

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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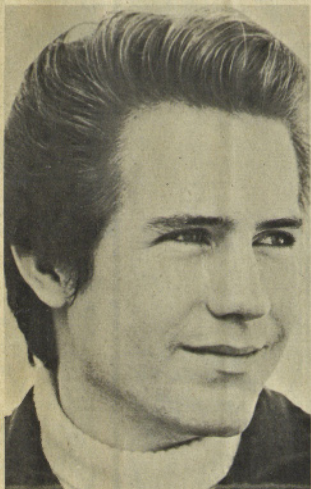
KRLA
Edition

BEAT

AUGUST 13, 1966

BOBBY FULLER'S STRANGE DEATH

PAGE 1



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

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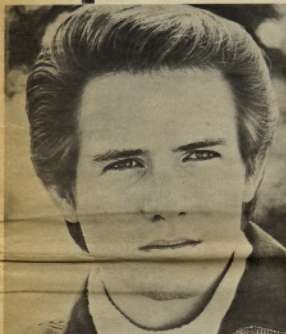


Words To Donovan's 'Sunshine Superman'

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BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

Top Star's Death Probed



BOBBY FULLER — "Enjoyed people, had many friends — no excesses."

'Revolver' Is Title For New Beatle LP

By Tony Barrow

During their Germany/Far East tour THE BEATLES worked out a final running order for their upcoming U.K. album, due for Parlophone release August 5.

Having settled on a final sequence for the 14 all-new numbers, they held a series of concentrated discussions about a suitable title for the album. More than 50 different ideas were discussed but the unanimous choice favoured Paul's simple yet effective one-word suggestion—"REVOLVER."

GEORGE HARRISON has written three of the 14 numbers and on each of these he is the featured lead vocalist. They are "TAX MAN," "LOVE YOU TO," and "I WANT TO TELL YOU." On the second of these tracks George has created a terrific string introduction and on the third Paul plays piano in the background.

RINGO STARR's vocal solo is "YELLOW SUBMARINE" and I'd say this kiddie-angled ditty is destined to become his most successful track to date. Paul, John and George join him vocally for the catchy chorus lines and there's a series of carefully-placed

sound effects at appropriate points throughout the arrangement.

Of the remaining 10 Lennon-McCartney compositions, five have vocal leads handled by John and five feature Paul. The Lennon quintet runs like this: "I'M ONLY SLEEPING," "SHE SAID, SHE SAID," "AND YOUR BIRD CAN SING," "DOCTOR ROBERT," "TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS." That last number was given its title by Ringo and the track includes a host of weird sound effects created specially for the occasion by Paul.

Paul's set includes "ELEANOR RIGBY," "HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE," "GOOD DAY SUNSHINE," "FOR NO ONE" and "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE."

"Eleanor Rigby is Paul's ballad specialty in the "REVOLVER" program. The precision-built lyrics tell a meaningful story and Paul is backed by strings just as he was for his two biggest previous ballad hits. For me this is one of the album's stand-out performances and the commercial chart potential of "Eleanor Rigby" is limitless.

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DYLAN MARRIAGE RUMOR CONFIRMED

Bob Dylan's long rumored marriage to Sarah Lownds has been confirmed in an article by the Saturday Evening Post. The article also disclosed Dylan has fathered a son — Jesse Byron Dylan — in the past year.

Dylan, who has tried desperately to keep his marriage a secret, recently purchased a townhouse in Manhattan's fashionable East 30's, the article said.

When rumors of Dylan's marriage spread throughout Europe prior to his most recent tour

there the Wizard of Words remained typically elusive on the subject. The Post story carried the first public admission of the marriage by a national magazine.

The article said Dylan has been married to the beautiful, black-haired Sarah Lownds for about a year. *The BEAT* was one of the first publications to mention Dylan's marriage, giving reports on the rumor of it for the past four months.

After the release of the Post article Dylan was unavailable for comment — and even if he were he would probably deny the marriage.

Body Discovered In Parked Auto

The small recording studio on Selma Boulevard was cloaked in a dirge-like atmosphere. Inside, people spoke very little—and when they did it was mostly to offer condolences.

In one corner of the downstairs reception room glittered Mustang Records' showcase... a large, glassed-in enclosure featuring moments and milestones of the company's youngest and brightest star.

Five records, arranged in a chain from top to bottom, were flanked on every corner by pictures of a gentle looking fellow with dark, questioning eyes. And sprinkled throughout the showcase were buttons and stickers that read "Bobby Fuller & The Everettes."

But Bobby Fuller didn't last forever. He was only 23—a promising young singer from Texas

whose friends said he "just liked to be around people"—when he was found dead in his car parked in front of his home.

And no one knew why. A slight, restrained blend of conversation became noticeable as more reporters squeezed into the tiny office and joined some of Bobby's friends and close business associates. Somewhere in the background a big, somber-faced executive was telling a reporter why he thought the popular singer hadn't committed suicide, as first reports indicated.

"There was just no reason for him to take his own life," said Bob Keene, president of Mustang Records. "I've been closely associated with him for the past two years, during which time he has not given any indication of being unstable emotionally. He enjoyed people, had many friends and had no excesses."

But, he was reminded, when Bobby's body was discovered on the night of July 18 there were

indications of suicide. The windows had all been rolled up and in the front seat with Bobby was a half-full gasoline can and a rubber hose. Gasoline saturated the upholstery but there was no obvious sign of struggle.

Even the preliminary autopsy revealed that Bobby had consumed a large amount of gasoline — enough to kill a man.

"I know," Keene said, "but the preliminary autopsy did not say that was what necessarily killed him. We won't know that until the final autopsy is released later in the week."

"It just didn't make sense," the executive insisted. "Bobby was not in a depressed state of mind prior to his death. His mother supposedly told reporters last night that her son had become desperate in the last few days, but I talked to her this morning and she said she never made the statements."

Keene said that even during

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Eric Suffers Convulsions After Emergency Landing

Eric Burdon was almost hospitalized and the Animals/Herman's Hermits U.S. tour almost ended in tragedy recently, but with a bundle of determination and a stroke of luck both the troupe and Eric continued the barnstorming tour.

But it just wasn't in the cards for the entertainers to keep a scheduled engagement in Denver, Colorado.

First, the private plane carrying the 24-man troupe was forced to make an emergency landing in Farmington, N.M. while in route to Denver.

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to Denver. Lack of sufficient oxygen in the cabin of the plane forced the landing.

Eric, who has a long history of asthma, suffered a mild convulsion. After a thorough doctor's examination, however, the Animals' lead singer was judged well enough to continue the tour.

Several other members of the troupe weren't so lucky, however. Two of the passengers — members of a group called the 3 and 1/2 that open shows for the Herman's Hermits/Herman's Hermits troupe, arranged for extra oxygen to be rushed to the Farmington Airport. It was, and with the new

supply of oxygen the boys were allowed to fly to Denver in time for their appearance in Bear Stadium. But alas, a hailstorm cancelled the performance.

Napoleon Is Record Star

With the sounds of sirens serving as backup music for a psychotic, bemoaning the departure of his pet canine, "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa..." is apparently the fastest breaking single pop recording of the year.

A mystery man who goes under the guise of Napoleon XIV is responsible for the smash record-



ing, and he evidently has such a good thing going with the record he refuses to divulge his name.

As a result of the enormous response to the recording, Napoleon XIV is being besieged with offers from booking agents, television shows and night clubs.

Thus far he has not responded, as he prefers to remain incognito.

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Beatle, Stone Fans Unite!

Dear BEAT:

I saw a popular teen show recently where some "pro-Beatle" and "pro-Stone" fans had an impromptu debate which was of the top singing group in the world.

First, I'll tell you where I stand. My favorites are still The Beatles and they probably will be for a long time to come. But I've purchased nearly all of the Rolling Stone albums and consider them a fantastic group also. I've seen both groups perform.

Now, I'd like to know why most kids insist upon "taking sides" — either for The Beatles or for The Stones. Each side tries to put its group on top of the other, which is ridiculous. Both groups are great because they're improving their styles constantly and becoming more versatile.

My person insists upon putting these two groups "in order," the only possible way would be to use popularity as a basis. One can always say that this group is more popular than that one because it's statistical. But to say which group is better is a matter of opinion. In closing, I'd like to say: "Beatle and Stone fans of the world unite."
(That'll be the day...) Alice Villanueva

QUESTIONS FOR BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

The Beatles do, indeed, seem to be killing themselves. Not over the album cover — to me, it's ridiculous to be getting all steamed up over such a silly thing. It's what's inside the cover that should matter, not what's on it.

Not over Mania, because what happened there wasn't their fault. How could they go to that reception if they didn't even know about it?

The Beatles are killing themselves — because they just don't seem to CARE anymore. Maybe it's because they've made their millions, and don't want to bother anymore. I don't know. They've stopped giving... they've stopped trying.

I'm not writing this because I hate the Beatles, because I don't. I love them more than anything, and always will. But what they've been doing (or haven't been doing) hurts. It hurts terribly, and I just wish that someone would ask them, WHY?

Hart and Confused

Dear BEAT:

Well, the Beatles have done it now. For good. They can be excused for the pathetically poor album they just released and they might even be forgiven for the ridiculous distasteful cover accompanying the record. And there's probably some reason for losing their once-close contact with their fans.

But not even the Beatles can publicly insult an entire country, and they went to India and received the same kind of reaction there.

Paul apologized and this might be interpreted as a partial compensation for their snub of the First Lady, but John didn't even display that little bit of courtesy. "I didn't even know the country HAD a president," he said, and in effect further insulted the Philippines.

But John may soon realize the folly of his sarcastic comments. Perhaps George best summed up the Beatle situation when he said, "Now we can go to America and really get beaten up." He may be right.

Eric Weiss

Dear BEAT:

The controversy over the new Beatle single seems to me to be a case of artists outdistancing their audience. In the past their music, though usually superior, was still only a reworking of standard forms employed by many others in the past. Now that they are accomplishing true innovations, many of the fans are afraid to accompany them. The fact that many of the girls were disappointed with their TV sequence stems from the absence of screams and is very telling.

I thought the sequence on the Sullivan show was very moving, and those who see only "weirdness" in the new songs reveal their own shallowness. If rock and roll is to become generally regarded as a serious musical force in our time and not just a field where amateurs with press agents grind out popular clichés to unsophisticated ears, then it must begin right here.

Lester Bangs

Dear BEAT:

It looks as though the sincere are separating from the phonies. The ones that liked the Beatles because everyone else did are starting to be repulsive.

On the television show I was just watching, the emcee read an excerpt from a newspaper article about the Beatles "snubbing" the wife of the president of the Philippines. I'm sure they had a good reason — Paul said that they didn't know about the invitation, but that isn't the point.

The kids were asked if the Beatles were "getting too big for their britches." One girl said that she should go because the kids are "getting tired of them."

I think that any true-blue fan is going to love the Beatles come what may. I know I am.

Some people are putting the Beatles down. They're saying that their new song is bad. "Paperback Writer," in my opinion, is original. It's their turn it over and "Paperback Writer." Who else but the Beatles would think of singing backwards?

Any true fan could never dislike the Beatles, especially when they think about all the Beatles have done for them. If the Beatles' popularity is dying, it's because the phony fans are leaving; but the ones who still love them will hold them in their hearts forever.

Dorothy Dane

LOVE RUDE

Dear BEAT:

I've just read the article in the July 9th issue about "Love." I would love Love to see and read this letter. It might do them some good. Here goes.

If any group has any appointment they should keep it. And not give a phony excuse like lazy Love did. And all the members should have been there. Love was missing two people. Kenny and Snoopy; that was rude. I got the feeling that Love will be better off if Bryan is told to shut up more often.

Musically they are a very good group. Individually they are all crummy people and that's no joke.

If they were all about 15 years younger and acted rude like that, I'd suggest what they need now is a whack or 10 across the bottom. It would probably help them or at least knock some sense into them.

Bonnie Phillips

Tell Me Chick

Dear BEAT:

In Rochelle Reed's article on Love she said, "it just wasn't my day." Tell me chick, has it ever been your day?

I think not.

(Unsigned)



Beatle Majority

Dear BEAT:

I really don't have much to say, but I hope Tony DeVito gets the message: Anyone who has to knock the Beatles to build up the Rolling Stones hasn't really convinced the Beatle fans, who are still, like it or not, the majority.

One of the majority.

Catchy Names Not Enough

Dear BEAT:

Recently I read an article in the BEAT concerning the group Love. Before I even read it, just seeing the title (Is Love Lost?) I knew exactly what it would be all about. It isn't hard at all to piece this example of their conduct together with their lousy performances and come up with a real bomb.

When the record "Little Red Book" came out, I really dug it and was actually looking forward to seeing them in person... that is until I DID see them! The description of them in the BEAT reminded me of what they were like; really bad. Their sound was O.K., but that singing you hear on the records is one fraud... That vocalist is terrible and they gave the overall impression of not being able to put forth or project anything. They were so bad, it was almost ridiculous to have them billed so highly, and was just as surprising as Rochelle Reed's interview (7). If they think they're going to make it, it's all in their minds, and the flame under that idea is fed by their all-consuming egos. Love is too good a name for them and they seem to be the greatest example of transparent (not to mention flat) personality now metabolizing. My friends and I, after witnessing that, are convinced that it takes more than recording studio tricks and catchy names to make a good group, and an attitude like theirs doesn't belong anywhere.

Pattie Goff

Love Letter

Dear BEAT:

I have been reading your magazine for some time now in hopes of finding an article about "Love." Finally in the July 9 issue, there it was — lucky guess here — a 1/2 page picture (unfortunately, not really up to BEAT standards), followed by a blizzard of words about all the trouble a reporter had while interviewing them.

I know it isn't always possible to interview a group and get the answers that will fit into a story. But, a reporter should be ingenious enough to know what questions to ask and how to ask them without being hostile.

I hope that the BEAT will have other articles about Love from members who will go and listen to Love and also see them perform. Maybe then they can write an article that contains "Love."

Billie

Philipino Animals

Dear BEAT:

I have just read an article in the paper about the Philippine treatment of the Beatles at Manila International Airport, and "furious" is a mild word to describe how I feel about it.

Imagine people acting like animals because of the alleged snub of an invitation for lunch for the Philippine's First Lady. The Beatles were pushed, shoved, swung at and cursed at, while police stood by and watched! And then the Philippine President and First Lady managed to say only that they "regretted" the incident. If the Beatles had been injured, I'm afraid "regretting" wouldn't be of much help.

To top it off, the Beatles hadn't even received notice of an invitation, though even if they had and did ignore it, there would still be no excuse for the Philippine people's behavior.

Paul apologized over the radio for himself and John, George and Ringo. But the Beatles aren't the ones who should apologize, are they?

Sue Marston



Thanks For Mark

Dear BEAT:

I just received my July 13 issue of the BEAT. The first thing I read was the article "Mark Lindsay's Two Worlds." I would like to thank you — Eden in particular — for this inspiring article.

I think Mark Lindsay is a wonderful person. He is talented, witty, sincere, sensitive and (as if this weren't enough) handsome. I have come to thoroughly respect him.

Seeing Mark, along with the other Raiders and "Uncle Paul," perform is an experience nobody should pass up.

Thanks again for the fantastic article.

Linn Davis
Inglewood, Calif.

Gary Right

Dear BEAT:

Is Gary Lewis the only one who has any sense around here? It was right. The Beatles used that cover just to see what people would say. And they hated it. They said it was horrible and morbid and sickening. That was what the Beatles wanted them to say. That was the idea.

In the article it said that not one person who saw the banned cover liked it. That was a lie. I liked it. So did my best friend. So did hundreds of other Beatle fans who went out and bought the album and steamed off the cover so they could have the other cover. I did too, and I'm keeping it even though the cover is ripped and half of John and George's faces were ripped off.

Ralph Gleason described the cover as a "subtle protest against war." He's on the right track. It's just the people who have to be so critical who didn't like the cover. But Beatle fans will accept the Beatles in any way, and after

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On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



I'd like to add my own personal condolences to the Fuller family. I didn't know Bobby too well but I thought he was a polite, talented and extremely nice person.

What's with the Mama's and Papa's? They've initiated a new policy whereby they're turning down all television guest spots and instead are going to do only their own specials! Right now they're busy recording with the new Mama and their photographer, Guy Webster, in the process of shooting tons of pictures of the group. Naturally, all the ones with Michelle are being canned so an entirely new set is being shot.

Speaking of the M's & P's, Mama Cass and Papa Denny dropped the Whiskey to see the Turtles. Same night, same place, we spotted the Stones, Them, Beach Boy Mike Love (complete with beard), Nino Tempo, Lyrne, P. F. Sloan and three-fourths of the Gene Clark Group.

Just to show you how smart (?) I am, I thought all this time that the Yardbirds had penned "Respectable." Discovered it's an Isley Brothers' composition. Any way, it's a fantastic song. No offense to the Outsiders, but I think the Yardbirds have the best version on their "Rave-Up" LP. Course, they never released it as a single. So...

I wonder if Phil Spector is really going to switch records for movies. Seems he is. His first production is set to be "The Last Movie" but it probably should have been titled "The Last Record." Whatever, it will no doubt be on the interesting side. It's a contemporary Western with guitar as the main theme. Phil says it will win the Cannes Film Festival.

And knowing Spector, it probably will be a disaster. While the Beatles were putting the finishing touches on "Revolver" their van was parked outside. Fans, waiting for a glimpse of the Beatles, noticed the dirty state of the van and spent an entire hour cleaning it. However, their work was in vain—they had no sooner completed the washing when a new crop of fans appeared and proceeded to scribble names and messages all over the clean van. Oh, well.

Bobby Rydell has just finished his annual two week visit with Uncle Sam. He's in the Army Reserves and this year he spent his "vacation" at Indiantown Gap, Pa. I swear!

Now that the split has been officially announced, both Manfred Mann and Paul Jones are having their says. Manfred claims that the only thing worrying him is "inactivity." That's why he didn't want the news of Paul's departure made public until the last possible minute.

Paul admitted that they had been forced to be dishonest with the press. A move he termed "unfortunate." He then went on to say that there had been no fight with Manfred but "to be absolutely corny about it, I guess I'm a loner."

Pete Dinklage is out of hospital following his car accident. Fact is, Pete put quite a scare in the Kinks when he slipped off for a week's vacation without telling anyone. You can imagine the confusion around the Kink office while the search for missing Pete was on. But when he had soaked up enough sun, Pete hobbled back to London and will join the Kinks where they take-off for their European tour.

Caught Bo Diddley's stage act the other night. If it wasn't for the fact that I was watching a rock phenomena in action I probably wouldn't have enjoyed the show much. It got downright boring in parts but if you listen closely to the man you can hear bits and pieces of the Animals and Yardbirds. Some say that Elvis was Bo 30 years ago and thus developed his famous stage antics. Any way, if you ever get the chance go and see Bo Diddley—one of the artists who started it all.

I didn't think it would ever happen but the Association have finally released their album! They've been recording it for the last six months (well, maybe not six months... would you believe three?) Russ brought us down a copy the other day and it really is good. It's titled "And Then... Along Comes The Association" and the cover is a wild double exposure. Out of sight!

Leno And McCartney Win Three Composer's Awards

Winners of the Ivor Novello Awards, presented annually for the outstanding British compositions of the year, have just been announced. As expected, the Beatles walked off with three of the awards. Lennon and McCartney took both the first place and runner-up trophies in the category of Highest Certified Record Sales for a British composition in 1965. In first place was "We Can Work It Out" and coming in second was the Beatles' "Help!"

Lennon and McCartney's third award was won by "Yesterday" as the Outstanding Song of 1965. Runner-up in that category was the Jackie Trent English hit, "Where Are You Now," written by Jackie and Tony Hatch. Donovan's "Catch The Wind" was voted the Outstanding Folk Song of the Year and the Tom Jones smash, "It's Not Unusual" written by Gordon Mills and Les Reed, was named the Outstanding Beat Song of 1965.

The Seekers' first number one hit, "I'll Never Find Another You," was named the Most Performed Work of the Year. In the Outstanding Novelty Composition category "A Windmill In Old Amsterdam," written by Ted Dicks and Myles Rudge, took the top honors with "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter" coming in a close second.



... MCCARTNEY AND LENNON—TRIPLE WINNERS!

More Dates For Herman

Still more dates have been added to the long-term Herman's Hermits Stateside tour. The popular Hermits will play the Ohio State Fair to their tour where they will co-star with Perry Como on August 29, 30 and 31.

They then head for New York where they will play the Roosevelt Stadium on September 3 before flying back to England for a couple of weeks rest.

They return to the U.S. for a guest show on "The Sullivan Show" on September 28 and the group won't get much of a chance to rest following the Sullivan stint because their agent, Danny Beletz, is negotiating a ten day Continental tour for the Hermits in October. Included will be three days in Germany, two days in Denmark, two days in Sweden and one day each in Norway, Austria and Switzerland.

Beach Boys Tour

The Beach Boys are set to arrive in England on October 25 but their dates still haven't been finalized! They have yet to decide if they'll do their Continental dates first or their British dates first. Either way, they're due to spend about a week in England.

Their "Pet Sounds" LP has just been released in Britain and made its debut at number nine on the album charts.

Eric Burdon Solo Singer; Paul Jones In Burdon Role

Eric Burdon is set to record his first solo effort upon his return from the U.S. The search for suitable material is already on but apparently nothing has been found yet.



... ERIC BURDON—solo singer.

No one has yet confirmed reports that the Animals will split immediately following their current Stateside tour and apparently Animal management is still hopeful that the group will resolve their differences before they reach England.

However, with Eric set to solo it doesn't look too hopeful that the Animals will continue as a group.

Paul Jones, ex-lead singer for the Manfred Mann, is taking Eric's place in "The Privilege." The movie being shooting on August 1 on location in London and Birmingham. The plot centers around a pop singer who turns into an "idol" and the power and effect he has on his fans.

Playing opposite Paul is England's top model, Jean Shrimpton. Neither Paul nor Jean have had any acting experience but Paul probably won't have to do much acting anyway since he is a pop singer who is something of an idol in England.

Immediately following the movie, Paul will head out on his first solo tour when he co-stars with the Hollies in October. The British tour will include 21 days but so far only ten dates have been confirmed.

On the record scene, Paul has just waxed his first solo for HMV and the record is expected to be released in mid-August.

Letters

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 2)

all, it's the fans that account for most of the albums, so why cheat us? We resent what Capitol did, and we'll do anything to get the other cover. Why didn't they put out both covers so you could pick which ever one you wanted? Then maybe everybody would be happy.

Jane Powell

Hurt By Beatles

Dear BEAT:

I was one of those "few" who saw the Beatles' banned album cover for myself and I must say that I was not only shocked but deeply hurt. The Beatles used to mean so much to me and now they're like people I never knew. They've changed and I'm sorry. They no longer care about their fans—they're out only for themselves and their latest attempt at sick humor proves it.

Now they are out only to make money and I pity them for their loss of feeling. They've become hard and tough and what's worse, swell-headed. I know because I met them.

I think all their album cover was meant for was to have a good laugh at American fans, those people who have made them what they are today. You see, that cover was meant only for American release. The Beatles know the English market would avoid such an album cover like the plague. But they feel Americans are too stupid to avoid anything which has to do with the Beatles.

For what it's worth, that's my opinion. And I'm sorry it is because the four Beatles of two years ago were the greatest four people on the face of the earth. Too bad time changes most things.

Stella Nelson

Sponge It

BEAT:

For you Beatle fans that want "Yesterday . . . and Today," with the original cover, it's under the picture that's on now. Just take a sponge and hot water and very carefully peel off the top picture. You have to do it really slowly and carefully, or you'll wreck the bottom picture, too.

Vickie Lloyd

Open Season?

Dear BEAT:

I have just finished reading about the incident in the Philippines involving the Beatles. What is this . . . open season on the Beatles?

On top of all the things they're already supposed to be they now have been elected to the post of political ambassadors. Granted, they should put out a good image for their country but they shouldn't be obligated to do special shows for a nation's first family. I feel the discourtesy was on the part of the Filipinos. I could understand if the First Family was verbally insulted, but the people threw things and cursed at the Beatles without bothering to find out if there was a legitimate reason why the Beatles didn't show up. The Beatles claim they weren't told of the invitation and that is why they didn't show.

Whether this is true or not, this was still no excuse for the display that was put on. I think there should be a little apology on both sides.

Ann Marie

Sadler Wrong

Dear BEAT:

I'm writing in reference to the article you had in the July issue of *The BEAT*. It was about Sgt. Barry Sadler and the way he cut down long hair, this bit about shaking dandruff over the first three rows is ridiculous. I've had front row seats a lot of times for long-haired groups, and it's funny I've never gotten any dandruff shaken on me. If he thinks guys with long hair just shake their hair, then how come the long-haired groups are on the top charts all the time, for instance, the Stones. Has that Sadler ever really listened to some of Mick's songs? For that Sadler's own sake, why doesn't he just sit down and really listen to one of Mick's songs. They make sense; they all have meanings.

I do realize a lot of people are against long hair, but why can't they keep their feelings to themselves. You never see the Stones or any other long-haired group go through all the bother to write an article to cut down short hair. Why doesn't everyone just mind their own business and stop this cutting down and criticizing. It's not really worth it all.

Mary Jean Tragna

A Reader Suggests

Dear BEAT:

I have to comment on several different topics in this one letter, so I hope you will print it all.

First: The idea of letters to the editor page is great. I would like to see a page devoted to this every week.

Second: Terry Hanman has a groovy idea in an advice column each week, as long as it is interesting and covers a wide range of problems.

Third: How about a classified section? At reasonable rates, it would be great for selling records, cars, pen pals and even a "Personals" section in which one could put in crazy messages.

Fourth: On *Beatle J.P. cover*. No one had a right to ban that. No one has a right to censor anything. That cover should have been put on the stands for those who wanted it. A lack of sales would have hurt the Beatles more than petty censorship.

Fifth: I am in love with Shirley Poston. I have to take seasick pills before and after reading her blatherings—she sends me a trip into another world! Please print her picture so I can see the girl I love.

Thank you for all the space.

Mike Pearce

The BEAT welcomes your suggestions and comments, Mike. Let us know what you'd like to see included in your newspaper.

THE BEAT



COMMENTS INVITED!

Send Correspondence To:

Letters, c/o THE BEAT

Beatles Out?

Dear BEAT:

I can remember just a few months ago when it really was the "in" thing to say how great and talented The Beatles are and how fantastic "Rubber Soul" was. Now the "in" thing is to criticize them and to say how terrible and disgusting they are. Well, if that is how to be "in," I think I will be one of the "out" ones. To think that all of these people would completely change their minds about them just over one album is insanity. Anything can be taken wrong if you have a dirty mind.

A TRUE Beatle fan

'in' people are talking about...

The BEAT printing the words to "Enter The Young" months before the Association even decided to record it . . . Jerry Lewis' pussycat-drowning . . . All of Bobby's friends refusing to believe it was the way they said it was . . . Jan recuperating from one and suing over another . . . Whether Dylan is or isn't . . . "Born To Raise Hell" and how gruesome and morbid some "songwriters" really are . . . Donovan's legal problems . . . The Stones popping up in Hollywood a week early . . . Then wanting to stay but possibly being forced to leave . . . Which "Louie" the Raiders are immortalizing on wax . . . The crazy buttons Russ wears.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the way Bo's Cookie can shake it . . . How the Kinks spend their sunny afternoons and wondering when they're going to cross

NAPOLEON XIV

Who he really is
Why he's being
taken away
What his dog's
name was
What he thinks is
so funny
Why does he
the top disc



over . . . Whether Love is a four-letter word or a new sound . . . Don and Dolores having to read about it in *The BEAT* and what it all means to Cilla . . . Why thirteenth floor elevators are so hard to find . . . Money losing out to the Army . . . Dave's peeling shoulders . . . Sam's on-again, off-again

beard and wishing it would stay off . . . How Paul originally wrote the words to "Paper Plane" . . . Whether or not they'll find their names in Jim and Chris' book and in most of them hoping they'll be forgotten . . . The time John Lennon got knocked down on the bus and if he remembers who did it

and why . . . How the Stones thought they might walk on the waters while Ramsey is content with just fading in it . . . Nancy cooling off just and wondering if it's temporary or permanent.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT an unknown group having the number one record in the nation, proving how far a little hunkie panky will go . . . The fuss over pop lyrics and just how much it all means anyway . . . The Righteous Brothers and their new choral group . . . How funny it would be if Paul Jones turned into a movie idol . . . Where Michelle has gone . . . Sinatra actually going through with it and wondering what he'd do if he heard the description of Mia currently making the rounds . . . Mike Love's beard and how you can only see his eyes now . . . Ringo's dreams and how much he digs the Would You Be-

lieve man . . . Ivor not being turned on to the Stones sound . . . That wild picture of Herman with a pint in one hand and a dart in the other . . . American pirates and what Uncle Sam will do.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the collapse James Brown had in California and wondering whose fault it was . . . The two up here who don't and the four who are among the 32 million who do . . . The Mothers freaking out . . . Mary having a baby girl . . . Donovan, the Raspals and Peter, Paul and Mary showing up for the Otis Redding show at the Apollo in New York . . . What happened to the Who . . . How many colors Pinkerton's Assorted wear . . . Whether George borrowed that straw hat from Pattie . . . Keith Richard being the only one available and keeping their fingers crossed.

HOTLINE LONDON

Dylan for Mann

Tony Barrow

After months of rumours, predictions and denials; I can tell you for sure that PAUL JONES is about to quit the MANFRED MANN five-piece. Paul's replacement is singer MIKE D'ABO and he is featured on the first single cut by Manfred Mann for Philips Records in London. Title is "Just Like A Woman," penned by Bob Dylan.

Paul's final concert appearance with the Manfred team was on July 31 in Blackpool.

With "Sunny Afternoon" THE KINKS have scored their fourth Number One hit in the U.K. Now they're coming out with a new 14-title album made up of numbers which are all Kink-penned originals. After summer visits to a host of different European countries including Holland, Italy, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Austria, The Kinks hope to undertake their first tour behind the Iron Curtain where dates in Russia and Hungary are being lined up.

No less than 19 numbers will be woven into the action of the upcoming color movie "The Ghost Goes Gear" now in production here. The picture stars THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP and DAVE BERRY plus several guest groups including the ST. LOUIS UNION. First scenes to be shot show Spencer and his boys in comedy sequences set in a stately home.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . BEATLES bought sets of kimonos in Tokyo and sets of Indian saris in New Delhi, luxury gifts for wives and friends . . . Mystery still surrounds London recording plans of FRANK SINATRA now here for motion picture "The Naked Runner." Some reports say he will certainly go into the Pye studios to make an album and a single. Others say he has no intention of doing any sessions during his lengthy stay . . . MANFRED MANN disc "Just Like A Woman" produced by American A&R man SHELL TALMY who was associated with all but most recent hits by THE WIO . . . Next U.K. single by THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP will be old Brenda Holloway fave "Till The End Of Time" . . . While BEATLES in Far East MRS. CYNTHIA LENNON vacationed in Italy with infant JOHN JULIAN, MRS. PATTI HARRISON lazed in sunny South of France . . . Married men with children—lead singer REG PRESLEY plus two of his TROGGS . . . In the U.K. HERMAN's Hollywood-made movie "Hold On" will go out next month as second feature with David McCallum/Robert Vaughn picture "One Of Our Spies Is Missing" . . . DUSTY SPRINGFIELD to co-star with THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL for September/October U.K. concert tour . . . South London's ROYAL ARK replaces existing base guitarist CLIVE WARKWICK in the MOODY BLUES. KLAUS VOORMAN of now defunct PADDY, KLAUS and GIBSON group was offered the job but he turned it down to join MANFRED MANN instead . . . Originally GEORGE HARRISON planned secret solo stopover in New Delhi to look at Indian musical instruments but when his Beatles pal Brian Epstein decided to join him . . .

Unfortunately this has to be my final "Hotline London" contribution to BEAT for the moment. As you can imagine things are getting a bit hectic for me in London now that the Beatles' August tour of the U.S. and Canada approaches. I've thoroughly enjoyed writing for you each week and I'm looking forward to meeting dozens of old and new friends and I'm in the area towards the end of August. Thanks for all your letters—see you soon.

—TONY BARROW

Beatle Revolver'

(Continued From Page 1)

"Got To Get You Into My Life" is the track we've heard so much about over the past few weeks although it has not been publicly named until now. Here a full-bodied brass sound backs Paul and I'd say those blasting trumpets constitute the nearest approach to the Memphis studio sound ever created on our side of the Atlantic. Forget the nonsense about this brass work being jazz-angled. It is R&B, but certainly not jazz.

I have no information (at the time of writing) about Capitol's plans to issue the "REVOLVER" material in America. Although three of the titles are already in your "Yesterday and Today" collection, eleven others remain unissued in the U.S. and will obviously form Capitol's next album later this summer.

MY OVER-ALL REACTION TO THE "REVOLVER" MA-

TERIAL . . . Without doubt some younger Beatle People will find at least three or four of these recordings too complicated, too intelligent (musically) and/or too weird. On the other hand there is more than a fair sprinkling of perfectly straightforward performances ranging from Ringo's simple but extraordinarily infectious "Yellow Submarine" to the rocking "Doctor Robert"; from the thoughtful "Eleanor Rigby" to the boisterous "Got To Get You Into My Life." On listening to the whole album, it becomes plain that The Beatles didn't waste any of those days and weeks between Easter and their June tour of Germany. Every track has been produced with perfectionist polish—one took over 55 hours of recording time to complete! Nobody is likely to be disappointed by the finished product—and that, after all, is the aim of any recording artist.



GARY LEWIS AND THE PLAYBOYS with their sailor host at the U.S. Naval Training Center in San Diego, California. As guests of the U.S. Navy, Gary and the group performed two concert shows for more than 20,000 service men and then were given a "grand tour" of the base and ships.

Gary Lewis Is Drafted

The draft board must have heard about the role Gary Lewis is playing in "Bye Bye Birdie" and liked it. Because the day after he arrived in Kansas City for rehearsals for the musical they drafted him.

Gary, who just received a coveted award as the most outstanding

pop singer of the year, was ironically portraying a famous young rock and roll singer in the story who just got drafted. The musical can now be accused of type casting.

Gary said his Los Angeles draft board ordered him to report Dec. 5. That date was agreed on so he could go through with the sche-

duled performance dates for himself and the Playboys, his back-up group.

Gary, whose father is the famous entertainer Jerry Lewis, is currently riding the charts with "Green Grass." He will probably be allowed to record on a limited basis during his stay in the service.

Adults Dig Freckles

Freckle-faced teen-age girls who once took great pains to camouflage the marks need fret no longer. In fact, a current fad has made freckles so popular many girls with flawless complexions are painting freckles on their faces.

Once considered a handicap, freckles are now considered beauty marks to be coveted and admired. One beauty expert says the next step will be to match freckles to the color of a dress — for example, purple freckles with a purple dress. Polka-dot dresses might also provide some interesting combinations.

The fad isn't limited to teens alone. Indeed, it is the adults who are the greatest worshippers of the trend.

Veteran makeup man Edy Senz advises that painted freckles are not for every woman. He says the trend stems from adults' admiration of youth, but he warns: "Freckles are part of the glow of youth and should not be hidden by the young. But it is wishful thinking for a mature woman to believe that freckles can do anything to improve her. The freckle fad is a part of this whole youth-worshipping kick."

Dionne Smash At Festival

Dionne Warwick and Oscar Brown got the Central Park Music Festival in New York off to a rousing start recently with capacity crowds the first and fourth nights when they appeared. Brown's show was entitled "Joy '66."

The house seating capacity is 4,400 and has 250 more spots for standing. Admission was one dollar per person.

The Beau Brummels and the Vargans drew a crowd of 2,800 the second night and the Sabicas drew 3,600 the third night.

PICTURES in the NEWS



AN ANNIVERSARY CAKE is enjoyed by The Kingston Trio (from left), Nick Reynolds, John Stewart and Bob Shane, at The Sahara Tahoe where the famed singing group is celebrating its 10th anniversary in show business. The cake was a surprise present from Mrs. Elva Miller, who is appearing at the hotel with the trio. The trio will record a 10th anniversary album for Decca release while at the Sahara Tahoe.



BRENDA LEE has been forced to cancel engagements for the first time in her 11-year career. An ear infection has become serious enough to confine her to her home in Nashville for at least a month.



DUSTY SPRINGFIELD'S Stateside tour has now been confirmed. After returning to Britain she is set to open with the Lovin' Spoonful at Finsbury Park on Sept. 7.



THE YOUNG RASCALS have just been awarded a Gold Record for their nationwide number one, "Good Lovin'." It marks the first Goldie for the group who received public recognition last summer. Their debut disc, "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore" was a fair-sized hit and they immediately followed it up with the million selling "Good Lovin'." They are scheduled for a series of one-nighters August 10-20 throughout California and then are to appear for one week in Hawaii. Tentative plans now have them scheduled for their European debut in October.

Dave Carr Is Married

Dave Carr, organist and pianist with the Fortunes, was recently married to a 19-year-old Lincoln. Dave, 21, was married to Beverly Spierden on July 21st at Wanstead, England, which is the bride's home town.

Dave was the second member of the group to take marriage vows. The other member of the Fortunes who is married is Barry Pritchard. The rest of the group were present at the ceremony and played later at the reception.

The Fortunes are currently negotiating for a series of dates in Belgium from September 8th.



... DAVE CARR



... ROD ALLEN

Rod Allen Is Injured

Rod Allen, the Fortunes' lead singer, was hurt at a Fortunes' personal appearance at the Lincoln Starlite Room when fans dragged him from the stage.

Allen injured his back as fans pulled him off the stage and he fell on top of his guitar. He was rushed to the hospital where his back was treated and will resume bookings with the group.

Allen's injury follows on the heels of a riot involving the Fortunes when they played the Isle Of Man. Rod escaped injury then but two of his fellow Fortunes were not so lucky.



THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS lost their television series but have come up with featured roles in an NBC special, "Alice Through The Looking Glass." The special is set to air Nov. 6.

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Cliff Bennett First To Cover 'Revolver'



... CLIFF BENNETT

By Tony Barrow

Whenever a new album by THE BEATLES goes on the market, we know to expect a flood of cover versions from different parts of the world.

The Beatles don't particularly mind the idea that anything from two to ten unknown groups and/or singers may well make the grade via Lennon-McCartney album numbers within the next couple of months. Like any other composing team they get brought down when they hear a cover version which is sub-standard. But then The Beatles have standards which are high, and they are always severely critical of badly produced recordings whether one of their own songs is involved or not.

Beatle Blossoms

Over the years, The Beatles have been only too willing to cooperate with artists who want to record their material. There's a very long list of people who have hit the chart jackpot with Lennon-McCartney songs and done so with the fullest blessing of the boys themselves.

So far as British artists are concerned, early Beatle-penned material brought chart success to people ranging from CHLA BLACK and THE FOURMOST to BILLY J. KRAMER and even THE ROLLING STONES, who once enjoyed three-of-the-charts sales with "I Wanna Be Your Man." I don't need to remind you of the value of Lennon-McCartney numbers in the rise to fame of PETER AND GORDON and THE SILKIE.

Now it looks as though another

of Brian Epstein's acts—CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS—will click on both sides of the Atlantic via the number "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE" which comes from the "Revolver" program.

"Revolver" Named

Cliff was with The Beatles when they toured Germany at the end of June. In their backstage dressing room at the Grugahalle in Essen, John, Paul, George and Ringo were able to listen for the first time to a finished acetate of their new album. It was flown in specially from London so that the boys could agree on a final running order for the fourteen titles. At that stage the album didn't even have a name. It was not until the following week (in Tokyo) that The Beatles and Brian finally agreed to Paul's suggestion, "Revolver."

The dressing room at Essen was particularly crowded that night because the boys invited Cliff's Rebel Rousers to join them at that first exciting listening session. When they came to "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE" it was Paul who turned to Cliff and remarked that this would be a great vehicle for the Bennett combo to record. Cliff listened to Paul's wildly rhythmic interpretation of the lyrics, to the blasts of brass and to the solid brick-bill beat.

"This is the track everyone's been writing about without knowing the title" explained George. "We brought in three trumpets and a couple of tenors. We used jazz men so everyone got the idea they must be playing jazz for us. They're not as you can hear."

Cliff and his Rebel Rousers were very enthusiastic about the song. In the last 48 hours of the German tour the two groups went into a series of intense huddles exchanging ideas about a Cliff Bennett version of "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE."

Then The Beatles flew on from Hamburg to Tokyo and the Rebel Rousers headed home to London.

Paul Assists

By the time The Beatles returned from Japan, Manila and New Delhi, Cliff was ready to take the new number into the recording studio. In fact, Paul attended the two sessions at which "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE" was recorded. Cliff no longer works with an A & R man—he produces all his own records. On this occasion an unofficial assistant in the production of the session was Paul McCartney! Rush release for the Cliff Bennett single was organized and it came out in the U.K. on Friday, August 5—

the same day that the same label (Parlophone) put out The Beatles' "Revolver" album. So CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS became the first group to have produced a single from the "Revolver" bundle—and, to date, the only outfit to be invited by The Beatles to cover one of the 14 new numbers. There's a strong possibility that another of Brian's groups — THE FOURMOST — will record something from "Revolver" it'll be between 20 and 30 re-

cordings from the album before the middle of September. Most of these won't even be heard by The Beatles until they're released. So we're left to wonder just who will and who won't crash into the Top Ten via "Revolver" titles. Apart from Cliff Bennett, I'll bet we have at least five other entirely new headline names amongst the best-sellers once the flood of "Revolver" cover versions reaches a peak!

RUMORS CONTINUE

Paul and Jane

By Sue Barry

There remains today one bachelor Beatle—his name is, of course, Paul McCartney. Two years ago no one would have bet a halfpenny that Paul would be the last single Beatle, for it is around him and Jane Asher that the most often and violent rumors of marriage have persisted. Yet today, after the marriage of George Harrison, Paul finds himself the only unmarried Beatle. But, although Paul does do other girls, it is common knowledge that he prefers the company of Jane Asher to that of any other girl.

Paul first met Jane in 1963. Jane was a young seventeen year old actress who had been asked to do an interview with the Beatles for a radio show.

The story goes that after the official business was completed the boys asked her to a party at a friend's flat.

For many months Paul and Jane kept their meetings secret, but eventually their privacy was shattered when in December of 1963 they were spotted together at the Prince of Wales Theater. From this date on they were completely harassed by marriage rumors.

Some people claimed to have been at the wedding, seen copies of insurance policies for the two or to have seen the marriage certificate. An example of these fantasies was the case of Noel Harrison. He had been quoted saying that he had been at the wedding. His reply was: "Don't know how these stories got around. All I can say is that it is all a complete load of nonsense." This was even before the Americans had ever heard of the Beatles!

By the time the Beatles invaded "the colonies" in February, 1964, Paul and Jane were seeing quite a bit of each other.

On his return to England, Paul continued dating Jane, this time very much in the eye of the public, saying, "We are not going to dodge the cameras any longer. We are still not married. But if I ever marry Jane, there will be no engagement, just a swift, simple ceremony."

It was not long after this that Walter Winchell reported on March 14 that "Paul McCartney, 21, was secretly married 72 hours ago in

London to Jane Asher, 22." This story was followed up a few weeks later by a quote from a letter that read: "For goodness sake, don't breathe this to a soul. Jane and Paul were married in London. I was at the wedding." Paul answered with a quick retort that he was not married.

But even the word of Paul himself would not stop the onslaught of marriage rumors and when Ringo and Maureen and Paul and Jane journeyed to the Virgin Islands in May of 1964, the press still insisted that a marriage between the two had taken place.

It was not until the day of Ringo's marriage that people became satisfied that if a Beatle got married he would let it be known to the world. Only then did the ugly rumors about Paul and Jane calm down a bit.

But what about Paul's girlfriend? What kind of a person is she? What does she hope for?

Jane Asher, a red haired, blue-eyed actress was born in London on April 5, 1946. She is 5-ft.-5-in. tall and weighs 112 pounds, lives with her parents in the Harley Street area of London where Paul often visits with her. Jane's shy manner has a hint of dignity inherited from her wealthy London background.

She and Paul are often seen together at the famous Ad Lib in London's West End when she is not working. For Miss Asher is an accomplished actress and was so long before she met Paul.

About her career Jane says, "My career as an actress is very important and I've got a long way to go before I could think of marriage. Acting is my life. At the moment this comes first." But looking ahead Jane says that her main ambition is: "The same as every other single girl. To eventually get married and have children. Nothing unusual."

To date Jane and Paul are still not married. No one knows when or where Paul will get married, but he says this, "When will I get married? That's simple, when I find someone I want to marry. And when I find her I'll marry her, career's end or not. I like my success, it's been great, but I don't think any Beatle would put it ahead of his personal happiness, do you?"

Three Shangri-Las: Grooving In Utopia

An idyllic utopia, a hidden paradise. This is how Webster pictured a Shangri-la; as an exotic little dream world with deep, beautiful truths.

And in the steaming sixties the word has continued to pack its same aesthetic qualities. It is the word that sometimes overlooked, deep-rooted messages. It is something you would expect to hear in Greenwich Village or in a smoke-filled room hosting a conglomeration of beat poets.

The Shangri-las' initial hit, "Remember (Walking In The Sand)," was number one on the charts from coast to coast. The song captured all the sounds of the sea — the cries of the gulls, the steady roar of the ocean and the soft crunch of sand underfoot.

It is a girl's unfolding remembrance of soft nights with her lover by the ocean.

Most of the songs by the Shangri-las have that same element of beauty but all seem to contain the same degree of a serene sadness. Their latest release, "Past, Present and Future," which also is a top seller, is probably their most hauntingly sad song yet.

The success of the three girls from Queens, New York is said to have started a trend. In a time when almost everywhere musically successful pop is coming out of England, the Shangri-las are consistently listed in the top selling charts of every city in the country. Their popularity has spread from the shores of the U.S. to the Orient, Australia and all Europe where they have finished a highly successful tour.

The girls are only recently out of high school, yet they have traveled most parts of the world and have swept across the United States many times.

The Adventures Of Robin Boyd



©1965 Shirley Poston

When Robin Boyd discovered that Sonny and Cher's living room was filled with stars, she instantly regretted that they were of the five-cornered rather than the Hollywood variety.

She even instantly regretted that she was seeing the aforementioned stars because George the Genie had just yanked her out of the bedchamber by her very beak, and Ringo the Famous (whoops... angel) was banging her over the head with his halo.

Shrieking a number of things better left un-scribed (and even better left un-printed), Robin severed George's thumb at his very wrist, chomped a nasty hole in Ringo's halo and fluttered toothlessly out of reach.

"Come down here," George commanded as she flapped wildly about. (About what? (Get serious, kiddo).

Flying High

"Go smell exhaust pipes..." she bellowed, lighting on the chandelier (no pun intended).

Suddenly, the sound of larfter (not to be confused with the sound of music) re-filled the air.

Robin glared at George, but he wasn't laughing. Then she glared at Ringo, but he wasn't laughing either.

Robin shrugged. "And that goes for your cat, too..." she further belittled.

Suddenly George was laughing. So was Ringo. So was Pauley, who appeared out of thin air and appeared to be rolling on the very floor. And so was John, who appeared out of pleasantly-plump air and appeared to be rolling on the very floor right to the left of Pauley. (Hah?).

Meanwhile

Robin snarled. Glad as she was to see these utter wretches, it was hardly appropriate for them to be fiddling about while Rome (not to mention her mother) was turning and Sonny and Cher had gone out of their chords.

However, glowering a bit only increased rather than decreased their cackling and pointing. And finally, so mad she couldn't see straight (or wouldn't) have been able to had she not already been blind as six bats), Robin took a

roaring to a sudden halt and winged (wang?) to join them.

"You poor, dear child," he soothed.

Robin, feeling the former but hardly the latter, gave him her special Fangs-A-Lot-Fella smart.

Then Pauley gasped a final giggle and John wheezed a last whoop (if you thing this is getting tiresome, how do you think I feel?) (I know, with me fingers, with me fingers), and dashed over to help in the smirging.

A Tender Pat

(If the truth were known, John also re-patted her tenderly, but let's leave well enough alone or George just might give them both a large pat in the olde pan). (Although Robin has turned into a very partial (as in plate) bird, John the Genie has been known to run George the Same a close second). (Not, however, to hear him tell it).

"But... but... but... not to mention but... Robin spatulated cleverly at this unexpected burst of attention.

"But what?" they chorused kindly.

"But I got in the wrong car..." she began.

"So?" they chimed.

"But I didn't come home all night!" she continued.

Trouble Galore

"So okay," they re-chimed.

"But Sonny and Cher put me in a cap and I got carried away and talked and sang and now they're covering somewhere and besides I gossiped their chandler and my Byrd classes and am in all kinds of the trouble you told me to stay out of," she completed breathlessly.

"So'allright!" they re-re-chimed. Robin's chin dropped. "I don't get it," she said, picking it up.

"I've decided you don't need to reform after all, except for the whoppers," Ringo revealed.

"And your mother won't remember a thing about your latest morose move—I mean, this particular incident," George grinned.

"And Sonny and Cher won't either," Pauley put in.

"And I'll meet you later," John joshed (you bet).

Then, as if by magic (if you don't believe in it yet, stick around) (in fact, stick around long enough and you'll believe anything), the chandler re-grouped for its ex-crystals and tinkled intact to the ceiling.

"Gasp," Robin gasped. (Repetition is HER's forte) it was then that she knew what she must do.

She must get the holy moly cause there was only one possible reason why these four aforementioned outs were being so nice to her in spite of all the chaos she'd caused.

They wanted something. And if you think she turned purple at the thought of what that something might be, you should have seen her turn plaid when she found out...

(To Be Continued Next Week)



JONNA GAULT... the world's only female sincompener.

Ordinary Life? Not For Jonna

By Mike Tuck

Jonna Gault can do almost anything — and has. At 19, she is so independent it is sheer folly to try and predict anything she will do. And her talents are so intense and widely distributed she is often compared to Barbara Streisand.

Her mere presence causes a stir wherever she appears — whether at the Hungry in San Francisco or on nationwide TV. She is now engrossed in her first production of "a hard-rock record," entitled "Come On Home," and is fulfilling a lifelong ambition.

"I always wanted to do this type of thing," she says, "but everytime I would attempt it I would get all this advice from people who wanted me to sound like someone else. The result was that I didn't really sound like anybody."

Some of the fiercest battles of modern history have taken place between Jonna Gault and record companies. "They just never let me do what I want," she says.

"I once had what I thought was a very funny record entitled 'Oh, Sob, You're the Cause of it All,' and a record company brought me to New York to record it. Well... they seemed to think that Sob was a boy's name, and they insisted I change it to Bob."

That did it for that record company, Jonna switched.

But her affiliation with the next company was equally distasteful for Jonna. "I was recording a song and the producer kept screaming 'sing dumber, sing dumber,' and 'what in the world does 'sing dumber' mean?'"

It means Jonna Gault changed companies again.

Only with her present company, Reprise Records, she is in charge of every aspect of her records. It

seemed the only solution. "Now I can arrange everything just the way I originally had in mind," she says. "I've really had a lot of fun doing my present record."

Jonna is now billed as the world's only female sincompener (a combination of singer, composer, performer and engineer) and there aren't too many males who can make the same claim.

"The way I look at it," she reflected, "records allow you to utilize every facility of talent you have. Records are kind of immortal, in that they can play them back as many times as you like and they never really die."

Ever since Jonna Gault was old enough to talk she has been singing. Her parents were Russian Adagio dancers and she admitted to be "just a showbiz kid." It was during one of her parents' performances — while they were balanced in a delicate, precarious position — that she rushed onto the stage and made her unorchestrated debut with "God Bless America."

"I was backstage and can still see the whole thing quite vividly," she remembers. "I don't know what made me do it... I just ran out and began singing. Ironically, the crowd loved it and after that we put it in the act."

Jonna Gault is like that — an individualist who does whatever she feels. About a year ago she was reading a novel by Ayn Rand and was so taken by the leading character she decided to use his name. The fact that his name was masculine was of little importance... with a little feminine ingenuity that could be changed. So "Jonna Gault" was born.

Freddie And Cilla Cancel Their Manila Appearances

Cilla Black and Freddie and the Dreamers have cancelled plans to appear in Manila following the treatment received by the Beatles when they allegedly snubbed the country's First Lady. Contradictory reports have since been filtering in. The Beatles claim they're innocent of any intentional snub while the promoters of their Manila concert declare that the Beatles knew of the invitation well in advance and that it was Brian Epstein who refused to allow the Beatles to attend the luncheon.

Anyway, the Beatles were roughed up at the Manila airport—regardless of whose fault it was. And now Freddie and Cilla have cancelled their scheduled stop-offs in Manila. However, Freddie's agent revealed that his cancellation was only partially due to the Beatles trouble. "The main factor is the financial position of the promoters, who should have sent us an advance deposit and the air tickets but have failed to do so," said the group's agent.

No reason was given for Cilla's decision not to play Manila but since Brian Epstein manages both the Beatles and Miss Black no reason was really needed.

Freddie and his Dreamers have just completed their American tour and have recorded their "Short Shorts" stage routine for release as their next Stateside single. They've been having considerable difficulty lately in producing a hit single here in America. But they're going to give it another try with the old "Short Shorts"—Freddie style.



... CILLA BLACK PREPARES TO TAKE-OFF WITH THE BACHELORS INSTEAD OF FREDDIE.

Yardbirds Authors

The Yardbirds Stateside tour opened on August 2 but the group didn't sit still waiting for it to begin. On the contrary, they finished their latest album and every single track was written by the group!

Jim McCarty, Yardbirds' drummer, wrote the jacket notes and Chris Dreja, rhythm guitarist, designed the album cover. Jim and Chris are working feverishly to finish up a book they're writing about life with the Yardbirds. They hope to have the whole thing completed before their American tour opens. Needless to say, Yardbird fans are already lining up in front of book stores demanding the book!



... JIM MCCARTY—drummer turned author.



... CHRIS DREJA—writing book.

A Kink To N.Y.

Ray Davies, chief Kink, made a surprise visit to New York last week along with the Kinks' managers, Robert Wace and Grenville Collins. The visit was to meet with Allen Klein, business manager for the Rolling Stones.

Klein has recently been responsible for negotiating recording deals for the Stones, Herman's Hermits and the Who. The Kinks' records have been independently produced by Shel Talmy but released in America on the Warner Brothers label.

Supposedly, the Kinks are securely tied to both Talmy and Warner Brothers for some years to come. However, Klein has just made a deal with Talmy whereby Andrew Oldham has taken over the Who's recording contract from Talmy. Perhaps this is what he's after for the Kinks?

Anyway, the group isn't taking any chances on air strikes. They've chartered their own jet for an up-coming European tour. The tour kicks off on September 3 in Holland and goes to Rome on the 5th and 6th, Germany September 9-13 and Scandinavia 17-23.

Austria and Sweden will see the Kinks during the first two weeks of October. They are then scheduled to return to Britain but there is a possibility that late October will find the Kinks in Hungary and Russia. However, negotiations are still going on with no definite word as to whether or not the Kinks will be allowed behind the Iron Curtain.

The group's latest smash English single, "Sunny Afternoon," is still riding at the top of the charts and their new album, "Face To Face," is set for British release August 12.

British Groups On See-Saw

The barrage of English pop groups currently touring the U.S. are having their ups and downs. The Rolling Stones played the Forest Hills Tennis Stadium in New York to an estimated audience of 9,000, leaving approximately 5,000 seats empty.

Herman and the Animals failed to sell-out when they played the Sports Arena in Los Angeles and the Dave Clark Five also faced some disappointments along their tour route.

Promoters are reasoning that meager attendance in certain cities is due simply to the fact that too many groups are touring at the same time and fans can't scrape up enough money to see them all.

Crispian's Coming

Crispian St. Peters, controversial British pop star, is set for a two week promotional tour of the U.S. in October. Crispian's version of "Pied Piper" is currently riding high on the U.S. charts but this will be the first glimpse of him on our side of the Atlantic.

The Stateside tour will come immediately after his three week tour of Australia and the Far East. As of now, no dates have been finalized but Lloyd Greenfield, U.S. agent for St. Peters, is busy negotiating dates for the Pied Piper.

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... THE MINDBENDERS (l. to r.) Eric Stewart, Bob Lang and Ric Rothwell

Generally Mindbenders

By Rochelle Reed

When the first days of the air strike halted travel for many performers, one group that found their schedule bent out of shape were none other than the mind-bending Mindbenders, three charming Englishmen who landed in Hollywood for exactly one day. So naturally they dropped into *The BEAT* office.

"What are you doing in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Nothing," all three replied.

Then they leaped into a discussion of their visa problems, travel problems, their philosophies on each and how applications must be made by each individual performer in each state where they appear.

Sadly

This, they said sadly, shaking their heads, was why they couldn't do television shows, club appearances or even go out and look around a radio station.

But on the brighter side, the Mindbenders reported that their newest single, "Ashes to Ashes," was about to be released any moment and they were anxiously waiting to hear it themselves.

"Ashes to Ashes," they explained, was written by the same teenage girls from New York who wrote "Groovy Kind of Love."

"They met us at the airport," Bob said, "They're complete idiots, but great fun," Ric added.

"Generalizing," blurted Bob said, "Ashes" is generally the same as "Groovy."

It will be released with an LP, titled appropriately "Mindbenders," according to Bob, or "Groovy Kind of Love," according to Ric, or as Eric decided, "Mindbenders," subtitled "Groovy Kind of Love."

Anyway, we got the idea. The Mindbenders, who officially split with Wayne Fontana last

October, are "on talking terms with Wayne," Bob said. There wasn't any argument, he explained, just that Wayne wanted to go on alone as a solo singer.

When he isn't singing, 19-year-old Bob is admittedly "a discotheque fiend." "I go to a place in Manchester called The Phonograph."

But both Ric and Eric were shaking their heads.

"He doesn't go there?" I asked.

"No, he goes there," Ric said, "I don't."

"Oh. Where do you go?"

"I go to Mr. Smith's."

Eric was still shaking his head.

"They don't go there?" I asked.

"They go there. I don't."

"Oh again," I said. "Where do you go?"

"I don't."

"You don't go anywhere?" I asked.

He kept shaking his head. "I see enough of the sweet life on tour," Eric replied.

That ended that.

The weather intrigued all of us and the Mindbenders explained that their native Manchester right now is a little like San Francisco, but with an average temperature of about 50 to 60 degrees.

The Mindbenders, collectively, didn't like the controversial Beatle album cover, to put it mildly.

"Yeech...," said Ric.

"It's the sickest thing we've ever seen," they said jointly.

"Of course," Bob added, "the Beatles can afford to make a mistake—they're big enough."

The Mindbenders seriously disagree, however, with anyone who says that the Beatles are losing their hold on the music world.

"They aren't going down at all," Eric said. "They're still 10 years ahead of everybody."

Eric, a bit of an intellectual when it comes to observations on

the music scene, is convinced that groups will last and not be overshadowed by solo singers, sometimes predicted as the next big craze.

"Groups have got to last," the 21-year-old singer said, "you couldn't put a solo singer in a ballroom. No, groups are your most transportable package."

In a fast moving conversation—much to fast for notes—the Mindbenders, their manager and I discussed the difference between American and British groups. The main thoughts of the Mindbenders were these:

They feel the majority of American groups just go long hair, wear what they want and think they have captured what makes a British group.

But the Mindbenders say that British groups have a *sound and talent* that American groups either can't or won't imitate.

A Steal?

However, they confess that the British have taken American music—namely rhythm and blues—and watered it down to sell as their own.

"We stole it," Eric admits. But this doesn't mitigate the Mindbenders' feeling towards American groups.

An American group of a different variety—namely Indians—is a great favorite of one Mindbender. Ric, 22, a small, tan, sunglassesed package of a singer, announced that when he left Hollywood, they were going to Arizona to see Indians.

"Lots of Indians," he said. "I like Indiana. Scalping. I like that, the way they scalp people."

I informed Ric that Phoenix wasn't full of scalp-hungry Indians, a fact that disappointed him immensely. So he decided to walk up and down Hollywood instead, looking for Elvis Presley.

California: Gangs, Vietnicks and Surfers

By Gill McDougall

Reading press reports from California it is very easy for an Englishman to get a completely false impression of the Golden State. To the uninitiated, California may seem to be a land of Vietnicks, motorcycle gangs, and surfers. Naturally, anyone who is able to take time out and really get to know California finds this to be a false image. Right?

I have lived in California myself, but some of my friends who haven't had the opportunity, revealed their thoughts on Californians in the following descriptions.

Vietnicks: Vietnicks are usually college students, and come in various sizes—with or without guitars. Vietnicks' idea of happiness is for the campus to be within walking distance of a fair-sized military base. Some of those posters are pretty heavy. Vietnicks dislike draft cards, the local police force, Barry Sadler, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Hells Ang. Vietnicks like beads, long hair, casual clothes (spelled s-l-o-p-p-y) Barry McGuire, Bob Dylan, folk music and the Beatles.

Visitors to California will easily recognize Vietnicks as they are often carrying such signs as, "Yankee go home," and "Mao is great." Vietnicks often organize protest parties—anyone welcome but be sure to bring a supply of well worded protests—and the party will sometimes culminate with select members of the group burning their draft cards. After this ceremony the draft card burners will demonstrate their vocal capabilities as they are dragged away by the FBI.

Color them red.

Motorcycle gangs (who shall be nameless) also fancy beads and long hair. However, a close scrutiny will show the difference between Vietnicks and the leather boys. A member of a motorcycle gang will often be found sporting a beard, a hangover, several swastikas, an unemployment check, a

pocket edition of Mein Kampf, and a citation from the police department.

Motorcycle gangs like motorcycles, a good time, demonstrating against demonstrators, the fifth amendment, and the Beatles. They dislike Vietnicks, the law, draft dodgers, and the draft.

Color them funny.

Teenagers, up to the age of thirty, can be surfers, mods or anything else but they appear in their youth to be the most unaffected of California's inhabitants. Teens like British beat groups, British styles, American money, and the Beatles. Refreshingly they don't dislike anything in particular. They do, however, have some misconceptions about the ways of the world. For instance, many of them believe that John Lennon's house in the country is called Chequers, and that Harold Wilson is Brian Epstein's assistant road manager.

Color them red, white and happy.

The teens' young brothers and sisters, preteens, are also happy with life, and their tastes are really very similar. Preteens like Batman, comic books, Bugs Bunny, Donald Duck, and Herman's Hermits.

And then there are the adults—the instigators of the whole scene. Adults like evening television, afternoon television, morning television, imitating their kids, bowling, their bank balance and the Beatles.

Color them bored.

Adults are dancing, acting, and living so much after the fashion of their children that it is often hard to tell them apart. Out on the highways, however, it is fairly easy, as adults apparently believe it to be illegal to drive in any lane other than the one on the extreme left.

Well, that's it. Would you believe that the preceding image is the image conveyed by California to the rest of the world? ... Would you believe upper Michigan?

HERBIE ALPERT IN MOVIES



HERBIE IN "ICE CREAM SUIT."

Herbie Alpert is going to be a movie star yet! And why not? He's done everything else. The idea has been in Herbie's head for quite sometime but up until now he has been unable to find a suitable script.

Apparently, he has now found one because Alpert is making a deal for "The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit," the Ray Bradbury play which enjoyed about a year's run in 1965. Both Herb and Bradbury admit that the deal is about to be signed and Bradbury is set to begin writing the movie script.

The completed script is expected to be in Alpert's hands by December and will soon after go into production as a giant musical. Neither parties would reveal the price.

As the personal appearance side of the Herbie Alpert story, it appears that Herbie and his TJB are now the proud record holders for attendance at the famous Greek Theatre.

ELVIS!

By Louise Criscione

It all seems like a million years ago. The long sideburns, the machine-operated hips, the outraged cries of "immorality" and "fifth" which turned into a legend. A legend which is still living, still here, still the King.

The decade between 1956 and 1966 brought with it changes which were sometimes small but mostly drastic. Time has left absolutely nothing untouched. Perhaps no where has it left more of a mark than on the field of popular music.

To be sure, in 1956 the best-selling records were being called "pop music" but the name is the only thing which remains. Most of The Top are dead as far as the world of pop is concerned. Bill Haley, Fats Domino, Pat Boone, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Rick Nelson. All gone. Some to other fields of entertainment. Some to oblivion.

Only The Legend

Only the Legend remains. The man they said couldn't last. The "horrible" spectacle who mothers attempt (unsuccessfully) to keep their daughters from liking. The man who has made more money, set more records and been heard by more people in the world than any other artist in the history of the record business.

Elvis is still here—he's today. And despite everything—time, rumors, criticism, out-of-date singles, a hitch in the Army, secrecy, the British invasion—Elvis Presley is every inch alive and happening.

No one, including the Beatles, has ever been able to match him. Quite naturally. How can anyone in the span of two years hope to accomplish what Elvis has achieved in ten?

The amazing aspect of Elvis' long career is not that he remains unequalled but rather that he remains at all. For the most part, the fans who discovered Elvis, who defied their elders and made him the biggest star in existence are now "elders" themselves. They're married and have children of their own. Yet, somehow Elvis has managed to keep the majority and add thousands more so that today he can sit back in secrecy and still chalk up box office smashes and best-selling albums.

Oreta Garbo?

You'll never see an interview with Elvis. He doesn't give any. You seldom run across a picture of him. His entourage sees to that. Reporters stand a thread-thin chance of gaining admittance to his movie sets. Col. Parker makes sure of that. He makes no personal appearances and no television dates. He doesn't need to.

He is occasionally seen around the Hollywood clubs. Photographers and reporters are everywhere. But you'll never see pictorial evidence of Elvis' visit; nor

will you read a quote obtained from Elvis. Because that's the way the Elvis of today operates.

I suppose you could conceivably catch a quick glimpse of Elvis if you found the narrow street up in Bel Air where the Presley manor is located and then waited patiently for hours (or days). If you were extremely lucky, Elvis' gold Cadillac would appear. You know, the one with the gold interior lights, the double row of gold plated engraved records, the center lounge, the gold refreshment bar that freezes its own ice cubes and the gold plated swivel television. And hidden in there somewhere, perhaps you'd see Elvis himself. But don't count on it. You're facing million to one odds.

That's what makes Elvis' continual success so fantastic. His physical absence. You can't see him except in his movies and perhaps this is what makes his movies so popular. And they are popular—make no mistake of that. To date they've grossed over \$130 million! Quite a bit of which is profit since Presley movies are usually filmed in three or four weeks, whereas many films take months and months to complete.

GI Joe

The biggest threat to Elvis' career occurred in 1958 when the Army called his number. The world sat back waiting for Elvis to become an entertaining GI. But they were fooled. Elvis went into the Army as a regular GI Joe. He asked for, and received, no special privileges.

Critics heralded the fall of Presley. One even went so far as to say that before he even learned to salute properly his fans would have transferred their affections to someone else. They too were fooled. When Elvis returned from Germany he was every bit as popular as the day he left. He had not utilized the "star" bit and his Army buddies had found him no different than anyone else.

Civilian Again

He was released in early 1960, and during one of the worst snow storms in New Jersey, Elvis held his first press conference at Fort Dix. Newsmen from television, radio, magazines and newspapers trugged through the mountains of snow to get a close look at Sergeant Presley.

Some of the reporters were downright shocked to discover that Elvis had not changed. Nor had his show business star fallen one inch. He immediately launched into his first movie following his Army release, "GI Blues." A movie which broke all box office records. He renewed his unbroken chain of hit singles with "Stuck On You," "It's Now Or Never" and "Are You Lonesome Tonight." All were released during 1960 and all were million sellers.



1956



1957



1958



1960



Elvis' Gold Cadillac



Elvis - 1956



Elvis - 1966

The opposition was forced to surrender. Apparently, nothing could stop Elvis. Nothing could force him to abdicate his musical throne.

Pop idols came and went — none of them even came near to challenging Elvis. Then in 1964 the biggest contenders for Elvis' title appeared in the form of four charming, long-haired singers from Liverpool. The Beatles were

big all right. Bigger than anyone since Elvis. Again the critics piped up: "The Beatles will overthrow Elvis."

Elvis himself didn't say anything about the Beatles. But then why should he? He has eight years over them. And that's a long time, a lot of money and an avalanche of prestige.

Anyway, how can you overthrow a legend?

Top 40 Requests

THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST	THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST
1	THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY	Napoleon XIV	21	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
2	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Donovan	22	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
3	SUNNY	Bobby Hebb	23	OVER UNDER SIDEWAYS DOWN	The Yardbirds
4	SWEET PEA	Tommy Roe	24	I WANT YOU	Bob Dylan
5	LIL' RED RIDING HOOD	Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs	25	DOUBLE SHOT (OH MY BABY'S LOVE)	The Madellairs
6	SEVEN AND SEVEN IS	Love	26	LADY JANE/MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER	The Rolling Stones
7	PAPERBACK WRITERS	The Beatles	27	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
8	SOMETIMES GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE	The Standells	28	SWEET DREAMS	Tommy McLain
9	THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL	The Lovin' Spoonful	29	SOMEWHERE MY LOVE	Ray Conniff
10	DISTANT SHORES	Clod & Jeremy	30	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades Of Blue
11	ENTER THE YOUNG	The Association	31	THE WORK SONG	Herb Alpert
12	RED RUBBER BALL	The Cyrkle	32	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
13	DIRTY WATER	The Standells	33	LOVE LETTERS	Eyes Presley
14	ALFIE	Cher	34	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
15	THIS DOOR SWINGS BOTH WAYS	Herman's Hermits	35	S D	The Byrds
16	HUNGRY	Paul Revere & The Raiders	36	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
17	HONKY TONK	Tommy James & The Shondells	37	GIANT STEPPERS	The Sandpipers
18	WILD THINGS	The Troggs	38	GO ON AND CRY	Righteous Brothers
19	MAGIC TOUCH	Bobby Fuller Four	39	MY HEART'S SYMPHONY	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
20	I SAW HER AGAIN	The Mama's & Papa's	40	BLOWIN' IN THE WIND	Steve Wonder

Inside KRLA

By Eden

There are some days when you just can't keep up with anything, anywhere. Like, for example, who's where on KRLA this week, and like that.

THIS WEEK—please look for blue-eyed and beautiful Boy! Millionaire, Bob Ebanks, in the nine-to-noon spot, while smaller, who's hanging out at the crack of dawn position of six-to-nine.

Of course, you could find Dick Moreland, Bill Slater, or almost anybody in the three-to-six position during the last couple of weeks while the old Suzie was on vacation. But the President of the Southern California Beatles Fan Club has returned to us once again to thoroughly mess up our air waves, so things in the afternoon here at KRLA are right back to abnormal again!

And, speaking of the Phenomenal Foursome—have you seen in for your Beatle tickets yet? If you haven't, you'd better make tracks before you miss out on this year's concert—and it promises to be a gas, so get moving!

Guests this week have included the Sir Douglas Quintet, who stopped by our studios to answer phones and cause general mayhem in and around KRLA. And then of course here is the situation of Napoleon XIV and 'They're Coming To Take Me Away'... Well, somebody had better—and, fast... Hmmm—do you suppose that Napoleon is really the Amazing Pancake Man in disguise, and this whole thing is really just a put-on? Do you really suppose???

On a more serious note, everyone here at KRLA and at *The BEAT* would like to extend our most sincere sympathy to the family and friends of Bobby Fuller. He was a friend to many people here at KRLA, and he will be sadly missed.

In case you've been wondering about the Tunesex—wonder no more, 'cause the Tunesex is no more! Instead of the Top Forty Tunesex which we all came to know and love, there is now a Top Forty Request List. Just compiled from the most-requested songs here at KRLA each week.

By the way, as a result of the recent week-long series of editorial allegations concerning the recent allegations of obscenity in pop music, made by a national magazine, which you heard on the KRLA news broadcasts, KRLA is now co-operating with UHF educational TV station, KCET on a discussion program aimed at clarifying and solving the problems which have arisen in this area.

Station general manager for KRLA, John Barrett, is working closely with the TV station to develop a strong debate exploring the pros and cons of the so-called "hidden meanings" of today's music as compared with the content of pop music compositions of the past.

Once again KRLA is out in front to serve you in the best way possible.

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Los Angeles, Calif.
CR 4-2555

Paul Drops 'Little Brother' Image

By Anna Maria Abanzo
He used to be just somebody's kid brother; Patty Duke's TV kid brother, to be exact. But Paul O'Keefe has come out of the shadow of an "older sister image" now, and headed straight into a huge beginning with The End.

What's that? Paul O'Keefe is the fifteen-year-old, blue-eyed blond who portrayed Ross Lane on the Patty Duke Show. With the demise of the series, Paul turned his attentions to another area in show business, and formed his own musical group—which he calls, "The End."

Paul plays rhythm guitar for the group, and is joined by Bob Bismo on lead guitar, Edie Adjman—a girl singer—and Phil Erenberg on drums. The four have been together for only about two months—and they are still looking for a bass player...—but they have high hopes of being able to secure a recording contract as soon as possible.

Paul has been acting and performing professionally since he was seven years old, and has appeared in three Broadway musicals—Music Man, Sail Away, and Oliver—along with numerous television appearances, including his role in the Patty Duke series.

Now he has added the big Silver Screen to his list of achievements, as he portrays young Hans Christian Andersen in the Joe Levine production, "Daydreamer," soon to be released. Paul is hopeful of continuing in motion pictures, but is just as eager to play straight dramatic roles as the more humorous comedy parts.

Dirty Pop?

As a member of a new musical group now, Paul is beginning to observe the pop situation even more closely. One topic of conversation currently at the top of

everyone's mind is the recent controversy over the alleged "obscenity" in the lyrics of contemporary music.

Paul doesn't find quite so much to be upset about though, and after considering the now-famous article printed in a national magazine, he staunchly claims: "I belong to the 11 percent group... Everybody and his brother has been raging about this, but I don't see how 87 percent of the kids can say that there are no lyrics of that kind in the songs—because there are, definitely.

"But, it's mostly isolated—it's not every song. I mean, if you wanted to—you could take 'London Bridges Falling Down' and find something dirty in it! And, when they can find something in "Strangers In The Night—I give up!"

Bad For Kids

Paul does agree that there are a number of songs with rather questionable lyrics currently on the pop market, but feels that the only really harmful affects are on the very young audiences.

"That's the bad part about it. Younger kids might be influenced by that sort of lyric. I don't think songs like "Louie, Louie" should be allowed on the market, but it's a very individual thing—what might be dirty for one person, isn't for another. I think songs that are really bad, should be taken off the market."

In relation to his own group, Paul insists that "You don't have to put bad lyrics into a song to get somewhere with it"—and intends to select the best possible material for his group.

But, his main ambition is still to become the best actor he possibly can, and with his determination and talent—there's no "End" in sight for Paul O'Keefe.



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"4" Madly Love Madly Department	1840 Parkside, Northridge	Free \$50 plus 25% discount on all purchases, with card
"5" George Jones, 5177 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood	5177 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood	Free Orange Julius with any purchase.
"6" Canyon—319 N. La Cienega		2 for 1 admission to Night Night Sunday (7 p.m.—12 midnight)
"7" Mulholland, 6250 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood		2 for 1 admission
"8" Santa Monica Expo, Santa Monica		Free 2 1/2 admission August 8 for MacMillan's partying show, "The Performers"
"9" Michael's Jeweler, 7230 Wilshire, Van Nuys		Free \$20 jewelry price
"10" Koolhae Kapers — 7880 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A.		55 certificates after \$15 purchase
"11" Frankie Jones, Dave & Company, 5322 W. 24th, L.A.		Free card for dropping in and free drinks with any purchase
"12" Northridge Madly Department	1840 Parkside, Northridge	2 for 1 admission, with or without shake
"13" Lynn Baker — 318 N. La Cienega		"Hard playing on the piano" at 2 for 1
"14" George Jones, 5177 N. Pico, L.A.		2 Orange Julius for price of 1
"15" Pasadena Civic Auditorium	266 Grove St., Pasadena	Free admission for member and 1 guest to dance any Saturday 10:30-1:30 a.m. 2 drinks for girls, dance shirts, tie and checks for boys. Same offer good at the World's End, 6226 N. La Cienega St., Van Nuys
"16" George Jones — 5177 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica		Free Orange Julius with any purchase
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"18" Short Street — 1880 Lincoln, Santa Monica		50 gift certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member's 25c plus purchase on 50-coupon
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BEAT Spotlights New Groups

THE NU-LUVS



Last November, the Nu-Luvs won first place in a New York State Talent Contest and with the hour's recording session. After the master was cut, the Nu-Luvs were notified that Mercury Records picked up their song and they signed a contract.

Their first release, "So Soft, So Warm," has received reviews like this: "Powerful and outstanding with huge vocal and instrumental sections, broken by heartbreaking recitations." The Nu-Luvs are "IN" with their unique sound and style of tomorrow.

The Indigos



The Indigos, since they formed a year ago, have played clubs throughout Southern California. The leader of the group is 22 year old Russ Rizzotto, affectionately known as "boy leader". His favorite type of music is R & B.

John Bergman, better known as John E. Hoy, is more or less the clown prince of the Indigos. His onstage antics range from wild watusi dancing to doing back flips from Russ' shoulders. John has reddish blond hair and loves to sing slow meaningful ballads.

B. Jay Moreau designs the miniature guitars used by the Indigos since they are lighter and can be easily adapted to the group's choreography. B. Jay and John write most of the original material performed by the group.

Shakey, the group's drummer, is probably the backbone of the Indigos. The group's essence is his pulsating, driving drumbeat. Shakey does the talking for the group from the stage, and has a great flair for comedy.



The Daily Flash

The Daily Flash is the newest discovery of Charlie Green and Brian Stone, who have colored the pop scene with Sonny and Cher, The Troggs and Bob Lind, to name a few. The Daily Flash made their debut recently with the release of "Queen Jane Ap-

proximately." The group (left to right) Doug Hastings, Steve Lalor, Don MacAllister and John Kellhor, is slated to arrive in Hollywood within the next few weeks.



... DDBM&T—TONGUE-TWISTING AGONY.

Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich

Their name is a jawbreaker and the cause of the tongue-twisted agony to many an announcer ... but it's part and parcel of their success as one of Britain's wildest and wittiest rock groups.

The group is currently hitting American shores with their second release, "Hideaway." And they've signed to appear in a new motion picture. The film is MGM's feature "The Blow-Up" which is presently being shot on location in Britain and in which the Dave Dee group will perform "Hold Tight," their first release.

Their antics on stage have also built a huge following for Dave

Dee and friends. Their "act" combines every element of show business — vocals, slapstick, gags, one-liners, instrumental music for virtually anything else that may strike the group at a given moment!

The group was "discovered" about a year ago when they appeared on the same bill with the Honeycombs. That group's managers were so impressed by the boys that they signed Dave Dee. Since then, the Dave ensemble have brought their wild act to an increasing number of ballrooms, piers, shows and theaters all over England, Scotland and Wales.

The lead singer of this uniquely

named congregation, Dave Dee, once considered becoming a plumber because he thought it was "dead interesting" (a phrase all the Dave Dee group like to use.) He soon found plumbing as a career "dear boring".

Dave Dee personally is very direct. "I hate all this soul and Ravi Shankar bit," he says. "I go to clubs to listen. Someone tells me it's soul music. I can go out and come back five hours later, and it sounds like they are playing the same disc to me."

Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich won't remain unknown in the U.S.A. very long.

Shondells: Three Years 'Overnight'

By Tammy Hitchcock

So, you think you know about ironic twists? Well, if you haven't heard the Tommy James and the Shondells story—you don't even know what ironic means! Three years ago an unknown group made a record entitled, "Hanky Panky." The record was a complete bomb and the group remained nationally unknown.

Then in 1966 a disc jockey somewhere in the country decided to take a look through his file of old records. He discovered "Hanky Panky," dug the sound and put it on the air. That was it. Nothing more, nothing less. Requests poured in, record stores sold out. "Hanky Panky" was on the charts and Tommy James and the Shondells were a three year "overnight" success!

Slow Starter

You'd think they'd be ecstatic with their newly found success. Actually, they are. Except for one small problem. . . "Hanky Panky" is not the sound of Tommy James and the Shondells. Three years is a long time. The Shondells are not a static group. They move, they change. Today, they're rhythm 'n' blues. Three years ago they were "handclapping music." "Hanky Panky" has given way to "Please, Please, Please." How were they to know their "handclapping music" would be the number one record in the nation three years after it was released? I mean, they'd heard of slow-starting records but three years has to be the slowest yet!

The Shondells all come from around the Pittsburgh area. Really, they're from a little town called Greensboro but no one except its

inhabitants know where it is. They've known each other for years but then, everyone in a small town knows each other.

Tommy James is set apart. He calls himself the "Outsider." Not because he doesn't fit in but because he was born in Ohio instead of Greensboro. And to top the whole thing off, Tommy didn't even meet the Shondells in Greensboro. He saw them play one night in Pittsburgh and decided they were the group he wanted to be in. So, he joined up. As simple as that.

An 'Oldie'

Tommy is nineteen years old but he's something of a show business "oldie." He made his first professional appearance at the mighty age of 11 when he was on a local television show. He started his first group in Niles, Michigan when he reached the age of 13. He picked out the name too—Tommy & The Tornados. But he blames if you remind him of his former moniker and puts it down to "youthful indiscretion."

Tommy wears his brown hair on the short side, doesn't like dirty looking performers and prefers American artists over the British variety. Tommy's the one responsible for the name "Shondells." He admits that it means nothing in particular—"It just sounds right."

The Group

The Shondells line up at Joe Kessler, George Magura, Vinnie Pipetropoli, Ronnie Rossman and Mike Vale. Joe is the joker and the introvert of the group—even though that seems to be impossible. The thing is, Joe never has much to say about any given subject and yet what he does say is



... THE SHONDELLS (l. to r.) Ronnie, Joe, Vinnie, Tommy, George and Mike.

hilarious. The rest of the guys tease Joe continually because he's always late and is introverted. But he seems to enjoy it. He says he likes to take showers and that's why he's always late but he doesn't feel that he's wasting time because he sings loudly in the shower!

George might become a legend in his own time but he won't say why. He looks like he lives in Greenwich Village but was actually born in Svaby, Czechoslovakia

and raised in Greensboro. He sports a glasses and sweats like a gnat every father wore when he married your mother. He's the kind of musician who can play anything from a comb to a violin but the Shondells only allow him to play sax, bass and organ. Which is a large shame because the music world needs a gatted comb player!

Vinnie is the youngest Shondell (following Tommy by two and a half months) so he's described as "everybody's kid brother." Vinnie owns a perpetual grin, which is probably a defense mechanism because that way no one can get mad at him. He's not the least bit sophisticated and is incapable of faking anything. If you ask him what he plays, he'll tell you with a straight-face: "Drums, table taps, glasses and an occasional bald head." Then he puts his smile back on and informs the world that he likes Italian food.

Which Star?

Ronnie has one of those serious, pre-occupied looks about him. People say he resembles a movie star but won't say which one. His real name is Claren but since he claims to have a temper no one ever calls him Claren. Although Ronnie likes to talk, one gets the impression he's a lover of the slow and quiet life. He'd rather live in the country than the city, likes quiet and natural girls and prefers to spend an evening "just kidding around" with old friends. So, you can't really picture him grooving on the Sunset Strip or North Beach in New York City.

Mike says he wears his hair like Napoleon but with his gatte he actually looks more like George's Greenwich Village neighbor. Mike used to have shoulder-length hair but his neighbors stared at him so much that he finally cut it off. He's hung on blues . . . period. Because he used to wear his hair long, is extremely informal and split Greensboro for summers in New

York City, you'd probably pick Mike out as the group's hippie. But you'd be wrong. He claims that he doesn't dig the wild scene but prefers "the companionship of a few close friends."

So, now you've been formally introduced to Tommy James and the Shondells. It's rather difficult to go up from the number one record in the nation but that's exactly where The Shondells want to go. They aim to be one of the best American representatives of the blues sound. And with three solid years of practice behind them—they just might make it.

Bobby Fuller Dead

(Continued From Page 1)

times of stress—when the group had to spend long hours on the road or when things weren't going well—Bobby was never subject to moods of depression.

But just prior to his death, Keene said, Bobby was at the zenith of his career with everything going for him and should have had no worries. His recording of "I Fought The Law" had placed him in the national pop spotlight and "he never gave me any indication he was having personal difficulties," Keene said.

"He was making plans to move to a new apartment and was very happy about his career, which was blossoming beautifully," Keene recalled. "He left no notes or in any way gave any indication of being remorse prior to his death.

In fact, just before he left his house the morning of his death he had called his girl friend in New York City and asked her to come to the West Coast and join him. (Ed. note—Bobby had only known the girl for about a week and a half but she was reported to be happy with Bobby's invitation.) He also told his brother and his road manager, who both lived with him, that he was pleased with the song he had just finished that very day.



"I saw him on Sunday, the day before his death, while he was with some friends of his from Texas and he was in his normal good spirits. Also at that time he mentioned that he wanted to purchase an automobile from another member of his group—who has been drafted." (Ed. note—Bobby had a life-long history of asthma so he could have had no fear of being drafted.)

Did Keene think Bobby was murdered? "I just know he didn't take his own life. . . and that's all I have to say.

"But since I do feel that he did not die of his own intention," Keene picked up his last statement, "I have decided to support my belief. I have retained, through my attorney, the services of the necessary people to investigate his death to determine what actually happened."

And so the mysterious circumstances behind the death of one of America's brightest young singers—a fellow who obviously had everything to live for—still remained unknown.



... TOMMY JAMES

Girl Groups

By Mike Tuck

So you think men hold an exclusive corner on the rock 'n' roll music scene, huh... then you're in for a surprise because if you'll look closely you'll notice a creeping trend of all-girl groups invading the pop music scene.

Not that they're making any immediate threat to overshadow groups like The Rolling Stones or the Beatles, but female groups, at least on the East Coast and in Ivy League Colleges, are coming back to the limelight for the first time since the heyday of Phil Spector.

Males Dig 'Em

Record companies are now keeping a close watch on a number of female groups who do most of their entertaining for East Coast colleges. The groups have reportedly met with staggering success playing before live audiences, especially at colleges where the male enrollment outnumbers its counterpart.

And just because a group is comprised of all girls, that's no indication they "tone down" or alter their hard-rock songs. The girls use the same instrumentation, amplified guitars and drums as the male groups, and many even write their own songs.

Still, record companies, while keenly interested in the new groups, have accepted a position of watchful skepticism. They want conclusive proof that all-female groups would be nationally accepted before they endorse them.

Mixed groups, however, have

unquestionably made their mark on the pop music market and in the process have opened the door a little wider for all-girl groups. The Mama's and Papa's, which features two girls, has become one of the top groups in the world.

Probably the biggest names in all-girl groups today are the Moppets, from Mt. Holyoke College in Massachusetts, and the New Pandoras from Boston.

Don't get the impression that just because they're girls they're meek and debate with no individuality. The Moppets have solved their transportation problem with a 1957 hearse, which they ride in to their engagements at Ivy League Colleges like Harvard, Yale and Cornell.

They have become so popular at eastern all-male colleges that they haven't been able to handle all requests for their performances. They have built up a solid reputation from Boston to Philadelphia.

New Pandoras

And the New Pandoras, probably the only rock group ever to play at the Harvard Club in Boston, is as popular and well-known in the Boston area as many of the groups that are currently riding high on the record charts.

Made up of a college senior and three Boston area high school girls, the New Pandoras were just recently featured as at Seventeen Magazine's annual fashion show in New York.

The new groups are a natural

for publicity... they are fresh and present a new angle to the Pop music world. The New York Times ran a feature on the Moppets; Women's Wear Daily had a story on the New Pandoras; and the Boston Globe also covered the Pandoras with a feature story.

Part of the appeal of the two groups is that they're very feminine in appearance. At least while on stage, they shun slacks and appear in sophisticated dresses. This, undoubtedly, is a factor in their popularity at all-men's universities.

What is the future of all-girl groups as recording stars? For the Moppets and the Pandoras it is bright but their group is trying to rush its recording career. The Moppets have declined record offers so far because they feel they aren't quite ready for them, and the Pandoras have reportedly been undergoing unhurried negotiations with seven record companies.

Japanese Song Hits America

The British... now the Japanese.

Maybe not with the same resounding impact that the British artists have made, but Japanese artists are about to make what is expected to be a big entrance into American music.

Capitol Records has announced that "Kimi To Issumadero," the largest selling record in the history of the Japanese record industry, will be released here soon. The single, which has topped the three million sales mark in Japan alone, was written and recorded by Japanese motion picture and singing star, Yuzo Kayama.

The last artist to record a song for Capitol in Japanese was Kyu Sakamoto. His single, "Sukiyaki," became a million-seller in 1963, expected to draw the same kind of reaction. The song will be sung entirely in Japanese on the American version.

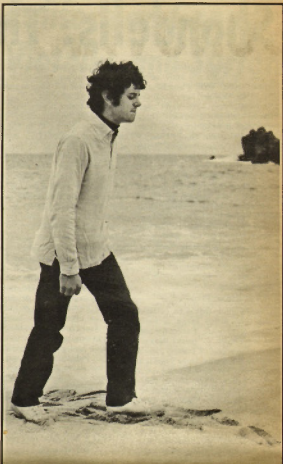
"Kimi To Issumadero," which means "Love Forever," is expected to draw the same kind of reaction. The song will be sung entirely in Japanese on the American version.

Released in December, 1965, it has stayed atop the Japanese charts for more than five months. Since the debut of the single, Kayama and his group, The Launchers, have been deluged with personal appearance offers and are now considered the most successful pop group Japan has ever had.

Stone Movie

An American all-star pop movie has just opened in England. The film, "Gather No Moss," stars the Rolling Stones as well as James Brown and his Famous Flames, the Beach Boys, Billy J. Kramer, Chuck Berry, the Supremes, Jan & Dean, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Marvin Gaye and the Miracles.

Sound familiar? It should. It has already played throughout America as the T.A.M.I. Show.



The Sunshine Superman

*Words & Music by DONOVAN LEITCH

Sunshine came softly
Thru My window today
Could have tripped out easy
But I've changed my way
I'll take time I know it
But in a while
You're gonna be mine I know it
We'll do it in style
'Cause I made my mind up
You're going to be mine
I'll tell you right now
Any trick in the book now baby
That I can find
Everybody is hustling just to have a little scene
When I say we'll be cool
I think that you know what I mean
We stood on the beach at sunset
Do you remember when?
I know a beach where baby
It never ends
When you've made my mind up
Forever to be mine
Pick up your hands and slowly

Blow your little mind
Cause I made my mind up
You're going to be mine
I'll tell you right now
Any trick in the book now baby
All that I can find
Superman or Green
Lantern ain't got nothin' on me
I can make like a turtle in dark fog
A-float in the sea
You can just sit there thinking
On your Velvet throne
About all the rainbows you can have for your own
When you've made your mind up
Forever to be mine
Pick up your hands and slowly
Blow your little mind
When you've made your mind up
Forever to be mine

*Lyrics Printed with Permission of Epic Records

DONOVAN — FACTS AND FACTS

REAL NAME—Donovan Philips Leitch
BIRTH DATE—May 20, 1946
BIRTHPLACE—Kericho, Kenya, Scotland
PRESENT HOME—London
HEIGHT—5' 11"
WEIGHT—120 lbs.
COLOR HAIR—Green
COLOR EYES—Green
PROFESSOR DONOVAN—The brother, Gerry
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Guitar, harmonica, piano
MUSICAL EDUCATION—Self-taught
EARLIEST POP INFLUENCE—40s and 50s
FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE—The Cuck, St. Albans
EARLY RECORDS—"Sunshine Superman," and "Swampy Swamp"
ALBUMS—"Sunshine Superman"
RECENT RECORDING CONTRACT—Mercury-Globe, Jack Elliot
HOBBIES—Golf, fishing, jazz

FORNOST COLORED—Sensational, the new wave
FORNOST SINGERS—Paul McCartney, Beatles, Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Jerry and the Beatles
FORNOST COMPANIES—Able, Sebastian, Lerner and McCartney, Phil Spector, Bob Levy
FORNOST FAVORITE—Archie, Frank, rock and roll, guitar, pop
FORNOST BEANS—I've eaten them, I love coffee, black coffee
FORNOST CAR—1965 Lincoln Continental
LYRICS AND SINGERS—Have written his lyrics and he has written his lyrics
FORNOST BARBERS—Constantly shaving of the 40s, i.e., to have a haircut with Allan Ginsberg, recording a Beatles' song, etc. (McCartney making electric tapes and Dylan taking notes at the end of a show.)

Instant Mischief On Bob Lind Tour

By Barri

Most people wouldn't consider the talented songwriter-singer, Bob Lind, to be a dangerous young man. They might have some doubts about his two nutty—but rich—managers, Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, however.

But put these three together and send them off to Merrie Old England for a P.A. tour—and you have it: instant mischief.

While in the foggy isle on their recent tour, Bob, Brian, and Charlie were taken to a very typically old English restaurant where the diners mixed their food with song, as they all joined in on tunes brightly played by a little old English gentleman—complete with top hat and an old English upright piano.

The customers merrily sang along, while banging their forks and knives on the tables before them and in time to the uptempo beat of "I'm Henry The VIII." After listening to a couple of choruses of the old English tune—made famous by a certain young—and saucy—English lad, just recently—Bob turned round to his host and cracked: "It sounds like a prison riot for better food..."

Brian and Charlie immediately picked up the cue and joined in the festivities with a little improvisation of their own, beginning with a giant Sugar Lump Battle of the Century, conducted with the occupants of a nearby table.



Then Charlie popped up brightly with the always-pertinent question: "Hey, isn't it luck to throw salt over your shoulder?" A very unsuspecting host replied that it was, whereupon Charlie immediately tossed a three-pound container of salt over his shoulder—which proceeded to bounce off the table, through a nearby window, and off into the Thames River below...

Charlie and Brian are in for either a very large dose of luck in the near future—or an even larger dose of English bills...

DONOVAN: Magician of Music

By Debbie Weller
Hillary Bedell

He's only twenty years old, and already a man with a new, wild type of sound. This man is Donovan Phillips Leitch, better known to the teen world as Donovan.

He calls his type of sound, in his own words, "Music just for now, 'now music,' 'cause it's changing so much."

As we sat talking with Donovan, caped in a black velvety floor length cape with dark sequins, it was obvious he had quite a wonderful, wonderful personality. Of himself, he says he has a "goody-goody" type personality. In addition to being a "goody" type, Donovan is a very deep thinking person and shows this by the lyrics of many of his songs.

At Home

When this magical, mystical musician isn't on tour, or doing a show, he likes to relax at his home in London, where he lives with Gypsy Dave. Gypsy must be a very still, and quiet person, because this is the type of people Donovan likes.

Before becoming a famous singer, Donovan traveled all around with the Gypsy. He said all of his adventures were fun and he had so many that one day he may write a book about them.

Donovan's younger brother, Jerry, who is fourteen, is also a musician. But contrary to Donovan's "now" sound, Jerry plays the classics. He is at present living in England.

Quiet Life

Many people must always be with crowds and the hubbub of the city, but Donovan prefers the quieter life. He prefers the country to the city because it is simple and quiet. His choice of a place

to live is a Greek Island in the Mediterranean.

Many of Donovan's songs seem to show a deep feeling and he says he believes himself to be a very deep person. Donovan sometimes writes on inspiration and other times he writes on past experiences and the future. He says he must be alone when writing. Donovan says he doesn't have to get into a certain mood to write, because he is automatically in it when he is writing.

Other Jobs

Before Donovan gained fame as a singer, he had many adventures. He traveled up and down the lands of Great Britain with his friend, Gypsy Dave. Because singing couldn't always furnish his stomach with the food he needed, he worked at various jobs. When Donovan traveled the high and low, he did most labor jobs. When asked the types of work he had experienced he said, "I can't remember now, but there was diggin' the road . . . I didn't do a lot of work, used to work for a couple of weeks then moved away from it . . . don't like much doin' work."

Donovan helped soothe many of the hardships of traveling on the road by singing on his way. Ever since he can remember he's enjoyed singing.

Happy Now

Despite the carefree life of roaming the lands, he likes best what he's doing now. He says, "You can't bring back yesterday and live what you did before."

Donovan has many talents other than singing. He writes poems which he turns into songs, and he writes fairy tales. Bob Dylan is his favorite writer and Donovan seems to show this in some of his songs.

If you went up to an average Englishman visiting California and posed the question of the difference of England's fog compared with L.A.'s smog, he would probably give some everyday, usual answer. When we asked Donovan that, he answered: "I haven't seen any smog yet, but I saw a big, noisy car laying tar on the road, 'twas billowing and blowing, but the pure air sucked the dirt out," an example of his poetic charm.

Donovan gives some very unusual answers, but one of the most surprising seems to be the answer to the question "What was your most embarrassing moment?" After thinking of one, then crossing it out, and saying he didn't think he ever had one, an often moment came to his mind and he said, "Yeah, interviews are embarrassing. Sometimes embarrassing for the interviewee, and sometimes embarrassing for the interviewer, but they're embarrassing."

Exciting Moments

Another fascinating answer was to what his most exciting moment was. "Waking up every morning," he said. That seemed to show us what he would say when we asked him what he loved most in life. We were right — "life."

Many people listen to Donovan's works and think, "What is he trying to tell me?" While others can tell when they first listen to a song. Donovan says his songs say to, "Have fun . . . live . . . just listen to your own head, and laugh all the time, laugh with others, and dance all the time."

Most people are accustomed to seeing Donovan playing his usual six-string guitar. But when we visited a night club recently (where he was playing) we saw the different sounds he has.

He transferred from his quiet sound to the powerful sound of the electric guitar which showed his versatility with music. In singing one song (a fairy tale) "Guenivere," Donovan's quiet sounding guitar was accompanied by a rather unusually beautiful sounding Indian instrument called the "sitar."

Favorite Colors

In one of Donovan's past hit songs, "Colors," he sang about many different hues, but he doesn't even mention his two favorite ones. Maybe it's because they have too many syllables. They're turquoise and tangerine.

Donovan says he has so many favorite performers he could make a list, and they vary from the Beatles to Julian Bryme, of the classical guitar. Even though he has so many favorites, the biggest influence on his career was himself.

When Donovan went traveling through Europe, he had many pets which he calls "animal friends." At his stops they were waiting for him. Among them were mice, a guinea pig, Afghan hounds, birds, and a cat. He says he has pets all over the world.

We found Donovan to be a fabulously magical person. Who enchants just by the answers he gives.



THE EVER CHANGING DONOVAN — When he first came to the scene he appeared in denims and an old railroad cap and he sang about the wind and colors and things. After "Universal Soldier" was a huge hit for him, he disappeared for a while, then came back wearing velvet capes and ruffled shirts. Now he's back again with "Sunshine Superman" and he's become a man of the world in padded shoulder suits and immaculately styled hair.



... IN DENIM

... VELVET CAPE



TWO LUCKY GIRLS — Hillary Bedell, left, and Debbie Weller with Donovan, whom they found a "magical, mystical musician."

A Beatle Hunt Revisited

By Martie Henderson

With the August appearance of the fabulous Beatles just around the corner now, the waves of Beatlemania are once again reaching a crest and the familiar excitement of that happy affliction is once again at high tide.

But, it has been over two-and-a-half years since we were first introduced to the British quartet who have revolutionized the entire pop world—and by now, some of us have almost gotten used to the whole aura of Beatlemania.

But, I can remember the first time that I contracted the disease, and I bet that you have many of the same symptoms which I experienced.

Beatle Hunt

It was August of 1964 then, and after months and months of waiting—the Beatles had finally arrived. Hidden away in a private home which they rented during their stay, they were surrounded by police—who in turn, were surrounded by Beatle-hunters.

It was very unusual to see teenagers climbing fences, hiding under bushes, scaling walls, and digging tunnels in order to get at least a glimpse of these four young men they had heard so much about. But it wasn't half as unusual as seeing their parents—doing the very same thing!

Never one to be left behind, I decided to join in the fun and go on a Beatle hunt of my own. So, accompanied by a close friend—who is also a nut!—and armed with only our Beatlemania and a package of chocolate chip cookies, we began our first onslaught.

In order to get to the house, we had to first cross a wide ravine. However—this was no ordinary

ravine. This one included a marvelous selection of overgrown shrubs, poison ivy, hideous spiders, oversized trees, and just for added effect—a couple of barbed wire fences. But what's a barbed wire fence where a Beatle is concerned, right?

Needless to say, by the time we had crossed through the jungle of mud and drippy shrubbery, we were drenched. And the fact that it was only six o'clock in the morning and the sun was still asleep didn't add to our comfort too much, either. But, onward in the names of John, Paul, George, and Ringo anyway.

When finally we arrived at our very last hurdle, we found ourselves just across the road from the Beatle house, separated only by the road—a few trees and plants—and a barbed wire fence!

We quickly exchanged hysterical glances, then forged ahead quickly to attempt to crawl underneath the dangerous obstacle. However, there wasn't really enough room between the fence and the ground—about an inch and a half to be exact—so we began looking about for an alternate route.

As we were doing so, we were joined by a group of about eight other boys and girls—all very nosy, and like us—all very wet.

Together, we decided that we would climb the tree in a nearby corner and avoid the wire fence.

Now, mind you—I have nothing personally against the Tom Sawyer life, or anything—but about the most climbing I had ever done in my life was up and down the two steps in front of my home. So you can probably imagine the joy which was inhabiting

my heart as I began to fake my way up the side of the tree.

Well—I now have a two inch scar to prove that I once climbed over a barbed wire fence... but, on to better things. Once over the fence, we all cotton-tailed it across the narrow road to the side of the house, and hid ourselves beneath the shrubbery—which was still soaking wet, due to the fact that the people inside had been running the sprinklers the night before to ward off "guests" just like us.

Atmosphere???

It was very nice sitting on top of those wet and muddy leaves while the trees above us dripped upon us continuously for about two hours. It gave us sort of a feeling of atmosphere. You know, it was sort of foggy that morning, so we could pretend that we were doing all of this valiant suffering across the great foam in Jolly Olde. Oh, the loveliness of our little wet selves as we tried to munch on some equally drenched and soggy chocolate chip cookies.

For about two and one half miserable hours, we watched cars driving up and down that hallowed road. We saw such fine raves as Pat Boone, Pat Boone's children, and a number of young actors, actresses and singers driving by. Along with a rather large number of police patrol cars, also driving by, and as they did so—they spoke through a loud speaker the following memorable lines: "Everyone out! If you do not come out of those bushes within five minutes, you will all go to jail!"

It was a toss up. Which was worse? The soggy, foggy, drippy underground retreat in which we were currently enclosed—or a nice, dry, warm, well-lighted jail complete with something warm to eat and drink? Well, the jail didn't include a glimpse of the Fab Four, so we continued to drippingly cower in great fear everytime a policeman drove by.

At long last, our waiting was rewarded though—we heard a great roar of engines, and a long procession of cars began to stream past us. One by one they drove by, complete with the police escort, until finally a long black limousine pulled into view.

Beatles

Yes—it really was J. P. G. and Ringo—all four waving and smiling at their many fans gathered by the road side. (The same fans who weren't supposed to be there...). So, being good-natured about the whole thing, we decided to wave back—and grinning as widely as possible—we dangled our hands—still clutching the soggy chocolate chip cookies—furiously about in the air above us.

Paul rewarded us with a smile and a wink—and then, they were gone.

And now it is two and a half years later. The Beatles will be returning very soon, and perhaps there will be other Beatle-hunts, in other places, with other Beatlemaniacs. Because Beatlemania, is indeed, an incurable disease—but probably one of the greatest and most enjoyable afflictions known to the human race.



... HOWARD KAYLAN — THE "KING"

1967 Photo: Chuck Bost



... AL "EASY SMILE"

... MARK "KNOCK IT OVER"



... CHUCK "FRANKLIN"

1967 Photo: Chuck Bost



... OBJECT OF BEATLE HUNT

The Turtles Return!



... THE TURTLES ON STAGE AT THE WHISKEY EXPLAINING YOU DON'T STAND AN "OUTSIDE CHANCE."

HOLLYWOOD: The hot, cigarette-stale air belched out of the Whiskey and onto the Strip. The sardine-like inside of the club drew its breath from the thimbleful of fresh air which somehow managed to filter through the open door and spread itself thinly over the rows of crowded tables. The Turtles opened tonight and scattered throughout the Whiskey were those who remembered how they used to be and how far 365 days can take you.

It was the same sort of hot, sticky day a year ago when you drove down the Strip to interview a virtually unknown group with the unlikely name, Turtles. They'd just released a record but it hadn't started to really happen yet. The record was "It Ain't Me, Babe" and it was the Turtles' very first interview.

Impressed

You remember being impressed with the group. Not so much because of their musical ability—a lot of groups have talent. But because they were real. They possessed that fresh sort of quality which is mixed with enthusiasm and a deep liking for what they're doing.

There was the official leader, or as they termed it—"our biggest goof," Howard Kaylan. You just couldn't help but like the guy. He was so down-to-earth, so sincere. Not phony sincere—the genuine stuff. His eyes took on this glow and his hands gestured continually as he told you the aims of the group. You knew it sounds rather lackneyed to describe him like that. But that's how you remember him—so what can you do?

You recall that warm sort of feeling you had towards Chuck as he sat there with those funny little glasses perched half-way down his nose and asked, in what you probably mistook for deep concern, if you didn't think he looked a lot like Benjamin Franklin. And the harder you looked at him the more you actually did see a resemblance.

But then he began telling you all about Buffy St. Marie and her kind of folk music. He laughed quite a bit and afterwards you decided he probably didn't resemble Ben Franklin at all. Somehow you just couldn't see him standing out in the rain flying a kite.

Jim you liked immediately because of the crazy way he chewed his gum. You swear he never stopped and you found yourself wondering if he had a problem keeping the gum in his mouth and singing at the same time. But you decided that he probably had the technique down to a fine art by how and, thereupon, decided that in your book he was "okay."

The other guys said Mark was a "bumbling idiot." You just laughed but they told you to stick around a while and see for yourself. You assumed they were making a joke but in the hour you were there you witnessed the overthrow of a microphone, the fall of a loaded ashtray and the mess of a spilled coke. All neatly maneuvered by Mark. So, you made a mental note to keep clear of him if you didn't want to get hit in the head by a mike or cooled off by a coke in your lap.

Easy Smile

Al sat directly in front of you and put his easy smile into action. He said exactly what he thought but he didn't waste words. The Turtles chose a Dylan composition to record right at the peak of Dylan's entrance into the pop field. Dylan was "in" and you remember asking if that was why "It Ain't Me, Babe" was chosen. And you remember Al's short, but concise, answer: "We're not going to ride on it." And when he strode into the kitchen to get you a coke, you filed his name on your list of "dug people."

Don seemed to be the group's deep thinker. He was the one who searched for all the "whys." He complimented Al's short answers with long ones. He possessed a

great sense of humor—none which shone through constantly—except when he bore his serious side. Then he didn't laugh at all.

Just as you started to leave, Howard asked if you couldn't print a group message. As you nodded your head, the group "message" was delivered by Howard: "Thanks to everyone who supported the record. We hope that we can continue putting out records which people will like."

Wishing

You remember wishing particularly hard that they would stay on the scene for years and years. But you couldn't predict that they would—only time could do that.

After all, hundreds of artists had one hit and then were never able to come up with another. Despite talent and good material, they just never made it again. You hoped the Turtles wouldn't fall into that bag but all you could do was wait and see.

An entire year has gone by since "It Ain't Me, Babe" and the Turtles are still here. Still recording hits and now opening at the Whiskey to a packed and enthusiastic audience. They've changed a bit—but then they said they would.

Don's gone now. He's been replaced by Johnny Barbata and as Johnny moves into the booth and plops down next to you, you silently commend the Turtles on their choice. But when he starts into his drum solo you remain silent no longer. The guy's a fantastic drummer. One who would fit into any group but who especially fits into the Turtles.

Proud

You feel proud as you watch the Turtles on stage. You haven't seen them perform in nearly a year so their improved stage presence hits you immediately. Actually, there is no reason you should feel proud—you had nothing to do with it. Except that you picked them out as winners a long time ago and they didn't let you down. Which is reason enough...

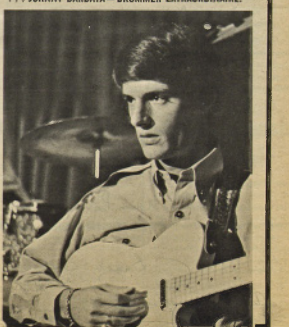
—Louise Criscione



... TURTLES GOING FORMAL



... JOHNNY BARBATA—DRUMMER EXTRAORDINAIRE.



... JIM "GUM CHEWER"

BEAT Photo Chuck Buel

POP MUSIC PUZZLERS

Do you ever get the feeling that you, as a reader of *The BEAT*, know just about everything there is to know about the International pop scene? Of course you do! And rightly so! And here's your chance to prove it!

The quizzes on this page are designed to test your knowledge in several different areas of the music world, so don't just stand there. Grab a pencil and go-go!

The answers will appear in the very next issue of *The BEAT*, so stay tuned!

True Or False?

Some of the following twenty-five statements are true and some aren't. Can you tell the difference? Mark answers below.

- David McCallum is recording an album of Beatle songs!
 - Bob Dylan is draft exempt!
 - Two of the Walker Brothers are really brothers!
 - Barry Ryan is three minutes older than his twin brother Paul!
 - The M.F.Q. stands for Modern Folk Quartette!
 - "Somewhere" was previously recorded by P.J. Proby!
 - Mick Jagger is a James Bond fan!
 - Lou Christie's real name is Geno Soccio!
 - Rory Soder is a First Sergeant in the U.S. Special Forces!
 - The original Mama's and Papa's were named Cass, Michelle, John and Donny!
 - The Beatles have received nine gold records for single discs!
 - Len Barry was once a member of the Dovells!
 - There are five members in the Turtles!
 - Bobby Vinton is the new manager of the Village Stompers!
 - Zal Yanovsky sang the lead on the Spoonfish's "Daydream"!
 - Herb Alpert is of Latin American ancestry!
 - "6-64789" was a recent hit recording!
 - Sonny Bono had nothing to do with the recording of "Bang Bang"!
 - Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels were once known as the Rivieras!
 - The Righteous Brothers have been giving college concerts!
 - Hilton Valentine is the lead singer of the Animals!
 - The DC's first movie will be their last!
 - The Beatles will make a recording while they're in America this summer!
 - There was a mistake in the record "History Repeats Itself."
 - "Norwegian Wood" was taken from a John Lennon poem by some name.
- | | | | | | | | |
|------|---|-------|---|-------|---|-------|---|
| 1. T | F | 7. T | F | 13. T | F | 19. T | F |
| 2. T | F | 8. T | F | 14. T | F | 20. T | F |
| 3. T | F | 9. T | F | 15. T | F | 21. T | F |
| 4. T | F | 10. T | F | 16. T | F | 22. T | F |
| 5. T | F | 11. T | F | 17. T | F | 23. T | F |
| 6. T | F | 12. T | F | 18. T | F | 24. T | F |
| | | | | 25. T | F | | |

Second Time Around

These present hits have been recorded previously. Match the discs in the left hand column with the original artists listed at the right.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. "Gloria" C | a. Manfred Mann |
| 2. "Little Lulu Lupo Lu" E | b. Tab Hunter |
| 3. "What Now My Love?" D | c. Them |
| 4. "Got My Mojo Working" A | d. Sonny & Cher |
| 5. "Young Love" B | e. Righteous Bros. |

BRAIN TEASER

These five songs were taken from "another medium" such as stage, TV, etc. Name where each originated, and then list the pop artists who made them hits!

- "Somewhere" Stage
- "Phoenix Love Theme" Motion Picture
- "Secret Agent Man" T.V.
- "No Matter What Shape" T.V.
- "Leaning On The Lamp Post" Motion Picture

THE 'FIRST NAME' GAME

Each of these five song titles contains a first name. Fill in the blanks and then name the artists who recorded them.

- "Sloop John Bay" - Searchers
- "My Coming Home Andy" - Wini & Jay
- "Charles No" - Blair Wilson
- "Message To Michael" - Downs Warwick
- "Frankie And Julie" - Elvis Presley

BEATLEMANIA

- Who produced both the Beatle movies? Walter Jenkins
- A recent Beatle album included their version of "Words of Love." What late great wrote this song?
Buddy Holly
- What is Mrs. Ringo Starr's first name? Maureen
- Who played the part of the channel swimmer in "Help"? Mick Evans
- What is Paul McCartney's middle name? Ravi
- Have any of the Beatle wives ever been in America? yes
- Name the western type film the Beatles almost made. Tobacco for Loving
- The first Beatle song to hit the number one spot in America was "I Wanna Hold Your Hand." What was the second? I Saw Her Standing There
- What drummer substituted for Ringo some time ago, when he was too ill to tour with the group?
Jimmy Nicol
- Name the George Harrison composition that appeared on the British but not the American "Rubber Soul" album. Two of Us
- A white ball, the Beatles produced a record for another group. The song was "You've Got to Hide Your Love Away." What was the group? The Sirens
- Paul McCartney wrote "Woman" under what pen name? John Lennon
- Name the disc recorded by John Lennon's father. My My My
- In what city will the 1966 Beatle tour begin? Chicago
- Who was the Beatles' drummer before Ringo Starr? Pete Best

MEMORY MAKERS

See if you can remember the first big hit single (in this country) by each of the following stars.

- Laurie's Hermits In the Beginning Lord
- Liner's Spentol Do You Believe in Magic
- Petalie Clark Downtown
- Mitch Ryder & Detroit Wheels Many Take a Ride
- Gary Lewis & Playboys The Diamond Ring
- Bob Dylan Like a Rolling Stone
- Walker Brothers Make it Easy on Yourself
- Zombies She's Not There
- Joe Tex Hold on to What You Got
- Elvis Presley Heart Dog

On The Flip Sides

How good is your music memory? Find out by matching the A sides in the left column with the B's at the right.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. "Help" J | a. "There's A Woman" |
| 2. "Sign of the Times" D | b. "Got A Feelin'" |
| 3. "We Can Work It Out" B | c. "What Goes On" |
| 4. "Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" D | d. "Day Tripper" |
| 5. "Walkin' My Cat Named Dog" J | e. "Summer Means New Love" |
| 6. "Caroline No" A | f. "Mon Trai Destin" |
| 7. "Monday Monday" B | g. "Act Naturally" |
| 8. "Nowhere Man" C | h. "I'm The Sky" |
| 9. "The Cruel War" A | i. "I'm Down" |

Spell Bound

There is a spelling error in each of the following ten names. Find it and correct it!

- Bernie Tanga Langsd
- The Tentations Intention
- Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs Pharaoh
- The Shadows Of Night Shadows
- Diase Warwick Diase
- Disa Reagin Reagin
- Simon And Garfunkel Simon
- Leticia Gore Leticia
- Wilson Pickett Pickett
- Johnnie Rivers

BEHIND THE SCENES

Match these five hits with the record producers who sent them spinning to the top of the charts.

- "A Man To Avoid" a.
- "Noah's Ark" b.
- "Bare Were Made for Walking" c.
- "19th Nervous Breakdown" d.
- "Shapes of Things" e.

a. Len Haleswood
b. Andrew Oldham
c. Mickie Most
d. George Gometsky
e. George Martin

Answers To
Pop Music Puzzlers
Will Be In
The Next Issue
Of *THE BEAT*

The Raiders By Candlelight

Somewhat, you have the feeling that this will be a very special evening—an evening which you will never forget. And you are right: tonight is a very important, very special evening for tonight you will attend your very first recording session with Paul Reynolds and the Raiders.

There are very few people who are allowed to sit in on the Raiders' sessions, so you feel very privileged as you walk quietly in to the studio and take your seat in front of the large glass window which separates you from the recording booth.

Behind you, is a massive piece of machinery responsible for all of the recording which will take place, and operating it is an engineer named Ray. Standing beside Ray is the Raiders' talented producer, Terry Melcher.

Probably the first thing which caught your eye as you entered the dimly lit recording studio was the recording booth which is completely dark—with the exception of several flickering candles!

At first, it seemed almost religious, but then you discover that it was Mark Lindsay's doing. He nearly always records his lead vo-

cal in absolute darkness, but for this track—which all of the Raiders are cutting—he decided that a little atmosphere was called for. And it really is quite impressive.

The engineer is ready and waiting, and a voice in the recording booth comes over the microphone.

"Let's try and take one, Terry." Terry gives the okay, and after a few last minute instructions, the music begins.

This particular track doesn't have a name yet, but it is very unusual. As a matter of fact, it doesn't even sound like the Raiders you have known before. This tune is very strange, very romantic-sounding, very weird yet strikingly beautiful.

Terry isn't satisfied with this track and calls for another. A short discussion takes place over the intercom and the Raiders try it again. There are several stops-and-starts, but it is important to get this track just right. . . . and very soon, it's.

"All right—c'mon in for a playback," Terry says, and the Raiders troop into the control booth where we are sitting, one by one. They are very much absorbed in the music they are creating, so

they might not notice you at first. But, be patient. Five Raiders scatter all over the small room—some on chairs, some sitting on the tape machine, one on the floor, and another perched atop a table. And they all listen, intently, to this track which they have just finished. Terry wants to hear something very closely, so he climbs on top of a chair in order to stand right next to one of the four huge speakers which are hung above the large glass window.

The track is done and Terry discusses it with the boys. They decide that it could still be improved, and decide to try another take.

Before they file back to the recording booth, Mark comes over to welcome us and say hello, and he is quickly joined by Fang and Harpo who both smile broadly at everyone. Then, it's back to the booth and a couple more takes are attempted.

Another playback—more discussion—still another take with some new ideas to be added—another playback. . . . and, that's it. Everyone is satisfied that the track is complete, and the Raiders take a break.

Uncle Paul is dressed very casually in a pair of beige pants and a brown-and-white striped shirt. He slouches across a chair in a corner, and begins to joke with Harpo, who respectfully plays "straight man" to all of "Uncle Paul's" jokes.

Fang finds a new guitar in a corner, brought in by another musician, and ecstatic over the new "toy" he has found, sits down in a corner to try a few new chords.

Smitly decides that it is definitely time for coffee and a doughnut, and heads quickly for the nearby commissary, stopping briefly to say hello to us and say he's glad that we could make it.

Mark is lost for the moment in a discussion with Terry on some of the material which they will be recording this evening, and for a moment—the two boys swing back and forth at one another, working out a temporary arrangement in their minds which they will figure out completely a little later.

When he's finished, Mark strolls over in our direction—clad, as usual, in his own distinctive style of dress. Tonight he is wearing black pants, his black knee-length boots (match), and a black-and-

white print puffly-sleeved shirt. Oh yes—and a black ribbon in his "queer!"

He's excited about a song which he has just written—a very satirical song—and he comes over to sing a few bars of it to us. It sounds like a hit, Mark. He says he hopes so and then disappears to round up some tea to soothe his throat before he continues singing.

In a few minutes, Terry calls the troops back to order and together, they all go into the recording booth. Gathered around a honky-tonk piano, the six of them work out some of their ideas for the arrangement of this next tune together, deciding just which harmonies will be used, and who will sing which parts.

Terry suddenly bursts through the door—excited and enthusiastic about the ideas he has for this track—and once again, recording begins. It is an intricate track, and the boys put a great deal of work into it. And before anyone realizes it, a couple more hours have gone by.

It does seem sort of dream-like—seeing all of the Raiders, with only the candles to light up their smiles for us.

THE EVERPRESENT FULLNESS:

The World From Big Sur

The Everpresent Fullness make people happy, and it's not because of their name.

Of course, the name always inspires a bit of humor, but it is a very earnest name—one that is very descriptive of the world from a vantage point at Big Sur. But that's another story.

The Everpresent Fullness are a quietly joyful group. A former employee said, "I've never seen a group make so many people so happy." The Fullness are well equipped with bottles of laughing gas, just effervescent personalities, bubbling wit and attitudes that are free as the wind.

Solidified

Several of the group once lived in Big Sur but it was in Redondo Beach that the group solidified. They began playing at a coffee-house where they commanded the salary of one dollar a piece per show and "all the coffee you could drink." This convinced Jack that they "weren't in it for the money."

Actually, everpresent fullness is a religion that just happens to serve as a collective title for a group of people who hum and strum and smile broadly when thinking of their single, "Wild About My Lovin'."

Jack—sings lead on "Wild Lovin'" a task he does in a twangy, laconic, bantering fashion to the accompaniment of snarling mouth parts and jangling guitars and thundering drums played by the other four Fullness.

The Fullness are an honest group, so honest that two of their

members actually admit they are married. Paul Johnson recently married a freckle-faced strawberry blonde, and Tom Carvey is married with a little son named Chad.

Twenty-year-old Tom has a wild wild comb of hair that would defy any tangle in captivity. Shoeless and hatless, he is most often seen in "beer-bud-pot." Tom's special hobby is photography. He also does a lot of thinking and prefers seas and trees to world events.

Individually, the Everpresent Fullness are bright, free-wheeling individuals. Sparkling-eyed Paul Johnson, who peers at the world from behind rimless glasses and a sun-bronzed face, spends his time playing games, "especially stadium checkers" (an elaborated version of Chinese checkers). On the road, he specializes in alphabetic games—finding words on signposts and billboards that start with all the letters of the alphabet.

"Quaker State and Zenith signs," he says, "come in very handy."

Fruit Trees

Jack Ryan is 25, and while can't be described exactly as *sternis*, one could say that he is lean and gaunt. Tall, gangling Jack lives by himself in Redondo Beach where he has a small garden containing "a bunch of fruit trees and stuff." Jack definitely isn't a poet.

Ingenuous Jack has found a way of always winning at Paul's stadium checkers. "I just tip the board and all the marbles roll in the hole," he says.

Steve Pugh, bass guitarist for



... THE EVERPRESENT FULLNESS (l. to r.) Paul, Terry, Steve, Tom and Jack.

the Fullness, is currently "putting a lot of effort into growing a bear." A tall, feisty, dark-haired twenty-year-old, Steve lives with his father in Manhattan Beach. Steve's claim to fame is one being "almost thrown out of Disneyland"—or well—"asked to stay off the dance floor anyway."

Steve likes "a smiling face and good personality" in a girl, qualities that he possesses himself.

Terry is the youngest of the Fullness—a mere nineteen. He spends most of his time "losing

at Paul's games," but when he isn't losing, he likes to "walk or ride around with a friend." A sensitive, perceptive performer, he plays thundering drums for the group.

Though the group describes their sound as "indescribable," they arrive at the general conclusion that the Everpresent Fullness play "an integration of general folk, general rock 'n' roll and country jug rock."

"Groups on the same type of trip," says Tom, have been their greatest inspiration—and by trip

he means type of sound. "The Yardbirds and Ray Stevens" according to Paul, are specific groups that have affected their playing.

They like real music, which Jack describes as "genuine." Tom says it's "solid," and Steve concludes it's "true to themselves."

The Everpresent Fullness are, most of all, true to themselves. They are earnest, honest, happy and human. It would be hard to imagine the Everpresent Fullness ever being spoiled by success.



Speaking of George, why is he just standing there? (Where, where?) Why isn't he hurrying? And why isn't the end of August (you know him) doing the same?

Now that I have things off to a blithering start, I shall endeavor to do something besides rant incessantly in this column. I won't succeed, of course, but at least I'm trying (as in very).

First of all, I'd like to explain a couple of expressions I've used in Robin Boyd recently (Lord knows some of them could sure use a little explaining) (to the police, for instance).

Of course, I'll only succeed in confusing you with my garbled way of putting things into words, but here goes.

Harry Apers

Not long ago, I said that Robin went "Harry Apers." Well, that's a slang date they use in England, which I happen to think is extraordinarily neat.

Instead of saying they're flat (as in broke), they say they're flatters, and sometimes put a Harry in front of the word (as in Harry Flatters). And the same word-type-game can apply to just about any word, all of which escape me at the moment.

If you have the slightest idea what I just finish babbling about, please join a very small crowd.

Speaking of Robin (foodyah again), I would like to scramble atop the nearest roof and screech seven million thank-yous to Judy Mancz of Dayton, Ohio. Judy

(one of both of my many readers) sent me the all-time surprise, which just happened to be a complete chapter of Robin, completely illustrated... Like a comic strip, I mean...

Godfrey, how groovy. She used the chapter where George (groan) takes Robin to Jeweller's Cafe in Liverpool, and she meets Paul and John The Genies for the first time.

I've loaned the masterpiece to the boss, and am now wheedling and stomping a lot, in hopes that it can be printed in *THE BEAT*. Course, it would take up a lot of room, and they still haven't quite recovered from that nine hundred page "Beate Movie" I nagged them into printing, but I'll keep hoping. I know you'd flip over it, too.

Speaking of the "Beate Movie" (my, this certainly must be your day for getting food!) (pardon?), something sort of happened to the last line as you may have noticed. And I suppose you've been blaming me and thinking I typed it wrong, right? (Re-pardon?). Well, that's usually the case when there's a mistake in something that's passed through my (incapable hands, so just as soon as I can find the original manuscript (would you believe the early spring of 1974?), I'll tell you what the last line really was.

Until then, suffer... By the way, I have succeeded in writing that borrowed ten dollars out of my brother (as in

Jerk), and can announce the winners of the envelope contest next week... No, no, I won't forget to send out a George (as in Washington) to each of the winners. I hope...

I'm always belowing around, on various soap boxes, about how great it is that everyone is so interested in music, and learning to play instruments and all that. Well, after defending several thousand friends who don't exactly have all the talent in the world but sure do have fun, I have been put to the test.

Droom Trouble

The boy next door has bought a set of *drooms!* There are a number of feet (in my mouth, generally) between our house and his, but at this point, I would somehow prefer *blocks*. (Would you believe Miles?).

However, I am going to stick to my guns (and aim one of them directly at my temple the next time he starts flailing those cymbals at six-thirty a.m.) and not complain. Besides, I may soon not be able to hear all the racket. I seem to be developing a slight problem. I don't know whether it's those drooms or the fact that since he bought them, I've been sleeping (or making a desperate attempt to) with my ears crammed full of used Juicy-Fruit.

Flays Instruments

Just remembered something. I was a friend who is also a writer (get in that also) (am I a dreamer or am I a dreamer?), and she wrote the funniest line about John Lennon. She said: "He can play the guitar and other instruments."

Well... I thought it was funny.

Oh, quick, before canned soft drinks put pop bottles in the nearest museum, try another in the long series of dirty, rotten-type tricks I've been printing in this me-er-column-er-meess.

I know I shouldn't write about stuff like this, because it only proves what I think I truly am and encourages you to be equally as dull, but I've never been known to

let that stop me.

One time, a bunch of us wanted to go 10-forget-where and we had about thirteen cents between us. Soooo, we decided to gather up all the pop bottles we could find.

Well, that got us nowhere fast, so we then decided to go from door to door and ask. Rather than have it appear as though we were begging (don't think that hasn't occurred to us, too) (in fact, we've laid in a large supply of tin cups just in case all else fails), we invented a "Scavenger Hunt" and

whatever it was we wanted the loot for, we were so completely carried away, we kept at it the rest of the day. It's a good thing one of us had a car (and I say had, because you don't know what a trunkful of pop bottles can do to a set of already-sagging springs), because by the time we finally collapsed of sheer exhaustion, we had a total of five hundred and eleven pop bottles!

I have never had as much fun in my life as I did that day, and the next was just about as good. We all got together and took our haul to the nearest fence... whoops... market, and you should have seen the owner pop his bottle (not to mention his cork).

Say, just thought of an idea. This would be a great way to raise money for a charity (besides youth) or a club. I think it may also be a great way to get arrested, but that is just one of the many chances one has to take in this life.

Money For Bonnie

Help... Not to mention Help... I keep forgetting to tell you that I know someone who is willing to pay a princely sum for a copy of the original "My Bonnie." The Beate 45 that was recorded in Germany, I mean. If you know where one is available, let me know quick...

Just thought of another way to make money. Swipe - er - rescue lots of old things from your attic (although you probably don't own one) (glad, if you did, someone would probably keep you chained up in it) and get your feinds - er - freinds (oh well, you get the idea), to do the same. Then have a thingy sale (as in rummage!)

People seem to be going ultra-Harry Apers over the kookiest stuff these days, and you just might make many mons selling something your mother was going to throw away.

Code of the Week

Down, girl. It's time for your secret coded message of the week (no, make it of the year) (it's been awhile since I printed one because I keep finding code letters lurking about) (please, God, let me find no more).

There are several reasons why I should have more sense than to mention this, but I've been trying for weeks and have finally given up. It's just too good to be true, and I can keep my flapping trap closed no longer.

While the Beatles are in California, no one really knows where they'll be going when, except to their concerts. But there's given one particular place I know they have to go (I can't say where or I'd either get fired or killed, and that's a difficult choice to make.) AND, ze kvnvs & RNI ivprn, they will have to QVZLN VZRPI OH KXN!!!!

Is that not the coolest ever created???? I don't know exactly when it will happen, so guess where I am going to spend several days! So, if you see anyone permanently screeched on a curb, join me! (It's too late to confuse me.)

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston



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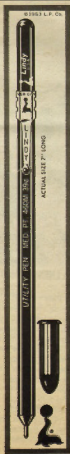
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7. I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE Petula Clark
9. STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT Frank Sinatra
0. PAPERBACK WRITER Beatles
10. BLACK IS BLACK Les Brown



The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"NEVADA SMITH"

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Mr. Smith is a character born in a book called THE CARPET-BAGGERS, which was made into a feature film starring George Peppard. The role of Nevada Smith was played by Alan Ladd, but before Paramount could get around to making the planned feature film of the story, Mr. Ladd suffered an unusual accident and died in Palm Springs. So the role was assigned to Steve McQueen.

The main guy's real name is Max Sand. Three men torture and kill his parents looking for gold that isn't there, and the rest of the picture tells the story of Max tracking down and killing all of them... except the last man. Just why and the reason for the phony name, is the basic idea of the story. There's a lot of action, and an impressive list of stars.



... THEY WENT THAT-A-WAY!



... EVEN BATMAN COULDN'T CATCH THE ZZR.



Out Of Sight

Until now, spy movies have been limited to the older set—Sean Connery, James Coburn, Dean Martin. Name a star and if he's over thirty, he's played Mr. Super Secret Agent.

Universal Pictures, however, decided teenagers shouldn't be left out in the cold. Hence the sparkling spoof and zany comedy, "Out Of Sight."

The picture is filled with all the usual fun and gyrations, but this time to the music of pop stars Gary Lewis and the Playboys, Freddie and the Dreamers, Dobie Gray, The Turtles, The Astronauts and The Knickerbockers. Their hip-swinging beat sets the tempo for the movie.

Heading the cast is Jonathan Daly who portrays the butler of a famed secret agent. He harbors a deep rooted desire to become a super spy himself and gets his big chance when he's mistaken for his employer.

Handsome Robert Pine plays a designer of wild hot rods and Karen's boyfriend. He's considered somewhat of a square by his friends since he'd rather work on an auto motor than dance among a bevy of bikini-clad beauties on the beach.

To round out the picture, well-rounded Rena Horton and midget Billy Curtis, agents of FLUSH, attempt to blow up a George Barris creation, the ZZR car.

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Mick Jagger Mick Jagger

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BEAT

AUGUST 27, 1966

ARE BEATLES MORE POPULAR THAN JESUS?

'Burn The Beatles'—Ku Klux Klan
'Misinterpreted'—Author of Article
'Stay Out of Pennsylvania'—Sen. Fleming
'Perhaps They Are'—The Rev. Pritchard

'More Popular Than Jesus'

JOHN 8-4

What seemed to be a harmless interview at the time has touched off one of the most heated controversies of the modern generation. The following is an excerpt from the explosive text of Maureen Cleave's article on John Lennon that has caused the heated blasts against the Beatles.

Miss Cleave quoted Lennon as saying: "Christianity will go. It will vanish and shrink. I needn't argue about that; I am right and will be proved right." "We're more popular than Jesus right now. I don't know which will go first—rock 'n' roll or Christianity. Jesus was all right, but his

disciples were thick and ordinary. It's them twisting it that ruins it for me." In the article, Miss Cleave said of Lennon, "Not that his mind is closed, but it's closed round whatever he's thinking at the time." She said Lennon had been conducting a thorough religious investigation for some time.

Beatles 'Ban-Wagon' Rolls!

John Goes Solo For New Film

With the Beatles stymied at the worst, most closely watched point in their careers, John Lennon quietly announced he is going on his own—at least temporarily. The BEAT has learned that John, the brash focal point of the Beatles, plans to act in a movie—without the other Beatles—for the first time since the origin of the group. A spokesman insists, however, that Lennon's single act will not involve a permanent split among the group. Lennon will be back with the other Beatles for the next group movie in January.

And, of course, it does not affect recording sessions or the Beatles' U.S. tour in August. The Beatles are believed to have been disenchanted with the rigors of their singing routine for some time. Those close to the Beatles say the boys want to start doing more things individually.

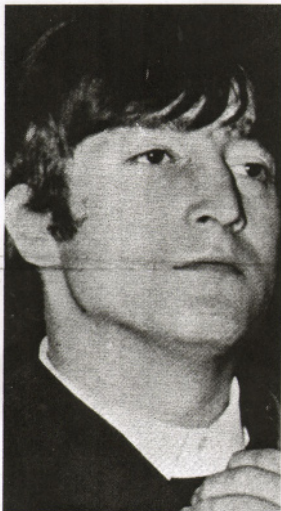
Two Animals Leave Group

The BEAT has learned that at least two and maybe three members of the original Animals will be leaving the group. Both Hilton Valentine and Chas Chandler have said they will now concentrate on record production. Drummer Barry Jenkins is expected to continue working with Eric Burdon, but the future of jazz organist Dave Rowberry is still unknown.

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JOHN—Storm Center

Epstein Fears Security Dangers During U.S. Tour

Embroiled in a controversy which produced more mass reaction than the Viet Nam war or big-city race riots, the Beatles launched their third American tour prepared for an uncertain reception. Manager Brian Epstein, trying desperately to soothe ruffled feelings, openly expressed fears of security dangers while denying rumors that some of the 14 scheduled concerts might be cancelled.

Still unresolved was the intent of John Lennon's statement that the Beatles are "more popular than Jesus." The writer whose interview created the furor claimed the statement was taken out of context, and John quickly followed suit.

But many Americans were still dissatisfied and dozens of radio stations across the U.S. continued to ban Beatles records and organized mass burnings of Beatle records and photographs.

Subsequent statements by two other Beatles merely aggravated the situation.

Columnist Maureen Cleave appeared to ease hostile feelings when she stated that her article

READERS REACT TO BEATLE BAN PAGE 2

had been "completely misinterpreted and that Americans have the story entirely wrong."

Lennon Christian

Miss Cleave said that Lennon, whom she termed a "Christian with a young son who has also been Christianed," deplored the lack of interest in the Christian Church.

Lennon, according to Miss Cleave, observed that the "power of Christianity was on the decline in the modern world and that things had reached such a ridiculous state that human beings (such as the Beatles) could be worshipped more religiously than religious figures."

She said that Lennon, far from approving this type of worship, was appalled by it.

But if Miss Cleave's explanation of the article eased feelings, ensuing statements by the other Beatles rekindled anti-Beatle sentiment.

Beatles Paul McCartney and George Harrison got in on the act while Manager Epstein was in New York City attempting to clarify Lennon's statements. McCartney said he found the American people's pursuit of money "sort of frightening," and Harrison said he wasn't really looking forward to the Beatles' current U.S. tour.

Doesn't Like U.S.

McCartney said he liked England better than the United States chiefly because of "the attitude of the people in America." He said, "They seem to think that money is everything."

"And this applies especially to the kind of people we meet—agents and corporation people. You get the feeling everybody's after it—money—and it's sort of frightening," Paul declared in a BBC radio interview.

Harrison, who earlier said the Beatles were "coming to America to get beaten up," eased his bias against the United States only when he spoke of California—where the Beatles finish their tour in late August.

"At least there," he said, "we (Turn to Page 16)

BEAT MEDIATES

Eureka—a Solution!

The BEAT is proud to announce "The Great Compromise." Acting as a voluntary mediator in the dispute which has strained relations with our closest ally and turned brother against brother and daughter against mother in America, The BEAT has successfully negotiated a reciprocal agreement with the Beatles.

After exhaustive negotiations they have agreed—in return for similar concessions on our part—that they will not attempt to interfere with our rights to freedom of speech or freedom of religion.

Nor will the Beatles try to force any Americans to praise England, provided we don't ask them to praise America. Most important of all, perhaps, the Beatles have unanimously agreed not to ban any American radio stations.

Thus, now that this really vital crisis has been settled, the world can return to less pressing problems such as Viet Nam, disarmament and starvation.



GEORGE—Dreads Tour



PAUL—dislikes U.S.

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Stones 'On Your Own'

Dear BEAT:

I would like to congratulate Linda Casson on her fine example of the most immature letter ever published. (Letters To The Editor, July 30, 1966, "Down On Stones.")

She definitely shows clear-cut symptoms of a defense reaction. She must defend the Beatles against a few charges by picking on the Stones.

I also believe that she has put her size 10½ foot into her size 12½ mouth by saying that the Beatles' album cover was not half as offensive as some things Brian Jones has done.

Some of the things Brian has done (not to mention some of the things John Lennon has done) are not half as offensive to me, and probably many Stone and Beatles fans, as this ridiculous statement made by Miss Casson, who does not seem to know what offends and what does not.

Well, Linda, I have just one thing to say to you if you feel you must pick on someone—in the words of Ringo—"Go pick on your own nose!"
A Linda Casson fan forever,

See Willoughby

Stone-Side OK

Dear BEAT:

This letter is in reference to the article, "Beatle Fans Defecting to the Stone-Side of Fence?," which appeared in the July 30 edition of *The BEAT*.

The reporter who wrote the article seemed quite dismayed that people were "turning their backs on the Beatles." She went on to say that some were even "defecting to the Stone-side of the fence."

Well, what's wrong with that? People have the right to change their minds if they want to do so. Maybe some people are tired of the Beatle sound; maybe they are looking for something new. No star can expect to stay super-popular forever. The Beatles themselves realize this.

Sure, the Beatles are great entertainers. I'm not disputing that. But maybe there are other groups who deserve to become just as popular as they have been. The Beatles' fans have been very good to them for a long time. Maybe it's someone else's turn now.

April Vargas

Pam Ellison

Beatle Controversy No. II

Dear BEAT:

Myself, my husband and my two teenage daughters are all Beatle fans. We've gone to the last two concerts they had here and have tickets for this year's concert. We surely hope this thing won't be blown up out of proportion and prevent them from coming here this year.

It's all a mistake I'm sure . . . and I think the most important thing your paper can do is to continue repeating that reporter Maureen Cleve in London said her quote from John was taken out of context. She said that John was only making a comment on the sad state of the world today. I know that even our own newspapers in America say that church attendance is down, and this is really no different than what John Lennon said.

Mrs. Gable

Dear BEAT:

The way John Lennon puts things it's sort of weird . . . it's like sarcasm. Sometimes you can't take him really seriously. He may have been throwing a little bit of sarcasm at society because not many people really go to church. Although they really believe in their religion they don't practice it that much. They support the Beatles wholeheartedly but they don't really support their church.

Dan Minnime

Dear BEAT:

I feel John Lennon is just being sarcastic and I wouldn't hold it against him. And even if he weren't, I feel that everybody has the right to believe what they want to about religion.

Eileen McMain

Dear BEAT:

John Lennon's statement on the state of Christianity was taken the wrong way. I believe the man was saying, in a sense, that he doesn't like people to worship the Beatles so much. To follow them, yes, but not to worship them to the point that they just go way out of bounds.

The Beatles have done nothing in their private or public lives that is anything but clean.

I'm an adult and I've lived half of my life and even now I enjoy—and hope to continue enjoying—the Beatles in my home. I hope that every American mother will take what John Lennon said, describe it to her children, and break it down to what he meant and not what people are trying to read into it.

Mary Huselt

Dear BEAT:

I just read your article about "Obscenity in Popular Music" in your July 30 issue. I also read the article in *Time* Magazine which I thought was ridiculous.

Before I read the article, I found nothing wrong with "Day Tripper," "Rhapsody In The Rain," "Satisfaction," "Downtown," or any other songs that were mentioned.

Now, all of a sudden, these songs are bad, obscene, smutty or any other adjective these people want to tag on. This hidden meaning business is childish.

A lot of adults are always trying to find things wrong with our taste. First, they put down the groups, now they're finding things "wrong" with the songs.

I'd like to see one of these so called "critics" analyze songs like "Yesterday," "As Tears Go By," "Girl In Love," etc.

Perhaps we should ban Mother Goose because of the "sex adventures" of Georgie Porgie. Or how about this sweet little rhyme I found in my sister's Mother Goose book:

"Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I."

Compared to that, what is wrong with a "Day Tripper"?

Wendy Nelson

Dear BEAT:

Teenagers, take a stand! Are you a "Clean" or a "Dirty"? I didn't even know the "Cleans and Dirts" existed until I read *Time* Magazine's ridiculous expose of the "really-look-and-you'll-find-it"-obscenity in pop music.

Before the article in *Time* appeared, nobody gave a second thought to a possible "suggestive" lyric. Now that *Time* has made an issue of it, there'll be some people who will carefully scrutinize the music they listen to, looking for the "dirt" that just isn't there. Yes, it seems that *Time* Magazine has invented a new "game"—the only question is, how many people are going to play.

Pam Ellison

Dear BEAT:

Thank you for the rebuttal of *Time* Magazine's ridiculous article on pop music but there is one point I would like to add. I think we can agree that suggestive songs are nothing new (you forgot to mention "Love For Sale," which speaks of out-and-out prostitution) but, can you name a song written in the "good old days" (?) that can be compared to "Kids," which is so obviously against the use of drugs, etc.?

And while I'm at it, I'd like to say a great big thank you to Bob Dylan, the Beatles, Stones, and all those wonderful geniuses for joining me out of the horribly unrealistic world I used to live in. They made me open my eyes and start looking for a few answers (and they do exist if you look hard enough).

Thanks for the fab reading matter.

A BEAT Subscriber

Dear BEAT:

Recently there was an article in *Time* regarding obscenity in pop music. In my point of view, obscenity in anything depends on the person concerned. Tom Lehrer once said:

"When indirectly viewed,
Everything is lewd.
I could tell you things
About Peter Pan,
And the Wizard of Oz
Is a dirty old man."

When you think about it, anyone condemning a record for its obscene lyrics would already have to know all the tricks.

Paula Walker

Dear BEAT:

When the article in *Time* was published, I read it. And for the most part, I laughed at it.

Now—let's pretend that we're one of the "dirties" mentioned in *Time* magazine, one of the persons whose express purpose in life is to read obscenity into everything we see and hear.

For instance: Mother Goose's story of "Jack and Jill" is most certainly about a boy and a girl who go on an LSD trip and consequently lose their minds. "Putt the Boonies in the Dooon!" is about illusions under the influence of drugs, and "Universal Soldier" is about a homicidal maniac who runs around killing everybody he can get his hands on.

Of course, that's stretching it a bit—but isn't *Time* doing the same thing?

Poppie Chase

Dear BEAT:

I read the article in *Time*, "Rock and Roll Going to Pro" and I don't blame the author for keeping his name out of it. If I had written it I wouldn't want anyone to know my name either. It seemed to me he or she knew a lot about rainy day women and getting stoned and straight shooters, and as Mr. X said "as any junkie knows . . ."

I also have to wonder about anyone who can listen to "Strangers in the Night" and end up thinking about a homosexual pick up.

The author goes on to talk about unwed mothers, a man who finds out that his girl is a prostitute, and Mick Jagger trying to make some girl. These things happen everyday, and are we supposed to just close our eyes and pretend it doesn't happen and just sing and write songs about sunshine and rainbows? I'm surprised this guy didn't pick "Mary Had A Little Lamb" apart.

Cheryl Crawford

J.T.W.

Adults True Beatle Fans

Dear BEAT:

I object to the quote under George Harrison's picture on page one of the July 30 issue of your magazine. Even if he did say it, this certainly isn't the time, after all that's happened, to turn even more people away from the concert in August by printing it.

For some unknown reason, there seems to be a "hate the Beatles" movement afoot and I, for one, am greatly concerned over it. The overall news media has always resented them and takes a ferozish delight in running them down, for what reason, I couldn't say.

I am an adult who happens to appreciate good music, whether it be rock or Bach. There are many more like me around. In the long run, it will be us adults and a few un-fickle, mature truly loyal teenagers who will be the solid core of the Beets following.

How could anyone, young or old, have loved the Beatles two years ago and turn away from them today, when their music keeps getting better and better?

I hope their America tour will be successful and a happy venture for them, or we may never see them again.

Mrs. Roger Hayes



On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Well, everything's back to normal again with the Beatles in the midst of controversy and the Stone fans camped outside of the RCA Studios in Hollywood waving for a glimpse of the fab five. Phoenix fans are up-in-arms over the Dave Clark Five appearance in their city and "I Saw Her Again," "Along Comes Mary," "Sweet Pea" and several other American hits are being recorded in Swedish and Norwegian. Other than that, nothing much is happening—except maybe Fire And Ice.

Something strange is definitely going on in the Beatle camp and no one in the business is quite sure what. Reports filtering out of England seem to indicate that Epstein is losing his control over John Lennon. Up until the last few months, all Beatle comments to the press were guarded. And now within the span of a month, John has told the world that he didn't even know the Philippines had a president and that "we're (the Beatles) more popular than Jesus now."

And, on top of his statements to the press, John is going to make "How I Won The War" minus Paul, George and Ringo. The whole mess adds up to "something wrong somewhere." People who know John (or who know those who do) are not in the least bit surprised about John's views on Christianity but they are surprised that Epstein would let John go ahead and make them public. John, naturally, has the right to his opinions but Epstein is a shrewd businessman, and one who is well aware that

adverse effects John's views would have in the U.S. That is the fact which makes people wonder if Epstein isn't perhaps losing his control over John and I, for one, would give anything to find out what is really going on with the Beatles.

The Stones had their share of trouble this week too; thanks to the air strike. They had booked studio time at RCA but missed three entire days because they couldn't get a flight into Los Angeles. No small matter, is it? Well, it is when you're paying \$40 an hour for a studio to sit empty!

Three Million Haul

However, the Stones managed to gross a neat three million on this tour so the dent in their pocketbooks is expected to recover nicely. Keith, on the other hand, may never recover from the shock of actually passing his driving test and possessing his own driver's license! It's been a long time since driving (what with Keith continuing to fail the tough British exam) but this time around he made it and can now do his own driving rather than relying on his chauffeur.

Despite the fantastic amount of money made and the Stones on their tour, there were moments when they, no doubt, wished they'd have stayed in England. First off, you know about the New York hotel problem and the pending suit the Stones have filed against them. But did you know that only hours after they played their New York Forest Hills date their equipment was stolen?

What made the Stones especially fussy was the fact that their dulcimer, Brian's favorite and the only electronic Dulcimer in the world, was among the stolen equipment. All equipment was custom made and the Stones had only two days in which to replace it. Needless to say, the Vox people were out night and day and succeeded in getting new equipment for the Stones.

Two Stones

Phoenix teens are plenty mad over the Dave Clark Punks Dick Gray story which appeared in *The BEAT*. It's their version of the story differs with what the Phoenix audience witnessed. Since I wasn't there, I don't know who is right but I do know that this marks the first time the DCs has gone really controversial.

It should be interesting to see if the world is ready for Fire And Ice. They're a new group who feature, among other things, a Negro female singer who completely holds and a "very pretty" girl who is absolutely flabasted and wears negligees when she sings. However, we're assured "they're the kind you can't see through." A fact which the boys will appreciate, I'm sure!



... JOHN LENNON

... JOHN LENNON

... JOHN LENNON

... JOHN LENNON



... BRIAN JONES

... BRIAN JONES

The Hollies Dump Haydock: Oppose Time Off For Birth

What is this, the year of musical chairs for pop groups? Apparently it is, and the Hollies didn't want to be left behind so they canned their bass guitarist, Eric Haydock.

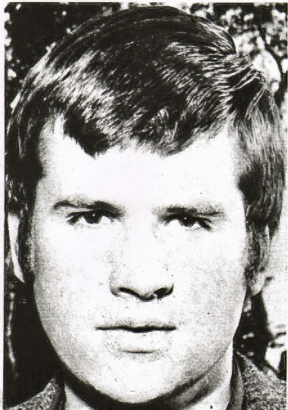
Usually, the bow-out among groups is graceful with all sides admitting a "mutual decision." However, the Hollies have gone a step beyond this with Eric and the remaining Hollies each giving contradictory views on the split.

Eric claims "it was a raw deal and I am consulting my lawyers. It all hinges on the fact that I wanted a few days off in November when my wife is expecting a baby."

Graham Nash, speaking for the Hollies, emphasized that musically the Hollies had no gripe against Eric but that he was extremely unreliable. Nash stated that a replacement for Eric had to be called in for their Swedish tour and also for the recording session at which the Hollies' latest hit, "Bus Stop," was cut.

In answer to Graham's charges, Eric declared: "It's true that I've missed a few dates through illness but on each occasion I have produced a doctor's certificate."

Whichever side you choose to believe, the fact remains that Eric is out of the Hollies and has been permanently replaced by 23 year old Bern Calvert, former member of the Dolphins, and the bass guitarist who took Eric's place in Sweden.



... HAYDOCK—dumped because he asked time out for birth of baby.

Stones Sell Out Palace

The Rolling Stones, currently finishing their fifth record-breaking tour of the United States, sold out all 12,000 seats in San Francisco's Cow Palace in less than a week.

The ticket gross for the instant sell-out exceeded \$81,000. For the Stones' 29-city U.S. tour the group is expected to earn at least \$3,000,000.

Rascals First At Hawaii Fair

The Young Rascals, finishing up a ten day visit to California and preparing to head for Hawaii where they will be the first American group to headline the Honolulu Teen Fair on August 24.

They hope to spend the next four days in Hawaii just looting on the beaches but it's doubtful whether their Hawaii fans will go for that! It's also doubtful that the Rascals are capable of merely "resting."

The Rascals return to the Mainland on August 29 and will begin recording in New York City on September 6. Colleges throughout the U.S. will be hit by the Rascals from September 16-30 and October is the month set aside for Gene, Eddie, Dino and Felix's first visit to Europe.

Other than that the Rascals don't have a thing to do—except laze on the beach and gaze at the hula girls!

Sonny's Out Of Solo Bag

To the great lament of music lovers, Sonny Bono has announced that he is leaving the solo business to concentrate on movies and record production.

However, Sonny assures us that he will still occasionally sing with Cher. But Sonny's bag is really turning to the movie screen now that he's had a taste of the big screen business with "Good Times."

"If you want longevity in this business," states Sonny, "you've got to make a movie. No one's just stayed a singer and made it." Sonny estimates that making "Good Times," the duo's first feature film, has cost the couple "over \$250,000 in bookings." The movie took longer than expected to make and ran \$550,000 over the original budget.

Along with the movie and Cher's success as a single artist (her version of "Alfie" has already sold over 200,000 copies), the Bonos also have quite a thing going in the clothing business. Cher designs, Sonny manages and their fans spend small fortunes buying Sonny & Cher originals.

Not bad for a guy who used to exist on cheese and crackers and wore short hair and suits, is it?



Cher Wins The Battle

Cher is emerging the winner in the battle of the "Alfie" versions. She's already been named to sing the title over the credits of the British movie, "Alfie," when it opens Stateside in the Fall.

Now, it appears that Cher's single is setting sales records, which is especially difficult since "Alfie" is the most recorded song since "Shadow Of Your Smile." Everyone from Jack Jones to Cher has recorded it but from all the sales reports it is Cher who is destined to have the biggest hit with the Burt Bacharach penned "Alfie."

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Bald Dylan

P.A.T.A. Fan

Dear BEAT:

After reading the Well-Wisher's letter, I hurriedly hurried home, unfolded my album cover, took out my warped record, whipped a sopping paper towel out of my drawer, and set to work. Much to my dismay, I discovered I had the wrong folded album cover. I had unwittingly (but rather charmingly, don't you think?) balderized Bob Dylan. He'll never be quite the same.

After I had similarly ruined several album covers, it finally struck me as enlightening that I had no Yesterday or Today or Tomorrow for that matter. (I have been doomed.) I cautiously wended my way to the nearest store, trampling several persons. While the nasty storekeeper (also known as my father) had his back turned, I snatched a copy of "Yesterday and Today." Then, with sirens wailing in my ears, I calmly thumbed a ride home with the local patrolman.

Home once again, I cautiously lifted the Parent Trap and gleefully dashed into my bedlam-oops-bedroom. I re-wrote thru the whole dis-comfortable process. This time, however, and much to my surprise (just think, it's not even my birthday!) I did uncover something... a soggy blank piece of cardboard. I wept, I cried, I cut my hair! Ah me, what could I do? I snatched another album, that's what!

The moral of this woe-filled, well-fed (it eats scraps) tale of woe is: Do not, under penalty of life, buy album covers unless you can plainly discern a figurement beneath the picture presently occupying the front of the Beatles' new album cover. (Ames) Jillian McIntyre

Dear BEAT:

I just wanted to write and tell you how much I like your "People Are Talking About" column. People aren't always talking about the things mentioned there: they are too busy trying to figure out what the items in the column mean!

The placement of the column in the July 30th issue was very appropriate for one item. "Who no one saw Ian" could not go in any better place than under Chuck Boyd's pictures of the concert!

Now, if I may, I would like to add my own suggestions for the column. PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Frank on the Lomax show... The Day Donovan always seems to be in court lately... The reason a certain column (hint: the initials are P.A.T.A.) has no byline... Barry Fisher (?) on the drums.

I do hereby promise to rush down to the news stands in two weeks and buy my next copy of *The Beat*, because I want to see the next "People Are Talking About" column. I really do hope this is one of the new columns in the new BEAT.

I hope your success continues with the new policies. Thank Care. Linda Welker

Dylan's Hat

Dear BEAT:

After scanning your July 16 issue I must inquire how it is so obvious that Bob Dylan's "Lopard Skin Pill Box Hat" is not about a hat. How clearly must one speak before people will grasp what's really happening?

Space Lady

Dear BEAT:

I am afraid you were misinformed by Dave Clark as to what happened during and after the DC-5 concert in Phoenix. He also did not explain what led to the event. While the local groups, such as the fabulous P.Nut Butter, were on, you were allowed to leave your seat to take pictures—but you had to go immediately back to your seat.

During the intermission before the DC-5 came on a small crowd began to gather in front of the front row seats. The police allowed them to stay there and as time went on the crowd grew. Finally, during the middle of the show the ropes broke and the crowd went up to the stage—but it wasn't any worse than any of our other concerts.

Then in the middle of "Try To Hear" DJ Dick Gray came storming out and told Dave Clark to get off the stage, and Dave replied, "I ain't finished yet," and continued to play. I couldn't see if he was kicked or not. He went off at the end of the number, his Dick Gray—but did not return to the stage (this caused the dropping of the last two numbers).

Also, Mr. Gray did not apologize to Dave and the group. He made a short statement as to what happened but said that he felt, "if anyone should apologize it should be Dave Clark." Don't get me wrong, I am on the DC-5's side. I think Mr. Gray was wrong. But so was Dave Clark in his story to *The Beat*. And two wrongs don't make a right. They just make Phoenix look bad and maybe stop others from appearing here.

Becky Carron
Phoenix

Dear BEAT:

I am a regular reader of your magazine but after your July 30 issue I may stop, as will many of my friends. We are up in arms about your statement saying that Dick Gray, one of our disc jockeys, apologized for his scuffle (as you call it) with Dave Clark.

The broadcast that you speak of said that they would not apologize. It stated, in fact, that Dave owed Dick Gray an apology. And until we get an apology from you and Dave for this article, Phoenix will be up in arms against you both.

Bill

In our July 30 issue we printed only Dave Clark's version of the incident in Phoenix. But every story has at least two sides, and we appreciate yours.

Editor

Fogey 'Love'

Dear BEAT:

This letter is concerning the song the Ray Conniff Singers made, "Somewhere My Love." Why do all the pop artists call it fogey? I mean it's so slow and old fogey-like. I think it should be played on old people's stations—not the pop stations.

Cynthia Patton



Dear BEAT:

I have just read the article "Dave Clark Takes Punch At Phoenix Disc Jockey" and my mouth is still hanging open in disbelief. Obviously, the entire article was from Mr. Clark's point of view, but does he think the audience was blind? Or maybe he thought Phoenix would never see the article in *The Beat*. In either case, he was wrong.

First off, I never did hear any hour-long broadcast apology, but I did hear the radio station make a statement that they did not feel they owed the Dave Clark Five an apology. The broadcast said the Dave Clark Five owed the audience and apology for not giving the radio station an opportunity to calm the crowd down. The crowd was getting pretty excited and there were some injuries along with the usual faintings.

Fearing further injuries, disc jockey Dick Gray asked the DC-5 and their manager to stop for five minutes in order to give the radio station a chance to calm the crowd. This they would not do. Consequently, the disc jockey went back on stage, placed his hand on Dave Clark's shoulder (he did not kick Clark) and told him to stop the show.

Angered by being stopped in mid-number Dave Clark and Mike Smith rushed backstage after the disc jockey and the swinging began.

Indeed it was unfortunate that the incident did happen, and perhaps the DC-5 is not too fond of Phoenix now, but then, maybe Phoenix is not too fond of it anymore, either. Cecily Mather
Phoenix

in' people are talking about...

The unbelievable ignorance and the total uncouth of the people at the Los Angeles International Airport coffee shop (opposing Continental Airlines) for refusing to serve the Turtles anything except water and menus and considering avoiding the place like they would an adult's suggestion to get a hair cut... The Eskimo-like outfit John coffee shop (opposing Continental Airlines) for refusing to serve the Turtles anything except water and menus and considering avoiding the place like they would an adult's suggestion to get a hair cut... What "drive my car" means in England... Jane Brown and what gives him the idea that money won't change you... Whether Alfie is a heel or a great guy and deciding he's probably a heel... The Hollies finally finding it at a bus stop after they thought

they'd lost it looking through that window... How groovy it would be under Dick's thumb... How funny it would be to perch Tommy Roe on top of our water fountain... What you can do with tar and cement.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the money situation in Seattle... The location of that land of a 1,000 dancers and coming to the conclusion that it's any club in New York, San Francisco or Hollywood where you can see Zal at the Phone Booth dancing with a girl who has shorter hair than he does, Barry McGuire dancing on everyone else's feet at the Avonin or the girl at the Whiskey who dances alone... The de-Animalization of Eric... The Warner Brothers' search for an 18 year old girl who looks 16 and can pass for a boy... What is blowing in

the wind... The impossible dream of being able to order a coke at a rock 'n' roll action stand than four-thirds water included with the thimble of coke... Whether one of the teenage authors of "A Groovy Kind of Love" is related to Cynthia Wyle... How you have to watch out when the door swings the other way... A well-known trade paper calling the Young Rascals a "British" rock group.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT who is going to get shot with the Beatles' revolver... Which joker went wild... The Mindbender who avoids Mr. Smith's... Good guys occasionally wearing white... What the young are entering... Brian's Anita excusing herself from Papa John at the Mama's & Papa's ses-

sion to go out and buy some toys... Whether or not Sinatra is a frustrated prize fighter or at least a frustrated bouncer... How the King could possibly get love letters on the charts... How fab it is to be sunny... The door who looks like the spoonful if you have had eyesight... Manfred's flautist... Whether or not Paul was right about his meaning... What kind of function is going on at the junction... The spell of Price... How long Shorty is... How you're bound to miss the 13th floor elevators since they don't exist... How many wince outs the Surfaris can have before their boards disown them.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how no one recognized Willie when he shaved his beard. Even his own group didn't know

him because they hadn't seen his face in a year and a half... What seven and seven really is... The paper which turned yellow paper particularly sad... Locking up the doors... Which Donovan was the grooviest... Whether or not the Beatles will get beaten up in America and what it will mean if they do... Taking Bill and Bobby's mother... Pied piping and how come Crispian thicket he can... Whether the Rascal ash trays were sent by a slow mule or galloping turtle and deciding they probably weren't sent at all.

Ray Charles Holds Inmates 'Captive'

LORTON, Va.—It is not often that a performer has a captive audience of 2,000 even before the curtain goes up. But that's what was waiting for Ray Charles and his band when he played to an "invitation only" audience at the Eleventh Annual Lorton Jazz Festival at the Lorton Reformatory in Lorton, Virginia.

Ray's appearance, arranged by the Catholic Chaplains of the Washington, D.C. Department of Corrections, followed an auspicious list of entertainers who have performed in the past for the inmates. Last year Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie appeared on the same bill.

Appearing with Ray at the benefit performance were the Raylettes, the Shirley Horn Trio, Charlie Rouse, the "ESP" and The Soulfuls.

The jazz festival was held on the institution's athletic field. A simple platform fitted with a canopy served as a stage. Bleachers were added to the regular stands to accommodate the audience and the dugouts were used as home base for the entertainers.

The first festival was held 11 years ago. What started out as a spontaneous performance by Sarah Vaughn has grown into this annual event. An inmate clerk, who was a jazz buff, wrote to Sarah and asked for her autograph. Instead of mailing it, she showed up in person at the reformatory and brought a combo with her. So impressive was the reaction of the prisoners, many serving long-term and life sentences, that the Catholic Chaplains took it upon themselves to produce and direct the benefit show on an annual basis.

Charles interrupted his schedule of one-nighters to fly to Washington for the special performance. Since kicking off his personal appearance tour, Charles has grossed over \$500,000 in what have been almost uniformly standing-room-only audiences in major arenas in 52 cities from coast to coast.

Father Sheehy, Director of Catholic Chaplains who coordinated the event, called Charles' hour and forty-five minute performance one of the most stirring and enthusiastically received in Lorton's History.

Nancy Sinatra: Coup Of Year

Nancy Sinatra has just been signed for three Ed Sullivan Show dates next season at \$10,000 per appearance. Sullivan has shelved out that price before but the twist is that Nancy will receive a twelve minute segment introducing her new album. And that is unusual!

Sullivan is notoriously well-known for giving his guests extremely limited segments. A performer is lucky if he manages to be in front of the camera a full five minutes.

So, handing Nancy 12 minutes is indeed an honor for the daughter of the Chairman of the Board.

McCallum Demands New Deal

David McCallum, one of the men from U.N.C.L.E., has asked MGM for a new deal. McCallum originally signed with MGM three years ago for theatrical films.

But until he joined Robert Vaughn in the U.N.C.L.E. television series, he wasn't worth a whole lot to the studio. Now, however, he's quite valuable and that's why he wants a new contract.

Representatives for McCallum are asking for a brand new contract with "clarification" of terms of the original deal. Reportedly, McCallum is also seeking more money for his services in movies as well as more money for the series and a bigger say in the selection of features.

Neither MGM nor McCallum's co-star, Robert Vaughn, have released any statements on McCallum's move. But if McCallum is asking for more than the studio or Vaughn think he's worth, you can bet your "Revolver" MGM and Vaughn will be saying plenty!



Herman: Low Guarantee But Pies Of The Green

Never let it be said that Herman and his management are not smart people. The figures for the past six dates on their American tour are in and they clearly show Herman pulling in the green stuff.

In Tulsa, the Hermits brought in a \$29,000 gross; Little Rock showed a gross of \$29,000; Dallas was a sell-out with a \$41,000 gross and a \$20,000 guarantee for the group; Corpus Christi turned up a gross of \$25,000 and in Jackson, Mississippi 3,000 fans were turned away at the gate with a \$41,000 gross and \$23,000 for the Hermits.

The unique part of the Herman's Hermits tour is that they are working on a considerably lower guarantee than most of the other big British groups but are consistently going into percentages based on ticket sales. The result is that they earn as much money but play to packed houses.

This '66 summer season has been rather hard on some promoters who have signed big name artists with huge guarantees only to have the group playing to empty houses. This, of course, means that the promoter has paid out top prices for the group but has failed to reciprocate at the gate. In other words, he's lost a pile.

Herman, on the other hand, does not demand a large guarantee. He relies on his drawing power by taking a certain percentage of the gate. Therefore, if he fails to draw he loses and not the promoter.

But Herman's drawing power is such that he doesn't often lose! Last year he broke twelve house records and earned over two million dollars in the U.S. This year, with a multi-million dollar MGM



movie contract in his pocket, an unbroken string of hit records and a highly successful Stateside tour Herman and his Hermits have already passed the two million mark.

Single For Beach Boys

Early sales figures indicate that the Beach Boys' new single, "God Only Knows," might be one of the biggest sellers ever taken from any Beach Boy album.

The single, taken from the group's "Pet Sounds" album, and released just last week by Capitol Records, picked up more than 250,000 orders for advance copies.

"God Only Knows" is the fourth single in a row to be taken from the group's album following the LP's release. Prior to this one, the group met success with "Barbara Ann," "California Girls," and "Help Me Rhonda," all from previous albums.

All of the three previous singles were in the Top 10 nationally and "Help Me Rhonda" hit the number one spot on every major survey. The four songs were all written by Beach Boy leader, Brian Wilson.

FRANK SINATRA SPECIAL NO. 11

Frank Sinatra has been signed for a second giant Sinatra special. "Frank Sinatra: A Man and His Music—Part II" will be a new hour musical inspired by one of the most highly-acclaimed specials in recent years, "Frank Sinatra: A Man and His Music."

The new Sinatra special will be aired on the CBS network at 9 p.m. on December 7. Sinatra's manager, Nameo, will be the father's guest on the show but otherwise the hour special will feature all new songs by Sinatra Sr.

Wild Ones Launch Massive Campaign

NEW YORK—One of the most extensive and elaborate tie-in campaigns ever made between a group and a major retailer was launched this week as the Wild Ones headed for the first of 44 promotions in Sears & Roebuck stores in cities all over the United States.

The group will be in Montgomery, Amarillo, Dallas, Fort Worth, Steubenville, Kansas City, Fort Meyers, Shreveport, Austin, Tulsa, San Antonio, Lubbock, Wichita, Omaha, Oklahoma City, Wilmington, Savannah, Washington D.C., Greenwood, Evansville, Chicago, Great Bay, Fort Wayne, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Sandusky, Las Vegas, Harrisburg, Bakersfield, Salt Lake City, Ogden, El Monte, Bant Rouge, San Bernardino, Riverside, Tucson, Pittsburgh, Fresno, Reno and Stockton. Plans are under way to make the dates. Sears has provided the Wild Ones

with a private, eight-passenger Lear Jet, limousine service from the moment they touch down at the local airport until they leave the city and deluxe accommodations when they have to stay overnight.

In each city, local Sears promotion staffers have arranged television, radio and newspaper interviews, in-store personal appearances and performances, parking hot hops, fashion shows, motorcades and tie-ins with any local events that coincide with the Wild Ones' visit.

A single, "Come On Back" /w "Here At Sears," is given away free to everyone who attends and is autographed by the group at in-store "signing sessions." The single was cut specifically for the Sears label and is available only when the Wild Ones make an appearance at a Sears store.

Greene And Stone To Wrestle Uncle Sam?

Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, discoverers of Sonny & Cher, are already pop music millionaires. They're considering establishing a pirate radio station (similar to the British pirates) off the coast of New York and now they're down in Mexico buying a music publishing business. Reason? To corner the "Mexican Ranchero" business.

Controversy is sure to rage if, and when, Greene and Stone start their pirate radio station. The U.S. Government is almost positive to heartily dislike the idea of a pirate

ship anchored off the coast, especially because of all of the problems encountered by the British Government with their pirate ships.

Besides up-setting the Government, the pirate radio idea is extremely dangerous. Since it is outside the country's limit, no police protection is available to the ship and is probably the reason for the murder of Terry King aboard one of the British pirate ships only last month.

TROGGS MAD OVER 'SLAP'

LONDON—Just leave it to Jonathan King. He can make anyone mad by merely opening his mouth. But he really accomplished quite a feat when he made the mild-mannered Troggs see red.

King, who enjoyed a huge American chart success with his "Everybody's Gone To The Moon," apparently stated that if you dig the Troggs' follow-up to "Wild Thing," "A Girl Like You," (which is at the top of the British charts) you are "the very lowest common denominator in the pop audience."

Naturally, the Troggs were incensed with King's remark, not only because he put them down as musicians, but because he classified their fans as nothing short of morons. And that the Troggs refused to take this lightly.

Said Troggs Chris Britton: "Jona-



than would appear to walk about with one foot in his mouth and the other in his typewriter." He went on to add that King could make as many remarks about the Troggs as he liked but "he can leave the fans alone."

King's attack on the Troggs and their fans was only another in a series of problems for the British group that came from nowhere and managed to secure the top

spot in the U.S. charts with their "Wild Thing."

In the States there has been a continuing legal hassle over the rights to the Troggs' material with both Atco and Fontana issuing "Wild Thing" and "A Girl Like You." The case has been brought to court but postponed until September, meaning that the sales money from both discs will continue being divided until a court decision is reached.

Yardbirds Pass U.S. Inspection

The Yardbirds, despite previous hang-ups with the Immigration Department, have obtained an okay to tour the United States through August and the early part of September.

Their two other visits to America have been plagued with nothing but trouble over work permits and the group was once almost deported. However, the Yardbirds now have a new manager, Simon Napier-Bell, and apparently he has been able to iron out any difficulties formerly existing between the Yardbirds and the Government.

As of press time, the Yardbirds'

schedule is Oklahoma City on August 19 and 20; Tucson on the 21; Los Angeles on the 22; Monterey on the 24; San Francisco on August 25; San Leandro on the 26; Santa Barbara on August 27; Pismo Beach on the 28; San Diego on August 29; and San Jose on August 30.

On September 1 the Yardbirds head to Santa Rosa, have a free traveling day and then appear in Salem, Oregon on September 3. Hawaii seems to be the new "in" place to play, so on September 4 the Yardbirds jet to the 50th state for an appearance in Honolulu.



MAMA'S AND PAPA'S TURN DOWN SULLIVAN

The Mama's and Papa's, the most non-conforming of the non-conforming groups, have pulled their wisdest stunt yet. They've just turned down Ed Sullivan's three-packet deal for the upcoming season!

With the death of "Lloyd Thaxton," "Shindig," "Hullabaloo" and "Ninth Street West" about the only top weekly show utilizing the talent of pop acts is the once-conformative "Ed Sullivan Show." And Mr. Sullivan still remains ultra-conservative about booking a rock act for more than one appearance at a time.

However, after giving the matter careful consideration, the M's and P's decided that they didn't want to work *that* hard so they nixed Sullivan's offer and he still hasn't gotten over it!

Although the Mama's and Papa's have a mental block about too much work, they did jet to New York last week to appear at the Forest Hills Tennis Stadium. And they did manage to put the finishing touches on their second LP—a feat which made everyone quite happy.

In an age of contracts and money and act of God clauses, the

Mama's and Papa's remain unique. No one is ever sure if tomorrow the group will decide to give it all up and go back to being beachcombers. And then, of course, there is always the chance Mama Cass might suddenly make up her mind to join Lennon another year. In which case...

Stations Ban Napoleon XIV

"They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha Ha!" is being taken away.

The record, the fastest selling novelty disc in many years, was banned from air play by many top 40 radio stations because it allegedly makes fun of the mentally unbalanced and is therefore offensive.

Several stations said listener response was so negative it forced the withdrawal. In other instances, station personnel disagreed with the subject matter of the disc.

The record — containing the rhythmic mumblings of a psychopath as it is being taken away by "nice young men in clean white coats" — is still selling 30 to 50,000 copies a week, however.

And it is still listed in the top five best-selling records, even by radio stations that refuse to play it.

The BEAT also learned last week that Napoleon XIV, who recorded the best-selling disc, has a real name after all. He's Jerry Samuels, a long-time record producer.

But at this stage, neither banning of the record by radio stations or removal of Napoleon XIV's real name looks like it will hurt sales of the record.

Gold Record Percy's First

Percy Sledge has received a Gold Record for his smash single, "When A Man Loves A Woman," which was certified as a million seller last week by the RIAA.

The record was Percy's first big hit and established him firmly in both the rock 'n' roll and in R&B fields. He is currently high on the charts with "Warm And Tender Love."

Rock On The Road

SUNKAYS
AUGUST
15-18—Tour Canada with Beach Boys
19—Spokane, Washington
20—Tour with Riders
TURTLES
AUGUST
19-24—Miami Beach, Fla.
25—Baltimore, Maryland
27—Society party in San Francisco
29-31—Tape Hollywood Palace
GARY LEWIS
AUGUST
18-20—Elmira, New York
21-23—Steel Pier, Atlantic City
30-31—Detroit, Michigan State Fair
PETULA CLARK
AUGUST 1-JANUARY 15
In the U.S. for TV shows and 30 concerts.
KNICKERBOCKERS
AUGUST
17-27—Seattle, Washington
PAUL REVERK & THE RAIDERS
AUGUST
20—Asbury Park, New Jersey
21—Wallingford, Conn.
22—Manchester, New

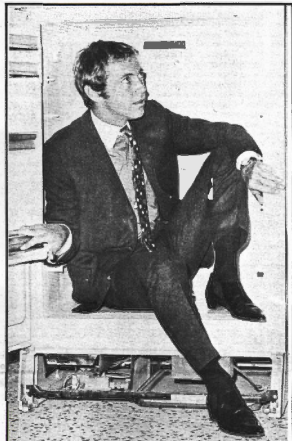
Hampshire
23—Holyoke, Mass.
24—Cleveland, Ohio
25—Baltimore, Maryland
26—Jacksonville, Fla.
27—Tampa, Fla.
28—Orlando, Fla.
29—Miami Beach, Fla.
30—Lafayette, La.
31—Omaha, Neb.
EVERLY BROTHERS
AUGUST
15-21—Deerborn, Michigan
23—Plainville, Texas
24—Cloviss, New Mexico
25—Lubbock, Texas
26—Odessa, Texas
27—Amarillo, Texas
LOVE
AUGUST
18—Fresno, California
25—Longshoremans, San Francisco
P.J. PROBY
SEPTEMBER
14-28—Tour in Australia
JOHNNY RIVERS
AUGUST
15—Army Reserves
LOVIN' SPOONFUL
AUGUST

24—Connecticut
27—Ohio
28—Ohio
31—Michigan
SEPTEMBER
5-18—Vacation
CYRIL
AUGUST
12-29—Beale tour
31—Phoenix
SEPTEMBER
3—Ohio
4—Illinois
ROY HEAD
AUGUST
21-28—Regal Theater, Chicago
LEAVES
SEPTEMBER
2—8—Miami, Fla.
THEM
AUGUST
16-21—Losers North, San Jose, California
23-28—Same
SEPTEMBER
2—3—Longshoreman's, San Francisco
9—Fresno, California
VOGUES
AUGUST
20—Chicago, Ill.

26—Illinois
30 to Sept. 4—Texas tour
JERRY NAYLOR
AUGUST
21—State Fair in Wisconsin
MITCH RYDER AND THE DETROIT WHEELS
AUGUST
19-28—"Where the Action Is"—Dick Clark Tour
19—Carmax, Long Island
20—Hershey, Pa.
21—Cleveland, Ohio
22—Johnstown, Pa.
23—Albany, New York
24—Providence, Rhode Island
25—Worcester, Mass.
26—Long Beach, L.I., N.Y.
27—Newburg, Pa.
28—Evaansburg, Pa.
ANIMALS
AUGUST
17-23—New York City, N.Y.
24—Phoenix, Arizona
25—Manatu Beach, Michigan
26—Harbor Springs, Michigan
27—Madrid, Michigan
28—Benton Harbor, Michigan
29—Mendon, Mass.
30-Sept. 5—Steel Pier, New

Jersey (Atlantic City)
SEPTEMBER
5—Return to England
YARDBIRDS
AUGUST
18—Tulsa, Oklahoma
19-20—Oklahoma City, Okla.
21—Tucson, Arizona
22—Los Angeles, California
23—Avalon, Catalina Island
24—Monterey, California
25—San Francisco, California
26—San Leandro, California
27—Santa Barbara, California
28—Pismo Beach, California
29—San Diego, California
30—San Jose, California
SEPTEMBER
1—Santa Rosa, California
3—Salem, Oregon
4—Honolulu, Hawaii
BEAU BRUMMELS
AUGUST
14-31—VACATION
SEPTEMBER
2—Hastings, Nebraska
3—Green Bay, Wisconsin
4—Medina, Ohio
6—Lima, Ohio
7—Ysita, California
24—Springfield, Virginia

PICTURES in the NEWS



NOEL HARRISON will be one of the stars of the brand new "Girl From U.N.C.L.E." series in the Fall, but he can't seem to get out of this refrigerator long enough to begin filming the show! C'mon Noel—you can do it. Now get out of that ice box!



AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS of rumor that they would go to England on tour, it looks as though Sonny and Cher will finally make it around the end of this month. They have finally completed work on their first film—"Good Times"—and Cher has plans for some recording sessions while she is in London. Wonder if the little fellow in the picture with Sonny and Cher will be touring with them. Or perhaps he is part of the background singers for their next disc!



OTIS REDDING is another American artist who has been anxiously awaited by music fans in Great Britain, and the tour for which they had all been waiting is finally going to take place. Otis will tour England and Europe throughout the month of October.



GUESS WE'RE NOT the only ones who've been bugged by the air lines strike lately. Most recent victim is Dusty Springfield who has had to tentatively cancel her scheduled American visit for the month of September.

TEEN PANEL

Teen immorality



The BEAT's Teen Panel series has become one of the most widely discussed features in this or any publication for teenagers. We hoped to bring you something unique, and it's nice to know we've succeeded.

Teen panels are hardly anything new, and ours is different from the rest only because of the way the discussions are held. Because outside pressures prevent many people from making their personal views public, our Teen Panels meet in complete privacy on a "pen name" basis. Only five participants and one tape recorder are present.

This method has made it possible for our panelists to speak frankly, and, because their comments appear intact (only conversation that doesn't apply to the subject at hand is omitted), it is finally possible for someone to publish an honest look at the teenagers of today.

If you'd like to join in a future discussion, send your name, address, age and phone number on a postcard to BEAT Panel, 6290 Sunset, Hollywood, California, 90028. If you're selected as a panelist, we'll notify you by telephone and will not discuss the nature of the call with anyone but you personally.

The subject of this issue's discussion was suggested by "Caren," a 17-year-old reader of THE BEAT. Her letter also included a request that she be allowed to participate on the panel if her topic was chosen.

We took her up on both offers. She begins the discussion by telling the other panelists about the contents of her letter. Also participating are "Berie" - 16, "Don" - 17, "Susan" - 19 and "Jay" - 18.

"Caren" told THE BEAT that I'm tired of reading about teenage immorality.¹ Adult publications are full of articles on this subject, but the information they print isn't factual. It isn't even information—just a lot of speculation. It's either some writer's own opinion of something he knows nothing about, or the result of going around to a few clubs and talking to a few hippies and using them as a criterion to judge the rest of us. There are twenty million teenagers in this country alone. Adults are being led to think we're all alike, and all "immoral." No one is equipped to categorize this many people, especially where something as personal as sex is concerned. I

so out of proportion, and so stupid. This is the standard that's been passed down from generation to generation. I don't buy it. I think for myself. And what I think is my own business.

Caren—I agree with Susan that sex is important, but I don't think it's sacred. Society has tried to make it sacred in order to control it, and this was probably a necessary move at the time. In those days, people weren't very civilized—not that we are now—and the majority of them probably weren't capable of controlling themselves. The human race has grown up since then—not even though it was able to make personal choices on their own. I've made my choice, and I choose to think that sex is a combination of something very natural and something very special. I don't believe in being proscruous. Being the sort of person I am, I'd be unhappy if my life were a constant parade of sex experiences. But there are people who do live this way and it doesn't bother them a bit. They're not my problem. I'm my problem, and I don't do anything that makes me a problem to myself. And I don't believe in adultery, either. And I don't think there'd be so much of it if people were more careful when they choose a marriage partner.

Susan—If you're someone who I was absolutely certain we were compatible in every respect. In my opinion, sex is not the ultimate goal in a relationship. It's just a part of it, but it's an important part of it.

Then What?

Susan—There's only one way to find out whether two people are "compatible in every respect," and what happens if you discover that you aren't? Do you just go on to the next girl and start over? I don't mean you—I mean this is what you think a person should do if that happens?

Caren—"Don't make it sound like a parade. You don't meet that many special people in your life. People who are special in every respect, I mean. I'm seventeen, and I've only met one so far, and it turned out that we weren't compatible in any way. But it was good experience for both of us. We both learned a lot about what we're not. I don't want from another person. I don't consider this a mistake, because it wasn't one. Someday I'll fall in love with someone else. It's that simple.

Susan—"What if the someone you fall in love with does consider it a mistake, and won't marry you because of it?"

Caren—"I rather doubt that I'll ever fall in love with a narrow person. I have enough trouble just tolerating them."

Susan—"I don't want to sound like I'm getting after you, so don't get mad. But I'm really interested in your outlook. What's your opinion of the guys who get into trouble because they don't wait for marriage? Do you think this kind of thing is all right?"

Caren—"I think these guys are stupid, and it's hardly all right to bring an unwed girl into the world. Each person has his own responsibility to himself. You don't have to take that kind of

chance. I've never reached a point in my life where I stopped caring I can't answer for people who have. People have brains. It's up to each person to use them."

Berie—"I haven't thought much about sex. Well, I've thought about it a lot. I mean I haven't made up a list of things I do and don't believe in. But I read a wild bit the other day that really has me wondering. It was written by a doctor in New York who thinks he has it all figured out why the human race is such a mess. He thinks there are wars and crime, especially sex crimes, and so much unhappiness because the human sexual growth has been stunted. He said we're all twisted up and confused because we're not allowed to follow our natural urges. I guess it's a proven fact that your sex life affects your mental health. I know I've heard that said all my life. So why is this doctor sure thinks so, and he thinks people should start having a sex life whenever they start being interested in sex. I mean, he feels the world would be a healthier, happier place if such a thing was possible. But even he couldn't think of a way that it could be possible, because it goes against everything most people believe in. It's a wild idea, though. He could be right. It makes you think.

But I'm not sure anything like that was right any more—if there weren't, people could live up to the rules with no problems, and there wouldn't be any market for that "industry" any more. I'd be confined to marriage, and it never will be. Not for everyone. I guess you just have to get to know yourself and do what's best for you."

Jay—"If all people could accept the rules, the rules can't apply to everyone, everyone can't apply to the rules, we'd stop kidding ourselves and getting all bent out of shape. Things would probably be chaotic if the rules suddenly didn't exist, because people who haven't bothered to think for themselves would have to start, and it takes awhile to learn how. But it would sure decrease the emphasis on sex. You'd think the people who try to make it down would realize that they're only making it twice as irresistible. People seem to get bigger kicks when they're doing anything someone has told them not to."

Don't Mix

Berie—"That's true in one way, but again, not for everyone. I've never even thought of this before, but one of the reasons the human race hasn't been able to confine sex to marriage could be because sex and marriage don't always mix. No, it's not what I think it is, but it must be rough to suddenly develop a natural outlook toward sex just because you get married, when you've spent the first twenty-or-so years of your life being told it wasn't for you. Parents are the cause of this a lot of times. My little sister is a perfect example. She's twelve, and when some smart mouth kid filled her in on the facts of life, my mother absolutely had a stroke, and she started crying and carrying on, and it scared my sister half of her god. I suppose she'll get over

it, but some people don't. I know a guy who's perfectly normal, a real groovy, person, but he's scared you-know-whatless of fire because his house burned down when he was seven or eight. So any things can leave scars on you—inside scars. People are so weird."

Don—"I commend your mother for letting your sister know, right from the beginning, that sex is nothing to take lightly. Your sister will grow up a decent girl, and that's more than I can say for most girls today. I'd never marry a girl who wasn't decent. It's understandable that guys don't wait until they're married. But girls have got to wait if they want a good man to marry them. What guy would want second-hand merchandise? Why do you think brides wear white veils? To signify chastity. That's the whole concept of marriage."

Caren—"What's the whole concept of marriage?"

Don—"I just said it. Chastity."

Caren—"That's odd. I have been under the impression that the whole concept of marriage was comprised of many things like love and sharing and people belonging to each other, and having children."

Don—"Sure, that's all part of it, but marriage is built on a foundation of chastity."

Caren—"Chastity on the part of the bride."

Don—"Right."

Caren—"How about the groom?"

Susan—"I thought you were the one who said we'd never get anywhere."

Caren—"I was. So I'll shut up in a second. Well? Can you answer my question?"

Don—"Yes. A good girl has enough purity for both of them, and this makes a man change and settle down to that one person."

Caren—"Oh. Well, think this over. The theory that premarital sex is okay for boys and not for girls has created nothing but chaos. It's the reason prostitution exists. It's the reason why girls who've "made a mistake" fall apart from guilt and humiliation, and make the same mistake the same night of the week. Considering what your precious double-standard has done to the lives of innocent people, I don't think I have to tell you what you can do with that. All I'm going to say except this. Our conversation has proved exactly what I knew it would. We don't agree. We aren't alike. We all have individual viewpoints, and each of us lives up to what we believe in. Not one of us said I'd do or so because I'm supposed to. We're doing what we want to. And we're doing anything that generations before us didn't do. The only difference is, we aren't afraid to admit it."

Susan—"I've suggested. Why don't you ask THE BEAT if we can get together again and discuss that double-standard idea you brought up. The five of us have quite a mixture of viewpoints, and I'm sure we could exchange some pretty spicy opinions on the subject."

Caren—"Not to mention blows."

Rivers: The Fine Art Of Disappearing On A Chair

By Louise Criscione

I've come to the conclusion that Johnny Rivers divides his life between Whiskeys, cutting "live" albums and serving in the Army Reserves. Which isn't an awfully bad way to spend your life, I suppose, since he always sells-out his Whiskey dates; his albums continually do well. And he doesn't have any choice about the Army bit.

Johnny's funny, though; you never know quite what to expect from him. On stage, he's always rather formally attired. He seems to switch from his white to black tux but other than the color change there's never any marked difference in his stage clothes.

Two Rivers

But the Johnny Rivers on stage in the immaculate white tux and the Johnny Rivers off stage are two different people. I've never seen him in a fur coat ala' Sonny Bono but I did see him one night in an all white outfit which resembled those worn by judo experts—except it didn't have a belt.

The place was packed. The tiny tables were crammed with people.

drinks and full chairs. So Johnny stood at the bar. No one bothered him. No napkins were thrust forward with the plea to "please sign it for me." The regular patrons of the club are used to seeing performers wander in and out. It happens every night and now they don't even look twice when someone like Brian Strides or Papa John or Mike Love strides in. But this is summer—our tourist season.

The night Johnny showed up several tables of tourists had managed to twist their way through the long hair, the short skirts and the hip-buggers. In their furs and heels and Madison Avenue suits they stood out like a crewcut Mick Jagger. Perhaps that's why they were so busy noting the long-haired group on stage or the funny way we "natives" looked that they failed to observe Johnny stationed rather obscurely in the corner. Or maybe they saw him but were afraid to ask for his autograph. They were conspicuous enough as it was.

Whatever the reason, Johnny spent an evening in relative calm. Actually, he's not very hard to miss. He sort of rivals Ringo in

the height department but Ringo's hair outweighs Johnny's. It would be a big mistake to underestimate Johnny just because he doesn't stand a mighty six feet. What he lacks in inches he more than makes up for in talent, determination and a certain amount of temper.

There's a standing joke around the Hollywood area. Johnny always uses a stool when he performs and just as he goes to sit down on it someone is always heard to say: "Johnny's doing his disappearing act again!" Everyone then enjoys a good laugh and I suspect that inwardly Johnny laughs too.

Hidden

It is true that if you're unfortunate enough to be sitting in front of the dance floor, the minute Johnny sits down he disappears behind the wiggling heads of the dancers. But his voice is always there. And you can't miss that. He's clever in his choice of material. He continually sings songs which are recognizable to the audience, songs which they can sing along with.

If you've seen Johnny "live" and heard his Whiskey A'Go Go albums, you know there's no faking. Those voices you hear in the background are really there. They haven't been manufactured in a recording studio. They follow Johnny everywhere he goes. His performances are always sort of a Sing Along With Johnny and in today's wild, weird, improvised scene it's a nice change.

Johnny's determined. About a lot of things. But he seems to be especially concerned in giving an audience it's money's worth. That's why one night he walked off a stage because the sound system was way off and the audience couldn't hear him unless they were sitting on top of the speakers.

So, Johnny just left. As simple as that. Without even a word to the audience, he pulled his guitar plug out of the amp and walked off stage. After words with the club's owner and after the sound system had been repaired he came back. He'd missed an entire set because of the mike difficulty—something which he obviously thought was cheating his audience because he incorporated two sets into one extra long one.

Two Hours

And only when the perspiration was making a million tiny rivers down his face and when the heat of the lights became unbearable did he reluctantly pack up his guitar and leave. He'd been on stage for almost two hours straight. A long time in anybody's book.

The audience was his. They didn't want him to leave. But then, they hardly ever let Johnny leave the stage without thunderous claps of protest and throaty shouts of "More, more."

Yes, the way Johnny Rivers divides his life isn't bad at all. Fact is, it's quite good. Not to mention highly successful. And in the entertainment business, what else is there?



... JOHNNY DOIN' HIS DISAPPEARIN'



... "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"





... THE KINKS (left to right) are Ray Davies, Dave Davies, Mick Avory and Pete Quaife.

Kinks: Modern Rebels

If you're a Kink, and you took a notion to go laz' on a "Sunny Afternoon," you probably would. If you're a Kink, and you wanted to do almost anything... then you probably would.

But there are only four Kinks, and not many people—if any—can match their nonchalance and ignore the what-you-were-suggested-to-do-and-say world around them.

Honest

The Kinks are 20th Century Rebels; they don't mince words and they don't bend their personalities for the sake of an audience. If they don't like the shirt you're wearing they'll say something like, "We bloody well don't like that rotten shirt you've got on."

They aren't really rude—just frightfully honest. And while honesty today is sometimes considered

a vice rather than a virtue, the Kinks' brash, straightforward personalities remain intact.

The Kinks are most outspoken concerning their own music. They speak with indifference about the fads and streaking changes in pop music, and sing only what pleases themselves.

"Changes in pop don't bother us, why should they?" asked Dave Davies. "We can dictate what we want to do. We don't have to go by the public fads anymore."

And in saying this, Dave pretty well summed up the Kinks' newest record, "Sunny Afternoon," which was number one in England and received a major status in the United States.

The record, biggest in a long line of hits for the Kinks, is one of the most original to be released by any group in a while. The song—like

the group that sings it—has a kind of easy, free flowing pace to it, and shuns the commercial aspects of most songs released today.

They live from day to day, and haven't the faintest notion—nor do they seem to care about—what they'll be doing in several years.

"We don't care about five years from now," Dave said indifferently. "We'll probably be blown up. We've done everything we wanted to do, so it won't matter when we get blown up. We are a hit. What more is there?"

Not Much

Not too much really. Except, maybe, for another million dollars from record sales and public appearances. But on this subject, the Kinks seem even less concerned.

All four of the Kinks—Dave, Pete, Mick and Ray—live well but quite simply. They are no more extravagant with money than they are with flowery phrases of false compliments.

Their music, even more so than the money and fame, is the Kinks' chief motivation as pop singers.

"Playing and singing my own music is very important to me," said Ray Davies. "I think if I thought I could not improve musically, I would give it all up and become a tramp. The idea of tramping around the country with a healthy bank balance in time of difficulty appeals to me anyway."

For Pete Quaife, money looms as one of his major problems. Not the lack of it—but too much of it! "I didn't have a bank account until a few months ago," confessed Pete. "I used to go through the week quite happily on one pound, but when you start earning hundreds a week, it seems to vanish into thin air."

It is said of many groups that they don't really change after they make it big. But most do change. The Kinks have not. They neither put on a cloak of humility nor do they reek with conceit. They leave tomorrow's worries for tomorrow and think only of the present.

And at the present, the Kinks need worry about very little.



Starting off a brand new week with a brand new name, but don't worry 'cause we'll still be having a lot of heated "DISCUSSIONS" about the latest releases.

What do you think about the new Beatles' disc, "Yellow Submarine"? That's even better than "Rainy Day Woman," and it seems absolutely destined to become the instantaneous national anthem of every college and kindergarten classroom from Coast to Coast! It's a fun record though, and Ringo's voice never sounded more... Ringo!

My favorite so far, though, is still "Eleanor Rigby." Probably one of the greats ever from the talented quartet.

My personal pick hit for this week has to be the new single from The Association. Quickly on the heels of their first hit disc—"Along Comes Mary"—the boys are following up their chart success with the beautiful ballad, "Cherry Pie."

This was written by the members of the group and it is undoubtedly one of the prettiest tunes around—lyrically and melodically. It should duplicate their latest success and head for the Top Ten immediately.

Everyone in the music industry these days seems to be talking about the new group, The Buffalo Springfield. Their first disc is "And Canyon Can't Even Sing." It's sort of slow, a little reminiscent of the Beau Brummels, and it could be this month's chart sleeper. Keep an ear glued to it.

"Black Is Black" by Los Bravos is really a good record, but I keep getting the feeling it could have been much better. One of the best features of the disc is the original and almost gospel-like harmony used at the end of each verse. It sounds like a good-sized hit for the first outing of this new group.

The Dave Clark Five have really surprised a lot of people with their latest—"Satisfied With You." It's amazingly good, and it might be another large hit for the quintet.

More surprises in store for Neil Diamond fans with his new 45er—"Cherry, Cherry." It's a hard-rocking, up-tempo tune which is far removed from his first hit, "Solitary Man."

This, too, is destined for chart-topping.

Bomb Title of the Week Award has to go to Lloyd Price's new disc, "The Man Who Took The Valise Off The Floor of Grand Central Station at Noon." I mean, what can you say after that!

Tony Hatch has written and produced a number of hit singles for Petula Clark in the last couple of years, and now he has contributed his talents to the success of Peter and Gordon by penning their newest 45er—"To Show I Love You."

Unlike their last couple of records, there is nothing weird or unusual about this disc—it's just a very simple, pretty, easygoing love song.

The Turtles decided that "Outside Chance" wasn't going to be a hit after all, so they simply flipped the disc over and found themselves a new "A" side with "We'll Meet Again." This is another good-time song and might push the disc to the top yet.

I'm getting a good deal of mail in answer to my question about your favorite groups and artists, and I'd like to be interested to know that the surfing craze is still very much alive. Several letters have come in praising the Beach Boys, the Sunnys, and Jan and Dean as well as anything else vaguely associated with the surfing craze.

Be sure and drop me a line to let me know who you're listening to.

Brian Wilson told me some weeks ago that "God Only Knows"—a beautiful cut off of their latest LP, "Pet Sounds," would be the new single. However, it seems that another cut off the same album—"Wouldn't It Be Nice"—is going out as the A-side. That's okay, because both tunes are great. Who knows—might even be a double-sided hit from the California smash-makers.

In order to be "in" this week, you have to be (1) female, and (2) record your rendition of "Aalfie." Must be more recordings of this new tune than anything else right now.

Latest versions to be released include cuts by Cher—who will waltz the tune between the opening credits in the movie—Joanne Sommers, and Cilla Black—who currently has the only hit version of the disc, rising high on British charts.

The Beatles Own Gold 'Revolver'

The Beatles have done it again—earned a Gold Record for their "Revolver" album on the day of its release! This marks the tenth consecutive Beatle LP to receive a Gold Record on the day of release.

The "Revolver" album cover was designed by Klaus Voorman and does not have any meat or decapitated dolls anywhere in sight. Instead, it contains a montage of Beatle caricatures and pictures, both full-length and head shots. Hidden in one corner of the cover is a picture of Voorman. The album cover has been described by a student of art as the newest development in the arts—"Beatles Art" to be exact.

"Revolver" includes 11 Beatle-penned tunes, including the group's current single, "Yellow Submarine" b/w "Eleanor Rigby." The single is also expected to sell the necessary million dollars worth of copies to insure yet another Gold Record for the Beatles, who have made a habit out of collecting Goldies.

The songs, composers and soloists on "Revolver" are "Taxman," written and sung by George Harrison; "Eleanor Rigby," written by John and Paul and sung by Paul; "Love You To," written and sung by George Harrison; "Here, There and Everywhere," written by John and Paul and sung by Paul; "Yellow Submarine," written by John and Paul and sung by Ringo Starr; "She Said She Said," written by John and Paul and sung by John Lennon; "Good Day Sunshine," written by John and Paul and sung by Paul; "For No One," written by John and Paul and sung by Paul; "I Want To Tell You," written and sung by George; "Got To Get You Into My Life," written by John and Paul and sung by Paul; "Tomorrow Never Knows," written by John and Paul and sung by John.

Open Letter To Mick Jagger

By Carroll Mason

Dear Mick,

I'll never forget the first time I saw you. I wonder if you remember that day, too.

It was your first concert in the Hollywood area. Thousands of us had jammed ourselves into the Long Beach Arena. Not the new, breezy, modern building. The crummy, old, hot one. But nobody minded the hard seats or last year's air. Nothing could have dampened our enthusiasm because we were about to see, for the first time, the five-and-only Rolling Stones.

You'll never know what went on in that auditorium during the first part of the show, but you can about imagine. We fidgeted and tried to listen to the other acts. We made the usual amount of desperate attempts to get backstage by pretending to be Keith's cousin or Charlie's aunt.

But most of all we wondered. What would you be like? We'd heard your records and seen your pictures and read so much about you. But would you be as great as everyone predicted? How could you be? After all, you were only people.

Then you walked out on that stage. You sang and your fellow Stones played like one person, and were one with the music you made. And you destroyed our doubts by blowing our little minds.

That was the first day of a part of my lifetime that I call the Stone Age. Almost two years have passed since then, and they've been wonderful years. I've seen you several times since, in concerts and in dreams, and the Stone sound was the background music of everything I did.

But that was then and this is now.

I never dreamed I'd ever go from remembering the first time I saw you to hoping I'd be able to forget the last.

I don't have to tell you what night it was. You know.

Where were you, Mick? Who had your name and voice and body and not your soul?

Who was that person who had to reach out for us because we couldn't, for some cold sudden reason, go to him?

Tell me why he pranced and danced and looked like a cheerleader when he moved and grooved before.

And where were the songs he used to sing and mean? The deep-throat blues, and wild maraca rhythms?

What was wrong? Something was, and I'm not the only one asking what. So is everyone else who loved you then.

Was that stranger tired? Too many songs? Too many hours? Too many nights of not knowing what day it is?

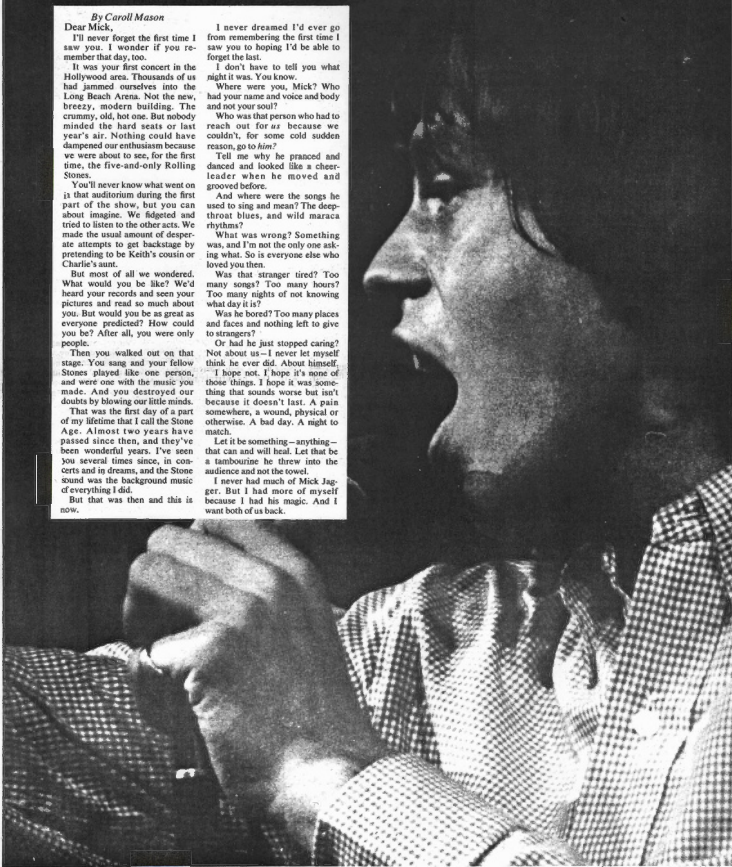
Was he bored? Too many places and faces and nothing left to give to strangers?

Or had he just stopped caring? Not about us—I never let myself think he ever did. About himself.

I hope not. I hope it's none of those things. I hope it was something that sounds worse but isn't because it doesn't last. A pain somewhere, a wound, physical or otherwise. A bad day. A night to match.

Let it be something—anything—that can and will heal. Let that be a tambourine he threw into the audience and not the towel.

I never had much of Mick Jagger. But I had more of myself because I had his magic. And I want both of us back.

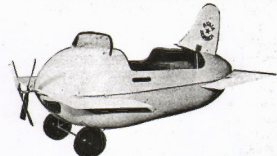


Win A Life Size Yellow Submarine

With the Beatles' top new record, "Yellow Submarine" gurgling its way to the top of the charts, KRLA BEAT makes possible for its readers the ultimate in one-upmanship. Be the first kid on your block to actually own a life-size "honest to goodness really works" yellow submarine six feet long, four feet wide, weighing 108 pounds.

This two-man sub is pedal operated and can navigate under water at three to four knots. (You never know when the Los Angeles riverbed will flood again and if there's a tie-up on the freeway, this sub will be the envy of your neighbors.)

Because Paramount's great new mid-Atlantic action thriller "Assault on a Queen" is all about



how some crazy mixed up kids (Frank Sinatra; Virna Lisi, Tony Franciosa and Richard Conte) float a German sub off the bottom of the ocean and hi-jack the Queen Mary, we thought we'd make a contribution to ending juvenile delinquency in their

name—and the Beatles, of course. One thing is sure—a yellow submarine will really keep the kids off the streets.

See the contest blank on this page for details or listen to KRLA for contest details. Contest closes August 31, 1966.

YELLOW SUBMARINE YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

KRLA BEAT
1401 S. Oak Knoll
Pasadena, Calif.

I agree with Frank Sinatra and Virna Lisi that every home should have a yellow submarine. If I win KRLA's groovy yellow submarine, I promise to give it tender, loving care and to scrape the barnacles off its sensitive little hull regularly.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

ZIP: _____

TELEPHONE: _____

I estimate that there will be _____ underwater types who enter KRLA's yellow submarine contest.

(Winner will be selected on the basis of most accurate estimate of total number of contest entries. Contest closes Aug. 31, 1966. In case of tie, drawing will be held among those tied. Five runners-up will receive pairs of passes to see Paramount's mid-ocean thriller, "Assault On A Queen" starring Frank Sinatra and Virna Lisi.)

KRLA'S Official Statement On The Beatle Controversy

If you remember your history, a group of British subjects came to America to avoid public censure of their religious beliefs. After many hardships, they won this religious freedom. Americans still enjoy this freedom. Therefore, we here at KRLA do not believe it is our right to question the religious beliefs of the Beatles or of any other talent. We are only interested in the quality of the entertainment they provide. We will continue to play Beatle recordings.

Stan Freberg Joins KRLA

Freberg, Ltd., Stan Freberg's iconoclastic advertising organization, has been hired by radio station KRLA.

Although several stations have attempted to negotiate for his services, this represents the first time that Freberg has agreed to serve as a consultant to an individual radio station.

KRLA's acceptance as one of the nation's top rock stations makes an ideal target for Freberg's barbed satire. This, apparently, does not worry the station.

KRLA Station Manager, John Barrett, said, "Our approach has always been tongue-in-cheek. We recognize that the audience is listening for one thing... fun!" "Freberg," Barrett said, "has been given Carte Blanche to make these on-air-campaigns more fun."

Stan Freberg's company has produced successful advertising campaigns for such diverse clients as General Motors, Salada Tea, Orange Julius, Chui King Chow Mein, Mars Candy, Prince Macaroni and the United Presbyterian Church.

Asked where KRLA would fit in, Mr. Freberg answered, "Somewhere between Orange Julius and the United Presbyterian Church."

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BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



... SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Sir Walter Raleigh (really Dewey Martin) hails from Seattle, Wash., and until now has only appeared in that area. Before he began singing, he was a drummer for several stars, among them Roy Orbison. Sir Walter has recently released "I Don't Want To Cry."



... THE COOKIE FAIRIES

Take two teenage girls and mix well. Enter the Cookie Fairies. Take a box of cookies, leave it on the doorstep of their favorite drummer, who happens to be a Byrd, and he will say it is a present from his "friendly local cookie fairies." Hence the name. Carol Millip and Candie Callaway, grads of Santa Barbara High, may have the spark to ignite their success—Gene Clark is writing their material.



... THINGS TO COME

This Chicago-based group has kids coming from miles around to see them. Admittedly influenced by the Byrds and Yardbirds, they say their originality far surpasses influence by others. Group features George Heatherton, bass; Ken Ashley, lead singer; Keith St. Michaels, rhythm; Cliff Harrison, drums.



... SOMETHING WILD

Something Wild is currently working central California with a comical and wild R & B show. Their style has been described as "rockin' blues," since a little bit of everything is thrown into their act. Most of their material is original, written by members Kal, Bill and Bill. Left to right in the above picture, Bill H. Payne, piano-organ; Bill "Pretty Boy" Evans, lead guitar; Red Libben, drums; Kal X. Blue, lead vocalist; Joe Geppi, bass.



... GRAINS OF SAND

A devoted fan club which even sports a sister club in England keep the Grains of Sand in good spirits—even when drummer Willie shaved off his beard and no one recognized him. Actually, the Grains of Sand are new for the second time around, having decided to hit the pop scene with a new image—mainly shorter hair and suits. The group has been making television and club appearances, and will release their second single in the near future. The first was "That's When Happiness Began" c/w "She Needs Me."



IN SEARCH OF FOLK

Legend Of Odetta

By Shannon Leigh

ODETTA—to those who know her, the name means excellence. It calls to mind the perfection, and class, and talent which is an integral part of this woman who has become a legend in her own lifetime.

Odetta is the artistic, interpretive artist who educates her audience—careers how she educates them—as she entertains them. She was born in Birmingham, Alabama but moved North to Los Angeles at the age of six. Her background, then, was not the traditional "aesthetic sweat of the cottonfields-back-home," but she has achieved a crescendo of communication in the field of blues-oriented folk songs, nonetheless.

Glee Club

While still in junior high school, Odetta joined the school glee club as a coloratura soprano, then continued her singing when she entered high school. Here, she was coached by a voice teacher who was convinced that Odetta should be a contralto, as she was destined to become the next Marian Anderson. However, Odetta was not entirely reconciled to the idea of becoming the next anyone, and continued to develop her own unique vocal stylings.

After graduating from high school, Odetta worked during the days as a housekeeper, in order to finance her musical studies of art songs and the classics in the evenings. It was during this period that Odetta accidentally fell into the world of folk music.

Appearing in her first professional performance—the West Coast production of "Finian's Rainbow"—she found herself traveling away from her home for the first time.

"I felt so melancholy that when I met a couple of Bay Area folk singers, I was probably a lot more receptive to their songs than I might otherwise have been. I remember that they sang the song, 'I'm My Mother's Child,' for instance, and it moved me deeply."

So deeply moved was she that Odetta began to explore this new musical idiom which she had discovered and in doing so, discovered a whole new freedom of creativity and expression with which she could work.

Her first public performance as a folk singer also came about in an accidental way, as she was unexpectedly introduced by a touring folk singer as she sat in the audience of the "Hungry 1" in San Francisco. The introduction was so lavish, that Odetta was literally propelled—unexpectedly—into the spotlight, where she sang one song . . . and was immediately hired by the club's management.

The offer, however, eventually had to be withdrawn after the featured singer in the show began raising violent objections to the prospect of such formidable competition.

For the next year or so, Odetta performed in various coffee houses and night clubs on both the East and West Coasts, establishing a fine reputation for herself among audiences across the country, as well as among fellow artists, including Harry Belafonte and Pete Seeger.

Murderess

In California again, Odetta made her debut film performance in "Cinemas Holiday," then later appeared in the role of a murderess in her second film, "Sanctuary."

Odetta has now built up a following of ecstatic fans around the world, and her popularity is very graphically illustrated by the applause which greets her immediately as she enters the room—long before she ever approaches the stage.

Her fans have accorded her the status of a legend already, and the legend of Odetta is one of a highly talented, creative, proud, and sensitive artist. It is a legend which must continue indefinitely, for as long as the rich voice of Odetta continues to fill the ears of eager listeners around the world.

Dylan: Is He Weird?

By Edin

Millions upon millions of words have been written about this man, and usually—they are words of great eloquence, sentences highly stylized in their phrasing, paragraphs which run off to the para. But it has come to be an accepted fact that when you read something which has been written about Bob Dylan, it must, of necessity, be as weird as the man himself.

Question Number One—is Dylan really so very weird? Or is it really just the people who are writing about this twenty-four year old enigma from Hibbing, Minnesota?

Over and over again in the infrequent interviews which Dylan grants to various publications, he has insistently demanded that he is not the genius he is said to be; that his songs were never meant to be great.

Dylan recently completed a very unusual world-wide concert tour which succeeded in creating more confusion and mixed reactions to the young American singer-poet-composer than anything else.

In his concert in Albert Hall in London, Dylan met once again with the problem of a booing, dissatisfied audience—an occurrence to which he is not entirely unaccustomed. He has heard the echoes of distaste before—in the Newport Folk Festival, for example—and he was readily able to cope with the situation, making quick use of his imitable dry wit.

However, he made a speech to the audience which seemed only to further alienate it. He informed them after only the first two or three numbers that he would never again perform in Great Britain.



BOB DYLAN: Is he really the weird, genius-spokesman for pop music?

Then, he continued his tirade by attacking some of the British musical trade papers which had recently attacked him. Having had his fill of revenge, he then went on to explain to the people, "What you're hearing is just songs. You're not hearing anything else but words and sounds." Once again he denied the great value, or "genius" of his songs. Then he concluded, "I'm sick of people asking: 'What does it mean?' It means nothing!"

Despite this emphatic outburst, people will continue to search for a deeper meaning in Dylan. There have been accusations hurled at him of late insinuating that his recent writing is composed of nothing but "drug songs."

But Dylan has repeatedly denied

this charge, saying that he never has written, nor will he ever write, a "drug song." Yet, music critics have pinned the responsibility for the initiation of the current "psychedelic" trend in pop music squarely on Dylan's shoulders.

It is a nearly impossible task to reach an accurate definition of any human being. Speaking in terms of Bob Dylan—it is entirely inconceivable. But some conclusions, at least, can be reached about this fascinating young man.

Whether or not you label it "genius," Bob Dylan is obviously a talented and creative poet and composer. He has been compared to Dylan Thomas in his use of language, his use of imagery; but Bob denies any relation—in name, or otherwise—to the great British poet. His work is only his own.

Dylan is definitely responsible for the current trend of better, more intelligent lyrics in popular music—and for that, if for nothing else, we are all in his debt.

He has wrought important changes in the moods and styles of contemporary music, and at least begun many of the trends which have taken shape in this field in the last year and a half.

His records are never musical masterpieces of sound—Dylan doesn't have a classically good voice. But they are always well-arranged, well-planned, and always interesting. They are also frequently hits.

Weird? Who is it who says Dylan is weird and we are not?

On what basis do we classify Dylan as "weird"? We must first know what "weird" is, and since "weird" to each individual is usually only that which he isn't—we are all probably a little bit weird to the next guy.

At any rate, Dylan tells us that he isn't weird—so, maybe he really isn't! For right now, what he is is an entertainer of great magnitude; an innovator, a creator of new styles of writing and recording who has achieved a very widespread influence in the field of popular music. And, most important of all—he is a human being.

Beyond that, we can only say that he is . . . Bob Dylan.



Wilson Pickett Taught How's & Why's of R&R

"The Land of 1,000 Dances" and "The Midnight Hour." "If You Need Me" and "I Found a Love." Put them all together and what do you have?

A young singer who never even knew the meaning of rock 'n' roll, until he was out of his teens. You have Wilson Pickett—a musical miasma who has mastered rock 'n' roll, rhythm and blues, spiritual singing and songwriting... all within a period of a few years.

If he wanted to, Wilson Pickett could probably master classical music. He has a flair for taking a song and giving it a twist of the unusual. And after four consecutive top sellers no one will argue with his method.

Wilson is as dedicated to rock 'n' roll and R&B today as he was dedicated to the spiritual singing he did most of his life.

Even with his belated start into his current type of singing, Wilson

rose to one of the top men in the field. But not without a small amount of tutorage.

Wilson was "discovered" by a Detroit-based group called the Falcons. The group immediately recognized his raw talent and soul—derived from years of dedicated gospel singing—and set about to teach their diamond in the rough the fundamentals of rock 'n' roll.

Wilson's exciting, gospel type singing provides the basis for his current success in his relatively new field. When he sings a rock 'n' roll song he feels it, just as he felt the gospel songs he once sang.

Wilson, who now records for the Atlantic label, is as widely known for his songwriting as he is for his singing. And that's saying a lot.

Right away Wilson wrote two of his more memorable compositions, "I Found a Love," and "If You Need Me," which has become a rock standard and has been re-



... WILSON PICKETT—lessons in R & R

recorded by such outstanding artists as Solomon Burke, The Rolling Stones, Tom Jones and Bill Doggett.

Outsider Denies Filth In Music

"Music doesn't have anything to do with morals, especially rock music," said Tom King, leader of the Outsiders, in answer to *Time's* allegations that today's popular music is obscene and smutty.

The article in the national magazine has caused about as much controversy as Elvis' wiggling hips did in 1956, with teens rushing to defend their music and parents demanding to know why rock groups and artists are "polluting" their children's minds.

King, the author of "Time Won't Let Me," denies that today's singers and songwriters are contaminating the American youth. "There is no 'pollution' and, in fact, current rock 'n' roll songs are no different than the imitations of the people who are condemning them."

"Because you hear a song that says 'Let's Go Get Stoned,' doesn't mean you're going to do it. If you want to get stoned, you're going to do it no matter what the song says."

Adults came directly into Tom's line of fire as he brought up an interesting point. "Personally, I don't dig all the adult uproar. Did you ever think about all the adults that sit around countless hours watching murders, robberies and

shootings on TV? They buy all their kids guns and introduce them to violence through television.

Is jealousy the real reason behind adults' condemnation of rock music? "I think they're envious of the younger generation," said Tom frankly. "The kids of today have their own music and that music not only helps them express their feelings but also to enjoy themselves."

As for the claim that rock is only the teens' way of escaping, Tom says: "Maybe it is, but don't adults try to escape, too. Trouble is they can't fully escape. They're bogged down with dreary jobs and bills, so the most they can do is go out and get stoned at the bowling alley or local bar. The next day they've got to come back to that dreariness."

"What really bugs me about all these hassles between adults and kids is that in every one of them we're always looked upon as the villains, the generation that is going to the dogs. I have news for you, I don't know if you're going to the dogs or not—but we sure are to Vietnam."

"Maybe next time it would be better for adults to remedy the world situation instead of just picking on a few songs."

Mama's & Papa's Wax Unique LP

Exclusively to *The BEAT* from Lou Adler, executive producer for Dunhill Records, this week comes news of the brand new album about to be released by the Mama's and Papa's.

The album will be the second to be released by the popular foursome, and will be entitled "Crash-on Screamon Singon All Fall Down."

Although the final decision had not been made as we went to press, tentative plans for the album called for a total of 14 tracks—something which is almost never done.

Some of the selections included in the new LP will be "The Dancing Bear," sung by Danny; "That Kind of Girl," "Once Was a Time," which will be sung acappella by the entire group without any

orchestration to accompany them; and "I Can't Wait."

Cass and John will sing a duet on one cut of the LP, while Cass will be soloing on two others. John has written a total of ten new songs for the album, one of which will be a surprise number. The only thing we can tell you about this track now is that it will be only one minute in length—but you will be surprised and pleased by what you will hear in those 60 seconds.

It is only just now that the world of pop has sufficiently recovered from the first onslaught by the Mama's and Papa's to be able to "believe their eyes and ears." But this exciting new release from the talented quartet should send us all reeling right back into *sads of disbelief*. Another sensational album from the Mama's and the Papa's.

Jesus—'OK, But . . .'

(Continued from Page 1)

can swim and get a hot cast." Immediately after the statements by McCartney and Harrison—the Beatle management attempted to silence the outspoken singers. A London spokesman said the Beatles would refrain from comment to "avoid further confusion and misinterpretation."

The statement by Lennon has been construed into countless meanings and explanations by everybody from American Nazi party leaders to clergymen.

Statement True?

Could there, in actuality, be truth in Lennon's allegations? A Madison, Wis., minister thinks there is.

"There is much validity in what Lennon said," commented The Rev. Richard Pritchard of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. "To many people today, the golf course is also more popular than Jesus Christ."

The "Beatle Boycott" was begun in Birmingham, Ala., by two disc jockeys who took issue with Lennon's remarks in the *Datebook* Magazine article.

The disc jockeys asked listeners to send in their Beatle records, pictures, souvenirs and mop-top wigs for a huge "Beatle Bonfire." The burning was scheduled for Aug. 19—the night the Beatles were slated to appear in Memphis, Tennessee.

Even the Ku Klux Klan is jumping on the Beatle "Ban Wagon."

"In Tupelo, Miss., Dale Walton, Imperial Wizard of the Knights of the Green Forest, Inc., urged teenagers to "Cut their locks off" and send them to a "Beatle Burning" by the Ku Klux Klan on Aug. 15.

Similar bonfires have occurred across the nation, and the West Coast is no exception.

In Los Angeles, an angry mother and a number of teenagers lit the Beatle torch by publicly destroying Beatles' albums and records. A bonfire protesting Lennon's statements also burned in San Francisco.

But while the radio boycott of the Beatles was spreading—especially in the Midwest and the South—Station WSAC at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in the heart of the Bible Belt, started playing Beatle records for the first time.

"Perhaps the Beatles could be more popular than Jesus," a WSAC editorial said. "Perhaps that is what is wrong with society. And if they are, dear friend, you made them so. Not Jesus, not John Lennon and not the Beatles."

A few miles away, in Louisville, Station WAKY sided with the growing anti-Beatle forces. It provided ten seconds of silent prayer for its listeners every hour, explaining that it replaced a Beatles' record.

Beatle Laws

But in Pennsylvania, an even sterner anti-Beatle movement is afoot.

State Senator Robert Fleming says he intends to file a resolution calling on talent agents in the state to refuse to book the British singing group and to cancel engagements already made.

Fleming said his resolution will also ask radio and television stations to stop playing Beatles' records and ask juke box operators to remove them from their machines.

As expected, the most heated resistance toward the Beatles occurred in the South and Midwest. And while there were a few isolated "Beatle Burnings" on the West Coast, California teens, for the most part, still supported the Beatles and resisted banning of their records.

In sampling a cross section of West Coast youth, *The BEAT* found that 93 per cent of those questioned favored the continued airing of Beatles' records by radio stations.

Guilty Feelings

Several teens commented that Lennon's critics might "just have guilty feelings because maybe they don't go to church."

Others argued that the intellectual Beatle is perfectly within his rights—as granted in the American constitution—and besides, "What he said is very true."

There is, however, a moderate-sized group of California youth who took offense at Lennon's remarks. And they are just as staunch in their beliefs—if not more so—than the larger percentage of teens defending the Britons. One youth in his late teens thought Lennon "should be punished for what he said." Another teenager, citing the Beatles' "Yesterday and Today" album as an example, said, "John Lennon has become too much of an authority on religion and not enough of one on music."

Many of the complaints against Lennon's comments were religious in nature. "Then let them die for us," quipped one youth.

Second Incident

Lennon's statement set off the second international controversy involving the Beatles in less than a month. The group was recently shooed, kicked and cursed at the Manila International Airport after the singers failed to keep a lunch-dinner with the Philippine's first lady.

But even that incident didn't have the effect of the statements made by Lennon.

It's beginning to look as though it is in vogue to be in questionable opinion. The Beatles—once again—are the pacesetters.

'We Don't Think Kids Are Following Us For Our Hair'

The last year and a half in the world of popular music has seen an amazing surge of popularity in the area of rhythm and blues. Although this kind of music is actually the base for all of our contemporary music—rock 'n' roll and otherwise—it has never been so widely accepted and popularized in the pop area as it is now.

Spreading this movement are the "soul" artists; performers who sing songs of great feeling and motion. Usually they are rhythm and blues oriented, and frequently the performers are Negro—hence, the so-called "Negro Sound."

Two young men who have helped to translate the traditional R&B into more modern pop terminology are the Righteous Brothers, who have long been identified as "blue-eyed soul."

First Hit

The first hit record for the Righteous Brothers was a hard-rocker entitled "Little Latin Lupe Lu." It had a certain bluesy, "soul-sound" feel to it, and it was quickly followed with a succession of similar, and equally successful hit singles.

Then suddenly, the Righteous Brothers found themselves occupying the chart tops once again, but this time with a much different sort of sound. The tune was "Lovin' Feeling," which has since become a pop standard, and it opened up a whole new area of R&B music. It was a soulful sound which was entirely acceptable in the pop vein, and it established a standard which was rapidly copied by a number of artists, both pop and R&B.

We asked Bobby Hatfield how he felt about the new dominance of R&B in the pop field, and he explained: "Rhythm and blues isn't dominating—but it's certainly taking over! It's a gas, 'cause that's always been our bag."

Soul Is...

We went on to discuss soul music, and Bobby explained that he really couldn't find an accurate definition for the term—if, indeed, there is one.

He likened the idea of "soul music" to the concept of love, explaining that both were undefinable, but that both contain an element of great emotional feeling.

Bill Medley—or, "Willy," as

Bobby calls him—agreed saying that "soul music is an emotional thing that you have to really feel."

Both boys have a quick smile and a great sense of humor, so when we questioned them about their "new hair-cuts" which have received so much publicity, Bobby just laughed and explained:

"When we got our hair cut, it's not supposed to be a whole new completely different bag! We just get our hair cut! We don't think that many kids are following us for our hair!!!"

"You don't sell any records with your hair—it's what you sing in songs. We don't try to create any 'new images'—if we get our hair cut, that's just where it is!!!"

A Lot Of TV!

Looking to the future a little, we asked Bobby and Billy what plans they might have for television and for the movies in the coming weeks, and both immediately laughed and agreed:

"We both plan on watching a lot of television, and we'll probably go see quite a few more shows! Forget about getting any straight answers from these two, right?"

But Bobby came though and more seriously explained to *The BEAT*: "Actually, when we get back from our September tour, we're hoping to do a movie or a television special."

Both Bobby and Billy admit to being very interested in entering the field of motion pictures, and Bobby explained that a number of scripts have already been submitted to them for their approval, but they haven't completed reading any of them as yet.

New LP

The boys have their own recording company now—"Righteous Productions"—and they have just completed producing one of their first artists. Both Bobby and Billy have continued their song writing, and several of their tunes are included on their latest LP, "Go Ahead and Cry."

In addition to their albums, they have also done a good bit of writing for artists, but as Bobby explained: "We don't write for any specific artists, but as we write there may be many artists whom we feel could do a good job on different tunes."

Some of you may have heard three or four different single re-

leases from the Brothers Righteous in the last two months, and we asked the boys the reason for this.

Bobby explained that it was because they are still connected, in one way or another, with several different recording companies. Technically, they are on Verve (M.G.M.) Records now, and their latest single on that label is "Go Ahead and Cry."

This is the record with the magnificent—and very unusual—choral introduction which everyone has been talking about.

New Direction?

Both Bobby and Bill quickly put down the idea that this represents a new direction in their music, and Bill explained that it was because the introduction called for it and they were unable to sound like an entire chorus all by themselves.

In the meantime, the Righteous Brothers continue to create their own great and distinctive brand of R&B—"soul music"—and about the only thing which can be said for this blue-eyed soulful duo is, "that's Righteous, Brother..."



WAY BACK WHEN—The Brothers first made fashion news by introducing their collarless suits, just after dropping their "stingy brim" hats.



NICE SUIT YA GOT THERE. — Even Bill notices the change in tailors they've gone through. Now it's only the very sharpest suits with the zaggiest lapels and black bow ties for the popular Righteous Brothers.



OTHER CHANGES include a trip to the barber. But, Bobby says, "You don't sell any records with your hair—it's what you sing in songs."

For Gins only

by
shirley
pattin

Start flinging things under the spare bed—I may be moving in soon. I've just finished giving my folks final proof that they're coming to take me away (bong, bong) Moments ago, I had my hot hands on a letter filled with poems I wanted to print in this... this... words fall me. Anybore (hab?), I naturally misplaced it and had to scrap the entire house.

After loping through the living room for the twentieth time, my proud parents (oh, definitely) asked me what I was looking for (besides trouble).

When I told them I was trying to track down a letter, they asked if there was anything unusual about said letter. You know, a birthmark or something that might distinguish it from the other million envelopes that are flapping about the old homestead.

"No," I answered cleverly. "Wait a minute," I added. "It does have peanut butter all over the back of it, but that's not so unusual."

Well, that did it. Fortunately, I found the thing in time and was able to race back to my (ex) room before they were able to haul the nets out of the closet.

If I thought it would do any good, I'd go back in there and try to explain that the words "peanut butter" were written all over the back of the envelope. And that this isn't unusual because the girl who wrote it always writes those words on the back of her letters. And maybe I'll try it just as soon as I finish re-infusing the locks on my bedroom door.

Speaking of George, I mean envelopes, can't announce the winners until next week. I'm having problems (I'll say) choosing the "top ten" because they're all so groovy.

Now, back to the peanut butter. Here are three of the poems I mentioned, which were penned by someone who would probably have a relapse (not to mention my "ead" if I printed her name. (Coward!))

While others lose themselves

Down a little for fame,

He's just himself.

May no man be his master;

For he is his own, and mine,

And probably yours.

Maybe you've heard of him...

His name is bob dyan.

★★★★

The carnal sister sweetness

Smoothly, large

Candy iridescence

Of kindness and sweet words

Coming from the lips...

Of a man they call Jagger.

★★★★

Youth

Twenty years full

Young face

Curly hair

But his eyes tell of

Age and laughter

Through the reflection

Of sunlight and rainfall

And time...

Dorovan is Truth.

Aren't those just great? They sure make my "poetry" sound like something that was scraped out from under a wharf. One of these I'm going to make a book of all the poems that have been sent to me by both of my many readers. Please send more contributions. No, no, I won't use your names. (Re-cowards!)

And yes, yes, I am still going to send out those poems I promised, along with a detailed explanation of why they're taken so long, so prepare yourselves.

I hope I didn't tell you about this before, but my friends (which is not a typographical error) and I have made up a new drive—em-off-their-twig-thingy. When someone who doesn't particularly dig asks you to do something, make up something really ridiculous that you have to do instead.

Abismal??

(Like, if some abismal (abysmal?) thing is taken asks you out, tell him you have to stay home and give your kangaroo a bath, or iron your brother's pinafore, etc. The best one so far... so far, was an excuse offered by someone who shall remain nameless (if I want to remain alive.)

She was out on a date with a true twimp, and after dropping a series of hints (as in brick) that she wanted to get rid of him, she finally said she had to go home and *knit a movie*. Don't think that didn't do the trick!

Another goodie (as in dirty-rotten-trick), which really makes people wonder is to wait until there's a lull in a vastly boring conversation and say, "Come and get me, George—I can't stand another minute without you." Substitute the name of your own fave, of course.

That works best when you're having a snack with some of your mother's friends. Providing, of course, that you can run faster than your mother.

"Crakes! I don't know how long I've been forgetting to tell you this, but about a month ago, a boy called *THE BEAT* office and asked for me. I wasn't there (make that all there), so he left a message.

In clipped British tones, he informed them that he was George Hanson and that he would like to know why I never write anything about him.

Honest! This really happened! Of course, I'm sure it wasn't the real George. (Sure I'm sure!) But I've stayed awake every night since, making up big whoppers about what would have happened if it had been him.

A lot of you have asked if I'm throwing any more snits this year, so I can meet George again. Well, don't think it hasn't occurred to me (hourly), but I've thought better of it. I'd be embarrassed to death after some of the stuff I've written about him. Besides, I might get carried away and take a large bite of him. As you (have the misfortune to) know, I'm not quite as sane and sensible as I was last year. (QUITE?) (QUITE!) (Doesn't it just carve you up when he sings "carve your number on my wall and maybe you will get a call from me?"—GASP!) His wall isn't the only place I'd like to carve my number.)

Down, girl.

Hurling Tantrums

Besides, I'm too busy hurling tantrums so that one of you can meet your mind-blower. However, when I go to England this winter (dunno, doh!), I do plan to discuss a few things with George at great length. Ahem.

Here's one for everyone who thinks they have problems. I got a letter from a girl whose parents decided to move to another state, the day after she got her Beatle concert tickets in the mail. They'll be leaving two days before the concert, which could explain a loud roar you may have been hearing of late. Godfrey, wouldn't that

—And here's one I can't quite figure out. A sort-of-peep-al of mine asked me the weirdest question in one of her letters. (Slight interjection: Sorry I haven't sent your pix back — I will instantaneously.)

She said — and I quote — "why do you smoke?"

Since the subject has never come up in our letters or this (alleged) column, I'm beginning to wonder if the question wasn't a slip of the lip — or pen.

Considering the way I write, she probably meant to ask what Ta-ra (as in ra-boom-diyay).

Mrs. Miller Is Now Chairman

Mrs. Elva Miller, the musical business' newest phenomena (7), has been doing so well for herself lately that she has now formed her own production company, Vibrato Productions.

Mrs. Miller, who has been making a small mint on her albums (people claim they don't know if they're buying the albums for jokes or for real) will act as chairman of the board.

Old Chinese Proverb?

The Leaves, playing San Francisco's Dragon A Go Go, found a modern-day proverb written inside the Chinese-owned club.

"All roads lead to the Dragon A Go Go. Blessed are those who come, for this is the land of sunshine and whisky," the inscription read.

But it was written in Hebrew!



THE WILD AFFAIR... On tour in jungles of Viet Nam.

The Wild Affair Touring Viet Nam

The Wild Affair is in Viet Nam on a goodwill tour, and those sounds you hear floating across the tropical rain forests may not be coming from sniper gun fire—but from the strings of amplified guitars.

Clad in uncustomary combat boots, loose fitting green fatigues and straw hats, the group is touring around the fringes of areas ripped by bloody fighting. Their demanding 17-day tour calls for two performances a day at air bases and field hospitals.

Surprised

The Wild Affair—one of the first American pop groups to visit the strife-torn country on a Government sponsored tour—were as surprised as they were happy when they first learned their visit had cleared the proper channels.

"It all happened so fast that we couldn't believe we were really going," said Denny Martin, newest member of the trio. "We talked to the GAC agency one day and the next day they called and told us we were going to Viet Nam. It was like a dream."

If it was like a dream the Wild Affair had a sharp awakening when they were greeted by nine different inoculation needles as they prepared for the disease-infested jungles of Viet Nam.

Bad Reflection

But the yellow fever, cholera and other shots were only a part of the whirlwind procedures the boys undertook. They were confronted with stacks of regulations and briefings and as a parting comment by Air Force brass they were cautioned, "Don't do anything that would have a bad reflection on the United States."

In fact, the boys were kept so busy going through tour regula-

tions they were left little time to consider the visit itself. A few days before they departed they were asked if they didn't think the trip would be a bit on the dangerous side.

A startled Rod Birmingham stared quizzically at his fellow troubadours and finally answered, "You know... we hadn't really thought about that, but I suppose it will be."

"Run And Hide"

"Well at any rate," laughed Chuck Morgan, "we'll be totally prepared to run and hide."

Aside from an occasional joke, the trio is taking the tour very seriously. The trip was their own idea, as "the best we can do."

Although the boys are all exempt from the draft, they are still concerned about the war in Viet Nam and especially about those who are fighting it. "I think yours of this sort help morale quite a bit," said Denny. "I know if I were over there fighting, seeing American entertainment would make me feel better."

Curious

Another reason they wanted to visit the trouble spot was to satisfy their own curiosity. "I think the reason there is so much criticism in the United States is because people don't know what is really going on over there," said Rod.

"While we're over there," he continued, "we are going to try to get an inside view of the war. We are going to talk to as many people as we can."

Dairy

Denny, the historian of the group, is keeping a diary and taking pictures while in Viet Nam. The group's experiences and observations while in Southeast Asia will be printed in an up-coming issue of *THE BEAT*.

Yardbirds From All Positions

By Louise Criscione

It really doesn't matter how you look at the Yardbirds. If you view them from overhead, the five shiny heads of freshly shampooed hair are the most obvious. The long, thin strands of blond which belong to Keith Relf catch the eye first. For many reasons. Light always attracts and Keith's hair is the lightest. But more than that, he is out of line. The one in the middle—the one nearest the audience. The lead singer. So, how could you miss noticing Keith first?

Jim McCarty you see next. He shares his brown hair color with Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page but you notice Jim because the off-white of his severely beaten drum skins glare up at you and his twirling drum sticks, perpetually in motion, make imaginary trails through the thick air.

A Rebel

Jeff Beck is an everpresent force. His rather unruly hair goes its own way despite all of Jeff's efforts to keep it in place. It's independent and listens to no one. It matches Jeff perfectly for he is the same kind of independent. A rebel, maybe. But a rebel with a musical cause. And that makes him okay.

Jimmy Page is the newest Yardbird and that's probably what makes his dark head stand out. Curiosity you could call it. You peer down on his unfamiliar brown hair and wonder. Will he fit in? Will he be accepted by Yardbird fans? Will he last? He tosses his head in sort of open defiance and you decide that in the Yardbird line-up he is very much at home.

Chris Dreja's fair hair compliments Keith's stark whiteness and the others' deep darkness. He stands the far opposite of Jeff and his light hair is cropped close for a Yardbird. It behaves and so does Chris. Perhaps it's afraid to move out of place but now it seems to have lost that initial shyness just as Chris has overcome his urge to remain in the background.

Five Faces

If you look at the Yardbirds from underneath, their faces stand out immediately. All completely different and yet all possessing the concentrated look of professional musicians. Keith's thin and fragile face is often hidden from his audience. He's not a movie star. He doesn't consider his face important. It's his voice and his soul which deliver. So, as he stands in the middle of the stage with the microphone and harmonica hiding his face, his soul and his deep-gutted feeling for the blues make everything else appear inconsequential and worth nothing.

Jeff's face stands naked before his audience. Every motion is shown there. Every chord brings a different expression to his face and every expression is unique. Ninety-nine percent of the time Jeff is not even aware that he has an audience. The only thing he feels is the electronic sound lighting its way out of his battered guitar.

Chris's face is one of constant change. Most of the time it is absorbed in his beat, the basis of the group he sits behind. But every so often it occurs to him that thousands of up-turned faces are noting



his every move and then he breaks into an easy grin as he realizes the enjoyment the Yardbirds are giving to their audience in return for the claps of co-operation their audience is giving back to them.

The Boyish One

Chris' boyish face is nearly always shining and happy because Chris is nearly always aware of his audience. He smiles more frequently than the rest and throughout the night will occasionally pick an individual face to give his smile to. The only times he pushes the audience into the background of his mind is when he glances over

to the rest of the group to make certain that everything is okay or when he steps back to adjust his amplifier. Then his face, too, becomes one of concentrated thought on the "sound" which belongs exclusively to the Yardbirds.

Jimmy is a musician in every sense of the word. Before joining the Yardbirds, Jimmy was a session musician with the reputation of being one of the best (if not the best) session men in England. His uppermost thoughts are of complete harmony between all the instruments on stage. This musical professionalism shows plainly through on his face and you can

see right away that he's more than a performer—he's a performing musician.

If you look at the Yardbirds sideways, about the only things which stand out definitely are the shiny guitars and the glistening drums. Perhaps you'll notice a pair of flying maracas or a bongo resting securely between Keith's knees. From the side, individuals are merely tall shadows—only the instruments are visibly there.

To really appreciate the music of the Yardbirds, you'd have to pull the curtain down to hide Keith, Jim, Chris, Jeff and Jim-

my. That way you won't be distracted and you can fully listen to what they make their instruments say. Otherwise, your eyes tend to wander to Keith's flushed face, to Jim's quick smiles, to Jeff's flying fingers, to Chris' moving feet, to Jimmy's thumping bass. You see and you feel but you don't honestly listen.

So, watch the Yardbirds from "Over, Under, Sideways, Down." But while you're looking and feeling don't forget to close your eyes and really listen. Because, you see, that's what the Yardbirds are all about. And if you fail to listen, you've missed their whole point.

The Adventures Of Robin Bled



©1965 By Shirley Poston
George, John, Paul and Ringo (A.L.G.A.A.R.) (As In Genies And Angel, Respectively) miled into the waiting Rolls Royce and Robin (A.F.F.) (As In Furious) founced in after them.

"Horse-dish," she moaned as the five of them sped down the driveway of the Domino residence. George poked her, cracking a smile. "Gerroff it," he laughed. "It's not all that bad."

Robin snorted. "Then why can't you clean up your own bloomin' tea pot?" she snapped. George glared. "I told you why! We don't have time. The four of us are on a special assignment, and I can't be askin' three visitors to join in that mess."

John leaned over to say something about the tea pot not having been cleaned since they were in town last summer, but Robin scarcely heard him because her ears were sending straight up.

Assignment?

"Special assignment?" she echoed. (Should Robin ever find herself unemployed in later life, she can always get work as a parrot.)

George re-poked, cracking a rib this time. "Never you mind." Robin's ears flattened. Oh well, she'd find a way to extract the information from George. However, she would have to find a phone booth first.

Fearing in all four directions, Robin failed to discover one of the same, but she did succeed in discovering that she was once again up to her eyebrows in hot water.

(Rather apropos for someone who's about to go into the tea-pot-cleaning business, don't you think?) (No, of course you don't, or you'd be reading something sensible.)

"HELP!!!" she blithered. "Not to be confused with the one I've seen 4,367 times!" she added.

Whattt??

"WHATTT??" jumped George, John, Paul and Ringo. "Now," they added.

"That!" Robin cried, pointing to the car careening just behind them. "And that and that!" she re-cried, pointing to the two cars careening on either side of them. "Not to mention that!" she finished, pointing to the car careening toward them!

George tried to leap to his feet and fell into the front seat instead. "Hit the brakes, John!" he belted.

John reached down and belted the pedal with a right cross. The Rolls ground to a halt.

"Do something!" Robin roared as sixty-eight sturdy Beatle-mechanics flung themselves out of their automobiles and pounced. "They think you're them!"

However, her suggestion fell on deaf ears (and very nearly hurt itself.) Hands were tangled in George's gorgeous (shem) dark hair. Several girls had a firm grip back on John's sides, Pauley, who had been dragged half way out of the car, was undergoing a series of tooth-chipping smooches. And

Ringo was almost hidden in a cloud of feathers. And what's more, all four of them were grinning.

Robin gasped. Those utter wretches! They were loving every minute of this! And they didn't have sense enough to know that if this touching scene continued for another of those moments, they might not live to talk (as in brag) about it.

Removing a stray foot from her mouth and chomping an unidentified fore-arm, Robin took a deep breath. Then, spitting out the flying wig she'd inhaled, she screeched the only thing that came to mind. Which was "UP, UP AND AWAY!"

Robin, you see, read far too many comic books when she was a child (a week ago Thursday.) While other kiddies her age were wasting their time on fingerprinting projects, Robin was painting the town with the Masked Mover (her favor) and other caped swingers.

Rose Rolls

She had always figured that her early education would come in handy one of these days, and she was right. The very instant she uttered the aforementioned screech, the Rolls Royce rose into the air and hovered at an altitude of approximately six thousand feet.

"Gawd," she breathed proudly. "Help you," she added, turning to (and to mention on) her four snirking companions. "What is the matter with you twits?" she raged. "Are you trying to get us all dead?"

The foursome exchanged snickers. "It's good practice," John explained. "And, as I always say, practice makes perfect."

"You should know," Robin snarled. Then her ears did that thingy again (that's a standing joke.) "Practice for what?"

Socket Out

When no one bothered to give her the courtesy of a reply (George did yank her arm clean out of the socket, but that's another story), Robin curled her lip (using the rollers she always kept handy) and looked over the side of the car to make sure the aforementioned Beatlemechanics were gone.

They were gone all right. Out of their gounds and into the nearest hospital.

Back to Earth

So, the coast being clear, she calmly ordered the Rolls to return to earth.

The next thing she knew, the car had disappeared and the four of them were standing in a strange (is not the word) place.

Robin's spins squeaked, as it always did when she got that I-Know-I've-Never-Been-Here-Before-But-I-Know-I've-Been-Here-Before-HUH! feeling.

She looked around fearfully. Suddenly the place fell into place (repetition re-rules.) Of

course! This was an old set from "Help" (to be confused with the one she'd seen 4,367 times.) It was the famous Beate "apartment," to be exact. Or, to be even more specific, the remains of the famous Beate "apartment," after nuclear warfare had been waged therein.

In other words (at this point, even Sanskrit would be less confusing), the scene was not one but several miles of a mess.

I Did That

Robin's mouth dropped open. "How did we get here? Did I do it?"

George gave her a confused look (which she promptly returned because she already had one, thank you, (you're welcome, you're welcome.)

"You know," she explained. "Like I made the Rolls rise."

George re-looked confused. "I didn't know you could bake, too!"

"The Rolls Royce, you nerd," Robin frowned, wondering what he meant by that too stupid.

"My magnificent magic powers managed that mighty clever move!" George, John, Paul and Ringo mocked modestly. (But not read that sentence aloud unless there's someone around to help unto your tongue.)

Robin's ego deflated suddenly, causing her to take a most unpleasant spin about the ex-room and land in a large pile of empty corn-flake cartons.

"Go wave a wand!" she thundered. "Over your am-day tea pot, for instance!"

Not Allowed

George pinched her angrily (which made it even madder.) "Robin Irene Boyd," he hissed. "We aren't allowed to use our powers for such things. And I think it's the least you can do after all the trouble we've re-gotten you out of!"

(Have you noticed how George is relating to talk like the aforementioned Robin Irene Boyd?) (So has George, and the situation is causing a lot of trundle-tossing.) (It is also keeping him awake nights.)

"You're Right!"

Robin sat down wearily on a mountain of orange pop-sicle sticks. "I suppose you're right," she agreed grudgingly. "Besides, it couldn't be all that much work to clean up a mere tea pot."

Then she stood up briskly. "Well, when we are going to get out of this disaster area and proceed to our destination?"

"Hah!" they chorused. Robin heaved a heavy sigh and prepared to translate. "Would you be so kind as to tell me when we will arrive at said pot?"

"Of course," soothed George, John, Paul and Ringo. "Would you believe about five minutes ago?" they added.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Vinton Cover Girl Search

A unique major promotion campaign is being set in motion by Epic Records for the entire catalog of Bobby Vinton's albums. One part of the massive campaign is a contest running from August 15 through October 5.

The Grand-Prize winner, in addition to being featured on the cover of Vinton's next album, will fly to New York via TWA for an all-expense-paid weekend for two. Highlighting the weekend will be a dinner-dance with Bobby at the world famous Copacabana and a complete wardrobe of Irvington Place fashions.

The second prize winner will receive a \$2,000 scholarship to the school of her choice; the Third, fourth and fifth prize winners will each receive a handsome Columbia 360 stereo system and the next 15 winners will receive Master-wax AM/FM shortwave portable transistor radios. The 500 remaining finalists will be awarded a copy of the Bobby Vinton Cover Girl album upon its release.

Entry blanks for the contest will be available free of charge from local Epic Record dealers throughout the United States.

In an unprecedented move, Epic is releasing two new Vinton albums to spearhead the all-out campaign. The albums, released simultaneously, are "More of Bobby's Greatest Hits" and "Bobby Vinton Live At The Copa."

Wayne Newton Sets Records

Wayne Newton tied an attendance record and set a record for most standing ovations during his three-week gig at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room in San Francisco.

Two shows a night, every night were sold out during Newton's string of appearances. The \$4 per cover charge on week-ends and \$3.50 charge on week nights.

Newton also drew a standing ovation each night—the first time in the history of the club this has happened.

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From The 'Perfect Society' Emerge The Temptations

By Edna

The Temptations are another of the fine Motown groups . . . but they are not just another group! Five talented and witty individuals involved in the creation of good music—whether it is rhythm and blues, pop, or country and western — and the communication of good will, would probably be a more accurate description of this successful quintet.

Individually, the Temptations sign in as Melvin Franklin—the 23 year old singer with a voice located 20,000 Leagues Beneath the Sea; David Ruffin, Otis Williams, Eddie Kendricks, and Paul Williams.

Between the five of them they play such instruments as the piano, drums, tuba and bass, and hope soon to incorporate these instruments into their act.

Humor, Class

There is something about the Motown artists, something distinctive which they all share, which can only be identified as "class."

And the Temptations have an abundance of this, as well as a fine group sense of humor. An interview with all five Temptations will always be interesting, informative, and somewhat unusual—but it will also be slightly hysterical, among other things, and spiced with a very gentle humor which the boys enjoy poking at themselves and anyone else around.

We began discussing the current trends of rhythm and blues in contemporary music, and Mel led off the conversation by booming: "Rhythm and blues, and how it's affecting the pop market: It's taking it over by storm, isn't it? It's wonderful!" After this proclamation, we proceeded to David, who explained: "I think of the music is coming, basically, toward rhythm and blues now."

Otis agreed with David, summing up: "To make a long story short—I think rhythm and blues is here to stay." Paul thought about all of this for a moment, then added his own contribution to the discussion.

"Rhythm and blues, as far as pop is concerned, stems mainly from Motown, the effect it has on

it. When you say 'soul music,' I think it's just a blend with the rhythm and blues thing, which gives it the feeling and which can either send it pop or keep it rhythm and blues."

Paul had mentioned the Motown influence on pop and rhythm and blues, and this led us to a discussion of the much spoken of "Motown Sound." Once again we turned to Mel, who explained: "In my opinion, the Motown Sound is what I would call perfection, and we achieve it by striving toward perfection."

"I mean to say that we, the people at Motown, do our very best in our endeavors." This last statement, once pronounced, called forth an immediate reaction from the other four Temptations, who promptly jumped to their feet, hands on their hearts, facing Detroit.

The patriotic proceedings of the hour now dispensed with, we found ourselves discussing other sounds, including that particular sound with which the Temptations are identified.

Otis attempted to describe their sound for us: "I don't mean to sound vain or conceited, but I think it is good; it knocks me out. And a lot of people know our sound when they hear it due to that churchy sound."

Variety

One aspect of their music of which the Temptations can be justifiably proud is the variety and freshness which they maintain. They are always examining their music, and searching for ways in which to improve upon it, and this experimentation is one of their best features.

Mel explained this a little further as he told us some of their current experimenting: "It's good in this business to be able to show versatility—this is one of the Temptations' traits. I'd like to believe—and we're planning, some time in the future, to interject the instruments that we play into our act, and be musicians as well as singers."

Other things up-coming for the group? "In the immediate future,

we'll have the pleasure of having our own show—a complete band and everything. We're going to do some of the bigger TV spots including two Dean Martin shows this fall, and we're hoping to do the 'Hollywood Palace,' and the 'Ed Sullivan Show' and all of the rest." There are also tentative plans and very high hopes that the boys will be able to do one of their sister groups in the Motown family—the Supremes—into the company, in New York, within the next two years.

All of the Temptations have a tremendous amount of respect for Smokey Robinson, who has been a friend-mentor-co-worker to all of them, and has coached them since they first began at Motown.

Smokey

David recalled the interest which Smokey took in the group, rehearsing, then later working with them on their album, "The Temptations Sing Smokey." There was a sincere feeling of gratitude in his voice as he spoke of his talented friend, then—bringing out the familiar sense of humor he shares with the other four—he asked: "Let's give Smokey a hand," and once again the five Temptations rose to their feet in applause.

In the Fall, the Temptations will be making their second trip to Europe along with their appearances in clubs and on TV in this country. They are also looking forward to getting into acting, if possible, and further into writing and producing at Motown.

Before we concluded our interview, Mel decided to give one more speech on the family at Motown, and in his deepest voice he boomed:

"It's a love, that has all the aspects of a perfect business machine, with that same warmth that you get at home with your sisters and brothers. It's something that's not really tangible; you can't really put down the Motown feeling in words. It's something that you'd really have to come there and witness. And everybody is really sincerely sincere about how they feel about each other. It's what I call a Perfect Society."



BEAT Photo: M. Stewart

TWO FIFTHS of the Temptations, Paul, center, and Mel, work with the mike of Edna's tape recorder during her interview with them.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Clark

LATER ALL FIVE pour their smooth tones into the mikes of a sound system. The cowboy hats are part of their "Wagon Wheels" routine.

Shadows Of Knight Shun Beatle Sound

The Shadows of Knight say they don't want to sound like the Beatles.

You haven't just seen a misprint, or a slap against the Beatles or a quote from a group trying to get in solid with an 80-year-old audience.

It's just that the Shadows of Knight are looking for their own sound; they feel that most groups today copy the Beatles—with, of course, a few sartorial exaggerations—yet none can recapture the original excitement.

But if anybody can, the Shadows stand a good chance of creating a unique sound of their own.

The Beatle sound, in itself, is a masterpiece of musical innovation. It would take pure musical genius to parallel it. And this is where the musical knowledge and ingenuity of the Shadows of Knight comes in.

As a group the Shadows are five musically sophisticated young men who not only know music, but write it and speak with great intelligence.

The boys know not only about their own particular type of music, but of all types including classical and far-out jazz.

The music of the Shadows doesn't have its origin in Liverpool—but in the suburbs of Chicago.

The members of the group all hail from the Windy City, and it was there that the Shadows got their first big break. They didn't have to wait long for it, either.

The Shadows all hail from Chicago's Northwest suburbs. In a quiet, reserved little night spot called the Cellar the group made its start.

That is, everything was calm and quiet before the Shadows took

over. By the end of the summer of 1965 the section of town was a happening place, and the sidewalks in front of the Cellar were crowded with Shadow fans.

After more than a year of playing teen clubs, dances and hops, the group got its first big break. An executive from a record company saw the Shadows perform and asked them if they wanted to make a record.

You guessed it...they consented.

So their first hit, "Gloria," was born and released on the Dunwich label. It took Chicago—and the rest of the country—by storm. Local radio stations got more calls asking for that record than any other record in Chicago history.

The group followed with "Oh Yeah" and there was no question that they were going places.

The reason for the Shadows' instant success, undoubtedly, is their originality. The music of the Shadows of Knight—like the individual members—is anything but stereotyped.

Jim Sohn, lead singer, is the extrovert of the group, and answers to the title "the little hairy wild man." Warren is the group's perfectionist and handles the electronic equipment for the group.

Jerry is what is termed a "neatnik," and never appears without a coat and tie. His hair, always perfectly combed, sharply contrasts that of Joe, who is called the "sheep dog." Tom is extremely quiet and is the ladies man of the group.

Musically, the Shadows of Knight are just as individualistic. They would have to be to not want to sound like the Beatles.



... THE SHADOWS OF KNIGHT



... TERRY SLATER (LEFT) AND THE EVERLYS

Terry Slater Remembers 'The Good Days' of R&R

By Mike Truck

The thin-faced Englishman across the table sat up straight in his chair and except for a few hundred years and a touch of mud clothing bore a strange resemblance to a British singer perched in a crows nest atop a pirate ship. If I were a child of literature I would not rest easy until I decided which character from "Horatio Hornblower" he most nearly resembled. When his safty smile revealed a gleaming row of uneven teeth, I was positive he was the prankish boatswain.

But his slightly grizzled face, his long thin nose and a pair of stern peepers made him look more like prime captain material. His shaggy hair was blown back from a leathery face that was molded in a perpetual squint as if to avoid the glaring sun that reflected from brimre water.

His expression revealed all the relief and fatigue of a lean pirate captain who had just brought his frigate and his men safely away from a battering storm and a long chase by the Spanish Armada.

But back to reality. Back to Terry Slater. My imaginative bubble dolefully burst as he would-be pirate quiply assured me the only ship he ever set foot on was an ocean liner from Liverpool to New York.

And, he said, the closest he had ever come to a battle was when some entranced teenagers trampled him in an attempt to reach his traveling mates, the Everly Brothers.

Terry Slater, the jolly bass guitarist for the Everlys, has an accent that drips with colloquialisms from the foggy isle.

As his initial windblown appearance had indicated he is what a literature professor would classify as a romantic, and he talks with wistful relish of bygone days when he and his group were knocking about Hamburg.

"Ah . . . they were the good days," he is in his typical British grammar. "Them were the days before the Beatles and the Rolling Stones got their big acts, and they all played Hamburg. It was

kinda the center of rock 'n roll and even though it wasn't a polished profession like it is today, it was still more exciting.

"Nobody had any money in their pockets back then but that's part of what made it so much fun. The living was hard and rough. All we lived on was cokes and hamburgers, but nobody seemed to care."

Terry Slater could still pass for one of the original colorful characters off a page from that era of rock 'n roll history. He is with a world-renowned group now and he eats regular and money is the least of his worries. But you couldn't tell it by just talking to him.

He insists he is quite happy now, however, even though he at times is confronted with thousands of screaming people in plush auditoriums and has to make courtesy visits to such distasteful places as castles and foreign embassies.

The main reason for his happiness, he points out, is his close friendship and admiration for Phil and Don Everly.

"I've been good friends with Phil and Don for a long time—since about 1963 when they'd come to England and my group would back them up," he remembers.

"If it weren't for the Everlys," he allowed, "I wouldn't be here today. They're the ones that made it all right with the Government so I could come over here."

But Terry hasn't seen as much of the United States as he has seen of the rest of the world since he permanently joined the Everlys a year ago. They immediately went on a world-wide tour and are about to go on another.

And almost everywhere he's gone, the reaction has been the same. Crowds and screaming.

"I know it's strange," he mused, "but the Everlys draw more crowds and better reactions in other countries than they do in the United States.

"In a gig in Canada, they were mobbed by not only teenagers but by grown men and women. One 45-year-old woman even fainted."

Mel Carter's After Facets And Phases

By Carol Deek

Mel Carter's goal is just to "reach the ultimate in show business in every facet and phase of it" and to "be a name that everyone throughout this country and all the rest of the countries will be aware of."

That's a mighty large goal for anyone but this young Cincinnati singer's got a good start with a string of hits that includes "When A Boy Falls In Love," "Rich Man Alive," "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me," "My Heart Sings," "Love Is All We Need," and his latest, "You, You, You."

Mel fell by *The Beat* offers the other day and offered a few words on a few things dear to him—like his music.

He records mostly old standards, written 15 to 20 years ago. He doesn't feel there is much difference in the content of songs written then and now, but that the difference lies in how the songs are presented.

"Older songs say exactly what's happening today, but more elegantly."

People Listen

He does feel, however, that people are listening to lyrics more these days.

"Because of people like Dylan, Barry McGuire and Dean Martin, who are selling lyrics, teens listen to lyrics more than the beat now." Mel, who was the late Sam Cooke's protege, has been very busy lately, between taping television shows and taking dramatic

lessons, he's just finished cutting an album that he calls "more of an album album."

The cuts on it are all from the "easy listening" charts and mel, "we didn't go in to do it commercially." He seems quite proud of this album, like maybe this is the real Mel Carter.

More Mel

And speaking of Mel Carter, he says he's finally accepted the fact that he can't separate Mel Carter the singer from Mel Carter in private life.

"You can't do it, at least not the way I wanted to do it. It takes more than 24 hours a day just to do and be what I want to do."

Somewhere in his busy schedule he's found time to take up the guitar too, but says he won't incorporate it into his act. "It's for something to do in my spare time."

The one thing he doesn't seem to find time for anymore is clothes designing. He used to design much of his own outfits, but no more. "My designs weren't keeping up with my image," he says. He kind of left himself behind in that field, so now he's gone on to other things.

Mel Carter wants to be a complete entertainer in every meaning of the word. *The Beat* feels he's got the talent and the personality, and he's not rushing blindly into things—he's planning every step of the way.

So watch for him. He'll be up there with the Frank Sinatra's and the Sammy Davis' someday.



... MEL CARTER

At this point, Terry noted a paradox between American audience and American artists. "I prefer American artists," he said, "over English artists, because they seem to try harder. They are more anxious to please their audiences.

"Yet, the American audiences

seem to appreciate it less. In England, if an artist had a hit ten years ago the audience will remember him and appreciate him."

He reflected for a moment upon what he had just said and again his lean face brightened. And I at last decided he more resembled the prankish boatswain.

Pop Scene Quiz Answers

THE FIRST NAME GAME:

1—John (Beach Boys), 2—Cindy (Tina Turner), 3—Caroline (Brian Wilson), 4—Michael (Dion Warwick), 5—Joseph (Elvis Presley). MEMORY MAKERS: 1—"I'm Into Something Good," 2—"Do You Wanna Touch Me," 3—"Downtown," 4—Jenny Take A Ride," 5—"This Diamond Ring," 6—"Like A Rolling Stone," 7—"Makin' It (The Young Men)," 8—"She's Not There," "Hold On To What You've Got," 10—"Heartbreak Hotel," MERRY (OLD ENGLISH): 1—The Mimbrenners, 2—North End Music Store, 3—Noel in Rex's son, 4—The Beatles, 5—Bob Dylan, 6—Keith Reff, 7—German, 8—"Aah," 9—"The Animals," 10—Wear.

SPELL BOUND:

1—Tanea, 2—Temptations, 3—Pharaohs, 4—Knight, 5—Dionne, 6—Redding, 7—The Animals, 8—Pickett, 10—Johnny Brannon. TEASE: 1—Play and film "West Side Story" (Len Barry), 2—Movie "Flight of the Intruder" (Michael Winner). TV show filmed in Britain titled "Secret Agent" (Johnny Rivers of the Ventures), 4—Alkasseltzer TV commercial (T. Satter), 5—The Beatles, 6—Frank Sinatra, 7—Frank Sinatra, 8—Frank Sinatra, 9—Frank Sinatra, 10—Frank Sinatra.

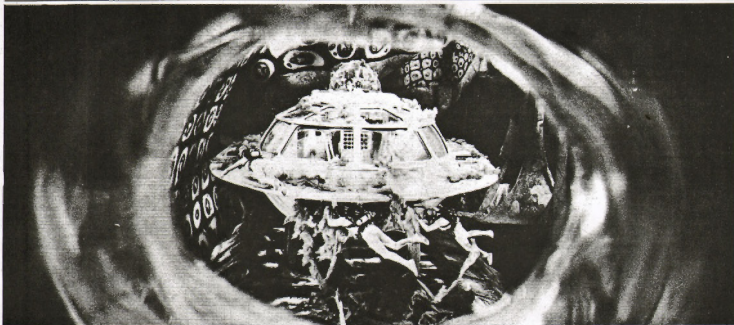
HERMITS:

AROUND: 1—c, 2—3, 3—d, 4—a, 5—b. BEHIND THE SCENES: 1—The Beatles, 2—The Beatles, 3—FLIP SIDES: 1—f, 2—f, 3—d, 4—a, 5—i, 6—h, 7—e, 8—b, 9—c, 10—b. BEATLEMANIA: 1—Walther Shenson, 2—Buddy Holly, 3—Mary, 4—Malcolm Evans, 5—Paul is his middle name, first is James, 6—Cynthia accompanied the group to America in Feb. 1964, 7—"A Talent For Loving," 8—Please Please Me, 9—Jimmy Nicholas, 10—"If I Needed Someone," 11—The Silkkie, 12—Bernard Webb, 13—"That's My Life," 14—Chicago, 15—Pete Best. TRUE OR FALSE: 1—False (he's recording an album of 12-16 songs), 2—True, for reasons of health, 3—False (it's just the other way around), 5—False (it's Quintette), 6—True, 7—True, 8—True, 9—False (he's a staff sergeant which is three grades below first), 10—False (it's Denny not Danny), 11—False (they've received ten), 12—True, 13—False (6), 14—True, 15—False (John Sebastian), 16—False, 17—True, 18—False (among other things, he produced it), 19—True, 20—True, 21—False (Eric Burdon), 22—False (another DC3 flied begins soon), 23—True, 24—True (but it was corrected before too many copies went out—they had 15 letters in the presidents' names instead of 13), 25—False (poem was titled "This Bird Has Flown"). SCORING: If you have less than ten wrong answers, consider yourself a resper. If you scored eighty right answers or over, you still know what's happening, 60 and up, you need to brush up on your pop knowledge, and we can't think of a better way to do it than to keep reading *The Beat*.

Epstein Has New Partner

Brian Epstein and Nathan M. Weiss, old friends from business associations have opened their own management firm, Nempcor Artists Ltd., in New York.

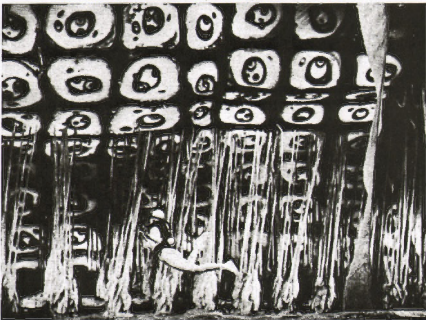
Weiss, who manages the Cyrkle, had been in close contact with Epstein for some time.



... A SCIENCE FICTION PEEK INSIDE THE HUMAN BRAIN



... THE ONE-INCH MODEL OF A SUBMARINE WHICH ESCAPED THE BIRD



... THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR BRAIN

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

'FANTASTIC VOYAGE'

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Briefly the story revolves around saving a scientist who came over "from the other side," to divulge all his knowledge of how to prolong the time in which matter can be reduced in size to microscopic dimensions. In an attempt on his life, he suffers brain damage, and the only way to save him is miniaturize a special submarine and put a crew inside his head to work on the problem.

The studio shot the story without any special effects, just actors, more than a year ago. Then they tried to see if they could successfully re-produce the inside of a blood vessel, and blood itself, and all the other things an atom-sized crew might see.

The result is a startling new concept in film-making. The special effects, upon which the film is completely dependent, are flawless. Special new techniques were designed to carry off the spectacular trip, and the company (20th Century-Fox) dropped a bundle doing it. But any studio that would spend so much money on *Cleopatra* certainly would not mind \$6,600,000 on a picture almost certain to win Academy Awards for its technical excellence.

There are some funny stories connected with making the film, according to Saul David, the producer. Part of the filming required a tiny 1-1/4 inch model of the submarine. It was carefully handcrafted and painted meticulously, then casually set down on a studio workshop windowsill to dry. And a blue-jay swooped down, picked it up, and flew away with it! Several days were lost while craftsmen built another one.

The sets used for the lungs, the heart, the inner ear, and arteries, are painstakingly realistic, and about 5 million times bigger than the real thing. Experts from the UCLA Medical Center supervised construction.

Excellent cast includes Stephen Boyd, that lovely child Raquel Welch, as well as Arthur Kennedy, Arthur O'Connell, and Edmund O'Brien.

It is hard to call this simply a *science fiction* film. Who among us can say that tomorrow it may not all be a chilling and exciting reality?

AROUND AND WORTH SEEING:

ASSAULT ON A QUEEN: Sinatra is an unwilling partner in a daring plot to knock over the Queen Mary luxury liner. In last scene he hands survivors in raft a paddle, and notes well, "South America is thataway!" One of his best adventure flicks. (Paramount)

ALFIE: A sordid, very adult, not very cute movie about a confused but maybe happy man. Not for the young in years or the squeamish. Very much like a filmed version of the Kernholz art exhibit that upset Warren Dorn this year. Like us, you may never make up your mind about whether you like it. It is at the very least an interesting and often funny story. Best performance is by Paul McCartney's steady, Jane Asher. (Paramount)

BATTLE OF THE BULGE: A sweeping semi-type documentary of Hitler's last gasp. And with the possible exception of *Paths Of Glory*, the best war movie yet made. Stars Fonda, Dana Andrews, Robert Ryan, and 400 big mean tanks. (Warner Brothers)

WALK DON'T RUN: The smoothest of the old smoothies, Cary Grant, is still carrying bottles of milk around in his pajamas after all these years! Excellent comedy. (Columbia)

