

America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

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BEAT

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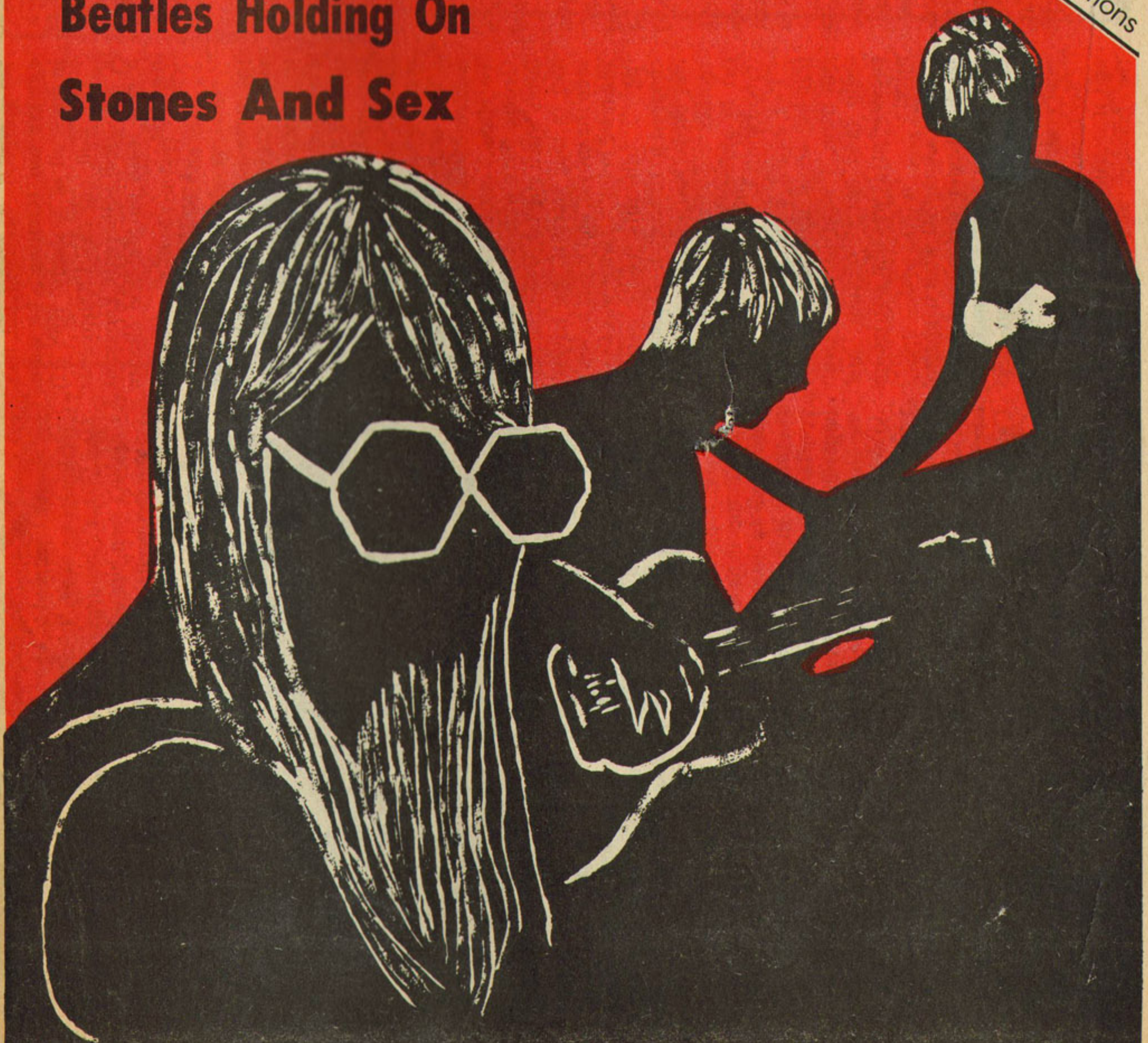
Conspiracy To 'Kill' Monkees

Is Baez The 'Phoanie?'

Beatles Holding On

Stones And Sex

War Between The Generations



Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

THE MONKEE REBUTTAL

Dear BEAT:

This letter is a rebuttal of the letter you got from some English (?) boys in the January 14 edition of *The BEAT*. They said they liked almost everything in the United States of America, except the Monkees and Vietnam. Good for them! That's their point of view.

Now, I'd like to share my point of view with them and others. First off, I like the Monkees not just because "Davy Jones is cute," but because I like their new, refreshing, fast-moving TV show. I also dig their great sound! The boys wrote in and said that "they neither write their own music nor play a lot of it," which has just a particle of truth in it. Mike Nesmith wrote two of the songs on their first album. As for not playing their own music, they used studio musicians for recordings but they can play the guitars and Micky is learning to play the drums.

By the way, there are some other groups who don't write their own songs like Peter and Gordon. And as for playing their own music, look at Sonny and Cher—they don't play their own but does that make them not good, hey fellows? The boys also said that the Monkees were not talented. Man! They must be nuts! Oh, sorry that's just my own opinion (and several others I might add.)

As for Viet Nam, I'm not qualified to speak on the subject, but I'm sure it's being handled with care by qualified people and sooner or later the right will come out and show its colors!

Valerie MacMillan

P.S. *The BEAT* rules!

HELP REPEAT BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

First of all I would like to say what a great newspaper you have. Secondly, is what I really want to say. I have just finished watching the show "Beatles At Shea Stadium" and it has done something to me. First to hear that the Beatles aren't going to make any more appearances came as a blow to me.

On that day a little of my world was dropped beneath me. I guess only a Beatle fan can even try to express this feeling. Shirley Poston put it beautifully but I feel I must add my bit. Tonight my little bit of world was restored. Sure I cried, just like millions of others did tonight. But I cried for a different reason, not because Paul was so handsome, not because Ringo was adorable, not because George was silent, not because John was so sexy, but because they were the Beatles—four fabulous guys together again, together doing what makes the world happy.

Don't get me wrong, I'm glad the Beatles are pursuing what makes them the most happy. Tonight my world was restored with a small bit of film. That's why I want to ask all the Beatles' fans, who the Beatles mean something to, to write to the sponsors of the program and urge them to repeat the show. You can write to ABC-TV in your area and ask them. You can write to Clairol Hair Dressing and plead with them to sponsor it again and what a great show it was.

And the big one is to write to the U.S.A. Beatles' Fan Club and the English Fan Club to have the Beatles appear one more time in the U.S. I'm sure if all of us here try our best with letters, petitions, etc., we can have the Beatles' show and a live concert. That would mean a lot to all the fans all over the U.S. So, please, please try.

Lynn Williams

SPOONFUL AND RAIDERS

Dear BEAT:

I am writing this letter for two reasons. The first is to congratulate you for such a groovy newspaper. *The BEAT* is most certainly bigger and better than ever! Shirley Poston is simply great! One of my favorite articles is entitled "In People Are Talking About." Not only is it funny, truthful and fabulous—it is also anonymous! I am sure that many people would like to know just WHO is doing the fine work, please. Speaking of fine work, keep it up!

Now I come to my second reason. I have noticed that although *The BEAT* prints many articles on many groups, you have not printed nearly anything on two of the best and most acclaimed groups around—the Lovin' Spoonful and Paul Revere and the Raiders. C'mon, now, it's not like you to ignore talent! These are groups who keep a stronghold of American music on the pop charts and are as great, if not greater, than many of the British singers. I hope you will listen to all of the Spoonful and Raider fans who are asking for a fair chance for their faves.

Laurie Shapiro

SUPREMES FORGOTTEN?

Dear BEAT:

I am writing this letter after long considering whether or not I would have enough courage to write it—so now here I go.

For a long time I have been a fan of the English groups and there has never been any doubt in my mind about who reigns in that category (the Beatles and Stones, of course.) But, I also have been a fan of our own American groups. But the one thing that never fails to upset me is how everyone (well, maybe not everyone) seems to overlook the Supremes.

In American music, comparatively the groups, there is no doubt about who has sold more records and albums—of course, the Supremes. Secondly, their past three singles have all reached number one in America, besides other countries. What other American group or any other group, really, can say this?

Whenever you, or any other magazine or newspaper, does mention them it is hardly ever in comparison or on equal status with the Monkees, Beach Boys, Mama's and Papa's, Lovin' Spoonful, Association, etc. So, I slowly began to think about this and it grew more in my mind until I had to say something about it. Please accept my thanks for taking time to read this and I sincerely hope you print it so maybe others will see the light as I did. Thank you.

Norman Myers

THANKS

Dear BEAT:

We would like to extend our thanks for the presentation you have given us in the *BEAT* Showcase. We would also like to thank all of our fans, through you, for being the toughest.

To all our fans—we hope to meet each and every one of you personally. We will be as you want us to be and do as you wish us to do. We are yours and we belong to you.

The Paperhangers

IS IT PAUL?

Dear BEAT:

I am writing this letter to inform you of the regrettable error which has been made on the Beatles' "Revolver" album. I am very surprised that it has not been called to your attention sooner.

The "Revolver" album states that the song "Here, There and Everywhere" was sung by Paul McCartney. Yet, if you listen carefully, it is unmistakably the voice of John Lennon. My friends and I are certain of this fact. Especially if you compare this song to "Girl," the similarity in voice would be extraordinary if these two songs were indeed sung by two different people.

I wish you would look into this matter. If I am wrong, I am very sorry and stand corrected.

Julian McIntyre

Paul sings "Here, There and Everywhere."

The Editor

NEIL DIAMOND—THAT ONE MAGICAL 'SOLITARY MAN'

Dear BEAT:

I can't say how really, truly overjoyed I was by the article you did in your January 14 issue—"Strictly In The Diamond Bag."

When I heard his first song ("Solitary Man"), I didn't really like it. Then came "Cherry, Cherry." That song really awakened me to his talent. He's fantastic!

How any person can be so very talented and yet not affected by all his fame and have such a wonderful view of life is hard for me to understand. Not to mention his fantastic looks!

He's concerned with what's going on around him. He's not a selfish, self-centered person. For instance, the effort he's put into his idea for a pop show in Russia. What other entertainer as great as he has tried to spread his good will?

Neil Diamond has, undoubtedly, had to leave some part of himself to the world before he passes on (dread the thought!) He is the type of person who will contribute something to the betterment of humanity. In my eyes, Neil Diamond will leave some type of effect on this group of teenagers. Why? Because we want him to. He's that certain, magical "Solitary Man."

If I had one goal in my life, it would be to meet Neil Diamond and be able to know what he thinks deep inside.

This will probably get filed away and forgotten but I just want to say that Louise's story was really an ideal inside picture of a great star and I envy her so much for being able to talk to him and with him.

Please, please have more stories like that in your future issues—it was fabulous. More on him, too!

Andrea Ruiz

P.S. I agree "there should be at least 10 more of him" but I'd rather like to meet the *real* one! He's really "Got To Me."

DAVY JONES SAYS TO FORGET THE RUMORS

Dear BEAT:

I am from Pittsburgh and I received a subscription to *BEAT* for Christmas from my girlfriend. I think the articles are great, especially "In" People and Robin Boyd. I read one article entitled "The British Eye View" in which some boys were cutting up the Monkees. To quote the letter, these boys said: "We've even heard that on one side of their album, they couldn't do it so they got another group to sing it."

I would like to know where they heard this because I have learned from a very factual magazine that they *do* sing all the songs on both sides of the album and I know also who sings what on both sides of the album in case those boys would be interested in knowing this.

To quote Davy Jones: "Forget those rumors that we don't work on our own records. I can assure you that we do and dig doing it—and we work hard."

These boys also said: "They're corny and imitative of the Beatles." Personally, I think that these boys are afraid that the Monkees are going to rule out the Beatles. Even though I like the Beatles, they are dropping out of sight and I am positive that after the Monkees finish their tour they will be number one in America.

Donne Michaelson

THE YOUNG RASCALS ARE REALLY LIVING

Dear BEAT:

In a recent "In" People Are Talking About column you have the nerve to ask the question "What happened to the Young Rascals?" What's wrong with you people anyway?

The Rascals aren't dead old men so why can't you print anything on them? I saw them twice in person and believe me they put on a better show than anyone else I've seen and that includes the Stones, Raiders, DC5, Hermits, etc.

Don't get me wrong, I love *BEAT*. You have terrific news on great groups like the Stones, Spoonful, Byrds, etc., but never on the Rascals. And then you have the nerve to ask what happened to them. I dare you to print this letter from an unsatisfied *BEAT* fan.

Faith Daley

Sorry you're unsatisfied, Faith, but we're great fans of the Rascals and we'd like nothing better than to see them get another national number one hit. We're well aware of the fact that the Rascals are not "dead old men." Eddie was up here a couple of days ago and there is no one more alive than he is! Anyway, maybe you'll be satisfied when you see the next issue of *BEAT*.

The Editor

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



The Beatles have won the lawsuit filed against them by United Press photographer, Joseph Bodnar. The photographer alleged that he was beaten by a guard employed by Globe Protection, Inc. during the Beatles' 1965 concert at the Hollywood Bowl and asked for \$10,000 in punitive damages from each of the defendants (which included Capitol Records and Globe Protection as well as the Beatles), plus \$1,000 each for compensatory damages.

However, Superior Judge Richard Wells awarded judgment in favor of the Beatles with no decision yet reached regarding Globe and Capitol Records.

Stone Controversy

As always, the Rolling Stones caused considerable controversy and chaos when they flew into New York for the "Ed Sullivan Show." The controversy, of course, surrounded the change in lyrics of "Let's Spend The Night Together" for the Sullivan stint as well as the fact that the majority of U.S. radio stations are refusing to play that side in favor of "Ruby Tuesday," which was originally the "B" side.

Part of the chaos occurred at Kennedy International when the Stones landed. The limousines taking them to their hotel were involved in a near-accident when one of the cars pulling off the runway almost collided with a moving jet. The rest of the chaos took place outside the CBS studios when the Stones arrived for the Sullivan rehearsals and fans assembled for a glimpse of the group broke into something of a riot—ending with Mick cutting his hand. None of the other Stones were injured but the melee was much too close for comfort.



... RINGO STARR

The debut of "The Monkees" on British television was met with the same uproar as greeted the show and the group when they aired on American television. People are lining up on both sides of the Atlantic either for or against the Monkees. And, of course, the ever-present knockers have finally given up the project of destroying the Beatles and are now happily engaged in attempting to "kill" the Monkees. Which is, in itself, something of a major accomplishment since these knockers only go for those in the "big time."

Jealousy High

Jealousy is at its peak with groups who have not made it busily crying in their beer—not to mention, dreaming up new ways of putting-down Micky, Mike, Peter and Davy. But Monkee fans are happy—rightly so, since everything with the name "Monkees" on it is selling like nothing since the Beatles arrived on U.S. soil.

Eric Burdon best typified the feeling of most mature people when he said: "They (The Monkees) make very good records and I can't understand how people get upset about them." Eric went on to add that he digs the Monkee discs "no matter how people scream" and ended with the sound advice to "just enjoy the records" and never mind the soul-searching behind the Monkees' success. Ditto for their TV show.

Keith Relf believes that the Yardbirds are stale to the British fans. However, Keith states that the Yardbirds are not alone in their predicament. "Unless you get to the level of the Beatles or Stones," said Keith, "you all become stale to the kids after a year or two."

Both Keith and Jimmy Page agree that musically it's all happening Stateside "with the Monkees at the commercial end of the product and at the other end the Mothers of Invention. And we are in the middle trying to bridge the gap."

QUICK ONES: Johnny Rivers has been chosen to sing the title for "Casino Royale" . . . Cher came down with the flu, causing a set-back in the duo's appearance on "Man From U.N.C.L.E." . . . The New Vaudeville Band is set to tape a "Hollywood Palace" on February 24 for an April 15 airing . . . Herb Alpert and the TJB were all set to play McCormick Place in Chicago but it burned down the night they arrived in town.



... KEITH RELF

Simon & Garfunkel In Philharmonic Opening

Simon and Garfunkel made their first major New York concert appearance when they played the Philharmonic Hall last Sunday. The duo launched to immediate fame when their "Sounds Of Silence," a commentary on lack of communication, became the country's chart-topper. Since then, a series of other hit singles and innumerable concerts throughout the U.S. advanced their career with accelerating momentum.

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel are hailed as leaders in a school of popular music which sees the pop lyric as a vehicle for intelligent statements concerning the world we live in. Their specific concerns are with problems peculiar to an increasingly complex society—loneliness, alienation, lack of communication. What has brought the duo serious critical attention as well as popularity is the uncluttered but highly poetic imagery of their lyrics and the quality of their understated vocal style.

Simon and Garfunkel have been singing together since they were thirteen but their professional efforts were in the coffee houses of Greenwich Village. Plans are now underway for a tour covering Australia, Hawaii, the Philippines and Japan.



... ART GARFUNKEL AND PAUL SIMON listen to session playback.

THE BLUES MAGOOS—FROM 'UNDER' TO PSYCHEDELIC

The Blues Magoos whose "Nothing Yet" is currently breaking out nationwide are set to take off on a unique promotion campaign. The group leaves on a chartered special executive airliner for a two to three week tour covering twenty major markets.

"The full impact of the Blues Magoos," says Alan Mink, Mercury National Product Manager, "is realized only when the visual quality of the group is demonstrated. It was for that reason that

Mercury and the group's management undertook the widespread tour exposure. We think that the Blues Magoos represent an entirely new concept in pop music. For that reason, they must be seen as well as heard in as many areas as possible."

The Blues Magoos are being billed as a "psychedelic rock group" but before their debut single, "Nothing Yet," they were known as an "underground" group in Greenwich Village.



... THE BLUES MAGOOS "must be seen as well as heard."

THE WHO STATESIDE IN APRIL

The Who are definitely coming Stateside on April 16. The British group who enjoyed smashing success with "My Generation" will play gigs in Detroit, New York and California.

Confirmed television dates for The Who include "Action," "Ed Sullivan," "Tonight," "Mike Douglas" and Clay Cole's New York show.

Pet Clark, Davis, Jr. Attendants

One of the wildest entertainment weddings of the new year took place in Las Vegas when French singer Charles Aznavour married Swedish ex-model Ulla Thorssell.

The bride wore a silver-threaded lace miniskirt and the already twice wed Aznavour announced that "this is her first and last marriage."

Petula Clark was matron of honor at the wedding and Sammy Davis Jr. took over the chores as best man.



"YOU!" Micky, Davy and Peter tell Mike while the crew looks on.



... REST COMES TO THE MONKEES wherever they can find it and they find it here in front of the cameras.

The Monkees Amid Controlled Confusion

By Louise Criscione

What is this, Knock The Monkees Year? Some sort of a giant conspiracy to destroy, devour and flush four people down the drain to wallow in the mud of thrummed-up controversy?

From the definitely-slanted and certainly-twisted press coming out from California to London on the Monkees, one is almost forced to conclude that *someone somewhere* is working at fever pitch to feed angles and author stories in such a way as to insure that Davy, Mike, Peter and Micky emerge smelling very much like four talentless puppets whose strings are pulled by some almighty studio power constantly hovering over them.

Chosen For

The first fact hungrily seized upon by the ever-expanding horde of Knockers was that Micky Dolenz, Mike Nesmith, Peter Tork and Davy Jones were hand-picked out of 437 applicants to be television's "Monkees." Big deal. You don't for one minute cling to the naive belief that Bill Cosby was the only man considered for "I Spy" or that David McCallum was the sole aspirant to the role of Illya Kuryakin, do you? Cosby was handpicked by Sheldon Leonard because he felt Cosby was the best man for the role of Alexander Scott.

And so were Mike, Peter, Davy and Micky chosen by Burt Schneider and Bob Rafelson to be the Monkees because they felt these four were best suited for the job.

Yet, that an ad was placed and that 437 young men turned up in answer to that ad has been the basis for slams, knocks and, in essence, made to appear as some sort of a completely bizarre method of casting a television show. If anything, that today's Monkees were chosen out of so many is nothing short of a major accomplishment proving that they were better than 434 others. Face it, the larger the field the harder to win.

Yet, that Davy, Micky, Mike and Peter came out winners has been met with nothing but ridicule! How strange this logic.

Nevertheless, whether applaud-

ed or jeered, "The Monkees" made it on the air and "The Last Train to Clarksville" began a ride which ended on top of the national charts with over one million passengers eagerly purchasing tickets for the accelerated Monkee ride.

Then all hell broke loose with the "news" that session musicians were used on the Monkees' first album. Stories were slanted to make an uninformed public believe that session musicians were a never-before-used commodity. Charges of "public deception" were hurled at the Monkees. Even national news magazines joined in the fun and those who had never been to a recording session and have absolutely no true conception of how a record is made were led to believe that the Monkees were the only group in the world who utilized the talents of others besides themselves to achieve the best sound on record.

When, in fact, session musicians have been, and are being used (in part or in whole) by practically every group or artist today.

You don't have to take anyone's word for it—just read the credits on some of your albums. You may be shattered to discover that a string quartet was used to back Paul McCartney on "Yesterday," that George Martin played piano on "In My Life" and that Organ Evans was the one playing organ on "You Won't See Me."

Stones Too

Perhaps you're a Rolling Stones' fan who is laboring under the misconception that only Stone talent is used on their albums. Just check some credits and you'll find that Gene Pitney played piano on "Little By Little" and that Phil Spector—not Mick Jagger—handled the maracas on that track.

Still not satisfied? Well, then how about the fact that Jack Nitzsche, Ian Stewart and J. W. Alexander were used on "Out of Our Heads?" And on down the list it goes. Why, then, have there been no headlines slashing into the Beatles and Stones for the use of other musicians on their records?

Understand, this is in no way an

attempt to knock the Beatles, the Stones or anyone else but merely proof that the use of other musicians while recording is a common occurrence. And what's so horrible about it anyway? The public is entitled to the best possible sound on a record and what real difference does it make whether you get that sound out of a session musician or out of an idiot beating a scrubboard?

As for the Monkees, you obviously dug the end result or sales would never have climbed over the 3 million mark for the album. You wanted something you could enjoy—you got it. So why all the garbage about their records?

And plenty being written about the Monkees is just that—garbage. One national magazine in describing a Monkee session pointed out the fact that after the instrumental track was finished each Monkee put on earphones and faced the microphone to add the vocals while their instruments lay on the studio floor.

Farce!

What did you think, each Monkee turned his back on the mike? Or that after the instrumental track is complete you're supposed to keep right on playing? What total farce!

In any case, whether or not you still doubt the honesty of Monkee records, you had better believe that from seven in the morning until seven at night Davy, Micky, Peter and Mike work on something which is very much a part of them—their television show.

Arriving on the Monkee set around ten o'clock, you'll find Micky and Davy performing an impromptu duet on "She," Peter catching 40 winks on a couch while props are shoved around him and Mike answering the phone.

The props and lighting set for a scene and the call goes out: "Okay, let's have the first team in."

Mike, Micky, Peter and Davy collectively assembled, the scene is shot, changes made and re-shot. The off-camera antics of the Monkees are roughly those you see on-



BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

... MIKE AND MICKY turn on serious faces to listen to the director.



... DAVY STARES in disbelief as Rosemarie and Mike emote!

screen, with lines tossed back and forth, ideas exchanged, opinions voiced and faces twisted into all sorts of contortions.

The scene shot to satisfaction, Davy rushes off to his dressing room for a wardrobe change and Peter hails a passerby: "Can I have a swig of your milk, man?" Micky appears with a half-eaten sandwich and a can of Hawaiian punch and Mike strolls in with Sally (the hairdresser) and her everpresent comb trailing behind him to give each of the Monkees the once-over before another scene is shot.

Trouble

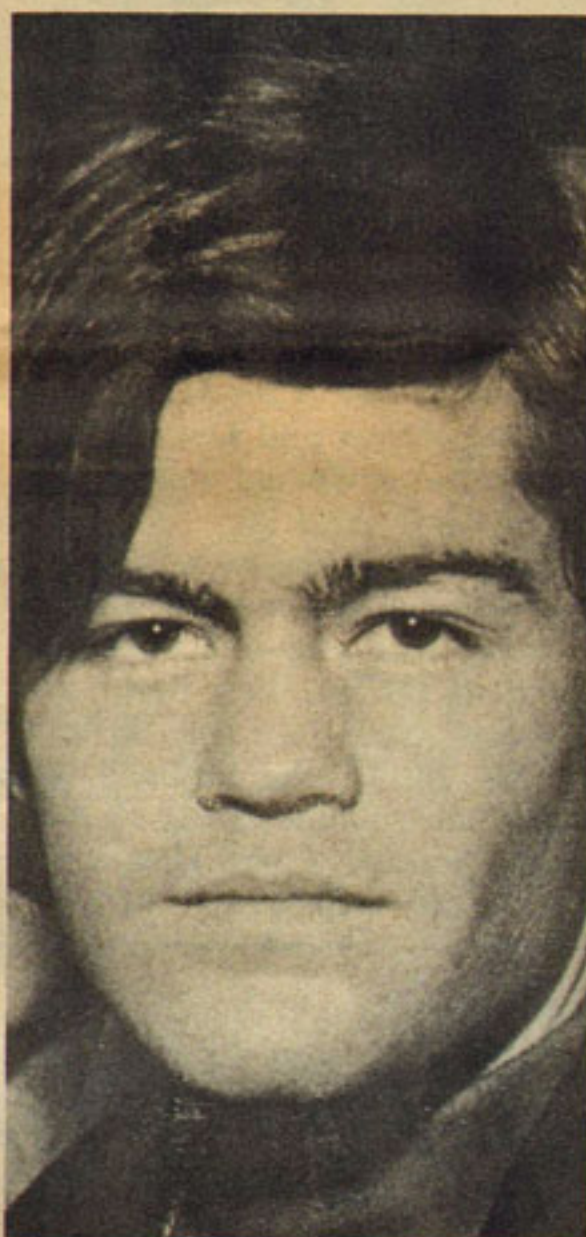
This one gives the Monkees a little trouble and is done several times before the director nods: "Print that one." And again the Monkees fan out in four different directions. You follow Davy into his dressing room where he's surrounded by bags full of gifts which arrived in the morning mail.

"You have to answer them, 'cause like these cufflinks," Davy says holding up a set, "you know they must have cost at least four bucks. So, you have to answer." More packages are opened—more cufflinks, a shirt, a key chain, flowers from Hawaii.

"David Jones!" "They're always yelling at me," Davy laughs as he shifts one sack of mail out of his way and hurries out of the dressing room just in time to hear "David Jones!" ring out again.

In a corner about as far away from the confusion as it is possible to get, Mike and Peter with guitars in hand are going over the music they're set to play in the next scene and Micky has claimed the couch for his turn at catching a few winks while he can. But no one's rest lasts long as the "first team" is called in for the next scene.

At one thirty, a lunch break is called and three Monkees make their way towards the door. "Hey, Davy," yells Mike, "don't forget lunch."



... MICKY heads for the door.

"I'm going to the doctor."

"Yeah, that's what I said, don't forget to go to the doctor."

Lunch break over, the cast and crew re-assembles and the visitors grow in number as four or five different groups of fans are admitted onto the set. Davy and Peter sing "Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying" for their visitors and Mama Cass pops her head in and is soon in the midst of conversation with Peter. And so it goes. Scenes are set up, shot, reshot and sent on their way to be printed.

Six o'clock arrives and with it most of the visitors, photographers and everyone else not essential for the rest of the day's shooting beat a hasty path for the door. The Monkees stay behind with a good hour's shooting still to be done. Hopefully by seven they'll have it wrapped up and will be able to leave stage seven behind them—until tomorrow.



... PETER AND FRIEND can't believe it either.



DAVY OPENS gifts from fans in his dressing room.



... MIKE AND PETER go over music for the next scene.



BUT DAVY JONES sticks around to chat with Louise Criscione about Monkee personal appearances.



MAMA'S AND PAPA'S SET BRITISH TV

The Mama's and Papa's left at the end of January for a visit to England and the Continent.

While in Britain, the Mama's and Papa's will appear on "Top Of The Pops," the "Rolf Harris Show," "London Palladium" and will also film their own television spectacular to be aired on BBC-2.

After several European dates, the group returns to England for a concert at London's Royal Albert Hall on February 16. Following that appearance, the group is not scheduled to work until early May.



... MAMA'S AND PAPA'S

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

HAPPENING

Donovan Tells Of Trade-Out With Beatles

Donovan has finally cemented rumor into fact by revealing that Paul McCartney's voice is featured on "Mellow Yellow" as something of a trade-out between Donovan and the Beatles.

When the Beatles were cutting "Yellow Submarine," Donovan "helped a little with the lyrics." Therefore, Paul returned the favor by appearing at Donovan's session and whispering "Mellow Yellow" at the appropriate time!

Donovan is firmly convinced that the success of the disc in the U.S. is due to the fact that "it is a driving song. A great many of the discs are heard on car radios and if the music is not sympathetic to the driver, one push of the button and he's on another station."



BEAT Photo: Robert Young

... CHER

BONOS ARE OFF FOR SAN REMO

Before leaving for Italy and the San Remo Song Festival, Sonny and Cher hosted a foreign press screening of their first motion picture, "Good Times," in New York.

Immediately following the screening, the duo took off for the Festival as one of the U.S. entries (Johnny Rivers and Dionne Warwick also competed in the San Remo Festival.)

Sonny and Cher are set for several personal appearances while in Europe, with stop-offs scheduled for Paris, Milan, West Berlin and London.

This Spring, the husband and wife team will start work on their second movie. "Good Times" will be released on Memorial Day.



BEAT Photo: Robert Custer

... NANCY & FRANK SINATRA

'in' people are talking about...

Davy's obsession with pool and how he plays it almost every night at a spot on Sunset... The possibility of the Beatles coming to California in March for a television show... The Roaring 20's cartoon on the Beatles' album... Bob Mitchum cutting an album... The rumors about Cass apparently being true... How great the Stones looked on Sullivan and what a showman Mick really is and how sad that most radio stations have refused to play "Let's Spend The Night Together" because it's "obscene"... Davy Jones sporting a shorter haircut... Whether or not Aaron Neville really exists.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how really great the Miracles are and how many pop groups could learn quite a few things by watching the fantastic Smokey Robinson... The Raven Madd making it big—if their first session is any indication of things to come... The middle-aged editor

who has most pop groups putting her down behind her back because they're afraid to say it to her face and what a sad situation that is... The happening people in San Francisco and where it is all going to end... How unpopular the new Governor of California has made himself with the state's youth... How much better Dino looks with his long hair—very reminiscent of Paul McCartney, which definitely is not bad.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Electric Prunes... Don and the Goodtimes being exactly that—good... How sad it is that certain teen publications have given Bill Cosby a bad taste in his mouth and how the rest of us would like to hang them in effigy for making it so hard for us... A new "Shindig" type show being hoped-for next season and how much we could use one... John's fantastic sense of humor by showing up at Georgie Fame's costume

party dressed as a priest!... The same party featuring Paul as a general, Ringo as an Arab, Jane Asher as an angel and Brian Epstein as a clown... Monkees being number one in England by the time you read this and the British censors having to work overtime to eliminate some of Davy's antics.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Walkers possibly coming Stateside and Sonny and Cher visiting England... For what it's worth, just about everyone digs the Springfields' latest... How it's about time Chris had a follow-up... What the lyrics to "Niki Hokey" really mean... Cass possibly remaining in England after the M's & P's British tour... The Yardbirds in "Blow-Up"... How many performers turned up for the Miracles opening at the Whisky and stayed 'till the club closed... Mark Lindsay's contribution to *The BEAT*... How far up you can go before you come down... How

well Mitch is going to do without his Wheels... What you have to do to be a rock 'n' roll star... Kind of a drag being anything but that... What Diana thinks of Felice—or better yet, what Motown thinks about the situation.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how really funny it would be to see the real Senator Bobby doing "Wild Thing" on "Ed Sullivan" or perhaps Ronald Reagan singing "Please, Please, Please"... Herbie Alpert flying to Chicago to play the McCormick Place only to find that it had burned down... Beatles turning down Bernstein's million dollar offer—just like we said they would... "Hi, what's happening? Anybody going toward Canter's?"... Knocking out the red baron... The fact that we happen to dig the Beatles, Stones and the Monkees—So what do you think of that?... The uproar over the Monkees' admission that they've used session musicians on

their records when those inside the business happen to know that practically all of the top groups use, or have used, session musicians.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Bobby Hebb getting married because he collects pennys and how overwhelmed he was at the small cars and big trucks in England... The increased number of pop artists in this year's San Remo Song Festival... How groovy Neil would be in the movies and hoping that it won't take movie studios long to recognize that fact... Monkees taking over the top spot from Tom Jones after Tom's seven week stand at number one in England... Nancy maybe not being able to sing but sure looking good on the cover... How much Andy Warhol looks like Adam Faith... How crowded that address on Wimpole Street is... Whether Peter and Gordon can expand it to three consecutive hits in a row.

WAR BETWEEN THE GENERATIONS

'This Thing Can't Be Stopped'

"In the war between the generations, the kids are right and they will win." — Ralph Gleason

If you're under 25 you're one of the kids who will win. You make up half of the American population, were named *Time's* Man of the Year, influence all segments of mass media and spend millions of dollars annually. You march on the Strip, protest the war in Vietnam, catch a Cong bullet in your belly, dig the Monkees, join the Peace Corps., believe in love, frown on prejudice, dab in politics and fight for what you believe in.

You forsake taboo for honesty, will speak out on any subject, attend light shows, buy Motown, favor personality over appearance, go to school, scoff at the charge that you're sheep, laugh at matrons on the dance floor, cringe when you're called a child, drive a car, feel pop music belongs to you and are preparing for your take-over as policy makers of the country.

Haight-Ashbury

You've been called the Generation of Protest but the handle doesn't especially fit. Protest has been around too long—you think you're ideas are fresh. Your parents protested the law on alcohol, over 5,000 under-25's call the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco home and protest the illegality of psychedelic drugs. The word "beatnik" is out since beat was previously used to mean uninvolved in emotion, politics or much of anything else. The Haight-Ashbury dwellers are very much involved.

They're called "hippies" or "happeners," seek intense sensual and emotional experiences as a way of widening their awareness of themselves, believe in "consciousness expansion" by way of LSD or marijuana—though not all hippies use drugs. Other methods include yoga breathing, special diets, electronic music, light shows and sauna baths.

Chet Helms is a 24-year-old dance promoter with a \$250,000 a year business. He is also an influential member of the Haight-Ashbury hippies. Helms' dances are "happenings" and the music is

now known as "San Francisco Acid Rock." Says Helms: "We (the hippies) are assuming the role of taste-makers. The next step, as the number of young voters escalates, may be political."

The hippies are against the war in Vietnam and the draft. They deplore racial segregation and laws against psychedelic drugs. They do not believe in chastity, thrift or cleanliness. Parents, say the hippies, are "half-persons," hypocrites and are constantly threatening to blow up the world with a bomb.

LSD

In Haight-Ashbury, LSD sells for \$2 a capsule and word has filtered out that five grams (100,000 doses) is moved in San Francisco each week. Special pipes for marijuana are sold in stores and hippies congregate outside the Psychedelic Book Shop singing, dancing and playing guitars.

San Francisco bred the beatnik. It's only fair the city should sire the hippie. But San Francisco's older generation finds the hippie anything but welcome. The Haight Street Merchants' Association refuses to admit the hippie businessmen into their organization. So the hippies, who own approximately 25 shops, have formed their own group—H.I.P.

Alcoholics Anonymous and the Salvation Army have nothing on the Haight-Ashbury hippies. There are phone numbers to call in case of police brutality or a bad "trip." The Artists Liberation Front provides free public entertainment and the Diggers offer free food and clothing with no questions asked. "Our function," say the Diggers, "is to remove people's need to work for food. There's plenty available." The Diggers gather rejected vegetables in the market and stale bread from the bakeries.

The hippies charge the police "harass" them daily with "illegal searches," using the arrests in The Psychedelic Shop for sale of a

Or Beware The Postage Stamps You Lick!



poetry pamphlet called pornographic as an example of this alleged harassment.

Hippies fear that the National Guard is being readied for use against them and that the Federal Government is dispatching throngs of drug agents into the district to cut the flow of psychedelic drugs. But the agents have a hard time identifying LSD since it is odorless, colorless, tasteless and large quantities can be painted on the back of a postage stamp!

Ralph Gleason of the San Francisco Chronicle believes that it "may yet come to a battle in the streets. The cops can clean the Sunset Strip by force and San Francisco's police chief Tom Cahill's blue-nosed bluecoats may bust book stores but this thing can't be stopped."

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KRLA Comes To Rescue Of Local Football Fans

Pete Rozzelle stood his ground. "Absolutely no change will be made," he said, "in my decision to black out the Super Bowl game in this area."

And you know what? Pete-baby is a man of his word!

Even in the face of a Superior Court suit, the football commissioner insisted that the player's share of money might be "affected" if people could see it on TV.

Noting the \$12.00 price for tickets, the *Defender of Faith*, that *Champion of Right*, KRLA, decided to sabotage the plans for such a blackout. The answer was lying just 130 miles to the south, in San Diego, where Channels 8 and 10 would carry the game. Ordering the engineering department into overtime work, Station Manager John Barret put a whole team on 'round-the-clock, developing a special high-gain antenna.

The result: *The KRLA Simple S-B Antenna!* This amazing do-it-yourself electronic marvel was a special design that actually pulled in the distant San Diego stations clearly!

Plans were offered free to all who asked. The equipment required: five coat hangers (straightened) and an old broom stick (6 feet long) and some TV lead-in wire.

Following instructions, happy Southlanders were busily constructing their own outdoor antenna. Yes, a few hapless weekenders slipped off the roof and smashed up potted plants and femurs, but some of us *just are not technically minded*, have you noticed?

There were some who grumbled about law suits when the contraption didn't pull in anything more

than louder static, but these sore-heads were just bad losers.

Many reported unusual success. One sports fan had gone halfway through a lecture on Tse-Tse flies before he realized his amazing antenna was pulling in a UHF station in Vancouver. When he turned the antenna around, he caught the wire in his coat, and, well, he lived on a hill that was too high anyway.

Tens of thousands of requests were filled by KRLA, in this unparalleled public service, in which engineering science triumphed over Dark Ages thinking.

KRLA still has a few thousand copies of the plans left, and we're sure they'd come in handy the NEXT time somebody tries to pull a fast one on LA sports fans! Just send a self-addressed stamped envelope to KRLA Pasadena. You, too, will hail the Simple S-B!

Top 40 Requests

- | | | |
|----|---|-----------------------|
| 1 | I'M A BELIEVER | Monkees |
| 2 | RUBY TUESDAY | Rolling Stones |
| 3 | I HAD TOO MUCH TO DREAM LAST NIGHT | Electric Prunes |
| 4 | SIT DOWN, I THINK I LOVE YOU | Mojo Men |
| 5 | HAPPY TOGETHER | The Turtles |
| 6 | SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON | Royal Guardsmen |
| 7 | KIND OF A DRAG | Buckingham |
| 8 | MR. FARMER | The Seeds |
| 9 | PRETTY BALLERINA | The Left Banke |
| 10 | GEORGY GIRL | The Seekers |
| 11 | WE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' YET | Blue Magoos |
| 12 | BORN FREE | Roger Williams |
| 13 | NO FAIR AT ALL | The Association |
| 14 | 98.6 | Keith |
| 15 | FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH | Buffalo Springfield |
| 16 | SINGLE GIRL | Sandy Posey |
| 17 | HELLO, HELLO | Sopwith Camel |
| 18 | THE BEAT GOES ON | Sonny & Cher |
| 19 | KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR | Peter & Gordon |
| 20 | SUGAR TOWN | Nancy Sinatra |
| 21 | FULL MEASURE | Lovin' Spoonful |
| 22 | LOVE IS HERE, NOW YOU'RE GONE | Supremes |
| 23 | TELL IT LIKE IT IS | Aaron Neville |
| 24 | WEDDING BELL BLUES | Laura Nyro |
| 25 | MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BY | Bob Crewe Generation |
| 26 | YOU GOT TO ME | Neil Diamond |
| 27 | IT MAY BE WINTER OUTSIDE | Felice Taylor |
| 28 | STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE | Four Tops |
| 29 | WORDS OF LOVE/DANCING IN THE STREETS | The Mama's & Papa's |
| 30 | THERE'S GOT TO BE A WORD | The Innocence |
| 31 | GIVE ME SOME LOVIN' | Spencer Davis Group |
| 32 | GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME | Tom Jones |
| 33 | MERCY, MERCY, MERCY | Cannonball Aderly |
| 34 | WILD THING | Senator Bobby |
| 35 | NIKI HOKEY | P. J. Proby |
| 36 | I'VE PASSED THIS WAY BEFORE | Jimmy Ruffin |
| 37 | SO YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK 'N ROLL STAR | The Byrds |
| 38 | LONELY TOO LONG | The Young Rascals |
| 39 | HELP ME GIRL | Eric Burdon & Animals |
| 40 | EPISTLE TO DIPPY | Donovan |

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KRLA Launches New Educational Division

Radio KRLA has created a new educational division within the station to examine and report on the problems and issues found on Southern California's many and varied college and university campuses it was announced by KRLA station manager John R. Barrett. At the same time, Barrett dis-

closed that the new division would be headed by Dr. Averell Burman, who received his Doctorate in history at USC and is a broadcasting instructor at Long Beach State.

In accepting the post, Dr. Burman said, "The 'good old days', which may never have existed, are long gone. Today's student will not put up with playing a passive role. The student is determined to take part in affairs on and off campus and it is from the student that the expression 'participatory government' has arisen. It is our hope that KRLA's educational division can achieve total involvement with the students of Southern California."

Dr. Burman's first assignment for KRLA was to probe campus reaction to Governor Ronald Reagan's proposal to institute a tuition fee of \$200.00 at California State colleges. Dr. Burman and his staff, backed up by KRLA's news department, visited campuses interviewing students and educators on this and other vital questions. The reports were aired hourly during news broadcasts on KRLA.

Nationally recognized for its biting documentary studies of contemporary social problems, KRLA launches its drive into this new area with the hope that students will be candid with Dr. Burman and his staff and look to KRLA for communications and information heretofore unavailable on radio or television.



... CASEY KASEM.

Casey's 'Shebang' Returns

Pop music TV shows have been dying all over the place but KTLA's "Shebang" is being re-born, the only one of its type to be canceled and then rescheduled.

The show, hosted by KRLA's Casey Kasem, will return as a weekly series beginning Jan. 30 from 7:30 to 8:30 Monday nights.

The show will be bucking The Monkees, which is shown at the same time on another channel.

Inside KRLA

By Eden

Welcome back to KRLA is the message going out to The Rebel, Reb Foster, this week, as he returns to the Land of 1110. The Rebel and his good friend, Maude Skidmore, will be taking over the 9:00 to noon spot from Bob Eubanks from now on.

Bob has many obligations outside of his chores as a DJ, including hosting duties on his successful TV show, "The Newlywed Game," and he will continue to be a part-time and weekend DJ only for KRLA in order to devote more time to his other activities.

Funny rumor going around this week is that blue-eyed Bob is trying to do a little matchmaking of his own in an attempt to get Maude and The Rebel to the "hitching post" so that they can come on his TV show as contestants!

Well, children—once again we find that Valentine's Day is just around the next heart-shaped corner, and once again that center of Southland culture, KRLA, is conducting an art contest to select the greatest artist in the Southland, and also to establish Pasadena as the Los Angeles Art Center for all of the Los Angeles County.

As in the last five successful years, the top prize being offered is \$1,000 and all entries will be cheerfully accepted—although none of them can be returned. Although nothing has been definitely set as yet, there is a possibility that the Coliseum will be rented to store the thousands of entries in this year as the Bat Cave is still

more than overflowing from last year's entries.

Send your Valentine entry to KRLA before midnight, February 13, and who knows—you might be the Sweetheart of KRLA this February 14.

Actually, I have many fond memories of KRLA Valentine Contests of the past few years. For example, there were a couple of rather outstanding entries last year which gained a certain amount of fame around the Hallowed Halls of KRLA.

One entry was a gigantic heart-shaped pizza—which, unfortunately, was one of the early entries and therefore had to sit in one of the entry rooms for quite some time. The "aroma" of that entry was just delightful... not to mention very long-lasting!!!

Most of the people in KRLA Kountry still haven't quite recovered from the ten day engagement of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles at the Whisky A Go Go. These boys are definitely one of the most fantastic groups in the country (have been for many years) and Smokey is not only a genius, but one of the nicest, warmest, most modest individuals I've ever met. (P.S. Anyone wishing to join my brand new Smokey Robinson Fan Club loses, due to the fact that I'm extremely prone to intense attacks of jealousy!!!)

Reminder for Bill Slater: Two members of The BEAT staff are still waiting for you to get your airplane revved up.



NANCY WILSON and her show, featuring Maynard Ferguson, his band, and the Bola Sete Trio, will be presented at the Shrine Auditorium February 4.

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Scene From The British Side

Sex, Stones & Sullivan

"I'm not superstitious" remarked Mick Jagger at London Airport on Friday, January 13. And to prove his point he marched jauntily beneath a couple of ladders before boarding his aircraft to New York.

He should never have flown on Friday the 13th. Clearly, Ed Sullivan would have let The Rolling Stones sing "Let's Spend The Night Together" had Mick played it cool and flown on Thursday, the 12th.

To me, the most curious part of the Sullivan banning is the fact that all the other lyrics in the song got an "O.K. to broadcast" stamp from the production people. If Sullivan had refused to allow the group to perform in part or whole the troublesome number I would have appreciated his line of thinking whether or not I agreed with it.

But all that had to go was one insignificant phrase, "The Night," so the revised and O.K. line would become "Let's Spend SOME TIME Together." As though the real objection was to the specific hours involved and not the "togetherness" bit at all!

Two Points

Leaving aside for a moment the rights and wrongs of the lyrics-change ultimatum, consider two other points. (1) Does an appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show" (or any other network production for that matter) play a truly important part in promoting the popularity of any given record? (2) Does the very fact that the Sullivan incident gained worldwide press publicity draw valuable attention to the latest release by The Rolling Stones?

Look down your current Top 40 list. I don't think you'll find too many Ed Sullivan TV guests among the names. It must be true

that a lesser-known artist has a lot to gain if a big TV appearance coincides with the issue of a record. But in the case of The Stones or anybody else with a large and long-standing army of followers, a TV performance can not be expected to boost disc sales or push a record way up when it wouldn't have gone way up in any case.

On my second point I'm sure there must be at least a few thousand folk who rushed out to find themselves copies of the original "Let's Spend The Night Together" because they were convinced they'd find much more than those two words "The Night" on the record!

Censorship?

Of course the real issue involved here is just how much censorship any form of art from theater to painting, from sculpture to literature should be called upon to tolerate. And that's not an argument you can cut and dry in a column of paragraphs. If people are going to chop up song lyrics to look for double meanings I guess they could put up a case for banning most best-sellers. I mean poor old Sandy's "Single Girl" would go right out of the window for a start.

Before we go any further let me turn the argument over to you. Should The Stones have been allowed to perform "Let's Spend The Night Together" without any change of title? Were they wise to agree to the change and stay in the show—or should they have walked out and skipped the appearance altogether? We've entered an era, a decade, of freer expression applying to every segment of life from politics and religion to sex and sin. Is it or is it not ludicrous that "The Night" should cause such an uproar in 1967?



... MICK AND KEITH sign autographs at the airport.

BEAT Photo: Robert Young

U.K. POP NEWS ROUND-UP — BY TONY BARROW

First of many '67 U.S. pop visitors to London are THE FOUR TOPS, in for a nine-city series of 18 shows at the head of a bill which also features THE MERSEYS, New Jersey songstress MADELINE BELL and Liverpool's REMO FOUR who used to back Tommy Quickly before he quit the business.

Obie, Duke, Levi and Larry left a wonderful impression with everyone they met in London last November. Fans and business experts were equally pleased by the utter professionalism of the Four on and off stage.

If THE MONKEES will move over to let them in, The Four Tops will have another Number One hit in the U.K. with "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" while they're with us on tour.

THE TROGGS are coming out with their second U.K. album, the first to be released thru Page One Records, this week. Title is "Trogglo-dynamite" which includes Reg Presley's "I Want You To Come Into My Life," the title likely to go on the top deck of their February single in America. That will be issued to coincide with the group's U.S. promotion trip via which they plan to look in on 22 key cities in ten days using their own charter aircraft.

After three installments of their weekly show had been screened by BBC Television, THE MONKEES went to Number One in the U.K. charts with "I'm A Believer" which sold a quarter of a million copies within ten days of release.

Then came the inevitable "exposure" stories slamming The Monkees for not playing very much of the music heard on their records.

Jack Bentley, showbiz page writer in London's Sunday Mirror ran the headline THE MONKEES — AND A SPOOF THAT PAID OFF.

A DISGRACE TO THE POP WORLD. He calls the success of "a gigantic Hollywood TV publicity campaign—an insult to pop fans, a threat to the pop business as a whole and a deterrent to any youngster who has a musical future in mind."

At another part of his page Bentley suggests that "Americans never forgave the Beatles for not being born there so they decided to create their own."

Meanwhile, in the days immediately following the publication of the Bentley report, "I'm A Believer" sold in constantly fantastic quantities and vast advance orders started to pour in for the just-released album which shows every indication of hitting the jackpot as the fastest-selling U.K. album since "Rubber Soul!"

The Beatles' Plans For '67: Records, TV Specials And . . . ?

By Tony Barrow

Newspaper reporters and magazine editors on both sides of the Atlantic seem to have had a thoroughly enjoyable time over the past couple of months moulding an astonishing variety of make-believe futures for THE BEATLES. If any of their prolific predictions should grow from guesswork into fact it will be little more than fortunate coincidence for the writers concerned.

The truth is that The Beatles themselves haven't mapped out a future for the group. They've never been strong for planning ahead and now that their schedule isn't sewn up with contracted touring timetables, they're free to think about next month when next month comes, next year when 1968 comes.

Beatle Workshop

They've been recording together at the E.M.I. studios near Paul's home in St. John's Wood since the first week of December. By the middle of January they'd completed three tracks. If that doesn't sound too healthy a product from something over 100 hours of studio time it's only fair to remember that they use sessions for much more than just recording. The studio has become their workshop for writing, arranging, rehearsing. They scrap as many as four out of five tapes. They wait while specialist musicians are fetched in to augment their backings.

With breaks when they run out of material and have to start from

scratch on new words and tunes, The Beatles will go on recording until the time comes to start work on their third much-delayed motion picture.

They are not expected to make guest-star appearances on any television shows in London or abroad this year BUT they like the idea of making their own TV specials and are hoping to build a complete program around the new songs now being recorded for their first 1967 album.

Remain A Group

For recording, filming and a limited amount of television activity they'll stay together as a group. There's no question of The Beatles splitting up or ceasing to exist. At the same time there's every reason to believe that Ringo will follow John and make his solo screen debut and that the other two would be prepared to do the same thing if ideal scripts come into their hands.

On Friday, January 13 an unsuperstitious JANE ASHER flew out from London Airport at the beginning of a four-and-a-half month American tour in which she'll play Juliet with the Old Vic Company. On the eve of her departure she confirmed that she loved Paul very deeply and that "he feels the same." She denied that there was any possibility of their wedding taking place in America but Jane will have several free weeks during the Old Vic touring season when she could easily return home to London to see her family. And, of course, Paul.

All The Beatles—plus their two road managers—have grown mustaches. Chronologically speaking, the whisker cultivation project went like this:—GOERGE let a small crop of hairs cover his upper lip before he left for India. PAUL produced a sort of inverted 'U' shape of hair around his mouth in preparation for his France/Spain/Kenya vacation.

RINGO started his mustache and decided to spread it into a beard as long ago as October when he and Maureen visited John and Cyn on the "How I Won The War" movie set in Spain.

GEORGE came home and had a shave.

JOHN'S healthy luxurious of mustache-with-accessories (hair all down each side of his face from ears to the jaw joints, long line across the upper lip and drooping clusters of hair running straight down towards the chin) took effect once the boys started recording in December.

GEORGE had a re-think about the whole thing and re-grew a mustache with beard before Christmas.

MAL EVANS has the most powerful-looking mustache of all—but he's had three months to work on it.

NEIL ASPINALL claims that his mustache will not be truly presentable before Easter although it has been under cultivation since early November.

BRIAN EPSTEIN has neither beard nor mustache.



BEAT Art: Henri Munsford



BEAT Photo: Courtesy of A.S. U.C.L.A.

... STUDENTS AT UCLA GATHER to listen and debate Gov. Reagan's tuition proposal—one which has caused him to be hung in effigy at several universities throughout the state.

STUDENT VIEW OF TUITION PROPOSAL

'We're Not Going To Let Them Destroy Us' 'Why Worry, We'll All Be Drafted Anyway'

By Ron Koslow

As newly elected Governor Ronald Reagan makes himself comfortable in the Governor's chair, California is divided in controversy over his recent proposals.

In an attempt to cut back the state budget, Gov. Reagan has proposed tuitions of \$400 for the University of California and \$200 for all state colleges; heretofore these institutions have been tuition-free to all residents of the state. It is the youth of California that will be most affected should these proposals be adopted. Already the enrollment for state colleges has "frozen" for next September, offering no openings for new students, and the various campuses of the University are preparing themselves for similar "emergency moves."

Consequences

All over the state, students are considering the personal consequences. Many will be unable to meet the proposed tuition demands, and thus will be deprived of an education. Others will be forced to cut down their study loads in order to devote time to earning money for their school expenses, while still others will be totally unaffected knowing that

whatever the tuition, it will be provided by their parents.

What seems most unfortunate though, is the effect these stunning proposals have had on high school students who are now preparing to enter college. Many seem discouraged and disillusioned, realizing that the adoption of these proposals could alter their futures.

Greatest Threat

On the other hand, a large number of wage earning adults in the state favor Gov. Reagan's position, anxious to avoid any extra tax increase, and eager to stamp out the elements of protest and free speech which have proven to be an integral part of the academic atmosphere. It is this group that poses the greatest threat to the academic future of the state; they are indeed among the most vocal in expressing their opinions, yet ironically they are the furthest removed from the academic scene.

In order to get a more immediate response to the problem, this reporter plunged into the eye of the hurricane, visiting several campuses for some first hand opinions and reactions.

D.S. (20)—a junior at the Berkeley campus—"All over the world, people look to Berkeley as a center

of 'learning' in the United States. It's happening here! At this point there is no other atmosphere in the country that is as stimulating or exciting. This is because individual expression and personal freedom have been encouraged both by the faculty and the student body. This is what makes Berkeley great.

Naturally there are those who think of us as a group of 'kooks and nuts'; the Governor is one of them. They think they can shut us up by cutting us off financially, by hitting us in our pocket books. They believe a student who must worry about money can't afford to worry about personal freedoms. They couldn't be more wrong! If the proposal is passed, we will work even harder for our beliefs. We're not going to let them destroy us. What Mr. Reagan has failed to consider is the coming of age of an enormous population of War Babies; the very group he's discriminating against will be voting in the next election, and believe me, they won't forget."

T.G. (21)—a senior at U.C.L.A.—"The University of California was established in 1868, and has since worked to become one of the finest state universities in the country. Attaining this reputation was no easy job. It took a lot of

money and time to bring the U.C. to where it is today, and it seems senseless to risk doing permanent damage to an institution that is just now fulfilling its original goals. Is it really worth it? I'm sure there are other areas in the state government that could be cut back without risking serious damage; let the officials trim down their expense paid 'business trips' and other 'fringe benefits.'

The trouble has just begun, top-notch teachers will be leaving their jobs, classes will be over-crowded, and many worthy students will be deprived of an education.

"A Shame"

P.M.-(18)—a senior at University High School—"Luckily the proposed increase won't affect me, as my father is helping me with my education. It's a shame though that certain kids who have done good work throughout high school, will now have to worry about financing their education. I think the college years should be a time for new experiences—all kinds—not only book learning; there will be many students who will not have the opportunity to get full benefit from their college years due to financial burdens.

It seems to me that Gov. Reagan

would want to encourage all people to get a higher education. After all, successful people pay higher taxes."

B.A.-(17)—a junior at Grant High School—"Why is everyone worried about it? By the time it's passed, we'll all be drafted anyway.

Seriously though I think California is going insane and the rest of the country is following in our footsteps. Well, back to 'Death Valley Days'!"

Going Insane

R.S.-(18)—a senior at Los Angeles High School—"There are six children in my family. So far, two of my brothers and one sister have received their educations at California state colleges. We have always felt fortunate that it was possible to get a good college education, without paying a large tuition. My father will not be able to afford the new proposed tuition and I'll probably have to postpone college until I have earned enough money to pay my way through.

I am planning to become a teacher, and I'm sure there are others who are planning a career in education or research who will be discouraged from their goals. This could mean that the state would be deprived of many teachers, scientists, and doctors."

TEEN PANEL:

Teenagers And Drugs: Part II

This is the second half of The BEAT's Teen Panel discussion on the subject of "drugs." Part One appeared in the last issue.

Participating are Bill (18), Keith (17), Diane (17) and Cynthia (16).

If you would like to participate in a future Teen Panel, or suggest a topic, please send a postcard to The BEAT.

★ ★ ★

Cynthia—"Here's a question I've always wanted to ask someone. If you wanted to buy marijuana, how do you go about it? Not that I intend to rush out and buy some. But, if I did, how would I? Just stand around on a street corner and wait until someone offered to sell me some?"

Bill—"As far as I know, that only happens in the movies. It could happen in a really bad section of town, maybe, but no one stands around on corners in those areas unless they're tired of living. You just ask around, and find someone who knows someone who knows where to get it. You'd be surprised the people who do know."

Gangsters?

Cynthia—"Another thing. What kind of people sell it? For some reason I imagine them to be gangsters. Are they?"

Keith—"They might be, on a high level—bad choice of words there, sorry about that. I mean, the people who control the major

sources of large amounts of pot could easily be a crime syndicate. There's a lot of money in this, and you always find 'gangsters' wherever there's money. But I think the average person who sells it is probably just that—an average person. They sell just enough of it to make a living or for extra money if they have another job. I suppose most of them do have other jobs. It's very risky to sell enough of it to make a living. It's a lot of work, too. You don't just pick it off the vine and smoke it. You have to go through a whole cleaning process and all that."

Diane—"Something I've always wondered is if teenagers buy more marijuana than adults. I would think teenagers would buy more. Not LSD or that other horrible stuff, but the other, yes. Does anyone know if there are actual statistics about this?"

Bill—"There are statistics to show the percentage of adults and teenagers caught with marijuana, but other than that—and I don't know what the percentages are—how could there be statistics? Who'd dare admit they bought it or who they sold it to. By the way, why would you think teenagers would buy more than adults. I agree, but I want to know how you base that opinion."

Diane—"Well, not teenagers necessarily. I'd say young people more than older people. Adults have spent a whole lifetime having

it drummed into them that one marijuana cigarette means you'll end up a dope addict. They've heard it's habit-forming, which doctors now say it isn't, although regular cigarettes are. They've been told it's a narcotic, which it isn't. They're not nearly as apt to try it as people who have heard both sides of the story. And it's a terrible chance to take, legally. An adult has more to lose than a teenager, like a job or even worse, going to jail and ruining your life's work and your reputation."

Bill—"There's another reason. It's a lot more difficult for an adult to come by. A young person can ask friends without worrying he's going to become a social outcast for having asked. But an adult whose social circle is on the typical middle-class level isn't about to pop over to the tract house next door and ask Mrs. Jones if she knows where he can buy a joint or two. Mrs. Jones might be the biggest pot-head in town, but adults are much less open about this than younger people. They have to be. For all Mrs. Jones knows, the guy next door may be on the vice squad."

Cynthia—"Bill is the only one who's said he's actually tried pot—I feel dumb saying that—no, I feel like I sound like a dope fiend, and I know better than that. It's weird—oh never mind. What I want to know is, has anyone else here tried it?"

Keith—"I wasn't going to say anything, but yes I did try it one time. It wasn't much. Just a nice feeling."

Diane—"I've had the chance to, but I haven't. I don't think I will either, not for a few years anyway. It's too big a chance. Maybe you think a teenager has less to lose than an adult, and that's true in ways, but what about what it would do to your family if you got caught? It would kill my folks. They don't understand what it is, not really. It would just kill them. If I ever try it, I'll do it when I'm on my own, so no one would get hurt but me if anything happened."

Bill—"Are you sure you aren't scared that it might become a hang-up?"

Diane—"That never even occurred to me. You don't get physically addicted to marijuana. If you get addicted at all, it's mental and all in your mind. I have better things to do with my mind."

Cynthia—"You know what they should do? Since so many people do use it, someone should have the courage to come out and say how to use it right. Some big national magazine should run this kind of article so everyone would read it. We never talk about this sort of thing. We just try to pretend it doesn't exist, but it does exist. They should come out and tell when it should be used and how much and tell what to do if it makes you sick or afraid. If I tried

it, I'd have no idea what to expect, or how to handle it. But that won't stop me or anyone from trying it, so people should be told the truth."

Keith—"That would actually be the first step to the 'social control' you were talking about awhile back. It's very powerful in large quantities. It doesn't leave a lasting effect—although I have heard it's dangerous to use if you're upset or have mental or emotional problems—but you can get so far up you don't know or care what you're doing. That isn't safe to do unless you're in the middle of the desert. I don't think it's too smart wherever you are. That's like using alcohol to get plastered out of your mind instead of having a few to relax and enjoy yourself more."

Handle Yourself

Bill—"This is really the whole crux of the matter. You have to know how to handle it or you can go off the deep end just out of inexperience. I don't recommend it to anyone, but I don't put it down either. It's up to each person, but you have to be able to handle yourself first before you can handle it. Like drinking. Some people go ape and fall off bar-stools. Others can sit and drink all night. It's a thing between you and yourself. All of us will probably see it legalized in our lifetime, but that doesn't mean it's anything to play around with. If everything isn't cool, including you, you're asking for trouble and you'll probably get it."

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd



... PAPA JOHN AND MAMA MICHELLE.

IN TO CATCH MIRACLES ON OPENING NIGHT WERE . . .



... MIRACLES ON STAGE AT Whisky souling out "Mickey's Monkey"



MAMA CASS & TERRY MELCHER diggin' Miracles.



... SUPREME DIANA ROSS



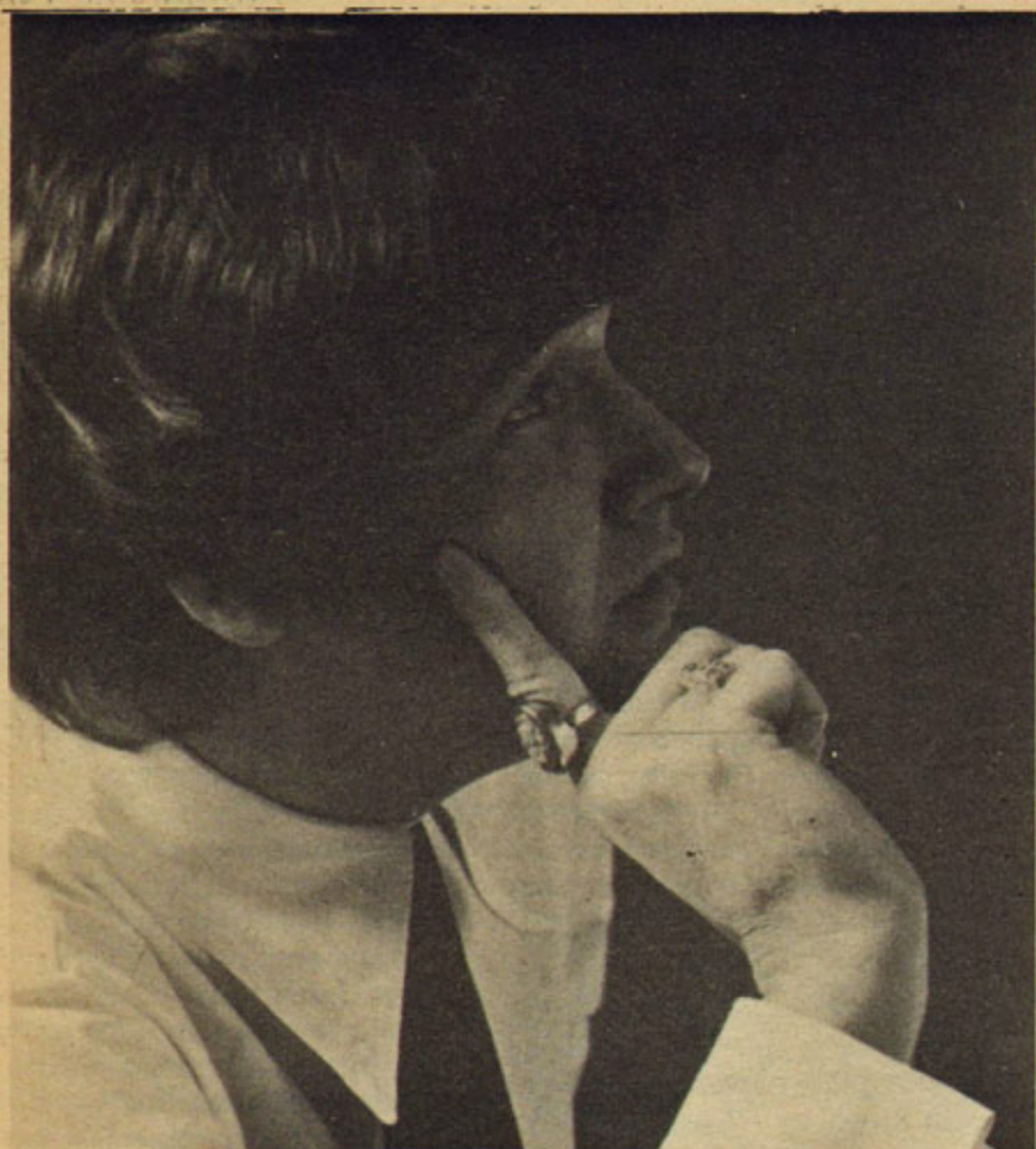
... RASCAL DINO DANELLI and Louise Criscione observe Rascal Gene



... JOHNNY RIVERS



BOB HATFIELD grins at Smokey.



"MY ACT WAS BASED on physical contact with the audience."

Proby



... "THEY HAD TO TOUCH ME."

POPDOM'S TRAGIC FIGURE

By Ron Koslow

It was a case of great American Possibilities, in the true tradition of Ben Franklin and Horatio Alger. He was tall and dark and good looking and with a great deal of hard work and honesty (his father had told him), he would succeed; he couldn't miss. So Jimmy Smith stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine late one afternoon in 1955 and watched his father's car head back to Houston.

Jimmy had come to Hollywood to "Become," to realize his conception of himself. He wanted to be a star—from the day he won the Carnation Milk talent contest in Hitching Post, Texas at the age of ten—he wanted to be a star.

Becoming

His father was right; "Becoming" was hard work. But he stuck to it, playing small parts in the early teenage "dragstrip" movies and making demo discs for Elvis Presley. He named himself Jet Powers ("I was searching for a name that suited my personality.") In 1960, in hopes of breaking a "dry spell" in his career he again changed his name; this time he was P. J. Proby ("Something with a little class.") But it was not until 1963 that his luck changed, and the wait during those three years was lonely. His time was running out; he was then twenty-five, almost too old for a teenage idol.

And suddenly it happened—Ben Franklin/Horatio Alger style; it all paid off. A guy, named Jack Good had "seem him around" and invited him to perform on the pilot of a new T.V. rock-and-roll show, "Shindig." The original show would be broadcast from London and features the Beatles. In April of 1964, Proby was introduced to the world, via telstar, by the Beatles. Now if the Beatles say it's good, Baby, you better believe it's better than good. So when Mr. P.J. Proby woke up the next morning, he was a star; he was in demand.

Things began happening quickly—by July of 1964, his first record, "Hold Me" was number three on the charts. By October, his second record, "Together" was number eight on the charts. In January of 1965, his third disc, "Somewhere" was number four.

Meanwhile, he developed one of the most exciting stage personalities England has ever known. He manifested his admittedly romantic personality ("If I were a chick, I'd marry Walt Disney") in his stage presence and dress. His hair, tied in a pony-tail a la Tom Jones, his special costume of stretch velvet consisted of a loose fitting shirt ("to hide my beer belly") and tight fitting pants ("I wanted to make sure the kids sitting far back could see all of my movements.") His movements couldn't be missed; wildly provocative in a pseudo-effeminate style, he explains, "my whole act is made up from different girls I've known. I took the walk from a girl in Hollywood, the body movements from a dancer in the Ed Sullivan show, and the pout from Chrissie Shrimpton (Jean's sister and Rolling Stone Mick Jagger's "fiancee.")

His act geared to underage girls would drive them berserk; he embodied all the passion and sex that he thought they dreamed of. He packed them in. It was due to his tremendous concert appeal, the fact that he could draw above and beyond capacity crowds, that he was led to commit his first error.

The ABC Theater chain owns a majority of the theaters in England. They are a big concern; in America, they might be called a monopoly. In any case, they are not to be reckoned with lightly. Proby performed frequently in the ABC theaters until he began accusing promoters of "jamming up" the gate receipts. Proby claimed that promoters were packing 6,000 people into a hall that normally held 5,000 and not reporting the added revenue.

He attempted to publicly expose this alleged dishonesty on the part of the promoters and for this, and no doubt many other reasons, he was branded a "trouble-maker," the "Union Organizer of Pop Stars." From then on, Proby felt that his "powerful enemies" were waiting for him to make just one mistake, one slip.

It happened on the night of January 31 at the Ritz Cinema, Luton. The stretch velvet pants stretched a bit too much and split down the middle. The following morning it was announced that Proby was to be banned from the ABC theaters on charges of obscenity. On February 8, ABC-TV followed suit. By February 24, he had been banned from the great Drome Concert Hall in Brighton and the all-powerful BBC. Proby claims that these actions against him involved over \$200,000 (Proby's figures) in cancelled engagements.

His one hope was the promised three "Shindig" shows he had contracted to do during a brief Hollywood visit. It was then that he had hoped to launch a full-scale American campaign.

Proby maintains that Jack Good, the producer of "Shindig" had promised him top billing and a special introduction to U.S. audiences. It was only after the successful first show that Proby discovered Jack Good was leaving the show and a new producer then took over.

Disillusioned

At rehearsals for the second show, Proby felt that he was neither getting the top billing nor the special exposure he had expected. Proby also claimed that he was expected to stand behind the featured artist during the finale. (Editor's note: *The BEAT* staff cannot remember an instance where the "Shindig" finale was staged in such a way that one artist was expected to stand behind an-

other artist. This, however, is Proby's contention.)

"I had no choice, it was a matter of principle. I had to walk off. I realized they would try to ruin me if I did, but I refused to stand behind another performer."

So he walked off the show, consequently, he feels, to be black-balled from U.S. TV and cutting off his channel to success in the United States. He returned to England in September only to be notified that his work permit had expired and he would have to return to the States for at least six months. Now he was caught in a cross-fire.

Weakening

He returned to the U.S. and opened at a club in Hollywood that April. Since that time, he has been waiting, trying to find a way to break into the U.S. market. Meanwhile, his position in Europe is weakening.

"I can go back to England now, but I know a performer hasn't really made it until he cracks the U.S. scene."

His time now is occupied with putting together a new album for Liberty Records and lounging around his Benedict Canyon house doing nothing.

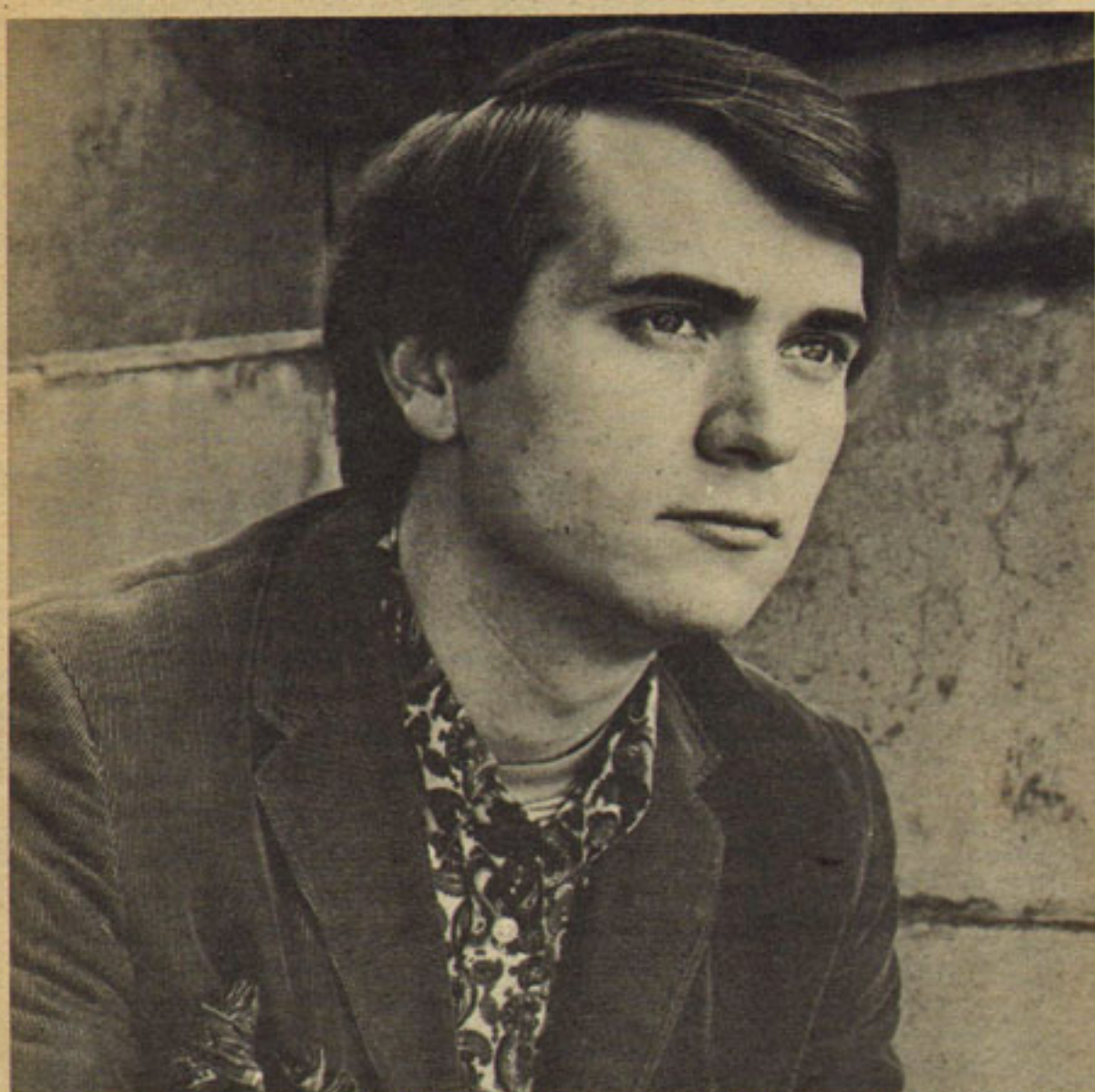
"Sometimes I get frustrated and lonely and start feeling sorry for myself. I know I made several mistakes, but I had no choice. I knew at the time that I'd probably get burned, but I had no choice. I've got confidence, though, I know I've got talent and I know that I'll bounce back—if not as a teenage idol, then as an adult appeal singer—thank God I'm not limited."

As this article goes to press, P.J. Proby is in the process of "bouncing back." His new record "Niki Hokey" is now on the charts and moving well; and he is booked for several T.V. appearances. With his pony-tail shorn, his new image is that of a slightly decadent choir boy, natural, with no gimmicks.

BEAT Photos: Courtesy of Liberty Records



EARLY '66, the lowest ebb of his career, playing cheap Australian music halls. "At that time I was living like an animal," he recalls.



BRIAN COLE—ASSOCIATE WITH A FACE LIKE A LINE DRAWING.

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

Unquiet Brian

By Rochelle Reed

(This is the second in a series of exclusive BEAT interviews with all members of the Association.)

"HEY!" the voice bellowed across the recording studio. "What do you mean by 'the quiet one' ... 'THE QUIET ONE'?"

Outright yelling was *The BEAT*-labeled "quiet" singer, Brian Cole of the Association, who earned his title for being silently unsmiling onstage and certainly not offstage, where he is one of the greatest talkers of all time.

Screaming?

Putting down his guitar on a nearby chair, Brian continued shouting his defense, meanwhile maneuvering us through the maze of doors leading out of the room.

We journeyed out of the studio and over to the commissary, where we indulged in a glass of milk (it helps Brian's voice) and a quiet interview.

"I never say what I'm thinking but I talk 200 percent as much as the other guys in the group, say 10 percent as much and know ..." but he wouldn't let me print the rest.

"Basically, I'm an introvert," Brian continued. "I come on so loud everyone thinks I'm extroverted. Actually, I'm very shy but I overcome it."

Brian has managed to overcome it so well that he recently played professor-for-a-day at a San Francisco high school, taking over several English and History classes.

"What I found surprising is that the kids actually listened to me ... I mean really listened. The kids know where it's at, but they grow up into adults."

Born in Tacoma, Wash., 23 year old Brian is a man of many moods. In one sentence, he can go from elation to anger, joy to sadness, and back again without realizing his face has charted every word like a fine line drawing.

Matching Brian's many moods are the 38 jobs he's held to date. From advertising to upholstery, Brian has voluntarily left all but

one of the jobs because they bored him. "I have so many interests I go from one to the next," he says, which could sound like the Association is only a temporary occupation for this transient personality. That would be roughly a correct statement, but there is more to the story.

"Music I love!" he states emphatically. "I can't play necessarily that well though. Put it this way ... it's not what I started out to do and it's not what I'll wind up doing."

Acting, the irresistible occupation that whispers to many hopefuls, also beckons to Brian. He's caught up with the stage and spends many of his free hours thinking up one-act plays.

This touch of intellectualism must surprise a few of Brian's former instructors. "In all of high school," he confesses, "I studied 6 hours, and that was to write a term paper, 'I.Q. and Its Relation to Psychology,' which I wrote purposely to blow the teacher's mind. (It did.)"

Lousy Grades

"I used to get lousy grades in school, but I got 99's for three years in a row on the Iowa tests (I.Q. measurement exams)," he continues.

Then Brian relates a bizarre story about a school psychologist who couldn't believe his scores, a year or so of examinations and the final verdict that there wasn't a thing in the world wrong with Brian, so why didn't they start on his parents? Brian sums up the story with a simple, "Nothing changed." Youth, however, is changing all the time, according to Brian.

"The younger generation—my generation—scared me. Some want to be different for any reason. What they don't understand is that they're being classified and nullified. They're losing their realization of reality."

"I can't understand it. They fight for individual rights but con-

The Adventures of Robin Boyd . . .

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin sat bleakly at her desk, surrounded by seven thousand crumples of paper. But she was smiling.

Earlier that day, when she and The Budge had been lurking about, looking for an inexpensive (as in free) location for their club, a certain name on the for-sale-or-rent sign on a certain building had fallen into place.

Since moving to Pitchfork, Robin had endeavored to familiarize herself with the folk-lore of the region. In other words, she'd been listening to nasty gossip over the back fence. And, in the process, she had learned plenty about Archibald Neville.

The aforementioned, it seems, was the Mayor of the town (gag.) Every other term, that is. Due to a clause in the city (moop) charter, a mayor could not hold office for two consecutive terms.

Every other two years, Mr. Neville (who was fondly known as Baldy The Crook) took what he had saved from his modest salary as Mayor and went to live in the Fountainbleu Hotel in Miami. Two years later he came back, and was re-elected (or else.)

This had been going on for years. However, there was a rumor going around that when he returned from Florida next fall and started all that baby-kissing ap-cray again, not one single person was going to vote for old (censored.) (Nor were any of the married persons.)

Perfectly Vicious

Mr. Neville had gotten wind of the rumor (when the wind blows in South Dakota, the wind doesn't kid around) and labeled it "perfectly vicious." "What do those (re-censored) yokels know anyway?" he had added.

And when Robin realized this was the same Neville who owned the building they were ogling, it didn't take her long to dream up the fiendish thingy of all time.

For the past several hours, she'd been at her desk, going out of her drawer trying to compose just the right letter to Baldy. And she had finally succeeded.

Dear Mr. Neville:

I am pleased to announce that plans are being made to construct a youth center in Pitchfork. This badly needed recreation facility will be named after the town's leading citizen. Namely, yourself.

A fund-raising campaign is now in progress. Since the center is to be constructed in your honor, we cannot possibly accept a donation from Your Honor. However, knowing you will insist on contributing, we have found a way to make this possible.

We notice that your building on State Street (that great street) is unoccupied at present and would like to use it this next month to

done practices that take away those very rights. They want to be free but become bigots by limiting others. They're almost as dogmatic as their elders. Really, there are few people over about 28 with any processes of free thought," he continued.

"Lots of people come on strong and bitter. But you don't change things by force. You must be insane to fight!"

"Someone once asked me in an

present a series of musical entertainments. The proceeds will go toward the construction of the center.

This would help the project greatly, and we would make every effort to return the favor. Please let us hear from you soon.

R. Boyd, Chairman
South Dakota Young People's Committee To Elect Mayor And/Or Governor Neville

Well, soon was not the word. Four days after she'd mailed this missile, Robin happened to run into the postman (literally, having seen too many old Dagwood movies on the telly), who delivered a suntanned letter into her shaking mitts.

That noon, Robin grabbed The Budge bodily and dragged her into the school cafeteria, that being the only place Beverly Lou Boyd (as in Ringo, as in Ringo) wouldn't dream of looking for them.



Budgie battled bravely at first, but agreed to have a bite there (a cockroach bite, no doubt) when she realized something was in an elevated position (as in up, as in up.)

First Robin handed her friend a carbon of the letter to Baldy. Then she quietly placed a door-key between them on the table. (She was afraid to show her the simpering note his (dis)Honor had sent with the Key. Budgie was having enough trouble keeping her lunch down as it was, not to mention as it were.)

First The Budge turned white as six sheets. Then she belched so loud they heard her in Brooklyn.

"You liar," she breathed, ignoring the hysterical silence of the

interview to name the most stupid question I was ever asked. I answered, "Do you want to fight?"

"I was once a devout coward, but not any more," the Associate went on. After an accident that everyone thought would leave him permanently blind, Brian bounced back with a fighting spirit. "I was learning Braille within two weeks," he says.

Decidedly an individualist, Brian is an outgoing person who

surrounding students. "You marvelous, beautiful liar."

"I am not," Robin hissed, bristling (or was it brissed, histling?). We will put the money toward a youth center. Gawd knows this place needs one, or will after we liven up these cadavers."

The Budge thought this over and finally nodded. "You may have a point there."

And, Robin did (in addition to the one atop her head.) She had the fiendish thingy even further figured out. After the first month, they'd send another letter to Baldy. By then they'd have made enough money to actually rent his building for the next month, as a temporary site for the center. Since he wouldn't (dare) dream of accepting the full amount (and might give it to them free if she played her cards right) (the ones up her sleeve), most of the mon could be put in Center building fund. (Hopefully, they'd be able to use a few farthings to make improvements on the temporary center.) (Rent a gun and shoot some of the rats, for instance.)

Pitching In

If the gendarmes didn't clap them in irons, the plan would probably work until Baldy came home, and by then they'd have enough money to build their own center! Especially if other Pitchforkians (hah?) pitched in (whew) and helped!

They'd get nothing out of it personally except a place for the Mockingbirds to perform and the satisfaction of proving to this am-day urg-bay that there was more to life than crocheting doilies. But that was enough reward. The cause was worthwhile, and besides it would also keep one's mind off the fact that one was still minus one's magic powers and georgeous genie (climb-a-wall) (take off your shoes first, those heel marks are rough to explain.)

After Robin had explained all this (not the last part, not the last part), Budgie nodded even more agreeably. But she still wasn't quite convinced.

"Two questions," she said firmly. "How do you intend to explain there's *Four* members," she added, providing that the Boyd dog wasn't in one of its non-partisan snits again.

"Five," re-added The Budge. (Her cat could care less about politics except when the issue at hand involved the tuna industry.) "Next question. Am I to believe we are really going to call it the Archibald Neville Youth Center? That is utterly vagomitsville!"

Robin smiled somewhat superciliously (she was sorta smug about it, as well.) "Welllllll," she drawled. "Would you believe The Neville Club?"

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

seldom lets anyone inside his personality. A rapid, restless talker, he sometimes gives the impression of being the rabbit in Alice In Wonderland. In fact, when Terry walked into the session a half-hour late, it was "quiet" Brian who yelled the recitation,

"I'm late, I'm late,
For a very important date.
No time to say 'hello,'
No time to say 'goodbye,'
I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!"

Paulrey Vear, Radishes — Mark Unravels (?) Tale

"The Undisputed and Original Origin of Paulrey Vear and the Radishes—or How to Secede From Business Without Really Trying."

By Mark Lindsay

Once upon a time, approximately the 14th century to be exact, in they tiny kingdom of Purdubia (near Syria on the Sea of Dreams), on a narrow, winding street in the heart of the city, Basbah (on the wrong side of the tracks), lived a poor struggling tent-maker, called by friend and foe alike, Paulrey Vear.

Every morning, bright and early (about 11 or 12:00), Paulrey would stagger to his stall in the market place and half-heartedly with great vigor would begin his daily task of tent-making.

Poor Paulrey

Poor Paulrey, he hardly had room in his stall to sew. His finished merchandise—circus tents, Boy Scout tents, camping tents, sheep herder tents, and even pup tents—filled every available nook and cranny of his stall, because everyone in the city of Basbah lived in stone houses. Stones were very plentiful in Basbah (it was the Basbahian farmers' main crop). And besides, ever since the great fire of '69 (1369) people had to live in stone houses by Royal Decree (and you don't mess with the King, baby).

One smoggy day, Paulrey (who had run out of canvas anyway) was fed up. He casually flicked his last cigarette (smoking was not against the law) into the great pile of unsold tents and without a backward glance ("forge ahead slowly" was his motto) he strolled through the market place, seemingly unaware of the smoke and flames roaring skyward behind him, until he reached the (Square of the Un-square Ones), where he observed his longtime friend, Marc Lintworthy, squatting in front of a large wicker basket, his cheeks puffing, his face red, and in his mouth a strange instrument resembling an Albanian water pipe.

"What is that thing?" nosily inquired Paulrey. "That thing," said Marc, removing the mouthpiece from his mouth (clever move) and rolling his eyes, "is called a 'Sack-of-Foam' and it is a new-type instrument I instantaneously invented just a few minutes ago when I was inspired by a sudden cloud of smoke in the sky."

"What do it do?" asked Paul, noisily sucking on the mouthpiece. "Just watch!" So saying, Marc grabbed the Sack-of-Foam and proceeded to finger the keys and blow vast quantities of air into the small end of the instrument. A hideous, wailing, moaning sound was produced and a large black snake, which had been hiding in the wicker basket, suddenly reared up on its hind legs, coughed twice and galloped away through the crowd which had gathered 'round the pair, attracted by the noise.

"That ain't half bad," said Paul sickly, and silently turning off the light bulb which had appeared above his head, he quickly hustled

his friend into a nearby alley where he proceeded to explain in warm, maple syrupy tones his Plan, which he had been working on constantly for the past 15 seconds. His Plan, which he assured Marc was sure-fire (a quality Paulrey seemed to have down pat) was to form a musical group, or Rock and Roll Banned, as he called it, and entertain the King, thereby gaining great favor in the eyes of the King, with the end result of being put on a Royal Pension and living happily ever after.

"I don't know," said Marc reflectively scratching his left sideburn. "What if the King doesn't like my playing or your dancing? Maybe we should organize a larger group. Perhaps if we had some sort of rhythm section..." "Hark!" said Paulrey, who had suddenly become all ears. "What is it?" inquired Marc who was gaining in wonder at the hundreds of ears protruding from all parts of Paulrey's body.

Listening closely, they both became aware of a steady *thump thump* coming from around a bend in the alley. "That," said Paulrey with an authoritative bedside manner, "is either a Hindu elephant with an enlarged heart, or else we've found our rhythm section!"

Peering cautiously around the corner, they observed Black-Smith the chimney-sweep, who derived his name from the thick, black soot that covered his entire body like a huge licorice blanket (licorice blanket??).

Black-Smith was in the act of cleaning himself—a process that required him to throw his body smartly against the alley wall—thereby producing the aforementioned thumping sound.

"Stop!"

"Hold it! Stop! Wait-a-minum! By-Jove-I-think-you've-got-it!" So screaming, Paulrey rushed forward and, aided by his faithful Indian companion, Marc, they rushed forward, and rushing forward they grabbed Black-Smith and rushed him forward and tied him to a weeping willow tree growing on the Banks of the River Charles, and started washing his brain with the idea of joining a rock and roll Banned as a rock and roll drummer.

"But first," said Paulrey, "you must improve your grooming." Quickly, they (Paulrey and Marc) began stripping huge strips of black soot from his (Black-Smith's) body.

Hastily, they began pasting the strips back again when it became apparent that under all that soot Black-Smith was as naked as a jaywalker.

"Maybe if we glued a few gold buttons on his front, we could fake everyone into believing he is wearing a black velvet double-breasted," said Marc, tackily. "No sooner done than said!" and quickly reaching into his right pants cuff, Paulrey produced a handful of brass coins, which he deftly attached to the front of Black-Smith's soot-coat.

"Don't tread on me!" gleefully shouted the three, and marched

into the sunset towards the King's castle.

After a full day's travel in the direction of the North Star, which gave the lustre of midday to objects below, the Kingward trio decided to camp for the night in a clearing in the forest which had suddenly appeared in the trees.

(What will happen to Paulrey Vear, Marc Lintworthy and Black-Smith? See next issue of BEAT to find out!)



MARK LINDSAY — YE OLDE STORYTELLER.

SHIRLEY



By Shirley Poston

You Jest!

Meep, spaz and other expressions of inner merriment! Not to mention noisy thank-yous to Mary Ann S., who sent me George's (don't I wish) autograph!

Course, I had to mail it right back to her or she would have appeared on my doorstep, rattling a long chain. It was great having a look at his real-type hand-writty. Before I sent the photo back (with the autograp on it), I actually slept with it under my pillow! (Speaking of long chains...)

Mary Ann received the writty from George's mum, and even sent along the envelope it arrived in. I'd love to write her myself and ask for one, but I'm embarrassed to after the way I've talked about her georgeous, beautiful, tall, thin, exy-say son. (Getting a bit warm in here all of a sudden, isn't it?)

Oh, well, one day I'll turn over a new leash (otherwise known as a new leash on life) and elevate my mind.

Looslier?

Speaking of my mind (and using the term looslier than usual), I would like to give a piece of same to whoever's responsible for the expert splicing job in a certain print of a certain movie. It seems that one of the few prints of "Help" in circulation these days really needs help.

One of the best parts in the film (where John sings "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" and George flirts with Ahme and then faints when she takes out the needle) (a long story if you haven't seen the movie, and if you haven't, you need help)... what was I saying... oh, this whole part is chopped to ribbons. I suppose the film broke and instead of getting another copy, they just elmered (as in glued) it back together. (Good show.)

I've heard more people complaining about this and I hereby join them. I went to see "Help" again (and again) recently, and guess what! It was that gnarled-up print!

Must admit that what happened in the theater was almost worth missing this grrrrr-oovy part. Everyone rared back in their seats and yelled fabulous thingies at the poor projectionist.

Seriously, this is inexcuseable, and if it happens to you, go find the manager and demand your

money back. (This will be especially profitable if you sneaked-in in the first place.) Don't think I didn't tell him a thing or two (because I didn't). (I did frown rather darkly and make fists in my pockets, though.)

Speaking of—you guessed it—I've had another of my rare realie dreams (not to be confused with the whoppers I make up) (I wish you could see me in the morning after a particularly spectacular wishful-thinky) (but you don't wish you could see me). Anydream, here's what my sick, sick subconscious came up with.

I was in a restaurant or some such and noticed that John Lennon was standing at the bar. I didn't get shook or anything because in my dream I seemed to know him.

Sauntering over, I said: "Hi, John. What's become of George? I haven't seen him around lately."

John shrugged. "He's been busy with protest marches for the Delano farm workers."

I shrugged. "Oh, yeah, I forgot."

The end. Isn't that a weirdie? Whaddyahmean I made it all up? If I'm gonna make up dreams about George (which I am, tonight for instance) I can do better than that. (You should hear the one about the time we were locked in a dumb-waiter.) (I'm not as dumb as I look, you know.)

In case any of you are planning a trip (and aren't we all, aren't we all), here's a wise word from a weary traveler.

A pen pal of mine spent the holidays in the British West Indies and she sent me the following advice.

A Bang

If you happen to go for a long walk in the dark of night when everyone in town is snoozing peacefully in their trundles, and you should happen to find a very large firecracker left over from the New Year's Eve celebrations, do not suppose it is a dud and feel you are safe in lighting it just for a lark.

As she so sagely put it: "They heard the blank-of-a-blank in Cuba!"

Wow, I really got a bang out of that! (Puns upon a time...)

If the name of this column (I get tired of saying pillar) hasn't already been changed, it soon will

be. *The BEAT* asked me to come up with some possible titles, but I rather doubt that they'll go for "The Spastic Shirley Poston". (I still think it should be titled "For Gawd's Sake", don't you?) (Never answer that question.)

Before I forget, here's another good way to annoy the rest of the world. Find out the English translation of the names of great people in history, and refer to them in that impolite but thoroughly maddening manner. Frinstance, Enrico is Italian for Henry. I've already experimented with that one. Some rational adult was giving me the business about my taste in music (it used to be vanilla but is now moving along toward strawberry), and I said waspishly, "well, we can't *all* be Henry Caruso." Oooh, did that get his goat, and I kid you not. (Boy, am I killing me.)

Georgy Girl

Hey, there, Georgy-Gril (whoops), there's another Georgy deep inside... sorry about that. I was thinking about that song and got carried away (in a padlocked basket). I think that one is a real car-faller (as in fall out of the car, what else)? One of these eons, I'm going to have that put on an I.D. bracelet.

I'm also going to take another Georgy up on the kind offer he made in "Love You To". (Sweet of him to be so generous, with him so busy and all.) (Success really hasn't gone to his head one jot, has it?)

Down, gril.

Before I go (aper than usual) I must apologize to Glenna and Roccie for being very late in picking up my mail. Too late to be of any help on a report they were doing for school. Still, I wouldn't have been of any help anyway. They had to interview a journalist, and although I've been called a number of thingies in me time, that's never been one of them.

Kissies and thankys to Jennie Vodka and Soupbone Jones (would I lie to you?) (Quiet!) (Not to mention *Quite!*) for sending me a memo pad (and Shirley pen) with the initials S.H. (For Shirley Harrison, I hearily hope)... To C.D. of Merced for the beautiful pix and further adventures... To Helen for the SIPNUM doll (and never mind what that means).

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