

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

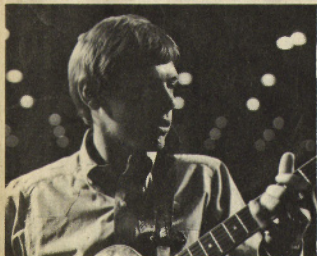
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*Edition*

# BEAT

DECEMBER 3, 1966



THE  
ASSOCIATION  
IS UNNECESSARY

like  
WATER  
SLEEP  
FOOD  
and LOVE



## Beach Boys Rate Riots On Their English Tour

The way English crowds were reacting, you'd think the year was 1965 and the Beatles were in the vicinity.

But it's almost 1967, the Beatles have probably forgotten each other's names, and the world—England, at least—appears to have a new set of heroes.

Those heroes are America's Beach Boys—and

they're receiving as riotous a welcome in England as the Beatles ever witnessed. Sources in London say the six Californians have all but replaced the Beatles as England's favorite group.

The Beach Boys, even without the presence of Brian Wilson, were assured of a sell-out tour before they left America.

# Beatles Split? ... Epstein Mum

Three years after instigating an entire era, the Beatles are breaking up.

At least, that's the consensus among London music observers and those close to the princes of pop. The word came as a whisper at first, but subsequent statements by Brian Epstein and the Beatles themselves have given the speculation certainty.

National wire services broke the story last week, and when no one in the Beatles' organization denied it, more than 200 angry Beatles' fans picketed Epstein's London home in protest.

But not even the Beatles' manager, who probably hasn't seen his group en masse in nearly four months, could deny the story.

Instead, he pointed to the Beatles' forthcoming film as an indication the foursome would remain intact. John and Paul are writing the entire music score for the 1967 film, he pointed out.

But even the film will have a strange irony to it. Not once do all four Beatles appear simultaneously in the film.

Asked bluntly if the Beatles are breaking up, Epstein was quoted

by an English newspaper as saying he'd have to call a special meeting with the Beatles to discuss their futures.

"That's silly," said a press spokesman, "he sees them all the time, he doesn't need to have a special meeting to discuss their future."

Epstein's ambiguous statements suddenly bore new significance as speculations of a Beatles break-up increased. His strangely worded refusal of an invitation for the Beatles to appear in a two-hour television spectacular to aid victims of the Aberfan slag-heap disaster was seen in a new light.

Although everyone from the Rolling Stones to Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor agreed to appear, Epstein refused, saying: "I know without consulting them the boys would feel unable to make an appearance of this sort for too many reasons to enumerate."

The following day, Epstein twisted out another ambiguous statement to the press. "The Beatles have changed their thoughts as their career has been

(Turn to Page 5)



...THE BEATLES IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN THEY STILL WORKED TOGETHER!

## Turners Draw English Fire

Ike and Tina Turner, in England on a goodwill promotional tour, recently came across a note of disharmony when singer Jimmy James leveled a harsh verbal blast against the popular American duo.

James, leader of a group called the Vagabonds, made a series of heated accusations against Ike and Tina as the Americans prepared to return to the States.

The conflict began when Ike and Tina were asked by an English music magazine to review a selec-

tion of new records that would soon be released in Britain.

The Californians gave the new Vagabond single, "Ain't Love Good, Ain't Love Proud," a highly unfavorable review. Outspoken Tina said there was "nothing professional about the record," adding that James "has a terrible voice."

Ike said the new single "sounded like it's been done on a home recorder."

James countered with an attack of his own. Two of his more print-

able views were that the duo's analysis was "vicious" and "unwarranted."

As for the quality and precision of recording techniques, Vagabond manager Peter Meaden was insistent it wasn't "done on a home recorder." He said the group put more than \$4,500 into the recording, which featured "14 tracks for an LP with strings, brass and top session men."

But James wasn't satisfied with merely a defence of his new record. He launched into a severe personal attack of Ike and Tina. "Tell Tina that screaming isn't singing and we've got one James Brown already," he said angrily. "And I hope they find Phil Spector's phone number soon—they need him."

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## MONKEES AWARDED TWO GOLD RECORDS

The Monkees, those assembly line products who created a new concept in TV programming, are now just part of a great big happy family. The family tree reads: RCA Victor, proud father; Colgems, healthy infant; and the Monkees, healthy infant's favorite toy.

The Monkees were assigned to the new Colgems label, a division of RCA, only two months ago but already everything has come up roses for RCA, Colgems and the Monkees.

Only several weeks after the release of the Monkees' first single, "Last Train To Clarksville," and their new album, "The Monkees," both discs were at the top of their respective categories on the charts.

And now both have been certified as million-sellers.

The success of the Monkees has solidified the relationship between Colgems and RCA. Commenting on the liaison, RCA vice president Steve Sholes stated, "This is the first time in the history of the RIAA that a newly formed label has achieved such success with its

debut releases, and we are delighted with our affiliation with Colgems."

The Monkees' single was released four weeks in advance of the group's debut on TV this fall. The record has been number one in the nation for the past two weeks.

The group's first LP was released at the same time their TV debut was aired. It was the country's top selling LP less than a month after its release.

Don Kirshner, Colgems president, is the music supervisor for all the group's recordings and music score for their TV series. Kirshner is now working on material for the Monkees' next single and LP.

The ironic part of the Monkees' disc success is the fact that the studio musicians, not the Monkees themselves, were used on both "The Last Train To Clarksville" and their album. But, apparently, Monkees fans consider it "part of the game" and continued to rush to their record stores to purchase anything with the Monkee name attached to it.



IKE AND TINA DREW HEATED VERBAL COMMENT FROM ENGLAND



# Letters

TO  
THE  
EDITOR

## ARE BEATLES LAZY?

Dear BEAT:

The letter from Jill Ann Powell, printed in the November 5 issue of the BEAT, was exactly true! The Beatles are nothing but four lazy slobs! Jill Ann said the Beatles came to San Francisco, did a 33 minute performance and left. Well, of all the nerve.

After the Beatles finished singing, they should have walked out into the audience and shaken the hands of all 25 thousand!

They would have probably gotten ripped to shreds, but that was the tour's last show, so it wouldn't have mattered. They should have invited the whole audience to a party after the show instead of returning to Los Angeles. A demolished hotel wouldn't have mattered if all those people were happy.

I know all of that sounds ridiculous but no more ridiculous than the complaints from "Beatle fans" about never seeing the guys. I agree with those of you who say the Beatles should tour more, but they stay in hiding when they do tour for everyone's protection.

The Beatles are not stuck-up and snobbish. I met them briefly in August of 1965 and they were quite nice. Maybe that was because I didn't try to tear their clothes off.

Just what do "Beatle fans" expect? I'm sure John, Paul, George and Ringo would be interested in knowing.

Jill, you're not a Beatle fan. Now crown me!

Marcia Baker

## MONKEES

Dear BEAT:

Last night we heard on the radio that the Monkees were going to be taken off the air. Is this true? If so, why?

All us Monkee lovers want to know, so please tell us.

*Good & Friends*  
Relax, Candi, the Monkees are not going off the air—at least, not for awhile. Their ratings have been rather low, however, but backers of the show are going to give it every possible chance to remain on the air.

The Editor



## BRIAN OUT?

Dear BEAT:

What ever happened to Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys? I saw a picture in the BEAT recently and someone had replaced him.

R.F.R.

For personal appearance dates, Brian has been replaced by Bruce Johnson.

The Editor

## AUSTRALIAN REPORT

Dear BEAT:

First, I'd like to thank you for a great publication, the BEAT. It's absolutely great! We came to Australia from California and what I really missed was the BEAT, so I decided to subscribe.

There are around 30 American teenagers here in Gladstone. Most of them are Dutch and the other three are Aussies. Their first record in England, "Friday On My Mind," has just made the charts this week.

Everyone here and in England is pretty sure that the Easybeats are headed for the top. And if they make it, everyone in the States will hear of them and find out how great the Easybeats are.

Australian radio stations are good, though the DJ's seem pretty dead to me after listening to California disc jockeys. They play all of the new records and keep everyone up-to-date.

Thanks for listening.

Julie Hendrickson

## SICK & TIRED

Dear BEAT:

I have had it! I'm sick and tired of all these English groups. I have been in bed all summer long with a broken leg and I have kept a close track on all of the groups.

All I ever read about is how the English groups come over here and take all the money from us teens and then turn around and cut down America and us boys and girls. It just makes me sick.

The Beatles are one group that is like this. They are forever putting us and America down but without us where would they be?

The Mindbenders are one group that is nothing but mouth. They do more talking about how dumb we are than they do singing! I'd like to know what makes them think they are so good. Give me Paul Revere and the Raiders any day.

So come on all of you kids, let's do something about it.

John Rose

## ASSOCIATION HAS CLASS

Dear BEAT:

My favorite group is the Association. I think they're the greatest! They are on their way to the top and it proves one thing—they've got talent!

I am thankful to the BEAT for featuring them as often as you do. I have only found one article featuring them in any of the "pop" magazines, while The BEAT has had articles on them many times.

Thanks again for your great newspaper and please feature the Association as often as possible because I think they've got class!

Susan Reetz

## BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

I do not mind whether you print this or not but I felt I just had to write and tell you what a wonderful paper you do. I have a pen-pal in California who sent me a copy of BEAT, and although I have only received one copy, I just had to put pen to paper and tell you how wonderful you are.

I find it very interesting and amusing to compare pop in England to pop in the States. Unlike five or six years back, most U.S. pop stars are little known here.

For most people, though I am sure a few would disagree, the Beatles are no longer "in" here. At groups like the Monkees—well, I certainly (and I'm sure many others) have never heard of them before—seem, from your paper anyhow, to be one of the best up and coming new groups on the scene.

Sylvia Roberts  
Bedford, England

## READER REBUTTAL

Dear BEAT:

In your October 22 issue of the fabulous BEAT, there was a letter I'd like to comment about. The title was "Dare Ya To Print It!" by Peggy Lane and this letter was so, so, so, well, heaven only knows the word for it (stupid might do very nicely) that I got out the handiest scrap of paper and pen and wrote this letter of contradiction to you.

(1) She said the only letters ever printed in the BEAT about The BEAT are good ones. Well, natch! Those are the only ones ever written and sent. Even then, they printed your letter, didn't they? The BEAT letters of suggestions but never an actual word about this absolutely "in" paper. Let me say there are also many, many (try 100) more good articles in this paper than just a mere few.

(2) There is a larger variety of articles in this paper than you'll find in other teen papers—anywhere. Length of hair has nothing to do with talent either. Peggy, if the Association had long hair would you still like them? Smolder on! on one awhile.

(3) You can't please everyone all of the time so why not sit tight and wait till an article on your fave(s) come out! (Read all the other neat and tripple articles while you are at it!)

(4) I am afraid that the printing of one full page article on the Robbs (who are very new, but good) would never in a lifetime of decades kill The BEAT.

(5) And last but not least, the Association isn't the only talented group around with short hair, that's for sure! The Beatles, Beach Boys, Sonny & Cher, Supremes (look at their hair!), Monkees, Raiders and Yardbirds just to name a lot of long-haired, talented groups.

Don't get me wrong, Peggy or anyone, I have nothing against the Association (I think they are as neat as I do many others), not am I saying nobody has a right to their own opinion, but what I am saying is that you have no bearing on talent. People will like the songs before they even see the group in many cases.

Thank you, BEAT and everyone having to do with this newspaper and a half (and three quarters) for listening to me. I only hope I have done some good as far as altering some people's attitudes.

Jeannette Wahl

## MORE KINKS HOLLIES

Dear BEAT:

I think that you have a very groovy newspaper and I thoroughly enjoy everything that is in it. But there is something missing. You are always publishing sections on the Beatles and the Stones and other such groups but what about the Kinks?

Surely they are one of the least talked about and one of the better groups in pop music. I realize that you do print about them occasionally but only to tell about Peter being unable to rejoin the group (which is too bad) or other such things.

I wish you would please print this letter for I feel that it's very important for people to take more notice of this wonderful group. So please, BEAT, print lots more on the Kinks and if you can, would you please print a picture of Dave. He's simply the grooviest!

Chris Owens

## MARRIED?

Dear BEAT:

I would like to have something cleared up, okay? Everyone is saying that the Monkees are all single, right? Wrong! Today in the Chronicle Examiner it said that Mike Nesmith is married and has a 20 month old son, Really?

I would appreciate finding out either who is lying or who has made a mistake. Please print this letter because I am sure that a few individuals would like to know besides me. Thank you.

Pam Howe

Mike Nesmith is indeed married and does have a young son.  
The Editor

## 'NOT TRUE'

Dear BEAT:

Today as I got home from school, I opened the newspaper and began to read. I came to one of those columns where they tell you about what's going on in the city and what happens at social events and business meetings, things like that and others. Well, I looked at it and the word "Beatle" caught my eye.

It said: "The Beatles have informed Capitol Records, their U.S. waxworks, that they will record one more album and then that's it, period."

This same writer said two weeks ago that the Beatles will break up within six months. I have but one question—is it all true? Please print this letter or send me back a quick letter. But please answer it.

Steve Cribari

A spokesman for Capitol says: "Not true."  
The Editor

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Leave it to the Monkees to make a joke out of that which everyone else considers close to sacred. Their latest feat took place when the group was awarded two Gold Records—one for "Last Train To Clarksville" and the other for their debut album, "The Monkees." Upon receiving the two Gold Records, they tore their gold album right out of its frame to make sure that the Goldie would actually fit inside an album jacket! Satisfied that it would, they placed the coveted disc back into its frame and announced that "you can't play a Gold Record anyway!" No, but you can sure spend the money it represents.

Surprisingly enough, their television show has so far received rather low ratings causing panic among their many fans. Afraid that the show will be dropped, Monkee fans are busy writing letters to the network, the sponsors and anyone else they can think of. However, the Monkees aren't sweating it—with the amount of money already spent on promotion Screen Gems can't afford to axe the show!

## Johnny Too

Speaking of Gold Records, Johnny Rivers has just collected one on his 24th birthday for his million-selling "Poor Side Of Town." A self-penned song, it marked a drastic change of pace for Johnny but one which the record-buying public seemed to find a million dollars to their liking. Johnny's next single, "Phoenix," is possibly even better than "Poor Side Of Town"—would you believe two million at the cash registers?

The Lovin' Spoonful chalked up another credit when they were invited to compose the musical score for "You're A Big Boy Now" which stars Elizabeth Harman, Julie Harris and Geraldine Page.

The Spoonful have finally decided to move themselves out of the state of New York to join part of the Association tour which is scheduled to wind itself up on December 11. Although complaints have been made to the effect that the Spoonful are neglecting the rest of the Fifty in favor of New York, the majority of their fans don't seem to mind the snub as "Rain On The Roof" continues to climb up the charts. Perhaps absence does make the heart grow fonder?

## Herbie's World

Herbie Alpert is not satisfied with being the hottest item in music, now he's out to take over the whole world! A&M Records, the Alpert Mom Company, announced its purchase of the Davon Music catalogue—thereby gaining copyrights on "Along Comes Mary," "Green Back Dollar" and "The World I Used To Know." In addition to the copyrights, former Davon writers, Tandy Almer and Mason Williams, will be penning hits for Irving Music (an affiliate of A&M.) About the only thing in the business are asking is: "What now, Herbie?"

The biggest question mark on the pop scene is the deepening Beatle mystery. No album, no single, no movie, no annual Christmas tour of England. Indications are running hot and heavy that as far as the U.S. is concerned we've seen the Beatles "live" for the last time. Perhaps the movie will eventually be made and if they can find the time to get themselves altogether in a recording studio, there will be more records—but as far as personal appearances are concerned there will be no more.

## Post Tense

Of course, no one will give an official statement to that effect but the second-guessers seem to be convinced. And John Lennon didn't help matters when he said: "For the past six years I have been a Beatle. It's been a jolly good time and we've had a good many laughs but it can't go on forever." He then went on to admit that his fellow Beatles are also concerned with what to do in the future. "From time to time," said the Chief Beatle, "we gather and speak about it." And that is exactly how it stands—nothing confirmed, nothing denied. Just a lot of rumors and second-guesses.

# Rascals Win Court Plea—Temporarily

With most groups fighting to get their names on albums today, the Young Rascals have filed suit to keep their name and picture off a forthcoming LP.

The Rascals and Atlantic Records obtained a temporary injunction against Pickwick International, Design Records and the Keel Manufacturing Corp., prohibiting the manufacture, sales or distribution of the album "The Young Rascals—The Isley Brothers."

The Rascals demand the withdrawal of the album from the market on the grounds that the performances on the album designated as the Young Rascals were actually by another group.

The New York-based group won the injunction last week in New York State Supreme Court. The temporary injunction remains in effect until the case is brought to trial.

Judge Nathaniel T. Helman, who issued the temporary injunction, prohibited Pickwick and the other two defendants from "stating, claiming, implying or inferring . . . in advertisements or advertising materials . . . that the performances reproduced on Design Records DLP 253 entitled 'The Young Rascals—The Isley Brothers' were by the plaintiffs."

Judge Helman also prohibited Pickwick from selling any copies to wholesalers, record dealers or the general public.



... FELIX CAVALIERE (Head Rascal) smiles at court victory.



... MICKEY DOLENZ

# 'Hip' Burdon Talking Split

Eric Burdon has had his new Animals only a few weeks, and believe it or not, he's already talking about a split. The littlest Animal revealed last week that only three members of his present group are likely to remain with him.

Burdon said he would revamp the personnel of the Animals for the second time at the end of his present tour with Georgie Fame.

Burdon has a new kick these days—psychedelic music—and it appears, a similar interest is also a prerequisite for the musicians who accompany him. Danny McCullough, John Weider and Barry Jenkins share Burdon's interest in what was originally an American craze.

## Hippy Talk

As for Burdon, psychedelic "hippy" language is already finding its place in his vocabulary. He describes the three musicians who are likely to remain with him in a fashion that would belt the truest Sunbelt Strip "freak."

"23-year-old Danny is a kind of Irish nazi I found digging a hole in the road outside the Scotch of St. James," he said. "He was formerly with the 'McAlpiners' group. He's sufficiently off his head to fit in with the crowd and does a great impression of Ken Dodd. He's written a song for 'Doddy,' entitled 'Hello Choocoo Face!'"

"John Weider is an 18-year-old Cockney character, and he and Danny are working on some new

compositions for the group—bluzy based. Weird guy—he dances about all by himself. He goes to clubs, looks around to see if anyone is watching, then 'freaks out' on the floor.

"Barry Jenkins, otherwise known as Polly Perkins, is still with me because he cares about his music the same way I do.

"My ex-lead guitarist, Hilton Valentine, is now one of the world's great religious leaders—he only steps down to communicate with mortals occasionally. At present, he's helping with my management and doing a grand job."

Burdon's psychedelic notions appear to be more than just a passing fancy. In his last trip to the United States, Burdon recorded some material with Frank Zappa—the leader of the Mothers of Invention and foremost musician in the psychedelic field.

Burdon predicts a hit for the single, "Another Side Of Life," to be released in the States soon. He doesn't, however, expect either his psychedelic records or the psychedelic scene in general to spread to England.

"I don't think it will catch on as a musical form in England because the humor and language used in the lyrics of 'freak-out' music are a very 'in' thing closely tied to the U.S. scene," he said.

He appears to be right in his evaluation. Neither his exportation of psychedelic music nor his frequent change of partners has

particularly appealed to English audiences.

On his opening night of a recent tour he was barely audible over the chants and yelling from hecklers sprinkled throughout the audience. How had other audiences received him?

"About the same," he said. "People don't like changes, and at present I'm supposed to be the villain who broke up the Animals. I didn't break up anything. WE broke up."

## Resentment

"Also I think there's some resentment that I've been spending so much time in America. The man who deserted Britain, that's me! Boo, boo!"

"I go on stage to chants of 'We want Geno!' which doesn't help too much. But that guy's got a great act."

"As soon as this tour finishes, I'm going to get an act together which will set the stage on fire. At present, we're still working up the musical side."

Burdon intends to air his own brand of psychedelic music on the American stage on his next tour here. Until then, he couldn't resist one parting invitation to the whole freaky, psychedelic world.

"Freaks of the world unite!" he said triumphantly. "Zoot Money is trying to take over and God help America when Jenkins, McCullough and Weider hit their next year!"



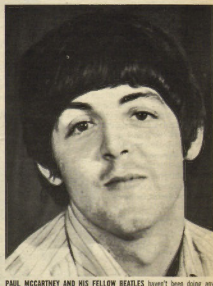
... JOHN LENNON



# PICTURES in the NEWS



ELVIS PRESLEY WAS RECENTLY AWARDED the first annual Sigma Chi Fraternity Youth Leadership Award on the set of his movie, "Easy Come, Easy Go." John Roman (left) presented plaques to Elvis as "the public figure who has set the highest standard for the nation's youth to follow." Also representing the Alpha Upsilon Chapter, USC, were Pat Larkin and Bill Brown.



PAUL McCARTNEY and his fellow Beatles haven't been doing any group work since their last U.S. tour but individually all but Ringo are keeping themselves quite busy. John is, of course, making a movie. George is growing a moustache and learning to play guitar. Ringo is playing with his baby boy. And Paul? Rumor has it he is the voice behind Donovan in "Mellow Yellow."



DUSTY SPRINGFIELD HAS BEEN TRYING for months to reach the U.S. but has faced all sorts of hang-ups, including the airline strike. However, she is now here and has just opened a three-week stint at New York's famous Basin Street East. Dusty opened to a sell-out audience and was the recipient of rave reviews from everyone who attended.



SAMMY DAVIS, JR. HAS BEEN GIVEN the green light by Vice President Hubert Humphrey on the entertainer's long-awaited chance to visit Viet Nam and perform for our servicemen. Davis had been seeking permission to tour the strife-torn country for more than a year but it took a call to the Vice President before clearances were made.



FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of Philips Records, an entire month is being set aside in tribute to the 4 Seasons. Therefore, the month of November is officially "The 4 Seasons' Month"—at least, as far as Philips is concerned. During the past five years, the 4 Seasons have managed to come up with a consistent string of hit singles and albums. Their first single, "Sherry," reached the peak of its popularity exactly five years ago.

## 'in' people are talking about...

Donovan really being blue—not yellow... Whether or not Rudy Valec records will make a comeback since we're in the middle of vaudeville again... What Robinson did with Friday on Saturday night... How upset Sir Douglas was about the article written by an agent but signed with his name... Dandy really being a fink... Herbie taking over the world and how sweet it is to have a Jewish South of the Border man at the top... The feeling Neil has and how many females wish he'd feel nicely toward them... Why Question Mark is making like a secret agent man.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT whether or not the Stones will actually make that movie and wondering if they're trying to pull a Beatle on us... How long Why George has grown that mass of hair on his face... Eric using the Clara Ward singers as a backup group... Mike Nesmith discarding his cap in favor of hair...

How the Peanut Butter Conspiracy is spreading all over the city and how totally out of sight it is when a slice of banana is added (you're welcome, Russ)... Berry keepin' Diana hangin' on... The M&P hit which isn't really... Why the devil was wearing a blue dress when everyone thought he was a guy... How satisfied Bobby's mind is—also his wallet.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how nice it is that Johnny's record is such a hit 'cause he can move out of the poor side of town... Why Bobby would ever want to be a carpenter and deciding it was probably because he was over-charged when they built his house... Whether or not Simon and Garfunkel are one to start a new trend—one which will feature a 24 hour news report... How long it's going to take before Renee finally gets that "walk away" message through her head... Why the fantastic Miracles cancelled... How everyone is trying to tell

Dionne what to do... Tommy's version of the Wild Thing and how totally different it becomes with a Southern accent.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Spoonful capturing their inspiration from nature—what with the city in the summer and the wet roof—and wondering when they'll release snow on the freeway... Whether or not it will be Elvis or Elvis' guitar making that appearance at the World's Fair and coming to the obvious conclusion that it will be his guitar... The gigantic Kwella hoax which goes to prove that there is camp in Africa too... Lee's holy cow, Martha being ready and Hymn #5... What really happened to Dylan because he hasn't been seen since that motorcycle accident... The Kingsmen putting out "Guantanamo" which is only fair after "Louie, Louie" by the Sandpipers... How freaky the West Coast scene is getting and how hilarious the rest of the na-

tion thinks the whole thing is.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT starting a giant "Stop The Hollies" campaign... Scott's "Go Electric" literature... Tokens of Happenings and how hard it is to tell which group is which... What's going on in the pop world and deciding that nothing is and that's the whole problem... The Beatles being "out" but possibly coming back "in" if they'd only do something together... The Monkees and the Association definitely being "in" while most English groups are "out"... Soul being "in" but straight folk "out"... Bill Cosby and Lou Rawls being very "in" while Batman and the Green Hornet are "out" but vaudeville being "in"... Mini skirts being "in" but bell-bottoms being "out"... Gregorian chants possibly making a return and after that "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" by the Byrds... The

Righteous Brothers being currently "out" while the Purify Brothers are "in"... Light shows being a gigantic drag while psychedelic music is even worse than a drag—it's dead.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT America being "in" again and scoring two for our side... How positively groovy it would be if David was really six feet tall but had everyone fooled... What would happen if Mick switched sisters... Cass having little talent but a whole lot of beauty... What a talker Johnny is... How long it will take before there are no more Kinks left in pop... Herman speaking straight and blowing the whole pop scene wide open... What a groove it would be if Frankie Avalon, Fabian and Bobby Rydell could come back to us—perhaps as a trio... Yardbird rumors being "in" while Stone rumors are a thing of the past.

# Censorship Hits!

American censorship lashed out at another British record recently, so rather than risk the loss of U.S. radio air play, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich re-taped their controversial single, "Bend It."

The Britons flew copies of the altered disc with modified lyrics to U.S. radio stations last week. The song was originally banned here because the lyrics were allegedly "suggestive."

In an open letter to U.S. deejays, the group defends the lyrics but apologizes for "unwittingly" offending deejays.

"Our two countries are so close in most things that it is always surprising to find the exception cases where meanings and innuendo differ between us," the boys said.

"This time (with the new version), we feel confident, the exhortation to 'Bend It' can only be construed as an invitation to a dance!"

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...BOBBY DARIN INTENDS TO MAKE HIS "COMEBACK" COMPLETE.

## Bob Darin Inks Long Contract

After nearly four years of disc dormancy, Bobby Darin has found the winning combination—and he doesn't intend to lose it again.

The actor-singer has signed a long-term agreement with Charles Koppelman and Ron Rubin, the two producers responsible for "If I Were A Carpenter." Darin's "comeback" single soared to number two in the nation and was a hit abroad.

The Koppelman and Rubin associates have established a notable ledger of hit records. In their 15 months together they have been responsible for eight records in the top 10.

Darin's forthcoming LP, "If I Were A Carpenter," was also produced by Koppelman and Rubin. The album will be released in November.

Darin is currently in England, where he has a starring role in a major film. The forthcoming film is "Stranger In A House" and co-stars Geraldine Chapman and James Mason.

## WALKER BROS. LEAVE STAGE UNEXPECTEDLY

The Walker Brothers, long noted as outspoken rebels of the pop music world, walked off stage at a sell-out concert in Bristol last week in protest of the lights being off during their act.

The 2,000 ticket holders constituted a full scale riot as Bristol's Colston Hall's entertainment manager pleaded with the Walkers to go back onstage.

But the trio refused, leaving the theatre without performing a single song.

Ken Cowley, entertainment manager, said the Walkers were within their rights to leave the stage but said sponsors of the performance reserved the right to turn off the lights when it became necessary.

"It was a very young audience," said Cowley. "They had reached a state of high excitement by the time the Walkers came on."

## In Rome, Do As The Romans Do Believes George

"In Rome," they say, "do as the Romans do."

Both George Harrison and his Indian star teacher, Ravi Shankar, are avid subscribers to this timeless adage—and that was what caused all the commotion at London International Airport last week.

Harrison sporting a mustache and cloaked in traditional Indian garb, was on hand to greet his teacher as a mass of reporters and onlookers gathered around.

But when the Indian visitor stepped from the jet airliner, he was dressed in stylish European apparel!

## BEATLES SPLIT..?

(Continued from Page 1)

altered by their attitudes in the past," he said. "Naturally, this pattern will continue.

"I'd be a fool to forecast exactly how it will be."

To anyone familiar with the Beatles' schedule during the past four months, the alleged break up will come as no surprise.

John has been in Spain filming his first effort without the other three Beatles. George was in India learning to play the sitar, his favorite instrument now. Ringo has been in and out of London and Paul is now taking a vacation abroad.

The four have kept it so secret in the last few months that they were disenchanted with group work and wanted to expand their individual talents. None of the Beatles would apparently be without a new field when the group splits.

John expresses distaste for the Beatles earlier, harder recordings. "Songs like 'Eight Days A Week' and 'She Loves You' sound like big drags to me now," he told an interviewer recently.

BEATLE COMMENTS:

JOHN LENNON: "I suppose we've got to go on being the four mop-tops. We've no intention of splitting up. We will go on recording."

GEORGE HARRISON: "We've had four years of doing what everybody else wants us to do. Everything the Beatles have done so far has been rubbish as I see it today. We're not kidding ourselves."

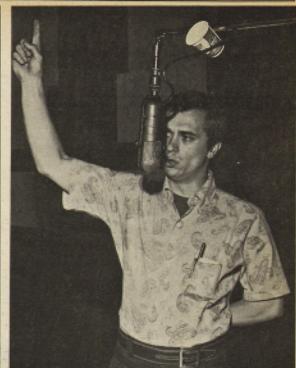


IAN WHITCOMB is positive proof that being a pop star is not all it's cracked up to be. On tour with the Raiders, Ian was involved in some frightening moments. "In Greenville, South Carolina," reveals Ian, "we were nearly killed! Some local hooligans decided that they didn't like our long hair and came after us with knives. The police intervened several times but to no avail. Finally we had to defend ourselves. The whole thing turned into a huge free-for-all! It ended with our being told to lock ourselves in our rooms."





... "IT'S A BIRD, IT'S A PLANE"



... "NO, IT'S ME—BRIAN ASSOCIATED!"

# A Daze Worth Of Association

HOLLYWOOD—it's an ordinary street. Busy but otherwise like any other street in a big city. Its buildings which surround the street that make it so special. Recording studios, movie studios, famous restaurants and "in" clubs. Tourists tend to flock to the restaurants and clubs which is quite a shame because the recording studios are where the happening people congregate. Practically any day of the week you can find at least one top group or artist utilizing the facilities of a Sunset recording studio. Beach Boys, Mama's & Papa's, Rolling Stones, Raiders. They're all to be found, at one time or another, recording his inside the sheltered buildings on Sunset Blvd.

## Seen It All

Today in Studio Two at Western Recorders you find the Association. You've seen them before, of course. A year ago at a local club, several months later at a sell-out concert, yesterday on a national television show. You've seen the whole thing. The hype, the polite applause, the hit which wasn't, the in-born talent which needed developing, the potentially powerful act which lacked tightness.

And then the line of reporters asking, begging, demanding interviews, pictures, information, anything. The thunderous ovations, the encores, the million-selling single, the mature creativeness which people call talent, the professionally tight act.

A year can be as short as it is long; the months as alike as they are different. A year ago you couldn't care less. Today you kick yourself for being so blind. Invitations to Association recording sessions and appearances were politely declined as you decided that it wouldn't be worth the bother. Today you watch in amazement as

people queue up just to be introduced to the six members of the group you once classified as "talented but without a prayer of being nationally popular." And you wonder why you never saw it before, why you had no faith.

As you sit in the semi-darkness of Studio Two watching the Association create another hit, the months of the past year fade into one another and it's easy to remember how it all happened. An anxious agent interrupting your coffee break to play "One Too Many Mornings" by some group called the Association. Your opinion? It's okay. How about driving out to the Ice House to see them, maybe an interview? Well, this week is pretty busy, maybe some other time.

Persistence is usually rewarded and in the case of the Association it was the cause of an interview. Of course, you didn't do it. You were supposed to, but being basically clever (stupid might be more truthful) you got out of it and someone else made the "sacrifice" of wasting an evening attempting to interview six Associates.

## Not You

An interview, a picture, now the whole staff is hung on them. Except you. Good-looking? Sure, but so what? Talented? Possibly, but so are a lot of other people.

You shut them out of your mind, probably a bunch of swell-heads anyway. Then one day you make the mistake of arriving early. All alone in the office and the phone refuses to stop ringing. And right in the midst of the confusion an unfamiliar head pops into the office. Selling something? No, looking for someone. Not here. So, he scribbles a message on a scrap of paper and starts to leave. Wait, you forgot to write down your name. Russ Giguere of the Association.

Hmm. Not too bad, rather

friendly. Perhaps they're not all stuck-up. More days, more weeks. Terry, Gary, Jim, Ted, Brian. They all took to the habit of dropping by and within a month you had met them all. Have a little change of heart? Not really. True, none of them are swell-headed. Fact is, they're all quite friendly—crazy, but a nice sort of crazy. Which automatically eliminates them since everyone knows nice guys never make it.

## As People

More months. You still find it a little hard keeping the right names with the right faces. But it's getting easier. "Along Comes Mary." A hit. Maybe you'll change your mind now. Not on your life, baby, hundreds of groups have one hit and then zero. You had, admittedly, made a slight turn-about by this time. You dug 'em. Plain and simple. But you dug them as people—as entertainers you still had your doubts. Due mainly to the fact that you had only seen them perform once—way back when you couldn't tell one from the other.

A debut album. Perhaps you've been entirely wrong. They are talented, very. Maybe nice guys do occasionally make it. So, you mysteriously found yourself on the other side of the fence, crossing your fingers that the Association would be no one-hit wonder.

"Cherish." Number one in the nation. A top group, fan mail, sell-outs, a Gold Record. And ugly talk. It seems to be a standing rule. Whenever somebody makes it big, hundreds of jealous mouths get their kicks out of "gossip" (lies might be a more appropriate word). Sometimes that gossip becomes fact. You've seen it happen before.

It's almost impossible to count the number of entertainers who have been nice to you when they

were struggling to get that hit. Then when they got it, they lost the memory part of their brain and suddenly forgot they had ever known you. They're "stars" and they take great pleasure out of stomping on those who helped them up that ladder.

The Association weren't like that. No one could make you believe that they'd actually forgotten that a lot of people tried to. "They'll kick you right in the teeth, just watch." No! They won't. They're different. They'll still come by; they'll still be the nutty, nice guys they've always been.

## Pride In What?

And for once in your life, you were right. They didn't change. Not at all. A year meant success but basically nothing else was different. Except you. Now you accept their invitations to "come out and see us." Now you take tremendous pride in the group you'd predicted would never make it.

Of course, your reasoning is totally off. You had nothing to do with their success. Besides a few pictures, an occasional mention and a few pots of coffee you did nothing for them. Yet, you get this strange thing when you sit in a sell-out audience and listen to the waves of deafening applause and the screams of "more, more" which go hand-in-hand with their appearance. The whole thing is like a movie—only it isn't.

Ted's crashing cymbals rudely wake you up, bring you back to today. "Good one, let's hear it," says Jerry Yester (Jim's brother and the group's producer). The playback blares out and you notice the intent concentration on the faces of all six Associates. It's probably the first time you've seen them all so serious. But then, recording is serious business to the Association and they've been at

it since nine o'clock this morning. Anyone else would have been worn out. But anyone else is not the Association. The playback ends and they revert back to their old selves. Tossing jokes back and forth, pushing coins into vending machines, teasing, laughing, making plans and then changing plans. Cut a few radio phones and then everyone can split.

So, back into the studio troop the big six. Gathered around the mike, they go through one of the promos. Halfway through, Brian makes a mistake and his cohorts break into uncontrollable laughter and then decide to leave the "mistake" in. Funnier that way. More promos, a playback on all of them and then the word: "Everybody can split, meet at Terry's house at 5:30."

## Late

But at 5:30 even Terry isn't at his house! Punctuality is not everyone's virtue. Fifteen minutes later, Terry rushes inside to get ready. Directly across the hall, Jim is contemplating getting ready and Russ is down the street at an art gallery purchasing yet another painting. One more and he'll have to buy a house just to hang them in! And the rest of the group? On their way—maybe.

Sometime after six, the "group wagon" makes its appearance and with it Gary, Brian and Ted are accounted for. A quick count is made and the wagon's lights split the now-darkened street as the Association procession winds its way through the rush hour traffic toward its destination—the Pauly Pavilion at U.C.L.A.

Destination reached, six Associates make a running leap down a flight of stairs and into the arena-type building. Loads of stark terror appear on the faces of the officials inside as the door bursts open and full-speed ahead the Associa-

DEAF PHOTO CHUCK BOUD



... RUSS AND BRIAN TRY OUT A MIKE AT UCLA.



... WHILE GARY AND JIM "BOP-DO-DO."



... AND TERRY YELLS "AH!"



... TED ADJUSTS HIS DRUMS AS THE "TUNING UP" CONTINUES.



... THE SHOW OVER, RUSS TAKES TIME TO SIGN AUTOGRAPHS.

tion make a beeline for their equipment which had been resting peacefully on the floor. Guitars in hand, the business of "tuning up" begins—and lasts for close to an hour.

#### Tuning Business

"Put the mikes up higher, please." "Can you hear our voices?" "Well, I can't hear a thing I'm singing." "This mike is off." "Everyone except us off the floor." Guitars are picked up, tuned, laid down. "Let's do one." The sound of "Enter The Young." "Hold it, I can't hear." "Can we have the mikes higher?" "How much longer do we have?" "Seven minutes." "Don't let anyone in, we're not ready yet." One verse into "Blistered" and Russ calls out: "That's okay, Good."

Everyone satisfied, the instruments are discarded as the six Associates spread out in six different directions. Russ gathers up his jacket, Terry hunts for his shoes, Brian heads for the dressing rooms but doesn't quite make it as several fans who have managed to get inside ask for autographs.

The doors open, ticket holders pour in and scramble for seats as the Association rush into the dressing rooms, discuss last minute changes and climb into their stage suits. Once dressed and

ready to go on, they all head into the showers for a couple of choruses of "Silent Night."

Then it's lights down and "ladies and gentlemen, we're proud to present..." And there they are—running on stage, instigating a string of witty remarks, evoking laughter and applause as easily and smoothly as a waiter pouring a cup of coffee without spilling a drop. They finish, take the last bow and disappear into the dressing room, the house lights come on but the applause refuses to stop—so back they come for "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies."

This time it definitely is fins, an exodus begins toward the doors and pandemonium is running rampant in the dressing rooms. A uniformed guard stands at the dressing room door but, judging from the number of people milling around the group's particular dressing room, he's on the losing end of the game.

A shower, a change and one by one they make their way out. They are asked to step outside and sign autographs for the throngs who are patiently waiting for that final glimpse of their favorite group. You really expect them to decline. After all, they've been at it since nine in the morning with no break to speak of. Unless they're super-

human, they have to be tired by now. But to your surprise, they nod in the affirmative and make their way past the guard and are immediately engulfed in a mass of humanity. All with one goal. To get a name on a piece of paper, maybe even to shake a hand.

You watch as wave upon wave arrive with autograph books, programs, scraps of paper. And again you wonder why it took you so long to see it. Manners are pushed out of your mind as you wearily squeeze your way through the fans and out into the cold night air.

#### But Today

Tomorrow, noon. United Airlines. Keep repeating those words and maybe you won't forget to get yourself up in time to make it to the airport. They're going to Hawaii. Yesterday you would have cursed your luck at drawing an assignment which not only fell on a Saturday but which had you yelling aloha to the Association as they boarded a plane. But today it doesn't seem quite so bad. Today you're still trying to make up for the year before when you said they'd never make it.

Today, after all, is groovy. Much better than yesterday when you were being a hot-shot know-it-all and the Association wasn't on top of the world.



... TED AND JIM (BACKGROUND) OBLIGE BY SIGNING PROGRAMS.



# KRLA TO PRESENT JOAN BAEZ

Joan Baez, who has not given a concert in the Los Angeles area in more than two years, will conduct two benefit shows at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, Dec. 16.

KRLA and Doug Weston of the Troubadour will sponsor the two performances. Miss Baez will appear at 7:30 p.m. and later at 10.

Miss Baez is donating her talents to benefit the Delano farm workers. Funds raised will be used for food, housing, medical care, education programs and self-help projects, according to Cesar Chavez, founder and director of the National Farm Workers Association.

Sell-out audiences for both shows are expected to see Miss Baez make her first singing appearance in California since late 1964. Seven thousand tickets are now on sale at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium box office and at Mutual ticket agencies.

Ticket prices are \$5, \$4, \$3, and \$2.50.

Miss Baez, considered by many to be the foremost folk singer in the country, has devoted most of her time recently toward the foundation and development of a peace school in Southern California. During this time she has made numerous TV appearances and has been the object of several feature articles in national magazines.

Miss Baez is currently on the nation's LP charts with her Christmas album, "Noel."



JOAN BAEZ GETS READY FOR HER KRLA APPEARANCE ON DEC. 16

# Inside KRLA

By Eden

'Tis the season to be jolly, fa la la la la, la la la la... "it's OK every one, I'm just getting in practice for the annual KRLA Caroling Crusade, to be led this year by Golden Larynx himself, Bill Slater.

Have you noticed how many more contests you get per minute on KRLA than anywhere else in the world? I mean, we have even more contests than the gas stations... with the notable exception of Valhalla, of course!

We've only just finished the ever-exciting Beat the Bird contest, in which hundreds of lucky KRLA listeners plucked themselves a free Thanksgiving turkey. And just before that, we gave away a brand new, 1967 fully-equipped-with-everything Mustang to lucky young lady by the name of Marilyn Dare, from Gatewood Street, in Los Angeles. Marilyn Dare'd to drop us a post card telling us that she'd like to have a Mustang—and now it's hers!

This month, we've contacted world-famous car designer, George Barris, who has agreed to custom design a brand new 1967 Chevrolet Camaro for another lucky KRLA listener. We had over 70,000 entries in the '67 New Car Contest, and if this contest appeals to you... better start listening closely now for more details.

Most of you are probably already aware of the nightly Biondi Bash, in which the World's Ugliest and Skinniest DJ gives away the record you call in and request. But, now we've started something new. From now on (beginning on last Veteran's Day), every school holiday will be celebrated with a day-long Bonus Bash on all the shows. So stay close to your radio and your phone!

Speaking of giveaways, if you'd like to have the Top Ten Requested singles between the hours of 3:00 and 6:00 on KRLA, just send your name and address in on a post card to Dave Hull's Top Ten Requested Singles and Dave might send you all ten discs tomorrow. As a matter of fact, he's giving away the Top Ten Requested Records on his show every day, so how can you lose?

Be sure and keep your radios with you on Friday and Saturday nights, as well, no matter what

you're doing—going to a show, rioting on the Sunset Strip, dancing in your favorite discotheque, or whatever, 'cause the Man Who Knows The Score—KRLA's own Danny Baxter, and Dick Biondi will be keeping you informed on all the up-to-the-minute reports on all the football scores, just as soon as they come in from the high schools and colleges all over the Southland.

One more thing for you to do this week—call KRLA at 681-2376 anytime during the hours of 8:00 A.M. and 12 Midnight and volunteer your services for the Danny Thomas St. Jude's Teen March. It's for a very worthy cause, and this is your chance to really help.

While I'm thinking about it, I have a few handy hints for marvelous Christmas gift items for all your friends and whatever this Yuletide. Why not send a life-sized, full-color, stuffed with 100% pure cotton replica of our own Prancing Vikings from Valhalla to your loved ones back East? (We even have one model which cries when you pull its horns!)

I've been considering having Bob Eubanks bronzed, sequined, and tagged "Granny Goose" and sending him to my cousin who grows provocative potatoes back in Idaho.

Or, perhaps I could interest you in a small replica of the Hullahalooer's famous horn—perfect for those friends who are fond of blowing their own horns!

I'm also sending Barman a life-sized portrait (in living Bat-color) of our own Bat Manager, J.B. (the one we affectionately call John-John, remember him?) and to Robbin, a plaster bust of Robin Hill, our favorite engineer.

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NOV. 22 - DEC. 4

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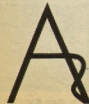
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ANN-MARGRET STARTS TO SWING THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING  
ALL OVER TOWN!

**Top 40 Requests**

1	LADY GODIVA	Peter & Gordon
2	I WANTA BE FREE	The Monkees
3	MELLOW YELLOW	The Beach Boys
4	GOOD VIBRATIONS	The Seeds
5	PUSHING TOO HARD	Jan Whitcomb
6	WHERE DID ROBINSON CRUSOE GO	Fastest Group Alive
7	THE BEAR	The Yardbirds
8	HAPPENINGS TEN YEARS TIME AGO	? And The Mysterians
9	96 TEARS	Tommy Roe
10	HURRAH FOR HAZEL	Lovin' Spoonful
11	RAIN ON THE ROOF	The Association
12	CHERISH	Musik Machine
13	TALK TALK	Herman's Hermits
14	DANDY	New Vaudeville Band
15	WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL	Left Banke
16	WALK AWAY REENE	The Standells
17	WHY PICK ON ME	The Turtles
18	CAN I GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER	The Hollies
19	STOP STOP STOP	Neil Diamond
20	I GOT THE FEELING	& Bobby Purify
21	I'M YOUR PUPPET	James J. & The Supremes
22	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON	Johnny Rivers
23	POOR SIDE OF TOWN	Carla Thomas
24	B-A-B-Y	Lou Rawls
25	LOVE IS A HURTIN' THING	Simon & Garfunkel
26	HAZY SHADE OF WINTER	Rolling Stones
27	HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOW?	Bobby Hebb
28	SATISFIED MIND	Petula Clark
29	WHO AM I	Mama's & Papa's
30	LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW	Chris Farlowe
31	OUT OF TIME	Mitch Ryder
32	DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON	Count Five
33	PSYCHOTIC REACTION	Eric Burdon & The Animals
34	SEE SEE RIDER	Gary Lewis
35	PAINT ME A PICTURE	Righteous Brothers
36	ON THIS SIDE OF BOOBYE	Martha & The Vandellas
37	I'M READY FOR LOVE	The Eltjans
38	HEAVEN MUST HAVE SENT YOU	Four Tops
39	REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE	J.S. Jackson
40	BUT IT'S ALRIGHT	

**KRLA GIVES  
A MUSTANG**

KRLA had to sift through 70,000 entries to find a winner of its new car contest, but when the grand drawing was finally held, Marilyn Dare of Los Angeles was a little leary of accepting the 1967 Mustang.

Marilyn admitted later that when station officials first notified her she had won the automobile she thought it was a joke. When it was delivered, however, she laughed at her earlier skepticism.

Marilyn chose a Mustang because "Mustangs are so pretty." The car is equipped with every conceivable option offered by the Ford Motor Company.

Marilyn was chosen winner from around 500 finalists. KRLA's new car contest lasted from Oct. 1 to Nov. 9, with an average of 25 finalists chosen daily.

Chevrolet's Camaro, which was the predominant choice among entrants of the contest, has inspired a new contest held by KRLA. The station is now in the process of giving away a 1967 Camaro, completely customized by famed auto designer George Barris.

Tony Curtis ♥ Virna Lisi ♥ George C. Scott



**Not With My Wife,  
You Don't!**

A  
NORMAN  
PANAMA  
PRODUCTION

Starring CARROLL O'CONNOR GEORGE TYNE EDDIE RYDER

Screenplay by NORMAN PANAMA Story by CAROL RYDER and PETER GARDNER Produced and Directed by NORMAN PANAMA

Story by NORMAN PANAMA & CAROL RYDER "TECHNICOLOR" FROM WARNER BROS.

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... CHRIS

## Farlowe—Soul And Gravel And No. 1

In England, people knew about Chris Farlowe and his gravel voice long before his "Out Of Time" established him here. For more than two years he has been rated that country's top soul singer.

His recording manager is Mick Jagger, and Jagger, with pride and possibly a trace of presumptuousness calls Farlowe his "protégé." Others don't take that liberty. Eric Burdon, George Fame, Alan Price and Spencer Davis have all lauded Farlowe as England's best. But fame is one thing; monetary success is something else. You don't assume a fortune simply on your reputation with the public and respect from your peers.

### Not Buying

For a long time, this was the story of Chris Farlowe. While everybody was admiring Farlowe's talents they were insignificantly forgetting to buy his records. He turned out three records, "The Fool," "Farlowe In The Midnight Hours" and "Think." None of them really overperformed he selling market.

Then under the watchful eye of Mick Jagger, Farlowe recorded "Out Of Time," and had his first real chart smash. For a month the disc was No. 1 in England. And although it didn't make America's most coveted spot, it actually sold more copies here.

Farlowe's voice gives him an edge on his soul singing contemporaries. It broke when he was ten, and has developed a rasping, knife-edged quality that makes it an ideal tool for what he wants to sing.

"I don't think I could sing pop," says Chris. "I've got a 'soul' voice and I feel it; and if they give me a straight pop tune to sing I would turn it into something else."

Chris Farlowe is unusually quiet—almost silent. He isn't really a good talker, and as an interviewer gets off the subject of music with Chris the conversation ends up

pretty one-sided. With the interviewer having to supply the verbal power.

Chris was born John Henry Deighton. The Deighton family moved from Chris's birthplace "somewhere in Essex" when he was a baby, and went to live in Islington, North London.

Chris's father took a job with the Daily Mirror as a printer. When he was 11 Chris went to Sir William Collins Technical College and studied engineering.

In his last year, they had finished their course early, and Chris took a joiner's course to finish the term. He liked it so much he decided to become a joiner instead of an engineer.

He was associated with a small instrumental-singing group during this time, however, and he later decided to go into singing professionally.

Farlowe met Rik Gunnell, who runs the Flamingo and Ram Jam Clubs, and who became his manager.

In October, 1965, Gunnell bumped into Andrew Oldham, who used to work for Rik in the Flamingo Club as a washer-up and hot dog fryer. Andy told Rik of his plans to start an independent record company called Immediate Records.

### Oldham

"I'd been following Andy Oldham's career with interest for a long time," said Rik. "Everything he did, he did so wholeheartedly and well—from frying hot dogs to managing the Rolling Stones. I knew right away that Immediate Records was going to be a success and I offered Andy two of my artists."

One of those artists was Chris Farlowe. Farlowe's reputation began to grow and Mick Jagger took an immediate interest in him. And on the pair's fourth record effort together, the producer-singer team hit it big.

Usually, when I'm trying to express something that means a lot to me, I get all nervous and think I have to write it and re-write it and re-re-write it until it's letter perfect (which it never is).

I'm not going to do that this time. I'm just going to say what I feel inside. Once. And if I don't get it out right, I guess that'll be because it wasn't ready to come out yet. Oh well, at least I'll have tried.

It's been exactly twenty-four hours since I heard the news or the rumor or whatever-it-is that the Beatles are going to break up soon. When I did hear this, I felt almost the same way I did that morning when I turned on a radio and heard that George was married.

### Panic

I don't know if there are any words for that kind of feeling. But the word panic comes close. Anyway, that's the way I felt all day yesterday. I kept finding myself thinking *please don't tell me true*.

Last night I did the same thing I always do when I'm really shook up about something concerning the Beatles. I piled all of their albums on the phonograph and just listened.

I can see right now, just from reading what I've written so far, that I'm not going to be able to say all this the way I want to. It's not coming out right. But I still have to try, so bear with me.

What I'm trying to say is this... little by little, as I kept listening to those dear songs and those dear voices (forgive me for getting out the violins, I just can't help it, I felt the panic beginning to subside. Then, when I was finally calm enough to think, I spent the next few hours really working at trying to understand the situation. (The Beatles call this "sorting it out"—a wonderful way of putting it.)

I was still very muddled and miserable when I finally did go to sleep, but when I woke up this morning, I had the strangest, most beautiful feeling I've ever experienced in my life.

To me, loving the Beatles has always been an odd mixture of emotions. They've made me happy in so many ways, and sad in others because I couldn't be with them or belong to him. But there's always been an undercurrent of fear in that mixture. That something would happen to them during one of their tours. That all of their records wouldn't hit the number one spot. That their lack of pretense would get them into trouble with this money world. That they wouldn't always stay on top where they belong because so many of their fans are growing up now and having to go on to other things.

If you love them, too, I'm sure

For  
Girls  
only

by  
shirley  
joston

you've felt this same feeling, and been terrified of ever having to see the day when someone would say "The Beatles? Oh, yeah. Whatever happened to them?"

I think that strange, beautiful feeling I'm experiencing is taking place because, for the first time in almost three years, I'm not afraid for them.

The Beatles are The Beatles. They don't need adjectives to describe them, because the word Beatle has become synonymous with talent and success and love. And now, if this rumored decision to disband is true, it always will be.

Oh, God, if I could just get this out on paper. Things change. That's just the way life is. But the Beatles will never change. What they've given us is finally safe from harm. Nothing can change it or take it away now. Because there's one thing you can't change or erase, and that's a beautiful memory.

Yesterday I wondered how we could possibly give them up. Today I realize we're only giving a part of them back. To them. So they can stop being a phenomenon and have their chance to be people.

I also wondered how I could possibly live without them. I know better than that now. Without them I'll never be without them until the day I die. None of us will be. We'll have their music and their movies and their everything to remember them by. And we'll also have the people they'll become when The Beatles become George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney and Richard Starkey.

### Not Dying

They aren't dying. They're living, and growing up and going on to other things, like us. But that doesn't mean we won't still have a lot of each other to keep and use to keep growing.

They're doing the same thing we are. They gave us so much, and now we're using what they gave us to make better lives for ourselves. Well, we gave to them, too. The Beatles' music has gone from fun to brilliant. So have they. Sure, they had this much talent all the time, but they didn't realize it or put it to work until they gave them the confidence and the drive to progress. Now they want to progress even more, in many directions.

It gives me a wonderful feeling to know that they're always going to be part of me and I'm always going to be part of them. But there's something even more wonderful. Like I said before, Beatlemania will always remain intact. Three years suspended forever, out of the reach of

anyone or anything that might have destroyed it, because it's suspended inside millions of people.

I feel lucky to be one of those people. I want to die when I think I may never see George Harrison stand on a stage again, and stamp his foot to Ringo's beat and laugh with John and share a microphone with Paul. But the memory of the times I have seen him is so much sweeter now.

I also want to die when I think there'll be a time when there won't be any new Beatle records to look forward to. But not the records they've already made are so much dearer to me.

### Live On

Mostly, I want to live and I want them to live, and if they feel they can do it better as individuals instead of Beatles, then that's what they should do.

Please don't think I want them to break up. I want it to go on the way it is now, and never stop. But I also want me to go on the way I am now, writing ridiculous columns and being in love with a beautiful boy from Liverpool. And I guess that isn't possible either. We're all changing, and always changing. That's life, too. But it's so good to know that the Beatles and I are changing because of each other.

Someday I'll try to put this into better words. For the moment, I just want to say, for the millionth time, that I love them. Whatever they decide to do is okay with me, because they proved to me a long time ago that everything they do is beautiful.

## Vaudevilles Plan First USA Visit

Representatives of Vaudeville are coming to the U.S.—via England!

The New Vaudeville Band, who dipped into America's musical past with "Winchester Cathedral" and a world-wide hit, will arrive here in late November for an extensive tour that includes at least one TV appearance.

The group's first city-by-city tour of the U.S. will be highlighted by a guest appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. Their promotion trip ends Dec. 10.

The tour was arranged between Jackie Green of Joe Glazer's office here and Tito Burns of the Harold Davidson office in England.

The group's single is number seven in the U.S.—the second week it has held the position.

## BB Disc Gets Fast Getaway

"Good Vibrations" is apparently the fastest breaking record in the history of the Beach Boys—on Capitol Records, for that matter. The disc has allegedly broken all sales and airplay records in a two-week period. Capitol said the single racked up sales of 293,000 in four days, with an additional 100,000 copies back-ordered from customers.

# Great Rivers' Deception

By Edna

Yes, it's true. As the vast listening public, you have been deceived; lied to. And now we must make amends and present you with the truth. Johnny Rivers does not live on the "Poor Side Of Town."

As a point in fact, Johnny lives in a very large and beautiful home located in the hills of the exclusive Trousdale Estates in Beverly Hills. He is not on relief, or even tottering on the brink of destitution. If the truth must be told—Johnny Rivers is, indeed, a very wealthy young man.

## Once A Week

Johnny and I have spoken many times, and now we even refer jokingly to our Annual Once-A-Week interview for *THE BEAT*. So, on a windy day just recently, when Johnny invited *THE BEAT* to pay him a visit in his home, it was sort of like a class reunion! We sat comfortably in the large, golden-lit living room and talked about many things.

Things like rumors, for example. There have been many Grape Vine-type whispers of late that a movie is being written around Johnny. True or false, Mr. R? "No... in front of me! Not really. I'm just studying with Jeff Corey, and I'm waiting till something comes along that I dig."

I asked if he would be interested in doing a musical, but Johnny insisted that "I'd like to try a dramatic thing first."

Something else about which Johnny has always been quite serious is his songwriting. Many people were pleasantly surprised when they discovered that Johnny had written his nationwide smash, "Poor Side Of Town."

Johnny has always expressed a desire to develop his songwriting

abilities, but unlike so many more commercial-crazy writers, Johnny remains an *artist* about his craft, and staunchly refuses to release anything to the public unless he fully believes in its value. It was this way with "Poor Side Of Town," and it will be so with all the records to come.

"I've been trying to write a follow-up and I haven't come up with anything yet that really knocked me out. I'm just the kind of writer that, just every once in a while an idea will hit me that is really strong—like 'Poor Side Of Town'—and then I'll write it."

Another serious topic of conversation for Johnny concerns Viet Nam. *The BEAT* reported to you several months ago that Johnny was taking a show over to the war-torn Asian country to entertain our fighting troops there.

Now Johnny is making plans for a return visit, probably at the end of January or the beginning of February and from there Johnny will probably tour Europe before his return to Uncle Samland.

"Poor Side Of Town" was quite a change of pace in material for Johnny, and although he believed in its quality, he admits that there were a few moments of worry as to the public reaction to the record before it was released.

As for a continuation of this style, Johnny refuses to cut another record which will sound exactly like this one, simply because this one was a hit. Each individual record must be able to stand on its own merits.

Johnny applied that to what he considers to be a change now going on in the pop world, as well. He explained that it is like a message which is passed down a long line of people, and usually winds up being greatly distorted by the time it reaches the end of the line.

"I think that the Beatles did

come up with a good thing, but it's gotten to where it just went down the line, and everybody tried to do it, and it just got so way out, so far from what it really was that it was distorted.

"Everybody suddenly came out with the long hair, and everybody suddenly had a group and cut a record. That's why I've noticed on the charts, especially in the last few weeks, that some of the artists who haven't been around in quite a while have got hit records on the charts. Bobby Darin and even Eddie Fisher's got a hit record on the charts. I think people are getting a little tired of the other thing, and they're starting to go back to talent, which is sort of a good thing."

## Complaint

Johnny has gone on record as being a regular reader of *The BEAT*, but his one complaint this afternoon was that we didn't have comments on the current record scene from the likes of people like The Chairman of the Board, Frank Sinatra. Therefore, since Johnny was planning on flying up to Las Vegas to catch Mr. Sinatra's show that night, he decided that he was going to tell *The Leader* all about the wonderfulness of *The BEAT* and how Frank should definitely do an interview with us.

When last seen, Johnny was planning on cornering the Blue-Eyed-Leader-of-the-Clan in the steam room with his questions. Now you know, and we know, that Johnny can do a disappearing act on a high stool when he performs, so let's just hope that he and Mr. S. don't decide to have a very lengthy conversation in that steam room, on account of the fact that if they aren't a pair of Drip Dry Human Beings, we may be speaking to Johnny next week from the Shorter) Side of Town!



... JOHNNY PLANS RETURN TO VIETNAM.

J. J. JACKSON:

# 'Not All Peaches'

By Walt Syres

"Do I dig soul? Man, I eat, sleep and breathe bow jowls and chitlins. "Why, when I have a recording session I put a big pot of gravy in the middle of the floor so everybody can get a little."

The speaker was a hulking, bowing ball of a man with a sly grin and round, rolling eyeballs. He had the impish appearance of a dark, overgrown character out of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs."

J. J. Jackson looks like any minute his third grade teacher is about to come in, grip him by an enlarged ear, and lead him back to class. All 285 pounds of him.

J. J. is a one-man show—whether he's in front of 2,000 spectators or a single reporter. He tells a joke, rolls his eyeballs around and laughs from way down deep. It's a kind of soul laughter... and it's contagious.

There is an old adage to the effect that "the fatter the happier." J. J. Jackson is a happy man. A very happy man.

When you get past his immensity the next thing you notice is his flashy attire. Last week he was

wearing a shiny maroon suit and matching cufflinks that were of such size they would have restricted the arm movement of most men.

It is, rumored his suits are a completely new dimension in men's clothing. They are wrap-around.

He looks scrubbed and sharp, and he has a ready-made explanation for his good grooming. "My mamma always said nottin' looks better 'n a fat little boy that can DRESS."

J. J.'s verbal intonations are actually exaggerations. He is an intelligent man, three years of college and an English major behind him. But when he gets wound up—and he generally stays that way—he uses "soul" language.

J. J. wears an almost constant grin. He has reason for it, too. His current record, "But It's Alright," is at the number 26 spot nationally, hitting both pop and R&B charts. The record, his first big one, demonstrates not only his singing talents, but also his writing, composing and producing skills. It also establishes him as a singer—not just a studio man.

J. J. hit it big early this year

when he was "discovered" by his present manager, Peter Paul. Since then, J. J. has written a handful of songs for the Shagris-Las, Mary Wells, and Inez Foxx.

When he played the Apollo Theatre in New York recently, he was rewarded by a standing ovation—a feat not easily accomplished before calloused Apollo audiences.

But perhaps the biggest compliment of the entire show came from Sam, half of the Sam and Dave team.

"When everything started Sam was downstairs in the dressing room," J. J. explained. "Then I saw him come runnin' upstairs to see what was happening."

At this point his broad face brightened and was enveloped by a massive grin. He chuckled, and continued: "After the show he told me, 'I ain't never met a fool who can make me come upstairs and then make me come out there and sweat.'"

Any conversation with J. J. is just naturally sparked with little stories like this one. He's fat and happy and propelled by what seems to be an endless energy.



... J. J. JACKSON — HUMAN BOWLING BALL.



## DISCUSSION

By Edna

"Happenings Ten Years Time Ago"—it's by the Yardbirds and it is great! Never ceases to be a source of amazement when these talented boys come up with so much class in an area in which it is so easy to fail.

Their music was labeled *electronic* when they first came out, and a whole new trend was developed from that, which eventually led to an even larger distortion commonly labeled in this country "psychedelic."

The difference with the Yardbirds' music is that theirs is the *real* thing—not just the attempt at commercialized electronic noise which we have been flooded with of late.

Listen closely to this disc—the elements of melody and rhythm remain constant and at a level of perfection and listenability throughout the record. And that instrumental break in the middle of the record is beyond belief! Jeff has got his guitar talking now! A tipping of *The BEAT* cap to producer Simon Napier-Bell is in order here, too.

\* \* \*

Another new British group on the scene is John's Children, and their first release is a weird thing entitled "Smashed! Blocked!" This one takes a lot of listening to, but it's actually quite good.

Plus points to listen for are guitar work 'a la Brian Wilson, a pretty melody, Yardbird-type instrumentation in the beginning, *Beethoven*-inspired horns and a huge production. By the time the disc is over, it is an emotional experience—but it takes a while. This one might be a hit here.

\* \* \*

Frank Sinatra (you remember him; he's the guy who finally married the girl from Peyton Place!) has another hit on his wealthy little hands with "That's Life." This is a blues-rocker that swings as only Sinatra can make it swing, and it's a hit.

Definitely not the best record The Leader-type has ever waxed, and it obviously doesn't do a lot for his voice — but who cares? Sinatra is *Sinatra*, and we should all have hits that sound as *bad* as his!

\* \* \*

Females of the pop world... brace yourselves! Your ever-loving, Prince Charming, here of the pop scene has done the *undoable!* Yes, it's true... Herbie is *singing* on his newest record!

If you can pull your poor selves together long enough, you'll note that all the rest of the Brass are singing on this one, too.

Oh, yes—the record is entitled "Mame," and it's going to be a hit. (Did you have any doubts???) Hmmmm—I wonder if all this Mexican music Herbie is cutting is completely *kasher*?!!!!!!

\* \* \*

Great, great R&B release from Wilson Pickett is his newest, "Mustang Sally." Whole lotta soulful talent here. And more R&B class comes to us from the always soulful, ever classy Motown representatives—the Temptations. Temptin' the nation's charts this time around with "(I Know) I'm Losing You."



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# Yardbirds: 'Kids Want More Quality'

By Edna

The problem in the world of popular music seems to be that we have finally reached a point of saturation, a very dangerous point, indeed. There are too many groups to listen to; too many groups to see. Too many groups of three guitars, a drum, and lots of hair.

Too often the music sounds all alike, the faces fade into one vast, familiar blur—the only result a blinding, deafening, unintelligible cacophony of noise.

The only refuge seems to be the rare and hard-to-find groups of truly talented individuals who are offering something more than mere commercialism to the increasingly-nauseated public.

## Influence

One such group, impossible to overlook, five talented musicians who cannot be allowed to go unmentioned, the Yardbirds certainly are a group of musicians who have had an enormous influence on popular music in the last year and a half.

Over an early morning cup of coffee in *THE BEAT* offices, we spoke of popular music—its failures and successes. Jimmy Paige, the newest Yardbird, spoke of the ever-changing structure of pop music.

"In my personal opinion, I think it's starting to get prettier again, in England, it is, anyway. And more precise. This seems to happen every three years. You get to this stage where it gets pretty stag-

nant, and everything's getting pretty again. And then, I suppose in another six months, some group is going to start happening with the big beat again, and it'll go right back to very earthy stuff."

Just about a year ago, the American pop-conscious public became aware of the Yardbirds and of the unique and original music which they were playing. We became acquainted with them through their first two hit records, "For Your Love," and "Heart Full of Soul," but it wasn't until they released "I'm A Man," that the entire country discovered their genius and trend-setting talents.

This third Yardbird hit created a sensation throughout the entire American pop scene, and the new sound was labeled everything from "electronic," to "psychedelic," a whole new area of musical communication had been created.

At first, it might have seemed to inexperienced observers that this brand new kind of sound was inherently electronic, and watching the masterful way in which Jeff Beck worked with his guitar and amplifier only reinforced this initial impression.

## Electronic

Jim explained, "Pop music can be psychedelic but not necessarily electronic. Electronic music helps—it's a much easier way of getting a psychedelic theme. But you can do this—get over a psychedelic point—without being necessarily electronic."

At this point, Jimmy Paige raised his own question, "What do you term 'psychedelic'?" Then offered his own possible answer: "If you're terming it as something which is bringing an image to the mind, then it will obviously happen with electronic music, because that is basically all that, isn't it. You just get sensations from the music."

## Psychedelic

Jimmy was also interrupted here by the other members of the group whose diverse opinions were eventually summed up by Keith's statement on the psychedelic type of music: "Dylan's lyrics are psychedelic; he's lyrically psychedelic. And our sound is psychedelic. There are just several mediums of putting it across. I mean, you could be psychedelic and have a brass band playing."

Keith explained further: "What we're trying to do with our music is trying to induce the same thing in the audience, the same feeling, the same sort of experiences that LSD does—it's very hard to do!"

What is that sort of experience? "Well, to induce a state of timelessness and destroy the awareness of where you are. You just go inside your head—blow-your-mind, sort of thing."

Although they originally began at the Crawdaddy Club in Richmond, England playing their own brand of R&B-oriented music, the Yardbirds spent many months of

intensive practice and experimentation perfecting the revolutionary new sound which they fanily presented to the public.

In the beginning, their goals, their original conceptions of the music they were developing were, as Chris explains, pretty much the same.

"The idea was to make the people listening to us become directly involved with the music and us and get lost in it. None of our music has ever been sort of to the point of every note planned—the idea was to have large patches of free form and things like that, so people in the audience could really get lost in the music. That was one of the original ideas."

## Abstract Sounds

Keith added to this, "Right from the offset we did imply abstract sounds. To go as far as calling it 'electronic' is, well... it's electronic guitars going through amplifiers, so that makes it sound electronic. But, we just plumped for the sounds and the abstract sounds, more or less right from the beginning of the group."

Keith also took time to consider the changes now occurring in popular music, explaining, "Scenes are changing now where kids aren't really buying a record 50% for the group, like they used to. It was 50% buying the image of the group and 50% the noise on the record."

"It's now changing to a situation where the kids want more quality for the money they pay for their records, therefore, the production has got to go up, the quality's got to be much better. And, Brian Wilson is definitely doing this; his production on his records is fantastic!"

## Weird

The situation in which the Yardbirds now find themselves has also changed over the last year or so, and is quite definitely fantastic. Their brand new record—"Happenings Ten Years Time Ago"—was released on November 2 and is further testimonial of their extraordinary creative talents. Even Chris, in speaking of the record, describes the 30-second instrumental break in the middle of the record as being "weird and quite advanced for us."

Just recently the group filmed a motion picture for the noted Italian director, Antonioni, entitled "Blow Up." Susannah York is one of the stars of the film—in which the Yardbirds will be portraying themselves—and it shows every indication of going to the Film Festival upon its release.

Unusual, highly intelligent, and uniquely talented—these are the characteristics of the Yardbirds which will keep them at the top of their profession. Keep them on a high plateau where they won't get wet, even though so many are being "saturated!"

# BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)

**THE PEANUT BUTTER CONSPIRACY** — "The Peanut Butter Conspiracy Is Spreading" say bumper stickers all over Southern California, much to the consternation of adults and little kids. However, this group means not the brown, sticky, chunky kind but a musical version. Left to right, they are Sandy, John, Jim, Lance and Al. "They're spreading," Russ of the Association whispers conspiratorially.



**THE SPIKE DRIVERS** — This East Coast group says "we communicate" with young people, adding that they are going to raise the standard of folk-rock. A big assignment, **BEAT** things, but the all-married (sorry!) group intends to try!







... MITCH RYDER — DIRECT FROM THE SOUL COUNTRY.

# The Soul of Ryder

By Louise Critchlow  
Many try but few white entertainers really succeed in singing the blues as they should be sung. The blues which come from deep inside seem to be born—not made. Perhaps that is why you can count the number of true white blues singers on the fingers of one hand.

Every so often one does come along. And one such person who not only came along but made a big-money name for himself is Mitch Ryder.

Mitch and his Detroit Wheels have forsaken the element of the music business which is commonly referred to as "commercial" blues in favor of "the straight stuff."

"I think that the exciting thing about the present day scene is the excitement itself. It is marvelous to be on stage and feel the audience reacting. I can't understand the performer who is satisfied with polite applause. The greatest thing in the world is to have the audience right there every step of the way... there has to be this give and take so that the performer and the audience experience the same thing at the same time. That's why they are in the same place."

The history of Mitch and the Detroit Wheels begins, quite naturally, with Mitch himself. He was

raised in that part of the U.S. which has been nicknamed "Soul Country"—Detroit. His father was a part time radio singer and Mitch grew up in an atmosphere where music was as ordinary as combing your hair. According to Mitch, his first most exciting experience was hearing Little Richard sing "Keep A Knockin'" because it was then that Mitch and the world of beat were introduced.

"I sang semi-classical and standard while at school in the day and worked singing blues with a Negro group at night." The sight of Mitch singing lead with a Negro group caused people to stare. In fact, says Mitch: "A few people snickered, but they don't anymore."

However, it wasn't until the Beatles arrived on the Stateside musical scene that Mitch made a move to establish his own group. He named his infant group "Billy Lee & The Rivieras" but due to the fact that they did not have their own sound but merely imitated what was currently "in" the group as it then stood never reached maturity.

Billy Lee and the Rivieras did eventually evolve into Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels when their manager saw that the group

was unique when they were just being themselves. He put a sudden and definite stop to the group singing songs that had been made popular by other groups. A complete turn-around was thus put into motion and because of it Mitch and the Wheels came up with a song called "I'm Taking a Ride." And it did—albeit a ride to the top.

It's rather ironic that Mitch and the Wheels were big-drawers when they had received no radio play on their records. Their popularity was strictly by word-of-mouth proving how far the spoken word can go and how fast it can travel. In Mitch's case, it preceeded him to such an extent that he was able to demand top money for personal appearances—despite the fact that he lacked a record on the charts.

Mitch need not rely on "mouth" reporting now that "Jenny" is behind him and "Devil With A Blue Dress On/Good Golly Miss Molly" is scurrying up the nation's charts. And just as there was Beatlemania—there is now an illness known as "Mitch Ryder Fever." It's prevalent on the East Coast but according to record sales, the West Coast had better arm itself. The fever is most definitely spreading.

# The Adventures of Beverly-Lou Boyd



© 1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin Boyd was seated hotly (I'll say) on the radiator in the 2nd-Floor girls' washroom ripping at her dress when Ringo (as in Boyd, as in Boyd) slammed tearfully through the door.

"What are you doing?" her starchy sister stopped blithering long enough to inquire.

Robin re-ripped. "Letting down my hem," she growled savagely. "I'm tired of those... those hilly-billies gawking at me like they've never seen a pair of knees before. Now, what are you blubbering about?"

## "This!"

"This!" Ringo blubbered. And tearing the Ludwig drumstick off her neck, she flung it, chain and all, into the nearest commode and flushed bitterly.

"Ringo?" Robin cried, leaping up from the radiator out of consternation (not to mention necessity) (hotly is not the word). "What's wrong?"

"What isn't?" sobbed Ringo. "Everybody laughed at my doomstick and they don't even know who the Beatles are because they aren't allowed to play Beatle records at school dances which they don't even have and two boys said my new coat looks like a panda and my teacher says I have to use

my real name instead of Ringo and I forgot what it is! (Whew.)"

"It's Beverly!" Robin said helpfully. "Beverly-Lou Boyd."

"My Gawd!" Ringo wailed.

"You've gotta be kidding!"

Robin shook her aching head. "I wish I were," she muttered grimly, glaring at herself in the full-

She had tried so hard to dress simply for her first day of school at John Q. Obnoxious High, and she had certainly succeeded.

## Sane-Sat

After an hour of being stared at by the skirt-and-sweater sane-set, and leered at by their plaid-flesh-shirted (not to mention mouthed) male counterparts, Robin had raced for the nearest three-room and yanked off the lace stockings which she thought went so nicely with her brown suede dress. And, in her next class, her fellow students had gaped openly as her legs turned from tan to a shimmering shade of frostbite-purple.

And her most recent attempt at Conformity-A-La-Pfichberg had been another miserable failure. The hem of her dress was now dangling raggedly just above her now-famous (make that infamous) knee-caps, and with her Just-A-Touch-of-mascara blearily smeared from blithering, she looked very nicely dressed.

Well, at least it was lunch time which everyone else called "dinner" (stupe) and she could go home and change into something practically unbelievable like the rest of the hilly-billies or whatever they were.

Going to their lockers, Robin and Ringo flung on their panda-coats. As they waddled down the hall, they were apprehended by

a stout teacher who had, not unappropriately, tried to cram the larger portion of her anatomy into a whale-bone corset.

The least instructor tried her best (which certainly made one way of her worst) to propel them into the school lunchroom.

Taking one glance at the display of floppy jello salads flanked by a wall of sloppy-joe mixture that looked more like Fricasole Of Toad, Ringo and Robin exchanged glances and chorused "let's spit-as-in-go."

## "Furriners"

They did just that, and the teacher stared after them as though she were expecting them to spit-as-in-paramicum (amoeba?) (forget it). "Furriners," she muttered (again, not unappropriately), as they resaddled furiously out of the building, and vowed to keep her eye on this twosome just as soon as it was returned from the glass-plisters.

The first word uttered when said twosome trooped angrily into the Boyd house (never mind about the ones uttered on the way to the Boyd house) was a full-volume blast from Ringo.

"Who in the ell-hay named a nice kid like myself Beverly Lou Boyd?" she demanded hysterically.

"That person did," replied their mother, hiding the raw hot dog she'd been munching and starting to prepare a nutritious luncheon of dandelion greens and poached eggs.

"That person who's in Coventry because we're in South Dakota?" asked Robin, referring to their former father. (They hadn't spoken to him since the day they left

California, and in his opinion, Coventry was not only a nice place to visit, he would also like to live there.)

## Floyd??

"The same," Mrs. Boyd said fiendishly. "And I think it's high time you girls knew the truth. His name is not F. A. Boyd as he would have the world believe. It is Floyd Boyd."

"Floyd-Boyd?" they shrieked in unison. And then the three of them cackled so loudly, Mrs. Boyd lost her head, dumped the aforementioned nutritious luncheon into the garbage disposal (the Boyd dog) and passed out raw hot dogs all round.

If it hadn't been for the sudden appearance of the aforementioned Floyd-Boyd, Robin and Ringo might never have gone back to school that afternoon. But when he walked into the kitchen at ten-o-one, carrying a rifle, the girls didn't wait around to see if he was really just going to "do a little hunting."

The second half of her first day was always to remain a blur to Robin (who just wouldn't have it any other way.) Everyone was probably still whispering and pointing as she moved from class to class, but she was totally unaware of their presence. On the way back to school, she'd seen a tea pot in the window of a harness store (?) and that had done it.

Since there wasn't even a touch of Just-A-Touch left after the scolding she'd given her ex-face, she felt free to slobber sweetly into a sudden kleenex whenever the memory of her gorgeous gene was too much (which it had never failed to be yet) for her.

Promptly at four, she sped out of John Q. and nearly ran down olde Beverly-Lou-Boyd who was waiting plumply on the front steps.

They were nearly home when it happened. Robin had just said that she'd give twenty years of her life to see just one human being who wasn't wearing saddle shoes.

Suddenly, Ringo grabbed her wildly (which made it even wilder). "Don't look now," she hissed, "but I think you're going to die young."

Robin's gaze followed Ringo's pudgy and pointing finger. Then she gasped. Just ahead of them, a mirage was loping along the crumbling sidewalk. A tall, thin, semi-long-haired mirage clad in bell bottoms, boots, and other rational, sensible items of apparel.

And it was then that Robin knew what she must do.

## Mirage!

Leaping seventeen feet into the air, she caught up with the mirage and grabbed it by a leather-jacketed arm. It whirled around to face her wordlessly (which couldn't think of a thing to say as usual).

Finally, after what seemed like six years of peering into a sharp pair of shades, Robin laughed so loud they heard her all the way to Sioux City, Iowa (wherever that was) (not pointing wherever). "Are you a boy or are you a girl?" she giggled.

The mirage then grinned and spoke four beautiful words which were sheer poetry to Robin's ears...

"You might well ask!"  
(To Be Continued Next Issue)

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

# Grandma's Vaudeville Sound Starts Pop Music Trend

## 'THE SWINGER'

Beautiful, young and ambitious, Kelly Olson (Ann-Margret) tries to have her stories published in *Girl-Lure Magazine*, a publication mainly devoted to the undraped female form. However, the senior editor of the magazine, Ric Colby (Tony Franciosa) not only rejects Kelly's stories but practically has her thrown out of his office when she becomes too insistent.

### Bright Idea

Furious about being turned down because her stories are too "clean," Kelly gets a bright idea about getting up a sure-sale story. Accordingly, Kelly purchases a stack of sexy paperback books and pilfering lines and situations from all of them manages to come up with a story which she attempts to pass off as her autobiography.

### Sir Hubert

Ric doesn't buy it but the magazine's publisher, Sir Hubert Charles (Robert Cote), decides to publish Kelly's "autobiography." Ric, in the meantime, sets out to make a "nice girl" out of Kelly who, in reality, is already a nice girl.

Some of the mishaps in Ric's campaign to play Pygmalion and Kelly's attempt to portray a "bad girl" are hilarious. It's not until the end of the movie, of course, that the real truth comes out and Kelly and Ric admit to having fallen in love with each other.

### No Message

"The Swinger," a Paramount production, really does swing. It's a romantic comedy which, thankfully enough, offers no "message"—just laughs. Says George Sidney, the producer: "If laughs are what the public is looking for in these tension-ridden times, then this film should be just what the doctor ordered to make them forget their troubles for awhile."

And "The Swinger" does just that.



ANN-MARGRET in scene from Paramount's "The Swinger."



ANN-MARGRET ACTS as a human paint brush to bizarre drawing.

By Rochelle Reed  
Movies, some say killed Vaudeville but apparently pop music is bringing it back to life.

Today's scene has Vaudeville music dotting the charts from both big names and newcomers. With the spotlight on Mod, which in turn emphasizes the intricate designs and jewelry of Yesterday, Vaudeville music could be the only follow-up to paisley, kaleidoscopes and boutiques.

Main proponents of Grandma's music are six Englishmen known as the New Vaudeville Band, whose "Winchester Cathedral" is topping charts both here and in the Mother Country. Grandpa, with an aggravated nasal condition, could have sung the vocal himself.

"I'm not saying we're really offering anything new, but it's a change," understates "Winchester" composer Geoff (pronounced Jeff) Stephens who also sang lead on the recording.

And now, safely out of the first three paragraphs, BEAT will tell you in on a secret that a few people wish WAS a secret: The New Vaudeville Band, just rounding up a big U.S. tour, DIDN'T record "Winchester Cathedral." Composer-singer Geoff Stephens recorded the song, backed by London session musicians. When they refused to ~~put it into a basic jukebox~~ the disc, Stephens gathered the present New Vaudeville Band for the bi-continental tour rounds.

That's why the Vaudeville six won't talk about "Winchester" but concentrate on detouring the conversation to their next, or really first, recording—"Shirl." Penned by Geoff Stephens-Jon Carter, the tune reportedly retains the Vaudeville sound according to vocalist Mick Wilder but then again "it'll be different."

The New Vaudeville Band would like to wrap up the whole trend into the catch-all, Good Time Music. But in America, this naturally smacks of Lovin' Spoonful, an upsetting thought to the Band (they hate the term "group") and they steadily insist their band wasn't influenced by anyone.

This brings up another artist on the charts with the Vaudeville—Good Time Sound. Donovan's "Mellow Yellow" is a U.S. smash and will no doubt enjoy the same success in England. And saffron, or deep orange, is a throw-back to radio days and Grandma's cooking.

Oddly enough, "Winchester" composer Geoff Stephens is Donovan's ex-manager. Donovan wrote "Mellow Yellow" himself and Stephens alone penned "Winchester." But the two came up with a similar Good Time sound.

This really isn't unusual. Two people at opposite ends of the earth invariably work on similar inventions, unaware of the other. And without fail, two books on the same subject are simultaneously released—by different publishers. So too in music.

The catch-all phrase, Good Time Music, has spawned a third—Peter and Gordon's "Lady Godiva," a groovy tune which



Ian Whitcomb—Mod Mod Music

reminds today's youth that Grandma's day wasn't all that dull, nor was mother's for that matter.

The P and G duo wanted their song to be something different, which indeed it would have been if "Winchester" and "Yellow" hadn't been pressed at the same time.

There is no indication that any of the Good-Time, Vaudeville proponents pulled a Phil Spector and rushed their discs off the presses in a day or so when the first



Donovan—Mellow Good Time

Vaudeville song began to break, but all did manage to market the discs at the same time.

Ian Whitcomb was next on the vaudeville scene with "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?" Record-buyers reaction to the disc? Very good.

Musicians of bags other than the Good Time sound have a tendency to classify the Vaudeville influence as just another put-on, similar to "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha Ha."



PETER AND GORDON—Something very different in "Lady Godiva" turned very normal with the advent of the great new vaudeville sound.



# Sports time... a time for energy!

You'll *flip* at the **ZZZip** in **RC**.

RC gives you a double reward: **zip** you can taste... **zip** you can feel. Take home a carton. You'll *flip*!



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America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

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KRLA

*Edition*

# BEAT

DECEMBER 17, 1966

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# KRLA

# BEAT

Volume 2, Number 30

December 17, 1966

# MERRY CHRISTMAS

We at *The BEAT* would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you for making 1966 such a groovy year for us. During this Christmas season we've received phone calls, letters and telegrams from many of our pop friends and we'd like to share some of them with you as sort of a Christmas card from *The BEAT*. And once again — Merry Christmas to all of you and our very best wishes for the new year.

*The BEAT* Staff

*We have a favor to ask. We would like to enlist your help in promoting The BEAT's Christmas issue. During Christmas week, we'd like you to go naked. When you see others in offices, on the streets and in restaurants without their clothes, you will instinctively know that they are wishing you a Merry Christmas from The BEAT. We intend to be touring during the holidays. Without clothes it will be a cold but cool Christmas.*

**THE MONKEES**

*To all you BEAT readers we would like to take this time to thank you for all the support you have given us during the past year and we would like to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.*

**THE BEATLES**

*This is your old buddy, Bill Cosby, taking an opportunity to wish you a very Merry Christmas and the best for the coming year. You know what the best is . . . that's when your Christmas stocking is filled with something besides a foot.*

**BILL COSBY**

*May all the good thoughts and things you cherish be multiplied during this holiday season. Warmth and thanks from the Association.*

**THE ASSOCIATION**

*While we'll be home in England this season, we still hope to spend Christmas some year with our many friends in America. Our warmest regards.*

**THE YARDBIRDS**

*Hello you soul'n' people! This is Lou Rawls to say you have been a groovy bunch and I would like to thank you for all the help you've given me. I wish all of you the best for the coming year.*

**LOU RAWLS**

*Have a healthy Christmas.*

**BRIAN WILSON**

*Peace on earth, good will to teenagers and may the unconstitutional 10 o'clock curfew be lifted.*

**JOHNNY RIVERS**

*I've written a song expressing my feelings to you during this joyous season.*

**TOMMY ROE**

*We wish all of you BEAT readers a monstrously Merry Christmas and the hope that over the holidays you will eat the fat and check the collector's count.*

**THE TURTLES**

*I wish all the readers of The BEAT a Christmas filled with happiness as thick as the hair on Santa Claus' beard.*

**BRENDA LEE**

*I wish all of the best of the Christmas spirit to my many friends. May you have everything good in the coming year.*

**SAL VALENTINO**

*We would like to say thanks to The BEAT for all their help during the past year. And to all you BEAT readers we would like to extend our best wishes for a happy holiday season and a wonderful new year.*

**PETER & GORDON**

*I wish a warm and cozy season to all my friends—both old and new.*

**SANDY POSEY**

*Hi everyone. This is Tom King of the Outsiders. We would like to take this time to thank The BEAT for all the great publicity they've given us and we'd like to wish all of our friends a very happy holiday season.*

**THE OUTSIDERS**

*I wish you could all go camping with me this Christmas—even if there's no snow, no trees, no reindeer, etc.*

**TIM MORGAN**

*I wish you all could spend the Christmas holidays with me in the South this year. To all my friends and neighbors no matter how far away you live, Merry Christmas.*

**BILLY JOE ROYAL**

*Swinging Medallions send swinging seasons' sentiments.*

**SWINGING MEDALLIONS**



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# Letters

## TO THE EDITOR

### DISCUSSION

**Dear BEAT:**  
After reading Discussion in the November 19 issue, I would like to express my opinion to what Eden has said.

I really dig Simon & Garfunkel's "A Half Shade Of Winter," also their "Seven O'Clock News/Silent Night." As for "Coming On Strong," I'll be disappointed if it doesn't make the top ten. In regards to R&B singers, how can you call James Brown "The King"? Personally, I cannot stomach his records!

For my money, Chris Farlowe is far better than Brown will ever be. To go a step further, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels are probably the greatest R&B performers since Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis. At best, James Brown is mediocre.  
Last but not least, was the background music for the Monkees theme song also provided by studio musicians? How phony can you get!

In closing, keep up the fine newspaper.

Dave Theriault

Yes, Dave, studio musicians were used for the Monkees' theme.

The Editor

## Quiz On Monkees

**Dear BEAT:**

Is it really true that the Monkees don't play the instruments themselves for their records? If it is, I just can't believe it! On their TV show, they sure do a good imitation of playing.

One question which has been bothering me is, if they don't play for their records, why not? If they know how to play the instruments or are learning, why can't they and don't they themselves? I won't believe it! None of my friends do either.

We all think you're putting us on! Actually, I think it is a bit of a publicity stunt! You know, *THE BEAT* is not always right! I wish all these singing groups would stop doing such ridiculous publicity stunts. They're all silly and stupid and they never do help much anyway! Thank you for letting me hear my say!

Joyce Damante

*The Monkees* and *session musicians* on their first single and album because when these records were cut they (Micky and Davy in particular) were just learning how to play. It was not a publicity stunt. The practice of using session musicians in recording is certainly not new—it has been going on and will continue as long as records are made. Some groups use them and some don't. The Monkees did; however, it's safe to say that they were no longer.

The Editor

## THE BEATLE THE BEATLE THE BEATLE

**Dear BEAT:**

I cannot understand what is so tremendously special about the Monkees. They are imitators. Their style on television is simply a copy of the Beatles and not even a very good one. They are a bit corny.

Individually none of them have the great humor, originality, and the beautiful carefree attitude toward life that the Beatles have. They neither write nor play their own music. And all their lines on the show are taken from scriptwriters. All they do is sing—many people who haven't had the money to back them up can sing. The Monkees cannot even sing that well. Their harmony is a combination of the Beatles and the Byrds. Again, they are imitating.

They really have nothing unique about them which distinguishes them enough to have the radio stations plugging them constantly. I really do hope they do not become a top group such as the Beatles, Stones, Lovin' Spoonful, Beach Boys, the Who and all the other popular groups who have talent because there would be no reason for it.

This just goes to show what happens to four boys who are a little bit cute, have no talent to speak of, but do have money and backing. Oh well, Nancy Sinatra made it.

A Beatle fan

## SUGGESTIONS

**Dear BEAT:**

(1) Shirley Poston forever! I wish she would make "The Adventures of Robin Hood" into a book.

(2) To the Count Five: I was never so proud. I was a number one fan of theirs but now I'm number one.

(3) The Association, the Left Banke and the Hard Five are rule!

(4) Ten Panel is the finest thing that has happened to *THE BEAT*.

Glenda Wobig

## PARENTS THE BEST AT FAULT EVER READ

**Dear BEAT:**

I'm sick of adults knocking the teenage generation. They claim that the teenagers of today are all dirty, disrespectful, delinquent and lazy. Adults also claim that the "bums" who hang-out on the Sunset Strip are a bunch of "filthy, bearded slob" and "cheap, immoral girls." (I'll admit that there is some truth to this.)

They, along with really kills me is that they ridicule and blame the younger generation yet they can't seem to understand that it is their generation who brought up the teenagers! The adults of today are 99% at fault for the "dirty, disrespectful, rebellious" teens of today.

Thank you for letting me get this off my chest. I hope you agree with me.

Karen Altman

**Dear BEAT:**

I'm one of the biggest Association fans in the world and I hunt down every article and picture printed of them and paste them into my Association scrapbook. Anyway, I'm writing to tell you that the article in your December 3 issue, "A Daze Worth Of The Association," was THE best article I have ever read—about anybody.

It is going into a place of honor in my scrapbook. I do have one question to ask you, though. Who wrote the article? Whoever it is to be congratulated on a really excellent piece of journalism.

Brenda Blackwell  
Louise Critstone was the anonymous author of the Association article.

The Editor

## 'HIP WITH ADULTS'

**Dear BEAT:**

Up with adults! Not "down with kids" but "up with adults." Granted, some of the adults are declining in respect they are getting—just as some teens deserve the stereotyped teen image—but I think it's time someone spoke up for the adults; someone other than the adults, that is.

A lot of us see the problems of the world and instead of rolling up our sleeves and working toward eventual abolishment of these problems, would rather sit back and blame them on our parents.

Our general attitude is, "They caused it, let them fix it" attitude too often seems to be the philosophy. Sure, there are a lot of things wrong with the world—a lot of things to change—but that's what youth is for! To carry torches and start fires—first of change.

The fact that world society is troubled is not new, you know. Our parents weren't handed a perfect world either. They've had their chance at it—and now it's our turn to make of it the best we can. They made mistakes, sure, but what of it? We should remember that our parents have lived through two wars and a depression.

We're living through affluence. Both generations have their problems and both must rise to face them. Let's stop laughing at the adults for mistakes and start learning from those mistakes—and thinking how we can avoid similar situations.

If one of his songs, Sonny Bono said: "I'll make that other, check mine." How 'bout it, kids?

Bille Jo Helme

## A SONG SOME SEEDS LETTER

**Dear BEAT:**

I was wondering if it is possible that you could run a few items on Love and the Seeds. Both groups are really good and deserve a few words of mention.

Dubby

## BEATLES

**Dear BEAT:**

Would you please print the enclosed open letter to the Beatles? Thank you very much for your help. I really enjoy *THE BEAT*, keep up the excellent work.

**Dear Beatles:**

I very sincerely hope that you are not going to split up, but if you must, you must. You have just as much right as anyone else to be individuals and live your lives the way you want.

Nothing will ever begin to fill the gap you would leave if you split up. I want to thank you for all the happiness you have given me. I only regret that I never saw you in concert. Hoping that as you go through life you will find all the happiness you have been able to give me.

Linda Green

## PHILOSOPHY ON SPOONFUL

**Dear BEAT:**

As subscribers to *The BEAT* we'd like to compliment you for presenting the best in the field of pop music. However, we feel that you haven't had nearly enough on one of the most original and talented groups around, the Lovin' Spoonful.

In the past year or so, American groups have managed a hold on the pop music charts—groups such as the Association, the Byrds, the Mama's and Papa's and the Spoonful. Not that we have anything against English groups, but their sound is no longer rare. The individuality of the above mentioned groups push them ahead of their time, unable to be duplicated. We feel that *THE BEAT* should concentrate on the sounds of tomorrow happening today, not the sounds of yesterday, overdone today.

Spoonfuls, charts—no prizes and love, so lacking in the world today. One Spoonful album can do more for you than any high from any drug.

Also, we think *THE BEAT* should spotlight the writers of today, for they will be known as the greatest artists of our generation. Lennon and McCartney and Dylan are probably our best contemporary composers. Given a few years, John Sebastian and John Phillips will rank among the best.

Now let's work on keeping U.S. groups on the top of the pop music charts. In the words of John Sebastian: "It had to happen."

Gail, Melly, Louise & Timmi



# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscone



Sony and Cher really maneuvered a cool move when they found themselves ten non-professional young people from the junior choir of the First Baptist Church of Van Nuys to act as background singers for Cher's latest recording, a Sony Bono composition titled "Mama." Sony, acting as producer, also used 22 strings and 7 percussion-rhythm men for the record.

Looks as if Neil Diamond is back writing hits for artists other than himself. He penned "I'm A Believer" for the Monkees. The record received one of the largest advance orders in the history of the record business and is expected to reach the nation's top ten on the strength of discs which have been pre-sold.

Neil's own career is going nowhere but up with his "I Got The Feelin'" making a large dent in the charts. Movie and television people are not overlooking Neil's potential either. He's currently up for a lead role in a motion picture and is also being considered for a television series. If Neil gets either or both parts, he will write the theme music and score as well as acting.

## Quaife Returns

In a surprise move, Pete Quaife has rejoined his old buddies, the Kinks. Pete, who was injured in an automobile accident nearly six months ago, has not been able to perform due to the injuries he received. So, a couple of months ago Pete announced that he was leaving the Kinks in favor of a non-professional job in Denmark. But now it has been revealed that Pete went to Denmark for an operation. When the operation was successfully completed and Pete had recuperated, he asked to rejoin the Kinks and was, naturally, welcomed back into the group.

The Four Tops not only received a royal reception from their English fans but from the world of British pop as well when Brian Epstein threw a huge party to honor the American chart-toppers. Guests at the party included John Lennon, George Harrison, Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Charlie Watts, Eric Burdon and Donovan.

Despite the fact that John Lennon has finished up his movie and returned to England, the four Beatles have yet to get together. George is in London completely with moustache but Ringo has journeyed off to Liverpool for a visit and Paul is enjoying himself "somewhere in Europe." However, if all goes as planned, the four Beatles should congregate in London sometime this month to record a single.

## Sinatra Giggle

Western Recorders was really swinging last week with what the Mama's and Papa's, Brian Wilson, the Association and Frank Sinatra all utilizing the recording studio's facilities. Surprisingly enough, the one getting all the giggles was Sinatra. His appearance was reminiscent of the D-Day landing with his entire entourage marching into the studio behind Sinatra. Of course, his personal guards manned the doors and a prerequisite for men in his party seemed to be an expensive suit, white (starched) shirt and tie. Sitting in the "spectator seats" they certainly presented quite a contrast to the studio's other "guests."

What Sinatra was even doing recording at Western is anybody's guess but rumor has it that the Chairman would like very much to keep turning out records which appeal to teen record-buyers and was, therefore, at Western to capture a "young sound." True or false, it makes interesting speculation any way you look at it.

It's nice to see that Mick, Keith and Charlie made it to the Tops' party—most people thought they had dropped off the face of the earth! They certainly haven't been making much noise since they left the U.S. in August. Even the usually talkative Mick has been silent, which is quite a shame because he can always be depended on to offend somebody by what he says—therefore, keeping things from becoming too terribly dull.

Before I forget—Merry Christmas and thanks to everyone for making it such a swinging year.



... NEIL DIAMOND

# The Association Report From Their U.S. Tour

Dear BEAT, up, down, back and dead:

We'll, we are now in an airplane unable to land because of fog, so we can't play Davenport with the Spoonful tonight. Instead we will have to fly to Minneapolis and land there. Oh well, we need an extra night of rest anyway!

The tour is really going well, the people we run into are almost always warm and friendly and the crowds have been good. This tour is going a little smoother than the others but it is still exhausting.

We worked with the new Vaudeville Band in Madison, Wisconsin. They were really good. They really are neat to watch, a really fine group of really fine realities. I hope we have the opportunity to work with them again.

Chicago was really neat too. They have a lot of groovy shops and clubs and their auditorium (McCormick Place) is a beautiful place to perform, fine acoustics, professional lighting and just generally groovy.

I still miss Los Angeles and the rest of California and, of course, love to everyone.

Soon,  
Love,  
Russ



... ASSOCIATION (l. to r.) Gary, Russ, Jim, Ted, Brian, Terry.

## 'Action' Is Picked Up By ABC-TV

With television shows being dropped all over the country, Dick Clark's "Where the Action Is" has been picked up by ABC-TV for thirteen more weeks. Thus, Clark has the only two national pop music shows on the air. His other is the famous perennial, "American Bandstand."

The cast of "Where The Action Is" includes Steve Alaimo, Paul Revere and the Raiders, Keith Allison, Tina Mason, The Hardtimes and Tommy Roe.

## Beach Boys Latest To Earn Goldie

The Beach Boys were greeted with some nice news when they made their triumphant return from England this weekend. Their latest single, "Good Vibrations," has surpassed the \$25,000 mark in sales and has thus become the biggest-selling single in Beach Boy history.

"Good Vibrations" has now outsold such big Beach Boy hits as "Help Me, Rhonda," "I Get Around" and "Sloop John B.," all of which were in the 900,000 category. If "Vibrations" continues its sales pace it will become the first million-selling single for the group.

## RINGO FOLLOWS JOHN: BEATLES TO NEW YORK?

Apparently Ringo Starr would like to follow in John Lennon's footsteps and go the movie route alone. According to the Beatle drummer, their third movie venture has been postponed again and while John, Paul and George seem to have things to occupy them during the long wait, Ringo does not.

"So, it would be very nice if the right film part came along. Brian gets offers for all of us every week, but none of them have suited me as yet.

"I'd rather the four of us filmed together," added Ringo, "but if there is going to be a long wait I'd be happy with something to do in the meantime.

"And even if we do go ahead early in the new year I could do something on my own later."

So, Brian Epstein is reportedly on the lookout for a suitable movie role for Ringo.

As you know, the Beatles have announced that they will do no more personal appearances. But there is a gentleman in New York who is doing his utmost to change the Beatles' minds. Sid Bernstein, who promoted the Beatles twice in Shea Stadium in New York, has offered the Beatles \$500,000 to return to the United States for two back-to-back appearances at Shea.

The Beatles received \$320,000 for their two performances at Shea during 1965 and 1966. In return for his \$500,000 offer,

Bernstein wants the Beatles' Shea date to be their only performance in the U.S., "so I can get all of the kids from Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington as well as the New York area." Bernstein lost \$680 on the Beatles' 1966 show but declares that "it wasn't really a loss because the experience was so rich."

No word has been forthcoming from the Beatles as to whether they will accept or decline Bernstein's offer.



BEAT Photo: Howard L. Johnson

... RINGO WANTS FILM PART



## GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR POP PEOPLE...



... A GIRLFRIEND for Herman



... SOME NEW CLOTHES for the Supremes



... MORE MONEY so Johnny can move



... A CAR like James Bond has



TOGETHERNESS



... DRAFT DEFERMENT for Gary



BIRTH CERTIFICATE so Pet knows who she is



... A JUICY CARROT for Brian



... A SON for Bill Cosby

# 'in' people are talking about...

Sinatra and the Association meeting head-on and wishing like crazy that they would've been there to see it happen... The fact that with his mustache and hair about the only thing visible on George Harrison's face is his nose—and he's the wrong Beatle to feature a nose... The trouble on the Strip being blown up like that and whether or not press is a four-letter word... Brian Wilson turning vegetarian and wondering if he has himself confused with Gary Alexander... The funny way the Kitchen Cinq spell sink and deciding that they must have been influenced by the Cyrle... Rudy Vallee honestly trying to make a comeback... How people would rather hear about the hazy winter than how silent the night is... The Eggplant that ate Chicago and what it all has to do with Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band... The conversation piece in the middle of "Happenings"... The sudden run on Beas.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Beatles' no more personal appearance" announcement and how important it really

is now... What Bill Cosby thinks is best in your Christmas stocking... Rhythm 'n' Blues completely taking over and deciding that it would probably be a groovy change... Whether or not the big K will enter the movies or television and hoping that he does "cause what a pity it would be to lose him altogether... What makes Sullivan bring back the DC5 every other week and how Dave goofed it good the last time around with his "sympathy" remark... Whatever happened to Chuck Berry... Andy perhaps going over to Sinatra to get that million a year guarantee for the next five years... Lou leaving what he started.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT having a freak out for Christmas... Otis drawing \$8,000 on a rainy Sunday in England and what it all means to people like Herman and the Walkers... Sal going solo and how sweet it is... Tommy switching bags—finally... Papa John showing everybody at the recording session with confetti... Donovan not making it too huge in his native

land and wondering if he's trying to pull a Herman on us... Whether or not Joan Baez refuses that part of her paycheck which is derived from military installations, etc... How horrible it is that Shane is being dropped since he's the only really long-hair representative who rides a horse.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what a giggle Jeff must have gotten out of that story about him having a nervous breakdown and being in a London hospital when he was right here in California all the time... Beach Boys purchasing four Rolls Royces and Brian emerging with Lou's old one which formerly belonged to one Ringo Starr... What's happened to Tom Jones... Lesley trying to look like Pet but not succeeding... How much of Hollywood is owned by Trini... When the Spoonful are going to get their fill of New York... What's behind the "Beatles to leave Epstein" rumor... Inter-group squabbles taking their toll on a popular group's stage performance and how long they think they can hide their "differences" from audiences

... Whether or not Elvis is alive and living in Argentina... The unexcusable antics of Buddy and wondering what he has against Dusty.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Seeds' hard work beginning to pay off... The knock of catching the Knack... The Hardly-Worthit Report and how hilarious the thing is... The big spread with Eric Burdon's by-line in this month's *Ebony*... Lou's intro to "Tobacco Road" being like it really is and, therefore, causing people to laugh 'cause it hits too close to home and the only other thing they could do is think... Noel having a particularly happy and prosperous one this time around... How perennial the Seasons are going to be... How big the Beach Boys went over in England and wondering if the British are just now discovering surfing and striped shirts too... Whether or not Mick is suffering from acute lockjaw... How funny Rick Nelson looks with long hair... The Monkees turning into believers and how sweet it is

to Screen Gems, Colgems, RCA and Neil Diamond—just to name a few.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT being born free and making a mist out of the fact... How well Mitch sells his soul... The Turtles allowing their soup to cool... Cass moving out of the A-frame... Smashed, bombed and John's Children wanting awfully badly to come Stateside... How it all has to do with numbers—at least, that's what Brian said... The state of things when if the draft doesn't get you, the curfew does... The fact that if the Beatles decide to drop recording what will happen to innovations in album covers... December being Bill Cosby month and furiously trying to come up with some sort of celebration for the occasion and deciding that they'll settle for an autograph if they can be assured of a handshake as well... The Who "live" sounding quite a bit like breaking dishes with a little rattle of silverware thrown in for good measure.



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BEAT Exclusive

# Vibrations—Brian Wilson Style



MIKE "SPINACH," DAVID "CARROT," BRIAN "GEMINI" AND BRIAN'S COUSIN, BARRY. YOU MAY BELIEVE IT IF YOU WANT TO!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Every so often we turn THE BEAT typewriters over to the entertainers themselves. This time around, Brian Wilson has written an exclusive story for us. What's it all about? Only Brian knows for sure!)

By Brian Wilson

PART I

It was a sunny day outside, but Brian Gemini was unable to appreciate the beauty of nature as he stumbled through the Vegetable Forest, choking with ill health.

Suddenly, in the midst of a violent nasal attack, Brian fell into a giant tomato, and tumbled down, down, down, to the very seedy bottom. There were large boggles under Brian's eyes, but even those didn't prevent him from seeing many grotesque and frightening seeds on his way down through the tomato.

He landed at the bottom—SPLAT!—and looking back up to the top, he saw a carrot floating down toward him. Grasping firmly onto the carrot, Brian ate it quickly, and, to and behold!—it gave him some very out-of-sight vision, of a very out-of-sight world.

Now, Brian Gemini was a very quick-witted sort of soul, and he perceived instantly that he would need a great deal of out-of-sight energy to be able to cope with this brand-new out-of-sight world

which he had just seen with his new-found out-of-sight vision.

Shortly after this enlightening perception, a large glob of very green spinach quite fortuitously splatted down upon Brian's knee. What luck! But then, the glob of spinach—who's given name was Michael—began to speak: "Now, I'm really mad," he said, said he. "There is a Koving Radish reporter who wants to change my name to Sidney Spinach. I will not bend to the wishes of the teen-oriented Reporter Establishment," Michael Spinach-Glob globbed firmly.

"Hmmpfh!" retorted Brian Gemini. "Why don't you let yourself get eaten up, just once?" "Well," hesitated the Green Glob, "If I don't have to be called Sidney, I will if you will call me Michael."

Brian Gemini agreed immediately and enthusiastically at the spinach, which gave him instant energy. Just then, Brian saw the Jolly Jewish Carrot (who had escaped from the Chicken Soup) floating down toward him. Watching the Carrot's descent, Brian G. said loud enough for everyone to hear: "That carrot is much too big to eat."

At that precise moment in tomato history, the Carrot landed and introduced himself: "I'm the Jolly Jewish Carrot, and I've just

escaped from the Chicken Soup. Hello! I've just come down from Carrot Heaven to help you see just *Where It's At*, and tell you that the world is really *Out-Of-Sight!*" Thus spake the Jolly Jewish Carrot.

Pulling himself up to his full carrot-top height, Jolly J. continued: "I see you've just devoured Spinach, and with that energy—you are now going to explore the out-of-sight world."

Inspired by J.J.'s pep talk, Brian Gemini, filled with new-found vegetable vigor, jumped to his feet and was red as a beet and then said with great emotion: "David Carrot—we'll soon be in the pink!" "That's what you think," ironically retorted the carrot, with somewhat less emotion than Brian.

Just then Brian exclaimed: "Oh! Here comes the celery now!" "Ouch!" he added emphatically as he was smashed upon the head by a stringy stalk of impertinent celery that didn't seem to know just whose head it had smashed.

Well... Brian blew his cool and chucked it as far as he could. To which David Carrot immediately reproached: "That's not very nice Brian! Don't be so up-tight. You've got to use the strength that the spinach gave you for good things," he instructed.

(Turn to Page 14)

## BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)

THE RIT KATS are Philadelphia's hottest group with hopes of duplicating their success nationwide. From their varied former occupations—classical musician, drummer in a burlesque house—the five-piece switched to rock 'n roll. The Rit Kats are Carl Hausman, Ron Czichonski, Kit Stewart, "Big John" Brasley



THE BALLROOM are the latest thing out of Our Productions, which is in the process of launching a number of new singers on the pop scene. Their sound, one BEAT staffer says, is sort of Mama and Papa-uh. Top left to right: Carl Borchmeyer, Michelle O'Malley. Bottom left to right: Jim Bell and Sandy Salisbury.



JOHN'S CHILDREN have just released "Smash! Blocked!" in Europe and the U.S. The disc, which is receiving good listener reaction, is a musical plea to the "new wave generation." John's Children, actually children of English aristocrats, appear on stage in white high-necked ruffles and mystical medallions. Their main audience may be the U.S. which they hope to visit the first of the year. Currently, the guys are touring Europe, under the management of Simon Napier Bell, who also manages the Yardbirds. From left to right, John's Children are John Melvin Hewlett, Christopher Townsend, Andrea Authority Ellison and Geoffrey Hugh Robert McCueand.





# Open Letter On Alleged Split Between Beatles

Dear BEAT:

I've just finished reading your "Beatles Split?" story, and would like to send along some information that might help clear up this new controversy.

When the Beatles appeared in my city this summer, my father attended the press conference. He taped the entire conference for me, and I wouldn't part with this tape for anything, but I will have a copy made and send it to you if you require proof of what I'm going to tell you.

This is the portion of the conference which applies to the subject at hand, and I repeat it verbatim.

## A Possibility

Reporter: "Recently, have you seriously thought of breaking up?"

Paul: "What do you mean by breaking up? We haven't thought that the time has come for us to break up, but we've realized the possibility that breaking up is a natural progression because we can't go on forever like this. We have to think about it and prepare for it in case it did happen, which it should, you know. It's got to sometime."

Reporter: "Then you consider breaking up a natural progression?"

John: "Yes, you never know."  
Paul: "Well, we don't know, but we've got to think about it now, so we're not at a loss if it does happen."

This is exactly what the Beatles said, and I think their comments are proof enough that the recent developments are not evidence of any "sudden decision." They are more evidence of "indecision," and not the "sudden" kind.

If they were already willing to discuss the possibility of breaking up way back in August, they must have been thinking about this for

a long time. I feel they're still just thinking about it.

Comparing their statements in Washington with what they've said on the breaking up subject since, I feel they're thinking about it less seriously than they were three months ago. It just seems more serious now because everyone is printing what they're saying.

I hope I'm making myself clear. If their Washington comments had been printed all over the country at the time they were made, the big Beatle-Break-Up scare would have happened then. And probably with more reason than it's happening now. Since they returned to England, they've said nothing this definite. As a matter of fact, they haven't said much of anything.

I think the whole thing is nothing but another attempt, by adult publications (newspapers, etc.) to keep cashing in on the way the Beatles sell more copies for them. Until the trouble in Manila, nothing was said about the Beatles for a long time. But that controversy, and then John's bit about religion sold a lot of newspapers, and now everyone is just trying to keep the ball rolling.

## Unfair!

I don't think this is fair, to the Beatles or to their fans. It's making them nervous, and it's making them apprehensive, like they've got to make up their minds right away, and it's making us terrified that they might make a decision we'll find hard to accept.

The possibility of breaking up does exist in the Beatles' minds, or they wouldn't have mentioned it last summer. And they probably wouldn't have mentioned it or felt quite so strongly about it then if they hadn't been under all the pressures that come with a Beatle tour.

I think it is imperative that all

publications (including THE BEAT) drop the subject. If this doesn't happen, the Beatles might be pressured into doing something they had no intention of doing this early in the game. Surely everyone must realize that their eventual break-up as a group is inevitable. Much as we love them, even we know they can't go on as they are forever. But with all the rumors and hysteria, they might just start thinking, "Well, we're going to have to do it someday, and since the trouble has already started, why not get it over with now?"

## Premature Burial

If the Beatles do decide to break up within the very near future, I'll always believe it was a premature burial of the group, caused by this latest controversy. But whenever they break up—this year or ten years from now—I hope everyone realizes that we will still have them as individuals.

Paul and George will undoubtedly remain in the music field, while John may divide his time between music and writing (maybe even acting). And if people don't stop speculating on "what on earth Ringo will do with himself," I'm going to start screaming. He's my favorite, and everyone seems to have forgotten that during the first year or so of Beatlemania, Ringo was considered to be the "most likely to succeed" on his own. There were even a lot of rumors about him receiving multi-million dollar offers to star in comedy films.

There are many things Ringo can do when and if he's minus his Beatle status. And if all else fails, he can always run for President again. Only this time, maybe we'd be fortunate enough for him to win!

Name Withheld By Request  
Washington, D. C.

## Jeff Beck: Alone In The Yardbirds

By Edna

A young man named Jeff Beck—a very important and integral part of a group called The Yardbirds—nearly always stands alone.

He is possibly the most revered guitar player on the pop scene today. Rock and roll musicians worship him; the highest compliment they can give is to be called "the Jeff Beck of the group."

What does Jeff Beck, leader of pop music, think about the developments occurring in the field today?

"The main thing about it is that the quality of musicianship has gotten better and the songs have gotten stronger. The meanings of the words have gotten better."

"The introduction of weird instruments shows a strong sign of musical interest—more than just a bit of *monstrumaking*."

What does Jeff Beck think about the exchange of ideas between popular groups?

"The main influence is the Beatles, isn't it? It's got to be, because without the Beatles, there would be half the groups there are today. And without half the groups today—there wouldn't be any musical ideas going around. Because groups give ideas to one another—or steal an idea might be more like it!

"It is, in a way, an exchange because what we've 'stolen' from other people, they don't know about. We prefer to take the credit for what we do like any other person."

Although there were sounds of people all around us—jingling of water glasses, clanging of silverware—Jeff sat quite still, moving only to pick up his sandwich or emphasize a point in his conversation. But suddenly he came alive to rebel against the label of "electronic" so often tagged on his music.

"The original concept of our music was to just play what was inside us, and the best way of putting it over was by making 'electronic' sounds."

"You see, it's not like electronic music—if anybody thinks it is, go out and buy an album of electronic music and see how much different it is. I mean, one or two bits might remind them of electronic music, but it really isn't—the idea isn't. It's just a means of using a guitar to put over a different sound, a different feel."

"We don't like people tagging our music but if they're going to

"I've heard an example of 'psychedelic' music, but it was just rubbish. It was just a noise—it was somebody just having what they call a 'freak-out.' It sounded like me giving my guitar to Mum and saying Mum—play it! It's just musically rubbish. But I'm not going to say that that matters nowadays!"

What would Jeff like to do with his future?

"I'd like to do record producing, but only by myself—and only my own music because I have no idea of record production on any other thing like strings and brass, and all that."

"I'd like to produce our records but I'm not going to try, because it would ruin the Yardbirds' sound. It wouldn't ruin it, but it would alter it—and therefore, perhaps lose some of the individualism."

"That's because each of our records isn't produced by anybody—it just happens. The record is built up from the ground and no one person can take the credit for it at the end. It's everybody's combined efforts."

"I've got an example of my production together with Jimmy Paige and it's an instrumental. It's very stirring and it's got an intensive, pulsating beat, which goes on and on and on, and it just explodes at the end. We designed it to affect a man's mind—or, to make it sound as if the man was affected when he wrote it. I think we'll release it in an album, but it's going to be put out as a single by me. It's been finished three months, and there's no name for it!"

Did Jeff ever set out to make Jeff Beck what he is today, or did it just happen?

"I never wished to be where I am—status wise. When I was at home, I was quite content to be myself and just go on out and play to anybody. I'd play my heart out, even if there were only ten people in the audience, because I really wasn't aware of all this."

"But now, I've been placed up, really, on a pedestal, without even wishing it, where as if the kids hear that, they'll think: 'Only give me a chance! I spent my last cent buying a guitar—just give me a chance! But, believe me, if they ever had the chance, and they got up and did as much work as we've done, they'd be regretting it!'"



BEATLES (RINGO, JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE) ON WHAT MAY TURN OUT TO BE LAST U.S. VISIT AS A GROUP.

# Top 40 Requests

1	I'M A BELIEVER	The Monkees
2	BORN FREE	Roger Williams
3	LADY GODIVA	Peter & Gordon
4	I WANTA BE FREE	The Monkees
5	GOOD THING	Paul Revere & Raiders
6	HELP ME GIRL	Eric Burdon & The Animals
7	YOU'RE PUSHING TOO HARD	Seeds
8	GOOD VIBRATIONS	Beach Boys
9	96 YEARS	? & Mysterians
10	MELLOW YELLOW	Donovan
11	SMASHED, BLOCKED	John's Children
12	HOORAY FOR HAZEL	Tommy Roe
13	PANDORA'S GOLDEN HEEBEE JEEBES	Association
14	HAPPENINGS 10 YEAR TIME AGO	Yardbirds
15	WHERE DID ROBINSON CRUSOE GO?	Ian Whitcomb
16	I NEED SOMEONE	? & Mysterians
17	THE BEARS	Fastest Rap Alive
18	S.O.S.	Terry Randall
19	SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON	Royal Guardsmen
20	I'M A DUSTY OLD ROOM	Noel Harrison
21	DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON/GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY	Mitch Ryder & Detroit Wheels
22	WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL	New Vaudeville Band
23	YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON	The Supremes
24	BUT IT'S ALRIGHT	J.J. Jackson
25	HEAVEN MUST HAVE SENT YOU	Elgins
26	I GOT THE FEELING	Neil Diamond
27	I'M YOUR PUPPET	James and Bobby Purify
28	BARB	Carla Thomas
29	KNOCK ON WOOD	Eddie Floyd
30	FULL MEASURE	Levin' Spoonful
31	TALK, TALK	Music Machine
32	NAME	Herb Alpert & Tijuana Brass
33	A HAZY SHADE OF WINTER	Simon & Garfunkel
34	THAT'S LIFE	Frank Sinatra
35	I'M READY FOR LOVE	Martha & Vandellas
36	WHY PICK ON ME?	Standells
37	COME ROUN HERE, I'M THE ONE YOU NEED	Miracles
38	TOGETHER FOREVER	Viola Willis
39	STOP, STOP, STOP	Hollies
40	I'LL MAKE IT EASY	Incubus

# Inside KRLA

By Eden

Specially made for all of you KRLA Sweethearts out there is the brand new Sweetheart Tree feature of Casey's Sunday afternoon get-together. Be sure to listen in and perhaps you will year your Sweetheart on the tree.

What do you think about the recent happenings on the Sunset Strip? Do you have an opinion about the controversy which you would like to voice? If so, why not drop me a line and perhaps we can print some of your ideas and thoughts on the subject.

For Dave Hull, I wish the world's largest horn, the "Herbie Alpert Songbook of old Mexican Favorites for the Passover Service."

For Dick Biondi—a set of ear muffs and a year's supply of vitamin B supplements. For Pat Moore, an Identification Card and a Weather Room. For Bill Slater—one more free weekday, a new janitor, and a nauseous green sweater to go along with the dinner he owes us at La Scala. For Robin Hill, peace and joy at this festive time and throughout the coming year, and one jar of Super Duper Beatle-do Hair Cream.

By the way, in answer to the many questions which have come pouring in, no—the Bob Dylan wig has not yet been fitted over the top of the station... but that's 'cause we couldn't find half a wig to fit! However, we are looking forward to the Grand Fitting Ceremonies sometime in the near future!

Even though you've only just gotten over the initial indigestion of Thanksgiving, I think it's only fair to remind you that Christmas is just around the corner. And you know what that means! At any rate, since I will have neither "time nor money enough" to buy all the gifts which I would like to this year, I will take this opportunity to wish my gifts to you and all.

To Charlie O'Donnell, I wish one "Happy Time," non-toxic set of water clogs. To Bob Eubanks, a year's supply of Granny Goose potato chips—and a pale blue, 30-gallon hat to match his eyes.

To Terry M. — some Jiffy Freckle Remover; and someone with a lot of patience. For Mark L. — a bell, book, candle, and Captain Kid's legacy. To Brian W. — a giant tomato personally autographed by Vic Tanny. To Carol D. — a 12-foot pussy cat fully equipped with 32 tons of exquisite imported Siberian tea. For Louise C. — a left-hand Jewish ball player who can play Mexican folk songs on the tambourine in the keys of C, A, and K Minor while he's in the shower. To Howard Turtle—Nushi! To Chip Turtle—happiness. To Sean Connelly — ME!!! (Osoooooopple!)

For Lou Adler—a month's supply of razor blades, and an autographed copy of the 42nd Psalm. For John Phillips—a cowboy hat. For Papa Denny—a rag doll who will understand. For Tommy Roe—blue eyes and Southern Love.

## Tim Morgan Goes Folk-Rock For Baez Concert

Tim Morgan, a legend in himself as well as one of the most popular singing talents working the West Coast, goes folk-rock for the first time as the special guest star for the Joan Baez concert, Friday, Dec. 16, 7:30 and 10 p.m. at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

The benefit concert, produced by Radio Station KRLA and Doug Weston of The Troubadour, will aid the Delano Farm Workers.



Tickets for the Baez concert, at \$5, \$4, \$3 and \$2.50 are going quickly and it is suggested the remaining be bought as soon as possible.



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# Chaos On The Sunset Strip

## Teens Demonstrate For Dance Rights

By Mike Tuck

Still stinging from more than two weeks of violence and protests, the Sunset Strip quieted this week as irate teens and law officials held fast by their original positions concerning the controversial 10 p.m. curfew.

The truce appeared only temporary, however, as grim-faced policemen were still needed to quell gatherings of youths who refused to lessen their stronghold along the famed section of Sunset Blvd.

Yet unresolved was any sort of satisfactory agreement between law officials and teenagers, who, if anything, grew even more bitter at giving up dancing privileges and being forced off the street promptly at 10 o'clock.

Teens and Sunset Strip club owners resolved they would continue their fight to return the Strip to its former condition.

"Where do they expect us to go?" asked a long-haired protester during a recent march. "Hollywood Blvd. used to be the scene but everybody objected to that so we came here. But where do we go from here?"

Club owners, already showing financial losses since the enactment of the curfew and withdrawal of youth permits, were equally forceful in denouncing the tactics

of the police department and County Supervisors.

Elmer Valentine, owner of the Whiskey A-Go-Go, called the new measures "stupid" and "insane."

"These laws don't just affect the Strip," he said, "but under certain conditions they now make dancing illegal in the entire county."

Valentine fired a telegram to Sen. George Murphy, an elevated song and dance man himself, asking if dancing is really that dangerous.

To compensate for the loss of his youth permit, Valentine immediately terminated the sale of alcoholic beverages at his club. The Whiskey was thus enabled to continue allowing anyone over 18 to dance without the accompaniment of a parent or guardian.

Clubs in other parts of the county were hit equally hard by the loss of their youth permits. Dick Maddalena, owner of the Disco-teen in West Covina, said unless revisions are made his club may be forced out of business.

The Disco-teen caters largely to youths under 18, meaning it is unlawful for them to dance without a legal guardian present.

Enforcement of the curfew, which touched off the initial backlash, combined with the later decision by the County Supervisors to withdraw youth permits. Teen



TEENS MASS ON THE SUNSET STRIP to protest curfew laws and dance regulations.

rioting along the Strip then became a national focal point.

The measure, the county's final, drastic effort to end youth dominance of Sunset, ended teen entrance and dancing in many of the clubs.

Without youth permits, the following establishments have been made in clubs catering to teens:

- No one under 21 is allowed in any establishment serving alcoholic beverages and not credited as a certified restaurant.

- Persons 18 to 21 are allowed to enter establishments serving alcoholic beverages so long as the establishment is also a certified restaurant. They are not allowed to dance, however, if the establishment does serve liquor.

- Persons under 18 may enter any establishment not serving alcoholic beverages but they cannot dance unless accompanied by a legal guardian.

Enforcement of the laws has taken a concentrated effort by the police department. As many as 250 patrolmen have been dispatched to the troubled area during recent rioting.

Their number couldn't match that of the protesters, however, who numbered up to 1,300 at times.

The rioting began rather insignificantly Nov. 11 when police first began enforcing the curfew law. Only a handful of teens protested that night, but their cause gained increased momentum the following weekend.

Massive sidewalk marches were organized as placard-carrying youths paraded down the Strip.

Despite an overall picture of non-violence, there were several beatings and cases of vandalism. Several automobiles were pelted with rocks and eggs and a city bus was seized and held by a mob for more than an hour.

Scores of teenagers were hauled to jail as a caravan of police paddy wagons patrolled the area. In all, more than 250 youths have been arrested.

Most, however, were released without reprimand.

On the fourth consecutive night of rioting, patrolmen successfully employed new tactics to disperse gatherings. Of the 1,200 partici-

ating teens, all but a handful had left the Strip shortly after 10 o'clock.

After 10:00, pedestrians were warned to "move on" any time a gathering occurred. Traffic, likewise, moved at a faster clip as motorcycle policemen directed the flow.

At 10:03 a police sound truck weaved through the congestion and broadcast:

"Attention! Attention! It is now past 10 p.m. The curfew law is now in effect. Anyone under the age of 18 years remaining in this area will be arrested!"

Nineteen arrests were made that night—cutting the total for the previous evening in half.

More recent protest marches have been free from violence, but have continued to garner large numbers of participants.

Should violence occur again this week, police fear the proceedings might get out of hand. Councilman Eugene Debs summed up the fears of the police department when he warned Sunset Strip is "a dangerous powderkeg—ready to explode."



LEE MALLORY, Valiant recording artist who recently released his first single, "That's The Way It's Going To Be," is appearing at the Ice House in Glendale with the Knack Dec. 6-18. You shouldn't miss it!

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# Simon And Garfunkel Selling Intellectualism

By Carol Deck

Intellectualism has always been an underground movement in America. It is something that the majority of people view as just a fad—like swallowing goldfish or wearing bell bottoms.

The small group of people who consider themselves or are considered "intellectuals" are a selfish lot with no desire to let the rest of the world in on what they've found. They just wait to sit and look down their noses at the poor, uninformed masses.

And one thing is very certain about intellectualism—you can't package it and sell it commercially. At least that's what they thought. But then two young men emerged from the New York folk scene and quietly set about disproving them.

## Megapolis Life

Using their own unlikely names—Simon and Garfunkel—they grew into a singing and writing duo and began producing some unique thoughts on the trials and joys of life in the megapolis.

Their songs were not the laments of adolescent love and rejection, but their songs sold to the same kids.

Their songs were about man's inability to communicate with man and they sold to teenagers who cry "nobody understands us." Their songs were about the alienation and loneliness of the Big City and

they sold to kids from New York to Mule Shoe, Texas.

And in their personalities they lived up to their music. They showed themselves to be rather intense, though hardly solemn young men with extensive educations and literary interests ranging from James Joyce to "kids who write on subway walls."

Paul Simon graduated from Queens College in New York with a degree in English literature and started making jaunts to Europe, becoming known over there as a singer and song writer of much merit.

## Finding Time

Art Garfunkel continued in graduate work at Columbia University but found time between exams, term papers and other demands of student life, to join Paul periodically.

But it wasn't until the release of "Sounds Of Silence" that America began to take notice of the two young men who were to prove that you can sell deep, intense intellectualism to the masses.

Suddenly, Paul Simon was right up there with Bob Dylan and people began to quote him almost as much, perhaps more some time, for whereas many people feel that Dylan's zone into himself and is writing very introspectively, Paul writes outside of himself.

Latest sample of their work is

"Hazy Shade Of Winter." Although the title sounds very Lovin' Spoonfulish the lyrics are definitely Paul Simon.

But the song that is being listened to and talked about on their latest album, "Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme."

It's titled "7 O'Clock News/ Silent Night" and it's simply a very beautiful rendition of "Silent Night" sung by the duo with a somewhat typical newcast over it.

The newcast is done by Charlie O'Donnell, Southern California disc jockey and announcer for "American Bandstand."

The effect of the newcast, including the murder of the nine nurses in Chicago, and the ever beautiful Christmas carol is stunning and chilling.

Many people, hearing the song on the radio for the first time, reach to adjust the radio dial thinking they're getting interference. By the time they realize that the interference is deliberate they become aware of what's happening on the record and are jarred out of it only when the DJ. must come in with his trivia.

The somewhat brutality of the record is unusual for Simon and Garfunkel but the simplicity of it is definitely their style.

Their songs are complete short stories and poems set to music.



... PAUL SIMON AND ART GARFUNKEL—INTELLECTUALS OF POP.

They aren't pop idols in the sense that young girls don't scream or faint at their appearance and they don't do many personal appearances because of Garfunkel's continuing studies and Simon's continuing search for material. It's almost as though Simon doesn't have time to stop

and perform what he's already written because he's already on to new ideas and realities.

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel have added a bit of class, a bit of depth, a bit of intelligence to the pop scene, and for that they deserve the respect so often denied people in the pop scene.

# The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Still not knowing whether the stranger was a boy or a girl, Robin flang her arms around he-she-and/or-it and wept.

"I can't believe it!" she blubbered thankfully. "A human being who wears such beautiful boots reads John Lennon books! Here, in the wilds of the hills!"

"Plains," corrected the stranger. Robin grimaced. "Would you believe plains without the L?"

The stranger laughed. "Otherwise known as getting the L out of the plains?"

"Amen!" Robin breathed reverently. Suddenly she sobbed (not as in up) (couldn't have everything). "I don't think I should be hugging you if you're a girl." Then she thought of George (of Jealous Gene fame). "And I know I hadn't better be hugging you if you're a boy."

The stranger relaxed again. "Relax, I'm a girl. I just don't look like one because I wear my hair like Ringo, except for the sides, of course. And also because I'm skinny and flagst chagested."

"Hah?" Robin inquired politely. "That's Liverpool backslang," the stranger explained. "I'll teach it to you later. Anyway, my name's Budgie. What's yours?"

"Budgie?" Robin roared. "As in big-fat-yellow?"

"The same," grinned Budgie. "It's really Francine, but never mind about that."

"I know just what you mean," said Robin Irene.

Within two minutes, R. and B. were fast (I'll say) friends, and they were soon looping down the street, trading life histories (white Ringo (as in Boy'd) brought up the rear. (No comment.) (There are times when I don't trust myself.) (I should join a large and disorderly crowd.)

Budgie's past didn't take much telling. She'd lived (lived?) in Pitchfork all her life, and had admittedly been "a real saddle-shoe" until the summer of 1965. That was when she'd run away from home. She had made it all the way to Minneapolis, and before her parents had come for her with a long rope, she'd managed to sneak into a Beale conce.

## Toward Mecca

"And I've never been the same," Budgie finished, clucking her boot heels together and bowing gratefully toward the Mecca. (Actually, not in a very good sense of direction, she really bowed toward Crab Grass, Iowa, but that's another story.) (You hope.)

Robin then launched into her fascinating (as in zzzzzzz) saga.

Course, she couldn't tell everything. If she started babbling on about her magic powers, she'd never get them back.

Dying to tell all about George, she exercised her will power (which sure needed the exercise) and settled for relating that she had a boyfriend back home who looked just like George Harrison.

## Marched

After she had revived Budgie (although Pauley was her fave Beate, Budgie felt obligated to honor the other three with an occasional faint), they marched on over to the Boyd house (literally, that is, while singing "Yellow Submarine" at the top of their ex-lungs) (try it sometime) (it can't hurt anything, you know—they've already decided to come for you.)

For the next two hours, they listened to Beate records. Then Mrs. Boyd took off her galvanized car muffs and asked Budgie to stay for dinner.

When her kind (of unavoidable) invitation had been accepted, Robin's mother went to the telephone to dial "Chicken Delight," but since the nearest location was in Cincinnati, and the food would probably be cold before it arrived, they ended up having more hot dogs.

After din-dins, Robin and Budgie went for a long walk in the country. (The town itself wasn't

long enough to take a short walk in.) (But it should only take one of the same, off an even shorter pier.)

This was the first time Robin had ventured (not as in ad) outside the house in the evening, and she was amazed by the deserted streets.

"Where is everyone?" she wailed. "It's only eight o'clock!"

Budgie shrugged. "Home waving samplers, probably."

"Creeps," Robin muttered.

"Not really," Budgie said after they'd trudged a few more miles. "Most of them are pretty nice. They're just out-of-it. I've tried to get through to them, but it's too big a job for one person."

Robin's ears stood straight up (which saved her the trouble of lecturing them about their terrible posture), and her eyes took on a familiar and fiendish glint. "I'll bet the two of us could . . ." she began.

" . . . live them up!" Budgie interrupted hysterically.

## Only Aligned

"Live Form Lown up if we put our alleged minds to it!" Robin added gleefully, not to mention modestly.

"Crazzzzy!" blared The Budgie. "When do we start?"

"Immediately," Robin blithered. "As in forward harch!"

As the strains (I'll say) of "Yel-

low Submarine" once again carried across the endless prairie, a shivering deer and a half-frozen antelope peered at play. They couldn't be sure it was a discouraging word they were hearing, but it was sure close enough, so they decided to overlook their differences and honeymoon in Miami.

When R. and B. got back to R's house, B. called her folks and whined a lot until they agreed to let her sleep over that night. (Would you believe that year?)

## Emancipation

Adjusting to Robin's room, they started making plans for the Emancipation of Pitchfork, but they were so tired from their frost-bitten safari, they fell asleep instead.

Robin was deep in a perfectly marvelous dream about George when Budgie gave her a poke.

"Hey, Rob?"

"Yeah, Budgie?"

"I don't wish to alarm you, but there's a Beale in this bedroom." Robin moaned sleepily. "The kind of bugs they have around here, it wouldn't surprise me if there was a tarantula in this bedroom."

Budgie started to explain that she didn't mean Beale-as-in-beetle, but she needn't have bothered. Robin sort of got the general idea when she felt her arm being yanked clean out of the socket.

(To Be Continued Next Issue)



# Americans Regain Pop Throne!

By Tammy Hitchcock  
Say anything you want about the music business. Call it any name in the book. And no matter what you say, you'll probably be at least partially correct. But never call it predictable. Because it is not.

It's short hair, Frankie Avalon, buck shoes, Danny and the Juniors, the bop, the Kingston Trio, look alike stage outfits, "Puff the Magic Dragon," and the Twist. Then it's a long span of zero when nothing happens and slowly it shrivels up until something has to give. And suddenly it's long hair, Beatles, accents, "come as you are," and "watch out, world, the British are coming."

And come they did. The skeptical said it was a "fad." You can call it that—but it's a fad which has taken almost three years to kill. Today, only nine survive the British triumph. Only nine English artists today are on the nation's record charts.

## Wide Open

Americans have broken the music scene wide open. The Four Tops made number one in England and the Beach Boys have knocked the Beatles from their British throne. New faces and old names have become neighbors on the charts. The Monkees, the Left Banke, Question Mark and the Mysterians have moved in next to the Four Seasons, Bobby Darin, the Supremes and Johnny Rivers.

The whole musical spectrum has spread itself out so that one no longer has to live in a specific bag to make it. Mitch Ryder is selling colored soul to a white audience; Johnny Rivers is selling pretty music to the jet set; Tommy Roe is selling Mickey Mouse songs to

somebody; the Association sold harmony to everyone and then switched to Gregorian chants; The Mothers smell bad but have a loyal following and a booster in the form of Eric Burdon. Electronic music sells but then so does "Born Free."

The ratio of long hair to popularity has narrowed so that ears are safe to show again. Long hair is still most definitely "in" but it is no longer a prerequisite to record sales. American audiences have matured sufficiently to judge records and entertainers on talent rather than appearance. The general attitude is "wear what you want, look grubby or clean—but have talent to back you up."

Rhythm 'n' blues, be it "commercial" or "straight," is now an integral part of the pop scene. Performers other than those from the Motown stable are appearing on the pop charts. James and Bobby Purify, J.J. Jackson and Lou Rawls ride next to the Supremes, Four Tops, Miracles and the Temptations.

Andy Warhol's Plastic Inevitable was a marvelous idea but turned out to be an experience rather than a habit. The curious flocked to see the light shows and underground movies and having satisfied their curiosity never returned. But their psychedelic musical counterparts have remained in a limited capacity. They probably won't take over the world but they'll rack up impressive sales at

cash registers while they last.

It is only fitting that the four men who launched the British attack have announced that they will no longer make personal appearances. With the Beatles officially declaring themselves out, speculation turns to the Stones who have been strangely silent these past months. While the Stones' American visits have been naturally limited, up until now, they have managed to keep themselves in the news by simply allowing Mick Jagger to open his mouth. Tact was never his virtue but his lack of it was an effective way to make sure the Stones were on the controversial side of the fence. The Mouth has not uttered a controversial statement since he left the U.S. last summer.

The third part of the triumvirate, Herman, never was too controversial but he offset his lack of headlines by making frequent visits to the U.S. . . . Herman obviously does not intend to sink with the ship and is, therefore, currently touring Stateside again.

Eric Burdon has emerged as a star in his own right by weathering

his "Animal storm" on the sheer strength and determination of his own personality. He took his professional life into his own hands by dumping his group but won the gamble when "Help Me Girl" was released. Ironically enough, the record promises to be one of his biggest sellers despite the fact that it followed immediately on the heels of his announcement that he was turning hippy and would soon be dumping his "second Animal brigade."

## Broken Rules

Everywhere you look, rules are being broken and dissenters are coming out ahead. The Lovin' Spoonful are nationally popular despite themselves. Their total disregard for convention causes people to shudder and yet they turn out hit after hit. The law of the music business decrees that in order to be successful one must not stagnate in one part of the country. Move out and conquer new lands. The Spoonful don't believe it for a minute. They practically hibernate in New York, leaving for a tour only when they are forced to. Their fans are hard-put to remember exactly when they last saw the group "live." Yet, the rain keeps falling on the roof.

However, "stay at home" is not the order of the day for all performers. The Raiders tried staying put and that is exactly where their careers stayed. They took to the road and now they're a top group.

With new groups and single artists coming on strong, oldies refuse to be left out. And come-backs are officially "in," especially with Bobby Darin and Tommy Roe. Darin is, admittedly, an extremely talented performer. He broke into the business via the teen market, then moved on to capture the adult audiences. He spent a good many years raking in the money in the nation's top adult clubs. Then "If I Were A Carpenter" and Bobby's back selling records to the teens.

Tommy Roe dates back to "Sheila." "Everybody," and then a lot of years of nothing. He was all but forgotten when out of nowhere came "Sweet Pea." A catchy but definitely Mickey Mouse sound. Tommy knew the hazards involved in falling into a Mickey Mouse bag but he took his chances with a girl named "Hazel" and made it two hits in a row.

## Anything Goes

And so goes today's scene. It's as mixed and wide-open as it can possibly be. It's the long hair and "wear anything" Mama's and Papa's; the studio made, session-musician-aided Monkees; the suit and tie, harmony conscious Association; Frank Sinatra's "Life;" the surf, hot-rod, vibrations of the Beach Boys; the cool soul of Lou Rawls; the strings of Johnny Rivers; the old souseville sound; the psychedelic world of Frank Zappa; and the good time of the Lovin' Spoonful.

What's to come tomorrow? A change. But a change to what no one knows for sure.



BEAT Photo: Robert Cooper



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd



... MICKEY MOUSE OF ROE



... MUSICIAN HELPED MONKEES

... GOOD TIME SPOONFUL

... STRINGS OF RIVERS

... HIP MAMA'S & PAPA'S

# PICTURES in the NEWS



BEAT Photo: Chuck Stout

**BILL COSBY** has been awarded an entire month by Warner Brothers' Records in honor of Bill's recent great achievement for winning four Gold Records.



BEAT Photo: Howard L. Hughes

**JOHN LENNON'S** FINISHED his solo movie stint and is now back in London.



BEAT Photo: Robert Carter

**SONNY AND CHER** ARE spearheading an innovation in recording techniques by hiring ten non-professional young people to sing background for Cher's latest single, "Mama."



BEAT Photo: Don Dennis

**HERB ALPERT** grossed \$221,685 in a seven-performance concert but played during halftime at USC-Notre Dame game for nothing.



BEAT Photo: Howard L. Hughes

**RAY CHARLES** was fined \$10,000 and given a five year suspended sentence on a narcotic charge to which Charles pleaded guilty. He was placed on four year probation.

## TEEN PANEL

# Unidentified Flying Objects: Yes Or No?

In this issue, teenagers talk about what everyone else seems to be discussing these days—the possibility that UFO's are actually be visitors from outer space.

The following is a number of teen opinions on this subject, gathered by a roving BEAT reporter. Stay tuned to THE BEAT for a teen panel session on this same subject soon.

If you would like to participate on this or other future panels, or would like to suggest a possible topic of group conversation, please send a postcard to THE BEAT.

\*\*\*

P.L. (15)—"It would be easier for me to believe this if it weren't for the type of person who goes around saying there's life on other planets. Most of these people are nuts. I hate to be classed with them."

### Not Probable

W.H. (18)—"It's possible that 'flying saucers' are space ships from other worlds, but it's not probable."

D.S. (17)—"I just heard about a group of people from California who went out into the desert and actually 'communicated' with space ships. They couldn't see or hear them, but they just 'knew' they were out there, and were able to communicate. Not with words, with thoughts. Hundreds of people went. It was some kind of convention. I'm beginning to wonder. Maybe something is out there.

How could that many people be crazy?"

J.P. (15)—"We're making a joke of UFO's and we shouldn't. It really burned me when I read that the Byrds took out an insurance policy just in case someone out there took them up on their invitation in the song "Mr. Spaceman." It makes the whole thing sound like a joke and it's not. It's not funny. Who are we to say there couldn't be other civilizations or cultures? If there are, they must really be laughing at us. We just don't know, that's why we have to joke. Underneath, a lot of people are really worried."

L.H. (14)—"I used to wonder about flying saucers until I saw a TV program that showed new inventions like planes that rise straight into the air and wild-looking contraptions that really look like something from another world. If I'd seen one of those things in the sky instead of on television, I'd have started yelling 'flying saucer!' I'd have yelled 'flying saucer!' to everyone I saw these films. It's the people who don't know about the latest advances who get all shook up."

T.G. (19)—"I saw a flying saucer, or a flying something, when we were on vacation in the Mid-West a few years ago. It was at night and a very bright light crossed the sky from horizon to horizon in just a matter of seconds. It was followed by a weird sound and a sudden burst of wind. I called the airport and they admitted there hadn't been any scheduled planes in the

area, but they hadn't seen what I saw, and they just laughed. I didn't laugh and I'm still not laughing."

W.M. (16)—"There's so much government hush-hush about UFO's, no one really knows the whole story. They're afraid people would panic, and they probably would. If the objects are from other planets, then they're far more advanced than we are, and should have enough sense to stay home. I wouldn't blame them for coming around, though. It must be interesting for them to watch us destroying ourselves."

### Friendly

F.W. (16)—"If they're out there, they're friendly, or at least peaceful. They've proved that by not attacking us. I don't think they exist, but if they do, I'm not afraid of them. They're centuries ahead of us scientifically, so they must be as far ahead personally and aware that war and fighting solves nothing."

D.D. (15)—"I'd give anything if a space ship would land right on my front lawn. The whole thing just fascinates me, and I'd love to see it with my own eyes. I think more people are feeling this way—more curious instead of terrified. If life does exist on other planets, I don't think they'll land on earth until enough people calm down. If they didn't wait, a big hysterical scene would develop. But when they do, I sure hope they land at my house. I feel the same way about nuclear warfare. If they drop

a bomb, I hope it falls on me because I don't want to live in the kind of world that would let a thing like that happen."

G.Y. (18)—"The saucer scare is nothing but a farce. It's a way for people to amuse themselves and occupy themselves so they won't have to cope with reality. Look at TV—many of the popular shows are fantasies. It's just a way of adding a little color and excitement. It's easier than trying to change their dull little lives on their own."

R.K. (17)—"I'd rather not even discuss the subject. If enough kids say they don't discount the possibility of visitors from outer space, people are going to start equating flying-saucer-nuts with teenagers, and that'll give them another reason to put us down. They forget that this generation is actively involved in science at school, and that we're more aware of the subject. It's something new to them and it's just a part of life to us. Sure there might be life on other planets, but you say that and you're immediately branded as a kook by people who are too set in their ways to let new ideas penetrate."

### Space Pilot

J.S. (16)—"My father is interested in UFO's, but he doesn't go overboard about it. He has a friend who swears he's actually seen a transcript of a conversation that the government had with a space ship 'pilot' years ago. He says—my dad's friend—that this infor-

mation hasn't been released to the public for obvious reasons. Everyone would get into a panic, and we have enough problems already. Other things like this have happened, but we never get to hear about them. This particular conversation wasn't very informative because it was so hard to hear what was being said, and the person (or whatever) could speak only a few words of English. But communication was made, verbal communication, and the person didn't speak with an accent that was recognizable from any language or dialect we have on earth. I know this sounds completely ridiculous, but this man has a doctorate in the space field and he knows what he's talking about. He's not a weirdo, either. I'm getting very interested in all this myself."

R.J. (15)—"This subject is just like religion. No one can prove there's a God and no one can

### Like Religion

prove there isn't. It's the same with UFO's. Unidentified Flying Objects do exist, but no one can prove they are or aren't from outer space."

T.N. (19)—"I read where people have almost destroyed the property owned by some man who says a space ship landed near his home. To me, that's a lot crazier than believing in little green men. I hope there is life on other planets. Maybe they can give us a few pointers."

G.L. (17)—"Some of my best friends are from outer space."





... MUSIC MACHINE TALKING ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK!

## Music Machine: Grim or Grinning?

By Rochelle Reed

They're a grim-looking group. They dress in all-black, wear one glove apiece and their dark hair is cut in similar bowl-like styles. They've yet to give a toothy grin.

But the Music Machine, who sing that "my name is really Mud," have that pie-in-the-eye smile and for a good reason! Their recording of "Talk Talk," until now just a California coast hit, is growing into a nationally popular disc.

Just this week, "Talk Talk" debuted at 100 on U.S. music charts. Reminiscent of Stones-Yardbirds-Who, the recording might very well hit the top 10 if California trends are an indication of national trends.

So now that the Machine is starting to make it really big, *BEAT* has been receiving anxious inquiries saying "tell us more!" And here goes:

**Sean Bonniwell** is the lead vocalist and master of singing "Oh... ooohhh... OOOOHHHH" at opportune moments. Born Thomas Sean Bonniwell on a Friday morning in 1942, he is a native of San Francisco. Sean is the leader of the Machine as well as writer of the group's material. He plays rhythm guitar, organ, trumpet and bass. If this seems like a heavy load, Sean disagrees. He loves actively and says, "the more you have to do, the less trouble you get into."

**Keith Olsen** entered rock 'n' roll via the Jimmy Rogers bag, for whom he used to play bass. Through Rogers, he met Chad and Jeremy who in turn introduced him to Galt Griffith. Sean hired him on the spot.

### Unfulfilled

Keith says he enjoyed his early years with Rogers and Gale but felt unfulfilled as an entertainer and musician. He found his notch, with the Machine he says and adds, "the group's standards are so high it takes all the dedication and hard work in me to keep up with the high ideals that make the Music Machine."

Though Keith's statement may sound a little syrupy in print, the Minneapolis-born musician (1943) really means it.

Ron Laver, like Keith, was born in Minneapolis but a year later (1944). Ron started out playing drums in the jazz bag and spent several years studying percussion

techniques and playing with jazz bands around Minneapolis. He met Sean in 1962 and decided to join the Machine.

"I thought I had found my direction in jazz drums," he says, "but something was missing. I know now that that something was belonging to a unit with a direction. In the Machine, I find a sense of contribution, dedication and a feeling that's kind of like being the axle of a wheel. That wheel works hard, and I'm happy to be a part of it."

**Mark Landon**, 22, shares Ron and Keith's regard for the Machine. "I've played lead guitar before, or thought I did anyway," he says. "When I joined the group though it wasn't long before I discovered what was expected of me. For the first time in my life I knew what dedication meant. I found out what it means to feel pride in my work. The Machine has changed my life, and it's great."

### Unusual life

Mark has an unusual life to change. Born Mark Zarek Landon, he is of Russian descent but came into the world (of all places) in China. Possibly because of his background, Mark has many varying pleasures and dislikes. He always has something to say, and usually knows what he's talking about. An excellent drummer, he's also fairly easy-going, something which attracted Sean. Mark was only in Los Angeles a short time before Sean drafted him into the Machine.

**Doug Rhodes**, born in Palo Alto in 1945, is sometimes called "Dusty." You name an instrument and he can play it. He concentrates on organ, harmonica and occasionally the Music Machine, but usually pulls out guitar and bass as well.

The rest of the group call Doug "The Old Chord Master," a nickname Sean pinned on him after he began dissecting Sean's chord changes.

"It can't be done," he says, "I never know what's coming next." As for the Machine, he adds, "musically it's refreshing, and the demanding standards are challenging and rewarding."

Though Sean, Keith, Ron, Mark and Doug may think of themselves as a Machine, it's in name only. Like a tree, they have the internal unity it takes to make a hit.

# Rawls 'Live' At Tahitian Recalls 'Death' In Florida

By Louise Criscione

Lou Rawls was definitely "live" on the floor of the Royal Tahitian as he opened a week-long stand at the famous Polynesian night spot. He had only a piano, a bass and a set of drums to back him up—but that was all he needed as he cleverly induced his audience to applaud, to laugh and to clap along with the "blues" singer who spent five years in the "up and coming" category.

"I don't ever want to get too far away from the blues," Rawls told his standing-room-only audience so no one was surprised when his cool soul burst into "St. James Infirmary." But when he easily switched to "On A Clear Day" and then into a beautiful rendition of "The Shadow Of Your Smile" he set the capacity crowd into frenzied applause.

### Encore

For well over an hour, Rawls entertained with his boyish charm, his quick wit and his tremendous voice. It was only natural, then, that the audience refused to let Lou leave the stage—so, with deafening applause and shouts of "more, more" Rawls returned for an encore and immediately launched into his famous "Tobacco Road" monologue. It was then that the audience had a hard time deciding if it should laugh or cry.

If you've never heard it, Lou does at least fifteen minutes on the "Tobacco Road" which is situated in Chicago's "hills" where Lou was raised and the "Road" that he knows the best. When he speaks of the poverty located on Chicago's South Side, he does it in such a way that your natural instinct is to laugh. But what he is saying is not funny—and if you were to analyze it you can almost hear Rawls say: "Let my people go."

During the press conference following the show, Lou was asked whether or not he was bothered by people laughing at the satire in his "Tobacco" monologue. "It doesn't bother me because people who accept it as a comedy skit really don't want to accept it as reality. They look at you like this," continued Lou, wrinkling his nose and appearing about nineteen, "then they pick up the papers in the morning and see it all over the front page. And they still ask me, 'Hey, man, is that true?'"

### "Dead"

Before coming into the solo spotlight, Lou spent time working with the Pilgrim Travelers, a famed gospel group. In November, 1958, he was performing a gig at the corner of 3 a.m. when he was seriously injured in an auto accident which left him "dead for five days."

When Lou was released from the hospital, he had no memory at all but his manager, J.W. Alexander, insisted that he continue performing. "I was on stage in Hollandale, Florida, singing 'Over And Over' when I came to my senses," recalled Lou. "That was weird! I had a bandage on my head and my hair had all been shaved off."

After returning to Rawls on record and then seeing him perform "live" the question was presented as to why he chose a small back-



... LOU RAWLS — COOL SOUL OF "ST. JAMES INFIRMARY."

group for his performances. "I personally prefer a small band," answered Lou. "It gives me more freedom. With a big band you look yourself in—too much freedom then leaves you completely outside."

### Not Talking

Lou was every bit as impressive at the press conference as he was on stage. It was something of a special night at the Tahitian as roughly 20 high school editors and reporters were invited to Lou's opening. At the press conference, they were, perhaps, a little awed at being so close to Lou or perhaps it marked the first real press conference for many. At any rate, they

seemed unable to find many questions to ask Lou—so he did a turn-around and questioned them!

In fact, Lou became so enthralled in talking to the teenagers that he had to almost be physically dragged away for the second show! Even as he was leaving, Lou kept turning back to talk to the students in an attempt to thank each one of them personally for coming. Over and over, he was heard to say: "Thanks for coming; I hope you enjoyed the show."

He had to be kidding, of course. How could anyone help but be awed at the kind of show Lou Rawls puts on? Unless you were blind and deaf, that is.

## DISCUSSION

By Edna

My pick of the week this column has got to be the new rendition of "Hey Joe," recorded by Tim Rose. He sounds like a cross between Hoyt Axton and Barry McGuire (if you're ready for that!), although it is entirely possible that behind this gravel-voiced balladeer lies a beautiful voice.

The lyrics to this song have never been outstanding representatives of thought or communication, the tune is certainly not one of the most beautiful—but this new version is absolutely great. The record has a great "feel," and there is a definite emotional appeal in the arrangement as well as an excellent drum background. This one has to be a hit.

Another surprise hit this week comes to us from the Monkees. These boys are not renowned for their true music abilities or creative talents, however they have come up with their best release to date.

"I'm A Believer" is, first of all, a great song—thanks to composer, Neil Diamond—and the Monkees have a very good arrangement going for them, as well as some excellent A&R work (compliments of Dave Hassinger) aiding their efforts. Most surprising thing of all is that they have even managed to get a little bit of soul into the disc. My only regret is that it wasn't recorded first by the Beatles, who could have really taken care of business, or perhaps even its author, Neil Diamond, who's in charge of the corporation in the first place!

Have to admit that there are a lot of "Good Things" going on this week, and aside from the Raiders' hit of the same name, watch out for a beautiful tune called "Miranda," written by Phil Ochs, recorded by the Gentle Soul.

## 'VIBRATIONS'

(Continued from Page 6)

Immediately seeing the error of his youthful ways, Brian G. agreed and said: "C'mon David Carrot, let's go find that celery!" And suddenly from deep within, Michael Spinach encouraged: "Hurry up, man—find that celery and eat it. I'm lonely in here!"

Brian burped compassionately and exclaimed: "We've got to get out of this tomato!"

## PART II

Brian uttered, "Ooops—I just fell into your swimming pool, and the fact that I have on a Super Face Mask and a pair of Pro Swim Fins is merely *inconspicuous!*"

Just then, Hal Blaine vigorously beat a blue-eyed path to the swimming pool and pointing doggedly at Brian Gemini screamed: "Get out of my Chicken Soup before I get sore and call the cops!"

So, watching the nice looking young man (whose hair was always combed neatly in place) Brian thoughtfully went like this: "OK—let's hear that one more time, but a little bit louder this time. And, hold it right there while I call Guy Webster!"

## PART III.

- THE END -



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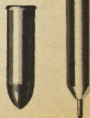
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# For Girls Only

by Shirley Pastan

Welcome to Blither Junction. Before I start raving on (I've ever stopped?), must tell you that Judy Manx has done it again! If you recall, some time ago she illustrated a whole chapter of Robin Irene Boyd. Well, she's done it again! (Oh, I already said that.) (Which figures.)

Two problems ensue. How to ever thank her for sending me these fabulous goodies. How to manage it so all of you can have a look at them. Will start working on solving both instantaneously!

Another thank you. To the girl who sent me the poem she wrote about "Mortie The Camel." I hope you won't mind, but it was so hilarious, I just had to send a copy of it to someone who seems to have "influenced" your writing (not to mention mine.) Namey, Big John. (As in... moon.)

### Unfortunately

I think I mentioned previously that I know someone who knows him quite well, and since that someone just left for England, I sent "Mortie" with him. Unfortunately, I can't print the poem here. It isn't bad or anything. It just discusses another of the many subjects adults don't think we know about, and why shatter our C.C. (as in cool, calm) image, I always say.

Oh, more thanks. This time to you who answered my question about whether there is or isn't a Beatle record called "Sweet Georgia Brown." There is! It's on a British album (one I've never even heard of) (do you ever get the feeling that I just got off the boat?) (as in, what's up, dock?) (Gawd!) Anyway, the album is called "The Amazing Young Beatles." Just as soon as my keeper will let me out, I'll see if it's possible to buy the album in this country, and let you know.

### Re-Help!

There's another Beatle song I've been meaning to ask you about for centuries. Several times on the radio (guess what station) (plugs!) I swear I'll say: I've heard the Beatles singing "Shout!" Am I obviously out of my mind (never answer that question), or is this maybe a track from the same album or what? Has anyone else heard it? Re-Help!

Well, the Beatles (which I hardly swear to) (not), I'm naturally a little embarrassed about the way I blithered in the last issue, but I did mean what I said, so I guess it's now getting a little read around the girls when I think about it.

I shouldn't say this, but I'm going to swear too long ago. I've heard about half mad at George P. Harrison. (Would you believe one-fourth

mad?) I read one of his comments (in *THE BEAT*) (re-plug, plug) where he said something about everything they (the Beatles) have done so far being "rubbish."

At first I thought, "thanks a lot, fella," on account of this doesn't say much for his opinion of my taste in music and/or men (as in him). But I got to thinking about it, and I feel I know why he said it. Just from talking to a few people who traveled with the Beatles this summer, I've found out that George wasn't in that you'd call an ecstatic mood during the tour, and I can't say I blame him. At the time it's happening, a tour probably seems like a horrible drag, except for those few moments when they finally get to a stage and can do what they came for.

He was probably in a bad humor when he made the remark, and there's something else I'd never even thought of. Have you ever realized that none of the Beatles understand what they've accomplished? Sure, they know they've become huge stars and had hit after hit, but the accomplishments I'm referring (referring?) (I am an excellent speller) is the difference they've made in people.

### Feel It

In order to realize and understand that impact, you almost have to have felt it yourself. It isn't something you can explain, and it's too far inside for it to show on the outside. The Beatles know we scream for them, but I don't think they know the real reason why we scream. They couldn't possibly, because every scream has a different meaning, because it's coming from a different person.

Someday, for the Beatles' sake, I hope someone will put their impact into words, and explain to them how they not only changed us, but started something new that could change the whole world. So many of you put something like this on your letters to me... "The Beatles Equal Love" or "The Beatles Are Love."

### "I Wonder"

Well, I know what that means, and how it feels, and so do you or you wouldn't say it. But do you know what it means and how it feels? I really wonder. I don't think they do.

God, I hope someone will be able to tell them someday. Not just how she was affected. How all of us were. I think it would matter to them terribly.

Oh, Shirley, for crying in a pail, will you stop awready?

Remember the "stream of consciousness" games I was babbling about a few columns back? Well, here's a brand new one. I've already tried it and...zap!

Say you're a George Fan (I.L.L.SAY). Well, what do you is get yourself into a George mood. Then, while you're still thinking of him very intensely, think of a color. Then write down what flashes through your mind (alleged.)

To give you an idea, the following is what a friend of mine wrote down while thinking of John Lennon and the color red: "Two cigarettes glowing in the dark... a small boy watching in wonder as the first sunset he's ever noticed scrubs a dirty city... a shirt he wore once... a color my mind sees when they won't let him speak his."

Man, how poetic can you get? My stream of consciousness things seem rather puny by comparison, but then, is anyone perfect? (I ask you.) (But, once again, do not answer!)

### Anygoat?

Anygoat (just kidding) (oh, good grief), it's a fun game plus. If I've got up the nerve, I'll tell you some of the stuff I wrote down about Gageorge (as in gageorgeous). I'm sure you're just dying to hear them. So, no doubt, are the postal inspectors.

Since I have been warned to keep this column down to sensible (by all means) proportions, and I'm gable on for seven thousand pages, I'd better end this mess for now.

Yours for bigger and better heavy-duty jungle-wavee nets!



... THE YOUNGBLOODS

## The Youngbloods—Hair, Hunger And Harmonicas

They call themselves the Youngbloods and they have out a ridiculously original song called "Grizzly Bear," but when you get to know them you can't imagine how they ever got together much less stayed together.

There's Jesse Colin Young, dark

haired and kind of off-hand handsome. The group collected around Jesse, but he says he is not their leader—they don't have one.

Jesse was a moderately successful folk singer and song writer, appearing in a Boston coffee house when a lean young man with a long mane of hair strolled in.

He was Jerry Corbett and he gradually began backing Jesse on guitar and harmonica and even did a little singing with him.

"Jerry lives in a dream," says Jesse. "He always leaves his harmonicas on stage, and somebody always takes them and he always comes back and says, 'Hey, somebody took my harmonicas,' and he's always surprised."

The idea of the Youngbloods came nearer to reality when they met Joe Bauer, their polite and mysterious drummer.

"This little short-haired character from Memphis had just come to Boston looking for Jerry," Jerry recalls. "He was hungry and we were hungry and that's how we got Joe."

But Joe was a jazz drummer, while the group was developing in a rock and roll direction with tinges of rhythm and blues. So Joe practically re-learned to play drums. "He sure learned good," says Jerry.

The group was completed with the addition of Banana (yes, Banana) who was originally a blues-rag banjo player but had lead his own rock group as guitarist and vocalist.

With the Youngbloods he took up another new instrument, the electric piano that has now become a major factor in the Youngblood's sound.

For six months the four worked and experimented together, then, with the aid and encouragement of their manager, Herbert S. Gart, and executives at RCA, they came forth with their first single, and started on that long, grueling road to success.

## How Well Do You Know The Field Of Popular Music??

Test your pop knowledge by seeing how many of these questions you can answer correctly. Then brag a lot.

1. Jim Valley, now a member of the Raiders, was formerly a member of which of the following groups? (a) Dan & The Goodtimes, (b) Don & The Goodtimes, (c) The Syndicate of Sound.
2. There's quite a substantial rumor going around that the "voice" that appears behind Donovan on "Mellow Yellow" is actually (a) Eric Burdon, (b) John Lennon, (c) Paul McCartney.
3. The composer of "If I Were A Carpenter" is using this song as the back-up side on his own record titled "Hang On To A Dream." His name is (a) Bob Lind, (b) Tim Hardin, (c) P.F. Sloan.
4. Keith, the singer with no last name is actually (a) Barry Keefler, (b) Keith Allison, (c) Barry Keith.
5. Which of the following groups is now back together again? (a) The Dovells, (b) Dion & The Belmonts (c) M.F.Q.
6. Which of the following groups just had their first number one single in England? (a) Beach Boys, (b) Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels, (c) The Four Tops.
7. What pop group warbles in Woody Allen's zany movie "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (a) Revere's Raiders, (b) Lovin' Spoonful, (c) The Left Banke.
8. Which of these groups now has the number one record album in the country? (a) Beatles, (b) Rolling Stones, (c) Monkees.
9. Tony Hatch produces Petula Clark's records and also helps her write many of her songs. What relation are Tony and Pet? (a) Husband and wife, (b) brother and sister, (c) none.
10. Which of the following pop stars has been drafted and leaves for UncleSam'sVille soon? (a) Johnny Rivers, (b) Neil Diamond, (c) Gary Lewis.

### QUIZ ANSWERS

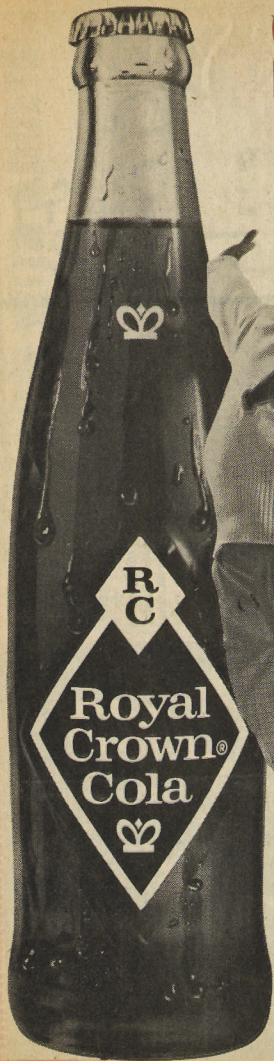
- 1-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 2-c (The Four Tops)
- 3-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 4-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 5-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 6-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 7-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 8-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 9-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)
- 10-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Chiffons who are saying I have a record out soon.)

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*Edition*

# BEAT

DECEMBER 31, 1966

happy new year!



# Jagger, Richard Sign For Million STONES' MOVIE OFF?

Individual members of the Rolling Stones scored big financial victories last week but it now appears the group has suffered a final setback on its long-awaited movie.

While Mick Jagger and Keith Richard were signing a new \$1,000,000 American writing deal, London sources were speculating on plans for "Only Lovers Left Alive" to be junked.

### No Reason

The Stones were due to start work on the film last month, but no one could give an official concrete explanation for the delay. As far as we know," said a spokesman for the British Film Institute, "the film has not gotten past the project stage yet."

Stones manager Andrew Oldham was unavailable for comment last week but a spokesman for Decca Records said: "The whole matter is surrounded by legalities. As far as we know, there have been no new developments."

If the movie has not been scrapped, it will probably be the middle of next year before filming begins.

Jagger and Richard, meanwhile, have continued to remain successful on their own. Their \$1,000,000 contract, negotiated by Allen Klein, ties up the popular song-writing team for the next three years.

The guarantee against royalties was set through the Giddison Music firm in America. The Stones retain their British publishing firm, Mirage Music, which they own with Oldham.

Responsible for the bulk of the Rolling Stones major hits, Jagger and Richard will control all of future copyrights under the new deal. The guaranteed \$1,000,000 comes in the form of advances.

### Contrast

This procedure is in direct contrast to at least one other prominent case in which the writers involved, though obtaining the same guarantee figure of \$1,000,000, actually surrendered the rights to their songs.

Jagger and Richard have been highly successful with material not only for the Stones but for other artists as well.

## PROPOSED BEATLE FILM 'NOT ABOUT POP GROUP'

Don't look for the Beatles' forthcoming movie to change their long image.

Because, once again, the Beatles won't be acting like Beatles.

Film Producer Walter Shenson

arrived in California last week and though reluctant to talk about the long-awaited flick, admitted "it's not about a pop group."

"For over a year I've looked at ideas from distinguished writers

and playwrights, but Owen Holders' two-page idea was the only one I—and the boys—liked," Shenson said.

Shenson said filming would "hopefully" begin in February.



MICK JAGGER AND KEITH RICHARD are obviously happy over just signing a one million dollar writer's deal.

## Beach Boys Lift Beatles' World Crown

Indications of the approach of an entirely new era were revealed when the Beach Boys replaced the Beatles as the world's most outstanding group in an annual poll taken by an English magazine.

The Beach Boys' victory marked the first time in three years the Beatles have failed to win the top position—and furthered America's

claim as the pop citadel of the world.

The Beach Boys' drew 5,321 votes compared to the Beatles' 5,221. Despite losing their world crown, the Beatles drew an easy victory over the Rolling Stones for the most outstanding group in England.

The Beach Boys' victory wasn't

entirely unexpected. The reaction they received on their recent tour of England was reminiscent of the furor caused by the Beatles several years ago.

But the Beatles haven't toured England for nearly a year and it has been months since their last release. The Beach Boys, meanwhile, sold more than 300,000

copies of "Good Vibrations" in England alone.

Had their emergence as the world's top group affected the six Californians? "The group was in good shape for what happened to them in England," said leader Brian Wilson, who didn't make the recent English tour.

It is very inspiring," he added. "It's a great lift to the group."

Brian said the award would possibly affect the respect the group commands, but probably would not alter their recording and stage performances.

"But," Brian concluded, "the guys are getting stronger and stronger."

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BEACH BOYS Mike Love and Carl Wilson meet the 4 Tops in London where both groups were on a smash tour

## Movie Script Big Decision For Monkees

The Monkees were already discussing plans for their first movie last week as they arrived back in California from their smash personal appearance tour of Hawaii.

Still in search of a suitable script, the boys agreed that after their unique TV series they would have to be highly selective.

"We want it to be as different a movie," said Micky Dolenz, "as the series was to TV. And we want to bring back a lot of the old Hollywood glamour and excitement with it."

The foursome first realized their national popularity when they were greeted by a mob scene on their first outing in Hawaii.

Back in California, however, Mike Nesmith admits the Monkees still have a way to go. He was refused admittance at Marlon's in Hollywood.

"I agree I looked kinda scruffy in a blue jean jacket and with this long hair," he said. "That's why I asked if we could come in. When they said no, we went to the Villa Capri!"



# Letters

TO  
THE  
EDITOR

## BEATLES RIGHT TO MOVE

Dear BEAT:

Of late, there has been much controversy over the Beatles... a rare they lazy, arrogant, splitting up and so forth ad nauseum. I speak in defense of the Beatles and I speak for their right to choose the way of life that will make them happiest.

The impact of the Beatles on our new music has been, to say the least, profound. They ushered in a new sound and helped to pioneer and develop it. They have more than satisfied their fans and followers with one of the finest sets of records ever produced.

It is my belief that their latest album, "Revolver," was truly one of the great musical accomplishments of history, ranking with such as Offspring's "Carma Barana," Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," the Congolese Mass "Miss Luba" and the glorious achievements of the Baroque and High Renaissance periods. Many people consider the record truly holy and beautiful. Many feel that the only way that the Beatles can excel their performance is with the production of a symphony or an opera.

In order to do this, they must have a chance to work in the media necessary for their own satisfaction. The Beatles have transcended the pop-rock world and have taken to themselves true stature as artists.

While the artist is bound to his public and to the spirit of his times, he is bound just as strongly to his artistic vision. And the truly visionary Beatles have as much right to the development of their art for their own fulfillment as have any of us.

I say that if the Beatles choose to part, to progress in the arts or in their personal lives as they will, the choice is theirs and well-earned. We owe them much, for they have brought joy and a new vitality to the music and literature of our age, and now is the time to salute them, wishing them well in whatever undertakings they may pursue.

Sebastopol James  
Asst. Director of Festivals

## THAT'S LIFE

Dear BEAT:

I like everyone else in their right mind, am an Association fan. It was a year ago December that I first saw them. And for all their success I am happy to say that they are today still just as wonderful as they were that Wednesday when I first spoke with them.

Due to circumstances beyond my control, I must sadly state that they wouldn't remember me if they all fell over at the same time. However, that's life.

I would also appreciate it if you would give a little public recognition to two people that are very close to the magnificent six. They are Gaye Beacom (fan club president) and Pete (their "band boy"). Gaye and Pete are two of the grooviest people in the world and it's about time that tribute was paid to the "behind the scenes" people.

Thank you and keep up the good work.

Maureen Sullivan

## HAPPENINGS

Dear BEAT:

We would just like to let you know how great your paper is. When we hear rumors or stories about anyone (especially the Beatles) we don't worry—we simply wait until our copy of *THE BEAT* arrives. Then we know for sure what's happening.

Although the whole paper is so full of interesting news of the pop world, the best feature is still Robin Boyd. Please give Shirley Poston our congratulations and tell her to keep up the good work.

Teresa & Mary Connor

## P.A.T.A.

## MONKEYS

Dear BEAT:

Once again I take pen in hand (which is mainly better than taking pen in foot) to write you with still more suggestions for P.A.T.A.—Monkee style.

People are talking about how differently people treat Davy from that time he came to California to promote "Pickwick" and only Tom Frandsen noticed him... How much Micky's changed since his days as Mike Swain, Missing Link, when he used to be "quiet" and admitted the type of girl he likes (college girl, 5'2", shoulder length blonde hair)... Mike's real opinion of wool hats... Saving old thread because Peter might have had a part in making it... How funny it is that a certain magazine spent four pages telling the world that The Monkees would never be as big as the Beatles ("synthetic") and then had an advice column called "Dear Monkees" in the same issue... Other people worrying about whether or not "The Monkees" would be cancelled when the show has sponsors until May and NBC never having been that stupid... Whether or not Peter is the real Midnight Skulker.

Please keep printing more things on the Monkees. They're groovy.

Linda Delker

## BEAUTIFUL JOB

Dear BEAT:

It's hard for any true Beatle fan to realize and believe that they are really breaking up. I think Shirley Poston did a beautiful job of expressing her, and millions of other people's feelings, toward them and I'd like to thank her for writing it.

We used to think no one understood us, but I guess they do.

Candy & Friends

## SUMMATION OF PROTEST

Dear BEAT:

I would like to get my two cents in about Simon and Garfunkel's new song, "Seven O'Clock News/Silent Night." I think this song sums up all of the protest songs. It is not loud and brassy like those of Barry McGuire and Bob Dylan and others. It very calmly places its points on the table, so speak, so that you can come to your own conclusions. I think people get more out of this than those others.

Ken Moore

## THANKS FOR...

Dear BEAT:

I love your groovy paper. Thanks for the fab stories and pix on the Association and Herman. Please print some stories about my faves, Paul Revere and the Raiders, Joey Paig, Steve Alamo, the Seeds and how about a feature on the Action Kids?

About the Beatles breaking up: I hope you can make it up with them happy when their fans have no right to expect them to do anything else.

Keep up the good work and thanks.

Carl Janowitz

## ASSOCIATION ANNIVERSARY

Dear BEAT:

First, I want to thank you for all of the groovy Association fans you have accumulated over the past year. It all started out approximately one year ago when you printed an article on the Association entitled, "Meet The Association — Agents of G.R.O.O.V.E." This, in my opinion, was a very good feature article, especially when the guys weren't even known, much less discovered!

I'm not on this to praise your paper or to write a bunch of rubbish just to get this printed—as it doesn't work that way. You have to be sincere and dedicated to get anywhere.

I do want to say that if you give a group of hard-working, honest, intelligent and, above all, talented guys (like the Association) a chance they are going to come up and be a group to be looked up to by people instead of looked down upon. You did this and did it by being sincere and dedicated.

They've come a long way since their high school dance and Ice House' days. They deserve every bit of credit that they are getting. You're doing everything you can to see to this. I'm grateful and can vouch for all the rest of their Associated followers.

We love them for what they are. Their music and talent is just as much a part of them as their inevitably wonderful personalities. They're groovy and, let's face it, there will never be another group to compare with them and their ultra-raw sincerity toward their fans. They've got the integrity, intelligence and class that's going to keep them on top for a long time.

But mostly, I'd like to say to them: Success has changed a lot of people but I've spoken to you since then and it hasn't changed you in the least. Keep on grooving and don't let anything stand in your way. Russ or Terry in particular, if you by some chance happen to read this please remember me, I was at the Goldstreet that night.

Burba

## ARE THEY THEM?

Dear BEAT:

Are Them Them or are they The Belfast Gipsies? I would like to know who really sings "Gloria's Dream." I'm a very groovy song.

The teenagers here in Hanford had the pleasure of seeing Them perform in person. It was a very exciting show; Jim Armstrong even gave my sister his guitar pick. Van really belted out all the songs, he has real soul in his voice. There was no pushing or shoving—everyone behaved.

At the end of the show the boys were nice enough to stop and sign autographs on pictures of THEMSELVES which were in *THE BEAT*. That's one issue of *THE BEAT* that I'll treasure for the rest of my life. Here's hoping that THEM come back again.

Gloria Lopez

Them and the Belfast Gipsies are two different groups. However, three ex-members of Them are featured on "Gloria's Dream."

The Editor

## FOR THE DEFENSE

Dear BEAT:

There have been many times I've wanted to write but I just never got around to it. Now I am mad—I feel I have to say something or I'll blow my mind!

My letter is actually to one Shawn Walker who wrote a letter entitled "Down With Associates." I would like to ask a question—Who is she (he) to judge anyone? I have seen the Association in concert many times and I feel they are fantastically talented.

I would like to ask another question—Did she (he) go into the concert with an open mind or did she dislike them before he even sat down? I would like to tell me that the boys were nice enough to stop and sign autographs on pictures of THEMSELVES which were in *THE BEAT*. Their record can't be too fabulous, I've never heard it.

The Association, to my knowledge, has never said or implied that they "didn't like long hair." If you look closely, Shawn, you'll notice that three of the members have rather long hair—not terribly long but not short either.

Shawn, I understand the point you tried to make and it's terribly ridiculous. If you've ever met and talked to those six men you'd realize you can't help but love them. You don't feel like a fan, you feel like a friend.

They're very friendly, very talented and very original. Shawn, do you know any other group who has comedy, poetry and wears matching suits in their act—I don't. Also, do you know any group who shows up at each and every performance to sign autographs for anyone who wants them? I don't.

Shawn, I sincerely hope that your favorite group, Terry Knight and the Association, can make it up with them happy when their fans have no right to expect them to do anything else. Thank you, *BEAT*. I hope very much that you'll print this so that people will see my point of view and also in defense of the Association.

Linda Ferguson

Linda, you will be happy to hear that you were one of many who wrote in to defend the Association against Shawn's charge of "originality." However, we do not have the space to print all the letters but we would like to thank you all for writing and assure you that each and every letter received is read.

The Editor

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Well, it finally happened. The Beatles are back together again in a recording studio in St. John's Wood cutting a new single and album! John's hair has grown back, Ringo has done away with his beard and George has shaved off his moustache. However, Paul McCartney is still hanging onto the moustache he picked up while on a safari in Kenya, Africa.

What a sense of humor Bill Cosby has. Disguised as a nun for an "I Spy" segment, Cosby wore the outfit over to the commissary and walked up to Sidney Poitier wearing a sign saying "If Sidney Can Win The Award, So Can I." Of course, Bill was going a step further than Poitier. In "Lilies Of The Field" Poitier only helped the nuns, he didn't dress like one!

Bill has been given a guarantee of \$250,000 for a ten day concert tour and his stint at Harrah's in Lake Tahoe has been extended another week because the first two weeks have already been sold out. Too bad the man's so unpopular.

## Scott "Thinking"

Scott Engle of the Walker Brothers has been having his share of personal problems lately (one of which almost cost him his life) so he checked into a monastery on the Isle of Wight to spend ten days thinking and sorting out his life.

If all goes as planned, the Monkees will soon be as big in England as they are here in the U.S. At least, Decca Records is set to give them the same kind of build-up they received in the States. The Monkees' television show starts beaming in Britain the first of the year and, if at all possible, Decca hopes to get the English-born Davy Jones over for a British visit.

The quote of the week came from Lou Rawls. Said the man: "Don't worry about Sandy Koufax, he and Gabby (John Roseboro) can write a book called 'Kosher Soul.'" Not a bad idea—if not interesting, at least it would be original.

On the personal appearance side of the Rawls' picture, he's just been signed to play the Cocoanut Grove during April. The Grove would like to present the Supremes as well but the contract has not yet been signed.

## Elvis 'Til 1974

Those of you who consider Elvis Presley professionally dead will be interested in hearing that RCA has picked up their option on Elvis as an exclusive recording artist until December 31, 1974. Elvis, who has been recording for the RCA label since 1955, has continued to sell an amazing number of records during those eleven years and, surprisingly enough, his sales reached their peak during 1965.

Though Presley's marriage rumors have been making the rounds since Elvis first wriggled his hips on national television, this is the first year that Elvis left himself wide open for rumor-mongers by signing his Christmas card "Elvis Presley and Family." Of course, you can interpret that to mean his father, step-mother and step-sister but you can bet that those rumor people will have a hey-day with it.

The Spouffair and the association should join forces more often. In a joint appearance in Chicago, the two groups pulled in a neat \$47,000. Not at all bad for one stop on a cross-country tour, is it? It's interesting to track down the performers who were seen solo before the Beatles came along. Frankie Avalon just opened in Vegas, Bobby Rydell just closed in Vegas. Dick Chamberlain is set for a stint on Broadway in the old "Breakfast At Tiffany's" which is now "Holly Golightly" starring Mary Tyler Moore, and Bobby Darin is right back selling singles to teens.

What a difference a few years makes. The Rolling Stones have forsaken Hollywood to cut their latest album in England. It marks the first time in a long while that the Stones have recorded in England and it leaves a nice question mark as to why they've decided to go back to the British studios which they describe as "inferior" to American studios.



... GEORGE HARRISON.

The Monkees' television show starts beaming in Britain the first of the year and, if at all possible, Decca hopes to get the English-born Davy Jones over for a British visit.

The quote of the week came from Lou Rawls. Said the man: "Don't worry about Sandy Koufax, he and Gabby (John Roseboro) can write a book called 'Kosher Soul.'" Not a bad idea—if not interesting, at least it would be original.

On the personal appearance side of the Rawls' picture, he's just been signed to play the Cocoanut Grove during April. The Grove would like to present the Supremes as well but the contract has not yet been signed.

## Elvis 'Til 1974

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... DICK CHAMBERLAIN.

# No-Hum . . . Third Goldie For The Singing Monkees

When the Monkees go panning for gold it doesn't take them long to strike it rich. They have a sort of ridiculous Midast touch when it comes to million-selling records. Their latest release, "I'm A Believer," has already been awarded a gold disc after only three weeks of sales.

If the Monkees ever release a single that amasses only 900,000 sales—and they haven't so far—it will be a catastrophe. Their first single and album were assured of gold awards with a record brevity. Their first album sold so well, in fact, that RCA decided to withdraw all single copies of "Last Train To Clarksville" from the market. It didn't matter, because the disc had already sold 1,000,000 copies and the LP was selling more like a single than an album.

The album, "The Monkees," has been No. 1 in the nation since late October. The monetary success of The Monkees' initial album prompted RCA to set back the release date on the group's second single. The response to "I'm a Believer" has been the warmest given a RCA disc since the peak of the Elvis Presley era.

And that would make a believer out of anyone.



MONKEES (l. to r.) Peter, Davy, Micky, Mike collect another one!

# Government Wins 'Pirate' Opener

## Hermits Edge Beach Boys For Top Disc

Herman's Hermits surprised a lot of people when their "No Milk Today" was voted the top pop song of Europe in a six-country pop jury. The Hermits' recording edged the Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations" for top honors.

The poll was taken on a European pop radio program that was broadcast into the six countries. The radio series added 1,200 voters in Britain, Scandinavia, Belgium and Spain.

Each of the participating countries presented several entries for the top award. "No Milk Today," which drew 391 votes, was one of Norway's entries while "Good Vibrations" was submitted by the Beach Boys' stronghold, England. The top seven winning records were all English-language discs.

## Rascals Take Quick Jaunt To England

The Young Rascals have just returned from a quick trip to England and France, where they performed on television and made several personal appearances.

The group also released their new single, "Too Many Fish In The Sea."

In the first war between England and the pirates since Long John Silver terrorized the seas, the British government has won the opening battle.

No ships were sunk and no skull and crossbone flags were taken as souvenirs, but two pirate ships were ordered to exit British waters. The pirates, infuriated, say they'll be back to fight another day.

## Mod Pirates

Modern pirates, as any hip Englishman will tell you, are the independent radio stations that operate from galleons just off the English coast. With only one state radio station in England, pirate stations offer the only pop music presentation in that country.

And that's why the majority of English youths are pulling for the pirates—not the British government—to win the current court battle.

The government holds the pirates operate illegally—but even though they aren't located in England proper they invade England's exclusive territorial broadcasting rights.

The courts took the side of the British government in the opening round of the confrontation. Radio 390 and Radio Essex were fined \$280 each and ordered to shut down operations.

A plea by the prosecution asking for confiscation of the two stations' equipment, however, was denied. The court ruled it would still be too easy for the two sta-

tions to purchase new equipment and resume operations.

Subsequent statements by station officials confirmed the speculation.

Radio 390 station boss Ted Allbeury stopped transmissions, but said he will seek a high court order to overrule the first verdict. And even if this falls, he says he will resume alternate plans for broadcasting.

Until now, pirates could escape English jurisdiction by operating in international waters three miles offshore. The court's initial verdict, however, made this illegal.

If the appeals of 390 and Essex fail, the government should have no difficulty banning other ship-based stations operating in territorial waters.

The pirates own a large portion of the English listening audience. Radio 390 claims an audience of 4.8 million, while Essex is estimated to amass three million listeners.

## Listener Response

The immediate court decision will give government officials a chance to see listener response—and the effect it has on England's lone legal station, BBC.

The station, long a rub with teens and pop musicians, is based on an easy music format. To lure teens, BBC officials have promised an all-music wave length, primarily pop oriented, to replace the pirates before Christmas.

But neither the pirates, teens nor the musicians union have endorsed the proposal yet. The war may be only beginning.



# '66 WAS THE



... THE BEATLES ALMOST MADE A MOVIE



... THE STONES THOUGHT ABOUT MAKING A FILM



... THE BEACH BOYS CAME BACK—WITH WIVES



... THE MONKEES WERE CREATED TO THE DELIGHT OF MILLIONS



... ERIC DUMPED THE ANIMALS

# YEAR THAT ...



... THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S OFFICIALLY ARRIVED ON THE POP SCENE



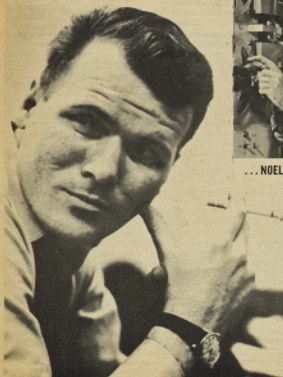
... SINATRA TURNED TEENY-BOPPER



... GENE CLARK WENT SOLO



... LENNON TALKED ABOUT JESUS



... S/SGT. BARRY SADLER PROTESTED THE ANTI-PROTESTERS



... NOEL HARRISON & STEPHANIE POWERS BECAME SPIES



... LEN ENDED A CAREER



... FREAK OUTS MADE THE POP SCENE



# Band Plays, But Didn't Cut 'Cathedral'



RUODY VALLEE IS MAKING A MUSICAL COMEBACK, thanks to the New Vaudeville Band who have dusted off Vallee's sound. Standing (left to right) are Mick, Hugh, Neil and Henry. Bob "Pops" Kerr and Ian are sitting.

By Rochelle Reed

Did you see the New Vaudeville Band on television? Or maybe catch a personal appearance?

If you did, prepare to be heart-broken. The New Vaudeville Band that you saw did not record the number 1 disc, "Winchester Cathedral."

The number was actually cut in Britain by a group of studio musicians assembled by writer, producer and lead singer Geoff Stephens. But when "Winchester Cathedral" became successful, Stephens hastily collected what is now the New Vaudeville Band to take care of appearances and tours. Actually, the result wasn't too bad and the band is definitely planning to issue their own release. In the meantime, raking in money from their tour isn't exactly unpleasant for the English lads.

Then too, having the nerve to admit you didn't cut a record when you're playing it far and wide is admirable, so maybe the whole "Cathedral" episode will turn out for the best.

## Former Teacher

At least, Geoff Stephens is convinced that it will. A former teacher turned manager-producer, he was at one time manager to Donovan and has written songs for Peter and Gordon, Brenda Lee and the Spencer Davis Group.

Part of the reason for the conception of a song like "Winchester Cathedral" and its old-style "new heat" sound, was Geoff's own personal hang-up with exploring old junk shops. He reportedly has rambled around old record shops for years, seeking out obscure "junk" records from the 1920's and 30's.

His home in Southend, Essex, is also a tribute to his love for the Rudy Vallee era. It is brimming over with his "junk" collection, complete with an old wind-up phonograph from the period.

Stephens explained that when he cut "Winchester Cathedral," he

just thought it was a "good time" sound but the success of the record has proven that his predilections about the musical style have been borne out by public acclaim for the "happy" sound.

Now that he has an actual New Vaudeville Band, Stephens says, "the public seems to like the Vaudeville kind of thing, so we'll probably do more and more of that."

## Good Time

"We are aiming basically to do what I call modern good time numbers and some really old numbers," he added.

The New Vaudeville Band records on Fontana Records. Members are Mick Wither, Hugh Watts, Neil Korner, Henry Harrison, Bob "Pops" Kerr and Ian Green. All hail from England.

## Vaudevilles Strike Gold

Vaudeville may have gone out with high button shoes but you'll have a hard time convincing that to the RIAA, the New Vaudeville Band or more than 1,000,000 people who bought "Winchester Cathedral."

The England export — the first for Geoff Stephens and crew — was certified a gold disc less than two months after it was released here. Fontana Records, which achieved its first million seller with the single, predicts a total sales figure of 1,500,000.

The "Winchester Cathedral" album has passed the 250,000 sales (total), with Fontana manager Lou Dennis optimistically speculating about the album's chances of reaching the \$1,000,000 sales mark.

Dennis flew to Madison, Wis., after hearing of the single sales mark and personally awarded the seven Britons the gold record.

# 'in' people are talking about...

How long it's taken the Beach Boys to earn a Gold Record when groups like the Monkees and 7 and The Mysterians accomplished the feat their first time out... How the signature on Presley's Christmas cards was really supposed to mean... The Jagger rumor which made the rounds last week... Hamburg buttons taking over the world or at least beating out the "Go Naked" buttons... How sick the "Bye Bye Gary" bit was... The Four Tops new one sounding like "Reach Out I'll Be There" revisited but being great anyway.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** how long it's going to be before Herman says something really controversial and deciding the time is definitely drawing near... Whether or not the Beatles will stick to their "no more personal appearance" decision... How long it will be before England is officially "out" and thinking that, from the looks of things, it will be

soon... Who is possibly those DC's records and why... How well the Association came across on the "Andy Williams" show... The poor quality of some of the discs being released and wondering if the pendulum is finally beginning to swing the other way.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** Mitch Ryder's offer to play the famous Apollo and how unfortunate it was that he couldn't do it... Why the Chairman thinks he must stick that trivia onto the end of every otherwise groovy record he puts out and trying to decide if he's insulting the teens or trying to pick up the adults... How much alike Mame and Dolly are... The Communication Breakdown with Roy and the Emperor's karate chop... Don Ho being suddenly "in" on the Mainland and Hawaiians are wondering what took us so long... Bringing Lou all their heartaches since he's on record asking for them... How

much a full measure really means to the Spoonful... Tommy's recent obsession with the snow... Finally catching the knack and deciding it was a pleasant surprise except for the remark about Lee which was definitely in the poorest of taste... The family dog and wondering when there are going to be nationwide puppies.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** what a renaissance the Association just turned out and how sweet it is... Now that we have Mustang Sally when we're going to get Camaro Sue... Peanuts, Snoopy and the sunshine Superman and thinking it's about time Beette Bailey got into the act... How many groups are going to split before '68 makes its appearance... Blocked being the British term for the American high... Ray thinking that he doesn't need a doctor but the court thinking that he does... Trying to get some questions and answers... When

the Happenings are going to record some new material and coming to the conclusion that as long as they continue to sell the old ones they should try turn hippy... What it takes to get a hit single nowadays and deciding that from some of the records on the charts today it doesn't take a whole heck of a lot.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** how many promotion men are billing their up-and-coming groups as "the next Beatles" and how hilarious their check is... When the Grammy people are going to decide that rock 'n' roll is music... Gearty not catching on like the Seekers hoped she would... What would happen if Arthur, Duke, Banana and an Electric Purple joined forces... Who the girl was who stood behind Bobby when he checked into the mirror yesterday... Money making the rounds yet again... Making it really interesting to make the break that he's been rumored

to have made six months ago... Otis mixing in a little tenderness with his soul and possibly getting a smash... Monks fans being, above all, believers.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** what the Stones will pull to get back in the news—perhaps a single and possibly getting a contest?... Question Mark and the Mysterians admitting that they need somebody... Whether or not Mark would lose his power if someone cut off his hair and deciding that it might be worth the risk... Knocking on wood and getting a hit record... Whether or not Tom Jones will join Motown and how groovy it will be if he does... Dylan making his presence known within the next month or giving it up altogether... What the hold-up is with Johnny... The Mama's and Papa's losing a bit of their instant impact and wondering if they'll come back in full force or move to the Caribbean again.

# The Beat Predicts



FINAL DEATH for the Byrds



A MARRIAGE for Paul?



THE BEGINNING of the end?



STILL NO RECOGNITION from America for the Everly Brothers

## In 1967

- Sonny and Cher's movie, "Good Times," will finally be released and will spell either the beginning of a new phase or the end for the duo.
- The Beach Boys will continue to be influential.
- The Beatles will make no personal appearances in 1967, not even the fabulous offer from Sid Bernstein to play Shea Stadium.
- The psychedelic music fad will end but will be replaced by something almost as ridiculous.
- The new TV season will include at least a dozen imitations of "The Monkees," which will be dropped.
- Eric Burdon will change members of his group several more times before he finally realizes that he's a solo artist.
- Paul McCartney will reveal that he's married.
- There'll be personnel changes in the Yardbirds and Turtles.
- Dylan will come out of hiding and begin a new phase in his career.
- Motown will go towards good music, particularly with the Supremes and Stevie Wonder.
- Groups will start thinning out and solo artists will return.
- Rhythm and Blues will be the one big influence on pop music.
- The following groups will disappear from the scene after a short-lived success: Seeds, Music Machine, ? & Mysteries, Buffalo Springfield, Love, and the Count Five.
- Longer-lived groups who will vanish include the Byrds and Mamas and Papas.
- 1966 will be the last year of personal appearances by Herman's Hermits.
- Major hits will be put out by Mitch Ryder, Johnny Rivers, Eric Burdon, the Association, Sam the Sham and at least one all-girl group.
- The Sunset Strip in Hollywood will die for teenagers and will go back to an over-21 hang-out.
- The real story behind Bobby Fuller's death will not be revealed, this year or any.
- Paul Simon will get married as will one of the Raiders.
- A tragic death will spell the end for one popular group and the draft will catch many American groups.
- Lennon-McCartney, Bart Bachrach, Bob Lind, Paul Simon, Neil Diamond and, of course, Dylan will be the major writing influences of the year.
- A member of a top female singing group will want to get married but won't.
- The Stones will severely cut back the number of personal appearances they do but will find some way of staying in the news.
- The Walker Brothers will return to America as they left—broke and unnoticed.
- And America will continue to ignore the great talents of the Everly Brothers, Roy Orbison and Gene Pitney.



IS THIS THE YEAR that Paul reveals that he's married?



ANOTHER COMEBACK and another new phase for Dylan in '67



THE MIGHTY RIVERS will go on and on making hit records.





# Strip Of No Man's Land

The following is the first half of an opinion poll where teenagers give their views on the Sunset Strip controversy. Part II of this series will appear in the next issue.

The BEAT wishes to thank all of the teens who expressed their feelings to our roving reporter.

★ ★ ★

S.M. (17)—"The whole thing is stupid, and most people don't even know why it's happening. They think it all started because of the traffic problem. Well, most of the kids who hang around the Strip regularly don't even have cars. If there was a traffic problem, any more so than there is any place else on week-end nights, it was caused by kids coming in from other towns to cruise up and down—the way they used to on Hollywood Blvd. That and the droves of adults who came to have a peek at the freaks. It's happening because the big powerful property-owners on the Strip don't want the kids around any more, and figured that police harassment would get rid of them."

## Invited

T.W. (15)—"Kids didn't 'take over' the Strip." It died because adults stopped going to the high priced clubs. So the club-owners tried something new and turned their places into teenage spots, and kids started going to the Strip. But, they were 'invited' to do so, and at first they were welcomed with open arms. The trouble didn't start until people realized these kids didn't have a lot of money to spend. I don't blame them for revolting against the way they've been treated. It's a pretty revolting situation."

R.B. (19)—"If the public knows one of the things the police or sheriffs or whatever they are have done to teenagers who've been picked up on the Strip, everyone

would be out there carrying signs. The kids shouldn't have had to do the protesting. Their parents should have done it for them."

F.L. (19)—"Every time there's a controversy involving teenagers, the same thing happens. The whole thing is blown out of proportion and pretty soon the real issues get lost in the shuffle. This is what's happened with the Strip. The cops and the papers are trying to make it look like 'long hair' and 'narcotics' are the issues, and they aren't. You have to be up there to know what's really going on, and why it's going on. But if you are up there, you're automatically branded a kook and what you have to say doesn't matter. I could tell you a lot of things, but what good would it do? Who'd listen?"

H.K. (16)—"I think all this is proving something important. The police on the Strip are armed, and the kids aren't, but little by little, the kids are winning. This proves that words and non-violence are stronger weapons than guns and night-sticks. It takes longer to win that way, but it's worth it."

C.M. (15)—"I really don't know what I think about all the commotion. My folks won't let me go near the Strip, so I only know what I've read in the paper and seen on TV. I've only seen one side of the story. I'd have to hear the other side from the kids before I'd feel qualified to arrive at an opinion."

S.A. (18)—"The teenagers on the Strip are just being used as pawns in a power play. And public officials are using the situation to create more powerful images for themselves. If someone could only get all the kids together and show them how they could use the situation to their advantage for a change. The best thing they could do would be say 'forget it' and completely boycott the Strip. That

would sure leave a lot of people standing around with egg on their faces."

E.F. (17)—"Teenagers have every right to be on the Strip, and I'm glad they're standing up to anyone who tries to take away that right. But I think they're going about it the wrong way. Demonstrations and marches don't help, because the American middle class, otherwise known as the majority, equates demonstrations and marches with nuts and kooks. They should protest in some way that might have a chance of swaying public opinion to their side. What way that would be, I don't know. I can't think of one. But as long as public opinion is on the side of the cops, the kids don't have a chance. And the more people the cops have behind them, the more carried away they'll get."

R.E. (14)—"These teenagers are acting ridiculous, but I don't much blame them. The other side is just as out of hand."

T.J. (17)—"Police harassment on the Strip has been going on for months. I went there with my older sister quite a few times, and we were asked for I.D.'s every three steps. I got a cut out of my thumb, because my sister looks about 18 and is actually 24. Most of the times she was stopped, she was older than the deputy who'd stopped her. I think there are two reasons why everything erupted. The police went too far, and instead of trying to calm things down, certain people just stirred it up worse for their own personal gains. Don't forget, it isn't that long until the next election."

## Ignorance?

R.V. (18)—"The 'controversy' is mostly just a lot of people talking about something they know very little about, which is usually the case with controversies. It's not really their fault, though. They should go and look for themselves, so they would know the facts, but most people either can't or won't do that. All they see are biased accounts in the papers. Very few writers are reporting the scene objectively."

T.H. (17)—"I was in a restaurant the other night and a guy at the next table was spouting off about the Strip and how they should lock up all the kids and throw away the key. He kept saying how different teenagers were in his day, and how much smarter and better, etc. Well, when he said 'We had gentle things in our lives,' I just couldn't resist. I lean over and said 'yes, and we're celebrating the 25th anniversary of one of them tonight.' That sure shut him up. The date was December 7th."



VIOLENCE DOES SOMETIMES break out between teenagers and police officers when teens feel their rights are being taken away.

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in town

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THINGS ARE NOT ALL BAD—There are times when law enforcement officers and teenagers are on friendly terms as shown by this photo.

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... JIM, RICHARD AND MIKE

## The Sandpipers Are Following Herb Alpert's Good Example

By Carol Deck

1966 was a big year for three young men who are a rarity in the entertainment world, particularly the pop portion of that world.

Jim Brady, Mike Piano and Richard Schoff all have rather short hair, dress in suits, sports jackets or maybe a sharp sweater at their casuals, can carry a tune in 11 different languages and (or should I say but, in spite of all this) have had two hit records.

To look at them you'd never even place them in show business much less the top 40 field, but they are the Sandpipers.

They have a sort of novelty act—they can sing very well and have proven it with their first hit, "Guantanamera," an album by the same name and their second release, that highly unusual arrangement of "Louie Louie."

The three have known each other for over 10 years. They met in the Mitchell Boys Choir, to which they attribute all they have learned about singing, discipline, poise and every other phase of entertaining.

### Sopranos?

All three were boy sopranos in The Mitchell choir but as their voices deepened they began singing harmony and finally had to leave the choir in 1960 when they were all 16 and had developed their present voices.

A year after leaving the choir they joined together with a friend

of Richard's, a songwriter named Nick Cauherngs, and decided to record some of Nick's songs under the name "The Four Seasons."

"But then the present Four Seasons came out with a few hits and that ended that," recalls Mike.

Nick decided to stick to songwriting then and Mike, Jim and Richard became the Grads.

### Almost

They remained the Grads for almost five years and came close to having a hit with a song called "Their Hearts Were Full of Spring" in 1963.

In November of 1965 they decided to go back and visit Herb Alpert who had been interested in the group before but at that time his A&M records was just getting started and wasn't really ready to sign the Grads.

Herb was ready this time. He signed the boys and a search for material began. Their first recording for the label, like many first recordings, wasn't exactly a hit. It was titled "Everything in the Garden."

But A&M's producer, Tommy Li Puma, found a chart called "Guantanamera" on an album that Pete Seeger cut live at Carnegie Hall that Tommy thought might be right for the group.

The song was written in 1891 in Cuba and is of the Guahua type—songs workers sing in the fields.

But A&M then decided the group needed a new name. "How

would it look if 10 years from now we're still the Grads," said Mike.

"About 15 minutes before the record went to the printing firm we picked the Sandpipers," they remember.

If you've seen them lip syncing the song on TV you realize that something is missing—like the female voices on the record.

There were four girls on the record and the guys now carry two girls with them on the road so they can reproduce the sound.

"They followed 'Guantanamera' with 'Louie Louie,' an old R&B standard, but they did it a new way—slow and pretty.

"We did it as a joke but everyone took it as just a nice pretty song," says Mike.

"Yeah, a lot of people don't know what we're singing when we sing it," adds Jim.

### New Single

They're cutting a new single this week that should be out sometime this month or next.

The Sandpipers have worked hard at training their voices and learning the ropes of show business. They've had some great teachers and you can be sure these guys aren't just one or two bit wonders. They're talented guys and they're going to be around for a while.

"We're just following the good example of Herb," says Jim.

## The Adventurers of Robin Boyd

"1965 By Shirley Poston  
"George!" screeched Robin, as before Budgie's horrified eyes, the luvley (not to mention livid) Liverpudlian gentleman his master—er—mistress—urp—cleant out of her trundle. "What are you doing here?" she added, retrieving her ex-self from the rug.

George glowered handsomely. "To coin a phrase, YOU MIGHT WELL ARSK!"

### Snowbank

With this, he gave an angry snap of the long finger and the next thing Robin knew, the two of them were standing up to their respective eyebrows in a snowbank.

"George!" Robin repeated repetitiously (guess who knows what still rules), her teeth clacking out the finale of Ringo's (as in George) fave dream solo. "I'm freezing!"

George snarled, re-snapped, and they were immediately swathed in Indian blankets which featured the Crazy Horse design (not to mention aroma).

"Hey!" Robin gasped. "I thought your magic powers didn't work in South Dakota? Did you get your transfer altered? Didyah, huh? Didyah?"

George re-yanked. "I had to get another power loan, you twit! And what's more, I had to take a bus from the border."

Robin suddenly fell senseless

into the aforementioned snowbank. George was really here! Her George! But, where being without him had been a terrible problem, being with him was going to make things even worse. On account of because his arrival hadn't exactly gone what one might call un-noticed.

"The Budget!" Robin wailed hysterically. "The Budget saw you! How will I ever explain it?"

George hauled her to her feet (not to mention his, "Robin Irene Boyd! Forget about explaining it to The Budget... the whattin'! ... and worry about explaining it to me!")

But Robin wasn't listening. "A dream, that's it, a dream," she rattled. "I'll say it was only a dream. No... she'll never buy that one."

"What did you just say?" George thundered. (Shortly thereafter, a nearby clump of cottonwoods was struck by lightning.) (Robin failed to pale as she was used to George's tantrums by now, but the situation sure shook the ell-hay out of the Lone Ranger and Tonto.)

"I said 'a dream, that's it, a dream,'" Robin replied patiently. "Then I said 'I'll say it was only a dream.' After that, I went on to say no..."

"SHURUPPPPP!" George interrupted. "I mean did you SHE?"

Robin shrugged. "Sure, why?" "Do you mean to tell me that person is a girl?"

Robin puffed up defensively (not to mention offensively). "Of course she's a girl. What did you think she was...?"

But she never got to finish the sentence (which was just as well because she couldn't think of anything clever to say) because she was too busy trying to pick up George (this is a new flashback)... that's Liverpool backslang," she added helpfully.

"No kidding." (George did not say this kindly.) (Nor, if the truth were known, did he say kidding.) "Oh, George," Robin simpered. "Even if you did spy on me like a suspicious sneak, and even if you do have a thoroughly vile mind, I'm sooooo glad to see you!"

George gave her one of his (in famous looks). "How glad?"

Robin returned the look. "This glad," she answered, re-pouncing, and, within seconds, the snowbank had melted.

When Robin got back to her trundle, which was all too soon because George had to return to California before his power loan ran out, the Budget was snoring blissfully. But Robin didn't join her friend in Sand-Man-Land (oh comma burf) for quite some time. Because she stayed awake, thinking about something George had come up with.

When she'd told him of the problem in Pitchfork (as in square is not the word) and believed that the town didn't even have one

something stopped her short. (Or was it her long?) (Whatever.)

"Lots of people make that same mistake," she admitted grudgingly. "It's because of the way The Budget dresses, and her being sort of skinny and flagg-bagedst... that's Liverpool backslang," she added helpfully.

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When she'd told him of the problem in Pitchfork (as in square is not the word) and believed that the town didn't even have one

single rock-and-roll band, George hadn't been the slightest bit sympathetic and had made this simple suggestion: "So, start your own."

Well, simple WAS the word. Not only was Robin's musical talent somewhat limited. (There were times when she had trouble playing the radio.) So was the supply of music instruments. (Would you believe Ringo's collection of oatmeal cartons?) (Whoops... set of drums, set of drums.)

### Ripping Idea

Still, aside from these minor details, it was a positively ripping idea! And when Robin finally did get off, she dreamed she was the star performer in a huge band.

Suddenly, it was morning, and someone was shaking her. "Oh, Robin," Budgie sing-songed, not without a trace of sarcasm. "Wake up and tell me I dreamed it."

Robin groggily opened one eye. "You dreamed it," she groaned. Then she fell back to sleep.

"Oh, Robin," Budgie re-sing-songed (re-sing-sang) (re-sing-singed) (get the nets). "Now wake up and tell me I'm dreaming that too!"

Robin groggily opened another eye. "You're dreaming that, too," she re-groaned obligingly. Then she fell out of bed. (To Be Continued Next Issue)

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## DISCUSSION

By Eden

One of the prettiest records to date from Cher is her newest, "Mama." This one is another Sonny Bono composition, and it really is a tear-jerker.

The consensus of opinion nowadays seems to indicate that Sonny will be doing a lot more behind-the-scenes work and letting his beautiful wife hold the spotlight alone from now on.

Gene Clark has gone from group (Byrds) to group (Gene Clark) to solo singer (himself.) His first solo effort is a beautiful ballad entitled "Echoes."

A beautiful, thought-provoking lyric and a lush string arrangement add up to a possible First Hit Total for Gene.

Written in about ten minutes, recorded almost immediately, and now well on its way up the charts is the Buffalo Springfield's second release, "For What It's Worth." You'll have to listen to this one for a while before you really feel it, but it is definitely "worthy" of the Top 20 lists.

One of the best records to be released this week has been "Georgy Girl," by the Seekers. This talented trio has always had a beautiful vocal blend, and they use it to its best advantage in their dicing of this sparkling movie theme.

The Lovin' Spoonful have yet to release two records which sound at all alike—or even slightly related! And that's not the easiest feat to accomplish in this Popsy Turvy Record World!

The latest release from the Spoonful is "Full Measure," and though it might not seem as "revolutionary" or inventive as some of their others at first, listen a little more closely.

The arrangement, production, and use of lyrics in this record are excellent and succeed in blending together in a beautiful tapestry of sound. Another hit for the "Spoons."

On the brand new Animal's album, "Animalization," there is a cut entitled "Hey, Gyp," written by Donovan and "souled" by Eric Burdon. It is one of the greatest ever from Eric and should definitely be released as a single.

## Sen. Dirksen Next Beatle?

One of the best selling Christmas albums for 1966 was cut by someone whose hair style resembles Bob Dylan's but whose era dates back farther than the New Vaudeville Band.

U.S. Sen. Dirksen's first LP, "Gallant Men," had as many advance orders as the first Beatle album, and Sen. Dirksen doesn't even sing!

Does this mean Sen. Dirksen may replace the Beatles? "I sort of doubt that, but he's making a good start," said one Capitol records official.

Can you imagine Sen. Dirksen and Mrs. Miller on the same bill?



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## Why Mitch Ryder Sells His 'Soul'

(Editor's note: Mitch Ryder is probably the foremost American exponent of white soul. *Rhythm 'n' blues is one of the toughest musical fields for a Caucasian to enter and succeed in. And yet, Mitch Ryder and his Detroit Wheels have managed to do just that. So, we've asked Mitch to explain why he chose soul and what makes him tick when he's on stage.*)

By Mitch Ryder

One of the most difficult things to do is to try to explain my philosophy of life or of work. It always seems to come out stuffy and phony. I usually like to think that my work explains itself—but anyway, here goes.

In America, there are, we might say, two "souls." One we call "soul" music; the other is smoother, slicker. I prefer soul music because it is more personal and more rewarding. It is difficult and really calls for self-discipline because it expresses emotion and you can't fake it—at least I can't.

I think there is nothing more easily spotted than a false emotion and performers who try to create

this false emotion and excitement are only kidding themselves. A performer who breaks a guitar string or splits his trousers purposely every performance is just taking the easy way out and isn't kidding his audience. I believe that if a performer really feels what he is saying or doing, then this feeling communicates itself without resorting to tricks.

I think that the exciting thing about the present day scene is the excitement itself. It is marvelous to be on stage and feel the audience reacting. I can't understand the performer who is satisfied with polite applause. The greatest thing in the world is to have the audience right there every step of the way. There has to be this give and take so that the performer and the audience experience the same things at the same time. That's why they are in the same place.

The big thing is to understand yourself. You can't express an emotion you never felt. The Detroit Wheels and I are working hard at this and we hope we are growing with this knowledge.

# Bill Cosby Shocks 'Em With Ad Libbed Humor

By Louise Criscione

If Bill Cosby is not the naturally funniest man alive, he runs a very close second. Listen to his million-selling albums, watch him in "I Spy" and the image he projects is not an image at all—it's the man himself. An intelligent, friendly, funny guy—period. No put on, no phyness. Just Bill Cosby, person, and you can take him or leave him.

And last night the people upstairs at Martoni's were taking him—gladly. Warner Brothers Records hosted a party for Bill in honor of the certification of his four albums as million sellers.

He and his beautiful wife, Camille, arrived early and Bill, who has to be the extrovert of all time, strolled up to every single guest, shook hands and introduced himself. Those who had never before met Bill found themselves with mouths open and eyes bulging out. A person of Bill's stature being that friendly—must be a mirage.

### Stands Alone

And the biggest shock was still to come. It's a well-known fact that many comedians are not naturally funny. They rely on writers to come up with jokes that will make people laugh. The technique is their own but the words are borrowed. And that's where Bill Cosby stands alone. He himself is funny. Not physically funny, not standard catch-line funny. You might call it creatively funny for lack of a better definition because he writes all of his own material. But ironically enough, Bill doesn't even have to write down his material—he can ad lib like no other personality alive!

Dressed in sort of a semi-Mod suit, Bill mounted the small platform while the President of Warner Brothers Records, J.K. Maitland, attempted to make the presentation. "I think this is the first time that four albums have been certified as million sellers within the span of 30 days," began Mr. Maitland. "Yes, I think it is," quipped Bill, perfectly deadpan. "And this is the first time in the history of the record business that a comedian has won four Gold records," continued Maitland. "I believe it is," piped Bill. "I got a look at Shelly Berman's and his are mostly silver. Mine are all silver!"

### Wrong Places

"Bill Cosby Is A Very Funny Fellow, Right?" was Bill's first album," said Maitland, handing the Gold mounted disc to Cosby. "Bill Cosby Is A Very Funny Fellow, Right?" was my first album," repeated Bill, "which was cut 'live' at the Bitter End in New York. Then we handed the tapes to 'em, all nice and wrinkled, and they put the canned laughter in... all the wrong places. That way, people listen to the album and hear 'em laughing, so they laugh too and then they say: 'Wait a minute, what's so funny?' It's beautiful."

"Anyway, my first record sold

three... copies. They walked me all over New York to introduce me. 'Course, we didn't go into any record stores or radio stations—just into people's homes. They'd say: 'This is Bill Cosby!' 'Yeah, right, Bill who???' Why don't you try singing, Bill?"

"Then there was the time I first met Lou Rawls. He looked down and saw the album and he said: 'Hey, man, did you write all those songs?' I tried to sell Lou Rawls and the Mama's and Papa's to Moe Austin but he told me to take a hike. So, I brought him Lena Horne, Diahann Carroll and Nancy Wilson as The New Supremes!"

### Right

"Bill's next album 'I Started Out As A Child,' continued Maitland, passing along the second Goldie to Bill. "Right," confirmed Bill. "I Started Out As A Child" was my second album. It was cut 'live' at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago and then we handed them the tapes and they put in the canned laughter," and Bill was off and running on the "history" of his second album.

Five minutes later, history lesson on L.P. number two completed, Bill was handed his third Gold Record along with the question, "Why Is There Air?" "Why Is There Air?" mimicked Bill. "You know, that one was funny because we handed them the tapes and they said: 'What's that? A fifteen minute cut!'! The disc jockeys will never play that, it's too long." But they did. They liked it. They'd play part of it and then

say: 'Tune in next week, folks, to find out why there is air.'"

Bill's fourth Gold Record was for his "Wonderfulness" album. "Yes, we took the picture for this one and went through the whole bit. Ed Thrasher spends weeks hunting me down and then we go out and take the picture and stick it on the album and old Ed's never won an award. So, for my next album, 'Take A Hike,' I'm gonna stand against a wall like you do in high school, you know with the whole graduation outfit, and maybe Ed'll get an award for that!

"I'd like to thank you all for showing up tonight. The food was bad but you got freebies on the booze. I'd like to thank all the disc jockeys for playing my records. They're wonderful. They come on: 'This is Bill Cosby' (uttered in a deep baritone) and then I come on: 'I started out as a child' (mimed in a high alto). It's wonderful."

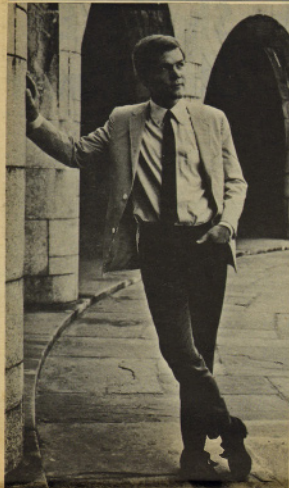
"And I'd like to have you thank your children. I love the children for introducing me to the parents. You know, it's the kids, man, they come home with my record, put it on the record player and the parents hear it and say: 'That guy's funny.' I love the kids; they're beautiful."

The thing about Bill Cosby is that he's so natural. And in the age of the great phonies, that's rare. He's strictly himself. And himself smokes cigars, wears glasses and makes jokes which aren't really jokes but are hilarious anyway because he says it like it is. Himself is about as genuinely nice and down to earth as a person can be. And what else is there?



... BILL COSBY -- NO IMAGE, JUST HIMSELF





... BRIAN EVEN DIGS CALIFORNIA AIR!

# Brian Joins the Hip Set And Things Are A 'Gas'

By Tom Tully

"We're going mountain climbing tomorrow," Brian Hyland announced, glancing out the window of his fifth floor suite and inspecting the hills surrounding Hollywood.

"Ya know," he concluded, "California is a gas."

A heavy rain the previous day had washed the atmosphere of all smog and now the late afternoon sun painted deep red patches on the hills. The colorful spectrum had a sedate effect as Brian reflected on his new home in Southern California.

"I even like the way the air smells out here," he said. "It's terrible in New York."

## Domination

"New York used to be the center of things but I think California is now. What I really like about California is the way young people dominate everything... fashions, trends, and especially the record industry. Young people just seem to have more to say."

"New York has gotten kind of stagnant. The older generation is still in control there."

Lately, Brian has taken control himself. By leaving New York, a jet set and joining California's hip set, he has come up with his first two hit records in nearly four years.

Although he only reached legal

voting age this year, "The Joker Went Wild" and "Run Run, Look and See" marks the biggest "comeback" since teenagers re-discovered Frank Sinatra.

"I wasn't having too much recording success in New York," he admitted. "I wanted to work with Snuff Garrett, who is a great producer, so I came to California. The idea of moving out here appealed to me anyway."

Today, Brian Hyland is a big name again. "Last week Jimmy Clanton recorded one of my songs and this morning Rudy Vallee shook my hand," he laughed.

Brian's career has been on a crazy roller coaster ride since it began in 1960. He has produced everything from novelty songs to pretty ballads to medium-paced rockers, and his own classification of "young music" is about the only label you can put on his recordings.

He first hit it big in 1960 with "Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini," a song that sold nearly two million copies despite the fact that the lyrics were as unfortunate as the title.

It should have come as no surprise to Brian when the RIAA, after suffering through the tongue twisting title, misspelled his first name on the gold record.

His songs could only get better after that, and they did. "Let Me Belong To You," "Ginny Come

Lately" and "Sealed With A Kiss," all big successes, followed.

After 1962, however, a long drought began.

"Even when I didn't have a hit record I continued to tour a lot," Brian said. "I suppose the response was pretty good. I went on several tours with Dick Clark here, but I spent a lot of my time touring abroad."

"I got the best receptions in places like Buenos Aires. A lot of times a record doesn't break in other countries for two or three years after it's released here."

## "Grafting"

"Lately, the response I've been getting in the U.S. has really been grafting. It makes a lot of difference if you've had a record on the charts recently. I guess U.S. fans are kind of fickle in that way, but that's the way it should be. It inspires you to put out better records."

Brian has made it back to the top even though he had a lot against him. He dresses with collegiate flair, has relatively short hair and is a socialist.

He has made one concession—he is in the process of forming a back-up group. "They'll be called the Jokers," he said. "I'm only forming a group for convenience. It gets hectic playing with a different group every day and rehearsing the same things over and over."



I'd like to say a few (thousand) words about vespers.

Rather than try to explain (in my own inimitable — thank Gawd — fashion) what I mean by that, I shall quote from a letter which was sent to me by one of both of my many readers.

"I started reading your column as soon as it started. It was amusing and I enjoyed your cute stories. I noticed an odd similarity tho. You sounded just like me! And you sort of let on that you are a Beetle fan (duh)

## Spooky Deals

"Well, time went on and it got worse. My friends and I would be on some kick one week, and the next week we'd read it in your columns!" Talk about spooky deals and E.S.P.! We also noticed it in Robin Boyd.

"Anyroad, the vespers (spooky deals) were getting worse all the time, and they weren't just coincidences!"

"One day, I was reading Robin quietly on the couch amidst my mates who were watching TV. I was squirming in excitement as it was one of the chapters where she was 'attacking' him. Anyroad, I read the sentence where you said he held her closely and then went on to add that the closely is located just beneath the farley."

"DEAD, DEAD, DEAD!" I was literally DEAD all over the room! You see, farley is one of our fav

# For Girls

By Shirley Poston

descriptions of a certain part of the bod!

"It's even been worse lately. One other major vesper is you and I are APE (you bet!!!!!!) over GEORGE - PANT - MOAN HARRISON!"

At this point in the letter, she related a perfectly marxvastic (spoken like a true spaz, Shir!) story about the time her pen pal journeyed to the Harrison (gasp) abode in Surrey and met George (rasp!) Hopefully, I will have both the good sense and the room to elaborate on that subject next column (I get tired of saying pillar.)

However (huh?), for the moment, let's get back to vespers-vile. Shortly before I read the thingy I just quoted, I swore (no doubt) that the next time I received that kind of letter, I was going to crouch in the nearest corner and twitch.

Not that I don't like getting said sort of letter. It's just that I've been getting so many of them lately, I was beginning to fear for my sanity. Not just letters that say "we sound like each other." Letters citing actual examples of things I've written about that I couldn't possibly have known about it.

Not only that, either. Also letters where you tell me about stuff you've done that I've done too, and not even mentioned in my ravings.

I was honestly beginning to wonder if I was a witch (as in Wanda) or something! Or if maybe I was writing all those letters to myself. (Stranger things haven't happened yet, but stick around, because in this crowd, they're bound to.)

Well, needless to say, the aforementioned letter really set me off (as in the straw that broke the chicken's back) (no... that isn't quite it) and true to my word, I crouched in the nearest corner and twitched.

## "Why Is . . ."

Unfortunately (let I bargy your pardon), we had company at the time (a friend of me dad's), and it wasn't long before said friend got around to asking: "Why is that poor girl crouching in a corner twitching?"

Much to my parents' dismay, I was only too happy to tell him. Not just about the letter. The whole story. And I shall now relate his opinion of same.

First of all, he poo-pooed the witch-E.S.P. theory. "Pure coincidence," said he.

"Impossible," said I (and I usually am).

"You're crazy," he replied (as my folks nodded fervently.) "Coincidences happen because people have a great deal in common. But, generally, people don't learn to communicate outside of

their own circle, so they never discover the similarities."

Well, after I'd disagreed some more (I kindof like the thought of being a witch) (spelled with an eeb), he went on to say that this vesper-type thingy is typical of the younger generation. Irrationally and fantasy are a big part of every person's life, but heretofore, people wouldn't admit to having a zany side, except to close friends, for fear of having others think they'd dropped one or two.

He thinks we're just the opposite, and that we don't give a ding-dong-am-day what people think. Therefore, we're not only able to be more our real selves, but are able to communicate said self to others, even people we don't even know.

I've just read all this over, and I see that I've explained this in my usual dull, boring way. Sorry about that. And I really mean that, because it's a fascinating subject.

## Annygeorge

Annygeorge (salivate), he ended the conversation with a remark that made me want to fling myself at his feet and rain kisses upon his up-turned face (my sense of direction leaves something to be desired) (it should join the crowd.) It not only proved he'd seen "Help." It was also a mouthful.

First he stared at me. Then he stared at the batch of letters I was

clutching. Then he laughed and said: "One of these days, you characters are going to — dare I say it — rule the world. I wonder if you won't do a better job than we did."

"Fling, fling, and kissie-kissies!" That really made me feel good. Course, it still doesn't completely answer the vesper question as far as I'm concerned, but I do think he's right about the communication bit. And we just probably will do a better job of — dare I say it — ruling the world for my generation. I mean, not us) because we won't be constantly bent out of shape from trying to be someone on the outside that we aren't on the inside.

I swear to Gawd, I am really blithering today. I think I'm going to give up writing for my generation (I mean, not us) and take up taxidermy. Say, that's not a bad idea. I could start by stuffing George. (Into the back seat of a car headed in the direction of Mexico, that is.)

In closing (my tiresome yep), I'll read you in my dad's P.S. in the conversation. Said he, after a long and very wary look in my direction: "Of course, we mustn't disregard the possibility that all of you are hopelessly insane."

I refrained from saying that this sort of thing has been known to run in the family. But I intend to mention said possibility (would you believe probability?) soon.

Would you believe the day after Christmas?



## EPSTEIN BOOKS TOUR

# Four Tops Spin Thru Britain

By Rochelle Reed  
 "You've GOT to be kidding!" everyone usually says borrowing the phrase from Monkee Davy Jones for the occasion.

But it really is true. Four guys far on the other side of their teens can sing louder than the Yardbirds, smile more than Herman and jump around more than the Raiders. In fact, they do it all the time, here and abroad, in clubs and concert, for both fun and profit.

The "older" foursome is the Four Tops, currently sitting se-

curally on the musical charts with "Standing In The Shadow Of Love," a sound-alike to "Reach Out, I'll Be There!"

Though firmly implanted in the Motown corporation for all their U.S. musical needs, the Tops are being booked in England by Brian Epstein. He handled their SRO November tour and was reportedly negotiating a Christmas tour for them with the Beatles until the "no more personal appearances" edict by the pop kings.

To prove there were no hard

feelings, both John and Paul showed up at the party Epstein threw for the Tops, which also featured noted guests such as Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Donovan, Eric Burdon, Charlie Watts, and George Fame.

Later that night the party moved to the Saville Theatre, where Mick Jagger reportedly jumped around like a teeny bopper fan while the Tops were onstage.

In fact, Jagger's reaction mirrored all of England's feelings towards the Tops—they want more,

more, more. Levi, Lawrence, Renaldo and Abdul were plastered throughout the English trades in features, columns, record reviews, critics and television shows.

The American apostles of rhythm and blues are being worshiped by the English record buying set. It took a Beach Boys disc, "Good Vibrations" to displace "Reach Out" from its number one spot on the charts.

A new disc by the Tops—or any Motown artist—is awaited with almost the same excitement the U.S. reserves for Beale albums. Britain is in the throes of an R&B period, which should get even more powerful according to English sources.

Some of the most ardent fans of American Negro jazz hail from the U.K., as well as fans of little known American R & B singers. Even the Beatles and Stones admit that they stole their ideas from people like Chuck Berry, John Hurt and Fats Domino. Eric Burdon, in fact, penned an article for the latest edition of Ebony mentioning how he had been influenced by R & B and blues singers.

The English are counting off the days until the January tour of the Tops, when concert halls will be filled with sell-out audiences crying for just one more number. This is a dramatic change from the



BEAT Photo Howard L. England

## ... LEVI STUBBS

earlier tour of the Supremes, when the British trades panned their performance and their sound. At the time, the opinion was that the Supremes were too polished, too restrained and too well-produced to call themselves R & B artists.

But this can't, and indeed isn't said, about the Tops. Devastating is the word more usually applied to their wild, gyrating performance. Among all the concert reviews run in England, not one mixed the group.

The Tops have been together since 1954, when they all lived in the same town but attended different high schools. They signed with Motown in 1964 and since then have issued a number of best selling discs on both rock 'n roll and R & B charts.



BEAT Photo Howard L. England

THREE TOPS (L TO R) Lawrence Payton, Abdul Fakir and Renaldo Benson tell Levi what they think when he suggests they stand in the shadows.

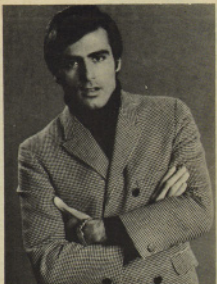
# BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



## THE PURPLE GANG

The Purple Gang's first booking was at a Southern California gas station, where they were supposed to "make lots of noise and attract people." Among what the Gang attracted was an MGM recording contract, resulting in their first disc, "Bring Your Own Self Down."



## JOHN D'ANDREA & THE YOUNG GIANTS

This group is beginning the big way—an album called "John D'Andrea and The Young Giants at the Chez." A mixture of the big band sound and pop, the seven Young Giants are led, naturally, by John D'Andrea pictured above.



## THE MANDALA

The Mandala hail from Canada but take their name from the ancient Hindu-Buddhist culture (Mandala means universe.) The group puts on a stirring "soul" show complete with a headlong dive into the audience by leader George Oliver.



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