



the WHO

Mat Snow

**50 Years of
My Generation**

**the
WHO**



Quarto is the authority on a wide range of topics.
Quarto educates, entertains and enriches the lives of
our readers—enthusiasts and lovers of hands-on living.
www.quartoknows.com

© 2015 Quarto Publishing Group USA Inc.

First published in the United States of America in 2015 by
Race Point Publishing, a member of
Quarto Publishing Group USA Inc.
142 West 36th Street, 4th Floor
New York, New York 10018
quartoknows.com

Visit our blogs at quartoknows.com

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without written permission of the copyright owners.
Every effort has been made to ensure that credits accurately comply with information supplied.
We apologize for any inaccuracies that may have occurred and will resolve inaccurate or missing information in a subsequent reprinting of the book.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

ISBN 978-1-63106-161-5
Digital edition: 978-1-62788-782-3
Softcover edition: 978-1-63106-161-5
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data is available

Editorial Director: Jeannine Dillon
Managing Editor: Erin Canning
Senior Design Manager: Heidi North
Interior Design: Phil Yarnall / SMAY Design
Cover Design: Phil Yarnall / SMAY Design

Printed in China

This publication has not been prepared, approved, or licensed by the Who or any of its assignees. This is not an official publication. We recognize, further, that some words, model names, and designations mentioned herein are the property of the trademark holder. We use them for identification purposes only.

Front cover photography © Colin Jones/TopFoto/The Image Works; © Hulton-Deutsch Collection/CORBIS; © Neal Preston/Corbis; © Graham Lowe/Getty Images

Back cover photography © Pictorial Press Ltd./Alamy

See page 224 for a complete listing of the photography credits

the WHO

**50 Years of
My Generation**

MAT SNOW



the WHO 50 Years of My Generation

1	introduction
5	chapter 1: Blitz Babies
11	chapter 2: Year Zero!
17	chapter 3: Artist, Teddy Boy, Taxman . . . and Maniac!
23	chapter 4: Mods!
31	chapter 5: Smash It Up!
41	chapter 6: Breakthrough!
49	chapter 7: Pop Art Stars!
63	chapter 8: Far Out!
77	chapter 9: Gambling on Genius
89	chapter 10: The Big Stage
101	chapter 11: Teenage Wasteland
119	chapter 12: Quad!
135	chapter 13: Rock Gods under Pressure
155	chapter 14: Battling through Tragedy
175	chapter 15: Burn Out!
187	chapter 16: Off...and On
203	chapter 17: And Then There Were Two
209	chapter 18: The Who Reborn
224	photography credits
228	index
234	acknowledgments / about the author

OPPOSITE: The Who when they briefly traded as the High Numbers, summer 1964. From left: Pete Townshend, Roger Daltrey, Keith Moon, and John Entwistle.





introduction

theWho↑

FIFTY YEARS? Asked to predict the Who's life expectancy, for much of their history many insiders would have reckoned about five minutes.

Band of brothers? Hardly. Close harmony group? You must be joking.

Seldom has a rock band comprised such strikingly different personalities—such temperaments locked in mutual frustration, even outright conflict. Yet it is that conflict that has fueled an intensity of feeling and performance unmatched by any of the other great rock bands that emerged in the '60s.

As musically groundbreaking as the Beatles or Beach Boys? Probably not. As sexy as the Stones? Not really. As epic in sound and spectacle as Led Zeppelin or Pink Floyd? Debatable. But for the full expression of the turbulent inner world of the young guy—and the young guy who still lives inside nearly every old guy—no one beats the Who. And that goes for quite a few girls, too.

Frustration. Idealism. Yearning. Self-questioning. Confession. Black humor. Ambition. Weakness. Rage. Vaulting creation. Shattering destruction. It's a combustible, irreconcilable mixture. Yet what guy has not gone through all these phases—many at the same time? This is what the Who are all about, and why they connect so deeply to so many generations of rock fans.

And it's from their fans that the Who have always drawn their greatest inspiration. One of many London pop/rock bands scuffling on the live circuit that was booming in the wake of Beatlemania and the burgeoning R&B movement spearheaded by the Rolling Stones, the Who found their audience—and their inspiration—when for a few months in 1964 they became the High Numbers, the house band of west London's mod scene, then at its peak. Immersing themselves in the subculture, the four performers formed a two-way bond with their audience—both affectionate and combative—that continued long after mod itself had faded and new subcultures arisen.

LEFT: "Sleeping" it off in Morningside Park, New York City, April 1968.



ABOVE: Pete Townshend on stage in 1965 in his trademark Union Jacket and windmilling his Rickenbacker guitar.

Articulating what the fans themselves could not became the band's mission. The Who's main songwriter, Pete Townshend, decided to get inside their heads and give them a voice—even if it was a stuttering, angry, and thoroughly mixed-up voice. When he wrote “My Generation,” Pete became the spokesman for the war and postwar austerity babies coming into adulthood in the brave new world of the 1960s.

It was a tough job, and like one of his main inspirations, Bob Dylan, Pete backed away from articulating issues and instead moved toward articulating feelings. Through two years of songwriting

as roundabout, often whimsically oblique self-therapy, Pete formulated the Who's first epic masterpiece, exploring the very idea of followers and leaders, visions and missions, transcendence and spirituality. Thus *Tommy*, the double album that challenged the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper* at the '60s summit where pop meets art.

But this milestone had by no means exhausted the inspiration of these ideas for Pete. Because it never found a final, overall shape and was never completed, *Lifehouse* was the missing link in Pete's life work, and yet it yielded some of the greatest songs of the Who's career. As far back as 1970 he prophesied the Internet and virtual reality, but a coherent narrative structure eluded him.

Much more concrete was the Who's second fully formed rock masterpiece. Conceived as both a generational and group self-portrait with an eye on the Who's approaching decade, *Quadrophenia* pictured an emblematic mod fan of the Who whose personality has four facets, one representing each member of the band. Such was Pete's approach to understanding the complex chemistry of the group and the scene that had empowered them: poetic, grandiose, psychological, and mythic all at once.

An album whose status has grown to towering proportions over the years, *Quadrophenia* was the culmination of a strenuously explored, mutually passionate, decade-long relationship between four guys up onstage and the thousands of individuals on the other side of the lights.

Where did the Who go from there?

At first downhill. And then in circles.

Yet the bond was now unbreakable, and the

sense of communion when the Who take to the stage has never dimmed. When the Who hit their stride, they split the atom with a charge of energy that lights up every synapse for miles. That remains true in all the decades that have followed their first few, furious years. From contemporaries the Action, to hard rockers Blue Öyster Cult, to punks the Sex Pistols, to stadium world-beaters U2, to grunge rebels Pearl Jam and beyond, up to the present day, the Who remain the inspirational live rock band against whom all others must be measured.

But offstage, after years of fame and fortune had unmoored Pete from the fans, his agonized self-exploration in song was to herald a long aftermath that would reverberate well beyond the Who's explosive first decade.

That aftermath has not been without its own shocks. First came the death of Keith Moon. The Who doggedly carried on—unlike Led Zeppelin, who promptly broke up on the death of their drummer—marking themselves out as pragmatists as well as idealists. They even survived the next trauma, when eleven fans died at a concert in Cincinnati at the very end of the '70s.

Nor did the shocks end when the Who became veterans replaying old glories to both their own generation of old faithfuls and

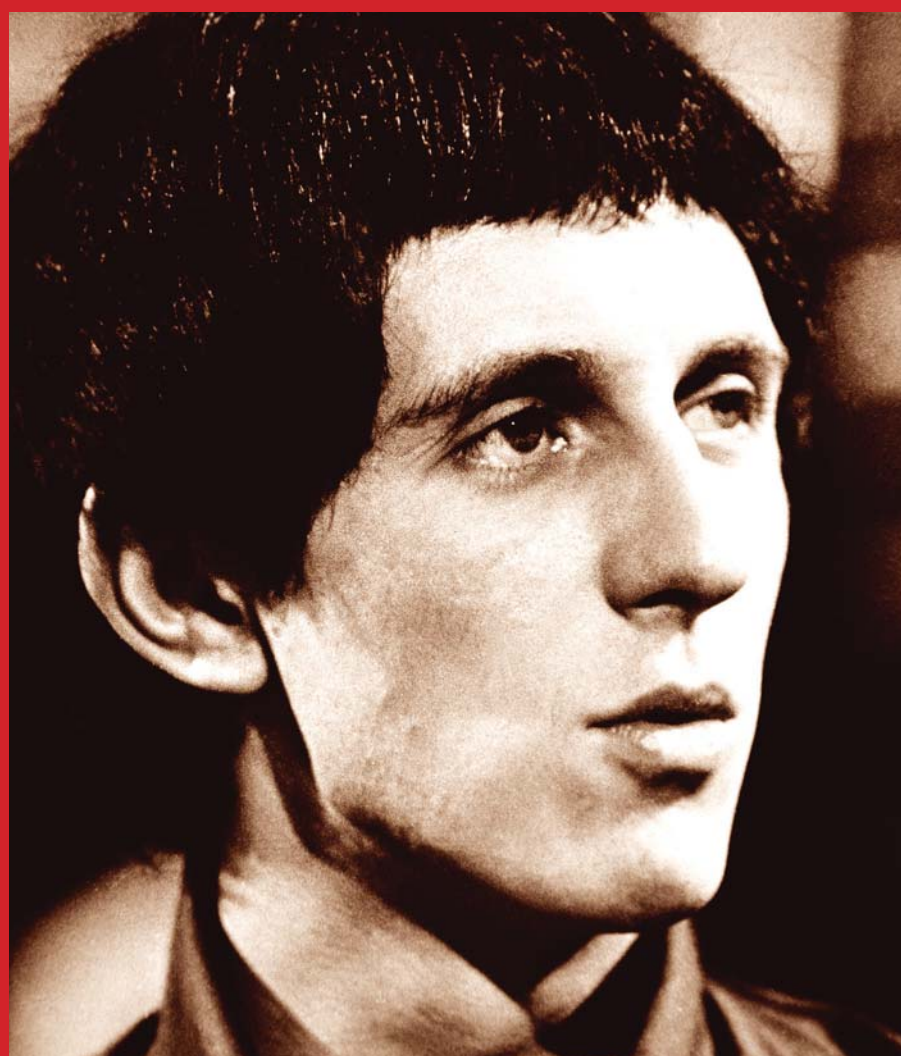
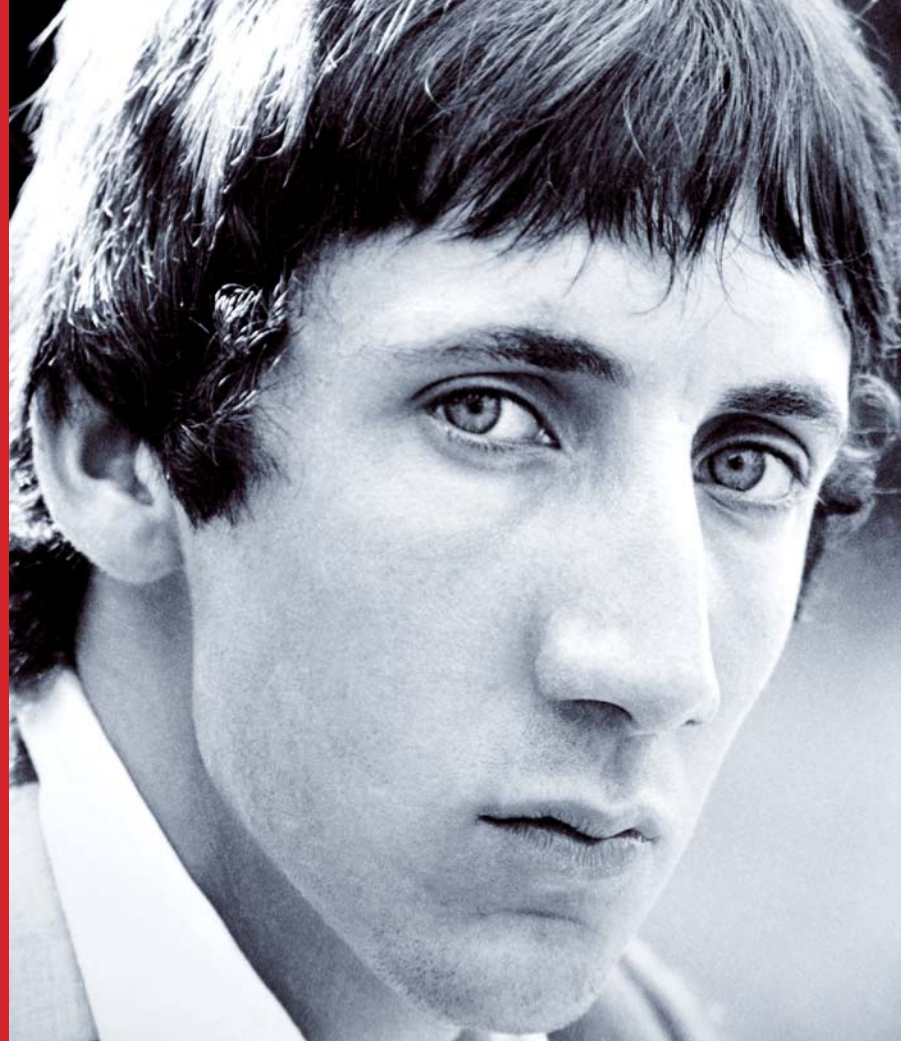
new generations of the fascinated young. For all the fighting, no one ever quit the Who. Following his buddy Keith twenty-four years later, the contrastingly saturnine mystery man John Entwistle went down the fatal road to excess despite approaching sixty, his final hours spent on cocaine with a groupie in Las Vegas.

Which leaves those old adversaries, Roger Daltrey, who formed and bossed the band until challenged by Pete, the guitarist he recruited and who usurped his leadership through sheer force of creativity. Divided by a gulf in upbringing, temperament, talent, and ambition, they spent years at each other's throats in an atmosphere of mutual incomprehension and suspicion, but came to grudgingly respect what the other could do. Fifty years on, rumor has it they have not only begun to understand each other, but even quite like each other.

The Who: for generation after generation, the ultimate rock band. And this is the book that not only shows but tells it like it was—and is.



ABOVE: The Who trip out during the psychedelic Summer of Love, 1967. Flower power never really suited them.



chapter 1

Blitz Babies

THE WEEK that polio-stricken Irene Daltrey was due to give birth to her first-born, London was under Luftwaffe attack. German bombs hit such landmarks as Horse Guards Parade, St. James' Park, the Treasury, the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Scottish Office, with windows blown out in 10 Downing Street, official residence of the prime minister, Winston Churchill.

That week, some five hundred Londoners were killed, including seventy-two who died after a direct hit on a block of flats in Chelsea, west London. Three years after the far more devastating Blitz, Londoners called the new assault on their city the Baby Blitz. And when, during a rare lull, the overdue Iris was rushed to hospital from the air-raid shelter near her home in west London's working-class Shepherd's Bush, the boy to whom she gave birth fully merited the same name: Baby Blitz.

Just five-foot-six in adulthood, Roger Harry Daltrey was born on March 1, 1944, his insurance clerk father then serving overseas with the Royal Artillery. When that summer the Germans unleashed their secret weapons on London and a V-1 "Doodlebug" destroyed the house next door, Irene fled with baby Roger to a remote Scottish farmhouse, where wartime malnutrition bowed his legs and stunted his growth.

OPPOSITE (clockwise from top left): Roger Daltrey, Pete Townshend, John Entwistle, and Keith Moon.

It was not until he was over a year old that Roger's family was reunited in London, the exhausted adults, like so many others, desperate for the blessings of peace after six years of war. Yet it was precisely their parents' need for a humdrum, untroubled postwar life that was to fuel their offspring's craving for excitement as they grew up among the bombsites of the last war and in the shadow of the annihilating nuclear mushroom cloud of the next. Not for nothing were the children born to the wartime generation called the baby boomers.

Though meriting his later reputation as a hard man with a barely concealed hostility to flashy



ABOVE: Pete (far right), age ten, on holiday in the Isle of Man with his best friend, Graham "Jimpy" Beard, and their mothers.

intellectual endeavor and a soft spot for London's criminal underworld, as a young boy Roger was a bright, well-adjusted all-rounder—a sportsman, a church chorister, a trumpeter in the Christian Boys' Brigade, a violinist, skillful with his hands, and diligent at school. All that changed when he turned eleven, and the Daltreys—now with two daughters as well as Roger—moved from cramped Shepherd's Bush two miles west into the leafy suburbs of Acton, where Roger passed the demanding Eleven Plus exam and entered Acton County Grammar School. There, teachers and other schoolboys made it very clear to Roger that the new kid was not only funny-looking—his chin stuck out after he broke his jaw in an accident—but also came from the wrong side of the tracks. Bullied, sneered at, and told he wasn't good enough, Roger was a fish out of water—and he hated it.

Music in Their Genes

No less a misfit at Acton Country Grammar but hiding it behind a half shell of conformity was John Alec Entwistle. As his name would suggest, he was born of Lancashire stock on his father's side and to musical genes on both sides. Another Hammersmith Hospital baby, John arrived on October 9, 1944, but soon found himself being brought up by his tax office clerk mother back at his maternal grandparents' home near the Daltreys in Acton—his parents' marriage, like so many others, failing to survive the stresses and separations of the war.

Good at art as well as singing, John also took up the trumpet and then the French horn, and like Roger joined the Boys' Brigade as well as precociously making his showbiz debut playing for a local dance band. For John, music offered an escape from a sense of dislocation that came about after his mother remarried and the family moved to where Acton



ABOVE: Cliff Townshend (front row, third from left) performing with the Squadronaires.

abutted the even leafier Ealing. Far more variegated than London's almost solidly working-class East End, the city's sprawl to the west of the center was a patchwork of housing, light industry, and offices, and therefore of numerous gradations of working- and middle-class Londoners at a time of acute class consciousness and snobbery.

Compared to the Daltreys and Entwistles, the Townshends had money. But compared even to the Entwistles, for much of their son Pete's childhood, they were far from a stable family. Father Cliff was a professional musician who in the '30s had flirted with fascism as a British "Black Shirt," but upon World War II's outbreak had joined the Royal Air

Force, where he played clarinet and saxophone in the RAF Dance Orchestra, among whose popular war-time tune was "There's Something in the Air," its title foreshadowing a No. 1 single that his as-yet-unborn son would produce twenty-eight years later.

In 1944, after a whirlwind courtship of only seven consecutive Sundays, Cliff married the Orchestra's new featured singer, Betty, the child of a broken home of singers and performers. On May 19, 1945, with the war in Europe just over, even though Japan remained undefeated for another three months, their first-born Peter Dennis (his maternal grandmother's surname) Blandford (his paternal grandmother's surname) Townshend was born in



ABOVE: A young Pete smiles, but he is nursing secret trauma.

Isleworth, near the fast-growing London Airport at Heathrow. Though he was privately educated since the age of four, the only child Pete grew up in an atmosphere of turbulence at home, with his father frequently away with the band, now renamed in peacetime the Squadronaires (and featuring “Cliff Townshend and his Singing Saxophone”), and mother Betty beginning bitterly to regret that she had married in haste. During school holidays, the family would reunite wherever the Squadronaires’ date sheet happened to take them, and young Pete was initiated early into the world of adult glamour, dancing, fun, noise, and alcohol.

It all went wrong for Pete at the age of six. Always flighty, Betty’s mother Emma—“Grandma Denny”—had begun to concern her daughter with behavior that verged on the unstable. Believing little Pete would be a calming influence, his parents sent him to live with her over eighty miles away in her small flat in Westgate-on-Sea in Kent. It was a terrible error of judgment. Being that he was only six, Pete’s recollection of exactly what happened is sketchy, but it includes frequent and undeserved canings not only at his new elementary school but also by Denny herself, who would also withhold food, scrub him viciously at bath time, and even hold him underwater while he struggled to breathe.

Beyond even this Dickensian treatment, Denny seemed obsessed by the US servicemen at the nearby Manston Air Base, and she would demand little Pete accompany her on walks there at dawn. One of the servicemen persuaded the little boy into his car, at which point, years later, the middle-aged millionaire rock star's recollection of events ended. Strange men were around, and in the flat, too, and whatever happened was more than the six-year-old could process. Pete would repress the memories of these experiences for decades, but they haunted his subconscious and would surface in some of his most celebrated songs. Later still, they would trigger the most profound crisis of his life. Only fleetingly visited by his mother—and hardly at all by his father, who made do by spoiling Pete with money to buy toys—the little boy lived in, as he later admitted, “constant fear.”

Then, suddenly, it was all over. Back in London, his mother was having an affair and Pete changed schools yet again. The only anchors in his life were his best friend Graham “Jimpy” Beard and, briefly, a dog called Bruce. Like many showbiz kids—another at the same time being another son of a band musician, John Baldwin, later more famous as John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin—Pete was never settled enough to form close friendships, so he retreated into himself. To her credit, Denny had forced him to learn to read properly, and Pete was to immerse himself in the world of imagination and fantasy.

As for music, Pete's parents had no desire to nurture their only child into so uncertain and disruptive a profession, and when he was enthralled by the sight and sound of a one-man band playing a harmonica, he felt compelled to steal one, his father refusing to buy him one. Yet music—through the excitement, fun, and allure of the adult world that it sound-tracked—had

Pete in its grip. Pete was in love with the life of Saturday night, which was at its most exciting when, in a step up from the usual summer round of holiday camps, the Squadronaires played the Palace Ballroom in the seaside resort of Douglas on the Isle of Man, which would provide a happier memory that later inspired one of the Who's early hit singles.

Cliff Townshend's parents owned a piano, and his grandparents and Aunt Trilby offered the musical encouragement Pete never got from his dad, though his parents—ever eager to get him out of the house so they could work on their misfiring marriage—did encourage him to go to Sunday school, where not only did Pete develop a religious consciousness but he also found a sense of belonging in the choir.

Mistakenly, he also thought he would find a sense of belonging in the Sea Scouts, a wing of the Scouts (in which the young Keith Richards was an eager member over in Dartford) that kept lads off the streets and out of trouble by allowing them to muck about in boats. According to his recollections—which contract, expand, and change according to his mood—Pete was to experience the first of a number of transcendent moments on the river when, blending with a motorboat's outboard engine, he heard the sound of angels singing—an auditory vision of overwhelming intensity echoing that of the great London poet and artist William Blake who had seen angels some two centuries before. But while he was never to return to the Sea Scouts, Pete would return to boats and the water, forever associating them with a mood of transcendent purity as summoned by the voices of angels.

Not that the sound that would change everything the year Pete went to Acton Country Grammar was ever likened to the voices of angels.





chapter 2

Year Zero!

FOR GENERATIONS of kids all over the world, 1956 was Year Zero.

It was the year rock 'n' roll became the sound of teenage life—a movement rather than a one-off. The one-off, who was to be swept aside by the deluge he unleashed, was an avuncular cow-licked trouper called Bill Haley, whose band, the Comets, had stripped down and speeded up western swing dance music to create a hit sensation on both sides of the Atlantic the year before with “Rock Around the Clock.” Rock 'n' roll was a novelty with an edge of teenage delinquent threat, having been enthusiastically adopted by “greasers” in the United States and “teddy boys” in the UK, but for a while it might have seemed like another dancehall craze that would come and go.

Then, in early 1956, came Elvis: a teenage pinup and role model in a way that the too-old Haley never could be. Elvis Presley had hit after hit, and then came the movies, and then came still more rock 'n' roll stars, each with something different and no less exciting to offer. If Elvis had the sneer and pelvis on which he'd swing his guitar, Jerry Lee Lewis and Little Richard were men possessed by hellfire lust on the piano. Then came the songwriting brilliance of singing guitarists Chuck Berry and Eddie Cochran, while Buddy Holly, with his Crickets, and Gene Vincent, with his Blue Caps, created the backing group as team and gang, respectively.

LEFT: Teens excitedly gather outside a cinema showing the movie *Rock Around the Clock*, 1956.

There is probably not a single British rock legend of the '60s who was not fundamentally and profoundly inspired by some or all the American rock legends of the '50s, who also included Larry Williams, Fats Domino, Johnny Burnette, Link Wray, the Everly Brothers, all the doo-wop groups . . . the list goes on.

Pete was a Haley devotee, and he thought Elvis “a chump,” but Roger was smitten. For Roger, disaffected at school, and legions of patronized working-class kids like him, Elvis was another kid from the wrong side of the tracks who triumphed in style, making the conventional idea of a successful young man look soft, square, and boring. Roger wanted some of that—and school could take a running jump.

“I wanted to be Elvis Presley when I grew up,” said Roger years later. “But the man who really made me feel like I could actually go out and do it was a chap by the name of Lonnie Donegan.”

Rock 'n' roll was harder to play than it looked, and to get a good sound you needed real instruments. Proper electric guitars and amplifiers made by the likes of Fender and Gretsch were expensive imports from America. Fortunately, right on cue came a parallel new music that anyone could have a go at playing; rock 'n' roll you could make yourself from the cheapest ingredients: skiffle.

Cheap, Cheerful, and British: Skiffle!

Britain had a long-established homegrown jazz scene, and by the mid-1950s a revival of the earliest recorded jazz style—small-group traditional (“trad”) Dixieland, as spearheaded in New Orleans by the likes of Louis Armstrong in the early '20s—was well underway. Lonnie Donegan was a sideman banjoist who became a star when his

interval “skiffle” shows within a show—where he played American folk and blues tunes by Woody Guthrie and Lead Belly on a cheap guitar, a bass made from a tea chest, and a washboard as percussion—took off with audiences. His version of Lead Belly’s “Rock Island Line” was a huge hit in 1956, and within months, it is said, some thirty thousand schoolboy skiffle groups had formed in Britain. From the Beatles to the Stones, Led Zeppelin to Pink Floyd, this is where it all started.

Making his own guitar, Roger formed the Sulgrave Rebels with friends at the Sulgrave Boys’ Club in his old neighborhood of Shepherd’s Bush, won a local contest with homemade instruments, and promptly broke up the band. Roger had discovered girls and had no time for music. School was out, too, after he was expelled at age fifteen for smoking—the culmination of numerous infractions relating to his teddy-boy hair, loud clothes, and surly attitude.

Driven less by role models than by music itself, John formed a band at school that was a notch up from skiffle. Though he was not particularly a fan of Dixieland jazz, it was—unlike rock 'n' roll—a style of music with trumpet at its heart and a strong grassroots audience, especially in west London. John’s trad group, the Confederates, needed a banjo player, and it just so happened there was a new boy at Acton Country Grammar who had struggled with guitar and so taken up the banjo, playing it with a bright, slashing aggression. Looking to escape a house now filled with a crying baby since the birth of his brother Paul, Pete Townshend—his outsize nose as much the object of derision at his new school as Roger’s jaw—wanted to join a gang to give him a positive identity.

OPPOSITE: Pete in his mother’s antique shop, 1966; the past as well as the future inspired his style and songs.



With Pete not being interested in team sports, that gang would be musical; and with him being from a jazz background through his parents and sharing John's sense of humor, which ran from *Mad* magazine to *The Goon Show* with Peter Sellers and Spike Milligan, the older boy's group, the Confederates, was a perfect fit.

For a while the band held together, but soon rock 'n' roll began to exert its magnetic pull, dragging Pete and John away from trad jazz toward the guitar-based music of Duane Eddy (whose twanging lead lines and chugging rhythms would be a huge influence on John), the Everly Brothers, and Rick Nelson, with the clean-cut but musically credible British act Cliff Richard and the Shadows proving to these schoolboys that you didn't need even to be American to make good, tuneful, home-grown rock 'n' roll. Pete had bought a cheap guitar from his mother's new business, an antique and bric-a-brac shop, to which he attached a pickup, and then acquired an amp. John, having toyed briefly with guitar, added bass to his repertoire of instruments, making his own and painting it mauve. Renaming themselves the Aristocrats and then the Scorpions, the band played Shadows covers in youth clubs and other small gatherings of music fans in the local area.

Just as there was an explosion of young, skiffle-inspired bands, so there was a corresponding explosion in demand. Teenagers wanted to dance to music of their own rather than the show-band music of their older siblings and parents, and the idea of dancing to records rather than a live act was still years away. And it was all about dancing, face-to-face and with as much sexiness as the average repressed British teenager on the cusp of the '60s could summon. From the jive to the stroll to the world-conquering twist, then the mashed potato,

the monster mash, the monkey, the dog, and the frog, new dance styles arrived from the United States every year, adopted, adapted, and added to in London and all over Britain.

The keenest dancers were beginning to coalesce into a self-conscious youth tribe. Calling themselves "Modernists," they worshipped the snappy elegance of modern jazz musicians like Miles Davis and lived for the weekend, when they would display the latest dance moves, as inspired by the hottest soul, jazz, and rhythm-and-blues records while wearing the latest clothes—preferably bespoke tailoring based on the most elegant new fashions from Italy, France, and the United States. It was a highly competitive scene, ranked according to arcane codes of coolness. The mod scene would grow in the course of the early '60s to play a crucial part in the story of the Who.

Meet the Detours!

For now, stylistic elegance was a long way away for John, Pete, and Roger. In his first job, the former grammar school boy, whose education and parents' aspirations had directed him toward white-collar work, had progressed from electrician's mate to apprentice sheet-metal worker, making his hands a mess of cuts that frustrated his renewed ambition to be a rock 'n' roll musician playing a self-made electric guitar (or, in his dreams, an imported Fender Stratocaster like the Shadows' Hank Marvin).

Invited to join a local rock 'n' roll covers band, Roger leaped at the chance with an audition performance of Elvis' "Heartbreak Hotel," but it was as much his confidence and focus that got him in the band. In short, he had what any band needed to stay together, rehearse, develop, perform, and improve: self-discipline and leadership qualities.

Among his first acts as the effective leader of the band he had just joined was to name them—after the Duane Eddy hit “Detour,” they would be the Detours. He also started getting them gigs, so when the band’s bassist left to take up a better offer, he was able in turn to tempt the talented brass and bass player he knew from his old school to quit his schoolboy band for a going concern. When, a little later, the Detours needed another guitarist, John was able to recommend his old Confederates mate. Recalling Pete as “a nose on a stick” in the year below at school, Roger sounded him out. Wary but impressed by Roger’s aggressive personal style, Pete was up for the challenge.

It was the start of 1962. Roger Daltrey had recruited local school-leavers John Entwistle—who had followed his mother into clerical work at the local tax office—and Pete Townshend to join the

scuffling rock ‘n’ roll band he led. They had cheap and improvised equipment and rehearsed, mostly in Roger’s house when his parents were out, far more often than they performed—and, when they did, it was for meager sums like £7 (around nineteen dollars at the time), split six ways. All over Britain, boys were joining bands that scratched out versions of American rock hits for their friends and whatever paying audience they could find. Nor were the Detours uncommon in incorporating other styles and songs into their repertoire based on the instruments they had on hand, which in this case meant trad jazz numbers with Roger on trombone, John on trumpet, and Pete on banjo.

Most of these thousands of scuffling young bands would come and go without making much impression. But of the young British would-be rockers who did make an impression, many had

one curious thing in common: art. While Roger toiled away by day as a metalworker and dreamed of being a musician by night, Pete had no such focus. Neither committed to following in his father’s footsteps as a professional musician nor sure of what else he wanted to do except be creative, Pete was off to art school.



ABOVE: The Detours play in January 1963, just as Beatlemania is about to sweep Britain and revolutionize the music scene.





chapter 3

Artist, Teddy Boy, Taxman . . . and Maniac!

FOR BRITISH BOYS born during World War II, there came a dramatic moment when they hit age eighteen. For years, British males could expect to be “called up” to do national service in the armed forces. But from the late ’50s on, in the teeth of anxiety that without the discipline of a spell in uniform British youth would degenerate into a hooligan rabble, national service was abolished. Better yet, educational opportunities were opening up for those about to leave school. Among them, for creative types who were not necessarily academic, were art schools.

At worst, these new art students would lounge around as trainee Bohemians; at best, they would be inspired by a whole new universe of creative ideas and people. Among Britain’s war-baby future rock stars who went to art school were the Beatles’ John Lennon; the Rolling Stones’ Charlie Watts, Keith Richards, and Ronnie Wood; guitar gods Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Jimmy Page; the Kinks’ Ray Davies; and Pink Floyd’s Syd Barrett. The world of art may be the poorer for their not following up on their studies professionally, but the world of music is immeasurably richer.

LEFT: Pete, artist and Bohemian, reading D.H. Lawrence’s cause célèbre novel, *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, banned for obscenity for forty years in Britain, but a best seller once legalized.