in the age of punk and the megastar. Their own reaction to public opinion though, remained constant: "Who gives a fucking shit?"

But with the dawning of a new era, these are the people who've got the last laugh. Mods are back, and that's why I found myself in Oldham at a 2-Tone, northern soul twelve-hour marathon. For somebody who begrudgingly became a mod to retain a bit of credibility with the girls at school, it seemed a perfect opportunity to assess what changes, if any, the mod revival had wrought on the old, purveyors of a life style that, while short in terms of shoe leather and arteries, offered endless enjoyment and your first chance to get really good at lying to your parents about where you've been all night.

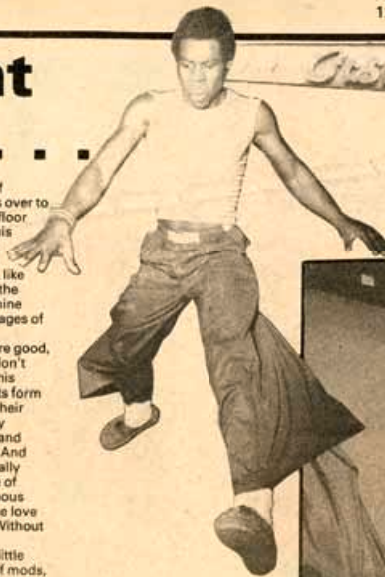
Kim, a northern souler with an accent as wide as his trouser bottoms, described his weekend for me. He starts off from Sowerby in Yorkshire on Saturday afternoon and goes to the all nighter at Wigan

Casino. After twelve hours of non-stop fun there he shoots over to Oldham for another dose of floor bashing before hanging up his dancing shoes until the next weekend. He's very thin. His exertions on the dance floor, like those of his friends, have all the frantic energy of amphetamine crazed spastics in the final stages of St. Vitus dance.

Don't get me wrong; they're good, these kids. Your Studio 54s don't mess bugger all to Kim and his mates. Bollock-breaking splits form the basis for the majority of their routines, usually preceded by tossing in a few handstands and back flips for good measure. And after all that the nimros actually applaud the DJ for his choice of record. It's a totally spontaneous reaction that shows a genuine love and affection for the music. Without it they'd be nowhere.

Kim and his buddies are a little bemused by the new influx of mods, but there's no resentment or dislike on either side. The promoter, Richard Serling, was quick to assure me that they've had no trouble at all from any of the disparate elements wandering around the gig, and he takes great delight in regaling me with stories of culture crossovers as the new young mods discover that there's a wealth of music to be unearthed by listening to the D.J. from Wigan. The northern soulers, on the other hand, don't seem particularly inclined to substitute Secret Affair for Ben E King. The elitism of digging out obscure nuggets by unknown black

American artists of the '60s paved the way for the economics of obscurity. In other words any old crap is long as it's rare will be snatched up by somebody with more money than sense. Over to Roger Eagle, the man who almost singlehandedly started the R&B/Soul boom in the early '60s. "I used to get a lot of my records given by the groups themselves when they were on tour over here.



Thrills looks at Northern Soul

Rickie from 1 he Vibrations gave me the first copy of 'I Spy For The F.B.I.' ever to come into England. The only way to turn people on to a new music is to let them know what you're playing — it always was and it always will be. But the scene then was ridiculous. The competition was so great to be the first, the only person to have that particular record, that some DJs even used to scrape the labels off so that nobody could find out who they were by 'Stupid.'

Those DJs would have had a field day on the soul scene today, not so on the mod. Despite their good intentions the ones in Oldham don't seem to realise the potential of their new audience to enjoy something other than the standard crop of 2-Tone issues. The promoters are aware of the problems and the possibilities that they've presented themselves with. They're on the lookout for live bands to play at their



All pix: Kevin Cummins

venues, a solution for all as the amount of live venues in the north west steadily dries up. Events may overtake them, however, for the shallowness of fashion-styled rock is notorious, and a parka and pork-pie hat do not a culture make. They have no foundation to build an identity on. They're behaving in the way they feel the kids of some sixteen summers ago behaved. The pathetic irony of it is that they only have to go upstairs where Kim and his friends are dancing to discover the real survivors of the era they're trying to emulate.

C. P. LEE

Thrills!

A COVER STORY

Melody Maker March 29 1980 Page 9

It's not the content, nor the band that make The Lambrettas' cover version of 'Poison Ivy' so notable, it's the marketing behind it.

Wandering into my local record shop three weeks ago, I noticed on the wall what I took to be the latest in 2 Tone excellence and left it at that. Then it dawned on me that the sleeve in question actually read 2 Stroke and that



Drummer Paul: "Some of us saw the funny side of it."

Mark: "Well we could see that it was funny to certain people, but we also thought that there'd be a lot of people who wouldn't find it so funny."

The band's energetic vocalist, Jez, him with the red suit and funny dances, butts in. "Also, what a lot of people don't know is that the person



The Lambrettas: definitely more than just 2 Tone

The figure on the sleeve was, in fact, a parka-clad mod, not the familiar rude boy we've grown to love

the figure on the sleeve was, in fact, a parka-clad mod, not the familiar rude boy we've grown to love this past year.

The question is, who exactly thought up the scheme?

According to Mark, their affable bassist: "Rocket records. It was nothing to do with us. Rocket records thought it would be a joke and we saw the funny side of it."

who did the cover and the place where the cover was made is exactly the same place where they make the 2 Tone covers, and the same guy does them."

Doesn't make it alright. It's still a bit of a con, however "funny".

Mark: "That's what we said, but Rocket went ahead with it."

"I don't know if we're supposed to say this," says Jez, "but it was done

with the approval of 2 Tone." He nods to a Rocket representative present. "This isn't libellous is it?" he asks. She shakes her head.

Rocket, being owned by Elton John, are a bit low on the credibility stakes, which is surely part and parcel of the 2 Tone success. The move was also quite near to breaking up the band.

Doug: "We'd just got over getting stick about our name, which caused people to call us mod bandwagon jumpers, and then we got all this stick over the single. So we were wondering if it was worth carrying on."

This Brighton based mod band are now 28 in the charts and rising. The public gets what the public deserves? **Paolo Hewitt**

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Melody Maker February 23 1980 Page 24



MY WORLD Secret Affair

I-Spy

Despite their policy of cultural apartheid (mod elite above the rest of the world), SA's increasingly apparent

paranoia persistently undermines their poise, and with something as cool as mod, that can be deadly. Page is at it again in his latest song, sarcastically and typically titled 'So Cool' (here on the flip) with more barely disguised snipes at his detractors.

That's a shame: the attitudinising spoils an otherwise intelligent and attractive cocktail bar arrangement which mixes distant muted trumpet into the general night-time sleaze. On top of that, Page plays a pretty good Dean Martin.

As for the A-side, it's a defined number, held back from 'Glory Boys', which producer Page has fleshed out from an admirably straightforward string/horn setting, thickening the original thin sound to give the song a completeness it originally lacked. Above all, the vocal conceits work well this time, and it's all highlighted by a fine sax solo from fifth man Dave Winthrop.

Page has matured considerably as a producer, giving the band a new strength, even though he's still looking backwards for ideas. But unfortunately the lyrics, this time by guitarist Dave Cairns, haven't kept abreast of his studio advances; and until the writing duo proceed beyond their predicaments to more worthwhile subject matters, they're going to severely limit their following – and, consequently, the march of the mods.

Chris Bohn

There were eight of them, waiting sullenly and apprehensively at the end of a French alley. Maybe 20 yards ahead of them, three young Chords fans blink at the opposition, finally throwing down the gauntlet with a series of gestures and shouts as the French contingent slowly approach down the alley, swaggering and swearing.

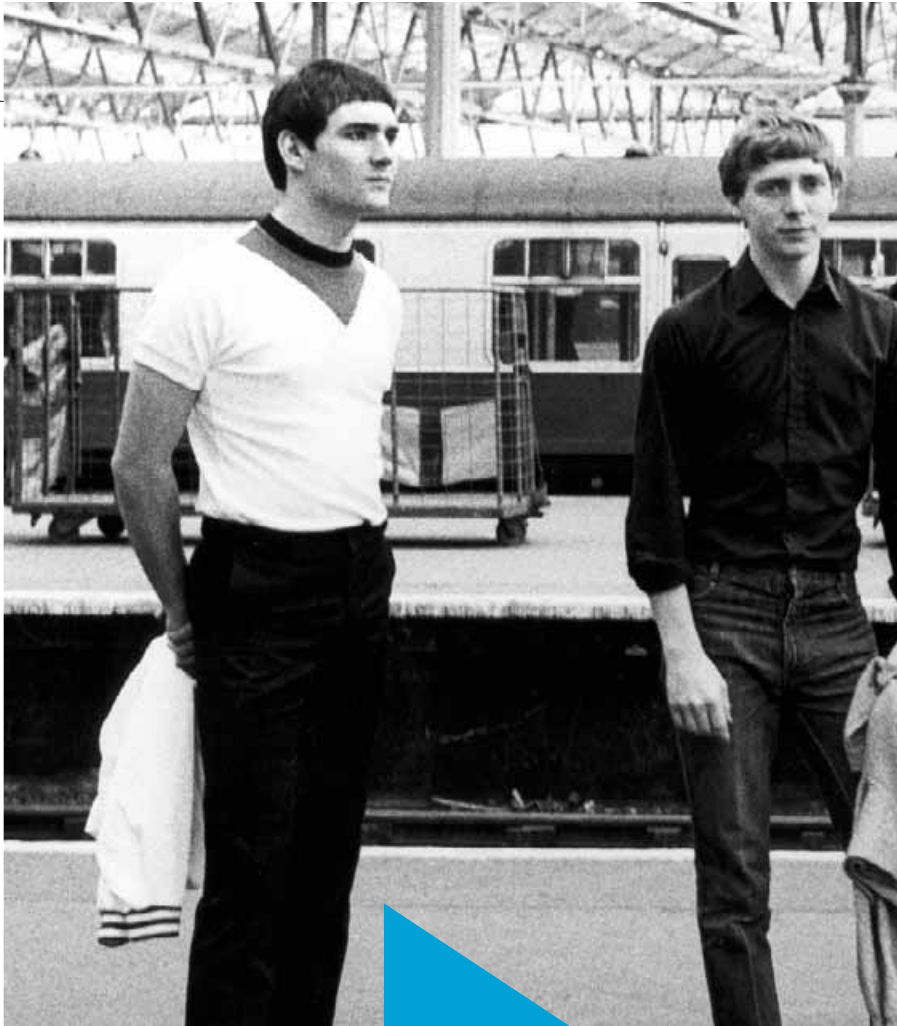
Suddenly a scream of "Come on!" rises up as a wine bottle flies through the air smashing three yards away from the approaching French gang. The French retreat in panic as a host of missiles descend upon them from the three British antagonists. As the air fills with the sound of shouts and threats, one of the French gang turns and stands his ground.

He has a pistol in his hand. He waves the pistol threateningly at the English fans, who retreat to the hotel entrance. The French chase their opponents to the hotel doors where the owners are now hustling their guests to safety before things get really out of hand.

With a determined push, the hotel doors crash shut against the inflamed locals and a minute later there's a desperate banging on The Chords' door. As it cautiously opens, a sobbing girlfriend pushes her way into the stunned room, followed by one of the fans involved in the skirmish. His eyes are streaming tears from the growing red weals that have hideously disfigured the top half of his face.

Somewhere between the hotel entrance and the relative safety of room 79, someone had squirted enough ammonia into his face to keep him under fresh water for half an hour.

Tribal warfare in England and elsewhere has escalated beyond belief this past year. After the stagnant air left behind from punk drifted into a depressing realisations of its shortcomings, a plethora of subcultures have sprung up as a determined reaction against it.



SCOOTER BOYS DISOWN IMAGE

Categorising **The Chords** as mod could be a mistake. Their music has other influences than The Jam, they tell **Paolo Hewitt**



In many ways the music has become secondary to the playing out of the rules and rituals that everyone from mods to punks indulge in.

The scenes just witnessed happened because the local hipsters had decided mods were "wankers" and had lined up to tell them exactly that outside Le Palace, the venue for the night's gig. In England and elsewhere the same scenes occur with sickening regularity.

On a musical level, too, the effect is just as damaging. Any band that draws from a specific period or style is now immediately categorised and filed away under that banner by everyone from the press to the fans, forcing that particular band into a tight corner of confusion and denial. Of course, some bands get out of their way to encourage such strict demarcation. But for others it's a frustrating situation.

"When we were on tour with The Undertones there were all these punks going mad and everything. But now we've got a bit of publicity they won't even bother coming to our gigs" Billy H

"You'll probably find that a lot of people won't listen to us," Chris Pope tells me from the hotel bed upon which he's sprawled, "because they think, 'Ah! They're a mod band.'"

"When we were on tour with The Undertones," Billy H, rhythm to Chris' lead, moans, "there were all these punks going mad and everything. But now we've got a bit of publicity they won't even bother coming to our gigs"

He turns his head away in disgust.

"Up North, the people who do come, punks and scooterers, they come along expecting something like 'I Love You,'" interjects Brett, The Chords' incredibly cheerful drummer, "and then we go on and go BANG! And they can't dance to it. Punks won't cos we're mods, mods won't cos we're too punky."

"So that leaves us in the middle," shouts Billy H with an ironic smile. Indeed it does, but to trace the problem to its roots, we have to go back to the Surrey Docks nearly two years ago when The Chords had finally settled upon a stable line-up.



"We aren't the mods, we aren't the mods!": Martin, Billy, Chris and Brett

After touting around a set of six originals and Motown covers through pubs, benefits and the like, the ubiquitous Jimmy Pursey dropped into their lives.

"He didn't actually see us," Martin Mason, their solid bass man, reveals. "But he got to hear some demos up at Polydor." These persuaded him to sign The Chords to his new JP Productions. Things, however, didn't run too smoothly.

"Pursey just wanted to cash in on the mod thing," Brett claims. Their association with Pursey was short-lived and the inevitable split acrimonious. A session for John Peel reversed the downward trend of the band's fortunes.

"We got a contract with Polydor after the Peel session," Chris Pope reveals. "A lot of people got to hear the material. Polydor had the advantage of either picking up the option from JP as a subsidiary or not. Virgin were interested, but Polydor picked it up."

By this time The Chords had established themselves in the vanguard of the mod resurgence with early gigs at the Wellington and the Marquee.

"We were part of it really early and it was a good laugh," Billy H recalled. "It was all new bands then. But then we got out of it."

Chris: "It got to the point where you were either a mod or nothing else. We'd play with a punk band or any band. We didn't care."

Unfortunately others did, which at the time was perfectly understandable. Hadn't The Chords appeared on the cover of numerous publications posing as mods? And how about Billy H's Tumershendian pyrotechnics onstage? All leaps and upraised arms.

"I do get excited when I'm playing and we're going down really well," he replies, defensively. "I'm just well into it and I don't realise I've done it until I come offstage and they tell me."

The real proof of The Chords' potential lies in their vinyl output. 'Now It's Gone' was a lively debut single but it in no way hinted at the brilliance of 'Maybe Tomorrow', their second single.

'Maybe Tomorrow' literally leapt out of the speakers with fire and energy, a confident, dynamic slice of explosive guitars and impassioned, bitter lyricism that, ironically, provoked a host of attacks on the band for being Jam copyists.

"We've taken so much flak lately," Brett complains. "I've got a lot of respect for The Jam as blokes and musicians but everyone's absolutely blinkered to how they used to copy The Who. Everyone just thinks they're so original and they're not really and we're taking the flak for being Jam copyists. Which is ridiculous..."

But a lot of people can see it, I argue.

Martin: "If there are similarities they have come in honestly from other influences rather than just sitting down and working out Jam riffs and then rewriting them which is what a lot of people say we do. Anyway it's interesting what Weller thinks about it."

Which is?

"He doesn't think we sound anything like them," crows Chris Pope. "He thought the last single sounded like The Undertones."

One definite connection the band share with The Jam is their record company, Polydor, with whom they are often in disagreement.

"We just talk to the people we need to," claims Brett. "Like the art department and the press."

"Not the big fat bastards," Billy H states, categorically.

Still, Polydor, even if they do cause friction, Chris Pope tells me, must have been pleased at the band's debut album, 'So Far Away', which crashed into the charts at number 30.

"It was very gratifying," Brett tells me proudly. "It was like all the work we'd done for the year had built up to that."

Instead of appealing willfully to the one sector of youth the songs deserve to be heard by everyone because they're a more relevant avenue of contemporary problems. However, the stark black and white sleeve which hints a little at '60s infatuation might seem to have characterised further The Chords as a mod band.

No so, claim the band.

Brett: "Well, The Stranglers, they're a supposedly punk band and it's not that different from the cover of their 'Black And White' album, or the Pretenders' cover. So where does that put it?"

I shrug my shoulders. I don't know.

"Have you heard the new single?" questions Chris. "We're a bit worried about the title (*The British Way of Life*). Like, kids with one track minds thinking it's about the British Movement and that crap."

In fact, the song is, in Billy H's words, "taking the piss out of the lot of them".

Brett steps in: "It's an observation rather than a condemnation. You just can't dismiss that many people's lives in one song."

Just as the words have left his lips, violent sounds can be heard from the street below us. We peer from the balcony to see eight of them waiting sullenly and apprehensively... which is just about where you came in. Thankfully, the gig that night spared the violent

"If there are similarities between us and The Jam they have come in from other influences rather than just sitting down and working out Jam riffs and then rewriting them" Martin Mason

aftermath everyone had feared. By the time The Chords appear the opposing factions have drawn up a peace treaty. Everyone just crowds the front of the stage instead, dancing and cheering to what must be said isn't exactly a prime Chords' performance.

The gig is a litany of disasters, but it's still enough to convince me of their worth. At times the songs do tend to be too repetitive but the band are young enough and strong enough to overcome that problem, and if they can build, as hopefully they will, on the strength of their real gems then nothing will be able to stop them winning over the wider audience they so patently deserve.

That means, as Chris Pope put it while downing a lager after the gig, "You won't have to buy a Fred Perry shirt every time you buy a record."



Buckler, Weller and Foxton reach the end of the line

Jam split



NME October 30 1982 Page 3

The Jam are to break up right after their pre-Christmas concerts – and that is now official.

Paul Weller announced the impending disbandment this week, so ending speculation which has been simmering for three months, and which was revealed by *NME* in the summer.

Rumours gained momentum last week following a report that their Christmas gigs may be their last. Despite inconsistencies in the report – which claimed that the band had cancelled their European tour because of internal disharmony and the split decision, whereas Paul Weller's illness was the real reason for its curtailment – its credibility was heightened by the fact that all official sources remained tight-lipped and refused to comment.

But now Weller, in a statement addressed to The Jam's fans, has finally laid to rest the band which has won more *NME* poll awards than any other act since The Beatles. Jam members, as often happens with long-established groups, have become increasingly anxious to expand their activities outside

the limitation of the band format – particularly Weller, with his songwriting and production interests. He said as long ago as July that, after a hectic year on the road, 1983 would be devoted to individual projects.

Weller is also known to be keen on fronting a larger outfit, possibly including strings and girl back-up singers, which would give him wider scope than the present three-man line-up. But at this stage he is still not saying exactly what the future holds in store for him – and neither are the other two Jam members, Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler, though it's possible that they haven't yet formulated any definite plans. All three had this week retreated "out of town".

The Jam are to give their fans one last opportunity of seeing them in live action. Their two Christmas shows at London Wembley Arena (December 1 and 2) were announced last week, and they have now sandwiched these between half-a-dozen provincial concerts – which now become their official farewell tour.

Newly confirmed dates are at Poole Arts Centre (November 27), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (28), Port Talbot Afan Lido (29), Bridlington Spa Hall (December 6), Manchester Apollo (7) and Birmingham Bingley Hall (8).

Guest acts at Wembley will be Stuart Adamson's band Big Country and the group in whom Weller has been taking a special interest, The Questions. As already reported, The Jam have a new two-pack single issued by Polydor in November 19, followed by a live album on December 10.

Tickets for the band's regional dates are all at the one price of £5, and they are available from box-offices and usual agencies.

PAUL WELLER'S PERSONAL GOODBYE TO HIS FANS

THE JAM A STENOGRAPH
This is a personal letter to all of you.

At the end of this year The Jam will be officially splitting up, as I feel we have achieved all we can together as a group. I mean this both musically and commercially. I want all we have achieved to count for something and

most of all I'd hate us to end up old and embarrassing like so many other groups do. The longer a group continues the more frightening the thought of ever ending it becomes – that is why so many of them carry on until they become meaningless. I've never wanted The Jam to get to this stage. What we (and you) have built up has meant

something, for me it stands for honesty, passion and energy and youth. I want it to stay that way and maybe exist as a guideline for new young groups coming up to improve and expand on. This would make it even more worthwhile. I have written this as a direct contact with you and so you hear it from us first. But also to say thank you for all

the faith you have shown in us and the building of such a strong force and feeling that all three of us have felt and been touched by. Here's to the future. In love and friendship. Paul Weller (Oct. 1982)

Don't let it go
I love and friendship
The Jam

WELLER'S BACK-IN STYLE

NME February 19 1983 Page 3

Paul Weller emerged from the studio this week to unveil his new group, which he calls The Style Council.

In fact, it's just a duo at the moment, the other member being ex-Dexys organist Mick Talbot. Their first single 'Speak Like A Child'/'Party Chambers' is due for release by Polydor on March 11 and, on these tracks, Orange Juice's Zeke guests on drums.

The former Jam leader commented: "Like Robin Hood, I will be collecting members for The Style Council as I go on my merry way, but for the time being it's just me and Mick." He said he wanted Talbot in the group, because he

considers him the finest young jazz/soul organist in the country. "And he also shares a hatred of the rock myth and rock culture," added Weller, himself something of a rock myth.

The future is still rather vague because, according to Weller, "I do want to play at some time, but I want it to be a bit special and certainly different, so I have to take my time over it. I haven't any plans for an album. I'm more interested in releasing 45s, really."

He concluded: "People will have to bear with me, expect nothing and I'll give as much as possible in return. I think the time is right for a new way of presenting music without the usual bullshit."



The early Style Council saved on travel expenses

LEW/PETER ANDERSON

If **Dylan** hadn't inspired them,
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NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

ANYBODY who decides to call his band The Truth has either got a lot of nerve or a lot of integrity. Dennis Greaves, former leading light with the defunct Nine Below Zero, has plenty of both. Insisting that "there's not enough honesty about", he sees in The Truth the realisation of an old dream - a dream that slipped through his fingers once before as Nine Below Zero became swallowed up by the wheeling, dealing industry that surrounded them.

Older and wiser now Dennis is aware of potential problems and pitfalls before he arrives at them and is confident of being able to take evasive action. He believes that by retaining control over all aspects of their career, The Truth can go on to any amount of success without giving way to the deceptions and impure decisions that usually accompany achievement. High hopes indeed. But then, this man is a believer.

"We're bound to be setting ourselves up for criticism by calling ourselves The Truth", he admits, "but it's a very strong word, and it stands for honesty which is what we're aiming for. That's honesty within the band as a unit, honesty in the music, honesty in every sort of way possible... ain't it worth fighting for?" "None of us have got any dough at the moment. We're in this band for the enjoyment. We'd like to make a living from it too, but we want to do things like give value for money, stick up for what we believe in, make really good records and sign to the company that gives us not the most money but the best deal with control over our own affairs."

"In Nine Below Zero, I was blackmailed as a musician. The manager and the record company were doing it all, and we'd be reading things in the press that we hadn't even bleedin' said, and we'd be getting no say in certain things."

"We didn't have any say over the B-sides of the singles. We were having three singles off the album and three B-sides also off the album, and the record company weren't taking us seriously. They didn't ever get behind us as much as they should've done. 'Poxy little R'n'B band'... that was their attitude. I felt really frustrated, and that's why with The Truth, we're going to try to be as honest as we can".

Is it not naive to imagine that a band can continue to operate with sky-high principles once they've become a major attraction?

"Well", countered Dennis, "I think UB40 might have managed it. They really care about the people who come to see them, and they also give a fucking good show. Costello... he's honest and he's having a rough time at the moment which I think is a shame".

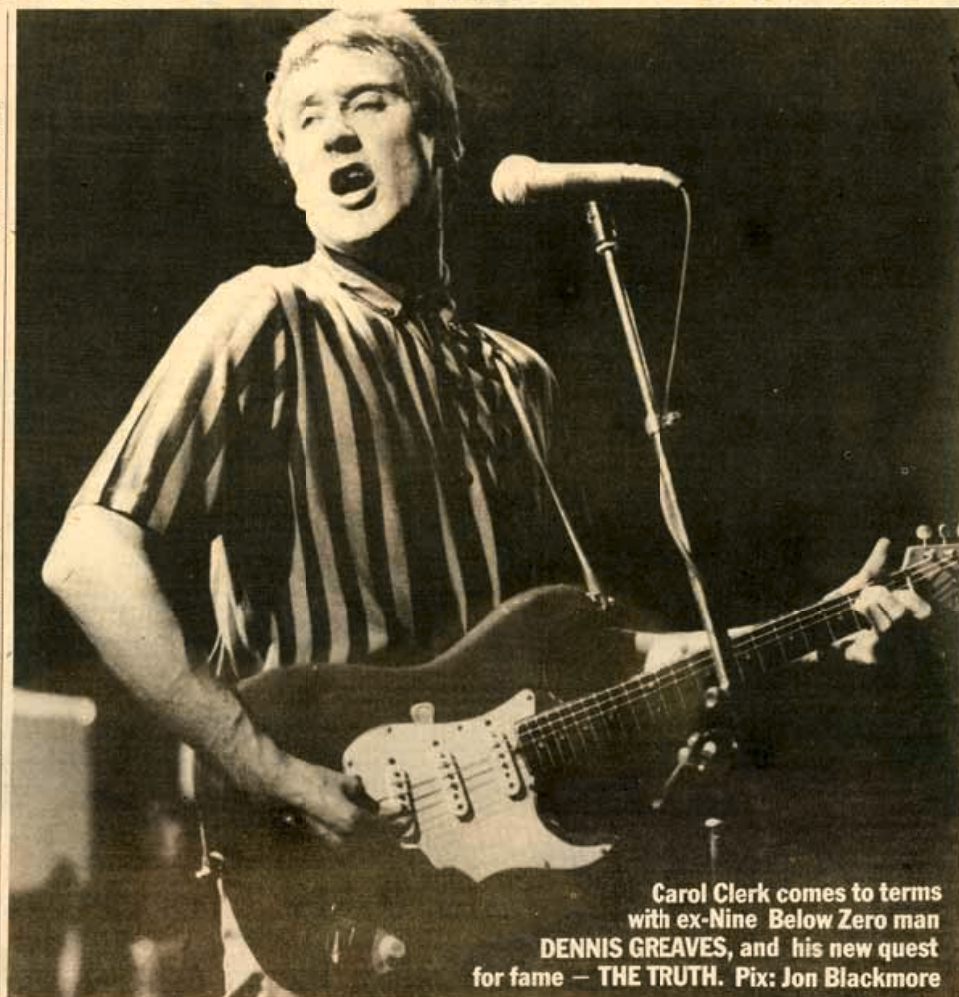
THE Truth are Dennis Greaves (guitar/vocals), Chris Skornia (keyboards), Mick Lister (guitar/vocals), Gary Wallis (drums) and Russell McKenzie (bass). It's a line-up that started coming to life when Dennis teamed up with Chris.

"Around the time that Dennis was looking for a keyboard player, I rang him up", said Chris - one of the few people I know who can out-talk the irrepressible Greaves. "I told him all the things that were obviously wrong with Nine Below Zero and he agreed with me. We knew there had to be a big change-around, and now we've got the band, we've found everything works really well. We can do anything".

It took three months to find the remaining members.

"I could've put a band together with a bunch of old farts", said Dennis. "But I wanted something young. I wanted fresh young men, and they had to have the right talent, ability, personality and attitude. I had this blueprint of the band I wanted, and Chris's idea of it was the same. The others are all aiming for the same thing, and it's turned into so much of a unit".

"We're aiming at youth and not at middle-aged people", added Chris. "Going to Sri Lanka to make videos for 'Top Of The Pops' has got nothing to do with rock 'n' roll. I thought the



Carol Clerk comes to terms with ex-Nine Below Zero man **DENNIS GREAVES**, and his new quest for fame - **THE TRUTH**. Pix: Jon Blackmore

whole point was that your parents wouldn't like it, but the kids today could quite happily take Haircut One Hundred back to meet their parents. That's exactly the opposite to what it's all about. We hope that the emotions we draw out of people will be anything but safe and comfortable".

From the live shows they've given so far - most recently as support on the Kinks tour - The Truth do seem to fit Dennis's description: "We sound like what Nine Below Zero should've sounded like, but couldn't".

They offer a varied music, a long way detached from the R'n'B backbone of the live Nine Below line-up and taking in everything from ballads to pop songs and dance numbers.

Dance is very much a part of The Truth, the athletics performed onstage by Dennis and his friend Barry Knight - "the typical image of a South London soul boy" - who seems to have become something of an unofficial, if occasional, member.

"Sugar Beat" is the one surviving song from Nine Below Zero, but it wouldn't surprise me if that eventually disappeared from the set. Absolutely confident of the future of The Truth, Dennis and his co-writer Mick have been turning out volumes of new material over the past weeks, and they claim it's getting stronger and more diverse all the time.

"We haven't got a great big message", says Dennis. "Our songs are about all the

experiences of life, they're meaningful and I think a lot of people will find something to relate to. With Nine Below Zero, there was nothing to relate to except fun; this band has got the fun and also some songs about what's going on around us today."

"When the last band split, it brought me back to earth. It was nice to be back on the dole in a way; I could understand what was going on around me".

DENNIS had been personally dissatisfied with Nine Below Zero for some time before the disintegration. But the split, when it came, struck home as something of a shock.

"I felt choked. It was like coming off drugs. I'd been used to the road, the studio, the whole process. I took a month off to get my brain together and I thought the only thing to do was get another band."

"I felt frustrated in Nine Below Zero because I wanted a bigger band. I think we'd gone as far as we could; we'd had no hits, and we had the R'n'B tag. We tried to break away from that side of things, but people wouldn't accept it from us. It was a joint decision to split; it was just staring us in the face. Micky Burkey admitted it first, but he didn't tell us. He told the manager, and that was the pie-off about it. Anyway, when we knew Micky was leaving we said it was a good idea. 'Let's split it up'."

"I'm really confident now that The Truth will do well. We've got the songs and we've all got the right attitude. We've all got the band in our blood. We're getting back to the feelings of '76, '77 and '78; it was brilliant then. Everyone was on top of the music, going to see bands and sweating. Nine Below Zero were getting away from that. The soul was missing".

Now that the soul is restored, it only remains for the band to tell us what we can expect from them in the coming months.

"We don't categorise ourselves", said Dennis, momentarily unhelpful. "We just want people to come and see us with an open mind and not expect Nine Below Zero".



Everybody says that pop music is dead – heart shuddering tunes and throwaway lyrics may have been possible in 1966, but not in the self-conscious '80s. The best that this decade has to offer, Elvis Costello and Marc Almond for a start, are not pop – their lyrical vision is too astute.

But with their debut LP 'Rhythm And Soul' Makin' Time have come close to achieving the impossible – an album brimming with just such magical moments.

Formed in the suburbs of Wolverhampton, Makin' Time have been together for two years, playing their '60s influenced pop to audiences consisting of young mods.

Freddie Garrity lookalike, drummer Neil Clitheroe keeps the whole shebang together and, remarkably for a band so young, the other three members are all accomplished songwriters. Guitarist and co-singer Mark McGounden and bassist Martin Blunt co-wrote the beautifully poignant 'The Girl That Touched My Soul' which is every bit as sad and corny that the title suggests.

Fay Hallam makes Makin' Time special; her gloriously pumping organ runs are only matched by those songs and that heavenly voice. I'd rather listen to Fay sing her songs than any other female voice in pop today.

If they hadn't been already, Makin' Time will be criticised for being mere '60s copyists who are trying to recreate a mod revival. It's too easy to see why, looking at the band, but it's completely unfair. They're obviously influenced by the decade, but they're not just steeped in '60s memorabilia.

"The '80s is our decade, we're not revivalists. We come up with original fresh material. Basically, our music direction comes from the '60s, from which there were spots of inspiration that have never been surpassed."



Time team: (l-r) Martin, Neil, Mark and Fay

TIME OUT

It's time to start loving **Makin' Time**, the new pop icons who come from Wolverhampton. Ziyad Georgis interprets their ambitions

Makin' Time are weighed down by the history of all those bands who latched onto the mod style disregarding the musical content. Unlike the last mod revival with its Secret Affairs, Merton Parkas, Lambrettas or whoever, Makin' Time have no large-scale pretensions about a nationwide mod scene.

Most so-called mod bands sound as if they've heard one too many Jam albums, and their ideas of '60s music is a half-baked vision of pre-'Tommy' Who jumbled up with a standard post-punk thrash sung by a pint-sized Paul Weller clone who's mistakenly stuffed himself with Mogadons instead of purple hearts. In contrast, Makin'

Time stand out because their musical vision is straight from the source, not the bastard offspring of a misguided union that should have remained unconsummated.

"We're more into writing good tunes, the lyrics are just token. When we started, all we were interested in was playing our music. If people like it, then great, otherwise we'd sign on again," says Neil. "We don't want to spout a load of rubbish, and then go to America to be millionaires. We'll just go off to America and be millionaires."

Do they have any heroes? "I've always liked Batman, I don't know if it's the tights."

It's not worth asking who he would see as his Robin. To quote one of your lyrics, do you "love to be loved"?

"I think I would if I knew what it would be like," replies Neil wistfully.

Neil, and the others, needn't worry. They'll soon discover what it's like to be loved – in a big way. All you have to do is make a little time for Makin' Time.

ALBUM



THE COUNTDOWN COMPILATION Various Artists

Countdown

A gathering of 12 combos with their heads in their parkas and their (purple) hearts set on recreating the fabness of those groovy '60s.

Wading past the ridiculous sleeve notes by Garry Bushell where he ties to nudge life into the idea of the second coming of the mod revival (tempting as much of a no-no as the last one), one finds a selection of bands splattering the globe from Cardiff to Sydney, with a few fun moments.

The Combine want to be The Jam, The Moment want to be The Clash wanting to be The Jam.

Things click better when a bit of originality creeps in. The Jetset's 'Wednesday Girl' is an endearingly twee song that sounds like it could well be a Syd Barrett B-side, the best thing on the record apart from The Co-Stars' sweet soul smoocher, 'Not Ready For Love'.

Andy Welsh's voice sounds like Pete Shelley's and his group, The Scene, set down a bit of grand punk-pop energy on 'Inside Out (For Your Love)'.

An oddly muted LP, obviously choc-a-bloc with earnest young musicians, but lacking in any real lasting strength. The celebration of simple pop is admirable but with so many glances over the shoulder, is it really enough?

Paul Mathur

CHAPTER 4

A NEW KIND OF MOD

1990-2005

As the 20th century came to an end, mod constantly reinvented itself, its influence ranging from Acid Jazz to Britpop and beyond, not to mention two parka-wearing brothers from Burnage.

Words: Paul Moody

Peering from the prow of HMS Modernist today, mod's future progress seems assured. Even a cursory scan of the music press finds homegrown bands such as Razorlight, Kaiser Chiefs and The Ordinary Boys enthusing about (early) Blur, The Jam and The Kinks; US indie bands from The Strokes to The Killers all model wardrobes which suggest they've been teleported from the front row of 1979's March Of The Mods tour, while Paul Weller – the Modfather himself – continues to sell out tours.

Popular culture meanwhile, is overloaded with mod iconography: the BBC trails England football matches with images of a vintage Jag roaring up a dual-carriageway (pure mod escapism!); the tabloids are full of images of ex-Libertine Pete Doherty – a man acutely aware of the power of a Fred Perry – and long-term mod DJs such as Gary Crowley and Sean Rowley continue to guarantee the airwaves are rarely free of vintage soul, funk and R&B.

All well(er) and good. But mod's cultural pre-eminence and natural role as a reflection of raw, high-energy pop isn't just a happy accident. Its survival is the result of a tenacious grasp on the concept of 'cool' far beyond the reaches of its deadly rivals ted, punk and (bless) hippy, as well as a chameleon-like ability to reflect both the times and the mood of the audience.

As Dr Robert might tell you, it didn't have to be this way. By the mid-'80s the UK mod scene was so underground you could almost see the moss gathering on the backs of those Merc-issue parkas. This can be traced to one cataclysmic event: The Jam's shock split in December 1982. With their favourite band suddenly gone the way of the dinosaurs, the nation's mods (not to be scoffed at, incidentally: 200,000 fans bought The Jam's last single in the wake of release) were provided with a stark choice: embrace the proto-hoolie clothes-horsing of the 'casual' movement or, even more terrifying, explore a morose indie scene led by The Smiths and later to be characterized by the self-pitying 'C86' bands. Faced with such grim alternatives, the nation's mods did the decent thing: they went underground.



The Acid Jazz label successfully updated the mod ethic – and its wardrobe – and suddenly mod felt cool again

None of The Stone Roses had been mods. Ian Brown had admired The Jam, flirted with scooterism and even called his first band English Rose (in tribute to the acoustic track on 'All Mod Cons'), yet his band's reinvention of the mod ethic in 1989 felt a million times more authentic than the retro-revivalism of the mod scene. Arrogant, anti-authoritarian and taking their cues from contemporary street style and a love of a fresh sound coming from black America – this time Chicago house – they were, quite simply, the modern day equivalent of the clothes-obsessed dandies described by Tom Wolfe



New mods: The Charlatans...



...and Ocean Colour Scene



The Modfather: Paul Weller



Corduroy: boys wonder to a man!

in his 1964 depiction of mod life, *The Noonday Underground*.

Suddenly the swaggering insouciance of mod had been updated and, overnight, a whole raft of flare-wearing ex-mod freak-brothers such as The Charlatans (featuring former Makin' Time bassist Martin Blunt), Ocean Colour Scene (ex-mods The Boys) and Five Thirty were gleefully infiltrating the charts en masse. In a climate of Poll Tax riots and the death throes of Thatcherism, this was Pete Meaden's mod-mantra of "clean-living in difficult circumstances" brought to glorious life. Such a joyous pop moment could never last. Eventually swamped by in-fighting and the grunge-tsunami instigated by Nirvana, it would take another bunch of Jam fans who had acted on the Roses initiative to provide the catalyst for Mod's next big party: Britpop.

While the music press devoted itself to the strains of Seattle, something was stirring in the capital. Boosted by the attendance of Blur guitarist Graham Coxon and the tongue-in-cheek, *NME* led New Wave Of New Wave (a hyperbolic January 1994 article had predicted the death of the baggy black T-shirt and the return of 'dressing up for gigs') a fresh generation of pop-fans gathered in the upstairs room of the Laurel Tree pub in Camden each weekend at a club night called Blow Up. Essentially an indie derivation of the mod ethic as much about getting on and falling down rather than simply getting down, by 1994 this scene had attracted the attention of the pop press, causing widespread speculation that a London-based reaction to self-loathing US rock was afoot. Suddenly bands like Menswear (featuring Southend émigrés Johnny Dean and Chris Gentry) and The Bluetones were signing deals, barely a music press column inch survived without mention of favoured NW1 watering hole The Good Mixer and the capital was newly awash with mod chic. If the music had changed from the ecstasy-heavy throb of Madchester into a shiny approximation of the brit-psych of Syd Barrett's Floyd, The Small Faces and Wire, the same spirit of re-

Mod's wayward fury will be around to save us: malcontented, cocksure and not short of a few things to say

invention remained: mod had somehow once more got back to being 'where it was at'. Three weeks before Kurt Cobain's suicide, a Fred Perry wearing Blur released 'Girls & Boys' and duly sailed into the Top Five. Cue Britpop mania.

And with it, of course, Oasis. Signed by long-term mod Alan McGee to Creation and, musically, a route one hybrid of The Sex Pistols and The Beatles, Oasis had something else in their armoury which would prove crucial to mod's return to mainstream culture.



Blur's Damon Albarn: holding on for tomorrow

A laboratory-perfect cross between Paul Weller and Ian Brown, the young Liam Gallagher simply oozed sharpness, acknowledged by an *NME* cover in April 1994 which simply read "Totally Cool". Here, finally, was proof that mod could mutate into a reflection of contemporary street culture and yet still retain its vital characteristics: confidence, defiance and an appreciation of a nice pair of shoes, all wrapped up in a cocksure bravado traceable all the way back to original 'tacky herbert' Jimmy Cooper. A booming *Loaded* magazine (run by Jam fans James Brown and Tim Southwell) happily ran fashion spreads of Liam-esque models in fishtail parkas and Hush Puppies and Oasis duly became the biggest band since The Beatles. Once again mod chic had officially become the nation's leisurewear and outlook of choice.

It is only in the last three years that the mod-ish knock-on effects of Blur and Oasis' frantic Britpop blitz have become clear. It's definitely there in the shambolic cool of The Libertines and the natty retroism of The Coral, even in the chav-ish cool of The Streets' mainman Mike Skinner. While pop craves an antidote to the homogenized, monolithic dross pumped out by the major labels it seems mod's wayward fury will be around to save us: malcontented, cocksure and not short of a few things to say. Forty years on from the inchoate fury of The Who's 'I Can't Explain', mod remains British street-culture's best way of expressing itself when all other avenues have failed.

Time to raise a glass to the stylish kids in the riot. ■

They're a new breed of sharp-suited musical renegades, but don't call the **Acid Jazz** crew mod revivalists

JAZZ CLUB

NME April 27 1991 Page 54

Acid Jazz has a certain reputation. Following a load of half-truths and false leads in the glossies, you'd see them as sharp-suited musical renegades one minute; bar-room charlatans peddling second-hand riffs the next. The latest tales would have them as the backroom men behind the mod revival. We went to meet the characters at the centre of it all. It's a tale of crowded basements, beer and clothing.

Scene one: the bar

The interview is conducted in a West End basement bar. The Brand New Heavies, the boss, the press man and the rest end up wedged under a staircase to avoid the lunchtime crowds.

Scene two: the one-armed man

Eddie Piller, boss of the Acid Jazz label, has an arm in a sling. "Skiing accident," he grunts, before I ask any



The Brand New Heavies: weighty, beaty, big and bouncy



Eddie Piller: talkin' all that Acid Jazz

of the wrong questions. "Fell in a ditch playing football on a skiing holiday, in fact." I'm glad I didn't ask. He gives the following account: "I started Acid Jazz in 1988 with a man called Gilles Peterson who, alas, can't be with us today..." Knowing laughs from the others, who are well aware of the fate that befell the other prime mover in the story. Gilles was Talkin' Loud with the big fish and is now languishing in concrete and steel in the Phonogram building.

"I've had enough to do with youth movements in the past to know they're a waste of time" Eddie Piller

Scene three: a criminal record

'Acid Jazz And Other Illicit Grooves' was something of a scam, appearing in the late summer of '88 with the word Acid in four-inch fluorescent letters on the front, and containing nothing that you could trance dance to. Yet it received high-profile press coverage and critical acclaim. The manifesto for putting out an eclectic mix of old and new has continued with the "Totally Wired" series, which has now reached number five, their biggest seller to date.

Interlude: don't mention the mods

Whoops. If there's one thing you shouldn't bring up, it's talk of the much-hyped mod revival. In their narrow trousers and waistcoats, the Acid Jazz clan were the first people interviewed when this latest media baby was named. You can call Eddie a one-armed, bearded ex-mod in a Springsteen shirt if you feel like it, but don't mention the new mods. "I've had enough to do with youth movements in the past to know they're a waste of time. If there's a scene that goes along with our music then fine, but it's secondary."

Scene four: the Special Branch

"Chris Bangs was a DJ with Nicky Holloway on their Special Branch scene, which was the best club scene of all time, and probably where you could trace our music back to. Chris is now producing stuff for Paul Weller, The Young Disciples, Diana Brown and Barrie K Sharpe and Galliano. We signed him as the Quiet Boys, because it's about time he did something in his own right."

The result, 'Modal', is an interesting piece of vinyl that cuts John Coltrane's 'My Favorite Things' with house.

Scene five: the Heavies

The Brand New Heavies are Andrew Levy, Simon Bartholomew, Jan Kincaid and Jim Wellman. Sharpest of the sharp dressers, their music is pretty well-presented too. Their self-titled album is out now and blends rap and funk, swirling out of smooth jazz rhythms.

"It comes from '70s funk and all of our separate backgrounds," according to Andrew. "I don't like the term crossover because it implies that you've changed, gone back on what you believed in."

Scene six: the West Coast connection

As well as a UK tour with The James Taylor Quartet, the Heavies have something going on elsewhere:

"They sold out a massive club in LA on word of mouth, they'd never had a record out there. The vibe in Acid Jazz out there has come from the street."

So there you have it. Acid Jazz is very little to do with new mods, a lot to do with '70s funk and doing very well on both sides of the Atlantic. And two of The Brand New Heavies are going out with Lady Miss Kier. But don't believe everything you hear.

Jane Bussman

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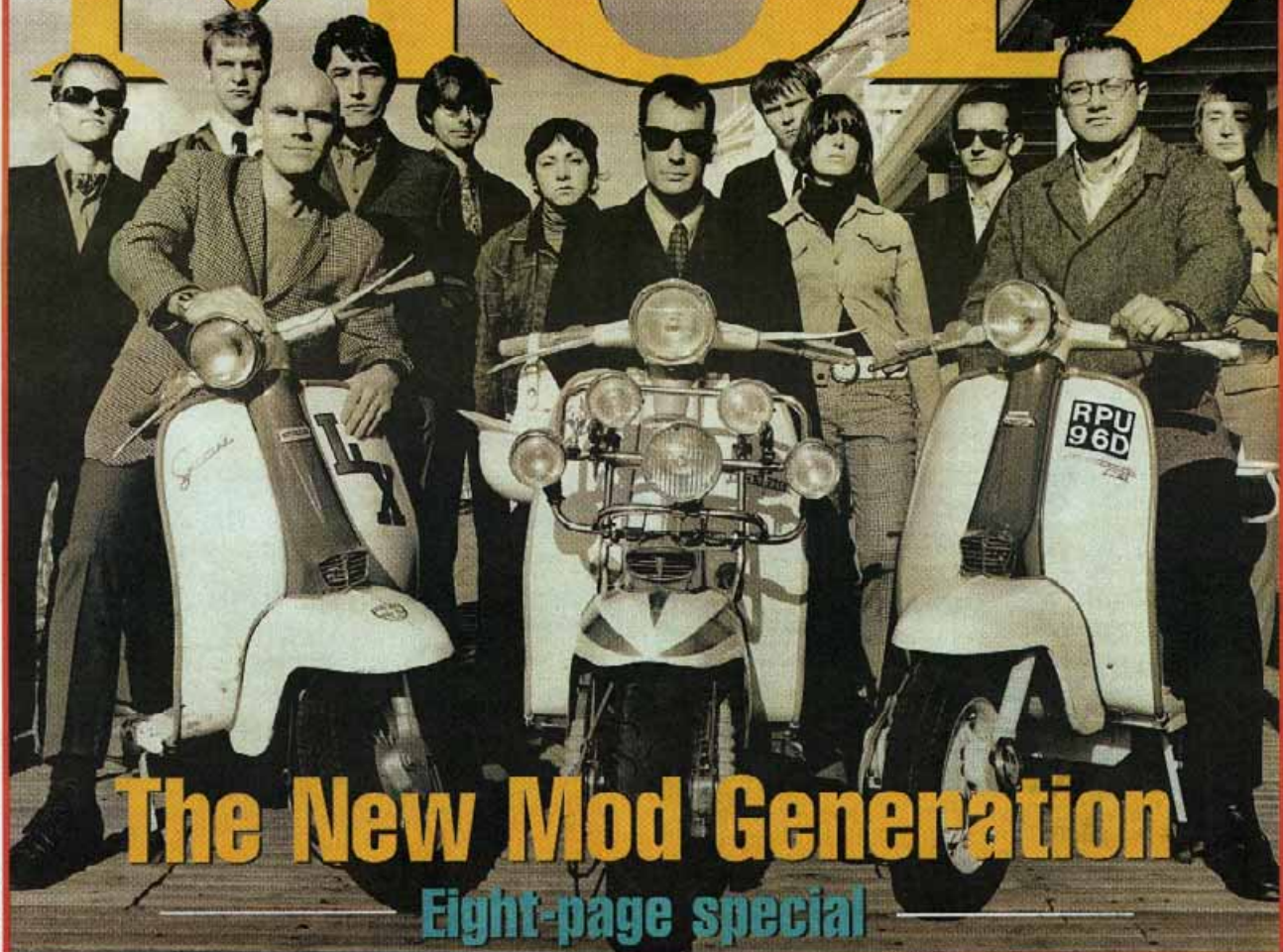
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MOD



The New Mod Generation

Eight-page special

Most of us - Photographed by Pat Pope

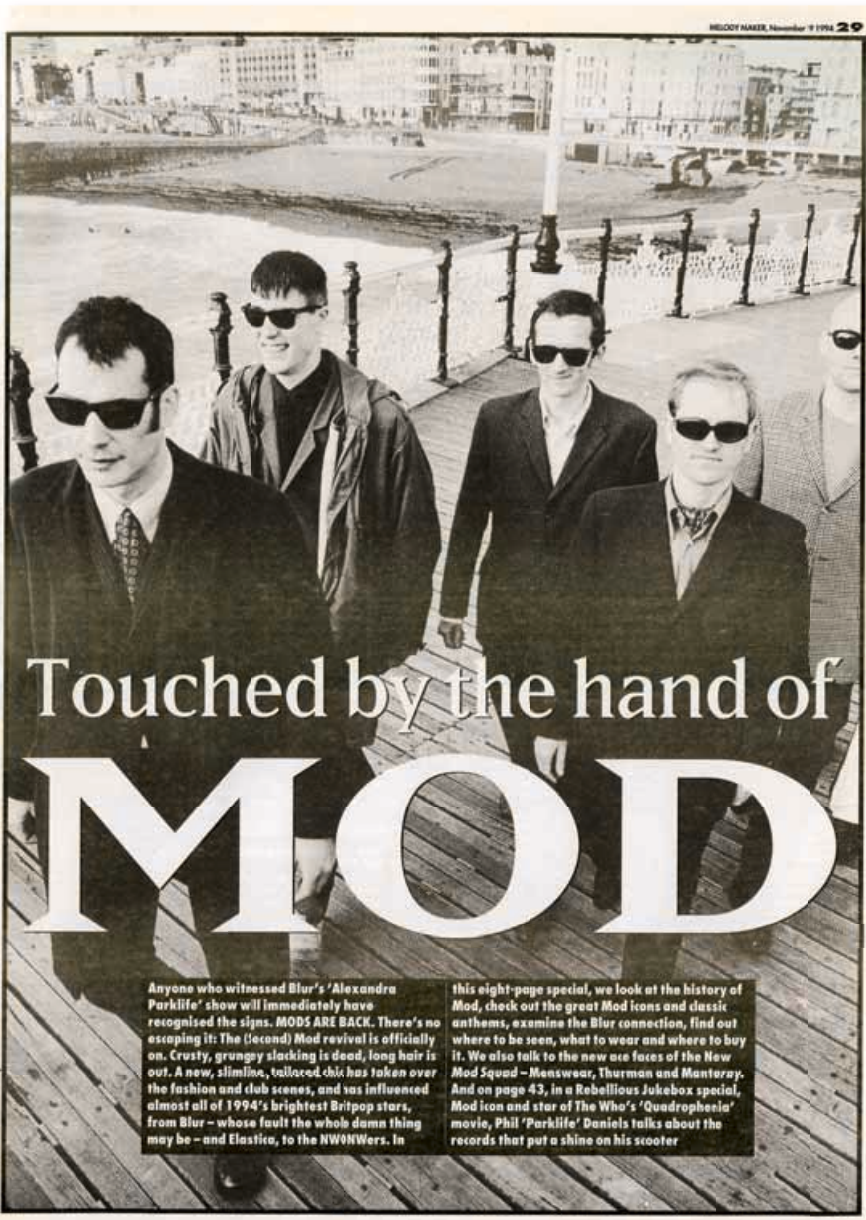
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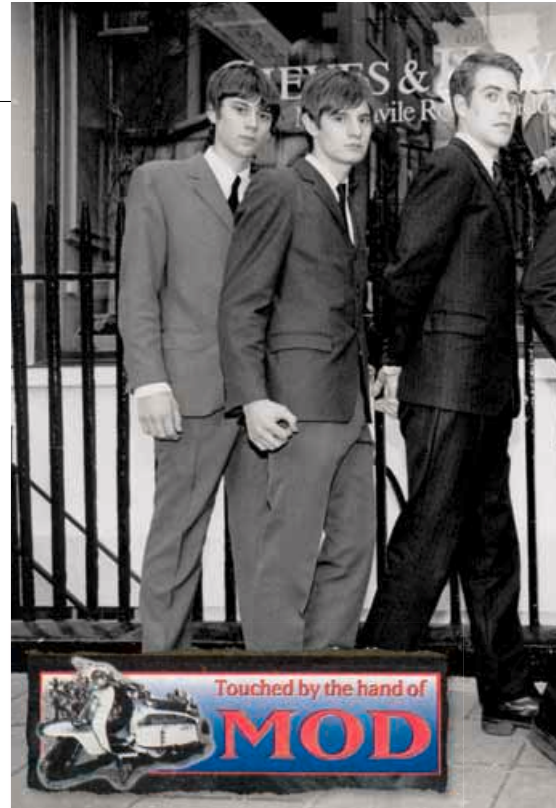




Touched by the hand of
MOD

Anyone who witnessed Blur's 'Alexandra Parklife' show will immediately have recognised the signs. MODS ARE BACK. There's no escaping it: The (second) Mod revival is officially on. Crusty, grungy slacking is dead, long hair is out. A new, slimline, tailored chic has taken over the fashion and club scenes, and has influenced almost all of 1994's brightest Britpop stars, from Blur - whose fault the whole damn thing may be - and Elastica, to the N.W.A.ers. In this eight-page special, we look at the history of Mod, check out the great Mod icons and classic anthems, examine the Blur connection, find out where to be seen, what to wear and where to buy it. We also talk to the new era faces of the New Mod Squad - Menswear, Thurman and Mentozay. And on page 43, in a Rebellious Jukebox special, Mod icon and star of The Who's 'Quadrophenia' movie, Phil 'Parklife' Daniels talks about the records that put a shine on his scooter

Reserved Mods... Pic: Paul Page



The new new mod

Melody Maker November 19 1994 Page 33

It has been decided, already, that Menswear are going to be famous. All the stars (well, Shampoo and Pulp) turned up for their debut gig three weeks ago, vying for space with 23 A&R men. Menswear have been joked about in the music industry since the summer - bizarre, as they only formed six weeks ago. Our redoubtable editor, Allan Jones, even started their backlash, for Chrissakes, at this year's Reading Festival, when guitarist Chris Gentry planked himself down in front our tired and emotional leader.

SUPERMOD, SUPERFICIAL

Sarra Manning investigates the precious world of mod fashion

Melody Maker November 19 1994 Page 34

In 1963, The Beatles invented sex. The '60s also saw the creation of the teenager and the birth of mod. For the first time, young people had a disposable income and were desperate for something to spend it on. There were various youth cultures, from the grease and grime of the teddy boys to the intellectual glamour of the beatniks. The mods

took elements from both of them. From the teddy boys they acquired an obsessive sense of style. Merged together, the main tenet of mod was to look sharp. Just as the mods pilfered from cultures, so they reacted against them. Compared to the louche flamboyance of the teddy boys, the mods rejoiced in miniaturisation.

Shirt collars and trouser hems were narrow, suits were slim-fitting and hair neatly-styled. They spent their shillings on the latest Italian fashion, be it clothes or scooters. Looking sharp wasn't just a question of money but a fanatical series of dos and don'ts; the wrong trouser hems could swiftly make you the object of ridicule. If they were 14 inches, then

only half an inch between the hem and shoe was allowed, whereas if the swing of your pants was 15 inches then a one-inch gap was necessary. Hmm, there couldn't have been much on telly in the '60s. By the time of the first mod revival in 1979 times were harder. Thatcher had just come into power and unemployment was on the rise. These hard times were reflected in the more grubby incarnation of mod which was an off-shoot of punk. The khaki of the parka was a million miles away from the clean lines of Italian tailoring. Mod this time round is a lot more complicated. After 30 years as a youth culture there is no such thing as a definitive mod. There's your garage mod with his pointy-toed Cuban heels and psychedelic shirts; there's



Menswear stroll along Savile Row and into obscurity, 1994

squad of

"I'm in Menswear," the 17-year-old, be-suited, skinny-tied pup piped up. Jonesy looked at him blearily, much as a battle-scarred bison would look at a kitten suddenly happened upon in the middle of the Mojave Desert. "Shouldn't you be in bed, sonny?" he inquired, after a long hard stare.

"Hey, don't insult him," the sobriety challenged Simon Price said. "He's an ace face. If you push him too hard, he might blow up!"

Chris, you see, gets around a bit. So much so, in fact, that I have found him asleep in my front room when I didn't have a fucking clue who he was, and hadn't been out the night before. (I have a very sociable flatmate.) For the record, this isn't why I'm writing about Menswear. Chris has dampened too

PIERS ALLARDYCE/JOE DILWORTH

many of my towels and eaten too many of my sausages for nepotism to be at work. In fact, I thought he was an annoying little shite for many months. He networks shamelessly. But this has paid off with all those A&R men, numerous mentions in the glossy monthlies and a Pulp support slot next month.

Chris, a comment on networking please.

"Well," Chris says, his head wobbling alarmingly from side to side (on one pint – still, he's only tiny). "I just look around backstage at festivals, and see all these record company people. And they're drunk and I'm drunk – so I just go up and talk to them."

This is our mod issue – *Moddy Maker*, if you like. And you have been tied up with the new mod of the new mod. Are you mods?

"No," Johnny, lead singer and, today, wannabe

Richey Manic lookalike. "This whole mod revival is shit. There's no point in people saying they're mod now and wearing the whole Fred Perry thing.

Mod was, at the time, about modernism. The true mods now are ravers, the people who are into jungle and music that sounds futuristic. Modern. We're not mods at all – we just like to dress smart. And we don't make mod music – we make pop music"

"The true mods now are ravers, people who are into jungle and futuristic music" Johnny Dean

"I want to talk about FX pedals and, erm, studio trickery. I want to learn all these things. The sounds I've got in my head..."

The rest of Menswear shouts him down.

So do you feel under pressure, with this industry scrutiny already?

"Yes, of course," Johnny says. "There is a pressure to avoid, but at the same time live up to the hype. We carry on rehearsing and writing and playing as we did before – but we're very aware now there are a hundred pairs of industry eyes on us everywhere we go."

"We haven't let it affect us, though," Stuart says. "We're not pop stars. We're still prepared to talk to the milkman in the morning."

The rest of Menswear shouts him down.

So what do you see in the future?

"A lot of expensive lunches, a lot of noughts on a recording contract, and, hopefully, a lot of records," Johnny says. "We had a plan, and it seems to be working. All we have to do now is be brilliant."

Menswear. A fantastic example of how to work the industry's nasty foibles to your own advantage. Cheeky fuckers. Bloody good luck – not that they appear to need it.

Caitlin Moran

So what do they sound like? Pop. Big radio play. Gigs where the industries stand at the back and the kids wade in down the front. What should be their debut single, 'Daydreamer', is ridiculously catchy, with a kind of Egyptian bassline and loads of bits where it stops and starts again. And erm Elastica. Exactly like Elastica.

Remember all the critical sneering about Wire and 'I Am The Fly' and Elastica's supposedly overtly devout reverence for the early '80s? Yeah, well Menswear are the first new Elastica. My god, the futurists are all going to hate them. Just like they hated Oasis.

So are Menswear consciously ripping off Elastica? "NO!" Johnny says. "We've just obviously got similar record collections. We love Adam And The Ants, Wire – all that early-'80s pop stuff. We're just

your Acid Jazz mod with his sideburns and white hipsters; there's your ska mod in his slim-fit, button-down Ben Sherman and bowling shoes and your Blur mod in his Adidas tracksuit top and trainers. Not forgetting your Mixer mod, your R&B Mod and your northern soul mod. In 1994, mod is

always been a reaction against the prevalent social style. Just as previous mod scenes have reflected times of great economic wealth or disparity, mod '94 owes its existence to what's gone before.

Grunge, with its 'man-I-Just-got-out-of-bed-had-a-quick-sniff-of-my-

sportswear and glam elegance. Both looks exude a certain Englishness.

Mod clothing is sharp and characterises a personal pride that's sorely lacking in flannel shirts. It's a good excuse to dress up without feeling like a ponce.

Owner of Brighton mod stylists, Jump The Gun, Adam sees the new mod scene as a product of its time.

"People are going back to traditional British values since the Stussy thing and all the American influence. The '70s revival of mod was very different from the '60s. This time it's very new. Also, people want music to be more political and aggressive – and it is."

Me? I'm sticking with my feather boas and false eyelashes but there is something about a man in a suit...

Mod has always been a reaction against the prevalent social style – mod '94 owes its existence to grunge

mix and match. Even your most hardcore mod will concede at least four categories.

Lovable faux Cockney urchins Blur are held responsible for the current mod mood, but rather than a cause they're more of an effect. Mod has

T-shirts' flair and crusty's walking rubbish-tip rags may have embodied elements of hard times chic but, aesthetically, they're not very appealing. Mod has reacted against slacker musically and sartorially while nodding to NWONW skinny-fit



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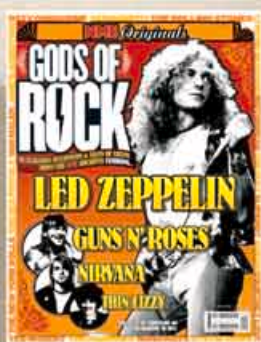
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THE DALI EXPRESS

Come with us on a strange journey to Salvador Dali's Spanish hometown as everyone's favourite mods, **Ocean Colour Scene**, film the video for their new single 'The Day We Caught The Train'. **Words:** Paul Moody

NME June 8 1996 Page 18

It's late on a blistering Spanish night, and Simon Fowler, singer with Ocean Colour Scene, is slumped over a restaurant table high up in the mountainous coves of north-eastern Spain, gassing lyrical about the band's miraculous rise from failure.

Down below, in the sleeping village of Port Lligat, the ghost of Salvador Dali, whose hometown this was, no doubt slumbers through surrealist dreams. Which is, somehow, as it should be. Because nothing the weirdly moustachioed arch prankster could come up with could ever be as bizarre as this, surely; Ocean Colour Scene, debut *NME* cover stars and top-of-the-world at last, letting themselves fly off the handle into egomania all guns blazing.

"It's never been a question of success or failure," announces Simon Fowler, between glugs of red wine. "It's just the fact that the band has never stopped believing in itself, not in the entire seven years we've been together. If you stick with something you believe in, then things just happen for you, simple as that. And in the meantime you start to affect the people around you. I'm not conceited here, but at the moment I think we're writing better songs than anybody. We've given a lot to Paul (*Weller*), and a lot to Noel (*Gallagher*), and Paul's given a lot of things to Noel. And Noel, in turn, has helped everyone. It may sound a bit egocentric, but it's true!"

Ah yes. The Gallagher Triangle. For the benefit of anyone who's been orbiting Jupiter for the last 12 months, a simple explanation: the mercurial rise of Oasis has brought with it an undertone, the like of which the world hasn't encountered since the E-induced mania of baggy. Just as hundreds of acolytes attempted to follow The Stone Roses on their mystical journey toward greatness, so the pre-eminence of Oasis has produced a floodtide of bands desperate to emulate their achievement of making retro-fuzz rock chic again. Yet the only real success stories among this slew of bands have been those indelibly linked with what happened the last time round.

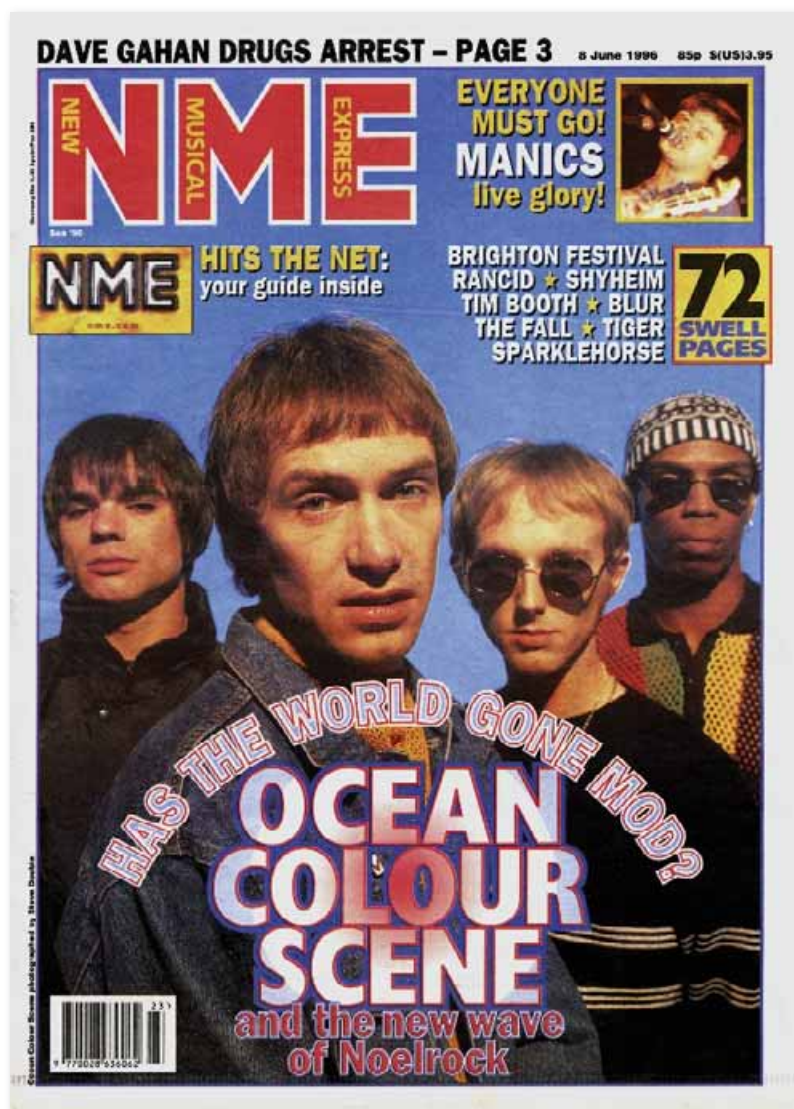
The ones who have been fine-tuning their craft since their lives changed at Spike Island. Namely those La's-In-Their-Eyes Cast and, yes, Ocean Colour Scene. Touched by the hand of mod they may have been (please, let's leave reference to their long-term association with Paul Weller at that), but now they're Top Five album makers to (desert) boot. With their album 'Moseley Shoals' having clocked up 140,000 sales, maybe it's the right time to wave goodbye to their murky past and start toward where they're headed...

So come on in, the water's lovely. Because, after six months of non-stop touring, Ocean Colour Scene have earned themselves a little rest and recuperation. The band have decamped to Spain to soothe frazzled nerves and indulge in a miniature press campaign. Such chores completed, they've headed for Port Lligat at the suggestion of video director Douglas Hart to create a promo for next single, 'The Day We Caught The Train'. Which, as it turns out, proves to be a stroke of genius. Dali himself famously declared the village to be "the loveliest in the world" and, on arrival, there's little question that, for once, he wasn't simply saying so for effect.



Scene it, done it: (clockwise from left) Steve, Simon, Damon and Oscar





For both Steve Cradock and Simon Fowler good music touches the soul and it gets there, not through a mindless, drug-induced high, but through the lost craft of classic songwriting

The bay, hidden away from prying eyes by a headache-inducing series of winding, hillside roads, is a drop-dead gorgeous, enclosed by two uninhabited islands, while the only activity, aside from those Dali-aficionados curious enough to pay homage to his house, are the fishermen who idle away their days casting nets in the pale waters of the bay. As ocean-coloured scenes go, it's perfect.

Relishing the break, three-quarters of the band took yesterday evening off from party duties and went to bed around midnight. All, except Simon that is, who gallantly stayed up for our arrival. Accordingly, while the others emerge the next day in varying shades of high spirits and zoom up and down the dusty roads on their Technicolor scooters, Simon emerges just the little worse for wear.

Steve Cradock bowls out into the morning sunshine in buoyant mood. Mod-ish cool incarnate, right down to the tips of his old-skool Hush Puppies. Gadget-obsessed drummer Oscar Harrison explains that he's suffering from a bout of hay-fever and will later crash headlong into the shrubbery. Bassist Damon Minchella, colour-coded in matching royal blue button-down shirt and sailing hat, whizzes by and tries to convince us that he feels better than he can remember for years because he hasn't touched and drugs for eight days. This, rest assured, will change within 24 hours.

Filming is temporarily halted as the band tramp through the lush greenery of Dali's garden and break for drinks. Whenever this happens and the group's ghetto blaster gets switched on – issuing forth a continuous blend of '70s funk – conversation inevitably reverts to a constant flow of namechecks for the likes of anyone from John Wesley Harding to mid-period Bob Dylan to the many wonders of the troubled Stone Roses.

So what if their belief in "quality" music stretching back from James Brown to the Small Faces to Sly Stone to Julie Driscoll has incurred the scorn of those idiotic enough to cordon them off in the risible Campaign For Real Rock. Much like The Stone Roses, The Verve and, yes, Oasis before them, they've got a depth of knowledge of great music that has manifested itself in major-league success. Like it or lump it. For both Steve Cradock and Simon Fowler, good music touches the soul, and the way it gets there isn't through a mindless, drug-induced high, but through the lost craft of classic songwriting.

"I remember when Steve first joined Paul's band," says Simon. "I'd be sitting at home on the dole in this fucking freezing cold house writing songs and he'd be off playing gigs all around the world. And him doing that was the only good thing in my life. I knew that no matter how bad things were for me, Steve was still having a good time, and that one day we'd get the band back together again."

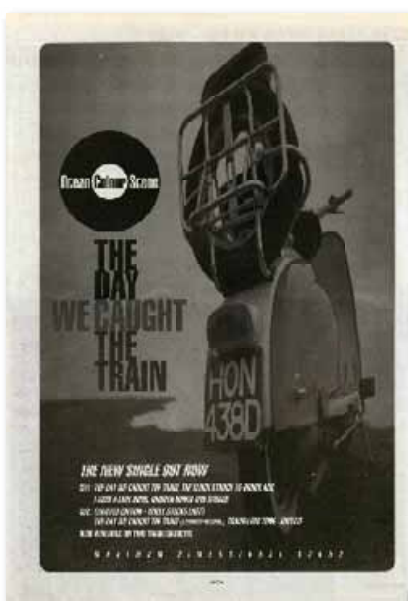
Their record collections may start to get a little thin once you get past the late-'70s, but they've got a passion in their beliefs few groups can match. They're resurrected mods, freed from obscurity by their tenaciousness and a flick of the zeitgeist, and they're determined to make their mark no matter what happens. Right, Simon?

"You mean, are making up for lost time?" he asks. "Yeah, I think so. But we could never have got to this stage, we could never have made an album like 'Moseley Shoals' without the wait. If everything had gone right for us first time round I really don't think we'd still be around now. We'd have made an album, it would have gone to number 37 or something then we would have been crushed by the pressures of the industry. The fact is that all this time preparing to make a second album has meant that it's got that mood of sadness to it, while still being positive. Having been in the doldrums just means I can write better songs for having been there. It's like 'So Sad About Us' or 'Disguises' by The Who. There's a form of despair in those songs but they both still manage to convey this mood of optimism. That's exactly what we're trying to do."

It's hard not to lose yourself in this Ocean Colour Scene, where eternal optimism rules the waves and the long, grim days of underachievement are stashed away in the darkest corners. After all, most bands dealt the hand that OCS have encountered would have dissolved into bitter acrimony years ago. It's the relentless drive of their guitarist and ringmaster Steve Cradock which keeps spirits up, but it's the songs of Simon Fowler that will ensure that, even once the Oasis affiliations have slipped into distant memory, they'll still be creating marvellous, funk-ed-out cosmic pop.

As the evening dissolves into a sprawling Dali-esque dream, spilling over intense conversations on the future of The La's, the surreality of doing Spanish radio voice-overs and quite which of their own songs they love the best – the band are forever breaking into a cappella renditions of their own tunes – dawn breaks and it's time, eventually, to retire. But not before Steve, shirt flung over shoulder and finger jabbing the air, delivers one final pronouncement on what makes the Ocean Colour Scene valid.

"The underground scenes are always the best, because they're free from Americanisation, privatisation, American Express, all that stuff. We're homegrown, we record everything in our own studio, there are no outsiders involved at all. We're fuelled with a passion, and when you've got that nothing else can touch you." ■





“Mod keeps reinventing itself: like The Ordinary Boys”

And you will know them by their Fred Perry shirts, Harrington jackets and smart line in social commentary: **The Ordinary Boys** meet their modernist mentor **Paul Weller**. **Words: Pat Long**

NME May 22 2004 Page 36



Today the small Surrey village of Ripley looks like a scene from a slow episode of *The Midsomer Murders*. The country pub's doing a roaring trade in lunchtime fish and chips, the cricket pitch is trimmed for the new season and the antique shop is – possibly – suffering a run on horse brasses and toby jugs. Even if a whistling vicar cycled past some morris dancers taking a quick beer break in the shade of a mighty oak this scene could not be more stereotypically English. Unless... oh look, it's Paul Weller drinking lager and lime with The Ordinary Boys. “Wotcha,” grins Weller amicably. “Welcome to the village green preservation society.”

Weller – as we are almost legally obliged to call him – feels at home in this leafy corner of a vanishing world. Situated just down the road from his hometown of Woking, Ripley is where the Don Of Dadrock has a well-appointed private studio set up in an old barn with a handy space outside for his *Italian Job* model Mini Cooper. Because, unlike

his contemporary Morrissey, the Modfather has never felt the need to leave his England behind for a suntan and a Norma Desmond fixation. This country's been good to him. He still sells records, lots of them. But it's been a long while since Paul Weller was cool.

Still, a few weeks shy of his 46th birthday, his hair now peppery grey but still styled stubbornly in the same feather cut, Paul Weller is enjoying a reappraisal. Yes, he was responsible for Ocean Colour Scene. But, crucially, he was also in The Jam: the young, smart, angry and danceable mod-punk trio who made six albums combining leftist politics, kitchen sink drama and dole-queue rage in a way that anyone who has been young in Britain at any time in the last 30 years could relate to. They split when Weller was 24, but not before scoring four Number One singles and inspiring a generation to wear crap pork pie hats and bowling shoes. Now, with bands such as The Libertines unafraid to break open their Jam records for musical and sartorial inspiration, the world currently looks upon Paul Weller with kinder eyes.

One of this new wave of Weller acolytes is Sam Preston, singer with Brighton's The Ordinary Boys. Preston's band may take their name from a Morrissey song, but a glance at their clothes labels – Lonsdale, Ben Sherman, Fred Perry, Clarks – marks them out as sons of the Modfather.

Today Preston has come amply prepared with a journalist's pad full of scribbled questions for the man he will look exactly like in 20 years' time. But is he nervous about meeting Paul?

“Course.”

Paul, are you nervous about being interviewed by Preston?

“Course.”

Excellent. Another lager and lime, anyone?

"Get off my land!":
farmer Weller meets
The Ordinary Boys,
May 2004



Modfather and son:
Paul and Preston



In 1980, when The Jam were at the height of their popularity, Paul Weller was introduced to one of his heroes, Pete Townshend of The Who. Hilariously, they absolutely hated each other. Secretly, and although we don't admit this to anyone, we're hoping that the same thing will happen today with Paul and Preston, making the job of writing this piece several million times easier and allowing us to get back to the really important business of inventing musical movements down the pub.

It all starts promisingly. Settled on a bench outside the pub, Preston manages to get the Modfather to blow his cool by admitting that he once took his teenage kids to see – the horror! – Busted playing live.

Preston: "Which do you prefer out of Busted and Morrissey's version of 'That's Entertainment'?"

Weller: "I haven't heard Busted's version."

Preston: "What about Moz? Do you rate him?"

Weller: "Not my cup of tea, mate. The original's still the greatest."

Preston: "How do you feel about the whole commodification of celebrity and the way that it seems so attainable these days?"

Weller: "It's awful. It sends out such a shit message to people that life's just about being famous..."

Preston: "(Interrupting) I feel like that about the Lottery. It makes people feel like they don't have to do anything because they're going to win *Pop Idol* or win the Lottery and be a millionaire. No-one does anything for themselves any more. People sit around watching telly. It just destroys ambition. And that's fucking criminal. Lots of people go on those *Fame Academy* shows and it just guarantees the end of their career. They're eaten up and spat out. (Realises that he's ranting) Anyway, how did you get into music?"

Weller: "I just always loved it. My parents weren't musical but there was always a radio on in the house or my mum was always playing records. I remember seeing The Beatles on TV and being fascinated. And I used to read *NME* religiously."

NME: Do you still read it, Paul?

Weller: "I don't any more because none of the bands have got anything to say."

Preston: "The thing I don't understand is why bands in *NME* talk about how many drugs they take and how rock'n'roll they are. Who cares? It's like they're living out their adolescent fantasies. That's not why I put on a CD, just because someone took drugs and threw a TV set out of the window. Taking drugs is perceived as cool but every bloke that doesn't win the Lottery on Saturday night goes and gets pissed and takes a pill and it's not anything to do with rock'n'roll, it's everyday life."

Weller: "I've got mates that work on building sites that take more gear than most bands."

Preston: "I don't like many people in bands, really. We all live in the same house and we've completely ostracised ourselves from anyone else. I'm not mates with anyone apart from those three lads sitting over there. I don't consider myself to be anything at all apart from an Ordinary Boy. But yeah, let's talk about punk. Who did you prefer, the Pistols or The Clash?"

Weller: "Pistols."

Preston: "Is it true that you once smashed a bottle over Sid Vicious' head? And was it because 'Holidays In The Sun' was such a blatant rip-off of that Jam song, 'In The City'?"

Weller: "There's an element of truth in all of that. But he started it."

Preston: "What did you think about the Sex Pistols' reunion gigs? Would you ever reform The Jam?"

Weller: "I was glad that Paul, Steve and Glen copped some money, because they got ripped off to the fucking hilt. But otherwise I'm not into any revival stuff. It was important at the time and it was vital and that's it. You have to move on. The Jam were asked to get back together to play Knebworth this year, but it'd be sad – being 45, jumping round in black and white suits. I couldn't do it. It'd be cabaret. For a lot of bands it's the time and place that's important and it sets the mood or captures the moment."

Preston: "What about John Lydon going on *I'm A Celebrity... Get Me Out Of Here!*? I thought it was a joke... for me punk was kind of about wiping the slate clean and starting new and it was all about the moment and your peers rather than looking back so much. But during punk what made you resist wearing safety pins and having silly haircuts and stuff like that?"

Weller: "Because I was a mod and I meant it. And I still mean it. We used to get loads of stick in the Jam days because we'd stop and tune our guitars in-between songs when we played live. But it mattered to us. We were old school, even before there was an old school."

Preston: "The way I see it is that The Jam was very much about the moment and what was happening at the time. Then The Style Council was you taking control and pushing boundaries in music. And what you're doing now is kind of retrospective..."

Weller: "(Sternly) Retrospective or retro?"

Preston: "Er, retrospective. But between The Jam, The Style Council and your solo stuff, all the gigs and everything you've done, what's been your proudest moment?"

Weller: "I don't really sort through my back pages very much, to be honest. I just get on with what I'm doing now. I don't like sitting back and resting on my laurels or reflecting on past glories. My thing has always been that the last gig I played was the highlight."

Preston: "It's like tattoos. No matter how many tattoos you get your last one is always your favourite. So how do you feel about being called the Modfather?"

Weller: "I can't take it seriously, really. I mean, I take mod seriously, but not being the Modfather."

NME: In the early-'60s mod was a forward-thinking movement that was a rejection of the old order. Even the word was short for 'modernist'. Isn't it ironic being a '60s-obsessed mod at the start of the 21st century?

Weller: "I think mod's eternal. It keeps reinventing itself. Every generation gets its own little slant on it. Like the way The Ordinary Boys dress. I can see the way they've been influenced by mod but with their own little twist."

Preston: "How do you rate *Quadrophrenia*?"

Weller: "(Laughs) I think it's appalling. But I know a lot of people who really loved that film..."

Preston: "(Interrupting) ...the first time I became really aware of mod and the look and the identity of it was through that film. It was the first time I heard The Who and stuff. What was it that attracted you to the look?"

Weller: "I just loved the clothes, the music, the scooters. It was just something that touched me and you can't say where it comes from. It's almost like a previous life or something. With The Jam I was a mod before we got photographed or were in the music papers or anything. I was riding around on my scooter in 1975."

Preston: "What scooter have you got these days?"

Weller: "I got rid of all my scooters. Have you got one?"

Preston: "(Sheepishly) I can't drive. I failed my theory."

Pints drained, Weller leads the frankly giddy Ordinary Boys back to the studio for an exclusive preview of his new covers album. Preston and Paul have by now officially hit it off. After bonding over obscure Stevie Wonder songs, Preston starts trying to persuade Weller to produce some B-sides for them (he succeeds) and offering to write a Rod Stewart-style West End musical based around the songs of The Jam (he is rebuffed). Weller himself, meanwhile, is happily doling out the B&H and beer like a favourite uncle. "I think I've got a lot more in common with Preston than I did with Pete Townshend," he smiles.

On one wall of the studio is a Small Faces poster, signed by the '60s mod icons' drummer Kenney Jones in recognition of all Weller's cheerleading efforts. In the corner a jukebox is stacked with cool old northern soul and R&B records. The fridge is full of cans. Vintage guitars are lined up in the live room. Preston is visibly impressed. One day, he's thinking, this could be him. ■

AFTERWORD



PP Arnold

"I first came to England in 1966 with Ike & Tina Turner to do a tour with The Rolling Stones. We were used to people liking soul but we were really amazed at how much the English knew about the music and its history. It was incredible.

"I stayed in England to record as a solo artist with Immediate. Bands like The Who, the Small Faces, The Rolling Stones and The Yardbirds were great and they were helping to open up the door for black American artists. They were inspired by soul, by blues, by jazz and R&B, but they took the music and created their own sound with it. They really reinvented it and kind of made it their own.

"The Small Faces were cool and had the look. They were just like my brothers back home, real dapper. I didn't realise that it was called the mod scene at first, but it was new and I got with it straight away. The guys were all very dressed up – the suits, the white shirts and the white socks. It was what called the Ivy League look and it was the way we dressed to go to school back home.



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"I did a big festival in Spain last summer... there's still a whole mod scene going on"

"I was very much a part of the scene here at the time. I never considered myself to be a mod, but mods were into soul music – and I was soul music. I related to the whole scene from the music and from the fashion – at the time the music and fashion went hand in hand.

"Because of my association with the Small Faces mods have always remembered me and over the years I've had the opportunity to work with new generations of mods. I've recorded with Steve Cradock and Ocean Colour Scene and I've jammed with Paul Weller. These are people who have based their careers on the music from that time and on the look. I know both of them have been very influenced by Steve Marriott. They are both different from Stevie in many ways – but it seems there are mods everywhere who have been influenced by that period.

"The original mods turned psychedelic and it was the northern soul scene that kept the music alive in the '70s, but now it's come full circle. I live in Spain now and I did a really big festival here last summer with a group of young Spanish mods and that was incredible. There's still a whole mod scene going on."



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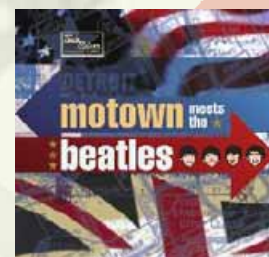
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