In the late 1950s there came a new kind of music and a new kind of dance. It came suddenly. It started in America and it crossed the Atlantic quickly. They called it Rock 'n Roll.

The King of Rock 'n Roll was Elvis Presley. Teenagers loved him. Their parents hated him.

"Great music," said the son. - "Terrible noise," said the father.

The young people loved the way Elvis moved his hips. They called him "Elvis the Pelvis".

"Fantastic," said the girls. - "Shocking," said their mothers.

Parents were worried. Some television stations refused to show his hips. They only showed Elvis from the waist up. On stage, Elvis wore amazing clothes - suits of gold and silver.

But at home, he wore a T-shirt, an old leather jacket and blue jeans. More and more teenagers began to wear leather jackets and jeans. They liked them tight. Girls put on their new jeans and got in the bath. They wanted to shrink them. They wanted them skin-tight.

"Nice," said the boys. - "Disgusting," said their parents.

There were other heroes. One was James Dean. He died tragically in a car crash in 1955. He was a symbol of the new generation. His most famous film was "Rebel without a Cause". It was the story of a teenage boy. He had trouble with his parents. They did not understand him. All through the film he wore blue jeans. The cinemas were full.

Teenagers watched James Dean and they saw themselves. They wore blue jeans. It was the uniform of the sixties.

"You don't like our friends. You don't like our records. You don't like our clothes."

"You have a nice home. We give you everything you want. Why can't you dress like us? Why can't you be like us?"

"We don't want to be like you. We want to be ourselves. You don't understand. Leave us alone!"

And so they watched James Dean. They listened to Elvis. The girls had pony tails and the boys put grease on their hair. They wore their blue jeans and they danced to Rock 'n Roll. They rebelled.