



## THE JETLINERS STOLE



## THE SHOW



Loretta (above) and the two others of The Jetliners singing trio (top right), Alston and Migrone, swayed the crowd with rock and ballad while the three guitarists and the band provided groovy support.

# WARDROCK '71

You may've seen Warlock and even Jailhouse Rock. But, did ya see Wardrock, "WARDROCK 71"? Man-o-man! 'Twas really a show of the time. Y... you jest kudn't've missed it if ya two-feet were in this town. Why even my blind friend was there to see it, you know.

Shanmukhananda Hall, venue of a majority of the city's shindigs, was once again the scene of the happening. The day was a Saturday when most of the schools 'n colleges (and even offices too!) here in Bombay were closed. It look'd s'if all these mod creatures had decided to spend their day here at this hall—to listen to Bombay's top groups in action. The crowd . . . . wow, was mad-dning. Young people in mod clothes. In bizarre, outlandish clothes! Some dark, film-sinister looking chaps had even come bare (blame the heat, not them). They wore body paint and were hung with skulls, and claws of animals. Boy, oh boy! Can't tell wideos fellows you know. Seen amongst of

'em were those sashed belts, see-through shirts, psychedelic bell-bottoms and buckle-me-please shoes (for that's what I call 'em). The girls? Ohhh... glory be! My 'twas n'thn but a Valley of Dolls. Yes, anything from minis to midis and maxis, gagras, elephant pants, bell-bottoms, and what not . . . They had decorated themselves with whatever scrap they could get hold of, like zickerings, hippie ensembles, beads, blankets, baubles, rings, and things and bangles and spangles. One would think of 'em as 'gypsies' (if not hippies) on the highway. "The crowd's f-a-n-t-a-s-t-i-c", cooked a dove. Yea, and quite fanatic too, I replied. Looks like we're in the midst of a revolution.

The time now was 10.00 a.m. when the sound of the bell was heard outside. Everybody started drifting in, with 'xception of those stand-and-stare chaps who after having nothing to feast their eyes on, cool . . . ly pop'd in . . . into the hall packed with Bombay's elite teenage crowd, most of whom were in a rollicking, holiday mood, especially

after some nerve-wracking experience called examinations. To keep them quiet, came a familiar voice from behind the high curtains. "Good morning, good morning all of you. This is Usha Iyer, comper for this morning's show. This is the first time that I'm compering a show, so . . . ." and the crowd started howling "Come out, come out". The curtains opened but she didn't (show). The hall now was in total darkness and nobody could distinguish who the group on the stage were. Not till Usha uttered "And now for the first group of the morning, we give you 'The Relations.'" The spotlight immediately fell on 'em and there they were with Stardust, highly vocalized by Raymond, (popularly known as Bombay's Tom Jones) to begin with. He sure has that voice, if not the style of Tom's. See Me (from Woodstock) was their next number sung by their lead guitarist. It was a real pity when the mike got cut off and this buddy had to do it all over again. He didn't know it . . . at least not till the crowd started



## CHRISTOPHER D'SOUZA drops in on a happening fantastic in Bombay compounded of delicious sound, decorated dollies, war painted males and Usha Iyer too.

Pix by TAIYEB BADSHAH

shouting "Mike Mike". He did anyway begin that number again and ended it well. With their drummer beating it, he continued into Freedom (another from Woodstock), followed by Midnight Special and then Light My Fire. For that current hit, Raymond gave us that George Harrison's My Sweet Lord which won him a never-ending applause. What's

more, My Prayer, Raymond's concluding number, kept the audience real sittin' in their seats. "AND NOW, The JS group, The Busy Bees," shouted Usha. The curtains opened and o-o-ops! What was happening? Looked like they'd just returned from a JS-mobile trip. All looked so busted up — running here, running there. The Bees

were busy setting up their equipment. "Ready?" asked Ronnie, their leader. "Yea," came the reply and b-o-o-m they went into a bang with Lonesome Port, a Japanese instrumental to begin with. Never did I or the crowd hear them play so well. They sure deserved that tremendous applause. From that film Mackenna's Gold, came Turkey Buzzard, harmonized by Ronnie, and then another vocal Inside Out. Afraid that the Bees would sting the crowd with their music, the curtains closed soon on 'em, soon after they finished off with an instrumental.

The Combustibles, Bombay's highly volatile group came on next. Their choice of numbers were Write My Caesar, Sea Of Madness, Cross Roads, and American Woman by Everett Perry their vocalist. One time saw their rhythm guitarist, Nissim Ezekiel (dressed in a green silk troubadour) doing the funniest 'walk-don't-dance' on the stage. Handsome and gregarious Lionel Taylor (lead guitarist), for some ludicrous reasons, kept changing his guitar at intervals. The Combustibles ended with an instrumental with Bobby (their drummer) throwing his stick, after giving a sizzling solo. The stick dropped just in front of Taiyeb (the JS photographer) seated in the front row who immediately picked it up, went on to the stage and gave it to the drummer saying "Wish you'd thrown your drums instead." The curtains flapped, closed.

## SAVAGES, BUSY BEES & RELATIONS

The Busy Bees (left) stung the crowd with their music, the Savages (above) thundered the beat and loud while the Relations' drummer (bottom left) beat it hot. Relations' singer Raymond sang it cool.

The first 747 paper missile bearing the name of Wardrock '71 (torn from the souvenir bearing that name) had just landed on the stage. Almost immediately many followed to shoot towards The Shock Treatment who had just made their appearance. Who were they? The Set Up, Usha announced, had just changed their name to The Shock Treatment. Gawsh, I said. They certainly gave us a shock. What about the treatment? Hmmm . . . not so bad. Vain Michael, the vocalist, opened with Richie Havens—Freedom. Boy! He really grooved it. The stage at one time was left all to their drummer to demonstrate his mastery over his drums.

"Usha come out, come out, show thyself," jeered the crowd. Her voice came out, she didn't. "For the last of this half, we give you The Savages. They started with a heart thundering instrumental which set the audience swinging (rather uncomfortably perhaps) in their

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# WARDROCK '71

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seats. Russel, dressed in a red ruffle-fronted shirt, put up a good show. His version of Midnight Confessions was a pretty one which got the crowd repeating several encores. The man behind the drums was none other than our man Bashir who thrilled the audience with the well-known Born To Be Wild. Wild as he is, Bashir can be still more if you leave him to his drums, amply evidenced during the three full minutes he pounded away—go man go!

The rest of the group gave solid instrumental support, including some grand lead-guitar-ing and organ playing. On came Russel again. This time with a song from Woodstock—Coming In From Los Angeles. What impressed the audience was the calmness and easiness with which he played his guitar and sang so well. His last was that Beatles' favourite Long Tall Sally—a number emphasized by several ear-piercing shrieks and blood-curdling screeches. Cut. Cool it. The pop groups left the stage with the crowd howling for more, more, more. The crowd was now waiting anxiously, impatiently for the group that they had all come to see—the group that was largely responsible for the packed hall—The Jetliners. This was the first time that The Jetliners ever appeared to the people of Bombay in public, in such a mammoth gathering as they'd never seen before. "To tell you the truth, I was rather (though not very) nervous at first," said Mignonne when I met her backstage. The Jet-

liners, undoubtedly Ceylon's topmost band, play anything from soul to strict tempo, from Latin American to jazz. They have had successful appearances with Mignonne and Loretta in India and Singapore, and have many LPs and EPs to their credit. The members of the group are a drummer, three guitarists and singers Mignonne (the group inspiration!), Loretta and Alston. Mignonne popularly known as Miss Music has been voted Ceylon's best female singer. Apart from being a top singer, Mignonne plays the electric organ, piano, sitar and melodica. She also arranges and composes music and records with The Jetliners. Loretta, a popular young vocalist, also sings with The Jetliners. Alston, lead male vocalist, a newcomer to the group, is really going great guns with the gals and the guys. Taking both rock and ballads in his stride, Alston now hopes to make out on the trumpet. This was Alston's first trip to Bombay. He has been with The Jetliners now for nearly 15 months. He was a motor engineer at first in Colombo and later took up music. "Music is my first love," he said, and then, "Girls." Alston was also the leader of a group entitled The Hellions. So much for now. Jet with JS if you really wanna know more of 'em.

The three guitarists and drummer had come immaculately dressed in a white double breasted gold-buttoned suit and colourful shirts fringed with a mod tie. The band opened with Light My Fire in silhouette dur-

ing which Mignonne introduced the players to the audience. Mignonne, I must say, looked appealing and glamorous in that beautiful yellow mini. Loretta had also worn a light purple mini dress. After lighting the fire for the start, Mignonne came next with George Harrison's ballad rendition of My Sweet Lord. She swayed the restive audience to her side and held them spell-bound as she sang her way through this number. "My Lord!" I exclaimed, "if she could only get this on the grooves"... I Love You, so sang Alston, followed by Loretta swinging it out with I Beg Your Pardon. How lovely she looked as she twisted and turned and swayed. Her charming style had captivated the hearts of many. Rompin' around the stage was Alston in a number The Plight Of The Rat (dunno if I have the name correct) which was quite a rattling one. Man if there was a swinger, he's it, jumpin', rolling, lolling, gyrating like Sajid or more like Tom Jones. Mignonne accompanied him well on the organ. I tell ya she's as good with the organ as with her voice. How well she sang the theme from Love Story.

It takes two to move the crowd and that was when Alston and Mignonne had come up with Shake Me Shake. "O come on, join in, c'man clap! Let me hear all of you clap like this ..." and the crowd responded all with a CLAP so loud that I think would've made even a deaf man hear. Mignonne sure knows how to establish rapport with the audience.

A little bit of this, a little bit of that. So how about some Bialas (Ceylon's favourite) for a change. O-hoh! You'd betta be tied up in your seats if you dawn't wanna find yourself out of it.

The Jetliners played almost professionally and brought the house down with their singing and high toned soul-oriented music which was complex, with a solid beat and psychedelic overtones, rocking the hall to its foundation. The sound system and acoustics of the hall added enchantment and listening was a pleasure. The curtains finally descended amidst thunderous ovation.

No one hides behind the curtains for long—not from a gathering of over 3,000 people. And so, at last, Usha aya, to be greeted with yells of "Go home, go home" before she could even begin her first number.

As the show came to an end, from out of Shanmukhananda Hall erupted a blaze of colour. Flowing from east to west, it broke into smaller chintzes and very soon all vanished and what had been a pulsating, noisy morning, instantly became sombre and grey in the heart of the afternoon.



ALSTON OF THE JETLINERS