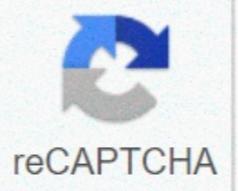




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Rock music definition quora

Maybe, this time, rock is really dead. Justin Bieber, Drake and Rihanna dominated the pop charts in 2016. The most critically acclaimed albums of the year were produced mainly by pop stars, rappers and people whose work freely falls into the R&B category. very good younger bands that sound like very good bands from behind in the day, such as car seat headrest and parquet courts; or people who literally died, like David Bowie and Leonard Cohen, who both made albums about dying. That's a very good thing, culturally speaking. The national music scene has never been so diverse. Too often, especially in rock flowering, it was dominated by acts that took their bones out of accepting nonwhite music and sanitizing it for white audiences. This tradition undoubtedly lives on, in musicians like Justin Bieber, but pop charts and critics' notebooks accurately reflect the American mosaic in a way that really did before. We may be in the middle of a huge leap back as a country, but at least the music is good. Even the country charts are pretty woken up. In 1972, The Who frontman Roger Daltrey sang: Rock is dead, long live rock. But in 2016, he told the London Times, Rock reached an impasse. ... The only people who say the things that matter are rappers, and most of pop is meaningless and forgetful. Rock music this year has been defined by death, resentful, and baby boomers making the last grass on the significance of what was most evident in the slew of memoirs of aging rock stars. The death wrapped its icy claws around 2016 at the start of the year and did not let go. Bowie released his latest album Blackstar on January 8 and died two days later after a long secret battle with cancer. Blackstar - his scariest work since the late 1970s and also his best-felt as a kind of obituary. (It was also accompanied by two truly terrifying music videos.) Only Bowie could echo both Keats and Kendrick Lamar as he morbidly sang about his crumbling body and impending demise. Bowie and I had all the clues. But you didn't really see it with Prince. Yes, there have been rumours of drug use and the plane's emergency landing, but his death on 21 January 2015 was a serious serious problem. The greatest composer, artist and musician of his generation, Prince's music was as idiosyncratic and transgressive as pop music gets. No one wrote about fucking better than Prince, before or since. To mark Prince's classic rock feels sinitu: Prince does Prince's music, and Darling Nikki doesn't exactly blow up the age of classic rock radio like Hotel California. Prince combined multiple genres - funk, soul, R&B and, yes, rock - without neatly falling into one category. But Prince also marked something of an evolutionary era in rock music: After that, rock stars looked backwards more like they did before, and certainly looked more at rock's own past than they did in other genres. In the course of 2016, we Eagles frontman Glenn Frey, Jefferson Airplane guitarist Paul Kantner, fifth Beatle George Martin, Earth, Wind & Fire genius Maurice White, prog rock maniac/E in ELP Keith Emerson, Elvis guitarist Scotty Moore, nightmare machine Alan Vega, King Crimson singer/L in ELP Greg Lake, true weird visionary Leon Russell, and most recently, heir to the Kingdom of Freddie Mercury George Michael. If you were to expand the category a little further, there would be the second-largest (but most literary) composer of your generation Leonard Cohen; poet laureate of the poor, but proud Merle Haggard; experimental guide Tony Conrad; alternative country godfather Guy Clark; bluegrass virtuoso Ralph Stanley; and danc queen Sharon Jones. If you were to summarize what happened in rock music in 2016, you'd say, People died. If you were a rocker in reasonably good health who put out a reasonably successful record in the 1960s or 1970s and still write a book, chances are you wrote a book or had one written about you in 2016. As the publishing industry became more vulnerable, it became more risk averse. Established names with established audiences – preferably older audiences who spend money on things like books – have become increasingly valuable. After the success of The Chronicles of Bob Dylan, Keith Richards's Life, and Patti Smith's Only Children, publishers are hot for baby boomer nostalgia, while musicians are just as hot at box office checks. In 2016, Bruce Springsteen, Phil Collins, Brian Wilson, Mike Love, Robbie Robertson, Johnny Marr and Sebastian Bach published all the memoirs – in a few cases they even wrote them, too. But with the exception of Springsteen's joyous memoir, a sense of resentful permeates these books to serve as well-deserved winning rounds. The desire to bask in fame turns out to be inseparable from the sense that credit has not been given where it's due. This quaint mixture of self-confidence and resentment - call it baby boomer revenge - was reflected in the 2016 policy, which was defined reactively by the nostalgia that led to Brexit and the election of Donald Trump, two catastrophic events that came as a result of the expressed resistance of younger generations. That rock is the kind of evil should come as no surprise in the case of Mike Love, who has emerged as the most famous villain in the Beach Boys tradition. Love's good vibe is, despite its name, bitter, angry, cynical, and very direct about its primary purpose, which is to correct the widely held impression that love is an. The memoir is a case over and over again that love was the hero of the Beach Boys and everyone else (except perhaps Carl Wilson, who is portrayed as childlike and naive) was a rogue. Love treats the late 1960s—which is the period we're really talking about when we're talking about a Sixties-like confusing period of cultural decline. Love has little patience for the enthusiasts who surrounded Brian Wilson when he made Pet Sounds and worked through Smile. Love, the Beach Boys were a quintessential American band, dedicated to surfing, joyriding, and hamburger stands—something Brian's sound experiments didn't go away. Love presents himself as a guy who calls out the crap: He doesn't let pushy drug dealers and diminishes control of his life like Brian; will not allow other people to make all decisions, like Carl; He doesn't fuck everything that moves and hang out with Charles Manson, like Dennis Wilson. He's the captain of his angry, angry soul. Love is very open about not really getting or participating in the Sixties. In addition to joining the Beatles to study with the Maharishi and develop an interest in environmentalism, he fell out of step with his times, in large part because the Beach Boys were considered square. He writes admirably of Ronald Reagan and George H.W. Bush—he may not like all their policies, but they invited the Beach Boys to play for them, and for love that is really all that counts. (It doesn't even mention all the terrible things he has done in his personal life. I lost track of a kind wife on page 200. He informs the reader of the death of his biological daughter with a footnote containing the appendix that he is not and has never been in contact with his son. And on page 16 he admits to using the n-word in high school, but says it was fine because he had an appreciation-really affection-for who they were and what they were all about, which means black people.) The band is Robbie Robertson's in many ways. Love is the opposite. He's a meticulous storyteller who's mostly happy with being a fan of what they think they want: stories about famous people he met. His memoir Testimony is what you'd expect from the writer of The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down. His prose is literary, exact and unassuming, his scenes are well-built, and there is a glint in his otherwise bright eyes. But there is quite a bit of score-settling in testimony as well. If you know anything about the story of the band after the 1976 last waltz, you should know that it was defined by a bitter alteration between Robertson and a group of other members, not only Levon Helm, but also Rick Danko, Richard Manuel, and Garth Hudson. Robertson has been accused of ripping them off by claiming a single songwriting credit for almost all of the group's output, thereby securing the lion's share of royalty-living on the light street while others scraped off. Robertson was also accused of breaking up The Band because he wanted to become a star, twisting the arms of the other four members who relied on the tour to survive. Robertson sidestepped this very tense history with false objectivity. The band's complicated afterlife is never openly mentioned in the lyrics, which gives the impression that Robertson is having a high path. It's not. Instead, Robertson carefully inserts his version of events. In his release, after initially sharing a songwriting credit with members of his band-and thus splitting the money-Robertson grumpily take it back from them when they are short on cash. (The implication in any case, but Garth is that they need money because they are addicted to cocaine, heroin, or both.) Similarly, Robertson makes it clear that he was an adult group, one who guaranteed that he got paid. While others were crashing cars and snorting coke, Robertson made sure the whole damn thing didn't fall apart. (Robertson admits to drug use at the time, but always distances his cocaine use from his teammates.) The same goes for breaking up the Band-he didn't do it because he thought his new friendship with Martin Scorsese was going to propel him to (even greater) fame, but because he feared that if the group kept touring, that one of them would die. All this is like a rebuttal to his teammate Levon Helm's scorching autobiography. This Wheel's On Fire. While Helm accused Robertson's vanity of breaking up the band, Robertson accuses Helm of drug use. It was like some demon crawling into my friend's soul and pushing a crazy, angry button, writes Robertson. Phil Collins's memoir, aptly titled Not Dead Yet, is largely a response to his status as an avatar in the 1980s. Collins has a sense of humor about it, but is not yet dead; he is nonetheless colored by his perceived rejection of his successors. (Perhaps the crudest rejection comes from Oasis's Liam Gallagher, who brushes Collins off as he was-was when trying to make an introduction.) Collins is far more modest than either Love or Robertson, however, letting Peter Gabriel and his Genesis teammates take great credit for their early 70s success and set aside their own underrated, trailblazing drumming and production. But Collins, still an optimist, thinks history will blame him. At the end of the book, he glows about the praise he has received from rappers like Kanye West. The Rockers may have rejected it, but even now they're dinosaurs - people like the West are the future, and Collins knows it. Springsteen's book is the best rock memoir published this year, though it is characteristically rewritten in some places. Here's Springsteen writing about Elvis's debut on The Ed Sullivan Show: Barricades have been attacked! FREEDOM SONG WAS SUNG! THE BELLS OF FREEDOM WERE RUNGS! THE HERO HAS ARRIVED. THE OLD ORDER WAS OVERTHROWN. Teachers, parents, fools so sure they knew how-the only way to build a life, have an impact on things and to make a man or woman out of themselves were challenged. THE HUMAN ATOM HAS JUST DIVIDED THE WORLD INTO TWO PARTS. Springsteen's memoir runs as hot as it should, given his penchant for marathon four-hour shows. But it's also unusually reflective, a book that is clearly the result of a considerable amount of therapy, much of which is related to his relationship with his father, the source of his musical inspiration. One thing these books have in common is the general ambivalence about the time period their authors have largely identified For Love and Robertson, it's the 60s and early 70s; for Springsteen and Collins 70s and 80s. These writers know they have made history, but they are not quite sure what this history means. They are baby boomers who are abundantly proud of their generation's cultural achievements, but watch out for its political heritage. Rock, however, was not without triumphs in 2016. Bob Dylan won the Nobel Prize for Literature. There was something ironic about Dylan's triumph, in that Dylan's influence wasn't as strong as it used to be. Popular music may have replaced literature as a cultural influence a long time ago, but other genres have replaced rock, folk and blues. Dylan's Nobel Prize win also felt like a belated shot at a cultural war that ended long ago-anyone who doesn't think Dylan's music should be taken seriously is rightly dismissed as a clique. And then there was Desert Trip, the immeasurable and accurately labelled Oldchella, a mega-concert featuring Dylan, The Rolling Stones (who incidentally released their first good album in three decades in 2016), Paul McCartney, Roger Waters, The Who, and Neil Young. In one respect, Oldchella was a fitting gem in the crown of 2016: a testament to the understanding influence of rock. Rock music hasn't been this irrelevant since the late 1950s and early 1960s, when its momentum was halted by Elvis joining the Army, Buddy Holly hit an Iowa cornfield, and Chuck Berry was sent to prison for violating the Mann Act. Very little can be said about Don MacLean's Saccharine and the awkward American Pie, a song that persists entirely because baby boomers are particularly prone to a particularly lewd version of nostalgia. Rock once returned from the dead when he was brought to life by four young men from Liverpool. But this time it looks like it may be gone forever. Good.