

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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KRLA

Edition

BEAT

MFP

MAY 14, 1966

'GOOD TIMES'



KRLA BEAT

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JEFF BECK COLLAPSES TAKEN SERIOUSLY ILL

Jeff Beck, lead guitarist for the Yardbirds, collapsed after the group's concert at the Maracade, France and was immediately rushed seriously ill to the hospital with suspected meningitis.

Shortly afterwards, Jeff was flown back to a London hospital while the rest of the group continued on to Copenhagen. The Yardbirds have not yet decided whether to get a temporary replacement for Jeff or not.

An interesting question has been posed in the English trades concerning Jeff. They wonder if Jeff isn't looking for a way out of the Yardbirds. *The BEAT* sincerely hopes not for the Yardbirds would never be the same group without him. However, it has been reported ever since the Yardbirds were Stateside in January that Jeff was unhappy with the group, with the record scene, with everything.

Rumor True

We'd like to point out that neither Jeff nor the Yardbirds have commented on Jeff's supposed desire to leave the group. We'll all just have to patiently wait and see what happens. However, one rumor concerning the group and their manager, Giorgio Gomelsky, has come true.

They've split. Trouble has been brewing between the two forces for quite some time now and the Yardbirds apparently admitted that when Giorgio's five year contract ran out they would find themselves another manager. It did—and they did. Yardbirds' new manager is Simon Napier-Bell, former jazz musician and producer of documentary films.

Since *THE BEAT* is friends with both Giorgio and the Yardbirds, we prefer not to take any sides in the split but just to wish the best



BEAT Photo, Chuck Boyd

of luck to all concerned and a speedy recovery to Jeff Beck.

Jeff's sudden illness is probably the biggest blow to hit the Yardbirds yet for, quite frankly, he is their sound. The weird guitar and the heavy use of the reverb which made the Yardbird trademark were Jeff's idea. And he is the only one who has been able to master the guitar in just that style. He is widely copied but so far never imitated.

Chris Dreja, who formerly played rhythm guitar for the group, is now attempting to take over Jeff's spot until he is able to return or until they can find a replacement for him.

Shadow Follows Bob Lind Correspondent Flies Over

Bob Lind has been compared to Bob Dylan by many people but now he appears to be falling in to a category with the Beatles.

Bob's managers, Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, have been notified by cable from London that the *London Daily Express* is flying a special correspondent to America this week to do a full page layout on Bob and his writing.

The only other time the *Express* has flown anyone anywhere to do a full page layout on anyone was for The Beatles. This is the first time they've ever done it for just one person.

That makes Bob equal to the Beatles as far as the *Express* is concerned.

The apparent reason for this is Bob's recent three week smash tour of Britain.

In just the short amount of time that Bob was over there promoting his first single, "Elastic Butterfly," he became one of the most talked about personalities over there.

Also as an apparent result of his visit, the record shot to number two on the British charts although there was another version out at the same time by Val Doonican.

And the same song is now number one on the British sheet music charts, a series of charts that America doesn't even keep.

And all of this was the result of just one record. At the time he was over there neither his album or his second single, "Remember The Rain" and "Truly Julie Blues," had been released there. As far as most people can remember there was never as big a reaction as fast as there was to Bob Lind in England. Even the Beatles came up slower than Bob.

And yet during this dizzying flight to the top, Bob has remained totally unchanged and unimpressed. He doesn't seem to yet comprehend his full popularity.



You can still find him wandering around alone with just his guitar, looking lost and unconcerned. The only time he becomes difficult is when you try to interview him—he doesn't think he's interesting or important.

He's been compared to another Bob—Dylan—but most people find his writings much more refreshing and optimistic than Dylan's.

It's even been said that the only real difference between Lind and Dylan as far as writing influence is that Lind writes in English.

If you run into Bob in the next couple of weeks, he won't be alone. That shadow following him everywhere is a British reporter who thinks Bob is as important and influential as the Beatles and is trying to find out what makes him tick.

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Mime Ban In Britain?

By Tony Barrow

In England we call it MIME. In America you call it LIP-SYNC. Either way, it means the much-used idea of having singers move their mouths in time with their own records while gazing into the lenses of the television cameras.

Most major stars have mastered the knack of miming even if more than a few instrumentalists make a poor job of flicking their fingers across silent guitar strings or letting their drumsticks just miss cymbals and skins with an obvious and intentional lack of good marks-manship!

Miming has become an important point of pop controversy in London since the opening of the year. Stars, producers, journalists and fans have spoken out for or against the mime game. Some said it was just as acceptable as a live in-person TV performance. Others argued that the whole concept of miming was phony and undesirable.

Now, with the flow of printed and spoken words on the subject reaching some kind of climax, our



BEAT Photo, Chuck Boyd

P.J. PROBY is back in the United States and it may be for good this time. Not only has he purchased a new home for himself (in California) but he bought one for his manager, too. He is currently negotiating several movie offers and getting his cabaret act back together for American audiences to enjoy.

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'Good Times' With

By Carol Deck
You expect the set of a movie about America's number one pop couple to be enveloped in excitement, to have fans milling about, and to have a general air of tension just because it's Sonny and Cher and it's their first movie.

The *BEAT*, recalling some interesting moments on the sets of the Beatles' movies, visited the Paramount lots in Hollywood to view the filming of the movie tentatively titled "Good Times."

We found Sonny sitting alone in the middle of an old time western town scene early one morning. Cher wasn't around as they were just shooting exterior shots with Sonny that day so he told Cher she could have a day off.

Sonny, dressed in buckskin pants with fringe around the bottom, a bright red print shirt, boots with huge oversized spurs, a rather large battered brown hat with a feather and numerous bullet holes in the rim and covered with about a dozen tin deputy badges, gave us some insight to the movie.

Basically, it's about Sonny and Cher. It starts with them, as they are now, young married singing stars with millions of fans 'round the world.

Cher's pretty content with things as they are, but Sonny isn't. He thinks they should branch out into movies. A powerful film tycoon makes Sonny a screen offer that Cher argues against but that

starts Sonny to daydreaming.

He imagines himself out West. He's Sheriff Irving Ringo, the only man who can keep peace in this big land. He also has a way with Nelle Belle, the dance hall queen, and Irene Goodnight, the school marm, both of whom are dead ringers for Cher (funny thing about that.)

Things get a little out of hand before Sonny wakes up and realizes that with his hat too big, his pants too long, bullets constantly falling out of his gun because of the angle he keeps the holster at, and the fact that even his sheriff's badge is bent, he makes a pretty silly cowboy.

Morry And Zora

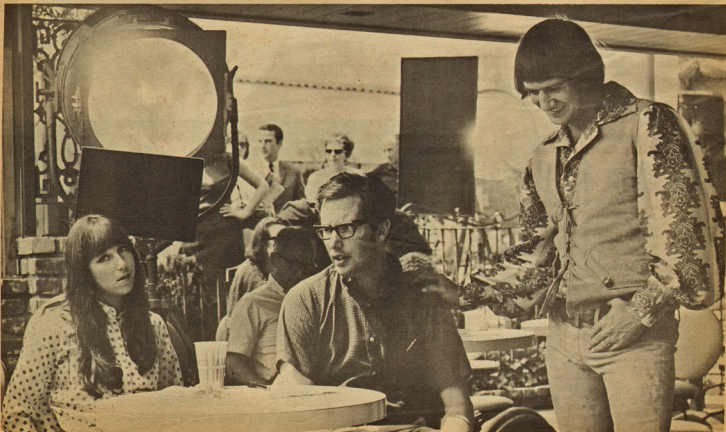
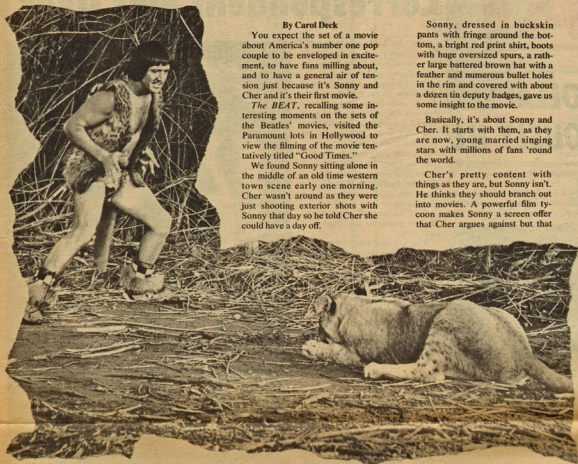
But he still can't get the idea of a movie out of his head. Next he dreams he's Jungle Morry, raised by apes. He and his mate Zora (another amazing Cher look alike) live in a tree complete with elevator and two elephants in the elephant port.

Again things get out of hand—it could have something to do with Sonny's 85 year old son—and he wakes up just in time.

Soon Sonny's drifting off again. This time he's Bogie Mann, private eye, with a sultry singer named Samantha, who looks enough like Cher to be her twin, as a sidekick.

Funny how those Cher look-alikes keep popping into Sonny's dreams.

As Bogie Mann he's out to capture the local crime lord who ends up capturing him, hypnotizing him



"COME ON BILLY, YOU CAN DO IT"—Sonny and Cher take a break during filming and work things out with their director, William Friedkin, whom Sonny has great respect for.

Sonny And Cher

A Funny Thing

and setting him loose to blow up the police headquarters and himself.

This time when he wakes up, he finally gets the message and refuses the whole picture deal and goes back to just being one of America's favorite singers.

This movie means a lot to Sonny, who wrote a good deal of the script and the entire music score.

"It's a definite story," he says, "with a beginning, an end and a reason. It's beyond just a rock and roll movie. The songs are a vehicle for the story situation."

As for the writing, Sonny explains, "I wrote a great deal of it out of desperation. When it got down to where we had to shoot it, it wasn't there."

The original script was written by a professional script writer. Then Sonny took it for two weeks and did most of the Sonny and Cher dialogue. And then a comedy writer was hired to polish up some of the jokes.

But the songs are all Sonny's. On the day we visited him on the set he had written one the night before and had three more to do.

Title Problems

One of those songs is "Good Times," the title tentatively set for the movie. When the idea of the movie first came up, it was to be titled "I Got You Babe," after their first and biggest hit.

Then "Bang Bang" jumped on the charts and became their biggest hit next to "I Got You Babe" and they decided to change the title to their latest hit.

However there's an Ian Fleming movie in England called "Kiss, Kiss, Bang, Bang" and they could not get the rights to use "Bang Bang."

The title had been copyrighted as a song title and not a movie title so they lost it. They're now calling the movie "Good Times," but Sonny warns they might change it again.

As we sat on the set we watched Sonny shoot a scene for the cowboy sequence where he had just been deserted by all his deputies.

Sonny's in a saloon and one by one the deputies come up and hang their badges on him until he looks like a walking invitation to a magnet.

The final scene they have to shoot is where Sonny walks out of the saloon and sees his male sitting down outside. This sit down strike by his faithful companion is the last straw and he shakes his fist in disgust and walks off.

Mean Sonny

One of the funniest sights of the year has to be Sonny Bono standing in the middle of this old western town in that get-up of his trying to look mean. He stood there for a few minutes making faces, but without much luck. Sonny's just too cute to look mean.

The mood on the set is relaxed and friendly with a lot of joking about hair and things. Everyone kids Sonny, good naturedly, about his hair and even the extras on the project say, "This is a funny picture."

During a break in the filming someone asks what the delay is and someone else replies, "The movie wants more money."

Sonny's working hard on this movie but he's also managing to keep up a few other projects at the same time.

He and Cher are working on the sound-track of the movie which should be released about the same time as the movie, either in June or July.

And they're looking for another single. Sonny said he cut one the other night called "Have I Done Something Wrong?" that could be their next single but, "I have to listen to it a few thousand times more."

Just before leaving the set we posed one last question to Sonny. "Aren't you a little afraid, working on your first movie?"

"Yeah, I'm scared. I think you are about anything that's important."

Any movie that's put together with as much sincere care and effort as this one is can't be anything but great.

By Louise Criscione

It's funny how fame affects some people and fails to affect others. Strange how some remain relatively the same despite their sudden popularity and how others become so swell-headed that it's really unbelievable.

I'm glad Sonny & Cher haven't changed much at all since the first time I visited them. It seems like years ago but was actually about eleven months ago. I remember it very well because it was one of the first interviews I had ever done and it was one of the first interviews that they had ever given.

"Just You" had broken locally but outside of Los Angeles no one had ever even heard of Sonny and Cher. They lived in a rather small hillside home which they were in the midst of furnishing.

Cher liked it because it had a magnificent view of the city and Sonny liked it because it had a garage with a piano in it. He could write songs down there where it was quiet and he could work without interruptions.

They were playing the local clubs then and were so proud that they had become popular enough to draw several hundred into a small night spot. Cher told me about a beach club they'd just played and had somehow managed to pull in a neat 500. They felt it was the greatest accomplishment they had made.

They probably dreamed of having a smash single in the national top ten and drawing sell-out crowds into the huge auditoriums throughout the country but it was so far off (if it ever did happen) that they were afraid to even talk about it.

Their clothes weren't so far out then. Cher wore rather conservative bell bottoms with a poor boy shirt and Sonny wore striped shirts

above hip-hugging plain colored pants.

As their cleaning lady attempted to make a path through their black and white tiled kitchen, Sonny sipped coffee from an enormous mug and answered the phone while Cher sat Indian style on the sofa talking about how someday she hoped they would be able to visit London so that she could replenish her clothes closet.

Cher admitted to being scared on stage if Sonny wasn't up there with her and one got the distinct impression that that was the only reason Sonny was singing with Cher. He probably would have preferred to let Cher be the star while he concentrated on song writing and record producing.

They were thrilled at the prospect of having an entire article devoted to them in *The BEAT* because then, no one was writing about them at all. They weren't news and if they faded from the scene, probably no one would even notice that they were gone.

They had just finished a walk-on for one of the Beach Party type movies which they were enthusiastic about because they never thought they'd be the stars of their own movie only months later.

Yes, it's funny how fame doesn't affect some people much at all. Sonny and Cher have had more than one top ten single, they've produced hit albums, they've drawn thousands to their concerts, they've evoked a clothes revolution in the teenage world, they've moved into a huge new home and they've had pages and pages written about them.

But they've remained basically the same two people who once lived in a small house, drew several hundred into tiny clubs and dreamed big dreams.

Funny, isn't it? But a nice sort of funny.



CHER has some pretty wild outfits but we never expected this.



CHER AND A FRIEND — Sonny had to wrestle with a lion but Cher only got to pet one.



"I'M MEAN, MISTER" — Sonny plays Sheriff Irving Ringo, the bumbling hero of the West

For Girls only

by
shirley
poston

Narcissa Nash has struck again. If you're a long-time reader of this (excuse for a) column (haven't they come for you yet?), that name should ring a bell.

N.N. is the pen name (I hope) (so does she) of the girl who composed the greatest Beatle dream of all time some months back, which I stole - er - printed word for word.

Now N.N. has analyzed one of my Beatle dreams! For the second time, I might add (and, if you'll notice, just did). I lost her first letter (which figures) and had to hint around (as in beg openly) for a copy. And you're about to read same, re-stolen . . . er . . . printed word for word. Take it way, Nar (as in cissal)!

Preface:

!!! 92% 94% 95% 96% !!!

Pardon my Scouse, but I'm in a bit of a twitter, having read that you've lost me previous letter about the "Lennon-with-par-

chute" dream. Being as I can't find the original writty, I'll have to improvise. (They're putting me to sleep at three of the clock.)

The Lettuce:

Dear Shirley: Go lie down on a couch . . . I'll wait . . . comfy? All right then, I'll begin. I am going to analyze your dream about the Beatles, and, as any twit knows, the analyzer (?) must be lying on a couch while being analyzed by the analyzer (?) (perhaps we'd better switch places.) Anyroad, I shall proceed.

The airplane symbolizes the Beatles popularity as a group, which will eventually go down. You represent the loyal fan, and you are afraid that the plane will crash (i.e. that the Beatles' popularity will die.) But the Beatles themselves are not afraid, because they are prepared; they have parachutes.

The parachutes symbolize the Beatles' individual talents which will "rescue" them after their popularity as a group dies. The reason you hang onto John and his parachute is because John has a greater variety of talents, and he will undoubtedly remain more popular than the others after the group splits. (Spoken as any true Lennon fan may speak.)

John's comment when you hit the ground ("how can you laugh when you know I'm down?") signifies that John's parachute will eventually fold and he will retire from the public eye. You, the loyal fan will become mature (?) adult who will look back on Beatlemania with a laugh. But to John and the other Beatles, it will not have been a laugh; Beatlemania will have been their lives.

Ya dig?

Well, I must be off now, being as my analyzer is gonna analyze my dream where John and I were locked in a coffin together. Sound cozy? Actually it was a grave undertaking. (Forgive me.)

Narcissa Nash

Absolute Gem

P.S. You may get off the couch now if you're still awake.

Well, I can't say I agree with all of N.N.'s analysis, but isn't it an absolute gem? If this girl ever finds out how talented she is, I may be out of a job instead of just out of my gourd. Anypath, let's just hope N.N. strikes again, and soon!

Speaking of George . . . whoops . . . I really wasn't going to say that at all. But now that I'm on the subject (I'll have never, to me recollection, been off it), here's something I've been meaning to tell you.

Remember the girl whose toenails curl every time Paul looks like he needs a shave? Well, here's what gives me goosebumps (make that mouse mumps) about George. His ggguggejin! Sorry I had to use the code, but some people just wouldn't understand.

Speaking of . . . down, girl . . . codes, was that something else! First I lost the original code and had to look through everything (and, considering that mess, *every-one*) in my room to find it. The funnest thing happened though!

I was writing codes everywhere I went, trying to fill all the "orders" and one time I had a bunch of them with me at lunch. I was busy writing "his.S.P." on the envelopes, when I noticed this boy kept walking past and staring at me incredulously (for those interested, me incredulously is located . . . whoops, sorry about that Robbi. Finally he tapped me on the shoulder.

Hisp!

"Yesssss?" I simpered. He sort of growled. "Would you mind telling me what h-i-s-p means?" he asked.

I smiled calmly. "It means hisp," I confessed.

"Thank you," he said calmly as he ran hysterically out of the restaurant!

Well, I thought it was funny. Speaking of . . . oh no you don't . . . funny (as in rubber crutch) things, my strange little brother has finally made his second reasonably humorous remark.

The other Saturday morning we were at home alone, and before I got up he ate practically everything in the house. I couldn't find a single thing to have for breakfast,

so I just sat at the table and shrieked at him, hoping to ruin his digestion (an impossibility.)

Finally, he got up, went into the kitchen, came back and slammed a box of cereal down on the table with these words: "Kix just kept gettin' harder to find."

Honestly, I laughed so hard I fell off the chair I was lying on (my posture leaves something to be desired.)

Maronel

Maronel! (That's Italian for golly.) I'm forgetting a most important thing. Remember that rawhide bit with the bracelet and stuff? Well, I've had another of my irrational ideas.

You know those safety belts you wear on flaps . . . they're coming for me . . . I mean that you wear on planes? Well, now I'm wearing one on earth! (If you understand that last sentence, please see a doctor.) (Before he sees you.)

What I am trying to say is that I bought a rawhide shoelace, tied a whole bunch of knots for the safety of all me faves, and now I wear it as a belt! It really looks gab (not to mention fear.) (Answer: This is getting ridiculous.)

The only problem is, now my mother is searching frantically through the yellow pages.

Golly! (That's English for Maronel.) Why is someone banging loudly at our frong door? (I ask you.)

Oh, oh. You know how I always keep saying they're coming for me? Well, guess what?

They're here! Will I or won't I see you next week? Only my keeper knows for sure.

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Medicated Natural Wonder

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Last week you read in *The BEAT* about the "feud" between Mick Jagger and the Walker Brothers. Now Gary Leeds says: "Don't ask me any more about Mick Jagger. I don't want to talk about him or any of those incidents. I just want to forget about it. In fact, I don't even know Mick Jagger and I am not concerned with replying to any of the allegations he makes. Incidentally, I like the Rolling Stones in as much as I can like anything of that type of music."

I hope the Walkers do forget it. Since I wasn't there I can't say for sure if the cigarette throwing incident was true or not but I tend to believe that it never happened at all. Not that Mick Jagger is above throwing cigarettes at anyone—he isn't. However, if he did he would admit it. He's sort of like that—impulsive but honest.

Private to the Beau Brummels: Love him all. Glad you dug it.

Knockin' 'Em Out

Herman and the Mindbenders are knocking them out on their current tour of England. The Mindbenders are a possibility for a Stateside tour now that "Groovy Kind of Love" has finally made it.

Herman and his everlovin' Hermits are coming for sure. They'll be touring with the Animals beginning July 3 in L.A. Sports Arena and then quickly moving onto Seattle, Denver, Tulsa, Little Rock, Detroit, Boston, Toronto and Pittsburgh ending the tour on August 7. I'm afraid it won't do you any good to write to me for further information this early because I don't have either the concert times nor the ticket prices.

Meanwhile, the Animals are currently touring Stateside and have been for the last couple of weeks. Dates left to play include Harvard on May 6, Amherst College on May 7, Trinity College on May 14 and the University of Massachusetts on May 15.

John Lennon's father made a remark recently which really put John's fans up tight. Said the elder Lennon: "John might have a million but it would cost him more than a million to live the kind of life I've led." To which John's fans answered: "So, who'd want to?"

And Another

Here's some really hot news for you—Elvis is going to make another movie!!! Sorry about that. Anyway, he is going to make "Too Big For Texas" which is a story about cattle barons and will be set against the background of a huge Texas ranch. Film's producer will be Pandro S. Berman who produced Elvis' 1957 effort, "Jailhouse Rock." That one eventually grossed \$9,000,000 which is enough to make a cattle baron out of anyone!

Congrats to the Young Rascals. They did it this week—made it to Number One in the nation with "Good Lovin'."

I'm still wondering if the Beatles are coming, have come or are not going to come Stateside to record. Tony Barrow doesn't exactly say "yes" but then he doesn't exactly say "no" either. Reports out of New York say that they were due in last week and had already booked time in a New York and Memphis recording studio, while reports in the trades say the Beatles will record here sometime during their up-coming tour. So, who's right? Tell you one thing for sure—I haven't seen any Beatles wandering around here!

New In May

The Beach Boys and the Out-siders are both scheduled for new album releases in May. The Out-siders' LP is already completed and will most probably be titled after their first hit single, "Time Won't Let Me." Brian Wilson is currently putting the finishing touches to the Beach Boys' album which will be titled, "Pet Sounds."

I heard a Bobby Rydell oldie on the radio the other day and it occurred to me that we haven't heard from him in ages. I have to admit that I once considered Bobby the absolute groove, so I checked into it and discovered that Bobby is still very much on the scene. He just had the most successful engagement at The Top Hat in Windsor, Ontario and is currently on the road hitting the Eastern colleges.



... MICK JAGGER

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd



... THE LEAVES

No Fall In Sight For These Leaves

One windy afternoon amateur singer and song writer Bill Rinehart was lounging around in his back yard with three of his fraternity brothers from college.

The four had formed a combo to play at college dances and local community affairs and were looking for a name.

The breeze whipped some loose leaves off the trees. Someone asked, "What's happening?"

Another answered, "The leaves are happening."

"Hey!" exclaimed a third. "That's what we ought to call ourselves—the Leaves."

And, so the story goes, the Leaves were born.

They played at many local happenings and finally got their big break when they were booked into a Hollywood night club. There they were seen and heard and liked by Pat Boone's manager who promptly signed them to a recording contract.

A few weeks later they released their first single, "Too Many People," written by Bill. The song

had only mild local success, but it got them appearances on many top TV shows including "The Lloyd Thaxton Show," "Hollywood Discotheque," "9th Street West," and "Shivaree."

And now The Leaves have followed that first release with a second that just may be their first big hit. It's called, "Hey Joe" and it's happening all over Southern California and should start breaking nationwide soon.

However, Bill has since left the group to spend more time on his studies.

New lead guitar player for the group is Bobby Arlin who also writes songs.

Collaborating with Bobby in the song writing business is Jim Pones. He's the athletic one of the group. He keeps in shape by playing football, basketball or swimming.

When it comes to clothes, Jim digs long sleeve, high collar shirts and vests.

Bob Reiner, rhythm guitar player, is a muscular six footer who can't remember ever wanting to be anything but a singer. He was

an anthropology major in college before joining the group. He's a great blues fan and particularly likes the Stones, James Brown and Chuck Berry.

John Beck is probably the group's most versatile musician. He's accomplished on the harmonica, tambourine, saxophone, bass, maracas, guitar, organ and piano.

To relax he listens to Manfred Mann or hits the ski slopes or motorcycle trails. His clothing trade mark is the colorful silk scarfs he usually wears around his neck, especially when performing. "It gets awfully hot under the lights," he says.

The group's drummer is Tom "Ambrose" Ray, a Hollywood product who wanted to be a veterinarian before the Leaves happened.

His wardrobe is very casual and dapper—including long sleeve shirts with lace cuffs.

It seems certain, as certain as spring follows winter, that these leaves won't be falling for a long time. They're working on an album now so you know there's more to come.

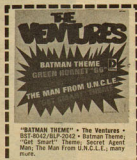


... BOBBY RYDELL

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Long Play Action

By Tracy Allen

Hi! Did you think I'd forgotten all about you? Never, it's just that I was waiting until we had some really groovy new albums to tell you about—and we finally have.

The first, and probably best, is "The Young Rascals" by guess who? It's the group's first LP and, believe me, it's out of sight! Side one opens with a fantastic version of "Slow Down" and then cools down for a semi-slow R&B packed cut, "Baby Let's Wait," wailed in a too-much way by Eddie Brigati.

Gene Cornish next takes the lead for the Brummels' old hit, "Just A Little," and then it's Eddie's turn again with a version of the standard, "I Believe" which makes him sound the least bit like Bobby Hatfield, and is the grooviest arrangement of the song ever heard by anyone in The BEAT office! "Soul" is the word.

Side one ends with an up-tempo original, "Do You Feel It," sung by Felix Cavaliere and jointly composed by Felix and Gene. Side two opens with their current chart-topping single, "Good Lovin'," and moves on to a six minute, nine second Dylan favorite, "Like A Rolling Stone."

Cut three on the second side is an R&B flavored number, "Mustang Sally," which lasts 3 minutes and 59 seconds and is worth every second—it's great! "Sally" leads into the song which first introduced the Young Rascals to the nation, "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore."

The organ is predominate throughout the entire album and some fancy guitar work is also employed, especially effective on "I Believe." The LP is out on Atlantic and we advise you not to miss it—it's fantastic!

Shadows of Knight

For those of you who like heavy R&B, the Shadows of Knight's first LP, titled "Gloria," is perfect for you. This group's new to the nation, but they wait those R&B songs like they've been doing it for 20 years.

Such great cuts as "I Got My Mojo Working," "Dark Side," "Boom, Boom" "You Can't Judge A Book By The Cover," "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man" and "I Just Want To Make Love To You," are all featured on this Danwich LP.

Sonny Side Up

The last album on this week's list is Cher's latest effort, "The Sonny Side of Cher." It's received all sorts of criticism by so-called (and probably so-named) "critics" but I think it's by far her best LP yet.

It contains several of her big hits, such as "Bang, Bang" and "Where Do You Go" but also features Cher's version of some of the big singles by other artists—"Evasive Butterfly," "Like A Rolling Stone," "The Girl From Ipanema," "It's Not Unusual," "Old Man River," "Time" and "A Young Girl."

Bob Lind thought enough of Cher to pen a song especially for her, something which he had never done before. It's "Come To Your Window" and it's great! It has that Lind touch to it and without even knowing at the composer's credit you know he wrote it.



... THE MINDBENDERS (l. to r.) Bob Lang, Ric Rothwell and Eric Stewart

MINDBENDERS

Bending Your Mind

By Louise Criscione

A split in a group usually results in pop disaster for someone. Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders had one of the biggest smashes in the U.S. with "Game Of Love" but they couldn't seem to follow it up Stateside.

Wayne and the Mindbenders came from Manchester and for months they were what is known as a "group's group." In other words, their fellow performers recognized their talent and potential but the record buyers couldn't seem to see it.

Mick Jagger used to always say: "It's about time Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders had a hit." But for quite sometime no one listened to Mr. Jagger because the Mindbenders made five attempts at chart success and all of them failed.

They were extremely popular in their home territory but that was all. And then it finally happened for them—they got that hit record in the form of "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um." It was an embarrassing hit for the group. They couldn't imagine how anyone could go into a record shop and actually ask for "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um," so they had cards printed up which read: "I want 'Um, Um, Um, Um, Um' by Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders."

Worrying

But after all of the cards had been distributed, the group began worrying that perhaps the recipients of the cards would think that if they presented the card to their local record store they would get a free record.

Apparently, they were worried about nothing because they did misunderstand the meaning of the

cards when they discovered that they had to pay for the record, they went ahead and put down their money. In any case, it was a smash on the British charts.

Wayne and the Mindbenders followed it up with a bigger record yet and one which made them one of the best-selling groups Stateside. That record was, of course, "Game Of Love."

With two hits in a row, the Mindbenders with Wayne always out in front as the lead singer, began really moving. They appeared on television, performed at concerts, made tours and visited America. "Game Of Love" flew up to number one in the nation and most people just naturally assumed that Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders would continue putting out great sounding records and eventually would become one of the most popular British groups in America.

One Hit

But, unfortunately, most people were wrong. They couldn't seem to follow up "Game Of Love" and eventually they found themselves categorized Stateside as another of the one-hit wonders who had an initial hit during the take-over of our charts by the Beatles' and then had simply vanished from the scene.

Several months ago their name again cropped up when the rumors hit that Wayne was unhappy and was considering leaving the group. Wayne denied all of the rumors, declaring that he and the Mindbenders had their disagreements, sure, but then so did every other group. He was not leaving the Mindbenders—he wasn't even thinking about it.

Shortly after that, Wayne collapsed from nervous exhaustion.

He went home to his parents' house in Manchester to recuperate and a couple of weeks later Wayne issued a public apology saying, in part: "I'm sorry I let you down. Now I hope I'm over my nervous complaint and can get back to work properly."

He did go back to work with the Mindbenders but the splitting rumors continued and finally Wayne could deny the obvious no longer. He wasn't happy being a member of the group and he wanted out.

Wayne Happy

Many reasons were given for Wayne's split with the Mindbenders, but no one really knew what had happened—they only knew that Wayne was gone. He appeared to be happy and relieved to be out on his own and said so. For their part, the Mindbenders remained silent except to say that they would continue recording.

The three Mindbenders—Eric Stewart, Bob Lang and Ric Rothwell—did continue recording and finally came up with a hit which literally ran up the English charts.

And it didn't take Stateside teens long to catch on to "Groovy Kind Of Love," either! It put Wayne in a rather embarrassing position because he had always been the group's focal point, the one member who received the most press and the most recognition. Yet, when he split it was his back-up group and not Wayne who first produced a successful disc while Wayne still hasn't been able to comeback in the U.S.

The Mindbenders originally got their name from a horror movie and perhaps that's what the whole thing has turned out to be for Wayne Fontana—a little bit of horrible.

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KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	MONDAY, MONDAY	The Mama's & Papa's
2	11	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
3	2	RAINY DAY WOMAN #12 & 35	Bob Dylan
4	3	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
5	5	THE RAINS CAME	Sir Douglas Quintet
6	20	HEY JOE	The Leaves
7	4	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Brothers
8	9	EIGHT MILES HIGH/WHY	The Byrds
9	10	SLOOP JOHN B	The Beach Boys
10	12	GOOD LOVIN'	The Young Rascals
11	14	MAGIC TOWN	The Vogues
12	6	SECRET AGENT MAN	Johnny Rivers
13	29	THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE	Walker Bros.
14	19	LEANIN' ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON	Herman's Hermits
15	8	MESSAGE TO MICHAEL	Dionne Warwick
16	7	SHAPES OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
17	13	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mama's & Papa's
18	17	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
19	26	A SIGN OF THE TIMES	Petula Clark
20	23	FALLING SUGAR	Palace Guard
21	23	ALONG COMES MARY/	
22	21	YOUR OWN LOVE	The Association
23	23	RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN	Loz Christie
24	47	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
25	23	TRY TOO HARD	The Dave Clark Five
26	24	TEEN AGE FAILURE	Chad and Jeremy
27	25	IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK	Love
28	26	LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART	The Supremes
29	28	PLEASE DON'T STOP LOVING ME/	
30	28	FRANKIE AND JOHNNY	Elvis Presley
31	30	I CAN'T GROW PEACHES ON A CHERRY TREE	Just Us
32	35	HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF	Buddy Starcher
33	30	CAROLINE NO	Brian Wilson
34	31	I HEAR TRUMPETS BLOW	The Tinkers
35	32	HOW DOES THAT GRAB YOU DARLIN'/	
36	37	LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS	Nancy Sinatra
37	37	NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY BABY	Stevie Wonder
38	36	I GOT MY MOJO WORKING	Jimmy Smith
39	39	CRUEL WAR	Peter, Paul and Mary
40	37	FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE	Danny Hutton
41	37	I WOULD NEVER DO THAT	Jimmy Boyd
42	38	DADDY YOU JUST GOTTA LET HIM IN	The Satisfactions
43	39	TOGETHER AGAIN	Ray Charles
44	40	RIVER DEEP, MOUNTAIN HIGH	Ike and Tina Turner



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



EMPEROR HUDSON



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JOHNNY RIVERS is never going to make a good Secret Agent unless he learns to keep his mouth shut and he just couldn't seem to keep quiet at all when he dropped by The Trip to see the fabulous Four Tops.

BEAT Photo: Howard Bragman

inside KRLA

In case you haven't noticed yet, KRLA is now being run by some new people—YOU.

A few weeks ago the station went all-request for one weekend just to give you a chance to tell the DJ's what you wanted to hear.

Well, you came through and thoroughly tied up the phone lines all weekend. So they decided to give you another chance to do the same.

They repeated the all-request thing the next weekend and once again you flooded the phone lines. For once you had the chance to dictate what your favorite radio station played and you took advantage of the situation.

Well, after the second time the station began to get the idea that all request was what you wanted and since station policy is to give you just that—what you want—they decided to do all-request for a week during the Easter vacation.

But you didn't let them stop then and now they have all-request indefinitely.

And on top of going all-request, something that has been tried sparingly in other parts of the country, they've also been giving dedications with the requests, something that no other all-request station has ever done.

The entire change in format is costing the station hundreds of dollars for additional phone lines and additional people to man them, but KRLA's been the number one AM station in Los Angeles for many years and they don't intend to change.

Whatever you want to hear is what they are going to play so give them a call and clue them in to your latest fave.

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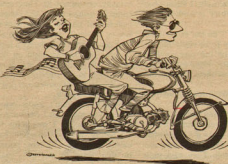
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TEEN PANEL

Are Teenagers Unhealthy?

Editor's Note: Welcome to the second installment of *THE BEAT's* new Teen Panel series.

These discussions are being sponsored and published by *THE BEAT* in an effort to find out how the younger generation really feels about the world around them.

Because many teenagers are wary of broadcasting their opinions, the conversations are held in complete privacy. Only the members of the panel are present, and their opinions are recorded on tape which is later destroyed.

Participants are asked to identify themselves only by the first name of their choice and their age.

Each panel is composed of five teenagers. If you would like to express your views in a future discussion, you can volunteer by filling out the application blank which appears with each installment.

In the first segment of this series, a particular phase of music (protest vs. patriotism) was discussed by *THE BEAT* panel. Today's topic is still another phase of that same subject.

The pop world has undergone many changes this past year, but one of the most important has been the trend toward song lyrics which can not only be heard, but which also have something to say.

Our question is, are some of today's lyrics saying too much? Here to answer and explore that question are *Jerry* (18), *Pat* (14), *Barbara* (18), *Pattie* (16) and *Scott* (17). *Jerry* volunteered to open the discussion.

JERRY—"No, I don't think they're saying too much. But most of them are saying it too crudely."

BARBARA—"Amen to that. It's come to the point where I have to listen to a record three or four times—listen closely. I mean—before I dare buy it and take it home."

PATTIE—"I do the same thing. I have to. My folks really flipped about some of the records I've bought recently. They even made me take one of them back to the shop."

BRIAN—"What reason did they give?"

PATTIE—"They didn't. They just said I'd better never buy anything like that again if I know what was good for me. Oh—they did give one reason. They said such songs were an unhealthy influence on young people."

SCOTT—"I think they're more of an unhealthy influence on adults than they are on kids. They make parents realize that their teenagers aren't children any more, and this realization scares them. It's just natural to worry about your kids. And the more they know we know, the more they worry."

JERRY—"You said more of an unhealthy influence. Does that mean you think earthy lyrics do have some influence on kids?"

SCOTT—"I suppose they do, but only on some kids. You can always find people—teenagers and adults—who make no effort to develop a mind of their own. This sort of person is easily swayed. Take most TV commercials as an

example. They insult the intelligence of anyone over the age of three, but some people believe every word and go ripping down to the nearest store."

BARBARA—"I agree, but I think a shocking line in a song could very easily have an adverse effect on the judgement of a younger, more inexperienced teenager."

PATTIE—"Thanks a lot! I've heard so many people say stuff like that and it really burns me up. If something as unimportant as a song affects the judgement of a fourteen-year-old, it isn't because she's a fourteen-year-old. It's because she's stupid! Age has nothing to do with good judgment. Some individuals are responsible at thirteen. Others are still simple when they're sixty."

BARBARA—"I wasn't directing that at you. And, now that I think about it, age probably isn't that much of a factor. But who needs this type of song at any age? Even if they didn't do one bit of harm, they sure don't do anyone any good. Except the people who get rich writing and singing them."

BRIAN—"In my opinion, even a really rank free speech purpose. It proves that free speech actually does exist, for one thing. It's the writer's privilege to express himself, just the same as it's your privilege not to listen to what he has to say."

BARBARA—"I don't think this kind of stuff falls into the expression category. I'd classify it as more of a deliberate attempt to grab the teenage dollar. There's a song that's popular right now that's a perfect example. It's never mentioned it by name, but it's so gross I'd rather not even call it a song. It's more a pitch. I can't believe that someone sat down and actually composed it. They composed it, using every tired junior-high-school phrase in the books, hoping it would get everyone all fired up. I think that shows a lack of talent and imagination on the part of the writer, and a lack of respect for others. People like this just want money and don't care how they get it."

BRIAN—"I don't know what record you mean, so I can't argue that point, but as I was going to say before, you have to admit that earthy songs are a lot more realistic than some of this frilly junk that makes teenagers sound like first-graders in pinafores. At least these songs talk about things that really exist, and I'm not all for that. It's about time people stopped being ashamed of being human, and I think these songs are helping people—teenagers especially—to understand that sex isn't a dirty word, or something to giggle and whisper about. I don't see how a song that's at least honest could possibly hurt anyone."

JERRY—"I'm with you, but only up to a point. A song with down-to-earth lyrics does help in ways. If nothing else, it confronts people with taboo subjects. This can't help but make them think, and maybe accept life as it is instead of what someone else says it should be. This also helps people

accept themselves, and understand themselves. But, personally, I don't dig many of the songs that have touched on this type of subject. Some of them are obvious put-ons, like Barbara said. Others try too hard and end up sounding coarse instead of frank. On the other hand, a few of them have been great."

PATTIE—"I'll bet I can guess who wrote some of the songs you did like."

JERRY—"So, go ahead."

PATTIE—"The Beatles, right?" *JERRY*—"Right. I probably won't be able to explain this, but there's been a little bit of everything in their songs. But they're cool about it. Take 'Norwegian Wood'—that says a lot but it couldn't possibly offend anyone. Their music has kind of a natural flavor to it, if you know what I mean."

PATTIE—"I know exactly what you mean. I get the same type of feeling about their songs. They don't make a big deal out of anything. Some of their music is very direct, but in a gentle way that you can understand and accept."

BARBARA—"I don't think Beatle music really belongs in this conversation. We're talking about songs that go too far out, and that's something Beatle songs just don't do. As writers, the Beatles have talent and class. They don't have to resort to being obvious or crude to get a point across, which is a lot more than I can say for most pop music composers. Well, not most, but too many."

BRIAN—"There is something that does belong in this conversation though. We haven't even mentioned songs that sound like singing commercials for L.S.D., Inc. and I think we should. Personally, I'm all for the blunt lyric bit, but that's going overboard."

SCOTT—"I thought you were an advocate of free speech."

BRIAN—"I am, but this is one area where I exercise my right not to listen."

PATTIE—"I don't really know much about this subject."

BARBARA—"Neither do I, and I plan to keep it that way. But I do think this kind of song is extremely harmful."

SCOTT—"I don't."

BRIAN—"Are you saying you approve of drugs?"

SCOTT—"No, but I am saying that this kind of song is mostly a matter of personal interpretation. If you aren't familiar with certain terms or phrases, you'd never know what the song was implying. If you are hip to what the song suggests, you've probably already had the opportunity to—shall we say imbibe. If this is the case, you've either declined or accepted the offer, and it's too late for a song to affect your decision. Not that it would have anyway. And, if you don't even know what the song's about, which the average teenager wouldn't, it couldn't possibly have the slightest bit of influence on you."

BRIAN—"One last thing. Are you referring to the average teenager in this area?"

SCOTT—"I didn't know there were any."

(Stay tuned to *THE BEAT* for more teen panel discussions soon.)

Hollies' Trouble

The Hollies are certainly having their share of problems here in the U.S. They've been unable to appear on any television shows so far and no satisfactory explanation has been given to the Hollies.

The Musicians' Union stopped the Hollies from appearing on "Hullabaloo" as originally scheduled and at the last minute the Young Rascals were asked to step in for the Hollies.

Tony Hicks revealed that the Hollies had been told something about keeping "Hullabaloo" an all-American show and since they are British they could not appear on it.

What's going on???? An all-American show, are they kidding?



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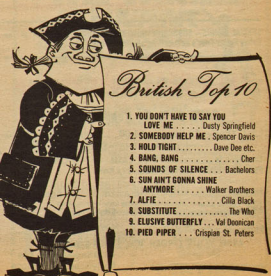
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10. PIED PIPER Crispian St. Peters

HOTLINE LONDON

FALL FOR FILM

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

One by one Brian Epstein's 1966 diary dates for THE BEATLES are being inked-in and officially announced. Latest news brings details of the group's upcoming trips to Germany and Japan. On Friday, June 24 they'll play two evening shows in Munich at the Circus Krone. The following night there'll be two more performances in Essen at the Grugahalle which has a capacity in excess of seven thousand seats. Final shows in Germany will be on Sunday, June 26 at the Ernst Merck Halle in Hamburg. From that city The Beatles fly directly to Tokyo on June 27. On June 30, July 1 and July 2 they will appear for one performance each day at Tokyo's 12,000-seater Budo Kan hall.

Unless a further Far East date is confirmed for July 4, the group will fly back to Britain directly after the three Tokyo shows.

Script Search

Movie producer WALTER SHENSON continues in his exhaustive search for a suitable script and there's no possibility of The Beatles going before the cameras to make their third motion picture prior to September or early October.

Meantime their marathon series of recording sessions at EMI's North London studios will continue for at least another two weeks.

A month ago it may have looked to Los Angeles Beatle People as though John, Paul, George and Ringo would not be playing the Southern part of the state. In fact there was never any question of missing out the Los Angeles/Hollywood area. By chance as much as anything else, contractual formalities for a performance in San Francisco on August 29 were far enough advanced to allow for a formal announcement regarding the date. In due course, the same behind-scenes paper work was completed for the Dodger Stadium date.

Candlestick

Brian Epstein emphatically denies that he ever made any statement to the effect that The Beatles would not be playing any further San Francisco dates following last year's notorious Cow Palace performance. Indeed, neither Brian nor anyone else with us backstage at the Cow Palace showed any great alarm at what amounted to little more than a temporarily enthusiastic Beatle welcome given to the boys by their spirited San Francisco fans. The 1966 concert in San Francisco will not be at the Cow Palace. At the time of this story, the most likely venue seems to be Candlestick Park. What a picturesque name!

When the enormous stadium at Philadelphia was named for an August 16 concert of THE BEATLES, it looked as though last year's all-time attendance record for a Beatles show—60,000 at New York City's Shea Stadium—would be shattered. Now it seems that the Shea record will stand. Only 40,000 tickets will be made available for the Philadelphia date although the venue is capable of seating more than twice the number of Beatle People. Reason for the restriction on numbers? Rear-of-stage seats which would not afford a fair view of the show will not be put on sale.

One of our top female singing stars, SHIRLEY BASSEY, will be a regular visitor to the U.S. over the next few years. She has signed contracts for extensive cabaret work which will take her to New York, Las Vegas and the Sahara Hotel at Lake Tahoe. She'll be at the Vegas Sahara for two weeks from May 24 and a further four weeks over Christmas and New Year. In addition, Shirley hopes to do a great deal of recording in New York and elsewhere during her U.S. trips.

NEWS BRIEFS ... Union bans have prevented THE HOLLIES appearing on TV shows including "The Dick Clark Show" and "The Clay Cole Show" during their current U.S. tour. But the Manchester five some are still hopeful about projected recording sessions to take place in Chicago before they return home. Next dates for the group take them to Germany and Sweden. ... ROY ORBISON and DIXIE CUP songstress Barbara Hawkins joined British deejay JIMMY SAVILE on BBC Television's "Juke Box Jury" panel. ... April U.K. dates for BETTY EVERETT cancelled because of work permit problems experienced by her accompanying musicians. ... Tonsil removal operation on TOM JONES at The London Clinic last week a total success. ... DAVE CLARK FIVE have stockpiled no fewer than 60 recordings... If stories in British trade papers are not exaggerated the feud between MICK JAGGER and WALKER BROTHER SCOTT still at flash-point. ... Every member of Official Beatles Fan Club in the U.K. receiving exact replica of Shea Stadium 1965 concert ticket together with booklet of color pix taken at the same venue. ... NANCY SINATRA made LP album in London between April 27 and 29 during her two-week visit. ... HERMAN'S HERMITS now extending summer U.S. trip to take in total of 32 towns and cities during July and August. ... For CBS-TV series "Hippodrome," now filming in London, lengthy list of big names includes DAVE CLARK FIVE, NANCY SINATRA, EVERETT BROTHERS, GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS, FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS, JOHNNY MATTHIS, THE SEARCHERS, THE ZOMBIES, THE ANIMALS, LISA MINNELLI, ALLAN SHERMAN, DUSTY SPRINGFIELD and BILL DANA. ... THE MOODY BLUES and THE ANIMALS attended JAMES BROWN's Paris concert. ... What's this about DAVID McCALLUM learning to play the oboe????



Blue-eyed, Green-eyed Tommy Reveals Smothers' Secrets

By Eden

Tommy Smothers is officially recorded as the owner of one blue eye and one green eye. Now, right away you've gotta kinda wonder about someone like that, right?

Well, I wondered—and my wondering led me in search of two folks, collectively known as The Smothers Brothers. I think I found them—but they succeeded in so thoroughly confusing me, that who knows? I may have spent an hour and a half talking to two reasonable facsimiles!

Born February 2, 1937, Tommy is just one year older than Dick. But it is very possible that the 12 months have made all the difference in the world. For example, Tommy's description of the duo: "If I were to describe us, I could not help but mention ears, being as they are a great part of us. I have very nice blond hair, while my brother Dick has rather ratty black hair."

"We are both tall enough to see over counters and strong enough to . . . well, you just better believe we're STRONG!!!"

Who's Protesting?

The boys explained that they were originally regarded as folk singers, and that it has taken seven years for them to be accepted as comedians. They admit to having done a small amount of "protest-type" material in the beginning, but they laugh when they recall the experience.

Tommy tells us: "When we started in North Beach in San Francisco, the beatniks really thought that Dickie and I were message singers; and he went right along with it and said, 'yeah, man!' We didn't have any message! I was talking nonsense, and these guys were going, 'yeah, yeah!!'"

So many singers have protested

the label "folk singer," and all different hearts which go along with it. But Tommy freely admits to being quite ethnic!

"We are, as you know, ever so ethnic. But ethnicity does not come easily to one who has known only health and wealth all of one's lives. So we became ethnic the hard way. We had to fight and struggle to make our way down the ladder of success so that we could have something to protest about. "But let me tell you, there were a lot of hard feelings from my brother and myself towards our parents because we hadn't been born in a slum or on a chain gang. Parents just don't go out of their way to make life easy for a guy these days."

Poor Baby!

Your heart just has to go out to him, doesn't it?! Wait, there's more. Dick explained to us that he and Tommy weren't necessarily "buddy-buddy" when they were growing up, "but if anybody put one of us down we'd stick up for each other."

Then Tommy added, "Yeah, and invariably it was me that was in the fights—protecting him! He was always antagonizing someone to the breaking point, and then I'd get hit in the mouth!"

"And he was real cool: he'd just sit there and say, 'Gee, that's a shame!'"

Both boys hope to be able to do a film someday soon, but they want it to be something special. They feel that the first Beatles' film was especially well done, and have a great deal of admiration for the director, Richard Lester.

Tommy says, "That's the kind of a guy we want. A bright, aggressive, new person who's not hung up with old techniques. It's gonna be hard to find, because we're not in a position to get a hold of them."

They've already made their mark."

Although their television show never ranked high on the national ratings, they did exceedingly well in many regional surveys. Dickie explained briefly just why they had originally gone into TV—something which was totally unrelated to their act at the time.

"The reason we went into the TV situation was that we had gone as far as we could as night club and concert performers and there was no way we could go up; we had started to get stale. We felt that television, with acting, would be a new challenge."

It was that, and both boys feel that they have learned a great deal from the experience. They feel ready now to participate more actively in the actual scripts. Tommy says they don't really enjoy writing, but they would both like to have more to say on the premise of each script.

At present, both boys agree that their live performances and their guitar spots on various other TV shows are the best and most exciting elements of their career to them.

They have just recently released a brand new LP—"The Smothers Brothers Play It Straight (Almost!)" on which they tried a few new forms of music . . . including rock and roll.

Future plans? Probably more touring during the summer month, and Tommy is thinking about pursuing one of his oldest ambitions in the line of dramatic acting. He's always harbored a not-so-secret desire to be a *werid killer!*

He's also interested in directing. *Alien* . . . hope he decides to stick to that! I mean, what with that grudge he holds against his mother for always having liked his brother Dickie best, and all!!

The Adventures of Robin

By Shirley Poston



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Robin Boyd held George's hand very hard as they walked down the steep stairway.

"You aren't frightened, are you?" he asked when they had hit bottom and were standing in a dark room that seemed to be more a collection of tunnels.

"I'm petrified," she answered, trying to smile. But she wasn't. She did have a strange feeling, but it wasn't fear. Fear was cold. This was a numbness, but even in this chill damp cellar, it was warm.

"This is the Cavern now . . . what's left of it," she said, making a statement but really asking a question.

George nodded grimly, freeing a table from the pile of furniture scattered against a wall. "But it won't be for long," he said, brightening as he placed the table near the stage and found chairs.

Robin took a deep breath of the staleness and savored it. "When will . . ." she began, stopping in mid-sentence because it didn't need finishing.

George moved his chair closer. "Whenever you say."

Seven million butterflies took wing and soared in Robin's stomach. It sounded so simple. Whenever she said, time would be turned back nearly five years. Outside it would be a spring day in Liverpool, vintage 1966. Inside it would be autumn of 1961. Another kind of spring. The early days when something new was beginning to bud and grow. Something that would later ripen and burst and change the world.

"It's all arranged?" she asked at last. "The technicalities, I mean?"

"All arranged," George answered.

Not Cold

Robin shivered, but not from the cold. That meant that Ringo would be on the drums. And that would bring her list of songs (which had been cut to ten out of necessity) although most of them hadn't even been thought of in 1961. That it was really going to come true, her impossible dream. And suddenly she couldn't wait another second for it to start.

"Now," she said solemnly, settling her vile glasses on her nose. "I'm ready now." She wasn't really. There was still that inexplicable numbness. But she had no

sooner said it than it began to happen.

The room came to life. Tables and people were crammed everywhere. And there was a breathlessness to the noise and clatter as all eyes stared in one direction. A darkened stage.

Then the lights dimmed on and four shadows became four Beatles. And with a casually waved acknowledgement of the cheering welcome, they launched into the first number on Robin's list. Which was, of course, the song that had somehow started it all. "My Bonnie."

They were half-way through the song before Robin could believe to her eyes. She had known what to expect. She had even seen photos of them in the early days, but she was still amazed.

They seemed so alive. Almost free. No, they were too alive for that. Lein was a better word.

They were dressed just alike in boots and jeans topped with leather jackets. Their hair was neither long nor short, but there was a lot of it. They were pale, but not drab, and they looked marvelously exhausted. And they were so young. So unbelievably young.

Sheer Magic

Still, they were very much the Beatles. She knew now, in many ways. They were the same strange mixture of gentleness and toughness. And their music was sheer magic.

When the song was over, John stepped up to the mike. As Robin took a considerable gulp of damp air, he took a huge swallow from a nearby cup and addressed a remark to Paul. Something about things going better with coke. And for several minutes before the Beatles could stop laughing at their private joke long enough to forge ahead. The audience twittered along, not knowing what was funny and not really caring as long as their Beatles thought something was.

Then John began "You've Really Got A Hold On Me." From the way he sang it, one would never have suspected that he would one day consider this his all-time worst solo.

He looked very certain of himself, but he grinned teasingly at the way through the song. And, knowing that George was watchfully, he made every effort to look at John's face often.

Then it was George's turn to stop being so intent on playing the guitar that was almost bigger than he was. He seemed a little frightened for a moment, but with the first strains of "You Like Me Too Much," he relaxed.

Robin stared at him lovingly, feeling the sting of tears some where behind her eyes. He looked even younger than the rest. Like her own George (of Genie fame) must have looked five years ago. And she suddenly wished that she had known both of them then.

Ringo was next on the bill, and in spite of the numbness that was still very much there, Robin had to kick herself under the table to keep from rushing up on the stage and hugging him furiously.

A Cool Beard

For one thing, her feeling for Ringo was the most comfortable of all her Beatles emotions. After hearing her sister Ringo Boy's (of 12-year-old sturdy frame and frame) rave about him 24-hours-a-day, Robin had come to utterly worship Ringo (as in Star) in a brother-in-law-ish sort of way. Besides, he was wearing the world's coolest beard.

Before Ringo had finished warbling "I Wanna Be Your Man," she'd had to kick herself twice more.

It wasn't until Paul, with his wet eyes and dark tousled hair, had finished "Yesterday," that the numbness began to fade. And when it did, an ache took its place.

Robin continued to ache while the Beatles, between jokes to the audience and bites of sandwiches, went on to perform "Kansas City." But, as always, the year-year-year parts didn't fail to make her knees knock noisily.

Although she applauded wildly, Robin ached even worse during "No Reply" and "I Feel Fine." But it was that first crashing chord of "Hard Day's Night" that brought the tears. They slid quietly down her cheeks throughout the song. And when the Beatles went into their final number, they streamed.

"Help" was the name of it. And for the first time, Robin knew why she had ached. It was also the name of the game. The Beatles had helped. Helped her and everyone who had been touched by their magic. People were different because of them, so was the world. People were bigger and the world was smaller.

But that wasn't why she was crying. She was crying because although the Beatles were close enough to reach out and touch, there was still a wall. And there was sacrifice on both sides of it.

That Wall

The Beatles, these careful boys lurking on a club stage, had grown up and given most of themselves to millions of teenagers who were ready and waiting for something worth caring about. And those teenagers had given a piece of themselves in return. But the wall remained.

The Beatles needed their fans as people, but they saw them only as faces on the other side of footlights or shrieks in an auditorium or tear-stained letters. Their fans

needed the Beatles as people, but they were able to see them only as miniature figures on a miles-away stage or voices on a record—or pictures on a poster.

They had given each other so much. And in spite of this exchange of self, they would always be strangers.

"They should all be here," Robin said aloud, holding George's hand so hard she completely shut off the circulation. "Not just me. It would help them so much."

Then, as George gave her an odd look, the Beatles and the excitement around them faded and they were again alone in a dusty cellar.

Robin sat terribly still for a long time. Finally George spoke.

"One of our top small-screen people, not sounding at all like the sort of person who had been known to yank her arm clean out of the socket. 'They can't all be here. It isn't

humanly possible.' He made a helpless gesture. 'This wasn't humanly possible.'"

Robin looked away. "Why not?" she asked. "Why does it have to be this way?"

George touched her bright red hair. "You know why," he answered. "Because that's life. You can't always have the person who teaches you how much love you have to give. You have to look for someone who can give it back."

Robin swallowed hard as the truth of these words almost jolted her right out of her chair. And she started to say she'd stopped looking, but the never quite got around to it as it was rather difficult to talk while he was kissing her.

Robin was blithering again in a moment, but it was a different kind of crying. And there was no better place for her to have done a bit of yawning up herself than in this, the shabby but beautiful birthplace of a new way of life.

British Mime Out?

(Continued from Page 1)

Musicians' Union has stepped in with a surprise demand for a total ban of TV mime work.

"One of our top small-screen productions," "Thank Your Lucky Stars" is to be pulled off in the final week of June after a 5-year 260-program run. During this period more than 500 solo artists and groups, including THE BEATLES and THE ROLLING STONES—mimed to 2,500 different records on TV. The TV company concerned has announced that the series will be replaced by a new show which will not involve miming.

There is much to be said in favour of miming. It allows a complete program to be rehearsed and screened in one day's work. Producer and camera crew can concentrate full attention on visual detail without having to match good camera work with faithful sound reproduction. A mimed program can afford far more big name stars than a live show because of the hard cash saved in production overheads and appearance fees.

Exact Sound

Artists who say they're perfectly happy with the miming idea justify their opinion by reminding us that viewers are sure to hear an exact version of the recorded sound. Artists worry just as much as producers about the sound quality on TV shows.

The stage spokesmen say that only inferior performers prefer to let a recording do their work for them. They say that any group of reasonable calibre should be willing and able to produce in the TV studio a sound which is just as good as they achieved in the recording studio. They argue that the viewers are cheated by the mechanical duplication of the exact same audio performance on an infinite number of different mime shows.

In the end, of course, it's all down to the TV production people. Faced with adding live sound to every pop program, most producers would have to double or

triple their preparatory pre-screening work. They'd have to work out intricate plans for positioning microphones—and re-positioning them for each individual act on any given show.

To be truthful, one has to agree that the majority of television shows appear incapable of producing an entirely satisfactory balance of sound and vision. The best group gives out with a great performance in the studio.

Difficult

Even top-rated network shows like Ed Sullivan's program experienced a lot of difficulty in capturing and putting out to home viewers a good sound in the earlier days of the group boom. They were used to handling the problems of balancing a single voice against an orchestral backdrop but the arrival of so many guitars, organs, pianos and so forth seemed to baffle their audio experts.

On our side of the Atlantic it's no secret that several top groups will not undertake live TV appearances because they have grown through the misery of hearing their sound go out to the public in a distorted or badly balanced way. These are the groups who go along with the idea that miming is O.K. and always will be until every TV studio is geared to give hi-fi sound along with hi-vision.

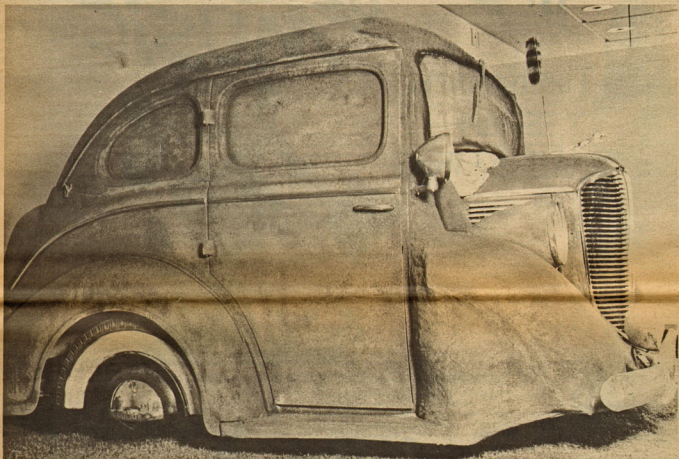
So far the BBC in London, traditionally opposed to all things revolutionary, have remained quiet throughout all the mime argument. They may plan to dig in their heels and refuse to obey the edict of the M.U.—certainly they have given no indication of a change of heart. But the new top mime show "Top Of The Pops" which has enjoyed a viewer audience of up to ten million people.

The whole situation is an interesting one. We await the outcome of the battle between the mimers and the drummers keeping on just missing their drums and the singers part their lips in silence and let their recorded voices sound out for them.

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Oscar Night In Santa Monica



BEST ACTOR—Lee Marvin, presented by Julie Andrews.

The women snuggled into their mink coats and crossed the wind swept entrance area of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

They came to see and be seen, hopefully to accept an award or watch a friend accept one and to gaze at show business' greats, from Bob Hope to Rex Harrison.

But best of all, they came. For the first time in many years the majority of the winners of the annual Academy Awards were there to pick up their awards in person and those who weren't had valid reasons — illness or filming problems.

Aside from the top awards shown here, the other top winners included Best Motion Picture and Best Direction—"Sound of Music." "Dr. Zhivago" led the field with "Oscars," followed by "Sound Of Music" with five and "Ship of Fools" and "Darling" each with three.

And once again they tried to express the unexpressable thanks due to America's number one entertainer, Bob Hope. But they had to make up a new award just for him—he became the Academy's first Gold Medal winner.



BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR—Martin Balsam, Lila Kedrova presenting.



1ST GOLD MEDAL—Bob Hope.



BEST ACTRESS—Julie Christie, presented by popular Rex Harrison.



BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS—Shelley Winters, by Peter Ustinov.



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