

The Bedsitters

Tony Calder (Business partner of Stones manager Andrew Loog Oldham): “Nick Venet called me about The Walker Brothers and said he was going to send them to England ‘cos he felt they were better suited to break in England. Then Silence.”

Wednesday, February 17, 1965, Heathrow airport. London. 6am.

Gary, John, and Scott Stepped off their TWA flight into England and wintertime. Though certainly striking looking, they were, as far as the other passengers were concerned just three more anonymous young Americans, perhaps college students taking a year off, or maybe actors of some sort. The flight was leaving Hollywood after all. What *was* indisputable was that all three were extremely cold, these Southern Californians having come direct from sunny LAX airport, utterly unprepared for the harshness of the British winter. “It all looked very strange to me.” John would recall some thirty years later, from the safety and warmth of wine country once more ‘Not at all like California: white stuff on the ground. Snow!’”

Gary quipped that the closest he had come to such weather before now was via photographs in the national geographic. His sole trip to England the year before had been at the height of a rare summer. As such, while all had prepared themselves as best they could psychologically, none were equipped sartorially. John wore nothing more than a short-sleeved shirt and a pair of stage trousers (his *only* pair) that he would rip while leaving the plane. It was hardly a good omen.

Jet-lagged and freezing, and after hours of pavement pounding (no accommodation had been arranged in advance), Hollywood must have seemed a lifetime away by the time they moved into digs: an enormous, draughty Victorian bedsit at No 1, Onslow Gardens, Kensington (second floor with balcony). (1)

Kensington was, along with Earls Court, one of the cheaper parts of central London with a half decent pad going at £5 a month. Struggling musicians and artist would then often share, with transient buddies making a place for themselves on the couch and in the bath. But even with the extra body heat generated by three long limbed Americans sharing one oversized room, the cold still hurt. Extreme weather called for extreme measures as Gary would testify; “We would go to sleep with so much stuff piled on top of us that we would wake up in the same position as when we fell asleep...”

But then, both cold winter nights and Bedsitland itself have always given a good view of the stars, and in classic Tinseltown fashion, a jet-lagged Gary was hustling almost immediately, pumping strange small change into the wall-mounted payphone in the hall.

Kim Fowley: “You have to understand Gary on the phone to Maurice King... ‘We’re already on Mercury. We already have a worldwide record deal. All we need is your Polish Mafia back-up! I’ve got two great-looking guys who can sing. I’m the

drummer...’ Gary stole the Proby blueprint and tried to work with it on his own chickenshit level.”

PJ Proby: “When they came over, they didn’t have much going for ’em but Gary’s parents paid for them to have a place to live in... Maurice King was an old friend of mine...and he had told Gary’s father, ‘I’ll get ’em the work if you pay the bills’. But Maurice didn’t commit until ‘*Love Her*’ hit... he wanted to wait and see what he was getting himself into...”

Maurice King was a partner with Barry Clayman in ‘Capable Management’ at 185 Bickenhall Mansions, Baker Street. Clayman (now an O.B.E.) was perceived as the more genteel of the two. “Barry Clayman was a ‘yes man’ of some sort” reckons Fowley, “one of those faceless guys who probably did the paperwork. Maurice King was larger than life and was a greasy person, like a Robert Maxwell kind of presence and everybody else was forgettable.” Whatever their personal profile, as a team, Capable were on the up and at the time of Gary’s fevered phone calls, Maurice and Barry’s most successful act was Van Morrison’s ‘Them’.

Extra income came via a share in the Starlite Club, a nicotine-parched, ale-sodden, after hours drinking den off Oxford Street, a low budget cinematic fleapit whose clientele were also members of an even more exclusive club - London’s criminal underworld.

As one of the ‘Gaffers’ of The Starlite, Maurice King became friendly with proper, real life, grown up Gangsters, The Krays included.

Proby knew the score:” The Krays were my best friends too. They gave me free rehearsal rooms, big beautiful rehearsal rooms. Every time I was in a whole lot of trouble and everything they got me out of it”.

Such contacts bestowed a man with a heavy reputation and King revelled in it.

Kim Fowley: “The Starlite club was like any bar out of a Dirk Bogarde gangster movie, people standing around acting like wannabe hoodlums...all that East End crap. Butlins in grime. But, you know, I was 24-years-old and there were dirty girls and chorus girls there and gangsters and musicians and it was all very friendly and good food and fun time and no money and... Wow! Oo-ee!”

“I didn’t push Maurice King too much because he was a bad guy. One day we were having dinner at the Starlite and somebody began arguing, trying to get in and disrupt the dinner. So, King’s minders went outside with a pitchfork and sorted the guy out. There was a lot of yelling going on in the middle of our dinner!”

“... Maurice King promised the world...and outside, someone’s screaming...”

Ralph Gurnett (‘Capable’ employee, tour manager and future Personal assistant to Scott Walker): “That’s a load of rubbish. Rubbish. Maurice couldn’t hit a fly. He was a coward. He didn’t associate with people like that. He was a crook, I know, but he would never do anything like that. Why would someone like Scott Walker have someone like that as his manager...?”

“My whole take on Capable Management was that it wasn’t pretty but it wasn’t nasty. Maurice wasn’t the ogre people made him out to be. Sometimes I had respect for him, sometimes I had less respect for him...”

PJ Proby: “Nobody liked Maurice because he was a very tight, uh, loudmouthed Jew. I mean even his wife couldn’t stand him. Mary (His Wife), made him sleep in the next bedroom. She made him crawl on his hands and knees to come in the kitchen to get a cup of tea or anything...she was really cruel. They had once been the agents for every club in the North. They lost all that.”

Chrissie McCall (Soon to be teenage president of The Walkers fanclub) :

Maurice was intimidating because he was so much older and powerful. He was 42 at the time and I was only 16, remember. He was a rich businessman with a lot of money and a big house. He had a strong Southern accent. My mental image of him is small, swarthy, black greasy-type hair. Well dressed. People were afraid of him. If he said ‘Jump’, people jumped.”

It was this air of edginess, the outlaw aura emanated by King that was so attractive to the dramatic side of Scott’s nature. It was this aspect of Scott’s character that was in part responsible for the Walkers’ ultimate decision to sign with Capable management. A decision that was for now, now, some way off. Despite or perhaps because of Gary’s incessant hustle (on one occasion the drunken drummer phoned Maurice at three a.m.), King was not immediately convinced, least of all by Gary, of whom he would come to tolerate at best. Maurice would eventually come to idolize Scott at the expense of John and Gary, considering them as no more than dead weight.

Such dilemmas were a fairytale away. Managerless and adrift throughout that sunless February, the three endured, suffering in what seemed to them to be something like a Siberian climate. Often sleeping fully dressed beneath a cavernous Victorian ceiling, beds pushed toward the fire, coats, and blankets piled over them, they had to stay acutely aware of their limited finances. The \$10,000 that Gary’s dad had lent them would have to last until they had made some kind of break, which would be...when exactly? No one then could really know what lay ahead, and while still so very young, Scott in particular had long carried an old head on those shoulders: “Yes, there was that \$10k but it certainly wasn’t a sure thing as there was no way to guarantee success.” John had another more typically casual slant; “I don’t think we actually came here with any intention of working, really. We wanted to check it out. The thing was, in America, everything English was ‘Golden’, and we thought, ‘well...’ The opportunity to come here was presented to us and so, being enterprising young men, we jumped on the plane.”

Still, whatever it was that they were lacking in domestic utilities was made up for in bullshit and balls. Having already done the Jerk, they now did the hustle. All three agreed on a kind of strategy; they would actively promote the idea that they were endorsed by a prestigious ‘Mystery backer’ – an alibi that gave them carte blanche to turn down the crummier gigs that were even now coming their way. The long term plan was that when they *did* gig-it would be special, causing ‘maximum impact’. It was Scott who

commandeered this ruse, often to the protest of John, Gary and their Stomachs; ‘We came near to starvation...’ Grinned Scott eventually, “the other guys thought I’d gone mad.”

At least Scott could indulge, and find refuge in, his love of European movies: decades on, only half joking, he would cite both the draft board and the poor state of American cinema as his dual reasons for leaving the States. Scott admitted that by the time he had arrived in London he had seen so many Ealing comedies that just walking the streets made him feel like he was in a film, shoulder to shoulder with ‘Margaret Rutherford and Terry-Thomas characters’.

Alas, man cannot live by celluloid alone and the already slim-hipped trio were, in their own words, subsisting on ‘bread and cheese’. Seeking to splurge on something slightly more ostentatious, Gary attempted to buy the nearest thing to a McDonalds that was then available in Britain. On entering the local Wimpy burger bar he set early sixties UK etiquette reeling when a ravenous Gary had the temerity to ask for *two* burgers in a bap.

Gary: “I said ‘I’ll have two of those’ and he said ‘Well, you can only have one’. I guessed that was the way it was done over here. But I said, ‘Why can’t I have two?’ He said ‘Well, if you eat that one, I’ll bring you another’.

I let it go, being a foreigner, I wasn’t sure that was how it was done.

But I said ‘Can I have some...?’ and he said, ‘No, you can’t have any of that on there’.

So, I had to order the salad on the side and set it up with this sandwich.

I said, ‘I don’t know if I’m going to make it over here’.”

John: “Food in England is a real drag. I can’t seem to find good food. There’s nothing like a baked potato with sour cream and chives... nothing like it. We take it for granted over here. (America). Over there, you’ll never get one. You’ll get a soured cream. Terrible. The meat is funny-tasting... They have a refrigeration problem over there. Meat you buy in the morning and don’t eat by evening - forget it. The next day it’s gone.”

Back at Onslow Gardens, while the anxiety and frustration mounted in the freezing air, refrigeration was certainly not an issue. Occasionally their bland diet would force them to throw budgetary concern to the wind and the three young Americans would indulge themselves within the exotic food halls of Harrods. Immediate remorse and self-loathing no doubt followed such binges but despite the bleakness, behind the scenes, machinery began to move. The Walker Brothers were, after all, signed to Mercury/Smash records in the States, and Mercury was distributed by Philips in the UK. A major force. Compared to the hundreds of other young wannabes freezing their asses off in bedsitland, The Walker Brothers had as good as made it already. It was surely just a matter of time.

Characteristically taking the initiative, Gary suggested that it was about time they introduced themselves to ‘their’ record Company. After all, they weren’t just three bums walking in off the street. There was *some* kind of business connection – right? Though at first, the link did indeed seem tenuous, as Gary noted; “We went over to Philips and they didn’t even know we were here at first! And then we walked in and they said ‘Yeah! You have long hair!’ And all that, because Americans at the time had their hair combed back...”

As a female of the species, Gloria Bristow, then head of Philips' press department, was one of the first in the industry to recognize their particular potential; "I was coming into work one morning and they were sat outside in chairs attempting to sun themselves. They were very laid back. As soon as I saw Scott I thought 'Gosh! If he doesn't melt a few hearts...'"

Although this brief introductory trip to the Philips' offices resulted in only a somewhat, vague and muted welcome – true to Gloria's response it seems they barely made an impression beyond the female staff – soon after their debut UK single was scheduled for a March release. Something was happening.

'*Pretty Girls Everywhere*' – (with an arrangement by diminutive veteran jazzman Shorty Rogers) – had of course, been recorded a year previously at RCA-Victor's Music Centre Of The World studios, 6363 Sunset Boulevard, sunny Los Angeles. Hearing the record again in their frosty Bedsit, the three homesick and skinny-ribbed bros must have felt like wayward pioneers attempting to warm themselves in the light of a dead and distant star. Its impression on the record-buying public would be just as negligible. Sounding slightly summery and vaguely Latin, if the song was heard on Radio at all during that freezing March, it would have sounded incongruously at odds with the current climate - both musically and meteorologically.

A minor hit in the U.S. in 1958 when originally released by Eugene Church and The Fellows, the lyrics drew their inspiration from cruising, American Graffiti-style along the babe-lined boulevards of L.A.

Co-composer Eugene Church remembers its origins: "It was one of the first hot days of summer and everywhere we looked, young ladies were stepping out in shorts, bikinis, little or nothing on and bro' would tell me, 'Hey bro' man, check this lady.' One lady walked by the car and I sang 'Everywhere I go, I see a pretty girl'."

Sonically, the song showcases neither John's nor Scott's voices. Contrary to popular belief, John does not sing lead. Rather, both singers share the melody via an ineffectual hybrid of harmony and duet. Whatever the method, it neutralises both singers. Compared to what was to come, the song had all the potency of second-hand bubblegum.

'*Do the Jerk*' –the flipside - is Scott's tongue-in-cheek, attempt to kick-start another dance craze alongside '*The Mashed Potato*' or '*The Pony*'. In this regard, it has more comic ground in common with Lou Reed's similar adolescent attempt with '*The Ostrich*'. Still, compared to '*Pretty Girls...*' it is more engaging and muscular, if only by default. Yet ultimately, it fails on all fronts; The melody is hardly hummable and lyrically it's a non brainer. Groove wise, it's as bottom-heavy and unwieldy as a one-man submarine, and as such, no particular friend of the dance floor. Both sides remain among the least Walker –like songs in the catalogue.

Bristow's press department did what it could and despite an accepted invitation from TV Mogul Jack Good for the trio to appear on the March 27 edition of his phenomenally popular and hip *Ready Steady Go* programme, the release of the single reaped little interest. Like gas silently escaping from a freshly buried corpse, The Walker Brothers' debut single passed largely unnoticed.

'*Pretty Girls*' was *not* happening..." admitted Scott.

Already weakened by the lack of sunshine, vitamin D, and a poor diet, missing both his girl Kathy and the status of being a big fish in a centrally heated L.A. pond, John began to crack first. Living in such close proximity, the others could barely fail to notice, as Scott pointed out; "Before (Next single) '*Love Her*' was released, we were literally in a state of panic. I wanted to stay because I was digging Europe. John wanted to go back to the states - Gary used to say John had 'One foot on the plane and another on a banana peel'. But Gary wanted us all to stay 'till it worked out. He was the only one who really believed in it - that The Walker Brothers were going to be something."

Tension was building and with their debut single dead in the water, John was making increasingly loud going-home noises. One can imagine the spectre of Bill Gazzarri hovering in the dank bedsit air, finger wagging, his singsong voice saying '*I told you so*' while John held his mopped topped head in his frostbitten hands. How the sunny hills of Hollywood beckoned! All three were now beyond cold, tense and fed-up, although Scott was buoyed a little at least just by the fact of being in Europe. But then, even a combined love of arty cinema and a rational fear of the draft board was not enough itself. All three were homesick to some extent, with the 21-year-old Engel occasionally making comforting phone calls to his mom. On the plus side, the empty days enforced a bonding between the three and they would often go out on day trips together, one time venturing as far as Sherwood Forest where they hammily acted out a bow-and-arrow fight.

Communal trips to the cinema were less frequent, Gary and John not sharing Scott's taste for the avant-garde, although they happily munched popcorn in the dark together during *The Satan Bug* and *The Man from Rio*. Despite promising noises from Phillips and Capable, London still felt a long way from happening. It was not until head of Phillips press, Allan McDougal had received a desperate, threatening call from Gary, that remaining sensations of alienation would get the Chelsea Boot they deserved. Calling from the well-used wall phone in the hall, Gary laid it on the line;

"We're thinking of going back to Hollywood, to open a club there for six weeks. There are all these troubles here, mostly over money. It's not worth it, this bother. And I can tell you that, if we catch a plane in a couple of days, we just won't come back. The boys have made that clear."

Having recently acquired copies of the LA master tape, Philips had '*Love Her*' in the bag anyway. It wasn't as if they would have to book studio time or arrange for fixers to bring in musicians, the product was readymade. And so, they casually let it be known to Maurice and the boys that they would put it out, albeit with a minimum commitment. '*Love Her*' was practically a no-risk investment, and as such it was released with little fanfare or expectation. Having little to lose, Philips invested frugally.

Back in bedsitland, although it was now officially Spring, the brooding continued in close proximity to the electric heater, accompanied by the sound of Scott's then-favourite record, Françoise Hardy's *All Around the World*. It was soundtracking an atmosphere that registered imperceptibly above a vacuum. While Maurice was keeping his options open, bereft of any tangible success, the boys were resolutely without management, 'Capable' or otherwise. Still, while not fully committing himself, Maurice King did apparently placate Gary's father via the occasional soothing transatlantic phone call.

Phillip's promotional efforts were evident but sluggish and the trio's exposure was limited to guerrilla attacks on the offices of the lesser pop papers and to exposure on offshore pirate radio stations such as Radio Caroline.

Dave Cash (Pirate radio DJ of 'Kenny and Cash Show'): "Our show was one of the first to show any interest in the boys. We did their first-ever UK Radio interview and played '*Love Her*' to death. Scott's voice was just to die for. They also did a bunch of jingles and trailers for me and Kenny (Everett)... But The Walkers never actually came out to the boat..."

"We were 'in' with about half a dozen major record companies and on our week off we'd go and see Tommy at Fontana, Tony Hall at Decca and Paddy Fleming at Phillips. And we'd say, 'What ya got for us'? And they weren't supposed to be seeing us, you know. Because we were 'Pirates' as it were. The offshore stations were frowned upon. So Paddy said 'We've got these guys, and Blah Blah and this is their record, blah blah'. And me and Kenny thought '*Love Her*' was fucking great!! So we said 'Paddy, we're gonna make it our 'Kenny and Cash record of the Week'. And then we did the interview at Stanhope Place. And Paddy said 'Would you like them to do you some jingles?' And we said 'Wow! Yeah! Would we!! Not many Benny!!'"

Gary: "[The Radio situation] here was a shock because the exposure and the coverage you got here was equal to the whole of the United States. I mean, the lady who sold flowers on the corner knew you, it reaches everyone. The coverage compared to the U.S.'s local stations...you were isolated in L.A. another town away wouldn't even know you. You'd have a top ten in L.A. and then a little further out in San Madeino it's not even in the charts. The coverage you get here and everything else is fantastic, for its size."

Such hit-and-miss, on-and-offshore escapades were followed up with interviews for who ever would listen. Peter Jones, then editor of the fledgling Record Mirror was one of the few in those early days to lend an ear; "It was a bitterly cold morning in February, 1965. We were there at the urgent insistence of Barry Clayman and Maurice King to meet a new group from America's West coast. They turned up, a few minutes after opening time, jet-lagged and hollow-eyed, for their first press interview in the UK. They looked as if they'd much rather be in bed. But they sat, quietly, too tired even to accept the offer of an injection of alcohol. Nobody – apart from me! – was prepared to spend time interviewing a gang of unknowns."

Above and beyond such concerns, the seven-inch vinyl that bore their name began to take on a life of its own. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, it began to happen. '*Love Her*' moved like a bejewelled inchworm up the charts, increasingly reaping radio play. By late May, it was top 30 in the *NME* chart. New paths were clearing, a fresh destiny was kicking in, things were *happening*. As if adhering to some obscure cosmic script, it was now that Maurice King instructed his secretary to draw up the necessary papers, prior to making the call to the Onslow wall phone. Within hours, King and Clayman were reeling the Yanks into the Baker Street offices where, ridden with relief and with John taking the

lead, they signed, finally, on the dotted line. The Walker Brothers were now 'Capable artistes'.

Something, somewhere had obviously clicked into place. Almost immediately, their profile began to rise, with radio spots blooming into regular TV appearances - including one memorable spot as special 'Mystery' guests on *Juke Box Jury*. This saw them pulling the 'See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil' three-monkey routine as they were introduced from backstage before a bemused TV audience. As the trio finally sauntered on, however, it was obvious that the BBC camera crews had not planned for such tall guests. Apart from the slightly shorter Gary, they initially appeared from the neck down only. Still, 'Love Her' got the panel's unanimous 'Thumbs up'!

As well as pollinating the hearts of the public, the record would also introduce John, Scott and Gary professionally. Gravitating toward the trio were key players already established within the industry, followed by lesser-known faces from the pop periphery. So entered the supporting cast of key characters and bit-part players, all necessary cogs and wheels in the drama set to unfold. Among them was the photographer responsible for some of their most enduring images, Chris Walter, then an entrepreneurial young dude barely out of his teens: "As soon as I heard a new single/artist I thought would make it, or as soon as someone entered the *NME* top 30, I would set up a photo session. With the Walkers, I'd heard 'Pretty Girls Everywhere' and did my first session just as 'Love Her' came out. Those are the photos from Marble Arch. I heard later that one of them had broken a toe or something during that session, jumping about.... But anyway, after that, I just kept doing them whenever appropriate, via their management."

Ready Steady Go would, for a while, become a second home to The Walker Brothers, although little exists of their performances on this show other than the very occasional video, audio recording, and traumatic memory. During an early TV performance of 'Love her', the backing track disappeared as the speaker monitors went down. This left Scott alone in front of a live TV audience, caught on the highwire during the breakdown section of the song, when the arrangement shrinks down to just percussion and Engel's low liquid croon. With nothing to sing to, Scott carried on regardless, relying on his own sense of timing and pitch. The audience and fellow band mates watched enthralled; "I was looking over at Scott, praying that he wouldn't stop" Chuckled John, "And he carried on (regardless) except for one thing: It took him both hands to stop the microphone from Shaking"!

"My eyes were like poached eggs on toast" moaned Scott.

Simon Napier-Bell [legendary Pop manager]: "I bumped into the Walkers at *Ready Steady Go*, *Top of the Pops* and concerts. It was Michael Lindsay-Hogg, when he was directing *RSG*, who really made their image. His idea was to make them look like trees waving in the wind, filming them from the floor up - I remember the first time he did it, they hadn't liked the cameramen scrubbing around by their feet one bit, and complained bitterly after the first rehearsal. In those days there was no playback after rehearsal, nothing was taped, so they couldn't see what they looked like. Michael persisted with this idea and put up with the grumbling through all the rehearsals and after the show itself [still not taped for immediate playback]. But the next day everyone was talking about how fabulous they looked on the show and they were convinced. Their problem then

was, how to give them some semblance of the same image when they were standing on stage in a theatre.”

With momentum now sufficient to fuel itself, March 22 finally saw The Walker Brothers’ embark on their first full scale tour, filling in for The Kinks, following an onstage bust-up between the Davies brothers and co that saw Ray go down before the Cardiff audience with a cymbal in his temples. This opportunity for the Walkers - borne as it was out of violence - would prove eerily prophetic with regard to the nature of their public appearances. The female public were waiting, quite literally, to rip them apart.

John: “We walked out on stage...we were playing as a trio then. We were there for about three or four bars into the first song and that was the end of that. It was like the whole theatre was on the stage and it was the end. It was over. Bang! I was laying in the dressing room being very hurt. A riot erupted. I had a couple of ribs crushed.”

Scott: “We were on The Kinks tour. We locked our dressing room door because there were so many kids... Suddenly, some kind of rock comes hurtling through the window followed by a dozen kids. Gary locked himself in the bathroom and I’m trying to get the door unlocked. Difficult because I’ve got ten youngsters on my back trying to rip the shirt off my back. I’m lucky to be alive...”

The reaction made perfect sense to those who witnessed it –as if it could possibly go any other way, but it was hard to explain the *Science* of it. Dave Cash, as a guest, would often watch the phenomena from the safety of stage left; “They were very attractive to girls. You’re talking three guys in their early twenties – American guys, no less. Scott’s voice could certainly tickle a few fannies. They just had this Charisma. There are certain guys who just turn women on, you know.” The object of such affection would soon weary of it. “Within six months of arriving here, it was like a great mouth and hands coming for you in the night...” Scott would shudder from the safety of three decades hence.

Taking over on the tour from The Kinks post Cardiff calamity, The Walkers were at this point still appearing in their ‘original’ roles – Scott on bass, John on guitar and Gary actually tub-thumping. Debuting at the Leeds Odeon, if one could make it beyond the screaming you’d hear such nondescript material as ‘*Money*’, ‘*I’ll be Satisfied*’ and ‘*Pretty Girls Everywhere*’.

While ‘*Love Her*’s absence from the live set was both conspicuous and prophetic - a portent of dilemmas to come - such negativities barely registered now. Radio Luxembourg and the pirates were converts already, and airplay was spreading to other stations across Europe. The U.S. draft board, Vic, Tony and Manuel, Gazzarri’s and the rut that L.A. life had become was now literally a lifetime away.

Although the British weather was still pretty harsh, each packed venue in each quaint English town brought with it the thrill of the new. It felt like it was finally *happening*. And beyond the petty hardships, the hassles and grief of travel, the sloppy beds of the cheap hotels, the crappy food, the lack of sleep, the hard, bright climate, breaths freezing and vaporizing in the early morning air as the gear was loaded into the van, beyond all this was the hint and promise of something impossibly bright.

The Walker Brothers were about to become very successful and hugely famous.

Dave Dee: “The first time I heard about the Walkers, we were travelling to a gig and we bumped into another 60s band and they said, ‘Have you heard about the Walker Brothers?’ ‘No, what are they like?’ ‘Ever so good but really - big time. They’ve got these heavies with them all the time...you can’t get in the dressing room and you can’t talk to ’em.’ And we had never been used to this because this was the very beginning of the managers doing the protective showbiz thing, which got the media to talk about them...you know, making them untouchable...”

Gary: “I had told my father, I said ‘I’ve been to England and I think we’ve got a good chance there, especially with Scott and John because of the looks and the long hair and so forth.’ He said ‘What are you going to do when you get over there?’ I said ‘Oh, we’re gonna’ go over there and be bigger than The Beatles’.”