

America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA

*Edition*

# BEAT

DECEMBER 17, 1966

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# KRLA

# BEAT

# MERRY CHRISTMAS

Volume 2, Number 30

December 17, 1966

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

*The BEAT* Staff

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

**THE MONKEES**

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

**THE BEATLES**

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

**BILL COSBY**

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

**THE ASSOCIATION**

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

**THE YARDBIRDS**

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

**LOU RAWLS**

*Have a healthy Christmas.*

**BRIAN WILSON**

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

**JOHNNY RIVERS**

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

**TOMMY ROE**

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

**THE TURTLES**

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

**BRENDA LEE**

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

**SAL VALENTINO**

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

**PETER & GORDON**

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

**SANDY POSEY**

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

**THE OUTSIDERS**

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

**TIM MORGAN**

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

**BILLY JOE ROYAL**

*Swinging Medallions send swinging seasons' sentiments.*

**SWINGING MEDALLIONS**

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# Letters

## DISCUSSION

### Dear BEAT:

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

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

For my money, Chris Farlowe is far better than Brown will ever be. To go a step further, Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels are probably the greatest R&B performers since Little Richard and Jerry Lee Lewis. At best, James Brown is "mediocre."

Last but not least, was the background music for the Monkees theme song also provided by studio musicians? How phony can you get!

In closing, keep up the fine newspaper.

Dave Theriault

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

## Quiz On Monkees

### Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

Joyce Damante

The Monkees used session musicians on their first single and album because when their records were cut they (Micky and Davy in particular) were just learning how to play. It was not a publicity stunt. The practice of using session musicians in recording is certainly not new—it has been going on and will continue as long as records are made. Some groups use them and some don't. The Monkees did; however, the practice of saying they won't for long. The Editor

## TO THE EDITOR

## Down With Associates

### Dear BEAT:

I am writing this letter in protest of the group The Association whom I regard as very commercial and very repetitious. I have recently seen The Association perform, they are not only sickening but they sound quite bad musically and vocally.

Their new record, "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies," is a copy of a very good record by Terry Knight and the Pack. "A Change Is On The Way." I was very pleased to have been able to see Terry Knight and the Pack at a local club. Terry, I consider, is a very excellent singer and the group I regard as fair. I know that Terry Knight copied the Yardbirds on his first attempt, "Better Man Than I," but I feel his "Change Is On The Way" has emerged he and his group into their own.

"Change" is a little reminiscent of "Still I'm Sad" but at least it's original.

That's not what I can say for the Association with all the publicity for them in teen magazines and in your paper no wonder they are popular. I think you have neglected to point out the faults of this group. Since they were the group who didn't like long hair for their image was of short hair.

I hope you will listen to The Association's record of "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies" and Terry Knight and the Packs' record "A Change Is On The Way." If you'll listen closely you will find the comparison quite the same.

Thank you for letting me speak my mind. And I only hope this letter is printed so other people will understand the point I'm trying to make.

Shawn Walker

## PARENTS AT FAULT

### Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

Karen Altman

## THE BEATLE IMITATORS

### Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

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

A Beatle fan

## SUGGESTIONS

### Dear BEAT:

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

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

(3) The Association, the Left Hand and the Hazy Shade rule! (4) Teen Panel is the finest thing that has happened to The BEAT.

Glenda Wobig

## THE BEST EVER READ

### Dear BEAT:

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

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

Brenda Blackwell

Louise Cricione was the anonymous author of the Association article.

The Editor

## 'UP WITH ADULTS'

### Dear BEAT:

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

A lot of us see the problems of the world and instead of rolling up our sleeves and working toward eventual absolution of these problems, would rather sit back and blame them on our parents. Our general "they caused it, let them fix it" attitude too often seems to be the philosophy. Sure, there are a lot of things wrong with the world—a lot of things to change—but that's what youth is for! To carry torches and start fires—first of change.

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

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

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

Billie Jo Helme

## A SONG LETTER SOME SEEDS

### Dear BEAT:

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

Dubby

## BEATLES

### Dear BEAT:

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

### Dear Beatles:

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

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

Linda Green

## MORE ON SPOONFUL

### Dear BEAT:

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

In the past several years, the Lovin' Spoonful have regained a hold on the pop music charts—thanks to groups such as the Association, the Byrds, the Mamas & the Papas and the Spoonful. Not that we have anything against English groups, but their sound is no longer rare. The individuality of the above mentioned groups push them ahead of their time, unable to be duplicated. We feel that The BEAT should concentrate on the sounds of tomorrow happening today, not the sounds of yesterday repeating today.

Spoonful sing of happiness and love, so lacking in the world today. One Spoonful album can do more for you than any high from any drug.

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

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

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



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

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

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

## Quaife Returns

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

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

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

## Sinatra Giggles

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

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

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

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



... NEIL DIAMOND

# The Association Report From Their U.S. Tour

Dear BEAT, up, down, back and dead:

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

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

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

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

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

Soon,  
Love,  
Russ



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

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

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

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

## Beach Boys Latest To Earn Goldie

The Beach Boys were greeted with some nice news when they made their triumphant return from England this weekend. Their latest single, "Good Vibrations" has surpassed the 925,000 mark in sales and has thus become the biggest-selling single in Beach Boy history.

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

## RINGO FOLLOWS JOHN: BEATLES TO NEW YORK?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



BEAT Photo: Howard L. Bughner

... RINGO WANTS FILM PART





## GIFT SUGGESTIONS FOR POP PEOPLE...



... A GIRLFRIEND for Herman



... SOME NEW CLOTHES for the Supremes



... MORE MONEY so Johnny can move



... A CAR like James Bond has



TOGETHERNESS



... DRAFT DEFERMENT for Gary



BIRTH CERTIFICATE so Pet knows who she is



... A JUICY CARROT for Brian



... A SON for Bill Cosby

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

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

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

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

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

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

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what a giggle Jeff must have gotten out of that story about him having a nervous breakdown and being in a London hospital when he was right here in California all the time... Beach Boys purchasing four Rolls Royces and Brian emerging with Lou's old one which formerly belonged to one Ringo Starr... What's happened to Tom Jones... Lesley trying to look like Pet but not succeeding

How much of Hollywood is owned by Trini... When the Spoonful are going to get their fill of New York... What's behind the "Beatles to leave Epstein" rumor... Inter-group squabbles taking their toll on a popular group's stage performance and how long they think they can hide their "differences" from audiences

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

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

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

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

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## BEAT Exclusive

# Vibrations—Brian Wilson Style



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

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

By Brian Wilson

## PART I

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Turn to Page 14)

# BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)

**THE KIT KATS** are Philadelphia's hottest group with hopes of duplicating their success nationwide. From their varied former occupations—classical musician, drummer in a burlesque house—the foursome switched to rock 'n roll. The Kit Kats are Carl Hassman, Ron Cichowski, Kit Stewart, "Big John" Bradley.



**THE BALLROOM** are the latest thing out of Our Productions, which is in the process of launching a number of new singers on the pop scene. Their sound, one BEAT staffer says, is sort of Mamas and Papas-ish. Top (left to right) Carl Bletchley, Michele O'Malley. Bottom (left to right) Jim Bell and Sandy Salisbury.



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



... JEFF BECK ENTERING THE "BEAT" DOOR.

# Jeff Beck: Alone In The Yardbirds

By Edna

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

make a tag, then obviously we're going to have to fall in line with what they want to call it. We'd just like to be recognized for the things we do."

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

What would Jeff like to do with his future?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dear BEAT:

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

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

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

## A Possibility

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

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

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

John: "Yes, you never know..."

Paul: "Well, we don't know, but we've got to think about it now, so we're not at a loss if it does happen."

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Unfair?

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

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

I think it is imperative that all

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

## Premature Burial

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

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

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

Name Withheld By Request  
Washington, D. C.



BEAT PHOTO: Howard L. Simpson

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



# Top 40 Requests

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

# Inside KRLA

By Eden

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Tim Morgan Goes Folk-Rock For Baez Concert

Tim Morgan, a legend in himself as well as one of the most popular singing talents working the West Coast, goes folk-rock for the first time as the special guest star for the Joan Baez concerts, Friday, Dec. 16, 7:30 and 10 p.m. at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. The benefit concerts, produced by Radio Station KRLA and Doug Weston of The Troubadour, will aid the Delano Farm Workers.

Tim Morgan, heretofore, has been principally a folk performer, accompanying himself on an acoustic guitar. In his rock debut, the legendary singer will perform several songs backed by Your Gang, Mercury recording artists, including "2:10 Train" and "I'm Just A Boy," written for Tim by Bobby Jameson.

ord for having appeared in concert at more high schools and colleges in Southern California than any other single artist or group. He has recorded five albums which sold over 200,000 in California alone.

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



...TIM MORGAN

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DEEP SIX

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THE KNACK

### LEE MALLORY

Dec. 6-18



LEE MALLORY

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Maffitt & Davies  
Pat Paulsen

# Chaos On The Sunset Strip

## Teens Demonstrate For Dance Rights

By Mike Tuck

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

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

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

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

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

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

of the police department and County Supervisors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

rioting along the Strip then became a national focal point.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Most, however, were released without reprimand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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# Simon And Garfunkel Selling Intellectualism

By Carol Deck

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

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

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

## Megapolis Life

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Finding Time

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

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

Suddenly, Paul Simon was right up there with Bob Dylan and people began to quote him almost as often, perhaps more so than Bob. For whereas many people feel that Dylan's gone into himself and is writing very introspectively, Paul writes outside of himself.

Latest sample of their work is

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

# The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

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

"I can't believe it," she blubbered thankfully. "A human being who wears bell bottoms and reads John Lennon books? Here, in the wilds of the hills?"

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

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

## "Amen"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Toward Mecca

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

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

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

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

## Marched

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Budgie shrugged. "Home waving samples, probably."

"Creeps," Robin muttered.

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

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

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

## Only Aligned

"Live! Fren Low! up if we put our alleged minds to it!" Budgie added gleefully, not to mention modestly.

"Crazzy!" blared The Budgie. "When do we start?" "Immediately," Robin blithered. "As in forward harch!"

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

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

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

## Emancipation

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

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

"Hey, Rob?"

"Yeah, Budgie?"

"I don't wish to alarm you, but there's a Beatle in this bedroom."

Robin moaned sleepily. "The kind of bugs they have around here, it wouldn't surprise me if there was a tarantula in this bedroom."

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

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

# Americans Regain Pop Throne!

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

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

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

## Wide Open

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

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

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

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

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

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

cash registers while they last.

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

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

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

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

## Broken Rules

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

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

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

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

## Anything Goes

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

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



READ Photo: Robert Cooper



READ Photo: Chuck Boyd



READ Photo: Chuck Boyd



READ Photo: Chuck Boyd



READ Photo: Chuck Boyd

... GOOD TIME SPOONFUL

... STRINGS OF RIVERS

... HIP MAMA'S & PAPA'S

... MICKEY MOUSE OF ROE

... MUSICIAN HELPED MONKEES



# PICTURES in the NEWS



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



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



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



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



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

## TEEN PANEL

# Unidentified Flying Objects: Yes Or No?

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

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

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

★ ★ ★

**P.L. (18)**—"It would be easier for me to believe this if it weren't for the type of person who goes around saying there's life on other planets. Most of these people are nerds. I hate to be classed with them."

### Not Probable

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

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

How could that many people be crazy?"

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

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

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

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

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

### Friendly

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

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

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

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

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

### Space Pilot

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

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

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

### Like Religion

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

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

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



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

## Music Machine: Grim Or Grinning?

By Rochelle Reed

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Unfulfilled

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

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

**Red Edgar**, like Keith, was born in Minneapolis but a year later (1944). Ron sated out playing drums in the jazz band and spent several years studying percussion

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

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

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

### Unusual Life

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

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

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

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

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

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

By Louise Criscione

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

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

### Encore

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

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

During the press conference following the show, Lou was asked whether or not he was bothered by people laughing at the satire in his "Tobacco Road" monologue. "It doesn't bother me because people who accept it as a comedy skit really don't want to accept it as reality."

"They look at you like this," continued Lou, wrinkling his nose and appearing about nineteen, "then they pick up the papers in the morning and see it all over the front page. And they still ask me, 'Hey, man, is that true?'"

### "Dead"

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

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

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



BEAT Photo: Lou Rawls

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

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

### Not Talking

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

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

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

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



## DISCUSSION

By Eden

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

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

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

"I'm A Believer" is, first of all, a great song—thanks to composer, Neil Diamond—and the Monkees have a very good arrangement going for them, as well as some excellent A&R work (compliments of Dave Hassinger) aiding their efforts. Most surprising thing of all is that they have even managed to get a little bit of *soul* into the disc.

My only regret is that it wasn't recorded first by the Beatles, who could have really taken care of business, or perhaps even its author, Neil Diamond, who's in charge of the corporation in the first place!

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

## 'VIBRATIONS'

(Continued from Page 6)

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

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

## PART II

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

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

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

## PART III.



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# For Girls Only

by  
shirley  
paston

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

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

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

## Unfortunately

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

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

## Re-Help!

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

Speaking of the Beatles (which I hardly ever do) (not), I'm naturally a little embarrassed about the way I blithered in the last issue, but I did mean what I said, so I guess it's worth getting a little red around the gills when I think about it.

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

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

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

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

## Feel It

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

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

## "I Wonder"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Anygoot?

Anygoot (just kidding) (Oh, good kidding). It's a fun game. If I ever get up the nerve, I'll tell you some of the stuff I wrote down about Gageorge (as in gageorgeous). I'm sure you're just dying to hear them. So, no doubt, are the postal inspectors.

Since I have been warned to keep this column down to sensible (by all means) proportions, and I'm gable on for seven thousand pages, I'd better end this mess for now.

Yours for bigger and better heavy-duty jungle-wave nets!



... THE YOUNGBLOODS

## The Youngbloods—Hair, Hunger And Harmonicas

They call themselves the Youngbloods and they have out a ridiculously original song called "Grizzly Bear," but when you get to know them you can't imagine how they ever got together much less stayed together.

There's Jesse Colin Young, dark

haired and kind of off-hand handsome. The group collected around Jesse, but he says he is not their leader—they don't have one.

Jesse was a moderately successful folk singer and song writer, appearing in a Boston coffee house when a lean young man with a long mane of hair strolled in.

He was Jerry Corbitt and he gradually began backing Jesse on guitar and harmonica and even did a little singing with him.

"Jerry lives in a dream," says Jesse. "He always leaves his harmonicas on stage, and somebody always takes them and he always comes back and says, 'Hey, somebody took my harmonicas,' and he's always surprised."

The idea of the Youngbloods came nearer to reality when they met Joe Bauer, their polite and mysterious drummer.

"This little short-haired character from Memphis had just come to Boston looking for work," Jerry recalls. "He was hungry and we were hungry and that's how we got Joe."

But Joe was a jazz drummer, while the group was developing in a rock and roll direction with times of rhythm and blues. So Joe practically re-learned to play drums. "He sure learned good," says Jerry.

The group was completed with the addition of Banana (yes, Banana) who was originally a bluegrass banjo player but had lead his own rock group as guitarist and vocalist.

With the Youngbloods he took up another new instrument, the electric piano that has now become a major factor in the Youngblood's sound.

For six months the four worked and experimented together, then, with the aid and encouragement of their manager, Herbert S. Gart, and executives at RCA, they came forth with their first single, and started on that long, grueling road to success.

## How Well Do You Know The Field Of Popular Music??

Test your pop knowledge by seeing how many of these questions you can answer correctly. Then brag a lot.

1. Jim Valley, now a member of the Raiders, was formerly a member of which of the following groups? (a) Dan & The Goodtimes, (b) Don & The Goodtimes, (c) The Syndicate of Sound.
2. There's quite a substantial rumor going around that the "voice" that appears behind Donovan on "Mellow Yellow" is actually (a) Eric Burdon, (b) John Lennon, (c) Paul McCartney.
3. The composer of "If I Were A Carpenter" is using this song as the back-up side on his own record titled "Hang On To A Dream." His name is (a) Bob Lind, (b) Tim Hardin, (c) P.F. Sloan.
4. Keith, the singer with no last name is actually (a) Barry Keefee, (b) Keith Allison, (c) Barry Keith.
5. Which of the following groups is now back together again? (a) The Dovells, (b) Dion & The Belmonts (c) M.F.Q.
6. Which of the following groups just had their first number one single in England? (a) Beach Boys, (b) Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels, (c) The Four Tops.
7. What pop group warbles in Woody Allen's zany movie "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (a) Reverend's Raiders, (b) Lovin' Spoonful, (c) The Left Banke.
8. Which of these groups now has the number one record album in the country? (a) Beatles, (b) Rolling Stones, (c) Monkees.
9. Tony Hatch produces Petula Clark's records and also helps her write many of her numbers. What relation are Tony and Pet? (a) Husband and wife, (b) brother and sister, (c) none.
10. Which of the following pop stars has been drafted and leaves for UncleSam'sville soon? (a) Johnny Rivers, (b) Neil Diamond, (c) Gary Lewis.

## QUIZ ANSWERS

- 1-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 2-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 3-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 4-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 5-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 6-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 7-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 8-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 9-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)
- 10-b (Don & The Goodtimes are now the Hollywood and Sound)



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