The Association is unnecessary
like water, sleep, food and love.
Beach Boys Rate Riots On Their English Tour

The way English crowds were reacting, you'd think the year was 1965 and the Beatles were in the vicinity.

But it's almost 1967, the Beatles have probably forgotten each other's names, and the world—England, at least—appears to have a new set of heroes. Those heroes are America's Beach Boys—and they're receiving as riotous a welcome in England as the Beatles ever witnessed. Sources in London say the six Californians have all but replaced the Beatles as England's favorite group. The Beach Boys, even without the presence of Brian Wilson, were assured of a sell-out tour before they left America.

Beatles Split? .... Epstein Mum

Three years after instigating an entire era, the Beatles are breaking up. At least, that's the consensus among London music observers and those close to the princes of pop. The word came as a whisper at first, but subsequent statements by Brian Epstein and the Beatles themselves have given the speculation certainty.

National wire services broke the story last week, and when no one in the Beatles' organization denied it, more than 200 angry Beatles' fans picketed Epstein's London home in protest.

But not even the Beatles' managers, who probably haven't seen his group en masse in nearly four months, could deny the story.

Instead, he pointed to the Beatles' forthcoming film as an indication the foursome would remain intact. John and Paul are writing the entire music score for the 1967 film, he pointed out.

But even the film will have a strange irony to it. Not once do all four Beatles appear simultaneously in the film.

Asked bluntly if the Beatles are breaking up, Epstein was quoted by an English newspaper as saying, "I'd have to call a special meeting with the Beatles to discuss their futures."

"That's silly," said a press spokesman, "he sees them all the time, he doesn't need to have a special meeting to discuss their future."

Epstein's ambiguous statements suddenly bore new significance as speculations of a Beatles break-up increased. His strangely worded refusal of an invitation for the Beatles to appear in a two-hour television spectacular to aid victims of the Aberfan slag-heap disaster was seen in a new light.

Although everyone from the Rolling Stones to Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor agreed to appear, Epstein refused, saying, "I know without consulting them the boys would feel unable to make an appearance of this sort for too many reasons to enumerate."

The following day, Epstein twisted out another ambiguous statement to the press. "The Beatles have changed their thoughts as their career has been [Turn to Page 5]."

Turners Draw English Fire

Ike and Tina Turner, in England on a goodwill promotional tour, recently came across a note of disharmony when singer Jimmy James levied a harsh verbal blast against the popular American duo.

James, leader of a group called the Vagabonds, made a series of heated accusations against Ike and Tina as the Americans prepared to return to the States.

The conflict began when Ike and Tina were asked by an English music magazine to review a selection of new records that would soon be released in Britain. The Californians gave the new Vagabond single, " Ain't Love Good, Ain't Love Proud," a highly unfavorable review. Outspoken Tina said there was "nothing professional about the record," adding that James "has a terrible voice."

Ike said the new single "sounded like it's been done on a home recorder."

James countered with an attack of his own. Two of his more printable views were that the duo's analysis was "vicious" and "unwarranted."

As for the quality and precision of recording techniques, Vagabond manager Peter Meaden was insistent it wasn't "done on a home recorder. He said the group put more than $4,500 into the recording, which featured "14 tracks for an LP with strings, brass and top session men."

But James wasn't satisfied with merely a defence of his new record. He launched into a severe personal attack of Ike and Tina.

"Tell Tina that screaming isn't singing and we've got one James Brown already," he said angrily. "And I hope they find Phil Spector's phone number soon—they need it."

MONKIES AWARDED TWO GOLD RECORDS

The Monkees, those assembly-line products who have created a new concept in TV programming, are now just part of a great big happy family. The family tree reads: RCA Victor, proud father; Colgems, healthy infant; and the Monkees, healthy infant's favorite toy.

The Monkees were assigned to the new Colgems label, a division of RCA, only two months ago but already everything has come up roses for RCA, Colgems, and the Monkees.

Only several weeks after the release of the Monkees' first single, "I Want To Crawl," and their new album, "The Monkees," both discs were at the top of their respective categories on the charts. And now both have been certified as million-sellers.

The success of the Monkees has solidified the relationship between Colgems and RCA. Commenting on the liaison, RCA vice president Steve Sholes stated, "This is the first time in the history of the RIAA that a newly formed label has achieved such success with its debut releases, and we are delighted with our affiliation with Colgems."

The Monkees' single was released four weeks in advance of the group's debut on TV this fall. The record has been number one in the nation for the past two weeks.

The group's first LP was released at the same time their TV debut was aired. It was the country's top selling LP less than a month after its release.

Don Kirshner, Colgems president, is the music supervisor for all the group's recordings and music score for their TV series. Kirshner is now working on material for the Monkees' next single and LP.

The ironic part of the Monkees' disc success is the fact that the studio musicians, not the Monkees themselves, were used on both "The Last Train To Clarksville" and their album. But, apparently, Monkees fans consider it "part of the game" and continued to rush to their record stores to purchase anything with the Monkees name attached to it.
Letters to the Editor

ARE BEATLES LAZY?

Dear BEAT:

The letter from Jill Ann Powell, printed in the November 5 issue of The BEAT, was exactly true! The Beatles are nothing but four lazy slobs! Jill Ann said the Beatles came to San Francisco, did a 33 minute performance and left. Well of all the nerve. After the Beatles finished singing, they should have walked out into the audience and shaken the hands of all 25 thousand! They would have probably gotten ripped to shreds, but that was the tour’s last show, so it wouldn’t have mattered. They should have invited the whole audience to a party after the show instead of returning to Los Angeles. A demolished hotel wouldn’t have made much difference, but why?

I know all of that sounds ridiculous but no more ridiculous than the complaints from “Beatle fans” about never seeing the guys. I agree with those of you who say the Beatles should tour more, but they stay in hiding when they do tour for everyone’s protection.

The Beatles are not stuck up and snobbish. I met them briefly in August of 1965 and they were quite nice. Maybe that was because I didn’t try to tear their clothes off.

Just what do “Beatle fans” expect? I’m sure John, Paul, George and Ringo would be interested in knowing.

Jill, you’re not a Beatle fan. Now crowned me!

Marcia Baker

MONKEES

Dear BEAT:

Last night we heard on the radio that the Monkees were going to be taken off the air. Is this true? If so, why?

All us Monkee fanatics want to know, so please tell us.

Relax, Candi, the Monkees are not going off the air—at least, not for awhile. Their ratings have been rather low, however, but backers of the show are going to give it every possible chance to remain on the air.

The Editor

BRIAN OUT?

Dear BEAT:

What ever happened to Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys? I saw a picture in The BEAT recently and someone had replaced him. R.V.R.

For personal appearance dates, Brian has been replaced by Bruce Johnson.

The Editor

AUSTRALIAN REPORT

Dear BEAT:

First, I'd like to thank you for a great publication, The BEAT. It's absolutely great! We came to Australia from California and what I really missed was The BEAT, so I decided to subscribe. There are around 30 American teenagers here in Gladstone. Most of us are here because of the Kaiser Aluminum Plant here. I have a complaint to make. Why doesn't America pay any attention to Australia? Everyone's so hung up on England. Sure, England has become the swingiest place in the world but Australia is pretty hip too. The top group here is the Easybeats. At the moment, they're in England and seem to be doing pretty well. They all live in P.J. Proby's old house in St. John's Wood. Two of them are Dutch and two are Aussies. Their first record in England, "Friday On My Mind," has just made the charts this week.

Everyone here and in England is pretty sure that the Easybeats are headed for the top. And if they make it, everyone in the States will hear of them and find out how great the Easybeats are. Australian radio stations are good, though the DJ's seem pretty dead to me after listening to those disk jockeys. They play all of the new records and keep everyone up-to-date.

Thanks for listening.

Sylvia Roberts

MARRIED?

Dear BEAT:

I would like to have something cleared up, okay? Everyone is saying that the Monkee's are all single, right? Wrong! Today in the Chronicle Examiner it said that Mike Nesmith and his of 20 month old son. Really?

I would appreciate finding out whether either is lying or who has made a mistake. Please print this letter because I am sure that a few individuals would like to know besides me. Thank you.

Pam Hove

Mike Nesmith is indeed married and has a 20 month old son.

The Editor

SICK & TIRED

Dear BEAT:

I have had it! I'm sick and tired of all these English groups. I have been in bed all summer long with a broken leg and I have kept a check on all of these groups.

All I ever read about is how the English groups come over here and take all the money from us teenagers. They turn around and cut down America and us boys and girls. It just makes me sick.

The Beatles are one group that I like a lot. They are forever putting up and America down but without us where would they be?

The Mindbenders are one group that is nothing but mouth. They do more talking about how dumb we are than they do singing! I'd like to know what makes them think this. I do not see good. Give me Paul Revere and the Raiders any day.

So come on all of you kids, let's do something about it.

John Rose

ASSOCIATION HAS CLASS

Dear BEAT:

My favorite group is the Association. I think they're the greatest! They are on their way to the top and it proves one thing—they've got talent!

I am thankful to The BEAT for featuring them as often as you do. I have only found one article featuring them in any of the "popular" magazines, while The BEAT has had articles on them many times.

Thanks again for your great newspaper and please feature the Association as often as possible because I think they've got class!

Susan Reitz

BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

I do not mind whether you print this or not but I felt I just had to write and tell you what a wonderful paper you do. I have a friend living in California who sent me a copy of BEAT and although I have only received one copy, I just had to put pen to paper and tell you how wonderful you are.

I find it very interesting and amusing to compare pop in England to pop in the States. Unlike five or six years back, most U.S. pop stars are little known here.

For most people, though I am sure a few would disagree, the English should come over here. Yet groups like the Monkees—well, I certainly (and I'm sure many others) believe they would have cut them before—see, from your paper anyhow, to be one of the best up and coming new groups on the scene.

Chris Owens

MORE KINKS

Dear BEAT:

I think that you have a very groovy newspaper and I thoroughly enjoy everything that you publish.

But there is something missing. You are always publishing big sections on the Beatles and the Stones and other such groups but what about the Kinks?

Surely they are one of the least talked about and one of the better groups in pop music. I realize that you do print about them occasionally but only to tell about Peter being unable to reunite the group (which is too bad) or other such things.

I wish you would please print this letter for I feel that it's very important for people to take more notice of this wonderful group. So please, BEAT, print lots more on the Kinks and if you can, would you please print a picture of Dave. He's simply the grooviest!

The Editor

HOLLIES

Dear BEAT:

There are a few Hollies-overs out this way and we'd like to know if there is a fan club for the five somewhere that we could join. If you know of one, please print it so that we can join immediately.

We're desperate!

Also, is Allan Clarke married?

Barb Nickelson

You may write to the Hollies at 126 Princess Street, Stockport, Cheshire, England. They'll be able to answer any questions you may have regarding fan club information. Yes, Allan is married.

The Editor

NO TRUTH

Dear BEAT:

Today as I got home from school, I opened the newspaper and began to read. I came to one of those columns where they tell you about what's going on at social events and business meetings, things like that and others. Well, I looked at it and the headline read "Beatle caught my eye."

It said: The Beatles have informed Capitol Records, their record company, that they will record one more album and that's it, then they'll break up. Also, it said that the Beatles will have a break up within six months, I have but one question—Is it all right then? Please print this letter or send me back a quick letter. But please answer it.

I am a sincerecribe

A spokesman for Capitol says: "Not true." We agree.

The Editor

PAGE 2
Rascals Win Court Plea—Temporarily

With most groups fighting to get their names on albums today, the Young Rascals have filed suit to keep their name and picture off a forthcoming LP.

The Rascals and Atlantic Records obtained a temporary injunction against Pickwick International, Design Records and the Keel Manufacturing Corp., prohibiting the manufacture, sales or distribution of the album "The Young Rascals—The Isley Brothers."

The Rascals demand the withdrawal of the album from the market on the grounds that the performances on the album designated as the Young Rascals were actually by another group.

The New York-based group won the injunction last week in New York State Supreme Court. The temporary injunction remains in effect until the case is brought to trial.

Judge Nathaniel T. Helman, who issued the temporary injunction, prohibited Pickwick and the other two defendants from "stating, claiming, implying or inferring ... in advertisements or advertising materials... that the performances reproduced on Design Records DLP 255 entitled "The Young Rascals—The Isley Brothers" were by the plaintiffs."

Judge Helman also prohibited Pickwick from selling copies of the album to wholesalers, record dealers or the general public.

Johnny Too

Speaking up for Johnny Rivers, Johnny Rivers has just collected one on his 24th birthday for his million-selling "Poor Side of Town." A self-penned song, it marked a drastic change of pace for Johnny but one which the record-buying public seemed to like. In just one week, Rivers' latest tear shot up to a million dollars to his liking. Johnny's next single, "Phoenix," is possibly even better than "Poor Side of Town" and would you believe two million at the cash registers.

Herbie's World

Herbie Alpert is not satisfied with being the hottest item in music now he's out to take over the whole world! A&M Records, the Alpert Moss Company, announced its purchase of the Davon Music catalogue—thereby gaining copyrights on "Along Comes Mary," "Golden Back Dollar" and "The World I Used To Know." In addition to the copyrights, former Davon writers, Todd Duncan and Johnny Williams, will be penning hits for Irving Music (an affiliate of A&M) about the only thing those in the business can ask is: "What now, Herbie?"

The biggest question mark on the pop scene is the deepening Beatles mystery. No album, no single, no movie, no annual Christmas tour of England. Indications are running hot and heavy as far as the U.S. is concerned we've seen the Beatles "live" for the last time. Perhaps their music eventually will be made and if they can find the time to get themselves altogether in a recording studio, there will be more records—but as far as personal appearances are concerned there will be no more.

Past Tense

Of course, one will give an official statement to that effect but the second guesses seem to be convinced. And John Lennon didn't help matters when he said: "For the past six years I have been a Beatle. It's been a jolly good life and we've had a good many laughs but it can't go on forever." He then went on to admit that his fellow Beatles are also concerned with what to do in the future. "From time to time," said the "Chief Beatle," "we gather and speak about it." And that is exactly how it stands—nothing confirmed, nothing denied. Just a lot of rumors and second-guesses.

Eric Burdon has had his new Animals only a few weeks, and believe it or not, he's already talking about a split. The little Animal revealed last week that only three members of his present group are likely to remain with him.

Burdon said he would revamped the personnel of the Animals for the second time at the end of his present tour with Georgie Fame. Burdon has a new kick these days, the Hollie Chinnick line-up, and that appears, a similar interest is almost a prerequisite for the musicians who accompany him. Danny McCulloch, he said, is on the bus and Barry Jenkins share Burdon's interest in what was originally an American craze.

Hippy Talk

As for Burdon, psychedelic "hippy" language is already finding its place in his vocabulary. He describes the three musicians who are new to him as "hippies" and with him it would be to think of the band to be the beat generation of St. James," he said. "He was formerly with the McAlpine's group. He's sufficiently off his head to fit in with the crowd and does a great impression of Ken Dodd. He's written a song for 'Doddy,'" entitled "Psychedelic Sally." "John Weider is an 18-year-old Cockney character, and he and Danny are working on some new compositions for the group—bluesy based. Weird guy—he dances about all by himself. He goes to clubs, looks around to see if anyone is watching, then 'freaks out' on the floor."

"Barry Jenkins, otherwise known as Polly Perkins, is still with me because he cares about his music the same way I do."

"My ex-lead guitarist, Hilton Valentine, is now one of the world's great religious leaders—he only steps down to communicate with mortals occasionally. At present, he's helping with my management and doing a grand job."

Burdon's psychedelic notions appear to be more than just a passing fancy. In his last trip to the United States, Burdon recorded some material with Frank Zappa—the leader of the Mothers of Invention and foremost musician in the psychedelic field.

Burdon predicts a hit for the single, "Another Side Of Life," to be released in the States soon. He doesn't, however, expect either his psychedelic records of the psychedelic scene in general to spread to England.

"I don't think it will catch on as a musical form in England because the humor and language used in the lyrics of 'freak-out' music are a very 'in' thing closely tied to the U.S. scene," he said.

He appears to be right in his evaluation. Neither his exportation of psychedelic music nor his frequent change of partners has particularly appealed to English audiences.

On his opening night of a recent tour he was barely audible over the chants and yelling from hecklers throughout the audience. How had other audiences received him?

"About the same," he said. "People don't like changes, and at present I'm supposed to be the villain who broke up the Animals. I didn't break up anything. We broke up.

Resentment

"Also I think there's some resentment that I've been spending so much time in America. The man who deserted Britain, that's me! Boo, hoor!"

"I go on stage to chants of 'We want Gnome!' which doesn't help too much. But that's got a great act.

"As soon as this tour finishes, I'm going to get an act together which will set the stage on fire. At present, we're still working up the musical side."

Burdon intends to air his own brand of psychedelic music on the American stage on his next tour here. Until then, he couldn't resist one parting invitation to the whole freaky, psychedelic world.

"Freaks of the world unite!" he said triumphantly. "Zoot Money is trying to take over and God help America when Jenkins, McCulloch and Weider hit there next year!"


Donovan really being blue — not yellow... Whether or not Rudy Vallee records will make a comeback since we're in the middle of vaudeville again... What Robin did with Friday on Saturday night... How upset Sir Douglas was about the article written by an agent but signed with his name... Dandy really being a flunkie... Herbie taking over the world and how sweet it is to have a Jewish South of the Border man at the top... The feeling Neil has and how many females wish he'd feel nicely toward them... Why Question Mark is making like a secret agent man.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT whether or not the Stones will actually make that movie and wondering if they're trying to pull a Beatles on us... Why George has grown that mass of hair on his face... Eric using the Clara Ward singers as a backgroup... Mike Nesmith discardng his cap in favor of hair... How the Peanut Butter Conspiracy is spreading all over the city and how totally out of sight it is when a slice of banana is added (you're welcome, Russ)... Berry keppin' Diana hangin' on... The M&G hit which isn't really... Why the devil he was wearing a blue dress when everyone thought he was a guy... How satisfied Bobby's mind is — also his wallet.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how nice it is that Johnny's record is such a hit 'cause he can move out of the poor side of town... Why Bobby would ever want to be a carpenter and deciding it was probably because he was over-charged when they built his house... Whether or not Simon and Garfunkle are out to start a new trend — one which will feature a 24 hour news report... How long it's going to take before Renee finally gets that "walk away" message through her head... Why the fantastic Miracles cancelled... How everyone is trying to tell Dionne what to do... Tommy's version of the Wild Thing and how totally different it becomes with a Southern accent.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT starting a giant "Stop The Hollies" campaign... Scott's "Go Electric" literature... Tokens of Happenings and how hard it is to tell which group is which... What's going on in the pop world and deciding that nothing is and that's the whole problem... The Beatles being "out" but possibly coming back "in" if they'd only do something together... The Monkees and the Association definitely being "in" while most English groups are "out"... Soul being "in" but straight folk "out"... Bill Cosby and Lou Rawls being very "in" while Batman and the Green Hornet are "out" but vaudeville being "in"... Mini skirts being "in" but bell-bottoms being "out"... Gregorian chants possibly making a return and after that "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" by the Byrds... The Righteous Brothers being currently "out" while the Purify Brothers are "in"... Light shows being a gigantic drag while psychedelic music is even worse than a drag — it's dead.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT America being "in" again and scoring two for our side... How positively groovy it would be if Davy was really six feet tall but had everyone fooled... What would happen if Mick switched sisters... Cass having little talent but a whole lot of beauty... What a talker Johnny is... How long it will take before there are no more Kinks left in pop... Herman speaking strait and blowing the whole pop scene wide open... What a groove it would be if Frankie Avalon, Fabian and Bobby Rydell all came back to us — perhaps as a trio... Yardbird rumors being "in" while Stone rumors are a thing of the past.

Donna Summer was recently awarded the first annual Sigma Chi Fraternity Youth Leadership Award on the set of his move, "Easy Come, Easy Go." John Roman (left) presented the plaque to Elvis as "the public figure who has set the highest standard for the nation's youth to follow." Also representing the Alpha Upsilon Chapter, USC, were Pat Larkin and Bill Brown.

Dusty Springfield has been trying for months to reach the U.S. but has faced all sorts of hang-ups, including the air-strike in Vietnam. However, she is now here and has just opened a three-week stint at New York's famous Base Street East. Dusty opened to a sell-out audience and was the recipient of rave reviews from everyone who attended.

Sammy Davis, Jr. has been given the green light by Vice President Hubert Humphrey to the entertainer's long-awaited chance to visit Vietnam and perform for our servicemen. Davis had been seeking permission to tour the strife-torn country for more than a year but it took a call to the Vice President before clearances were made.

Paul McCartney and his fellow Beatles... haven't been doing any group work since their trip to the U.S. East but individually all had Ringo's keeping themselves quite busy... John, of course, making a movie; George is growing a mustache and learning to play still... Ringo is playing with his baby boy... And Paul? Rumor has it he is the voice behind Denham in "Mellow Yellow."

For the first time in the history of Polydor Records, an entire month is being sold, priced to tribute to the 4 Seasons. Therefore, the month of November is officially "The 4 Seasons Month!" — at least, as far as Philips is concerned. During the past five years, the 4 Seasons have managed to come up with a consistent string of hit singles and albums. Their first single, "Sherry," reached the peak of its popularity exactly five years ago.
Censorship Hits!

American censorship lashed out at another British record recently, so rather than risk the loss of U.S. radio air play, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich re-taped their controversial single, "Bend It."

The Britons flew copies of the altered disc with modified lyrics to U.S. radio stations last week. The song was originally banned here because the lyrics were allegedly "suggestive."

In an open letter to U.S. deejays, the group defends the lyrics but apologizes for "unwittingly" offending deejays. "Our two countries are so close in most things that it is always surprising to find the exception cases where meanings and innuendo differ between us," the boys said.

"This time (with the new version), we feel confident, the exhortation to 'Bend It' can only be construed as an invitation to a dance."

Bob Darin Inks Long Contract

After nearly four years of disc dormancy, Bobby Darin has found the winning combination—and he doesn't intend to lose it again.

The actor-singer has signed a long-term agreement with Charles Koppelman and Don Rubin, the two producers responsible for "If I Were A Carpenter," Darin's "comeback" single soared to number two in the nation and was a hit abroad.

The Koppelman and Rubin associates have established a notable ledger of hit records. In their 15 months together, they have been responsible for eight records in the top 10.

Darin's forthcoming L.P., "If I Were A Carpenter," was also produced by Koppelman and Rubin. The album will be released in November.

Darin is currently in England, where he has a starring role in a major film. The forthcoming film is "Stranger In A House" and co-stars Geraldine Chaplin and James Mason.

WALKER BROS. LEAVE STAGE UNEXPECTEDLY

The Walker Brothers, long noted as outspoken rebels of the pop music world, walked off stage at a sell-out concert in Bristol last week in protest of the lights being turned down during their act.

The 2,000 ticket holders constituted a full-scale riot as Bristol's Colston Hall's entertainment manager pleaded with the Walkers to go back onstage.

But the trio refused, leaving the theatre without performing a single song.

Ken Cowley, entertainment manager, said the Walkers were within their rights to leave the stage but said sponsors of the performance reserved the right to turn off the lights when it became necessary.

"It was a very young audience," said Cowley. "They had reached a state of high excitement by the time the Walkers came on."

BEATLES SPLIT...?

(Continued from Page 1)

"I'd be a fool to forecast exactly how it will be," he said. Naturally, this pattern will continue.

"To anyone unfamiliar with the Beatles' schedule during the past four months, the alleged breakup will come as no surprise."

John has been in Spain filming his first effort without the other three Beatles. George was in India learning to play the sitar, his favorite instrument now. Ringo has been in and out of London and Paul is now taking a vacation abroad.

The four have kept it secret in the last few months that they were disenchanted with group work and wanted to expand their individual talents. None of the Beatles would apparently be without a new field when the group splits.

John expresses disgust for the Beatles earlier, harder recordings. "Songs like 'Eight Days A Week' and 'She Loves You' sound like big drags to me now," he told an interviewer recently.

BEATLE COMMENTS

JOHN LENNON: "I suppose we've got to go on being the four mop-tops. We've no intention of splitting up. We will go on recording."

GEORGE HARRISON: "We've had four years of doing what everybody else wants us to do. Everything the Beatles have done so far has been rubbish as I see it today. We're not kidding ourselves."

IAN WHITCOMB IS positive proof that being a pop star is not all it's cracked up to be. On tour with the Raiders, Ian was involved in some frightening moments. "In Greenville, South Carolina," reveals Ian, "we were nearly killed! Some local hooligans decided that they didn't like our long hair and came after us with knives. The police intervened several times but to no avail. Finally we had to defend ourselves. The whole thing turned into a huge free-for-all! It ended with our being told to lock ourselves in our rooms."

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In Rome, Do As The Romans Do

Believes George

"In Rome," they say, "do as the Romans do."

Both George Harrison and his Indian sitar teacher, Ravi Shankar, are avid subscribers to World Peace initiative—and that was what caused all the commotion at London International Airport last week.

Harrison, sporting a mustache and cloaked in traditional Indian garb, was on hand to greet his teacher as a mass of reporters and onlookers gathered around.

But when the Indian visitor stepped from the jet airliner, he was dressed in stylish European apparel!
A Daze Worth Of Association

HOLLYWOOD—It's an ordinary street. Busy but otherwise like any other in town. The buildings which surround the street make it so special! Recording studios, movie studios, famous restaurants and "in" clubs. Tourists tend to flock to the restaurants and clubs which is quite a shame because the recording studios are where the happening people congregate. Practically any day of the week you can find at least one top group or artist utilizing the facilities of a Sunset recording studio. Beach Boys, Mama's and Papa's, Rolling Stones, Raiders. They're all to be found, at one time or another, recording hits inside the Shelter buildings on Sunset Blvd.

**Seen It All**

Today in Studio Two at Western Recorders you find the Association. You've seen them before, of course. A year ago at a local club, several months later at a sell-out concert, yesterday on a national television show. You've seen the whole thing. The hype, the applause, the hit which wasn't, the in-born talent which needed developing, the potentially powerful act which lacked tightness.

And then the line of reporters asking, begging, demanding interviews, pictures, information, anything. The thunderous ovations, the encore, the million-selling single, the mature creativity which people call talent, the professionally tight act.

A year can be as short as it is long: the months as alike as they are different. A year ago you couldn't care less. Today you kick yourself for being so blind. Invitations to Association recording sessions and appearances were politely declined as you decided that it wouldn't be worth the bother. Today you watch in amazement as people queue up just to be introduced to the six members of the group you once classified astalented but without a prayer of being nationally popular. And you wonder why you never saw it before, why you had no faith.

As you sit in the semi-darkness of Studio Two watching the Association create another hit, the months of the past year fade into one another and it's easy to remember how it all happened. An anxious agent interrupting your coffee break to play "One Too Many Mornings" by some group called the Association. Your opinion? It's okay. How about driving out to the Ice House to see them, maybe an interview? Well, this week is pretty busy, maybe some other time.

Persistence is usually rewarded and in the case of the Association it was the cause of an interview. Of course, you didn't do it. You were supposed to, but being basically clever (stupid might be more truthful) you got out of it and someone else made the "sacrifice" of wasting an evening attempting to interview six Associates.

**Not You**

An interview, a picture, now the whole staff is hung on them. Except you. Good looking? Sure, but so what? Talented? Possibly, but so are a lot of other people.

You shut them out of your mind, probably a bunch of swell-heads anyway. Then one day you make the mistake of arriving early. All alone in the office and the phone refuses to stop ringing. Right in the midst of the confusion an unfamiliar head pops into the office. Saying something? No, looking for someone. Not here. So he scribbles a message on a scrap of paper and starts to leave. Wait, you forget to write down your name. Russ Giguere of the Association.

Hm, not too bad, rather friendly. Perhaps they're not all stick-up. More days, more weeks. Terry, Gary, Jim, Ted, Brian. They all look to the habit of dropping by and within a month you had them all. Have a little change of heart? Not really. True, none of them are swell-headed. Fact is, they're all quite friendly—crazy, but a nice sort of crazy. Which automatically eliminates them since everyone knows nice guys never make it.

**As People**

More months. You still find it a little hard keeping the right names with the right faces. But it's getting easier. "Along Comes Mary." A hit. Maybe you'll change your mind now. Not on your life, baby, hundreds of groups have one hit and then zero. You had, admittedly, made a slight turn-about by this time. You dug 'em. Plain and simple. But you dug them as people—as entertainers you still had your doubts. Due mainly to the fact that you had only seen them perform once—way back when you couldn't tell one from the other.

A debut album. Perhaps you've been entirely wrong. They are talented, very, maybe nice guys do occasionally make it. So, you mysteriously found yourself on the other side of the fence, crossing your fingers that the Association would not be another one-hit wonder.

"Cherish." Number one in the nation. A top group, fan mail, sell-outs, a Gold Record. And ugly talk. It seems to be a standing rule. Whenever somebody makes it big, hundreds of jealous months get their kicks out of 'gossip' (ties might be a more appropriate word). Sometimes that gossip becomes fact. You've seen it happen before.

It's almost impossible to count the number of entertainers who have been nice to you when they were struggling to get that hit. Then when they got it, they lost the memory part of their brain and they take great pleasure out of dropping those who helped them up that ladder.

The Association weren't like that. No one could make you believe that they'd actually forget, though a lot of people tried to. "They'll kick you right in the teeth, just watch." No! They won't. They're different. They'll still come by; they'll still be the nutty, nice guys they've always been.

**Pride In What?**

And for once in your life, you were right. They didn't change. Not at all. A year meant success but basically nothing else was different. Except you. Now you accept their invitations to "come out and see us." Now you take tremendous pride in the group you'd predicted would never make it.

Of course, your reasoning is totally off. You had nothing to do with their success. Besides a few pictures, an occasional mention and a few pots of coffee you did nothing for them. Yet, you get this strange tingle when you sit in a sell-out audience and listen to the waves of deafening applause and the screams of "more, more," which go hand-in-hand with their appearance. The whole thing is like a movie—only isn't.

Ted's crashing cymbals rudely wake you up, bring you back to reality. "Good one, let's hear it," says Jerry Yester (Jim's brother and the group's producer). The playback blares out and you notice the intent concentration on the faces of all six Associates. It's probably the first time you've seen them all so serious. But then, recording is serious business to the Association and they've been at it since nine o'clock this morning.

Anyone else would have been worn out. But anyone else is not the Association. They play, and they work, and they reverse back to their old selves. Tossing jokes back and forth, pushing coins into vending machines, teasing, laughing, making plans and then changing plans. Cut a few radio promos and then everyone can split.

So back into the studio troop the big six. Gathered around the mike, they go through one of the promos. Halfway through, Brian makes a mistake and his cahorts break into uncontrollable laughter and then decide to leave the "mistake" in. Funnier that way. More promos, a playback on all of them and then the word: Everybody can split, meet at Terry's house by 5:30.

**Late**

But at 5:30 even Terry isn't at his house! Punctuality is not everyone's virtue. Fifteen minutes later, Terry rushes inside to get ready. Directly across the hall, Jim is contemplating getting ready and Russ is down the street at an art gallery purchasing yet another painting. One more and he'll have to buy a house just to hang them in! And the rest of the group? On their way—maybe.

Sometimes after six, the "group wagon" makes its appearance and with it Gary, Brian and Ted are accounted for. A quick count is made and the wagon's lights split the now-darkened street as the Association procession winds its way through the rush hour traffic toward its destination—the Paulie Pavilion at UCLA.

Destination reached, six Associates make a running leap down a flight of stairs and into the arena-type building. Lots of stark terror appear on the faces of the officials inside as the door bursts open and full-speed ahead the Associates...
...RUSS AND BRIAN TRY OUT A MIKE AT UCLA.

...WHILE GARY AND JIM “BOP-DO-BA.”

...AND TERRY YELLS “AH.”

...TED ADJUSTS HIS DRUMS AS THE “TUNING UP” CONTINUES.

...THE SHOW OVER, RUSS TAKES TIME TO SIGN AUTOGRAPHS.

...TED AND JIM (BACKGROUND) OBLIGE BY SIGNING PROGRAMS.

tion make a beeline for their equipment which had been resting peacefully on the floor. Guitars in hand, the business of “tuning up” begins— and lasts for close to an hour.

**Tuning Business**

“Put the mike up higher, please.” “Can you hear our voices?” “Well, I can’t hear a thing I’m singing.” “This mike is off.” “Everyone except us off the floor.” Guitars are picked up, tuned, laid down. “Let’s do one.” The sound of “Enter The Young.” “Hold it, I can’t hear.” “Can we have the mike higher?” “How much longer do we have?” “Seven minutes.” “Don’t let anyone in, we’re not ready yet.” One verse into “Blistered” and Russ calls out: “That’s okay, good.”

Everyone satisfied, the instruments are discarded as the six Associates spread out in six different directions. Russ gathers up his jacket, Terry hunts for his shoe, Brian heads for the dressing rooms but doesn’t quite make it as several fans who have managed to get inside ask for autographs.

The doors open, ticket holders pour in and scramble for seats as the Association rush into the dressing rooms, discuss last minute changes and climb into their stage suits. Once dressed and ready to go on, they all head into the showers for a couple of choruses of “Silent Night.”

Then it’s lights down and “ladies and gentlemen, we’re proud to present.” And there they are—running on stage, instigating a string of witty remarks, evoking laughter and applause as easily and smoothly as a waiter pouring a cup of coffee without spilling a drop. They finish, take the last bow and disappear into the dressing room, the house lights come on but the applause refuses to stop—so back they come for “Pandora’s Golden Heebie Jeebies.”

This time it definitely is finish, an exodus begins toward the doors and pandemonium is running rampant in the dressing rooms. A uniformed guard stands at the dressing room door but, judging from the number of people milling around the group’s particular dressing room, he’s on the losing end of the game.

A shower, a change and one by one they make their way out. They are asked to step outside and sign autographs for the throngs who are patiently waiting for that final glimpse of their favorite group. You really expect them to decline. After all, they’ve been at it since nine in the morning with no break to speak of. Unless they’re super-human, they have to be tired by now. But to your surprise, they nod in the affirmative and make their way past the guard and are immediately engulfed in a mass of humanity. All with one goal. To get a name on a piece of paper, maybe even to shake a hand.

You watch as wave upon wave arrive with autograph books, programs, scraps of paper. And again you wonder why it took you so long to see it. Manners are pushed out of your mind as you wearily squeeze your way through the fans and out into the cold night air.

**But Today**

Tomorrow, noon, United Airlines. Keep repeating those words and maybe you won’t forget to get yourself up in time to make it to the airport. They’re going to Hawaii. Yesterday you would have cursed your lack at drawing an assignment which not only fell on a Saturday but which had you yelling aloha to the Association as they boarded a plane. But today it doesn’t seem quite so bad. Today you’re still trying to make up for the year before when you said they’d never make it.

Today, after all, is groovy. Much better than yesterday when you were being a hot-shot know-it-all and the Association wasn’t on top of the world.
KRLA TO PRESENT
JOAN BAEZ

Joan Baez, who has not given a concert in the Los Angeles area in more than two years, will conduct two benefit shows at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, Dec. 16.

KRLA and Doug Weston of the Troubadour will sponsor the two performances. Miss Baez will appear at 7:30 p.m. and later at 10.

Miss Baez is donating her talents to benefit the Delano farm workers. Funds raised will be used for food, housing, medical care, education programs and self-help projects, according to Cesar Chavez, founder and director of the National Farm Workers Association.

Self-out audiences for both shows are expected to see Miss Baez make her first singing appearance in California since late 1964. Seven thousand tickets are now on sale at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium box office and at Mutual Ticket agencies.

Ticket prices are $5, $4, $3, and $2.50.

Miss Baez, considered by many to be the foremost folk singer in the country, has devoted most of her time recently toward the foundation and development of a peace school in Southern California. During this time she has made numerous TV appearances and has been the object of several feature articles in national magazines. Miss Baez is currently on the nation's LP charts with her Christmas album. " Noel."

KOALA BEAR

Inside KRLA

"Ain't the season to be jolly, fa la la, la la la, la la la, it's OK everyone, I'm just getting in practice for the annual KRLA Caroling Crusade, to be held this year by Golden Larynx himself, Bill Slater.

Have you noticed how many more contests you get per minute on KRLA than anywhere else in the world? I mean, we have even more contests than the gas stations, with the notable exception of Valhalla, of course!

We've only just finished the ever exciting Beat the Bird contest, in which hundreds of lucky KRLA listeners plumbed themselves a free Thanksgiving turkey. And just before that, we gave away a brand new, 1967 fully-equipped-with-everything, Mustang to a lucky young lady by the name of Marilyn Dace, from Gatewood Street, in Los Angeles. Marilyn Dace dropped us a post card telling us that she'd like to have a Mustang—and now it's hers!

This month, we've contacted world-famous car designer, George Barris, who has agreed to custom design a brand new 1967 Chevrolet Camaro for another lucky KRLA listener. We've had over 70,000 entries in the '67 New Car contest, and if this contest appeals to you ... better start listening closely now for more details.

Most of you are probably aware of the night Bioni Bash, in which the World's Ugliest and Skinniest DJ gives away the record you call in and request. But, we've started something new. From now on, beginning on last Veteran's Day, each school holiday will be celebrated with a day-long Bonus Bash on all the shows. So stay close to your radio and your phone!

Speaking of giveaways, you'd like to have the Top Ten Requested singles between the hours of 3:00 and 6:00 on KRLA, just send your name and address in on a post card to Dave Hull's Top Ten Requested Singles and Dave might send you all ten discs tomorrow. As a matter of fact, he's giving away the Top Ten Requested Records on his show everyday, so how can you lose?

Be sure and keep your radios with you on Friday and Saturday nights, as well, no matter what it's "ORIGINAL BRITISH GROUPS" you want.

on L/P's, E.P.'s or Singles, WE HAVE THEM.


NOV. 22-DEC. 4

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PLUS
JOHN DENVER HORE
NEW ZEALAND'S FINEST ENTERTAINER

AT DOUG WESTON'S
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Page 8 THE BEAT December 3, 1966
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ANN-MARGRET
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TONY FRANCISCA

in
The Swinger

ANN-MARGRET STARTS TO SWING THE DAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING ALL OVER TOWN!

KRLA GIVES A MUSTANG
KRLA had to sift through 70,000 entries to find a winner of its new car contest, but when the grand winner was finally held, Marilyn Dare of Los Angeles was a little leary of accepting the 1967 Mustang.
Marilyn admitted later that when station officials first notified her she had won the automobile, she thought it was a joke. When it was delivered, however, she laughed at her earlier skepticism.
Marilyn chose a Mustang because "Mustangs are so pretty." The car was equipped with every conceivable option offered by the Ford Motor Company.
Marilyn was chosen winner from among 500 finalists. KRLA's new car contest lasted from Oct. 1 to Nov. 9, with an average of 25 finalists chosen daily.
Chevrolet's Camaro, which was the predominant choice among entrees of the contest, has inspired a new car line by KRLA. The station is now in the process of giving away a 1967 Camaro, completely customized by famed car designer George Barris.

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4. GOOD VIBRATIONS
5. PUSHING TOO HARD
6. WHERE DID ROBINSON CRUSOE GO?
7. THE BEATLES
8. HAPPENINGS TEN YEARS TIME AGO
9. GONE TEARS
10. HURRAH FOR NELSON
11. RAIN ON THE ROOF
12. CHERRY
13. TALK TALK
14. DADDY
15. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL
16. WALK AWAY RENEE
17. WHY PICK ON ME
18. CAN I GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER
19. STOP STOP STOP
20. I GOT THE FEELING
21. I'M YOUR PUPPET
22. YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON
23. POOR SIDE OF TOWN
24. B-A-B-Y
25. LOVE IS A HURTIN' THING
26. HAZY SHADE OF WINTER
27. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOWS?
28. SATISFIED MIND
29. WHO AM I
30. LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW
31. OUT OF TIME
32. DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON
33. PSYCHOTIC REACTION
34. SEE SEE RIDER
35. PAINT ME A PICTURE
36. ON THIS SIDE OF GOODBYE
37. I'M READY FOR LOVE
38. HEAVEN MUST HAVE SENT YOU
39. REACH OUT I'LL BE THERE
40. BUT IT'S ALRIGHT
Farlowe—Soul And Gravel. And No. 1

In England, people knew about Chris Farlowe and his gravel voice long before his "Out Of Time" established him here. For more than two years he has been rated that country's top soul singer.

His recording manager is Mick Jagger, and Jagger, with pride and possibly a trace of presumptuousness, calls Farlowe his "protégé." Others don't take that liberty. Eric Burdon, George Fame, Allan Price and Spencer Davis have all lauded Farlowe as England's best.

But fame is one thing; monetary success is something else. You don't amass a fortune simply on your reputation with the public and respect from your peers.

Not Buying

For a long time, this was the story of Chris Farlowe. While everybody was admiring Farlowe's talents they were insensitively forgetting to buy his records.

He turned out three records, "The Fool," "Farlowe In The Midnight Hours" and "Think." None of them really overpowered him selling market.

Then under the watchful eye of Mick Jagger, Farlowe recorded "Out Of Time," and had his first real chart smash. For a month the disc was No. 1 in England, and although it didn't make America's most coveted spot, it actually sold more copies here.

Farlowe's voice gives him an edge on his soul singing contemporaries. It broke when he was ten, and has developed a rasping, knife-edged quality that makes it an ideal tool for what he wants to sing.

"I don't think I could sing pop," says Chris. "I've got a 'soul' voice and I feel it; and if they give me a straight pop tune to sing I would turn it into something else."

Chris Farlowe is unusually quiet—almost sullen. He isn't a really good talker, and an interviewer gets off the subject of music with Chris the conversation ends up pretty one-sided. With the interviewer having to supply the verbal power.

Chris was born John Henry Deighton. The Deighton family moved from Chris's birthplace somewhere in Essex when he was a baby, and went to live in Islington, North London.

Chris's father took a job with the Daily Mirror as a printer. When he was 11, Chris went to Sir William Collins Technical College and studied engineering.

In his last year, they had finished their course early, and Chris took a job with a printer's course to finish the term. He liked it so much he decided to become a printer instead of an engineer.

He was associated with a small instrumental-singing group during this time, however, and later he decided to go into singing commercially.

Farlowe met Rik Gunnell, who runs the Flamingo and Ram Jam Clubs and who became his manager in October, 1965, Gunnell bumped into Andrew Oldham, who used to work for Rik in the Flamingo Club as a washer-up and hot dog fryer. Andy told Rik of his plans to start an independent record company called Immediate Records.

Oldham

"I'm planning to follow Andy Oldham's career with interest for a long time," said Rik. "Everything he did, he did so wholeheartedly and well—from frying hot dogs to managing the Rolling Stones. I knew right away that Immediate Records was going to be a success and I offered Andy two of my artists."

One of those artists was Chris Farlowe. Farlowe's reputation began to grow and Mick Jagger took an immediate interest in him. And on the pair's fourth record effort together, the producer-singer team hit it big.

Usually, when I'm trying to express something that means a lot to me, I get all nervous and think: I have to write it and re-write it and change it until I get it right; and I guess that'll be because it wasn't ready to come out yet. Oh well, at least I'll have tried.

It's been exactly twenty-four hours since I heard the news or the rumors or whatever it is that the Beatles are going to break up soon. When I did hear this, I felt almost the same way I did that morning when I turned on a radio and heard that George was married.

Panik

I don't know if there are any words for this kind of feeling. But whatever it is, I'm going to do that this time. I'm just going to say what I feel and never mind what it is. I don't get it right, I guess that'll be because it wasn't ready to come out yet. Oh well, at least I'll have tried.

It's been exactly twenty-four hours since I heard the news or the rumors or whatever it is that the Beatles are going to break up soon. When I did hear this, I felt almost the same way I did that morning when I turned on a radio and heard that George was married.

Yesterday I wondered how we could possibly give them up. Today I realize we're only giving a part of them back. To them. So they can stop being a phenomenon, and have their chance to be people.

I also wondered how could possibly live without them. I know they can't go on for ever, without them? I'll never be without them until the day I die. None of us will be. We'll have their music and their voices and their records to remember them by. And we'll also have the people they'll become when The Beatles become George Harrison, John Lennon, Paul McCartney and Richard Starkey.

Not Dying

They aren't dying. They're living, and growing up and going on to other things, like us. But that doesn't mean we won't still have a lot of each other to keep and use to keep growing.

They're doing the same thing we are. They gave us so much, and now we're using what they gave us to make better lives for ourselves. Well, we gave to them, too. The Beatles' music has gone from fun to brilliant. So have they. Sure, they had this much talent all the time, but they didn't realize it or put it to work until with the confidence and the drive to progress. Now they want to progress even more, in many directions.

It gives me a wonderful feeling to know that they're always going to be part of me and I'm always going to be part of them.

But there's something even more wonderful. Like I said before. Beatlemania will always remain intact. Three years suspended forever, out of the reach of anyone or anything that might have destroyed it, because it's suspended inside millions of people.

I feel lucky to be one of those people. I want to die when I think I may never see George Harrison stand on a stage again, and stamp his foot to Ringo's beat and laugh with John and share a microphone with Paul! But the memory of the times I have seen him is so much sweeter now.

I also want to die when I think there'll be a time when there won't be any new Beatles records to look forward to. But now the records they've already made are so much dearer to me.

Live On

Mostly, I want to live and I want them to live, and if they feel they can do it better as individuals instead of Beatles, then that's what they should do.

Please don't think I want them to break up, I want it to go on the way it is now, and never stop. But I also want me to go on the way I am now, writing ridiculous columns and being in love with a boy and drinking milk.

But I guess that isn't possible either. We're all changing, and always changing. That's life, too. But it's so good to know that the Beatles and us are changing because of each other.

Somehow, I'll try to put this into better words. For the moment, I just want to say, for the millionth time, that I love them. Whatever they decide to do is okay with me, because they proved to me a long time ago that everything they do is beautiful.

The Ideal Visit

For Vaudeville Plans First USA Visit

Representatives of Vaudeville are coming to the U.S.—via England!

The New Vaudeville Band, which has teamed for the past two seasons as "Chesapeake Cathedral" and a world-wide hit, will arrive here in late November for an extensive tour that includes at least one television appearance.

The group's first city-by-city tour of the U.S. will be highlighted by their performance on The Ed Sullivan Show. Their promotion trip ends Dec. 10.

The tour was arranged between Jackie Green of Joe Glazer's office here and Titos Brunis of the Harold Davidson office in England.

The Ideal Visit is number seven in the U.S.—the second week it has held the position.

BB Disc Gets Fast Getaway

"Good Vibrations" is apparently the fastest-breaking record in the history of the Beach Boys—Capitol Records, for that matter. The disc has allegedly broken all sales records for a one-week period. Capitol said the single racked up sales of 293,000 in four days after it hit the Top 100. Capitol copies back-ordered from customers.
Great Rivers’ Deception

By Ed

Yes, it’s true. As the vast listening public, you have been deceived, lied to. And now we must make amends and present you with the truth. Johnny Rivers does not live on the “Poor Side Of Town.”

As a point in fact, Johnny lives in a very large and beautiful home located in the hills of the exclusive Trousdale Estates in Beverly Hills. He is not on relief, or even totering on his brink of destitution. If the truth must be told—Johnny Rivers is, indeed, a very wealthy young man.

Once A Week

Johnny and I have spoken many times, and now we refer pokingly to our Annual Once-A-Week interview for The BEAT. So, on a windy day just recently, when Johnny invited The BEAT to pay him a visit in his home, it was sort of like a class reunion! We sat comfortably in the large, golden-lighted living room and talked about many things.

Things like rumors, for example. There have been many Grape Vine-type whispers of late that a movie is being written around Johnny. True or false, Mr. R.? “No… in front of me! Not really. I’m just studying with Jeff Corey, and I’m waiting until something comes along that I dig.”

I asked if he would be interested in doing a musical, but Johnny insisted that “I’d like to try a dramatic thing first.”

Something else about which Johnny has always been quite serious is his songwriting. Many people were pleasantly surprised when they discovered that Johnny had written his nationwide smash, “Poor Side Of Town.”

Johnny has always expressed a desire to develop his songwriting abilities, but unlike so many more commercial-crazy writers, Johnny remains an artist about his craft, and staunchly refuses to release anything to the public unless he fully believes in its value. It was this way with “Poor Side Of Town,” and it will be so with all the records to come.

“I’ve been trying to write a follow-up and I haven’t come up with anything yet that really knocked me out. I’m just the kind of writer that, just every once in a while an idea will hit me that is really strong—like ‘Poor Side Of Town’—and then I’ll write it.”

Another serious topic of conversation for Johnny concerns Viet Nam. The BEAT reported to you several months ago that Johnny was taking a show over to the war-torn Asian country to entertain our fighting troops there.

Now Johnny is making plans for a return visit, probably at the end of January or the beginning of February and from there Johnny will probably tour Europe before his return to Uncle Samland.

“Poor Side Of Town” was quite a change of pace in material for Johnny, and although he believed in its quality, he admits that there were a few moments of worry as to the public reaction to the record before it was released.

As for a continuation of this style, Johnny refuses to cut another record which will sound exactly like this one, simply because this one was a hit. Each individual record must be able to stand on its own merits.

Johnny applied that to what he considers to be a change now going on in the pop world, as well. He explained that it is like a message which is passed down a long line of people, and usually winds up being greatly distorted by the time it reaches the end of the line.

“I think that the Beatles did come up with a good thing, but it’s gotten to where it just went down the line, and everybody tried to do it, and it just got so way out, so far from what it really was that it was distorted.

‘Everybody suddenly came out with the long hair, and everybody suddenly had a group and cut a record. That’s why I’ve noticed on the charts, especially in the last few weeks, that some of the artists who haven’t been around in quite a while have got hit records on the charts. Bobby Darin and even Eddie Fisher’s got a hit record on the charts. I think people are getting a little tired of the other thing, and they’re starting to go back to talent, which is sort of a good thing.”

Complaint

Johnny has gone on record as being a regular reader of The BEAT, but his one complaint this afternoon was that we didn’t have comments on the current record scene from the likes of people like The Chairman of The Board, Frank Sinatra. Therefore, since Johnny was planning on flying up to Las Vegas to catch Mr. Sinatra’s show that night, he decided that he was going to tell The Leader all about the wonderfulness of The BEAT and how Frank should definitely do an interview with us.

When last seen, Johnny was planning on conquering the Blue-Eyed-Leader-of-the-Cla in the steam room with his questions. Now you know, and we know, that Johnny can do a disappearing act on a high stool when he performs, so lets just hope that he and Mr. S. don’t decide to have a very lengthy conversation in that steam room, on account of the fact that if they aren’t a pair of Drip Dry Human Beings, we may be speaking to Johnny next week from the Shor(ter) Side of Town.

J. J. Jackson:
‘Not All Peaches’

By Walt Syers

“Do I dig soul? Man, I eat, sleep and breathe hog jowls and collards.”

The speaker was a hulking, bowling ball of a man with a sly grin and round, rolling eyeballs. He had the impressiveness of a dark, overgrown character out of “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.”

J. J. Jackson looks like any minute his third grade teacher is about to come in, grip him by an enlarged ear, and lead him back to class. All 285 pounds of him.

J. J. is a one-man show—whether he’s in front of 2,000 spectators or a single reporter. He tells a joke, rolls his eyeballs around and laughs from way down deep. It’s a kind of soul laughter…and it’s contagious.

There is an old adage to the effect that “the fatter the happier.” J. J. Jackson is a happy man. A very happy man.

When you get past his immensity the next thing you notice is his flashy attire. Last week he was wearing a shiny maroon suit and matching cufflinks that were of such size they would have restricted the arm movement of most men. It is, rumored his suits are a completely new dimension in men’s clothing. They are wrapped around.

He looks scrubbed and sharp, and he has a ready-made explanation for his good grooming. “My mamma always said nattin’ looks better’n a fat little boy that can DRESS.”

J. J.’s verbal intonations are actually exaggerations. He is an intelligent man, three years of college and an English major behind him. But when he gets wound up—and he generally stays that way—he uses “soul” language.

J. J. wears an almost constant grin. He has reason for it, too. His current record, “But It’s Alright,” is at the number 26 spot nationally hitting both pop and R&B charts.

The record, his first big one, demonstrates not only his singing talents, but also his writing, composing and producing skills. It also establishes him as a singer—not just a studio man.

J. J. hit it big early this year when he was “discovered” by his present manager, Peter Paul. Since then, J. J. has written a handful of songs for the Shangri-las, Mary Wells, and Inez Foxx.

When he played the Apollo Theatre in New York recently, he was rewarded by a standing ovation—a feat not easily accomplished before called upon Apollo audiences.

But perhaps the biggest compliment of the entire show came from the front, half of the Sam and Dave team.

“When everything started Sam was downstairs in the dressing room in the large, clean room, I saw him come running upstairs to see what was happening.”

At this point his broad face brightened and was enveloped in a massive grin. He chuckled, and continued; “After the show he told me, ‘I never thought a guy could make me come upstairs and then make me come out there and sing.’

Any conversation with J. J. is just naturally sparked with little stories like this one. He’s fat and happy and propellted by what seems an endless energy.
"Happenings Ten Years Time Ago"—it's by the Yardbirds and it is great! Never ceases to be a source of amazement when these talented boys come up with so much class in an area in which it is so easy to fall.

Their music was labeled electronic when they first came out, and a whole new trend was developed from that, which eventually led to an even larger distortion commonly labeled in this country "psychedelic."

The difference with the Yardbirds' music is that theirs is the real thing—not just the attempt at commercialized electronic noise which we have been flooded with of late.

Listen closely to this disc—the elements of melody and rhythm remain constant and at a level of perfection and listenability throughout the record. And that instrumental break in the middle of the record is beyond belief! Jeff has got his guitar talking now! A tipping of The BEAT cap to producer Simon Napier-Bell is in order here, too.

Another new British group on the scene is John's Children, and their first release is a weird thing entitled "Smashed! Blocked!" This one takes a lot of listening to, but it's actually quite good.

Plus points to listen for are guitar work 'a la Brian Wilson, a pretty melody, Yardbird-type instrumentation in the beginning, Beatles-inspired horns and a huge production. By the time the disc is over, it is an emotional experience—but it takes a while. This one might be a hit here.

Frank Sinatra (you remember him; he's the guy who finally married the girl from Peyton Place) has another hit on his wealthy little hands with "That's Life." This is a blues-rocker that swings as only Sinatra can make it swing, and it's a hit.

Definitely not the best record The Leader-type has ever waxed, and it obviously doesn't do a lot for his voice—but who cares? Sinatra is Sinatra, and we should all have hits that sound as bad as his!

Females of the pop world... brace yourselves! Your ever-loving, Prince Charming, here of the pop scene has done the undead! Yes, it's true... Herbie is singing on his newest record!

If you can pull your poor selves together long enough, you'll note that all the rest of the Brass are singing on this one, too.

Oh, yes—the record is entitled "Mame," and it's going to be a hit. (Did you have any doubts?) Hmmmmm—I wonder if all this Mexican music Herbie is cutting is completely kosher????????

Great, great R&B release from Wilson Pickett is his newest, "Mustang Sally." Whole lotta soulful talent here. And more R&B class comes to us from the always soulful, ever classy Motown representatives—the Temptations. Temptin' the nation's charts this time around with "(I Know) I'm Losing You."

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Yardbirds: ‘Kids Want More Quality’

By Edin

The problem in the world of popular music seems to be that we have finally reached a point of saturation, a very dangerous point, indeed. There are too many groups to listen to; too many groups to see. Too many groups of three guitarists, a drum, and lots of hair.

Too often the music sounds all alike, the faces fade into one vast, familiar blur—the only result a blinding, deafening, unintelligible cacophony of noise.

The only refuge seems to be the rare and hard-to-find groups of truly talented individuals who are offering something more than mere commercialism to the increasingly nauseated public.

Influence

One such group, impossible to overlook, five talented musicians who cannot be allowed to go unmentioned, the Yardbirds certainly are a group of musicians who have had an enormous influence on popular music in the last year and a half.

Over an early morning cup of coffee in The Beat offices, we spoke of popular music—its failures and successes. Jimmy Page, the newest Yardbird, spoke of the ever-changing structure of pop music.

"In my personal opinion, I think it's starting to get prettier again; in England, it is, anyway. And more precise. This seems to happen every three years. You get to this stage where it gets pretty stag-

nant, and everything's getting pretty again. And then, I suppose in another six months, some group is going to start happening with the big beat again, and it'll go right back to very earthy stuff.

Just about a year ago, the American pop-conscious public became aware of the Yardbirds and of the unique and original music which they were playing. We became acquainted with them through their first two hit records, "For Your Love," and "Heart Full of Soul," but it wasn't until they released "I'm a Man," that the entire country discovered their genius and trend-setting talents.

This third Yardbird hit created a sensation throughout the entire American pop scene, and the new sound was labeled everything from "electronic," to "psychedelic:" a whole new area of musical communication had been created.

At first, it might have seemed to inexperienced observers that this brand-new kind of sound was inherently electronic, and watching the masterful way in which Jeff Beck worked with his guitar and amplifier only reinforced this initial impression.

Electronic

Jim explained, "Pop music can be psychedelic but not necessarily electronic. Electronic music helps...it's a much easier way of getting a psychedelic theme. But you can do this—get over a psychedelic point—without being necessarily electronic."

At this point, Jimmy Page raised his own question, "What do you term 'psychedelic'?

"If you're talking about something which is bringing an image to the mind, then it will obviously happen with electronic music, because that is basically all that, isn't it? You just get sensations from the music."

Psychedelic

Jimmy was also interrupted here by the other members of the group, whose diverse opinions were eventually summed up by Keith's statement on the psychedelic type of music: "Dylan's lyrics are psychedelic; he's lyrically psychedelic. And our sound is psychedelic. There are just several mediums of putting it across. I mean, you could be psychedelic and have a brass band playing.

Keith explained further: "What we're trying to do with our music is trying to induce the same thing in the audience, the same feeling, the same sort of experiences that LSD does—it's very hard to do." What is this sort of experience? "Well, to induce a state of timelessness and destroy the awareness of where you are. You just go inside your head—tune your mind, sort of thing."

Although they originally began at the Crawdaddy Club in Richmond, England playing their own brand of R&B-oriented music, the Yardbirds spent many months of intensive practice and experimentation perfecting the revolutionary new sound which they finally presented to the public.

In the beginning, their goals, their original conceptions of the music they were developing were, as Chris explains, pretty much the same.

"The idea was to make the people listening to us become directly involved with the music, and we got lost in it. None of our music has ever been sort of to the point of every note plotted—the idea was to have large patches of free form and things like that, so people in the audience could really get lost in the music. That was one of the original ideas."

Abstract Sounds

Keith added to this, "Right from the offset we did imply abstract sounds. To go as far as calling it 'electronic' is, well...it's electronic guitars going through amplifiers, so that makes it sound electronic. But, we just plumped for the sounds and the abstract sounds, more or less right from the beginning of the group."

Keith also took time to consider the changes now occurring in popular music, explaining, "Scenes are changing now where kids aren't really buying a record 50% for the group, like they used to. It was 50% buying the image of the group, and 50% the sound on the record."

"It's now changing to a situation where the kids want more quality for the money they pay for their records, therefore the production has got to go up, the quality's got to be much better. And, Brian Wilson is definitely doing this: his production on his records is fantastic!"

Weird

The situation in which the Yardbirds now find themselves has also changed over the last year or so, and is quite definitely fantastic. Their brand new record—"Happenings Ten Years Time Ago!"—was released on November 2 and is further testimonial of their extraordinary creative talents. Even Chris, in speaking of the record, describes the 30-second instrumental break in the middle of the record as being "weird and quite advanced for us."

Just recently the group filmed a motion picture for the noted Italian director, Antonioni, entitled "Blow Up." Susannah York is one of the stars of the film—in which the Yardbirds will be portraying themselves—and it shows every indication of going to the Film Festival upon its release.

Unusual, highly intelligent, and uniquely talented—are these the characteristics of the Yardbirds which will keep them at the top of their profession. Keep them on a high plateau where they don't get wet, even though so many are being "saturated!"
The Soul Of Ryder

By Louise Criscione

Many try but few white entertainers really succeed in singing the blues as they should be sung. The blues which come from deep inside seem to be born—not made. Perhaps that is why you can count the number of true white blues singers on the fingers of one hand.

Every so often one does come along. And one such person who not only came along but made a big-money name for himself is Mitch Ryder.

Mitch and his Detroit Wheels have forsaken the element of the music business which is commonly referred to as "commercial" blues in favor of "the straight stuff."

"I think that the exciting thing about the present day scene is the existence of a musician who can, in the same manner as on stage, can be on stage and feel the audience reacting. I can understand the performer who is satisfied with polite applause. But the greatest thing in the world is to have the audience right there every step of the way. There has to be this give and take so that the performer and the audience experience the same thing at the same time. That's why they are in the same place."

The history of Mitch and the Detroit Wheels begins, quite naturally, with Mitch himself. He was raised in that part of the U.S. which has been nicknamed "Soul Country"—Detroit. His father was a part-time blues singer and Mitch grew up in an atmosphere where music was as ordinary as combing your hair. According to Mitch, his first most exciting experience was hearing Little Richard sing "Keep A Knockin'" because it was then that Mitch and the world of beat were introduced.

"I semi-classical and standard while at school in the day and worked singing blues with a Negro group in Harlem. The sight of Mitch singing lead with a Negro group caused people to stare. In fact, when Mitch, a few people snickered, but they don't anymore."

However, it wasn't until the Beatles arrived on the State-side musical scene that Mitch made the moves to establish his own group. He named his infant group "Billy Lee & The Rivieras" but due to the fact that they did not have their own sound but merely imitated what was currently in and the group as it then stood never reached maturity.

Billy Lee and the Rivieras did eventually evolve into Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels when their manager saw that the group was unique when they were just being themselves. He put a sudden and definite stop to the group singing blues which had been made popular by other groups. A complete turnaround was thus put into motion and because of it Mitch and his Wheels were up with a song called "Jenny Takes A Ride."

And she did — all the way to the top."

"It's rather ironic that Mitch and the Wheels were big-drawers when they had received no radio play on their records. Their popularity was strictly by word-of-mouth proving how far the spoken word can travel."

In Mitch's case, it preceded him to such an extent that he was able to demand top money for personal appearances—despite the fact that he lacked a record on the charts.

Mitch need not rely on "mouth" reports to see that "Jenny" is "behind him and "Devil With A Blue Dress On/Good Golly Miss Molly" is scaring up the nation's airwaves. The wheels are beating Beatlemania — there is now an illness known as "Mitch Ryder Fever" prevalent on the East Coast but according to record sales, the West Coast had better arm itself. The fever is most definitely spreading.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

Robin Boyd was seated hotly (110°) on the radiator in the Soul Floor girls' washroom ripping at her dress when Ringo (as in Boyd, as in the Beatles) slammed tearfully through the door.

"What are you doing?" her sturdy sister stopped blithely looking up inquiringly.


"I'm tired of those...those hill-billies gawking at me like they've never seen a pair of knees before. Now, what are you blabbering about?"

"This!"

"This!" Ringo blubbered. And tearing the Ludwig drumstick off her neck, she flung it, chain and all, into the nearest commode and flushed bitterly.

"Ringo!" Robin cried, leaping up from the radiator out of contention (not to mention necessity) (hotly is not the word).

"What's wrong?"

"What isn't?" sobbed Ringo.

Everybody laughed at my drumstick and they don't even know who the Beatles are because they aren't allowed to play Beatles records at school dances which they don't even have and two boys said my new coat looks like a pappoosh and my teacher says I have to use my real name instead of Ringo and I forget what it is (Oh, well?)."

"It's Beverly," Robin said helpfully. "Beverly Lou Boyd."

"My Gawd," Ringo wailed. "You've gotta be kidding?"

Robin shook her aching head. "I wish I were," she muttered grimly, glaring at herself in the full-length mirror. She had tried so hard to dress simply for her first day of school at John Q. Oxbombox High, and she had certainly succeeded.

Same-Set

After an hour of being stared at by the skin-and-sweater same-set, and leered at by their plaid-flannel-shirked (not to mention mouthed) male counterparts, Robin had raced for the nearest throne-room and yanked off the lace stockings which she thought went so nicely with her brown suede dress. And, in her next class, her fellow students had gaped openly as her legs turned from tan to a shimmering shade of frosted-bubble.

And her most recent attempt at Conformity—A La Pitchfork had been another miserable failure. The hem of her dress was now dangling raggedly just above her now-famous (make that infamous) knee-caps, and with her Just-A-Touch of mascara clearly smeared from blithering, she looked very simply dressed.

Well, at least it was lunch time which everyone else called "dinner" (stupor) and she could go home and change into something practically unbelievable) like the rest of the hill-billies or whatever they were wore.

Going to their lockers, Robin and Ringo flung on their pandan-der-coats. As they waddled down the hall, they were apprehended by a stout teacher who had, not unpropertly, tried to cram the larger portion of her anatomy into a whale-bone corset.

The robust instructor tried her best (which was most maddening) to keep them in the school lunchroom.

Taking one glance at the display of wimpy fretsalad in a vat of sloppy-joe mixture that looked more like Fricassee Of Toot, Ringo and Robin exchanged glances and chorused "let's split-as-in-panacemum (amubca) for that it."

"Furriners"

They did just that, and the teacher stared after them as though she were expecting them to split-as-in-panacenum (amubca) (forget it."

"Furriners," she muttered to no one unappropriately, as they re-waddled furfly out of the building, and vowed to keep her eye on this xow任ese just as soon as she was returned from the glass-polishers.

The first word uttered when said (wosome trooped angrily into the yacht club, and when the others uttered on the way to the Boys' House) was a full-volume: "Boys!"

"Who in the eff-hay named a nice kid like meself Beverly Lou Boyd?" she demanded hysterically.

"That person did," replied their mother, Roger, "the one who'd been she'd been munching and starting to prepare a nutritious luncheon of dandelion greens and poached eggs.

"That person's who's in Coventry because we're in South Dakota?" asked Robin, referring to their formal father. (They hadn't spoken to him since the day they left California, and in his opinion, Coventry was not only a nice place (it's true, he would also like to live there).

"Floyd?"

"The same," Mrs. Boyd said FRIENDLY. "And I think it's high time you girls knew the truth. His name is not F.A. Boyd as he would have the world believe. It is Floyd Boyd?"

"Floyd-Boyd?" they shrieked in unison. And then the third of them cackled so loudly, Mrs. Boyd lost her head and ordered them to pack what- that they had instructed nutritious luncheon into the garbage disposal (the Boy's dog) and passed out raw hot dogs all around.

If it hadn't been for the sudden appearance of the aforementioned Floyd-Boyd, Ringo and Robin might not have got back to school that afternoon. But when he walked into the kitchen at ten-0-0, carrying a rotting cat around to see if he was really just going to do "a little hunting."

The second half of her first day was always to remain a blur to Ringo (who just wouldn't have it any other way). Everyone was probably still whispering and eating and saying things to class, but she was totally un-aware of their presence. On the way back to school, she'd seen a tea pot in the window of a hardware store (??) and that had done it.

Since there wasn't even a touch of Just-A-Touch left after the scrubbing she'd given her ex-fae, she felt free to sobber secretly into a sudden kleenex whenever the memory of her georgeous genie was too much (which it had never failed to be yet) for her.

Promptly at four, she sped out of John Q. and nearly ran down Beverly-Lou-Boyd who was waiting plumply on the front steps.

They were nearly home when it happened. Robin had just said that she'd give twenty years of her life for the chance to see a person who wasn't wearing saddle shoes.

Suddenly, Ringo grabbed her wildly (which made it even wilder.): "Don't look now; she hissed, "but I think you're going to die young."

Robin's gaze followed Ringo's puggy and pointing finger. Then she gasped at one of them, a mirage was loping along the crumbling sidewalk. A tall, thin, semi-long-haired mirage clad in bell bottoms, boots and other rational, sensible items of apparel.

And it was then that Robin knew what she was: a migrant!"

Leaping seventeen feet into the air with a mighty lunge and grabbed it by a leather-jacket- ed arm. It whirled around to face her wordlessly (which couldn't have been any less as usual).

Finally, after what seemed like six years of peering into a sharp pair of shades, Robin laughed so loud that they heard her all the way to Sioux City, Iowa (wherever that was) (not to mention whatever."

"Are you a boy or are you a girl?"

The mirage then grinned and spoke four beautiful words which were sheer poetry to Robin's ears:

"You might well arsk!"

(To Be Continued Next Issue)
Grandma's Vaudeville Sound Starts Pop Music Trend

By Rochelle Reed

Movies, some say, killed Vaudeville but apparently pop music is bringing it back to life.

Today's scene has Vaudeville music dotting the charts from both big names and newcomers. With the spotlight on Mod, which in turn emphasizes the intricate designs and jewelry of yesterday, Vaudeville music could be the only follow-up to palettes, kaleidoscopes and boutiques.

Main proponents of Grandma's music are six Englishmen from the New Vaudeville Band, whose "Winchester Cathedral" is topping charts both here and at the Mother Country. Grandpa, with an agonized nasal condition, could have sung the vocal himself.

"I'm not saying we're really offering anything new, but it's a change," understates "Winchester" composer Geoff (pronounced Jeff) Stephens who also sang lead on the recording.

And now, safely out of the first three paragraphs, BEAT will let you in on a secret that a few people wish WAS a secret: the New Vaudeville Band, just rounding up a big U.S. tour, DIDN'T record "Winchester Cathedral." Composer-singer Geoff Stephens recorded the song, backed by London sessions musicians. When they refused to join into a band to promote the disc, Stephens gathered the present New Vaudeville Band for the bi-continenta tour rounds.

That's why the Vaudeville six won't talk about "Winchester" but concentrate on detouring the conversation to their next, or really first, recording - "Shirt." Penned by Geoff Stephens-Jon Carter, the tune reportedly retains the Vaudeville sound according to vocalist Mick Witber but then again it'll be different.

The New Vaudeville Band would like to wrap up the whole trend into the catch-all, Good Time Music. But in America, this naturally smacks of Love's Spoonful, an upsetness thought to the Band (they hate the term 'group') and they still insist their band wasn't influenced by anyone.

This brings up another artist on the charts with the Vaudeville-Good Time Sound. Donovan's "Mellow Yellow" is a U.S. smash and will no doubt enjoy the same success in England. And sauerkraut, or deep orange, is a throw-back to radio days and Grandma's cooking.

Oddly enough, "Winchester" composer Geoff Stephens is Donovan's ex-manager. Donovan wrote "Mellow Yellow" himself and Stephens' name turned up "Winchester." But the two came up with a similar Good Time sound.

This really isn't unusual. Two people at opposite ends of the earth invariably work on similar inventions, unaware of the other. And without fail, two books on the same subject are simultaneously released - by different publishers. So too in music.

The catch-all phrase, Good Time Music, has spawned a third - Peter and Gordon's "Lady Godiva," a groovy tune which

Ian Whitcomb - Mod Mod Music

reminds today's youth that Grandma's day wasn't all that dull, nor was music's for that matter.

The P and G duo wanted their song to be something different, which indeed it would have been if "Winchester" and "Yellow" hadn't been pressed at the same time.

There is no indication that any of the Good-Time, Vaudeville proponents pulled a Phil Spector and rushed their discs off the presses in a day or so when the first

Donovan - Mellow Good Time

Vaudeville song began to break, but all did manage to market the discs at the same time.

Ian Whitcomb was next on the vaudeville scene with "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?" Record-buyers reaction to the disc? Very good.

Musicians of bugs other than the Good Time sound have a tendency to classify the Vaudeville influence as just another put-on, similar to "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha Ha."

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THE BEAT Goes To The Movies

'THE SWINGER'

Beautiful, young and ambitious, Kelly Olson (Ann-Margret) tries to have her stories published in Girl-Lure Magazine, a publication mainly devoted to the undraped female form. However, the senior editor of the magazine, Ric Colby (Tony Franciosa) not only rejects Kelly's stories but practically has thrown out of his office when she becomes too insistent.

Bright Idea

Furious about being turned-down because her stories are too "clean," Kelly gets a bright idea about getting up a sure-sale story. Accordingly, Kelly purchases a stack of sexy paperback books and pilfering lines and situations from all of them manages to come up with a story which she attempts to pass off as her autobiography.

Sir Hubert

Ric doesn't buy it but the magazine's publisher, Sir Hubert Charles (Robert Coote), decides to publish Kelly's "autobiography." Ric, in the meantime, sets out to make a "nice girl" out of Kelly who, in reality, is already a nice girl.

Some of the mishaps in Ric's campaign to play Pygmalion and Kelly's attempt to portray a "bad girl" are hilarious. It's not until the end of the movie, of course, that the real truth comes out and Kelly and Ric admit to having fallen in love with each other.

No Message

"The Swinger," a Paramount production, really does swing. It's a romantic comedy which, thankfully enough, offers no "message" - just laughs. Says George Sidney, the producer: "If laughs are what the public is looking for in these tension-ridden times, then this film should be just what the doctor ordered to make them forget their troubles for awhile."

And "The Swinger" does just that.

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