

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA

*Edition*

# BEAT

NOVEMBER 5, 1966



THE ASSOCIATION PLAY THE COURT GAME

SEE PAGE 1

# KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 27

November 5, 1966

## Association Sued By Former Publicist DENY CONTRACT BINDING

A former publicist for the Association has filed suit against the group, charging fraud and breach of contract and asking for \$100,000 in punitive damages.

Stan Zipperman, who left the group several months ago, filed the suit in Los Angeles Superior Court. The lengthy complaint, alleges, among other things, the following:

- Zipperman's contract for public relations and publicity services for the Association was improperly terminated.
- The Association induced Zipperman to execute the contract through fraud.
- It is well known in the industry that Zipperman was substantially responsible for the success of the Association.

### Abundant Proof

Zipperman claims to have an abundance of proof to substantiate his allegations. In a prepared statement, he said the following:

"I am determined to take the case to court where all the true facts will come to light. To date, I have over one-hundred witnesses of top reputation in the industry who have volunteered to testify on my behalf."

Lee Colton, attorney for the Association, denied the contract was binding. He said there was no time limit specified on the contract, and the group had every legal right to terminate it when they felt Zipperman wasn't doing the job properly.

Colton said it was obvious the group wasn't simply trying to cut costs by firing their publicist, because an even more expensive publicist was hired after Zipperman's dismissal.

### Talent Only

"Besides, it is talent that makes or breaks a group," Colton said in regard to Zipperman's claims for the success of the Association. "Lawyers, managers or publicists aren't as important to the success of the group as is talent."

Meanwhile, the Association and their new manager, Pat Colletti, are under fire from another direction.

Dean Fredericks, the group's original manager, has filed a Los Angeles Superior Court suit charging the Association with breach of contract. Fredericks, who claims he had the group tied to a seven-year contract, alleges the boys severed the pact six years early.

## KINKS BANNED IN SCANDINAVIA

If you have made plans for seeing the Kinks in concert this year, forget them. The group has already cancelled a handful of engagements and has no plans for accepting bookings for the remainder of the year.

Greatly concerned over problems in their schedule and their new recordings, Ray Davies of the Kinks flew to America last week for a conference with the group's U.S. business manager, Allen Klein.

But even the U.S. conference meant more can-

cellations. Davis' departure meant the group would have to mix their scheduled six-day tour of Austria and Switzerland.

The Kinks' haphazard appearance practices led the Musicians Union in Scandinavia to ban them here. Co-manager Robert Wace linked the ban to postponement of earlier engagements.

"This is obviously a reaction to the Kinks' cancellation engagements in Copenhagen last week," he said, "but there were no contracts for them to do these."



... THE ASSOCIATION ARE SAYING IT ISN'T SO.

## Beach Boys Tops In English Polls

If English popularity pollsters have anything to do with it, the number one group in the world is right here in the United States.

An unexpected victory for America's Beach Boys came after English voters chose the Californians ahead of their own Beatles and Kinks.

### World's Top

But while the British publication conducting the poll allowed its country doesn't at present possess the world's top group, it predicted the Beatles are well on their way to recapturing the position.

Still, vote tabulations indicated the Beatles have a good way to go before replacing the Beach Boys.

Behind the Beach Boys, Beatles and Kinks, the voters chose the following: The Small Faces, the Walker Brothers, Dusty Springfield, Cilla Black, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, the Spencer Davis Group and the Trogs.

The poll, however, may not be as accurate as it appears. The Rolling Stones were listed only as the number 12 most popular group in their native land.

The poll provided two things: groups are still the most dominant force in pop music and the Beatles are still holding their own.

The poll, taken weekly and tabulated on a basis of 30 points awarded the No. one position, 29 points for the No. 2, and so on, down to one point for No. 30, rated the Beatles No. 24 at the end of June.

### 'Revolver'

The publication said the impact of the Beatles No. 1 hit, *Revolver*, was the dominant factor boosting the group's popularity.

In a rating taking in the United States, meanwhile, the Beatles have a massive lead over the Lovin' Spoonful. The Rolling Stones are third, followed by the Mama's and Papa's and Simon and Garfunkel.

## Monkee Lets Secret Slip

That harmonic accompaniment behind the Monkees on their TV show and deluge of records is coming from a source other than Mickey Dolenz, Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith and Peter Tork.

One of the Monkees admitted the well-kept secret last week in an interview with New York Times reporter Judy Stone. He said, however, the group does its own singing.

An unnamed Monkee is quoted as saying, "Studio musicians were used for the recordings, although all the boys do play guitars and Mickey is learning to play drums."

The BEAT has learned three of the Monkees' back-up musicians are members of the New Order, a Warner Bros. instrumental group. They are guitarist Jerry McGee, bassist Larry Taylor and drummer Bill Lewis.

## BEATLES' SOLO CAREERS DETRACTING FROM GROUP?

With the Beatles all going separate, solo ways these days, Brian Epstein has announced the group may not release a customary disc during the Christmas season.

If they do not, it will be the first time since 1962 the Beatles haven't had a record at the top of the charts.

Epstein also announced Paul

McCartney will soon be going the solo route. "It is not an acting role," the Beatles manager chided, "and an announcement can be expected soon."

The Beatles are also not expected to make a group appearance in England for the remainder of the year. Their last appearance there was in May.

Their release a Christmas Season disc is the first major intimation that the boys' solo careers are detracting from their effectiveness as a group.

"We would naturally like to have another Beatles single before the end of the year," said an EMI spokesman, "but they have nothing in the can, so it is entirely dependent on whether they record again in time."

The Beatles are, however, expected to enter the recording studios in November to record songs and incidental music for their next film. The film is tentatively scheduled to begin production in January.

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# Letters

TO  
THE  
EDITOR

## THANKS FOR TEEN PANEL

Dear BEAT:

Thank you! Thank you so much for putting in print what I've tried to put into words for so long. Your "Teen Panel" column is one of the best articles in the whole BEAT. Especially the September 10 and October 8 issues. You dared to print what you knew would be read by thousands of people, what some people don't have the courage and/or intelligence to even think about.

Maybe what we teens should do is open *The BEAT* to this page of your newspaper and "accidentally" leave it where our parents could read it. Maybe then they'd be willing to talk to us and find out how some of us really feel. I hope so.

There's such a lack of communication between adults and kids that it's getting hard to live with each other!

I believe what Kris said was true: "About the folly of war and how ridiculous it really is. Did you ever stop to think that a lot of other things are just as ridiculous? Like racial prejudice and basing your life on material things and money and looking down on people who don't conform to your standards. The whole thing is really absurd!"

Thanks for an intelligent and really outa-sight newspaper!

Jana Covington

## GREAT FAN

Dear BEAT:

My name is Liz Hamilton and I am a very great fan of the Monkees. I am very interested in starting a fan club and I would appreciate any information you could give me on how to go about starting a club. I watch their every Monday night and I would not miss it for anything in the world.

If you don't know how I can start a fan club for the Monkees, I would appreciate any information you could give me on how to join a fan club that is already started.

Thank you for your time and trouble. I appreciate the time you have taken out to read this letter.

Liz Hamilton

For information on how to start a fan club for the Monkees, write to them at 1334 No. Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif., 90028.

The Editor



## MEET THE DYNAMICS

Dear BEAT:

Your fabulous newspaper always likes to hear about new talent so I want to introduce you to six charming men, collectively known as Troy Marrs and the Dynamics.

First, there is Troy Marrs, lead singer. He loves guitars, girls and food in that order. His favorite pastime is playing practical jokes on people he doesn't know.

Eddie Horwitz, twenty year old piano and saxophone player, is a happy-go-lucky guy whose favorite hobby is calling up and requesting records on the radio.

Jim Keen is nineteen and plays the drums and, believe me, he lets you know about it! Sometimes you fear the worst for his poor drums.

Lead guitar player is David Smith and he concentrates wholeheartedly on perfecting his style. (Whatever it may be!)

Charlie Richmond plays bass guitar and seems to be quiet and shy on stage but off stage he does impersonations of everyone from Charlie Chaplin to Kirk Douglas.

Ken Kirksey is rather hard to describe because he is always hiding behind a huge pair of sunglasses!

Their first record, "Rhythm Message," was a big hit all over Southern Texas (by the way they are all from Houston) and they have a very bright outlook on the future. With the help of *The BEAT* it will be even brighter.

Thank you for listening.

Jo Anne Miller

# Where Is Bill Cosby?



... BILL COSBY 'SPYING' IN SPAIN

Dear BEAT:

I sure hope you can help me. I think Bill Cosby is so groovy. He is the one who really makes "I Spy" and is one of the few sincerely and honestly funny men in show business.

I'd like to write to Mr. Cosby and tell him how great I think he is but I don't know where to write to him. Can you tell me? I know that you are not allowed to give out his home address but I'd appreciate any address you'd be able to give me.

Also, you haven't had an interview with him in quite some time. What's the matter? Please, talk to him again and print a huge article with lots of pictures.

Thank you very much for your time and trouble.

I would like to write Bill Cosby at 846 Cahuenga, Hollywood, California. Bill is currently in Spain for six weeks filming "I Spy" but as soon as he gets back we're going to interview him again. Okay?

The Editor

## CROWNED A BEATLE FAN

Dear BEAT:

I am a Beatle fan who would like to make a comment on a letter I just finished reading from R.D. about changing Beatle attitudes.

For one thing, I couldn't agree with her more. I have felt this way for months. When they came to San Francisco, gave a 33 minute concert and left. I was never so mad in my life. We get a chance to see them once a year and not even a dozen people go to talk to them. And the Beatles can do something about it if they wanted to. A few words to Tony Barrow would do the trick.

If anyone says I'm not a true Beatle fan I will truly and personally crown them. I have been one since February of 1964. Those were the good days. When we knew they were the warmest guys we'd ever known. But they no longer seem that way any more. In fact, they don't even seem real to me. They seem to have thrown themselves into their private lives and come out only for records and a few personal appearances.

If the thought of fame never crossed their heads, if they didn't want to be bothered with fans and the likes, they should have quit after their first month.

Jill Anne Powell

## Is Carl?

Dear BEAT:

I couldn't help but notice while I was reading "What 'In' People Are Talking About" the article that said Carl Wilson admitted he was married to Annie Hinche. Is it true that he is married to her? Why didn't we hear anything about the wedding? Or is it just a rumor?

Yes, it is true that Carl Wilson is married to Annie Hinche. The whole thing was supposed to be a secret but when too many people discovered that with the exception of Bruce Johnson all of the Beach Boys are married, they decided to admit it.

The Editor

## INFO ON THE PACK

Dear BEAT:

I was very happy to see the letter by Ellen Bernstein in your October 8 issue about Terry Knight. Though her state address was not listed, I guess she is from the Detroit area. Unfortunately, Terry is not very well known in my area, Louisiana, but I would like to add some to what Ellen wrote.

Terry had several records out before the two she mentioned and he has a new one out now, "I Who Have Nothing," and one of his own compositions, "Numbers." The label is Lucky Eleven, which is distributed by Cameo-Parkway Records.

I've met Terry once and this summer in Detroit I met some people who are friends of his as well as the presidents of his fan club, so I'm able to keep up with his activities. The members of his group, the Pack, are Curt Johnson, Donny Brewer, Herm Jackson and Bob Caldwell, all from Michigan except Bob, who is from Mississippi and Herm, from Kentucky. Terry is the oldest at 23 and Curt the youngest at 17.

Terry and the Pack have appeared in concert with the Dave Clark Five, the Strangeloves, the Beau Brummels, the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, Mitch Ryder, the McCoys and the Yardbirds.

They have an album coming out shortly which will include the Stones' "Lady Jane."

Terry produces his own records and is also independently producing a new group on the Cameo label, the Hard Times, from Atlanta, Ga. Terry and the Pack appeared on "Action" on September 23 and there should be several more appearances in the future.

Their fan club address is National Terry Knight and the Pack Fan Club, P.O. Box 4802, Detroit, Michigan 48219. Anyone who writes should be sure to enclose a S.A.S.E. to insure a speedy reply. They are a terrific group and it's long past time for people everywhere to know they're around.

JOHN HOLLOWAY

## MORE ON THE ASSOCIATION

Dear BEAT:

First, I want to thank you for the fabulous article on the Association in the October 8th issue of *The BEAT*. This group is one of the most talented groups ever to come along and I want to read more articles on them.

Success has ruined (or should I say "changed") some groups but the Association are still as nice as ever. I have talked to them before and after success and I can say it's a pleasure to know that they haven't changed.

Thanks again for the article. I hope to read more about them (the Association) in the future and please have pictures on them, too.

Name withheld by request

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Noel Harrison, popular television spy, is going back to where he came from—records. Don't get yourself all knotted up about it. Noel will, of course, continue to be the guy in "The Girl From UNCLE" but during the show's next breath Noel will record an album of original and previously unrecorded songs by Bob Lind. No doubt, uppermost in Noel's decision to record Lind material is his signing with Greene and Stone, who by coincidence we're sure (?) also manage Bob Lind.

Anyway, Noel is naturally elated with the solid success of "The Girl From UNCLE" and notes with genuine pleasure the fact that people no longer refer to him as "Rex Harrison's son." "Course, his famous father hasn't hindered Noel's career but it's been a burr under Noel's skin ever since he started singing.

## Supreme To Marry?

The Rumor of the Week has to be the one which is currently making the rounds concerning Supreme lead singer, Diana Ross, and her Motown boss, Berry Gordy. The rumor-mongers declare that Diana will soon wed Berry and leave the Supremes. Naturally, Motown is denying the whole thing but those close to the Motown stable admit that Diana and Berry are indeed going together.

However, the Supremes are Motown's top-selling act and it seems highly unlikely that Berry, the king of Motown, will pull Diana out of the hottest female group in the world. But then, love has been known to do strange things. Still, don't hold your breath until Diana becomes Mrs. Berry Gordy.

## Surprise For Stones

The surprise of the month goes to the Rolling Stones. But it's a dubious honor and the Stones are not too terribly happy to accept it. Nonetheless, their latest single effort, "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow?" has failed to make it to the number one spot in America. So what, you say? Well, it marks the first time since December, 1964 that a Rolling Stones' single has failed to become number one on the British charts.

As befuddles the Stones, they are not taking the insult lying down. Says Stones manager, Andrew Oldham: "We're offering no excuses. They are not necessary. In other charts the disc is climbing not falling. We make a point of never disputing the findings of any chart but from this distance, I must admit I like the look of the others better."

Before taking off for his British tour, Bobby Hebb was involved in a near-miss accident in a Boeing 707 jet in Bermuda. The popular American entertainer was returning from his stint at the Forty Thieves Club in Bermuda when the jet he was riding in blew a tire as the plane was taking off. The pilot brought the jet back down at the end of the runway and it was only after some terrifying moments that he was able to bring the plane under control. Thirty-five of the plane's passengers were injured but there were no fatalities and Bobby was, luckily, not among the thirty-five.

## Trogg Trouble

Had to laugh at the Trogs' problems with "I Can't Control Myself" even though it's not actually that hilarious—especially to them. As you know, the disc is on the brink of total censorship in Australia and has been the object of heated controversy all over England. Allegedly, the lyrics are entirely too suggestive for air play but the Trogs claim the whole thing has been vastly misunderstood.

"It was done more as a tongue-in-cheek number," declared Trogs' guitarist, Chris Britton. However, their attempt at humor went souring over everyone's head and all the Trogs got out of it was a lot of publicity. Which isn't bad, you know? Publicity helps to sell records and even if "I Can't Control Myself" is banned all over the world, there is still the black market where you can buy just about anything if you have the necessary money.



... NOEL HARRISON.



... CHRIS BRITTON.

# Paul To Score Movie — Without John?

BEAT has learned that Paul McCartney may write the musical score for "Wedlocked Or All In Good Time," a film starring Hayley Mills. He will not work with John Lennon on the project.

If Paul actually does do the music for the picture, and indications are he has already consented to the task, it will be the first time Paul has composed officially without the help of John.

It is also rumored that George Martin, Beatles A&R man, will help produce the soundtrack recording.

## Paul's Mum

Paul is mum about the solo undertaking, as are other officials connected with the project.

Tony Barrow, Beatles Senior Press Officer, said: "No announcement is being made for some time."

Boulting Brother, the film company making "Wedlocked," stated: "It is premature to say anything." This probably means Paul has verbally agreed to do the musical score, but has not yet signed the papers.

Both Paul and John are under contract to their music company, and Dick James, Beatle publisher, said: "Any music written by either Paul or John must be published by Northern Songs."

The movie, "Wedlocked Or All In Good Time," is based on the play, "All In Good Time," written by Bill Naughton, author of "Alfie." Paul is believed to have seen the play when it was staged in the West End section of London.

## Hayley's First

The picture will be a first for Hayley Mills, as well as for Paul McCartney. Hayley will play a married woman for the first time in her screen career.

In the film, she and her screen husband, Hywel Bennett, are forced to spend their honeymoon with her parents after an unscrupulous travel agent absconds with their money. The color picture has already been shot at the Shepperton Studios, with a few scenes filmed on location in northern England. It is set to premiere early next year.

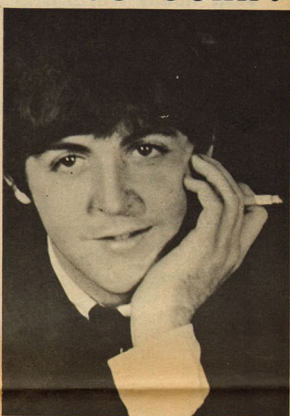
# USA Xmas For Herman

Herman's Hermits are coming back to the U.S. in time for Christmas!

The group will arrive in New York on December 21 and perform ten one-nighters across the country. The specific cities in which they will perform have not been announced yet.

The group is negotiating for an appearance on the Perry Como television special, to be filmed January 10. If this is arranged, their U.S. stay will be extended.

The Hermits are currently climbing up the English pop charts with their new single, "No Milk Today." The group released the disc in place of "Dandy," which was not issued there.



... WHILE JOHN'S AWAY, Paul will probably score a film.

# 'NOT RESPECTABLE NOW' SAY STONES

A different type of person is predominating the pop scene today, according to Keith Richard and Brian Jones, the Stones' most outspoken members.

"A new generation came to see us on tour with Ike and Tina Turner. Youngsters who had never seen us before, from the age of about 12, were turning up at the concerts. It was like it was three years ago when the excitement was all new."

So spoke Brian on the conclusion of the almost sold-out Stone tour, which also featured the Yardbirds and the Turner Revue.

"The tour has been an enormous success because it's brought the young people back again," added Keith. "In the 'All Over Now' era, we were getting adults filling up half the theatre and it was getting all druggy and quiet."

"We were in danger of becoming respectable! But now the new wave has arrived, rushing the stage just like old times!"

"Young people are measuring opinion with new yardsticks and it must mean greater individual freedom of expression," he concluded.

"Pop music will have its part to play in all this. When certain American folk artists with important messages to tell are no longer suppressed maybe we will arrive nearer the truth."

"The lyrics of 'Satisfaction' were subjected to a form of critical censorship in America. This must go. Lennon's recent piece of free speech was the subject of the same bigoted thinking. But the new generation will do away with all this — I hope," Keith concluded.

Keith and Brian also revealed that the girls acting in their movie, "Only Lovers Left Alive," will be unknowns, so that fans will be able to identify with the girls in the movie.

There will also be changes in the important motorcycle scenes of the film.

"The difficulty with motor-bikes in Britain is that the rockers have given them an evil image," Keith explained. "They've made them like factory hooters — you could say that the rockers have killed the motor-bike for Britain."

So instead, the Stones plan to substitute convertible sports cars for the motorcycles, or motor-bikes as they say in Britain.



# Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

## BEAT Really Worth It!

Dear BEAT:

First, I've got to congratulate you on being the only teen newspaper or magazine worth subscribing to.

Now, I've got some questions and I sure hope you can answer them: 1) What address are letters to *The BEAT* staff supposed to be sent to? 2) Does Davy Jones of the Monkees know about the mystery thing? Did Davy attend an Army-Navy Academy at any time during 1966?

Thank you very much for your time and I hope you can answer my questions since answers would help very much in unraveling a mystery thing I've run into that would take too much room in your wonderful newspaper to explain.

Carol

First off, thanks for your congratulatory note. As for your questions—I may write to *THE BEAT* at either 6290 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 28, California 90028 or #1 Nob Hill Circle, San Francisco, California, 2) Yes, 3) No.

The Editor

## Wow! Stones

Dear BEAT:

I read Lyn's letter in the October 8th issue of *THE BEAT*. I didn't agree with her all of the way. All the Rolling Stones' songs have been great hits! This is the reason that when the Stones roll by they gather lots of fans for keeps.

I must agree that the "Aftermath" is a genuine treasure. Especially "Goin' Home" and "Under My Thumb." I'm sure with the rest of the Rolling Stones' fans that the "Aftermath" will be the greatest album of the year!

I had the pleasure of seeing the Stones perform this summer in Bakersfield, California, and believe me, the Stones give you your money's worth. Keep up the great work, Mick, Keith, Brian, Bill and Charlie.

Gloria Lopez

## Where Do They Cut?

Dear BEAT:

Can you please tell me the name and address of the company the Beatles record under in England. I would appreciate any information you can give me.

Thank you.

Diane Giannini  
*The Beatles record for EMI in England. The address is 20 Manchester Square, London, England.*  
The Editor

## MORE ELVIS

Dear BEAT:

Your newspaper is great but how's about more pictures, stories and etc. on our man Elvis—I and I do mean Elvis Presley.

Thanks—I'll be looking for him in your next issues.

Anna Marie

## BEAT Neglects Beatles, Stones?

Dear BEAT:

*The BEAT* is a really groovy magazine (newspaper) for the price and all the stuff it has in it. But please explain one thing to me. How come "brand" new groups like the Monkees, Association, etc., etc. get so much space in your paper? And the Beatles who used to really turn out some good music get more attention than ever.

Now, for instance, take the Stones—they have the best on-stage act I've ever seen in my life. I don't think that any other group can create such wild audience reaction as the Stones can.

Not to mention their seven albums, which all rock-out. I don't think you do them justice at all in your magazine. So, please print more on them. They deserve it.

Noble Richardson



## Cute Angel

Dear BEAT:

My girlfriend showed me your paper, and I saw that article about Jimmy Angel. Tell us more, more, more. And if he sounds as good as Elvis!!!

When can we get his record? And where? I can't wait! Does he have a fan club? We think he's cuter than Elvis or Ricky Nelson.

Robin Dore  
Marge Clark

Jimmy will have a record out in the very near future and in the meantime you can write to his fan club at 426 North Whittier, California.

The Editor

## Dreams Are A Gas

Dear BEAT:

I would like to say a few words to a certain R.D., who was the scribe of the letter "Changed Attitudes" in the October 8 *BEAT*.

R.D., you're a fool. You can't say John doesn't know anything about Christianity, when he is, and has, read quite extensively on the subject.

Your whole letter is a jumbled lot of contradictions. How? I mean really, how can you say you love a group no matter what and then turn around and call one of its members mentally ill?

So George wed—more power to him. I hope he is very happy and has all the kids he wants. So, he broke hearts and caused tears. The tears shed were a lot in joy and for some as a subconscious joy. Those shed out of anger or disappointment are those that belong to the chicks living in a dream.

Dreams are a gas but there is a limit. WOW! What did you expect him to do, tell Pattie to cool it because there are a million and one fans' hearts broken and tears shed? He loves her and, man, you just have to face this.

The Beatles will never be as they were at first. It's a mental as well as physical impossibility. Just like you can't be the same now as when you were five.

No, John's words don't influence me and I am a Beatlesmaniac, nor do they influence my friends who also dig the Beatles. We have minds of our own and anything John or anyone else for that matter says is carefully judged and then decided upon. He doesn't use his fans to "push" over his bid. If he wanted to do that he wouldn't have apologized for the Jesus bit.

The Beatles have said some pretty mean things about the U.S. but then the U.S. has been quite narrow-minded about some issues involving the Beatles and I needn't mention them.

R.D., you're living in another world and I pity you. You will never see the Beatles "as they were once" and they won't help. I hope for your sake this gets printed, and for others like R.D. For you've got to come to realization and now is as good a time as any.

Georgia Reuss

## Hollies On Clark Tour

The Hollies have announced tentative plans to join Dick Clark's touring package of musicians in the United States this fall. The tour begins Nov. 11 and lasts 16 days.

The group, currently in the U.S. on a tour of their own, has raided U.S. charts with their hit, "Bus Stop," which was within this country's top five best-sellers.

The Hollies' present tour was threatened before the group ever left London. Issue of work permits came only hours before the group departed for the U.S.

It now appears plans for the Hollies' first Hollywood film have been nullified. "It looks as though this door is now closed," said a Hollies' agent.

# 'in' people are talking about...

"Dandy" being too dandified for the English... Whether or not, now that they have it, the Music Machine will be able to afford two gloves apiece, and why their origins insist on being different...

Just exactly on song Galt Garretts unearthed and found to be as psychedelic as they come... Dylan, and if a certain New York source was correct when he said the folk idol has half his hair shaved, considering he won't make any personal appearances until next March... The Turtles including *BEAT* as a permanent part of their act.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT "Good Vibrations" giving just that to non-BB fans and knowing that Brian finally found a way to use the organ he got for Christmas... What really inspired the Left Bank to write "Walk Away Renee" or were they joking with a *BEAT* reporter... Diana Ross weighing 150 pounds like

she told a Las Vegas audience... What the Count V think of Galt... The Daily Flash saying *BEAT* hates long hair, when among four staffers we measured over 79 inches worth.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the expression on Walt Disney's face when he sees Hayley playing a married woman. And he wouldn't even let her have but one on-screen kiss!... Purple People Eaters and Little Blue Men and wishing they could hear them on the airways just once more, not to mention welcoming a visit from the friendly Witch Doctor... What the Mothers of Invention were really saying on the LP and how to fix a phonograph so as to hear... Mick Jagger and the wild sound he has on "Out Of Our Heads" at 45.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Henry Mancini writing a letter to an English magazine, which features rock and roll no

less... Lee Mallory being a nice guy with a friendly "hello" for all... Olink buttons and the Associate who wears them... Is it true Terry charged airplane seats when a woman wrinkled her nose at the button he was wearing?

Whether eating too much pineapple turns hair green, or was the Honolulu rock group at the Whiskey putting everyone on.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Everpresent Fullness wearing shoes and whether or not that makes them seful... Lou Rawls and black pepper, wondering which goes better with dinner. What would happen if Sandy K. cut a record—might be one way to make a hit... Mamas and Papas back to England, figuring the English might just want to adopt Michelle... Bye Bye Birdie bidding a final, corny goodbye to the pop scene after it's TV run... The former US football hero and studept, body president playing

one of the Swine on the Monkees. *BEAT* being required reading at the largest California university and wondering what that will do to our subscriptions.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Barry at the Whiskey and Barry cutting a record and wondering about Barry in general... Strip suffering from over-exposure publicity-wise, and if it will become like the Village... Mod being out, according to big department stores who have Carnaby Street clothing sections and believing they were just a little put-on all the way around... Midwest surfers, hippies and mods, and whether they exist in Ruthven, Iowa... Why Tommy Roe's friends call him Zip Zap... Letting *BEAT* know what kind of wall Eden took.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Purify Brothers being cousins and not brothers... Pet trying to figure out who she is.

Have You Seen Your Airplane, Mother, Standing In The Sky?, which is what you might come out with if you listen to the beginnings of both disks... Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies, by none other than the Association, probably recorded live at Safeway, like we suggested.

## Manfreds In Royal Show

The Manfred Mann will have the most elite audience of their careers in a concert at the Monte Carlo Opera House that will be attended by Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.

The show, which is part of the British Week festivities in the Principality, will take place Dec. 10. Julie Felix will be the only other artist in the program.

# Yardbirds Coming Stateside Once More

The Yardbirds, who have been plagued with more than their fair share of problems, are returning to the U.S. to play independent dates as well as joining Dick Clark's Caravan Of Stars.

The announcement of the Yardbirds' return came as quite a shock because their last American tour was not exactly a resounding success due primarily to Jeff Beck's tonsil problem which resulted in the cancellation of several Yardbird dates.

## Minus Jeff

And for the most part the dates which the Yardbirds did play were without Jeff. Jimmy Page and Chris Dreya did an admirable job of taking over for Jeff but fans who saw the Yardbird performances were visibly disappointed when the curtain parted and Jeff Beck failed to appear.

However, the Yardbirds are giving it one more try. This time with Jeff in tow. Their independent dates include Worcester, Massachusetts; San Francisco, California; Lima, Ohio; and Westport, Connecticut.

The majority of their U.S. stay will be as headliners on the Caravan of Stars. The Clark tour will take the Yardbirds to Amarillo, Texas; Harlingen, Texas; Corpus Christi, Texas; Beaumont, Texas; Alexandria, Louisiana; Magnolia, Arkansas; Decatur, Alabama; Little Rock, Arkansas; Kansas City, Kansas; Bartlesville, Oklahoma; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Chanute, Kansas; Davenport, Iowa; Terre Haute, Indiana; St. Louis, Missouri; Indianapolis, Indiana; Akron, Ohio; Athens, Ohio; Baltimore, Maryland; Prestonburgh, Kentucky; Bowling Green, Kentucky; Cookeville, Tennessee; Martin, Tennessee; Detroit, Michigan; Richmond, Indiana; Pitts-

burgh, Pennsylvania; Beckley, West Virginia; Charleston, West Virginia; Winston Salem, North Carolina; Washington, D.C.; and Huntington, West Virginia.

It's notable that the Yardbirds will not appear in Southern California in either a Caravan show or an independent date. However, it is not difficult to ascertain why the Yardbirds will not perform in Los Angeles or San Diego.

First off, Dick Clark refuses to pull his Caravan into Los Angeles because when he has done so in the past the attendance has been low. It's a worn-out town, used to demanding and receiving the top names in the entertainment business. Anything less than the cream of the crop will not draw anywhere near capacity crowds.

The last time Clark put the Caravan into Southern California it was at Melodyland in Anaheim. The show, while entertaining and fast-paced, did not sell-out and probably was chalked up as a loser in Dick's book of winners.

Therefore, it is highly unlikely that the Caravan will again appear anywhere around Los Angeles.

## Bomb

The Yardbirds took an independent date to play the Santa Monica Civic during their last visit to L.A. But they probably will not do it again. The concert did not sell-out and the Yardbirds themselves failed to put on the kind of show which their fans are accustomed to seeing from them.

The Yardbirds were set to play a gig in San Diego during August but due to Jeff's tonsils the show was cancelled. It was something the Yardbirds had no control over, perhaps, but still it left a bad taste in the mouth of those who had purchased tickets to the show.



... BRENDA LEE LOOKS AT DAVID MCCALLUM while David looks into space and two Yardbirds, Jim and Jeff, look at each other. The group is awaiting their cue to go before the television cameras on the National Arthritis Foundation telecast. The Yardbirds are due to soon return to the U.S. for a giant tour.

## McCoys Named Teen Ambassadors By The Heart Association

NEW YORK: The McCoys, official Teen-Age Ambassadors of the American Heart Association, this week offered their fans an educational pamphlet put out by the American Heart Association. The pamphlet is a cigarette quiz aimed at teenagers.

The pamphlet, which asks "What's Your IQ On Smoking?" answers 12 questions which teens should ask themselves when they consider whether or not to start smoking.

The McCoys are the first contemporary pop group ever to be officially named Heart Ambassadors by the American Heart Association and have already given out 2,000 copies of the pamphlet which has been so well received that an additional 3,000 copies are now being printed up for distribution through radio and television stations as well as for continued use by the McCoy's fan clubs and before and after the group's personal appearances.

By now everyone is aware of the Medical Association's announcement that smoking can be linked to lung cancer. However, not many are aware that the death rate from heart attacks is definitely higher among cigarette smokers than among non-smokers.

The pamphlet in addition to asking 12 questions also answers them and in this way the Heart Association hopes to acquaint teens with the dangers of smoking. The pamphlet does not condemn smoking—it is aimed only at preventing the facts and causing teens to carefully think it over before they decide to smoke.

Some of the subjects discussed in the pamphlet are whether cigarettes hurt teens, whether filters make cigarettes safe, the risk involved in smoking if you do not inhale, the problem of gaining weight when smoking is stopped and the report to the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service on "Smoking and Health."

## Ike & Tina Revue Extended 10 Days

Ike and Tina Turner, longtime favorites in England, were so successful on their first British tour that it was extended ten days.

The duo and their revue performed mostly one-nighters throughout the island, and appeared with the Trogs on Ready-Steady-Go, England's smash Friday night TV rock show.

During their stay, the husband-wife team released two singles for the English market. The first, "Goodbye, So Long," was released in the States a long

time ago. The second, "A Love Like Yours," was withdrawn from the English release schedule, but then reinstated and finally issued.

Also issued was an album, "River Deep, Mountain High," which will not be released in the States.

Ike and Tina, plus the Ikettes and the rest of the 19 member revue, performed with the Stones and Yardbirds during their stay. Ike and Tina are married and have four sons.



...IKE

...TINA



# Highlights Of Sonny & Cher's Tour

Motion picture and recording stars Sonny & Cher returned to Los Angeles this week from a 30-day precedent-setting whirlwind trip to 12 cities and 9 countries in Europe highlighted by an audience with Pope Paul VI and three sold-out charity concerts in London and Paris for the benefit of the Variety Club Children's Fund and Braille Institute for the blind.

The popular couple uniquely eschewed all commercial engagements on their tour and instead financed the entire trip themselves and donated over \$40,000 to the underprivileged and blind children in England and France, with funds raised through the charity concerts.

## 265 Million

Sonny & Cher greeted their European fans in person, via radio and press interviews, and an estimated 265 million persons viewed the colorful pair on top European television shows. They introduced Cher's new album for Imperial Records which includes the title tune from the soundtrack of the motion picture "Alfie." They also introduced their new hit single, "Little Man," which immediately jumped on to the "Top Ten" chart in England, and they talked about their forthcoming motion picture debut in Steve Broidy's production of "Good Times," which will premiere in Europe late this year.

Their first stop on the month-long trek was London where the popular singers were hosted to a round of press conferences and parties attended by no less than Frank Sinatra, Mia Farrow and Academy Award-winner Lee Marvin. The London highlight was their two complete concert performances given the same evening, at the Astoria Theater, Finsbury Park, for the benefit of the Variety Club's Children's Fund.

Sonny & Cher continued on from London to Amsterdam, Hamburg, Hanover, Bremen, Stockholm, Helsinki, Oslo, Copenhagen, Paris, Milan and Rome. In Paris, the two artists did a similar sold-out charity concert at the Olympia Music Hall for the Braille Institute for blind children.

## Personal Highlight

The personal highlight for Sonny & Cher was their visit in a general audience with Pope Paul VI at Castel Gondolfo, the Pope's summer villa about 30 kilometers outside of Rome. In keeping with the tradition of their audience, Sonny wore a black six button suit, with a white shirt and tie, and Cher wore a black Chanel dress with a wide "middie" collar, white patterned stockings and her hair tied back with a large black bow. Cher also wore the traditional black lace mantilla on her head during the solemn visit with the pontiff. The audience took place at 9:30 a.m. and was the first time any American rock & roll artists had ever been in an audience with the Pope.

## Cher's Vogue

Sonny & Cher left Los Angeles for Europe with some 32 pieces of luggage and trunks and their excess baggage charge came to over \$5,000 during the entire tour. The stars returned to New York from Rome where they made a 4-day stop-over in order to have world-famous photographer Richard Avedon shoot a 2-day session of top fashion photographs of Cher for an upcoming issue of Vogue Magazine.

Sonny & Cher's tour set off an enormous barrage of press throughout Europe and gained fans for the stars numbered in the millions.



... SONNY & CHER ARRIVE STATESIDE WITH CHER SPORTING A NEW HAIRDO.



... MINGLING WITH THEIR FANS, SONNY & CHER SIGN AUTOGRAPHS AT KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL.

## THE TROGGS HONORED BY AUSTRALIAN BAN?

It wasn't bad enough that the Troggs were faced with legal hang-ups over whether their material belongs to the Fontana or Atco-Atlantic labels here in the United States. Now their latest record is threatened with a total ban in Australia!

The ban in Australia is against Reg Presley's lyrics in "I Can't Control Myself." If the Australian Commercial Broadcasting Federation approves a decision to ban the Troggs' record, it will mark the first time a pop record has been banned by the Government in Australia.

The ban will mean not only that "I Can't Control Myself" will be forced off *all* radio and television stations in Australia but also that the disc may not be sold in record stores.

Speaking for the Troggs, Reg Presley said: "Naturally, we are disappointed but there is no point in getting angry about it." The record has also been met with sharp disapproval in England.

The Troggs may take some comfort from the fact that their fellow Britons, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, are encountering their share of record problems in America.

The group with the totally unpronounceable name released a record Stateside titled "Bend It." However, the disc was banned by quite a few radio stations in the U.S. due to "suggestive lyrics."

Rather than take a chance of total censorship, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich have re-recorded "Bend It" with an entirely new set of lyrics for release in the U.S.

Tapes to be used of the group singing the controversial "Bend It" on American television shows had to be re-done in order to synchronize the new lyrics with the Troggs' actions on the tapes.

The whole mess only goes to show that the recording business is anything but peaceful—especially with many radio stations pulling out their "banning" sticks.

# PICTURES in the NEWS



**IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE BUT** big bands are going rock 'n' roll! At least, one of them is. The world's first amplified orchestra debuted at the famous Royal Tahitian club last week. Here Bill Page, of Lawrence Welk fame, adjusts the amplifiers before the show. Says Mr. Page: "Amplification reduces the size of sound and at the same time each instrument has greater clarity and control." Sponsored by Jordon Amplifiers, it features amplified trumpet, trombone, tenor sax, baritone sax, soprano sax, clarinet, flute, electric piano and the drums.



**THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS**, Bobby and Bill, have long been one of the most popular duos in the recording business. Starting out in the teen market, it didn't take them long to graduate to the top clubs in the nation. But now they're going one step further and will make a movie for MGM! It's a one picture deal but if it goes over well there's a very good chance that the popular "Brothers" will make even more.



**THE MONKEES ARE DEFINITELY GOING** the movie route this summer, says Jackie Cooper, Screen Gems executive. The film will be made by Columbia but none of the details are yet available, though it is almost certain to follow in the footsteps of their popular television series format. A December 3 date has been set for the Monkees to appear in Oahu, Hawaii. On the record scene, the Monkees' "Last Train To Clarksville" is well into the nation's top ten singles and their album, "The Monkees," is making rapid progress in its bid to reach the top.



**EVER WONDER WHAT SINGERS DO AFTER A SHOW?** Well, wonder no more—they attend parties! And here's proof. Joey Paige, Eddie Brigati (of the Young Rascals) and Lou Christie take time out of the party happenings to grin into the camera for us. Lou is currently keeping himself busy running around the country doing personal appearances, Joey's been spending his time in the Marine Reserves and Eddie and his fellow Rascals are kept busy performing gigs on the East Coast.



## ... BRIAN COLE

# THE BIG MAMA

By Barri

**CASS ELLIOT:** the *Big Mama*, the talented young lady who has stolen away the hearts and ears of thousands, the red-hot, rip-roarin', rock 'n' rollin' Mama who belts the beat songs out like nobody's business.

In the last few months, Cass has gone from blissful anonymity to blossoming animosity, all by way of several hit records sung in harmony with one more Mama, two Papas, too.

Almost over-night, Cass has been confronted by a new kind of friend—the kind that comes *en masse*, in quantities of thousands bearing loyal fanfare, and Cass has had to find a new understanding for this kind of friendship phenomena.

"I've met a couple of people who have said, 'I wish you'd meet my daughter—she'd really love to meet you' or, 'I'd really like to meet you myself, and it's such a great thing for me.'"

## Dig 'Em

"I think—knowing how I felt about John Lennon—it enables me to really say, 'hello' to those kids, and not just stand there and be fawned over. I don't know whether years and years of tremendous fame will change my mind about that, but if somebody really digs you that much—boy, you have to dig them. If they really want to meet you that much, then you really want to meet them too. It sounds corny, but it's really true!"

Quite a flower in the musical world now, Cassandra began blossoming back in Baltimore, Maryland, September 19, 1943. As a child, she moved around a great deal with her family, and attended a number of different junior and high schools.

Her early musical training wasn't exactly extensive—"I studied piano from the time I was six—until I was seven," and today she denies any ability to read music, only picking out an occasional melody on the piano or the guitar.

## Late Interest

With the normal childhood exception of wanting to be a "movie star," Cass recalls no burning aspirations which guided her formative years, explaining that she didn't really develop an active interest in show business until she was about 17-years-old.

In the meantime, she traveled with her family, spent two months in a Washington university, and studied French for a year in night school. It was between her junior and senior year in high school, during the summer while she was studying French, that she had her first whiff of "grease paint."

"My best girlfriend was in a summer stock company and she didn't have a car and I did. So, after I finished at night school, I would drive out and pick her up."

"I started hanging out there on week-ends, and I met a guy there who was one of the juvenile leads and we started dating. When the season was supposed to close, they had done so well they decided

to extend the season for another four weeks by doing one more play, and they needed somebody to play it—so I did it. It was a small part—I only had about four speaking lines!"

It was after her graduation from high school that Cass first thought seriously about becoming an actress, but that was a very short-lived dream.

"I stopped acting when my father died. I'd been in New York, and I was struggling, and my father died. He was ill so I had to come home. Things hadn't been going too well for me in New York anyway, I hadn't really found my place, so to speak, and I stayed home for a few months."

"Then I went on the road with the 'Music Man' in the Second National Company, and while I was on the road I met a very wise old lady who was in the show, who told me that I couldn't get very far without a college education, so I decided that I would go to college."

"I came back and went to the American University and I met a guy there named Tim who said, 'why don't you sing folk music, or get out of town.' So, I got out of town—went to Chicago—and sang folk music!"

From folk music, Cass sang her way out of and into a great many towns, and eventually into a group called the "Mama's and Papa's" and a spot called "Number One."

The M's and P's have established a certain trend in harmony in today's pop music, and already their unique vocal stylings are being widely copied.

Cass looks around her at the other things going on in pop, and comments on what might be coming next. "I don't know—but whatever it is, it's going to be musical. I don't think there's much room now for more gimmicks. I think people are more interested in what's going on."

"Our major concern has always been the music, and of course, the harmonies that we use in everything, the counterpoint, and things like that. So, I don't think that our views on harmony are going to change much. I mean, they might get a little more radical, a little more far out, as the music gets more far out—as it sometimes does—but I don't think we're going to pay any more attention to it than we do now, because we pay so much attention to it now!"

## Farther Out

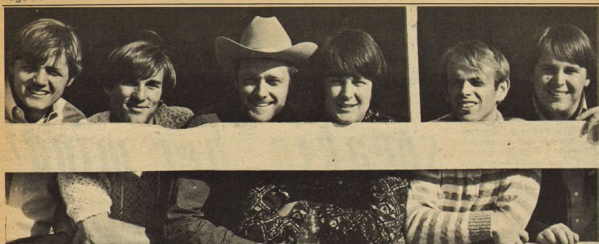
The music of the Mama's and Papa's probably will get a little farther out, a little farther out of the "norm" of pop music, and a good deal farther into the unusual and exceptional of great music. It will probably do this under the guidance of the sometimes-bearded, always be-capped, frequently oblivious, generally brilliant producer-mentor of the group, Lou Adler, in cooperation with the brilliant songwriting talents of John, and the exceptional vocal abilities of all four.

# speakin' her mind!



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd





...BEACH BOYS—All six of them showed up for this picture. Or were they corralled by Kimmi Kobashigawa and auctioned off as interviewers?

# Beach Boys: Instant Insanity

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

It was a night like many other nights (where have we heard that before?), except for the fact that I was attending a Beach Boys recording session on this particular evening.

I was going to also do what is commonly referred to in "cool" circles as an *interview*... but if anything, the BBV ended up interviewing me! Not to mention themselves, just about everything else in sight!

We got off to a really marvelous start when I asked bearded, furcapped Mike Love to describe the group's humor for us.

## Good Humor

"I would like to talk to you about the group's humor," proclaimed Michael proudly, to which Bruce Johnston immediately added: "It's a good humor... would you like a drumstick?"

Michael groaned and continued:

"That's a *splendid* example of the group's humor—it's inane, laugh-a-minute jocularity, carries us from the sands of Malibu, lolling on the beach by bikini-clad dolls, all the way to the mountains' heights where we filmed our classic tape to go along with one of our million-selling hits... 'Mickey's Monkey'!"

Bruce was lolling hysterically in the corner while Carl was reclined on the corner observing the whole scene.

## Water Fights

I asked whether or not the boys played practical jokes on one another while on tour. In a bass voice extracted from somewhere deep within his cocoa-colored ski sweater, Mike informed me: "No—we just have water fights! Sometimes the water fights get a little rough! 'Sometimes we use toilet water, if we feel nasty—and if we feel devilish, a little ice water—or sometimes scalding hot water—if it's

cold weather. There's art to water fights these days!"

Then Chief Beach Boy, Brian Wilson, clad in his fashionable blue-and-green competition-stripe *whatever*, appeared from behind a machine, wearing a pair of someone else's sunglasses, which prompted Mike to ask him for an interview.

## Full Consent

Brian graciously consented and ace reporter Mike Love conducted the following in-depth interview:

"Have there been any changes in your music since 'Luau,' Brian?" "No," replied Brian, at length. Undaunted, Mike forged ahead. "There have been a lot of inquiries from the State Department, wondering if we'd do a tour on behalf of the 50th State, Hawaii, becoming involved in the States."

"You know, not every foreign nation actually knows that Hawaii is a State of the United States, and not just a domain or a territory, or a holding of the United States. So they were wondering if we'd do a tour of the Soviet satellites."

## Way Too Big

"I'm way too big to even consider that," Brian explained. Mike decided to follow that line of thought for a moment, and promptly tripped over the very next question: "Do you believe that the Beach Boys are too big, or yourself are too great, for involvement in national and international affairs?"

Brian gave this a degree of thought, and replied, "It's going to be a while before we find out where we're at ourselves." "Oh!" exclaimed Mike, in surprise and great interest. "Well," he continued brightly, "is that popular among the singing groups of the day—finding out just where they're at?"

Brian replied: "Exactly!" Like a good reporter, Mike attempted to pin Brian down to a more specific answer. "Could you elaborate just a little bit and tell me exactly what is the connotation of the obvious parenthetical, 'where it's at'?"

Speaking more directly, Brian explained: "First of all, it's a shame that you had to ask that

question!" His feathers slightly ruffled, Mike asked, "Oh! Am I to understand that you're being derogatory?"

"No," replied Brian sincerely. "It's just a shame... 'Do you think it's slightly demeaning (whatever that is!) of me to ask the question, or do you think that I am—as you would say—quote, 'straight'?"

Mike was interrupted here by a loud blast of music, being played back on a tape the boys had just completed recording, which immediately caused Brian to throw a violent explosion of temper around him, and he severely chastized the engineer for having interrupted with our interview! "You've just ruined it! You've ruined our tape!" he cried, pointing at our trusty BEAT tape recorder.

## Tape Session

This caused Mike to suddenly turn a serious face to our microphone in order to inform us: "For those of you who don't know—these frantic interruptions are because we are right in the middle of a real-live Beach Boy tape-cutting session... which is quite different from a vocal session!"

BEAT Reporter-for-an-hour, Mike Love, queried: "Brian, I understand you used to be a dance instructor at Mae Murray's. Is that right?"

Brian replied that he used to tap dance... on his toes! but had to give it up. Mike sympathized with him, explaining for our benefit: "Yes, Brian broke his toes. You should see his toes—they look like a Black Belt Karate expert, they're so all-broken up from dancing on them!"

In a fit of passion, Brian grabbed the microphone away from Mike and conducted a little interview of his own. Turning to Al (who had somehow managed to hide out quietly in the corner beneath a chair all this time), he said, "Al—tell me a little bit about your shoes." "They're great!" Al offered. "They've got 'sole!' Bruce added. "Awwwwwwwww!" groaned the remainder of the Beach Boys in unison.

Finding the whole thing a bit difficult to believe, I grabbed my tape recorder and headed for the nearest looking-glass back to sanity... I think!

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BRIAN WILSON was reported to have uttered a loud "Mooo" after this photo session. Due, of course, to his genuine cowhide vest!!

# Neil Diamond's Searching For Tone

## By Louise Criscione

Those who start young are more apt to make it since they've more time to profit from their errors. Such a person is Neil Diamond. Apparently placing great faith in the "early start" theory, Neil began writing songs while he was still in high school in Brooklyn. "I got a job for \$50 a week writing songs for other people," reveals the darkly handsome Neil.

"I used to go to my office with school books under my arm. All I thought about was songwriting, even when I was in school. I used to sit in class and write down songs while my teachers thought I was taking notes. You know what happened? I passed all my courses but one. I flunked music!"

## Three Weeks

Actually, Neil's musical ability began to take shape long before he ever reached high school. He started to play the guitar when he was 12 years old. And as early as that, the young Mr. Diamond began to project his independence. "I took lessons for about three weeks and then quit," he says. "They wanted to teach me notes. I wanted to learn to play from the heart and this they could never teach me."

However, by the time he had matured to the age of 14 he had given concrete thought to the value of music lessons and so started stringing pianos. "I took lessons for a month, much longer than the guitar. I gave up the lessons when I felt I had achieved the virtuosity necessary for my future career. And then I took up the comb and wax paper," laughs Neil.

## Searching

They say everyone has his own special quirk, and independent though Neil may be, he admits to having his too. Accordingly, Neil changes pianos more often than most people change cars. "I'm searching for a tone and I haven't found it yet. I buy old upright pianos. I never spend more than \$50 for them. Sometimes I just pay to have them moved. They really have the best tone. I've bought as many as 15 in one year. I'm supporting a moving company in New York. They're constantly moving them in and out because I only keep one piano at a time," assures Neil as you mention that his home must be getting a bit crowded with 15 pianos residing there.

## Hang-Up

Neil used to have the same hang-up with guitars until he found the one he uses now. "I saw this big, ugly, black guitar sitting in the window of a pawn shop on the

Bowery in New York," says Neil. "It looked so sad there, something like a puppy dog. I didn't have enough money to buy it so I traded in two of my old guitars. I've never been sorry. This is my guitar. It has the sweetest tone you ever heard, just like it was made for me."

With the guitar business amply taken care of, Neil is now paving his way through warehouses and other such interesting places in a desperate search for just the right piano. To accompany his guitar, no doubt. And he has specific piano rules all laid out. "It must be old. It must be an upright and it can't cost more than \$50 to move. I once played an \$8,000 concert grand," admitted Neil. "But the piano and I were terrible together. When I play, I play hard. How can you smash up an \$8,000 piano?"

A gigantic myth has been perpetuated in the music business. It says that a composer can only write when he is fully inspired. Which is all fine until you take Neil into consideration. He wrote his "Solitary Man" and his equally successful "Cherry, Cherry," not to mention all the hits he has penned for such people as Bobby Vinton, Andy Williams, Jay and the Americans and Ronnie Dove. And there exists no such thing as "inspiration" as far as Neil is concerned.

## Not Inspired

"I'm not inspired to write," Neil flatly states. "I write to express an emotion. I was feeling very lonely when I wrote 'Solitary Man.' It was an outgrowth of my despair." Neil goes on to say that he penned the song just for himself and fought against it being recorded. In fact, it took three months of arguing before Neil consented to record "Solitary Man" and even after it was cut he didn't want it released.

You know, of course, that in the end Bang Records won the fight and "Solitary Man" was released. Perhaps in the back (maybe even in the front) of Neil's mind he hoped that the record would never make it, that he'd never be forced to stand before an audience and sing something so personal to a sea of impersonal faces. But he lost. The record became a huge nationwide smash and as he sang it over and over it didn't hurt nearly as much as Neil had feared it would.

## Lost It

"It's lost that personal feeling," Neil revealed following the news that "Solitary Man" was indeed a smash. "If you sing an emotional

thing enough times it doesn't really mean the same thing anymore. It's a song I love and a song I love to sing but it doesn't stick me every-time I sing it. I'm very happy that they did put it out."

The story was completely reversed when Neil penned "Cherry, Cherry." "When I wrote 'Cherry, Cherry,'" Neil says, "I was very happy and wanted the whole world to know." And within weeks of the record's release, practically the whole world *did* know. At least, the world which is addicted to pop music knew.

With the release of Neil's two hits, he found fan clubs sprouting up all across the nation. Letters poured in from every imaginable part of the country begging for pictures and news of this guy who claimed to be a solitary man. Naturally, Neil was elated with the homage being paid to him but at the same time he regarded this whole fan club thing with a somewhat wary eye.

He admitted to himself that he wanted fan clubs but not the run-of-the-mill kind which most artists possess. "I don't just want fans asking for autographed pictures, or news bits about me. I would like my fan clubs to meet with me after my performances. I like them to be there to share with me the elation I feel after a good show. Sometimes it gets lonely after the audience leaves," Neil says.

## Lonely

It's hard to imagine someone as good looking and personable as Neil being lonely. But as the realization hits that Neil is, after all, as human as the next person, it's easy to see how Neil can be lonely even when surrounded by crowds.

He attempts, either consciously or unconsciously, to project the image of a serious and rather pensive individual. But the image loses all of its visual impact when Neil begins to talk. He's clever, funny, a tease, able to laugh at himself. His biggest fault, he frankly admits, is his ability to get lost in any city in the world.

## Uniquely Neil

But uniquely Diamond, he recognizes his fault and has, through the years, rather learned to enjoy it. "I always get lost in every city. So, if I know I have to be somewhere and it's going to take a half an hour to get there I leave an hour and a half early! That way I know I'm gonna get lost but I enjoy it and see the sights!"

He still has the same ambition he's had since he started. Strangely enough, his big dream is not to have a number one in the nation,



... NEIL POSING IN HIS IMAGE

to earn a Gold Record or to sell out the Copacabana. It's more difficult than any of those things. Neil wants to go to Russia!

## Moscow Show

"What I'd really like to do," explains Neil with obvious enthusiasm, "is a rock 'n' roll show in Moscow because they're so restricted there that I have a feeling they'd really go out of their heads. It's that type of thing for me. It's sort of like when you let a guy out of prison and he sees the sun again."

"Of course, they wouldn't understand a word," says Neil philosophically, "but I'm really going to do that. I'm going to talk to some people and see if they'll let me go. They probably won't but I'm going to ask anyway."

I figure he'll actually make it to Russia someday. With his determination, are you kidding? He could probably make it to the moon before anyone else if he put his mind to it!



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The rules for KRLA's football contest are simple: jot down your guess of five weekly football games and send in your forecast to the station.

The contest spotlights five different games from the high school, college and professional ranks each week. The selected games, as well as guesses from KRLA sports director Danny Baxter, are broadcast over the station weekly.

"Each week we receive about 1,000 entries," a spokesman for KRLA said. "So far, we have had a lot of near misses but no one has guessed all five correctly."

Or, if Detroit's 1967 offerings are to your liking, write the name of your favorite automobile on a postcard and send it to the station.

KRLA will have a mammoth drawing to determine the winner, who will be presented with his choice of automobiles.

The new car contest has stirred greater response than perhaps any other contest in KRLA history. So far, station officials say Mustang has been the prevalent choice among the thousands of entrees received.

But the choice has, to say the least, been varied. "We even had one request for a 1967 Excelsior" said a station representative.

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**A NEW QUARTET?** Well, not exactly. They're all accomplished entertainers by themselves but they're appearing together now at The Ice House in Glendale, 234 S. Brand, for a return engagement of the first folk-pop revue on the West Coast. They are, from left, Tim Morgan, Jean Durand, Lenin Castro, guitarist extraordinaire, and Spence, bass player. Whatever you do — make it to the Ice House to see them.

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2. 96 TEARS ..... ? and the Mysterians
3. I WANNA BE FREE ..... Monkees
4. WALK AWAY RENEE ..... Left Banke
5. CHERISH ..... Association
6. DANDY ..... Herman's Hermits
7. PSYCHOTIC REACTION ..... Count Five
8. HOORAY FOR HAZEL ..... Tommy Roe
9. RAIN ON THE ROOF ..... Lovin' Spoonful
10. LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE ..... Monkees
11. TALK TALK ..... Music Machine
12. YOU ARE SHE ..... Chad and Jeremy
13. WHY PICK ON ME ..... Standells
14. NEXT TIME I SEE YOU ..... Robbs
15. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL ..... New Vaudville Band
16. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOW? ..... Rolling Stones
17. STOP STOP STOP ..... Hollies
18. I'M YOUR PUPPET ..... James and Bobby Purify
19. SEE SEE RIDER ..... Eric Burdon and the Animals
20. CAN I GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER ..... Turtles
21. POOR SIDE OF TOWN ..... Johnny Rivers
22. IF I WERE A CARPENTER ..... Bobby Darin
23. CHERRY, CHERRY ..... Neil Diamond
24. THE GREAT AIRPLANE STRIKE ..... Paul Revere and the Raiders
25. REACH OUT, I'LL BE THERE ..... Four Tops
26. BUS STOP ..... Hollies
27. OUT OF TIME ..... Chris Farlow
28. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ..... Dionne Warwick
29. WORKING IN A COAL MINE ..... Lee Dorsey
30. MR. SPACEMAN ..... Byrds
31. YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE ..... Supremes
32. SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER ..... Happenings
33. YELLOW SUBMARINE b/w ELEANOR RIGBY ..... Beatles
34. LITTLE MAN ..... Sonny and Cher
35. PAINT ME A PICTURE ..... Gary Lewis and the Playboys
36. WHO AM I ..... Petula Clark
37. ALL I SEE IS YOU ..... Dusty Springfield
38. LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW ..... Mama's and Papa's
39. WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKENHEARTED? ..... Jimmy Ruffin
40. LOVE COME WHAT MAY ..... Randy Fuller

## A Beatle Fan Remembers That Day THE WAY I SEE IT

By Laurie Sercombe

Beatle Days have a habit of falling on Sunday. I think that if I had to choose only one title for that day for the calendar and toss the others into oblivion, I would choose Beatle Day.

Beatle Day began with tradition this year when I awoke on August 28 to the sound of a 200-voice choir singing "The Lord Is Our Rock" on KRLA.

You see, Beatle Day for me starts at about 3:00 in the afternoon, when I don my new face, new dress, and new personality, and become a beauty of much cool.

Being so beautiful and all, I thought it seemed that the only vehicle worthy of my splendor would be a silver Jaguar or perhaps a voluptuous black limousine that would deliver me to the entrance of the stadium while guards held the door for me, and eager children in poor boys and bell-bottoms cried, "Look, look, it's Jane Asher!"

However, being slightly less than my dream, I boarded a bus at 6:00 with numerous commuters and was forced to remain incognito.

In spite of my worldly detachment, even I felt a lovely pang when Dodger Stadium came into sight. My eyes were glazed with excitement under their indiscreet lashes and sultry green shadowing, even if it was beginning to run down my chin.

I stalked carefully from the humiliation of mass transport and into the realm of the Beatle Stadium.

I walked on to my seat. Looking out to the field, I broke into laughter at the sight of the large green tent with its blocked label, "DRESSING ROOM."

It reminded me of the part of "Help!" where the word "tiger"

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was used to aid all dolts in the identification of the animal on the screen. I glanced around expecting to see a sign reading "A dog" or "The grass," or even "A disc jockey."

At 8:00 the concert began. Well, actually it was 8:03, but considering the comparative advantages of KRLA, I am willing to overlook the fact that the Removers' show. They were loud, that much I can say.

Bobby Hebb made a grand start by tripping on the steps as he climbed to the stage for his act. It wasn't quite as sensational as last year when one of the Removers' zippers was down, but it added that little something.

The Cyrkle and then the three Ronettes performed. Several times the already shaky attention of the audience was diverted by such events as the Removers' Clyde was lurking somewhere close by.

Finally came the moment when Dave Hull was introduced. After honking his infamous horn into the microphone, he dramatically announced his pleasure in introducing the third year of the Removers' zippers was down, but it added that little something.

So everyone lined up onstage and tried with some class to do it right. But no one was watching them. All eyes were on the dugout. Simultaneously the Beatles appeared from nothing, and the disc jockeys disappeared.

They were great. My binoculars made them large enough to see Paul's tongue moving during the "la la la's" of "Nowhere Man." Oh bliss. Just to assure myself of the reality of the occasion, I aimed my binoculars at the stage and located Byrd Dave Crosby and wondered if Shirley Poston was out there anywhere.

When George's amplifier needed assistance, everyone nearly went crazy with glee. I guess things like that make the Beatles seem more human. I thought how sad it was that one of them could not fall off the stage or get electrocuted by a microphone or something to really add a human touch.

Rats, it was over so quickly. They were gone as quickly as they'd come, waving their towels as they hopped from their golden carriages. There I stood, sweaty, wrinkled, with braces on my teeth, my super-cool fading rapidly. And happy, too.

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## TEEN PANEL

# Teen Making Own Rules?

Several issues ago, during one of the BEAT's panel discussions, one panelist set out to prove a theory.

It was her contention that teenagers are becoming more and more inclined to make their own decisions where morality is concerned. She felt that whether a teenager followed the existing set of rules, or made up his own, he did so because he chose to, not because he felt he had to.

It was also her contention that no two people completely agree on the subject of sex, and that teenagers, who have been tagged an "immoral mass" by some, are nothing of the kind. She felt it was impossible for anyone to categorize that many people, particularly about something so personal, and something where each person differs.

To prove her theory, she suggested and then led a discussion in which four other teens participated and by the close of the conversation, her point had been made.

## Disagreed

None of the five agreed; all had different opinions about sex. Some followed the code to the letter. Others had set up their own codes. But all five agreed on one thing—they were following the rules they lived by out of choice, and not out of fear or social pressures.

When this discussion was printed in the BEAT, it caused quite a stir. Her point had been proved, but on a small scale, and five teenagers can't be used as a yardstick to measure the other twenty million.

Many readers (adult and teen alike) have expressed an interest in hearing from other teenagers on this same subject, and the majority were particularly interested in how many teens are making their own rules.

Rather than sponsor another discussion and once again only have the viewpoints of a few participants, we had one of our reporters rove a bit and ask this question: "Do you live by your own standards, or do you follow the established moral code?"

And, some of the answers we received...

## 'So Do Adults'

Ric — 17: "I live by a Standard Oil Station. Will that help?"

Virginia — 16: "Yes, I live by my own. So do adults, they just won't admit it."

Lynn — 16: "A lot of the standards I live by are part of the established moral code, but some of them are my own. It has to be that way. Certain things in life are up to you, and no one is qualified to make those decisions except yourself."

Joyce — 18: "I had to make my own set of values. I was brought up in a very strict church that was even against dancing and movies. They were so busy telling each other how to live, they forgot that a church is a place to worship. I finally told my folks I was going to leave home if I couldn't live my own life. We had terrible fights for awhile, but they finally agreed that

I was being a hypocrite by pretending to believe in our church's rules when I really didn't. It was an awful period—I had to reconstruct my whole way of living, and I'd never been trained to think for myself. The church I go to now is more concerned with God than it is with gossiping. That's helped me a lot and I think my values are good ones."

## Golden Rule

Kerry — 16: "This whole civilization is all stuffed up with a lot of meaningless do's and don'ts. The Golden Rule is about the only one that makes any sense. It can be applied to every person and every situation. I try to live by it and I'm a better person than I was when I was trying to follow everyone's rules."

Bob — 17: "If you're talking about sex, I think that's up to the person. I think it's criminal that it isn't up to the person. I'm going to law school after college and I've already started my thesis—it's on the Sex Statutes of the state of California. I can't believe those laws can exist in a contemporary society. You can't read them without wanting to throw up. No one has a right to dictate this part of a person's life."

"I'm not personally offended by moral codes—that's just people saying what you shouldn't do. But the laws that tell you what you can and can't do, in an area of human behavior is none of the government's business or anyone else's—that's really gross. If you try to follow all the rules and find you aren't able to, which most people aren't, you can ruin your life with guilt, and you can also go to jail and have that record for the rest of your life."

I believe in making up your own mind and doing what's best for you. What really bugs me is that my opinion is illegal because of the "blue laws." No wonder the world is in such a mess."

## 'Known Since 11'

Suzi — 16: "Actually, I haven't had much reason to concern myself with what I think you mean. I've known about sex since I was eleven. I've never had to make a decision about it. I've never been that involved with anyone. When I do have to decide, I suppose I'll base part of my decision on what I've been taught and the rest on how I feel. Isn't that what everyone does really?"

People do think that they do or don't do things because of rules and codes, but when you get right down to it, what you do or don't want to do as an individual is a big factor when you're making any kind of decision."

Janita — 17: "I try to live by the established moral code and so far I've succeeded. But some of the people who also follow it make me sick. So many use the 'code' for their own personal gains. You know, make a big deal out of how pure and decent they are, just so people will look up to them and say 'wow, what a great person!'"

"Politicians who use a moral issue to get attention make me



BEAT Art Hand Manifest

even sicker. Sometimes you can just tell they're faking about what they're making a big stink about. It's just a way of getting votes and getting the public on their side, and it usually works. People don't want to put down someone who's on the 'good and clean side' because that puts you on the opposite side and no one wants to be considered dirty."

"The 'code' is okay, but people who misuse it ruin everything it stands for. They're a lot worse than the people who break the rules."

## Personal Standards

Dennis — 14: "A teenager almost has to live by his own personal standards. Maybe we haven't been around long or been around that much, but you don't have to be old or experienced to see that the established impersonal standards aren't working."

Rodger — 19: "I don't think anyone lives by his very own personal code, unless he's a hermit. You live by the standards of whatever group you're a part of. You don't choose a group of friends just because you have similar interests. You make the choice because you also have similar attitudes. Other people spend a lot of time with (out of choice) have an effect on your opinions because

they'd stop trying to change everything and learn to accept life as it is."

Claudia — 19: "I have my own standards. I have to. The established code brands my older brother as a sick person. I don't think I have to go into details; let's just say he's 'different.' Our family almost fell apart when we found this out, but when he told us he'd felt this way all his life, we realized we were being stupid. He's always been a kind, wonderful, responsible person and he still is. I can't go along with rules that say he's some kind of criminal or something. All this really changed my thinking. It changed my parents' too. All of us saw how narrow and how wrong some of society's thinking is."

Tom — 16: "I don't live by a set of standards, theirs or mine. I don't break the laws, but other than that I just do what I feel like. It's crazy to make up a list of rules and decide how you're going to handle certain situations before they even occur. You never know what you'll do until the time comes."

## 'I Should Start'

Randy — 15: "I try to do what I think is right. If that's living by my own standards, then I guess I do. I don't always agree with what other people think is right. I can't really answer this question. I haven't thought about it enough. Maybe I should start though."

Gordon — 19: "Why even talk about this? You keep hearing about the big 'moral revolution' that's going on among teenagers, but where is it? I don't see it happening. I just see life happening like it always has. The only difference is that it's more open. Why even talk about it? It's no big problem, like a lot of others are. We should be talking about that."

Janice — 17: "I certainly don't live by my own standards. I do what I'm supposed to, and when I'm in doubt about anything, I let my conscience guide me. Conscience goes hand in hand with the established moral code. They're both the same things and both against the same things. Even if you say you think it's okay to do something, you really know you shouldn't, you feel guilty after you've done it. This should be proof enough that the existing rules are the right ones to follow."

you exchange ideas. This exchange creates opinions and standards and opinions are the same thing."

"I also think you're 'standards' change a number of times during a lifetime because of having to adjust to new situations and surroundings and meeting new groups of people. You don't just go off in a corner and decide exactly how you're going to live and then go out and do it."

"And there is no one established moral code. There are thousands of them. The final decision of what to live by is up to the person, but a lot of other people and ideas contribute to that decision."

"Standards are a product of yourself and your environment. The only way a man can be an 'island unto himself' is to suffer amnesia so that the past influences would be wiped out of his mind and then go live on that island by himself."

Gil — 15: "Huh?"

Darlene — 16: "That 'code' was established by people who knew what was best, and by God's laws. How can anyone live with himself if he doesn't try to live up to it? Right is right and wrong is wrong. There aren't any two ways about it, so why try to kid yourself? Kids wouldn't be in so much trouble if

TEEN PANEL DISCUSSION	
NAME	AGE
CLAUDIA	19
TOM	16
RANDY	15
GORDON	19
JANICE	17
SUZIE	16
DENNIS	14
RODGER	19
JANITA	17
JOYCE	18
RIC	17
VIRGINIA	16
LYNN	16
GIL	15
DARLENE	16

LOU RAWLS

# 'Greatest Thing Since Black Pepper'

By Louise Criscione

They call it Blues but really it's a large spoonful of mother earth. All heaped up and occasionally spilling over. When it spills over it's out of sight because that's when you feel it. That's when you're alive. And if you can't feel it, you might as well just fold yourself right up. You're dead. It's kind of like dancing and not feeling the beat. Sort of bobbing up and down, hands and legs flying. But going nowhere because you're flying alone.

For decades now a certain segment of the American population has been alive with the blues. But only a small minority could feel it. The rest of us were dead. Then a wild thing happened. Another nation stole this thing called blues from us—only we were dead and didn't know it. They packaged it neatly in cellophane and long hair and sent it back across the ocean. And we dug it. Made them stars, gave them money, spent hours grooving to a sound which had been ours since long before we were born.

## Wrong Ones

Slowly, almost like a turtle racing a horse, the realization hit that we were crediting the wrong people for the music that had now been changed to rhythm 'n' blues. Practically total integration took place and the pop charts and R&B charts, which had once been as different as Van Cliburn and Elvis Presley, became almost one.

As groups such as the Rolling Stones began talking about their



... LOU RAWLS AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, Lana, enjoy a night on the town.

early influences, the American teens became familiar with names which they had never heard before. American names. Muddy Waters. Howlin' Wolf. Rufus Thomas. But they were old and it was almost too late to give them the recognition they had deserved for so long. So, the search was on to find a new name, a younger man. But a man who had graduated from the old school of blues. One who would let his spoonful spill out so we could feel it too.

## Enter Lou

That man was Lou Rawls. A product of Chicago, a guy who knew what it was like to play obscure clubs making little money and even less impact. For six years Lou beat the one-nighter, club to club route. And then in 1966 it all paid off. His timing was perfect. His phenomenally best-selling album, "Lou Rawls 'Live'", hit the market at the precise moment the American people were searching for that new someone.

Lou accomplished what was impossible. As a spokesman for Capitol Records commented: "He's successfully bridged the gap between rock 'n' roll and rhythm 'n' blues." The album zoomed to the top of the charts and the U.S. herald another "overnight" star. Lou probably laughed at the "overnight" tag. But not too loudly. As he remembered those six years of overnights which had finally brought him into national prominence and won for him the name "greatest soul singer ever."

Asked what teen music fans think of him—a 30-year-old Negro blues singer—Lou grinned: "Man, they think I'm the greatest thing since Black Pepper!"

Becoming serious, Lou continued: "The acceptance by the kids has been great. Since that 'Live' album hit, the concert halls have been filled with just as many kids as adults."

And sure enough, Lou has just completed his second sell-out at the prestige-packed Carnegie Hall. Gazing into the Carnegie audience, one could easily spot a mingling of young, appreciative faces. Faces which grinned wider, hands which applauded longer and louder than their elder counterparts. Lou Rawls is "in." His latest single, "Love Is A Hurtin' Thing," is bounding up the charts with the momentum of a tumbling snowball. But why?

"I think," answered Lou, "it's because much of today's rock music was derived from the blues. Acts like the Beatles and Rolling Stones are singing the blues and they've shown that the kids not only can dance to it but they dig the sounds as well—and it sells."

"Five years ago, I was singing the same stuff at Pandora's on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. The kids were digging it then and packing the place. But, it took groups like the Stones and Beatles to really put it across. They've paved the way for blues; made people aware that the blues songs make for good listening and dancing. They swing just as well as anything else."

## Set Up

In addition to his smooth (but not too smooth) voice, his grasp of the blues and his obvious talent, Lou has furthered the cause of the monologue. "Monologues," says Lou, "are something I've been doing for years. They're all spontaneous and I always used them as an intro to the songs. They're a perfect way to set it up. I never really thought people would dig them as much as they did. But I sure am happy about it."

It's fitting, then, that Lou uses a monologue on his newest album, "Soulin'," to introduce "It Was A Very Good Year." Because the

year of 1966 was as Lou puts it, "a very, very good year."

And it was a very good year for Lou thanks to, among other things, America's teens. Lou believes that today's youth has picked up on his songs much quicker than the kids of ten years ago would have. "Kids today are quicker and smarter. They swing and have a ball just like the rest of us did, but today they're more aggressive. They know the only way they can survive is to be smart—and get off that corner and learn something."

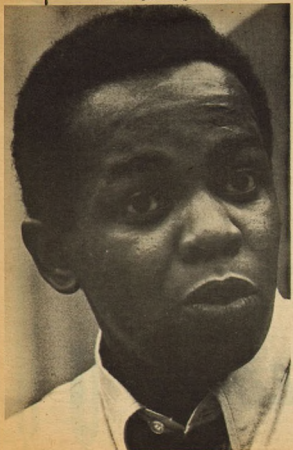
Lou, who spent much of his Chicago childhood standing on the street corners, is doing his part to keep today's young generation off of those same corners. Accordingly, he's been working with such programs as "Teen Post" and "Operation Cool-Head." For almost every sell-out concert he's had, Lou has also staged a free one for teens.

## Cooling Off

In Cincinnati, during the heat of the summer, more than 3,000 teens turned out to hear Lou sing. Centennial High School in Los Angeles was another "sell-out" for Lou as were about a half-dozen other schools in and around the country.

He's also doing his share to keep the drop-outs from chucking in their books by speaking in favor of education. But speaking in his own cool way. "When I was a kid," recalls Lou, "you'd hang around the corner and maybe make it. Survive with your 'mother' wit. Not today. Today you've gotta get it out of the books or else you're going to wake up one day and wonder, 'Where did it all go?'"

And Lou's goal? "I'm trying to reach everyone, young and old alike." But perhaps he had better find another goal. Lou Rawls has already reached everyone. And it feels great.



... LOU WORKS FOR "Operation Cool-Head."



## DISCUSSION

By Editor

1966 will undoubtedly be recorded as "The Year of the Motown Sound" in pop history, as one after another of the Motown groups takes up residence in the Number One spot on the charts.

The Four Tops followed the Supremes' most recent smash into the Top Spot with "Reach Out, I'll Be There," and now the Supremes are planning an immediate return to their familiar old stamping grounds with their gigantic new smash, "I Keep Hangin' On."

Fortunately, the people at Motown finally seem to be getting out of the bag they fell into for the last year and a half, and have stopped trying to duplicate each hit on its follow-up record.

This new disc by the hitmaking trio reminds many of a message in *Morse code*, due to the unusual arrangement of the guitars. Probably the only message intended is simply "Hirsville!!!!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Speaking of hits, the Raiders seem to be trying to pull a Beatle thing on us. Right in the middle of a rapid climb to the top with their latest winner—"The Great Airplane Strike of '66"—the five talented nuts are releasing still another chart-topper.

Title: "Good Thing." verdict: unbelievable! Or in the immortal syllables of Phil "Fang" Volk—*Ottasite!!* Featured on the new platter are the winning elements of a good, strong beat; groovy harmonies; and some kinda soulful singer from one Mr. Mark Lindsay. All in all... "a very good, good, good, good thing!!!!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

One of the best "follow-up" records of this year has got to be "Secret Love," by Billy Stewart. For once, a singer has managed to maintain the "gimmick" which helped to make his initial disc successful, without producing just another sound-alike.

Great moving record which will probably have very similar paths to the tops of both the pop and R&B charts.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For those of you who have asked, the brand new "Action" theme song was recorded by Keith Allison, and it's being released as a single this week.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Hollies' newie is "Stop Stop Stop." It has a lot of interesting production and unusual arrangement techniques going for it, but it doesn't seem to be headed in the same general direction as "Bus Stop."

This new disc lacks the instantaneous commercial appeal of the last record, and can be a little monotonous to listen to repeatedly.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Why Pick On Me" by the Standells is brand new and probably not one of the best records around. Really sounds like a giant gimmick, but it may make it into the Top 20 as a dance item.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I'm Ready For Love" is the very unusual new release from talented Motown artists, Martha and the Vandellas. Everyone keeps saying it sounds more like a Supremes-sort of record, but it really is Martha and Company.



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# Raider View: 'Lots of Screaming Kids'

By Eden

Now, you'll have to admit that one thing is certainly true: Paul Revere and his zany Raiders are very definitely "Where The Action Is!" And, five more active guys you'll never find! As a matter of fact—that's just the problem: they're so active, it's almost impossible to find them all together and all in one place all at one time.

However, your faithful BEAT reporter loyally relinquished her one-day-a-year-off recently in order to travel to the ABC studios in Hollywood, which had been selected as that day's location for "Action."

And, lo and behold...—right inside the very self-same studios where "Shindig" once made its home was the entire cast and crew of "Action"—including all five of the Raiders.

## Slopstick

We found Mark eating lunch in the commissary, and over a dish of cottage cheese we discussed the Raiders' famous humor. Mark explained that, "There's a lot of subtle humor that everybody misses, but we have a lot of slapstick comedy that everybody catches, I'm sure."

At one time famous for their practical jokes, Mark explains that there is seldom enough time now to carry on this great "tradition." "I used to like to play practical jokes, but it seems that I haven't had too much time to be funny lately! I've been too busy being... busy!"

So many articles have been written lately pointing gloomy fingers at pop music and predicting its rapid demise. Is there really a lull in pop music? "No! It's stronger than ever! It's getting bigger and better than ever, and now popular music is saying something rather than just being a—to use the phrase of a friend—a 'heart beat

that you can follow rhythmically with your body." It tells a story now; there's a 'heart beat,' but there's also a story behind it, or with it."

We are all familiar with happiness and hysteria associated with the concerts and appearances made by the Raiders, the pandemonium which accompanies their frequent tours around the country, the excitement which they generate wherever they go. But, I asked Mark what it might be like looking from the inside out on a Raider tour. What does he actually see.

"Lots of screaming kids!" he laughed through a mouthful of red jelly. "No, but once in a while you see individuals in the crowd that you'd really like to go to talk to because they really look like they'd like to talk to you, or they've got something to say to you; or, maybe they look troubled and I'd like to straighten them out."

"There's a whole world out there; I see everything from poverty to pompous snobbery—and everything in between. I see a lot of things that I saw when I was growing up, and because I grew up in not a rich family at all—we were kind of poor—I can appreciate the poor side of it, and know what these kids are going through, and exactly what they feel like. But, I'm glad that I didn't have all the things that I wanted as a kid, because I sure appreciate more things now."

## Changes

It's been a long road, and a lot of changes have come about in these past few years. The Raiders are now one of the top groups in the country, but basically—they have remained the same people they were when they began. Thinking about it for a while, Mark explained carefully: "Happiness is the satisfaction of knowing that you've done something for someone, or given someone something—

whether it was a smile, or a thought, or a song, or a hug or a kiss, or a love, or anything."

"Sadness is the realization you've hurt someone, or a bad performance, or just loneliness, sometimes."

We left the commissary then and ran back to the studio where the "Action" shooting had resumed. Before the Raiders went on to film another number, we caught Harpo practicing guitar in a dressing room and stopped to chat for a few minutes.

Although he is the newest member of the group, Harpo has been singing for several years, and he looks back about three years to the different dances and clubs he used to play. "I don't miss it enough to leave the Raiders," he assures us, but still there are some things he misses. Mostly, the closer audience contact.

"Contact—eye contact with the people, and also being able to talk with them. But it's still fun!"

Harpo was also in one of his rare philosophical moods, and he considered for a moment the question which we had put to Mark earlier.

Then, slowly he explained: "Happiness, to me, is like, life and people. But sadness and happiness are very close, and to really have happiness you have to go through some sadness. And, there's sadness all around us."

Another subject to which "Harpo" gave some serious thought was that of the responsibilities and obligations of a performer to his public. He explained: "I think he should be true to the people. If you're appealing to teen-agers, then I think that you shouldn't be a hypocrite—and that involves your press, and what you say. The people who bug me are the ones who play for teen-agers and then put them down."

"But, in our group, I don't think it is. I think our group is nicer, and much more open to people than any other group I've seen."

A little while later in the studio barber shop (Honest! Uncle Paul was actually having his hair cut!), Paul had a few thoughts of his own about the obligations between the performer and his audience. "I think that usually the public asks too much, because they don't have any idea how much pressure people have, or how busy people are."

## Real Tyrant

"When people start making it, there's a thousand people pulling at them from every direction to do a million things. You usually smile and laugh and go along with it for about a month or two, and then lack of sleep, and lack of food, and lack of privacy, and a lack of people being understanding can turn you into a real tyrant."

"But, eventually, I think you get calloused-over and you start not letting all these things bother you and then you come back to your old, normal self."

People in the spotlight definitely do have a responsibility, and Paul agreed that they have a certain position in the social structure.

"You're a standard-setter. I think you shouldn't promote anything or give the idea that you endorse anything unless you really give it some heavy thought, and make sure that it's really the right thing to do. Be-



... MARK: "SUBTLE HUMOR EVERYBODY MISSES."

cause, a lot of times, people do things they shouldn't do, and they won't stop and correct themselves, and they don't realize that other people are going to follow them."

"You have big responsibilities. You just don't stand around on public streets swearing or drinking whiskey and throwing bottles through windows because other kids are going to say, 'Well, man, if he does it and he's my idol, then that must be the answer.' You've got to be sure that you don't do anything that might be harmful to other people's personality, or hurt other people's feelings, or hard knocks against society."

"I think people can dress any way they want to, but—there's also a place and a time. If Mark tried to wear one of his famous stop-sign outfits to a wedding reception—especially if it was my own—

I'd throw him out! You know, you've still got to conform to a certain degree."

"But, you should give it a little thought. Before you walk down the streets with nothing but your socks on, you should actually think. 'Now, what is the object in this? Is it really going to be accepted, is it really worth it just because I feel like doing this? Should I do whatever I feel like doing?'"

Pretty strong words from a man who used to be one of the wildest kids in all of Idaho! But, Uncle Paul has done a lot of calming down and growing up and now he watches over his four Raiders—who still have a tendency to get a bit wild at times!

It was a long day, and an exciting one; the Raiders all have a lot more to say, but we'll have to save that for another time.



... HARPO: "EYE CONTACT WITH PEOPLE."



... PAUL: "YOU HAVE BIG RESPONSIBILITIES."





Let's hear it for Frances Phillips! Who is Frances Phillips? She's one of the grooviest girls in this entire world, that's who (or is it whom?)

The other night, while I was lying awake feeling guilt-stricken because I still hadn't sent out those promised copies of John's "Toy Boy," I thought I'd read some more of the mail I'd picked up that day.

Would you believe that I found a great big package from the above-mentioned F.P., containing a whole big bunch of copies of the

After I'd finished blithering with joy, I read the letter she'd enclosed, and will quote from the part which explains this unexpected but wildly appreciated windfall.

"When I read your column in the September 10 *BEAT*, I felt like giving you some sort of standing ovation. You're right about loving the Beatles and I agree with everything you said 100%. I was so pleased, in fact, I talked my father into letting me use the Xerox machine in his office to run off these for you. If I'm too late in getting them to you and you've already found a duplication mach-

ine, you can always use them to wallpaper your room."

I'm going to try not to get out the violins again, but I must say that was a wonderful thingy for her to do. And, since I hadn't found a spare mimeographer, and my room is already papered with pix of Gasp... I mean George (as in Gasp) (that kind of repetition will always rule), I raced for the pile of stabbed, un-dressed envelopes and sent "Toy Boy" on it's merry way.

Frances also made me an associate member of the club she'd started to honor all Beatle compo-

sitions. It's called *Bernard Webb Fans Inc. Ltd.* (which, as you know, is the name Paul used to write "Woman") and I think it's a really neat idea. I've written to Frances and asked if she'd like for me to print her address in my post — whoops — column in case a few (million) of youse would like to join too!

Speaking of the September 10 *BEAT* (though I was gonna say George, diddinyah?) (so did I), I want to thank everyone who wrote me about the poem "When England Went To War." I really had

a snit after I turned that column in and I worried that people might think it was stupid.

But, once again, it seems as though we think pretty much alike, and I didn't get one poison pen letter. A lot of you said the poem really made you think—not just about the Beatles—but about a lot of things. It did me too.

Now that all the bawling and burning ar-crav ("scuse, please") is over, I have to tell you about something that happened during the big controversy. It wasn't particularly amusing at the time (no, anyway) because the person who made the comment had totally misunderstood John. Now that I know for sure that none of the above-mentioned A.C. has made the slightest dent in the Beatles' popularity (if anything, I think they're more loved now), the bit is rather funny.

What happened was, a friend of mine heard an adult say: "I'll believe the Beatles are more popular than Jesus when I stub my toe and say 'Oh, John Lennon!'"

Before I got off the Beat subject (as in don't hold your breath unless you happen to dig purple) I just have to read you a part of another letter. This one is from a girl who had just seen her first Beatle concert.

"I cried on the way home, but they were tears of love and contentment. I had a feeling of being complete. It was like God had finally finished me by joining my body and soul."

I don't think I've ever heard that magic feeling put into better words.

And now, a word about chain letters.

I just love such things, but I don't get to the office every day (Keeper won't let me out that often, you know.) So when someone sends me a chain letter, I end up breaking the chain because of the time limit involved.

Since I already have a guilt-complex over the rash promises I still haven't completely lived up to (sorry, I tell you), puller, don't send chains. Unless they're the kind used to tie up people who are disorderly, disorganized, butterfingers and an absolute loss about losing things in spite of the fact that I mean well (which I'm not very...)

Oh, back to the T.B. subject for a moment. I got a letter from someone who said she had five hundred copies of the poem, and has been ordered to get rid of them or else. Course, the someone signed her letter *Cynthia L. Lennon*, but surely you don't expect someone who signs their letters *Shirley Harrison* to find that one bit odd!

Anylover's flane (cough), if anyone else would like a copy of this poem, send a stabbed-and-dressed to Toy Boy—John Lennon, 680 S. Peckham Drive, Whittier, California, 90601.

Thanks, Cyn! You're a doll. (Your "husband" is a little bit of alright, too, kiddo.)

Speaking to George—I mean speaking of letters, there's a *BEAT* reader in New Orleans who digs

(Turn to Page 19)

# For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston



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... DIANA

## For Girls Only . . .

(Continued From Page 18)

Californians and would love to hear from some of the same, especially surfers. Her name is Connie Kurniski, and you can write her at 923 Opelousas Ave., New Orleans, Louisiana.

I don't seem to be able to get off the topic of letters. Have just thought of another goodie. It seems that one of both of my many readers had her name listed in the English (cheers) magazine "Rave," and she got three hundred replies!

If you don't already have a pen pal . . . urp . . . pal in God's Country, maybe you could talk her into giving you one of hers. If you wanna, write her in care of me and I'll send her the letters, or postcards or whatever. Put the initials K.P. on the front of the envelope so I'll know to forward them on.

As long as I'm still on the letter bit, I may as well mention this now. So many of you have commented that you think Robin Boyd should be made into a book, and I did make one feeble attempt to talk (as in stammerville) to a publisher, but do you have any idea how utterly impossible it is to discuss Robin with a rational adult?

He was very interested until he read a few chapters. Then, with a

dazed and glazed look, he murmured: "I don't understand a word of it."

I already have quite a few letters from fellow R.I.B.-nuts, but maybe if I had more, I could get my point (and you know where *that's* located) across.

Hate to keep sending you off to the postoffice, but any comments about Robin would be appreciated. Then, next time I go somewhere to blush and quake a lot, I'll take the letters with me and maybe they'll help convince the Same Set that we understand *every* word of it (a slight exaggeration) (slight?) (even I don't understand every word of it, and I write it) (using the term loosely), and she might end up in book form yetto!

Oh, a fabmarv (*uhh?*) thingy is happening. Someone is re-writing Robin from the beginning, only doing it from George's point of view. I've already received quite a few chapters (it's titled "The Adventures of George The Genie") and will try to get them all together and maybe print same someday soon!

Arp. I'm totally out of room, not to mention my mind. Goodbye forever (as in *promises, promises*.)

# Supremes In Las Vegas

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Kingston

**By Karen Price**  
People. All kinds of people from all walks of life. All with one thing in common—a desire to spend money in an effort to make more, maybe.

The place — The Flamingo in Las Vegas—crowded as usual. Over there by the far table, a rather short but handsome young man dressed in blue with a blue golf hat on his head is gambling in the thousands of dollars.

But he can afford it. He's the head of one of the top Negro organizations in the nation.

### Good Luck

Beside him are two attractive young girls—his good luck pieces. One is dressed in beige capris with a casual orange velvet blouse. The other's in a loose fitting yellow shift.

A large crowd gathers around to watch. Why?

Because there's big money being played here and because the man in blue and his two good luck charms aren't just any Las Vegas customers.

The two girls are dressed pretty casual now but in just a few short hours they will emerge in high fashion wigs and classy full length gowns.

They'll be joined by another very beautiful young girl, a rather thin girl.

The three will walk onto the

stage at the Flamingo and live up to their reputation as the world's number one female vocal act.

The girl in the beige and orange is Mary Wilson and Florence Ballard is in the yellow. The man in blue is their boss, Berry Gordy Jr., head of Motown Records, who incidentally won quite a lot this time at the tables.

### Capacity Crowd

A short time later, after the capacity crowd has feasted on excellent steak dinners, Diana Ross joins Mary and Florence and The Supremes are appearing in Las Vegas, showplace of the world!

For this show they're wearing floor-length white satin sheaths with over-blossoms of an interesting negligee type material—the color of polished steel, sort of blue-black.

They open with a quick and lively "Put On A Happy Face" and follow that with many of their biggest hits, "Baby Love," "Stop In The Name of Love," "You Can't Hurry Love," and many standards that most so-called pop groups wouldn't even attempt.

They do themselves proud on "With A Song In My Heart," "More," "Wonderful, Wonderful," an amusing version of "Queen Of The House!" and a medley of Sam Cooke numbers.

Diana practically brings the house down with "Somewhere

from "West Side Story." Throughout the entire performance she proves that there's nothing she can't sing—blues, comedy, pop and even torch songs.

There's a magic about these three that's unmatched anywhere.

Mary, the sexy one, is the kind of girl a guy would want to wine and dine in the best of style. She bounces vivaciously about the stage—a happy medium between Florence's quietness and Diana's exuberance.

Florence, the quiet one, is the kind of girl a guy takes home. She can stand perfectly still on stage and completely destroy every male in the first four rows with just her eyes—and she does.

### Skinny One

And Diana, who calls herself the skinny one, is the kind of girl a guy just naturally wants to spend money on, in the best places in town. She's quite a showcase item with an extra helping of personality plus.

And the guy in blue who's always nearby, smiling like a proud papa, knows that he made no mistakes in signing these three Motown artists. They've made him a millionaire.

The Supremes in Las Vegas—a long way from their humble start in Detroit—nothing but successful, the greatest. What more can be said?



... MARY



... FLORENCE



# The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin Boyd stomped gracefully through the front door and flang her hair and her books onto the couch.

"Hullo," she said tiredly, addressing her mother and Ringo (of sturdy 12-year-old Boyd and bod fame) who were seated stilly in arm chairs.

"And who are you? ... I mean how are you?" she asked, addressing the man who was pacing loudly about the living room.

The man gave her a hurt look (which she returned because she already ... oh, you know.) "I'm your father," he replied. "And I'm just fine."

"Just fine," her mother repeated sarcastically.

"Just dandy-poo," Ringo agreed, spearing her father with a Ludwig droomstick.

"Cut that out, Ringo," he snapped, moving out of his younger daughter's reach. "Don't we have enough problems already?"

## Sit Down, Dear

Robin's ears flapped. "Problems," she echoed.

Her father turned to her. "You'd better sit down, dear."

Robin, who was lying down in the tent, shrugged and sat up, hoping that would do. "Yesss?" she hisped.

"Something has happened at work, dear," he said gently. "I've been transferred to another job and ..."

"We're moving!" Robin interrupted in a wail.

"Shurup ... I mean shut up, Ringo," he ordered, returning his attention to his older daughter, who had just turned grotty-green.

"I've been made manager of a plant the company is building in ... in another part of the country," he continued.

"In South Dakota," her mother snorted.

"Pitchfork, South Dakota," Ringo sobbed.

"Oh, come now. We won't be living in Pitchfork," her father soothed as Robin turned yick-yellow.

"We'll be living in East Pitchfork."

Resisting the urge to snatch out a long strand of her red hair and

hang herself from a rafter, Robin brand a pound of teeth. "When are we leaving?" she asked stonily.

"In two weeks," her mother and Ringo wept in unison.

"Oh ...!" Robin muttered, certain that her mother wouldn't be familiar with this bit of Scouse she'd borrowed from George.

The family came to attention. "What does that mean?" they chorused.

Robin snarled, and without even thinking, she said "it means ...!"

## Blammed Again

After her mother got through blamming her over the head with Ringo's droomstick, Robin decided to have a long rational talk (as in beg, plead, and, if necessary, bleed) with her father.

So she did just that, and not being the sort to give up easily, she continued transmuting for five hours. But, 'twas all in vain (and it didn't do her any good, either).

Finally she gave up, sogged off to her room, slammed the door and sat grimly on the edge of her bed until the rest of the family had retired (with full pensions, natch.)

When all was quiet, she sneaked (as in clomp) back into the darkening living room and tripped over the tea pot.

## Plant-Plant

Suddenly, she came to a shuddering halt. The few times she'd visited George's domicile, he'd just snugged his finger or some such and there they were inside the T.P. (not to be confused with teepees) (to, however, be confused with whoopees.) But she had no mortal (she preferred genies) idea how to get into the fiendish thingy on her own, with the possible exception of re-wallowing in a peanut butter sandwich and cramming herself back up the spout, but let's not start that again.

So, praying that no one would come into the room and see her rapping politely on the lid of a tea pot, she began rapping politely on the lid of a tea pot.

The next thing she knew, she was inside same and George was stumbling out of bed, clad in

Ringo's blue pajamas. (George was wearing the pajamas, not the bed.) (Which rather goes without saying as George would look somehow silly wearing a bed.)

"Oh, George," she cried, hurling herself at him. "My dad's making us leave California and move away and my life is ending I tell you!"

George patted her kindly (which promptly bit him.) "What are you gabbling about?" he asked sleepily. "I won't live in South Dakota is what I'm gabbling about," Robin gabbled (not to mention garbled.) George rubbed his yes. "South Da-whatta?"

## Dakota!!

"Dakota!" screeched Robin. "It's a state (ho) that's ten million miles away from here (not to mention there and everywhere) (sorry, Pauley, and I won't, won't, won't go even if my dad's company did give him a plant!"

"All this fuss over a plant?" George asked incredulously, eyeing the potted (I'll say) palm in the corner.

"Not that kind," Robin belled. "A plant-plant, as in building. Where they whatever those things are that they do!"

George scratched his head. "Just what does your father do?" he asked. (Besides have the good sense to travel most of the time so he won't have to be around you Bay-dragons, that is, he added mentally.)

Robin made an impatient (not to mention illegal) gesture. "How should I know? He works with dynamo's or dynamos or dinos or something, but what difference does that make? Don't you even care that I'll go completely bonkers in South Whatta -- I mean Dakota?"

Putting his arms around her, George rested his chin comfortably on the top of her head (just to the left of the point.) "It's not all that bad," he patted. "You'll still have me and your magic powers and ... and ..."

## A Transfer?

Suddenly he pulled away from her. "Oh my Gawd," he moaned, but before she could ask what he was moaning about he said a strange word that sounded something like "grip" and the two of them disappeared.

When they reappeared, they were standing in the middle of a deserted desert (you may have noticed what is continuing to rule.)

"George!" Robin said angrily, stamping her foot and sinking up to her hip-buggers in sand. "What's the matter with you? What are we doing here?"

George re-moaned. "I've got some bad news. I can't go to South Da-what's-its-face with you."

"Whattit?" roared Robin.

"Let me finish," George commanded. "I can't until I get a transfer."

"A transfer?" Robin re-moaned. "How long will that take?"

"I don't know. Awfully, probably. There's this thingy about stamps or something -- you have to get one from each place before you can be a resident genie, and they're not too keen on our kind in South Da-whosis."

Robin started to run around in hysterical circles, but George gave her a yank. (not to be confused with the one in the R.A.F.) (This one was in the A.R.M.) "I'm still not finished. Your powers won't work there either, not until I can get your permit changed."

At first, Robin just stood there like a stone, then she threw herself, not to mention the snit of the century.

It is not necessary to include all the gory details of those next few trying moments. Let it suffice to say that she lept wildly from dune to dune, bashed her head against rocks, kicked several cat-in the shins and shrieked a selection of sentiments that made George's Scouse sound like something straight out of the King Cousin's Songbook.

When she was finally too exhausted to continue, she dragged herself back to where George was waiting (impatiently).

"Are you quite through?" he asked.

"I'll say," she groaned as she sat down beside him and started to pick prickles out of her ex-feet (which now resembled a pair of totally teed-off porcupines. "I can see why you brought me here. If I'd done that little number in the tea pot, I'd have had us splattered all over the living room."

George larfed half-heartedly. "Oh, dropline dead," she snapped, giving him a look. But when he glowered and re-yanked, she remembered that a certain area of her anatomy was still black and blue from her most recent encounter with George's Liverpulidian temper, and she changed her tune in one large hurry.

I only meant it's not foony, huh," she simpered, batting her lashes prettily. (Not as prettily as she thought, though, as one of them had fallen off during her war dance, but no one is perfect.)

Then she stopped talking for a moment and stared at him. They'd

been apart before, but it was different this time (worse) because things were different now (better) (you better believe it.)

And wouldn't you just know that he would pick the most horrible night in her life to look so am-day gorgeous (ahem) she couldn't believe it?

Not the sort to go wandering around the desert in his pajamas (make that Ringo's pajamas) (make that anybody's pajamas), George had solved that problem with another "grip"-type word. He was now wearing slim faded levis and his long dark hair was brushing against the collar of a black turtle-neck shirt.

## Willywackers

Feeling like throttling him for sitting there in the moonlight, giving her willywackers on the wezand when her very life was ending, Robin burst into tears.

"Oh, George," she blithered. "What am I going to do without you?"

George grinned that one grin and took her by the shoulders. "Just don't let me catch you doing this without me."

"George Irene Boyd!" Robin gasped shortly thereafter (would you believe six days?) (merely an attempt at humor, mom), which set them both to chortling. (And may do the same for you if the words "telephone booth" ring a bell.) (Sorry about that.)

But a few moments later, when Robin found herself at home in her trundle, she began to re-blither.

After she finally did get to sleep, she had a dream that she was never to forget as long as she lived. She dreamed that when the Boyds arrived in Pitchfork, they found the town consisted of one lonely Shell gas station, which would have been bad enough, but to make things worse, when they drove up, some one was standing in front of the S.

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

## BEAT BARGAIN!

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# BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



**THE W. C. FIELDS MEMORIAL ELECTRIC STRING BAND** (and Marching Society for the Preservation of Long-haired Singers in the State of . . . oh well). Anyway, George Bee, who is really George Caldwell (second from the left) and a former member of The Bees, has announced to **The BEAT** staff that the W. C. F. M. E. S. Band, etc., has just cut a record, "Hippy Elevator Operator" b/w "Don't Lose The Girl."



**THE CHYMES** are three sisters (Candy, 14; Irise, 16; Stephanie, 17) from the San Fernando Valley who rated these words from lead Turtle Howard Kaylan: "The Chymes are three adorable girls and are a pleasure to work with. I feel very strongly that these girls have the talent and personality to really make a big impression on the music business today." Howard has written and produced a record for the group, "Quite A Reputation."



**THE VAGRANTS** wandered onto **The BEAT** Showcase pages from three thousand miles away, namely New York City where they are one of the highest paid, most popular groups in the area. The Vagrants (l to r, Jerry, Peter, Larry, Roger and Leslie) are composed of a variety of characters: Jerry Storch, the organist, was New York State Junior Bowling Champion; drummer Roger Mansour spent ten years in Haiti and five in France; Peter Sabatino, vocalist, met Jerry and Roger when all three were under fire in their high school principal's office for having long hair; guitarist Leslie West and bassist Larry West are brothers. The group is busy snowing New York and with the release of their next record, just may shine in California too.





**GALE CAPTIONED THIS ONE:** "Finding a friend in a Left Bank antique shop, I named her 'Barbra Christman' because she looks like Streisand with a nose job!"

# Gale Makes 'New Adventures'

By Rochelle Reed  
"I've got a warning for all BEAT readers!" announced Gale Garnett, who ventured up to the BEAT office to give us an insider's scoop on the pop scene here and abroad.

"Beware of the Kikiseiseia Islands in Fiji. A Fijian sand fly there nests in the ends of hair. They're harmless but to get rid of them you have to burn off the ends of your hair."

"I fell asleep the last time I was in Fiji and woke up with sand flies nested in my hair. I had to have two inches burned off, and that ruined my hair so much I had to have two more inches cut off."

We tried to skip the obvious and not ask why, of all places, Gale had been in the Kikiseiseia Islands of Fiji, because we knew she would have a good reason for being in the Kikiseiseia Islands. And she did.

"I collect primitive art, you see," she threw in to soothe our itching curiosity.

Gale, who shelters a voice that is deep, rich and throaty, always puts her lung power to good use in an interview. She talks to you, which is especially surprising in the pop business where one of the games people play most often is titled, "Put On."

"I'm full of praise for my new arranger and new sound," Gale said when we had finished discussing sand flies. "It's a cross between a mind trip and religious music... a combination of organs and fuzz tone fender. It's guaranteed mind-

expansion to an old lady, and at the same time, you can understand the words."

For instance?  
"There's one song called 'I Make Him Fly.' This girl meets a guy and her parents put him down. But the girl says 'I make him fly,' and no one has ever said this to the guy before. Through him, you see, she can orbit."

"My arranger, Dick Rosmini—that E-o-s-i-m-i-n-i—is a gas!" Gale repeated for the one hundredth time, "I rank him next to Burt Bacharach."

"I was so tired of singing songs in concert and not being able to record them like I wanted to. But I think we're gonna swing."

When Gale isn't swinging musically, as on her latest album, "New Adventures," she's swinging around the world. And the Kikiseiseia Islands were just one stop.

"The big thing in England is floral shirts and matching ties, big ones. Everyone's in plastic—navy blue is very big."

It is true that English teens are supposedly "more creative" than American teens, as they often proclaim.

"No," she said, "I don't think any 'group' is more creative than any other 'group.' They have creative individuals, but as a 'group,' they aren't more creative."

Gale herself is quite creative, in her writing and singing, as well as her personal life. She left home when she was 14 and lived in Greenwich Village. But she

doesn't think this should cause a wide-spread movement of teens to move away from Mom and Dad when they reach high school.

"First, you've got to be able to support yourself and not depend on your family for anything. I didn't take a nickel when I moved out. So many kids think it's an in-

justice when their parents say they aren't going to give them a dime when they leave.

And when they leave, the only thing they should be hugged about is if they do something someone objects to — which applies to people of any age.

## and furthermore . . .

Gale always has interesting comments. Here are a few . . .  
**Beatles**—"I love the entire 'Revolver' album."

**Rolling Stones**—"I like 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows?' but I'm still decoding it."

**Sonny and Cher**—"TV's never dug Sonny and Cher but their new record is a total gas. For one, Sonny's shut up and given Cher the complete lead."

**Monkees**—"I like 'The Last Train to Clarksville.' Peter is an old friend. He liked 'Sing In The Sunshine.' He lived in Greenwich Village then."

**Tom Jones**—"I did a concert with him in Paris at the Locomotive. Then I acted as girl guide for Tom and his band around Paris because none of them spoke any French."

**Bobby Darin**—"If I Were A Carpenter" is the grooviest of 1966. I tend to like ballads more than anything else, but that song is really great."

**Count V**—"Psychotic Reaction" is the cheapest trick I've heard. It's a sin. It got the lyrics of a real mind trip, but it's no trip. It's just a cheap trick, a cheap idea. I don't like to have anyone tricked."

**Herman**—"Dandy" is a fine, cute record."

**Petula Clark**—"I saw her opening at the Savoy in Paris. She's one of the few people in the pop scene that can perform live."

**Bob Dylan**—"Just Like A Woman" I love. I don't like 'Born A Woman,' it's a whiney song."

**Donovan**—"Sunshine Superman" won't give James Brown. The song meant nothing but I found it hard to get into."

**James Brown and Ray Charles**—"I love James Brown. No, I like James Brown very much but I love Ray Charles. Everyone has to take a chair behind him. Ray is where it's at."

**Mary Quant**—"She's got some very beautiful dresses. I bought some that could only be described as 'sexy pioneer dresses.'"

# Lady Godiva Rides Again

By Mike Tuck  
Gordon was sprawled across a lawn chair by the swimming pool when we finally located him. When awakened, he squinted into the sun, glanced around and slowly, very slowly made his way to a sitting position.

"We were originally in the U.S. on a tour," said Peter, "but about halfway through it we ran into some difficulties so we just decided to come out here and relax. We've always liked California, anyway."

The sun finally peeked through the Los Angeles smog and Peter and Gordon sought refuge under a nearby lawn umbrella. Sheltered, they both talked a little more freely.

## Shocking Hair

Peter, who has a shock of red hair that is capable of dazzling on a bright day, is intelligent and, compared to his traveling mate, a little on the reserved side. Gordon is plainly an extrovert, and it's no trick to detect in him an element of spite—even when he's still half asleep.

"We were once having some trouble with our hotel manager," Gordon studied a cup of black coffee and said. "He got pretty nasty so at the end of our show that night we invited all the kids to come over to our room for a party."

"About 8,000 showed up. We stood on our balcony and threw autographed pictures to them

while the manager went crazy."

The duo seemed to get along together uncommonly well. They have been together since both were in school and would sneak out of the dormitories at night to play engagements at a small club.

"We were making \$2 a night in those days," said Peter. "It was really hard because we would work long hours. Consequently, our grades began to drop."

## Gordon & Peter

"But," Gordon raised his hand in triumph, "at least we were known as Gordon and Peter then."

Their career at the small club ended abruptly when Gordon was unable to appear one night and the club management discovered the

two boys were still in school.

"Gordon was scaling the fence when he stuck a spike through his foot," Peter said. "His shoes filled with blood and he left great amazing footprints. He had to stay in bed for awhile after that."

"Just look at this," Gordon said, turning a size 12 foot upside-down. "I still have a hole in my foot."

When both boys were out of school and Gordon's foot had mended, the pair got their first break. They signed with a small-time agent, who once knew a TV producer or something, and were immediately booked to a respectable club. Their salaries climbed to a total of \$150 weekly.

"Then one day a guy in a shiny suit spotted us. After our show he

called us over and said 'I'm a recording manager for EMI.'"

"We said, 'yes, we know,' and he asked us if we had ever made a record. Of course, we hadn't, and he asked us if we wanted to. Of course, we did.

"When we went to the studio," Peter said, "I guess we impressed them because we didn't take a lot of amps and equipment. All we took was a couple of old guitars."

"They liked the dubs we cut, too."

"Funny thing about that," Peter said, "Gordon picked up. We recorded the exact same songs we did a couple of years earlier when we auditioned for EMI."

"Only they turned us down after the first audition."

The pair is extremely well-versed. Their schooling and public exposure has embedded in them a knowledge of a wide variety of subjects, and among them there is only one the pair is the least bit hesitant about discussing.

And that is the subject of Jane Ascher, Peter's sister-actress who makes as many headlines by dating Paul McCartney as she does with her film roles.

"We do a lot of Lennon-McCartney songs," Peter said. "The only thing we're resent is when people act like we would never have made it had it not been for my sister and Paul McCartney."

Peter and Gordon's first record, "World Without Love," was written by the Beatle composers. The disc sold nearly one-and-a-half million copies in England and the United States.

On the pop front, the duo now has a new single on the charts. "Lady Godiva" jumped to number 70 after only a week of sales. It appears to have great potential.

After two years as a top singing attraction Peter and Gordon haven't overlooked the possibility that some unexpected day their popularity could dwindle.

"I wouldn't rule out the chance of going back to school," said Peter. "Or I might even go back into acting. I did this since I was about five, you know."

"But both of us like music very much and it's doubtful if we will ever leave it entirely."



... PETER

... GORDON

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

## KALEIDOSCOPE

When Barney Lincoln (Warren Beatty), a good-looking, well-tailored and wealthy young American meets fetching dress designer Angel McGinnis (Susannah York) in London, "Kaleidoscope" might seem to be over before it begins. But a whirlwind plot snags debonaire Barney and "Mod" boutique owner Angel just in time for an exciting feature.

Barney Lincoln, you see, has something on his mind besides Angel—namely an ingenious plot for winning at chemin de fer in Monte Carlo. The plot isn't an altogether legal one either, since it consists of marking the plates which are used to print the famous Kaleidoscope playing cards used in all European gambling casinos.

But in Monte Carlo, Barney finds that his scheme has a flaw, namely Angel who happens to be there watching him rake in the money. Under an extenuating set of circumstances, Barney winds up involved in a Scotland Yard plan to undermine a large narcotics smuggling ring.

Highlight of the fast-moving movie is the up-to-date wardrobe worn by Susannah York, designed for her by the popular Carnaby Street team of Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin.

Warner Brothers premiered "Kaleidoscope" at the Warner Theater in Leicester Square, London, kicked off by an unbelievable round of parties, and promotions. Most interesting was a "Most Switched On Gear" contest, where one of the winners wore an entire suit made of fur. A mini-skirt meter stood nearby, admitting no one unless the hemline was four inches above the knee!



... SUSANNAH YORK EYES WARREN BEATTY



... WARREN BEATTY EYES SUSANNAH YORK



... AND THE EYES HAVE IT IN WARNER BROTHERS' "KALEIDOSCOPE"



... SWITCHED-ON CONTESTANTS



... SUSANNAH TRIES OUT IN PANTS-SUIT



... A CAMEL-WOOL SUIT



... AND A SATIN EVENING GOWN



... BUT BEATTY DIGS HER IN ANYTHING.



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