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The Man, The Myth, The Music: The Man They Call DYLAN

KRLA BEAT

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Rolling Stones Up To Plenty

By Tammy Hitchcock

The Rolling Stones are still vacationing and the five of them are spread all over the world. Since their American tour they've been up to nothing but rest and relaxation. Something which they deserve but don't get much of.

However, before they took the vacation tour they were up to plenty. Charlie (who, by the way, can and does talk) has been very busy the past several months getting his second book ready for publication. His first, "Ode To A Highflying Bird," was quite a success in both England and the U.S. This time around Charlie is working on a children's book. It should be appearing in your book shops in the not too distant future and will go under the name of "Zoo Of Hags."

Bill, the other quiet Stone who also talks when the mood strikes him, has been occupied with fixing anything which happens to go wrong with the Stones' amplifiers. Except in the U.S. if any union men are in eyesight. In which case, Bill touches nothing (unless their backs are turned, of course).

Keith's Dog

Keith has kept himself busy by looking after a little puppy given to him by a Stateside friend. Keith thought around for quite awhile searching for a different name for the dog, finally gave the situation up as hopeless and simply calls the pup "Dog." That's different?

Keith's habit of sticking pencils and papers and that sort of thing into his mouth has got to be stopped. Riding a London bus recently Keith folded up his bus ticket and

stuck it into his mouth, which really didn't hurt anything but the ticket—until later, that is.

Keith can sometimes be a bit absentminded. So, when Stones' road manager, Ian Stewart, lit a cigarette Keith leaned over and got a light from Stu.

One small problem—Keith lit the bus ticket! The burning ticket almost turned Keith's precious bangs into ashes (still precious, though). Maybe now he'll learn not to stick everything into his mouth, or at least not to set them on fire!

Brian has been busy phoning girls who throw stuffed animals at him with their phone numbers attached conveniently thereupon. He phoned a girl in L.A. who had hurled a stuffed toy at Brian on the stage in Long Beach when the Stones appeared there last May.

'Cause Of A Seal

Latest girl to receive a call from Mr. Jones was a lucky New York fan who took aim at the Stones' speeding Cadillac and tossed a toy seal at Brian. Again with phone number written on it. When Brian returned to the hotel he sat down, phoned the girl and talked to her for nearly two hours. Some people have all the luck, don't they?

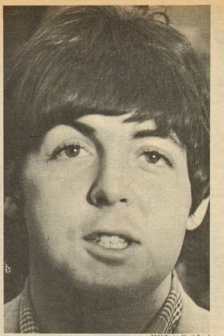
When Brian was in California he wanted desperately to go horseback riding, so he called up his friend, Joey Paige, to invite Joey to go along. Which was all very fine except that the two of them never made it—they couldn't find a horseback riding stable which was open! Maybe next time, Brian.

And Mick? What's he been up to? Well, he's been talking to the press about a lot of things. But mostly about the Stones' first movie venture which is set to roll in April. Mick's really very excited about it and most anxious that it turn out just right.

He refuses to have it become a pop film, declaring that if the Stones wanted to appear in one of those they would have done it two years ago. Mick very seriously wants to act and not just be a celebrity.

He'd like it very much if the whole world didn't know the plot beforehand, so he and the other Stones are keeping it top secret. He does hope his fans will like the movie but he couldn't care less what the Stones' critics think about it.

Mick's like that, you know.



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd



BEAT Photo Robert W. Young



BEAT Photo Robert W. Young



BEAT Photo Robert W. Young

THAT ELUSIVE MOVIE SCRIPT

Beatles Still Looking

By Louise Criscione

As of today the Beatles are still in hot water over their next movie. They have a bit of a problem as you know—they're minus a script!

All four of the Beatles, and especially Paul, seem to know exactly what they *don't* want. They don't want "A Talent For Loving" because they'd look like four long-haired Roy Rogers singing to their horses.

If they can possibly avoid it they don't want another script like "Help." Although Paul declared that he liked "Help" and enjoyed watching it he did not feel that he and his buddies were necessary characters in the story. He considered them merely incidental to the plot and not a real part of it.

They don't want to do another "Hard Day's Night." Not because

they didn't like the movie—they did very much. But after all, it was a sort of documentary type film and how many of those can you make? Especially if you are creative, and the Beatles are.

They don't want to pull an Elvis. They don't want to rush a movie out in three weeks and they don't want to make a movie which is merely a vehicle for music. That would be too much like a pop film—all songs and no plot.

Write Their Own?

Okay, then why don't they figure the Beatles write their own movie—they've done everything else. Well, as a matter of fact, they have attempted to write a script. But they just couldn't complete it to their satisfaction.

Paul reveals that he and John tried to write one but ran into all

kinds of snags along the way. The plot revolved around a man named Pilchard, who was really supposed to be Jesus Christ.

However, there were all sorts of holes in the story and so to fill them up John and Paul continued to add more characters. And by the time they had finished the story they had about a hundred characters involved in the plot! So they chucked it.

The Beatles are all a little tired of playing the good guys. They figure that a piece of good goes a long way. They want to be bad guys for a change. You don't think the four Beatles could be bad guys? Well, then stretch your imagination! Of course, they'd probably be good/bad guys.

Another problem facing the

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At first there were just the four of us—just four people alone in a room. Quiet—then we spoke some words to one another, but there was really nothing to say. We were strangers all alone.

It was a small room and there were no windows; only doors which opened from the outside. It was a recording studio, and now it was filling up with television cameras and radio microphones—and people.

There were many people in the room then talking all at once. No one was really saying anything, but everyone was just sort of waiting—there was going to be a press conference for a man named Bob Dylan.

And suddenly he was there... Dylan.

It became somehow like a giant Alice-in-Wonderland zoo, grotesque, with all of the animals peering out from behind their fiber-glass bars at all of the odd-looking people on the outside.

Reporters and journalists and TV cameras all had come to see a freak in a sideshow, all had come to be entertained. Instead, they found a human being. Instead, they found a man—Dylan.

Some people were noisy, and asked questions which were out of place. How much money do you make Bob?

"I don't know how much money I make and I don't ever want to find out. When I want some money, I just go and ask for it, and then I use it. When I want some more I go and ask for some more."

Some round-looking people tried to squeeze their questions into little square pegholes, and hoped that Dylan would follow after. They tried to pin him down: *How exactly do you write your songs and poems?*

"I just sit down and all of a sudden it's there. I just sit down and write and the next thing I know it's there."

Bob Dylan just won't fit into little square cubby-holes—he's much too big for that.

Some questions were quite foolish, like those who tried to ask

them: *How do your parents feel about your success?*

"Well, I hope they can handle it!"

Sometimes words were spoken, and their speaker was Bob Dylan: *"I'm a mathematical singer—I use words like most people use numbers."*

"I'm just an entertainer, that's all. I'm addressed to everyone."
"I sing mostly love songs—I like to sing and play."

"I'm gonna write a symphony with words—I don't know if it's gonna be vague or not. There will be one song in one key, and another song in another key. Everything will be happening all at once."

Sometimes people threw their verbal harpoons at him, only to find him throwing them right back—with deadly aim! "I bet you couldn't name one thing I participate in—go ahead, I dare you!"

And there was no one there to accept the challenge.

People asking foolish and irrelevant questions found that they received their answers in direct accordance. *Why did you come to California, Bob?*

"I came to find some donkeys for a film I'm making!"

Are you gonna play yourself in the film?

"No, I'm gonna play my mother, and we're gonna call it 'Mother Revisited'!"

There was a slight, fragile young man sitting at the table in the front of the brightly-lighted room. It was like an operating room with a hundred amateur physicians all trying to dissect one human form.

But they couldn't make the crucial incision, and the anaesthetic worked on them, instead.

And then the man named Dylan rose and slowly left the room. The TV cameras turned off their blinking klieg lights, and the radio men turned off their prying microphones. Slowly all the reporters and the journalists disappeared through the one-way door, returning to their one-way lives.

And then the room was quiet—there was no one left inside.



CONFERENCE
Silenced, darkened room of space...
Patternless walls of white
One-way doors and no-way windows...
People blotting out the light.
Cameras like giant scalpels, and Microphones of lead—no plugs;
Fifty carnivorous carnival freaks, earless—
Who came to hear.
Deafened pens and blinded eyes...
Laughter horrifying fear—
Jungle-hunters... two-by-four
Waiting for their prey, and springing on a friend.
A human being in a cage,
Of flesh and blood entrapment, kept—
Detained for one brief moment's nausea, the answer to his unasked question—
Answered far beyond those doors—
An eternal-seeming captivity.
By Edie

DYLAN... DYLAN... DYLAN... listen to his words: "the town I was born in holds no memories but for the honkin foghorns the rainy mist on the rocky cliffs."

He was born in the ageing mining town of Duluth, Minnesota. When just a child, his family moved further downstate to Hibbing.

"It was not a rich town my parents were not rich it was not a poor town my parents were not poor it was a dyin town."

He was a restless child, always moving... running...

"I end up in the early evening blindly punchin at the blind breathin heavy stutlerin an blowin up where t go? what is it that's exactly wrong? who i picket? who i fight? behind what windows will I at least hear someone from the supper table get up t ask 'did i hear someone outside just now?' an there was no sound except for the wind blowin thru the high grass and the bricks that fell back to the dirt from a slight stab of the breeze... it was as tho the rains of wartime had left the land bombed out an shattered."

south Hibbing is where everybody came t start their town again, but the winds of the north came followin and grew fiercer as the years went by but i was young an so i ran an kept running..."

In his own explanation of his early experiences—"My Life in a Stolen Minute"—Bob has written: "Hibbing's a good ol' town. I ran away from it when I was 10, 12, 13, 15, 15½, an' 18. I been caught an' brought back all but once." In 1961, Bob Dylan was 20 years old—he had sung his way half-way through the States, and he was in New York.

"Winter time in New York town, The wind blowin', snow around, Walk around with no where to go

Somebody could freeze right to the bone. I froze right to the bone."

Where Is He Now?

He is 24 years old now, and he has travelled half-way round the world.

I don't know where Bob Dylan is now, although I have a vague idea of where he has been. It seems quite certain that his future direction is only up, but his past veers off to obscurity.

He involves himself with the human condition—with love, and hate, and fear, and bitterness, and poignant feelings of everything. He feels them, he writes them, he

sings them. There are a lot of people who try to listen. There are some people who hear what he is saying.

Dylan seems to be the hereditary genius of the immortals speaking with the tongue of here and now. He is a highly emotional, passionate observer of the world around and within him, expressing his many moods in a manner uniquely his own—Dylan, powerful, ever-changing. Dylan. He seems at once to be coming, to exist, to be in the process of self-evolution, and to be infinite. He is the translation of words and music and cultures into the most profound aesthetic experiences. He has said: "Open up your eyes and ears an yer influenced—an there's nothing you can do about it... I just seem to draw into myself whatever comes my way and it comes out me."

Dylan's Influence

I find myself influenced by Bob Dylan and I am not alone. There are many who have felt the touch of Dylan on their thoughts. Many try to copy, some endeavor to understand. He can be the most absorbing thought ever to fill a mental space, or he can be the incomprehensible dreams of far-off childhood.

There is no definition of Bob Dylan, no simple explanation of his being. There is only his existence, and his talent, and his art, and the opportunity which he offers to us to share this world with him.

There is only Bob Dylan—somewhere.



BEAT Photo: California Records



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

"love minus zero/no limit"



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

"subterranean homesick blues"



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

"it's alright ma, i'm only bleeding"

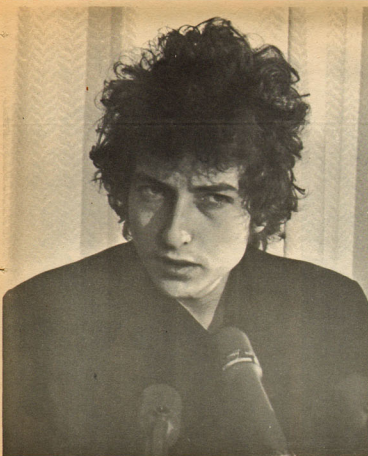


BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd



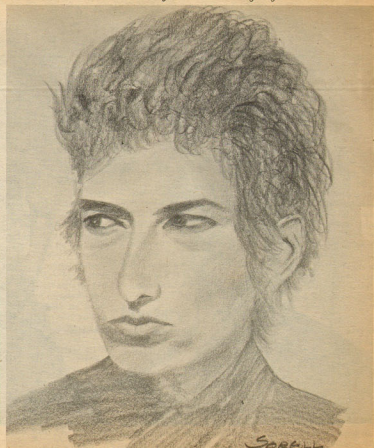
BEAT Photo: Edmund Sheu

"the times they are a changing"



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

"only a pawn in their game"



By Eden

You're searching—you're looking everywhere—you're trying desperately to find the man they call Dylan. You ask everyone—maybe even him—and you struggle to discover just exactly "where he's at."

And you fail—in *you must fail*—because Bob Dylan can be in no one place. He never stands in yesterday, and he hasn't yet arrived at tomorrow. And today? Well, that's almost gone.

He isn't what I say he is, nor is he all the things which you might want him to be. He might be the composite of all the observations made of him, but mostly he is—Dylan.

Possibly the only honest representation of the man they call Dylan which I can offer you, then, is just the one composed of all those observations.

One man who has had the vantage point of closer observation is Billy James, Manager of Talent Acquisition and Development for Columbia Records.

Billy immediately shrugs off the robes of the "Cream judge." "I cannot take the position that I am a friend of his—I have been a business associate of his for the length of time he has been signed with Columbia records. As a business associate, I prefer never to discuss artists' personal lives, particularly when they are extremely well-known."

Tries To Like

So often Dylan is plagued by the useless, irrelevant questions of nagging reporters attempting to tie him down. Having watched this, Billy comments: "I think he will make attempts to like people even when it's obvious to him that they dislike him. His evaluation of silly questions and a questioner's evaluation of a silly question may be different."

At a recent press conference which Bob held at Columbia Records in Los Angeles, someone asked him if he had any feelings. Annoyed with this sort of inane question, Billy continues: "I think it's ludicrous for one human being to ask another human being—'Don't you have any feelings?' Nevertheless, someone *did* ask that question. So, the question *deserved* a silly answer, and he said 'No!'"

Dylan has written—"She Belongs to Me," in which he says, "She's got everything she needs—she's an artist, she doesn't look back."

Bob Dylan is an artist, and per-

haps in this context, he belongs to us. Considering Dylan, for a moment, as an artist attempting to communicate with people, Billy theorized:

"I think whatever process goes on within the mind of an artist concerning communication, goes on in Dylan's mind. I don't think he directs his work toward anyone—I think he works. People respond to this work or they don't. Any 'act' is communication, so of course what he does communicates."

"If everything could be explained in words, art wouldn't exist in the first place, and it's grossly unfair to expect an artist to explain his work in other words. You know—'what does that painting mean?'—it means what it means and that's it!"

"The function of the artist is that which he attaches to himself."

Dylan Cult

In speaking of the so-called "Dylan-cult" which recently declared itself so upset over Dylan's electrification in concert, Billy explained: "They accepted him when they could identify with him easily. When they could buy a corduroy cap and a harmonica holder just like his. When he sang songs of social protest—songs that *seem* to them to be songs of social protest, when he was communicating on a level that was understood quite readily by a certain segment of his audience—then he was accepted."

"When he moved out—he picked up people and lost people—every step of the way. It hasn't moved smoothly."

But what of Billy's influence on contemporary thought, and music, and literature? He will deny its existence.

Billy is somewhat more positive in his own personal analysis of Dylan's influence: "Sure, he has become the most significant creator in the field of literature and popular music in the United States. His influence is quite, quite far-reaching—musically and verbally."

"That influence manifests itself in his ability to make people think and also to help them enjoy themselves. I think we get kind of pompous in evaluating Dylan. Hey!—he's a lot of fun, his work is fun!"

Dylan? No, that was Billy James' observations on, and around Bob Dylan. If you really want to find Bob Dylan, you're going to have to find him for yourself.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

It may be a very long search for you—but undoubtedly, one well-worth the journey.

"I'll never finish saying everything I feel, but I'll be doing my part to make some sense out of the way we're living... or not living." "Whatever else you say about me, everything I do and sing and write comes out of ME."

These words belong to Bob Dylan, and Dylan belongs to no one. He only sort of shares himself—briefly—with anyone who might be interested. He shares himself, too, with time—with all the ages, for Dylan seems to be infinite—a universal entity.

But most of all—Bob Dylan is a human being. Someone pretty much like you and me—only different.

Barry McGuire spent several evenings talking with Bob, sharing with him a moment or two in time. "I was really gassed to meet Bob by—the words he has written gave me the impression that he was some sort of prophet. I was very anxious to meet him—and when I did, I was speechless!"

Barry found Bob for just a few brief moments, but when he did, he "found a very searching, hungry person. He chooses his words very carefully and hesitates between each one—so he sometimes appears to be stumbling. When he's just with two or three people, he becomes very focused and intent on what he's saying."

Digs R&B

Barry remembers how Bob laughed and said, "People ask me how come I'm using a R & R band—ain't that weird? Other than the fact that I dig it—if I told people why, it would be all over! So I won't tell 'em!"

Then Barry softly recalls attending one of Bobby's performances: "The concert was really like going to church. There were thousands of kids there, and they just sat and listened!"

Then, his voice caught by emotion, Barry says: "He's so fragile—so frail—he looks like they could really hurt him. He's so very delicate, that I just sort of want to be his bodyguard to make sure that no one hurts him."

Dylan shares with his fans, an admiration of other artists and performers. So, in turn, other performers are fans of his. John Lennon of the Beatles said: "We were in Paris, back in January '64. Paul knew of Dylan. We caged an LP

I am still runnin' I guess
but my road has seen many changes
for I've served my time as a
refugee
in mental terms in a physical
terms
an many a fear has vanished
an many an attitude has fallen
an many a dream has faded
an I know I shall meet the snow
North
again—in with changed eyes next
time round
I walk lazily down it's streets
an linger by the edge of town
find old friends if they're still
around
talk t' the old people
an the young people
running yes...
but stoppin' for a while
embracin what I left
an lovin it—for I learned by now
never t expect
what it can very good

DYLAN

of his—"Freeheelin"—went potty over it. In America we met him. He was great, once you got to know him. He has a Beatle sense of humor."

Bob has subsequently said that John is one of the few people whom he has been able to like every time he has met him.

Self-Taught

Bob is a talented, sensitive musician, and he has taught himself to play the piano, guitar, organ, auto-harp, and the harmonica. His former record producer, Tom Wilson, has said of him: "He is a fine piano player, you know. People don't know that. And hearing his songs for the first time is like a big emotional experience. You just know it's something beautiful whatever the subject. He's a poet."

In contrast, Bob has said that the only instrument with which he has fun with is the harmonica, because it's the only instrument he feels really comfortable with.

A reporter once told Dylan that he looked like a young Charlie Chaplin, to which Bob replied: "Chaplin *did* influence me, believe it or not. I watched all his silent movies, copied some of his movements." The reporter then went on to exclaim his great surprise.

Joan Baez has said of Bob's writing: "Bobby's songs are powerful as poetry, powerful as music. Bobby is expressing what I—and many other young people—feel, what we want to say."

Many people—both young and not so young—have adopted Bob Dylan as their spokesman, their leader, the man who represents the ultimate and final truth in the universe for them.

Find Your Own

But Bob will take no credit for this, will disengage himself from this position entirely. He writes for himself, and offers it to any who will listen and can find a meaning for themselves within his work.

"I listen all the time. Not to the radio. But out there in the street where it's all going on." This is Dylan.

"You ask 'How does it feel to be an idol?' It'd be silly of me to answer, wouldn't it?" This is Dylan.

Dylan—a man of words, and songs, and feelings. A man of love and hate and fear. A man like every other in the world—a man who stands alone, surrounded. A man—named DYLAN.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

"like a rolling stone"



...TOM JONES

The Shindigger Returns

Wellingtons Entertain Our Troops

By The Shindigger

Howdy Hi, Shindiggers. Bet you thought you'd heard the last from me. Well, just did the two-million of us—so did I! But I have something very special to tell you about, and so they have allowed me these few lines to talk to you. I'm sure that you all remember the Wellingtons—the wonderful group of boys who sang regularly on "Shindig." Well, during the last two weeks in December of last year, I spoke to George Patterson of the group, and he told me something which I just have to pass along to you.

People seem to be very quick these days to put down the younger generation. But there are some members of that younger generation who ignore "some people" and go right on being great anyway.

We all know that there is a war going on in Viet Nam, and some of us are trying to do something about it. Some of us are just sitting back and pretending that it isn't there. Some of us are trying to help the others who are over there fighting in any way we can.

Ease The Pain

People like Bob Hope, and other fine performers give of their time and energies to entertain our fighting forces in Viet Nam, so that we can try to ease the pain of war at least a little bit.

But we forget sometimes that Viet Nam isn't the only troubled

spot on earth, and that we are sending our young men in uniform to other places on the globe, to protect our freedom and defend our way of life.

Our story starts back about three months ago when "Shindig" was filming two special shows on location in Hawaii. It was there that George ran into an old high school friend who had been fighting in Viet Nam for a year and a half, and was on a short leave.

He explained to George that his regiment hadn't had any entertainment of any sort in all that time, so George and the other two Wellingtons—Eddie and Kirby—decided that they should do something about that.

So, the three decided that they would form their own little show, and began talking to the appropriate people in Washington for a clearance to complete their plans.

Enough, Thanks

But they were told that there were already more than enough volunteers to entertain the fighting men in Viet Nam, and that actually entertainers were more badly needed in places like Korea, Japan, and the Philippines. At first it seemed kind of odd, because people had all but forgotten these places, but it didn't take the Wellingtons long to agree to go. They wanted to help out—no matter where they were needed—even if it wouldn't mean quite as much glory.

So, together with some of the "Shindig" dancers, and Dolan Ellis, who used to be with the Christy Minstrels, they put together a show, took their shots, and headed for the Orient.

All three of the Wellingtons have already served their active duty, and they are well acquainted with the loneliness which one can experience on a Christmas away from home. So they sang no Christmas songs on their show—only tunes which could boost the morale of the men in their audience.

No Medals

There won't be any Grand State Department medals awarded to these boys. They didn't go to Viet Nam to entertain our boys while under fire. They didn't put in any comical appearance on the battle front.

But they did remember that we have young men and boys in uniform in places all around the globe, and those boys will be very grateful that someone remembered them during this last Christmas time.

Christmas is the time of giving, and the Wellingtons saw to it that many men, far away from their native land, received their gifts during the Yuletide season—they gave to them the gift of love. And, isn't that what Christmas is all about?

Yeah, Well Tom . . . A Jones Boy Makes Good

By Tammy Hitchcock

Well, I finally did it—got Tom Jones on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seat." Of course, I was unduly pressured into it. Every female in *THE BEAT* office is mad for the guy (myself included only I don't admit it). So, whenever we need a story or a picture of just about anything else someone always pops up with: "How about Tom Jones?"

Yeah, well how about Tom Jones? First off, you all know that Tom is from Pontypridd, Wales. The Pontypridd citizenship considers Tom a real hometown boy made good. But Tom just considers himself Tommy Jones Woodward.

So, it was a complete shock to Tom when he paid a visit to his home and was actually mobbed. "You just don't expect people that you've known all your life to suddenly chase you down the street!"

Yeah, well why not, Tom? I mean, people I've known all of my life chase me down the street. Bill collectors, dog catchers, neighbors I've borrowed a car from and forgotten to return (well, I'm not perfect you know. Almost perfect, though). Anyway, all those kind of people chase me all the time so I don't know why you should be any exception even if you are Tom Jones.

Love?

Now, of course, Tom is a big star all over the world. But it wasn't always such easy going. "For a long time we were just getting by, had a lot of let-downs. I talked it over with Melinda and I said, 'What do you think, love?'"

Yeah, well my name is not Melinda. Tom. It's Tammy. And Tammy doesn't sound even remotely like Melinda. So, naturally I'm crushed.

But you did tag a love onto the end of it so I guess that makes up for a little bit. Only how come you didn't spell it "luv"? Maybe you didn't know that everyone from the British Isles spells love "luv." They'd better spell it "luv" 'cause that's where we copied it from and we're bound to get our Yankee tempers up if we find out we've been cheated!!!

Tom has a fantastic voice and everyone knows it—even Tom. "If I didn't have the voice I would never have had the nerve to be a singer," says he.

Yeah, well with your looks, Tom, who cares what you sound like? I mean, you could just stand there and read the stock market reports out loud and I'd dig you (and so would the boss.)

Proby Vs. Tom

P. J. Proby has been constantly bringing up the subject of how much Tom tries to sound like P.J. (or so P.J. thinks anyway). But Tom declares: "I'm sure we are different enough for this not to matter much."

Yeah, well you bet your life you're different. Tom: Your pants don't split!

Tom's manager, Gordon Mills, was explaining how they cut "It's Not Unusual." "We tried different instrumentations. We tried vibes and glockenspiel and all sorts of different combinations..."

Use Tom's Voice

Yeah, well all that's fine but why didn't you guys forget the glockenspiel and just use Tom's voice backed up with an orchestra in the first place instead of fooling around with the glockenspiel and rockefell and all that other.

You may think that the minute a record is a hit the money begins rolling in. Tom says it just ain't so. "It'll be months before the money from the record comes in."

Yeah, well you think you've got it bad. It'll be at least centuries before any money from a record of mine comes in!

When Tom left Pontypridd to conquer the world of pop he was especially determined to make it because "I don't think I could face the boys back home if I didn't make it."

Yeah, well never mind the boys back home. You could face me any time, Tom. Which reminds me. I haven't seen you around me in quite sometime. Fact of the matter is—I haven't seen you around me at all! Now, I wonder why that is.

The Beatles' Movie Script

(Continued From Page 2)

Beatles is simply that there are four of them. What difference does that make, you say? It makes a big difference. It means that whatever script they finally decide upon must have four equally important roles. Because the Beatles insist on sharing equally.

It also means that before they make that final decision all four of them must agree on it. If only one of the Beatles is against the proposed movie—it's off.

Paul states this emphatically when he says that they must have "complete" agreement among themselves before they will even begin a movie.

So, there you have it. The Beatles know what they don't want for their next film and they know what they do want. But they can't find it. Want to help?

At this point with only three months left before they are scheduled to begin filming they are open to any suggestions. Piles of scripts are being read everyday in the hopes of discovering the one they want. If you are a budding script writer or know of someone who is, by all means submit the scripts to the Beatles.

You never know, you may be lucky this time.



Taping A TV Show With The Four Seasons

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

By Carol Deck
The stage was cold and there were very few people around. This wasn't the usual chaotic taping session, for although they were in America, what they were taping would be shown in England.

The few technicians present were slowly and silently getting ready for the act they were about to film.

Bob Gaudio was the first of The 4 Seasons to come up from the even colder dressing room. He was quickly joined by Tommy DeVito, Joe Long and the "Sound of the 4 Seasons" Frankie Valli. All four were dressed in slacks, boots and velour shirts. Frankie's velour was a brilliant blue, while the others' were brown.

Bob took time to answer a few questions for a young reporter, then all four gathered quickly on stage.

Camera Set

"Let's Hang On" burst from the sound speakers and The Seasons lip-synched it once while the technicians set up camera angles and everyone got ready.

Then the director said "let's take it" and they ran through the entire number. The director said "I like it, it do again." Frankie asked if they had done anything wrong and the director told them no, just to do whatever they had done the first time one more time!

So they ran it through again. Even though they were supposed to be lip-synched all four of the boys were singing their hearts out. Their music means too much to them to fake it, they have to do it real.

They did the entire number several more times. Between takes they would answer more questions for the reporter and smoke a few cigarettes.

One question which they have been asked by everyone who interviews them is "Why the Wonder Who?" They had a fast rising "Let's Hang On" on the charts then they put out "Don't Think Twice" under the name The Wonder Who and everyone has been wondering why.

Bob explained simply, "We had 'Let's Hang On' out and we felt that another record under the name 4 Seasons at the same time would hurt us." They didn't seriously expect to fool anyone, for after five years together Frankie's high true voice is recognizable to practically everyone, but Bob said: "People caught on a little sooner than we expected."

Then they went back for another take of the number for England's "Tops in Pops" television show. The show was only one of numerous ones they were filming during their week's stay on the West Coast.

Busy Week

In four days they filmed this same song for "Lloyd Thaxton," "9th Street West," "Hollywood Discotheque," "Never Too Young," and "Where The Action Is."

Bob admitted that it does get a little tiring to keep singing the same song over and over but they've found a way to relieve the monotony.

"We sing out of tune." When a group is lip-synching for TV, the audience can't hear anything they actually sing anyway so these boys come up with some really weird sounds on taping sessions sometimes. "It helps you to smile in the morning," Bob added.

He also tried to explain or describe the Season's sound, which ideas on which of today's acts will last as long as they have. They all

have been selling hits for over five years now. "It's a little more thought out than a lot of things nowadays. We don't sing in thirds, we do more four part things with our voicing."

Having been around for five years, they have some definite



agree that of today's top acts, the Beatles and Supremes are sure to last for many years.

Nineteen Hits

Since their first big hit, "Sherry," they have had 19 single hits and have the distinction of having had two of those at the peak of the Beatle's virtual ownership of the American charts. Both "Dawn" and "Rag Doll" came during that national epidemic known as Beatlemania.

After the taping was finally finished the boys rushed off to tape three more shows. And as soon as they finish this series they'll probably start another with their next release—a single and an album titled "Working My Way Back to You."

They certainly live up to their name—year around, every year the 4 Seasons are great.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



An English reporter got brave and asked Paul McCartney if the Stones weren't more popular Stateside than the Beatles. Paul grinned: "Are they? I don't think so. I wouldn't like to say who's more popular. The Stones have got their publicity agent and we've got ours. It's up to you who you believe."

Paul then went on to say that the Stones were "good lads" and "I don't want people to think that it'll come to us sticking our tongues out at each other like school kids."

Case you girls are interested, Paul declares that he and Jane are not married but that he will probably marry her eventually because they have been going together for three years now. Least he's honest, I think.

Herman was talking to Georgie Fame recently and he had quite a bit to say about our West Coast. "Los Angeles is one of the worst cities in America. It's not surprising they have so much racial trouble."

Thanks, Herman

"It's like a million wheels rolled into one. All around Beverly Hills are some real drag slums and dirty filthy shack towns. The contrasts are so violent that racial bitterness is really bad."

However, Herman did go on to say that San Francisco is a great place but "you must never call it 'Frisco'—they get a bit upset about that!"

Leave it to Herman. He really is a nice guy but he seems to be forever opening his mouth and saying the wrong thing. Suppose he'll learn one of these days.

Another mouth-opener is P.J. Proby. Last week he mentioned to the press that Gary Leeds of the Walker Brothers wears a wig because he thinks his hair is getting thin in front. Well, you can just imagine Gary's absolute fury when he read P.J.'s remarks!

Although Dylan continues to deny that he is married it has been confirmed the Dylan has indeed married on Nov. 22 in New York. The bride is reportedly from Bearsville, New York but is as yet unnamed.

Brian Epstein thinks that Ringo is the best thing that ever happened to the Beatles despite the fact that Pete Best is in the process of suing them out over that very thing. "It was something they wanted and that I carried out," said Epstein. "It was for so many reasons a quite brilliant move." Agreed.

DC5 — Maybe Not

Dave Clark, as you know, has been offered an American TV series but he says that he might decline because "it could be overexposure." Time will tell but personally I think it would be good for the Five and even better for their fans.

Think the Remains are gonna be big? I guess Ed Sullivan does because he put them on his show. Time will tell about this one too.

Motown thinks that Len Barry's "Like A Baby" is an awful lot like the Supremes' "Baby Love." They're joking, right? "Like A Baby" is a carbon copy of "1-2-3."

Funny caption in "Fabulous" under a picture of Brian Jones. Said: "I know I'm naughty but I'm nice."

Charlie Watts says that the Stones' latest recording session at RCA was their best yet. "They were all originals written by Keith and Mick and although I don't say they are the best songs the Stones have ever written I think musically they are the best thing we've ever done."

Charlie went on to reveal that they did one 12 minute track which will undoubtedly be featured in one of their up-coming albums.

Charlie said that when the Stones played a few dates on the college circuit they couldn't understand why there were no screams. But when the college kids began giving them standing ovations at the end of each song they figured they were doing all right!

QUICK ONES: Supremes honored again. They will be featured in a layout in *Look* as the nation's number one female group and will also appear on the cover of the U.S. official publication, *Africa*...



BEAT Photo: Robert Young
... PAUL MCCARTNEY



BEAT Photo: Robert Young
... CHARLIE WATTS

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Inside KRLA

By Edna

Hi gang! Promised that we would continue our little tour of the fab studios of KRLA this week, so if you're ready—here we go again!!!

This week we are beginning in rather an unusual sort of a spot. If you look around you and find that you don't recognize anything—that's 'cause we're standing in the KRLA DJ Redecoration Center.

You might be interested to learn that the ol' Emp has decided to completely redecorate himself. Yep—that's what he said on his program a few weeks back.

Now, I don't really know quite what the old Royal One has in mind, but it must be something really super fantastic, or something. Anyways, you'll notice all the hubbub and total chaos in the room. That's to be expected, of course—after all, it's not every day that an emperor remodels himself.

But since he hasn't finished quite yet, I guess we'll just have to wait for the results.

In the mean time, the *BEAT* would like to congratulate Mel Hall—our program director—on being selected Program Director of The Year, by Bill Gavin.

More congratulations going out this week to all of the lucky listeners in KRLA-Land who won some of the over \$20,000 in cash and over 600 records which were given away during the first week and a half of January in the Music and Cash contest.

Yep—a yotta hand it to Captain Showbiz—he really is some kind of contest-thinker upper!!! Now, just wait till you see what he's got *thank-up* for February!!!

While I'm thinking about it, did all of you catch Dick Biondi's fantastic show on New Year's Eve? That was probably about the greatest thing ever! There were nearly eighty different artists and

entertainers who fell by to say hello and to drop in a little New Year's greeting to everyone at KRLA.

People on the show included The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Dave Clark Five, The Supremes, Smokey Robinson of the Miracles, Jonathan Winters, Shelley Berman, Stan Freburg, Andy Williams, Brian Wilson, Frank Sinatra, Sonny and Cher, the Byrds, and nearly everyone else in the entertainment industry.

Yep—it's always KRLA. First in music, first in fun—in first in the hearts of Los Angeles!!!

Four New Records For Dave's Fans

Hey gang—big news for all of you Hallabaloos out there. In keeping with the spirit of the New Year, Dave Hull has done a little up-dating on his fan club, and now there are a whole new set of officers.

The outgoing officers were: Colleen Ludwick and Rhio—both girls are graduating this year and going back East in June.

The incoming officers are Linda Thor, Kim Sudoll, Anne Cummings, Ellen Campbell, and Jan Jackson. Oddly enough, all of these new girls go to the old Hallabaloos' cross-town high school rival—Mark Keppel High.

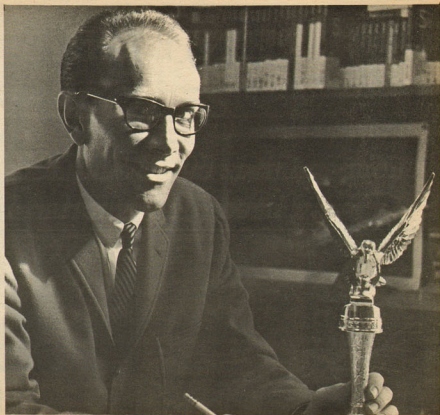
But both the Hallabaloos and *The BEAT* welcome these new officers and wish them a lot of luck in the New Year—and with the old Hallabaloos around... they'll probably need it!!!

More big news about the club is the new membership campaign now in progress. To join, just send \$1.00 with your name, address, zip code, and your birthdate to: the Dave Hull International Fan Club, 634 Sefton Ave., Monterey Park.

Members will receive tickets to premiers, bulletins and pictures each month, and will have a chance to be in on all the zany fun and activities of the Hallabaloos.

And right now, each person who recruits 25 new members for the club will receive four new records from the fab KRLA Tunedex.

So hurry up and join everyone, 'cause there's a whole year of fun 'n' stuff waiting for you with the Hallabaloos and all his friends.



BEAT Photo: Robert Cooper

KRLA PROGRAM DIRECTOR MEL HALL, selected as one of the nation's "Radio Men of the Year," is shown here with a special trophy presented to him in honor of his selection—the "pigeon of the year" award.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
2	2	LIGHTNIN' STRIKES	Low Christie
3	3	SOUNDS OF SILENCE	Simon & Garfunkel
4	4	FLOWERS ON THE WALL	Stellar Brothers
5	6	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO NICE	The Lovin' Spoonful
6	5	LET'S HANG ON	Four Seasons
7	18	NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE	T-Bones
8	15	I FOUGHT THE LAW	Bobby Fuller Four
9	17	I SEE THE LIGHT	Five Americans
10	9	IT'S MY LIFE	The Animals
11	22	MY LOVE	Petula Clark
12	7	RUN, BABY, RUN	The Newbeats
13	8	LIES	The Knickerbockers
14	10	SHE'S JUST MY STYLE	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
15	11	A YOUNG GIRL	Noel Harrison
16	14	HOLE IN THE WALL	The Packers
17	13	I WILL	Dean Martin
18	12	EBB TIDE GO BY	Righteous Brothers
19	21	AS TEARS GO BY	The Rolling Stones
20	16	ENGLAND SWINGS	Roger Miller
21	30	UPTIGHT	Stevie Wonder
22	29	AMT TO AVOID	Herman's Hermits
23	19	JENNY TAKE A RIDE	Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels
24	—	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
25	26	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
26	23	THE DUCK	Jackie Lee
27	25	MY GENERATION	The Who
28	31	ONE HAS MY NAME	Barry Young
29	33	ONE TOO MANY MORNINGS	The Association
30	28	THUNDERBALL	Tom Jones
31	34	LIKE A BABY	Len Barry
32	—	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
33	—	ILLUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
34	39	I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART OUT	The Young Rascals
35	—	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
36	36	SLOOP DANCE	The Atlantics
37	—	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
38	—	CRYIN' TIME	Ray Charles
39	—	MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU	The Supremes
40	35	SUNDAY AND ME	Jay and The Americans



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By Shirley Poston

I have a feeling this is going to be one of my shorter columns (only nine million words instead of ten million). Why this sudden change? Well, it's this way. At the moment, my mind happens to be a complete blank. Like always. Only this time, it's worse.

You see, there's this boy. He's a good friend of mine, and although he doesn't know it, I'm an even better friend of his. If you get the picture.

And my mind is a complete blank because he just stopped by the office.

I fear that by the time he left, he also got the picture. You know, I said hello very casually while I was fainting.

Talk Trouble

I've never exactly had a lot of trouble talking, as all of you know all too well. But honestly, when he walks into a room, I can't even think, much less talk.

And when I do talk, I say things backwards or make really moronic remarks. Isn't that a ghastly feeling? I wonder what causes it.

Come to think of it, I know what causes it. I only hope that he doesn't. Maybe he just thinks I'm the nervous type or something. He probably also thinks I've just robbed a bank the way I couldn't look him in the eye.

The only good thing about that feeling is the fact that it's a universal problem. It even happens to

boys when they're around someone they have a thing about.

Yes, yes, I know, it's about time for me to stop talking about rational stuff and say "speaking of George." Okay, you asked for it.

Harrison Fan

Speaking of George, I've received a letter from another Harrison fan, containing the greatest "dream" yet! Naturally, I lost the letter immediately (what is my problem?) (never answer that question), but I do remember the general gist of her masterpiece.

It seems that for some reason she is walking along a ledge outside a hotel. Well, the ledge is on the hotel, and she's on the ledge. Oh, nuts. Why can't I ever explain ANYTHING?

Anyway, I hope you get the idea because I can't think of any sensible way to express it.

So, she's walking along this ledge (Oh, I remember, she was locked in her room and couldn't get out so she decided to pull a Robin Boyd) and whose room should she pass but George (Yum Harrison's). At which time she conveniently becomes very dizzy.

George, of course, races to the rescue and climbs out on the ledge after her. Then they both get dizzy and have to hang on to each other for dear life. (Now, isn't that a shame.)

That's where her "dream" ends, because that's as far as she's got.

ten. Incidentally, they've been up there on that ledge for three weeks now.

Speaking of Robin Boyd (and, for a change, I was), I want to say thanks for all the comments you've made about our rare bird. I just love to write about her (and turn green with envy), and it's nice to know that you like to read about her nutty adventures.

One question though. I could go on writing about her for the next jillion years, but I would like to ask your advice. Like, should I? I mean, if you ever get tired of her, let me know!

Now I'd like to ask you another question. Have you ever shut your ear in a car door?

Broken Far

Well, were you ready for that? No, I didn't figure you would be. But I'd really like to know. If you haven't, or don't know of anyone who has, that means I am the only living human being (using the term loosely) in this world who has ever broken an ear! In a car door, that is.

Could this have happened to me because I am also the *clandestine* living human in this world? Could be.

Seriously, it really did happen, and if you've ever done anything this utterly ridiculous, will you please write immediately and tell me all about it so I can stop feeling like such a dolt.

Oh, a bit of news. The latest

expression in Jolly Olde England is "dolly," which means a pretty girl. Oh, you've already heard about it? Well, it was news to me.

Whirring "Girl"

More news. If John Lennon could see me and two of my friends whirring in front of the hi-fi, playing his "Girl" track over and over, he would call the men with the nets. And it's all his fault. No one, and I repeat, no one has the right to make a record that great.

No kidding, every time he takes that deep, long breath, I absolutely panic. Comments, anyone?

Say, boys (I mean come on, you surely don't think I don't know you're still reading this column whether I like it or not), I have good news for you.

I just heard from one of my spies that the fashions for the new year will feature even shorter skirts, if such a thing is possible.

I'm not too upset about it all. After the 1965 styles, everyone already knows I have creepy-looking knees, so what the heck.

But think about this for a moment. No one gets all bent about shorter skirts on girls, but just let some poor boy let his hair grow a little long and wham, off to the detention ward.

I think that is the most unfair thing I've ever heard of. It is really mean. Because it's so snivelly if that's the way you spell it (it's the way I spell it) and petty and

dumb to judge a person by his hair style.

If I were a boy, I'd grow a pony tail, just for spite. And tie it up with a red ribbon! After all, do people go around telling girls how to wear their hair? Course, a couple of people have mentioned that it would be nice if I'd comb mine once in a while, but that's beside the point.

Really, you would think the older generation would have better things to do besides getting all shook up over hair, of all things.

Oh, there's go raving. And this was going to be one of my shorter columns. Sure, Shir! tell us another.

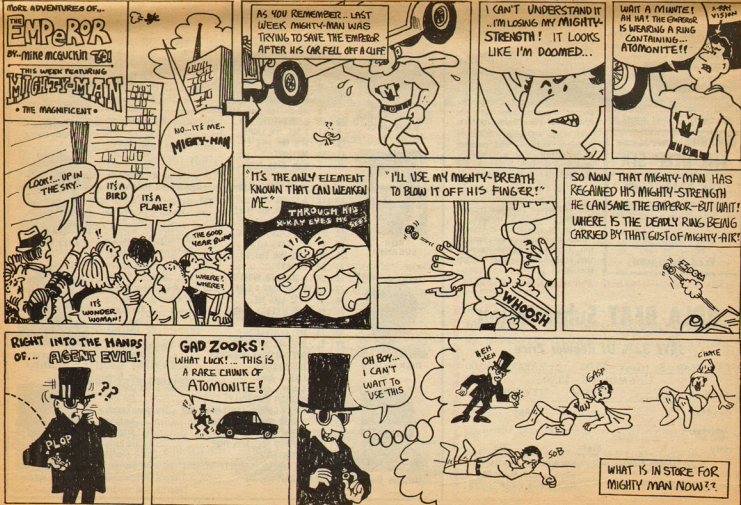
Well, I'd better get going. There'll be another of my strange little record contests next week, so if you're a Herman fan, stay tuned. And if you aren't, stay tuned away and I'll see you next BEAT.

Bob and Bill to Produce

Shindig regulars the Wellingtons have been signed by United Artists Records for their first record.

The single will be titled "Go Ahead and Cry" and was written by Bill Medley of the Righteous Brothers.

It will be the first record produced by the Righteous Brothers, whose own releases are produced by Phil Spector.





This Mr. Jones Knows What's Up

The record business has been dominated by hard rock, folk rock, folk, protest, r&b, and other assorted pop music for quite a while now, but Jack Jones still consistently comes through with some smooth ballads that sell just as well.

From his first hit, "Lollipops and Roses," Jack has had nothing but success and even picked up two of the highly-prized Grammy awards along the way.

He won the Grammy for "best vocal performance, male" in 1961 for "Lollipops and Roses" and again in 1963 for "Wives and Lovers."

Jack is unique in that he appeals to practically everyone—adults and teenagers. His records are played on top 40 radio stations as well as middle-of-the-road and so-called "good music" stations.

He attracts Broadway and Hollywood producers too, and has become one of the leading singers for movie and show songs.

Introduced "Livin'"

He introduced on records "Got A Lot of Livin' to Do" from "Bye Bye Birdie" and "Real Live Girl" from "Little Me."

He sang the winning song at the Academy Awards presentations in 1963—"Call Me Irresponsible." And three of the five songs nominated in 1964 were also recorded by Jack—"Dear Heart," "My Kind of Town" and "Where Love Has Gone."

He has had great success with movie titles too. He sang "Where Love Has Gone" behind the actual picture credits and both his

"Love With the Proper Stranger" and "Wives and Lovers" did very well on the charts.

Brief Recross

Then he took a brief recross from ballads and did "The Race Is On," a cheery country tune, before returning to ballads with "Just Yesterday."

This tremendous hunk of talent was discovered in San Francisco by Pete King, one of the industry's top arrangers.

Pete was visiting a small club in the Bay Area called Facks II when he heard this then 22-year-old baritone who was just starting out on his own after working a while with his actor-singer father, Alan Jones, in a night club act.

Pete was so impressed with the young singer that he placed a long distance call to the president of Kapp Records in New York and ranted and raved until he got the OK to sign him that very night.

5 Years Later

That was five years ago and neither Kapp Records nor Pete King have ever regretted the move. Jack just can't seem to miss at anything.

He's come through with a dozen best-selling albums, most of which bear the titles of his best selling singles. His latest album is entitled, "There's Love and There's Love and There's Love." And that's about all you can say about this magnificent collection of love ballads so beautifully arranged by Nelson Riddle—there's love and there's love and there's Jack Jones, forever and ever.

Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Robin Boyd went to bed very early Friday night and didn't sleep one single wink.

For the first half of the night, she stayed awake thinking up ways to get out of the house the next day without passing the tea pot on the living room mantle.

The second half of the night she stayed awake fearing for the sanity of people who stayed awake the first half of the night worrying about tea pots.

Well, that's not quite true.

There was nothing that odd about her wanting to elope, said tea pot. Because George happened to be in it. (George, of course, happened to be her genie from Liverpool, who looked remarkably like another Liverpoolian of the same name.) (Three guesses who.)

Fears For George

Actually, she had really stayed awake the second half of the night fearing for George's sanity. Because there was suddenly something very odd about him.

At first, George was forever grumbling at her. For giggling while he was trying to give her bird lessons. For nagging at him to tell her how he became a genie and how he was able to bestow upon her the magic power of turning herself into a real robin. For the way she dragged him out of a nice warm tea pot in the wee hours to come rescue her from the Beatles' garage. That sort of thing.

However, the last time she'd seen George, things had changed. Oh, he still grooved at and and, just like old times. But, he had of all things, squeezed her hand. Not just once, either. Twice!

And this bit about the Rolling Stones. That really had Robin floored.

George was simply not the sort of genie who liked to go wandering about the four corners of the earth. But, what had he said when she'd told him she was going to England this weekend to find the Stones??? He said "I'm going with you."

And what's more, he gave her a look.

Hmmmm, thought Robin, strangling her alarm clock before it had a chance to go off and awaken the entire household (to say nothing of the dead.)

George's Problem

What was George's problem anyway? Could it possibly be that he was interested? (If you know what I mean.) (If you don't, get help.)

Pshaw, thought Robin, wondering what in the world a pshaw was. George interested? Ridiculous. Now what would a tall, dark, handsome, scrumptious, English genie see in her?

No, that wasn't his problem (blast it all) (as you may have gathered). Robin considered George to be somewhat of a luv (if you haven't so gathered, get more help.)

Then it dawned on her. "Ahhh!" she cried, having seen too many old movies on the telly. Underneath his calm exterior, old George was a bit of a raver! And he wanted to get in on all the fun she was going to have terrorizing—visiting the Stones.

Well, George, good luck on that one! When Robin Boyd flew Stone-ward, Robin Boyd flew alone. She'd already promised herself that she wouldn't do anything silly, like kidnapping Mick Jagger for instance.

Three A Crowd

But, should she just happen to decide to break that promise, three would be a crowd. And not exactly what she had in mind.

(Robin was not a partial bird, but should she ever be forced to choose between her many faves, Mick Jagger's chances were excellent.) (So were John Lennon's.) (Guitar pick and all.)

Crawling wearily out of bed, Robin staggered to the closet and began pulling through it.

Things were going to be different this time. This time she was not going to spend her entire visit in real-robin form. In fact, she was going to change back into her sixteen-year-old self the moment she located the Stones. And she was going to look sharp!

In view of this happy prospect, Robin fainted repeatedly in her closet. During her moments of consciousness, she resumed her plotting.

By noon, Robin had found just the right thing to wear and had finally arrived at a plan. Which hadn't been easy because she not only had to escape from George, she also had to give her mother a rational explanation (which would be a nice change, as to why she would be away from home during the afternoon and evening).

The George part was a snap. After she'd dressed and washed and ironed her hair, Robin simply crawled out her bedroom window and entered the kitchen through the back door. Bypassing living room and tea pot entirely.

However, although she had conceived the aforementioned rational explanation (in other words,

another big fat one), Robin feared the Mum part would be less of a snap.

But, when she found the kitchen empty, and a note on the table, she stopped being fearful. And became panic-stricken.

"Dear Robin," read the note. "We have gone over to Catalina to visit Aunt Zelda. Since you were there only last weekend, I felt you would rather remain at home. Besides, when I went into your room to discuss the matter, you were asleep in the closet. When we return home late this evening, I would like to discuss the matter of why you were asleep in the closet."

Robin dropped the note in horror. Oh, no! What if Aunt Zelda told them that although her beloved niece had been in Catalina last weekend, she had arrived at four-thirty in the morning, accompanied by a genie.

Then, as Robin struggled to regain her composure, she knew what she must do.

Kidnap Mick

When one was on one's way to kidnap Mick Jagger, one worried about tomorrow, tomorrow. And what she must do right now was get cracking!

And she did. After whispering the magical word ("Liverpool") so George wouldn't hear her, she took off so fast she all but left tracks on the kitchen table.

Moments later, had anyone been scanning the stratosphere with a mighty telescope, they would have gone on to the nearest closet and fainted.

Not necessarily because of the small bird streaking through the skies.

Because of the object following that bird at the distance of approximately one mile.

For, you see, Robin was being tailed by a tea pot.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Would You Believe...

By Susan

That the Animals plan on going into service to try and put an end to war... when Mick Jagger was a boy he hated people kissing him... the Walker Brothers are American, but want to be British citizens... Cher sometimes puts all her makeup on while driving a car... George's real name is Lynn Adrienne Ripley... If Jagger misses his mother's cooking he takes the away... George sent the Byrds a copy of "Help" from England... Brian Epstein's father is the manager of John Lennon's father... When Brian Jones quit the Stones, he wants very much to move to California because he considers it his second home... two of the Animals opened up a bar in England and it really swings... Roy Orbison is going to star in M.G.M.'s "The Fastest Gun In The West"... Marianne Faithfull has all her clothes made at Patrick Kerr's boutique... Billy J. Kra-

mer loses weight by drinking 3 glasses of water a day and eats nothing... Jay of Jay and the Americans, was once a shoe salesman... Elvis' first film, "The Pied Piper of Cleveland" was never released... Twinkle got an idea for one of her songs from a girl whose boyfriend was in prison... a young alldham has cut a record entitled, "A Run In The Green and Tangerine Flaked Forest... Sonny and Cher are number one in Switzerland... Bob Dylan wrote "She Belongs To Me" about Joan Baez... Eric Burdon's car bears a blue plate saying, "Florida, The Sunshine State" "The Hard Day's Night" was banned in Mexico because of its "spicy-spy" dialogue. It was thought unsuitable for children... The Beach Boys have sold over 10 million records... John Lennon is really Phil Spector in disguise?—



Q: My girlfriend and I have both liked the same boy for about two months, but he didn't pay any attention to either of us. Now all of a sudden he's starting to talk to me and has asked me to go out with him. I accepted, and this made my friend furious. How can I handle this situation without losing her as a friend? I really like this boy.

(Jennifer T.)

A: Ask your girlfriend point-blank if she thinks you should break the date. If she says yes, she really isn't worth keeping as a friend because she's only thinking of herself. No matter what she says, don't break the date unless you really want to, and it doesn't sound like you do.

Q: I tried your suggestion about fastening my hair with masking tape instead of a rubber band, but my hair is heavy and the tape won't hold it. I wear an up-do, and have to find something to hold it in place. Any more suggestions? (Pam K.)

A: Try using a shoe lace instead of tape. It can be tied tight enough to hold and won't break the hair like a rubber band.

Q: I had a pair of white boots dyed black and now I want them white again. I can't afford to have it done at a shoe shop. Could you tell me if the dye you can buy would work, white over black I mean?

(Simmie D.)

A: If the boots are leather, the new shoe coloring should work fine. If they're made from synthetic materials, we don't advise trying to dye them yourself.

Q: This is a dumb question, I know, but I'm sixteen and I can't figure out why my eyes crinkle when I laugh. I thought this only happened to older people. Another thing, in movies and on TV, when stars smile, their eyes don't crinkle. Not even if they're about fifty years old. What can I do about this problem? (if it is one?)

(Donna M.)

A: Some people "crinkle" around the eyes at sixteen, and some never do. It all depends on your skin and facial structure. About stars, watch closely next time and you'll see that many of them smile sideways instead of up-at-the- corners style (sounds odd, but you'll see what we mean). It's just one of many on-camera tricks. About your problem, it isn't one!

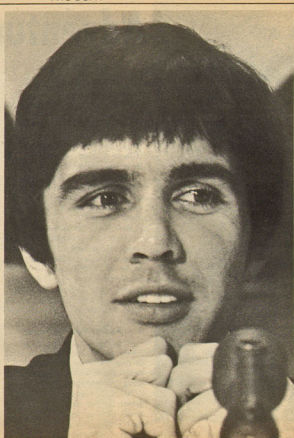
Q: I would like to know how to end a telephone conversation politely. I know it's okay for you to say you have to go when you made the call, but what if someone calls you and talks for hours and you don't really want to talk? I have four close friends, and they all call me everyday. This is great, but I spend so much time on the phone, I can't even get my homework done. What can I do?

(Georgann P.)

A: This is a rather touchy problem, but there is one way you can get around it without hurting anyone's feelings. If your folks haven't gotten after you about being on the phone so much, why not "encourage" them a little? Like saying "don't you think I spend too much time on the phone?" When they shout "YES!" there's your out, and your polite way of ending this endless conversation.

HINT OF THE WEEK

I think I've found a good way to soothe parents. My folks have been against the Beatles ever since I started liking them, and this caused a lot of family arguments. What I finally did was buy tickets to "Help" (I didn't know you could buy movie tickets in advance, but you can at some places) and that made it impossible for them to refuse to see the movie. When they did, they were really amazed. They actually thought the Beatles got up on stage and twiddled or wiggled or something. They were pleasantly surprised, and things are a lot more pleasant at home now. Try this if your folks have doubts about your favorite! (Ellen W.)



Look Before You Declare Dave Dying

Everyone (well, maybe not everyone. Maybe just the skeptics) continues to herald the death of the Dave Clark Five, popularity-wise. If they would only stop to think about it they would see how foolish and premature their predictions are.

For the Five are very much alive and kicking. Their latest single, "Over And Over," reached the number one spot on the nation's charts during Christmas week.

"Each of our 12 singles has sold a million," declares a delighted Dave Clark. "In under two years we have sold 12½ million records—that is not counting the current one."

"I'm really delighted to get a number one in the States in Christmas week," continues Dave. "The toughest week of the year when all the big artists have singles out." Just off their "Having A Wild Weekend" success the Dave Clark Five are currently looking around for a follow-up movie. Dave says that both Warner Brothers and Paramount have offered the group a movie with both companies agreeing to put up a minimum half a million dollars for the respective movies.

Vacationing

However, Dave has yet to decide if he will accept either one of the offers. The Five are currently on a six week vacation and during

his vacation Dave is busily reading the scripts.

Dave says that the Five's next movie will not be a musical but will have a sound track. Also Dave is demanding the choice of script, director and just about everything else. In this way, Dave feels that he will get exactly what he wants. And if what he wants is not what the fans want, Dave feels that he will have only himself to blame.

One thing for sure—the Dave Clark Five will not be turning out movies every few months. Dave plans to do only one film a year because "if you do too much of one thing you get bored."

Too many promoters have been burned recently when their shows failed to come out in the black. They talked of cutting their big tours down to only one a year, such as the Beatles do.

However, Dave Clark does not plan to cut his U.S. visits at all. "We shall still do two tours a year. What is happening in the U.S. is what has already happened in England," says Dave.

"All the promoters have got to do is make sure they don't have three or four shows playing the same town in one week," Dave continued.

Dave had just one last thing to say about America—as much as he likes it he says there is no place like England. Which is understandable. It's his home.

DISCUSSION

By Ellen

If you have come this far already, then you must have noticed the few little words about Mr. Dylan printed here and there in this week's publication.

Okay—so we know that he's a genius, and all that—but I'd like to know, how come we aren't hearing more of Bobby's latest single?

It's a cut off his latest album—the title tune, in fact—"Highway 61 Revisited," b/w "Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?" Both sides are quite good, but the "A" side ("Highway") should be doing much better.

Hmm—do you suppose The Poet is just a little too deep for the record buying public?

They're ready for us, but the question is: are we ready for them? They call themselves The Mamas and Papas, and their first record, currently in release, is "California Dreamin'" written by John Phillips of the group—theoretically one of the Papas.

It's true, they may not look like you or me—but they do have an absolutely fantastic sound. Great harmony and powerful vocal combinations, backed up by some fine musicianship and sharp producing make this a group to keep your ears on.

I'm really amazed that we haven't heard P.J. Proby's latest single—"Maria"—in this country yet. It has been a smash hit in Great Britain for the past few weeks, and certainly lives up to the great success of one of P.J.'s earlier discs—"Somewhere"—also from West Side Story.

Now, I know that we are all deep enough for P.J.!! I suppose the question here would be: Is P.J. deep enough for us??

There are now at least six different recorded versions of the beautiful Lennon-McCartney composition, "Michelle." Bud Shank's instrumental rendition seems to be heading the pack, but I'm still partial to Paul's warbling of the song. Love that Beatle!

You all watch the telly-tube from time to time, right? And you're all more than familiar with every commercial ever shown on the boob tube, right? So naturally, you have all been singing—and laughing—right along with the T-Bones' hit discing of "No Matter What Shape Your Stomach Is In," from the commersh of the same name, right?

Well, the word is that this group, until recently, was actually just a group of musicians using primarily to create hot rod, surfing, and motorcycle tunes.

But not anymore. Oh no—bright young record producer, Joe Saracino, has organized the group and now produces an album of songs, which will include such all-time "standards" as, the TV themes for Chiquita Banana and Nabisco.

Small snag, though—the members of the original group were all studio musicians, not members of other groups who were just brought in to play on various sessions. Now a whole new group of permanent T-Bones must be formed. Even so, there are some people in these musical circles who are predicting a smash hit for this group—*whoever* they may turn out to be!



British Top 10

1. DAY TRIPPER! The Beatles
2. WE CAN WORK IT OUT The Beatles
3. THE CARNIVAL IS OVER The Seekers
4. THE RIVER Ken Dodd
5. WIND ME UP Cliff Richard
6. 1-2-3 Les Barry
7. TEARS Ken Dodd
8. MY SHIP IS COMING IN Walker Brothers
9. KEEP ON RUNNING Spencer Davis Group
10. MARIA P. J. Proby
11. RESCUE ME Fontella Bass

Sam the Who and the What?



MEET THE NEW Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs. They now have longer hair, velour shirts and are without beards. Like Dutchmen, maybe?

Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs seem to have taken a few New Year's Resolutions to heart.

The wild Woolly Bully group have gone and shaved off their beards and traded in their gold sparkling coats for brilliant velours.

Sam's been through a lot of change—like when he cleverly decided that Domingo Samudio was a little hard to remember and became Sam the Sham, which you have to admit slides off the tongue a little easier.

And then too, he used to wear a turban as part of his regular act, but that hasn't been seen in a while. He says he "got so jazzed with it" during a New Orleans concert that he ripped it off and threw it in the audience. Whoever the lucky fan was that got it never returned it, and he wouldn't wear any other, so Sam's hair joined the act.

Two of the other members of the group have now taken up wearing hats, but they are more of the John Lennon variety than of the Pharaohs variety.

In fact the entire group looks more like a group of Dutchmen than Pharaohs, don't you think?

Maybe they didn't really cut their hair at all, maybe they just moved their beards around on top of their heads.



THE OLD Sam the Sham, complete with turban and beard.



THE NEW Sam looks a little like actor Ricardo Montalban.



THE ORIGINAL "image" of Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs when they favored bright jackets and ties. They looked older then, didn't they?



The most authoritative popular music poll in Britain, conducted by the "New Musical Express," credited John Lennon as the U.K.'s most popular musical personality. The same poll gives Elvis the title of most popular male singer with Cliff Richard coming in second. Dusty Springfield was voted most popular female vocalist with the former champ, Brenda Lee, in the follow-up spot. The Beatles received the award for most popular group and the Rolling Stones were voted most popular R&B group. According to the poll, Jimmy Saville is the most popular British disc jockey.

Prediction: Paul and Barry Ryan, seventeen year old twins, will soon acquire a huge following. Their mum, Marion Ryan, has long been an established singer in the swinging U.K. . . . What's the matter with the Rolling Stones? Maybe they should change their names to the Insolent Tones . . . British Beatles fans are becoming impatient with the lack of personal appearances by their idols. Many claim that the Beatles tour the U.S. more than they do the U.K. The truth is that the boys really don't need to promote their discs with personal appearances any more as their records are certain hits anyway. But to placate the fans, the Beatles have filmed a short for television. The film consists of the Beatles singing "We Can Work It Out" and "Day Tripper."

The Guinness book of records claims that the Beatles have sold 115 million discs, compared to Elvis' 110 million. Both have a long way to go before they beat Sinatra's 300 million . . . Gene Pinyan reported to an English columnist that sensational news regarding Sonny & Cher was about to break. Whatever it is, it will have to be anti-climatic.

The wife of the leader of the Beatles is a fan of British singer/comedian Ken Dodd. No I don't mean Cyn. I mean Mrs. Hilda Wilson, wife of the Prime Minister of Britain. Ken Dodd recently sold a million copies of a song called "Tears." So far the song is just not hacking it in the States. The song, a romantic ballad, has been subjected to violent ties from some of the beat groups. The Stones and Manfred Mann have both condemned it as rubbish. Don't ask me why—it's a pleasant enough ballad.

Tom Jones was very uncomplicated to the Beatles in a recent interview by the British paper, "News Of The World." He even sounded a little bit concited . . . Herman has revealed a great admiration for Col. Tom Parker . . . I am an old fan of Dean Martin but isn't he working his way to death? Peter Sellers has recorded "Help" coupled with "A Hard Day's Night." He speaks both lyrics.

A Winning Recipe For Jay and The Americans

Take three college students who like to sing. Add a shoe salesman (you wear out a lot of shoes on the road to success). Toss in a mortician (in case they don't make it?) Blend in a day of the week.

And what do you have?—Jay and The Americans and "Sunday and Me." (The Me is a bonus.) Jay Black is the leader of the group and the shoe salesman. He was born Nov. 2, 1941, in Brooklyn, N.Y., and worked with several groups during his teen years.

Sold Shoes

But he couldn't seem to find any sense of satisfaction so he gave up show business for a year to sell shoes. Then The Americans came along and convinced him to join them as lead singer.

At first the decision to give up the steady income of shoe selling was a little difficult but after the group's very first record, "She Cried," became number one in the nation, it was obvious where he was headed.

His philosophy about the group's success is "When you think you're on top, you must always look higher, otherwise there's nowhere to go but down."

The mortician in the group is Howie Kane. The fact that he actually is a licensed mortician as well as the self-proclaimed "lover" of the group puts him in for a lot of teasing, but he's gotten used to it and has also been dubbed a good sport by his mates.

He was born June 6, 1942, in Brooklyn, where he now lives and is a talented song writer as well as vocalist.

The three students are Kenny Vance, Sandy Deane and Marty Sanders.

"Quiet American"

The other four have nicknamed Kenny "The Quiet American" and he wears the title well. While the other four clown around between shows, you can always find Kenny off somewhere buried in a book, working crossword puzzles or discussing Wall Street and stock investments with anyone who'll listen.

He was born Dec. 9, 1943, and lives in Rockaway Beach, New York. He also collects odd little things from antique shops around the country while the group is touring.

Sandy joined the group after

graduating in Business Administration from New York University. He calls himself a "very dirty blond" and talks about going into the business end of recording, if he ever finds the time.

Marty is one of the busier members of the Americans. He plays guitar, writes prolifically and produces records as well.

No Sense of \$

His parents bought him an expensive piano when he was nine years old, but it didn't impress him much so he just sort of glanced at it once in a while. Then when he was 15 he bought his own \$20 guitar and was off on a very successful career. For all we know that expensive piano may still be sitting in a basement in New York collecting dust.

Marty's the shy and moody one of the group and is sometimes called "Mutty." He can't figure out if it's because of his name or his appearance.

In his spare time he actually likes to garden and has grown many exotic plants in his home. He was born Feb. 28, 1941, in Brooklyn.

The group was officially formed

in September of 1961 and they followed "She Cried" with hit after hit—"Only in America," "Come a Little Bit Closer," "Let's Lock the Door and Throw Away the Key" and "Think of the Good Times."

And now they're back again with another chart climber—"Sunday and Me"—and like all the others this one will undoubtedly be a great hit. That's gotten to be a habit with these five, who have stood out as definite Americans with a definite American sound all during this British invasion.

Keep it up, fellows.

Mystery T-Bones

No matter what shape your stomach's in, you may have been wondering who in the world the T-Bones are.

Well, so have a lot of other people but Liberty Records has been holding off on revealing this little tidbit of information.

The BEAT, however, has learned that the T-Bones are actually a group of session musicians, A&R men and heaven knows who else.

THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

'WHEN THE BOYS MEET THE GIRLS'

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

A long time ago, about 30 years in fact, the huge high buildings in Culver City housed some of the greatest talent in history. The place, located on Washington Boulevard, was called METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. There were other film studios in business, but not so you'd notice...

For MGM had the greatest stable of stars ever collected. In one sound stage, Wallace Beery would be pulling his beefy hand across his face, perhaps in a scene with Jackie Coogan. Next door, Marie Dressler were working, and not far away, Marjorie Main. And Shirley Temple. And Edward G. Robinson. And dozens more of the greatest names in show business.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire would glide across polished marble studio floors, in a musical extravaganza. That was the MGM of 1935. Then somebody panicked. Television, they thought, would wipe out everyone. But that we'll never know because the studios gave up first. The mighty titans of the Silver Screen just folded up and left town. Dust moved in, and lonely bits of paper floated across the backlots of the major film studios as idle winds drifted across the once-busy workshops of make-believe. Everyone was gone.

Today happily that is all changing for the better. MGM now makes more money producing TELEVISION shows than it did in its heyday. And the list of film features they are releasing should make even the most frightened stockholder smile.

One of the first of these will be **WHEN THE BOYS MEET THE GIRLS**. The stars are Connie Francis (who sings great) and Harve Presnell (who sings great, too) in what passes for an "almost-return to the good old days."

Based on "GIRL CRAZY" by Gershwin, the film features a production number ballet scene that suddenly gives back some of the old spark to an MGM musical.

Harve Presnell looks and talks like a young Howard Keel. And that's good.

But the action in the film comes from the guest stars, headlined by England's HERMITS. The pictures to the right tell the story.



HERMAN (of the HERMITS) gets ready for cue to pre-record one of the songs he delivers in the film. Because of technical requirements, what you see on the screen in the finished movie is actually HERMAN "mouthing" to his own voice, recorded before they film him singing it.



TEENAGERS, MOSTLY GIRLS, mob one of HERMAN'S HERMITS as he starts for the gate at MGM. The Culver City studio was the scene of mass pilgrimages by screaming fans when word leaked out that the HERMITS were working on a film there. The studio had to add extra police guards to hold back the enthusiastic crowds. By the way, the front of the MGM studio is seen in the movie—doubling for Brookley College in the story of a rich playboy who goes out West to get away from a certain young lady dancer friend.



SINGING STAR HARVE PRESNELL in a relaxed moment between takes on the set. Harve sang for many years in a popular choral group before his starring role in the MGM color feature.



That one and only **LOUIS (Satchmo) ARMSTRONG**, as he appears in **WHEN THE BOYS MEET THE GIRLS**. There are other surprises, too, for the audience in this fast moving musical.



STRICT SECURITY IS MAINTAINED AT MGM at all times. Except when the crowds broke through to get at the HERMITS. Here we see the PHAROHS checking in for work. Pictured are (l-r) Jerry Patterson, Bulch Gibson, Sam, David Martin, and Ray Stinnett. And, believe it or not, the guard's name — **KEN HOLLYWOOD!**

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