

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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BEAT

MFP

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Righteous Brothers Lash Out At Spector



By Louise Critchlow

There is a war going on in Vietnam and whether the United States has officially declared war or not—it is there, it is happening. And because it is the draft has been stepped up.

The war and the draft are two problems which face young adults more than any other segment of our population because it is they who must fight the war—it is they who are drafted.

Some of them go willingly—some do not. Some protest, burn their draft cards and flee the country to escape the draft. Others feel that since they share all of the profits of living in America they must also shoulder some of the responsibility. And that responsibility, right now, is to serve the U.S. by bearing weapons and wearing U.S. uniforms by fighting in jungles and, unfortunately, by killing—if asked. Like it or not, agree with it or not; but that's the way it is.

Are They?

The young entertainers in the pop field are no exception. They are just like the rest of us—almost. *The BEAT* called countless publicity offices and spoke to a great many draft-age performers. Time and time again the answer was the same: "We'd be happy to go if we were called." But would they?

It is common knowledge that a certain percentage of these "happy to go" performers are trying every way possible to get out of the service. Called, that for instance Chad and Jeremy. They maintain permanent residency here in America. They live here, they work here, they haul in money here. They are eligible for the draft *unless* they go back to England during a certain time period.

You may remember that recent trip they paid to Britain supposedly for recording sessions. According was only an excuse—they fled to escape the draft.

Chad and his wife, Jill, have just recorded a protest song, "The Cruel War." "For me," admits Chad, "making 'The Cruel War' was the only way I could say anything in public about the Vietnam war or any other war for that matter. I don't go for those sick patriotic songs glorifying death. This story constitutes an objection to war which is universal because it is concerned with the human misery (or one aspect of it at least) which results from it."

America has always been an open country, one which welcomes (or at least tolerates) immigration. But it does ask one thing—if you reap the harvest, baby, you have to help sow the crops.

A radio station in Los Angeles hired a foreign disc jockey. He too was a permanent resident. But when he learned that the draft board was hot on his heels he ran, or rather fled, back to his native country. He was in such a hurry that he even left his wife here until he could scrounge up enough

money to pay her way back.

But please don't get the impression that *all* immigrants are like that—they're not. Take John English. He's a young Englishman whose career was just beginning to happen when he was drafted. But instead of running scared he willingly went into the Army. Why? "I could have beaten it. I could have just gone back to England and laughed at them. But if I'm living here and taking advantage of what this country has to offer, I guess I have to pay like everyone else."

Enough about immigrants, what about our native Americans? Brian Wilson speaking for the Beach Boys says: "Those in our group who have been eligible were found not acceptable."

Drake Levin, of Paul Revere and the Raiders, is about to go into the National Guard for 4½ months of active duty. He probably could have gotten out of it but he didn't. "I'm looking forward to getting some exercise and sleep," grins Drake. "But I'm going to have the fun, excitement and money," he admits.

Elvis The First

Elvis Presley served his full time in the service, so did Bobby Rydell. But what about many others? Whether it hurt their careers or not is debatable but they seem to have no regrets about going. Others, if they can help it, join the reserves. Of course, they take the chance of being called up but more times than not they win the gamble and for them it seems to be worthwhile.

As was mentioned before, practically every single artist we spoke to was more than reluctant to discuss either the war in Vietnam or the draft. It's too controversial—they'd rather play the dumb guy and have no opinions, at least, none which they feel like making public.

The Association and the Sunrays were two pleasant exceptions. Just like everyone else they have their opinions and beliefs but unlike the sickly smiling "yes" boys they were willing to talk.

"I agree with the war in Vietnam," states Russ of the Association. "I believe it's a necessary thing. I believe what we are doing is right. I'm in complete agreement on how the President is handling it."

But Russ is opposed to the draft. "I don't believe that anyone has the right to tell me what to do, especially to kill another human being. It's a loss of individual rights." So, Russ believes in the war but, personally, he'd rather not be the one to fight it. He'd most likely go on his own but he doesn't want to *fight* to go.

The Sunrays are all in college and maintaining a B average, therefore, they're deferred from the draft.

"I don't believe the war in Vietnam is a true war," says Eddie. "I think it's a great way for the

big organizations to make a haul and they're the kind of people who don't want to see the war end."

"It's a good way to help the population explosion," reasons Rick. "It keeps the American economy the way that it is."

"I personally wouldn't mind going in and serving my time as far as the draft is concerned," admitted Byron. "We're very patriotic."

Mark believes in the war in Vietnam. "It's not a question of who belongs there. It's a question of communism. It's a question of stopping them there before they get to Australia. I hate draft card burners. It's for a good cause but they started too late and now they're making a big thing about it."

"The most pathetic part about it are the guys who don't know the first thing about it. It's like anything else, you've got to know what you're doing. The other thing is they have guerrilla warfare over there. The draft thing I'd do would be to burn down the whole jungle and make them come out into the open and fight," said Marty.

Protesters

The protesters are protesting all across the nation. They're drafting card burners continue to send their draft cards up in smoke. But the war goes on anyway. Do the protesters do any good at all? Bob Dylan, who many label a protester himself, doesn't think so.

"Burning draft cards isn't going to end any war. It's not even going to save any lives. If someone can feel more honest with himself by burning his draft card, then that's great," says Dylan. "But he's just going to feel more important because he does it, then that's a drag."

What about the marchers? They certainly get enough publicity by marching about with signs and so forth. "People that march with slogans and things tend to take themselves a little too holy," believes Dylan. "It would be a drag if they, too, started using God as a weapon."

The war in Vietnam and the draft laws of the U.S. are controversial, yes. And whether or not you support or defy them you should at least have some sort of an opinion. Forcing yourself to think these problems out is good and it's healthy. It makes for maturity.

The BEAT would very much like to hear what your opinions are, be they pro or con. Don't be like the vast majority of entertainers—afraid to express their opinions, afraid that they'll lose popularity, afraid that they'll bring the wrath of God down on them, afraid that they'll have to fight. It's a shame because *The BEAT* admires those who are strong enough to stand up for what they personally believe in, don't you? Write to us, tell us what you think here to print what you feel—what you believe—what you want. All you have to do is let us know.

A BEAT EDITORIAL

Insurance Soars ... Teen Drivers Sore

The BEAT wonders why the insurance rate for teenagers who drive are so high. Drivers between the ages of 16 and 25 must pay higher insurance premiums than any other age group, in spite of the fact that they have no reflexes, better eyesight and hearing, and smoother coordination.

To find an answer, *The BEAT* spoke with representatives of several large insurance companies, and learned that there are many factors involved in the formation of insurance rates and responsible for the increased rates for young drivers.

Less Careful Drivers

Primarily, insurance rates for drivers are based upon the driver's past record and the accident rates of each age group. According to current statistics, the 16-25 age group has more accidents and receives more tickets for careless driving than any other age group. One insurance agent explained that this is due to several factors, beginning with the inexperience of these drivers. He explained, "A driver of 15½ lacks the experience of an older driver, and although his reflexes are superior to those of an older person—he still misjudges things and gets careless in his driving habits. Also, youngsters do tend to show off. Teenagers are generally less enthusiastic than most of 35 with a wife and family who won't risk his life to cross a railroad track in the path of an on-coming train!"

It Gets Worse

This certainly is a pessimistic viewpoint, but what follows is even worse. Because of the higher accident rates of young drivers, the insurance companies are forced to raise the premiums to insure that group in order to compensate for the losses they must take. One insurance agent indignantly claimed that "all insurance companies have lost money with these drivers! If I insured 1,000 boys at the present rate for older boys—I'd lose my shirt!"

Not all insurance agents are quite as dismal-sounding as this

one, however. There are many who have a much more practical attitude toward the situation. One such agent explained to *The BEAT* that there are several areas in which young drivers can obtain reductions on their insurance rates.

Drivers between 16 and 25—who are single—are classified 2C by the insurance companies, and members of this classification must face a price tag of at least \$300 as the lowest possible liability rate. For those over 25 and married, the comparable policy would run about \$125.

Possible Discounts

For a person 18 and married, a lower rate is possible. Also, a student with a B-average or better is eligible for a 20 percent discount. Discounts are given if there is only one car in the family—because then he can't be doing too much driving if a husband or father is using it during the day, and he has it only part-time,—or if the young applicant has taken the Driver's Training course while in high school, he will generally be able to receive a 10 to 15 percent discount.

One insurance agent insisted that "people who think that the insurance companies are getting rich off of young drivers are wrong; these companies aren't making money off of youthful drivers—*our* drivers have brought these higher rates on themselves! Their accident rates are higher, and the insurance companies can't be blamed for this!"

Perhaps not, but *The BEAT* joins the Federal Government in the feeling that these rates *should* be lowered. It is true that drivers in this age group have the *potential* to be the best drivers on the road—but it is still up to them to exercise their superior capabilities in driving a little more carefully in order to be the best. And for the most part, it is up to these drivers to lower the insurance rates themselves—by lowering their own accident rates. A little courtesy on the road can be very important—and economical!

'Women' By Paul

(Continued from Page 1)

biographical data for an invisible Bernard Webb? The details were worked out by Paul himself. The helpful suggestions from Dick James who runs the Northern Songs organization.

"Naturally other people in the business wanted to get Bernard Webb's reports. Dick recognized 'Woman' as a terrific song and wanted him to write more material for them. For very fair reasons Paul wanted to use another name and I was happy to go along with him on this. Even at Northern Songs stuck to the fictitious Webb story until the true story broke and Paul made up his mind that the time had come to let

"Woman" stand or fall on its own merits. High placings for "Woman" in the charts of so many different countries has proved Paul has made his point. And nobody can claim that Peter and Gordon took their latest winner into the Top Ten on the strength of The Beatles' popularity. Two important points have been proven: nobody has been hurt and the mystery-sheathed secret of an elusive Fifth Beatle has been solved!

Say you read it in
The BEAT

Paul is to be congratulated on his elaborate scheme to let

Martha And The Vandellas

By George L. Culver

"DANCIN' IN THE STREETS" that's what Martha and the Vandellas are doing, 'cause they've got a whole lot to dance about. A double-sided hit record on the charts, following three hit singles before it. Not bad for three young girls from Detroit.

The organization at Tamla-Motown has given the world a wealth of talent and entertainment over the last few years, and the latest edition to their hall of fame is Martha and the Vandellas. The lead singer—Martha Reeves—is a beautiful, talented girl who used to be a secretary for one of the top A&R men at Motown, and though she has every reason to dance through the streets with pride over the group's success, she is content to stay.

"I was so excited and so shook! My whole life changed! Can you imagine what it's like to go from a secretary to a singer, with people suddenly asking you for your autograph?"

It was quite a change, and one which Martha has accepted and handled very well. It is unusual to find a singing star who has retained her "down-to-earthness," but Martha has accomplished this very well. Perhaps it has to do with her philosophy on living; she spent several years working toward her goal of being a singer, and then—as now—she maintained that, "If you want anything out of life—you have to stick to it! You have to work for what you want!"

"Soul Sound"
The sound which Martha and the Vandellas produces has been described as a "soul" sound—a term which is as indefinable as "folk music." It seems quite certain that these three talented girls have a lot of soul—but just what does that mean?

Martha explained: "This way of singing is a feeling; it's a way of getting a message to the people with feeling. You kind of open up a little more with it. It's always pop music when the public buys it; but 'soul' music is the way you deliver the song and what you want to get across to the people."

"We're trying to open ourselves

up to the public and give them more than we really have to offer. That's soul. It's soul if you have to get involved in the music."

Martha admits that "I enjoy people and I love kids; I think that any adult should take a real interest in his child. If he has a friend at home, then he doesn't have to go out in the streets looking for one."

Martha has succeeded in making a lot of friends through her rec-

ords and personal appearances, but she remains a perfectionist in her work. Always very concerned about the audience's reaction to the group, she still finds that you can't always please everyone:

"Sometimes I just can't satisfy them, and I'll never be satisfied! If it didn't click with me, that was terrible—no matter what anyone says!"

The group has clicked with a good many people, and the future

is looking very bright for Martha and the Vandellas. Outside of the records and personal appearances in which they are involved, many of their fans are wondering about the possibility of a motion picture. Martha laughs and says: "I'm a little leery about acting—'cause everytime I see an actor I still go to pieces! I'd like to be in a movie where I could say something that had meaning—not just to sing. I want to do my very best in anything I do."

Martha feels that the lyrics of a song are one of the most important elements, and insists that, "I couldn't sing a song if the lyrics didn't mean anything to me; they're so important." She wrote the lyrics to the flip side of the group's first disc, and right now she is devoting as much of her spare time as possible to learning how to write music. She plays "a little piano and a little guitar," and hopes to greatly increase her talents in that area.

First Book

Martha is also involved in writing her first book—a project which is very close to her heart. It will be about many of her experiences in show business, and if it is anything at all like its author—it will undoubtedly be a warmly-human—sometimes funny, sometimes sad—story.

Martha is something like that; she is a bubbly person because she likes to be happy and to make

others happy. She is also prone to nervous stomachs because she worries about her work and how it will be accepted. She is one of the kindest, most generous people in existence, and that demands that "I still read all of my fan mail, and try to answer a lot of it. You can't forget the people who helped you on the way up!"

Talks To Fans

Not only does she answer as much of her mail as she can, but whenever possible—she tries to make herself available to her fans. When the group is traveling and staying in a hotel, her phone rings constantly—and she accepts all calls and speaks to all the people who call to talk to her. There aren't many people who would allow a fan to call and wake them up after having performed all night, and then sit and speak with them for several minutes and even invite them over to meet the other members of the group; but Martha does.

Currently on an extensive cross-country tour, Martha and the Vandellas will soon be making their third trip in the last two years to England, for a 17 day tour in that country. After that, there will be more records and appearances back home in Uncle Samland. And then? Well, considering the enormous talent and success of these three girls from Detroit... Martha and the Vandellas will probably be doing a whole lotta dancin' in the streets in the future!



... MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS on stage at The Trip.

DANCIN'

in the streets!



... BACKSTAGE after a successful show.

Exclusive BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd



... NORMA TANEGA

Norma Wants Music For Herself And Dog

She considers herself "sort of but not really" a folk singer. She doesn't like "any kind of war between people" and she "only wants to make music." She's Norma Tanega and she owns a cat named dog whom she likes to take walking.

Norma admits that "I can only tell the truth" but the truth she tells is wild almost beyond belief and yet she is certainly believable. One year ago found Norma in Europe. "Somebody said 'why don't you go to Europe' and wrote me a check. I said, 'I couldn't take that,' but three days later I left!"

"In Europe I sang on the road and in youth hostels. Most of the American folk singers go for the lines outside of the theaters but I didn't do that. I just sang for people wherever they were. It was great! One suitcase and one guitar — I learned how to hitchhike!"

Truck Driver

But before Europe and hostels there were trips across the U.S. for Norma—flying, driving with other people and driving herself... in a catering truck no less!

Norma really does own a cat named Dog. "I decided to write a song. I've only been writing for a year now. Most of the songs I've written are not really protest songs—they're bent on commentary. So, I decided to write a song just about me — and Dog."

And what a hit that song turned out to be. Even Norma bought it! "Well, if I was running for President I'd vote for me," laughed Norma and then seriously added, "I like my record but I don't like my voice."

Norma doesn't consider herself a performer and has never worked with any other performers. "I never really perform—I just sing."

Further wild truth was brought to life when Norma revealed how "Walking My Cat Named Dog" came to be recorded. "Some high school student heard me sing, came up and told me that Herb Bernstein used to teach there. Anyway, they made an appointment for me to see him. I sang 'Jubilant' and he said, 'Come in tomorrow,' and within three days the song was recorded."

Being a composer as well as a painter, Norma is naturally a creative person. Therefore, creating her own sound in a recording studio for the first time did not put her uptight as it does so many singers cutting their first record. Rather, she "loved it."

Since finding the right material is the biggest problem faced by a singer, Norma decided to try and get that hang up by simply writing her own songs. Before jetting to the West Coast for seven television shows, Norma put the finishing touches to her first al-

bum—penning all of the songs herself.

Prior to her writing and singing there were years and years of schooling for Norma—high school, college, graduate school. "I never thought about going to school; I just got scholarships. I really do miss it and I would like to get my Ph.D. in Art History. I've almost got enough units now."

"I studied painting, art history and humanities. I'm really a print maker but I don't try to explain it to anyone!"

"I started singing in graduate school. I was singing in some choirs. It's really a drag to arrive at nine and around one thirty or two you finally get to sing a set and by then you're so tired."

More than anything else Norma enjoys performing before teenagers. "Teenagers will either boo you or yea you. I had one job at a night club. It was awful—the people go there to drink. But kids go to listen."

Made It

Norma has faced a bad audience only once and "I lived through it." Perhaps it made her more determined to get through to them? "I'm pretty determined as it is. I'm sort of a sky, tree, ocean way. If I can walk along the beach everything is all right. I mean that."

Norma is near-sighted so she wears a pair of prescription sunglasses that would knock your eyes out. She shows her sense of humor by admitting that "If I don't like someone I take my glasses off and turn them off completely!"

To say that Norma's musical tastes run the gamut would be a gross understatement. Her two favorite groups are, for example, the Beatles and the Andrews Sisters! "It's true—I love them. Wow! They're a gas!"

Norma lists Dylan as a personal friend but proclaims Micky Ryder "beautiful." She was once a secretary on Madison Avenue but left after nine months. "I figured that was a school year."

She's about to head out as the only female performer on the six week Gene Piney cross-country tour. She's Norma Tanega and "it should be interesting." She is!

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Had to laugh at Brian Wilson's statements on pop marriages: "Marriage has no bearing on a girl fan's adoration for an artist anymore. Two or our guys, Mike Love and Al Jardine are already married."

Well, all that's fine and dandy but if marriage has "no bearing" then I'd like to ask Brian why the rest of the Beach Boys (including Brian) keep their marriages a secret?

Dick Clark's "Action" crew just returned from London where they taped 63 segments including such entertainers as the Yardbirds, Spencer Davis Group, the Small Faces, the Fortunes, Them, the Mindbenders, Billy J. Kramer, Wayne Fontana, Paul and Barry Ryan, the Moody Blues, Marianne Faithfull, and about 50 other artists!

Stones Off

Stones are off on a short tour which will take them to Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Marseilles, Stockholm and Copenhagen. Then it's back to London for the filming of "Back, Behind and In Front." Sometime during autumn the Stones will be touring England again which makes their British fans happy but Stateside fans should be even happier because Mick says the boys will tour the U.S. in late summer. It would be too much if both the Stones and The Beatles appeared Stateside at the same time, wouldn't it? Too much for security officers, I mean—not the fans.



... KEITH RICHARDS

The Dave Clark Five's new one, "Try Too Hard," is definitely their best yet. Even those who dislike the Five dig this one!

Watch for Dylan's next album. You'll have to because the LP will have neither Dylan's name nor Columbia's anywhere on it! Only Bob would come up with something as wild as that!

News Notes

QUICK NOTES: Herman is now the proud owner of a brand new Cadillac. Peter also owns a Jag... Ramsey Lewis Trio has been set for a six day engagement at the Royal Trianon, Ontario, California from August 2-7. Mark's group's first stand in Southern California... Lou is also set to headline a show at Madison Square Garden in New York and the Astrodome in Houston before heading off on a three week English tour...

... Funny line from Herb Alpert describing the Tijuana Brass: "We're a sextet plus one, or an oversex'tet..." Bob Dylan clinging to his British popularity by selling out the Royal Albert Hall concert... Paul McCartney holidaying in Switzerland... Johnny Tillotson headed for a July date at the Copa... If you dig real blues don't miss the "Sonny Boy Williamson and the Yardbirds" LP. Fantastic!

Keep a lookout for Sonny & Cher's next LP, "The Wondrous World Of Sonny & Cher." It's a great album featuring such songs as "Summer-time," "I'm Leaving It All Up To You," "Bring It On Home To Me," "Leave Me Be," "Set Me Free," "Turn Around," "So Fine" and three of their big singles—"But You're Mine," "What Now My Love" and "Laugh At Me." The cover shot is out of sight!

A Sick Davies

Ray Davies is sick again, this time the flu bug bit him. Anyway, the other Kinks are touring without Ray. Dave reveals that they were going to cancel the tour altogether but Ray talked them out of it by finding a replacement for himself—an old friend of his, Mick Grace. Dave says that Mick is okay but that no one could ever really replace Ray. Agree.

Spoke to Dave Levine of the Raiders yesterday and he sent along a message for all you Raiders fans. Drake says: "Hi, fans. Logical. As you already know, Drake is headed for a 4-1/2 month stint in the National Guard. Paul and his Raiders just spent a wild weekend in Atlanta and he admits that there is a definite difference between West Coast and Southern audiences: 'Everybody there screams with a drawl!'"



... RAY DAVIES

Righteous Bros. Even Score

(Continued from Page 1)

A spokesman close to Bobby and Bill revealed to *THE BEAT* that just to get back at Phil, the Brothers cut "Soul And Inspiration," cut it in such a way that it sounded like something which Spector would have produced—if he had the Righteous Brothers to work with.

Anyway, for whatever reason, the disc was released and it's a smash. The record company is clapping its hands in monetary glee for it looks as if "Soul" will sell a neat two million records!

The Righteous Brothers have broken away from their strictly teen oriented appeal to hit the supper club audiences. And in making

the switch they've set up a string of broken gross and attendance records in every one of the major clubs which they've played. And, believe us, they've played every major club in the country!

Following their stint at Harrah's they move on to New York's Basin Street East in May and then to the Cocooning Grove in Los Angeles for a three week stand beginning June 7. And then it's back to Vegas for their second three-week appearance there this year (the first was with Frank Sinatra) at the Sands on July 20.

One thing about the Brothers—you can't say they're just loafing around.

THE WONDROUS WORLD OF SONNY & CHER

SIDE 1

Summertime

•

Tell Him

•

I'm Leaving It All
Up To You

•

But Your
Mine

•

Bring It On
Home To Me

•

Set Me Free



SIDE 2

What Now
My Love

•

Leave Me Be

•

I Look For You

•

Laugh At Me

•

Turn Around

•

So Fine



**And Don't Forget The One
That Started It All**

INCLUDES

I Got You Babe - Sing C'est La Vie
It's Gonna Rain - And Nine More Big Hits

And You Get Them At Fabulous Discount Prices At Your Nearby



Record Dept.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

Chapter Twenty-Three

It wasn't that George gave up easily. It was just that he was no match for Robin Boyd. (Join the crowd, George.)

"All right," he said at last, untangling himself from her clutches. Robin jumped up and down hysterically. "You mean you'll do it?" she blathered.

Removing her right foot from his left toe, George sighed. "Well, let's put it this way, I'll try."

Robin jumped down and up hysterically. "Oh, George," she blathered. But she suddenly ceased blathering. "What do you mean try?"

George patiently removed her left foot from his right toe (actually, he yanked her arm clean out of the socket and flung her against the side of the phone booth, but we wouldn't want to shatter George's calm, cool image.)

"I mean that I cannot possibly grant this wish on my own," he growled. "No one has that much magic power. Well, hardly anyone," he rephrased as a bolt of lightning grazed his eyebrow.

Robin resumed jumping on what was left of George's winklepickers, realizing, of course, that if he didn't stop soon, he'd have nothing left to wear when he went out to pick winkles (and nothing to wear them on) (the winklepickers, not the winkles) (is this getting ridiculous or is this getting ridiculous?) "How are you going to try?" she raved joyously.

Tooth Rattler

George, who had been known to shake her until her teeth rattled when and if a work, swift wank failed to work, shook her until her teeth rattled.

"That'll do for a start," he hissed. "Now *sturrup!*" He then

proceeded to pick up the receiver and dial thirty-seven numbers.

"Hullo?" he said finally, flexing his remaining nine fingers.

"This is George. I'd like to apply for a power loan."

Robin would have tittered a bit at that one, but she was far too impressed. Thirty-seven numbers, yet—and, you should pardon the pun (and will if you know what's good for you), Heaven only knew who was on the other end of that wire.

After that, George could say no more. He just listened. And although Robin's ears vibrated noisily, she failed to pick up so much as a word of the one-way conversation.

"Did you get the power loan?" she screeched quietly (let's face it, sixteen is a little young for dentures) when he'd hung up. "What's a power loan?" she asked.

George gave her a withering look, looking so much like George Harrison it was almost against the law (and is, we hear, in several states.)

"It's a loan of extra magic powers. I'm going to need help to pull this bit of nonsense off."

"Well, did you get it?" Robin re-jumped.

"I don't know," George admitted. "But I'll soon find out. We're to report to my immediate supervisor in five minutes."

Robin leaped. "We?"

George gave her a withering-er look. "Yes, we. Did you think I'd go making a morose request like this one all by myself?"

Robin gulped. "Where do we report?" she quaked, raising her eyes skyward.

George laughed. (You mustn't let George's occasional—hah!—gruffness fool you. He gets the world's largest charge out of Robin Irene Boyd.) (Who would give him another large charge if he knew that he knew her vile middle name.) (Right between the eyes, for instance.)

"We're going to Liverpool," he answered. "Now call your mum and tell her you'll be a couple of hours late coming home."

"My mum?" Robin echoed nervously.

Safe Again

George patted her reassuringly. (For those interested, the reassuringly is located just slightly above the elbow.) "You're safe again," he soothed. "Your mad psychiatrist has just telephoned your mum and given you a clear bill of health."

Despite the fact that George said this in a manner which indicated that he definitely did not agree with the findings of good Doctor Alex Andersrag (of time band fame), Robin obediently fished for a dime.

"This one's on us," George chortled, handing her the receiver. "Who's this?" inquired Mrs. Boyd, who was suddenly and mysteriously on the other end of the wire.

Robin, who had a tendency to become completely unnerved, became completely unnerved. "Is Robin there?" she rattled.

"Just a moment, I'll ask her," her mother replied sourly. "I'm

talking to her on he phone now," she added.

Robin giggled. "I was only kidding, mum . . . I mean, mom."

Mrs. Boyd failed to respond by falling into gales of hopeless laughter, but she did meet her daughter half way. "What now?" she asked hopelessly.

"I've just bumped into a friend," Robin explained (Who now has the scars to prove it, she added mentally.) "Is it okay if I don't come right home?"

"Where are you going?"

Robin re-fainted. "Oh, just flyin' about," she hurried when George glared at her through the glass door.

Sighing one of her oh-well-it-could-be-and-come-to-think-of-it-has-been-worse-ers, Mrs. Boyd agreed and Robin emerged triumphantly from the phone booth.

"Let's be off to Liverpool," she chirped.

Fortunately, George was a fast thinker, and managed to crum her into his pocket before too many innocent bystanders ran screaming into the sunset.

That Word

"You bloomin' nit," he bellered, leaping back into the phone booth and cramming her out of his pocket. "Don't you know what happens when you say Liverpool?"

Robin, who had turned into a real Robin at the mention of the aforementioned word, nodded apologetically and gave him a loving tweak of the olde back.

"Gerron," George said, but he couldn't help grinning, a bit of flirting having done the olde trick. (When if it ever stops doing the olde trick, this world is going to be in a whole peck of trouble.)

Then he mumbled something under his breath and they vanished.

The next thing Robin knew, they were seated at a table in a secluded corner of an unfamiliar restaurant.

"Are we in Liver . . . I mean are we in that place that starts with L, that I'm not supposed to say already?" Robin gasped incredulously (not to mention grammatically.)

"That we are."

As a waiter approached them, Robin gave George a look that said now-I've-seen-everything. But the effect was purely transitory (it didn't last long, either).

In fact, it faded the moment Robin saw that the waiter was Paul McCartney.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Fan Club For Smothers Bros.

The demand for a Smothers Brothers Fan Club has been so heavy since the brother team began their television series that Krager/Fritz, the brothers' personal management office has organized a national fan club for the comedy duo.

Further information regarding the fan club can be obtained from Jackie Burrud, 451 North Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, California.



... THE MOUSE

Music And Motorcycles

Bob Dylan is not Mouse despite the fact that the two sound exactly alike on record. Mouse's "A Public Execution" has caused all kinds of comment because people find it hard to believe that someone else can actually sound so similar to Bob Dylan. In fact, one of Columbia Records' public relations men got the fright of his life when he went to a radio station (which still remains nameless, but you know which one!) and the playful jocks covered the label of Mouse's disc and told the unfortunate P.R. man that it was a Dylan record.

When I listened to the whole record and as it spun around the turn table his face became redder and redder. He couldn't understand how a Dylan dub had gotten out and he feared that his job would be no longer. Even he couldn't tell the difference!

Actually, Mouse is a 23 year old from Dallas, Texas. His real name is Ronny Weiss but he received the nickname, Mouse, from a high school pal of his and the moniker just stuck.

Mouse has thus far remained mum on the subject of his Dylan sound but he did reveal that "A Public Execution" was written and composed to a letter and he had received from an admirer.

Mouse has lived in Tyler, Texas for the past few years. He has a boyish, pleasant manner which people find most likable. Since he counts a great deal with him and those who know him well speak fondly of him. Mouse has a keen sense of humor and a quick smile. He has little use for intolerance and what he considers "willful prejudice." Motorcycling, next to music, seems to be Mouse's favorite occupation.

His manner is easy going, yet he seems to always be going somewhere in a hurry. He conserves time too valuable to waste but at the same time he remains casual. Mouse speaks warmly of the established artists whose style has affected his own. That, of course, means that Dylan is surely counts at the top of his list.

When asked what he would buy if his record sold a million, Mouse replied: "A hundred-fifty gallon water heater and an electric oven!"

So you think he's trying to tell us something?

STAMP OUT STIFF HAIR.



**DO IT NOW! AT
All Toiletries Counters**

For Girls only

by Shirley Pustan

I've been thinking. And, I must say, it was a refreshing change of pace.

No, seriously (would you believe semi-seriously?). I may have come up with a real zingwhammer. But before I tell you what it is, I'll keep you in suspense for a few paragraphs. (In other words, I'm about to bore you senseless with the endless details of how I arrived at said brainstrom.)

Well, it all started when it suddenly occurred to me that at least half of the people who read my column think I'm totally out of my tree. Right then, I started wishing there were some way of writing just for the other half (those of you who know I'm totally out of my tree.)

That way I wouldn't have to go around pretending that I have a few (very) sensible and rational moments every now and again. That way I would also get to write about things that some people just wouldn't understand.

It dawned on me this morning, which is a poetic statement if I've ever heard one (obviously, I never have). And it did so while I was trying to think of a way to tell you about the grooviest idea in the world. You know, in a way that wouldn't have the same set bursting into low moans.

Tass Bracks?

Have I kept you in suspense long enough? Okay, have a friend wake you and let's get down to tass bracks.

From now on, when I have something really secretive to tell you, I'm going to write it in code! Morse, for instance. No, really! I've devised this special kind of language where all the letters stand for other letters.

How are you going to decipher (try decipher if that doesn't work)? Simple (and how!) You're going to send for my de-code! All you have to do is mail me the top of the envelope of Soggy's, and you'll receive a Roy Rogers whistle ring as a special bonus.

Cease, Shirl. They'll think you're kidding. Which I don't happen to be, except on the box top and whistle ring. (We'll get around to that later when I've completely flipped.)

What you do is mail me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write the word "code" on the box top of the envelope you mail the envelope in. I am making myself clear, I presume (if so, that's another refreshing change of pace). Then I'll send you a copy of the code, and when I write something unreadable in my column, you'll be able to translate it!

How is this going to separate the men from the boys (that lacks a certain something, but I couldn't think of any other way to put it)? Well, the people who couldn't care less what I have to say, in code or otherwise, won't bother sending in. And those of you who do understand me will! (You realize of course that if no one send in, I

am going to kill myself deader than a door-nail (whatever that is).)

I'll start the messages two weeks from now, so hurry up to the post office. The first will be about that idea I mentioned a few million paragraphs back. If you really dig a special star, and if you have a tendency to be even the slightest bit barmy on occasion, you'll love this one!

Speaking of George, (didn't last long, did it?) (I, for one, hate pretense, but I have nothing against her sister priscilla) (what, I ask you, did I just say?) ... anyway, speaking of George, I keep getting letters from girls who are falling for Robin's George of genie fame.

Need I tell you that I feel somewhat the same, and have been writing about him? I particularly liked the part where he was hiding behind the palm tree. (I would.)

Crash! I just knocked 11,431½ letters off my desk, and what to my wondering eyes should appear (no, I'm not going to say a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer) but something I've been trying to find for months.

You guessed it, my marbles! No, really, I've just found the letter from the boy I mentioned a few weeks back. The one who made me look co-ordinated (in case you don't recall, I do things like shunting my car in the car door, etc.).

Neck By Head

He says, and I quote: "I just read about you breaking your ear. I didn't think anyone else did things like that. Have you ever tried explaining that you broke your neck falling on your head? Well, I have. The looks you get you wouldn't believe."

"The worst part of it is that they don't believe me, because I'm still alive and can walk, run, ride a skateboard and everything. I'm so clumsy they won't let me in a regular P.E. class, Really! In the past three years, I've had two broken fingers, a football knee (still have it), a broken neck and a broken ankle. Try that. Hope your car's okay."

Isn't that a pain? I'd print his name, but he'd probably see to it that I soon had a few broken bones of my own. However, if any kind soul would like to send him a get well card, I'd be happy to forward it. He is "sick" with his luck, he probably will be any minute.

The more I think about him, the more I begin to wonder if the two of us weren't meant for each other. Well, I hope George will be able to bear up under the strain of losing me. (Which is something he's been trying to do for years!)

Nuts. I've used up all my space and now I can't tell you about something interesting I went to this slumber (ho) and (not as in bum) party and all we did was sit around and think up ways to make other people think you're crazy. You know, ways to send strangers shrieking into the sunroof.

Well, if they haven't come for me by next week, I'll tell you then. Providing, of course, that they haven't come for you.

Wait! I just remembered a joke. Why can't Batman find anyone to go out with him? Because he has but breath!

Give Your Friends

The BEAT

For Graduation



BEAT Art: Jon Walker

backstage with

Chad and Jeremy

By A BEAT Reader

It was about 8:30 when the lights were dimmed at the Valley Music Centre. When they were on again Chad and Jeremy were on stage. In between songs and screams fans learned Chad's secret identity — as told by Jeremy — which is no less BATMAN!!!!

During one portion of the show they made up a song, on the spur of the moment, when something went wrong with their instruments. These two fantastic performers sang their way into everyone's heart in only an hour-and-a-half.

After the show my friend and I somehow got into their dressing room. Although they were very tired both Chad and Jeremy were very nice to us. When I got in I had to brag that I was a British citizen, so I did. They both congratulated (!) me!

The first real question we asked them was — What's the difference between American and English fans? Chad said we are more enthusiastic and

that was great in his opinion. Then, to our surprise, he started singing "California Girls!" Sorry Beach Boys, but I liked that version better. Next we asked if Chad and Jill found a house yet. When Chad said no we gave him some helpful suggestions! (Hey, Chad there's a house for sale 2 blocks away from me. It's really very nice.)

Both Chad and Jeremy agreed that their fans were fab, but they hate for someone to scream out their name during a song. (Jeremy, sorry I screamed your name during that song. I'll never do it again!!!) (Jeremy, I wouldn't count on that!!!)

Then their manager came in and I could see they had to go, so my friend took one more picture and I asked them if they are going to make a television series. Jeremy said they would really like to and Chad said they wanted something to the effect of LAREDO.

After they left I couldn't believe that Chad and Jeremy were so nice. They were really great!!!

Beatles Back Their Tenth Gold Disc

The phenomenal Beatles have won their tenth Gold Record for singles for "Nowhere Man/What Goes On." At least, Capitol Records has asked the RIAA for a Gold Record certification for the disc.

"Nowhere Man," undeniably the "A" side of the record, was released on February 15 and according to sales figures it sold nearly 750,000 in the first eight

days of sales and topped the one million mark on February 28. Since that time sales on the single have continued to soar with an average of 75,000 records moved each week since March 1. Naturally, the disc's sales are slipping now but it is definitely a million seller anyway.

Just as '64 and '65 were the years of the Beatles it looks as if '66 will be no exception. "No-

where Man" has been their only single released thus far in the new year and being awarded a gold record for it certainly seems to indicate that the Beatles have not lost their tremendous popularity.

And now that they've announced their summer tour of the U.S., real Beatlemania will assuredly start up in full force again — as always.

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CYRKULAR BALL!

Tony Brown

What do you think of THE CYRKLE and the first Columbia recording, "Red Rubber Ball?" To me it sounds as though this fresh-voiced young threesome might have a major hit on their hands.

They're managed by Nat Weiss, New York attorney and close personal friend of Brian Epstein. I first heard "Red Rubber Ball" — penned jointly by Bruce Woodley of THE SEEKERS and PAUL SIMON — a few weeks ago when Brian played me his special advance copy. In fact it was Brian who gave the group its new name.

It seems they were The Rhondells when Nat Weiss invited Brian to hear them at the Downtown Club in New York City. THE MOODY BLUES went along too and they were all equally impressed with the act. Since this is Nat's first excursion into Artists' Management it's natural he should have sought Brian Epstein's advice on handling his potentially hot pop property. Brian suggested that The Rhondells should become THE CYRKLE. And he went along to watch them record "Red Rubber Ball" for Columbia — his first visit to an American studio session.

The CBS label — the U.K. outlet for Columbia's product — will release "Red Rubber Ball" on our side of the Atlantic at the end of April. If it goes well, there's a strong possibility of a European tour for The Cyrkle later this year.

Walkers Not Coming

The projected June tour of America for THE WALKER BROTHERS is unlikely to happen even if their chart-topping U.K. success "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More" climbs high in the U.S. best-sellers. Reason for the change of plan is a just-negotiated trip to Australia, scheduled for June, with extra concerts in the Far East on the way home. In July, The Walkers have a string of dates set in various parts of Europe.

In June another of our 1966 chart-toppers, THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP, expect to undertake an Australian concert tour. Their U.S. visit, pencilled in for that month, will now be re-scheduled for later in the summer. Right now the Davis aggregation is having its second consecutive U.K. hit with "Somebody Help Me."

April 20 — to record his first Capitol album plus material for future singles. Producer DAVE CAVANAUGH will handle the sessions.

Matt tells me he is both nervous and excited about his huge deal with Capitol. "Of course it's a terrific new step in my career and one which any artist would be proud of," he says. "On the other hand it gives me a great deal to live up to and my first sessions in Hollywood will be the most important experience of my life."

Matt has no intention of making his home in California although he's likely to visit your part of the world for frequent extended periods not only for recording sessions but live appearances.

Work Permit Problems

A week or two ago SIMON AND GARFUNKEL should have been with us in London. I understand that their failure to arrive was caused by a refusal by our Ministry Of Labour to issue Paul Simon with a suitable work permit.

Because U.K. work permits were not forthcoming for a Swedish group, the Scandinavian authorities are threatened to refuse entry to British touring stars including groups of the calibre of THE ROLLING STONES and THE KINKS.

Don't you think this work permit bit is getting out of control? I know for a fact it is preventing many of our most talented British pop favourites from touring the States. America. It's true all these pop striations were ripped away. Surely pop music is one of the few international forms of entertainment which need not be limited by political or other barriers. If exchanges of talent and a universal appreciation of top performers are to continue, the appropriate public servants of Britain, America, Sweden and anywhere else involved ought to get together and work out ways of destroying the existing work permit problems once and for all!

NEWS BRIEF: ... Freeway TOMMY PAGE who has worked in Los Angeles, Seattle and Detroit has now left the pop pirate station Radio Caroline to join Radio Luxembourg. Sorry, but I found BRIAN WILSON's solo disc "Caroline, No" (just issued in the U.K.) a great disappointment. ... New \$500 dollar Marcus sports cars for WALKER BROTHERS John and Gary. ... Latest album from THE ROLLING STONES now has the programme title "Aftermath." British release is scheduled for late April after the Stones finish their European concert tour. ... Tour of U.S. and Canada with THE BEATLES. ... FREDNEY turned down THE KINKS but they might accept another offer to appear in a package with ROY ORBISON in July. ... Rumour has it that TOM JONES plans to have nose operation when he returns home after April Hollywood visit. Tom smashed his nose playing rugby football. His next U.K. single features the movie title ballad "Promise Her Nothing". ... FREDNEY AND THE DREAMERS making album entitled "In Disneyland". ... ANDREW OLDHAM took advertising space in all the major U.K. music paper to express his considerable personal admiration for "California Dreamin'" but the record by THE MAMA'S AND THE PAPA'S has yet to click in this country despite fair deejay play. Andy's ad said the record was "more relative to today than the general election". ... THE ANIMALS plan to record their next single in The Bahamas which is almost as surprising as the Oh-so-secret plans for April location recording sessions by THE BEATLES!



... SIGNE, JACK, MARTY, SKIP, PAUL AND JORMA

Jefferson Airplane Taking Off... Fast

By Carol Deek

Interviewing an airplane is kind of an absurd idea but interviewing the Jefferson Airplane, a fast rising group from San Francisco, verges on ridiculous. It's kind of like trying to talk to six John Lennons at the same time. Getting a straight answer from any of them is totally out of the question.

Example — a simple question like, how'd you get the name Jefferson Airplane brings the following answers:

Marty Balin, 22, lead singer: "We were all working for the Jefferson Airplane Line. I was the pilot, Paul was my co-pilot, Jack was the nurse and Signe was the stewardess. So when we decided to form a group we used their name."

Paul Kantner, 24, "driving lead rhythm guitar": "A dog came along and led us into this church and behind this pew was a large bag of Jefferson Airplane Loves You buttons, so we figured we'd better make good use of them."

Signe Anderson, 24, second lead

singer: "The Spirit of St. Louis flew over and dropped a lot of 'Jefferson Loves You' buttons."

One thing they do agree is that their name is Jefferson Airplane and not The Jefferson Airplane. They don't want to claim to be the only one — there might be another.

Ask them about long hair and they tell you about moustaches. "I had a moustache and they made me shave it off," notes Jack Casady, 21, bass guitar. "They said I couldn't be a rock and roll star with a moustache."

Ask for a description of their sound and you get: "We all play our own thing. We play our own thing together and it turns out to be one thing," from Skip Spence, 21, drummer.

And if you think the group's name is unusual try and remember the lead guitar player's full name — Jorma Ludwick Kaukonen Jr.

Then try asking what they like in the way of music and groups. "I really love Marcel Marceau recording," replies Paul. "They're so peaceful." (Marcel Marceau is France's greatest pantomime artist)

And why does Marty wear sun-

glasses when he's inside an already dark recording studio? "I'm one of the X-Ray men. If I take them off, you die," he whispers.

"Tell them about our friendly dog dance," reminds Paul. Okay, here it is. The Jefferson Airplane is going to throw a "friendly dog dance" and wants to invite everyone everywhere. A "friendly dog dance," by the way, is a huge bash with huge numbers of unknown groups. They want to bring all the unknown San Francisco groups down to Los Angeles and then bring all the unknown Los Angeles groups up to San Francisco — sort of an exchange program for nobodies.

At that point you feel you don't even want to know about the three foot high yellow and brown desert type flower sitting in the middle of their equipment in the studio.

This group has been very big in San Francisco, particularly in The Matrix, and now they're taking off for wider horizons.

But never fear. Paul assures us, "We're very conservative people actually." Sure fellows.

Hideaways' Fight Is Now On To Re-Open The Famed Cavern Club

A company, The New Cavern Ltd., is being formed to re-open the world famous Cavern Club in Liverpool. The idea was started by the Hideaways, a local Pop group which hold the record for performing at the Cavern more than any other group in the world and for being the last group on stage before it closed.

As you know, Liverpool teens are especially close to the Cavern, the club where they first met the Beatles. They've done all sorts of things to keep the club from closing, including a giant nine hour marathon. The Hideaways' bass guitarist, John Shell told *The BEAT* all about it: "When we came off we were told that the Cavern (God rest its soul) was closing and the marathon was going on all night and as long as it could stay open with the groups

playing for nothing and the staff stayed on as well.

"We went on about 10 o'clock the next morning and played till one o'clock. Meanwhile, at eleven o'clock the police and bailiffs came to close it down but were locked out for two hours. But they finally got in at one o'clock. While we were on we played lots of old Liverpool standards such as 'Roll Over Beethoven,' 'Love Me Do,' etc."

But despite their efforts the Cavern was officially closed. Now the Hideaways have come up with a bigger and what they hope will be a more successful plan. They're forming a company to which the public will be invited to take up shares in denominations of one pound (\$2.80) each.

The Hideaways are appealing to everyone interested — not only

those in Liverpool but people everywhere — to send in money to save the club.

"We are getting in touch with the official Receiver to ascertain the possibility of acquiring leases of the Cavern and to acquire fixtures and fittings," explained Alderman Livermore, legal adviser to the Hideaways.

Livermore added that if it is not possible to get leases etc. the money would be refunded minus a modest sum for bank charges.

If you wish to contribute to the campaign to save the Cavern you may do so by sending your donation in the form of a check or money order (not cash) to New Cavern, District Bank Ltd., 51 Dale Street, Liverpool 2, England. But please be sure to include your name and address along with your money.

BEHIND THE SCENES

With Sonny Bono

By Eden

As we promised a few issues back in *The BEAT*, in this next-to-last article in our series on record producers, we are going to speak with two of the most successful producers in town, Sonny Bono and Steve Barri.

Sonny has confined himself lately to producing only those records which he and Cher are cutting, and he explained that the most important element in record production—for him—is the “personality in the record.”

He continued, “I have to find something to *make* it have a personality; it can be in the music or in the vocal—usually in both. You develop a sound after so long, and that basic sound is actually *you*; it’s really the producer. After that, it’s just a matter of *varying* the personality with each new record.”

Obviously, Sonny and Cher do have a distinct personality, which is readily identifiable, in all of their efforts. But Sonny goes much deeper into the qualities of the producer himself: “In my mind, I think there’s only about four or five good record producers in the country: real record producers. It’s their life, their motivation—they are *creators*. And you must be a creator, you must live that particular record that you’re creating.”

Of course, Sonny writes much of the material which he and his wife record himself. Of these songs he says, “When I write a song, and I know it’s right—I’m happy. It’s just a *feeling* you get within yourself.”

Does he walk into the studio with a complete sound already formulated in his head? “Sometimes—not always. When I do go in with a sound in my mind, I feel much better. After it’s recorded, I study it and listen to it for its hooks, and I study it more than the average person.”

Sonny admits that, “It’s easy for me to keep *my sound* in a record now, because I’ve been using the same musicians and engineer for over a year now.” But he goes on to explain, “Yes, we *do* like to have a big record and a different sound, but I don’t care about starting any new trends.” In this line, I asked about Cher’s latest record—“Bang, Bang.”—and Sonny said that he had the entire sound in mind the night he wrote the song.

He explained that the song sounds somewhat Russian with strains of gypsy music in it to him, and admitted to having been just a little bit afraid when he had originally gone in to cut it. “The Beatles used Indian music and used it very well. They pioneered the use of foreign instruments and gave me the courage to use them on this record. Somebody’s gotta do something different, and I decided that I’m not gonna back down.”

As for any new trends which might be approaching the pop scene now, Sonny said, “Oh no! The only trend I see is everyone trying to be different now. Some people are different *right*, and some people are different *wrong*. But there has been a much stronger concentration on production in the last year or so . . . and I think it’s great!”

Steve Barri

Steve Barri is one half of a very successful songwriting team—Sloan-Barri—and is also one of the most talented young producers in the pop field right now. With his partner, singer-composer P.F. Sloan, he has written many of the top chart hits of recent months, including “A Must To Avoid,” “You, Baby,” “Found A Girl,” “Secret Agent Man,” and “Hold On” which will be the next single and the title tune from the new movie by Herman’s Hermits.

Steve explained that he considers the most difficult aspect of record production to be “picking the right material for your artists.” On the other hand, he explains that the most important aspect of record production is “mostly having a good ear for the type of thing that’s happening. But there are so many things which are important—it’s a combination of nearly everything, and it all begins with the selection of the material.”

I asked if there were any special techniques which he used in record production, but he shook his head, saying, “Not really, unless we’re going for a certain kind of sound. We have learned a great deal from Lou Adler, though.”

As far as any new trends in the music business are concerned, Steve looks for at least one new influence. “I think the Spanish influence is going to be, and people are going to be doing vocals with a Tijuana Brass type of background.”



A BEAT PREDICTION—Bob Dylan’s “Rainy Day Woman #12 and 35” is going to be number one in the nation: it’s going to be the start of another musical trend with everyone recording Dylan compositions again and no one is going to be able to figure out if the title has anything at all to do with the song’s lyrics.

LENNON'S LEGEND

By Gil McDougall

The perpetuation of Lennon’s legend has begun. The legend has begun to spread. It is being spread by the people who know John: by the people who wish they knew him; and by the people who couldn’t care less. All are in awe of such an obvious abundance of talent, but it is his attitude to life and the people he meets that confounds critics and friends alike.

When a performer attains stardom he sometimes gets that well-known illness commonly known as being big-headed. John doesn’t act this way, and because of this he expects the people that he meets to have regular size heads as well.

To Lennon a rude or snobbish attitude is completely unacceptable, not only in himself but in others as well. Meeting a person with an arrogant fault such as this will provoke insults from John in return.

It has been suggested many times that some promoters, and theatre managers, are actually afraid of John and the other Beatles. Afraid, that is, of the possibility of being humiliated by the boys. It is all part of the myth, but any intelligent person would never allow such thoughts to enter his head. True, John and the others have a bit of a sarcastic way with themselves, but they usually refrain from insulting anyone who hasn’t provoked it.

Softy?

Aggressive, intelligent, belligerent, witty, intolerant (with idiots) and irreverent as he is, there is the possibility that Lennon is a lot softer than he likes to let on. He might even be the most vulnerable Beatle of all.

Since the loss of his mother Lennon had developed a tough

Of course Lennon’s legend is not completely inaccessible. Since achieving his present standing he has developed, perhaps faster than

he would have normally, into a mature human being who is capable of great understanding. He has also developed musically at a fantastic rate.

Lennon simply refuses to put on any airs, and acts the same way in public as he does in private. Perhaps this kind of honesty is a little too much for some. After all, though many people surely need it, few of them actually enjoy being told “Where it’s at.”

Annoying

Lennon often annoys people but he never fails to impress them. A British reporter described his opinion of John: “His face has the fear-neither-God-nor-man quality of a Renaissance painter’s aristocrat.” Brian Epstein maintains that John has “a controlled aggression that demands respect.” To all of this Lennon would almost certainly say “they must be soft or something.”

Interviewers are often shaken, and sometimes amazed by the total impression that they get of John. Like most of us he is a mass of contradictions, but unlike the majority, his talents are very bright indeed.

One of Lennon’s greatest qualities is his ability to make friends. Like the time that the Beatles met Elvis Presley during their 1965 tour of the United States, John immediately broke the ice as he said in his best Peter Sellers accent: “Zis is ze way it should be. Ze small homely gathering with ze few friends and a little music.” Elvis grinned and Lennon was immediately in.

John and the Beatles don’t forget old friends either. They have often gone out of their way to do shows etc., when they are asked by someone who has helped them in their climb to the top.

John and Paul compose at a pretty fantastic rate, and their

compositions are recorded by singers and stars from almost all spheres of popular music. While appreciating the compliment John is not always happy about some of the versions of their songs. According to John: “The reason that so many people use our numbers and add nothing to them is that they do not understand the music. Consequently they make a mess of the music.”

Lennon himself enjoys running over their first compositions and trying to find some sort of progression in their music. John revealed: “Sometimes, when I am at home, I sit down and put all of our albums on the phonograph. I hardly ever manage to hear them all. I get to the stage where I’m beginning to realize that we have progressed musically and then somebody will start knocking on the door. I feel like an idiot sitting there listening to my own music.”

“Coming Home”

John doesn’t exactly need the money, but he is doing very nicely as a writer at this particular moment. More important, is the fact that both of his books were received very well critically. Much of his work was compared to that of author James Joyce, who in his day was something of a celebrity. At first Lennon was surprised by the comparison, but he picked up Joyce’s “Finnegans Wake,” and after reading it reported that “it was like coming home.”

It is impossible to say that Lennon is the literary Beatle, or the married Beatle because John simply does not fit into a neat slot like that. John and the other Beatles are different things to different people. The important thing is, however, that Lennon knows exactly what he is and exactly what he wants out of life. He simply wants to enjoy it. And the best of British luck, mate!



Exclusive: BEAT Attends



... BILL WYMAN — A LIFE SIZE DOLL?

By Eden

ED. NOTE: Once again *The BEAT* has captured an exclusive story, as we spent three days with *The Stones* on their recent visit to Hollywood. The *Stones* were in town for a week-long recording session which was conducted behind closed doors; closed to just about everyone except *The BEAT*! When our reporters, accompanied by our photographer, asked permission to attend the session and take pictures of the boys, Brian Jones inquired, "Are you with *The BEAT*?" When they replied that they were, Brian nodded and agreed, "It's okay then." So come with us now as *The BEAT* takes you behind closed doors—exclusively—and spend three days with the *Stones*.

STONES AT RCA! The news spread like wild fire throughout Hollywood recently, causing hundreds of teenage fans to rush out in search of their long-haired idols. While the fans were combing the streets in search of *The Stones*, the *Stones* were busily engaged in recording 12 tracks for the sound track album for their upcoming movie, "Back, Behind, and In Front." It required a week of intensive work—recording sessions of 17 and 18 hours, stretching into the wee small hours of the morning.

At RCA, large groups of fans remained camped outside the glass doors—in the company of several armed guards who remained on duty around the clock—throughout the week, while inside—the

lobby outside the *Stones*' studio remained fairly calm. The relative quiet was broken only when one or more of the *Stones* emerged briefly and walked into the lobby.

Mick came out once to walk across the room and peek in on another recording session which was going on. Later, Charlie came out to make a phone call and then he sat down in a corner and chatted quietly with a friend, arranger-composer Jack Nitzsche.

Quiet Fatigue

All of the *Stones* were tired from the intensive work, but they said very little of their fatigue. Only once, when *The BEAT* mentioned to Charlie that he looked somewhat exhausted, he just looked up and nodded: "Yes, I am."

Bill Wyman slipped out briefly to one of the famous night club-discotheques on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, and when he returned, he looked much more like a Bill Wyman Doll, than like Bill Wyman! In person, he is much shorter than he appears on the screen—although he is just as quiet and pensive in person.

Very few people were allowed to enter the *Stones* session—it was strictly a closed affair. One of the few people who was able to gain admittance to the *Stones*' studio was a young man who brought over a variety of guitar strings which the *Stones* had requested.

The *Stones* use a large number of instruments on this new album, many of which were rather unusual. Exclusively in *The BEAT*, we have a partial list of some of the instruments which you will be

hearing. Among them, listen for a dulcimer, a sitar—there will be a heavy Indian accent on this album; seems to be the thing to do these days, some vibes, piano, an organ, a harpsichord, a fuzz organ, and the oldest-looking collection of guitars ever seen. The boys seem to have been very definitely affected by the current Indian trend in music, inspired by the work of Ravi Shankar and encouraged by the great songs of the Beatles.

One constant interruption of the almost-quiet of the lobby was the never-ending stream of people bearing packages of food for the hard-working *Stones*. Cans and cans of soft drinks found their way into the studio. Also, Mick was to be found in the almost constant companionship of some very strong-smelling pizzas which he ate with great relish. The rest of the *Stones* seemed content to stick with the old American standby—the hamburger.

Have A Coke

Charlie decided to get creative, and invited Jack Nitzsche to join him for a coke—in the restaurant near the corner of Sunset and Vine!!

Probably the funniest sight of the year was seeing Charlie Watts sitting right next to a huge glass window, enjoying his coke and chatting quietly with his friend, as groups of nearly hysterical fans searched frantically for him and his four companions right down the street.

Tuesday had been the second day of recording for the *Stones*, and although it had been hectic—



... KEITH RICHARDS AND MICK JAGGER ARRIVE FOR A LATE SESSION WITH CHARLIE WATTS CLOSE BEHIND.

Closed Stores' Session

it was nothing compared to the days which followed.

On Wednesday evening, the Stones were still hard at work in their recording studio, as their many fans were hard at work trying to get into that studio just outside the door.

One of those fans was a very excitable young lady, who, in her frustration at being unable to catch a glimpse of her favorite Stone, Mick, kicked angrily at the metal edging at the bottom of the huge glass doors outside. But she missed, and wound up putting her foot right through the heavy glass barrier instead!

No Pain

Fortunately, her foot was not seriously injured, although the door was thoroughly destroyed. Within moments, Mick was in the lobby, comforting the girl and telling the guards that he would be glad to accept all financial responsibility for the accident. Somehow that girl didn't seem to be feeling too much pain just then. The reason could have been her extreme euphoria at finding herself suddenly *Jaggered*!

Friday evening was the next to last day of recording for the Stones, and they all seemed thoroughly exhausted. Charlie was finished quite early and wanted very much to go back to his hotel. He asked the chauffeur if he would drive him, but unfortunately—the limousine was located just outside the door... in plain reach of all the fans. Also, the chauffeur had to leave shortly to retrieve Brian—whom he had delivered to one of the popular jazz clubs in town

earlier that evening.

Finally, one of the guards on duty volunteered to rescue Charlie and he delivered him safely to his hotel. In the meantime, Brian was returned by the chauffeur, in one of the most unusual outfits ever seen—even in *Hollywood!!!* It consisted of a polka-dotted western shirt, a white leather vest, tight western jeans, black silk kerchief—knotted western-style—a wide leather belt... and a green felt bowler-style cowboy hat! His attire was completed by the gold-tinged "shades" he sported underneath his "leprachaun hat."

Another outstanding dresser that evening was one Mr. Michael Philip Jagger, who emerged only twice—dressed entirely in the most dazzling white outfit ever. He was so bright, that it almost hurt to look at him! He came out of the studio once to get a cup of coffee, and the other time to stand in the middle of the lobby area... reading *The BEAT*! But even that wasn't very easy; poor Mick was so exhausted after a week of recording almost around the clock, that he could barely focus his eyes on the print!

Glares Mick

Keith, too, was dressed appropriately for the occasion, in an outfit which featured some oversized sunglasses. Probably to keep out the extreme glare of Mick's outfit!

Singer guitarist Glen Campbell came over to the studio to say hello to the Stones, and chatted briefly with Keith in the lobby. Just before he left he asked if the Stones planned on recording all

night, to which Keith cheerfully chirped, "Yep!" and promptly disappeared into the studio once again.

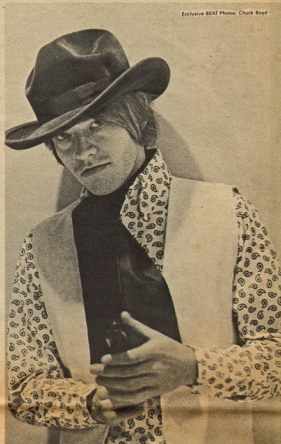
He was probably the *only* cheerful Stone in the studio at that point—the rest were just too tired to be overly happy about anything. With the exception of one track, they became extremely ecstatic and proclaimed themselves to be thoroughly "gassed" over the cut.

9 A.M. Finish

At the end of the long week of recording—a week which found its finish at 9:00 Saturday morning!—the Stones raced back to their hotel just long enough to wash and hastily pack their belongings. Then they were rushed to the airport for a flight directly to London—where they would immediately begin work on their picture, now in the final stages of production.

A Stones' work is never done, but they love it and put so much of their time and energy into their work only because they are perfectionists and really care about the finished product which they eventually present to the public.

We've taken you behind the scenes at the Stones' recording session now and given you a little idea of all that went on for that one, short hectic week. Soon enough you will be able to hear the finished results for yourselves, but if you were to ask the members of *The BEAT* staff who were there whether or not this album will be great—about all we could do would be to quote Keith Richard, in his immortal statement: "Yep!!"



Exclusive BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

... BRIAN JONES — STICK 'EM UP PARTNER!



... CHARLIE WATTS — A COKE AT THE CORNER.



... SOME OF THE FANS DISCOVERED THE STONE'S SESSIONS AND CAMPED OUTSIDE.

In Memory of

Jim Washburne

EARN LEARN and TRAVEL IN EUROPE

Grand Duchy of Luxembourg — Every student in America can get a summer job in Europe and a travel grant by applying directly to the European headquarters of the American Student Information Service in Luxembourg. Jobs are much the same as student summer work in the U.S. with employers offering work periods ranging from three weeks to permanent employment.

Lifeguarding, office work, resort-hotel jobs, factory, construction camp counseling

and farm work are only a few categories to be found among the 15,000 jobs ASIS still has on file. An interesting summer pastime not found in America is tutoring. Numerous well-to-do European families are inviting American college students to spend the summer with them and teach their children English.

Wages range to \$400 a month, and in most cases neither previous experience nor knowledge of a foreign language is required. ASIS,

in its ninth year of operation, will place more American students in summer jobs in Europe this summer than ever before.

Students interested in working in Europe next summer may write directly to Dept. VII, ASIS, 22 Ave. de la Liberté, Luxembourg, enclosing \$2 for the ASIS 36-page booklet which contains all jobs, wages, working conditions, etc., job and travel grant applications, and to cover the cost of handling and overseas air mail postage.

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EDUCATION THROUGH PRACTICAL APPLICATION

Dr. Zhivago

The
BEAT
Goes To
The Movies

The Group



THE GROUP'S Lahey (Candice Bergen), right, talks with Baronesse Friend.

By Lyle W. Nash
Behind the conflict in "Doctor Zhivago" is the greatest living drama of the 20th century—the Russian Revolution. The flashing pageantry of 150 million people fighting and dying for human dignity offers a background almost greater than the Civil War tableau of "Gone With The Wind."

"Doctor Zhivago" spans the period from about 1900 to 1935 when violence and death was the constant companion of Czarist Russia. The dramatic clash has the harsh cruel state seeking to crush the individual. How the force of the individual triumphs makes for dynamic cinema entertainment.

Julie Christie, as a pawn of life's endless tragedies, is superb. This MGM production will establish her as a world-wide motion picture star. Fans of another generation will recall that GWTW accomplished the same result for an English actress—Vivian Leigh.



JULIE CHRISTIE, Omar Sharif share tender moment in "Dr. Zhivago."

Omar Sharif, as the doctor and poet, offers a magnificent performance. Zhivago is the focal point of the production: through his eyes unfolds the stark story of 197 minutes. He observes the downfall of the decaying Romanov Russia with a doctor's compassion for people and a poet's sympathy. The magnetic charm of Sharif projects with devastating appeal. The Egyptian born actor has the most appealing brown eyes in the world of motion pictures. Their mysterious power work overtime in "Doctor Zhivago."

It requires a film of great magnitude to enable an in-experienced actress to play a role with con-

viction. Newcomer Geraldine Chaplin is most winsome in her part. There is a striking resemblance to her famed father.

The entire cast is worthy of mention but Alex Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Rod Steiger, Ralph Richardson and Rita Tushingham give outstanding performances in demanding roles.

The haunting, desolate and cold vastness of Russia is captured with stunning sharpness in the magnificent color photography. The snow-covered Ural mountains, the lonely lakes, the snow drenched forests and the golden wheat fields of mother Russia flow across the screen with radiant and wondrous beauty.

Director David Lean, the creator of "Bridge on the River Kwai," and "Lawrence of Arabia," has another Oscar contender in "Doctor Zhivago." His excellent direction might well reward him with his third Oscar in nine years at the Academy Awards this month.

Enchanting is the best word to describe the musical score of Maurice Jarre. The repeated lyrical theme will linger long after you've seen the film.

Unless your motion picture needs are no deeper than kiddie cartoons or monster-bikini-beach quickies, "Doctor Zhivago" should be one of the most memorable films you'll see in this decade.

By Carol Deck
Anyone who read Mary McCarthy's book "The Group" and enjoyed it should definitely see the movie.

The movie sticks surprisingly close to the book, adding very little, and leaving out only what can't be put on the screen.

What really makes the movie is the great job of casting. Good performances are given by all eight members of The Group, a clique of girls from the class of '33 of an unidentified swank eastern school (Vassar in the book.)

Joanna Pettet plays the bride Kay who dominates most of the movie, which begins with her marriage and ends with her funeral.

As the literary snob, Libby, Jessica Walter comes through as a real cat. Joan Hackett's sensitive portrayal of the staid Bostonian Dottie never wavers.

The other members, Shirley Knight as Polly, Candice Bergen as Lahey, Kathleen Widdoes as Helena, and Mary Robin Redd as good ole Pokey, all bring very much to life Mary McCarthy's eight little kitters who took their diplomas and went out into the cold cruel world to really begin to learn things.

In order to pull together the eight separate yet connected dramas, Director Sidney Lumet has

created a ticker tape type chatty alumni news letter which ticks across the bottom of the screen like foreign subtitles but does serve to keep things running.

The only fault with the movie seems to be that it runs a little long and at first it's hard to adjust to the 1930's costumes when the action seems so up to date.

It's hard to imagine a movie with eight practically even female leads that doesn't degenerate to a mass attempt to upstage everyone else. But these girls work together to produce a memorable movie from one of last years' best selling novels.

Dave Hull's HULLABALOO

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