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Getting It Right

"Memories Made of Music"

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paula Moderator Posted - 03/04/2007: 01:10:30



Like others here at LTD, I receive occasional email "alerts" related to "Dusty Springfield"...maybe you've heard of her?

I thought this one deserved a posting since the writer is indeed a Dusty fan & along with the great articles we have been reading from the past posted by Kathy, Carole & others...its great to see Dusty admirers still writing about her to this day.

Enjoy 😁

paula x

USA 5012 Posts

COMMENTARY
Memories made of music
Jeff Simon
Updated: 03/27/07 6:42 AM

So I'm watching "American Idol" last week, which is not my usual habit, to put it mildly. And there, as big as my TV set will allow them to be, were two people I never thought I'd see again — Peter Noone of Herman's Hermits and Lulu. Both were far smarter, more street tough and likable than I could ever have expected.

It was "British Invasion Night," as you'll recall. Sanjaya sang the Kinks' "You Really Got Me" and, by God, sweet-looking little girls were crying ecstatic tears of joy (he's the new Fabian, I tell you — no talent but he drives the girls nuts.)

But, hey, for a while now I've been listening to a three-disc set called "The British Beat: Best of the '60's" (Shout! Factory), the featured pledge item for a PBS concert special of the same name. It's been like being aurally trapped inside the world's longest "Ed Sullivan Show." You won't find the Beatles or the Stones on it. Obviously, they couldn't afford Sir Mick's and Sir Paul's prices. Or Herman's Hermits, either.

But Lulu's "To Sir With Love" is there, all about the slum teacher — Sidney Poitier in the movie — who took her "from crayons to perfume," which sounds like an NBC "Dateline" investigation waiting to happen. Or an episode of "Cold Case."

The secret about Top 40 popular music is how silly much of it sounds 40 years later. On the other hand, some good stuff stays wonderful. You can't imagine how many fruitless hours I spent trying to convince people — including the woman I'd marry — how great Dusty Springfield was. Her critical beatification was still a few years off. Drop her name now and you generally have to prepare for a general swoon of cognoscenti. Not back then.

A lot of people took up weird musical causes back then. Legendary classical pianist Glenn Gould used to go around writing essays on the revelatory genius of Petula Clark and "Downtown" ("pop music's most persuasive embodiment of The Gidget Syndrome ... 'Downtown' is the most affirmatively diatonic exhortation in the key of E-major since the unlikely team of Felix Mendelssohn and Harriett Beecher Stowe.") Dusty Springfield was one of mine.

And then "The British Beat" brought "Wishin' and Hopin' "back into my ears. Oops. That wasn't the Dusty I could hold forth on for hours. Nor is that a song the "American Idol" kids are going to seize on to wow Simon, Paula and Randy. Ah, but then, six songs later you get Dusty singing Burt Bacharach's "The Look of Love," and I realized that I hadn't been poisoned by bygone hormonal rapture after all. She's that good — still.

So, incredibly, is a lot on "The British Beat" — little pop music miracles like The Moody Blues "Nights in White Satin," Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade of Pale," Gerry and the Pacemakers' "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," the Zombies' "She's Not There" and "Time of the Season."

But then, for every "She's Not There" by the Zombies, there were 20, no doubt, like "Tell Her No." And Gerry and the Pacemakers weren't in the "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying" and "Ferry Cross the Mersey" business, they were in the "How Do You Do It" business.

What happens to pop music after its freshness date is that it turns into nostalgia, the soundtrack of your memories.

I can't listen, for instance, to Donovan's "Mellow Yellow" without thinking of the satanic grin of a girl-hunting old friend every time he'd hear "elec-tri-cal banana's/going to be a sudden craze/electri- cal banana's/bound to be the very next phase." What amused him so wasn't the thought of being in a rebel generation so eager to get high they'd smoke dried banana skins, it was a world that had suddenly and completely devoted itself to the latest "sudden craze" — the world we're still in, frankly.

In a world devoted to the latest "sudden craze," who's to say that, after "Mellow Yellow," the very "next phase" might not be a grinning asthmatic who could give a girl a ride home?

jsimon@buffnews.com. Breaking News Video



Posted - 03/04/2007: 02:32:57



Australia

This is a great article Paula, thanks for posting it. It is wonderful to see the esteem in which Dusty is held today. A lot of Dusty's music has transcended time and still speaks directly to us today. Music, like the sensation of smell, has a powerful ability to bring back memories, sad and happy. The effect of this was brought home to me one evening at a theatre as I watched the Seekers singing Morningtown Ride. The woman next to me burst into tears and I wondered what overwhelming memories that brought back to her.

XX Kathy









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United Kingdom

Thanks for that - It's so good that there are still more Dusty fans out there.

Matt.

16 weeks; then a different country, here I come!!



Posted - 03/04/2007: 19:59:37





There are fans everywhere, I'm constantly coming across little snippets on the net, in newspapers and in life in general. Like a couple of days ago in the dry cleaners when the owner noticed my Dusty keyring! He'd been a fan since the sixties, not someone who visits forums maybe, but there are many folk like him. "Her beautification...", I like that. It was a nice little, well written piece Paula, thanks for posting.

United Kingdom

Carole x

Since you went away, I've been hanging around...

