

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA

Edition

BEAT

DECEMBER 3, 1966



THE
ASSOCIATION
IS UNNECESSARY

like
WATER
SLEEP
FOOD
and LOVE



Beach Boys Rate Riots On Their English Tour

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

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

Those heroes are America's Beach Boys—and

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

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

Beatles Split? ... Epstein Mum

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Turn to Page 5)



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

Turners Draw English Fire

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But James wasn't satisfied with merely a defence of his new record. He launched into a severe personal attack of Ike and Tina.

"Tell Tina that screaming isn't singing and we've got one James Brown already," he said angrily. "And I hope they find Phil Spector's phone number soon—they need him."

Inside the BEAT

ERIC TO CHANGE AGAIN	3
ASSOCIATION RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10
ADVERTISING RATE	10

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MONKEES AWARDED TWO GOLD RECORDS

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

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

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

And now both have been certified as million-sellers.

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

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

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

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

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

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



IKE AND TINA DREW HEATED VERBAL COMMENT FROM ENGLAND

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

ARE BEATLES LAZY?

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcia Baker

MONKEES

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

The Editor

BRIAN OUT?

Dear BEAT:

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

R.V.R.

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

The Editor

AUSTRALIAN REPORT

Dear BEAT:

First, I'd like to thank you for a great publication, the *BEAT*. It's absolutely great! We came to Australia from California and what I really missed was the *BEAT*, so I decided to subscribe. There are around 30 American teenagers here in Gladstone. Most of them are here because of the Kaiser Aluminum Plant here.

I have a complaint to make. Why doesn't America pay any attention to Australia? Everyone's so hung up on England. Sure, England has become the swinginest place in the world but Australia is pretty hip too. The top group here is the Easybeats. At the moment, they're in England and seem to be doing pretty well. They all live in P.J. Proby's old house in St. John's Wood. Two of them are Dutch and the other three are Aussies. Their first record in England, "Friday On My Mind," has just made the charts this week.

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

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

Thanks for listening.

Julie Hendrickson

SICK & TIRED

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

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

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

John Rose

ASSOCIATION HAS CLASS

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

Susan Reetz

BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

Sylvia Roberts
Bedford, England

READER REBUTTAL

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don't get me wrong, Peggy or anyone, I have nothing against the Association (I think they are as neat as I do many, many others), nor am I saying nobody has a right to their own opinion, but what I am saying is "hair has no bearing on talent." People will like the songs before they even see the group in many cases.

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

Jeannette Wahl

MORE KINKS HOLLIES

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

Chris Owens

MARRIED?

Dear BEAT:

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

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

Pam Howe

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

Dear BEAT:

There are a few Hollies-lovers out this way and we'd like to know if there is a fan club for the five somewhere that we could join. If you know of one, please print it so that we can join immediately. We're desperate!

Also, is Allan Karate married?

Barb Niebaum
You may write to the Hollies at 126 Princess Street, Stockport, Cheshire, England. They'll be able to tell you exactly who to contact regarding fan club information. Yes, Allan is married.

The Editor

'NOT TRUE'

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

Steve Cipriani
A spokesman for Capitol says: "Not true." We agree. The Editor

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

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

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

Johnny Too

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

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

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

Herbie's World

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

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

Past Tense

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



... MICKY DOLENZ

Rascals Win Court Plea—Temporarily

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

'Hip' Burdon Talking Split

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

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

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

Hippy Talk

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

particularly appealed to English audiences.

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

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

Resentment

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

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

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

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

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



... JOHN LENNON

PICTURES in the NEWS



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



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



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



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



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

'in' people are talking about...

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

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

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

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

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

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

tion thinks the whole thing is.

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

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

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

Censorship Hits!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bob Darin Inks Long Contract

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

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

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

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

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

WALKER BROS. LEAVE STAGE UNEXPECTEDLY

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

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

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

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

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

BEATLES SPLIT..?

(Continued from Page 1)

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

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

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

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

The four have kept it no secret in the last few months that they were disenchanted with group work and wanted to expand their individual talents. None of the Beatles would apparently be without a new field when the group splits.

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

BEATLE COMMENTS:

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

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



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

In Rome, Do As The Romans Do Believes George

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

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

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

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



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



... "NO. IT'S ME—BRIAN ASSOCIATED!"

A Daze Worth Of Association

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

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

Seen It All

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not You

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

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

Hmm. Not too bad, rather

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

As People

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

A debut album. Perhaps you've been entirely wrong. They are talented, very. Maybe nice guys do occasionally make it. So, you mysteriously found yourself on the other side of the fence, crossing your fingers that the Association would not be a one-hit wonder.

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

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

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

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

Pride In What?

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

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

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

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

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

Late

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

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

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



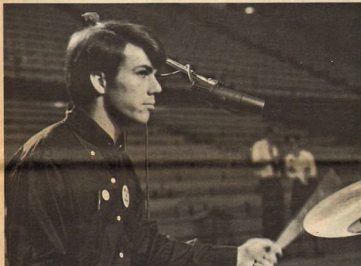
... RUSS AND BRIAN TRY OUT A MIKE AT UCLA.



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



... AND TERRY YELLS "AH."



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



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

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

Tuning Business

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

Everyone satisfied, the instruments are discarded as the six Associates spread out in six different directions. Russ gathers up his jacket, Terry hunts for his shoe, Brian heads for the dressing rooms but doesn't quite make it as several fans who have managed to get inside ask for autographs. The doors open, ticket holders pour in and scramble for seats as the Association rush into the dressing rooms, discuss last minute changes and climb into their stage suits. Once dressed and

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

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

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

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

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

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

But Today

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

Today, after all, is groovy. Much better than yesterday when you were being a hot-shot know-it-all and the Association was on top of the world.



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

KRLA TO PRESENT JOAN BAEZ

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

Inside KRLA

By Eden

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**KRLA GIVES
A MUSTANG**

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

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

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

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

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

Tony Curtis ♥ Virna Lisi ♥ George C. Scott

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

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... CHRIS

Farlowe—Soul And Gravel And No. 1

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

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

Not Buying

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oldham

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

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

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

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

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

Panic

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you love them, too, I'm sure

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

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

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

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

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

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

Not Dying

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

They're giving the same thing we are. They're giving us so much, and now we're using what they gave us to make better lives for ourselves.

Well, we gave to them, too. The Beatles' music has gone from fun to brilliant. So have they. Sure, they had this much talent all the time, but they didn't realize it or put it to work until we gave them the confidence and the drive to progress. Now they want to progress even more, in many directions.

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

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

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

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

Live On

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

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

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

Vaudevilles Plan First USA Visit

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

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

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

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

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

BB Disc Gets Fast Getaway

"Good Vibrations" is apparently the fastest breaking record in the history of the Beach Boys—or Capitol Records, for that matter.

The disc has allegedly broken all sales records for a one-week period. Capitol said the single racked up sales of 293,000 in four days, with an additional 100,000 copies back-ordered from customers.

Great Rivers' Deception

By Eden

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

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

Once A Week

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

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

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

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

Johnny has always expressed a desire to develop his songwriting

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I think that the Beatles did

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

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

Complaint

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

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

... JOHNNY PLANS RETURN TO VIETNAM.

J. J. JACKSON:

'Not All Peaches'

By Walt Syers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J.J. wears an almost constant grin. He has reason for it, too. His current record, "But It's Alright," is at the number 26 spot nationally, hitting both pop and R&B charts.

The record, his first big one, demonstrates not only his singing talents, but also his writing, composing and producing skills. It also establishes him as a singer—not just a studio man.

J.J. hit it big early this year

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

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

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

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

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

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



... J.J. JACKSON—HUMAN BOWLING BALL.

DISCUSSION

By Eden

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

* * *

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



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Yardbirds: 'Kids Want More Quality'

By Eden

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

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

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

Influence

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Electronic

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

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

Psychedelic

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Abstract Sounds

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

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

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

Weird

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

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

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

BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)

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



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





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

The Soul of Ryder

By Louise Criscione

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

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

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

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

"This!"

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

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

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

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

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

"My Gword!" Ringo wailed.

"You've gotta be kidding!"

Robin shook her aching head.

"I wish I were," she muttered grimly, glaring at herself in the full-

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

Sono-Sat

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Furriners"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Floyd??

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mirage!

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

Finally, after what seemed like six years of peering into a sharp pair of shades, Robin laughed so loud they heard her all the way to Sioux City, Iowa (wherever that was) (not to mention wherever.)

"Are you a boy or are you a girl?" she giggled.

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

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

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

'THE SWINGER'



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

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

Bright Idea

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

Sir Hubert

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

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

No Message

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

And "The Swinger" does just that.



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

Grandma's Vaudeville Sound Starts Pop Music Trend

By Rochelle Reed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Ian Whitcomb—Mod Mod Music

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

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

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



Donovan—Mellow Good Time

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

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

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



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

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