

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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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.

Losing 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. Flashbuds popped. Beatlemanics — 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. Finally they were climbing into their plane. They looked back momentarily, and were gone.

Beatle Box Score: 14 Hits, One Error

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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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 Beatlemaniacs—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. Beatlemaniacs 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 all highly 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: Carolyn La Vigne

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 prophecy: 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 stadiumsold 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 (?) 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 result 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

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 statement that bans Beatles records is wrong and is only hurting themselves.

Larry Schweikart
Harry McCoy
David Rudin



Dear *BEAT*:

I'm writing about the controversy surrounding John. First, I'd like to express my opinion. Personally, I think John is right, all 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 have you spent 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

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 do.

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 some day. 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.

Patricia 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 that 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 to come. 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 wanted what's left of your brain thinking that one up, if you did it for shock value—you got enough of that with the gory 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 Iturri

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, kiddies," 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 crucified I know quite a few people who would do it 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 it 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 loved the Beatles as pop artists and 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 speak 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

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. Now, I seem to get the message Mr. Barry tried to get across to some of us, but we chopped the poor guy down.

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 like 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 "Yeah, 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 bawling 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.

So, I'm getting all my Beatle albums and pictures together and am going to have a bonfire of my own.

They are emphasizing the wrong issues. This may be because of their inability to cope with anything important 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 society.

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 lawn.

JoAnn

Ex-Beatles Fan

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



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 were spared 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 Brinkley, 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 hung 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 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' road 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 round 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?



... PAUL MCCARTNEY

BEAT Photo Robert Young

Herb Alpert's TJ Brass Smashing Office Records

Herb Alpert & his Tijuana Brass are selling 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 "Li'l 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.



... 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 Beatles "fans" stopped thinking of themselves and started thinking about the four boys they kept 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 opinion of the Beatles. 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 kept 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 Beatles 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 Controversy

Dear BEAT:

I would like to thank you very much for printing so many wonderful articles about the Beatles, and I hope you will continue to do so as long as they are still the Beatles.

The Beatles have certainly changed a lot through these last two and one-half years. They have been wonderful changes. But now many of these fans have turned against the singers they once would maybe have even given up their lives for. Why?

Because controversies got started. The incident in Manila. Their appearance on Ed Sullivan. Their false accusations of no longer caring. And many, many more.

But the latest controversy about John's statement of over six months ago, which has lost them more fans than ever, was the most misinterpreted. People didn't (or didn't want to) take time to hear the true story and why he said it. It is ridiculous the way these people are acting. John has his right to voice his beliefs and I think those anti-Beatle organizations should listen to him, maybe they'll learn something.

These people who turned against them were never true fans, because if they were they would accept them for their goods and also their faults.

These people don't even deserve the Beatles if they begged them back. There is more of the Beatles for us fans who still appreciate them.

I plan on staying a Beatle fan until they are gone and I hope that remaining Beatle fans feel the same way.

Pat Bartley

Big Mouth

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 zoom to the top and I'll pass up the newest magazines.

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

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

Yellow Thingy

Dear BEAT:

Just like to *The Beat* and love it the best of all the mags and newspapers in the world. I have but one small complaint. On the front of each BEAT there is a little yellow-fleish-things that has my name and address on it, well... I just think these lascivious pictures! Couldn't they 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 failed by making a hole in the paper. I'll do so. All I can say is please. Thank you!

Unsigned

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

Editor

Man Gentlemanly?

Dear BEAT:

Hooley 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, etc.). Hooley for new gear-style LP covers (Dylan and Beatles). Boo for the new, dreary Beatle cover—ungear... Hooley for *THE BEAT* recognizing Gene Pitney's greatness! Boo for Jackie McGinty for bringing national fields into R&R... Hooley for "Double Shot (Of My Baby) Love", "Gloria", "Satisfaction" and all realistic songs.

Hooley for Manfred Mann and all their songs! Why are only some movies "If You Goths Go Now", banned? The Liverpool '5's version was played in Florida. Why was "With God On Your Side" banned? I don't know what a flamingo is, except a colorful tropical bird... As for "If You Goths Go Now", I admire it, it is a "gentlemanly," civilized song. I only wish most guys 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 the 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! We 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 Beatlemaniacs; 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 kids 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 progressed 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 gods, people, and even over the top 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, and how 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, truly, 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 they were here, now, here they are—the Beatles! Not in my memory, there hasn't.

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.

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



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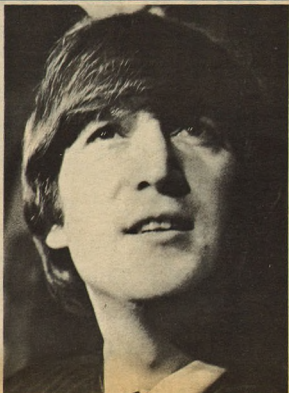
PICTURES in the NEWS



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.



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!



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.



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 Cyrlke are a palm tree. And the Ronnetts 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—their parents no longer speak for them and one doesn't speak for the group. The big question is 'was 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.



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



... 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 bootmaker 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 sueded! 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 Beatles' 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 without 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."

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 fortune 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 tried 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?

U
BEAT

By Eden



One of the latest 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 been keeping the Stones' "Mother's Little Helper" in lately, stole them around and see what you come up with then.

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," Cannibal and the Headhunters (Wahawuzzat?) have re-released their disking 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 everyone 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.

Statistically, 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.



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."

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 Boyd

... 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 thoughtful 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.

Sir Douglas: 'Adults Resent 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?"

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

By Doug Sahm

In an exclusive *BEAT* interview, Doug Sahm, leader of the hit-making Sir Douglas Quintet ("She's About A Mover" and "Rain, Rain, Rain") commented, "It's not the kids who treat 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 are not going to be exactly like them. 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 true. 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 they'd come 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 Fair

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 for, 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 co-operation. 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 house 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 dawned, to Mama Michelle being back 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 Brian 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 "Go To Get You

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

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 he did 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 Chrissie shopping at DeVos and cruising in a limousine while fans thought the guys had split town... Dubs of kazooes 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 seatic with the Yardbirds... J. and J. and Northern stock... Going down... Eric's burden.

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 going to make millions... Ethnic psychedelic Afro-Cuban folk rock and Mexican chiquiqua dogs.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what's gotten into Suzi 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	CHEERISH.....	The Association
4	ELEANOR RIGBY.....	The Beatles
5	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE.....	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 HA.....	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	WINTER 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.....	Ray Conniff
25	GUANTANAMERA.....	The Sandpipers
26	TURN DOWN DAY.....	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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"B"	Shoppers - 1500 W. Elmer, Cerritos	2 for 1, \$1.50 with membership card
"C"	San Fernando Valley Sun Center 17400 Valley Blvd.	2 for 1 admission
"D"	Valley City - 1500 W. Elmer, Cerritos Van Nuys, 5611 Van Nuys, Woodland Hills 6225 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A.	2 for 1 "Crash FIVE" book covers for just dropping in 50 certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase Free 60¢ plus 20% discount on all purchases, with card
"E"	Hobby Land Hobby Shop 1616 S. Robertson Blvd., L.A.	2 for 1 admission to Teen Night every Sunday (7 p.m. - 12 midnight)
"F"	Orange Julius, 6127 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood Gazzari's - 310 N. La Cienega	2 for 1 admission to Teen Night every Sunday (7 p.m. - 12 midnight) 7 for 1 admission
"G"	Hallahan, 6220 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood	2 for 1 admission August 8 for MacGillivray's surfing films, "The Performers"
"H"	Michael's Jewellers, 7520 Wilshire, Van Nuys Koskinen Jewellers - 3800 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A.	Free Studio jewelry price 50 certificate after \$15 purchase
"I"	Dorland Dorland, 1500 W. Elmer, Cerritos Hollywood Valley Standard 16140 Pasadena, Hollywood	Free food for dropping in and free drinks with any purchase 2 for 1 admission, with or without cards
"J"	Corey Davis - 310 N. La Cienega Orange Julius, 6001 N. Hollywood	"Wood anything on the menu" at 7 for 1 2 for 1 admission
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"L"	Orange Julius - 1715 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica Valley on Skating Center 3030 Ventura Blvd., Van Nuys	Free Orange Julius with any purchase 2 for price of 1 50 certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member's friends may purchase on his account
"M"	Short Skatch - 1800 Lincoln, Santa Monica	2 for 1 admission
"N"	Ice House - 24 N. Main, Pasadena Ice House - 224 S. Brand, Glendale	2 for 1 admission 2 for 1 admission

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SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: All of the Statewide Theatre coupons in your Go-Guide are now good at any Statewide Theatre listed in the Guide. Coupons are interchangeable.

Inside KRLA

By Edna

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 sets 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!!!

Funteen Moves Ahead to 1967

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, committees 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 surrealistic 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 proved 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 Bonner 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 teaser 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 no one was 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 isn't 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 type-cast as one of the Monkees!

Mike "Wolf Hat" Nesmith has the distinction of being known as someone who used to "live at the Troubadour"—a local L.A. folk club. Meaning other than the California folks no one has ever heard of "Wolf 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 thingies work out for the best.

Along about the time George got married (blither), 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 goy.

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 (hah?) ... 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 goy 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 that we 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 England went to war.
The Beatles were the first ones to
enlist, and pay their country's

Guitars were changed for rifles
and guns for bayonets.

Fans held their breath, but cheered
them on, 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
was a void.

And millions went to sleep at night
with their cheeks 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
strangely alone, 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 back to John to
go alone just wouldn'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 to 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 run.

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, lie
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 maulin 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 slinging
at them.

I don't know how we can help
them, except to start loving them
some as hard and twice as loud.

Maybe that will make the banners
and burnings realize that sometimes
we 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 hating
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 Beatle 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 way 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
him. He said I love him and
three other people I could mention
(and have been missed to 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
Sahara in Las Vegas beginning
October 25.

They've also been 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 its
charts.

Williams & W Head

HOLLYWOOD — The Academy
of Country & Western music
has elected Tex Williams as its
first 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 nation-
ally televised.

The Rascals:



... FELIX CAVALIERE—Experience in himself.

By Lisa Stewart

From their conception in the
mind of Felix Cavaliere, organist
extraordinary, to their birth at The
Burge 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 fas-
cinating 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 conversation with
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 gutsy 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
swing anything from a fast and fast
rock, 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
dictation 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 is Felix Cavaliere, singer, composer and organ-
ist. 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 caught, are thrown in the air, batted, 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 roars, 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 only 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 "out" 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 banjo. 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. 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

By Mike Luck

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 could 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 remembers 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 at that highway and play him a song," the Major laments.

The real trouble, however, didn't come until the scheduled show in Jackson. After a backwards emcee had made a futile 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 hit 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 at those girls.

—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 frustration: in a split second it transforms from a worried scowl to a beaming glow of content and self-appraisal.

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. But his record 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 for 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."

Whom

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 took down at one of those other 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 I had a gun."

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

His party had been cancelled and both girls had already left the arena—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 said, "singing keeps you out of trouble."

Top Major

The author of "The Monkey" and several other smashes is still 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 me off and told me to try over at Okey 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 had a big hit 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 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.

Teens Speak

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 we'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 were not for the fact that I only know who we are, I couldn't 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 to go through hell at home."

Kris—"Are you folks racially prejudiced?"

Ku Klux Klan

Linda—"Very. Not to the Ku Klux Klan, or anything like that. But if they did I'd like to consider taking 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 a thing?"

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 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, but 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're not 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. My dad helped though. 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 at kids."

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 so long."

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, period. But *nothing* seems to be doing much good. Compare the Negroes in the South with the same race in other parts of the country. They've come from the South, wouldn't they? They take a big chance just by participating in a non-violent march. But they're not really making much progress than the rioters in the South. The rioters don't mean that rioting is okay. It isn't. 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 had some good effects. It's at least made people in this country aware of what exists. I didn't know Negro ghettos existed until the rioting started. I knew they lived in certain areas, but I didn't know how things were in those areas until the Watts rioting."

Mike—"That may be true, but it also made the rest of the world aware of the same elements. There are two major powers in the world today—Democracy and Commu-



MAJOR LANCE

Out On 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 wouldn't do the same, they'd hate 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 to make our principles work. Each side is at fault. The people who allow 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 pick up and move away from."

Linda—"Yes, but that will take a long time. Too long. It's just natural to want the 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 that I'm so sure they're not 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 hope—that kids elsewhere in the world are just as 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 what they said. I'm sure I'm not 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 going to try to make my own work out of my thoughts on other subjects. If my 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 my 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 humanitarian 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 rah-rah 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 be the daughter of my own. Considering 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 as good 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."

Hypocritical

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 can be



BEAT Art: Harold Mandford

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 them. 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 got 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 caught 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 young 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. I 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 battled her way out of the pile of Spearmint wrappers which had broken her fall (and let's not mention her sacroiliac) (and when she faints.)

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

"I do," chorled George of Genie Fame as John and Paul of Same and Ringo the Angel stared on in open fascination. (After the Sonny and Cher bickering 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 that "else" bit.)

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.

"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 its 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* received the "LSD" documentary soon after its 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.

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

John shrugged. "I was only a game of follow the leader. Besides, you're the youngest. You're rest to see 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 on 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 that beach domicile in "Help! 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 at-pray, she smiled rather fondly.

Think, Thought

Just think, she thought (guess what still rules.) 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 *atesa* 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 swept. 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—genie 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 "I've had orders. Don't go." She then paused to snarf a lot, remembering also that he'd added "especially when you're giving them."

But she didn't snarf for long, because that just might mean that written order 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 them 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 out for a peanut butter and jelly.) Between the music sheets on Paul's organ (where she paused to play the national anthem of the Philippine Islands.)

Then, after what seemed like hours of fiddle-fadding around with John's trick bookcase, it open-appeared 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 heavy parchment that gave off a strange kind of glow.

Squalled

Quieting the rattling of their 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 crafts (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, bithering nothing. 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 kidnapping champions, Robin Irene Boyd was the greatest!

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

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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 filed 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. They sing, 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 tight 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 goofings.

But this wasn't their only 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 timely question. Just what is the role of today's pop singer?... just what should be the boundaries of his disputes 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. "I 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 the way 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 what?) "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 musical star of magnetic proportions 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 everything up. Someone suggested I add pitch and tone..."

Thereupon, pitch, tone and the University of Florida were added to Steve's repertoire. 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 when 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 Manila... or a recording album cover... or a seemingly insignificant quote lifted from context and blown out of proportion.

The Beatles had eagerly anticipated the Beatles' tour as ample 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. The Beatles' tour was a rare, 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 predictable 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 tackled, 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 Cousins.

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 3/5 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 Music Is



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-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 played 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 Oujia 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 its 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 Happening), almost 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 it together."

Born at O

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 coming 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 was "tired of hearing the same thing over and over." Timothy hails from San Francisco, where he was playing with a band until Tony and Paris persuaded him to join Fire and Ice, Ltd.

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, chooses to wear men's clothing and sports a shaved head.

From here on, it's anyone's guess just what to find in Fire and Ice. The prerequisites 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 type 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."

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 Gene 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 has 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.

BRIAN WILSON

AND THE BEAT?

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

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 think so. But some of it I just don't dig at all, although

CAROL

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 sitar and Ravi Shankar. 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 LSD. I personally don't need to take a trip. I'm happy with the word."

JOEY PAIGE

Terry Melcher, producer — "Psychedelic drugs 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 saying music..."

... expanding on music. It's all very nebulous."

JOHN BECK

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."

"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 associate themselves with it because it's weird. But it's just another sound."

Mike

Rochelle Reed — "Psycho- WHO?"

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

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 stardom but hopeful musicians and singers.

But this is now and then 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

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 weirder dances 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 who 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 new 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. Then you found out how they weren't too happy about that.

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.

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 Black 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 outbid 26 other new 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.

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THE BYRDS

BYRDS, BYRDS . . .

THE BYRDS

BYRDS



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The CHAMBERS BROTHERS

THE HARD TIMES

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• OCT. 5-OCT. 15

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