

Ray Davies, It's Alright (Havana Version - The Kinks

They were soon joined by a third manager. This guy was almost as tall as they were. His name was Larry. And Larry spoke in a very slow deliberate way. And Larry always smokes his long Havana cigar. He always had one lit. And he always referred to me as cock. No no. Cock is a London expression for mate, chum.

“Hello cock. How are you cock? How's your cock, cock, alright?”

But Larry was crucial. Larry was very important. Because he knew people in the music industry. Robert and Grenville had failed to get us a recording contract. But Larry knew a man who knew a man. Larry said

“Now we gotta be opportunistic. We gotta find you a name”

One evening we were having a drink in pub with Larry and somebody commented on the fake leather caps that Dave and Pete were wearing.

Someone else said that we were wearing kinky boots. A few days later Larry showed us the mock-up of the artwork for the advertisement.

And there we were. We were called: The Kinks. And I hated it.

But Larry's eyes were glowing with excitement. “Kinks, cock, Kinks.

“Kinks, cock, Kinks. It's short, five letters. You'll be bottom of the bill, but you need something that will stand out and Kinks will stand out.

I can see it. The curiosity value will be incredible. That's a gimmick,

me old cocker. We'll all dress in leather with whips and riding boots,

very kinky. We'll put the pictures in the trades, they'll love it. Maybe we

got to get a new stage gear, my boys, lots of buckles and leather strips”

I hated the name Kinks, but what did I know.

But Larry knew a man who knew a man, and this man got us a three

single deal with Pye Records. The first record was a cover of Little

Richard's Long tall Sally, but it died a death. The follow-up was significant

in that it was the first song I had composed for The Kinks, a very naive optimistic song called You still want me. Unfortunately nobody did.

The third record had to be hit, otherwise we'd get kicked off the label.