Beatle Box Score: 14 Hits, One Error

Lennon: ‘Sorry About the Mess’

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

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

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

Losing Contact

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

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

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

“When I first heard of the uproar that the statement had created I didn’t want to come to America at all,” he said. “Then we decided we had better come and try to straighten the trouble out. I’m sorry about the mess it made.”

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

When asked if he was a Christian, Lennon replied that although he was brought up as one, he wasn’t a practicing Christian. “But I don’t have any un-Christian thoughts,” he quickly added.

True Test

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

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

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

(Turn to Page 21)

Home After Stormy Tour

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

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

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

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

We Love You—John AND God

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

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

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

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

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

It’s them,” shouted a 16-year-old girl in near hysteria. “We love you! We love you!” moaned a girl wedged next to her.

Finally they were climbing into their plane. They looked back momentarily, and were gone.

Time Heals Wounds; Stations Lift Ban

Time heals many wounds.

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

So now the Beatles are steadily regaining their stronghold.

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

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

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

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

Inside the BEAT

Those Soulful Beatles
Letters to the Editor
On the Beat
Readers Write More
News in Pictures
“Sunny” Bobby
The Songwriter’s Songwriters
A Big Bird & A Beatle
Sir Douglas and His Quills
For Girls Only
Tough Young Rascals
Psychedelic Music

Whatever Happened To The Beatles

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

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

Revolver—a brand new Beatles album, too-infrequently referred to as a second “Rubber Soul,” and definitely a musical creation of exceptional excellence.

Beatlemania is no longer the wild, uncontrolled, hysterical phenomenon it was in the early days of 1964. It has simmered down a little now as its greatest exponents—the Beatles—have grown up a little. There is less screaming now and more appreciation; much more observation and attention is in evidence at current Beatles concerts.

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

Enthusiasm

True, it isn’t really the enthusiasm which has died—only the hysteria. And yet, it is the enthusiasm, the interest, the attention—which seems to be suffering from anemia. Beatlemaniacs have become somewhat jaded—just a little bit blase—and now at times they take the Beatles more or less for granted.

This summer has seen the birth of a great new album from the Fabulous Four, and album which involved weeks and weeks of long rehearsal, extensive arrangement, and hours and hours of recording. It is an album of which the Beatles should be justifiably proud, and yet it is receiving only a fraction of the attention and recognition it deserves.

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

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

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

Taxmen

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

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

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

Love Song

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

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

Of course, there have been a large number of attempts made at analyzing “Yellow Submarine,” but as they are all highly hysterical and wholly inaccurate—they don’t really count!

And then of course there is “For No One”—still another contender for the Contemporary Classic Hall of Fame. A fantastically beautiful
Beatle Soul?

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

Finally, "Tomorrow Never
Knows" - a weird and polished
electronic creation from John Len-
non. Also, an unintended pro-
phesy, tomorrow really doesn't
ever know - if you don't believe
that, just take a look at today.

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

For Real

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

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

it's pretty discouraging.

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

Political

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

It is always sad to see the dimin-
ishing of healthy, sincere enthu-
siasm, but it must be. If it were to
continue, it would become only a
monotone of emotion and be ren-
dered eventually meaningless.

Impact

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

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

... THE MANY FACES OF MR. LENNON

... RINGO CAPTURED IN A PENSIVE MOOD

... PAUL - THAT'S ALL

... THE SMILE THAT FOLLOWS
Letters
TO THE EDITOR

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

Shut Mouths

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

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

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

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

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

Sue Abbot

Hurt By John

Dear BEAT:
You may not print this in your newspaper. It may be a little short but I believe it is important.

We read The Beat. Also, we all liked the Beatles before all of this happened to them.

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

How can anyone say that he or anyone is bigger than Jesus? Even if he doesn’t mean it, he shouldn’t have said it because it left a lot of people feeling bad about themselves.

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

Is Religious

Dear BEAT:
I am tired of people taking pot shots at the Beatles. There was nothing wrong with the album cover — we all have the same thing in

Magazine.

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

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

Remember, anyone has the right to voice his opinion about any thing. I’m still with the Beatles and so are my friends. Any station that bashes Beatle records is wrong and is only hurting themselves.

Larry Schweikart
Robbie Raffin

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

I don’t think it’s fair to condemn a whole group of people’s future just because of what one member said. I thought that the Beatles, Rolling Stones, etc., were well-known and respected. I don’t think they had any false fronts and spoke their minds often.

The people who are burning their LP’s or going on a binge some day. In the years to come, the Beatles will always be known and respected for their musical and acting talent.

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

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

Patrice Lockwood

Dear BEAT:
I hope you will print the following as an “open letter” to John Lennon. I will attempt to express my feelings for the banned album cover and John’s attack on Christianity. John, I have always respected you for the things you have accomplished and your fabulous career, even before George was my favorite.

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

But your attack on Christianity was where I got off, buddy. Mr. Lennon, I am ashamed to say that I once liked you. I’m sorry I ever bought into your line. If you think you’re so great, that your fans will always love you, you have another think coming. You, sir, are no better than anyone else. From what source did you get the idea that you were more popular than Jesus? If my guess is right, you got it out of your warped mind. If you think rock n roll will outlive Christianity, you’re nuts.

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

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

Marilyn Itturi

Want Out

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

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

Plenty of kids will probably get mad about this letter saying that only people who aren’t “true” Beatles fans will think this way. They’ll probably make some excuse for the Beatles’ behavior.

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

Naomi Hardin

Dear BEAT:
So, John Lennon thinks he is more popular than Jesus now, does he? If he wants to be crucified I know quite a few people who would do it gladly.

You stated that the Beatles were entitled religious freedom. I agree with this but on the other hand, I think John Lennon had no right to criticize it only because he doesn’t believe in Jesus. Okay, he just doesn’t have to show everyone that he thinks he’s greater.

This whole thing has turned the Beatles as pop artists and I shall always think this but I will not think George is the only one like Lennon as I have in the past.

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

Brenda McNally
On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

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

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

Tour Last?

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

However, the Beatles remain charmingly unpredictable so I wouldn’t worry too much if I were you. If the Beatles want to make another Stateside tour next year, they will. And if they want this to be their last, you can bet your “Revolver” it will be their last.

Anyway, enjoy them while they’re here and fret about next year later.

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

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

Hangin’ Around

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

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

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

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

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

No More Ha Ha

Jerry Samuels, or Napoleon XIV if you prefer, has admitted that after his follow-up album Napoleon Is Officially Dead. Says the recording engineer: “I will make records as a vocalist.” But Napoleon and taking people away ha ha is not “out” and will never happen again. Thank God!

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

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

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

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

Herb Alpert’s TJ Brass Smashing Office Records

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

The musicians just completed an 11-day tour with all dates sold out in advance and grossing more than $300,000.

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

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

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

Next, it was across the border into the O’Keefe Center in Toronto where a three-day stand grossed $46,999. The tour wound up at the Carter Barron Theatre in Washington, D.C., where the final $10,000 was taken.

The Move To Visit Vietnam

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

It’s true. The Move would like very much to be the first English pop group to tour Vietnam to perform for our troops stationed there.

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

Sam the Sham in Film Debut

Sam the Sham is going to be an actor!

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

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

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

Sam Katzinman will produce the film and was also the producer of “When The Boys Meet The Girls.” Things are on the up-swing for Sam in the record department too, with his “Lil Red Riding Hood” capturing the top spot on the nation’s charts. It’s been a long time since “Woody Bull” but apparently Sam has found his way back and now hopes to fight his way to the top of the movie business as well.

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

Yardbirds Lose Guitars And Amps—Vox To Rescue

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

The Yardbirds, while on their 40-city U.S. tour, found themselves in Spirit Lake with neither amplifiers nor guitars. Their Vox equipment had been held up somewhere along the shipping route due to the air strike.

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

And as if this weren’t enough, the Vox company assumed all expenses of the special air delivery.
Letters To The Editor

Beatles Sick Of Fame

Dear BEAT:

For the past three or four issues, I have been calmly reading and tolerating people's opinions of the Beatles. Now, I would like to give mine.

To make a long story short, it's about time these so-called Beatles "fans" stopped thinking of themselves and started thinking about the four boys. It's about time they told me they love so much. The Beatles are four wonderful human beings who have had their taste of fame and glory and are quite sick of it.

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

But, I must say, their fans-their true fans-have been wonderful. They know the Beatles and they love them. We do not feel sick of these adults who sit in their ancient caves and just wait for the poor Beatles to do one little thing wrong so they can bait them, insult them, and would you believe it? Even beat them up!

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

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

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

Pam Kelley

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The Beatles

Mann Gentlemanly?

Dear BEAT:

Horray for Gene Pitney and Gary Lewis! Boo for Len Barry and Beryl Grey... Boo for people who write song copy!... Len Barry, Four Tops, Nancy Sinatra Jr., etc. Horray for new gear style LP covers (Dylan and Beatles). Boo for the new, dreary Beatles cover—uglar... Horray for The BEAT recognizing Gene Pitney's genius, and for Jackie McKenzie getting into R&R... Horray for "Double Shot (Of My Baby Love)"... "Gloria," "Satisfaction"... and all realistic songs.

Horray for all jazz and all their songs! We're only versions of "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" banned? The Liverpool S's version was played in Florida. Why was "With God On Our Side" banned? I don't know what a flamingo is, except a colorful tropical bird... As far as I'm concerned... how come and... it is a "gentlemanly... civilized song. I only wish most guys made a similar speech to girls, instead of being so aggressive!

Dorothy Boswell

Yellow Thingy

Dear BEAT:

I subscribe to The BEAT and love it the best of all the mags and newspapers in the world. I have but one small complaint. On the front of each BEAT there is a little yellow-finshed thingy that has my name and address on it, well... It just ruins those luscious, gorgeous pictures! Couldn't you put them somewhere else? At the top? On the bottom? In the corner? Or on the back? But not on the picture, please! I've tried to scrape off the ink but it won't budge. It's like a piece of gum when I did so. All I can say is please. Think about it!

Pat Bailey

MOM DEFENDS JOHN

Dear BEAT:

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

If there is anything worse than a teenage Beatlemaniac, it is an old one! We saw the movie many times so as not to miss one gesture the following Chrismasses. I really have been overlooked before.

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

People have tried to explain and reason out Beatlemania; there's no use trying, it is reality. But one you don't wish to recover from. Unlike popularity fades which come and go, they only served to curve their way deeper into our hearts as their fantastic, fabulous careers progressed. They didn't force their way in, we couldn't get enough.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I would challenge anyone to live through what they have and not turn sully and submire. I never particularly cared into what sort of things our artistic people, and if ever there were four geniuses it is the Beatles, maybe Paul and John a little more so because of the writing and composing. Yes, they are anyone, they wouldn't want to. But they have had to endure more criticism and bad publicity and if one slip was made off that pedestal—POW! I wish it was possible to go back to them. I'd like to know how this fan, for one, really feels. I think they do care.

Some of the letters in this week's BEAT expressed some good thoughts, the phony fans have now been heard from and I am glad to be able to let myself among the true.

So, true, they haven't stopped to remember what the Beatles have given us. Wonderful moments for over two years, in movies and in music. Has there been any one who's not experienced when we heard: "And now, here they are—the Beatles!" Not in my memory, there hasn't.

What have we given them? Money! Ha!

In conclusion, I wish to express the hope that this current trend of putting them down at the slightest provocation will die out. Let us learn from them. And maybe we can yet salvage those four unbelievable guys who got all this started.

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

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

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

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

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

Gary Lewis
smilingly receives congratulations from Mama and Papa Lewis backstage in Kansas City, Mo., where he recently broke attendance records in that city as he made his legitimate stage debut in "Bye, Bye Birdie." Gary won raves for his portrayal of famous Birdie.
Bobby Hebb: 'The Beatles
Are An Oak Tree-Mighty'

By Carol Deck

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

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

"What's more important is the show, not the act," says Bobby
when reminded that although it's
somewhat of an honor to be asked
to join the tour, it rarely does an
artist much good because Beatles
fans come to see Beatles and don't
really pay much attention to who-
ever else is on the bill.

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

Anyone appearing on the Beatle
Tour is bound to be asked repeat-
edly about the Beatles and John
Lennon's recent comments on
religion and Bobby Hebb takes
these questions all in stride.

First Reaction

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

But if pressed a little he will re-
veal his true feelings.

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

First Cast

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

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

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

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

Important Pause

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

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

"Trying to put into words his feel-
ings about appearing with the
Beatles he gets a little stamped,
but he thinks he's finally found a
way of expressing it."

Flowing

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

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

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

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

And he will.

Last Beatle Tour Believes Montez

By Rochelle Reed

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

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

Chris is an extremely talented
writer, and to prove it he com-
pined "Cinco de Mayo" for the
Titjuna Brass, which they record-
ed on their "Going Places" album.

Herb Alpert returned the musical
favor by arranging Chris' million
sellers, "Call Me."

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

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

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

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

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

"Ringo, Paul and I were sitting
around talking about boots, which
had just begun to come into
fashion. Ringo asked, "How do
you look in them?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Personally, Chris doesn't feel he
has been hurt by performing with-
out curly locks falling around his
shoulders. "My audience is usu-
ally half teens and half adults," he
says. "That couldn't be better for
Chris. Someday, you see, he wants
to be a dramatic actor and appeal
in a much wider audience."

But until a movie studio calls him,
he's content to sing "Call Me."
Holland & Dozier: Motown's Money

By Carol Deck

The Supremes strode into the crowded club where the Temptations were playing and instantly everyone in the room knew they were there.

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

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

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

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

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

25 Million

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

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

Lamont, born and raised in Detroit, used to sing with another record company. He continued singing after joining Motown but "that didn't work out too well," he says. "So I decided to hang my singing up for a while."

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

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

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

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

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

Long String

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

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

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

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

But Motown doesn't stand still and now Holland-Dover-Holland are off in a new direction - movies.

The move into movie production means a need for movie scores and a whole new field for this top writing-producing team.

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

They feel Smokey Robinson of the Miracles is one of the top writers in the world, and their own is "to be continued."

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

WALKER BROTHER SUICIDE ATTEMPT?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allegedly, the Walkers were also quoted as saying they were going to apply for British citizenship and give up their American citizenship. However, John Walker informed The Beat that none of the Brothers were about to give up their U.S. citizenship although all of them are quite content living in England.
Sonny & Cher Finished; Off For European Visit

By Carol Deck

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

After having people knocking on the door at 4 and 5 a.m., trying to steal things and even siphoning gas out of their cars, Sonny and Cher have just about given up finding privacy there, particularly after a national magazine printed the address.

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

DYLAN FAKE?

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

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

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

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

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

MAMA CASS — A large bird who met a Beatle.

Cass Meets John

By Jamie McCluskey III

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

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

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

That was the first night.

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

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

So, that night I had a date with Graham Nash of the Hollies, and we went to Dolly's. When I got home, I was very tired because of the whole thing about being in England excited me so much that I hadn't really slept since I'd been there, so I went to sleep.

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

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

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

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

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

... SONNY — Completed score.

... CHER — Forced to move.

... MAMA CASS — A large bird who met a Beatle.

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Sir Douglas: ‘Adults Resent Groups’

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

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

At last, The BEAT has found an American pop star willing to do more than just sit on his dime.

By Doug Sahm

In an exclusive BEAT interview, Doug Sahm, leader of the hit-making Sir Douglas Quintet (“She’s About A Mover” and “Rain, Rain, Rain”) commented, “It’s not the kids who treat pop performers badly.”

“Young people are great everywhere—they like you no matter what you look like. They dig the music, whether it comes from Mick Jagger or James Brown or Fred Grind. It’s all right, they dig it.

Adults Uplift

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

“Many of the criticisms from English groups are true. Hotels do discriminate, against some performers. Not just British artists, but Americans too. I can’t believe they tell you how many places have turned us away because of our appearance.

“And I’m ashamed to say the situation is particularly bad in Texas—our home state.

“Adults are just not hip to new styles. In many places, we can’t even walk down the streets without being stopped by a policeman. Any group will tell you this. I was almost beat up and almost in jail in San Antonio. Where I was born, to cash a check and the teller was convinced that I was trying to hold him up! How could I have money and wear clothes like that? I was asking.

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

“Finally, it got so bad that I cut my hair. We just like to look like this. We enjoy it because it represents us to sort of an artistic rebellion in a renaissance. The artists of the 14th Century and so on had long hair and were great artists and greatly appreciated by the public. In fact, everyone in the world at one time wore long hair. It wasn’t until recently that it was cut off for, I think, military reasons, but I’m not sure.

Fun Hair

Doug referred to recent remarks about hair by his friend Jim McGinn, who said: "Our (The Byrds) long hair is more fun than anything. We just like to look like this. We enjoy it because it represents us to sort of an artistic rebellion in a renaissance. The artists of the 14th Century and so on had long hair and were great artists and greatly appreciated by the public."

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

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

"Most of the adults in Britain have recognized the fact that their children are people in their own right, not just carbon copies of themselves. And they discipline their kids.

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

Resentment

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

“They can’t do anything to their children—they’re too busy griping about how much easier the kids have it today.

“They take it out on music groups: in hotels, restaurants, airports, any public place anywhere.

“They’re completely unhappily. They think it’s all right for them to dress in a way we don’t like—baggies, Berlindas, white loom and long black socks; but we can’t dress in a way they don’t like. Doesn’t sound much like freedom in the home of freedom. Does anyone ever read the Constitution these days? I mean really read it?

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

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

“Then maybe adults could concentrate on some real problems.”

---

Boarding the last train to Charlestonville as soon as they find out where Chas. has 24-7, he was thinking. Mama Michelle being back with Pada John and what it all means to J.J. He had to go to look into this. He had the intro to “I Can’t Help Myself” and changed the words and the title but bore the same and got a hit... Motown thinking Jewish... Bobby Hep flipping out over “Got To Get You Into My Life”... Felix’s pants... Tommy Roe hiding down in the boondocks...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT lonely Eleanor... What makes the Temptations think beauty is only skin deep... Whether mother’s little helper will aid or hinder the fortune teller... Who are the happenings used to be... The one in a million... The day being turned down... God only knowing and the Beach Boys not telling... How fantastic Bobby is... The song work to the tune of the green stuff... The monk wanting to know who dun it... Smitty wearing the plaid... Sonny and Cher actually leaving while the rest of ‘em are trying desperately to get in... The Mindbenders turning to ashes... Who Mrs. Applebee is... Banishing Napoleon and re-instituting Louis... Having a lonelier summer than the Shades thought they would after being so happy...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Outsiders being respectable... What’s happened to Herman... The way Buddy can’t see without his glasses... Marianne trying to comeback and wondering if she’ll make it... Tommy saying what I am... Mick and Chrissie shopping at Devo’s and cruising in a limousine while fans thought the guys had split town... Dubs of kazooz and what Dave thought of that idea... Lou getting sore because neither his picture nor his musicians’ pictures were chosen... How sweet it is... Not casting the first stone unless... Getting seasick with the Yards... J. J. and J. and Northern stock going down... Eric’s burden.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT sunny afternoons, promotion men and which group out of the thousands are really going to make it... Kim Fowley’s “Trip” and how in the world they’ll ever get to play in the States... The Spoonfull in the Village... Gary’s symphony... The audience farce at Forrest Hills and how fed up the people at NBC were with the M’s and P’s... The Who thinking the kids are okay... How they laughed when people tried to sell them on the idea of a TV show centered around a rock group and how they’re now crying buckets because the Monkees are gonna make millions... Ethnic psychedelic Afro-Cuban folk rock and Mexican chicauqua dogs...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what’s gotten into Suzy Creamcheese and the Mothers... How they never dreamed they’d all stand on a variety show... A boy who went out of a Monkee... Boo Goo Loo Baby and T.J. and his P.S. 13 Blues Band and wondering if they’re kidding, or serious, or downright out of their minds.
Top 40 Requests

1. FORTUNE TELLER - The Rolling Stones
2. YELLOW SUBMARINE - The Beatles
3. CHERISH - The Association
4. ELEANOR Rigby - The Beatles
5. GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE - The Beatles
6. HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE - The Beatles
7. SUNNY - Bobby Hebb
8. SOMETIMES GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE - The Standells
9. SUNSHINE SUPERMAN - Donovan
10. THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY HAH! - Napoleon XIV
11. SWEET PEAS - Tommy Roe
12. RED RUBBER BALL - The Cyrkle
13. YOU CAN'T HURT LOVE - The Supremes
14. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD - Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs
15. JUST LIKE A WOMAN - Bob Dylan
16. BLACK IS BLACK - Los Bravos
17. SUNNY AFTERNOON - The Kinks
18. GOD ONLY KNOWS - The Beach Boys
19. SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER - The Happenings
20. SUMMER TIME - The Surfari
21. SEVEN & SEVEN IS - Love
22. SOMEWHERE MY LOVE - Manfred Mann
23. GUANTANAMERA - The Sandpipers
24. TURN DOWN DAY - The Dave Clark Five
25. OVER, UNDER, SIDEWAYS, DOWN - The Yardbirds
26. I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE - Petula Clark
27. THE WORK SONG - Herb Albert
28. LAND OF 1,000 DANCES - Wilson Pickett
29. DANGLING CONVERSATION - Simi & Garfunkle
30. STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT - Frank Sinatra
31. MAKE ME BELONG TO YOU - Barbara Lewis
32. LADY JANE/MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER - The Rolling Stones
33. BLOWING IN THE WIND - Stevie Wonder
34. HANKY PANKY - Tommy James & The Shondells
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Inside KRLA

By Edan

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

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

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

I asked Sven (his Norse-name) what he considered to be his most important function as one of the friendly, prancing Norsemen at Valhalla. He thought about that, for about half an hour, and then explained that he felt a great obligation to the customers of Valhalla, a deep responsibility for their well-being.

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

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

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

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

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

Johnny is very excited right now about his vacation coming up this Fall. “Cause I'll be traveling back to his home—Macon, Georgia—to visit his folks. And from what he tells me, Macon is nothing but fabulous at that time of year. Autumn leaves and the whole scene, so immediately demanded a written promise that he would at least bring some leaves back to me! Ah for the life of a DJ!!

STUART WHITMAN
JANET LEIGH

This is Mrs. Rojack.
Be glad
you're not
Mr. Rojack.

FUNTEEN MOVES AHEAD TO 1967

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

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

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

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

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

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

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BEAT SHOWCASE

spotlighting new talent on the pop scene

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

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

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

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

By Louise Crescione

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

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

Doubtful

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

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

Along about this time the Monkees traveled to the Stone camping grounds—the RCA studios in Hollywood—to record a single. They practically drove engineer, Dave Hassinger, (also from the Stone camp) out of his mind. They'd never recorded together before. In fact, except for Davy Jones it appeared that none of them had ever even cut a record! But no one was too sure about that fact so we'll just let it ride.

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

Fooled Again

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

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

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

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

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

Most Popular

Davy tried the pop business several months ago, making the break from Broadway to Hollywood without much of a hit record but with mountains of determination. The rather short Davy will no doubt be the most popular Monkee. Because of his accent, his shiny hair, his blue eyes. Who knows?

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

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

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

Ex-Folk

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

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

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

...Davy Jones—Most Popular Monkee?

'PRIVILEGE' TAKING ADVANTAGE OF JOHN?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...THE MONKEES (1 to r) Davy Jones, Micky Dolenz, Peter Tork and Mike Nesmith.
The Rascals:

Experience in himself.

FELIX CAVALIERE

By Lisa Stewart

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

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

Self-Contained

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

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

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

The Rascals are a visually fascinating group and one of the reasons for this is the dancing and on-stage antics of vocalist and number one tambourine man, Edward Frankilin Joseph Cavaleri, Jr. According to Felix, it’s Ed as he is at home in jeans and a sweatshirt on a motorcycle or shooting the breeze with the guys he grew up with, as he is holding his own conversationally etc., with the top echelon of show business. His is a frenetic and exuberant personality, which makes him a person known and well remembered wherever he goes.

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

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

On Top

In fact, where Eddie Brigati is concerned is there one thing you can be absolutely sure of and that is they will be on Top. The Rascals are on top in ten or fifteen years, he will be.

Next on the list is Felix Cavaleri, singer, composer and organ- iser. Felix is as he is known to his friends (the amount of which are virtually uncountable), is simply the man who will be the King. Rule.

He is one of those rare people who always find time to be nice to everyone—whether they be old friends or complete strangers. It is not unusual to hear a casual acquaintance describe him as a close friend because that is the impression he gives. It is not an act or an acquired mannerism but a gift.

The BEAT

I suppose I'd better make it clear that I'm not saying we should all agree with John's viewpoints. If I don't, someone will probably stick me in a cell and hang all the past chapters of Robin Boyd.

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

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

Shook Up

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

He said it and I don't agree with what he said and I love him and three other people I could mention (and have been known to every five minutes or less) at this moment, that love is about the only thing in this world that seems to make any sense of sense.

Included

The Lively Set, regulars on KPLV's Kraft Summer Music Hall, have been set for four weeks at the Caesare Theatre at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas beginning October 1.

They've also been signed for an additional month at the Caesare beginning December 25. However, the group's first single is due not to be released until late August, which means that the Lively Set may be appearing exceptionally well for a group without a re-recording in the cards.

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

I don't know how we can help them, except to start loving them twice as hard and twice as loud. Maybe that will make the banners and burners realize that nothing can take away what the Beatles have given us, or make us give it up to them.
An accomplished musician, he entered college to become a doctor but left when he found he could cure illness and give life to people another way—through his music and he does just that. There are few organists who can copy his intense and unique style of playing. When he performs, he is lost in a world composed entirely of sounds. In those moments, nothing else exists.

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

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

World Outside

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

Composer, singer, musician, producer, author, etc., etc., etc. The only non-singing member of the group is drummer Dino Danelli and there are multitudes of people who will swear that he is the greatest drummer in the United States.

If you have ever seen or listened to him, you will know why.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dino may not say much but he knows a lot.

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

Dylanessque

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

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

Outwardly, he is somewhat of a comedian who is always there with the quick ad-lib, the funny line. But inside the smile there is a very serious side and an intelligent mind that is always filled with ideas on improvement both musically and promotionally.

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

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

Non-Italian

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

Now you know the Rascals, both individually and as a group and this is only the beginning. There is a secret to success and the Rascals have discovered it and we, the listening public, should be very glad that we have discovered them.
Woe Is Me! . . . The Major Is Stalked By Many Troubles

By Mike Tuck

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

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

But he's learned to live with it, and as much as can be expected — to avoid some of it. For one thing, he stays away from Mississippi.

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

A Real Band?

"We tell him we're a band and we're going to Jackson for a show. He says, 'You're a band? Let me hear you strum out a little tune.'"

"We had to set up every piece of equipment right there on that high-way and play him a song," the Major lamented. The real trouble, however, didn't come until the scheduled show in Jackson. After a backwoods audience made a futile attempt at humor by introducing Major as Sergeant Bilko, fireworks began to explode.

"I finished my act and start to walk off stage when these two policemen grab me," he said. "I don't know what's going on and then this woman that looks like she's been hit with a truck comes running up and points her finger at me."

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

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

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

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

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

A few years ago Major was a high ranking lightweight, having won 43 of 46 professional fights with the last 19 victories coming by knockouts. Then his rainfall of troubles burst. He was suspended from boxing for life.

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

"We had a party planned for after the fight and I had two girls and two ringside seats. And there I was up in the ring before the fight, prancing around, and every once in a while I'd just do a dance and wink at those girls."

Wham

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

"My eye was all swollen and I could barely see," he continued. "I was getting mad. He wasn't supposed to be going that hard. About that time I look down at ringside and those two girls are laughing. They go off and told me to try taking my gloves off. I couldn't get them off so I threw that guy up against the ropes and hit him. I was so mad I could probably have shot him if I had a gun."

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

His party had been cancelled and neither he nor his buddies were allowed on the arena — with the other fighters.

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

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

Top Major

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

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

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

"I could tell he wasn't really interested because he tried to put me off. I had to try over OKEY Records," he said. "He told me OKEY was just hungry for young talent."

"I never even saw them and they signed me. Right after that I had a big hit with 'The Monkey.' Now every time I see that fellow from Wonderful laugh at him."

We had dwelt with Major's troubles for so long it was time for him to tell us about the final bit of his coffee and politely excused himself. Someone at the table he just left told him "to stay out of trouble" as he was walking away. Major Lance stopped slowly and glanced back, a painted expression covering his face.

Teens Speak

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

Participating are Mike — 18, Linda — 16, Kris — 17, and Barry — 19. They volunteered to begin the discussion.

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

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

Linda — "I'd rather not say. If it's for the privacy of no one knowing who we are, I couldn't be from any number of places. It could be anywhere from where I'm from or my folks might pick up a copy of THE BEAT and put two and two together. This way I can say I have to 'get away from home to have to going through hell at home.'"

Kris — "Are your folks racially prejudiced?"

Ku Klux Klan

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

Linda — "Are you saying that you would consider such a thing?"

Kris — "Not exactly. I'm still thinking about a lot of things, and I'm not really making up my mind as to how I feel about that."

Linda — "I should say — has acted toward Negroes. I'm embarrassed to be from the South, and I wish I didn't feel that way."

Barry — "I've never had the chance to talk about racial equality with anyone from your area. It makes me wonder about the whole of the South in the area of prejudiced toward Negroes?"

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

Barry — "How about young people? Do they feel the same as you about the South?"

Linda — "Not nearly so much. When the school I went to was desegregated, hardly anyone protested. Most everyone was pretty cool about the whole thing. But some parents and other adults really got ridiculous. They stood out in front of the school and yelled at the Negro kids. It was awful. The whole school was ashamed of them. Maybe it helped though. A lot of the kids didn't really believe in integration, but this stupidity probably made some of them realize that it was for the best. When good, responsible people stick up for a cause, it makes the cause seem worthwhile."

Linda — "I don't think blacks are putting out any effort to support something, it makes you wonder about the thing they're fighting for or against. I know I was embarrassed to find the world in general when I heard those people screaming dirty words."

Barry — "Did your parents make any attempt to protest the de-segregation of your school?"

Linda — "They went to a few meetings. The Klansmen were there, of course, but when they saw that the meetings weren't going to do any good, they made them stop."

Kris — "Are your folks racially prejudiced?"

Ku Klux Klan

Linda — "I agree with that in a way. Well, I agree with the last part. But nothing seems to be happening. According to the Ku Klux Klan, Negroes in the South with the same race in other parts of the world are here some from where we wouldn't dare riot. They take a big chance just by participating in a non-violent march. But with the understanding that it's much more progress than the rioters in the rest of the country. I don't mean that rioting is okay. It isn't. But if they can get away with it that way, I don't think anyone has found it."

More Harm

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

Kris — "That may be for the best, too. If the wrong person were "in charge", the whole thing would end up with a real war. That wouldn't solve anything. I'm all for the cause of equality myself, and for anything that's at least a step in the right direction. Even the rioting has had some good effects. It's at least brought the country to see what's what."

Linda — "My point may be true, but it also made the rest of the world aware of the same things. There are two major powers in the world today — Democracy and Commu..."
Out on Problems Of U.S. Negro

mam. I think it's a pretty risky time for America to be trying to live in it's own internal hassles. We're as much as saying that Democracy doesn't work. This country is founded on the constitution and on the fact that everyone has the rights it contains. How can we expect other countries to live in our society of course it can't live up to that constitution? America is getting to be the most hated country in the world, and I understand why. I used to think it was because of our higher economic levels and that by the way it's not that. But we worked hard for those things, and if other countries would do the same, they'd have them too. I don't think this is why America is so unpopular. It's because we say one thing and do another. We've been so busy working for material things, we've never taken time out to make our principles work. Each side is at fault. The Communists are only trying to take over the world without firing a shot. The problem is, how do you stop one thing and start another. I mean, how can you change millions of people?

"You Can't!"

Barry: "You can't. Each person has to do his own changing.

That's why even a full-scale war wouldn't do. They have to stop having to revolt as individuals. White people who want to end prejudice have to eliminate it from their own personal worlds. Negroes who want a better life have to make one for themselves. Not as a race, as individuals. And when whites and enough Negroes do this, prejudice will disappear in time. Not entirely, but it will be possible to see the time when they can back up and move away from it.

"Watch Her"

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

"Go"
As soon as she regained consciousness, Robin battled her way out of the grip of Squeamish Wipers, which had broken her fall (not to mention her sacroiliac) and let’s not forget (because I can’t spell it) when she fainted.

“Do you mean to tell me that this is the tea pot?” she hissed hysterically.

“I do,” chortled George of Genie Fame as John and Paul of Same and Ringo of the Angel stared on in open fascination. (After the Sonny and Cher birdage incident, they would never again wonder what the Genie of Genie in Robin [Rene Boyd] (Don’t tell her that, however, or she’ll start flouting around kidning people in the snicker about “a” bit.

Ground Teeth

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

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

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

“Crinkles!"

George half frowned at this sudden change of heart, but he decided to save the other half for later. “Crinkles!” he yelped, looking at his watch. “So bad we?”

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

All through her ordeal, she paused occasionally to think of the special assignment” that had caused John, Paul and Ringo to pay her generous (and much-deserved) whoops—genie this visit. But it wasn’t until she sank exhaustively into George’s “lawn” (she was going to have to remember to buy him a goat for Christmas) that she gave the matter her full attention.

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

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

Where, When

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

Suddenly her mind registered something George had said once. Something like “verbal orders don’t go.” She then paused to snarl a lot, remembering also that he’d added “especially when you’re giving them.”

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

Now only the crafty (and alleged) inhabitants of four oaks who had lured her into the one place they knew she couldn’t get out of, was missing the good part of all time!

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

They thought she had trapped in her foot that am-nay tea pot, did they? Well, in their hurry to get out of the way, they’d forgotten something.

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

"LSD" Not For Sale

In Most Record Shops

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

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

“It’s not been a beds of roses—we didn’t expect an easy sale,” the national popular albums sales manager for Capitol said in the article.

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

Some record buyers for major stores, such as Sears, have refused to stock the LP because of their image as family stores. “LSD” has been enjoying its biggest sales in college towns, and the album’s top sales are in the San Francisco area, locale of Berkeley, San Francisco State and Stanford. But oddly enough, one of the few areas in the nation where stations have banned the album was San Francisco.

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

Capitol has kept it cool, however. The company is counteracting the poor dealer reaction to the LP by sending the dealers reprints of an advertisement run in the New York Times explaining the new “LSD” documentary album. The LP is expected to be a success success.

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

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

At first, I thought my eyes were deceiving me. It had to be a case of quadruple exposure or at least a severe attack of agnosia. But it wasn't that simple. The four identical looking gentlemen who just filed through the door were neither visual marages nor imagination figments. I had come to the interview prepared for the Robbs—a three brothers and a cousin whom I suspected would be at least a slight similarity in appearance.

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

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

The Robbs are a family of singers. They sing, they insist, “for the fun of it,” and because they like each other’s company. But something how the old idiom of “birds of the feather . . .” seems to fit their close knit group.

The Robbs’ carefree attitude and tight personality intertwine probably accounts for the success of their last two records and their large fan following on the “Where The Action Is” TV show.

They also account for their perseverance of singing even after a pathetically comical debut.

The Robb’s first public appearance came—you guessed it—in a Miami pool as the group played and sang on the back of a huge flat bed truck.

“We were riding along just fine,” recalled Joe Robb, “when the driver of the truck ‘accidently’ pulled the lever that causes the bed to empty its load.”

“All of our equipment and all of us spilled down to the ground. We even had a piano that fell down on our drummer. By the way, he’s not with the group any more.”

The Robb’s sense of humor is something else. And if I hadn’t been forewarned that this camarade actually occurred, it would have seemed normal to me in with some of their other spoogings.

But this wasn’t their only ear misfortune. It was just a fitting beginning.

On our next appearance,” continued Craig, “we were commissioned to play in front of a jewelry store. The chamber of commerce hired us.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I don’t think singers have the right to assume the position of authorities on any subject except music,” Dee said bluntly.

“They should stick strictly to music and not try to be political religious advisors.”

“After all, President Johnson doesn’t play the guitar.”

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

“When the Robbs sing a song it means something to themselves—even though it isn’t particularly him carrying a message across to the listener.”

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

“A song is like a painting—it is an individual thing—and should mean different things to different people.”

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

The Beatles . . .

(Cont. from Page 1)

By Louise Critione

Nowadays Clancy can’t even sing but the Buffalo Springfield have made it. And that’s amazing in itself. Not because “Clancy” isn’t a great record—it is. But because the Buffalo are even the Buffalo. And if you think that’s mind-blowing, you haven’t heard anything yet.

The way the Buffalo came up with their style is much more unbelievable than the group. The story goes something like this—I think, they decided to form a group in the spring of ’64. But they were too poor to afford rehearsal space, so they practiced at the edge of the road. And while they were practicing one day, a steamroller rolled past. The signs on the side of the roller eventually ended up on the walls of a Hollywood home. The signs read (just guess what)? “Buffalo Springfield.” And that’s how the Buffalo Springfield became the Buffalo Springfield.

Mind Blower

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

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

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

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

What musical star of magnetic proportions inspired Steve to enter the music business? Would you believe a respiratory infection? “I used to get up in the morning,” declares Steve, “and yel very loud, once I got my voice working. Someone suggested I add pitch and tone.”

Thereupon, pitch, tone and the University of Florida were added to Steve’s répertoire. However, Steve discovered that he preferred music to Political Science. So, the University was chucked and New York was “in.”

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

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

Mynah Birds

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

The Buffalo Herding Clancy

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

New York was not ready to be tackled, at least, not by one Richie Furay. He did meet a “gruff-voiced, smiling kid named Steve since his New York seat later join-

the famous Au Go Go Singers and even managed to take a trip with the Singers to Texas—where they broke up.

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

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

Needless to say, Davey couldn’t live on the climate alone and the $30 went so fast that he traveled up to Seattle and had a bit single with Sir Walter Raleigh and the Coupans.

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

Bruce Palmer insists upon being the group mystery man. However, he definitely stands out in a crowd since he is always seen wearing Indian clothes and beaded moccasins. He plays his bas guitar with his hands to the audience and pusses to be extremely camera-shy. Some say Bruce is from Liverpool, Canada and is 19 and 3/12 years old. Bruce himself doesn’t say.

Dicky Davis is the non-playing member of the Buffalo. He escaped from the Eastern pre-school (Turn to Page 23)
Tune In, Turn On – Key To Real Understanding

"Psyche-WHO?" said one Sunset Strip teenager I captured in my relentless search for what might be called "what-in-the-beck-is-psychelic-music?"

Other teens, or course, were more explicit, even mastering the pronunciation, but "psyche-who" seemed a good place to start.

First, psychedelic is pronounced psyche-DEL-ic, and meaning-wise, boils down to mind-manifesting. Therefore, psychedelic music is mind-manifesting music. Simple, wasn't it?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes!" Says Group With Psych Sound

By Rochelle Reed

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

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

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

Back Up Group

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

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

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

Which is precisely what it did, according to Tony and Paris. That's the entire idea of their music. "Lyrics may be on top and weave in and out — words are an embellishment," Tony explains. "When on our space (The Happening), almost everything was improved."

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

Born at O

Paris Sheppard, flutist and vocalist, was "born at the age of zero," he explains brilliantly. After that Oscar winning performance, Paris began dancing as a child in shows, dressed in a white tuxedo and carrying a cane. In high school, Paris received the National Scholastic Press Association's scholarship award and had two of his paintings selected to tour the U.S. (finally coming to rest in the Carnegie Museum in Philadelphia. A former art director at Kaiser Aluminum in Chicago, Paris also taught academic and professional courses in fine arts at the Ray-Vogue School in Chicago.

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

Paris now sings, dances and plays a variety of instruments ranging from the reed flute to electric horn. And in his spare time, he designs sports wear.

Writes Naturally

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

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

Timothy Woods is the group's lead guitarist, and here he was "tired of hearing the same thing over and over." Timothy hails from San Francisco, where he was playing with a band until Tony and Paris persuaded him to join Fire and Ice, Ltd.

Writes For Four

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

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

From here on, it's anyone's guess as to who is in Fire and Ice. The prerequisites are that a member must be in tune with his leader and must be genuinely interested in playing and having fun. Then he must be willing to be a member of the avant garde for what just might be the next sweep of change to hit the musical world, and the advent of an entirely new type of music.
Psychedelic music suffers from the label "psychedelic," which is often used to connote the use of drugs. Many entertainers, therefore, shy away from the use of "psychedelic" to describe their music. However, others feel that "psychedelic," with all it's connotations and misinterpretations, is still the best wrap-up term for the free, expanding type of sound. Here's what they told The BEAT:

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

Gale Garnett (who resented summing up psychedelic in a few words) — "Psychedelic music will cover the face of the world and color the whole popular music scene. Absolutely happening is psychedelic."

Brian Wilson (who by the way, has an apparent love for words. He coined "psychedelic" in a conversation because it sounded great)

THE AIRPLANE TAKES OFF

By Carol Deck

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

You're alone and that's the whole thing special and you think to yourself, "Maybe this one will make it."

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

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

You remember the first time you heard of a group called the Jefferson Airplane. You thought they were coming up with weirder names every day, and the weirdness of all seems to be coming out of San Francisco, where this group's from.

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

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

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

They got a successful record out, played some impressive dates and a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle started a one man campaign to make them the country's biggest group.

But still they were only happening around the Bay Area, even though they did get some national publicity through one short quote in Time magazine, but few found it. But even then they weren't too happy about it.

Then you get a call saying they're recording again and wouldn't you like to come down and renew old acquaintances. You troop down again, wondering if they've changed.

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

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

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

SPRINGFIELD WIN CLANCY

(Continued from Page 2)

world and came to California where his lighting and stage managing at the Troubadour and then was the road manager for the Buck Homey Majority, Roger Miller and Barry McGuire. He made Steve's acquaintance when Steve moved next door and ruined Dickie's eardrums with the aid of a powerful amp. When the Buffalo formed, Dickie was sort of adopted. He couldn't hear anything else anyway.

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

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

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

AND THE BEAT?

Carol Deck — "It's not exactly the sort of thing you can whistle in the shower. I think it's dull but it's where all music is going. But I don't like it — yet."

Photographer Chuck Boyd — "I think it's where all music is going, mainly because some of the big groups I've talked to think so. But some of it I just don't dig at all, although Papa Denny — "There is such a thing as psychedelic music. Have you heard any?"

Kenny Forss, of Love — "No, psychedelic music is just like the stars and the moon. It is never the same; it goes in and out, but I don't think so."

Vocalist Joey Paige — "I like the idea and new concept of music. But I don't think it's all about Frankly, I'm very concerned because most musicians seem to use LSD. I personally don't want to take a trip. I'm happy with the world."

Terry Melcher, producer — "Psychedelic drugs are having an effect on music, but as for psychedelic music, it's just like saying music music music — expanding on music. It's very nebulous."

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

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

Rochelle Reed — "Psyche- what?"

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

BRIAN WILSON

CAROL

JOEY PAIGE

FRANK ZAPPA

JOHN BECK

MIKE

It Next?

Q: DO YOU THINK PSYCHEDELIC MUSIC WILL BE THE NEXT BIG INFLUENCE ON POP MUSIC?

OH! WHAT THEY SAID...

By Carol Deck

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

You're alone and that's the whole thing special and you think to yourself, "Maybe this one will make it."

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

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

You remember the first time you heard of a group called the Jefferson Airplane. You thought they were coming up with weirder names every day, and the weirdness of all seems to be coming out of San Francisco, where this group's from.

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

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

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

They got a successful record out, played some impressive dates and a reporter for the San Francisco Chronicle started a one man campaign to make them the country's biggest group.

But still they were only happening around the Bay Area, even though they did get some national publicity through one short quote in Time magazine, but few found it. But even then they weren't too happy about it.

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