

America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA

Edition

BEAT

JANUARY 14, 1967

**The Great Gem Take-Over
of
NEIL'S DIAMONDS & MICK'S STONES**



BEAT Photo: Doris Danewood



BEAT Photo: Robert Young

Stones—No. One Sellers Of Year

Britain's Rolling Stones have won an honor for their nation by being named the top American record sellers during 1966, according to a tabulation of the leading American trade-paper annual polls.

Results of the polls were released this week with the five Rolling Stones showing up as the number one attraction in each of the three top album polls. In addition, they were voted into three second places in the top singles polls. No other act achieved a comparable combined rating.

Other than these year-end honors, the Stones have managed to come up with four consecutive gold records, with a fifth, "Got Live If You Want It," nearing the million-selling mark.

The four Stones' gold records were "Out Of Our Heads," "December's Children," "The Hits—High Tide And Green Grass" and "Aftermath." Both "Big Hits" and "Aftermath" were released during 1966.

Their latest album, "Got Live If You Want It," was almost assured of a gold record by advance orders

which totalled close to the necessary million.

On the singles front, the Stones chalked up four number one records, one number three and two number five discs. The four chart-toppers were "Get Off My Cloud," "19th Nervous Breakdown," "Paint It Black" and "Mother's Little Helper b/w 'Lady Jane.'" The Stones' single which checked into the number three slot was "As Tears Go By" and "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow" reached the national number five spot.

All the Stones' hit singles, as well as the majority of their album cuts, were written by group members, Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. In fact, the Jagger/Richard team has been so successful during the past two years that they recently signed a new three-year publishing deal which will guarantee them at least one million dollars.

Meanwhile, there is still no word on whether the Stones will go ahead with their proposed debut film, "Only Lover's Left Alive."



... THE YARDBIRDS AS THEY WERE BEFORE JEFF BECK (CENTER) LEFT THE GROUP.

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

Beck Exits 'Birds

According to a reliable source closely connected with the Yardbirds, *THE BEAT* has learned in an exclusive interview that Jeff Beck is no longer a member of the Yardbirds.

"Jeff Beck is definitely not coming back with the group," reported our source. "The Yardbirds will continue with the four boys—Keith Reff, Chris Dreya, Jim McCarty and Jimmy Page. In fact, Jeff has formed a group of his own."

The official announcement came as no shock since Beck was rumored to have been considering leaving the group for the past six months. He did not appear with the Yardbirds in their last U.S. tour and was not set to fly to America with the group for their current tour.

Simon Napier-Bell indicated last week that Jeff would shortly be leaving the group but refused to give a definite statement to the press until he could return to England and talk to the entire group.

Jeff's split with the Yardbirds was by mutual consent. "The Yardbirds just disagreed with him (Beck) because they felt that while he had mental and physical problems the show must go on. That sort of thing. The other members of the group put their personal problems aside and they felt that Jeff was not holding up his side of it," continued *THE BEAT* source.

"So, they kind of agreed to disagree. Jeff had made up his mind that he was not going back with the group. It's definitely a split." Admittedly, Jeff's guitar work

was an integral part of the total Yardbird sound. His use of the feedback has been widely imitated in the field of pop music. What will happen to the Yardbirds minus the guitar of Jeff Beck?

"I don't think it will make any difference to the success of the group," answered our source. "For the last four months they've been doing their concerts without Jeff. I think it will continue on to bigger and better things for the Yardbirds. They're carrying the name 'Yardbirds' with them and in many ways Jimmy Page is just as good as Jeff. It's ironic that Jeff was instrumental in bringing Jimmy into the group in the first place."

Jeff's new group is, allegedly, far from the recording stage as neither a name nor all the group members have yet been chosen.



BEAT Photo Robert Brown

... JAGGER AND COHORTS named top U.S. record sellers

BOBBY GOLDSBORO IN ALABAMA HOSPITAL

THE BEAT has learned that recording artist, Bobby Goldsboro, succumbed to an enforced rest last week when a strep throat landed him in the hospital in his hometown.

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THE BEAT is published bi-weekly by BEAT Publications, Inc., national and advertising offices at 6790 Sunset Blvd., Suite 104, Hollywood, California 90028. U. S. branches in: Houston, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Nashville; overseas correspondents in London, Liverpool and Manchester, England. Single price 25 cents. Subscription price U.S. and possessions, \$3 per year; Canada and foreign areas, \$5 per year. Second class postage prepaid in Los Angeles, California.

town, Dothan, Alabama.

At press time, Goldsboro was reported responding well to treatment and is expected to be back in action well before his scheduled engagements next month in Europe. Bobby's European dates include his first appearance at the San Remo Song Festival, preceded by television appearances in England and France.

Bobby's latest single, "Blue Autumn," hit the national charts almost immediately upon its release and appears to be the biggest hit single for Bobby in quite a few months.

Bobby became ill in Nashville and was unable to carry out a scheduled date to produce a debut single for a new group, The Boys Next Door.

Alpert, TJB World Tour

Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass, who have made a habit during the past year of smashing attendance records across the nation, are packing their suitcases to break some more!

They're set for a series of appearances which will take them half-way around the world, beginning in Chicago in January and ending up in Hawaii on April 17.

First date is January 12-18 at McCormick Place, Chicago to be followed on January 19 at Cobo Hall, Detroit; January 20, Public Auditorium, Cleveland; January 21, Convention Hall, Philadelphia; February 8, Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis.

Herbie and the TJB will begin a Far Eastern tour on March 26.

Letters

SILENCE THE BRITISHERS!

Dear BEAT:

I'm in complete agreement with John Rose's recent letter which you printed in *THE BEAT*. Now that England's groups have met success, they seem to think that American groups will steal it from them.

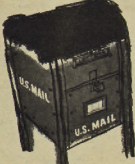
The Beatles have continually put down American fans after being polite while Starline, Mick Jagger says "hates America." The Hollies "will not tour the U.S. unless the money's right."

If it wasn't for America, most of these groups wouldn't have made it as they have. There is plenty of U.S. talent in America to put down the English, such as the Byrds, Young Rascals, Standells, Mama's and Papa's, Bob Dylan, the Association, and not to forget the Beach Boys who are drawing a gigantic following in England right now!

The list of American talent could go on and on. So, why can't the English, who literally inherited R&B and rock 'n' roll from the U.S., see this and shut up?

Trout Rollow

TO THE EDITOR



HERMITS

Dear BEAT:

Why is it that they don't talk about the other Hermits? Why aren't the other Hermits given a chance? They always have articles on Herman, Herman, Herman... but not Karl, Keith, Lek or Barry!

Only every now and then they'll have an article on the Hermits but never much. I think the other Hermits work just as hard, are just as well dressed, are just as talented and, last but not least, are just as cute as Herman! Especially Karl. You see, I like him the best.

So, please print more stuff on the other Hermits as well.

Edith Eskridge

DIAMOND PRAISE

Dear BEAT:

I'd like to throw a little praise someone's way. He's one of the most warm-hearted, witty and talented persons I know in show business. He's had three solid hits, written countless songs for others including the Monkees' smash new hit, "I'm A Believer."

There was a benefit show in San Francisco, sponsored by KYA. He flew in all the way from New York at his own expense and did part of the show. This is how I met Neil Diamond.

He was lucky enough to meet Neil again on "Where The Action Is" and do a concert in Houston, Texas with him which enabled me to get to know him better. Fame means nothing to Neil, money means even less. Neil loves people and music and he devotes quantities of time to both. I hope you get to read a lot more about Neil in *THE BEAT*. "I'm A Believer" in Neil Diamond.

John Sharkey
Syndicate of Sound

THE ENGLISH EYE VIEW

Dear BEAT:

We realize that you won't print this because you receive so many other letters but we've wanted to comment on a few things we've read. You have a great newspaper, yeah great! Very worthwhile reading and buying. The other mags and such seem to be pure rubbish.

We're from Britain and just recently came to the States to look at all that's happening in your pop culture. It's very exciting. San Francisco is an especially beautiful place and the groups there are great, gear, fab and all the rest of those "pimply hyperboles!" We agree that it's the "Liverpool of America."

But the Monkees? Someone must be joking. They have no talent whatsoever—where's the appeal? They neither write their own music nor play a lot of it. We've even heard that on one side of their album, they couldn't do it so they got another group to sing it. They're corny and imitative of the Beatles. We agree with a well-known jazz and pop music critic who says: "They may well be the biggest press agent put-on in the history of entertainment!" Can such a contrived, untalented group with only television, press and money behind them presently have the number one album in the country, on which they neither wrote, played nor sang the songs? Apparently so. And being fellows, we are not impressed by the fact that Davey Jones is cute.

By the way, in a recent issue of *THE BEAT* a girl, apparently from Britain, wrote in and said that the Beatles are "out" in England. This is not so. Despite the fact that we dislike people always saying who and what's "in" or "out" the Beatles are definitely "in" back home. "Revolver" is the greatest. It's a real shame that they are breaking up—they who started it all. But it seems to be true. Things won't be the same without the Beatles and their "filthy Eastern ways."

Shirley Ponton is marvelous. We love her dearly. And before we go back to Merry Old England we'd like to see a photo of her—so could you print one? Thank you.

We do like your country in spite of Vietnam and the Monkees.

David Hammond Terrence White
Jeff Hammond Tarrance Bailey
Keith Chandler Jonathan Campbell
And Others

SPY REPORT THREE YEARS FOR DC5

Dear BEAT:

Anonymous spy wishes to inform you of the whereabouts of the now defunct Grassroots. No longer even the Unquenchable Thirst. They cancelled their engagement at the Whiskey and split up.

Lead guitarist Bill Fulton was going to India (to follow G.H.) but he's now got something cooking with Sal Valentino. Rhythm guitarist Denny Ellis is looking for a band or will go to the San Francisco Art Institute. Dave Stensen, bass, is also looking for a band. Joe Larson, former drummer, has signed a new group with A&M. And the more recent drummer, Bill Schoppe, has gone home.

You Are Welcome

P.S. Anyone wanting to get in touch with Dave or Denny can write to 553 Francisco Street, North Beach, San Francisco and they'll get it.

Dear BEAT:

The Dave Clark Five are three years old! After three years and many hits they are still the same well-mannered English gentlemen who first came to America in 1964.

In three years they've released 17 songs; all of which were hits. They've made appearances before the Queen, once in '65 and again this year.

All in all it's been a very successful three years for the "Glad All Over" boys. The future is even brighter. They were rated 8th in sales through the month of November 1966 in Britain. They've done even better in the States!

Their continued success is assured by their great talent, unlimited energy and their love of their fans. They've never disappointed their fans without just cause. Consequently, their fans remain loyal.

It's been a great three years filled with joys, tears and excitement—both for the boys and for their fans.

Down Lee

ASSOCIATION CORNER

Dear BEAT:

In your December 17 issue, you published a letter from one Shawn Walker expressing her dislike (to put it mildly) of the Association. You (the staff) should be commended for allowing the Association non-fans to be heard; it shows that you are not a one-sided operation. So perhaps you will allow me also to air my views to the public and to answer Shawn's opinions with a few of my own.

Shawn states that "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebie," written by Gary Alexander of the Association, is a copy of "A Change Is On The Way" by Terry Knight and the Pack. There are two points to be made on this subject: 1) Gary Alexander has enough song-writing talent on his own; he doesn't need to copy from ANY-ONE. 2) To quote Shawn's letter: "...A Change Is On The Way" may be reminiscent of "Still I'm Sad" but at least it's original." WHAT????

Shawn further states that The Association sounds bad on stage. Recently, *THE BEAT* had an article called "A Daze Worth of Association." This article said that the Association worked all day at a recording session and then had to play a concert that night. Anyone who was at that concert will tell you that the guys sounded absolutely great. Either Shawn caught the Association on one of their bad days, or she caught them on one of HER bad days.

Shawn goes on to say that the Association became popular mainly through good press coverage. Anyone with common sense knows that a paper or magazine doesn't back a group unless the group has talent and/or class, as does the Association. Horror of horrors—they are actually singing! Shock of all shocks—they are all accomplished musicians! (Terry plays 23 instruments). Wonder of wonders—they write great songs too! (Their first album is well on its way to becoming a million-seller and eight of the songs on that album were written by the Association. Their new album, "Re-naissance," contains only songs written by the Association.) Surprise of all surprises—one can actually see their faces instead of a waterfall of hair, and they actually dress neatly! How's THAT for talent and class? Perhaps talent and class makes the difference between the success of the Association and the success of Terry Knight and the Pack (WHO????????).

Well, this is it from the soapbox. I hope that Shawn Walker will go to see the Association again and this time with an open mind. I'll go to see Terry Knight and the Pack, as soon as I find out who they are.

Gerrie Morgan

ON THE WAY

Dear BEAT:

This letter is concerning many letters in your December 17 issue. First of all, to Dave T.—you sure are a quack that doesn't know his music. The day that James Brown isn't king of us all, we need to lay down and die. James has soul to give away.

Also, to the chicken who signed "A Beale Fan"—what right do you have to be down on the Monkees? They were new and fresh and everybody liked them. They're also having their own sound. As for being a top group, they're already on their way! Besides all of this, they are cute and have a great sense of humor. And they're a bunch of great guys!

Cyndi Patton

LIKE FINE OLD WINE

Dear BEAT:

Ever since the rumor started that the Beatles were breaking up I have been trying to formulate in my mind a letter to *THE BEAT* expressing my feelings about it. Never have had any trouble before when it came to putting it into words but somehow this time the words elude me.

I know the reason why now, after reading the December 3 *BEAT*, Shirley Ponton had all the words I wanted to use. Everything she said about all they have given us in their wonderful music, their movies, the fabulous, thrilling, exciting concerts, this will always be with us and like fine old wine, mellow as the years fade the memory in our hearts.

The thought of never seeing them again in person is a cold, chilling realization, but like the death of a very loved one, we know the grief will subside in time and maybe with the unpredictable Beatles we will have a wonderful surprise in store if they decided to make a "comeback" someday.

All I would add to Shirley's column is that I am thankful that they are still good friends and are finally getting the chance to do what makes them happy. There will never be anyone to equal their impact and they are retiring as a group while they are on top of the world. My heart is heavy because the void they leave in my life will be a long time closing, but I wish them well and end with eternal gratitude for having had them while we did.

"Mom"

P.S. I sign this way because once *THE BEAT* printed one of my letters under the headline "Mom Defends John."

On the BEAT

By Louise Criticone



Speculation is running rampant as to what the five Rolling Stones are up to. Since they last departed the U.S. in July, they've cut one album, "Got Live If You Want It," and have done little else. Their debut film, "Only Love's Left Alive," has allegedly been shelved and there has been no word when, or if, the Stones will again tour Stateside.

But what's even more startling is the fact that Mick Jagger, who always has something to say, has not said anything newsworthy in months! Jagger's silence even led to rumors that the Mighty Mick was dead but the rumors, of course, were totally untrue. What, then, is keeping Jagger from talking? Perhaps he's turned conservative in his old age which, if true, will be a terrible blow to the pop press which has learned to rely on Mick to stir up a large dose of controversy by merely commenting on the state of the weather. Oh well, long live Jagger and may he soon re-open his mouth.

Donovan Surprise

Surprise announcement from Donovan, thus far Britain's number one protester. "I've got nothing very controversial or frank to say. I'm not a rebel any more. All that ban-the-bomb stuff is behind me. These days I don't want to protest or put anybody down. I just want to please." Poor Joan Baez... who is going to march with her in London now that Donovan has left the cause?



BEAT Photo, Robert Young

... MICK JAGGER

It's practically impossible to name all the entertainers who have recorded Dylan material. But the latest tribute to the curly-haired singer/composer/poet has to be the wildest yet. Sebastian Cabot has cut an entire album which includes narratives of Dylan lyrics. The title of the album, *Cabot, Actor, Performs the Works of Bob Dylan*. "What else?"

QUICK ONES: Add to your list of singers turning acts - the Righteous Brothers guesting on "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" and Bob Goulet appearing in the "Brother Love" segment of "The Big Valley" . . . Bobby Darin is set to direct his first television show for Rediffusion in London . . . Capitol not overjoyed because the Beatles were unable to furnish them with material for an album in time for the brisk Christmas business . . . Sonny & Cher's debut movie linked from "Good Times" to "New Times, Happy Times" . . . Young Rascals a smash on their long-planned British visit . . . Brian Epstein unwilling to accept Sid Bernstein's fabulous offer for the Beatles to play Shea Stadium this year.

Nix On Holly

Sometimes I definitely think the Powers That Be are working diligently against me. I had no sooner finished printing that Dick Chamberlain (alias "Dr. Kildare") was set for Broadway in "Holly Golightly" when David Merrick, the show's producer, announced that the show will close before it ever reaches Broadway. Merrick proposes that the show be moved to a smaller theater and set about refunding a million dollars worth of advance ticket money.

Law suits are the "in" thing of the day and, accordingly, two of the Four Seasons, Bob Gaudio and Nick Massi, have filed a six million dollar suit against Premier and Coronet Records for alleged use of their "name and likenesses" on an album called "At The Hop." The complaint states that in 1962, without written or oral consent, Premier and Coronet used the names and name on an album which was recorded by the Four Lovers.

It looks as if Herman and his Hermits may tour the Orient immediately following their American tour which winds up in Japan. Negotiations are currently underway to send the popular British group to Australia and the East, where they were a gigantic smash in their first visit a year ago. Meanwhile, the group's first movie under their new MGM contract, "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter," is scheduled to go before the cameras in April.



... HERMAN

Sonny And Cher Set For Second Starring Movie

Although Sonny and Cher's first feature film will not be released until May, they've already been signed for their second movie by Steve Brody, exercising his option on the famous duo under an original two-picture contract, stated that the second film will be a musical-comedy to be filmed in color and scheduled to begin shooting in April.

An Original

The original story, tentatively titled "Ignaz," is being written directly for the screen by Jack Guss, who recently completed the screenplay titled, "Doris Day's Guide to Crime, Gambling and Other Illicit Pleasures." Guss has also written a play, "No Deposit, No Return," which is scheduled for Broadway in May starring Red Buttons and Lee Grant.

Sonny and Cher's film debut, "Good Times," has been pushed back repeatedly and was finally sold to ABC-Paramount who are scheduled to finally release the film through Columbia Pictures sometime in May.

Set Records

On the personal appearance side of the Sonny and Cher picture, they recently set new gross records on their three latest concert dates with figures topping the \$100,000 mark.

Sonny and Cher found themselves smack in the middle of a new controversy a couple of weeks ago when the city council of Monterey Park, California voted to revoke their invitation to the duo to



DESPITE FACT THAT their first movie has not been released, Sonny and Cher have already been signed for their second movie.

appear on that city's foot in the New Year's Rose Parade. The action came about after the city council members saw a newspaper picture of Sonny and Cher amid teens on the troubled Sunset Strip.

At a press conference, Sonny said, "I am hurt and shocked but not angry. We went down to the Strip to observe the teenagers. This, primarily, is my business. The youngsters are my business. The Strip is the breeding ground of the new sounds. If the alleged brutality in there I want to know it, although I am opposed to violence in any form. I do sympathize

with what is going on up at the Strip and I am surprised at the apathy of many people."

Sonny did admit that while on the Strip the night the photo was taken he did speak to a group of teens but he said that there were also ministers and many adults present.

Sonny declared that while police brutality is one of the issues on the Strip, he "did not witness any police brutality there and I never have witnessed it."

Cher remained relatively quiet throughout the press conference because "Sonny has said it all."

GENE PITNEY TO LAUNCH FILM CAREER

Gene Pitney, who hasn't had much success lately on this side of the Atlantic but who is a gigantic international star, has announced plans to produce a 90 minute film in Italy immediately following his appearance there in January at the San Remo Festival.

Pitney's appearance at San Remo marks his return after three recent consecutive monthly television engagements in Italy. Last January Pitney's performance earned him second place which, to date, has been the highest finish accomplished by an American performer in the Festival.

M&P's Notch Gold Album

The Mama's and Papa's collected their second gold album last week when the Record Industry Association of America certified "The Mama's And The Papa's" as a million seller.

SENATOR DIRKSEN—THE NEXT RECORDING IDOL?

"Gallant Men," the first album recorded by Senator Everett Dirksen (R., Ill.) and the first album ever recorded by a United States Senator, has proven itself a pre-release smash by passing the million dollar mark in sales to retailers prior to its general release to the public.

W. B. Tallant, Jr., Capitol Records Vice President and National Sales Manager, revealed that the company has already received orders for over a million dollars' worth of the album, plus more than 300,000 copies of the singles, "Gallant Men/The New Colossus," which was taken from the album.

"We haven't seen anything like the demand for the Dirksen LP since we introduced the first Beatles album in January, 1964," stated Tallant. "Airplay on the single record has been very heavy in almost all parts of the country and the Senator's appearance on Johnny Carson's "Tonight" show has produced a phenomenal deluge of phone calls and orders. Our biggest problem now is to supply stock on the LP. Five different manufacturing plants are pressing the LP and we hope to supply most of the demand within the next two weeks."

The Senator's album is historical/documentary, which chronicles the "American Adventure"—from the Pilgrim's arrival and the signing of the Declaration of Independence to the War of 1812 and the arrival of the Statue of Liberty.

Senator Dirksen narrates throughout the album and recites such historic works as "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," "The Pledge of Allegiance," "The Mayflower Compact" and "The Star Spangled Banner."

It's only fair that a politician is making a huge splash in the entertainment industry what with the state of California owning a Governor who is a former actor and a U.S. Senator who was once a song and dance man as well as an actor. About the only thing left now is for Mrs. Miller to run for the presidency in '68.



THE CASH BOX AWARD
FOR THE MOST POPULAR FEMALE SINGER OF 1966
PETULA CLARK

Petula Named Top Female Vocalist

Petula Clark, who has won more awards than just about any female vocalist on the pop scene, was named Number One Female Vocalist of 1966 by *Cash Box*. The award was presented to Petula at Caesars Palace where she was making her Las Vegas debut. Immediate following her stint at Caesars, Pet moved on to Harold's Club in Reno for a SRO stand at the famed night spot.

Petula holds the distinction of being a top recording artist and

box office draw not only in the U.S. but all over Europe as well. The British born artist, who now makes her home in France, will return to America in March for a tour of Eastern and Western universities and colleges. She will also spend most of her summer "vacation" in the U.S. headlining a series of state fairs.

Petula will also make return guest appearances on practically every major variety show on the air.

Dave Clark Five: 14 Gold Discs, Fine Future

By Rochelle Reed

The Dave Clark Five, easily recognizable by their neatly cropped hair, immaculate suits and cherry smiles, have emerged as the true princes of pop. The reason? Fourteen—that's right—fourteen gold records!

In other words, the number of gold discs held by the Five are equal to the number of performances they've made on the Ed Sullivan Show—another whopping fourteen!

Started Trend

"Glad All Over" started the trend for the DC Five, who were then busy trying to raise money so Dave's soccer team could travel to Holland for competition. But once it became obvious that Dave could compete much better in the music business, he shelved his white socks and grabbed his drumsticks for good.

As originators of the "Tottenham Sound" and contemporaries of the Beatles, the DC Five started traveling all over the world and still do. But starting this month, they will limit their appearances to a total of three months per year.

Dave, unlike many pop singers,

is the true "brain" behind the group. He retains complete control of his career as manager, producer, director, designer, inventor, actor, and owner of many varied properties including apartments and stores.

Dave has an infallible sense of timing for personal appearances, keeping tight control of both under and over-exposure of the group. He produces almost all masters of DC Five's recordings, then leases them to record companies.

But Dave does much more—and most of it unknown to his fans.

He's an actor—often seen as an extra in well-known films (one was "The VIPs"). These appearances in over 30 movies have taught him much about film-making, which leads to Dave's next enterprise.

He's recently formed a company to produce films like those seen on the Ed Sullivan show where the guys drove their XKEs and rode horseback. He has more of these shorts in the works, as well as a color special to be shown on both American and English television sometime this spring.

Plus, Dave has film rights on several books and scripts, which

he hopes to produce as full length movies.

Dave is also an inventor, with a patent on a microphone which attached to a saxophone eliminates feedback.

Many of the fashions currently displayed on Carnaby Street were designed by Dave, but he refuses to have his name on them simply for commercial value. (The shirts worn by the Monkees were very reminiscent of those originally worn by the DC Five.)

The rest of the group—Rick, Lenny, Dennis and Mike—are also sharp businessmen, each owning their own corporations plus a wealth of commercial properties.

More Exposure

Though the DC Five are indeed limiting personal appearances to three months a year, the move is designed in order to work on films and projects which will give fans more exposure to the group as personalities, or "as themselves" as Dave says.

The DC Five, which have silently stayed at the top of the record industry the past four years, are emerging, under Dave's leadership, as much more than just a pop group.



DAVE CLARK has formed his own production company and is seen here directing one of the shorts he has filmed on the DC Five. More movies are set for the near future as well as a color television special for TV.

'in' people are talking about...

Sonny and Cher's latest controversy... How banana wonderful got in with all those-bop-do-wahs and how funny it is that no one noticed it... Tommy's painting and how he made sure it was worth something by smearing paint over the money... Paul McCartney catching the Young Rascals in London—not once but twice... Now that Herman has the East and West if he could only get the North and South he'd have a world monopoly... Why they're making such a fuss over Gary doing his duty.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT George getting to be a really popular girl and wondering what took so long... The Bagdad Blues which turned into a Kaleidoscope... How there has to be a word for the innocence... That eggplant which devoured Chicago and threatens to eat the rest of the country too... How come Sandy was born a woman to remain a single girl and deciding it was probably so she could have two

hits in a row... How the Monkees could have three records on the nation's charts and not pick up huge ratings for their television show... How *Time* can't be all bad since it put a picture of Keith Richard between its covers.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Screaming Chicken being a Midwestern happening—at least, that's what Russ says while Zolite proclaims he's "the world's skinniest and greatest blues singer;" we thought it was a new way of fixing chicken... The dry hole singers possibly getting another hit even though it is very reminiscent of the We Five who have long since vanished... Lee Malloy's potential and wondering how he manages to stay so skinny when he eats plenty and deciding that it's that key which weighs him down... Which "Action" group will disappear since Don and the Goodtimes have been signed as regulars on the show.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how ironic it would be

if Drake outsells his former group mates... Black really being black for the Los Bravos... How Neil must really be cool if even his fellow entertainers think so... The cat in a new group who sounds like Dylan with a voice... Sinatra possibly getting a number one despite the ending... Whatever happened to the Ronnettes... Whether or not Sen. Dirksen will be the next Dylan and deciding that he definitely has the hair for it... How Bobby Vinton could be a coming home soldier... When the Mighty Mick is going to re-open his mouth and hoping that it's soon because things are becoming unbearably dull.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT why Teddy's dad had to get into the act and mess things up like that... Blue turning to grey and how long it's been in the can... Which group the girl is going to help... Animals or Outsiders... How ironic the title on Ray's single is... Stevie finally finding his place in the sun... Aron telling

it like it is and Ronnie crying... Rodney being the stand-in for Davy... How long the Supremes are going to keep hanging on and conservatively estimating another 25 years... Why Gene can't come up with a smash in his own native country... Ditto for the Everly Brothers.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what a happening that's going to be... How the Beatles will ever make that ill-fated third movie and deciding that if they haven't found a script in all this time they probably won't ever find one... The Association joining forces with the Smothers Brothers and what a happening that's going to be... How the Hollies should put out a record called "Stop The Stop Stop Stop"... The farce of a trade paper's announcement that Gary Lewis is the top male vocalist of the year... Bob getting a little less hungry... Fans forcing Scott out of the monastery... Paul finishing up the score for Haley's movie without any help from John

... How the Monkees are making believers out of quite a few skeptics.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how the New Vaudeville Band got away with it when the T-Bones didn't... When Mitch is going to settle for one song on each side and deciding that maybe he's trying to bring back EPs... Laura having the wingingest blues on record in a long time and wondering why it isn't happening coast to coast... How Terry can be original when he's reminiscent of the Yardbirds... Tommy Roe using "Mickey Mouse" to describe his sound... Had nothing to do with it... When the Peanut Butter Conspiracy is going to spread 'round the country... How certain property owners figure that it's better to have heavies on the Strip than long-haired kids and deciding that maybe they've forgotten what it was like to have Mickey Cohen sitting in a restaurant with bullets flying through the windows.



The Seekers Set Tri-Country Gigs

The Seekers have waited a long time for another smash on the U.S. charts and it looks as if "Georgy Girl" just might be lucky number two for the group which set the pop world on its ears with "I'll Never Find Another You."

The Seekers are originally from Australia but have spent most of their time in England where they've met with considerable chart success. However, they're set to leave England in March for what could be termed a world tour since they will tour in Australia, America and Canada.

"We're looking forward to po-

ing home," admits the group's lone female, Judith. "It's been a year since we were last there. We're going to do a huge charity concert in Melbourne called 'Music For The People.' We played it last year to an audience of 110,000 which was tremendously thrilling."

While in Australia, the Seekers will also make a documentary and will then journey to Canada to appear in the "Expo-67" world fair. "We're very proud because it's the first time we've been asked to represent our country and this is a great honor," said Judith in regard to their Canadian appearance.

ANOTHER ONE FOR DONOVAN

Donovan has received his second gold record for his chart-topping "Mellow Yellow," on which Paul McCartney allegedly provided some of the background. Donovan's first goldie was for his equally successful "Sunshine Superman."

New Deal

England's answer to our Bob Dylan has also signed a new writer's deal with Southern Music whereby Donovan will receive substantially increased earnings over his former contract. Donovan and Southern are now equal partners in a new publishing firm, Donovan Ltd., which already includes his two most recent hit singles as well as all of his former songs, such as "Catch The Wind." Donovan will receive all writer's royalties and 50 percent of the publisher's share of royalties.

Problems Resolved

The problems which developed in Britain over the release of Donovan's "Sunshine Superman" have now been resolved and the disc is in current release in England. Donovan will return to the U.S. in February for a tour and an appearance on "Ed Sullivan."



... DONOVAN WINS number two

Cosby And Diller Chosen Golden Apples By Press

Bill Cosby, winner of four gold records and star of the popular "I Spy" television series, and Phyllis Diller, perfectly coiffured star of TV's "Fruits Of Southampton," were named winners of this year's Golden Apple awards given annually by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

Elvis Presley and Natalie Wood received the dubious honor of being chosen the Sour Apples of 1966.

The Golden Apples are given to the two stars who have proven themselves to be highly cooperative with the members of the press while the Sour Apples go to the entertainers who have, in the opinion of the Hollywood Women's Press Club, been most unco-operative with the press.

Our congratulations to Bill and Phyllis and better luck next year to Mr. Presley and Miss Wood!



ELVIS WAS CHOSEN SOUR APPLE



... BILL COSBY named a Golden Apple by Hollywood Women's Press.



... PHYLLIS DILLER registers surprise at winning Golden Apple.

Bobby's 'Sunny' Marks 46

It's small wonder that Bobby Hebb has a "Satisfied Mind." His chart-topping, million-selling, self-penned "Sunny" now boasts 46 cover versions! "At least, there were that many versions we knew of a week ago," explained Bobby. "Of course, that's the version I know of. There could be some more versions we haven't heard about yet!"

Bobby, who is currently on the Dick Clark national tour, received a gold record for his "Sunny" which sold more than a million singles by the first of October and which reached the coveted number one spot in the nation.

Twenty-five year old Bobby, who has been composing since 1958 and has more than 3,000 songs to his credit said that he has no objections to artists covering his songs.

"Cover versions of my record? Why should I mind? It draws attention to my own version of 'Sunny' and don't forget I'm the composer too. So, the more people that sing it, the more satisfying it is to me."

Bobby recently completed a smash tour of England (which is now in the throes of an R&B revolution) and his current Stateside single is "Love Me."



... BOBBY DOESN'T MIND the 46 cover versions of 'Sunny.'

PICTURES *in the* NEWS



THE DAVE CLARK FIVE pose happily with the fourteen gold records which the group has earned during their three successful years in show business. The latest million-seller for the DC5 was "The Dave Clark Five's Greatest Hits." The boys set another sort of record by appearing on the "Ed Sullivan Show" fourteen times.



ROY ORBISON recently flew to London to star in the first show of the New Year for British television's "Sunday At The Palladium." Orbison will return to England in late February for another appearance on "Palladium" and will remain in England for a five-week series of personal appearances. Between his "Palladium" dates, Roy will venture to Australia and New Zealand.



BOBBY RYDELL just might start a whole new trend in hair styles. He's pictured above in his "Wilde Californian" hair style which was created by the gentleman to his right in the above photo, Darrell Wilde. Wilde created it for Rydell to enable Bobby to go as long as three weeks between hair cuts. Wilde believes the hair style will "become a popular cut for entertainers because of its quiet elegance and ease of handling." But Bobby's ears and part of his forehead show.



SENATOR EVERETT DIRKSEN is shown here with his disc producing team during a reception in Washington, D.C. Background music for the Senator's "Gallant Men" was composed, arranged and conducted by John Cacavas (left) while Arch Lustberg (right) produced the Senator's readings of the text. The single is moving rapidly up the nation's charts and the album is already assured of a million dollars worth of sales.

Neil Diamond: The Diamond Bag

By Louise Criscione

For one reason or another, most people tend to throw Neil Diamond into the "serious, loner, angry young man" bag. Which is something like terming President Johnson an introvert. Neil is, admittedly, serious about a lot of things—his music and writing in particular—and he is something of a loner—he moves without the aid of five publicists, three managers, two road managers and a photographer—but an angry young man? Not on your life.

Writers are a curious breed, a breed which divides itself into two parts. Those who follow trends and those who remain, for the most part, original. Although Neil is probably opposed to classification, he fits neatly into the latter category. But it's not easy. "It's very difficult to have a certain amount of individuality in writing and I will go out of my way to avoid trends. If you're creative, you can write creative songs.

"If I wanted to go along with trends, I would've made the Monkees' song just like 'Last Train to Clarksville.' But I just wrote a song I liked that I felt the Monkees could do a good job on."

Ironic

The fact that Neil wrote "I'm A Believer" for the Monkees was in itself rather ironic since Neil started out in the music business by writing songs for other artists. At the time he said he felt "like a speech-writer" having his songs, the things he believed in, recorded by other artists. And, yet, today with three consecutive hit records of his own he turns around and writes a song for the Monkees. A change of heart?

"It's only when you're writing strictly for other people that it gets on you but occasionally I will write for other artists. Right now I'm writing a song for Jay and the Americans because I like their sound. Before, everything was for other people. Now it's comfortable for me to let other people use my songs.

"The range in what I'm in much greater than what I can perform in and, so, I couldn't perform all the songs I've written. All the people I know thought I was crazy to let the Monkees have 'I'm A Believer' but I felt it was more for the Monkees than for myself. It might've been a hit record if I had recorded it but it wouldn't have sold two million!"

Two At Once

"I'm A Believer" is, naturally, one of the biggest singles currently on the market. It was assured of a gold record before it was even released and, therefore, went almost immediately to the top of the nation's charts by-passing Neil's own "I've Got The Feelings," on its way to number one.

How did Neil feel when a song he had written, but which was recorded by someone else, reached over his own disc? "Let's see, how did I feel? I felt kinda good because it was selling so well and I had written it."

No one can deny the fact that Neil is a highly successful pop

writer but, true to form, he's not satisfied with the remaining in one place. "I'd like to write movie themes," admitted Neil. "It's very difficult because if you approach a movie producer and tell him you'll write him a theme which will be a big hit as a single, he'll look at you and then take Sam Shulitz. It's funny, they cry that there isn't any freshness but on the other hand while they say that they deny pop writers their chance to show freshness. But just as the Beatles opened up a whole new image for pop music, I think pop writers will open up a whole new world by writing movie themes."

There are certain entertainers who enjoy the respect of their fellow performers. Others do not—they claim it's unnecessary because it is the fans who buy records, not people already in the business. Neil is one man who possesses the respect of just about everyone in the music business but how important does he honestly feel this respect is?

"It's definitely important because the people in any business are more aware of what's happening in that business. The kids know who recorded what song but they're probably not as hip to what's actually going on within the business, so when people in the business offer opinions it means that much more because what they say holds more weight. It's very nice to get that kind of criticism. But, of course, if it's bad criticism, it means nothing!" laughed Neil.

Pop In Russia

When he first walked into our offices, some seven months ago, Neil admitted that his big ambition was to take a rock show to Russia. He still holds that ambition. "I sent out about half a dozen letters to just about everybody but they probably ended up in wastebaskets all over the country!

"People get into ruts. They'd much rather send Louis Armstrong, who is great, to Russia than some pop singer. But pop is big business, so why deny it? It's like a whole new world over there (Russia). They keep people in their own pegs; they don't want them to move. They want to keep the status quo. Sending a pop show over to Russia for the kids would be like getting a foot in the door which is probably why the Russian government wouldn't be too happy to let a pop artist in. But the sad thing is that I've never gotten a serious reply to any of my letters."

Controversial is a world usually reserved for foreign pop artists. For some reason, the American artists tend to stay on the safe side of the fence, probably because their publicity man is always there to make sure of it. Neil Diamond, however, says exactly what he pleases—and managers per se do not please him.

"I think most managers don't know what they're talking about when they get away with it because the talent is so young today that it's easier to hand them a line and get away with it. Everyone from taxi cab drivers to salesmen are



... NEIL DIAMOND: "All the people I know thought I was crazy to let the Monkees have 'I'm A Believer'."

trying to become managers and they just don't belong.

"The sad thing is that these kids are so very intense and sincere about their music—they want so much to be successful—that they're very easy pickings for people. I was signed for a seven year contract for 50% of my earnings only because I wanted so much to be successful and have people record my songs that it ended up that my father had to take most of his earnings, which weren't much, out of the bank to get me out of my contract. It was a very bitter experience," recalled Neil shaking his head.

"Of course, there are good managers and the good ones are great. And the kids who can get a good manager are lucky. But I'd say 99.9% of the people who are managers today don't know what they're doing. The point I made was that there is good and bad in everything but the bad managers are like leeches. They sign a half-

dozen acts a night.

"This is probably the only one single topic I could get into a fight, a fist fight, over."

The news leaked out that Neil was up for a lead in a motion picture and also a possible television series for next season. "We have secret," admitted Neil. "I have a number of things that are coming through but they don't want me to say anything about them. I'd definitely like to go into acting. But I'd never give up my writing and singing—it's so much a part of me."

Up front for Neil is a possible tour of England with Herman in February. "It's there if I want it," said Neil, "but I haven't decided yet if I'll go."

For sure, Neil will move into an area where he's never traveled before—the world of colleges. It's a strange world, devoid of screaming and hysterical crowds. It's a world where your audience sits silently and listens to what you're saying—applause comes only if you're ac-

cepted and you're only accepted if you have something to say.

The college circuit literally "scars the hell" out of many entertainers. But Neil is looking forward to it. "It's where I belong," he says. "When you do nothing but rock 'n' roll concerts it's kind of like having shortcake with every meal. I want to get to people. But I hope that my music and what I'd like to say has a broad appeal. Which means that it appeals to a lot of broads," he laughed.

And on the record scene? "I should be cutting a new album next month, mostly of new things I've written and some old ones of my own material on this album."

Strolling towards the door, Neil turned to make one final comment.

"Love — there should be much more of it."

Neil Diamond—there should be at least ten more of him. One is not nearly enough to go around.

Top 40 Requests

1. I'M A BELIEVER The Monkees
2. THE BEAT GOES ON Sonny & Cher
3. SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON Royal Guardsmen
4. GEORGY GIRL The Seekers
5. THERE'S GOT TO BE A WORD The Innocence
6. KNIGHT IN RUSTY ARMOR Peter & Gordon
7. HELLO, HELLO Sopwith Camel
8. FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH Buffalo Springfield
9. FULL MEASURE Lovin' Spoonful
10. BORN FREE Roger Williams
11. EAST WEST Herman's Hermits
12. PUSHIN' TOO HARD The Seeds
13. GOOD THING Paul Revere & Raiders
14. LADY GODIVA Peter & Gordon
15. HELP ME, GIRL Eric Burdon & The Animals
16. I WANNA BE FREE The Monkees
17. THE EGGPLANT THAT ATE CHICAGO Dr. West's Medicine Show & Junk Band
18. PLEASE The Kaleidoscope
19. ECHOES Gene Clark
20. GOOD VIBRATIONS The Beach Boys
21. WEDDING BELL BLUES Laura Nyro
22. TELL IT LIKE IT IS Aaron Neville
23. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL New Vaudeville Band
24. IT MAY BE WINTER Felice Taylor
25. WORDS OF LOVE Mama's & Papa's
26. STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE 4 Tops
27. DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON/GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY Mitch Ryder
28. SMASHED, BLOCKED John's Children
29. THAT'S LIFE Frank Sinatra
30. KNOCK ON WOOD Eddie Floyd
31. I NEED SOMEBODY ? And The Mysterians
32. SUGAR TOWN Nancy Sinatra
33. LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE The Pozo Seco Singers
34. SINGLE GIRL Sandy Posey
35. TOGETHER FOREVER Viola Wills
36. CRY Ronnie Dove
37. 96.8 Keith
38. TELL IT TO THE RAIN Four Seasons
39. MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BY The Bob Crewe Generation
40. WHACK, WHACK The Young-Holt Trio



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Strip Of No Man's Land

This is the second half of *The BEAT's* opinion poll where teens express their feelings about the Sunset Strip controversy. Part I appeared in the last issue.

Only ages and initials appear with the opinions, which were gathered by a roving *BEAT* reporter, to ensure the privacy of the teenagers who exercised their freedom of speech.

Q.O. (18)—"There was no trouble on the Strip until the cops started it. No more trouble than there is any other place in the city. It was crowded, but there wasn't any trouble. Everything got started when the cops started. It got so you couldn't walk five steps without getting stopped."

R.W. (16)—"It burns me to hear people asking why the kids keep going to the Strip when they know they'll just get in trouble. That's why they keep going. You go up there and you can find yourself in jail for no reason, when you haven't done one thing wrong. Teenagers' rights are being violated, and they go back for more because they're mad. If they stopped going, the police side would have won, and it doesn't deserve to. We at least have to fight back that much, by continuing to go on the Strip."

A.V. (16)—"Why doesn't anyone print what's going on in other parts of Los Angeles? Police getting after teenagers isn't confined to the Strip. It's starting to happen all over town. Getting after them when they aren't doing anything

wrong. I mean, I should know. I was stopped on the way out of a movie theater. It was just after ten o'clock, and they made me show them my I.D. When they saw how old I was, they said I'd better get home fast. I admire the kids on the Strip for not taking this kind of treatment."

E.L. (15)—"We didn't get violent until the cops got violent. If they can do it, why can't we? We have a right to defend ourselves, don't we?"

W.S. (19)—"It's about time someone found out why they want the kids out of the Strip area so bad. It's almost like someone ordered the police to get rid of the teenage element no matter what they had to do to accomplish this. There's more to this than we know about. I think they want to convert the Strip into something that wouldn't be successful unless they were able to keep kids out of the area. But first they have to get them out."

If this is true, and it could be, they probably want to make the Strip into something controversial, or they'd come out and say what their plans are."

D.K. (17)—"I don't get any of this, especially the part about the National Guard being on alert. *The National Guard?* Someone has got to be kidding. No, they aren't kidding, they're trying to make the situation sound like a full-scale riot. It isn't that way at all. Something is going on in this town."

O.C. (16)—"I was there the

night things got kind of wild and the bit happened with the buses. It wasn't written up in the paper the way it happened. It was made to sound like there were thousands of dollars worth of damage. The total damage done was a hundred and fifty-eight dollars, including towing charges for the buses. I'm against violence, but when somebody pushes you too far for too long, you get too mad to think clearly."

F.L. (18)—"You wouldn't believe some of the people who have been arrested on the Strip, just because they happened to be there. People everyone knows. The police really change their tune when they find out they've dragged in somebody important for no reason. I think the whole thing is a big game, not being played by the kids, being played with them."

M.M. (18)—"More and more people are coming over to the kids' side. Quite a few adults were beaten up by police a few Saturday nights ago. They were yelling across the street at the kids at Pandora's and the police moved in on them instead of the kids. That wasn't in the paper. I never saw it. It should have been printed. Even more people might realize it isn't just teenagers who are getting kicked around. They talk about kids taking drugs. The police are the ones who are acting like they're on something."

J.H. (16)—"It's unbelievable. All of it. That thing about Sonny



... HERE THEY COME—for better or worse they're on their way

& Cher not getting to be in the Rose Parade because they happened to be on the Strip and a photographer took a picture of them. I live in the town (Monterey Park) that voted not to let them be in the parade. I'm ashamed to live there. Why are people so narrow? I just can't believe any of this could happen in this country."

B.N. (15)—"I think the whole

business is hilarious. It shows how dumb most kids are. The Strip is no big deal. It isn't even fun. But they're putting up this big fight to stay there, and that's giving the cops an excuse to have a field day. These kids are either too young or too dumb to know where the real fun is. They'd rather march and carry signs instead of picking up on the action in places the cops don't even know about."

John's Children At \$3⁰⁰ A minute

By Rochelle Reed

The ingredients for a typical day of work at *THE BEAT* usually consists of six jabbering PR men, five screaming reporters, four clicking typewriters, three ringing telephones, two playful poodles, one blasting radio and no composure what-so-ever.

Consequently, it came as no surprise when I picked up the phone to hear a nasal voice announce, "London, England called as followed by 'Hello, Hello, Hello0000, Hi!'"

John's Children had met Alexander Graham Bell.

First In Line

First on the line was manager Simon Napier-Bell, who does similar duties for the Yardbirds. There was a peculiar tinge to his speech, as though he'd just finished devouring his air mail edition of the paper, stamps and all. Diabolical delight does that to some people.

"Here's Chris," he said innocently.

After a momentary pause, drummer Chris plugged into the line.

"Hello?"

"Hi?"

"Hi?"

"Hello?"

"This is Chris..."

After we finished introducing ourselves, I got down to business.

"How did John's Children first get together?"

"Well, I don't know... we

just sort of... had a group... and

... Leapfrogging through my head, I remembered that the group had just finished a tour in France. So, I switched to Method #2.

"How did Paris audiences react to your performances?"

"Paris audiences? They like wild stuff... we let ourselves go. Sometimes we were half carried off the stage!"

About this time, bass guitarist John broke into the conversation.

"What's happening on the pop scene in England?" I questioned.

"I think it's died down a lot," John answered. "We've completely broken with the scene. We're very unconventional."

"How did you arrive at that?"

"We just started doing it. We never followed anyone or anything else... we just started realizing it."

Which is precisely how it all happened for the British lads who, for once, weren't born poor and footloose.

John's Children have had very good educations at private schools and universities before turning to music fulltime. Simon Napier-Bell describes their personal performances a message of the "English new wave generation." "Andrew," who sings lead on "Smashed! Blocked!", usually gets into a trance, as if he were at a seance," he says.

Other members of John's Chil-



DESPITE THE USUAL VISA TROUBLE, John's Children are hoping to hit the U.S. later this month. Seen from left to right are, John Hewlett, Chris Townson, and Andrew Ellison and Geoffrey McClelland.

—John, Chris and Geoffrey—dren work on lead singer Andrew to provoke him into a state of submission or manipulate him like a puppet. Eventually, Andrew is hyped into a state of sublimity to the point where he collapses on stage before the set is complete.

"When are you coming to the U.S.?" I asked Andy, knowing full well that the date is set for sometime this month. "And by the way," I asked innocently, "How's the weather?"

"COOOOOOLD!" boomed through the receiver, as though London was only six blocks, rather than six thousand miles, away. I leaned back in my chair, opened the curtains, and described California weather. "It's about 80 degrees," I said for a starter.

"Ohhhhhhh..."

"And we can see all the way to the ocean."

"AHHHHHHHHHH..."

"There's a girl walking down Vine Street in shorts?"

"You're kidding?????"

"How do you feel about coming to the U.S.?"

"We're looking forward to it!" exclaimed Andy excitedly.

Not to leave out Geoffrey, lead guitarist, I asked to talk to him.

"Describe the rest of the guys," I ordered him.

Description?

He gulped several times and launched into his version of John's Children.

"Well, John's very ugly. He's sort of short, has three legs and walks on his head. Chris, well, he's a big egoist, always trying to boost his personality. Andy? Andy's lovely and has blond hair..."

The five-way connection sud-

denly exploded: "Egotist? Egotist? Ugly? Short!... wait a minute! What do you look like?"

"Me?" I asked.

"Yes, you. We're doing a little article on you for an English paper, you see, and the weather here is cold and it's just fine and there's people walking down the street in swimsuits but there's snow on the mountains and they have three legs and John, well, he wears a white crew neck sweater and sometimes they have to pull Andrew off the stage and it has snow on it and you sound far away and hello! hello? Well, hi there and you don't say and quite, and you have long hair? and say, my name's Andrew, I'm Chris, say Geoffrey, how's the weather...?"

After the rest of the day playing with the two poodles. It wasn't as much fun as talking to John's Children, but it was much sancer.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin's jaw dropped a distance of approximately seven feet, revealing not only her surprise, but the fact that her group *huden't* had 34% fewer cavities.

"I repeat," repeated The Budge.

"Tell me I'm dreaming that?"

"You're dreaming that," Robin twittered, in one of her rarely successful attempts at humor. But it wasn't foony.

The Budge stamped her foot (Robin's, that is). "You tell me where that came from," she demanded hoarsely. "And you tell me that came from RIGHT NOW!"

"Can't Imagine"

Robin smiled hysterically. "I can't imagine what you're talking about."

"I'm talking about THAT!" blithered The Budge.

"Oh," Robin shrieked nonchalantly. "Do you happen to be referring to the two new guitars, the two new amps, and the set of drums which happen to be stacked in the corner of my room?"

"Thank Gawd... she sees them, too." With this, The Budge swooned senseless to the carpet.

Eating like, joining her, Robin controlled herself (a pleasant change). The Budge's average Standard-Faint usually lasted about ten seconds. But, this was a Super-Snit, which meant Robin had at least half-a-mo to come up with an answer.

The motor in Robin's alleged

head went into high gear, and although she could swear she heard a rod knocking, she was ready when The Budge began to stir (using the spoon she always kept handy for... oh, let's not start that again.)

"I'll now tell you where that came from," Robin announced as her friend's eyes crept warily open. "I don't honestly know where it came from."

The Budge checked her watch. "Fast, but not good," she said, not without a touch of sarcasm.

"Hah?" Robin inquired politely.

"I mean that's one of the fastest whoopers I've ever heard anyone make up, but it's not good enough, you twit!"

"But... but..." Robin butted. "It's not a whooper."

And, in a way, it wasn't. George had been there just hours ago. During his visit, Robin had wailed that there wasn't one single (or, for that matter, married) rock and roll band in the city (argh) of Pitchfork.

When George had suggested she str2 one, she had re-wailed about her lack of musical instruments (not to mention her lack of talent). Now, after having put two and two together and coming up with five, at usual), Robin's friend George was responsible for all this. But she wasn't really telline Budge a whooper. Maybe she didn't honestly know, but she did *honestly know!* (Re-hah!)

"Robin Boyd," spat The Budge.

"Gerroff it and explain those

drums and those..."

"DROOMS?" Ringo (as in Boyd, as in Boyd) interrupted in a below from the other side of the closed door. "Did I hear someone say *drooms?*" she re-bellowed, bursting (and I kid you not) into the room.

Then she set eyes on the shiny set of same. "LODDWIGS," she boomed. Falling to her knees, she embraced the bass and kissed the cymbal so hard its teeth rattled.

It was several moments (and it seemed like years) before she stopped long enough to address Robin and Budge, who were staring at her aghast. (Located, for those interested, near her aghastly...)

Anyparth???

"Where did all this stuff come from, anyparth?"

"It belongs to The Budge," Robin lied, nearly severing a rather necessary portion of her friend's anatomy with a pinch that came directly to the point. "We're going to start our own group!"

"Groovesville!" shouted Ringo. With this, she flung a guitar at Robin and recommenced blamming.

"Not in here, stupid," Robin snapped, and Ringo immediately ran out of the room, clatching the brass drum.

The minute she left, Budge returned the pinch. "Why did you say that?"

"I had to," Robin hissed. "I don't want to start a big hysterical

bit about where the stuff came from until we find out where it came from!"

The Budge gave her a look that would have shattered glass. "Okay, Robin Irene Budge. I'll believe you about dreaming the Beetle in the bedroom. And I'll pretend to believe you about the instruments. But if ONE MORE unbelievable thing happens, I am going to stagger off toward the horizon, drooling!"

"But mother," they heard Ringo wail. "We're starting our own group! Budge has guitars, too, and amps and everything! We have to start practicing!"

"Not in here, stupid," replied Mrs. Boyd, addressing this comment to the bass drum instead of her sturdy daughter. (It was difficult to tell, difficult to tell.)

"But where?" Ringo re-wailed. "Mrs. Boyd pointed out the window at the endless South Dakota prairie. "Out there," she said firmly. "Way out there."

Some time later, after the instruments had been set up in the middle of nowhere (I'll say), and plugged in (thanks to the thirty-six extension cords Mrs. Boyd is only too happy to provide), the girls were ready for their first try.

Robin picked up a frosty guitar. She looked at The Budge. "This is going to be gross," she warned. "I've never played one of these things before."

The Budge picked up a frosty

guitar. She looked at Robin. "I have a feeling *gross* is not the word. I don't even know which end you blow into."

"Oh, well," Robin shrugged. "We can learn." Then she turned to Ringo, who was carefully adjusting her tam. "So hit it already, Beverly Lou."

Ringo started to hit it. Suddenly the three of them burst into hysterical laughter.

"Does this remind you of anything?" Robin croaked.

"As in shivering on the plains?" Budge roared.

Which Plains?

"As in Salisbury?" Ringo wheezed.

"We look just like the Beatles!" they burbled in unison.

Continuing to burble, Robin took aim and struck the first chord (fully expecting it to strike her back.)

They made it half-way through "The Night Before" before they realized what was happening. And it was then that Robin knew what she must do.

She must run after Budge, who had just staggered off toward the horizon, drooling! And, by the time she caught up with her, she must have dreamed up the whooper of all time. On account of because they didn't *just* look like the Beatles. They also *sounded* like them!

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

Formula For Pop Success

By Carol Deck

Ever notice how most of the successful pop groups fall into a pattern? It's almost as though there's a formula for creating a successful group.

Like, for instance, there's the genius—every group (and I'm only talking about the groups that make it—forget those that don't) has at least one genius at it's core (a John Lennon, Eric Burdon or Brian Wilson.) Some groups are lucky and have more than one genius, but it's essential that you have at least one.

Musician

Then too, you've got to have a top rated musician, someone who's mastered at least one instrument to such an extent that he's recognized by his peers as tops for that instrument (a George Harrison or a Jeff Beck.)

It's also essential that you have at least one very good looking member whom fans can point out to their parents as proof that not all rock and roll singers are ugly. You've got to have a Paul McCartney (keep calm kids, I know there's a lot more to Paul than just his looks), a Mark Lindsay or a Davy Jones. Even the Stones, who aren't exactly world renowned for their beauty, have Keith Richard.

And every group has a quiet member—someone who says ab-

solutely nothing during interviews and generally refuses to express his opinions on the world (Charlie Watts, Chris Dreja and Peter Turk.) These are the ones that worry reporters for we know that usually the less they say the more they think and often have great insights into the world about them but getting it out of them is like pulling teeth. These are also the ones the fans tend to want to mother.

Combinations

Well, those four are the basic essentials for a group, but there's one more that really shouldn't be left out and that is the clown. A successful group usually has one member who is a fun loving, outgoing, extroverted character who generally keeps everyone's spirits up. There's Micky Dolenz, Dennis Wilson, Zollic Yanovsky, Phil Volk. A clown may not be totally necessary, but he sure helps.

And of course you can have any combinations of the above. There's the quiet genius (John Sebastian, Jim McGuinn), the good looking genius (Herb Alpert), and the good looking clown (Herman.) And there are many top rated quiet musicians, for people who dedicate their lives to an instrument tend to be a little on the quiet side with society.

This formula, and variations of it, have proved successful with numerous groups. Look at the Beatles. They're almost a proto-

type of it. They've got a genius (Lennon), a musician (Harrison), a good looker (McCartney) (I know, I know there's more to Paul than just what meets the eye) and a combination clown and quiet one (Ringo — he's not the extroverted kind of clown, but he has a natural sense of comedy that may put him in the Buster Keaton category some day).

But then there's the Stones. They've got a little bit of everything, as every top group does, but they've also got the mighty mouth—Jagger—who never has played by the rules. Jagger is likely to be, at any point in the game, all or none of these all by himself.

Then There's . . .

And then there's the Association, who can't be anything but tops just because they have so much of everything. All six of them are capable of genius, they've got a couple of really top musicians and when it comes to clowning, they're all out-right idiots. I suppose if you're looking for great looks, Ted will stand out and when it comes to being the quiet type, theoretically all six are capable, but Brian probably would get the credit in that department.

So you see it really isn't that hard to create a good group. You just find one member in each category, or any combinations thereof, add a lot of luck and you're on your way to your first million seller.

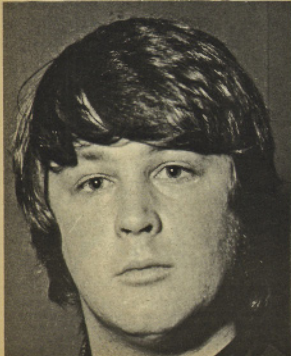


BEAT Photos: Howard L. Bingham

BEATLES have all components for success—Bob Vaughn has UNCLE.



MONKEES have a clown in the form of one Micky Dolenz.



BEACH BOYS have the "genius" of Brian Wilson.



BEAT Photos: Studio of Photography

STONES have a non-conformist.



RAIDERS have pony-tailed Mark.



ASSOCIATION number six but wish Elke Summer was lucky seven.

Joan Baez: A Study In Protest

By Rochelle Reed

When the curtains draw back and the spotlight silhouettes her against an empty stage, it's difficult to believe that slight, dark-haired Joan Baez is standing in opposition to the entire United States government.

Each year, Joan (she refuses to be called Miss Baez) withholds 60 percent of her taxes from the Internal Revenue Service, and when the percentage going towards the

military is increased to 75 percent in April, she will withhold that amount.

The reason is that though her voice carries messages of empathy, hunger and sorrow, Joan believes that another life exists beneath the surface of the wars, violence and mass corruption about which she sings. Because of this innate belief, the girl with the sound of a songbird has remained silent for nearly a year, devoting

her time instead to "growing up" and operating her Institute for the Study of Non-violence in Carmel, California.

Last month, Joan came out of her voluntary withdrawal to perform at a Los Angeles concert, with proceeds going to striking Delano, Calif. farm workers. Beforehand, she held a press conference, explaining to a nervous newspaper and wire service reporters why she has adopted her highly unpopular philosophy and how she is attempting to convert others.

Joan first began withholding the majority of her taxes three years ago, when she returned her partial payment with a note to the effect that she refused to support the military.

"Some Game"

"After they realized this wasn't just some little game I was playing," she says, "they began to get worried." Until now, the government has proceeded to take the money out of the bank, she explained to the press, but conceivably the day may come when there is no money to withdraw. Then the government would begin by attaching her house, school and other material possessions.

"I won't pay the 60 percent," she says, "not only because of Viet Nam but any war," adding that "of course," she would go to jail in support of her beliefs.

Though most of the press conference was confined to social-

political observations, *BEAT* managed to question Joan about some of the present day developments on the music and youth scene.

Upon hearing that Sonny and Cher were kicked off a Rose Parade float after they were photographed observing a demonstration on Sunset Strip, she commented, "Oft'hand, it sounds like a pretty dumb thing for (Monterey Park) to do."

As for the Sunset Strip, Joan paraphrased Mahatma Gandhi, Indian social reformer and advocate of non-violence. "Gandhi said hoodlums were not dropped out of the sky. The curfew or lack of one isn't really going to stop anyone. It's hard to know what to do. These kids are lost, confused. What, really, have we shown them that's better?"

Joan cuts all her recordings either in concert or at New York studios. She plans to complete a rock and roll album soon, although she adds that she has "no taste for most of it." She has completed some songs that she classifies as "rank" and says "the rank stuff I'll drop and fill it in with things I think are nice."

But the life of Joan Baez is no longer limited to music. Instead, she turns to be much more than a singer — a scholar, writer and student.

Joan's main concern is the advocacy of non-violence, and her philosophy is summed up by the contradiction she finds in the

phrase, "God and Country." This, she says, is a paradox: it must be either one or the other, not both. The reason is that God says "Thou shalt not kill" and Country says "Thou shalt not kill, except for enemies" — which change, according to Joan, every five years. She cites the fact that in the last twenty years, enemies of the United States have included the Germany, Russia, Communist satellites, Japanese, Red Chinese and Viet Cong.

Realistic?

"I'm trying to be realistic," she offers. "There's no chance at all for us to survive more than 10 or 20 years at the rate we're going. All the Presidents say so. Somehow," she continues, "the world must come to a complete stop and reverse directions."

Joan hopes to realize a "world where it's no longer fair to bump off someone because he's an enemy. We say it's wrong to kill, then we start making excuses. Eventually, if we're to survive, we have to deal with the 'enemy' without having to drop napalm all over him."

Meanwhile, Joan plans to concentrate her efforts on her school, and says that if she turns out one pacifist a year, she's satisfied.

Gazing out to the press, the corners of her mouth turned up in a smile, Joan declared, "It just wish they'd try to draft 25-year-old ladies."



JOAN BAEZ . . . TAKING TIME OUT TO "GROW UP."

BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



THE BOYS NEXT DOOR

An Indiana *BEAT* subscriber cued us in on this group, currently sweeping the Midwest scene. They've performed with the Beach Boys (whom they slightly resemble). Lenny Sponholz, Herman and others. Back, (left to right), The Boys Next Door (we wish) are Skeet Barber, Jim Koss; middle, Steve Drybread, Steve Lester; and in front, Jim Adams.



THE KITCHEN CING

"Everything but the kitchen sink," people always say about a woman's handbag. Now Sazie Jane Kokum has found herself a Kitchen Cinq, which she is producing for LHI Records. Counter-clockwise, the Cinq include Dallas Smith, Dale Gardner, Jim Parker, Mark Oromauer and Johnny Stark.



THE PAPERHANGERS

Another of our readers wrote us about The Paperhangers, a Southern California group who "sound naturally like the Association." The guys range in age from 17 to 19 and will soon release a single on Capitol, "Guess What I Saw" c/w "Time Will Tell." Left to right, The Paperhangers are Pete Bergquist, Ron Anello, Vito Giovannelli, Brent Maglia.



... DR. VON MEIER pictured during one of his UCLA classes.

Professor Of Pop Requires The BEAT

We heard through the grapevine that BEAT is required reading at the University of California at Los Angeles but we didn't really believe it until last week, when suddenly our office was swamped with college students asking to see our files.

We happily obliged, since it turned out the students were working on term papers for the art history class in which BEAT really is required reading. Their assignment was to discuss a particular record from its inception in the artists' minds to its final drop from the music charts.

We thought the unique class was interesting enough to warrant a story so we asked UCLA student Ron Koslow to tell us more about his class and the professor who teaches it.

By Ron Koslow

He stands at the lectern wearing an orange shirt, flowered Carnaby street tie, checked pants and a striped jacket. The sounds of the Stones or Supremes fill the lecture hall as over four hundred UCLA

Anita Bryant Honored By USO Council

Anita Bryant has been elected to the USO National Council by action of the National Board of Governors. Long active in numerous phases of USO activities, Miss Bryant has been honored by Chicago's USO with the 25th anniversary Silver Medal Award and is the recipient of the Gold 25th Anniversary charm presented at the 1966 National Council dinner in Washington, D.C.

Anita spent the Christmas holidays with Bob Hope and his troupe entertaining our servicemen in Vietnam. It marked Anita's seventy consecutive holiday tour overseas for USO, as well as her fourth to entertain troops stationed in Vietnam.

The Raiders On The Run

By Eden

They're running... **RUNNING** faster every day; longer every night; farther with each week and month; and still they go on running.

Running to the waiting plane... running for a taxicab... running for the concert stage... running to the dressing rooms... running from the frenzied fans... running to another plane.

The Raider's world is a running world; a world of non-stop activity and motion, one which never, ever stands still or stops to catch its breath... or theirs!

Inside Glimpses

But sometimes... just sometimes, they slow down just enough that you can catch a glimpse of what goes on inside the Raider world, behind the running which surrounds it. And then you will see five highly intelligent, distinctly different individuals involved in five very special "running" worlds of their own.

You might find a dazzling smile, set off by two of the world's most distinguished front teeth and that would have to be The Fang, Phil Volk—of bass guitars, and cowboy hats; of smiles, and laughs, and practical jokes, of artist's brushes, and writer's pens; of singer's notes and happy songs.

Although he fairly bursts with noise and happy motion most of the time, he, too, can be a man of quiet, sitting off to one side for just a moment to contemplate the world around him. He gathers precious, favorite things around him; and his collection includes close friends and family, a fairy tale childhood, and fond memories of happy days spent in schools back home.

Not far away there has to be another smile, a horn of laughter, and Phillip's "twin" onstage—Harpo. Blue eyes which meet you head on with honesty; a smile that says "I love you!"; and a personality which no one could resist! This Raider is, perhaps, the most consistent, almost never seen without a smile, and seldom found in moods of sadness.

Only moments snatched from

running times are given over to solitary moods of pensive observation—but those unusual moments of isolation are quite extraordinary, and seldom seen by others. The deeper thoughts of sensitivity and compassion are kept quietly within him, and find their release only in the physical expression of his actions.

"The Wizard"—the mad scientist of the group—the question mark who sits behind the drums... that's Smitty. Perhaps the quietest Raider, the one who keeps the most unsaid, Smitty is always one of the most astounding individuals in the world.

Onstage—an excellent drummer, a master of good timing and comic actions. Off-stage, away from cameras... there is too much of the serious side of life to distract him from his laughter. He smiles a very bright and shiny smile—one which can light up his face as well as everything around him. But that smile is much more strictly rationed when the world is temporarily not tuned-in.

Worries

He worries about his fellow man, and about the dangers of war and fighting. He thinks about the problems as they exist now—but most importantly, he goes on to think of possible solutions. No, he's not the complaining kind. If there is a problem to be dealt with—Smitty will be the first to roll up his sleeves and pitch in; he can't content himself with simply sitting on the sidelines and grumbling disgruntled gripes of "life and times."

"Uncle Paul"—the perennial parent to just about everyone. The man who counsels friends and children, Raiders and fans, and anyone else who comes to him for advice.

One of the most talented comedians in the world, "Uncle Paul" is a master of subtle humor, the art of understatement, the all-important element of timing. A very funny man—onstage.

But when he isn't running frantically round a stage, you will find a very different Blue-Eyed Leader

beneath that feathered Raider hat. His shoulders may be stooped just slightly, but if you look a little closer, you will see that they are weighted-down by the burden of responsibility which Paul has taken upon himself.

He is the one who must worry about four other Raiders; about each performance, and the direction in which all five careers will go at once from here; he is the one who worries about the money, and protects the interests of the group.

He is the one who is sought after for advice, and he is the one who must be father-brother-friend-advisee-baby-sitter-guardian-performer-Leader and even human being. Not an easy task for anyone! But he is still the Fearless Leader of us all, and though he may assume all the responsibilities of his "family"—he never forgets to turn around and smile. Thank you, Uncle Paul.

One more—another Raider—the one who stands, perhaps, as a symbol of the Raiders—the one who stands... alone. And that is the only one-word way to speak of Mark Lindsay, a man who requires so many words that it is difficult to speak of him at all!

For the cameras, for the people—smiling, happy, dashing, gallant, laughing, care-free and outgoing. But even Mark's running must run slower sometimes, and then you see the torment and confusion of a young man searching for his name and meaning in a very nameless world of labels.

People

The first to be most deeply affected by other people, he is sometimes the last to show it, and always the last to forget it; people and their thoughts and problems stay with him a very long, long time.

And still, he is alone, and running... to his future, to a new world, and someday... to himself.

RAIDERS... running to another stage... running to a waiting crowd... running from the world behind them... RAIDERS RUNNING TO SUCCESS.



... THE RAIDERS IRON OUT the kinks in a new song with their producer, Terry Melcher.



Sandy Baron-Man Of Every Media

By Carol Deck

Sanfred Beresofsky never became a comedian. He always was one.

But it wasn't until he shortened his name to Sandy Baron, taking the Baron from the name of a bookstore in Brooklyn, and began making noise in practically every media of the entertainment industry that the world realized that he was a comedian, and a very good one.

During a break in the filming of his TV series, "Hey Landlord," Sandy explained a few of his ideas on the show, teenagers, his past and his future.

At the age of 28 Sandy's little passed the teenage stage, but he's written several successful rock and roll songs and personally respects them immensely.

"I hate calling them teens, though. I call them people."

A short while back Sandy was working off Broadway and supplementing his salary by writing songs. His most successful were, "I See The Writing On The Wall" and "Take Good Care of Her," both recorded by Adam Wade and "Let True Love Begin" the next to the last song Nat "King" Cole recorded.

Something New

Now he's working on something new. "I'm writing a contemporary musical about what happens in America to young satirists who poke fun at things people don't want to poke fun at."

It's still in the idea stage but the idea includes musical arrangements by someone like Burt Bacharach and music by someone like the Spoorful. It's to be similar to the story of Lenny Bruce.

Meanwhile he's working hard on the TV show. Sandy's performed in practically every media—records, Broadway, off Broadway, movies, nightclubs and television—but says he feels most comfortable in TV, particularly on "Hey Landlord" because it's one of the

few TV series filmed in front of a live audience.

"TV combines the best of all of them. You gotta be honest and know who you are like on Broadway. You know you're not the whole ball game like in the movies. You're in front of a live audience so you've got the excitement of night clubs."

The other one field he really digs is college tours. "They explode your head. They love the same sense of danger that I do and I can brag in new material with them."

About the show he says, "We've got the single toughest time slot on the air—against Ed Sullivan and 'The F.B.I.' But it's better than the other one they offered us—against the Star Spangled Banner and Let Us Pray."

But he's got great hopes for the show anyway. "It's gonna be a hit, although the title of the show doesn't help us at all."

No Trip

It's often said that there's nothing like a TV series to destroy a comedian but Sandy has no fear of being trapped in "Hey Landlord" for years to come.

"It won't be on for 10 or 12 years because Woody and I will outgrow it. And the audience will demand that we eventually get married. They'll sense that we're mature enough to get married and won't accept it anymore."

As far as marriage goes, Sandy already is, and very happily so. His wife, Ger, was once a dancer on "Hullabaloo" and he describes her as "getting groovier every day." Their friends call them Sandy and Ger and Sandy says,

"We're the Sonny and Cher of comedy."

And comedy, Sandy realized early in life, is here to stay.

"I can't remember a day in my life when I didn't realize that people are absolutely insane."

"Comedy is one thing that ain't never going out of style. The one thing that mankind will always want to do is to laugh at mankind."

I really hate to do a thingy like this for you, but do you happen to recall my last column? Yes, yes, I know...you had just finally succeeded in forgetting it and here I go bringing it up (as in chuck) again.

Still, the reference to my most recent scrambled mess of writy is necessary. On account...because this is sort of a continuation of same.

No, no, I'm not going to start vabbling (?) about vespers again. But this column (shirley I jest) is the second part of the letter which you read the first part of last week. (WHATTTTTT)

You remember. The part where the letter-writer's pen pal went to visit...dare I gasp it...GEORGE! And away we go.

"I have this pen pal who lives in London, England and to make a long story short, she and her friend (both Beatie lovers) went to Surrey (taah...just the sound of the place where he B-r-e-a-k-e-s!) for the day to see if they could find J.G. and R's homes. Well, neither John or I was home. However, they did manage to see Zak with his nanny."

"So on they walked to Esher. (EEEK! They're closer!) They had a hard time finding the place, but suddenly there it was. A huge wall! It was George's home, and the electric gate was OPEN."

"They tricked around and saw HIM walking around near the window. (Oh, that sweet bouncin' walk.) Anyhow, they waited around outside and this man (Indian) came out in a car. He said that George had bought some Persien (spelling) rups from him and he showed them the signed check!

"After he left, Pattie came racing out (in a car). They realized that this was their chance to talk to him without anyone around. So they walked in and went toward the door. (They had made him a cat and mouse out of black felt and wanted him to have them.)

"As they neared the door, they saw him scowl out at them. Suddenly, before they knocked, the door burst open and THERE HE WAS! OH DIE!

"He wasn't mad at all. He was laughing and grinning all over the place. His hair was very long and dark and sort of fluffy. He had on white pants and a blue-and-white striped shirt. The shirt was all over his neck and his adam's apple was sooo sexy."

"I'll try and relate the conversation which followed..."

G... "We've got something for you!"

George... "What's this? The letter sec..."

K... "It's a cat, but we forgot his tail."

For
Girls
only

by
shirley
pستن

At this point, G. smelled something coming from the house and asked if George had been using Dettol.

George—"Yeah, the cat's been... all over the carpet again." (No, he didn't say what you're thinking.)

All of them laughed and then they asked for his autograph. When he said "sure, but get out," they asked for an autograph for me, too.

"They talked a bit more and then left. They sent me the autograph and some gravel and leaves from his house. I think I must have been in shock for hours! I was surprised the neighbors didn't think I was being murdered the way I was spazing around the house!"

Well, I can't say I blame her for spazing around. I'm afraid to even think of what I'd do if I received a letter like that in the mail. In other words, she got out the Dettol, whatever that is.

I see I've been up to my usual confusing tricks. I never know how to get it across that I'm printing what someone else said. I'll try to be a bit more direct in my autograph with one of those "things," but I don't believe I quite made it, as usual.

Oh well, I'd promise to get my grammar straightened out (not to mention my grammar), but I have

DISCUSSION

There seems to have been a rash of recent releases from Sonny and Cher, but the very latest duo-disking is "The Beat Goes On."

Cher's solo effort was the beautiful "Mama," but now Sonny and Cher have recorded together once again and the result is a very timely, well-performed, well-produced record entitled "The Beat Goes On." This should be their biggest national hit in many months.

P.J. Proby continued *The BEAT*, in an exclusive interview some months ago when he first returned to this country, that he would be doing no more recording for at least three years, due to some legal hang-ups with his record company.

Apparently those "hang-ups" have straightened themselves out, however, because P.J. has returned to the pop chart race with a very strong R&B-type entry, "Big Hossy." The title track doesn't make a lot of sense, and the lyrics aren't too much more profound, but the record is about as funky as Mr. Proby can get... and that's pretty lucky!

R&B seems to be the dominant trend—or one of them—in the pop field right now, and certainly it is

a feeling it would be all in vain. By the time had it all figured out, they would have come for me anyway.

Speaking of George...I haven't said that for so long, I've forgotten how to spell it... speaking of coming-for-me, before they do, I must tell you about something that is truly the wildest thing in the entire. (As in world, as in world.)

It is undoubtedly the mind-blower of the century when a person is...aheem...rather interested in someone who has the same first name as your face. (As in George.) (Re-spa...)

I say "rather interested" because if you're totally sprung over the name-alike, you think of him instead of Harrison when you're murmuring "Oh, George" at appropriate moments.

Really, it is a blast. So much of a blast, it's almost worth going out and conducting a search for your own George, John, Mark, Pauley, Richie, and what-have-you. (What have I? A problem.)

If you succeed, you'll also find yourself using his name constantly when you're talking to him (not to mention when you aren't).

That sounds moronic, but will try to explain. Like, my name is Shirley (when it isn't), Must, but if you were talking to me, you wouldn't start every sentence with my name. Think about it. You really don't use a person's name that often.

Howsoever, when it's a case of same-name, you say it practically every breath. And I considered the fact that my breath goes out for track every time. I even think of George Hilton Harrison (that's an inn joke) (Gawd), that's saying a lot.

Speaking of saying a lot, it would be nice to at least start saying something in this... this... oh, you know... again. But I've been in such a blitherly mood lately, I've really been foaming at the typewriter.

Oh well...maybe you need the sleep.

one direction in which many pop people are heading. So, watch for a hit with this new one.

There has been quite a promotion campaign launched for a new young singer named simply "Keith." Since most huge promotion campaigns usually turn out to be just another boring type campaign, I'm a little leery from the start. Only accidentally have I heard his first record, "(98.6) I'd discover that there might just be something in this one after all. It's actually a very good, slightly unusual, slightly pretty, slightly original disc and with enough "promotion" he might have a hit. P.S. Flip side is entitled "The Teeny Bopper Song."

Many congratulations to Mr. Tom Jones for "The Green, Green Grass of Home." Beautiful song and poignant lyrics are gonna propel this one to the top for Tiger Tom.

By the way, next time someone tells you that Eric Burdon is England's greatest (and perhaps only) soul singer, tell them to turn their ears on to Tom-Tom. He may be a bit besotted, but that's part of the British Isles!

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

'ANY WEDNESDAY'

The actors can't be pinned down in "Any Wednesday"—because Warner Bros.' new Technicolor comedy boasts one of the most unusual optical effects ever attempted in a motion picture.

Stars Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Dean Jones and Rosemary Murphy are shifted about various settings by director Robert Ellis Miller, via a complicated split-screen effect. During a single scene, Robards appears and disappears thrice on screen, being "wiped out" each time by the movement of another actor, in another place.

It's all part of the frantic action in the zany comedy of romantic errors, based on Marjell Resnik's hit Broadway play.

Julius J. Epstein produced "Any Wednesday" from his own screenplay. The motion picture was filmed partly on location in New York City, on the fashionable upper East Side.



... HAPPINESS IS A BIRTHDAY CAKE?



... RAINY DAY BLUES FOR JANE AND JASON.



... DEAN JONES PORTRAYS A HAPPY ARRIVAL FROM AKRON, OHIO.



... HAPPINESS FOR DEAN IS A PAIR OF KEYS.



... ONE OF THE MORE GRACEFUL SCENES!

CARL WILSON:

'Weird Sounds Don't Blow My Mind'

By Eden

There are three Wilson brothers, a cousin, and a friend. Brian, Carl, Dennis, Mike and Al. Collectively, they are The Beach Boys. There are five of them, but they are seldom "collected" into the same place at the same time unless they are on tour, or performing.

You will find them dropping in on one another at home, or racing their cars, or riding their motorcycles, or writing a new song, or re-recording a track until it "feels" just right, or just "getting away from it all" down by the beach.

Unusual Trio

The Wilsons Three are a most unusual trio of brothers. Brian and Carl are the two most alike: apart from the obvious physical resemblance, Brian—the eldest—and Carl—the "baby" of the family—think and speak and even act very much along the same lines. They are very much interested in thinking; in the various thought processes, in the spiritual and emotional concepts of the mind, and with the various powers—both known and as yet undiscovered,

which are possessed by the mind. Dennis—the middle Wilson brother—is the "nature boy" as brother Brian describes him. He is the young man so sensitive that he can communicate with the creatures and creations of nature. He loves all things concerned with the outdoors, and is an avid enthusiast of nearly all outdoor sports.

Recer

He is also the driving expert in the family, and is well-known for his expert racing.

As human beings, the Wilsons are all warm and generous people. They have a talent for more-or-less "adopting" you and making you feel like a member of the family. Which might, at times, be easier than it sounds, for it quickly seems as though the whole world is a part of the Wilson family! There are a vast number of cousins and other assorted Wilson-type relatives to be found in the near vicinity of any one of the Beach Boys.

All five of the Beach Boys (except Bruce Johnston) are married now, but this in no way hurt their popularity. Perhaps that is

because their fans are able to pick up the warm family-vibrations from the group, and can feel somehow included in that family.

Carl is the most recent departure from the bachelor ranks, and his beautiful bride is the sister of Billy Hinsche, of Dino, Desi, and Billy. I stopped in to visit Carl and Annie in their beautiful Beverly Hills home and was immediately greeted with the usual warmth and hospitality which is so characteristic of the Wilsons.

Carl studied guitar briefly for about three months once when he took lessons from a studio. Then, a friend—John Maus, of the successful Walker Brothers—taught him a great deal about the guitar.

Harmony

This was the only formal musical education which Carl has had, yet he is a member of a group whose music has had a very widespread affect on the very structure of popular music. Like his talented brother, Carl is very much interested in harmony—always one of the most important factors in the unique Beach Boys' sounds, and for a mo-

ment he considered the possible meanings of harmony.

He called it a "love vibration"—a really strong emotion or feeling. And "vibrations" are very important to both Carl and Brian. Each record must have exactly the "right sound," the "right feeling." It must give very good vibrations before they will release it.

Emotions

He explained that, "I don't think people would be as emotional listening to a one-note solo instead of a beautiful harmony passage. Harmony carries a vibration that, I think a single note just doesn't have."

Carl feels that "vibrations" are important to everyone, though everyone is not consciously aware of them. Trying to relate his concept of these vibrations to others, Carl tried to sum his ideas up by explaining that "Vibrations are just another plane, or plateau of sensitivity. It's just another feeling; you feel vibrations."

Carl has a fine appreciation of good music—music which is well-written and well-executed. And

though he enjoys different and interesting instrumentations, he doesn't necessarily go for the ultra-weird, "Weird sounds don't blow my mind—great ones do!"

He hasn't yet begun to involve himself in the writing and producing area of record production, but agrees that he would be interested in someday giving it a try. He greatly admires the work and talents of Brian, but feels that he hasn't yet become interested enough in these things to be able to work in this area. Philosophically, he concludes that, "If it will come—it will come."

New Album

Motion pictures hold a very strong attraction for Carl, and he hopes to be able to become involved in that medium of entertainment as soon as possible. The immediate future holds the creation of a new album—an LP which is very important to all of the Beach Boys—and a European tour in October.

As for the future after that... well, it is undoubtedly full of very good vibrations for the Beach Boys.

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America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

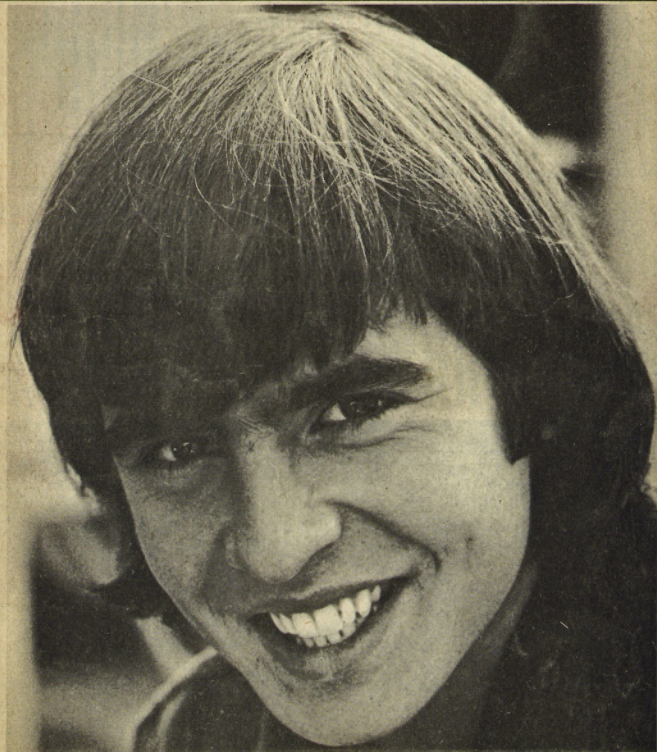
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KRLA

Edition

BEAT

JANUARY 28, 1967



MONKEES SURPASS BEATLE SALES!

See Page 1

KRLA**BEAT**

Volume 2, Number 33

January 28, 1967

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 Beatles 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 harried 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)

MITCH RYDER LEAVES WHEELS—FORMS SHOW

... MITCH RYDER

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're 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 Voice Records and will continue to release discs.

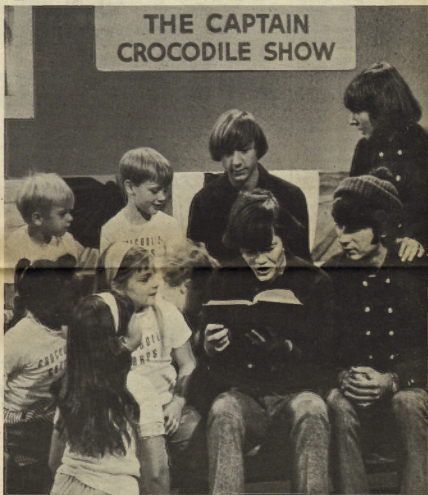
TOM JONES AWARDED GOLD RECORD; FIRST IN HISTORY OF DISC LABEL

Tom Jones became the first British artist in the history of Decca Records to receive a Gold Record for British sales when his "Green 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."



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

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 rumor of "Dylan is really dead" rumors which have been floating around since his "disappearance."

Inside the BEAT

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The BEAT is published monthly by BEAT Publications, Inc., editorial and advertising offices at 6296 Sunset Blvd., Suite 304, Hollywood, California 90028. U.S. business in independent, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Nashville, overseas correspondents in London, Liverpool and Manchester, England. Sub price \$3 each. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, \$2 per year; Canada and foreign rates, \$3 per year. Second class postage prepaid at Los Angeles, California.

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 Picks 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." 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 let me 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 I love them. Before 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 would like to see more on them!

(5) To Mark of the Turtles: 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 birds, 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 the Beatles 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 waltzes tones

It chills them to their very bones.

A band of raiders comes out at night

And robs from everything in sight

They make their fortunes from music machines

But they must keep away from searchers scenes!

In Greenwich Village the critics 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... 'noshia'!

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" Keilly, 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 that 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 you know a person who likes some one 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 Ancur

PREDICTION AFTERMATH

Dear BEAT:

I 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 boogies. 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, can we 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 as the Association and they like.

Karen

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 yours was delivered which demanded to know why we always pick on the Stones and why we don't pick on someone like the DC5. "You can't please all the people all the time," is the truest statement ever made!

The Editor

As far as I'm concerned, you people on *The BEAT* can lock 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

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 Lovin'" and "Beach Out I'll Be There" by the Four Tops. Plus, hit songs put out by such great Motown artists as the Miracles, Marvin J. 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 Dylan, Paul Simon, Neil Diamond and, of course, Dylan with the major writing influences of the beat." You surely forgot, "the dynamic trio" of Holland, Dozier and Holland. To least mention Smoke 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, Vic Damone, 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 Criticone

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. Davy 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. Davy 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 Davy, 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.



... PETER TORK

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 being on the receiving end of an electric shock from a hand mike. Mick was not harmed and stage hands attributed the accident to the singer's 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 Fane is set for a stint at New York's Basin Street East in March... Ringo says all four Beatles are Beach Boy 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 Machine's fans up-in-arms over BEAT's prediction that they will not be a major group during '67.



... TOM JONES

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?"

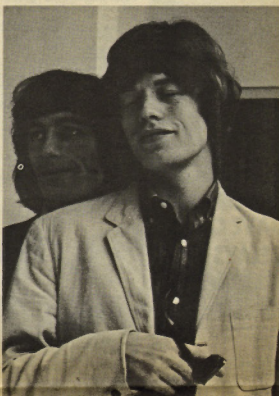
Partial Script

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 Lover'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' act—and 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 of 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 says 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 Shiller, 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. Shiller'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 Britain.

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

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 has 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.



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.



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 get 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, which it is . . . What a coup it would be if "Gooney Girl" won an Oscar since apparently neither the motion 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.

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 admission 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 Dink performing his car down the street, see P.J. Proby munching a hot dog, catch the look on David Caridine's face when the sales lady informs him the price of a plastic chest 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 eplplant 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 Sinatra's 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 UNCLEs 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 Starrs. Gleaned from our experiences as the two most terrified freelance reporters in the business, they are certain 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 lucid 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 you mat'rial. Then, besige 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 inebriant 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 inanities. To make a good impression, try "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; nothing'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 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 had an almost relentless string of top 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 well-balancing English popularity by flying over around the first of February for a ten day visit aimed, primarily, at radio and television promotion.

If all goes as planned, the Monkees to make 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 have the satisfaction of knowing they've come the closest yet.



... THE LEFT BANKE (front) Steve, Rick, Tom (retr) 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 idylly 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 "legs." 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 clavichord. 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 of 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 Keefaufer 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 led him to what he calls "today." But if probed 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 whale 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



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

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 "mansions." 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 impression of an ageless woman. 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 shell-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 professed 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 quites around it is a nationwide smash for Keith—alias James Barry Keefaufer.



MBP 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 Sopwith 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 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.

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 fins 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 BELIEVER |Monkees |
| 2 | SNOOPY VS. RED BARON |Royal Guardsmen |
| 3 | RUBY TUESDAY |Rolling Stones |
| 4 | PRETTY BALLERINA |The Left Banke |
| 5 | FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH |Buffalo Springfield |
| 6 | HELLO, HELLO |Sopwith Camel |
| 7 | 98.6 |Keith |
| 8 | THE BEAT GOES ON |Sonny & Cher |
| 9 | GEORGY GIRL |The Seekers |
| 10 | MR. FARMER |The Seeds |
| 11 | PUSHIN' TOO HARD |The Seeds |
| 12 | I WANNA BE FREE |The Monkees |
| 13 | KNIGHT IN RUSTY ARMOR |Peter & Gordon |
| 14 | THERE'S GOT TO BE A WORD |The Innocence |
| 15 | BORN FREE |Roger Williams |
| 16 | EAST, WEST |Herman's Hermits |
| 17 | FULL MEASURE |Lovin' Spoonful |
| 18 | KIND OF A DRAG |Buckinghams |
| 19 | SINGLE GIRL |Sandy Patey |
| 20 | LADY GODIVA |Peter & Gordon |
| 21 | IT MAY BE WINTER OUTSIDE |Felice Taylor |
| 22 | WEDDING BELL BLUES |Laura Nyro |
| 23 | HELP ME GIRL |Eric Burdon & Animals |
| 24 | SUGAR TOWN |Nancy Sinatra |
| 25 | TELL IT LIKE IT IS |Aaron Neville |
| 26 | WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL |New Vaudeville Band |
| 27 | STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE |Four Tops |
| 28 | GOOD VIBRATIONS |Beach Boys |
| 29 | KNOCK ON WOOD |Eddie Floyd |
| 30 | WORDS OF LOVE |Mama's & Papa's |
| 31 | GOOD THING |Paul Revere & Raiders |
| 32 | WACK WACK |Young-Holt Trio |
| 33 | TELL IT TO THE RAIN |Four Seasons |
| 34 | THAT'S LIFE |Frank Sinatra |
| 35 | COLOR MY WORLD |Petula Clark |
| 36 | I NEED SOMEBODY |? & The Mysterians |
| 37 | MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BY |Bob Crewe Generation |
| 38 | DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON/GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY |Mitch Ryder |
| 39 | NO FAIR AT ALL |The Association |
| 40 | YOU GOT TO ME |Neil 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. Nest 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 *whoooo 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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JAN. 29

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Sonny and Cher Answer The KRLA Request Lines



SONNY PAUSES to light up a cigarette on the steps to KRLA before going in to answer phones.



CHER APPEARS studious while signing autographs in the station lobby.



SONNY LEAVES the station to the strains of "The Beat Goes On."

A Simple Math Lesson:

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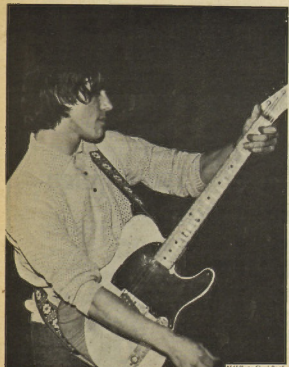


THE MONKEES (left to right) Mike, Micky, Peter and Davy took a three week hiatus from their television show to play a cross-country tour which grossed \$159,753 in four gigs. Davy paid a visit to England, where "The Monkees" is now being aired over the BBC, and commented that the British censors may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



BEAT Photo: G.I. Schaefer

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 Kraft

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 management 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 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 it's 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. I mean the girl from UNCLE. I mean the guy on the 'Girl from UNCLE.' I mean... tickets to what?"

"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."

"(Grenk, 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 was just 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."

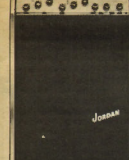
The Mamas and The Papas



The Turtles



The Yardbirds



The Association

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

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Several weeks had passed since the day of Salisbury Plains. Fame 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 drooms 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, The 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 Robin neither requested nor required an explanation. She was so deliriously happy over having Loodwigs to blame on instead of oatmeal cartoons, she couldn't have cared less where her drooms 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 snarl "what's what you think, kiddo," and shatter her cool image, Ringo, as they say in the droom trade, 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 rumpus (I'll say) room.

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 limitations, 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 am-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 zinghammer, so they each continued to claim it was their idea. (At which times their respective knees 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 her head 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 (3) 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-soaks*, 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?")

Anytime, rather than fight for her own idea for a group tag (her would believe Robin *And The Hood's?*) (leave us hope not), Robin re-thought and feebly 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)

BEST SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



THE KALEIDOSCOPE



THE CRYAN' SHAMES

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 (right) (top) David Lindley, Fenrus Epp, John Vidican and (bottom) Sol (that's all) and Chris Darrow.

This Chicago-based group is planning to tear up airways with their disk. "I Wanna Move Your" (the "We Can't Be Happy"). After all, anyone with a name: Dennis, Tom, Jim, J.C. Hooke, Grape and Stonehenge have to do well! Left to right (top) Dennis, 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 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, at this particular time anyway. Teenagers are 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 sound like every kid in the world is walking around stoned out of his 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 4 to 5 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. That 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 reasons that you do it all the time. 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 know 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 now and sometimes I get curious myself. But terrible things 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's 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 Michelle 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 thrusts 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 Gignere, 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 is 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 to make 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 flushing 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, riled-up 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-horric 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 *clear*, and a man who has *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 an unnegative 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 an unnegative approach to people and audiences 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 all 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's 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 *direction*; a complete overhauling. The blues is basic; you need to take the whole blues scope and re-arrange 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-he-said-it" quality to it, and in many cases, one can't exactly swear (not 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 really 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 has to do with the subject at hand, the better. And it's really super cool-cay if your "contribution" has absolutely nothing to do with anything.

Anynut, 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: "Nebat but not gaudy, the devil said 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 hall 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 fed up because they've asked you to do something at least four million times, and they finally reach the "you get up and live long" bar, it's a good way to get the hell back into a better mood.

Stand up and toddle slowly away, mumbling "I am moving my left leg. I am moving my right leg, etc." If it doesn't get 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 (not to mention my wits) collected, I'll tell you about the remainder. Judging from the one thing I did find intact, I'd better find the rest 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 cough and stop opening presents without my 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 and should have stuffed some into me and saved a lot of trouble, because that's where most of the di-*dins* ended up.

Funny bit. We had company during Stuffing Season and I kept using the word di-*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 toot-touching, hit-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 *zazzz*) 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 bit 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 bat suit tonight (when I find 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 newsstands—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 unedited, 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 Montreal, 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.

For
girls
only

by
shirley
pasta



The Wizard 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, We 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 Vejteables. 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 jangling 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, as 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 reappear 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 Dorst

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