

Introduction

by Sir Bob Geldof

God, those bloody McCartneys. You ask one of them to pitch up – the musical genius one – and next minute the photographers, designers, guitarists, activists, mothers, babies, sisters, aunties, uncles and the rest all come and get stuck in. There must be something in that Liverpool mud.

Here's the brothers bit. The photographer, poet, hit songwriter one. He who captured perfectly a coming moment and a different age just before it happened, with his Box Brownie or whatever. Who felt something long before anyone else. Who could hear the sound of it being born downstairs in the sitting room long before every one else. And he shot it.

Here he's at it again, with his Box Brownie Digital. Taking shots of maybe another age being born. One that maybe realises all the hope and optimism in his younger (older?) brother's music. Watching, not being noticed, unseen seeing; a silent shutter drops and he's got the informal crowdedness and jostling of that day. The informal eagerness of music with purpose.

Everyone (literally, everyone) watching the front, where 'their kid' kicked the world into rock 'n roll heaven with a reminder of another concert 20 years ago that had changed things; where he also played one of our collective culture's anthems he just happened to have written ... and then he sent the world home to bed in wonder, to think about what had been achieved and what was possible.

This is Mike's personal memoir of another McCartney family day out. A through-the-gaps, over-the-head glimpse of something beyond a concert. Of something happening to be remembered, so that endless McCartney grandchildren will look at and see Grandad Paul and his mates photographed by Granpa Mike on that day they learn about in school, or see on their download whatever.

They do that personal thing, those McCartneys. Good family to get the world going, them lot.