

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA

Edition

BEAT

SEPTEMBER 10, 1966



Lennon: 'Sorry About the Mess'

With religious groups still condemning them and teens greeting them with mixed reactions, the Beatles are concluding their U.S. tour amidst apologies and attempted clarifications of John Lennon's statement on the condition of Christianity.

Lennon continually apologized for the furor caused by his statement that "the Beatles are more popular than Jesus," but insisted that he did not mean for his comment to be anti-Christian.

The intellectual Beatle said he merely was attempting to show that Christianity was on the decline — not that the Beatles were above Christ.

Lossing Contact

"I do believe that Christianity is shrinking, that people are losing contact with it," he said at a recent press conference.

"However, I didn't mean it the way it sounded," he added. "I was using the Beatles as an example because that's what I'm most familiar with. I could have just as easily used cars or television."

Lennon said he was as surprised as he was worried when the statement had allegedly been taken out of context and printed in an American magazine.

"When I first heard of the uproar that the statement had created I didn't want to come to America at all," he said. "Then we decided we had better come and try to straighten the trouble out."

"I'm sorry about the mess it made."

Lennon said when he made the statement he never considered the way it might be misconstrued.

When asked if he was a Christian, Lennon replied that although he was brought up as one, he

wasn't a practicing Christian. "But I don't have any un-Christian thoughts," he quickly added.

True Test

Meanwhile, teens across the nation continued to be violently divided on the Beatles' status in the world of rock.

The Beatles' tour however, rolled along without major incident. It was met by the customary hordes of screaming teens who continued to proclaim the Britons as their idols.

And this, it is said, is the only true test of their popularity. So once again, the Beatles may be the first family of rock.

'We Love You — John AND God'

It was a moment many had predicted would never come. Swirling, reaching, screaming . . . the crowd was a contradiction — and a happy one.

It was the last hour in the United States for the Beatles. Flashbobs popped. Beatlemaniacs — an uncountable number of them — craned, stretched and stood on their tip toes to get a glimpse of the foursome as it tunneled through the mass.

Placards, bobbing and twisting, protruded above the raucous gathering. One read, "We love you — John AND God."

The Beatles, surrounded by a reinforced brigade of uniformed policemen, were at last out of the terminal and heading slowly towards their private plane.

They were laughing, waving . . . occasionally reaching past their police escort to touch one of their admirers.

"It's them," shouted a 16-year-old girl in near hysteria. "We love you! We love you!" moaned a girl wedged next to her. They were climbing into their plane. They looked back momentarily, and were gone.

Home After Stormy Tour

England's all-star infield is back home after its blustery U.S. road trip — but not without the 14 consecutive victories skeptics said would be impossible.

After drawing the greatest mass reaction ever given a pop group, the Beatles capped their third tour of America in "the only state we really looked forward to," and the results must have been gratifying all the way around.

The Beatles frenzied near capacity crowds in Dodger Stadium and Candlestick Park — ending what some say will be their last U.S. visit — and it looked like a scene from the past.

For about an hour on their final stops they were the Beatles of old . . . laughing, singing, barely audible through the screams of those

(Turn to Page 21)



BURNING EMBERS . . . of resentment towards the Beatles still blaze in some regions of the country. Latest "flare up" was this massive bonfire in Longview, Texas. More than 7,500 righteous residents were on hand to toss Beatles records, wigs and other souvenirs into the blaze. In general, however, anti-Beatle sentiment was on a marked decrease, and the group departed "the land of the free" amidst the customary cheering, screaming and fainting.

Time Heals Wounds; Stations Lift Ban

Time heals many wounds.

And while the John Lennon controversy may never be completely forgotten, it has at least been softened by recent clarifications and explanations.

So now the Beatles are steadily regaining their stronghold.

Their records are again being played on major Hot 100 format stations around the country and their latest single, "Yellow Submarine" b/w "Eleanor Rigby," is rapidly climbing the charts.

Most of the stations playing Beatles records say public demand forced the action. Most radio station personnel said taking Beatles records off the air would greatly hurt their station's ratings.

One station in the midwest announced it was banning Beatles records — obviously thinking public opinion warranted it — and the ensuing results were nearly disastrous.

The next day, the station was presented with a petition containing 9,500 names. The petition was a threat to ban, not the Beatles, but the station.



JOHN . . . Singing, Not Talking.

The station quickly recognized its position, backed down — and "Yellow Submarine" was an hourly occurrence.



BEATLES . . . Last hours in U.S.

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The BEAT is published bi-monthly by BEAT Publications, Inc., advised and authorized office of 6030 Sunset Blvd., Suite 204, Hollywood, California 90028. U.S. Post Office in Hollywood, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Honolulu, and other post offices in London, Liverpool and Manchester, England. Sales price, 15 cents. Subscriptions: \$2 per year, \$3 per year. Second class postage paid at Los Angeles, California.

Whatever Happened To The

Beatlemania—a word which was non-existent until February of 1964. Now, it describes a very real emotional reaction to four talented entertainers.

Rubber Soul—until last year, a still-unconceived album title, which was destined to become a standard phrase used to describe a creation of exceptional excellence in the field of music.

Revolver—a brand new Beatle album, too-infrequently referred to

as a second "Rubber Soul," and definitely a musical creation of exceptional excellence.

Beatlemania is no longer the wild, uncontrolled, hysterical phenomenon it was in the early days of 1964. It has simmered down a little now as its greatest exponents—the Beatlemaniaacs—have grown up a little.

There is less screaming now and more appreciation; much more observation and attention is in evi-

dence at current Beatle concerts.

But even that is somewhat sad.

It is almost as though the enthusiasm—the uncontrolled exuberance—which became associated with Beatlemania from the beginning has died.

Enthusiasm

True, it isn't really the enthusiasm which has died—only the hysteria. And yet, it is the enthusiasm, the interest, the attention—

which seems to be suffering from anemia. Beatlemaniaacs have become somewhat jaded—just a little bit blasé—and now at times they take the Beatles more or less for granted.

This summer has seen the birth of a great new album from the Fabulous Foursome, and album which involved weeks and weeks of long rehearsal, extensive arrangement, and hours and hours of recording. It is an album of which

the Beatles should be justifiably proud, and yet it is receiving only a fraction of the attention and respect due.

In recent months, a number of albums released by other artists and groups have been labeled a "Rubber Soul in its field," indicating some form of high achievement.

But, there have been relatively few cries of a "second Rubber Soul" where the "Revolver" album is concerned—and these are the boys who started it all!

Oddly enough, several of the numbers included in the LP are already well on their way toward becoming contemporary standards, but the whole process is occurring with an amazing absence of fanfare and discussion.

Taxman

One of the best and most commercial George Harrison compositions for some time is the first cut on the album, "Taxman." It is also one of the best, most concise satirical comments on the British society and current tax situation (not to mention our own!) to come along from anyone for some time.

"Eleanor Rigby" must be destined to become a contemporary classic. Certainly the haunting melody is one of the most beautiful to be found in our current pop music, and the words—the universal description of the countless thousands of "lonely people" who are to be found everywhere—is both accurate and unforgettable. And need we mention the beautiful string arrangement—or is that something to be found in every run-of-the-mill pop release?

George has created a new extension of the music form which he introduced in "Rubber Soul" with his sitar arrangement for "Norwegian Wood," extending the Indian influence to his own composition—"Love You To." Well done and musically valid. Also musically unrecognized.

Love Song

"Here, There and Everywhere" is probably the most beautiful—or one of the most beautiful—love songs to be written and recorded in many, many years. It is also one of the least-mentioned, least-played cuts on the album. Fantastic new vocal arrangement from Paul here.

"Yellow Submarine"—the satirical "children's song" that isn't; "She Said She Said"—the up-tempo, semi-electronic lament; and "I Want To Tell You," the third Harrison composition on the LP, unusual, newly-melodic, and interesting—all of these receiving very little comment.

Of course, there have been a large number of attempts made at analyzing "Yellow Submarine," but as they are slightly hysterical and wholly inaccurate—they don't really count!

And then of course there is "For No One"—still another contender for the Contemporary Classic Hall of Fame. A fantastically beautiful



Beatle Soul?

BEAT Art: Corvaja La Vespa

and haunting love song, musically sighed as only Paul can.

Finally, "Tomorrow Never Knows" — a weird and polished electronic creation from John Lennon. Also, an unintended prosophy; tomorrow really doesn't ever know—if you don't believe that, just take a look at today.

The Beatles are returning for their third major American tour, but they won't be playing to stadiums sold out well in advance. Is their popularity really dying? Hardly. Fans are simply not interested in the mere "freak value" of the Beatles any more. They are no longer purchasing tickets priced high above their pocketbooks simply so they can catch a glimpse of the Beatles.

For Real

We've all seen them now. We know what they look like, we know they're for real. But this time around—we'd kind of like to hear what they have to say... and sing... and play.

And that's a pretty big order in a stadium which holds 50 or 60 thousand people. It's great if you want to watch nine faceless, nameless ball-players with only numbers for identification on their backs running about a field for a couple of hours. But, if you would be interested in seeing and hearing the performance of four of the most talented and most interesting performers in pop music today...

it's pretty discouraging.

So, many promoters are somewhat discouraged, because they aren't selling tickets as they thought they would. This may slightly injure the Beatles' image—but it isn't through any direct fault of their own.

Political

Of course, there seem to be a large number of American individuals who are more interested in the Beatles' political views than the music which they are creating, and perhaps this is part of the reason why we are simply hearing about the "souls" of the Beatles rather than their "Rubber Soul."

It is always sad to see the diminishing of healthy, sincere enthusiasm, but it must be. If it were to continue, it would become only a monotone of emotion and be rendered eventually meaningless.

Impact

Perhaps there won't be quite as much screaming at Beatle concerts this year, and perhaps everyone isn't aware of the musical impact and importance of "Revolver"—but it is certain that "Revolver" has fired a shot which will be heard around the globe wherever people really care about the music they are listening to.

And the Beatles won't be soon forgotten either—at least not as long as there are Bibles resting beside the seats in air liners.



... THE MANY FACES OF MR. LENNON



... RINGO CAPTURED IN A PENSIVE MOOD



... PAUL—THAT'S ALL



... THE SMILE THAT FOLLOWS

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

(*ED. NOTE: The BEAT has received hundreds of letters, both pro and con, concerning John Lennon's remarks about Christianity. Unfortunately, we do not have nearly enough space to print all of the letters but we would like to thank each of you for writing. Perhaps, if in the future you concentrate on writing shorter letters, we will be able to print many more each week. Thanks again.*)

Shut Mouths

Dear BEAT:

When a group of singers become stars, I feel that they take on the responsibility of when to make a statement of opinion and when to keep their mouths shut! This responsibility seems to have been overlooked in the last four or five months by our beloved (7) Beatles.

What has happened? When they were new to the world of fame they seemed to know their place and stayed in it. When a reporter asked a question on politics or religion they retorted with a cute quip and that was that. Now, it seems they have to give a five minute oration of what they think is wrong with the world.

I have been an avid Beatle fan ever since their first tour to America but I believe that these last few months have been the "straw that broke the camel's back."

I think it's about time somebody had a heart to heart talk to them to let them know that everyone does not enjoy hearing four young "men" say things that if given time to cool off or just think over would realize never should have been said.

I realize this will probably never be published but I just had to speak my mind as I know many people have my same opinion.

Sue Abbott

Lennon Vs. Christianity

Dear BEAT:

I have read in our local paper that John has said that the Beatles are more popular than Christ. My mother thinks what he's saying is that most people aren't very religious these days—not saying it should go.

I don't think it's fair to condemn a whole group's future just because of what one member said. I thought that the Beatles, Rolling Stones, etc., were known and respected because they had no false fronts and spoke their minds often. The people who are burning their Beatles things will be sorry someday. In the years to come, the Beatles will always be known and respected for their musical and acting talent.

Also, why must people be continually trying to find fault with the Beatles. Can't they praise the group once in a while? They should think of the countless things the Beatles have done to help make the world happy.

They should be thankful there are four charming, talented guys like the Beatles together in a group.

Pattie Lockwood

Dear BEAT:

I hope you will print the following as an "open letter" to John Lennon. I will attempt to express my feelings for the banned album cover and John's attack on Christianity.

John, I have always respected you for the things you have accomplished and your fabulous career, even before George was my favorite.

When your album came out, I was shocked at the cover. I read in *THE BEAT* how your fans made excuses for it. You have said: "The fans we have now were the real ones we had at the beginning." You implied that if they are true fans they will stick with you through thick and thin.

But your attack on Christianity was where I got off, buddy. Mr. Lennon, I am ashamed to say I once liked you, I'm sorry the thought ever entered my head. If you think you're so great, that your fans will always love you, you have another thing coming. You, sir, are no better than anyone else. From what source did you get the idea that you were more popular than Jesus?

If my guess is right, you got it out of your warped mind. If you think rock 'n' roll will outlive Christianity, you're nuts.

I can't wait to hear your poor fans' excuses for why you said this. They'll probably say it was for "shock value." You wasted what's left of your brain thinking that one up, if you did it for shock value—you got enough of that with the gyr cover.

John, the sad thing about this Christianity bit is that you're not only going to lose your popularity but you're going to lose Paul's, Ringo's and George's. But don't worry too much. You've still got your wife.

Marilyn Harris

Hurt By John

Dear BEAT:

You may not print this in your newspaper because it probably isn't that important to you—but it is to us.

We all read *THE BEAT*. Also, we all liked the Beatles before all of this happened to them.

All of us have our own opinions about religion, as we know everyone does. But what John Lennon said about them being bigger than Jesus really hurt us.

How can anyone say that he or anyone is bigger than Jesus? Even if he doesn't mean it, he shouldn't have said it because it left a lot of people mad at them and very hurt because of them.

Diane DeCicco
Joe DeCicco
Florence DeCicco
Elizabeth Hunt
Donna Oldham
Becky Oldham

Is Religious

Dear BEAT:

I am tired of people taking potshots at the Beatles. There was nothing wrong with the album cover—we see the same thing in *Mad Magazine*.

As to the Manila situation, a couple of wisecracks never hurt anyone. Now to John's recent statement about Christianity.

What the papers printed was taken out of context. John is religious and was discussing religion privately.

Remember, anyone has the right to voice his opinion about anything. I'm still with the Beatles and so are my friends. Any station that bans out records is religious and is only hurting themselves.

Larry Schweikart
Larry McCoy
David Raffin



Dear BEAT:

I'm writing about the controversy surrounding John. First, I'd like to express my opinion. Personally, I think John is right, although he could have put it in a less sarcastic way.

The Beatles, among other things such as golf, the beach, the show, etc., are more popular than the church. But it's a shame. And I think John was just stating a fact. And, besides, if you were a real Beatle fan (such as I am), you wouldn't care about their religious beliefs.

Now, just take account of yourself for a minute. How many times a year do you go to church? Every week? Great. I can't think of anything better. But for those of you who go maybe five times a year—listen. How many hours you spend listening, reading and watching the Beatles? Quite a few, I bet. Now, truly, how many hours have you thought about church? I'll bet not half as much. Aren't you ashamed? I am. Not because I love the Beatles but because I don't spend the time I should on my religion.

So, you so-called true Beatle fans, stop complaining. John's like that and isn't that the reason we love 'em?

Jaune

Dear BEAT:

I think this whole Beatles vs. Christianity controversy has really been blown-up out of proportion. I believe it when John says that he meant that with the world situations as it is, the Beatles do seem to have a more loyal following.

The people who really are angry with John and denounce him in this country are really liars and hypocrites. They make a big incident of what John said but when it comes to the pressing issues of such things as the rising number of divorces and how God, in whose name this country was founded, seems to be eliminated from everything in the United States, these "Christian" Beatle critics say nothing.

They are emphasizing the wrong issues. This may be because of their inability to cope with anything John said or their refusal to face the truth and admit that something may be lacking in their own society. So, they must capitalize on someone else's good name because he is famous and loved by so many.

These people, so fast to ban and criticize, had better take a good look around in their own backyard before peering across the pond to criticize another's laws.

JoAnn

Dear BEAT:

This is my first letter to your wonderful newspaper. And all I want to say is that "the Beatles STINK!"

After Mr. Lennon said they were more popular than God. And I'm not just writing this letter because I go to church every Sunday but because I respect both the church and rock 'n' roll.

What are the Beatles trying to pull? I don't think Mr. Lennon takes his religion very seriously. And I'm not just writing this letter because I go to church every Sunday but because I respect both the church and rock 'n' roll.

So, if Mr. Lennon thinks I'm going to bow down to him just for a couple of "Ye-ah, yeah" songs he can go to the London Bridge and jump off.

And I'm getting tired of reading all these letters you get everytime the Beatles get criticized for the things they do.

Their cry-baby fans start backing them up by saying that they are only human, that people don't want to accept them for what they are. Well, I've accepted them up to the ultimate.

Ex-Beatles Fan

Want Out

Dear BEAT:

I just had to write this letter after reading the article in the newspaper about the Beatles. It stated that the Beatles said "We are now more popular than Jesus."

It is quite evident that the Beatles are trying to kill themselves. First, it was their records that weren't up to usual, then that charming record cover, and now this statement about being more popular than Jesus. They're millionaires, they have all they want. They want OUT!

Plenty of kids will probably get mad about this letter saying that only people who aren't "true" Beatle fans will think this way. They'll probably make-up some excuse for the Beatles' behavior.

Well, all I can say to them is "forget it, kiddos," because the Beatles don't want you. They've got what they want and now they want out. Good-bye, Beatles.

Naomi Hardin

Dear BEAT:

So, John Lennon thinks he is more popular than Jesus now, does he? If he wants to be so confident I know quite a few people who would like to gladly.

You stated that the Beatles were entitled religious freedom. I agree with this but on the other hand, I think John Lennon had no right to criticize the way he did. If he doesn't believe in Jesus, okay. He just doesn't have to show everyone that he thinks he's greater.

I have always liked the Beatles and now artists like I shall always think this but I will never again respect John Lennon as I have in the past.

I feel no one has the right to think less of a person for what he believes in but he doesn't have the right to cut down a great, great number of people just to get his message across.

Brenda McNally

On the BEAT

By Louise Crocione



The Beatles are here and they've succeeded in once again taking the spotlight from everyone and everything else. Despite fears of antagonistic crowds and security leaks, the four Beatles have spent a rather peaceful and harmless three weeks Stateside.

They arrived in Los Angeles two days earlier than originally expected when they touched down on the 24th for a press conference at Capitol Records — the scene of last year's Beatle press conference.

Last Tour?

Other than the religious issue (which has already been overplayed to the point of boredom) the only other serious problem facing Beatle fans is "will this be the last Beatle U.S. tour?" With those close to the scene predicting that it will indeed be the last major U.S. tour for John, Paul, George and Ringo.

However, the Beatles remain charmingly unpredictable so I wouldn't worry too much if I were you. If the Beatles want to make another Stateside tour next year, they will. And if they want this to be their last, you can bet your "Revolver" it will be their last. Anyway, enjoy them while they're here and fret about next year later.

Shoppers at the posh DeVos on the Sunset Strip were pleasantly surprised last week when they wandered in only to find all of the Mama's and Papa's as well as Mick Jagger and his girlfriend, Christie Shrimpton, spending wads on DeVos clothes.

Our BEAT photographer was on hand and next issue we'll have loads of proof on the entertainers shopping spree.

Hangin' Around

Following the highly successful Stone tour, the boys hang around Hollywood for awhile. Bill Wyman sent for his wife, Diane, and son, Stephen and, of course, Mick sent for Christie.

Apparently, Charlie and Brian had enough sun to last them for awhile because they headed back to England while Keith reportedly flew off to New York to complete his vacation.

The Hollies are going to be movie stars. At least, they're going to give it a try. It's to be a Hollywood campus film with Alan Clarke and Graham Nash being eyed for large roles with the other Hollies appearing in the movies in lesser parts.

Negotiations have not been finalized yet and meanwhile the group is preparing to launch their next big American tour on September 12 and are being considered to head a giant college tour in November.

Wonder what the story behind Scott Walker's apparent suicide attempt is. The Walker Brothers' tour manager, Bobby Hamilton, found Scott unconscious in his gas-filled London flat. He was rushed to the hospital and released the following day. But ...

No More Ha Ha

Jerry Samuels, or Napoleon XIV if you prefer, has admitted that after his follow-up album Napoleon will be officially dead. Says the recording engineer: "I will make records as a vocalist." But Napoleon and taking people away hal' hal' is not "out" and will never happen again. Thank God.

This doesn't exactly concern the pop world but I have to tell you about it anyway. You know, Richard Pryor, the young Negro comedian who is making quite a name for himself by appearing on the "Ed Sullivan" and "Merv Griffin" shows? Well, he has a twin — who isn't related!

It's true. There's a young actor hanging around Hollywood, Maurice Warfield, who looks exactly like Pryor. Anyway, he's been making the rounds and getting his name in all of the papers. People have been introducing him at clubs and inviting him to parties thinking he is Pryor.

But the cat was let out of the bag yesterday when Richard Pryor himself called us from Vegas to inform us of the joke. Only thing worrying Richard: "He does my routines as well as I do!" It could only happen in show business, right?



BEAT Photo: Robert Young
... PAUL MCCARTNEY

Herb Alpert's TJ Brass Smashing Office Records

Herb Alpert & his Tijuana Brass are setting a torrid pace on record sales with five of their albums on the LP charts, but it's their barnstorming road success that is drawing the most attention.

The musicians just completed an 11-day tour with all dates sold out in advance and grossing more than \$500,000.

Beginning in Allentown, Pa., the popular group took in \$160,000 for six shows and then journeyed into the Yale Bowl in New Haven, Conn., where they pulled in another \$66,900.

Their next stop was at the Forest Hills Stadium in New York, where an additional \$72,000 changed hands.

The group then headed for the Warm Memorial Auditorium in Syracuse, where the purse was \$30,000. The following day, in a Kleinhans Theatre appearance in Buffalo, the group grossed \$16,300.

Next, it was across the border into the O'Keefe Center in Toronto where a three-day stand grossed \$46,999. The tour wound up at the Carter Barron Theatre in Washington, D.C., where the final \$110,000 was taken.



HERBIE ALPERT presents Tommy Boyce with his first A&M Record, "Sunday, The Day Before Monday." Boyce writes for the Monkees.

SAM THE SHAM IN FILM DEBUT

The Sham is going to be an actor!

Sam has had the acting bug for quite a while now but the right script just failed to materialize for the bearded leader of the Pharoangs. Sam and his Pharoangs did make their motion picture debut a year ago in MGM's "When The Boys Meet The Girls."

However, it was a musical role which required no real acting ability. Sam would love to act in a western film but will have to be content in making his acting debut in "The Fastest Guitar Alive," which will also star pop singer Roy Orbison.

Filming begins on "The Fastest Guitar Alive" on September 8 and Orbison has already completed writing 10 songs which he will sing in the movie.

Sam Katzman will produce the film and was also the producer of "When The Boys Meet The Girls." Things are on the up-swing for



Sam in the record department too, with his "Lil' Red Riding Hood" capturing the top spot on the nation's charts. It's been a long time since "Woolly Bully" but apparently Sam has found his way back and now hopes to fight his way to the top of the movie business as well.

And he most likely will. You know — you can't keep a good Texan down!

Yardbirds Lose Guitars And Amps—Vox To Rescue

A singing group without its musical instruments may as well forget about trying to stage a performance, and that's almost what happened to the Yardbirds recently when their equipment failed to reach its destination.

The Yardbirds, while on their 40-city U.S. tour, found themselves in Spirit Lake with neither amplifiers nor guitars. Their Vox equipment had been held up some-

where along the shipping route due to the air strike.

There was, however, a solution. T. Warren Hampton of the Vox promo department in Los Angeles arranged to have more equipment flown in from Chicago by private aircraft.

And as if this weren't enough, the Vox company assumed all expenses of the special air delivery.

The Move To Visit Vietnam

How's this for a switch in the strangely interwoven world of rock and roll and politics? While many entertainers are doing their very best to avoid Uncle Sam's eye, a British rock group, The Move, are negotiating with the American Government to go to Vietnam!

It's true. The Move would like very much to be the first English group, or entertainer, to travel to Vietnam to perform for our troops stationed there.

Johnny Rivers, Bobby Rydell, The Wild Affair and several other young entertainers have already made the trip to Vietnam but thus far no British pop artist has volunteered to go.



... YARBIRDS POSE with their new member, Jimmy Page (extreme left).

Can't Compare

Dear BEAT:

Now that I've heard the entire story, I'd like to express my opinion. It seems that John was discussing religion and he observed that followers of Christianity are decreasing. That now, in this mixed up world, people actually worship other human beings. He observed that because of this they probably had more followers than Christ and that it was ridiculous.

Well, I agree. I'm not saying it's wrong to love the Beatles—I do, very much. But it is wrong to put them above Christ. But really, it's something that can't be compared.

Pam Kelsey

Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 4)

Beatles Sick Of Fame?

Dear BEAT:

For the past three or four issues, I have been calmly reading and tolerating people's opinions of the Beatles. Now, I would like to give mine. To make a long story short, it's about time these so-called "Beatle fans" stopped thinking of themselves and started thinking about the boys they keep trying to tell me they love so much. The Beatles are four wonderful human beings who have had their taste of fame and glory and are quite sick of it.

Their "fans" have treated them as if they were four dolls who must bow to every girl's command. Now, I ask you, is that right? Their "fans" have no right to command them like slaves.

But, I must say, their fans—their true fans—have been wonderful. They know the Beatles and they love them. What I'm truly sick of are these adults who sit in their ancient caves and just wait for the poor Beatles to do one little thing wrong so they can ban them, insult them, and would you believe it? Even beat them up!

I think these poor adults are too chicken to admit they're growing old and that they just don't fit in this generation. They keep telling us to stop trying to grow up so fast. If you adults want us to keep out of YOUR generation, how about keeping out of OURS!

One last thing. The Beatles are very wonderful people. Why? Because they don't lie to their public. They don't put on an act in front of us, just so we'll like them. Not very many people in show business have enough courage to be themselves in front of their public. The Beatle fans, their true fans, love them for what they are—not for what some penny-pinching magazine (*BEAT* not included) or adult tries to tell us.

We know what the Beatles are, and we love them. You can't change that, so stop trying!

Dale Hoover

Ridiculous Big Mouth Controversy

Dear BEAT:

Those dearly beloved Beatles have really done it now! First came their distasteful LP and now John's big mouth. He, of all people, had the nerve to say: "We're more popular than Jesus now."

Don't get me wrong. Sure, I went out and bought all their albums, not to mention spending a fortune on magazines and books with information on the foursome.

But now you can count me out! I'll just sit and watch their disc sound to the top and I'll pass up the newest magazines.

I'll also watch them go down the drain. Yes, all you Beatle fans, just wait. You'll be in for a Big Surprise!

E.R.F. (Ex-Beatle fan.)

Yellow Thingy

Dear BEAT:

I subscribe to *The BEAT* and love it. It has all the news and newspapers in the world. I have but one small complaint. On the front of each *BEAT* there is a little yellow-fleish-thingy that has my name and address on it, well...

It just ruins those luscious, gorgeous pictures! Couldn't you put them somewhere else? At the top? On the bottom? In the corner? On the back? But not on the picture, please! I've tried to scrape it off but I failed by making a hole in the page when I did so. All I can say is please. Think about it!

Unsigned
We have thought about it. But unfortunately we discovered that postal laws require the address stamp to be placed on the front of all publications going through the mail.

Pat Bartley

Editor

Mann Gentlemanny?

Dear BEAT:

Hooray for Gene Pitney and Gary Lewis! Boo for Len Barry and Barry Sadler... Boo for people who do the same song over and over (Len Barry, Four Tops, Nancy Sinatra Jr., etc.). Hooray for new gear style LP covers (Dylan and Beatles). Boo for the new, dreary Beatle cover—unguar... Hooray for *THE BEAT* recognizing Gene Pitney's greatness! Boo for Jackie McGinty for bringing national fields into R&R... Hooray for "Double Shot (Of My Baby) Love", "Gloria," "Satisfaction" and all realistic songs.

Hooray for Manfred Mann and all their songs! Why are only some versions of "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" banned? The Liverpool '54 version was played in Florida. Why was "With God On Our Side" banned? I don't know what a flamingo is, except a colorful tropical bird... As for "If You Gotta Go, Go Now," I admire it. It is a "gentlemanny," civilized song. I only wish my guts made a similar speech to girls, instead of being so aggressive!

Dorothy Boswell

MOM DEFENDS JOHN

Dear BEAT:

I hope I'm not too late to get my two cents worth into *The BEAT* concerning the current controversy raging over the heads of the Beatles. I'm not a teenager, but rather a mother of five, two of them teenagers already. I was never particularly interested in their choice of music, but after taking them to see their first Beatle movie I was completely captivated by everything about them. Their freshness, their talent, their obvious enjoyment of life and each other, all of it.

If there is anything worse than a teenage Beatlemaniac, it is an old one! I saw the movie many times so as not to miss one gesture or off-camera nonsense that had been overlooked before.

Our home was rocking with every album released and we couldn't get enough news about them.

People have tried to explain and reason out Beatlemaniacism; there's no explaining it really. It is rather like a sickness but one you don't wish to recover from. Unlike popularity fads which come and go, they only served to carve their way deeper into our hearts as their fantastic, fabulous careers progressed. They didn't force their way in, we couldn't get enough.

It's been said that many idols have feet of clay and it is always a disheartening let-down when fans are forced to realize this and accept it.

But anyone who has ever professed to be a Beatle fan should hang his head in shame and disgrace if he is turning on them now. However, people are and whatever they do they are not to blame. The wild, screaming, insane fans, causing riots and near riots are behaving like people have never behaved before in the history of show business.

They are the ones to carry this blame. While they were loved like gods by millions, John, Paul, George and Ringo are people. They had human feelings and emotions like all of us. No amount of money in the entire world could ever compensate for the lives they have been forced to lead, and by whom?

Those adoring "fans" who ruined it all for them whenever they dared to venture out. It's been said before but what can money do, if you can't go out and see the cities and sights of a never before seen country?

Oh! We were unthinkably rude and indescribably thoughtless when they came to America. True, it came about as result of our "love" for them, but how I wish we had another chance to welcome them again and stand back and feast our eyes but keep our mouths shut.

They would still be the same Beatles they were in the beginning. And really, what has happened? An album cover? Rude remarks? And a religious issue.

I would challenge anyone to live through what they have and not turn surly and say much more than they ever have. We excuse all kinds of things in our artistic people, and if ever there were four geniuses it is the Beatles, maybe Paul and John a little more so because of the writing and composing.

They have never hurt anyone, they wouldn't want to. But they have had to endure more criticism and bad publicity and if one slip was made off that pedestal—POW!

I wish it was possible to get a letter to them. I'd like them to know how this fan, for one, really feels. I think they do care. Some of the letters in this week's *BEAT* expressed some good thoughts, the phony fans have now been heard from, and I am glad to be able to count myself among the true ones.

So, true, they haven't stopped to remember what the Beatles have given us. Wonderful moments for over two years, in movies and in music. Has there ever been a thrill to equal what every heart experienced when we heard: "A hard day's night, now here they are—the Beatles!" Not in my lifetime!

What have we given them? Money? Ha!
In conclusion, I wish to express the hope that this current trend of putting them down at the slightest provocation will die out. Let up on them. And maybe we can save salvage those four unbelievable guys who got all this started.

Heartstick with worry they won't forgive us for what has been done to them.



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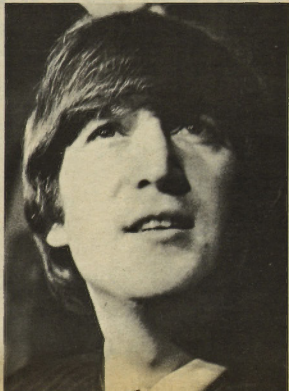


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PICTURES in the NEWS



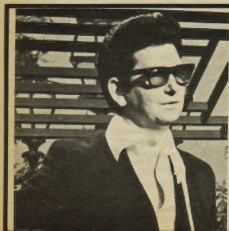
ROLLING STONES are not to be out-done in controversy, and have inadvertently begun to stir some up on their native shores of England. Manager Andrew Loog Oldham initiated court action against one of the largest pirate stations there, Radio Caroline. In retaliation, Caroline has placed a ban on all Stone records on all of their programming. They have also banned all Immediate Records and "Anyone associated with Andrew Oldham," which might involve the Beach Boys' material which is published by Oldham's company in Britain.



JOHN LENNON made headlines around the world with his widely misinterpreted statements concerning Christianity. Despite the controversy raging around him, however, John is going ahead with plans to appear in his first film effort without the other three Beatles, and will play the part of a soldier in "How I Won The War," scheduled to begin filming in Germany immediately after the Beatles' tour of America.



MICHELLE IS BACK! Of course, there are those who didn't even know she was gone in the first place!! It seems that Mama Michelle took a temporary leave of absence from the group, and in her place, Mama Jill made a very pretty stand-in. But, Michelle has returned to the group now and once again the Mama's and Papa's line up as John, Cass, Denny and Michelle—and that's quite a line-up for any group!



Roy Orbison To Movies

ROY ORBISON, one of the highest ranking record sellers of all time, is now going into the movies. Orbison, whose latest single, "It's Too Soon To Know," is climbing the charts, has set the final schedule of operations for the filming of his first motion picture, "The Fastest Guitar Alive." Orbison recently completed 10 songs which he will sing in the upcoming picture. Filming starts on September 8.



GARY LEWIS smilingly receives congratulations from Mama and Papa Lewis backstage in Kansas City, Mo., where he recently broke attendance records in that city as he made his legitimate stage debut in "Bye, Bye Birdie." Gary won raves for his portrayal of famous Birdie.

Bobby Hebb: 'The Beatles Are An Oak Tree-Mighty'

By Carol Deck

"It takes all kinds of trees to make a forest. And like the Beatles are an oak tree—tall and mighty. And maybe the Cyrkle are a palm tree. And the Ronnests are a peach tree—very pretty. And maybe I'm a cherry tree."

That's the way Bobby Hebb explains his feeling about appearing on the Beatles tour.

"What's more important is the show, not the act," says Bobby

when reminded that although it's somewhat of an honor to be asked to join the tour, it rarely does an artist much good because Beatle fans come to see Beatles and don't really pay much attention to whoever else is on the bill.

And, going back to his tree theory he says, "If people didn't like cherries, they wouldn't put them in cocktails."

Anyone appearing on the Beatles tour is bound to be asked repeat-

edly about the Beatles and John Lennon's recent comments on religion and Bobby Hebb takes these questions all in stride.

First Reaction

When first asked about Lennon's comment Bobby replied, "I don't discuss religion and politics at all. I have no comment."

But if pressed a little he will reveal his true feelings.

"All the fellows are men—and their parents no longer speak for them and one doesn't speak for the group. The big question is 'how he kidding?' He could have been kidding."

First Cast

Then paraphrasing the Bible, Bobby concludes, "let the person who's never joked about religion be the first to cast a stone."

Bobby's an interesting man who's been in the music business for many years and has just gotten his first major hit with "Sunny," which he wrote and which has already become practically a standard.

His story, like most every R&B singer's, is one of starting at the very bottom, staying there for a long time, a couple of breaks, the first big success and the search for a follow-up.

Asked why he started singing in the first place, he'll pause a minute and say "It's the only job I could get right then. I had to satisfy those people in order to satisfy myself."

Important Pause

That pause before speaking is characteristic of Bobby. He always stops and thinks before saying anything and will quite often say, "That's important—give me a minute to think about it."

Then he'll sit back, chewing lightly on his fingernails, and compose his thoughts. Then out will come a complete thought and his true feelings on the matter—like his theory of the trees and the Beatles tour.

Trying to put into words his feelings about appearing with the Beatles' he gets a little stumped, but he thinks he's finally found a way of expressing it.

Flowing

"I guess I'll have to write an instrumental to express how I feel, 'cause the words just aren't there. Maybe later the words will flow."

Bobby's come a long way from watching his parents, both of whom are blind, sing and rehearse, and there's one very important part of his life that he hasn't forgotten.

He still spends two days a week working with mentally retarded children in New York whenever he's there. He doesn't talk about it a lot and forgot to mention it at all when his official biography was made up.

But there's pride in his eyes when he does talk about those kids. And on his right hand is a ring given to him by them before he left on this tour. It was their way of saying 'we know you'll be back.'

And he will.



... CHRIS MONTEZ REMEMBERS the Beatles way back when.

Last Beatle Tour Believes Montez

By Rochelle Reed

Chris Montez dropped by the office this week to say 'hello' and fill us in on where he's been keeping himself lately.

As it turned out, the reason we haven't seen Chris recently is because he's been busy rehearsing a group to back him on a coming nationwide tour, plus recording and writing.

Chris is an extremely talented writer, and to prove it he composed "Cinco de Mayo" for the Tijuana Brass, which they recorded on their "Going Places" album. Herb Alpert returned the musical favor by arranging Chris' million seller, "Call Me."

We talked Chris into reminiscing about his 1963 tour of England with the Beatles. Would you believe Chris received billing OVER the Beatles, who hadn't yet played for the Queen, much less Ed Sullivan?

"We were always messing around and joking," Chris says about their stint together. "The Beatles were always in good humor."

"We talked mostly about the different members of the tour and the money we were getting for our appearances. The Beatles were always discussing how to spend it!"

One of the ways both Chris and the Beatles found of getting rid of their money was to spend it on clothes. In fact, Chris owns three pairs of boots handmade by Ringo's own bootmaker, but "I don't wear them anymore—they're almost out of style," he laments.

But how did Chris get the boots? Again, it was on the tour.

"Ringo, Paul and I were sitting around talking about boots, which had just begun to come into

fashion. Ringo asked, 'How do you like mine?'

"They were really groovy. 'Where did you get them?' I asked. Ringo told me the name of the man who made them and the address of his shop. So I went there and had some made."

"They were only about ten dollars a pair—and for suedes! I bought blue, green and red ones. I really liked them."

Chris and the Beatles have remained good friends and whenever their paths cross, Chris visits them. The last time was when they were in Los Angeles for a concert and he went to the Bel Air home where they stayed. Chris will visit the Beatles again this year, if he is in town.

Though Chris readily admits he has no proof, or words from the Beatle's mouth, so to speak, he thinks the Beatles have done their last American concert.

"They're probably getting awfully tired," he says. "A tour isn't of that much importance anymore. They're well-established and probably want to go into different things."

Long hair, Chris says, is no doubt going the same way as the Beatles next tour—out. "I think everything will go back to normal in entertainment. Long hair is getting old."

Personally, Chris doesn't feel he has been hurt by performing with out curly locks falling around his shoulders. "My audience is usually half teens and half adults," he says.

That couldn't be better for Chris. Someday, you see, he wants to be a dramatic actor and appeal to a much wider audience indeed. But until a movie studio calls him, he's content to sing "Call Me."



... BOBBY HEBB—"Maybe I'm A Cherry Tree".

Holland & Dozier: Motown's Money

By Carol Deck
The Supremes strolled into the crowded club where the Temptations were playing and instantly everyone in the room knew they were there.

As attention went back and forth between the exciting group on stage and the lovely girls in the audience no one paid much notice to two young men sitting just a few tables from the Supremes.

And those who did, did so with amusement at the reaction of the crowd to the presence of the Supremes and the almost total ignorance of two of the three men who've been such a major part of the success of the Supremes, America's top female group.

A couple of days later, lounging around their hotel suite, Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier of the Holland-Dozier-Holland writing and producing team that has created many of Motown's biggest hits laughed easily about the lack of attention they usually get.

"We never care for fame and fortune, we take more pride in our work," said Brian.

They may not have much fame outside of people in the business but there is something else.

25 Million
They have been responsible for around 25 million sellers and probably many more that sold nearly a million.

The Holland-Dozier-Holland team came about several years ago after Brian and Lamont had both trading singing.

Lamont, born and raised in Detroit, used to sing with another record company. He continued singing after joining Motown but

"that didn't work out too well," he says. "So I decided to hang my singing up for a while."

Brian joined Motown with the help of his brother Eddie—the other Holland in the team—who'd known Barry Gordy Jr., head of Motown, "when Berry was just managing artists."

Brian too was singing at first and worked a little for Jobete, Motown's publishing company, putting material to music.

Then Barry suggested that Brian and Lamont get together and try writing.

"But we were doing so much and it was hard writing lyrics too," said Lamont, so Brian's brother Eddie joined the team as the lyric writer.

Eddie, too, was a singer and had had a hit—"Jamie."

A short time later Lamont and Brian got together at a piano and wrote their first song, "Forever," and formed the producing team of Holland and Dozier.

Long String

Since then they've had a string of some of the biggest all time hits ever including "Where'd Our Love Go," "Come and Get These Memories," "I Can't Help Myself," and "Stop In The Name of Love."

They've written over 100 songs together and don't seem to miss singing at all. "What I'm doing now is much more of a challenge," says Brian.

Their latest smash is the Supremes', "You Can't Hurry Love," which they admit they knew at the time they cut it was a hit.

"We knew it would be big," notes Brian, "but we didn't know how big."



... DOZIER AND HOLLAND—25 million sellers for Motown.

But Motown doesn't stand still and now Holland-Dozier-Holland are off in a new direction—movies. The move into movie production means a need for movie scores and a whole new field for this top writing-producing team.

The three of them are generally acknowledged as one of, if not the, top writing and producing teams in America, but they feel they haven't yet made it.

They feel Smokey Robinson of

the Miracles is one of the top writers in the world, and their own goal is "to be the top."

If they keep up like they've been going where else is there for them but the top?

One of the largest promotion campaigns for a pop group to be conducted since the coming of the Beatles is the one currently underway for The Monkees.

This brand new quartet will be the stars of a brand new TV series this Fall by the same name, and the first record to be released by the group—"Last Train To Clarksville"—sounds like a good vehicle to carry them to a successful destination on the charts.

Up-tempo, with a little bit of a Beatles sound to it, and very rocking—this is their first disc, and if the TV show proves half as popular, we have four new pop stars on our hands.

Troggs' latest—"With A Girl Like You"—may allow this new

throw it into the same bag you've seen the Stones' Mother's Little Helper" in lately, toss them around and see what you come up with.

Comparison Number Two: "Taxman" ala Mr. G. Harrison, and "Sunny Afternoon" by the Kinks. Much duplication of subject matter going on, no?

Due to the pop success of Wilson Pickett's R&B version of "Land Of A Thousand Dances," Cannonball and the Headhunters (Whaawuzzatt?) have re-released their dicking of the tune. Doesn't look like a hit on the second time around the groove though.

Marvin Gaye is doing it again with a new smash, "Little Darling." A very good record which should have both pop and R&B charts under control.

The Manfred Mann group has been one of the top British groups for some time, but just recently they lost their lead singer—Paul Jones—who decided to go into solo work.

The first release since Paul's departure is a cover of Dylan's latest, "Just Like A Woman." Lead vocal features the newest addition to the group, Michael D'Abo.

WALKER BROTHER SUICIDE ATTEMPT?

LONDON—Scott Walker, 21 year old member of the Walker Brothers trio, was found unconscious last week in his gas-filled London flat by the group's road manager, Bobby Hamilton.

According to Hamilton, Scott had visited manager, Maurice King, and then had returned home for "a few drinks" and to work on his song-writing. However, when Hamilton dropped by Scott's flat the door was locked and Hamilton, along with a porter, knocked down the front door.

Scott was unconscious when Hamilton entered and an ambulance was immediately summoned to take Scott to St. Mary's Hospital in Paddington.

He was given emergency treatment and discharged from the hospital the next day. And up to our press deadline no one connected with the Walker Brothers was talking.

The Walker Brothers are supposedly Britain's most popular American import. Gary, John and Scott have enjoyed tremendous success in England and have acquired the dubious distinction of having the wildest and most en-

thusiastic fans in all of Britain.

Their personal appearances are always sold-out and nearly every one of them ends with fans rushing the stage and more times than not dragging along at least one Walker Brother with them. All members of the group have been injured by their "fans" and had lately taken to being under police escort from the minute they enter a city until they officially leave that city's limits.

Stateside, the American-born Walkers have tasted record success with "Make It Easy On Yourself," "My Ship Is Comin' In" and "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore." However, they have failed to do any personal appearances here and at one time were reported to have expressed a desire never to return to the U.S.

Allegedly, the Walkers were also quoted as saying they were going to apply for British citizenship and give up their American citizenship. However, John Walker informed *The BEAT* that none of the Brothers were about to give up their U.S. citizenship although all of them are quite content living in England.

Sonny & Cher Finished; Off For European Visit

By Carol Deck

Sonny and Cher are gone. The popular folk-rock duo have finally, after months of planning, left on their tour of England and Europe.

Following a farewell party thrown in their honor at a swank Hollywood hotel, the two, along with Harvey Kreskey, one of their managers; Cher's sister and their arranger-conductor Harold Battiste, left for a four-week tour of Europe.

The tour will hit England, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Sweden and Italy and will involve mostly television and what Kreskey refers to as "visiting." They have only two live performances scheduled, both benefits for their favorite charity, the Braille Institute.

The shows take place Aug. 26 in the Astoria Theater in London and Sept. 12 in the Olympia in Paris.

The purpose of the trip is to visit areas where their greatest European fan mail comes from and to promote their movie, "Good Times."

Back in Sept.

They will return to Southern California Sept. 16 and will continue promoting the movie here.

The movie, which has been in the works for a full year, is scheduled for release before the end of the year.

Filming was completed a short while ago but Sonny didn't finish the musical score until less than week before leaving on this tour.

Rumors have been spreading that Sonny and Cher may have to move from their hill top Encino home in the San Fernando Valley due to annoying fans, and Kreskey has finally said that, although they do not want to move, "we're look-



BEAT Photo Chuck Root

... **CHER**—Forced to move.

ing for a house." The Bonos are a friendly couple and have been known to invite fans in and even feed them, but there is a limit to anyone's patience.

After having people knocking on the door at 4 and 5 a.m., trying to steal things and even siphoning gas out of their cars, Sonny and

Cher have just about given up finding privacy there, particularly after a national magazine printed the address.

So after returning from this tour, and while in the midst of promotions for the movie, the couple may have to go through the rigors of moving again, thanks to the over-anxious and unthoughtful fans.

DYLAN FAKE?

Amid heated charges of breach of contract and rumors of a "cop out," Bob Dylan has remained as elusive on the circumstances of his recent motorcycle accident as he is in his poetry.

The Wizard of Words was allegedly involved in a motorcycle accident severe enough to keep him from a scheduled appearance the following week.

Dylan's opponents say the "accident" was actually planned. They say he designed it specifically as a "cop out" to a scheduled performance which he did not wish to keep.

Columbia Records emphatically denied the charges. A spokesman told *THE BEAT* that Dylan had definitely been injured and would be confined to bed for at least two months.

However, even Columbia spokesmen admitted that no official statement had come from either Dylan or his manager, Al Grossman. Both have remained unavailable for comment.



BEAT Photo Robert Cooper

... **SONNY**—Completed score.



BEAT Photo Chuck Root

MAMA CASS—A large bird who met a Beatle.

Cass Meets John

By Jamie McCluskey III

The Meeting of the Century has finally taken place. Yes, the Large Bird from America has finally made contact with the Chief Beatle of Blightyland—and the results are pretty wild!

Cass explains: "When I got over to England, I went through a lot of changes. First I thought—'If I didn't meet him... it would be okay, you know, like—maybe it wasn't meant to be!' If he didn't make any opportunity to try and get to meet me, that maybe the time just wasn't right!"

"I was over there for about three days before I met him. The first day we went to a club and Ringo was there. I mean, it was really Ringo sitting right there! I didn't know how to get over that!—so, I didn't speak to him, naturally! Later on, 'Monday, Monday' came on and he stood up and applauded John (Phillips). That was the first night.

"The second night we went to a discotheque called 'Dolly's,' and George Harrison was there, and Ringo. He came over and talked to me, and welcomed us to England and said that they hoped that they would get a chance to get together with us.

"Then, the third day, I went over to Mick's house—we were living right upstairs from Mick—and I just casually said, 'Oh,—is John Lennon around?' and he fell on the floor laughing! He said, 'Everybody's heard about it, that you want to meet John Lennon, and he knows—he's well aware of the fact! And everybody wants to be there 'cause they think it's going to be the meeting of the century!'

So, that night I had a date with Graham Nash of the Hollies, and we went to Dolly's. When I got home, I was very tired because of the whole thing about being in

England excited me so much that I hadn't really slept since I'd been there, so I went to sleep.

"I hadn't been asleep for a half an hour and all of a sudden my door bursts open and Denny and John came running in. Denny started bouncing on my bed, and yelling, 'Cass—get up, get up, John and Paul are downstairs!'

"I went downstairs, and Paul was playing the piano and John got up and came over and said a few words, and I said a few words—we were sort of being sarcastic—and then we just sort of looked at each other and realized that we didn't want to be sarcastic that way, so we sat down and talked for a few hours."

And so the Meeting of the Century took place. Surprisingly enough Cass managed to hang onto her cool throughout the entire evening—in fact, she even played *Mama Cass* for the Beatle Boys, and entertained them just as though she were in her own home back in the States.

"They said they were hungry, and I had been shopping that day and I'd bought all sorts of typical English foods, like Cornish Pasties and things like that. I offered them some fresh fruit, but they said they weren't interested in that. And then I said, 'Well, how about some Cornish Pasties?' and they said, 'Cornish Pasties!—they couldn't believe it, 'cause that's like their favorite thing.' They're like biscuits with meat in them."

"So, I went upstairs and fixed a big pot of tea and we had Cornish Pasties and little chicken sandwiches and things that I made, and they were very impressed!! Then we went up to the third floor, to John's (Phillips) suite and played our new record for them which they liked very much."

Sir Douglas: 'Adults Reset Groups'

Some English performers, it seems, have done nothing recently but knock America: the people, their attitudes, their way of life.

Many of us have been upset by the Britisher's comments, but the theme of the counter attack has not been a sparkling, positive defense of American practices, but rather, a lame retaliation... "Why do you come here? Just for the money?"

In fact, THE BEAT has found an American pop star willing to do more than accuse his English contemporaries of being mercenary.

By Doug Sahn
In an exclusive BEAT interview, Doug Sahn, leader of the hit-making Sir Douglas Quintet ("She's About A Mover" and "Rain, Rain, Rain") commented, "It's not the kids who treated pop performers badly.

"Young people are great everywhere—they like you no matter what you look like. They dig the music, whether it comes from Mick Jagger or James Brown or Fred Grind. If it's good, they dig it.

Adults Upright

"It's the adults who get uptight. They can't accept that their children don't get going to be exactly like they're fighting the way kids dress and act—and they're fighting it hard. But youth will win. Today's youth—or their children.

Many of the criticisms from English groups are... Hotels do discriminate against long-haired performers. Not just British artists, but Americans too.

"I can't begin to tell you how many places have turned us away because of our appearance.

"And I'm ashamed to say the situation is particularly bad in Texas—our home state!

"Adults are just not hip to new styles. In many places, we can't even walk down the streets without being stopped by a policeman. Any group will tell you this. Would you believe I went to my bank in San Antonio where I was born, to cash a check and the teller was convinced that I was trying to hold him up! How could I have money and wear clothes like that? he was asking.

"In fact, we refuse to play in the



... SIR DOUGLAS: "In many places we can't even walk down the streets."

South any more—the ridicule and out-right violence is too much. It's a shame that in this country, of all countries, you can't wear your hair the way you want without suffering mental and physical abuse. And we do wash.

"Finally it got so bad that I cut my hair and had the rest of the group trim theirs too. It's still 'too long' by Texan standards, but it's shorter than I like."

Fun Hair

Doug referred to recent remarks about hair by his friend Jim McGuinn, who said: "Our (The Byrds) long hair is more fun than anything. We just like to look like this. We enjoy it because it represents to us sort of an artistic rebellion in a renaissance. The artists of the 14th Century and so on had long hair and were great artists and greatly appreciated by the public. In fact, everyone in the world at one time wore long hair. It wasn't until recently that it was cut off, or I think, military reasons, but I'm not sure.

"Anyway, we wear long hair because we like it. We feel that it's arbitrary what you wear, like clothing styles are always changing and people are always wearing different kinds of pants—pants without cuffs or with cuffs, coats with belts, coats with pockets and coats without pockets, coats with one vent in the back and coats with two vents in the back. It really gets absurd after a while because everything seems so arbitrary."

According to Doug, the scene has already changed in England: "There the whole situation is completely different. We were there for four weeks and never once met any unpleasantness. Everyone was so warm and friendly, no matter what age they were. They loved us because we were foreigners, and different. In restaurants, everyone would stand around mildly and listen to our accents—they were fascinated simply because we were Americans, and we were never stared at or put down.

"Most of the adults in Britain have recognized the fact that their

children are people in their own right, not just carbon copies of themselves. And they discipline their kids.

"In the U.S. parents are still trying to hold the kids back spiritually and emotionally while at the same time loading them with money and a car to win their cooperation. In places like Southern California, it's not working. The teenagers are breaking loose. And California, apart from the sheriff's war on the hippies, is better than the rest of the United States.

Resentment

"Generally, over here, adults still resent the groups, primarily because they helped start this revolution in clothing and attitude. Besides, they never like the kind of music their children do. So... they heap all their anger onto one object. They need just this one symbol to absorb all their vengeance—rock 'n' roll.

"They can't do anything to their children—they're too busy griping about how much easier the kids

have it today.

"So they take it out on music groups: in hotels, restaurants, airports, any public place anywhere.

"Really, they're unbelievably stupid. They think it's all right for them to dress in a way we don't like—baggy Bermudas, white knees and long black socks; but we can't dress in a way they don't like. Doesn't sound much like freedom in the home of freedom. Does anyone ever read the Constitution these days? I mean really read it?

"Well, maybe we all should have more compassion for the adult world. They're in the middle of three tragic wars: with Viet Nam, with the Negroes, and with their own children.

"But I think they'd be a lot happier if they would relax and let people dance and laugh and groove, wear their hair long and their pants tight or bell-bottomed anyway.

"Then maybe adults could concentrate on some real problems."

'in' people are talking about...

Boarding the last train to Clarksville as soon as they find out where Clarksville is... What the Beatles had in mind when they penned "Yellow Submarine" and who talked John into apologizing... The conversation that dangles... with Mama Michelle being... with Papa John and what it all means to Jill... "Guantanamera" being banned in Detroit because of its affiliation with Cuba... The joker going wild and giving Babe a hit he thought he'd never find... Who lifted the intro to "I Can't Help Myself" and changed the words and the title but left all else the same and got a hit... Motown thinking Jewish... Bobby Hebb flipping out over "Got To Get You

Into My Life"... Felix's pants... Tommy Roe hiding down in the boondocks.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT lonely Eleanor... What makes the Temptations think beauty is only skin deep... Whether mother's little helper will aid or hinder the fortune teller... Who the Happenings used to be... The one in a million... The day being turned down... God only knowing and the Beach Boys not telling... How fantastic Bobby is... The work song to the tune of the green stuff... The monk wanting to know who dun it... Smitty wearing the plaid... Sonny and Cher actually leaving while the rest of 'em are trying desper-

ately to get in... The Mindbenders turning to ashes... Who Mrs. Applebee is... Banning Napoleon and re-instating Louis... Having a lonelier summer than the Shades thought they would after being so happy.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Outsiders being respectable... What's happened to Herman... The way Buddy can't see without his glasses... Marianne trying to comeback and wondering if she'll make it... Tommy saying what I am... Mick and Christie shopping at DeVos and cruising in a limousine while fans thought the guys had split town... Dubs of kazoos and what Dave thought of that idea... Lou getting

sore because neither his picture nor his musicians' pictures were chosen... How sweet it is... Not casting the first stone unless... Getting seasick with the Yardbirds... J. and J. and Northern stock going down... Eric's bards.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT sunny afternoons, promotion men and which group out of the thousands are really going to make it... Kim Fowley's "Trip" and how in the world they think it's ever going to get airplay in the States... The Spoonful in the Village... Gary's symphony... The audience farce at Forrest Hills and how fed up the people at NBC were with the M's and P's

... The Who thinkin' the kids are okay... How they laughed when people tried to sell them on the idea of a TV show centered around a rock group and how they're now crying buckets because the Monkees are gonna make millions... Ethnic psychedelic Afro-Cuban folk rock and Mexican chiquiqua dogs.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what's gotten into Suzy Creamcheese and the Mothers... How they never dreamed Circus Boy would turn into a Monkee... Boo Goo Loo Baby and T.J. and his P.S. 13 Blues Band and wondering if they're kidding, or serious, or downright out of their minds.

Top 40 Requests

1	FORTUNE TELLER.....	The Rolling Stones
2	YELLOW SUBMARINE.....	The Beatles
3	CHERISH.....	The Association
4	ELEANOR ROOBY.....	The Beatles
5	GOT TO GET YOU (I'M ACHANGING MY MIND).....	The Beatles
6	HERE THERE & EVERYWHERE.....	The Beatles
7	SUNNY.....	Bobby Hebb
8	SOMETIMES GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE.....	The Standells
9	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN.....	Danovan
10	THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY HA NA.....	Napoleon XIV
11	SWEET PEA.....	Tommy Roe
12	RED RUBBER BALL.....	The Cyrkle
13	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE.....	The Supremes
14	LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.....	Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs
15	JUST LIKE A WOMAN.....	Bob Dylan
16	BLACK IS BLACK.....	Los Bravos
17	SUNNY AFTERNOON.....	The Kinks
18	GOD ONLY KNOWS.....	Beach Boys
19	SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER.....	The Happenings
20	SUMMERTIME.....	Billy Stewart
21	WIPE OUT.....	The Surfaris
22	SUMMER IN THE CITY.....	The Lovin' Spoonful
23	SEVEN & SEVEN IS.....	Love
24	SOMEWHERE MY LOVE.....	Roy Conniff
25	QUANTANAMERA.....	The Sandpipers
26	TURN DOWN DAY.....	The Cyrkle
27	SATISFIED WITH YOU.....	The Dave Clark Five
28	OVER, UNDER, SIDEWAYS, DOWN.....	The Yardbirds
29	I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE.....	Petula Clark
30	THE WORK SONG.....	Herb Alpert
31	LAND OF 1,000 DANCES.....	Wilson Pickett
32	DANGLING CONVERSATION.....	Simon & Garfunkle
33	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT.....	Frank Sinatra
34	MAKE ME BELONG TO YOU.....	Barbara Lewis
35	LADY JANE/MOTHERS LITTLE HELPER.....	The Rolling Stones
36	BLOWING IN THE WIND.....	Stevie Wonder
37	HANKY PANKY.....	Tommy James & The Shondells
38	I SAW HER AGAIN.....	The Mama's & The Papa's
39	GO AHEAD AND CRY.....	Righteous Bros.
40	PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN.....	The Beatles

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*2	Glendale - 9126 N. Glendale, Glendale	7 for 1 \$1.00 with membership card	
*3	San Francisco Valley Fair Center 11900 Victory Blvd.	2 for 1 admission	
*4	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*5	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*6	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*7	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
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*17	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*18	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*19	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*20	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*21	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*22	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*23	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*24	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*25	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*26	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*27	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
*28	Down City - 3441 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif.	2 for 1 admission	
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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: All of the Statewide Theatres coupon in your Go-Guide are now good at any Statewide Theatre listed in the Guide. Coupons are non-transferable.

Inside KRLA

By Elva

Get ready, world, it's coming. Yes, your friendly neighborhood Norsemen at Valhalla are ever at the ready to serve you, and shortly you will be able to obtain your very own credit card for Valhalla Thor Thunderbolt Gas. Stay tuned to KRLA for details.

And speaking of the "men who wear the horns," one of them came prancing into our offices the other day for a little chat, and we thought we'd share it with all of you.

Our Viking representative is very typical of the friendly, smiling Norsemen who are waiting to service you and your car when you drive into Valhalla. His name is Svenson Shmorgasburger, he towers six feet, eleven inches above sea level, and boasts a blazing red beard and mustache surrounding his friendly Norse smile.

I asked Sven (his Norse-nickname) what he considered to be his most important function as one of the friendly, prancing Norsemen at Valhalla. He thought about that, for about half an hour, and

then explained that he felt a great obligation to the customers of Valhalla, a deep responsibility for their well-being.

He went on, at length, to explain that when a car drives into the Valhalla Pump City station, he literally *rushes* out to greet the new customer, removes him (or her) from his (or her) car and, true to his neighborly Norseman image, greets him (or her) with a huge bear hug—a symbol of Viking warmth and camaraderie.

You know, it gives me a warm feeling inside just to know that somewhere in the world—and fortunately, it's *here*—there are people like the friendly Vikings at Valhalla.

Oh yes, Sven also emphatically denied the continuing rumors being circulated by our competitors that the friendly Vikings at Valhalla have been attempting to sabotage their stations. Some people simply can't keep a tight rein on their jealousies!

Sven did assume responsibility for the large bronze spear found penetrating that large orange ball in the middle of Sunset Boulevard, and he admitted that he did *borrow* a few of the smaller orange globes to adorn his Viking horns—however, he made it quite clear that both acts were simply in keeping with the friendly Viking fellowship which is always to be found at Valhalla.

Johnny Hayes took a moment to chat with us the other eve, and informed *THE BEAT* that he too was anxiously awaiting the first printing of Valhalla credit cards, already having become a loyal patron himself.

Johnny is very excited right now about his vacation coming up this Fall, 'cause he'll be traveling back to his home—Macon, Georgia—to visit his folks. And from what



DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND, along with a little begging from *The BEAT* staff, The Association have pulled "Cherish," written by Terry Kirkman of the group, off their first album, "And Then Along Comes The Association," and have another hit on their hands. The guys will appear September 7 and 8 at The Carousel Theater in West Covina.

he tells me, Macon is nothing but fabulous at that time of the year. Autumn leaves and the whole scene, so immediately demanded a written promise that he would at least bring some leaves back to me! Ah for the life of a DJ!!!

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Funteen, Southern California's greatest fun and activity club, will be moving into 1967 with even more and better activities for the sophisticated young adults of today.

There will be no expiration date for the fabulous discounts offered in the Go-Guide Coupon Book to all members of Funteen, and membership will extend from the date applications are received by Funteen.

Funteen has also announced that a student advisory council will be organized to assist in the coming membership drive plans, all programs and activities and making Funteen into a better organization for all young adults through the age of 20.

Officers will be elected, committee appointed and co-ordinators chosen to represent each of the junior and senior high schools in the area.

Applications to serve on the council may be obtained by anyone between the ages of 13 and 20 by writing to P.O. Box 1235, Beverly Hills, California.

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BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



JULIE DRISCOLL . . . an English lass, carries carrots in her handbag, wouldn't know what to do with Dior, gets attached to hotel rooms, paints surrealist and sings. Her record: "I Didn't Want To Have To Do It" c/w "Don't Do It No More."



THE MAGICIANS . . . Columbia rock artists who sing and play so well that they get their sound across without having to rely on their amplifiers to make people listen. They've grooved it in discotheques like the New York Phone Booth and Boston Unicorn. The group consists of lead guitar player Jake (Al Jacobs, really), drummer Alan Lee Gordon, lead vocalist Gary Bommer and bass guitarists John Towley. Their latest release is "I'd Like To Know."



THE PILGRIMS . . . take their name from the original pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock and founded for themselves freedom of self-expression. And history again repeats itself with the landing of the new Pilgrims on the pop music scene—a rock group who have found their own freedom of self-expression in music by composing all their own numbers. Left to right, top to bottom, the Pilgrims are Gary Giles, lead singer and percussionist; Tom Pergola, lead guitarist; Eddie Kobylarz, organist and Bob Severino, drummer.



KIM FOWLEY . . . honest. You aren't seeing things—it really is the inimitable Mr. Fowley himself. The "unofficial mayor of Sunset Strip" is in England, singing, writing, and causing a few comments about his style of dress . . . especially his Batman tee-shirts and Hawaiian print shoes. Kim recently wrote two songs for Manfred Mann.

Mistaking The Four Monkees

By Louise Criscione

Just picture one very pretty princess who is about to become queen and one very jealous uncle who is determined to do her in before she reaches her eighteenth birthday. Then add four long-haired, unknown pop musicians who live together in a small but "tastefully" decorated apartment. The plot? Save the queen. The show? *The Monkees*. Result? A cross between *Batman* and *Help*.

In other words, a huge smash television show which no one (at least, not very many people) thought would come off. *The BEAT* ventured down to Screen Gems the other day to see this thing called *The Monkees* and our immediate reaction was—the show is out of sight! A complete about-face for us.

Doubtful

Approximately six months ago a gentleman appeared in the office to inform us of the show. We looked at him like he was absolutely out of his mind! A television show centered around a pop group sounded to us very much like another in a long line of hackneyed and thread-bare attempts at capturing the teen market on the screen.

Then a month or so ago lesser ads began appearing all over the country. "The Monkees is coming." "Everybody is going ape for the Monkees." "Monkee business is big business." All of which meant that somebody somewhere was prepared to spend a small fortune on four guys who had never worked together before.

Along about this time the Monkees traveled to the Stone camping grounds—the RCA studios in Hollywood—to record a single. They practically drove engineer, Dave Hassinger, (also from the Stone camp) out of his mind. They'd never recorded together before. In fact, except for Davy Jones it appeared that none of them had ever

even cut a record! But so we were too sure about that fact so we'll just let it ride.

Anyway, when we learned that they were virtually amateurs at the art of recording we figured the record would come out sounding something like an infant group attempting to play a 12-string when they hadn't yet mastered a six-string!

Foiled Again

But we were fooled again when "Last Train To Clarksville" and "Take A Giant Step" were released. A two-sided smash and no one had even seen the television show yet!

We humbly bowed to the fact that the Monkees, despite their lack of experience as a group, had managed somehow to turn out a smash record. However, we were not prepared for total surrender. There was still the trite television show.

We thought. However, we were forced into a total surrender when we sat down in projection room 15 to view the latest attempt at teen humor. As the theme song poured out of the speakers and the four Monkees appeared on the screen in living, breathing color we admitted that there was a slim chance we had been wrong.

A half an hour later, we knew we had made a mistake! We know now that within a month after the show airs on NBC the Monkees will be the most talked-about "unknowns" in the country.

Probably the most familiar face among the Monkees belongs to David Jones, now known as Davy Jones but still the same English-born talent who appeared on Broadway in both "Oliver" and "Pickwick."

Most Popular

Davy tried the pop business several months ago, making the break from Broadway to Hollywood without much of a hit record but with mountains of determination. The rather short Davy will

no doubt be the most popular Monkee. Because of his accent, his shiny hair, his blue eyes. Who knows?

Take a good look at Micky Dolenz and you know you've seen him before. He looks so familiar that you're bound to blow your mind trying to figure out where you've seen him before. Probably the next day it will hit you. He was once the blond-haired young boy who played Corky on the "Circus Boy" television series.

Micky's light blond hair has now changed to brown and he's grown quite a few inches since his "Circus Boy" days but the grin's still the same—and that's what gives him away.

Peter Tork and Michael Nesmith sort of share the honor of being totally unknown except to Greenwich Village and California folk addicts.

Ex-Folk

Peter is listed as "an ex-folk singer from the Village" and those familiar with ex-folk singers from the Village will probably recognize Peter but to the millions across the nation who will watch the Monkees, Peter will be a brand new face. Which isn't too awfully bad when you stop to consider that Peter doesn't have to face being type-cast before he's TV-cast as one of the Monkees!

Mike "Wool Hat" Nesmith has the distinction of being known as someone who used to "live at the Troubador"—a local L.A. folk club. Meaning other than the California folks no one has ever heard of "Wool Hat." But after one look at the lank, typically Southern Mike you'll never forget him. At least, you won't easily forget him!

Fact is, you won't forget any of the Monkees. They're big business, you know. Also talented and fresh. *The BEAT* throws up the white flag. We surrender. We're crazy about the Monkees already!



... DAVY JONES—Most popular Monkee?

'PRIVILEGE' TAKING ADVANTAGE OF JOHN?

A movie being filmed in Birmingham, England, is taking advantage of the furor stirred by John Lennon's recent remarks on Christianity.

"Privilege," a biting satire condemning conformity, centers around a plot about a young singer pushed into heading an international Christian crusade.

Although the movie has no direct affiliation with the Beatles, it is particularly timely after the massive demonstrations against the Beatles because of Lennon's religious comments.

In the film, a full-scale evangelical rally staged by the Birmingham football grounds is climaxed by the teen crusader leader singing "Return to Christ" to thousands of local extras bearing "We want God" banners.

The Birmingham rally is described by directors of the film as the "largest mass demonstration of conformity since the Nuremberg rally staged by Adolf Hitler."

Besides satirizing religious fanaticism, the film is a free-swinging attack upon British television and press managers who turn singers into pop idols.

The film marks the debut for model Jean Shrimpton and former Manfred Mann group vocalist Paul Jones. Jones plays the part of the teen idol whose affections are directed towards Miss Shrimpton.

"Privilege" has been in the works since last February. Color filming is being done entirely on location and the film is scheduled to be completed late next month in London for a February release.



... THE MONKEES (l. to r.) Davy Jones, Micky Dolenz, Peter Tork and Mike Nesmith.

For Girls only

by
Shirley
Pastor

"It's so weird how things!" work out for the best.

Along about the time George got married (bible), a couple of you sent me a poem called "When England Went To War." I wanted to print it in my (poor excuse for a) column, but I thought it was a little too goory.

So, a few months later, I decided to make a rash promise. So, I did. I asked everyone who wanted a copy of the poem (plus a copy of John's "Toy Boy") to send me a SAE.

Ever since then (ah?) . . . ever since then, I've been lurking around looking for a stray mimeograph machine and have been getting nowhere fast.

Without Them

After staying awake nights, wracked with guilt, I suddenly realized that it was probably supposed to happen this way. That I couldn't find a mimeo because I was supposed to print the poem in my column, no matter how goory it might be (the column, that is). This way, a lot more people would get to read it, and maybe it would help a few of them realize what it would be like to be without the Beatles.

Don't panic or anything. I'm still going to send out "Toy Boy" just as soon as I can, but I think I'd better print the other poem this instant. And here goes . . .

WHEN ENGLAND WENT TO WAR

(Author Unknown)
Life was hard, but wonderful too,
For the fabulous Liverpool four.
But all this was to change, you see,
When this way went to war.
The Beatles were the first ones to enlist,
And pay their country's debts.

Guitars were changed for rifles
and guns for bayonets.

Fans held their breath, but cheered them
to, and promised they'd never forget.

While long brown hair was pushed
out of sight beneath a heavy
army helmet.

When they were gone away to
fight, in the hearts of fans there
were fears.

And millions went to sleep at night
with their checks still wet
with tears.

John lay on his bunk one evening,
softly singing a song.
George was writing a letter home
"Dear Mom . . . nothing will go
wrong."

Ringo sat there deep in thought,
homesick already and sad.

And Paul, dear Paul, feeling
strongly afraid, wished to see
his Dad.

But there was little time for such
talk, as the British defended
their home.

And soldiers died like fleas in mud,
hard and all alone.

John was sent ahead to scout the
enemy that night . . .

The others went too—for John to
go alone just wasn't be right.

They crawled so slowly in the dirt,
but never to come back.

An enemy plane had spotted them,
and everything went black.

Hours later, Ringo came and
put his hand to his bleeding
head.

Remembering his mates, he turned
to them, but John and George
were dead.

Silhouetted against the sky, he
saw a cross, but that wasn't all.
Looking up at it, Ringo also saw
what was left of Paul.

Another plane passed over, but
Ringo didn't see.

Three were gone and Ringo knew
that now his time had come.

A shot was heard and the pain was
felt as a bullet struck his side.

And there beneath the cross of
honor, Richard Starkey died.
Time has passed, and years gone
by, the shore still meets the
waves.

And, in some far foreign land, he
four deserted graves.

But still there's one who cannot
forget, though the years pass
slowly on.

For back home, by an open win-
dow, Cynthia waits for John.

I've sat here almost an hour
since I typed that last line. I want
to say something, and I just can't
find the right words. But, I'll try.

A lot of people might think that
poem is soft, or maudlin or morbid.
I don't think it's any of those things.
Six months ago, "When
England Went To War" made me
cry. Now it terrifies me.

At War

Why? Because it was written
way back before even Ringo and
Mo, and everything in it is starting
to come true. The Beatles are at
war, over something for which a
cross is symbolic, and I'm so
afraid that if we don't help them,
they're going to die in a worse kind
of mud than the poem describes.
. . . the kind that people are sling-
ing at them.

I don't know how we can help
them, except to start loving them
twice as hard and twice as loud.
Maybe that will make the banners
and banners realize that nothing
can take away what the Beatles
have given us, or make us give
them up.

I suppose I'd better make it
clear that I'm not saying we should
all agree with John's viewpoints.
If I don't, someone will probably
start a movement to burn all the
past chapters of Robin Boyd.

I'm just saying what difference
does it make whether we agree or
disagree? I don't agree with a lot
of people about a lot of things,
and in this particular case, John is
one of those people. But hardly
any two people do agree on some-
thing this personal. And wouldn't
this world be a marvelous place if
we started going around helping
everyone who wasn't just like us.

The Beatles have proved to the
world that they are talented musi-
cians and honest human beings. I
don't care if they think the moon
is made out of green cheese, be-
cause that has nothing to do with
their contributions as entertainers
and individuals.

Shook Up

I'd better stop this raving, be-
cause that's all I'm doing. Sorry
about that, but I'm so shook up I
can't even think. In closing, I just
want to add that I hope there's
someone else in this world who
isn't dragging their Beale records
off to the nearest bonfire just be-
cause of a misquoted, misinter-
preted, garbled, out-of-context state-
ment that is being exploited and
blown out of proportion by
magazines that want only to make
money, and people who can't get
their name in the paper any other
way.

He said it and I don't agree with
what he said and I love him and
three other people I could mention
who have seen me in this world
every five or six minutes. And, at the
moment, that love is about the
only thing in this world that seems
to make an ounce of sense.

Me included.

Lively Set For Vegas

The Lively Set, regulars on
NBC-TV's Kraft Summer Music
Hall, have been set for four weeks
at the Casbar Theatre of the Sa-
hara Hotel in Las Vegas beginning
October 25.

They will also be signed for an
additional month at the Casbar be-
ginning December 25. However,
the group's first single is not due to
be released until late August,
which means that the Lively Set
is doing exceptionally well for a
group without a record in the
charts.

Williams & W Head

HOLLYWOOD — The Acad-
emy of Country & Western music
has elected Tex Williams as its
new "President" and Eddie Dean as
Vice-President.

The Southern California organiza-
tion was formed last year and in
February, 1966 it held its First
Annual C&W Awards Show be-
fore a sell-out crowd and a \$12,
000 gross.

Williams stated that plans are
currently being finalized for the
Second Annual Awards Show
(early 1967) which will be natio-
nally televised.

The Rascals:



... FELIX CAVALIERE — Experience in himself.

By Lisa Stewart

From their conception in the
mind of Felix Cavaliere, organist
extraordinaire, to their birth at The
Barge in Southampton, to their
christening at the top discotheques
in New York City, The Rascals have
become a turning point in
modern music.

In an age where the "English
sound" was heading record sales
and popularity charts everywhere,
four guys with definite ideas in
music and a goal to shoot for, have
shown American teenagers and the
entire music industry that the real
sound is still in the United
States where it first began.

Self-Contained

The group itself is a completely
self-contained unit. They all write,
sing, play, produce and are excel-
lent businessmen. Much of their
business acumen has come from
watching and listening to their
manager, entrepreneur Sid Bern-
stein. His excellent handling of the
group has had a definite bearing in
putting them where they are today.

Unlike many top groups, whose
sound is due mainly to expert engi-
neers and echo chambers, they
have a sound which comes across
as well, if not better, on stage as it
does on recordings. What emerges
from their instruments are the
Rascals themselves. Every note
they play or sing comes from
inside. The music is filled with
their drive, ambition, joys, sor-
rows, memories of the past and
hopes of things to come in the
future.

Their music and personalities
are interchangeable—both fright-
eningly real and intricately woven
together. Individually, though you
seldom find them that way, the
guys are complete opposites but
this factor is a help, rather than
a deterrent.

The Rascals are a visually fasci-
nating group and one of the
reasons for this is the dancing and
on-stage antics of vocalist and
number one tambourine man, Ed-
ward Franklin Joseph Brigati, Jr.,
more commonly referred to as
Eddie. Eddie is as at home in jeans
and a sweatshirt on a motorcycle
or shooting the breeze with the
guys he grew-up with, as he is
holding his own conversationally
etc., with the top echelon of show

business. His is a frenetic and ex-
uberant personality, which makes
his presence known and himself
remembered wherever he goes.

He can be charming and gentle-
manly or he can be a rough, knock-
down, "just one of the guys" kid.
He changes as the occasion
demands. But either way he is very
real and never a phony. He has a
quick and volatile temper but he is
even quicker to forgive and forget
and never lets down a friend who
is depending on him. Some part of
him is always in motion, whether it
be feet, hands, mind or mouth.
When the latter is in action, it can
sing anything from a fast up-beat
rocker, to a slow mournful and
beautiful ballad. It is this unusual
vocal versatility which more than
makes up for the absence of a
fourth instrument in the band.

When Eddie walks into a room
there is an air of "what is he going
to do next," because no one ever
knows. You cannot anticipate him,
for he doesn't even know. He
may sit quietly, speaking now and
then or he may completely domi-
nate the conversation. He has a
poise and assurance beyond his
twenty years, which commands
and receives the respect and atten-
tion of those around him. He may
speak in the Jersey slang of his
boyhood or he may suddenly quote
Shakespeare with the perfect
diction of an English actor.
You never know.

On Top

In fact, where Eddie Brigati is
concerned there is only one thing
you can be absolutely sure of and
that is . . . whether or not The Rascals
are on top in ten or fifteen years,
he will be.

Next on the list in Felix Cavaliere,
singer, composer and organist.
Fe, as he is known to his friends
(the amount of which are virtually
uncountable), is simply the perfect
example of the Golden Rule. He is
one of those rare people who always
finds time to be nice to everyone—
whether they be old friends or complete
strangers. It is not unusual to hear a
casual acquaintance describe him as
a close friend because that is the
impression he gives. It is not an act
or an acquired mannerism but a
gift.

New York Tough Guys Or ... ?

An accomplished musician, he entered college to become a doctor but left when he found he could cure illness and give life to people another way—through his music and he does just that. There are few organists who can copy his intense and unique style of playing. When Fe performs he is lost in a world composed entirely of sounds. In those moments, nothing else exists.

Just watching him is an experience in itself. Musically, he is somewhat of a genius, understanding everything from classical to hot jazz and marveling in the beauty of it all.

Sounds fascinate him, be it cars, trains, birds or the spoken word and his ability to translate all of these into music makes him one of the top composers in his field, today. Unlike the majority of long-haired R&B musicians, Fe can converse intelligently on any subject you care to bring up.

World Outside

In his spare time (of which there is not too much these days), he is a voracious reader, for he realizes that there is a world outside of music and one he must be prepared for. Prophetically speaking, there is a book called "Who's Who in Music," and if in a few years you care to look under the letter "C," you will find a listing for "Cavaliere, Felix (1942 - ?): Composer, singer, musician, producer, author, etc., etc., etc."

The only non-singing member of the group is drummer Dino Danelli and there are multitudes of people who will swear that he is the greatest drummer in the United States. If you have ever seen or listened to him, you will know why.

His sticks fly so fast you can hardly see them, much less follow them. They whirl around in his hands like batons, are thrown in the air, caught, and he never, never misses a beat. His movements have a strange mechanical quality, hard to describe but smooth as silk. He has a certain dignity about him when he performs. His amazing timing seems instinctive and a combination of this plus a superb sense of showmanship, make his intricate movements appear simple and uncomplicated.

Known to most as "the quiet Rascal," what he doesn't say with words, he says with his drums. He is one of the few drummers who can make that usually loud and

un-melodic instrument, fascinatingly beautiful.

When Dino speaks he does so quietly and what he says is almost always about music and well worth listening to.

His other love is art and it is another field in which he excels. He spends much time studying art and gathering ideas and inspiration from both the old masters and the new modern artists. If he had not chosen music as his major profession, his paintings would probably be hanging in galleries all over the world. Sometime in the future you still may find them there.

As it is, he doesn't have as much time to spend painting as he would like to, for despite the national acclaim he has received musically, he is still not satisfied and practices constantly. This is a quality that will always keep him one jump ahead of everyone else.

Girls like his dark good looks and those highly arched eyebrows that give him a perpetually surprised look. They can always be found clustering around him, staring with looks of rapture and adoration.

Dino may not say much but he knows a lot.

For instance, exactly what he wants, where he's going and what he'll do when he gets there. And will he get there? Well, no one can foresee the future but considering the fact that he is just twenty-one and thought of by his rivals to be the best in the business, I would say that his chances are only slightly more than a definite, positive and emphatic YES.

Dylanesque

Last in the line-up but usually first on line is Gene Cornish. A voice that at times has a Dylanesque quality, a wildly off-beat sense of humor, a get-up-and-go attitude, an air of mystery and a guitar that literally soars, sings, cries and laughs are the component parts of Gene.

The air of mystery comes from the fact that he likes to keep his private life strictly private. Because he is famous and most of his movements are constantly in the public eye, the few hours he can keep to himself are precious to him. They are to be spent with those closest to him, who know Gene the person, not the Rascal.

Outwardly, he is somewhat of a comedian who is always there with the quick ad-lib, the funny line. But inside the smile there is a very



... THE YOUNG RASCALS (l. to r. Gene, Eddie, Dino and Felix) have discovered the secret.

serious side and an intelligent mind that is always filled with ideas on improvement both musically and promotionally.

It has been a long, hard and often hungry struggle for him to get where he is and he intends to move one way—up. He is always aware of the new groups, the new sounds and the new gimmicks. He has a certain sense of the future and knows what will be considered "in" and "now" before it ever happens. Because of this, he is right there when it does.

Musically, Gene is one of the finest guitarists around. His music has a depth and sensitivity that reaches even the most callous of listeners. His musical ad-libs are always a topic of discussion among those who know sound.

Non-Italian

He can play anything from soft classical to the jazz and flamenco beat to the twangy melodies of the Southern bango. It is always a constant source of amazement to me that he can play as he does and still manage to dance around the stage, at the same time. Being the only member of the group who is not Italian, he takes a lot of kidding from the other guys but they know, as does everyone who knows music and knows Gene, that he will be around and on top for a long, long time.

Now you know the Rascals, both individually and as a group and this is only the beginning. There is a secret to success and The Rascals have discovered it and we, the listening public, should be very glad that we have discovered them.



... DEVILISH GRIN from Gene and concentration from Dino.



... RASCALS HAM IT UP with Buddy Hackett.

Woe Is Me! . . . The Major Is Stalked By Many Troubles

Teen's Back

By Mike Tuck
 Trouble just stalks some people. For Major Lance, it's like a black raincloud overhead that follows him everywhere he goes. He stands in an unceasing shower of bad luck, outrageous and pathetically comical situations.

Major Lance would be charged with breaking and entering for going to church. He's the kind of guy who could be convicted of assault and battery for shaking hands with someone.

But he's learned to live with it, and—as much as can be expected—to avoid some of it.

For one thing, he stays away from Mississippi.

"Our band was driving through there one time when this state patrolman stopped us," he remembered painfully. "He asks us where we're going and who we are."

A Real Band?
 "We tell him we're a band and we're going to Jackson for a show. He says, 'You're a band? Let me hear you strum out a little tune.' We had to set up every piece of equipment right there on that highway and play him a song," the Major lamented.

The real trouble, however, didn't come until the scheduled show in Jackson. After a backwoods emcee had made a little attempt at humor by introducing Major as Sergeant Bilko, fireworks began to explode.

"I finish my act and start to walk off stage when these two policemen grab me," he said. "I don't know what's going on and then this

woman that looks like she's been with a truck comes running up and points her finger at me."

"She's yelling 'That's him, that's him.' I had never even seen that woman before. And anyway, she was so ugly I wouldn't even look at her in a storm," he concluded.

After two days behind bars, Major was finally cleared of the charges, but he vowed never to return to Mississippi.

Major took a huge gulp of coffee—we couldn't help but think it was to sooth his nerves—and continued recapping on his chain of misfortunes as *BEAT* reporters looked at each other in disbelief. His hard luck episodes go on and on and on.

Major Lance is a tightly wound individual with a sinewy, 155 pound frame. His face is one of drastic change: in a split second it transforms from a worried scowl to a beaming glow of content and self-approval.

Ironically, some of his broadest smiles come when he is explaining his woes. He mentioned the fact that he was once a professional fighter and right away we knew something bad—really bad—had to have happened to him.

A few years ago Major was a high ranking lightweight, having won 43 of 46 professional fights with the last 19 victories coming by knockouts. Then his raincloud of troubles burst.

He was suspended from boxing for life.

"Ya know, I got to thinking I

was pretty good before that last fight. In fact, I was downright cocky," he admitted. "I just knew I couldn't be beat . . . why, I didn't even train for that last fight."

We had a party planned after the fight and I had two girlfriends sitting in ringside seats. I was up in the ring before the fight, prancing around, and every once in a while I would glance down and wink at those girls."

Wham
 Then the fight started. "He came out and I danced around him a little, just kind of playing with him. Then WHAM... he knocked me down. I got up, and he did it again," winced the Major.

"My eye was all swollen and I could barely see," he continued. "I was getting mad. He wasn't supposed to hit me like that. About that time I look down at ringside and those two girls are laughing."

"I got so mad I tried to take my gloves off. I couldn't get them off so I threw that guy up against the ropes and bit him. I was so mad I would have probably shot him if it had been possible."

Needless to say, the referee called the fight, and Major Lance was immediately retired it was his last professional fight. But the real show came when Major returned from the dressing room after the fight.

His party had been cancelled and both girls had already left the scene—with the other fighter.

"That's the type of thing that happens to Major Lance. If he could sing 24 hours a day he would probably be all right, because if there's one thing Major Lance is not it's an unlucky singer."

And besides, he adds, "singing keeps you out of trouble."

Top Major

The author of "The Monkey" and several other smash hits is one of the top people in the business, and his career is studded with instances of brilliance and gratification for Major.

Yet, he got into a singing profession by accident. He and another fellow were singing as amateurs and appeared on a Christmas program on a Chicago TV station.

Several companies were half way interested in him after that, but he went to Wonderful Records to talk contract with an executive there.

"I could tell he wasn't really interested because he tried to put OK Records," he said. "He told me Okey was just hungry for young talent."

"So I went over there and they signed me. Right after that I still had a big bit with The Monkey. Now every time I see that fella from Wonderful I laugh at him."

We had dwelt with Major's troubles for so long it was time for him to leave. He gulped down the final bit of his coffee and politely excused himself.

Someone at the table he just left told him to "stay out of trouble" as he was walking away. Major Lance stopped slowly and glanced back, a pained expression covering his face.

In this issue, the members of the *BEAT*'s Teen Panel discuss the problems of the American Negro. Rather than ask the panel to stick to one area of this multifaceted subject, we suggested that they exchange personal views and let the conversation evolve naturally.

Participating are Mike — 18, Linda — 16, Kris — 17, and Barry — 19.

Linda volunteered to begin the discussion.

Linda—"After I've said one sentence, you'll know why I wanted to start things off. I don't want anyone to hear my accent and immediately assume I'm against Negroes because that isn't the way I feel."

Mike—"What part of the South are you from?"

Linda—"I'd rather not say. If it weren't for the privacy of no one knows who we are, I could be a member of this panel. I can't say where I'm from or my folks might pick up a copy of *THE BEAT* and put two and two together. This way I can say what I feel without having it go through hell at home."

Kris—"Are you folks racially prejudiced?"

Ku Klux Klan

Linda—"Very. Not to the Ku Klux Klan extent or anything like that. If they thought I'd even consider dating a Negro boy, I think they'd lock me in a closet for the next ten years."

Kris—"Are you saying that you would consider such things?"

Linda—"Not exactly. I'm still thinking about a lot of things, and I haven't really decided about this one in particular. But I am sick and ashamed about the way my part of the country—my former part, I should say—has acted toward Negroes. I'm embarrassed to be from the South, and I wish I didn't feel that way."

Barry—"We've never had the chance to talk about racial equality with anyone from your area. Would you say that the majority of whites in the South are prejudiced toward Negroes?"

Linda—"Yes they are, and not the way it's been made to sound. The majority of Southerners, and I lived there, don't run around burning crosses or murdering Civil Rights workers. They don't even dislike Negroes. They like them fine, just as long as colored people stay in their place and don't try to change things."

Barry—"How about young people? Do they feel the same way?"

How About . . . ?

Linda—"Not nearly so much. When the school I went to was desegregated, hardly any of the kids protested. Most everyone was pretty cool about the whole thing. But some parents and other adults really got ridiculous. They stood out in front of the school and yelled at the Negro kids. It was awful. The whole school was ashamed of them. Maybe it helped that a lot of the students didn't really believe in integration, but this stupidity probably made some

of them realize that it was for the best, when good responsible people stick up for a cause, it makes the cause seem worthwhile, but when a bunch of nuts turn out to support something, it makes you wonder about the thing they're fighting for or against. I know I started to wonder about the whole world in general when I heard those people screaming dirty words all night."

Barry—"Did your parents make any attempt to protest the desegregation of your school?"

Linda—"They went to a few meetings, not the Klan type of course, but when they saw that the meetings weren't going to do any good, they tried to make the best of things too. But they're still prejudiced. Because of the way they were brought up, I suppose. It's hard to change something that's existed for a long time, you were born. . . why it's taking the Negro so long to become equal, especially in the South where we have so many 'classes' of people, with them on the bottom of the totem pole."

Mike—"I think it's also because the Negroes—their leaders, anyway—are going about the cause all wrong. All the riots are just making the situation worse."

Linda—"I agree with that in a way. Well, I agree with the last part, possibly. But rioting seems to be doing much good. Compare the Negroes in the South with the same race in other parts of the country. Where I come from, Negroes seem to do good. They take a big chance just by participating in a non-violent march. But they're not really making much more progress than the rioters in the rest of the country. I don't think that rioting is okay. I just mean that whatever the right way is, I don't think anyone has found it."

More Harm

Barry—"I don't think Negroes have leaders. All they have are self-appointed Gods who usually do more harm than good. That's why riots happen. If Negroes want to revolt against society, and it's about time they did because no one is going to do it for them, someone needs to be in charge. This way, it's an Army without a general, and that ends up with a series of local battles instead of a full-scale war against the situation."

Kris—"That may be for the best, too. If the wrong person were in charge, we might end up with a real war. That wouldn't solve anything. I'm all for the cause of equality myself, and for anything that's at least a step in the right direction. Even the rioting has some good effects. It's at least made people in this country aware of what exists. I didn't know Negro ghettoes existed until the rioting started. I don't think they lived in certain areas, but I didn't know how things were in those areas until the Watts trouble."

Mike—"That may be true, but it also makes the rest of the world aware of the state of affairs. There are two major powers in the world today—Democracy and Communism."



MAJOR LANCE

Out On the Problems Of U.S. Negro

nism. I think it's a pretty risky time for America to be involved in internal hassles. We're as much as saying that Democracy doesn't work. This country is founded on the constitution and on the fact that everyone has the rights it contains. How can we expect other countries to respect us when we so obviously can't live up to that constitution? America is getting to be the most hated country in the world and I'm beginning to understand why. I used to think it was because of our higher economic levels and better education and that. But we worked hard for those things, and if other countries would do the same, they'd have them too. I don't think this is why America is so unpopular. It's because we say one thing and do another. We've been so busy working for material things, we've never taken time out to make our principles work. Each side is at fault. The people who follow cause such situations to exist, and the people who try to fight the problem with molotov cocktails instead of common sense. If we keep this up, the Communists are going to take over the world without firing a shot. The problem is, how do you stop one thing and start another. I mean, how can you change millions of people?"

"You Can't"

Barry—"You can't. Each person has to do his own changing. That's why even a full-scale war wouldn't do the trick. Individuals have to revolt as individuals. White people who want to end prejudice have to eliminate it from their own personal worlds. Negroes who want a better life have to make one for themselves. Not as a race, as individuals. If enough whites and enough Negroes do this, prejudice will disappear in time. Not entirely, but it will become an isolated thing you can pack up and move away from."

Linda—"Yes, but that will take a long time. Too long. It's just natural to want to change now. There's one thing that may hurry up the process though. No, I'm positive it will. Every time I get really disillusioned about society, I remember that there are so many millions of young people in this country who are refusing to go along with the way things are. If the kids in the South are a hundred times more willing to accept the Negro as an equal than their elders are, this means—I hope—that kids elsewhere will want to change now more willing. I keep hearing that every generation in history has wanted to change life as they know it, but this generation seems to be dead-set on doing it instead of just talking about it and then forgetting the whole thing in later years. I'm never going to let that happen to me. I'm never going to be like my parents, in this particular respect, or the people who are so much more narrow than my own family. I have my own feelings about many things, and I'm trying my best to work out my thoughts on other subjects. If I folks had done this when they were teenagers—I mean actually stayed awake nights

trying to arrive at beliefs and opinions instead of just accepting what they were told to believe—they wouldn't be the way they are. Well, maybe they did try to think for themselves, but I don't think it worked. I'm sure it didn't when they can honestly say they feel that Negroes—speaking of the race in general—don't have an equal capacity for intelligence. I'm only sixteen and I know better than that. It isn't just opinion that some people are brighter than others and that race has absolutely nothing to do with it. It's a proven fact. And it's easy for me to accept it as a fact because my surroundings didn't succeed in conditioning me to think otherwise. My parents will never change their minds about Negroes. It's too late. But I learned the truth early enough so that it didn't conflict with things I'd believed all my life. I know other kids feel this way, too. I can understand adults not being able to change—I don't approve of this, but I can see how it can happen—but I can't understand them being down on teenagers for thinking for themselves. This generation is going in a better, more honest, more humanistic direction, even if we do have long hair and kooky clothes. I'm sorry to rattle on so. I feel so strangely about this."

Kris—"Going back to something you said earlier, I've also wondered if I would date a Negro boy. Me being all rabid for the cause, I mean, I don't know whether I would either. If it were just me involved, I definitely would. If I met someone I wanted to go out with, that is, I wouldn't date a Negro just because he was one, just to prove that I'm not prejudiced. But I'm not the only one involved. My folks aren't really prejudiced, but they would die if I did anything 'scandalous.' They both have Negro friends where they work, close friends. But they're still against inter-marriage, and I know they'd think interracial dating was the first step toward that. I can see what Linda meant about teenagers helping the change to progress faster. In twenty years, I may have a daughter of my own. Consider the way I feel about this subject, she won't have to take my prejudices into consideration when she's choosing the people she wants to date. She'll be all on her own. It'll get easier with every generation. The way I feel now, I won't be upset if my daughter decides to date a Negro. By then, it won't be of personal harm to her because it won't have the social repercussions it does today. I'll only be concerned with the kind of boys she goes out with, not their color."

Hypercritical

Mike—"Don't you feel you're being a little hypocritical by not living up to your own rules now?"

Kris—"Not really. Barry was so right when he said that a person who believes in this cause has to keep prejudice from existing in his own private world. I can do a better job of that by setting a good example for my parents, and others in my own circle who may lean towards prejudice, than I would be



BEAT Art House Illustration

able to do by shocking them. Each person's world is different. I know mine pretty well. My folks are being helped by my feelings. It's making them see the narrowness of some of their own. I'd only hurt them, and hurt what I've accomplished so far, if I got involved in something I know they couldn't accept."

"Watch Her"

Linda—"That makes a lot of sense. I've thought about all this so much, and at times I get too furious to think straight. My folks are nothing compared to our relatives who still live down South. I've never come right out and admitted all of my feelings, but they know. I don't agree with theirs. They just don't know to what extent. But I have this one aunt who is a real... well, it starts with B. When we moved to California, she said—not to my face, to one of my cousins who told me about it later—and I quote 'watch her—she'll come back married to the biggest, blackest nigger she can find.' I never told anyone about this before. It's almost as awful to repeat as it was for her to say. But, when I really get ticked off, I'd like to do just that, just to show her and everyone. I won't do it, of course. But just from listening to Kris, I see there are things I can do, and I intend to do them."

Barry—"If everyone who feels that way, right now, would start doing something about the situation, individually, the change wouldn't take very long at all. I'm willing to give something of myself to help, and you're willing to give something of yourself, and all we have to do is give it. Individual concern is of no help if you don't apply it."

Mike—"Well, I just hope we all hurry. I sound like I'm trying to press a panic button, but the whole world is watching while all this crap is going on in America. If it's up to the young people to solve the problem, we'd better get moving. It's insane the way things are now. They can't stay this way. If I thought they would always stay this way, I don't believe I'd go on living in this country, and I don't think this feeling is confined to just your people. All my life, I've heard about my dad's war record. He won a lot of medals, and has always been a real flag-waver. When I started to panic about being drafted, he really got shook. Finally, I just sat down and told him how I felt. It's different from the way it was when he joined the Army. He had something to fight against, and so do I. But he had something he believed in, to fight for. I don't have that. Hate to say this, but it's even worse to feel it. Things were probably even worse

in America then—meaning the racial situation, but people weren't aware of it. I am aware of it, and I value my life too much to be willing to give it for something I don't believe in. I'm not being anti-American. I'm anti-hypocrisy. If there was an actual shooting war to decide whether this country would start practicing what it preaches, I'd enlist tomorrow! There aren't many things worth dying for, but to me, that's one of them. But I'll be damned if I'll willingly sacrifice myself to protect principles that seem to exist only on paper. If I have to go to war, and I will go if I'm called, I'm going to be fighting for the people I care about. Not to protect some slob of a cop in Mississippi so he can go on cracking the skulls of Negroes who want to vote. My God, how sick can you get? When I told all this to my dad, he couldn't say anything. There wasn't anything to say because I was making sense."

(Editor's Note: At this point in the conversation, the panelists went on to discuss their opinions about the draft, the war in Viet Nam, and other related subjects. A lack of space prevents us from printing the second half of their discussion now, but it will be continued in the next issue, so stay tuned.)

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©By Shirley Poston

As soon as she regained consciousness, Robin butted her way out of the pile of Spanish newspaper wrappers which had broken her fall (and let's don't be afraid I can't spell it) when she fainted.

"Do you want to tell me that this is the tea pot?" she hisped hysterically.

"I do," chortled George of Fame Gate as John and Paul of Same and Ringo the Angel stared on in open fascination. (After the Sonny and Cher birdcage incident, they would never again wonder what else George saw in Robin Irene Boyd.) (Don't tell her that, however, or she'll start flouncing around kicking people in the shins over their "size 7's.")

Ground Teeth

Robin ground approximately one-half pound of teeth, and prepared to express a short but to-the-point opinion of them and their tea pot.

Suddenly she clapped her big trap shut. George had just said out of her very favorite words. Maybe, if she stopped complaining and cleaned up the aforementioned spot, she could get him to say them again sometime. In the presence of a minister, that is.

With this thought in mind, Robin allowed her expression to go sour. "Well, then I'd better get cracking, hadn't I?" she simpered, folding one of the gum wrappers neatly.

"Crikeys!"

George half frowned at this sudden change of heart, but he decided to save the other half for later. "Crikeys!" he yelled, looking at his watch. "So had we!"

Giving Robin a swift but sound go-by kiss, he snapped his fingers and vanished along with Paul and Ringo. A split second later, he reappeared and grabbed John just in time.

"Gerroff it," George snapped, narrowing his eyes at Robin, who blushed suspiciously.

John shrugged. "It was only having a game of follow the leader. Besides, you're the youngest. You're to set a good example for the rest of us."

George looked confused ("I'll say.") "Don't you have it back-wards?" he asked.

Unfortunately, he re-snapped his fingers as he said it, and Robin was unable to catch John's reply. But, whatever it was, it certainly set off both of them and she could still hear their latter five minutes after they'd disappeared.

Folded Gum

Six minutes after they'd disappeared, Robin stopped standing around sulking because she always missed the good parts and folded another gum wrapper. Then, deciding to take a rest, she looked around for a place to sit down.

Fortunately, she was spared the trouble of this pointless search when she fell toenails over teakettle into John's bed.

Checking to make sure that nothing was broken (with the possible exception of her spirit), she nestled cozily in a large pile of envelopes, and resisted the urge to read what was written on the back of them.

Instead, she peered over the edge of John's sunken retreat and gazed at her surroundings. They were comprised of an exact replica of the Beatles domicile in "Help!" (like if you haven't seen it, you need it). There was only one slight difference, which appeared as though it had been caused by a dress rehearsal for the third world war.

But, at this moment, the chaos and clutter that had collected during what must have been the maid's year off looked rather good to Robin. Despite the fact that she was going to have to clean up all that ap-gravy, she smiled rather fondly.

Think, Thought

Just think, she thought (guess what style itures.) What some people wouldn't give to be in her shoes. Here she was in a place that looked just like the Beatles' apartment! And the place belonged to one host and three houseguests who looked just like the Beatles! And, most incredible of all, she and the place were inside a tea pot! (No, come to think of it, there was something even more incredible. That same tea pot was in her living room, which meant she was actually lolling about on her own mantle!)

(In case anyone finds that difficult to believe, there's more. Remember when George looked at his watch a few paragraphs back? Well, George doesn't have a watch.)

Action

At long last, Robin stopped the aforementioned lolling and went into action. Using a stray sock to tie her long red hair into a pony tail, she piled and re-piled and stacked and re-stacked. Then she swooped. Then she dusted.

When she finally finished (you'd better believe it), the apartment still had a lived-in look. But at least it looked like it was being lived in by human beings.

All through her ordeal, she paused occasionally to think of the "special assignment" that had caused John, Paul and Ringo to pay her gorgeous (ahem) slob—whoops—genre this visit. But it wasn't until she sank exhaustedly onto George's "lawn" (she was going to have to remember to buy him a goat for Christmas) that she gave the matter her full attention.

Just what could the special assignment be, she asked herself. "ZIPES!" she answered, as it hit her like a ton of bricks (as in hints.)

Of course! The special assignment was perfectly obvious to anyone with half a mind (a category she certainly had all the necessary qualifications for.) It had something to do with the real Beatles (gasp) who were in this very country (faints) at this very moment (stomp!!!)

When, Where

But where, when, not to mention how? That was the question.

Suddenly, Robin remembered something George had said once. Something like "verbal orders don't go." She then paused to snarl a lot, remembering also that he'd added "especially when you're giving them."

But she didn't snarl for long, because that just might mean that written orders were lurking somewhere nearby!

Nostrils flaring, Robin leaped to her feet. She knew such a document was not among George's belongings because she'd gone through those with a fine tooth comb (and found several things she was going to have to speak to him about) (with a sharp stick.)

She looked everywhere. In all of the sandwiches in Ringo's auto-

mat (where she took time out for a peanut butter and jelly.) Between the music sheets on Pauley's organ (where she paused to play the national anthem of the Philippine Islands.)

Then, after what seemed like hours of fiddle-faddling around with John's trick bookcase, it opened—and Robin leaped forty-odd feet into the air (odd, come to think of it, is not the word.) Because there it was. A sheet of Beate's parchment that gave off a strange kind of glow.

Squalled

Quieting the rattling of her teeth, Robin gingerly picked up the parchment. Then she read it. Then she gingerly returned it to the hiding place. Then she flung herself into the nearest corner and squalled.

She'd guessed right about the special assignment! It had not only something to do with the real Beatles. It had everything! The only problem was, it was happening right this very minute! And, thanks to the crafty (and alleged) minds of four oafs who had lured her into the one place they knew she couldn't get out of, she was missing the good part of all time!

Robin lay in the corner for some time, blithering noisily. Suddenly she stopped and sat up. And it was then that she knew what she must do.

Though they had her trapped in their am-day tea pot, did they? Well, in their hurry to get her out of the way, they'd forgotten something.

They had forgotten that when it came to hiding champions, Robin Irene Boyd was the greatest! (To Be Continued Next Issue)

"LSD" Not For Sale In Most Record Shops

Chances are that if you walk into your local record shop, you won't be able to obtain a copy of Capitol's documentary album "LSD."

The reason? Retailers are hesitant to stock the recently released album because they feel the LP is "exploiting" the use of LSD, according to an article in this week's Billboard.

"It's not been a bed of roses—we didn't expect an easy sale," the national popular album sales manager for Capitol said in the article.

Major cities, among them New York and Detroit, are not ordering any albums for distribution, saying that dealers in general are "afraid" of the "LSD" LP.

Some record buyers for major stores, such as Sears, have refused to stock the LP because of their image as family stores.

"LSD" has been enjoying it's biggest sales in college towns, and the album's top sales are in the San Francisco area, locale of Berkeley, San Francisco State and Stanford. But oddly enough, one of the few areas in the nation where stations have banned the album is San Francisco.

While Capitol has not been able to sell its documentary album in shops, airplay across the nation has been little problem, with most major stations playing the LP.

Capitol has kept it's cool, however. The company is counteracting the poor dealer reaction to the LP by sending the dealers reprints of an advertisement run in the New York Times explaining the company's position.

Capitol also feels it is learning where the stumbling blocks lie for marketing an unconventional album, and plans to use the lessons in selling future products.

The BEAT reviewed the "LSD" documentary soon after it's release and found it actually presented the use of LSD in a very unfavorable light. The total effect upon a listener is the overwhelming desire to avoid LSD.

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The Robbs Vs. The President

At first, I thought my eyes were deceiving me. It had to be a case of quadruple exposure or at least a severe attack of astigmatism.

But it wasn't that simple. The four identical-looking gentlemen who just fitted through the door were neither visual mirages nor imagination figments.

I had come to the interview prepared for the Robbs—three brothers and a cousin whom I suspected would be at least a slight similarity in appearance.

Instead, I was greeted by four young singers who looked more alike than some of Batman's impersonators. Right away they played their latest recording and their similarities were compounded.

On record, the Robbs give the impression of a single voice played simultaneously on four separate tracts. They easily have the most natural harmony of any group going.

The Robbs are a family of singers. On record, they insist, "for the fun of it," and because they like each other's company. But somehow the old adage of "birds of the feather..." seems to fit their close knit group.

The Robbs' carefree attitude and light personality interweaving probably accounts for the success of their last two records and their huge fan following on the "Where The Action Is" TV show.

It also accounts for their perseverance of singing even after a pathetically comical debut.

The Robbs' first public acceptance came—you guessed it—in a Miami parade as the group played and sang on the back of a huge flat bed truck.

We were riding along just fine," recalled Joe Robb, "when the driver of the truck 'accidentally' pulled the lever that causes the bed to empty its load.

"All of our equipment and all of us spilled down to the ground. We even had a piano that fell down on our drummer. By the way, he's not with the group anymore."

The Robbs' sense of humor is something else. And if I hadn't been forewarned that this calamity actually occurred, it would have seemed natural to lump it with some of their other spoofings.

But this wasn't their only early misfortune. It was just a fitting beginning.

On our next appearance," continued Craig, "we were commissioned to play in front of a jewelry

store. The chamber of commerce had hired us.

"But the guy in the jewelry store came running out and said we were hurting business. He gave us ten dollar each just to leave."

"Yeah," added Bruce, "we thought about coming back the next day and holding out for twenty."

But there is a serious side to the Robbs. This is most evident when they talk about their own music—even though it isn't what you would call serious music.

Dee Robb is the composer for the group, and when the conversation shifts to the group's songs, the speaker.

The Robbs' first record, "Race With The Wind," was labeled by many as a contemporary song, but Dee doesn't go along with that analysis entirely.

"When I write a song I do so because I'm in a particular mood," explained Dee. "They're usually happy or sad or express some other feeling. I don't try to get any great message across."

Dee's evaluation led to an extremely time question. Just what is the role of today's pop singer?... just what should be the boundaries of his dictates over the opinions and attitudes of the younger generation?

"I don't think singers have the right to assume the position of authorities on any subject except music," Dee said bluntly. "They should stick strictly to music and not try to be political or religious advisors."

"After all, President Johnson doesn't play the guitar."

Teens, Dee said, are easily influenced by their idols, and even songs that really have little philosophical intent are construed to have all sorts of meanings.

"What really bothers me is when I hear someone ask, 'Is this the way it really is... is this all the life means?'" said Dee. "A song is like a painting—it is an individual thing—and should mean different things to different people."

When the Robbs sing a song it means something to themselves—even though it isn't particularly aimed at driving a message across to the listener.

"We sing because it is fun to us," said Craig. "We just give 100 percent towards having fun."

And judging from the private life the Robbs lead, it is only natural that they should have fun singing.



... BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD (l. to r.) Steve Stills, Richie Furay, Bruce Palmer, Dewey Martin and Neil Young

Buffalo Herding Clancy

By Louise Criscione

Nowadays Clancy can't even sing but the Buffalo Springfield have made it. And that's rather amazing in itself. Not because "Clancy" isn't a great record—it is. But because the Buffalo are even the Buffalo. And if you think that's mindboggling, you haven't heard anything yet.

The way the Buffalo came up with their name is even more unbelievable than the group. The story goes something like this: "I think they decided to 'form a band' in the spring of '66. But they were too poor to afford rehearsal space, so they practiced at the edge of the road. And while they were practicing one day, a steamroller rolled past. The signs on the side of the roller eventually ended up on the walls of a Hollywood home. The signs read (just guess that way) "Buffalo Springfield." And that's how the Buffalo Springfield became the Buffalo Springfield.

Mind Blower

If you believe that story, your mind is already blown so you might as well continue on to the individual Buffalo because you're a lost cause anyway.

So, here goes. Steve Stills is the leader of the Buffalo Springfield—at least, he thinks he is. Steve's deep and throaty voice shares the vocal honors along with Neil and Richie.

Born in Dallas, Texas, Steve admits to a "gypsy childhood" which carried him through one southern city after another and even down into Central America. However, Steve calls New Orleans home.

"Because, at least, I can remember the names of some of the streets there."

What mystical sort of magnetic propensities inspired Steve to enter the music business? Would you believe a respiratory infection? "I used to get up in the morning," declares Steve, "and yell very loud, once, sort of to clear every thing out. Someone suggested I add pitch and tone..."

Therapeutic, pitch, tone and the University of Florida were added to Steve's repertory. However, Steve discovered that he preferred music to Political Science. So, the University was chucked and New

York was "in."

You can't say that New York was a wasted experience for Steve. True, he didn't make it too awfully huge in the big city but he did meet Richie when they both played with the Au Go Go Singers. And then while he was on tour in Canada he met the leader of Neil Young and the Squires, who just happened to be one Neil Young, who later became a Buffalo. But that's two years ahead of ourselves. And the story is confusing enough in chronological order.

Neil Young is the vocalist and lead guitarist for the Buffalo. His voice is funky but honest—and they say honesty is above all else. Neil says he's a "lover by nature." Also sensitive, poetic and extremely non-violent because "I used to get beat up a lot where I was a kid."

Mynah Birds

There he cut a record with The Mynah Birds but the lead singer got drafted, so Neil promptly bought a horse in which he packed his guitars and a bass guitarist name Bruce and headed for California.

Beatles ...

(Cont. from Page 1)

who proclaimed them their undying idols.

For about an hour there had never been a Manilla... or a recording album cover... or a seemingly insignificant quote lifted from context and blown out of proportion.

The Beatles had eagerly anticipated the critics' tour as simple proof that the Britons had fallen from the kingship of rockdom. If they have, then their U.S. tour—and especially their California performances—certainly didn't prove it. George and John Marcell seldom lure more customers to the erstwhile baseball parks. With tickets selling for \$3.50 to \$6, the Beatles played before huge crowds.

But it was the crowds' reactions—not their size—that was most convincing. There was no predicted air of uncertainty... no cautious skepticism.

It was just plain Beatlemania in one of its finest hours.

Being extremely popular in Westerville, Richie decided to tackle New York.

New York was not ready to be fackled, at least, not by one Richie Furay. He did meet a "gruff-voiced, smiling kid named Steve Stills" in New York and later joined the famous Au Go Go Singers and even managed to take a trip with the Singers to Texas—where they broke up.

It was back to New York for Richie and six months of dieting the hard way and working in Connecticut's factories. The sixth month ended, Richie received an urgent phone call from Steve. So, he immediately flew to California where he discovered the amount of success acquired by Steve on the West Coast—none. His decision to stay and be a Buffalo was probably the cause of many sleepless nights for Richie. Until "Clancy" came along, that is.

Dewey Martin is now the Buffalo drummer. Before that he was a baseball player, worked with the Grand Old Opry, Roy Orbison and Carl "Blue Suede Shoes" Perkins. He made the trip to L.A. with Faron Young, dug the climate so much that he came back in '64 with his fortune in his pocket—\$30.

Needless to say, Dewey couldn't live on the climate alone and the \$30 went so fast that he traveled up to Seattle and had a hit single with Sir Walter Raleigh and the Coupons.

That down the drain, Dewey returned to Southern California and worked with the MFQ and the Dillards before making it as a Buffalo Springfield.

Bruce Palmer insists upon being the group mystery man. However, he definitely stands out in a crowd since he is always seen wearing Indian clothes and beaded moccasins. He plays his bass guitar with his back to the audience and professes to be extremely camera-shy. Some say Bruce is from Liverpool, Canada and is 19 and 3/3 years old. Bruce himself doesn't say.

Dickie Davis is the non-playing member of the Buffalo. He escaped from the Eastern pre-school

(Turn to Page 23)



... THE ROBBS

Psychedelic Musicians



THE NEXT BEATLES? — Paris Sheppard (left) and Tony Scott (right) stand over what may or may not be the Fire and Ice, Ltd. Barbara Jackson, sporting her bald head, kneels next to Tony.

PSYCHE-WHO?

Tune In, Turn On — Key To Real Understanding

"Psyche-WHO?" said one Sunset Strip teenager I captured in my relentless search for what might be called "what-in-the-hell-is-psychedelic-music?" Other teens, or course, were more explicit, even mastering the pronunciation, but "psyche-who" seemed a good place to start.

First, psychedelic is pronounced psye-eh-delic, and meaning-wise, boils down to mind-manifesting. Therefore, psychedelic music is mind-manifesting music. Simple, wasn't it?

But there is more. Mind-manifesting, although a nice sounding tongue-twister, doesn't say a whole lot. What it really means is that psychedelic music is free-form and spontaneous. Jazz is that way too. But psychedelic music breaks through the established structures of rock, jazz, folk and blues, incorporating them musically into one sound.

At first, psychedelic music is very difficult to listen to. It takes concentration and more concentration, so that you, the listener, can tell where a musician has been and where he is going. Maybe a listener must put everything out of his mind and pay rapt attention, until the music seems to be an integral part of YOU, instead of someone else. A listener has to tune in and really communicate with psychedelic music.

A musician, playing psychedelic music, has to be

tuned in with the rest of his band, following their every musical move, and in turn being followed. Finally, the right mood has been created and the musician's performance becomes effortless, for the instrument seems to almost play itself.

The direction music takes when psychedelically depends on the backgrounds of the people performing. It will touch on many forms—jazz, rock, folk and often, if members of a group have a background in it, classical music has a way of weaving through the main sound pattern.

Lyrics in psychedelic music become like the frosting on a cake. The cake (music) is there and very good, but with frosting (lyrics) it becomes much better.

Lyrics, however, seldom tell a story in psychedelic music. Instead, they may be reactions to the music ("oh yeah, oh yeah") or just sounds, rather than words.

Most often, psychedelic music revolves around some title like "Under the Sea" and then proceeds to musically imitate the feeling that just such a trip would create.

And when the music has stopped and you feel like a human Onja board, you can truthfully say you have been on a drugless, musical "trip." —R. Reed

'Yes!' Says Group With Psych Sound

By Rochelle Reed

"People are ready for it now!" Paris Sheppard says. "What is it that Paris feels people are ready for? A new music, a sound that may be the next musical innovation — psychedelic music."

Paris and Tony Scott, leaders of Fire and Ice, Ltd., are two of the forerunners of this new movement, or what could be a new movement. As of now, their music is still underground, played and understood by only a few. Old greats like the Beatles are experimenting with the psychedelic sound, while new groups are basing their entire repertoires on it.

Fire and Ice, Ltd. (the Ltd. was added when they heard of another group with the name Fire and Ice) have achieved the almost unheard-of—being signed to Capitol without a reputation of merit or even a stable group. As this goes to press, it's anyone's guess as to exactly who are members of Fire and Ice, Ltd.

Back Up Group

This all came about when Capitol cut it's controversial documentary "LSD." Fire and Ice, Ltd. were the back up musicians on the album, for which they earned scale wages.

But one night a very high Capitol official heard the group as they tripped out (and this is meant as a mind trip induced by contemplation rather than one induced by the use of various drugs). The executive, his wife and some friends stayed at the studio almost all night, listening and dancing to the psychedelic spontaneous music of Fire and Ice, Ltd. In the end the executive said, "Sign them."

"They all agreed they went on a trip," Paris says of the evening. "At times they completely stood still, as if the music got them high."

Which is precisely what it did, according to Tony and Paris. That's the entire idea of their music. "Lyrics float on top and weave in and out—words are an embellishment," Tony explains. "When we cut our album (The Happenings) about everything was improvised."

Paris feels this psychedelic state of music is a "twentieth century attitude. It's happening all over—we're merely the first to get together."

Born at 0

Paris Sheppard, flutist and vocalist, was born at the age of zero," he explains brilliantly. After that Oscar winning performance, Paris began dancing as a child in shows, dressed in a white tuxedo and carrying a cane. In high school, Paris received the National Scholastic Press Association's scholarship award and had two of his paintings selected to tour the U.S., finally going to

rest in the Carnegie Museum in Philadelphia. A former art director at Kaiser Aluminum in Chicago, Paris also taught academic and professional courses in fine arts at the Ray-Vogue School in Chicago.

But a freer life called to Paris and he moved to San Francisco, where he became one of the voices of the beat generation. The blonde blue-eyed painter-dancer-singer became a poet and was well-known for his spontaneous recitations in Bay Area coffeehouses. He found it easier to improvise than to prepare his material in advance—a quality that influences his music today.

Paris now sings, dances and plays a variety of instruments ranging from the reed flute to earth horn. And in his spare time, he designs men's sportswear.

Writes Naturally

Tony Scott is an English-born 29-year-old who has been in show business most of his life. An accomplished organist and pianist ("I prefer neither the organ nor the piano: They are both separate instruments, completely different. I prefer to write naturally and build electronically"), Tony moved to the U.S. when he was fourteen. But since then, he has lived in Italy, France and Africa.

When Tony was a child prodigy, he played classical music, but then switched to jazz. He is also involved in motion pictures and television as an actor and director—appearing on stage in both London and Hollywood.

Timothy Woods is the group's lead guitarist, and here because he played classical music, but then switched to jazz. He is also involved in motion pictures and television as an actor and director—appearing on stage in both London and Hollywood.

Writes For Four

The group's drummer, Roy Durkee, trained to be a recording engineer, but then began writing material for the Four Freshmen. Roy plays guitar, drums, piano and trumpet.

But the most visually outstanding member of the group hasn't yet been mentioned: Barbara Jackson, Fire and Ice, Ltd.'s African drummer and tambourine player, choses to wear men's clothing and sports a shaved head.

From here on, it's anyone's guess as to how it is in Fire and Ice. The personalities are that a member's mind is in tune with his leaders. And he must be genuinely interested in playing and having fun. Then he must be willing to be a member of the avant garde for what just might be the next sweeping change to hit the musical world, and the advent of an entirely new type of music.

It Next?



BRIAN ... GALE ... DENNY ...
**Q: DO YOU THINK PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC WILL
 BE THE NEXT BIG INFLUENCE ON POP MUSIC?**

OH! WHAT THEY SAID...

Psychedelic music suffers from the label "psychedelic," which is often used to connote the use of drugs. Many entertainers, therefore, shy away from the use of "psychedelic" to describe their music. However, others feel that "psychedelic" with all its connotations and misinterpretations is still the best wrap-up term for the free, expanding time of sound.

Here's what they told *The BEAT*:

Frank Zappa, a Mother of Invention — "I don't play psychedelic music. It's for dopers. I don't want to be labeled that way. We sell our music the same way."

Frank Zappa — "Yes, I really do think this will be the next big influence on the pop scene... music is now freed from the past."

Vocalist Gale Garnett — "I dig the concept but resent people who think they invented it. First, they must catch up with people like the Beatles... No one but will be dead right—some people think Pat Boone is their bag. But yes, psychedelic music is influencing the scene today."

Beach Boy Brian Wilson—(who resented summing up psychedelic in a few words)— "Psychedelic music will cover the face of the world and color the whole popular music scene. Anybody happening is psychedelic." Brian, by the way, has an apparent love for words. He coined "psychedelic" during our conversation because it sounded great.

AND THE BEAT?

Carol Deck — "It's not exactly the sort of thing I can whitewash in the shower."

Carol Deck — "I think it's dull but it's where all music is going. But I don't like it — yet." Photographer Chuck Boyd — "I think it's where all music is going, mainly because of the big groups I've talked to and so. But some of it I just don't dig at all, although

Papa Denny — "There is no such thing as psychedelic music. Have you heard any?"

Kenny Forsi, of Love — "No, psychedelic music is just like the star and Ravi Sankar. That influence played out before it gained any real impetus. Psychedelic music is accepted by only a few — it might take over but I don't think so."

Vocalist Joey Paige — "I like the idea and new concept of music. But I don't think teens know what it's all about. Frankly, I'm very concerned because most musicians seem to use the word 'psychedelic' as a need to take a trip. I'm happy with the word."

Terry Melcher, producer — "Psychedelic groups are having an effect on music, but as for psychedelic music..."

John Beck, a Leave — "Psychedelic music has always been around. That's what music is all about. Psychedelic is just like music — expanding on music. It's very nebulous."

Herb Cohen is a producer who agrees with John Beck and feels the term "psychedelic" is totally useless because there is no such thing, or "only if you have no mind. There's nothing mind-bending or earth-shattering about it. No psyche is attached to it. I'm not putting it down, but most (current music labeled as psychedelic) gives the impression of a pseudo-narcotic state."

I do like some of the Beatles and Byrds music of that type."

Mike Teak — "No, I don't think it will get too big. I think it's just a fad—another sound that's going around. People like to identify themselves with it because it's weird. But it's just another sound."

Rochelle Reed — "Psyche-



The Airplane Takes Off

By Carol Deck

In this business you meet so many new groups that they all tend to fade into one long line of starving but hopeful musicians and singers.

But every now and then one comes along that has a little something special and you think to yourself, "Maybe this one will make it."

And you, as a reporter, try to do a little something for them, but you know they have to do most of it themselves, so you sit back and

SPRINGFIELD WIN CLANCY

(Continued from Page 21)

world and came to California where he did lighting and stage managing at the Troubadour and was the road manager for the Back Porch Majority, Roger Miller and Barry McGuire.

He made Steve's acquaintance when Steve moved next door and ruined Dickie's eardrums with the aid of a powerful amp. When the Buffalo formed, Dickie was sort of adopted. He couldn't hear anything else anyway.

After two months at Hollywood's Whiskey, Brian Greene and Charlie Stone outfit 26 other record companies and ended up with the Buffalo. Says Steve: "I wanted Greene and Stone. I had seen these two way-out record producers riding around in their long limousine, one of them skinny and quiet, the other one with a beard and a carload of enthusiasm. They were just right for us."

And says Brian: "It was a natural for us. I haven't heard a group with so much talent since the Beatles."

So ends the saga of the Buffalo Springfield. And, actually, Clancy can sing.

wait, doing what little you can. And sometimes, very rarely, but sometimes, one of these groups does make it—they put out a successful record, play a number of big dates and people begin to talk about them and you no longer feel that you're the only person in his right mind who's ever even heard of them.

You remember the first time you heard of a group called the Jefferson Airplane. You thought the're coming up with weird names every day, and the weirdest of all seem to be coming out of San Francisco, where this group's from.

You recall they were kind of far out—they're six quick witted people who talked circles around you and wouldn't give you a straight answer to any question. But they were friendly and it was all in good fun, and you actually enjoyed the interview.

You went back and wrote a very complimentary article introducing the Jefferson Airplane to your readers, some of whom may have known more about the group then you did.

Then you began to hear things about them—mostly from the San Francisco area. And gradually you came to realize that they were pretty big around their home town.

They got a successful record out, played some impressive dates and a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle started a one man

campaign to make them the country's biggest group.

But still they were only happening around the Bay Area, even though they did get some national publicity through one short quote in *Time* magazine. This was found out—many people weren't too happy about it.

Then you get a call saying they're recording again and wouldn't you like to come down and renew old acquaintances.

You troop down again, wondering if they've changed.

They have changed—in many ways—but all for the better. They were kind of far out before and you were afraid with a little success behind them, they'd really be weird now, but you discover that success has given them a little self confidence and they're now just being themselves and not putting anyone on anymore. They actually seem to be a little more down to earth.

There are other changes too. They have a new drummer—Spencer Dryden, who's from Los Angeles and who seems to fit in right with the others. They seem rather proud of the fact that they got him.

And you'd forgotten what a fantastic bass guitarist Jack is, so Marty reminds you by spending half the time raving about Jack and how the Byrds and Paul Butterfield were interested in him but he was a member of the Airplane and no one else could have him.

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• SEPT. 1-SEPT. 11

BYRDS, BYRDS, BYRDS . . .

THE BYRDS

THE BYRDS

NOW!

BYRDS

BYRDS, BYRDS . . .



• SEPT. 14-SEPT. 24

The CHAMBERS BROTHERS

THE HARD TIMES

COMING!



• OCT. 5-OCT. 15

The Beau Brummels

COMING!

FOOD & FUN TILL 2 A.M.—AGE 18 & OVER WITH I.D.

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA
Edition

BEAT

SEPTEMBER 24, 1966

Mick And Chrissie

A Mama and Papa



**See Pages
15, 16 and 17**

Walker 'Incident' Really 'Accident?'

Scott Walker is out of the hospital after the near fatal incident in his gas filled London flat, but the sullen American transport continues to remain mum on the circumstances that put him there.

Walker, who was found unconscious and required emergency treatment in a London hospital, wouldn't comment on speculations of suicide, but said the incident was caused by "a lot of pressures and a personal problem."

He also would not reveal what "the personal problem" was. But, Brian Somerville, Walker's publicist, told reporters the incident was "obviously brought about by a fit of extreme depression aggravated by the effects of some tablets and drink he had taken."

The Walker Brothers' co-manager, Barry Clayton, tried to soften Somerville's version. He said the whole thing was "an accident—something happened, he took and then an alcoholic drink."

The "accident" however, required Walker to have his stomach pumped—a rather uncommon procedure for someone who has simply inhaled too many gas fumes.

Since Walker's release from the hospital he has remained in unexpected high spirits—but a thread of tension is still evident in his speech.

"I think it woke a lot of people up, including myself," he told re-

porters gathered outside his home. "I'm still under a lot of tension, but I'm feeling a bit relief."

Walker's hectic schedule, it is believed, had taken a heavy toll on him.

"I've learned to get over a lot of things, and I try not to let them get on top of me," he said. "I've been seeing the right doctor, and getting tranquilizers."

Since the incident, however, Walker said many of his worries are being obliterated. "The other guys are trying to help me. John is very helpful—especially on stage, doing things I worry about, like showing the band what to do.

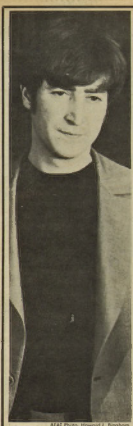
"That's all being taken off my back."

Since his release from the hospital, Walker said he has been gratified by the letters and response from his fans.

"After the incident the fans were really great," he said. They sent loads of letters and gifts and flowers. I had a few letters from nuts saying 'how dare you', but most of them were marvelous and sympathetic.

"I have a lot more respect for my fans than I did before. Some letters said: 'We love the Walker Brothers, but if there is that much pressure you should give it up.'

"But pressure wasn't the only reason. Nobody has the right reasons and I'm not telling anyone the right reasons."



BEAT Photo: Howard C. Longman

JOHN LENNON, BACK HOME, TALKING AGAIN . . . "I hope to get to see more of America because it's the kind of place that might blow up some day, by itself, or with the help of some other country."

Eric Burdon has been threatening to find himself another group for months now, one which would be, in fact, a back-up group for Burdon. Apparently, the "old" Animals were reluctant to stand in Eric's shadows and, thus, the amicable agreement whereby the group disband with Eric keeping the rights to the name "Animals" was reached.

Group Change

Following the completion of the Animals' Stateside tour, the group will return to England where the official personnel changes will be made.

Although Eric retains rights to the Animals name, he will lengthen it somewhat to include his own. Therefore, the group will now

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The BEAT is published bi-weekly by BEAT Publications, Inc., editorial and advertising offices, at 6200 Sunset Blvd., Suite 300, Hollywood, California 90028. U.S. Post Office in Hollywood, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Nashville carriers. Circulation: 10,000. International and Domestic Postage: \$4.00 per year. Subscription price: U.S. and possessions, \$5 per year; Canada and foreign rates, \$8 per year. Second-class postage prepaid at Los Angeles, California.

'American Scene Poor' — 'Benders

The Mindbenders have never been noted for their love of America. While they were here, the threesome commented in a BEAT interview that the only thing they liked about the U.S. was "the weather and the money."

But for once, the Mindbenders might be excused for their attitude about their former colonies. Once they returned home, they commented, "considering it was the home of pop music, the scene in America is pretty poor." But the Mindbenders last 22,000 mile tour was no ride to dreamland.

Air Strike

First, they were stranded by the air strike, which left them in Los Angeles when they were supposed to be in Portland, and San Francisco when they were supposed to be in Texas.

Then, they could only obtain a visa that would allow them to do concerts in states where each individual promoter applied for a separate permit. This meant they couldn't even stop to look at a radio station.

To top the whole thing off, the equipment they had to use "you wouldn't believe," said bass player Bob Lang. "Next time we go, we're going to take our own stuff, for a start. The drum kits were ropey as well," added Ric Rothwell.

"Some of our promoters were quite frightening," continued Eric Stewart, the intellectual-type of the group, and added that "the whole set-up wasn't as good as

most visiting artists would envisage."

When we arrived at gigs, we'd ask them where the dressing rooms were. The usual reply was "What dressing rooms?"

"I don't think many of the promoters over there have realized that if they get a chance, the gigs would mail us to bits. Some bloke met us at the ticket office and then walked us through the ballroom. We got about halfway before the bedlam started!" Eric continued.

Another concert, Ric said, was almost worse. "We got to one hall and went in by the side entrance. Just as we were looking for the dressing rooms, the supporting group suddenly stopped, turned round and said, 'And now from England, the fantastic Mindbenders!' The promoter gave us a shove and said 'You're on! I was still carrying my sticks and clothes bag when I went on stage.'"

U. S. Huge

The vastness of America continued to fascinate the boys. Ric found this applied most to music. "Even if you've managed to get a number one record, it doesn't mean that they've heard of you all over the States. There are lots of specific areas where different kinds of music are popular."

And added Bob Lang, "on America, there is still a big parent thing. The kids aren't independent until they're over 21. Well, some are, but on the whole it's 21—whereas in England, the majority gain independence at sixteen and seventeen."

Eric Retains 'Animals'

be known as Eric Burdon and the Animals.

Immediately following the group changes, Eric and whoever will then make up the Animals will head for the recording studios as well as making extensive television and radio promotion visits throughout England.

Animals fans are to get their first glimpse of the "new" Animals in late October when Eric and his crew return to the United States for a large college tour.

Those in the music business are a little surprised to find the Animals coming back to the U.S. on the heels of their last Stateside tour. Although the tour was highly successful, Eric was not at all happy with his American stay. He described American fans as "much wilder, less conservative, less in-pitch and much louder" than their counterparts in England.

Threatened

Of course, it's no wonder Eric found the U.S. a little unbearable. Among other things, the Animals witnessed a Ku Klux Klan meeting, were threatened with race riots, had ice thrown at them, equipment sabotaged and were treated with a bomb threat.

Under these circumstances, one can easily see why Eric was queafed up with America and could hardly wait to return to England. However, he is, apparently, not so ed-up that he won't return in October.



BURDON—alone in spotlight.

Herman Beats Lennon In Solo Acting Role

While the Beatles were busy apologizing in America, Herman was quietly jumping ahead of John Lennon's gun by turning in a solo acting stint in London before the chief Beatle ever made it to Germany for "How I Won The War."

Admittedly, Herman's move was not nearly as dramatic as John's decision because while John is making a feature movie Herman's acting ability was put to the test in a television play.

But Herman will, perhaps, be seen by more people than John, as his play, "The Cantervile Ghost," will be aired across the nation on November 2 on ABC-TV.

Herman secured a major acting role in the play which was filmed in London and also stars Michael Redgrave. However, the plot as well as Herman's role in the play are being kept a deep, dark secret in the hopes the curious will tune into the show on November 2.

Herman along with the Hermits are scheduled to begin filming their next MGM movie, "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter," at the end of this year or early in '67.

While Herman's other film ventures have taken place in the United States, "Mrs. Brown" is now set for shooting at the Boreham Wood Studios in England.

Their next feature movie, to be made later in '67, will be a remake of the old Marx Brothers film, "A Day At The Races." However, it has yet to be decided if the actual shooting for this one will take place in Hollywood or England.

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Americans Sensitive?

Dear BEAT:

Well, it all happened a long time ago, when everyone started to complain about how the Beatles looked on the Ed Sullivan Show.

They complained about Paul's lip, about his appearance, about the sun glasses, about every little thing. Why was that? I just can't understand.

Another thing was John Lennon's comment on how they're much more popular than Jesus. Why would people stop to such low things as to ban Beatles records? Why can't you Americans be like us English and take it as meant? John even apologized. Why? Because you Americans take everything the Beatles do the wrong way! You should know John by now but maybe John should learn more about you and why you're so sensitive about everything.

Yes, I said sensitive. Like about the banned Beatles cover on "Yesterday... And Today." I saw it and I think you're a bunch of... well, I'm just too polite to say it!

You Americans say you're hurt. Well, you only think of yourselves. If you had been real Beatle fans you wouldn't have (1) complained about how the Beatles looked on TV because maybe you look terrible once in awhile too; (2) thrown out your Beatle records because of John Lennon's remark about Jesus; or (3) said the Beatles hurt you. Did they hurt you by being different and not having to put out the same old cover with the same old stuff? Well, are you really hurt? Or is it that your foolish pride was hurt. Because why don't you take one big giant look and see who was hurt.

No, my friend, it wasn't you who was hurt—it was the Beatles, or have you forgotten them already? Have you forgotten that they have feelings too and while you're at it, look at yourself in the mirror after that. What do you see?

You hurt the Beatles because you didn't have faith in them and you wanted them to be perfect, to be God in other words, to perform miracles. Well, they are only human—but not like you 'cause they didn't try to hurt. They just wanted to be different, they wanted to prove to you that they were, and will always be, human. Now you don't care anymore and you're going to walk out on them because of it.

You shouldn't be hurt by them because they weren't trying to hurt; by John Lennon's remark, by the album cover, or by their performance on Ed Sullivan. You, instead, should be proud to be Beatle fans! You should be proud to have people who are still the same and haven't changed as idols.

No, they haven't changed—you must have! If you could hurt over such things that don't mean anything. And when you start changing, I'll be an American again.

Shelly Levy

Pious

Dear BEAT:

Isn't it time that the people of this country stop being so pious and phony? Regardless of whether one agrees or disagrees with John one must respect him for his honesty. Regardless of whether he is right or wrong, he is not a phony who would only say what he thinks all of his fans would like to hear.

For my own part, I find a lot of truth and humor in his statement. He prefaced his remark with two very important clauses: "It's a shame but..." and "It's ridiculous but..." and I am in full accord.

A nation that will plunk down \$4.95 to buy a Beatle record quicker than a fly will plunk the same \$4.95 into a collection plate at church even as its values mixed up and pointed out that such great exception when the truth is pointed out to it. The fault is our own, not John Lennon's. His only crime is honesty.

Scott C. McDonald



Blasphemy?

Dear BEAT:

We want to tell everyone who is supporting the Ban The Beatles Records Campaign, that they are all being very narrow-minded. They should have the insight to look into the true meaning of a statement and then judge.

Hasn't anyone ever heard of free speech? To generally quote a Beatle, which seems to be the thing to do, "If Christianity is as good as they say it is, it should stand up to a bit of discussion."

Whether these people know it or not, it's quite frustrating to see them act this way. Sure, everyone is entitled to their own opinion, but carrying it to the point of trying to get a national ban on their records, and having bon fires from accumulated bins, is carrying it a bit (to say the least) too far.

John Lennon is noted for his quotes and everyone has laughed them off before. But now he says something about Jesus and Christianity and everyone is jumping down at his back crying "blasphemy."

Thank you for letting us say what we wanted to.

Georgia Reuss and Chris Salcido

Respect Important?

Dear BEAT:

I shall never in my ugly life turn on John for any reason. If he thinks different thoughts than I do, I'm not going to be offended. I can't say now if I respect him for his opinions. I honestly can't come along with you in answer to that question now. I don't know if I respect him or all. I like him terribly, maybe even love him if it's possible, but I can't say I ever felt the feeling of respect for him.

The dictionary says to respect someone is to hold them in esteem or to appraise them for something they did. I never felt that way about John. He made it to the top from the bottom, he's made some awfully snobbish people cringe. He's been a trend setter—even if he doesn't admit it. For none of these things did I appraise him or hold him in esteem.

Respect puzzles me. Is it that important? I think so. In today's society if you don't have respect for yourself, respect from others and respect for others, you aren't such a good person it seems. Just liking someone isn't enough for me.

I don't know, it bothers me. A lot of kids are mad at John for what he said. I am not. He's entitled to his own opinions. So is everyone else. I'm not going to get shook because someone I admire thinks differently than I do. I scoff at the kids that are going to burn their Beatle stuff.

I think it's just that John hit a nerve that has always been out in the open, yet everyone else was afraid to go near it.

John touched the nerve that no one dared to touch and now he's paying the consequences. I think it's unfair that he has to pay. Those people aren't mad because he lied about their point of view or because he insulted them. They, in my opinion, are mad and angry because the truth hurts. How many kids can quote volumes on the Beatles, and then again, ask anyone to name the letters of the 5 Bible stories and see if they can. That is what John was getting at.

He's been on a religious kick lately, reading a lot about it and forming opinions along the way. He realized that the people of today are letting their religion die and made the mistake of mentioning it.

Now I've decided. Now I respect John for saying what needed to be said. Maybe Christianity is a little more on it's end now than it was before. I respect him for risking his future, and his name, to wake people up into the realization of what's going on.

I'm sorry that he, and the Beatles, have to reap all the ill feeling from his statement. I feel guilty because I know that what he said applies to me as well as all those others who are ranting about it and getting themselves into a tiff. But I'm glad it was said. I'm going to try harder now and get myself back on the right track.

Now, I'm not only like, admire and enjoy John Lennon. I respect him for saying something to help the entire world. The Beatles have done plenty but never before has anything they've done applied to so many and been of such help to so many.

Thank you, John Lennon. Someone ought to say it and I'd like to be the one to do so. I don't rate the honor but it does have to be said.

Julie Cook

A Great Bum Fakes Gone

Dear BEAT:

We wish you would print this so people will know how two Beatle fans feel about John Lennon's statements.

The adults are the ones who are making a big deal about it. The adults think that even if the Beatles would say that they don't believe in God all their U.S. fans would follow suit.

Some disc jockeys in the U.S. have banned Beatle records. We don't think that is right. Because no matter what the Beatles say, they will always be talented. If they really are talented, nothing can stop them from being great and from people wanting to hear them.

John is outspoken and lives in part of the free world which includes freedom of speech. John was born with a terrific personality, the other Beatles might have been in a group but we doubt that they would have been such a great success without John.

John, no matter what he chose for an occupation, would have chosen what he would have chosen politics he could have been England's Prime Minister, a famous lion tamer, milkman, and maybe even a great bum. But he would have been a great "sonof-a-bitch" if the Beatles were in this in *The Beat*. We would like to say that we are not the only ones who feel this way. Beatles, we are behind you all the way!

Margie and Del Mar

Dear BEAT:

It's a good thing that Beatle John Lennon said what he didn't mean, for the Beatles will find that their fake fans have left them. They'll also discover that more people will accept them for their talents and not as a fad.

More people will stop screaming and more people will start listening and applauding. The Beatles are now "in." I have more faith in humanity than to believe people would throw a great deal of talent out the window because of a misinterpretation of words. The Beatles are a fad to some but to many they bring the pleasure of music. At last the Beatle fans can be counted.

Robert C. Schwert

Turtles Hungry

Dear BEAT:

In your August 27 issue you said that the Turtles were refused anything except water and menus at the L.A. International Airport coffee shop.

Well, it made me just plain sick. Some people must really think they are something special to let people go hungry just because they don't like the way they wear their hair or the way they look. Well, these people are snobs.

I think the Turtles are great. They can come to my house anytime for dinner. Sandy

Try To Find Yours

Dear BEAT:

I wonder how many of the people who have been condemning John Lennon for his remark about the Beatles being more popular than Jesus have actually taken the trouble to read the entire interview from which the remark is taken. The article in *Darebook* does not present the comment in the manner in which it is taken when read in context.

John appears, from the article, to be an extremely brilliant, somewhat frustrated and confused and a very lost individual. The world exists its Beatles to be perfect. They're not. John could not have known the consequences of his remark; he has always been honest about his agnosticism to his fans before and there is no reason why he should deceive us about his religious beliefs now.

Lennon is as entitled to his own opinions as everyone else is. Especially if the opinion is a mere expression of fact. How many people do you know who are truly religious and place religion above all else? Very, very few.

John's statement was not made out of conceit, rather a statement made as a result of the shock that Beatles or surfing or whatever could be allowed to separate the individuals from their God.

Sit up and take note of Lennon's statement before condemning him. No matter what your religion—Christian, Jewish, or even the dubious religion of those who do not know—the presence of a Supreme Being is the most important single factor of your existence. Try to find your God before you go out and buy your next Beatle record.

And act according to your beliefs: if you claim to be a Christian and condemn John, me or anyone else, you are being a hypocrite. Christianity supposedly teaches love and brotherhood.

Jean Thielmann

The Monkees In \$6 Million Suit

The Monkees had their share of trouble before they ever even hit the television screen. A temporary injunction asking for \$6,850,000 and a delay in the debut of "The Monkees" was sought by two plaintiffs who charge Screen Gems with lifting the idea for the new series from them.

The plaintiffs, David Gordon (director of public relations for United Artists TV) and David Yarnell (in charge of programming and production for RKO General) claim they approached, presented and worked with Screen Gems during the past five months on a series which was allegedly very similar in nature to "The Monkees."

According to Gordon and Yarnell, the idea they presented to Screen Gems was to be named "Liverpool, U.S.A." and was to be centered around a rock 'n' roll quartet, composed of English and American members. The show was to have combined elements of comedy and contemporary music.

Gordon and Yarnell charge that in November Screen Gems informed them that the corporation was not interested in "Liverpool,

U.S.A.," however, it is the contention of Gordon and Yarnell that "The Monkees" takes its concepts and storylines from "Liverpool, U.S.A." without permission.

Court action was filed in the New York State Supreme Court and names 14 defendants in the suit, including Screen Gems, RCA Victor, Burt Schneider and Bob Rafelson (producers of "The Monkees") and co-sponsors of the show, Yarnell and Kellogg. Red Baldwin, publicist for Screen Gems, told *THE BEAT*: that despite court action "We're ('The Monkees') going straight ahead."

As you undoubtedly know, "The Monkees" concerns the antics of a rock group composed of four members—three of which are American and one of which, Davy Jones, is English.

Screen Gems continues to pour money and time into promoting the color series and recently held a gigantic block party at the studio to introduce the press to The Monkees. During the outdoor festivities, continuous showings of two pilot films were being held in the projection rooms.



... "THE MONKEES" (l. to r.): Mike, Micky, Davy and Peter face a six million dollar law suit in New York.

Simon, Garfunkle Back In England

Simon and Garfunkle have returned to England, the sight of a very successful tour for them early this year.

The duo will spend four days there and will tape two BBC-TV specials for transmission later.

Two personal appearances have been planned for them but hopes for a concert tour look dim.

"The Dangling Conversation" has just been released there.

Len To England

Len Barry's going to England. Following the recent controversy over Barry not wanting to appear with long-haired groups, he is returning to Britain this month for radio and television appearances to promote his latest single, "I Struck It Rich."

The record is set for release the day he arrives in England.

\$1 Million's Worth Of Chug-a-Lugging

Roger Miller's first album, "Chug-a-lug, Dang Me," has finally chugged up to the million dollar mark in sales.

His two previous albums, "The Return of Roger Miller" and "The Golden Hits of Roger Miller," have already been certified as Gold Records and now the first one has caught up with the second two.

Miller has also been signed to his own television show which will air on NBC September 12.

Beatles In Air Fright

The Beatles are very nervous about flying. *THE BEAT* has learned from several sources who spent a great deal of time with the foursome during their U.S. tour.

Their flight stems from the fact that the plane in which they toured America last year crashed and burned only four months after the group had used it.

This year, the plane in which the Beatle tour was flying threw sparks over Seattle. The drummer for the Remains, who has a phobia about flying anyway, became nearly hysterical and had to leave the plane. Two members of the Ronettes decided to leave also.

The Beatles remained aboard, however, and continued their flight, but were reported "a little jumpy."



Hard Times Join 'Action'

The Hard Times have been added to the list of regulars on Dick Clark's "Where The Action Is."

Other regulars include Steve Alaimo, Tina Mason, Keith Allison, The Action Kids, Paul Revere and the Raiders and the Robbs.

The Robbs were the last group added to the roster of the daily nationwide pop show.

Gene Pitney Headed Home

Gene Pitney is in England on his way home to America from Italy.

But his visit in England will be brief and only for social purposes—he will not do any radio or television shows.

He will then return to America for a short while then go back to England for 10 days in October to promote his next single, "Cold Light of Day."

Georgie Fame To Vacation In U.S.

Georgie Fame will vacation in America the latter part of this month.

He will be in the country for a week and his only scheduled appointments are calls on radio and television stations in New York and Los Angeles.

Fame has just completed an extensive tour of England and a short trip to Zurich for a Swiss television appearance.

Herbie Buys CBS Studios

Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass is moving into a new home—a million dollar Hollywood recording studio that was built by Charlie Chaplin more than fifty years ago and has since become a landmark.

Alpert and Jerry Moss, owners of A&M Records and Tijuana Brass Enterprises, announced the purchase of the CBS-LA Brea studios from the Columbia Broadcasting System for a sum in excess of \$1,000,000.

The studio, which has housed numerous famous tenants through the years, will provide needed space for the rapidly growing A&M organization which, within the past 18 months, has become one of the largest independent recording companies in the world.

Besides Charlie Chaplin's companies, the property has been occupied by Red Skelton's Van Bernard Productions.

After it's purchase by CBS, it's chief usage will be as the production facility for Paisano Productions' television series, "The Perry Mason Show."

The studio is well equipped to handle Alpert's enterprises. It contains three sound stages, two office buildings, four other buildings for multiple usage, carpentry, electrical and special effects shops, scene docks and a fully equipped power plant.

Moss said that construction of a complete and comprehensive recording studio and a fully equip-

P. & G. Coming

Peter and Gordon are coming back to America on October 1.

Following a four-day tour of Ireland and a string of radio and television dates they'll fly here for a three-week tour.



Herb Alpert, CBS Studios

MONEY AND AWARDS

ped photographic gallery and studio will begin shortly.

All existing facilities will be utilized for the Alpert and Moss companies' varied operations. Moss said that all A&M records and Tijuana Brass personnel would be moved into the facility by Nov. 1 of this year.

Well-known TV producer searching for new groups and songwriters. Contact Mr. Desmond (213) 463-6209

Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

For Rascals How About Us?

Dear BEAT:

Could you print a fact sheet on the Young Rascals, or give me information as to where I could obtain one?

So far as I know, *The BEAT* is the publication that recognizes the Rascals for the four talented, groovy guys they are. But those recognitions have been few and far between, so . . . how about something new and groovy? More pictures of them, anything!! Please!!!!

A Rascal Fan

Dear Rascal Fan:

For a fact sheet how about looking through the back issues of *BEAT*, such as the Feb. 12, May 21 or Sept. 10 *BEAT*'S.

The BEAT



ANY BEATLE FRUITS?

Dear BEAT:

John Lennon, a member of the mop-haired foursome, better known as the Beatles, got the gang in ditch when he expressed his views relating to the popularity of Jesus Christ and Christianity versus the Beatles.

It's too bad his views were exercised in the public print, that his outlook has become cognizant to all. On the other hand, the cal is let out of the bag and the populace does know the true attitude of this self-esteemed group who would elevate themselves to such a lofty position.

Their agent, Brian Epstein, had the unfavorable duty to word wash up the mess and to condition the minds of the public that what John said was twisted, "displayed out of context." Naturally, a public disdain of John's statements could hit hard, where it hurts, in the pocketbook.

The mop-haired clique is really out of hand when such statements would nip and tear at the very foundations of a Christian civilization; one that has given so many benefits to society, despite those who have degenerated, misused it.

Has the Beatle group produced any good fruits that made for a better generation of young people? If the answer is in the positive, what are they? To me, their apparent pseudo-intellect is just as empty as their neurotic, sensual form of bedlam they label "music."

May their popularity go down—where it belongs.

G. B. Moulthrop

Stone Remark

Dear BEAT:

A chance remark by John Lennon—taken wholly out of context and thus given an entirely different meaning—has mushroomed into a terrible thing.

Being a fairly good Christian (and a Beatle fan), I too was quite shocked when I first heard about it. But now that I know what John really meant by what he said, I can't understand all the hullabaloo. Why doesn't all the fuss and ban the Beatles' records die now that John's true meaning is known?

One more point: If this remark—in or out of context—had been made by anyone else, even a Stone, nothing would've come of it. But let a Beatle say it and all heck breaks loose! It makes me angry; why can't we leave those poor guys alone? I guess it really must've been open season on the Beatles.

Sylvia DuFrane

John 8:4

Dear BEAT:

I don't think it was a coincidence that John 8:4 appeared after your headline in the August 27 issue of *BEAT*. As you know, John 8 is the chapter in the Bible in which Jesus rebukes the self-righteous accusers of another. He says that whoever is without sin may cast the first stone. When Jesus looks up the accusers are gone. How about it, Tommy Charles and Doug Layton, are you faultless enough to cast stones? Or are you just witch-hunting (with a five month old quote) for your own publicity?

Anne Kohler

P.S. If they were well enough informed to start such a movement, why didn't they know about this quote months ago? I did and I'm just a casual radio listener. I know you won't print this because it would make trouble for Charles and Layton, but after all, haven't they made enough trouble for John?

THANKS

Dear BEAT:

Thank you so much for your great coverage of the Beatles' stay in America. Please keep it up (especially the excerpts from their press conferences.) We lay ya for it.

April Orcott

Impartial?

Dear BEAT:

I am under the impression that a newspaper is supposed to maintain an impartial view of things, which isn't evident in *The BEAT*. I think that you are printing too much of a private opinion concerning the Beatles. I don't think that you should show so much of an opinion in your articles, which run about 2 to 1—Beatles to Stones.

Recently, *The BEAT* has been building up the Beatles to a peak they can't possibly attain. Their talent has been fading away but *The BEAT* continues to give the opinion that they are as great as they were last year. *The BEAT* would probably be a much better paper if so much of a private viewpoint could be omitted.

Debby Nelson

P.S. I don't really expect you to print this because I probably have the wrong viewpoint to suit you.

Disappointed By Raiders

Dear BEAT:

I would like to address this letter to Paul Revere and his Raiders. I'm not like John where to send it, so I'm hoping you'll print it. Dear Raiders:

Let me explain who I am. I'm one of those girls who you refused to give your autograph to. If that doesn't refresh your memory, it happened when you were at POP with the program "Where The Action Is." I'm not the only one who is disappointed with the Raiders. Out of all those teens in the group I came with (a bus full) not one will say the Raiders were friendly.

You see, this was my first autograph hunt. To my knowledge, I was not being rude in my approach to get a Raider to sign his name. If I was, please accept my apologies. I hope you'll be polite enough to give me a reason for your behavior toward autograph hunters. I'm sure *The BEAT* will be happy to print your reply. Thank you.

Margie

'in' people are talking about...

The Hell's Angels helping the Beatles and wondering if top groups should hire the Angels to assist them in security . . . The Monkees' party and why they've let their hair grow so long . . . Why Sonny & Cher's fan mail has dropped considerably in the fan magazines' mailrooms . . . What made Carl Wilson decide to admit that he's married to Billy Hinch (of Dino, Desi & Billy) 16 year old sister, Annie . . . Why Mick was chosen to play Ernie and wondering if the rockers will win and be left alive . . . Why Drake will not be re-joining the Raiders . . . Why we should all burrah Hazel.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT whether or not Spain will be the next "in" country and

if Los Bravos is the start of something big . . . The real story behind the Richard Pryor-Maurice Warfield deal and who is doing all the phoning . . . Joan being accused out by Cass . . . Whether or not Bob Dylan really had his head shaved when he was in the hospital . . . How the Sandpipers are going to sing "Guananamera" on stage when they are minus the girl who sang at their recording session . . . What Epstein would do if someone spelled Cyrkle, circle . . . How many different ways you can spell Eleanor . . . How cherished the Association are going to be in court.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the group which is a little too obvious in its imitation of the

Yardbirds . . . Who got inside to do that Strip story for a national magazine . . . Why John went back to England and re-opened his mouth to the press . . . The changes that hurt in the Turtles . . . Why certain British groups continue to knock the U.S. while pocketing American money . . . Whether or not Jimmy Smith is really the Hoochie Coochie Man and if he isn't how come he's saying he is . . . The Chip who travels a lot . . . Where Renee will walk . . . What the 4 Seasons have under their skin . . . Billy Joe Royal's campfire girls . . . What does become of the broken hearted.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the headline in a national

trade magazine which read: "Beatlemania Turns To 'Beatle-wanania,'" and quoted figures from their recent tour to justify the headline . . . The Jan & Dean discs which continue to flood the market . . . The new image Jackie . . . Johnny Rivers joining Herbie in the Spanish language . . . See See Rider and how many people are going to ride on it before it's never heard from again . . . How much advantage some publicists will take and how long groups are going to put up with it . . . How funny it is that most magazines are just now printing that Jill has joined the Mama's & Papa's when, in fact, she's just left the group . . . How ironic it is that Diana sings "Money" . . . The return of

McGuire.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT N.D. and how he is a tightrope walker but is afraid to fly . . . The star that soeches . . . Leslie wanting to be treated like a lady . . . If Bobby were a carpenter he wouldn't have nearly as much money . . . The German reporter who actually had the nerve to ask Ringo if it would damage his face if Zak threw some spaghetti in it . . . Who is really signing under the name "Grossroots" . . . Cannibal and the Headhunters re-releasing "Land Of A 1,000 Dances" and wondering how many more are going to come our way . . . How closely one of the "old" Animals resembles Brian Jones .

On the BEAT

By Louise Crisoleo



The Beatles have gone and the John Lennon controversy should really be over by now. But, of course, it's not. John has apologized repeatedly for "opening my mouth" and chooses to blame only himself "for not thinking what people a million miles away were going to say about it."

John went on to add that he was once an atheist but is now "more of a Christian than I ever was." John is not, and has never been, sorry that he said what he did. He is only sorry that it was so misinterpreted by Statesiders. He was apparently terribly upset over the furor his quote caused and, in fact, admitted that five years ago he would have simply chuckled it all and refused to tour again.

Created Hate

But now, today, he couldn't do that because "I couldn't go away knowing that I'd created another little piece of hate in the world." So, he came and explained and apologized and let's hope that ends it.

John has already begun filming "How I Won The War" in which he plays a soldier in a platoon of eight men. There is talk that Richard Lester, director of the film, will ask John to trim his Beatle tresses a little more for the comedy; however, John has already submitted to the scissors and is unlikely to part with any more of his hair. The movie is being filmed in color and is scheduled for a May release by United Artists.

An ex-Yarbird and an ex-Animal are going to join forces in a new group which has not yet been named. Paul Samwell Smith, the alleged "brain" behind the Yardbirds, left the group on the grounds that he wanted to concentrate on writing and producing. However, he is now joining the group which will also include ex-Animal, Hilton Valentine. Their records will be independently produced by the group and their first single is due out in October. **Aughta be wild—electronic soul, maybe?**

A Knicker Mess

The Young Rascals are in the midst of a "knicker" controversy. Seems that the group started out with their knickers, used a knicker shot on the cover of their LP, and then decided to drop them. Fans on the East Coast are a little bit up-in-arms over the missing knickers while those on the West Coast are used to anything and, therefore, are not fazed by Eddie on stage in a combination of gold, turquoise, blue, black and red!

One New York City fan mused, following a Rascal performance in Central Park, that "they don't look so happy without their knickers." What????? Anyway, it remains to be seen if the Rascals will go back to the knickers or stay in their sort of "come as you are" outfits. I, for one, vote that they get a hit record first and then worry about their clothes.

A hot rumor is flying that Jeff Beck, Yardbird guitarist extraordinaire, is soon to get his walking papers from the group. For one thing, his health is not too fantastic and his tonsils continue to flare up, causing the cancellation of the Yardbirds' San Diego appearance.

Based On Fact

The rumors of Jeff's departure have been making the rounds for several months now, partially based on fact and partially on fiction. However, this current crop is, unfortunately, based heavily on fact—though, groups as well as individuals are known to change their minds.

Wayne Fontana, formerly of "Game Of Love," and lately of only bombs, was married two weeks ago in England to 17-year-old Suzanne Davies who is from Wayne's hometown, Manchester. Ironically enough, Wayne has just finished waxing a song entitled, "Please Stop The Wedding." But no one paid any attention to his plea.

Apparently, Eric Burdon didn't dig this last Animal tour of the U.S. Says it was like a prison. Of course, they toured the South and ran into race riots, bomb threats and the Ku Klux Klan. Can't for the life of me imagine why Eric would want to go back to England, can you?



... JOHN LENNON



... ERIC BURDON

Donovan Is Coming Despite Loss Of His Permanent Visa

Donovan, whose "Sunshine Superman" has topped the American charts, is set for a Stateside visit during the latter part of September.

It's to be a rather short tour as the British folk singer will make only six personal appearances.

For a while it was feared that the tour would not materialize at all as Donovan had his permanent entry visa revoked because of a court case he's involved in here.

"But the American Embassy has stated that he can be granted a temporary visa for each visit," his manager Ashley Kozach said.

While in the U.S., Donovan will perform one concert each in Chicago, San Francisco and New York and three in Los Angeles. Besides the concerts, he will undertake limited television promotion in conjunction with his latest album which is to be released shortly before his tour.

Stateside fans are anxiously awaiting their opportunity to see Donovan's new album which is to be released shortly before his tour.

Stateside fans are anxiously awaiting their opportunity to see Donovan's new "image" which was launched with "Sunshine Superman" and features Donovan in suits and ties rather than the more informal attire he has been noted for.



... WILL DONOVAN LOOK LIKE THIS, or bring along his new image?

Label Dispute Halts Trogg's American Visit

The Trogg's tour of America for this month is off because of disputes over what label they are on in this country.

Both their first single and their first album have been released on two different labels in the U.S. and it appears that until someone finds out what label they are on they won't be coming over.

Instead they are on a tour of Scotland.

There is hope they will make it here by the end of the year and their New York agent is negotiating for an appearance on "Ed Sullivan" for them.

Monkees Finish First P.A. Tour

The Monkees have just finished their first public appearance tour and are now back at work on their television show.

The group, created for the TV show "The Monkees," made their first public appearances together in Chicago, Boston and New York, then returned to the West Coast.

A heavy shooting schedule for the show will curtail most performances by the group for a while.

Their first record, "Last Train To Clarksville," has been released and appears to be on its way up.

Visas Are Denied Them; 'Dream' Halted In U.S.

After a three month visit in America, Them have left the country and returned to Ireland to get re-organized.

The group had some problems with the immigration authorities trying to get in the country, but with the help of BEAT readers and several lawyers they did enter America late last May.

Since then they have made numerous personal appearances, mostly in California, although they never did receive clearance to appear on television or do any recording.

While they were here their lawyers, both in America and England, successfully got them out of contracts with their old manager, producer and recording label, but could not get an extension of their visas which ran out August 31.

The lawyers also stopped the release of a record titled "Gloria's Dream" under the name Them. The record, actually recorded by several people that were in the group for a short time quite a while ago and sounds like "Gloria" revisited, is being released here under the name The Belfast Gypsies.

Just before Them left, Parrot Records released a single by them, "I Can Only Give You Everything" and "Don't Start Crying Now"—which was cut some years ago.

The guys knew nothing about the release of the record and didn't really think it was the strongest of their material, but didn't complain.

There have been some changes in the group since it first formed and it now consists of Van Morrison, Alan Henderson (the only two members left of the original group), Ray Elliott, Jim Armstrong and David Harvey.

Alan says he doesn't expect anyone to leave the present group but there are slight chances that additions may be made as part of their re-organization.

Before leaving they told *The BEAT* that they wished to express thanks to everyone who had helped them get into and stay in the country and to say how much they enjoyed it here.

They also expressed sincere regret at leaving California, which had become like another home to them, but they promised they'd go home, get re-organized, produce some more hits like their first ones—"Gloria," "Here Comes the Night," "Mystic Eyes" and "Baby Please Don't Go"—and be back soon, probably the first of next year.

Now Dispel Those Beatles Rumors

As Seen By A Beat Reporter After
A Long Luvley Chat With
Tony Barrow

On August 12, 1966, four Beatles arrived in these United States.

It was their fourth visit, but it felt more like their first. They hadn't known what to expect then, and they didn't know now.

The apprehensions that felt was understandable. They had heard about the storm of controversy which had broken in our country, but they couldn't appraise the situation until they could see it for themselves.

So, they came and they saw. At high noon on August 30, they boarded a plane at Los Angeles International Airport and went home smiling. For, once again, they had conquered.

Conquered really isn't the right term, though. This word is synonymous with winning, and it wasn't a question of that. It was more one of finding out how much they'd lost of what they'd already won years ago.

The reply came on fourteen different stages in fourteen different cities. From those platforms, the Beatles saw the same sea of faces and heard the same roar of welcome, and they knew they had lost absolutely nothing.

That answered their big question. Two days after the foursome had flown back to London, Tony Barrow, the Beatles' Senior Press Officer and *THE BEAT'S* London Correspondent, did his best to answer mine.

Tony had remained in Hollywood to allow to some of the countless post-tour details, among them this interview. When I met him that evening, at the comfortably-quiet restaurant in his hotel, I suppose he figured I was going to ask the question he has surely heard a thousand times these past few weeks, and he was right.

Coming Back?

After the usual pleasantries, my first words were: "Are they coming back next year?"

He didn't say yes, but he didn't say no (which was fortunate be-

cause I was prepared to plunge my pencil into my heart if he had.) What he did say was this: "Nothing is ever set twelve months in advance, but I see no reason why they won't be back."

He went on to say that two offers have already been made to book the Beatles in 1967 (one from Shea Stadium, the other from somewhere he didn't mention), but that there were no commitments as yet.

I then told him about the rumors which had prompted my question. I'd heard the Beatles were tired of touring, tired of performing, and anxious to devote their time to recording and making movies.

"Everyone is tired at the end of a tour," he said. "There's no fun in being jostled about and packing up every hour and riding around in florist's delivery trucks. But afterwards you look back and think of all the thousands of people who got to see you and it seems different then."

(A slight interruption—The Beatles solved a part of the packing-up problem by bringing along just two sets of on-stage costumes.

In some cities they wore the forest green outfits we saw in Los Angeles and San Francisco; in others they wore gray-and-pink-striped suits. But they brought along fourteen different sets of matched shirts, and I imagine they had great fun hauling those around, not to mention the clothes they brought to wear off-stage.

Beatle Movie

The Beatles do love to devote a lot of time to movies and recording. John's film from shooting the *Beatles* and the Beatles, and the next Beatle movie ought to get underway just after the first of the year.

Tony had this to say regarding: "Recording is a basic, long-term thing with the Beatles, and also the most rewarding and creative. I don't know that the writing of songs takes them longer than it used to, but they're progressing lyrically, they're more profound; they've passed through the I-love-you-and-you-love-me-stage. They

do spend far more time working out how to present a song. They've passed through the three-guitars and-a-drum stage, too."

The following is a "transcript" of the remainder of our question and answer session. Hopefully, I have Tony's answers word for word. If not, I offer him my humblest apologies in advance. I also promise to learn how to read my own writing one of these days.

Q: At the Hollywood press conference, Paul said that the "sound effects" in "Tomorrow Never Knows" were created by a series of tape loops. Would you explain what these are??

A: "Tape loops are short pieces of recording tape joined back to back. For this particular record, they used tapes they'd been recording at home on their own equipment. Paul is the most prolific at this sort of thing."

Q: Why did the Beatles decide to appear at stadiums instead of places like the Hollywood Bowl?

A: Los Angeles is a good example of why. You can't repeat the Bowl and disappoint the people who can't get in, or you look for somewhere larger. The Beatles played to more people at one performance in Dodger Stadium than they did with two shows last year at the Bowl.

Bomb Concerts

Q: I understand there weren't many complete sell-outs. Did they have any concerts they considered to be losses?

A: "No—empty seats are nothing to go by. It's all in the way it's reported. You might see a headline that says 10,000 empty seats at *Beatle* concert, but read on and you'll find there were 40,000 seats that weren't empty. Tickets weren't even printed for some seats, you know. The stages had to be put somewhere and it wouldn't have been fair to sell tickets in seating areas behind the stage. But, this kind of reporting isn't necessarily an attempt to knock the Beatles. It's just a turnabout so they'll have something new to say. How many ways can you say *Beatles* is a smash success?"

Q: Was this year's tour as financially successful as 1965's?

A: "It grossed more, and unspent thousands more saw the Beatles. I read somewhere that only 12,000 attended the Candlestick Park concert in San Francisco. Could this be true?"

A: "It must have been a misprint. I don't have the exact attendance figures, but I'd bet there were at least twice as many."

Editors Note: Tony's guess was close. There were, in fact, over 25,000 at Candlestick Park.

Fire On Plane

Q: Was there a fire on the plane during the tour?

A: "Not on the plane, but as we were about to take off from Seattle, one of the engines backfired and flames did shoot out—we were in a F-104, I believe, and were used to clearances where this never happens."

A: Did the incident cause any commotion?

Q: "Two people did get off the plane to find other transportation. One of the Ronettes and the Be-



... TONY BARROW—Beatle press agent and columnist for *THE BEAT*.

males' drummer."

Q: Speaking of Seattle, what was that all about?

A: "We still don't know, and it hardly seems worth further investigation. Four or five days prior to our arrival there, a newsman telephoned me from Seattle—I don't know whether he was from a radio or TV station or from a newspaper, but he was in the news media—and quoted portions of the Paul-Jane rumor to me. Not the whole story, but the basic thing. I said it was absolutely not true. The story broke after an official denial had been made."

Q: Is it true that the bridal suite was reserved and a wedding cake actually ordered?

A: "Yes, the arrangements were made by a mysterious Mr. Bartholomew."

Q: Did a lot of people believe the rumor?

Where's Paul?

A: We left Seattle right after the concert, but even then everyone wasn't convinced. A local disc jockey who came back on the plane with us got on board, looked around and said "Well, there you are . . ." When asked what he meant, he said "Where's Paul?" At this point, Paul emerged from the john.

Q: This incident is mild compared to what happened at the outset of the tour. Do you think the uproar over John's comments ruined the tour for the Beatles?

A: "No. Once John was able to be here and explain himself, the majority of sane, sober people of average intelligence realized that John had made the kind of remark we might all make. That the church itself might make and then

say let's do something about this. It wasn't an insult, it was a statement. According to an A.P. reporter, even the Vatican has taken it in the way it was intended."

Q: Were there any signs of anti-Beatle reactions across the country?

A: "Not in any way. Five 'klansters' did show up in their gear in Washington D.C., but they went home in about fifteen minutes — it was dinner time. They didn't seem to be anti-Beatle. I didn't hear this myself, but I understand second-hand that what they were shouting was 'Don't go in there, there are niggers...'"

Q: Good God—I mean, back to the subject of rumors for a moment. What was all this about the Beatles perhaps not leaving until September 9?

A: "I have no idea how this rumor started or why that particular date. Just yesterday, a reporter refused to believe they had left at all. He challenged me with 'Well, how come you're still here?' I asked 'How come you are?' 'I live here,' he said. And I said 'For the next couple of days, so I do—do you mind?'"

Brian Ovdere

Q: Something else I've been curious about. The papers made it sound like Brian Epstein rushed to America solely for the purpose of defending John. Isn't it true that Brian was due to arrive in this country, for other reasons, the week previous to that—before the uproar had even started?

A: "Brian was due in New York the week before, but had to cancel his plans because of illness."

Q: There he didn't come to
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Japanese Editor Tired Of Beatles

One of the members of the press who followed the Beatles on their American tour was Rumiko Hoshika, editor in chief of the Japanese monthly, "Music Life."

Rumiko, who stood quietly next to the bandstand during the Los Angeles concert, said her whole tour was "wonderful," but added that she, for one, was almost "tired of talking to the Beatles."

Sound impossible? Not really, since Rumiko has followed the foursome both here and in London. "It's so noisy and crowded everywhere," said Rumiko, laughing to show she really enjoyed the whole ordeal.

But even with every imaginable pass in her possession, it took Tony Barrow, the Beatles' senior press officer, to get Rumiko's photographers on the field on Dodger Stadium. The stadium guards had the photographers detained in the dugout until just a few minutes before the Beatles rushed on stage.

In the tour, Rumiko asked Clarence Harrison to write a note to her readers. George, as a joke, addressed the note to readers of "Music Laugh," rather than "Music Life." Rumiko, who confessed she has "big troubles" with English, didn't say whether she noticed it or not.

Are the Beatles still as popular in Japan as they were before the ill-fated Manila appearance. "Oh yes!" said editor in chief Rumiko.

Beatles Having A Love Affair

"... we pinch just as much as the rest of 'em." —Paul

"... we really don't need them anyway." —George

"... how do you know their legs are ugly?" —Ringo

"... she's great. I'm going to see her tonight." —John

By Louise Criticone

I rather think the Beatles are currently enjoying a two-sided love affair with California. Even when the "Jesus-Lennon" controversy was enjoying its peak and the Beatles were re-considering touring the U.S., George hastened to add that they were still looking forward to their California stop-off.

It's difficult to know why, exactly. It could be the weather—but I doubt it. After all, they could just as easily spend their free days in Miami. Yet, they continue to schedule their time off in California. I tend to think it's the relaxed atmosphere. And the "in" people who populate California. The Mama's and Papa's, Joan Baez, David Crosby. Find the Beatles and you find them.

Cancelled

When the Beatles finally did land in the U.S. this time and John had officially apologized for his "more popular than Jesus" comment, most of the press conferences originally scheduled were cancelled. And it's no small wonder.

They say, what price glory? And indeed the top price paid by the Beatles is having to deal with the press. There is the trade press, which technically is not too bad since they supposedly know what's going on. However, there is, unfortunately, the rest of the press. And "ignorant" is hardly the word.

They know there are four Beatles, they know they came from Liverpool and they know they are named John, Paul, George and Ringo. But more often than not, they still can't seem to fit the name with the face. Therefore, Paul becomes John, John becomes George and George becomes Paul. Only Ringo remains Ringo.

Still Kicks

I imagine the Beatles still get something of a kick out of being addressed as someone else. It's the trite questioning which must really irritate them.

Take for instance the press conference held at Capitol Records in Hollywood. You can bet the brilliance of the whole ordeal did not escape the Beatles.

Of course, the first question asked concerned the "comment controversy" and it was quite obvious to everyone that John was sick and tired of explaining. He gave a sigh, made a face and said simply: "I've explained it 800 times and I think it should be clear."

That, naturally, was not enough to suit the reporter. "Well, you made an apology before," persisted the reporter, "can't you say it again?" "No," replied John, "I can't because I can't remember what I said. Look, I could have used television or anything else. I used the Beatles because that's what I know the best."



BEAT Photo: Howard S. Engelberg

I got the distinct impression that the reporter was still not satisfied but was forced to surrender only because the microphone had left his hand.

A Solo John

What made John decide to make "How I Won The War" minus the other Beatles? A relieved sort of smile spread across John's face—something which said "don't tell me someone is going to ask a new question; something which doesn't concern my quote, our money, or if this is to be the last tour."

"Well, you see, this man simply asked me if I'd like to make this movie," answered John, "and I said 'yes.' That's how it happened." And with both hands up, he added: "Really!" And the plot? "I don't know much about it. It's about the last World War," continued John. Would the other Beatles venture off into solo movies? "I've no idea. It just sort of came to me that quick." he finished up.

One reporter, who said he was hoping to stir up another controversy, asked the Beatles if they thought perhaps American girls didn't wear mini skirts because their legs were ugly. Ringo shot him down simply and expertly with: "If they don't wear mini skirts, how do you know their legs are ugly?"

How, indeed? Controversy down the drain, the frustrated reporter took to his seat. Actually, the only half-way controversial question was: "It was reported in the July 3 edition of the New York Times that one of you, it didn't say which one, told Maureen Cleave that 'show business is nothing but an extension of the Jewish religion.' Would you like to comment on that?"

Eyes pivoted on the platform holding the Beatles and rather reluctantly John admitted: "I said that one and so. No comment."

"I'm Sorry"

Again the pressure was focused on John, as he was asked if he was really sorry he had made that "Jesus" comment. Definitely tired now, John said: "I am, yes. Even though I didn't mean it that way, I'm sorry I ever opened my mouth."

Another reporter shot up and demanded to know how much money the Beatles make and if they're having trouble with American taxes. "We don't know about that," stated Paul. "We don't do the money side of it. We pay tax and things," he continued, "but we don't know how much. We'd be nervous wrecks by now if we did."

No doubt, the Beatles have learned their lesson. Say just one negative word and it explodes in your face all over the world. So,

George found out when he made his famous "We're going to rest up before going to America to get beaten up again" remark.

Certainly he was asked about it at every single Beatle press conference and this one didn't want to be an exception. "I said that when we arrived back from Manila. We really weren't beaten up. We really just got shoved around a bit. Joused."

Don't Need Them

Is it a more enthusiastic fan or actually hostile individuals who attempt to mob them? "I think it's definitely enthusiastic fans," continued George. "The fan thing—I think they proved it themselves. We found out that the ones who can't make up their minds we really don't need anyway."

A truly profound and certainly devastatingly interesting question was next asked Ringo. "Do you carry around pictures of your son?" "No," shot back Ringo, "I don't carry around photographs of anyone."

A reporter did succeed in putting sort of a dubious feather in his cap when he managed to rather irritate the usually calm Paul by asking him to explain the Beatles' image as it stands today in the wake of the current crop of controversies. "I don't know," snapped McCartney, "our image is what we

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ROBERT VAUGHN whispers a few of his spy secrets to the Beatles.



YOLANDA HERNANDEZ, Stephanie Pinter, Debbie Pinter giving the Beatles initialed steak branding iron.

Baez And A Byrd

By Rochelle Reed

"This just stuns me!" said avid Byrd David Crosby, a Beatle mate. He was standing on the field of Dodger Stadium, gazing up at the stands and shaking his head in disbelief. The Los Angeles ballpark was jampacked that night, and from where David and I stood, it looked like the sky was raining people.

I couldn't have agreed with David more. I was stunned by the Beatles and the audience and by actually standing on the field right next to the handstand. Guards, posted at every door, stairway, elevator and hall, had challenged anyone who attempted to get access to the dugouts, dressing rooms or field. Clever fans were using every excuse imaginable to get to the Beatles, but not one succeeded.

Bobby Helped

I almost hadn't made it. Once I'd gotten past the entire contingent of security officials upstairs, I was stopped at the dressing room door by another guard who must have ascertained that I looked too excited to be a member of the press. But about that time Bobby Hebb appeared, having heard of my plight, and convinced the guard that though I was a fan, I was also a reporter. And I was IN!

Bobby, "Sunny" as always, led me into the men's dressing room, stopping at the door to make sure everyone was clothed. It wasn't the Beatles' dressing room (they had their own) but the one for the rest of the acts.

I met the Cyrkle, who were sprawled on the floor playing silent songs with drumsticks or their hands. They were a very quiet group, not talking to each other a great deal. Tom, however, kept making comments about a woman being in the men's dressing room. While he was pulling his suit out of a large case, he kept yelling "EEEEKKKK!"

Bobby said the Remains were in the dugout, just about to go on, and that Howard and Chuck, *BEAT* photographers were there too. He pointed the way and then said he'd lead me instead.

"It's just great, the tour and everything," Bobby said, "and I go on pretty soon." He was excited but if he was nervous, he didn't show it.

I reached the dugout just in time to see the Remains run on stage and launch into their first number. Meanwhile, the road manager for the Ronettes said the girls were in their dressing room and why didn't I go back and say "hi."

I ventured back through the underground tunnel to the dressing room where the Ronettes, the only female act in the show were getting ready for their performance.

Or should I say, trying to. Estelle was sitting on a chair, combing her long black hair. "I went swimming today and my hair is a problem. That's one bad thing about swimming—your hair," she went on. Then, "Who are you?"

I identified myself and she continued chatting about the tour—"It's just been fabulous—and the weather and the Beatles' house.

"It's a beautiful mansion—we had dinner there last night with the rest of the acts," she said. Another Ronette lay on the couch asleep with cotton pads covering her sunburned eyelids. I lowered my voice but Estelle continued at full volume as she combed her long hair.

Promises

With promises of a full length interview later, I headed back to the dugout, where I sat down to watch the show while waiting for an escort across the field and up to the bandstand.

Bobby went onstage, his blue silk outfit almost glowing in the semi-darkness. A *BEAT* photo-

grapher and I were ushered across the field and into the second dugout, where we were greeted by Tony Barrow, the Beatles' senior press officer and *BEAT* columnist.

"The Beatles are in their dressing room," he said, gesturing behind him, but added that no one and that meant NO ONE could get to them. Meanwhile I glanced around to see who else was waiting there to see the British stars. I had ridden down to the field level in an elevator with character actor Don Knotts, and there in the dugout, pacing back and forth, was Batman Adam West, without his Batcape and clad in a grey suit with a yellow shirt.

2 Inches Tall

Then I walked out onto the field. From the bandstand, the stadium looked immense and I felt all of two inches tall. It was a fantastic sight and I rather wanted to stop and just stare with my mouth hanging open in awe.

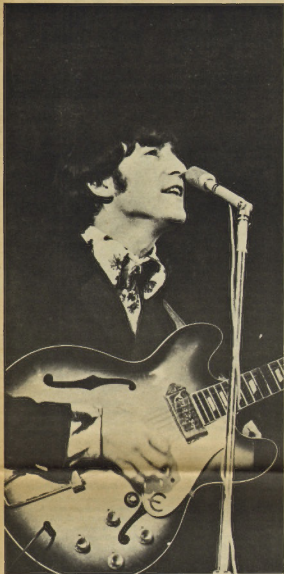
During the time that I had been in both dugouts, I noticed a very slender girl with an olive complexion and barely shoulder length hair. Her short hair threw me off, however, and I kept saying to myself, "It just couldn't be."

But it was. Now that I was standing on the field, the slender girl in the houndstooth pants-suit walked up and said, "Hi!" How are you? Isn't this just great?" "Oh yes," I answered, thinking to myself, "my gosh! It is!" About that time, someone said, "You know Joan Baez, don't you?"

I almost couldn't believe it. "You cut your hair!" I exclaimed, "I didn't recognize you." She nodded and with a wide smile of her own said, "Just look!"

By this time the Ronettes were on stage, looking very delicate in shiny gold dresses. We all knew it was time for the Beatles.

BEAT photographers were



Watch The Beatles

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Singshain

stationed strategically—one at the entrance from the dressing room and the other at the stairs to the stage. Luckily, the Beatles were acquainted with our photographers and always greeted them with smiles, waves and friendly comments.

George ran out first, then stopped. He continued on in a slow walk, carrying his guitar in front of him like a Bible. George and Joan Baez are good friends, and George sought out Joan as he walked and waved and smiled, and since I was standing with her, he waved my way too. Then came John, Paul and Ringo. They waved to everyone—the stands and the dugouts and the press people near the stage, even those of us without cameras.

The Beatles stopped to say a few words to the man who was to drive them out of the stadium and then ran on stage. They were dressed in tailored green suits and slim trousers. They wore black boots with their famous Cuban heels, except George, who wore brown suede boots without heels. Their shirts, which apparently looked blue polka-dotted from the stands, were actually cream colored and covered with large blue daisies with green leaves and stems.

'It's Great'

The roar of the crowd was deafening but I heard every word of every Beatle song. I was surprised to look around and see members of the press, who weren't madly shooting pictures, bouncing up and down with every beat. Joan Baez was dancing and kept saying "It's just great, just great!"

The Beatles waved while they played and John stamped his foot for a *BEAT* photographer, while Ringo smiled broadly for another.

Throughout the show, the Beatles traded comments with the people standing around the stage. Stars, press, anyone who could get a pass, crowded at the foot of the

stage to watch the Beatles, who seemed to be standing on a pedestal rather than a bandstand.

Suddenly our single-minded devotion was shattered when fans at the far end of the stadium broke through police lines and attempted to rush across the field to the stage. The Beatles, who had just finished a song, stopped and stood very still. A chill went through the people standing around the stage. The Beatles hesitated a moment more, letting the screams sink in. John nodded, Paul shrugged his shoulders and they launched into "Baby's In Black." George, playing all the time, kept asking Joan Baez, "What's happening?"

A Useless Try

It was useless to try and explain. Besides, when the Beatles began playing, it calmed the nerves of almost everyone, most of whom weren't used to the idea that the Beatles could actually be in danger.

Thoughts began to turn to how the Beatles would get out of the ballpark. The press had learned that inside the tent labeled "dressing room" were actually two automobiles in which the Beatles would make their getaway. Everyone was anxious to see just precisely how this would work out.

Soon the Beatles launched into their last song. Paul looked down to where I was standing, yelled "Whoopee!", rolled his eyes and continued belting out "Long Tall Sally." John stamped his foot and George waved. Ringo just beamed from car to car.

No sooner had they hit their last note than they bowed low and ran for it. Under the edge of the canvas, I could see Beatle boots and George's brown shoes. Then they disappeared and a gold Lincoln Continental, followed by a grey Ford filled with officials, roared out of the tent and towards the far gate. John and Ringo triumphantly waved white towels out of the back windows.

But just after they've gone through the blue gate at the far end of the field, the Beatles' car was engulfed by fans. I had wandered over there expecting to see the cars driving down the hill. Instead, I saw fans streaming down over a second wire fence and swarming onto the Continental. All I could see were the tail lights.

The police began pulling over-excited girls from the car while a second set of officers closed the outside wire gates. This left the car between the two sets of gates. The car began to back up and I stood there almost frozen as a few girls, who seemed to have lost all reason completely, kept throwing themselves against the car.

The Beatles were frightened for those few moments. As the car backed up to where I was standing, I could see that John was biting his cuff while Ringo, who had moments before been waving his white towel, had a corner of it in his mouth and was biting down hard.

John's Side

I was standing on John's side of the car, less than two feet from him. Apparently recognizing that I was press he waved in recognition and then widened his eyes and motioned as if to ask, "Is everything all right?"

I waved a victory sign to him and the rest of the Beatles saw and smiled. The car peeled back through the fence, made a half turn and sped back to the dugout, where the Beatles ran to their dressing room.

They left not long afterwards in an armored truck after an attempted getaway in an ambulance failed.

They spent the night in their Hollywood hillside home and flew to San Francisco the next day. The day after, they left the U.S. for England, where John Lennon will make a movie and the other Beatles will relax.

The remainder of us will be busy speculating as to whether or not they'll be back next year.



The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1966 By Shirley Pruden

It was a pleasantly uneventful day in the Boyd household.

Ringo Boyd (of 12-year-old sturdiness and fame) was in her room banging contentedly away at her set of droms. (Actually, it was a collection of empty oatmeal cartons, but why blow the poor child's cool?)

The Boyd dog lay nearby. Although Ringo had thoughtfully stuffed it's ears with several vile-tasting carmel's she'd bitten into while consuming (another) box of bon bons, the dog moaned plaintively after each "number."

Mrs. Boyd was in the kitchen preparing a nutritious luncheon of poached eggs and spinach (which she would pretend to eat and grab a cheeseburger later on her way to the market.)

Hole For Lunch

Mr. Boyd had ventured home for the weekend (he travels a lot), and considering that this was the first pleasantly uneventful day in the history of the Boyd household, he wouldn't have it any other way. He was out in the back yard digging a hole under the rose bushes. (He would later bury his portion of the aforementioned nutritious luncheon in same and grab a cheeseburger.)

This then was the Boyd family, minus one. And all of them were curiously undisturbed by what was causing this to be a pleasantly uneventful day. Namely, the mysterious absence of the fourth member of the family (fifth, if you count the dog) (and considering the size of those teeth, it would be advisable.) Re-namely, Robin Irene Boyd.

Thanks to a temporary magic spell which had been cast over (at least) the lot of them by four of Robin's friends (as in fiends), the family was blissfully unaware of her disappearance, not to mention her predicament.

Robin's Nest

And it was just as well.

It would be impossible to tell just what they might say if they knew that at this very moment, their one and only (thank Gawd) R.I.B. was trapped in the tea pot on the living room mantel. At any rate, it would surely be impossible to print.

Meaning, of course, that she was squalling at the top of her lungs.

"Ratzzzzzz!" she shrieked, poking savagely at the ceiling with the remains of a pole lamp. But she got nowhere at supersonic speeds (also faster than usual).

When she'd first discovered that

her three genies and one angel (George, John, Pauley and Ringo, respectively) (the utter twits) had trapped her in their an-day tea pot so they could go off on a special assignment concerning the real Beatles (pounce), she had flown into a rage.

Lid Flipper

Then she had come to her senses (a long trip, I tell you), and realized there was a way out of this dilemma. So what if the inside of the aforementioned A-D.T.P. was an exact replica of the Beatle domicile in "Help." It was still a tea pot, which meant it had a lid! And if Robin Irene Boyd wasn't the champion lid-flipper of all time, who was? (You might well ask.)

She had since made every possible attempt to dislodge said lid, and had succeeded only in flipping her own. And, after her having flung every lidded (huh?) object in the room at the ceiling, the place was right back to what it had been before she'd been kind (not to mention stupid) enough to clean it up.

All was now lost. The pole lamp had been her last resort. It hadn't worked as a pogo stick (which particularly galled her because she was positive George would make her replace the spring she'd extracted from the couch), and it wasn't going to work as a battering ram either.

It was, however, very effective for bashing oneself over the bean, so she did this several times before stumbling into the kitchen to blither over a cuppa.

Snarling viciously, Robin shook and rattled pots and pans and rolled hysterically on the floor while she was waiting for the water to boil.

"Boy, are they gonna get it," she vowed in gangster-type tones, plotting a series of horrifying deaths for her (unfaithful companions (especially George, who had had it) (this is news?)).

Finally she got up and hurled a handful of something she hoped was tea into a nearby pot. Under any other circumstances, the tea-pot-within-a-tea-pot bit would have at least caused her mouth to curl at the corners. But not today. Today, her mouth wouldn't curl at the corners if she put it up on rollers!

Slamming a cup on the table, Robin tilted the pot and poured a stream of tea from the spout. Then she slammed the pot on the table. Then she slammed her head on the table!

Of course! Those utter wretches had probably glued the lid on so she wouldn't be able to escape. However, details did not number among the thingsy George had a passion for (cough), and the chances were excellent that the spout had escaped his (alleged) mind!

It was then that Robin knew what she must do.

Drawing herself up to her full height (an awe-inspiring five-foot-two), she bellored "Liverpoo!"

At the very mention of the magic word, she immediately turned into a real robin and began whinging wildly about. (About what? (Get serious, kiddo.)

Nowhere Spout

She searched every inch of the abode, only to find that all was still lost. The spout was nowhere.

At last she perched disgustedly atop a dart board (which featured a well-worn photo of two deejays from Alabama.)

Then it happened. When she tried to re-wing wildly, she couldn't budge an inch!

"Oh," she quipped cleverly, seeing what the trouble was. Her tail feathers were caught in a small hole in the wall just behind the dart board.

Removing her tailfeathers (from the small hole in the wall just behind the dart board, that is) (may repetition remain the fungus amongus 4-ever), she flapped furiously away for another spout hunt.

Suddenly, she fluttered to the floor. A small hole in the wall just behind the dart board? How dumb could she be? (Stick around and you may have the misfortune to find out.)

"That was the spout, you lout!" she shouted poetically. Then she went into action.

First she screamed "Ketchup," turned back into her sixteen-year-old self, and scratched the dart board off the wall. Then she re-"Liverpoo!"-ed and squeezed through the small hole.

That is to say, she sure as heck tried. But, after an exhausting experience of gnawing, cramming, and cursing her worthless self for all the double orders of chips she'd been gobbling recently, she had to admit the truth. She was bigger about than the spout.

Greasy Robin

However, being the sort of person who does not give up easily, Robin refused to give up easily. Instead, she careened to Ringo's automat, pecked the door open and wallowed in a peanut butter sandwich.

When she was thoroughly greased (not to mention nauseating), she tried the spout route. And this time she made it up the old tube (which was a nice change because she was used to going down it.)

She did have one moment of sheer panic just as she was about to emerge. What if someone was in the living room? She'd never be able to explain this one.

She thought of saying a quick prayer, but decided against it. Somehow it just didn't seem proper to address Higher Beings when

one was covered with peanut butter in the spout of a tea pot.

Oh, well, she'd just have to chance it.

Hoping for the best, she gave a final squirm and plopped onto the mantel. Then she gave a sigh of relief. The living room was empty. (All except for the furniture, but that rather goes without saying, doesn't it? (Not around here, baby.)

Happily that the Someone up there who had scarcely even been tolerating her of late was starting to like her again, Robin dived through an open window and took to the sky like a bat out of the opposite direction.

For a change, Robin knew exactly where she was going. She remembered, to the letter, what had been etched upon the glowing piece of parchment she'd found in John's bookcase.

She only hoped that she would make it to the chosen city in time, which was doubtful because the coating of peanut butter was slowing her speed down to a mere 4,500 miles per hour. Which was also just as well, because she was still trying to forget a most unpleasant incident when she had been kicked up (I'll say) by an officer of the dread bird patrol (a blue jay with a silver helmet and a tendency to leer) for exceeding the 5,000 m.p.h. limit.

Special Assignment

Striking toward her destination, Robin began to wonder what on earth she was going to do when she got there. The special assignment was a plan whereby her Beatle look-alikes would double for the far fabber foomsere, thereby allowing the latter to get away in one (make that four) (yeah, yeah, yeah) piece. And where she fit into the action was an A-D good question.

But she was certain of one thing. She was going to have nothing to do with those imposters. After what those miserable clods had done to her, she was going to concentrate her efforts on the realies!

When Robin finally arrived on and then hovered above the scene, her face - or beard (fortunately, it had a parachute.) The concert was over. She could tell from the scramble below, as fans raved hysterically toward the backstage area.

From her vantage point, she also had a birds-eye view (clever, no?) (no) of what was happening on the other side of the fence.

And, as she saw four Beatles running towards a long black limousine, parked on the stage left, she grinned fensively and prepared to floundy that car!

Suddenly, she stopped so short, she almost lost her balance and landed in the esophagus (I flunked spelling that one open-mouthed Beatlemaniac far below. On account of because she also saw four more Beatles running toward a long black limousine parked at backstage right!

What if she'd been byrd glasses (which had been smashed to smithereens the time she was locked in the glove compartment of Cher's speeding auto), she couldn't tell which was which. Not to mention which end was up.

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(Do. Be Continued Next Issue)



... YES, THAT IS SONNY & CHER flanking Atlantic Records vice president, Nushri Ertugun, on the set of their "Good Times" which is now rescheduled for release in November.

Sonny: 'I Did What I Wanted To Do'

They stand close together beneath the glowing stage lights, each of them clapping a microphone tightly in one hand; both of them dressed very much alike; both of them watching the huge gathering of fans before them from beneath their long, shiny hair. And then, they sing: "I got you, babe!"

Sonny and Cher are the first to admit it, and their fans will all offer enthusiastic support: they really do have one another. The most famous married couple in all of popdom, there are those who might say that Sonny and Cher really have it all.

Have It All

The money, the fame, the bright lights, the fans, the glamour which follows closely behind success. Indeed, perhaps they do have it all—but if they do, then they are certainly sharing a vast majority of it with the people all around them.

They share the warmth and love and consideration which they have for one another with their many fans. Although it has at times caused them great inconvenience, Sonny and Cher have frequently flung wide-open the doors to their hilltop home, welcoming their curious, visiting fans inside.

More than once Sonny has cooked up one of his famous Ital-

ian feasts for a large number of "unexpected guests" who stopped by the Bono residence.

After an appearance in concert, or in a night club, both Sonny and Cher have always taken the time to try and speak with as many of their fans as possible, to sign the autographs which are requested, to pose patiently for the cameras which surround them from all sides.

Just recently Sonny and Cher put on a huge benefit concert at the Hollywood Bowl and succeeded in raising thousands of dollars for the American Braille Institute, one of their favorite charities.

On August 21, Sonny and Cher boarded a plane and began a month-long tour of Europe—a tour which should prove to be one of the most unusual ever.

People To People

The tour, which encompasses more than 20 personal appearances, and includes concerts, television appearances, radio shows, and people-to-people and press conferences, will be made in its entirety on a no-fee basis.

The itinerary lists nine cities in seven different countries, including England, France, Germany, Sweden, and Italy, and at no time will there be an artist

charge incurred.

The main reason for the tour is to enable Sonny and Cher to meet their many European fans in person, and to keep their promise of eventually coming to these countries in person which they made in their first trip to England last year.

The couple will also promote their first motion picture, "Good Times," as well as the brand new album about to be released by Cher which will include a very secret single recording.

Charity Concerts

Once again, Sonny and Cher will be sharing with their friends, giving of their own time and efforts. And one of the most important appearances of their tour will be a gigantic charity concert given at the Astoria Theatre, Finsbury Park, in London.

They will give two complete performances in the same evening, and all proceeds of the huge concert will be given to the Braille Institute and to underprivileged children in that country.

They will duplicate this even with a similar concert to be given in the Olympia Theatre in Paris, also for the benefit of the French Braille Institute and underprivileged French children.

At a huge press conference held

in one of the most elegant hotels in Hollywood just two days before they began their tour, Sonny and Cher greeted over one hundred members of the press, including a large representation of the foreign press, in an attempt to answer personally as many of their questions as possible.

Unfortunately, too many of the "senior citizens" of the press community could not respect the couple's choice in apparel, or appreciate their perceptive to make that choice, and were much more concerned with pointing accusing fingers at the two, and making pathetic and unkind "jokes" about them.

Throughout the entire conference, Sonny and Cher remained polite, smiling, and cooperative, and attempted to answer all of questions, no matter how ridiculous they were.

Questioned at length about their "crazy clothing," one gentleman continually attacked Sonny with questions about the sort of clothes which the couple might wear to a "black tie affair."

Sonny simply smiled understandingly and explained, "We have dress 'crazy outfits' too!"

Later, in regard to the forthcoming movie, Sonny explained

to the large gathering: "I'm very proud of the picture. I did what I wanted to do—I wanted to give a picture to the kids that didn't insult their intelligence; something that was equal to their intelligence."

Always Change

Again they were questioned about their unique style of dress, and asked if they would ever change? And again Sonny rose above the question with his honest, intelligent answer: "You always change as a person. As you do anything in life, your thoughts, and opinions are going to change with you."

And finally, they were asked if they would "condescend" to stop and see Princess Meg in London (the question was asked chidingly in reference to their unpleasant experiences after giving a Command Performance for the Royal Couple in Hollywood several months ago), and Sonny simply smiled and replied: "That's up to her—if she'd like to see us, we'll stop by and see her!"

Yes, Sonny and Cher are quite willing to share themselves with everyone—even people who don't have a decent pair of bell-bottoms to their name!!!

Top 40 Requests

1	HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE	The Beatles
2	FORTUNE TELLER	Rolling Stones
3	GO T TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	The Beatles
4	ELEANOR RIGBY	The Beatles
5	CHERISH	The Association
6	YELLOW SUBMARINE	The Beatles
7	FOR NO ONE	The Beatles
8	PSYCHIC REACTION	The Count Five
9	GOD ONLY KNOWS	Beach Boys
10	GOOD DAY SUNSHINE	The Beatles
11	RED RUBBER BALL	The Cyrkle
12	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	The Supremes
13	EAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE	The Monkees
14	SUNNY	Bobby Hebb
15	SOMETIMES GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE	The Standells
16	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Dorovon
17	JUST LIKE A WOMAN	Bob Dylan
18	BLACK IS BLACK	Los Bravos
19	THE JOKER WENT WILD	Brian Hyland
20	I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN	The 4 Seasons
21	SUMMERTIME	Ray Conniff
22	SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER	The Happenings
23	SUNNY AFTERNOON	The Kinks
24	SUMMER IN THE CITY	Louis' Spoonful
25	SOMEWHERE MY LOVE	Ray Conniff
26	GUANTANAMERA	The Sandpipers
27	MAKE ME BELONG TO YOU	Barbara Lewis
28	LAND OF 1,000 DANCES	Wilson Pickett
29	BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP	The Impressions
30	LIL' RED RIDING HOOD	Sam The Sham
31	WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED	Jimmy Ruffin
32	SEVEN AND SEVEN IS	Love
33	I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Petula Clark
34	HOW SWEET IT IS	Jr. Walker
35	DANGLING CONVERSATION	Simon & Garfunkel
36	GO AHEAD AND CRY	The Righteous Bros.
37	BURN DOWNTOWN	The Cyrkle
38	BLOWIN' IN THE WIND	Stevie Wonder
39	WORKIN' IN A COAL MINE	Lee Dorsey
40	WIPE OUT	Surfaris

Hair Cut For John

—Alas, John Lennon's locks must go. Part of them, at least.

Lennon, preparing for the first solo film role for any of the Beatles, will have to undergo a hair trimming before appearing in "How I Won The War."

The hair cut, however, isn't expected to be a severe one.

"We have to do something about John's hair before every film," explained Dick Lester, who worked on both Beatle films and who will direct this one.

"But it will only be a trim."

John will play the part of Private Grippew, a soldier in an imaginary British regiment during the second world war.

The movie, taken from the novel of the same name by Patrick Ryan,



is expected to be premiered next summer.

"We may ask John and Paul to help with the sound track music later," said Lester. "But that depends on how the film shooting turns out."

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Inside KRLA

—By Eden

Okay—so you're hip to the fact that there just ain't no way we're gonna talk about anything but Beatles this column, right? Well, after all—what did you expect after the fantastic concert which the Beatles and KRLA presented at "Beatle Stadium" August 28 last?

All of the DJ's joined the thousands and thousands of Beatle-maniacs in KRLA-land who were able to attend the concert in agreeing that the Fabulous Foursome put on one of the best performances ever!

Lots of excitement in the last couple of weeks with Beatles in town, and the happiness and confusion at KRLA didn't die even when the Phenomenal Four left our town. 'Cause as they winged their way homeward, the Mama's and Papa's landed just long enough to answer our Request Lines and to give out some of their fantastic new LP's.

Remember, your votes on the Request Lines were responsible for the choice of the new single, and if you haven't heard the album in its entirety yet—run out and get several copies. It's really a groovel!

Next day, Leslie Gore stopped in and shortly afterwards Gary Lewis and Company invaded our Happy Haunting Grounds.

Oh well—keep your requests coming!

Danny Dasso

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All you do is just fill out the questionnaire and mail it along with \$3.00 to MATCH DATE, P.O. Box 69965, Los Angeles 90069. Our computer will then MATCH you with the FIVE or more members of the opposite sex with whom you are the most compatible. You will then receive their names, addresses, and telephone numbers, just as they will receive yours. Then, YOU ACT...

For your free questionnaire, fill out this form, or print the information on a piece of paper and mail it to: MATCH DATE, P.O. Box 69965, Los Angeles 90069. Questionnaires are also available by calling HO 9-5115.

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KRLA'S BOB EUBANKS and Tony Barrow, Beatles' senior press officer, confer on the field of Dodger Stadium during the Beatles' performance.



PAUL MCCARTNEY, in the midst of one of their numbers, stands in front of marquee which spells out "KRLA Proudly Present The Beatles."



FOUR WOODEN LETTERS, each over six feet tall, spell out KRLA on the front of the "Beatle Stadium" stage.



THE KRLA DISC JOCKEYS pose in front of the tent that held the get-a-way cars. l-r, Charlie O'Donnell, Dick Moreland, Casey Kasse, Bob Eubanks (promoter of the show), Dick Biondi and Dave Hull with his horn.



JERRY PAM, publicist, pauses for one quick quiet moment while the Beatles were on stage.



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PICTURES in the NEWS



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

JEFF BECK poses with girlfriend, Mary Hughes, under the skies of Catalina Island. Sources close to the Yardbirds are afraid that Jeff will soon be forced to leave the group due to ill health as well as a certain amount of undependability. However, the Yardbirds themselves are not talking and neither is Jeff — he's too busy squiring Mary around town.



BEAT Photo: Carl Kessel

BEACH BOYS enjoy that pause that refreshes before taking off for a rather short tour of England. It will be their first British tour and the Beach Boys will hit Finsbury Park Astoria, Totting Granada, Leicester de Montfort, Leeds Odeon, Manchester Odeon, Cardiff Capitol and Birmingham Theatre. Other European stop-offs for the Beach Boys will be in France, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Sweden and Holland.



MANFRED MANN as they stand today with (top) Tom McGuinness, (center) Klaus Voorman, Michael d'Abo, Mike Hugg and (bottom) Manfred Mann. Michael is replacing the Manfred's former lead singer, Paul Jones, and Klaus left the trio of Paddy, Klaus and Gibson to join the Manfred. He's also the one responsible for the cover of the Beatles' "Revolver" album. Latest disc is Dylan penned, "Just Like A Woman."



FOUR SEASONS (l. to r.) Frankie Valli, Tommy DeVito, Bob Gaudio and Joe Long smile as they hear the good news. Their "The 4 Seasons' Gold Vault of Hits" has been certified for a Gold Record, signifying sales of one million dollars for the LP. This makes the second 4 Seasons' Goldie for album sales; their first being for their "Rag Doll" album. On the singles scene, the Seasons' unique version of the Cole Porter oldie, "I've Got You Under My Skin," is smashing up the nation's charts — but then the 4 Seasons seldom miss!



... MICK JAGGER AND HIS STEADY GIRLFRIEND, Chrissie Shrimpton, point happily at the camera which caught them shopping at Hollywood's Devos.

Mick's Chrissie On Her Own

By Kimmi Kobushigawa

She is very tall—five feet, eight inches—very pretty, just 21 years old, the younger sister of Britain's top fashion model, and the girl friend of the lead singer of one of Britain's top pop groups. Her name is Chrissie Shrimpton.

Just recently, Chrissie flew into Los Angeles from London to join Mick as he and the Stones completed their latest American tour, and began an extensive series of recording sessions for the soundtrack of their upcoming motion picture.

On one of their leisure days, Mick and Chrissie decided to stroll into one of Hollywood's most "in" clothes spots for guys, and went on a shopping spree at DeVoss. Also in the hip haberdasherie that day were the Mama's and Papa's, and *The BEAT's* own trusty photographer who brought these fab pix back for you.

Chrissie Shrimpton is one of the most envied young girls in all the pop world—and yet, there was a long period of time when she might have traded her "position" with just about anyone. It isn't easy to have to live in the shadows of two very famous people, especially

when they are the two people who mean the most to you.

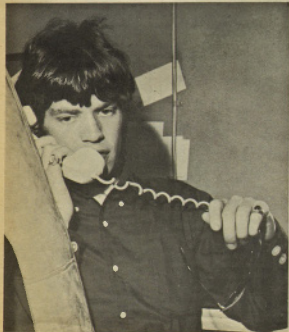
But Chrissie seems finally to have adjusted to her "vicarious fame," and is now quite well-known as a personality in her own right. Of her former years of "overshadowing," Chrissie now says: "It doesn't mean much to me any more—about Mick and Jean. Being Mick Jagger's girlfriend and top model Jean Shrimpton's sister was awful for ages. I felt like a sort of non-person, with no personality of my own. Sometimes I wondered if I existed!"

But Chrissie has done a lot of growing up in the last couple of years, and she now admits that, "I no longer like or dislike being referred to as Mick's girl or Jean's sister. Now I take it as fact. It's true, after all."

Although she was acting as secretary to Stone's manager, Andrew Oldham, Chrissie now divides her time between some infrequent modeling sessions (unlike her sister, Chrissie doesn't really enjoy modeling, and explains that "I haven't much patience for photographs"), writing gossip columns for a number of teen magazines around the world, beginning a career in acting,

and—of course—dating Mick.

While she was visiting Mick in Hollywood, Chrissie made quite a number of new friends in the American pop colony and it is possible that she might return for another visit, perhaps the next time that Mick is in town. And it seems quite certain that when she does, her friends will call her "Chrissie"—instead of "Mick's girl—you know, Jean's younger sister."



... WHO IS MICK TALKING TO so intently on the phone?



WOULD YOU BELIEVE it's Chrissie?

There Are Four of Them

BEAT Photo Chuck Reyl



John is a tall, thin, gaunt person who takes everything very seriously. He has played and sung his way around Greenwich Village and other areas with and without the other Mama's and Papa's. He has an unusually creative mind which is evident in the songs he has written.



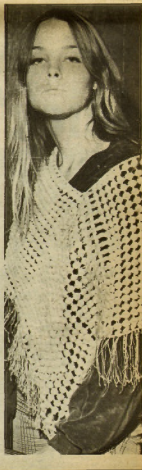
Cass loves antiques, talks freely about art and Bob Dylan and has travelled the country in satirical revues. She occasionally wears gold-rimmed glasses and like the other Mama's and Papa's, lives for today. She is large and lovely, beneficial and broad-minded. What else . . . who knows?



Denny is a handsome young Canadian who is a nonconformist. He was originally clean-shaven but wore black leather. Now he wears expensive sports clothes—and a beard. Talking in terms of pin-ups and potential Lennons, Denny could play the role.



Michelle is certainly a mysterious but lovely Mama. She is a blonde vision-with-a-voice who doesn't say very much but just looks at you in a waif-like manner. She was once a model and in her own way still is.



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By Jamie McCluskey III

Okay, gang—can ya picture *this*?! The scene is the NBC television studios where the Rodgers and Hart television special is being filmed (the show will be aired next March). We are seated in a huge dressing room downstairs which belongs to Dennis Dougherty, of the Mama's and Papa's.

Scattered recklessly all around the long make-up table is the largest selection of food of various colors, lengths, and styles!; a few Papa John hats—both on and off of various heads!—and a large selection of guitars and other instruments which are strewn all over the floor.

Scattered all around the room are the four Mama's and Papa's, several beards (of various colors, lengths, and styles!), a few Papa John hats—both on and off of various heads!—and a large selection of guitars and other instruments which are strewn all over the floor.

Okay, you've got the picture now, right? Right! Now we're going to do an interview, right? *Wrong!* Nobody, but nobody interviews a Mama or a Papa. At best—if you're lucky—they interview you!!!!

Being basically foolish, we are going to attempt the first interview with Papa Denny, the handsome, irresistible, inexpressible, *unbelievably insane*, thoroughly irrational, and highly talented member of the group. At this point, the other human inhabitants of the room disappear, leaving us alone in the confusion.

Ready? Okay, we'll turn on the tape recorder and fire a few questions at Papa Denny. First we'll ask about the time and place of Denny's birth. Forget it! Cass immediately sticks her head in the doorway with the sage advice: "Don't tell her! It'll be all over the papers!"

"I was born in the year 1940, in a small city called Halifax—in the Province of Nova Scotia—in the Dominion of Canada—which is *North*—of this fair country of yours— which I have grown to love and know so well—in the few years that I have been here!"

He paused briefly, considered his words, and exclaimed: "I'm not in Canada now—I'm in California. I'm going to go to the States soon!!!"

Okay—next question. What sort of education did you have, Denny? "Well, I didn't finish High School—but I started school!" Mmmmmmm! Well, aside from your obvious talents with the guitar, do you play any other instruments? "I played trombone for four years in a police boys' club band." Oh? Did you ever *study* music?

"Yes, for four years in a police boys' club band one time when I played trombone for four years!" Oh!!

Denny then proceeded to grab the microphone and loudly explain into it: "That's me licking chicken off my fingers." At which point Michelle stuck her head in the door to ask if everything was okay.

"That was just me screaming for help," I loudly explained off of the microphone. "Oh," she nodded, as though it happened all the time, and vanished. "Oh!!" I moaned in sheer disbelief!

Momentarily, three other M's and P's trooped back into the food-ridden room, threw themselves over, around, on top of, and beneath the existing furniture, and began to harmonize an East Indian melody, sounding very much like a three-part, human-style Sitar.

For the next fifteen minutes, the Fanatic Foursome proceeded to put one another on utilizing their own distinctive brand of humor which can be described in only one of two ways: Just "Mama's and Papa's" or absolute *insanity*!!

A shriek outside the dressing room alerted us that the now-frantic stage manager (who also couldn't quite "believe his eyes and ears!") wanted the four onstage for a taping. And as quickly as they had come—they were gone... I think!

However, their voices live on in a brand new album entitled "Mama's and Papa's." It's great—but then, so are they... "if you can believe your eyes and ears!!!! (If not—they're still pretty great)"



BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

For Girls Only

by Shirley Paston

I thought I'd do something different in this column. (Like speak English, for instance.)

I thought it would be too utterly neat for words to write "For Gawd's Sake" - up - "For Girls Only" at a real live *Beatle* concert! You know, while sitting in the grandstand, waiting for the marvelous, stupendous thing to begin. So, in addition to the usual goodies I drag to Beatle concerts (binoculars, telescopes, tape records, eight boxes of Kleenex and three bottles of tranquilizers), I packed along a notebook and clutched an assortment of pencils in my trembling paw.

Well, I am in that aforementioned grandstand at his very moment, and I can see right now that my idea just isn't going to work. Because, so far, I've done everything in the world but *sit*. And I've discovered that it's very difficult to write while leaping several feet into the air every few seconds.

Too Early

I know it's too early for *THEM* (make that *HIM*) (make that *GEORGE*) (love to) (sorry about that, folks) . . . where was I? Oh yes, I know it's too early for them to arrive, but that doesn't stop me from losing consciousness every time someone so much as *coughs* anywhere in the stadium.

I guess that seeing someone you dig (a kind and gentle way of putting it, don't you think?) is the most exciting thing in the entire world, but, in a way, it's even more exciting *before* you see them.

You know what I mean. That one feeling of being tied up in millions of knots and not being able to breathe properly and all that.

That's the way I feel right now, which may be the reason why all this gibberish doesn't make a whit of sense. (Make that one of the many reasons.)

Two Of Many

Although, I must say I came well prepared, thanks to two of both of my many readers. A few weeks ago, this groovy-looking package arrived at *The BEAT* office, addressed to your's truly.

Thinking perhaps it was George (GASP . . . he is somewhere breathing at this very moment and will soon be *HERE* breathing) (RE-SP) (I can't stand it, I can't stand it) (down, girl and/or Shirl), in *ripp*.

You'll never guess what it was! Which is too bad because someone just screamed over by the dug-out and I can't remember a thing!

Oh yes, it was a "Star Kit." In it were six goodies that Mary Lou Robbins and Mary Erwin felt

would come in handy, and were they correct!

First there was a *GEORGEUS* (shem) (I can't stand it, I tell you) (he's coming here!) (re-down) picture of *George*, with a note that read: "For your courage, confidence and cool." (None of which I have at the moment.) (Would you believe *ever*?)

Ben Spray

Second was a Ben Spray deodorant, with another note that said: "*Shirley Paston Asks A Question*: If I use new Ben Spray, will *George Harrison* make me his bride? *Answer*: No, but if you don't, your father might give you away anyway." (When I showed it to him, he muttered something I didn't quite catch, but it sounded a lot like "an excellent suggestion.")

Then there was a tiny address book "for *George's* address and phone number so you can always get in touch with him." (I fear this is not the time to be thinking about the word *touch*.) (I'm just touched enough to make a mad dash for the stage if I don't keep myself firmly under control.) (Which would certainly be a first.)

Next came a really enormous pencil "for dear *George* to sign his valuable 'George Harrison' with." (Yes, yes, yes, and I get to say where.)

Prezzies?

The fifth and sixth prezzies were my special favorites. One was a bottle of smelling salts (which I have with me tonight) (you had better believe it), and the other was a pillow with a note that said: "This is for you to land on next time you shake hands with *George* (Paul) Harrison (Amen.) Try not to miss it, we know you always fall hard for him and we can't afford another earthquake."

SPEAKING OF EARTHQUAKES, oh Gawd, Gawd, Gawd. They've just flashed on a sign! *The Beatles* are *HERE*! I can't write any more (I *ever could*!) I can't even think! He's in his dressing room, *dressin'*! Oh, stomp, stomp, stomp, and forget it. I'll have to continue this after I get home tonight. Providing, of course, that I *live*.

Until then . . .

It is now just after midnight, and it's all over. I'm still not home, but a whole blithering gang of us have house to talk about the concert (not to mention gnash our teeth).

I've just read over what I scribbled at the concert, and it sounds like I've written by a madiac (*WELLHILL*). And here, I'd really wanted to say something. You know, capture the magic of the

moment on paper and all that rot. And all I did was *rave*. (They don't call me the *Tower of Babel* for nothing.)

Well, if you think the first part of this mess is nothing but a lot of hysteria, wait until you read the rest! For, you see, I am no longer hysterical. I am now **PANIC-STRICKEN**.

I saw him, out there in that adorable green suit. And besides getting all the expected feelings, I suddenly came down with the weirdest sensation. I think a lot of you will understand exactly what I mean.

All of a sudden I just couldn't stand the distance another *second*. Him being so far away from me, I mean.

Olde Throat

I can see what makes people risk their lives and endanger their favorites just to get close for a minute. It shouldn't happen, but I can see why it does. Something just takes hold of you right by the olde throat.

Well, I managed to keep from throwing myself at his feet, but I am not making any promises about what may happen during the next couple of days.

I cannot STAND for *George* (Moan) Harrison to be in this country without my at least talking to him or something. I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm not going to just sit here. I just can't!

Don't worry, I won't do anything drastic.

I may be the retarded type, but underneath it all, I am extraordinarily sneaky.

HENNAH. Come to think of it, the latter is even worse than the former. But like I always say, no one is perfect.

Stay tuned for the further adventures of Shirley and *George* (stoke), and look out, G.P.H., because *here I come!*

Music—Not Name—4 Seasons' Secret

The Four Seasons are what their name implies—perennial. For a decade they have not only defied *fad*, but have also ignored the traditional crash to earth pop groups experience after a couple of hits.

The music of the Four Seasons has a sort of timeless interchangeability to it. "Sherry," for instance, would probably be as well received today as it was six years ago.

And "I've Got You Under My Skin," their latest release, would likely have enjoyed the same success in the early 1960's.

To understand the formula of the Four Seasons' unyielding success, you have to understand them as musicians. Dick Clark offers this explanation for their staying power with a variety of audiences: "They're not a teenage group fresh up from the ranks. They have a good solid, well rehearsed act and sound which will be able to take them through night clubs and concert dates in both the teen and adult field."

Another secret of the Seasons is that they're not satisfied to be just a name—continuing to sell records on the basis of what they have done in the past.

So, to make sure this wasn't the case, early this year they released a single under the pseudonym "The Wonder Who."

The group already occupied the number one spot on the charts with "Let's Hang On," but "Don't Think Twice," released under the pseudonym, came very close to replacing it.

Another factor in the success of the group is their high degree of professionalism.

Bob Gaudio, who has written the majority of the Season's material, says the group's schedule only allows them to record every three months.

This is particularly true because the Seasons, hearty perfectionists, spend a lot of time working on new material. "We never cut a song without a full scale conference first," said Bob.

There has been only one major change in the Seasons during their 11 year history as a group. And that came when 25-year-old Joe Long replaced retiring Nick Massi with the quartet.

Otherwise, the Seasons' lineup has remained the same with Tommy de Vito, Bob Gaudio, and Frankie Valli—the high pitched "sound" of the group that gives it a unique quality.

The group has been so close knit it came as a big surprise to most people last year when Frankie recorded without the other three Seasons.

Rumors immediately began to circulate that the group was about to split, but Frankie was the first to deny this speculation.

"You see," Frankie explained, "the Four Seasons are a corporation . . . a corporate body. We split everything into equal shares. So I make a bit single and it makes a lot of loot and . . . well, we all share in it."

I figure that anything that can help the Seasons is just fine and dandy with me.

And with this kind of attitude, it's not hard to understand why they've weathered 11 years together. They will probably last 11 more.



GOING OVER AN ARRANGEMENT together during the latest 4 Seasons' recording session are (l. to r.) Joe Long, Frankie Valli, Bob Gaudio, producer Bob Crewe, conductor Arnie Schroeck and Tommy de Vito. The result? "I've Got You Under My Skin," naturally!!

BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



... a true beauty.
MARIA COLE

A year and a half after her husband's death, Maria Cole is once again launching the singing career she left behind 18 years ago to marry King Nat. Now, she says, it's a matter of "personal fulfillment." Her first album contains a large collection of ballads, which will surely renew the career of the former Duke Ellington songstress, and lend Maria a "great sense of accomplishment."



(l. to r.) Paul, Jorgen and Torben ... handsome Danishmen.

THE LOLLIPOPS

Two brothers (Jorgen and Torben) and an uncle (Paul) might well be the next big sensation to hit the U.S. It stands to reason, since the handsome Danish boys have already swept the Scandinavian countries—Sweden, Denmark, Finland and Norway. So many Americans have heard the group abroad that soon their records will be released Stateside. Though young in years (Paul, 18; Torben, 16; Jorgen, 15), the group are accomplished songwriters and speak, write and sing in English much of the time. If the boys are as charming as their picture, they'll be a hit indeed!



... first group signed to the newly formed Round Records.

CAPES OF GOOD HOPE

On the strength of their first single, "Shades" b/w "Lady Margaret," which is receiving enthusiastic reception, the Chicago-based Capes of Good Hope have high hopes of becoming one of the nation's hottest recording groups. From left they are: Mike Horn, Dick Toops, Yogi Landem (guess why?), Mike Jacobson and Joel Cory.

Beatle Tour — 'Like Playing In A Closet'

By Rochelle Reed

"Playing the Beatle tour was like performing in a closet with the lights off," confessed Briggs, one of the Remains who wandered up to *THE BEAT* office the day after their last performance.

It was a matter of an instrument being on or off," chimed in their road manager, "with no room for subtleties. Either the crowds could hear or they couldn't."

Apparently U.S. crowds could hear the group, because The Remains admitted reaction "was better than we'd thought it would be."

THE BEAT was surprised to see The Remains at all, considering that they had just concluded 24 performances that at best could be described as "hectic."

Actually, we didn't see all The Remains. Briggs, Barry and Vern showed up, but N.D., their drummer, was somewhere between Hollywood and San Francisco. "He didn't make it back," said Barry. "He got on the plane in San Francisco and then got off and said he just couldn't do it."

Flying Phobia

N.D. has a phobia about flying and left the plane once before when the craft threw sparks over Seattle. But N.D. used to be an acrobat and walk tightropes 300 feet off the ground. "Oh well," said Briggs, "that's N.D."

The three Remains, although tired, were almost radiating with new ideas for their act. "It's like closing a chapter in our careers," Barry said. "We're thinking about different directions we can take musically." Vern added, "Maybe we won't even play for awhile, just for a kick," chimed in Briggs. "We need time to think the whole thing out."

Vern admitted that the tour has made the group "hungrier for fame" than ever before. "It opened our eyes where they had been closed before," added Barry, and Briggs continued, "We learned that what's honest, both musically and personally, is best."

How did the Remains get on the tour in the first place? "A few people up there like us a lot," according to Briggs.

The Remains, who are noted for the true hard rock that they play, opened all the Beatle shows and then backed up Bobby Hebb and the Ronettes.

Never Back

"Backing was something we told ourselves we'd never do," Barry said, and said they almost refused the tour before deciding maybe the excitement and fame was worth it all.

"But we only had an hour and a half to practice with the other groups before we had to back them in our first show," Barry said, so they decided to not even try to simulate the backup sound that Bobby and the Ronettes use on their records.

Rather than sound like a poor imitation, Briggs explained, "we played our way and Bobby and the Ronettes liked it. At San Francisco, it turned into a way-out jazz session in the middle of 'Sunny.'"

The largest welcome for the tour, the group decided after much debate, was in Chicago, where Detroit holds the distinction of having the most junk thrown on-stage. Memphis was infamous, the group said, because someone threw a cherry bomb at the platform.

But The Remains came through without any major hang ups and are now eagerly looking to the



THE REMAINS — N.D., Vern, Briggs and Barry.

future and the "embellishments" they will make on their sound. The group has a new album coming out, which they consider the best of what they used to do. It's called "Don't Look Back" after their hit single.

"Major diversity" is planned for their sound. Once known only as a hard rock blues band, they will now go softer and do the songs that they've always wanted to include in their repertoire.

"Right now our audience is growing up," says Briggs, "and

also calming down. They will appreciate talent even more than before."

So The Remains plan a search into who they really are, musically and personally. They credit the Beatles with giving them "a better insight in our search."

"They were everything I'd hoped they'd be," Barry said. "It's nice to know that the people who seem to be right think the way you do and like the things you like."

Barry became good friends with George Harrison, and the two

spent many hours listening to sitar music that George brought over on tape. In Los Angeles, the two slipped out one night and visited many of the pop groups who call L.A. their home.

"It was great, really finding where these people are at," Barry said.

Though New England, mainly Boston, is home for the Remains, they hope to become more popular in other parts of the country. Until now, they have concentrated on college tours and large clubs in the East.

Barry Tashian, lead guitar player, has often been called "the white James Brown." William Briggs, or just Briggs as he is known, is a tall, sandy blond on-par with the group. A talkative, bright-eyed musician, he would like to live in Balboa for awhile "without any shoes and not play at all, just for kicks."

"Crazy Things"

Vern Miller, the smallest of the Remains, was once a classical musician and plays just about everything, including guitar. He would like to branch out into electronic music. N.D. Smart II is the drummer for the group and as yet unmet by *THE BEAT* staff. "He used to want to jump off bridges in Boston," the group explains, "and he does crazy, incredible things."

Anyway, N.D. is the most recent member of the group and used to play for Paul of Peter, Paul and Mary when he recorded alone.

The Remains now stand where many groups would like to — they have received the widest exposure any group could possibly hope for and "learned a lot." Though they are "hungrier for fame," they are also humbled a little. They are eager to attack their music and remake it to fit what they have become. Then, with minor embellishments and major diversity, they will put it to work.



AFTER THEIR ACT, The Remains backed Bobby Hebb and the Ronettes.

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Bingham

Taping A Television Special

The *BEAT* recently watched the filming of a Rogers and Hart Television Special scheduled for airing next March and featuring the Mama's and Papa's, Supremes, Petula Clark and Bobby Darin.

In sharp contrast to the casual funkiness of the Mama's and Papa's and the sleek elegance of the Supremes, who changed outfits and wigs between practically

every number, and the always sharp looking Petula.

Since the show won't be aired until next year, the participants chosen were those who, in the estimation of the producers, would definitely still be stars at that time and *The BEAT* agrees—these are four of the top acts in the business and we see no downfall ahead for any of them.



THE TWO SOLO ARTISTS on the show, Bobby Darin and Petula Clark, get together on a large box to sing a duet of Rogers and Hart songs.



THE SUPREMES, attired in full length, sequined, multi-colored gowns are the stand-outs in the finale. The three beautiful Motown artists appear on the show in several different outfits—all absolutely gorgeous.



BOBBY DARIN JOINS THE SUPREMES in just one of the show's many great numbers. The entire program is a tribute to Rogers and Hart, who have composed and arranged so many of the great American standards.



OUR PET PETULA wows the audience on one of her solo numbers. Be sure to catch the show on NBC-TV shown sometime early next Spring.

Jerry Naylor's Learned A New Recipe For Success

Recipe of the week: take a large portion of a big beat sound, blend in a healthy amount of jazz and blues, flavor with a sprinkling of western sound... and serve.

The final product of this somewhat offbeat concoction will be one Jerry Naylor—and one of the most unique and original sounds to be heard out by the record industry in some time.

Handsome, soft-spoken Jerry Naylor, currently hitting the charts hard with his "Almost Persuaded," had been doing standard, time-worn arrangements of rock 'n' roll for some time before he came up with his new twist.

The Hard Way

"Last year I recorded a couple of unsuccessful records with the standard rock sound," said Jerry. "I found, the hard way, that no identity was shown in these records and no one knew if I could sing or not.

"I still sounded like a 'group' on these records. I want identity and the only way to get that is to sing like Jerry Naylor." And for Jerry Naylor, identity does not consist of the current Liverpool sound.

But don't fool yourself by thinking that just because Jerry Naylor's songs have a slight western orientation he is out of the groove or in a different field than pop.

"Many people are recording country and western material today and doing it very successfully," he said. "Gene Pitney, Johnny Tillotson, Dean Martin, Al Martino, Vic Dana and Bobby Vinton are a few of them.

"And even the Beatles last year had a big hit with Buck Owens'

'Act Naturally.' So did Ray Charles when he did two other of Buck's compositions, 'Crying Time' and 'Together Again.'"

Jerry's contributions to the music world haven't gone unnoticed—or unappreciated. Since last January he has been touring throughout the United States, and his audience response and reviews have been what he calls "enthusiastically encouraging."

After a particularly commanding performance in San Francisco recently, several columnists even went so far as to compare him to Roger Miller, Bobby Darin, Jimmy Dean and Wayne Newton.

Actually, Jerry Naylor is a little bit of all of these entertainers. His act is surprisingly polished and he has a profound effect on live audiences.

Jerry's tour with Jimmy Dean last year can partially account for his tremendous on-stage show. The tour covered ten cities from New Mexico to Iowa—with the climax coming when the two taped a television spectacular before 7,000 people.

Chart Fight

Jerry's version of "Almost Persuaded" is catching on all across the nation—but not without a struggle. David Houston also has a version of the same song out and both artists are battling for pop markets throughout the country.

Even if Jerry's version of the song doesn't make it he still need not worry. The flip side of the record contains his own composition, "I'll Get My Lie The Way I Want To," which is picked to become a hit by many of the nation's top trade magazines and radio stations.



... JERRY NAYLOR



It's been a long, long time for the young man who started out singing a song called "Splash, Splash"—but Bobby Darin has come up with another giant-sized hit.

His latest release is a tune entitled "If I Were A Carpenter." The words are really great—simply stated and to the point—and the haunting melody ties it up to present a musical package which is hard to forget. Hope that pop people will remember to make this one a big hit.

Herb Alpert and the TJ Whalers have returned to pay their monthly greetings to the top of the charts with their latest, "Flamingo." It really is a good disc, and just different enough to be another hit for the group.

"Only When You're Lonely" is the latest single by the Grass Roots. If you like this one—and many people do already—you may also have cast a positive vote for their previous hit, "Where Were You When I Needed You."

That's not at all unusual, considering that both records are very good—this last one being the better of the two musically. But what

is unusual is the story behind these two bits of wax, and it will probably surprise a lot of people.

Keep your ear on this one for the Top Ten—keep your eyes on the label, which lists the writers as Sloan-Barri, and the producers as Sloan-Barri—and tune into this column next issue around for a little surprise about the singers.

Mr. Frank Sinatra, in spite of his recent marriage, hasn't forgotten his duties as "Chairman of the Board," and has returned with a follow-up smash to his "Strangers in the Night," entitled "Summer Wind."

This one's a beauty, but unlike the first disc—it will probably be much larger on the "good music" stations.

Top ten fave-rave of the week—Len Barry—has returned to the pop race with "I Struck It Rich." Hmmmm—wonder if he means with the 35-and-above-crowd? Certainly couldn't be any of us scruffily "long-hair" types!

Two pretty new ballads have arrived this week from two consistent chart-toppers in Britain,

One is by a talented young American who has been a huge star in Britain for several years while we have failed to fully recognize his talents on this side of the foam.

Gene Pitney's newest self-penned release is "Cold Light of Day." Listen for it. British subjects, Gerry and the Pacemakers, are back in the American chart race in an attempt to dispel their one-hit wonder image, and they have a strong vehicle with their newest, "Girl on a Swing."

Do you remember the M.F.Q.? If so, you might remember a talented young man by the name of Chip Taylor (sometimes known as Chip Douglas), now a member of the Gene Clark Group—the leader of which used to be a member of the Byrds.

At any rate, Chip has written a great new song called "I Can Make It With You," which has been recorded by a girl named Jackie De Shannon who used to have a lot of hits, and was never in any group.

Unfortunately, Jackie's last two or three discs haven't been up to her usual high performance, and her rendition of this song isn't the best. The track is just a little bit obscure, and the sentiment seems almost affected. The record might get into the Top 20, but it will take a while.

New ones in the 45 RPM race this week include "What A Party," by Tom Jones; "I Really Don't Want to Know" by Ronnie Dove; "San Francisco Woman," by Bob Lind; and—believe it or not!—"Tarzan's Dance," by the Marketts.

Brand new record on the move this week is the latest by Tommy Roe—"Hoorsy for Hazel." Wild idea for an unusual lyric, and it even has a good beat! Hitsville for this one.

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Beatles' Love Affair

(Continued from Page 7)
read in the papers. You people make up our image. We know that our real image is and it's nothing like our 'image'.

Back to John again and "did you meet Cass of the Mama's and Papa's?" "Yes," replied John with that fantastically teasing grin of his, "and she's great. I'm going to see her tonight."

Along about this time, a female reporter stood up and asked John if it was true he was going to make a movie without the Beatles. And it was then that my opinion of John flew up a neat one hundred notches. Because rather than inform her that question had already been asked and answered a mere five minutes ago, he simply said, "yes."

Security?

Positively one of the most brilliant questions was concerning whether or not the Beatles really needed the tight security which seems to follow them everywhere. "Do you think?" thundered John. Silence soared all around the room until the man admitted he didn't think the Beatles could make it without security. Nodding, John answered: "We wouldn't make it. We couldn't make it."

"Sometimes we could," argued Paul. "But today we couldn't have made it," he continued in reference to the fans who stood outside Capitol and rushed the armored truck when it came into view.

Someone else wanted to know if the Beatles would draw an equal share of John's salary for "How I Won The War." "I replied John, "we only share when we use the name 'Beatles.' If by the name 'Beatles' is on a record then we all share but they don't make anything on my books."

Finally, the inevitable question of whether the Beatles would be back next year was asked. It's asked every year, and every year the Beatles give approximately the same answer. This time John did the honors: "We have no idea. We'll probably be back."

Then, of course, someone insisted on asking Paul the same question they've been asking ever since Walter Winchell made the premature announcement that Paul and Jane Asher were in fact married.

And, so once again, Paul answered: "I'll probably get married but I've no plans now."

Shot Down

During the rest of the press conference, the Beatles informed the world that the final script for their third movie had not yet been finished but when it is, and if they still like it, they will begin filming in January, that Lennon-McCart-

ney write most of their songs and that "it's an amicable arrangement" and finally Paul shot down a reporter for saying that other artists have stolen Beatle material.

"They don't steal them," stated Paul. "No, I know they don't," replied the reporter. "But you just said they did," answered Paul, "and, besides, we plinch just as much as the rest of 'em."

Another question of magnitude—who are John's favorite groups? "There are so many," said the Chief. "The Mama's & Papa's, the Spoonful, the Byrds, the Beach Boys."

Following the official press conference, the Beatles were presented with their 20th Gold Record by Capitol Records President, Alan Livingston, for their "Revolver" album.

Mr. Livingston made the announcement and then the huge curtains behind the Beatles parted, revealing a gigantic blow-up of the "Revolver" cover and four shining Gold Records.

The Beatles were notably surprised as the rest of us when the records were presented and it was made known that with this 20th Gold Record they had received more Golden than any other artist in the history of the recording industry.

Ringo aptly summed up the group's feelings by saying: "It's such a lovely surprise."

These lucky girls who head up the Dallas Beatles Fan Club were next on the agenda. They presented the four Beatles with initial steak branding irons. About meeting the Beatles, Yolanda, Stan and Debbie chorused: "It was fantastic!" The Beatles themselves seemed to think it was rather fantastic too, as they busily set about branding each other with the steak irons! On a whole, the Beatlemania conference '66 style was very similar to the '64 and '65 editions. Probably a drag in the extreme for John, Paul, George and Ringo as the majority of reporters continue to ask the same monotonous questions as regularly as they collect their pay checks each week.

Humor—Tolerance

For their part, the Beatles handled the press as they would a small child—with humor, tolerance and a certain straight answer wherever it was deserved.

And now they're back in England. Their third Stateside tour is success. Despite the bannings and burnings, they scored again. It is true that the wild, hysterical, follow-the-crowd Beatlemania which was born in '64 and ripe in '65 is a little tarnished in '66. There were fewer sell-outs but as George put it "we don't really need them anyway."

However, even with the not-so-true fans gone the Beatles are still very much in the driver's seat, still the owners of the Pop World. Still the heads of their special throne.

Will they be back again? Despite all the trade talk that they will not, I think we'll see them next year. Not in a major tour but rather in a few key cities. It's only a hunch, naturally, as no one knows what next year will bring. I expect it to bring the Beatles back to California. After all, they wouldn't want to kill a love affair, would they?



... THE ALAN PRICE SET (l. to r.) Roy, Steve, John, Boots, Clive and Alan Price (center) have finally come up with a long awaited hit single here in America with their fantastic "I Put A Spell on You." Be sure to see the next issue of BEAT for an in-depth interview with the group written exclusively for THE BEAT.

Tony Barrow Kills The Beatle Rumors Cyrkle In Million \$ Law Suit

(Continued from Page 6)

America for the reason stated in the papers, which I thought made the situation sound even more serious.

A: "He was concerned, of course, and did want to see what was going on, but you can look at his time of arrival one of two ways—five days late or three days early."

Q: One last subject. Was there a press conference in every city?

A: "The Beatles saw the press in each of the fourteen cities they visited. In some cities, we were able to hold full-scale press conferences. In others, we were able to see only area newsmen due to time or space problems, etc."

Q: How did the press conferences go this year, and which did you consider the best of the lot?

New York Best

A: "Some were better than others—New York was the best. But an interesting thing happened around the country. Many newspapers used to just assign a reporter, but this year they sent along people with a more mature outlook. A number of drama and music critics attended. They seem to be accepting the Beatles on a more mature level. The Beatles themselves are far more mature. In experience, age, and intellectually as well."

Q: Weren't there two press conferences in New York?

A: "One was the regular confer-

ence, and the other was a junior press conference. It was held at the Beatles' request—they wanted to hear the fans' questions for a change—and they thoroughly enjoyed it. The reporters' were picked at random from the New York chapter of the official Beatles' fan club and listeners of WMCA."

Q: Did they scream during the press conference?

A: "They were a bit rowdy at first, but they settled down and it was a good conference. The idea worked, and it will definitely be repeated."

Q: Do you think it bothers the Beatles when they're asked at a press conference what their music is trying to say? Creative people are often very sensitive about having their work questioned, even if they don't show it.

A: "The Beatles accept questions as they come. At a standard press conference, you get the standard range of writers. There are people like ourselves, who know all about pop music because it's our business. There are others who know very little about it, but are still some of the best journalists in the country. The Beatles take this into consideration, and don't let it bother them."

Plane To Catch

A: "At this point, I noticed that Tony was looking rather nervously at his watch. He was leaving for London that same evening, and had a plane to catch, and when he

A one million dollar lawsuit has been filed against the Cyrkle and managers Brian Epstein and Nathan Weiss.

Jerry Ross, whose Sheryl Records, Inc. formerly had the group under contract, is the plaintiff. He claims he still has the legal recording rights on the Cyrkle.

The group had recorded under the name "Rondells" for Sheryl and their records had previously been released on ABC.

The group's contract with Sheryl was dated Nov. 7, 1964, with renewal rights through 1969. The terms of the contract called for the group to record for Sheryl exclusively.

Ross claimed the group's contract had been renewed for at least one more year though November, 1966.

Weiss and Epstein became interested in the group early this year and signed as its managers. Epstein insisted the group's name be changed, and by courtesy of John Lennon, Cyrkle was decided upon.

Since that time the group has had two hit records, "Red Rubber Ball" and "Turn Down Day."

saw what time it was, he had to say goodbye.

I stayed at the table for awhile after he'd gone, hoping that my final words to him would turn out to be the truest ever spoken.

They were, of course, "see you next August."



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