

America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

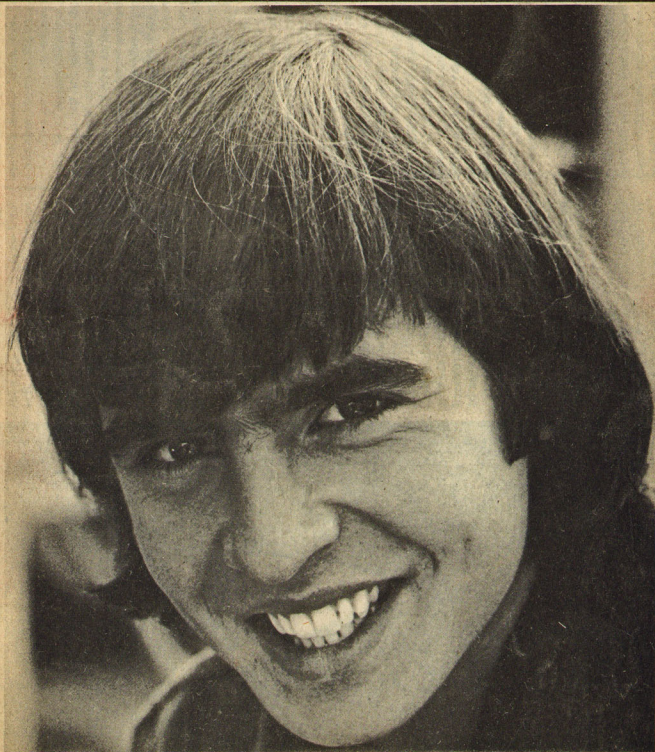
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KRLA

Edition

BEAT

JANUARY 28, 1967



MONKEES SURPASS BEATLE SALES!

See Page 1

KRLA BEAT

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Monkees Top Beatle Record!

The Monkees are one up on the Beatles. The four Monkees have broken the existing Beatle record by selling over three million copies of their first album, "The Monkees,"—more than any previous Beatle album has sold!

"Last Train To Clarksville" has sold well over the one million mark and "I'm A Believer" has already passed the two and half million point. Meanwhile, advance orders on the Monkees' second album, "More Of The Monkees," indicate that it will, in all probability, out-sell their first LP.

Controversy

Ever since the Monkees first graced the nation's airwaves, they've been the object of heated controversy with one side claiming the Monkees are nothing but Beatle imitators while the other side stoutly proclaims the Monkees are not imitators but an original, talented group.

Perhaps the only objective way to decipher who is the world's top group is through the number of discs sold and the number of attendance records set. Judging popularity on that basis, the Beatles are still the number one group. However, in the span of only four months, the Monkees have already topped the Beatles in the number of albums sold—leaving only single records and personal appearances to go before they officially take over the Beatle crown.

With two and half million copies of "I'm A Believer" sold in the

U.S. alone, the Monkees are not even near the all-time Beatle record of five million copies of "I Want To Hold Your Hand."

Monkee personal appearances have been necessarily limited due to the filming of their television show. However, they have managed to break away for short tours—their last grossing \$159,753 in only four concerts. They still have quite a way to go before they top the Beatle records of selling-out such places as Shea Stadium in New York and the Hollywood Bowl.

The Monkees have managed, though, to cause the same sort of wild hysteria which goes hand-in-hand with a Beatle concert. Their first personal appearance, in Hawaii, saw the Monkees playing before a packed audience while wave upon wave of anxious Monkee fans hurled themselves bodily at the stage.

Mob Scene

"Fifty cops were fighting them off with clubs," said Davy Jones, recalling the mob scene in Hawaii. "I don't want any part of that. But I suppose they have to do it. If the girls got to us they would tear us apart."

Up until December 31, the Monkees belonged exclusively to the U.S. but now their television show is being aired over the BBC and "I'm A Believer" sold over 400,000 in the first week of British release.

(Turn To Page 5)

TOM JONES AWARDED GOLD RECORD; FIRST IN HISTORY OF DISC LABEL

Tom Jones became the first British artist in the history of Decca Records to receive a Gold Record for British sales when his "Green Green Grass Of Home" passed the million mark last week.

While Gold Records are admittedly hard to come by in the States, they are almost impossible to win in England. In fact, the popular Mr. Jones was the only

British artist to win a Gold Record (for English sales) during 1966!

Following Tom's South American tour, he flies to New York where he is tentatively set for an appearance on the "Ed Sullivan Show" before winging back to England to headline the bill on "London Palladium."

THE CAPTAIN CROCODILE SHOW



... MONKEES READ fairy tales and sell over three million albums!

MITCH RYDER LEAVES WHEELS—FORMS SHOW

Mitch Ryder, who has been termed "the white man's James Brown," is now set to give Brown a run for his money by forming the Mitch Ryder Show, which will include a ten-piece orchestra to back Mitch.

"It seems more like a Broadway production," said Alan Stroh, Ryder's manager. "The total investment will be in the area of \$30,000 with some of the best talent around guiding us because we decided that since we are taking this giant step, we should do it right."

"Jamie Rodgers of 'Golden Boy' is directing choreography and Hutch Davis is doing the arrangements. Special lighting and electronic systems have been designed and Mitch's costumes by Charles Lisenby will cost \$3,000."

The Detroit Wheels will no longer travel with Mitch but are still signed to New Wave Records and will continue to release discs.



... MITCH RYDER

Bob Dylan For Films

Bob Dylan, who has not been seen since his accident, has reportedly left Columbia Records for MGM.

The MGM deal supposedly gives Dylan full control of the production of his records and also gives the leader of folk a chance to enter movies via the label's father, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The new deal certainly puts an end to the recent record of "Dylan is really dead" rumors which have been floating around since his "disappearance."

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HERMAN, HOLLIES SPECIAL

Herman's Hermits and the Hollies were joined by a CBS-TV crew during their concerts in Green Bay, Wis.; Charlotte, N.C.; Fort Worth and El Paso, Texas; Albuquerque, N.M.; Indianapolis and Chicago.

During the concerts and airport mob scenes, the television crew shot valuable footage which will form the basis of an hour-long television special to be shown on April 11 over CBS.

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

VICTORY

Dear BEAT:

Noted in your Pies In The News feature of the December 17 issue the photo of Ray Charles with the caption underneath "Ray Charles was fined \$10,000 and given a four year suspended sentence on a narcotics charge to which Charles pleaded guilty. He was placed on four years probation." This is exactly what did happen but beyond that there is an extremely interesting story.

The real significance of what happened in Boston was the decision by the court, after hearing testimony by doctors and psychiatrists, that Ray had truly cured himself of drug addiction and is now able to take his place in society once again, subject only to semi-annual check-ups during the four years' probation period. This victory by Ray is as inspiring a story of personal triumph as I have ever encountered.

Best regards,

Dick Gersh



JEFF BECK WRITES US

Dear BEAT: Merry Christmas - even though it's a bit late!

As I expect you know, I have left the Yardbirds and am recording with my own group tomorrow. So, I'll be keeping in touch with you and the letting you know what's happening for me.

Happy New Year.

Jeff Beck
England

GOTTA START SOMEWHERE

Dear BEAT:

Can you please print the enclosed poem for me? A lot of my friends have told me that I should send it in.

Wow! I have so much to say that I hardly know where to begin but I must start somewhere.

(1) To Shawn Walker: The Association are not sickening! They are one of the best groups around. I've seen them "live" and live them. Therefore the concert I didn't like them either but after seeing them I realized how wrong I was! They're really a good (as in fab) group.

(2) To Russ of the Association: Remember the other night at Santa Monica Civic? You're groovy.

(3) The Monkees are not copying the Beatles! The Beatles have made their money so why put down the fab Monkees? Keep up the good work and print lots more on them! Monkees rule.

(4) Please (with a Lovin' Spoonful on top) print more on the Lovin' Spoonful. Next to the Monkees they're my favorite group and I know a lot of other people besides myself like to see more on them!

(5) To Mark of the Turfles: I love you!

Thank you for letting me say all this.

A Poem

Among the grass roots the turtles play

Up in the leaves the Monkeys stay

But what is that up in the sky?

Why it's the byrds, they're eight miles high!

Under the left bank are the Beatles' homes

But they'd better watch out for rolling stones

They'd better beware of yardbirds too

Or else they'll end up in a stew.

Animals are scared of shadows of knight

They really get a count V right

And when they hear the walters tones

It chills them to their very bones.

A band of raiders comes out at night

And robs from everything in sight

They cheat their fortunes from music machines

But they must keep away from searchers scenes!

In Greenwich Village the critters stay

And forget the hard times of the day

In caverns do dwell the hermits and troggs

Far away from the London fog.

Of course, the spoonful are really quite lovin'

So, what can be said after all this ... nothin'!

Audrey Fulton

KINGSTON TRIO TOO

Dear BEAT:

In the December 31 issue of *The BEAT*, you published a letter from Linda Fergus. She says that she does not know of a group other than the Association that has "comedy, poetry and wears matching suits in their act." Obviously, she has never been to a Kingston Trio concert.

The Trio stays after every performance to sign autographs and give interviews with their fans. The Trio is really a great bunch of guys and Nick, John and Bob will always be my "faves" (to use a teeny-bopper cliché). Their road manager, George Yanok, and bass player, Dean "Mad Dog" Reilly, are really groovy too.

Thank you for the Trio articles which *The BEAT* has published in the past but I hope that you print many more in the future. Thank you for listening and I hope that you see my point of view.

Beth Mason

DOWN WITH CRITICISM

Dear BEAT:

I've read so many comments in your Letters To The Editor, some for, some against the pop groups today. There are many groups I like and even more I don't like but I would never write in putting one down.

I know that somewhere there is someone who practically lives just for one of those groups I don't like. Everyone is different, we all like certain groups and that's the way it should be. It's enough for me to know that everyone does have their own group, what if they didn't?

I feel sorry for someone who just doesn't go in for any group. They are missing something beautiful, wonderful. So, if I know a person who likes someone I don't, I don't say anything, why should I? I want everyone to be happy and I don't think it should be by my rules and likes.

Thank you very much.

Kay Thompson

OPEN LETTER TO BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

Please print my humble letter in your great paper. It is an open letter to the Beatles.

Dear Beatles:

I hope the coming year brings you what you want out of life. In the meantime, I have a few presents for each of you.

For Mr. Lennon: I hope that you can "stay as slim as you are," and that the world will someday satisfy you.

For Mr. McCartney: I have - me, and a set of rubber teeth.

For Mr. Harrison: First, a plea that you are never photographed in your swim trunks again (your body breaks my heart!) Also, a gold-plated star so you can stand out from all your imitators, and of course, a mustache cup.

For Mr. Starr: Since the greatest gift in life is love, you are truly the man who has everything.

These things are the least I can give you in return for what you have given me.

Mari Anzar

PREDICTION AFTERMATH

Dear BEAT:

Bought your December 31 issue and read all those "wise" predictions you made. I must say, I've never seen a bigger bunch of half-witted, asinine statements in my life. You guys have finally revealed yourselves for what you are, a bunch of anti-long hair, 1959-type bourgeois. If any of those predictions come true, it'll be because of an out-and-out effort by people like you to make them come true.

The most ridiculous of your "predictions" was the impending death of Love. I saw them last night and must say that they were great. All those rumors of them falling apart are completely wrong. Of course, they'll never be another Association or other such fine group, but, then, we can't have everything, can we? I guess we'll just have to be satisfied with the fact that Love is great and give up any hopes of them ever being the wholesome, clean-cut, All-American, antisepic-type group, the Association and their like.

As far as I'm concerned, you people on *The BEAT* can look yourselves up in a closet with your Everly Brothers' records and stay there. *The BEAT* has changed and died.

Andy Rodriguez

The only thing we'd like to say, Andy, is that all members of *The BEAT* staff are under 21 and among four of us we total 80 inches of hair!

The Editor

PLEASEING 'EM

Dear BEAT:

Why do you keep knocking the Dave Clark Five? Why don't you pick on some bums like the Stones? I've met the Dave Clark Five and they love their fans just as much as we love them. They're a fantastic group!

Agnes Miko

You might be interested in knowing that we received a letter the same day your's was delivered which demanded to know why we always knock on the Stones and why we don't pick on someone like the DC's. "You can't please all the people all the time," is the truest statement ever made!

The Editor

WHAT ABOUT MOTOWN?

Dear BEAT:

We are writing this concerning your 1967 predictions. You stated that "Motown will go toward good music, particularly with the Supremes and Stevie Wonder." Have you forgotten about such great hits as "My Girl," "Get Ready" and "My Baby" by the Temptations? Along with "Baby, I Need Your Loving" and "Reach Out 'I'll Be There" by the Four Tops. Plus, hit after hit out by such great Motown artists as the Miracles, Marvelettes, Jr. Walker and the All-Stars, The Elgins, Jimmy Ruffin, Marvin Gaye, Isley Brothers, Chris Clark and Martha and the Vandellas.

How can they go toward "good music" when this is great music?

Also, you stated that "Lennon-McCartney, Burt Bacharach, Bob Lind, Paul Simon, Neil Diamond and, of course, Dylan will be the major writing influences of the year." You surely forgot, "the dynamic trio" of Holland, Dozier and Holland. To least mention Smokey Robinson.

With people like this working as a team, how could you forget them?

Steve & Brad Rice

When we were using the term "good music" we were doing so in the sense in which it is used in the music business to describe the type of music which artists such as Nancy Wilson, Vy Diomone, John Gary, etc. use. Naturally, "good music" occasionally finds its way onto the pop charts. A perfect example is "Born Free," which is definitely "good music" but which is played on pop stations. However, the term "good music" was not used as a synonym for "great music" and was not meant to imply that pop music or rhythm 'n' blues is not good music. To the charge of neglecting Holland, Dozier and Holland, we plead guilty.

The Editor

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Whether you like it or not, the Monkees are very big business. On their just-completed U.S. tour, the boys grossed a neat \$159,753 in just four cities. Dave Jones took time off before the tour to visit England, where "The Monkees" is now being aired on the BBC, and left his native country in the wake of all sorts of predictions that England would soon follow America in proclaiming the Monkees one of the biggest groups on the scene.

However, being a Monkee is not *entirely* peaches and cream—though about 90% of it is! While certainly a popular show, "The Monkees" ran into early rating problems but recently picked up enough ratings to virtually assure it of another season on television.

But the four Monkees find themselves in the position of being the objects of some rather heated jealousy from other pop groups. Dave admits that the Monkees take quite a bit of chopping from groups who have had to work long and hard in all sorts of dives in order to make it big and, therefore, resent the fact that the Monkees had it all made for them. What the other groups *don't* realize, according to Dave, is that: "We're not a group, we're an act." A popular act, Mr. Jones, a popular act. And that, in essence, is the difference.

Electrifying Stones

Whoever thought up the phrase "the electrifying Rolling Stones" didn't know how absolutely right the Stones were going to prove him to be. It was concrete fact on several occasions, especially the one in which Keith Richards was knocked unconscious when his guitar made contact with a microphone. But the latest to get in on the act was the Mighty Mick. Last week in London, the Stones' lead singer extraordinaire fell to the stage after failing on the receiving end of an electric shock from a hand mike. Mick was not harmed and stage hands attributed the accident to the static electricity from so much long hair, combined with the heat in the auditorium.

Paul McCartney has given the reason behind the Beatles' decision to do no more personal appearances. Apparently, the reason boils down to the fact that there is so much screaming during a Beatle concert that they feel they are no longer being heard or listened to by their audiences. And secondly, says Paul, the Beatles' stage act has not improved at all during the past four years while their records have progressed unbelievably from "Meet The Beatles!" to "Revolver."

Limitations on stage have been a thorn in the Beatles' sides for quite sometime. Quite frankly, with only three guitars and a set of drums the Beatles have been unable to reproduce their later records which utilize many instruments. Both Paul and Ringo agree that if the Beatles were to attempt to reproduce their records "live" they would have to work up a brand new stage act, perhaps using a back-up band. This they are not about to do—so that's that.

"Rubbish"

Anyway, the Beatles would like you to know that their decision to mix all tours as well as their individual ambitions do not mean that the Beatles are splitting up. In fact, Paul calls the break-up rumors "rubbish" and Ringo adds that these rumors are definitely the outcome of "jealousy."

QUICK ONES: Tom Jones is assured of a gold record for his fantastic "Green Grass Of Home," making it the biggest selling British single of 1966... Add the Hollies to the list of pop entertainers appearing in the San Remo Song Festival... The Stones will appear on "London Palladium" with Andy Oldham in charge of the show's sound system, which is the first time someone outside of the show's crew has operated its sound system... George Fame is set for a stint at New York's Basin Street East in March... Ringo says all four Beatles are Beach Boys fans and, therefore, were not in the least bit hurt by the beating the BB's gave the Beatles in the English polls... Look for the Kinks to make their screen debut in a script written by the group's leader, Ray Davies... Donovan likely to make his film debut in '67... Music Magazine's fans up-in-arms over BEAT's prediction that they will not be a major group during '67.



... PETER TORK

Stones' Film Set To Roll; Mick Denies 'Death' Rumors

Despite rumors and statements by certain Stone-officials, the Rolling Stones' first motion picture is set to roll "within the next very few months," according to Allen Klein, the Stones' business manager.

Emphatically denying the reports that the film was to be dropped, Klein stated: "We have had some problems with the screen play but these are the only problems we've ever had and they are being sorted out. We have signed contracts and have already been advanced 90,000 pounds," continued Klein. "Does that sound as though there was any doubt about the picture?"

Partial Script

Klein added that 80 pages of script material from writers, Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, have already been received. Waterhouse and Hall are adapting the Dave Wallace novel for the movie version of "Only Love's Left Alive."

"The pages are coming to us by airmail as they are completed. As soon as we have a finished script, we'll set out the production schedule. We firmly expect filming to start within the next few months," said Klein.

Rumor-Mongers

Klein took issue with "rumor-mongers who seem to delight in grasping at any straw to put the Stones down," and said he was particularly concerned that "certain official sources have contributed to the doubt factor by their public statements. When they know well enough that the picture is going ahead, it seems strange indeed to read statements from spokesmen about legalities. I repeat, contracts are signed and the film will be put into production."

During the last month rumors that Mick Jagger was dead spread like wild-fire throughout the U.S. However, Les Perrin, Stones' Press Officer, declared: "Mr. Jagger wishes to deny that he is dead and say that the rumors have been grossly exaggerated."



... "NOT DEAD" SAYS JAGGER—who is obviously alive!

'CONTROVERSY' FIRST PROOF OF VALIDITY?

With everyone writing books concerning the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, Capitol Records has decided to get into the act by releasing an album entitled "The Controversy."

According to Capitol, the album is an in-depth audio study of the late President's assassination, the Warren Report and the subsequent controversy.

Alan W. Livingston, the president of Capitol, announced at a press conference that the album contains a number of news "firsts" not previously presented via any other communications media. Included will be:

- (1) The actual voices and statements of eye-witnesses to the assassination who support the "second assassin" theory;
- (2) Critics and advocates of the Warren Report heard face-to-face for the first time;
- (3) Participants in the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald are heard publicly for the first time;

(4) Personal descriptions of the assassination and its aftermath by members of the late President's Dallas motorcade.

Livingston went on to explain the behind-the-scenes work on the album. "A number of months ago, we at Capitol determined to apply the techniques of audio journalism to the most controversial news event of our day, the assassination of President Kennedy. Journalist Lawrence Schiller, was assigned as producer. He traveled over eleven thousand miles to tape interviews with many different participants in the tragic events of November, 1963. The results of Mr. Schiller's work have gone far beyond our original expectations. In my opinion, the album constitutes perhaps the most startling and dramatic audio documentary ever produced.

"The album is not only a fascinating listening experience, but it is proof, I think, that recordings can be as valid a medium of contemporary news coverage as any newspaper, magazine or TV report. In our view, the album itself is a news event, a capsule of living history."

"The Controversy" has been issued on Capitol's Probe label and will include the voices of John F. Kennedy, Jack Ruby and Lee Harvey Oswald.

WALKERS IN EXILE

The Walker Brothers have been forced out of England by the expiration of their British work permits. Accordingly, the Walkers have been set for a world-wide tour.

The Walkers head out for Singapore, Australia and New Zealand, winding up in Auckland on February 2. Next stop is set to be in Japan, followed by concerts in Manila and Hong Kong.

Then it's back to Europe for the Walkers with appearances in Germany, Holland and Austria. European countries to be visited by the Walkers for the first time will be Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia and Belgium.

This will bring the Walkers up until May 19 when their work permits once again become valid in Britain.



... TOM JONES



DAVE CLARK DELAYS FILM

The Dave Clark Five have joined the ranks of the Beatles and Stones in the "movie problem" category. The Beatles are having script trouble, the Stones are having screen play trouble and now the DC5 are having director trouble!

"The Dave Clark Five movie, 'You'll Never Get Away With It,' was scheduled to go into production this month but has been set back because Dave can't find a suitable director for the film. He wanted Tony Miles and Brian Forbes but neither director could work the movie into their tight schedules.

Clark is now negotiating with a French director but has announced that the movie will be canned until later in the year, at which time he hopes to have his director problem solved.

VAUDEVILLES TO TOUR U.S.

The New Vaudeville Band is set to pack up their "Winchester Cathedral" and return to the United States for a tour beginning on February 14 and winding up on March 22.

Following the tour, the Band is tentatively set to play a two-week stint at the Rainbow Room in New York beginning on March 27.

Television-wise, the New Vaudeville Band will appear on "Hollywood Palace" on February 24 and are likely to pay a return visit to "Ed Sullivan" on March 19.

The group has also been offered a week-stand at the Michigan State Fair in August but have not yet decided whether or not to accept the engagement.



SPRINGFIELD SET FOR COPA

Dusty Springfield has been tentatively set to play New York's famous Copacabana in June and the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas in July. Dusty is also discussing offers to appear in Japan and Italy as well as a proposed offer for a return engagement at New York's Basin Street East.

England's BBC would like Dusty to film a new television series for them to be shown during the summer. Dusty is already set to make her major club debut when she opens for a month long engagement at London's Talk Of The Town during the first part of April.



HAPPENING



STANDELLS FOR 'RIOT'

The Standells have been signed by MGM to appear in the upcoming MGM movie, "Riot On Sunset Strip." The Standells will sing the title song as well as several songs to be used in the movie. The group will also take care of some acting chores in the film.

"Riot On Sunset Strip" is being produced by Sam Katzman and began production during the latter part of December.

The Standells have completed filming a one-hour special CBS-TV News Documentary.

'in' people are talking about...

The Monkees graduating to the Cow Palace... The reasons for the Beatles' mix on personal appearances being quite logical but wondering why they omitted the fact that they no longer need the bread or the exposure... What would happen if the Buckingham's joined forces with the Palace Guard... How low is action going to go and deciding that with some of the regulars it's about as low as it can be but, of course, without any competition what else can be expected?

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT who started those Jagger rumors and how stupid he (she) must have felt when Mick showed up—obviously alive... The real Senator Bobby thinking that his imitation "Wild Thing" is quite a giggle, what is it... What a coup it would be if "Georgy Girl" won an Oscar since apparently neither the movie picture industry nor those responsible for the Grammy Awards admit that the pop scene exists... The constant

rumors that both the Four Tops and Jr. Walker have departed Motown... Paul thinking the Supremes are just a carbon copy of their records.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the vehement denials from the Knack that they ever said what "in" people understood them to say—so may the matter die... The picture of John, Ringo and Uncle George holding John Julian and commenting on how proud John looked of his cute son... Tom Jones shopping for a set of trains to gift his son with but they're really for the senior Jones to play with... How unbelievably popular Bob Vaughn is in Japan due, in some measure, to the fact that the Japanese take "U.N.C.L.E." so seriously that they checked through Vaughn's luggage in search of those "weapons" which all good UNCLE agents possess and were bitterly disappointed when they failed to find any! Manila then jumped into the act by awarding Vaughn a 50 man

motorcycle escort—second only to LBJ's... Paul's admittance that he was not approached to write Hayley's music—it was the other way around...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT why the Mama's and Papa's are in hiding—especially since they have a hit record... The scholarship fund which the Wonderfulness man set up... Dusty returning despite the shabby treatment she received last time around... Whether or not Jeff is going to emerge the winner... What a tight fan following the DC5 possess in Phoenix... What happened to Eric's proposed book and deciding that no publisher was brave enough to print it... The Mothers taking over New York and the Cheetah arriving on the West Coast... The potential of the Yellow Pages and wondering how many other talented groups are wandering around virtually unnoticed.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the fantastic emmigra-

tion to the West and deciding that it must be because you can almost get run down by Steve McQueen and his "bike," ride the elevator with Dean Jones, watch Mick Jagger pick out clothes at DeVos, spot Peter Dinklage maneuvering his car down the street, see P.J. Proby munching a hot dog, catch the look on David Carradine's face when the sales lady informs him the price of a plastic chess set, or take a helicopter over to the Beale highway... Capitol having the best timing in the world—or else the best luck... How it's kind of a drag to have body temperature and an eplagant the subjects of hits.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how only the Stones could get away with a title like that... The claims that the Monkees second album has already sold two million probably being true, or soon will be... Lou getting a month of his own, belated though it is... How the beat does go on despite the criticism from all sorts of "experts" on the subject... The

sweet victory of being named *Time's* Man Of The Year... How much the 5th Dimension sounds like the M's & P's... Sebastian penning a possible hit for Darin, proving yet again how much Bobby would like to comeback to the lucrative teen market... Those rumors about the big Mama and wondering whether or not they're true.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Sinatras being back to back and wondering when the rest of 'em are going to get in there... Noel Harrison being mobbed on his recent U.S. promotion tour and what power these UNCLÉS have since Bob and David have captured the East and Noel and aunt Stephanie have taken care of the West... How since Evie didn't quite make it, Patti's now doing her best with it... Most guys not needing music to watch girls by... Whether or not the Kinks have really come to a dead end street and hoping they haven't... '67 being a spiritual year?

Tips For Aspiring Pop Freelancers

By Joanne McPortland
Jill Wiechman

With the frightening numbers of teenagers who are making pop-music journalism their hobby—either working for a certain publication or freelancing—we feel that it's timely to submit a few choice hints for those would-be Brenda Sturrs. Gleaned from our experiences as the two most terrified freelance reporters in the business, they are guaranteed to help anyone avoid the myriad pitfalls one encounters in the interview situation. Of course, they don't cover everything, but half the fun of interviewing your favorite people is the unbelievably weird mistakes you're bound to make.

Partnership

1. If possible, form a partnership. There's safety in numbers, especially if the prospect of carrying on a luscious conversation with one of your favorite performers threatens to completely unbinge you. After all, your companion can always be trusted to kick you in the ankle if you start to say something you'll regret later. We've found the perfect balance—when frightened, one of us hables endlessly and unintelligibly, and the other remains absolutely silent.

2. Approach it seriously (After you've approached, you can have all the fun you want.) It's not an easy business to get into. If you've found a staff position with a publication, a major portion of your problem is solved. If, however, you decide to freelance (that's what it's called when you don't have a job and you have to beg a magazine to print your article) you're going to have major difficulties obtaining an interview. First of all, make sure you've got a publication to at least consider your material. Then, beseege your subject's press agent. If you've always considered yourself the courageous type, you can do this in person: otherwise your best bet is the phone. One thing to remember here is to sound confident; if you talk to the agent as an equal you'll have a greater chance than if you giggle, stutter, or otherwise inferiorize yourself.

Worry

3. Okay, you've got the interview. After the indecent interval of sheer hysteria, you can settle down and start worrying again. Have you got questions prepared? If so, are they intelligent questions? There's nothing more boring—both for you and the subject—than an interview that consists of the usual like-and-dislike inquiries. To make a good impression, "personalizing" your questions—read up on your subject and ask him technical questions that will allow him to answer with more than one word. Are you sure of the time and place of the interview? DON'T be late. (Unless you have to come fifteen miles on a bus; then it's excusable—but not very.)

4. During the interview: We can't tell you anything, because every situation varies. Just play it by ear.

5. Miscellaneous hints: Dress

simply; no one's more embarrassing than showing up overdressed—especially if there are other girls present. Have an Alka-Seltzer for breakfast the day of the interview—If you don't need it when you take it, you will later. Don't stay any longer than you're wanted; many times stars are in a rush, and you're lucky to be getting even a little of their time. (This, of course, means to stick around until whoever-it-is starts giving you hints, like "Are you still here?") And most of all, remember that stars are people, too. We were frozen with fear during our first interview, until we realized that the people we were interviewing were as frightened as we were! If you just relax and be yourself, you'll not only have an interview to your credit; you'll have some pretty fantastic memories, too.

Most Sets Film Debut

Mickey Most, one of the most successful independent record producers today, is branching out into films and is currently in the United States negotiating with several Hollywood movie companies.

Most has already completed the script for his first film venture, "Dandy," which he will produce and direct.

His reputation as a film director and producer, however, will have a difficult time matching his reputation for disc success. Most has been almost relentless string of hits since his arrival here from South Africa two years ago.

With 51 million records to his credit, Most has been responsible for establishing such groups as the Animals, Herman's Hermits, Donovan and the Nashville Teens.

Most's first joint disc effort with Donovan produced the English folk singers' first number one hit with "Sunshine Superman."

Although Most will now devote the majority of his time to films, he will continue to produce records for Donovan and Herman's Hermits.

MONKEES

(Continued From Page 1)

The Monkees intend to insure their already snow-balling English popularity by flying over from the first of February for a ten day visit aimed, primarily, at radio and television promotion.

If all goes as planned, the Monkees will have a three week return visit to England on a tour with the Trogs during August. However, this tour is still in the negotiation stage.

Whether the Monkees manage to overthrow the Beatles or not, at least they'll have the satisfaction of knowing they've come the closest yet.



... THE LEFT BANKE (front) Steve, Rick, Tom (rear) Mike and George.

The Left Banke: People Expect A Lot Of A Group

By Rochelle Reed

"People expect a lot out of a pop group," commented Steve Martin recently. "They expect you to continually pour out witty little answers they think are cute."

This slice of cynicism toward the pop singer's dilemma of always being "on stage" isn't derogatory, coming from the Left Banke. Rather it denotes one of the highest accolades a rock 'n' roll group can pay to fans—the desire for constant improvement rather than banking to complacency in the idiosyncrasy of admirers.

After the Manhattan-based Left Banke watched their first disc, "Walk Away Renee," climb up and down the charts, they were faced with the decision of what to put out next.

"Pretty Ballerina" was the answer. A simple theme embellished with chamber strings and a subtle, insinuating drumbeat, the single is an excellent representative of baroque pop. It is also a fitting follow-up to the hauntingly beautiful "Walk Away Renee."

The group, though, has trouble categorizing their music. "I don't suppose you could put our music in any particular classification," said Mike Brown, the writer of "Walk Away Renee." "But we do try to get away from commercial aspects in our music."

"Better yet, I think commerciality gets away from us," he added. The Left Banke don't relish travel and can't stand "gigs." They prefer to concentrate all their efforts on turning out "real music,"

with as much of it as possible written by the guys themselves.

Mike explains that to create an original and unique sound, the group "has to produce" its own material. Their new LP will contain all-original material.

"We'd like to eventually play concerts where people come to sit and just listen... we're definitely not aspiring to be a 'dance' group."

"Of course, we hope to combine our being a concert-type group with the production of hit material."

In that regard, the Left Banke has not changed their view since their beginning about a year ago. Their view of the music they produced at that time was serious. It still is.

"People occasionally ask about the kind of music we play," Mike said, "but I think we'll have to be better known before they really begin to think of us as that serious a group."

Mike plays piano, harpsichord, organ and claviichord. For a time, he searched desperately to find a clavinet, an 18th century keyboard instrument, because he liked the tone. "But I found out that it wasn't substantial enough to take on the road. So now I use an electric piano."

The newest member of the Left Banke ensemble is 19-year-old Rick Brand who is now the lead guitarist with the group. Like the other members of the group today, Rick calls Manhattan home base. Bass player Tom Finn, 18,

once wanted to become a railroad engineer, but when he and Mike met and discovered each other's musical interests, they immediately began writing songs together. They were, in effect, the original nucleus of the Left Banke.

Vocalist Steve Martin is the "idol" of the group. His vocals are responsible for a lot of the excitement the group generates on live dates. Steve's background is quite cosmopolitan since he has traveled through all parts of the world and once attended school in Madrid, Spain.

Finally, there's drummer George Cameron, also 19. George provides that distinctive crisp and subtle rhythm backing that characterizes the Left Banke arrangements.

WHO
WILL
BUY
OUR
Ballroom?

Keith Obtains A Hit Disc With Body Temperature!

By Tammy Hitchcock

His real name is James Barry Keefer but to the world of pop he is known only as Keith. He's been from Degas to Dylan, from Rembrandt to Ringo, from art school to "98.6." Keith's urge to flee has lead him to what he calls "today." But if prodded he will explain what "today" is. "Dylan, the Stones, England—all that. That's what's happening. That's me, too, and I have to go with it."

Along the way, Keith has managed to pick up a mop of long, rather unruly hair—hair which once resembled Dylan's to a terribly uncanny degree. The styles of Carnaby Street have an avid devotee in Keith who is seen only in bell-bottomed hip-huggers, which he keeps up with the aid of the widest belts he can find. His ensemble is topped by a Carnaby coat of wide white corduroy and ended with high-heeled, pointed-toe boots.

Search

Ask what he's looking for and instead of answering "a hit record" Keith will reply: "I'm looking for things that are free and unrestrained." His search took root in the Spring of 1945 in Philadelphia but really started to mature when Keith reached the mighty age of 13.

That's when he first tried out his vocal chords in a seventh grade operetta. His debut was followed by a succession of school plays which, in turn, solidified his addiction to pleasing audiences and win-

ning public approval. However, according to Keith his search for recognition is not totally the kind which involves signing autographs and finding his name at the top of the groupie list. But rather the kind that says "job well done" whether it is spoken or silently implied.

Keith is a self-taught guitar and harmonica player. A performer who writes as well as he sings. An individual whose biggest ambition is to get to England "to see the scene."

Lost In Jersey

Actually, it's sort of a wonder that Keith is even on wax. Driving from Philadelphia to New York for the session which produced his first release, "Ain't Gonna Lie," Keith made a wrong turn in Jersey and arrived in New York some three hours late. Luckily, when Keith finally did make his presence he found the producer, engineer, musicians et al., still waiting around the studio and the session came off—late, but at least it came off.

However, shortly after "Ain't Gonna Lie" was released Keith disappeared. He had moved but had failed to notify his record label, so Mercury spent countless hours trying to hunt him down. But all to no avail. Then one day, quite by accident, Keith heard his record on the radio and phoned Mercury's distributor to see how the disc was selling. But all Keith heard on the other end of the line was a screaming "Keith come home!"

And come home he didn't quite

do. Instead he invested his record royalties in a small, but smart, apartment on the upper East side of Manhattan. His move from Philadelphia to New York was not his idea. "I had to move to New York primarily for business reasons," says Keith. "My mentor, Jerry Ross, the Philadelphia A&R man who discovered me and gave me my first chance advised me to try to reside in New York City. At first, it seemed like a hang-up. Here I was working on a hit record that was building. I didn't have much time, but I was advised by Jerry Ross to make the move to New York, so I did."

Although the move required taking time out from personal appearances, etc., Keith is now quite happy that he found his "pad," as he refers to it, because now he's closer to "where the action is."

Comfort

Keith's "pad" is located in a new high-rise apartment not far from the East River bank. Upon entering his apartment, you are immediately hit with the impression of comfortable living—but the apartment definitely has a "lived-in" look, not a trace of "museum-like" atmosphere is to be found within Keith's abode.

The first physical object which hits your eye is a wild collage in which the artist has used everything from crayon to charcoal to bits of paper to create a surrealist scene of an ageless wanderer. Gold is the predominant color throughout the apartment and you wonder how long Keith will have to wait until he can add a gold record to the decor. Not long if "98.6" keeps up its swift sales pace!

If you didn't know Keith was a pop singer, you'd swear that he was a definite school-boy "bookworm" for his apartment features 30 shelves which are lined with books and inexpensive art objects. His longest wall is hung with shelf-like furniture which interior decorators refer to as "suspension furniture." Twenty-eight feet of such furniture hangs suspended from the walls in Keith's "pad."

Failure

Keith is something of a complete failure in the cooking department. But he's tried! He even went out and purchased all kinds of cook books, so that when the hot dogs, hamburgers and frozen dinners take their toll he can try cooking by manual. "So far," he says with a grin. "I've goofed on trying things in those recipe books that are a bit complicated, but I'm learning." Which is comforting to know.

Sandwiched in between his cooking lessons and house cleaning, Keith runs all over the country making appearances and attempting to explain the significance of "98.6"—which is, according to Keith, body temperature. And that's all he has to say on the subject! But for what it's worth, 98.6 with quotes around it is a nationwide smash for Keith—alias James Barry Keefer.



BAF Photo Chuck Ross

... FROM A CELLAR to a full measure equals Spoonful's success.

How Did Spoonful Become Left Out?

By Louise Criscione

The Lovin' Spoonful have taken over a large segment of pop music but except for their fans, hardly anyone was aware of the coup. "Winchester Cathedral" came along, sold over a million and was hailed as the return of "good time music."

People spoke of the comeback of Rudy Vallee, an eggplant supposedly ate Chicago and the Sop with Camel got into the good time act with "Hello, Hello." But what about the Lovin' Spoonful?

Obviously overlooked by those anxious to write novels on the return of happy, uncomplicated lyrics, the Spoonful have been singing their own brand of "good time" for well over a year. It's true that a number of national news magazines have, included the Spoonful between their covers, but since they are able to move around without the aid of a dozen security guards and since instances of girls scaling 24 stories in order to obtain a Spoonful autograph are rare, the press tends to overlook the group which has unobtrusively gone about their way selling records, breaking records and, in general, being highly successful.

Eastern-Bred

The Spoonful were born in New York City and so it is without much surprise that they spend the majority of their time among the skyscrapers and Village hippies. The West Coast hasn't seen them in ages and the Midwest receives only an occasional glimpse of the Spoonful. New York bred 'em and New York is going to keep 'em—yet their records are nationwide smashes. A rather novel love affair since "out of sight, out of mind" is the rule by which most fans abide. But obviously, most fans are not Spoonful fans.

Perhaps the most human fact about the Spoonful is that they didn't make it right away. The story goes that the Spoonful presented themselves to the owner of the Night Owl Cafe in Greenwich

Village, went through their repertoire and instead of being hired on the spot were informed that "these guys don't make it."

Undaunted, the infant group beat a path to the freight elevator leading down to the basement of the Albert Hotel and there, in the midst of a huge water pool filled with bugs and insects, they practiced for two months. Vibrations from their amps caused the ceiling to drop flakes of paint and other such delightful things on their heads. Enter the now-famous Spoonful hats—used then only to keep their hair from acquiring bits and pieces of unwanted particles.

Balloon Style

Their two-month rehearsal completed, the Spoonful once more journeyed to the Night Owl and on the second time around managed to so impress the club's owner that he immediately hired them and pulled out his wallet to the tune of having 1,000 balloons printed up with the slogan: "I Love You... The Lovin' Spoonful!"

And, so were born the Lovin' Spoonful. Word spread around the city that a "fantastic new group" was playing at the Night Owl. Entertainers took to dropping in, fans were made and, finally record companies came through with offers. Kama Sutra won the label battle and "Do You Believe In Magic" led the way for "You Didn't Have To Be So Nice," "Did You Ever Have To Make Up Your Mind?" "Daydream," "Summer In The City" and "Full Measure."

The Spoonful have always been the exponents of their own kind of "good time"—a brand which has the approval of the entire nation. You can't fight it because their record of six hits in a row speaks for itself. So, the next time you get into a discussion of the Great Good Time Comeback don't forget to add the Lovin' Spoonful to the top of the list. After all, if Rudy Vallee originated it—the Spoonful certainly brought it back to life.



... KEITH (far right) entertains some of his friends in his apartment.

Beatles Are Not Breaking Up!

By Louise Criscione

Let's cut out the hysteria and the sobbing and the rumors. The Beatles are not splitting up! At least, not literally. It's true that individually each Beatle is pursuing his own goals and, in time, a break-up will inevitably rear its head. But right now, today, both Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr have emphatically denied that a split is anywhere near imminent.

Naturally, when the announcement of no more personal appearances was handed down, speculation spread that it was finis for the Beatles as a group. And John Lennon didn't help matters much when he told a reporter that his years as a Beatle "had been fun." By using the past tense, John's statement was taken to mean that those Beatle years were over.

The End?

And, at the time, those years certainly appeared to be coming to a definite end. John was off filming his movie, Paul was busy writing the music for "The Family Way," George was in India learning sitar techniques and Ringo was getting bored and looking around for a solo movie stint for himself. "Revolver" was the newest piece of Beatle material issued and there was no official word on a script for the Beatles third movie.

During this lull in group activity, reporters and gossips, who for lack of anything better to occupy their time and available space, began a long string of rumors and insinuations. None of which were flattering to the Beatles and none of which caused rejoicing in their fans' ranks.

Probably the most popular "news" was the hot rumor that jealousy existed between the Beatles. Reporters claiming a "scoop" added wood to the al-

ready burning fire by gleefully pointing to the fact that Ringo was jealous of the others because they collected writer's royalties and he didn't . . . that George was mad because John picked off a juicy movie role . . . that Paul was breaking the famous and successful Lennon-McCartney team by writing the music for a Hayley Mills movie . . . that John was furious at Paul for not asking his assistance in composing the music. And on, and on and on.

"Isn't Any"

Until enough was just enough. Tired of picking up papers and magazines to read about their alleged jealousy, Paul finally declared: "There isn't any." Fact is, continued Paul, by doing different things each Beatle can pass along his new information to the other three. Thus, allowing the group to progress and maintain their tremendous popularity and influence.

Remaining delightfully unpredictable, in the very midst of the break-up and jealousy rumors, the Beatles congregated in London, cut a Christmas message for their fans, started work on a new album and a new single and told the world that, while they were still having script difficulties, a story had been selected and if all went well they would begin filming in March or April.

So, with personal appearances definitely out and a third movie not definitely in, what *is* in the future for the Beatles? Better records. Without the pressure of tour dates to confine them, the Beatles will be able to progress musically with no trouble at all. And they intend to do just that. They are not ready to be counted out of the music business just yet—and you better bet your life they won't be!



Top 40 Requests

1	I'M A BELIEVERMonkees
2	SNOOPY VS. RED BARONRoyal Guardsmen
3	RUBY TUESDAYRolling Stones
4	PRETTY BALLERINAThe Left Banke
5	FOR WHAT IT'S WORTHBuffalo Springfield
6	HELLO, HELLOSopwith Camel
7	98.6Keith
8	THE BEAT GOES ONSonny & Cher
9	GEORGY GIRLThe Seekers
10	MR. FARMERThe Seeds
11	PUSHIN' TOO HARDThe Seeds
12	I WANNA BE FREEThe Monkees
13	KNIGHT IN RUSTY ARMORPeter & Gordon
14	THERE'S GOT TO BE A WORDThe Innocence
15	BORN FREERoger Williams
16	EAST, WESTHerman's Hermits
17	FULL MEASURELovin' Spoonful
18	KIND OF A DRAGBuckingham
19	SINGLE GIRLSandy Posey
20	LADY GODIVAPeter & Gordon
21	IT MAY BE WINTER OUTSIDEFelice Taylor
22	WEDDING BELL BLUESLaura Nyro
23	HELP ME GIRLEric Burdon & Animals
24	SUGAR TOWNNancy Sinatra
25	TELL IT LIKE IT ISAaron Neville
26	WINCHESTER CATHEDRALNew Vaudeville Band
27	STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVEFour Tops
28	GOOD VIBRATIONSBeach Boys
29	KNOCK ON WOODEddie Floyd
30	WORDS OF LOVEMama's & Papa's
31	GOOD THINGPaul Revere & Raiders
32	WACK WACKYoung-Holt Trio
33	TELL IT TO THE RAINFour Seasons
34	THAT'S LIFEFrank Sinatra
35	COLOR MY WORLDPetula Clark
36	I NEED SOMEBODY? & The Mysteries
37	MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BYBob Crewe Generation
38	DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON/GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLYMitch Ryder
39	NO FAIR AT ALLThe Association
40	YOU GOT TO MENeil Diamond

Inside KRLA

By Eden

For those of you who have requested it, this week I am printing the top ten most requested songs from the Top 100 list of most requested tunes from 1966.

The songs are, Number One through Ten: "I Want To Be Free," "Cherish," Paperback Writer," "Fortune Teller," "Groovy Kind of Love," "Hey Joe," "96 Tears," "California Dreaming," "Little Red Riding Hood," and "Yellow Submarine."

Beatles hold down two of the top ten positions, while the Stones captured only one. Making first time appearances on the year-end top ten were new groups like the Association, Monkees, and Question Mark and the Mysterians.

For all those who have asked for a complete listing, we will print the

Top 100 list of most requested tunes in its entirety in the next issue of *The BEAT*.

Oh, yes—if there are any loyal sports fans who are up-in-arms out there in the Land of 1110 over the nastiness of the Super Bowl predicament, please breathe easier as KRLA has once again come to your rescue.

Yes, KRLA—the Mr. Neat of the radio world—has done it again, even if it is sort of an "underground" kind of done-it! If you would like to see the telecast of the Super Bowl (and whooooo wouldn't????) just look to KRLA, for we have a complete set of instructions all made up on how you can construct your very own receiver, and these instructions are available upon request.

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PICTURES in the NEWS

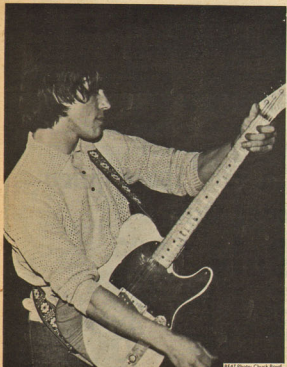


THE MONKEES (left to right) Mike, Micky, Peter and Davy took a three week hiatus from their television show to play a cross-country tour which grossed \$159,753 in four gigs. Davy paid a visit to England, where "The Monkees" is now being aired over the BBC, and commented that the British censors may crop the show slightly because "I've been using a lot of things which don't mean anything in America but certainly do in England."



BEAT Photo: G.E. Edwards

DON AND THE GOODTIMES, newest regulars on "Where The Action Is," thoroughly confused David Ketchum, Agent 13 on "Get Smart," during an off-camera visit. Ketchum may have been asking which of the other "Action" regulars will soon depart the show, since it's inconceivable that all three groups can sandwich into the half-hour program. Other regulars on the show are Paul Revere and the Raiders and the Hard Times.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

JEFF BECK finally out of the Yardbirds after months of rumors, has just signed a recording contract with Mickie Most, independent producer for Herman, Donovan and other big names. Jeff will solo as a singer and guitarist under the managership of Simon Napier-Bell (Yardbird manager) and Most's partner, Peter Grant. Unconfirmed rumors from London are currently hinting that Jeff has just married aspiring actress, Mary Hughes.



THE BEACH BOYS are the stars of a 24 minute color film entitled "The Beach Boys In London." The film, which as yet is only scheduled for British release, spotlights the singers during their November English tour with clips of both interviews and performances. It is being released by Immediate Music, the company which publishes Beach Boys' compositions in England.

The Mamas and The Papas



The Turtles



The Yardbirds



The Association b/w

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The Fine Art Of Catching Noel

By Carol Deck
Ring—"Greene-Stone Productions, may I help you?"
"Yes, I'm from *The BEAT* and we'd like to interview Noel Harrison."

"Oh, well we just produced his last record. You'll have to talk to his manager about an interview."

"Thanks."
Ring—"Mr. Winkler's office, may I help you?"

"Yes, I'm from *The BEAT* and we'd like to interview Noel Harrison."

"Of course, I'll check with Mr. Winkler and call you back."

"Thanks."
Ring—"BEAT Publications, may I help you?"

"This is Erwin Winkler's secretary. We understand you want Mr. Harrison Saturday night to present an award on your TV show."

We'll Take Him

"Well, we would like Mr. Harrison any time but we're a newspaper and we don't have either a TV show or an award for him to present, however if you'll give us a little time..."

"Oh, we must have you confused with someone else."

"Good thinkin', still, if you'll just give us a little time..."

Ring—"Mr. Winkler's office..."
"Yes, you can help me, I'm from *The BEAT* and we'd still like to interview Noel Harrison."

"I think I have it straight now. Mr. Winkler says its OK, but I'll have to find out what time is convenient for Mr. Harrison and call you back."

"Thanks."
Ring—"BEAT Publications, may I help you?"

"This is Dorothy from the UNCLE set. I got a message to call you about David's tickets."

"David who? Tickets to what?"

"David McCallum..."

"But that's the wrong UNCLE. We wanted the girl from UNCLE, I mean the guy on the 'Girl from UNCLE.' I mean..."

"I don't know, I just got this message."

"Gad, well we don't have any

tickets for David but could you possibly know how we can get to Noel Harrison?"

"But he's the wrong UNCLE agent. We only handle the men from UNCLE, I mean... why don't you try Greene-Stone, they produced his last record."

"Thanks."
Ring—"Mr. Winkler's office, may I help you?"

"I sure hope so."

"Oh hello again. Mr. Harrison says lunch tomorrow would be fine but you'll have to check with Miss Ivy, she handles his publicity."

(Gronk, why didn't someone tell us that 3 hours ago?)

Ring—"Miss Ivy, may I help you?"

"I doubt it, no one else seems to be able to. Anyway I'm from *The BEAT* and we'd like..."

"To interview Noel, I thought that was all set for lunch tomorrow. Was there some problem?"

(Some problem, she asks, some problem!!!!)

"I'm glad you asked about that car." Noel said at lunch the next day, referring to the UNCLE car that's just been introduced on "The Girl From UNCLE."

"I tried to run it into a wall but failed. It was produced by a toy manufacturer to sell toys, which is fine for the toy company, but if you're going to do it, do it right."

Uncle On Fire

"The first time I got in it, it caught fire and there's no fire wall between the driver and the engine, which is a legal requirement on all cars."

"And when you get in it, if you can get the door open, that is, you close the door and knock yourself out."

"It's a Corvair frame and they usually move the engine from behind the wheels to in front of them but they didn't with this one and all it takes is three people leaning on the back and the thing stands on end."

"And it really does everything it's supposed to, shoots rockets, creates a smoke screen and even has a bullet proof screen that comes up behind the driver. It's



... NOEL HARRISON takes a breather from "U.N.C.L.E." shooting.

really ridiculous, because nothing else on the whole show actually does what it's supposed to.

"Stephanie drove it once and said 'you can drive it.' I tried very hard to smash it up. And I hear I have to do a love scene in it, too."

Is it possible the car doesn't like Noel either?

"After what I've said about it, I don't doubt it."

If Noel could take a half dozen or so artists and erase them from

the scene he says he would take the fakes. He specifically mentions the Shangri-Las.

"I resent them particularly because when I had out 'A Young Girl,' they also had a death song out and we were grouped together."

He can also do without James and Bobby Purify and Mitch Ryder.

As for his favorites he lists the Beatles, Donovan ("Would you believe I actually copied down the entire lyrics to 'The Trip' from the album because I couldn't find the sheet music.") Lovin' Spoonful, Buffalo Springfield, Animals, Kinks, Bobby Hebb and the Supremes.

He also likes the Monkees—

"Although it may be commercial fakery, they've got a thing going."
—And Sonny and Cher, although he doesn't really dig their latest record, "The Beat Goes On."

"The first time I heard it I thought it was the best thing they'd ever done, but the lyrics are incomplete and it doesn't compare with Dylan or Lind. Sonny's done better."

He kind of feels the same way about the Rolling Stones, who he thinks are "heading up a blind alley."

"I really liked their stuff up until about the middle of last year, until after 'Aftermath.' What they're doing now is untidy. My favorite of theirs is 'Last Time.' It's got beautiful figures in it. When it first came out and I'd hear it in the car, I'd roll down the windows and turn it up full blast."



... THE DAILY FLASH give Noel and run for his uncle in the "Dubblegraff Affair."

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Several weeks had passed since the day of Salisbury Plains Frame when Robin, The Budge and Ringo (as in Boyd, as in Boyd) had discovered their mysterious talents.

They had been quite a shock at first. Especially to The Budge, who, prior to the arrival of Robin Irene Boyd, had led a sheltered life (on a *leash*, to hear her tell it.) And it was quite a shock with good reason.

Just Like . . .

First the two new guitars, the amps, and the set of dreams had appeared out of nowhere. Then, to their re-amazement, they'd found their formerly talentless selves able to play the instruments beautifully. What's more, they could warble like angels. In other words, they sounded just like the *Beatles!*

When they realized this, Budge had raced toward the horizon, drooling, with a distraught Robin Irene hot on her heels.

When Robin managed to catch up with her blithering friend, she couldn't very well reveal that George of Genie fame (not to mention frame) (and let's do) was obviously behind all the mysterious surprises. So she had to settle for giving Budge the following sensible explanation.

Sensible Explanation: "There are things about me that I can't tell you so don't ask because if I answer there won't be things about me that I can't tell you. Is that clear?"

Sensible Reply: "As mud."

However, as mud will do, it covered the ground, and although The Budge continued to cast hysterical sidelong glances at Robin from time to time, she stopped asking questions.

The sturdy Ringo neither requested nor required an explanation. She was so deliciously happy over having Loodwigs to blam on instead of oatmeal cartoons, she couldn't have cared less where her dreams and/or her talents came from. Besides, she knew better than to ask.

Only Snarl

If she did, Robin would probably only snarl and say "the stork brought them." At which time Ringo would have to remind her sister that it would be somewhat difficult for a stork to carry a set of Loodwigs. At which time Robin would undoubtedly re-snarl and say "well, he carried you, didn't he?" Rather than have to answer this question with a smug "that's what you think, kiddo," and shatter her un-cool image, Ringo, as they say in the dream travel, kept her trap shut.

When the initial amazement had worn off and the practice session re-begun, the girls had two more enormous shocks.

Shock #1—They discovered they could sound like not only the Beatles, but the stars of their choice!

Shock #2—It started snowing and their amps got wet. (Other-

wise known as an electrifying experience.)

From then on, they practiced faithfully every day, and after awhile even Mrs. Boyd admitted they weren't bad and allowed them to rehearse in the basement rum-pus (I'll say) house.

Debut?

But they soon tired of just rehearsing and began moaning around for something to rehearse for. Like their debut, for instance. And, again with good reason. (Repetition—dare I say it—rules the world!) Besides all their imitations, they'd developed an ear-shattering but immensely groovy (if they did say so themselves) (which they did) sound of their own. They'd even selected appropriate (though I'm not saying to what) costumes. And they were getting an-day tired of being all dressed up with no place to go-go.

In later years, when they were looking back on it all (from various hilltop sanitariums), they never could quite remember exactly who came up with the zingwhammer, so they each continued to claim it was their idea. (At which times their respective keepers nodded patiently.)

Actually, it was Mrs. Boyd who suggested that since there were no clubs for them to play in, they should start their own! (Her galvanized ear-muffs were beginning to chafe, and she thought this might be a good way to get the trio out of

her basement.) (Not to mention her life.)

Whatever, she soon lived to regret the suggestion. Because, after the town (har) of Pitchfork had been scoured in a search for a suitable (as in *free*) location for the club, it began to look that the only possible place for same was the basement.

When approached about this possibility, Mrs. Boyd really threw the threesome. Drawing herself up somewhat haughtily, she replied: "Do I look like Pete Best's mother?"

Rawther!

Since that sort of settled *that* (rawther), they continued to look elsewhere, and got nowhere at the rapidest (?) of rates.

It was during one of these hunts that they finally agreed on a name for their group. For days, Ringo had been insisting they call themselves *The Wash-And-Wear-* and The Budge had battled fiercely for *The Inverted Mordent*. Robin was thoroughly appalled by the former (the title, not her sister) (come to think of it, *both*), and thought the latter sounded dirty. (The Budge swore (I'll say) up and down it was merely a musical term, merely a musical term.)

The Budge, incidentally, was by now so caught up in it all, she had stopped casting hysterical sidelong glances at Robin. In fact, she had started shrieking an occasional "I CAN SING!" thereupon bursting into an aria from "Rigo-

letto." (Or was it a rigoletto from "Aria?")

Anyname, rather than fight for her own idea for a group tag (would you believe *Robin And The Hoods?*) (leave us hope not), Robin re-thought and feely made one final offering.

"Would you believe *The Mockingbirds?*", she asked, and she might well, because it was perfect, what with them being birds who did imitations and all that—there stuff.

Mockingbirds

They became The Mockingbirds by unanimous decision. However, there were still bigger and better traumas to solve. Said birds still didn't have a pit to hiss in—er—a nest to mock in.

Just when Robin was beginning to think all was lost, it happened. She and The Budge were trudging home from school one afternoon. (Ringo had stayed home that day with a crick in her neck.) (Sleeping with a snare drum under one's pillow may be a mite uncomfortable, but baby, that's *loyalty!*)

On their weary way, they passed to sulk in front of a marvelously hideous building they'd been ogling to no avail (the sign out front clearly stated **FOR SALE OR RENT.**)

Suddenly, Robin fell to her knees and began blubbering gratefully. For, as you may have guessed, it was then that she knew what she must do. (To Be Continued Next Issue)

THE BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



THE KALEIDOSCOPE

A real live Turkish gypsy and a couple of college professors sound like what Dylan wishes he could sound like on their first single, "Please." Already way up on Southern California charts, "Please" seems destined for nationwide acclaim. Left to right (top) David Lindley, Ferrus Epp, John Vidican and (bottom) Sol (that's all) and Chris Darrow.



THE CRYAN' SHAMES

This Chicago-based group is planning to tear up airways with their disk, "I Wanna Meet You," aka "We Could Be Happy." After all, anyone with the names Denny, Todd, Jim, J.C. Hooke, Grape and Stonehenge have to do well! Left to right (top) Denny, Stonehenge, Grape and (bottom) J.C. Hooke, Jim.

TEEN PANEL

The Use Of Drugs By American Teens

In this issue, *The BEAT's* Teen Panel discusses another of the hottest subjects of the day—the use of drugs by teenagers.

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

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

* * *

Keith—"Before we get started, someone had better clarify exactly what is meant by the word 'drugs.' It could mean anything from aspirin to LSD."

Cynthia—"I think most people consider 'drugs' to be something that's used for kicks."

Bill—"That doesn't make the description fit. A lot of things used for 'kicks' aren't drugs. Marijuana certainly isn't. It's a weed."

Diane—"We could sit here all day and try to categorize what it is a drug and what isn't, but I don't think that's what we're here for. We're here to discuss just how widespread the use of drugs is among teenagers. 'Drugs' in this case, meaning anything that is synonymous with narcotics in the eyes of society."

Bill—"Practically everything is synonymous with narcotics in the eyes of society. Marijuana is synonymous with narcotics. Five years ago, if you mentioned narcotics, people immediately thought 'dope fiends.' Now you say the word, and people think 'teenagers.' It isn't this way. They're making it very kind of like it's the world is walking around stoned out of its mind most of the time."

Diane—"Anyone with a mind knows better than that. The question is, how many kids are? You seem to know a lot about the subject. What's your estimate of how many?"

Bill—"Very few, if you're referring to walking around stoned most of the time. Not just very few teens, very few anyone. The big majority of people don't have that kind of time. I would say maybe five percent of the U.S. population under the age of 25 has tried some kind of 'drug.' Marijuana, probably, or pep pills. They're the easiest to get hold of. I've tried both. I didn't like the pills because I got nervous. The other was fine, but I wouldn't want to do it all the time. It's like having a drink. It isn't something you do all the time either, not unless you're really got problems."

Keith—"I agree with that. Most of the teenagers who do try the milder stuff don't do it constantly. There are too many other things to do. But I don't think they feel they're doing something horrible when they do try it, or use it occasionally. I don't know about pills or LSD but there are a lot of medical reports that say pot is harmless. I can't see why they don't just legalize it."

Cynthia—"I can see why they don't. There's no way to control it. Control it socially, is what I mean.

They once banned alcohol for this same reason, and it took a lot of doing to bring that under control. They had to make laws for when and how it could be sold, and laws to keep people from driving when they've been drinking. A lot break the laws, but I don't suppose most do. They're for your own protection. They'd have to put the same kind of restrictions on marijuana. It probably will be legalized someday. I don't think the stronger drugs will be, though, and I don't think they should be. Doctors should be able to use say, LSD, when they think it will help, but it's too unpredictable for social use."

Diane—"Does anyone here know anyone who's ever tried LSD or actual drugs? I don't."

Bill—"I don't either, not personally. LSD is popular with college students, I know that, and if I wanted to try it myself, I'd know where to get it, but I don't especially care to try it. I'm sure a lot of teenagers have tried it, but nowhere near the forty percent who have probably experimented with pot or pills. If you care about yourself, and have any brains, you realized that LSD is a big step and not just a 12-hour trip. That stuff can backfire."

Keith—"Have you noticed that there's a very little mention made of the 'hard stuff'? I doubt if there's much of a problem with that. Getting involved with heroin or something like that takes a special kind of person. Someone who really doesn't give a damn. When you start that, you know you aren't going to be able to stop. You go that route only when you have nothing to lose, and most teenagers have plenty to lose. To answer Diane's question, I don't know anyone who's taken LSD or the 'hard stuff.' I know several who've tried pot, but none of them made a habit of it."

Cynthia—"I don't even know anyone who's tried marijuana, but several kids I know well enough to discuss it with are curious about it. I used to think it was something really terrible until I read more about it. I know it isn't nor and sometimes I get curious myself. But terrible things can happen to you if you get caught. That I can't understand. If they legalize it, they have to legalize it for everyone, so I can see why control of some sort is a necessity. But why such stiff penalties for something that's actually harmless?"

Bill—"I read an article where someone suggested—I think it was Allen Ginsburg—that they have to keep it illegal or the Narcotics Bureau would be put out of commission. I may not even have the name of the 'Bureau' right, but there's this special section of law enforcement devoted just to the apprehension of people who sell or use the 'lesser drugs.' If this weren't illegal, a lot of people would be out of a job."

(The second half of this panel discussion will appear in the next issue of *The BEAT*.)



BEAT EXCLUSIVE

Russ & His Scene

By Rochelle Reed

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

Russ is a fast mover. He doesn't talk, he rushes. He doesn't talk, he trusts out thoughts, moods, emotions and the urgent newness that is characteristic of him. All at a speed of 78 rpm in our 33 rpm world.

Like this week, Russ rushed into our office, fell into a chair, stuck an apple in his mouth and challenged, "Go ahead, ask me why I'm growing a mustache."

The explanation for the light brown 5 day growth adorning his upper lip was simple: "I've never had a mustache before."

Directness

Simplicity isn't the keynote to Russ Giguere, one of six Associates, but directness definitely is. He understands himself as few people ever do. "I have more control over my life than most people have over theirs," he says willingly. "I try to live as spontaneously as possible... I follow my feelings. I'm happy almost all the time. I'm seldom depressed. Oh, once in awhile my career depresses me. Occasionally, it's not moving as fast as I'd like it to, but I'm young, anxious."

"Everything works out just as I want it," he says, but Russ is far from being Voltaire's Candide, even in his private life. "No," he denies, "I'm not a Candide, but I'm able, through manipulation, to have a large amount of good and little bad in my life."

A fan of science fiction writer Ray Bradbury, Russ feels that "the good in people has to win out" in future generations. "If people would relax and just let

what has to come, come out, then the good has to win out. I know it."

Russ finds many of his truths in the world through intuition, or "just knowing it." For instance, he "believes" in flying saucers, though he hates to say "believes." "I just 'know' it," he prefers to say, "I've got no facts to back me up. I just know it."

Russ dropped out of high school after completing the 10th grade, and from San Diego, he traveled to Los Angeles. He sang with various groups, none too successful, before launching the Association with the other five members. Meanwhile, he worked as everything from a dishwasher to background singer to support himself.

When the Association was still a young group doing local gigs, Russ walked from one end of Los Angeles to the other. He used to maintain that no one needs a car because they can walk anywhere they want to go. But finally success turned his head—to a "racy" 1959 Volkswagen convertible.

Art Major

An art major while he was in school, Russ still dabbles in it, mostly buying paintings. He reads widely, attends movies constantly and "fond" of all types of music from classical to Indian.

He listens to very little pop music. "The majority of pop music is worthless, and you can quote me on that, rather, say I find no merit in most of it. There's an awful lot of good music like up for the larger percentage of bad, however."

Russ doesn't go for music fads, either. "Pop baroque is as important to my daily life as psychedelic music," he says in mock seriousness, then flashing a smile.

Though Russ composed "I'll Be Your Man" and "I'm The One," he denies that he's a songwriter. "Take 'I'll Be Your Man.' I'm not really a writer. One day I got up and sat down in a chair and started playing my guitar and Blah! out it came. It was the same way with the other one. Actually, I'm just lucky those came out."

Though not active politically, Russ says he only becomes so when he's in jeopardy of "being stepped on."

"I'm afraid the government might take over too much. Human rights are slowly being taken away. I don't smoke or drink, because I think it's poison to the system, but that doesn't mean other people don't have the right to."

Let Live

The controlling factor in Russ' life seems to be an overwhelming 'live and let live' attitude, his ability to say, "Fine. That's your scene." It's an admirable quality in the highly complex, detailed, ruled world of today.

The Associate who "knows" things is as a violin, with different strings of his nature wound to varying degrees of tightness. He thinks as he speaks, and finds many of his ideas as he verbalizes. If he has a problem, he talks about it until finally, he works around to a solution.

It takes a race-horse constitution to keep up with Russ. It is especially difficult to take several sentences from the many he pours out and call it an interview. For Russ pours out words as fast as Jim sings "Along Comes Mary." Which, if you've listened to the song, is pretty fast indeed.



'The Music Really Saves Me'—Gaye

By Eden

There are some performers who succeed in escaping the boundaries and restrictions normally imposed upon their profession. They somehow manage to go "above and beyond the realm of ordinary performance." They exude a very special quality, one which attracts and endears their many enthusiastic fans: the quality is *class*, and a man who has *a lot of it* is Marvin Gaye.

Truth

He is spoken of as a "total professional," the "performer's performer." And when he speaks, it is in a voice of thoughtfulness and sincerity. "The one basic thing in a performance, or the first fundamental I would say, should be *truth*. And when I use that word, I would like to take in sincerity, love, duty, and a very truthful and un-negative approach to people and audiences. Be a *truthful* performer, that's most important."

There are many performers who are simply "doing a job." They have set out to earn a living and the fact that they chose this particular profession in which to do so is only incidental. Not so with Marvin Gaye, however. He is not only devoted to his profession, but he is a *part* of it, and he *lives* the music he makes his life.

"Happiness, is... my mother and father, my family in Detroit, Motown, and golf! And, my love—last, but definitely not least—my love for music. It's really my salvation."

Sensitive

"When I'm in the dumps or when I don't feel like I should feel, music really saves me. I can really feel very low—I'm a very sensitive person—I get extremely depressed at times, and I find that music really perks me up and makes me very, very happy."

Not a man of static existence, Marvin Gaye is on the move. He is interested in growing and expanding his own talents and abilities, and he is also interested in the growth of the industry in which he is working.

"That's what music needs now—

adays—it needs a whole new *difference*; a complete overhauling. The blues is basic; you need to take the whole blues scope and rearrange it. Maybe start backward, and come forward! Music is very tired, I think."

"Rhythm and blues has been around for years and is a completely Negro-oriented heritage, going back to when my great-grandfather was a slave. Through the ages, it has not been an accepted thing; socially, for American whites, to feel that Negro folklore should be an accepted social type music; it was strictly for Negroes, and that was the end of that!"

Anybody

"Through the years, it takes foreigners, English folk, and Australian people—*anybody* but Americans! —to recognize the great music potential of Negro folklore. As soon as they decide that this music has merit and this is good music, they record it."

"Well, if they record it and sing it, then it becomes socially accepted by Americans. Negroes only represent so much buying power, and a lot of white people have to buy your records, because there are only so many Negroes who are going to buy your records, before you become very popular in the pop field."

"Since the English people have been flooding this country with their records and their sounds—and they all revert back to our Negro folklore and all our basic blues songs—then it becomes pop." So, now a Negro can sing the same things he's been singing for years and attain popularity, because it's an accepted social music now.

"In fact, it's the greatest thing that could ever happen to Negroes; it's done tremendous things for the race, because our music is going to become *art* now. I think American pop music is art, and now that people are singing rhythm and blues it is establishing Negro folklore as a basic and acceptable art. I'm very happy for it."

This may be my last column.

Because when a certain someone sees what I'm going to print, this may also be my last breath.

You see, I heard some very good (as in SPAZ) news today, and although I didn't ask if I could print it, I didn't promise *not* to, and besides, I've GOT to.

Passed-Down

Here's what happened. A friend of mine told me that a friend of hers saw, with her very own peepers, a letter written (and very recently) by someone who is extremely related to one of the Beatles.

And, there was a certain paragraph in that letter which read, and I—blither—quote: "The Beatles will NEVER EVER break up. That is on the level!"

I realize that the way I came by this information has a distinct "I said—that he said—you said—I said—hub?" ring to it. I also realize that in many cases, one can't exactly swear (ho) by news received under such circumstances. *But*, in this case, the people involved are completely trustworthy, so I'm inclined to believe every beautiful word.

Not that I know exactly what they mean. I'd like to think it means the Beatles may tour again after all, but that's probably just wishful thinking on my part. Whatever, I think this is a ultra-firm indication that they will stay together as a group, always.

Rubbed Out

Now, if my friend would like to kill me, I'm available. Hopefully, since I didn't come out and say who said what, said friend will only rub it in a little, as opposed to having me rubbed out.

Re-whatever, the news was too beautiful to keep to myself, and I'm willing to pay the consequences if necessary. (She said bravely as she left town on the next bus).

Now, if I can get my mind (A.I.A.) (As In Alleged) off George (as in *Pant*), I have something reasonably humorous to related.

We've talked before about how much fun it is to come up with a totally ridiculous comment right in the middle of a conversation. Particularly when you've been sitting quietly (wearing a sampler, no doubt), listening to other people talk.

The more ridiculous and the less the comment is to do with the subject at hand, the better. And it's really super cool-ay if your "contribution" has absolutely nothing to do with anything.

Anyunt, I heard what I consider to be the wildest such comment ever. Right in the middle of a long, boring conversation, a certain per-

son turned to me and said: "Neat but not gaudy, the devil said as he painted his tail green."

You probably had to be there to fully understand why it broke everyone up into seven million pieces, because it doesn't make a whit of sense. So, give it a try and you'll see what I mean. I tried it out the next day, during a lull at the dinner table.

Previous to that, the family had been fearful of my sanity. Now they're just fearful, *period*.

Speaking of—no, I don't dare say it—speaking of families, I've found a great way to keep your folks from sending you to boarding school (you know, the kind with bars) (and not the kind of bars you're thinking either). If your folks are really tied off because they've asked you to do something at least four million times, and they finally reach the "you get up and do this *instantly* if you care to live long," here's a good way to get them back into a better mood.

Stand up and toddle slowly away, mumuring "I am moving my left leg. I am moving my right leg, etc." If it doesn't do a laugh, maybe they at least won't hit you quite so hard.

Cool Moves

At this time, I would like to thank my dog for another in a long series of cool moves. Someone sent me a package, but unfortunately, the aforementioned canine individual got to it before I did. Among the remnants, I found a can-opener with the following note attached: "You mentioned that George was a knight in shining armor... well..."

The rest of the goodies... sorry, goodies were scattered all over the house, and should I ever get them (to not mention my wits) collected, I'll tell you about the remainder. Judging from the one thing I did find intact, I'd better find her hands before my mother gets her hands on them (not to mention me).

This isn't the first time this has happened. If I could just teach that dog to have a little couch and stop opening presents with her teeth. The least she could do is be mannerly and open them the way I do. (With my feet).

By the road, I realize I say this after every holiday, but I do the same thing during every holiday, and may as well admit it. What am I gabbling about? Food, that's what. Tons and tons and acres and acres of wonderful food, food, food.

I'm still going around with unbuttoned waistbands as a result of having piled it in by the truckloads during Christmas. I don't know why they bothered stuffing

the turkey this year. They could have just stuffed same into me and saved a lot of trouble, because that's where most of the di-n-dins ended up.

Funny bit. We had company during Stuffing Season and I kept using the word di-n-dins. He thought I was saying *ding-dings!*

Speaking of ding-a-lings, will someone please answer that phone?

More Blubber

Back to the subject of blubber for a moment. Right after New Year's, I got out the "Hard Day's Night" album and started the toe-touching, but two-three-four bit again. I think it's finally starting to work. I got into some of my clothes this morning without having to use a shoe horn.

If you're having similar problems, remember that this album is the world's greatest for exercising to. Among other things.

One more bit of fascinating (as in zzzzzzzzz) info before I go. I got a letter from a pen pal who said she'd had a perfectly horrible time on New Year's Eve because "Kim was wearing his butt suit again."

I instantly wrote back and demanded to know what that meant. (Kim is her boyfriend). She replied that in her gang (crowd?) (bunch?) (of idiots?) (forget it), that means someone is acting up and doing snarly bat-type things.

Well, I have to go now. If I ever hope to get into my butt suit tonight (when I fling a tantrum in hopes of getting to use the car), I'd better get back to "Hard Day's Night."

Groan.

NY FIRM SETS BEATLE BOOK

Another Beatle book will soon hit newstands—this one published by an American firm.

Simon & Schuster, New York based publishers, have commissioned a full length book on the rise of the Beatles and the accompanying Beatlemania. The book will contain a detailed study of their careers from Liverpool days to the present.

The work, as yet untitled, will also offer interviews, personal observations by entertainment writers and those close to the Beatles, plus reviews of both records and performances.

The book is not financed in any way by the Beatles themselves, unlike other handbooks on the foursome.

Dusty Booked Around World

Dusty Springfield will spend the spring and summer flying around the world for her various performances. Presently singing in English clubs, she will soon leave for a European tour.

In May, she will visit Switzerland, Belgium and Holland. In June, she will play a club in Madrid, Spain. She will also make another appearance at New York's Basin Street East, as well as appearing at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas in July. During August, the busy singer flies to Japan for a two day stint in Tokyo.



The Wizardry Of Mojo Men

By Connie Storm

San Francisco contains a veritable stockpile of pop talent. It's the Liverpool of America for psychedelic sounds, the U.S. base for Crawdaddys and Caverns.

To date, the Jefferson Airplane, the Five and Beau Brummels have come out of the Bay city, made hits and gone back in. Now groups like the Sopwith Camel ("Hello, Hello") and Mojo Men are replacing them.

"Sit Down I Think I Love You"

is the latest San Francisco export to the pop scene. Written by Steve Stills of the Buffalo Springfield, it fell into the hands of The Mojo Men and through various witchcraft practices of their own, is now well on the way up national charts.

"Mojo" is the voodoo term for good magic, though The Mojo Men prefer to think of it as wizardry in music. Actually, The Mojo Men actually aren't all men—one outstanding member is a female drummer by the name of Jan.

The 5 foot tall Jan Errico, who is really a "Mojo Girl," gives The Mojo Men a distinctive sound through the use of her unique voice. She also gives them a unique asset as a female drummer.

Jan achieved popularity in another, now defunct, San Francisco group, The Vejtables. Picking up both drummer and lead vocalist chores, she had two area hits, "I Still Love You" and "The Last Thing On My Mind."

Jan replaced Dennis DeCarr, the original drummer for the group, when he left for Florida to continue his art studies. Otherwise, the group remains the same as when it formed in early 1965. Jim Alaimo, 23, is bass guitarist and vocalist Paul (Buddy) Curcio, 21, is featured on lead guitar. Don Metchick, 22, doubles on organ and harmonica.

Always a very popular San Francisco group, they produced

two area hits, "Dance With Me" and "She's My Baby."

"Sit Down I Think I Love You" is the first disc cut by the three Mojo Men and one Mojo Girl. A catchy song, Jim, Buddy, Don and Jan reportedly have that top ten feeling about the recording.

Very possibly, it might be true. San Francisco columnist Herb Caen used one prominent word to describe the group: "fantastic."

DISCussion

Seems as though the Monkees are improving these days. True, we have said a few seemingly uncomplimentary things about this quartet, but most of them have been—believe it or not!—quite valid.

We have printed, as have other publications, that the Monkees were not recording their own material, and in some cases were not even singing it.

One irate Monkee fan protested my December 17 column regarding this subject: "I think you're being totally unfair. The Monkees are just as good if not better than the Beatles ever will be or were. As for being 'helped' by session musicians—phooey. I don't and won't believe it."

Dear "Just An Opinion": You are very definitely entitled to your own opinion, and I certainly won't argue with your personal preferences. But valid criticism goes far beyond our individual tastes in music. It is for this reason that musicians, musicologists, performers, and other talented and qualified people have gone on record praising the Beatles: not just because they, individually, like them, but for the musical achievements of the Beatles and for the phenomenal effect and influence they have had on the entire structure of contemporary music.

I think it will be readily agreed that, as yet, the Monkees are a long, long way from setting trends or developing new concepts in music.

Although you say you have read in "other publications" that the

Monkees do, indeed, sing and play on their sessions, we would like to clarify this matter—honestly and in a straight-forward manner—once and for all.

A gigantic search was conducted looking for the right four boys to portray the Monkees on the TV series which was then on the drawing boards, and when they were found—only two of them were musicians in any sense of the word... and this is a self-admission... well, Mike Nesmith has been playing guitar, and writing and singing songs in coffee houses for years. In fact, *The Beat* staff had the pleasure of meeting him and seeing him perform for the first time before he was ever connected with this pop group, and he is a very talented young man.

Peter Tork is also a folksinger, who has been playing and singing for some time. Apart from these two, however, the group was not a musician's dream when they began. Although Micky supposedly can play the guitar, the powers-that-be put him on drums—which he could not play. And then there is Davy Jones, who plays no instrument, save the tambourine or maracas, cannot read music, and even has difficulty in "hearing" the right sound when he listens to it.

However, Davy is trying to improve and is currently studying the guitar. Ditto for Micky and his tom-toms. All four boys will be the first to admit to you that they were not the best when they began, and they are well aware of the low-esteem in which they are currently

held by other groups who claim they had to work their way (the hard way) up to the top and a hit record, while the Monkees had their path bought for them.

Davy defends the group by explaining that, "We're not a group, we're an act." Onstage, the boys put in more time than a regular singing group and even appear individually to perform various skits, etc.

Although it may, at first, be difficult to accept if you have not been a part of this industry, it is not in the slightest unusual to use session musicians in order to achieve better musical quality; it's been done for years... and by some of the biggest groups. The main objection to the Monkees has been the extent to which they did it.

However—all is not yet lost for you devout Monkee fans. They are, indeed, studying their new craft and making a serious attempt to improve. An excellent example of that effort is their very latest release, "Mary, Mary"—written, sung and produced by Mike Nesmith. It is probably one of the best things the Monkees have released to date and is a definite sign of progress.

Their brand new album is also supposed to be quite good, and though I have not yet heard the LP in its entirety, the few cuts I have heard show a greater degree of originality and an improvement in quality over the first album.

They aren't yet Beatles (or whatever standard of excellence you choose), but give them time. They may have a few Monkeeshines in store for us yet.



JOHNNY RIVERS has signed for the San Remo Song Festival.

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

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