

America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA
Edition

BEAT

March 11, 1967



SHERBANG

IS BACK!



AND IT'S GREAT!

DAVY JONES

Met In London By A Stamped Mob

LONDON—Beatlemania gave way to Monkeemia as Davy Jones, smallest and only British Monkee, landed at London Airport and was greeted with a mob scene! Police said that the scene, staged by about 700 fans, revived the very worst days of Beatlemania.

The crowd, consisting mainly of girls, surged through police lines, knocked down passengers (including an expectant mother) and stamped up and down stairs in a vain search for Davy, who was hidden in a customs room.

Frantic Officials

Airport officials were frantic and angrily rerouted other passengers because "anyone walking into that mob would risk great danger of injury." The girls were bitterly when they were blocked from Davy and the police offered their excuse by saying that they could have done much better but many of their officers had been sent to Warwick Airport to handle the crowds and protect Soviet Premier Alexei Kossygin upon his departure from England.

For his part, Davy could not get over the enthusiastic reception his fans staged at the airport, declaring, "I'm a very happy man. I didn't expect anything like this." Jones' fans staged a giant sit

down when police attempted to move the girls along. Davy was smuggled out of the airport in a police car and then transferred into a limousine for a ride to a London hotel. However, upon reaching the hotel Davy was greeted by another 150 girls which necessitated around-the-clock police to keep the crowds moving.

The Monkees' London publicist could not even get into his office because girls were crowding every inch of the office in hopes that Davy would appear. Davy was forced to cancel his intended visit to Manchester to see his family.

"There are so many girls camped outside the house," said Davy. "I had to arrange to see my family somewhere else." Davy spent a few days in London and then headed "for the hills" where he hoped to find some "peace and quiet."

Nesmith Leaves

As Davy arrived in London, fellow Monkee Mike Nesmith boarded a plane to return Stateside and Mickey Dolenz, who had originally intended to leave London for the Continent, decided instead to remain in the city. He was on hand when Davy finally arrived at the hotel.

Peter Turk is the only Monkee who did not visit England. He spent his vacation in New York.



THE NEW LOOK for the Beatles—hair and more hair! Beatles, moustaches and all, will make third movie.

The Beatles Ink New Nine Year Recording Contract

The Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, has signed a new nine year contract for the Beatles with EMI (Electric & Musical Industries, Ltd., which is the principal stockholder in Capitol Records).

In announcing the signing of the new contract, Capitol Records President, Alan Livingston, said: "We are, of course, extremely pleased to be able to continue our association with the group that has proved to be the most creative and talented foursome the recording industry has ever known."

"Since they were introduced to America, the Beatles have demonstrated that as performers and composers they have no peer. Their songs, besides earning the 'usual' Gold Records and starting industry-wide trends, have also established phenomenal sales records.

Unequaled

"For instance, 25% of all Gold Records awarded for singles by the RIAA have been earned by the Beatles. And, last year, every fourth Gold Record awarded by the RIAA for million dollar albums went to the Beatles. The overwhelming acceptance of their new single is evidence that this unmatched success will continue throughout 1967 and in years to come."

Capitol had received over one million orders for the new Beatle single, "Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields Forever," before it was ever released and, consequently, have asked the-RIAA for certifi-

cation of the single as a million-seller.

This will be the 22nd Gold Record earned by the Beatles. All previous Beatle million-sellers were qualified for Gold Records before being released, a sales feat no other recording group, American or foreign, has ever equaled. In fact, 22 certified Gold Records are more than any other artist has ever earned in the history of the record industry. Ten of the Beatles' Gold Records are for albums, 12 are for singles.

World's Record

The Beatles' first single, "I Want To Hold Your Hand," released in the U.S. in December, 1963 has, to date, sold over 4.5 million copies and their first album, "Meet The Beatles," is currently approaching the five million sales mark. The Beatles' total world sales figure now stands at 180 million records sold.

The Beatles' new contract came as a complete shock since Paul McCartney had recently admitted that he was "no longer one of the four mop-tops." McCartney went on to add that: "Now we're ready to go our own ways. We'll work to-

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gether if we miss each other. Then it'll be hobby work. It's good for us to go it alone."

The word out of London was that the Beatles would not renew their contract with Brian Epstein when their present contract runs out. This, however, remains to be seen as there has been no official word on the subject.

PETER AND GORDON IN SEMI-SPLIT

Peter Asher and Gordon Waller announced in London last week that following their current American tour they will no longer be a full-time act.

In a joint statement to the press, Peter and Gordon said: "We shall get together once in a while when we feel like it—it's as simple as that. But basically, after our present U.S. tour, we are going our separate ways."

Peter will concentrate on becoming a record producer and will also spend part of his time managing his bookshop. Gordon will become a solo artist for Columbia and will make his first personal appearance minus Peter in British clubs this spring.



"I'M A VERY HAPPY MAN," said Davy following airport reception.

Sophisticatedly

TOMMY ROE
IT'S NOW WINTER'S DAY
SING ALONG WITH ME



MISTY EYES
CRY ON CRYING EYES
GOLDEN GIRL
SWEET SOUNDS
HAVE PITY ON ME
LONG LIVE LOVE
MOON TALK
AGGRAVATION
NIGHT TIME



ABC RECORDS / ABC-594

our productions 

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He stands 5'10" tall, has blue eyes, fair hair and digs Smokey Robinson, Diana Ross and Sophia Loren. His taste in clothes runs toward vests, bell bottom pants, striped shirts and suede boots. He writes the kind of songs which inevitably become hits and he despises canned orange juice. His name is John Sebastian and he's part of a Lovin' Spoonful.



His friends call him "Stebun," he went to Suffolk College on Long Island. His favorite food is meat loaf; he's crazy about the Beatles, cars, music, blue jeans and leather jackets. He doesn't like cold weather and he digs the way Bob Dylan and Phil Spector write. He spends whatever free time he can invent (which isn't much) pursuing speed. His name is Steve Boone and he's one-fourth of the Lovin' Spoonful.

LOVIN' SPOONFUL

Washing The Bad Medicine On Down

By Louise Criscione

For centuries, mothers everywhere have given their children a spoon full of sugar and water to help the bad-tasting medicine go down. In the southern part of the United States, this spoonful of sugar-water is known as "a lovin' spoonful" and in the 1920's Mississippi John Hurt recorded a song called "Coffee Blues" which has since become a classic in American folk music. The lyric of "Coffee Blues" is "I love my baby by the lovin' spoonful... by the lovin' spoonful... by the lovin' spoonful." The Delta Negroes borrowed the idiom of the spoonful of sugar-water to express the sweetness of their "good lovin'."

In early 1965, John Sebastian, Joe Butler, Zal Yanovsky and Steve Boone formed a group. Since every group must have a name, the four set out in search of a suitable name for their group—one which was just unique enough to be easily remembered. A friend suggested "The Lovin' Spoonful." And they've been known ever since by the phrase from Mississippi John Hurt's "Coffee Blues."

Good Time

They broke through the English-dominated pop charts with "Do You Believe In Magic?"—an entirely different sound from the hard, driving music which was everywhere. People said they sounded sort of happy-go-lucky and consequently took to calling Spoonful music "good time," a throwback to earlier days.

With their longish hair and hip clothes, the Spoonful look like nothing but "now," belong to no other generation than today's. Their musical style has been imitated but never successfully duplicated. The Spoonful rank as one of the top American pop groups and are impossible to get to sit still together for more than two minutes.

John Sebastian, whether he admits it or not, is the head Spoonful. He was born in New York City on March 17, 1944, the son of John Sebastian, the world-famous harmonic virtuoso who is now living in Rome. John Sebastian (Spoonful) was raised in the Greenwich Village section of New York, except for two periods during his childhood when the Sebastian family resided in Italy. When he isn't on tour with the group, John lives in New York with his wife, Lorey, a New York journalist. Although all of the Spoonful are prolific writers, it is John who has composed the most Spoonful songs. He frequently handles the chore of lead-singing and also plays guitar, autoharp and harmonica.

Steve Boone is modest and defensively on the shy side—though he is quick to come forward when he's enthusiastic about something. Born in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina on September 23, 1943, Steve lived in several different parts of the U.S. during his childhood. An avid composer, Steve avoids the limelight by staying away from the microphone as much as possible while performing on stage.

Comic Approach

Zollie Yanovsky, or Zal if you prefer, is a favorite with audiences because of his comic approach to music. He was born in Toronto, Canada on December 19, 1944 where he spent his life until he turned 16. It was then that he left to travel to Israel to work on a kibbutz for a year. Returning to the States, he played with several folk groups during the time folk was beginning to pick up the influence of pop. Before joining the Spoonful, Zollie worked with Cass Elliott in a group called the Mugwumps.

Joe Butler, the beat behind the Spoonful, was born in Glen Cove, Long Island on September 16, 1943. He was the lead singer in several of the up-and-coming groups around Long Island before joining the Spoonful. Joe is particularly noted for two things: his drumming (which has acquired for him the title "Drummer of the Decade") and his personal warmth and charm. Besides playing drums, Joe also adds his talents on the autoharp and the kazoo. He sings lead on several of the Spoonful songs and now lives in an apartment in Manhattan.

These, then, are the four Lovin' Spoonful—busily making the bad-tasting pop sounds go down.



He once worked as an undertaker's assistant but that lasted only a few days. He likes good microphones, fireplaces and the composing talent of Chuck Berry, Brian Wilson and Lennon/McCartney. If he had a choice he'd wear only comfortable clothes, striped shirts, flowered ties, suede jackets. His name is Joe Butler—the Spoonful beat.



He has a name that makes people smile when they conquer it and stammer when the mispronounce it. He is a television fan but a movie addict and a student of Marvel Comic Books. He wears flowered ties and digs what he calls "Early Fog" clothes. His favorite singers are Fontella Bass, Smokey Robinson and Tim Hardin. He hates corned beef sandwiches on white bread. His name is Zalman Yanovsky—he's a Spoonful.

Scene From The British Side

By Tony Barrow
MAMA CASS and P.J. PROBY—two stars who came from California to London and neither one is here to work!

Jim Proby would like to work but the authorities made him cancel an appearance in BBC Television's "Top Of The Pops." He was detained four hours at London Airport because he hadn't been granted a work permit. In the end they let him through as a vacationing tourist once he promised to refuse all offers of work during his stay. Proby still hopes to be granted a work permit so that he can pay off giant U.K. tax debts by TV and concert appearances.

Mama Cass came in much more quietly—although, by coincidence, she found herself on the same flight as Monkee MIKE NEWMITH and his wife.

Cass is looking for an unfurnished house to rent in London until the end of June. Meanwhile she's been staying in a most expensive suite at Park Lane's plushly decorated "BOAC and airfreighting about a ton of furniture for me," declared Cass as we lunched on *Lobster au gratin*.

Below her balcony about 100 cops held back demonstrating banner-carrying protesters—but it

was nothing personal. The crowds had come to see Mr. Kossygin who was holding a Press Conference downstairs at the Dorchester as we lunched!

When I left she was trying to decide which of two luxury Mini Rolls cars to go and look at—one formerly owned by Peter Sellers (electric blue) or one which Brian Epstein had for sale (black). She's quite determined to bring home a Mini as well as a baby when she flies back to California in the summer!

30-minute TV Special filmed in London by THE FOUR TOPS previewed their new one "Bernadette" . . . MONKEE MICKY YAGNER's moustache: "One day I might grow one like it" . . . DUSTY SPRINGFIELD'S "I'll Try Anything" recorded in New York—but instrumental accompaniment was added in London studios! . . . Fastest-ever U.K. chart climber for PETULA CLARK—Chaplin's "His Is My Song" . . . THE ANIMALS come to America in March ERIC BURDEN will be accompanied by 20-year-old Angie King, the girl he's known since 1965 and plans to marry later this year . . . Will PET

CLARK star in "Finian's Rainbow" movie? . . . SPENCER DAVIS, MANFRED MANN, DEL SHANNON and DUANE EDWARDS latest Saville Theatre concert attractions lined up by Brian Epstein . . . MICKY ON THE MONKEES' recording future: "We would like our next single to be an all-Monkee production" . . . PETER AND GORDON soloing after current American visit. Gordon has solo cabaret bookings and a single planned. Peter will concentrate on record production. Duo may make a limited number of records of their own and have said they will be willing to join up for future American tours together.

How much does a MONKEE earn each week? Would you believe 400 dollars? . . . BBC-TV "Top Of The Pops" show screened actual 53-year-old film experience of fighter pilot Baron von Richthofen while ROYAL GUARDSMEN "Snoopy" single played . . . Herman: "I spent 400 dollars on a sporting gun but I don't like shooting things so I may trade it in for a motor bike" . . . MICK JAGGER taking legal action over rumors attributed to him in *News Of The World* drug-trunk investigation . . . Album called "The Beatle Girls" by



"YOU MEAN YOU were mobbed at the London Airport?" asks Micky.

GEORGE MARTIN has nothing to do with Patti, Cyn. Mo and Jane. Title refers to George's orchestral arrangements of songs like "Anna," "Michelle" and "El-

eanor Rigby" . . . At London's Roundhouse during pop Happening designer Mike Lesser wriggled stark naked through scarcely-seed remains of a 60 gallon jelly!

Beatles Strange Happening With Monkee Stores

By Tony Barrow
41 of Britain's most accomplished classical musicians wearing formal evening dress, false noses, assorted king-size sun shades and other good-humoured embellishments.

20 or 30 lean, livery-min-skirted and trouser-suited birds wandering at random amongst the massive orchestra.

Two dedicated young men with powerful projectors throwing onto the walls a series of curiously colored "oil slides."

DONOVAN and his mate GIPSY DAVE lighting hand-held sparklers. MONKEE MIKE NEWMITH directing recording manager GEORGE MARTIN and each exchanging words of praise about each other's diverse activities.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL pouring a fresh can of sparkling champagne for MICK JAGGER when the supply of regular champagne glasses ran out. MANFRED KLAUS VOORMANN and his wife Christine decorating two large balloons with Crazy Four's hot spring pack.

KEITH RICHARD taking movie-making lessons from a professional cameraman. PATTI HARRISON and CYNTHIA LENNON chatting with two (female) cousins of PAUL McCARTNEY.

These were some of the basic ingredients for a Beatles Happening which was held on a February Friday evening at the huge No. 1 studio of E.M.I. Records in St. John's Wood, London.

There were two excellent reasons for the holding of the Has-

pening. The Beatles were using for the first time ever a 41-piece orchestra to add extra instrumental accompaniment to one of their new album tracks. At the same time they were using the first film sequences which will be used in the 60-minute TV Special they are making to coincide with the international release of the album.

The Beatles are acting as their own TV directors for the project. In the studio were at least seven hand-held movie cameras, two used by professional cameramen while the rest were available for impromptu use by any of the forty assembled guests. Ringo, Mick, Keith and Klaus were amongst the impromptu users.

To increase the fun-atmosphere and the brilliant glamor of the occasion everyone had been invited to wear the brightest available gear. Indeed it bordered upon Fancy Dress.

Everything was accomplished with remarkable speed, the session lasting from eight until eleven in the evening. Paul perched himself on a tall stool in front of the orchestra and conducted. John and George hurried to and fro making last-minute suggestions. Ringo used real reef reel of 16 mm movie. Ten brilliant spot-lamps played down on everyone from high places, bathing the whole Happening in as many different colors. A balloon burst in the middle of Take 3. Paul's telephone on the conductor's rostrum rang loudly in the middle of Take 4.

At the stroke of eleven the 41 musicians, all good union guys, wrapped up their instruments,

stripped off various false noses, bald-scalps and so forth.

"No, I really enjoyed it actually," said a serious-looking but convinced violinist.

"We'll get extra money for the filming, you know," declared a horn player.

"Now we'll do the choir bit," shouted John, rounding up birds and boys and gathering them round a couple of mike booms. Ten arc-lamps followed the crowd.

"I'll count you all in each time," started Paul. "Klaus will give you the notes on the piano. Klaus? You ready?"

"Yes, Klaus' bits were put on tape. Beatles and selected guests wandered off to join George Martin in the control room. Play-back time. Each Beatle satisfied. Eleven-thirty.

"You can't edit in the voices now," sighed John.

"Bag Of Nails tonight or Scotch O'St. James?" asked Paul.

"We're going home," said George and he took Patti away.

"Try the Bag first, eh?" decided Ringo.

"Goodnight, gentlemen," from George Martin.

The Bag Of Nails was too crowded and nobody had booked a table. We all finished up in a comparatively deserted Scotch O'St. James.

But everything was anti-climax after that fantastic studio Happening. There's never been a Beatles session like it. There's never been a session like it.

You'll hear the resulting track when The Beatles release their album in the Spring.

GENE PITNEY MARRIED DURING REMO FESTIVAL

SAN REMO, ITALY—Gene Pitney took time out from his fourth consecutive appearance at the annual San Remo Song Festival to marry his high school girlfriend, Lynne Gayton.

The couple was married in the picturesque church of San Giovanni Batista in Ospedaletti, near San Remo, by Father Galomoni di Gwiazio. Garry Sherman served as Gene's best man and Sherman's wife, Marie, attended Lynne as Matron of Honor. More than 70 photographers from all over the world crowded into the church to witness the ceremony and at its conclusion the newlyweds were mobbed by enthusiastic and well-wishing townspeople.

The bride, a pretty 5'4½" redhead with blue eyes was married in a street-length dress of Alencon lace on French net over a skirt of ivory re-embroidery. The A-line silhouette was finished with a bateau neckline and bishop sleeves and double peas de soie bow in the back. She wore a bouffant veil of imported silk illusion held in place by a wreath of silk peas de soie roses and carried a prayer book and a bouquet of matching, fresh-cut blossoms.

The wedding party then boarded Pitney's chartered yacht, the *Odyssia*, and set sail on a two-hour sea cruise prior to the final Festival performance that evening. The Pitney yacht and the dock at which it was berthed in the San Remo harbor was crowded with sightseers during the day and far into the night.

It's rather ironic that Gene Pitney is an international star—more revered abroad than Stateside. Italy has become a second home to Gene so it came as no surprise that he decided to be married there.

Immediately following the San Remo Festival and a brief personal appearance tour, Gene began work on his first motion picture which was created around a storyline based on one of the songs he performed at the Festival.

Gene's schedule also calls for a lengthy personal appearance tour in England, where his name is a household word. These activities, of course, rule out the possibility of an early honeymoon for the Pitneys but the couple have promised themselves to have one at the first opportunity.

VENTURES TO INDONESIA

While Gene Pitney takes care of American popularity in Europe, the Ventures hold down the Far Eastern front.

So popular, in fact that the Indonesian Government has asked the Ventures to perform in a series of concerts throughout Indonesia.

MOOB = 1 ON THE CHARTS. DIS'S ACCLAIM QUINTEtte CLUB AS GREATEST REVELATION IN THE MUSIC WORLD!

The Minis are Here!

Sears

UP is where
the hemlines are
juniors and
junior petites . . .
mini-dresses

FREE the Knees

14⁹⁹

Get the London Look!

It's here now in the
clipped hem; caper-legging
it your way! Slide into a
slinky shift or shirtdress
. . . have the knack in
a knit. We've got all the
Swingers! Get them
in sassy stripes, impact
solids, dazzle dots and
high intensity prints.
Junior and Junior Petite
sizes 5-13. Shake a leg;
Come to Sears!

CHARGE IT
on Sears Revolving Charge



FREE

**Discount Coupon for
TEEN-AGE FAIR**

Come in to Sears for your
FREE Discount Coupon
worth 50¢ on the \$2 entrance
fee to **TEEN-AGE FAIR**. See
the Psychedelic Fashion Show
at Sears **BUG OUT**.

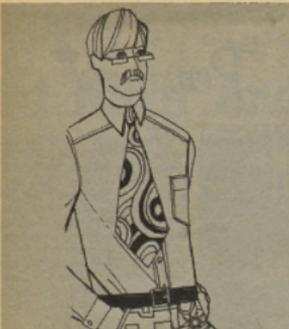
ALL ROADS LEAD TO

Sears

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STORES

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

SHOP 6 NIGHTS
SHOP MONDAY THRU SATURDAY
7:30 A.M. TO 7:30 P.M.



TROUSERS—From Aztec to Paisley, they're wild!

■ Sideburns or "sidies" are getting longer for everyone. Let 'em grow slightly, or exaggerate them, like the drawing at left.

■ Turtleneck sweaters spell English and under a jacket are a great change from the drab shirt-coat look. Besides, gals love them.

■ Slacks are louder, brighter, splashier than ever before, with Aztec prints, African prints and paisleys around the corner for Spring wear.

■ Pop stars and hippies have hit on a good-looking combination: cord trousers with a velvet coat the same color—blue, orange, gold, etc.

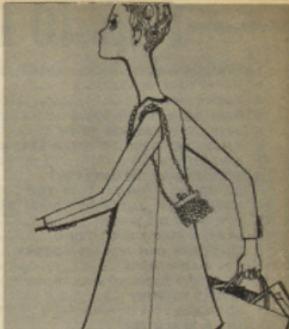
■ The latest pullover shirts are showing side vents and wide spread collars.

■ If you want a real change, trim your hair down to Mia Farrow length, but ultra-curl it like the drawing at right. It's the up and coming thing, the most delicate, feminine style around.

■ Spectacles are in the news today—round, oval, square. Most popular utility style is tortoise shell. For groovy accessories, Monkeeshares are catching on. Next issue in BEAT, look for where to get them.

■ Twiggies are the latest thing in England—named after Twiggy, of course. They are bottom eyelashes, painstakingly painted on.

■ Carry the left over articles that won't fit in a tiny handbag (anything larger than six inches is out) in a straw or briefcase-type satchel. Also add books, lunches and kitchen sinks.



TRESSES—If they aren't long, they're short, curly!



GLIMMERING SILVER—This paper dress sparkles like tin foil.



Although they're not widespread among young adults, paper dresses are a happening thing. And the name most closely connected to the world of paper clothes is Judy Brewer. The young designer's shop in Beverly Hills has had such distinguished visitors as the Supremes, Carol Jones, Mrs. Steve McQueen, Phyllis Diller and Gypsy Rose Lee.

Decorated ala' hippy, Judy's shop has psychedelic mirrors, earrings made out of everything including wrapping paper, clothes hanging all over the walls and a guest book for customers or browsers to sign.

Judy came up with the idea for paper dresses while still in college. "Part of my master thesis was Fashions in the Future," says Judy, "wood, metal, foil, paper." Paper! And, thus, we have the paper dress.

"Paper is no more of a fire hazard than any kind of cloth," says Judy in answer to the accusation that paper dresses are a definite fire hazard—an accusation which made all the newspapers.

Another false theory concerning the paper clothes is that after one wear they are no longer of any value and must be discarded. Not so, says Judy. "You can wear them from five to 20 times, depending on what you're going to do. I have some that are three-years-old," she admitted.

Despite the fact that many teens feel they're trend-setters in fashion, Judy disagrees: "I think teens are reluctant to accept new styles."

Besides dresses made of every conceivable type of paper, Judy also stocks silk dresses, "invisible" raincoats, cloth dresses and hats. Her prices range from \$12 on up.

Her advice to young people interested in going into fashion designing is simple: "Take any job you can get but it's always wise to go with a well-known label because you want to get experience."

One parting fact about paper clothes, says Judy, is that "if you ever tear a paper dress while you're out on a date you can always tape it back together!"

Touché to all the skeptics.



BABY DOLL LOOK—Created by rows of ruffles in light orange.



MONKEE SHIRTS—Since our article about the Monkee clothiers, we've received numerous requests for "where to buy" information. Monkee shirts as shown above are available at Lenny's Boot Parlor, 1448 Gower St., Hollywood, California. Proprietor Lenny Able will send a catalog upon request. Mail orders are filled promptly. We've been seeing Monkee shirts on girls, by the way, and they're great.



JUDY'S PAPER DRESSES are no more flammable than any other type of clothes.



TWIGGY—Though she doesn't consider herself a successor to Jean Shrimpton, England's Twiggy is the most photographed model of the day. Petite, 17 years old and 90 pounds, she has been described as the only girl who can make a man's suit look feminine. Her secret is her eyes—tiny, painted on bottom lashes, called Twiggies. It takes two hours to put them on.

Top 40 Requests

1	PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVERBeatles
2	HAPPY TOGETHERTurtles
3	RUBY TUESDAYRolling Stones
4	DARLING, BE HOME SOONLovin' Spoon
5	59TH STREET BRIDGE SONGHarpers Bizarre
6	I HAD TOO MUCH TO DREAM LAST NIGHTElectric Pianos
7	KIND OF A DRAGBuckingham
8	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVEMamas and Papas
9	SIT DOWN, I THINK I LOVE YOUMajo Men
10	LOVE IS HERE AND NOW YOU'RE GONESupremes
11	FOR WHAT IT'S WORTHBuffalo Springfield
12	BABY, I NEED YOUR LOVINGJohnny Rivers
13	THEN YOU CAN TELL ME GOODBYCasinos
14	UPS AND DOWNSRaiders
15	KIND OF A HUSH/NO MILK TODAYHerman's Hermits
16	EPISTLE TO DIPPYDonovan
17	ROCK AND ROLL GYPSIESHearts and Flowers
18	LITTLE BLACK EGGNight Crawlers
19	ACAPULCO GOLDRainy Days
20	RETURN OF THE RED BARONRoyal Guardsmen
21	PRETTY BALLERINALeft Banke
22	LET'S FALL IN LOVEPeaches and Herb
23	AIN'T GOT NOTHING YETBlues Magoo
24	I'M A BELIEVERManes
25	GIMME SOME LOVIN'Spencer Davis Group
26	NO FAIR AT ALLAssociation
27	MY CUP RUNNETH OVEREd Ames
28	MISTER FARMERSeeds
29	YOU GOT TO MENeil Diamond
30	STAND BY MESpyder Turner
31	SO, YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK AND ROLL STARByrds
32	WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH MEJim and Jean
33	98.6Keith
34	MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BYBob Crowe Generation
35	MORINGTOWN RIDESeeker's
36	THE LOVE I SAW IN YOU WAS JUST A MIRAGEMiracles
37	THE BEAT GOES ONSanny and Cher
38	TELL IT LIKE IT ISAaron Neville
39	SHOW MEJoe Tex
40	LIVEMerry-Go-Round

By

Pen



The following letter was written to KRLA's Program Director, Dick Moreland from a San Gabriel Valleyite:

"Dear Sir: Being born in L.A. 43 years ago I feel it is my duty to write this letter. Why do we have to listen to that noise and lamenting groans they call MUSIC? Now I know this is your living but for all of us that like real MUSIC that hog calling is on every station and it has gotten worse since they tried to mix the Beatle version in. Lately everybody is a hillbilly . . . you know if they were a little bit funny it wouldn't be so bad but even then it stinks. I love children and it hurts me to think that some day

they might forget good music altogether.

Please again forgive me and let me know if you share any of my feelings. Say hello to Bob Dylan for me and tell him I just purchased a 10 ton Chevy flat bed truck to haul the wig if we make a deal also there will be room for the DC3, if he will help me pull the wings off so we won't have to get a highway travel permit. We can take the back roads to San Gabriel. Answer this letter if you get a minute. Thanks, Bill Hebert, Rosemead Blvd., San Gabriel."

"O.K. Bill and right" says Dick Moreland. . . slowly trying to digest the clear meaning of one more listener's request.

The Spats Dig The Beat



Dear BEAT,

Here's some photos I thought you might be interested in seeing. It's the Spats taken in our backyard one Sunday afternoon when we spent two hours having a job-time interviewing them and taking photos.

As you can see, they really dig the KRLA Beat. They had all my copies from the past two years out in the yard looking through them. They're really great guys.

A loyal subscriber, Ann Irvine

Come to the Sears Psychedelic Bug Out

at the

Teen Age Fair

March 17-26 at the Hollywood Palladium

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Casey's 'Shebang' Returns At Night And In Color

One of the most popular teenage shows in television history, Shebang, has returned to the television tubes at its new, more convenient time, 7:30 P.M. in Color.

Although KTLA received over 2,000 cards and letters in addition to over three dozen petitions, each averaging over 1,000 names, the station manager held returning the show until the best possible time period could be had. Now that this has become reality, "Shebang" is now back with many new added and interesting features.

Each show includes an artist performing one of his top hits from the "Shebang Scrapbook of Stars." This artist library of actual performances in color is the only one in the world. Every top recording star that has visited "Shebang" has been preserved on tape and will be seen each Monday night.

Outstanding features from both the past and the present will also be featured which include the "1966 Beatle Visit To Los Angeles," a color film to be seen in four segments during the first four shows, and "The Complete Story of the Monkees," a collection of music, color pictures and film.

To continue in the same "Shebang" tradition, each week, in person, one of the nation's top recording stars will visit the show and perform at least two of their top records.

Two new innovations to the show are a "How-To-Do" portion in which viewers will be taught the latest dance steps and some refreshers on others they may have forgotten and want to brush up on as well as the biggest innovation, the introduction of the free membership cards in "The Shebang Set."

Anyone is eligible to become a charter member simply by sending a self addressed, stamped envelope to Shebang Membership Card, KTLA, Hollywood, 90028. Each card will be numbered and a record of each will be kept in the Shebang Office.

Ten times during the show, cardholders numbers will be flashed on the screen and if the cardholder is watching, and within a 24-hour period, calls in the special members number and identifies the cardholder and the member, they will win every record played on the show. There will be ten cardholder winners on each "Shebang" show.



"Shebang" has as its host, by popular demand, Casey Kasem, and is broadcast from the world's largest television soundstage where over a hundred young adults enjoy dancing to the current hits of the day. Each Monday night, "Shebang" will host in person, three times as many guests

than any other current dance show.

As with the daytime "Shebang," Bob Barnett will continue to produce the show.

Tickets are available on a first-come basis and can be obtained by writing to: Shebang Tickets, KTLA, Hollywood, 90028.

Free Records From RC Cola And Capitol

Royal Crown Cola and Capitol Records have come up with a unique promotion that will prove to be of particular interest to teenagers in Los Angeles as well as the rest of the country.

RC is offering a collection of Capitol's top 'teen-oriented albums by such artists as The Beatles, Beach Boys, Lou Rawls, Peter & Gordon, Nancy Wilson, The Seekers, The Outsiders to RC buyers free with the purchase of any other 'teen or adult LP at the regular price of \$3.98. In other words, you buy one at the regular price and get the other for nothing. Two albums, which normally sell for \$3.98 or more each, will both come to you, and you've spent only \$3.98, or \$4.98 if you want stereo.

All you have to do is make it into the nearest supermarket or drugstore that sells RC Cola and buy a six-pack.

Check out the RC/Capitol supplement that comes with it. It lists more than 100 of the best albums around. Pick one—say "Best of The Beach Boys"—then pick another, say "Rubber Soul" by The Beatles, and you've got two LPs for the price of one!

The albums, by the way, are all best-sellers. They're not the usual albums (the ones that don't sell) you find in promotions of this type. Nearly a dozen of the albums available have already earned Gold Records for sales in excess of \$1 million.



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Pop Artists Score Grammy Nominations

The finalists for the 1966 Grammy Awards have been announced and, surprisingly enough, quite a few pop artists have made it into this year's nominations.

The Mama's and Papa's, the Association, the Beatles, the New Vaudeville Band, the Beach Boys and the Sandpipers are among the pop artists nominated for Grammy Awards—the Record industry's equivalent to the motion picture Academy Awards.

Frank Sinatra and the Beatles top the nomination list with seven apiece and last year's big winner, Herb Alpert, won five nominations this time around.

Record Of Year

The Record of the Year category consists of "Almost Perseus" by David Houston, "Monday, Monday" by the Mama's and Papa's, "Stranger In The Night" by Frank Sinatra, "What Now My Love" by Herb Alpert, and the Tijuana Brass and "Winchester Cathedral" by the New Vaudeville Band.

Nominees for Album of the Year are "Color Me Barbra" by Barbra Streisand, "Dr. Zhivago (Soundtrack)" by Maurice Jarre, "Revolver" by the Beatles, "Sinatra: A Man And His Music" by Frank Sinatra and "What Now My Love" by Herb Alpert and the TJB.

In the running for Song of the Year (a composer's award) are "Born Free" by John Barry, "If I'm Impossible Dream" by Mitch Leigh and Joe Darion, "Michelle" by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, "Somewhere My Love" by Paul Francis Webster and Maurice Jarre, "Strangers In The Night" by Bert Kaempfert, Charles Singleton and Eddie Snyder.

Sandy Posey, Barbra Streisand, Ella Fitzgerald, Eydie Gorme and Nancy Sinatra are all up for the Best Vocal Performance by a female while David Houston, Jim Reeves, Paul McCartney, Jack Jones, Andy Williams and Frank Sinatra are the nominees for Best Vocal Performance by a male.

Four of the five nominees in the Best Performance by a Vocal Group category are pop artists.

The Association are in the running with "Cherish," the Beach Boys with "Good Vibrations," the Sandpipers with "Guananamera" and the Mama's and Papa's with "Monday, Monday."

Bill Cosby and Mrs. Miller are two of the nominees for Best Comedy Performance. Bill for his "Wonderfulness" album and Mrs. Miller for "Downtown."

The Best Contemporary (R&R) Recording category lines up with "Cherish" by the Association, "Eleanor Rigby" by the Beatles, "Good Vibrations" by the Beach Boys, "Last Train To Clarksville" by the Monkees, "Monday, Monday" by the Mama's and Papa's and "Winchester Cathedral" by the New Vaudeville Band.

Nominees in the Best Contemporary (R&R) Solo Vocal Performance category are Sandy Posey for "Born A Woman," Paul McCartney for "Eleanor Rigby," Bobby Darin for "If I Were A Carpenter," Nancy Sinatra for "These Boots Are Made For Walking" and Dusty Springfield for "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me."

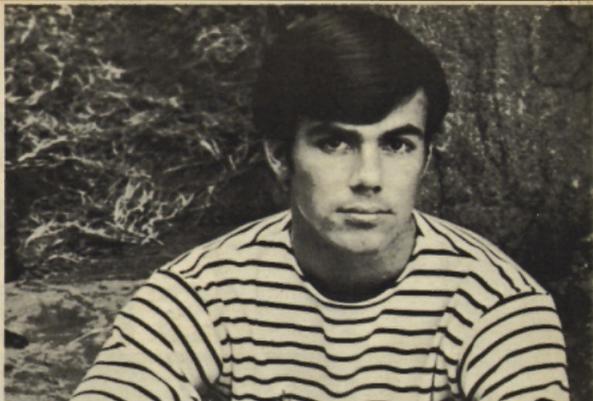
Pop Everywhere

The Best Contemporary (R&R) Group Performance category is made up of "Cherish" by the Association, "Good Vibrations" by the Beach Boys, "Guananamera" by the Sandpipers, "Last Train To Clarksville" by the Monkees and "Monday, Monday" by the Mama's and Papa's.

Ray Charles, James Brown, Lou Rawls, Stevie Wonder, Percy Sledge, the Capitols, Ramsey Lewis, Sam & Dave, James and Bobby Purify and King Curtis are all nominees in the rhythm and blues categories.

In the category of Best Album Cover (Photography) some of the nominees are Bob Dylan's "Blond On Blond," the Sandpipers' "Guananamera," the Byrds' "Turn, Turn, Turn" and Herb Alpert's "What Now My Love."

The Beatles' "Revolver" is one of the nominees for Best Album Cover (Graphic Arts) as is Barbra Streisand's "Color Me Barbra."



Ted Bluechel—The Ice Cream Suits And Licks

By Rochelle Reed

(Editor's Note: This is the fourth in a series of interviews with all members of the Association. Next week—Jim)

Fans look at him and call him "the handsome one." The Association, who supposedly know him better, have named him the "Pig."

Ted Bluechel is a little of both. With a face that is innocently handsome, he appeared for his interview wearing a white tee shirt decorated with huge chartreuse polka dots and other suitable attire. It would be fun, but not quite fair, to label him a handsome Pig.

Since the Association voted to drop their identical suits onstage, Ted assures the world that it's "getting a more honest image. But we'll keep the suits for more suitable occasions. We have a best one for really special things, though. It's an ice cream suit—a cheap one but you get your licks."

If you're the groaning type, you may not realize that to Ted "the highest form of humor is the pun. You can go up to someone you don't even know and establish a form of communication."

Launches Career

If the person thinks puns are the lowest form of humor, however, Ted says he can go the same way as people who don't like the Association: "If he refuses to see what we're laying on him, then okay, fine... man, that's his scene. There's no right or wrong."

Ted launched his musical career in high school as a classical drummer in the band. He even won first chair in the All Southern California High School Concert Band. But Ted quit classical drumming in his senior year when a minor rule infraction and petty politics stripped him of a state award. So Ted decided to make the college scene.

School books lasted until his 4th year, when a group named the Cherry Hill Singers lured him away from a degree. Then he be-

came part of an early Association happening at a Hollywood club and voila! instant Ted, the Associate.

The Association describes Ted as a "clean, methodical drummer" and asserts that this stems from his classical career. "Drumming had to be done rhythmically," he says, "it can't be done melodically. I sort of passed a test within myself on 'Love Rushing In' which we just finished cutting. I play an old jungle beat while the song has a Mersey Beat."

Never Solos

Ted never solos because "there just hasn't come an appropriate time. We do a vocal type thing. I don't do a solo just to do it—mainly because I'm to humble. To me, everything is a solo."

Everyone, according to Ted, is also a solo, an individual, to be taken alone. An articulate person, Ted remains quiet until he knows you, then pours out his thoughts in rushing streams.

If Ted is handsome, he distains it. "Male is female and female is male in the total sense," he explains. "I don't believe in the big ego-type thing—you know, the masculine, muscular he man. Where is the real he man without his muscles and good looks?"

In other words, Ted prefers to accept a person for his sun worth, and not his looks or clothes.

Wants Freedom

Ted maintains this unmaterialistic outlook towards his own life when he proclaims "freedom and happiness, that's what I'm aiming for..."

... before we relate Ted's example of true freedom and happiness, it's only fair to warn you that it's partially what earned him the nickname of Pig.

"I had five pet rats," he explains. "I bought one at a fair and it turned out to be a pregnant female, but I didn't know it at the time. So I let it run free. It ate a hole in the couch and lived there,

and all of them grew up. I gave three away and kept two. I never said 'no' to them, always let them run free."

"They're groovy. I let them run anywhere they wanted to. We could communicate... if I was really uptight, they wouldn't come around, but if I was really happy, they'd come over to me and we'd freak out."

"Now I keep them in a cage (the was forced to get rid of the couch). I feel really paranoid about it. They sit up in the cage and look at me. But, you see, they proved there is a form of communication between worlds. They're really happy, warm. They just feel it in the air and freak out!"

Freak Out!

"Freak out," says Ted, is a commandment of his inner voice. "Life isn't that serious to me, yet."

Which doesn't mean that Ted couldn't care less about what goes on. He has definite ideas on everything from the Kennedy assassination ("It was a huge conspiracy") to transmigration of souls ("Christ makes references to a previous life").

Honest Image

People talk about Ted as the Associate who has changed the least since the group received their measure of success. Whether or not it's true, Ted Bluechel, from his polka dot tee shirt to his caged rats, presents "an honest image." He left our office proclaiming "Go ye therefore and multiply!"

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On the BEAT

By Louise Criscone

Micky Dolenz, Davy Jones and Mike Nesmith certainly have made an impression on England during their recent vacation there. Micky was the first Monkee to land on British soil and the press lost no time in hunting him down for interviews. English or American, they're all the same and so, naturally, the first thing the British press wanted to know was whether or not the Monkees can play their own instruments. Speaking frankly, Micky said what he'd said a hundred times before—no the Monkees did not play on all their records but they can play their own instruments and yes from now on they will do all the instrumental tracks for their records to halt this ridiculous controversy.

As you know, Davy was mobbed at the airport and was unable to visit his family in Manchester because his fans had his house staked out. So, he arranged to meet his family elsewhere. Mike was impressed by the city of London but felt that it is too steeped in its own tradition. Peter was the only Monkee who did not go to England; he spent his time off in New York.

What a nice surprise it was to see so many pop artists in the running for Grammy Awards this year. Of course, it will be even nicer if they win some awards since top 40 music has been considered by many to be an illegitimate offspring of "true music."

It was Petula Clark who finally knocked the Monkees off their top spot on the British charts with her beautiful "This Is My Song." Pet, who always has something going, has now been signed for her own television series on the BBC. She's set to spend the major part of the spring and summer here in the U.S. doing personal appearances, club dates and television shows. Movie-wise, the petite international star has been offered a role in the up-coming film version of "Finian's Rainbow" but has not yet decided whether or not she will take it.

QUICK ONES: Herman and the Hermits have been signed to headline a one-hour television special, "Go," to be seen over the ABC-TV network on April 23 . . . The Righteous Brothers, who attract sell-out crowds no matter where they play, are set to appear at the Coconut Grove . . . Everything seems to be coming up wonderfully for the "I

Spy" brothers. The show has been renewed for its third season. It picked up a Golden Globe Award for most popular television series. Cosby is set to cut his next album during his stint at Harrah's and it won't be too surprising if Bob Culp wins an Emmy for his "Warlord" script and performance . . . P. J. Proby has filed for bankruptcy . . . Don and the Goodtimes are scheduled for the Dick Clark tour beginning March 25 along with Neil Diamond, Tommy Roe and Keith . . . the Raiders are set for Minnesota and Pennsylvania in March and Michigan and Ohio and Colorado in April . . . the Turtles have changed bass players once again — this time Chip Douglas is leaving to go the producing route and is being replaced by Jim Ponce.

The Daily Flash caused quite a sensation during their stand at New York's Ondine. Lines ran all the way down the block and around the corner and members of such pop groups as the Monkees, Raiders and Animals all made it in to see the Flash.

NEWS IN THE SOUL WORLD: The Supremes are going to do college tours . . . James Brown offered to buy a Los Angeles club rather than pay \$140 for three bottles of champagne.



. . . MICKEY DOLENZ



. . . DIANA ROSS

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CLASSIFIEDS

BEAT is beginning a classified column, designed to buy, sell, find, lose, trade, give, announce, notify, warn, or say whatever you wish.

Ads will be accepted for just about anything, including for sale — wanted — new pals — fan clubs — announcements — personals — lost guys and gals — special notices — everything else

Prices are cheap! Only 20¢ a word for classifieds and a mere 10¢ a word for personal messages (from you to someone else without an item for sale, trade, etc. involved).

Now, what's a word? Well, it's the usual thing plus two exceptions: the city and the state count as only one word (Hollywood, California) and the number and street (6290 Sunset Blvd.) are only one word.

Send all advertisements (clearly printed or typed) along with the correct amount of money to:

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SHIRLEY

By Shirley Poston

Do you fancy yourself (I allus do often I think there's a man with in ten miles, honey) ... well, now that I've completely read the first paragraph, let's get to work on the second.

Do you fancy yourself a member of that collection of rare birds known as Show-Must-Go-On-People (and otherwise known as masochists? You know the ones. Someone write a song about them one ... there's no people like show-must-go-on people like no people I know ... hmmm, that isn't quite it. (Maybe it will come to me later.)

Nothing's Changed

Anyshow, I've fancied myself to be one of those aforementioned people since I was five years old. (Course, I couldn't spell masochist then.) (I know, I know, nothing has changed.)

Even in my mind, that is, (Which leads one to believe that very little has changed.)

Until two weeks ago, my attitude toward my work (writing this mess is work, you know) so, they tell me, is reading it was nauseatingly saint-like.

I felt that *nothing* would keep me from writing this column except two things. One—Getting tired. Two—getting a net clapped over me. (Both are possible.) (Not to mention *probable*.) But nothing *etc.*, including snow, sleet and hail (as in the gang's all here), would ever keep *Postman* from her appointed rounds. (I prefer Melba.)

In a way I always rather hoped something would just dare try and make me miss a deadline. Can't you just see it all now?

Sloshing her way through Hurricane Herbert (?), dodging nuclear warheads, pursued by wolves (four-legged) (am-day), her heroic countenance covered by a sudden

coat of red paint sprayed by a hovering Goodyear blimp (come to the weekend!) comes good olde Shir, with next issue's column clutched triumphantly in her remaining hand.

That's how I used to picture it. That I got the flu.

Not the ordinary flu. The rootin'-tootin' sorta gunf from Arizona-Ragtime-Cowboy-flu!

I don't mean to bore you (not to mention *digest* you) with the gory details of my intimate biological functions, but to say I was bed-fellows-with-the-bowl is putting it mildly.

For the first three delicious days of feeling like I'd swallowed a live goat, I didn't know a deadline from a doorknob. However, on the fourth day, I found myself still too sick to write but well enough to scribble. And I had plenty to worry about, because that was the day my writry was due.

Mental Vivids

I tell you, I tried *everything*. I conjured up vivid mental pictures of the aforementioned Postmanly rootin'. I crawled to the typewriter and pecked dizzily. I even made my brother play "Onward Christian Soldiers" on his harmonica. But nothing worked. And I finally reeled back to my trundle, knowing I had failed.

How, I then asked myself (and answered), would I break the news *to THE BEAT!* And what would they do when they heard that their formerly reliable postman - or - columnist was too pooped to cop? (Gawd, how graphic can one get?) (Stick around and you may find out.)

Well! When I at last summoned up the strength and the nerve to call them, do you know what they said? After they let me go through my whole big moaning bit about how I wasn't long for this world!

They said: "Oh, that's okay. We need the extra space anyway."

Actually, I was never so glad to hear anything in my life (at that moment, I couldn't have written my name) (had I been able to remember it), and they did say it very pleasantly, but *still* ... I thought they'd at least try to kill themselves or something. (Sure, Shir!)

Giving Thanks

Does this story remind you of the time I wrote and memorized a whole long speech when I was going to ask (as in beg openly) for George (rasp) Harrison's phone number? If it doesn't, it's because you haven't heard *that* story, and you should spend a lot of time on your knees, giving thanks for your good fortune.

Anyhow, I have now recovered. Not only from the previously stated (I get tired of saying the aforementioned) (almost as tired as you get of hearing it) rootin'-tootin'. Also from the delusion that I can class myself amongst the martyrdom-for-a-lunch.

For a few paragraphs back, I made mention of a net (and I don't mean Funicello). For a long time, I've been kidding around and giggling it up about how someone's going to drop some over me one of these days. I think it's about time I stopped kidding.

So help me, for the last week, there has been a huge net hovering over a certain intersection which I am forced to career through daily. It's tied up there and I just know that a very soon, someone is going to pull a little bitty string and zap! Away I go in a covered basket. I knew they were looking for me, but I had no *idea* they wanted me that bad.

To make things worse, when I went to touch the other day, there was a man in the restaurant carrying a long-handled butterfly net! I am not kidding. Nor, I fear, was he.

I'm mainly worried about the heavy-duty jungle-weave that's hanging over the intersection though. If anyone has seen this and knows what it might be for, please explain. If it's for what I think it's for, please wave as they drag me away.

Oh, I almost forgot. When I was sick and when haven't I been a boy named Gary called and tried to cheer me up with the following conversation.

He: "Do you know what monsters eat?"

Me: "No, what?"

He: "They eat things. Do you know what monsters drink?"

Me: "No, what?"

He: "They drink coke. Do you know why?"

Me: "No, why?"

He: "Because things go better with coke."

So, I have discovered (thanks to having a lot of friends like the aforementioned Gary), does Scotch.

THANKS TO OUR LEADER, IRVING MENDELSON, FOR HIS GENEROUS CONTRIBUTION TO THE MENDELSON QUINTETT CLUB OF BOSTON.

Sheldon Mendelson



SONNY & CHER—IN CASE YOU'RE IN LOVE (Atco) *The Beat Goes On, Little Man, Monday, Podunk* and eight others.

Sonny's been knocking himself out composing songs for himself and Cher lately, and some of his best efforts are spotlighted on this LP. Cher's voice is the basis for most tracks, but a few are Sonny himself, singing well-written love songs and protests. And you won't believe it if we tell you, so you'll go to listen to *Podunk!* It's hell-o, good time music!



TOMMY ROE—IT'S NOW WINTERS DAY (ABC) Produced by Steve Clark. *Love Her, Aggravation, Have Play On Me, It's Now Winter's Day* and eight more.

Tommy Roe has finally recorded some of the fine songs he's written over the last several years. A prettier than anything he's issued 'til now, this LP has several highlights: *Nighttime, Sing Along With Me*, plus, of course, *It May Be Winters Day*.



THE SUPREMES SING HOLLAND-DOZIER-HOLLAND (Motown) Produced by Holland-Dozier. *You Keep Me Hangin' On, It's The Same Old Song, Love Is Like A Heat Wave* and nine more.

This time in tribute to their producer-writers, The Supremes continue their particular style. Though not as outstanding as other albums (like *Supremes A Go Go*), this LP is an adequate and pleasing follow-up, always maintaining the Supremes sound.

THE ELECTRIC PRUNES (Reprise) Produced by Dave Hassinger. *I Had Too Much To Dream (Last Night), Get Me To The World On Time, Lovin', One* and eight more tracks.

In addition to their smash disk, this LP has some truly beautiful songs among its tracks. *One*, especially, sings out reminiscent of 1955 music with a beautiful new treatment. From the unusual, to the new, to the pretty, this LP is a top notch venture.



THE WEST COAST POP ART EXPERIMENTAL BAND—PART ONE Produced by Bob Marley and Jimmy Brown. *Shifting Sands, Help, I'm A Rock, Transparent Day, Scuse Me, Miss Rose* and seven more experiences.

Etter walls, incredible notes of notes and soft, loving vocals make this album one of the most original man-made LP's we've heard. The great *I Won't Hurt You* is a quiet thunder of soothing singing. This group keeps their musical freak out under control at all times.



TONY RANDALL—VO, DE, OH, DOE (Mercury) *Byrd, (You're The Bird Of Them All), Lucky Linda, Winchester Cathedral, You're Gonna Lose Your Gal* and six more.

Actor-singer Tony Randall recreates the style of the thirties on this album without modernizing, twisting, or otherwise mutilating the music. Fans of old-time, good-time music will be appreciative of the respectful treatment given "Winchester Cathedral," "Doo Wacka Doo" and "Cecilia."



Adventures of Robin Boyd . . .

©1965 by Shirley Poston
 Everything began to change the night 103 zombies - er - costumes fled silently into the Neville Club and only 102 fled silently out.

This was the first time Robin had noticed #103. The tall, sort of sandy-haired, de-spectacled young man wasn't exactly what you would call obtrusive (especially if you don't know what it means) (either).

And when she saw him standing there (repetition may rule but can plagiarism be far behind?) she didn't know quite what to think. Fortunately, she didn't have to (he should only be spared this task more often) because he spoke immediately.

Two Words

"Umhm, I notice you're having a bit of trouble with your - your audience," he said and he said it kindly because a bit was not the word. (How could it be? It's two words) (Down, big fella.)

"A conservative estimate," Robin smiled ungraciously.

The stranger coughed. "Could I make a suggestion?" he asked. "Well," he continued when the three girls am-day near nodded their fool heads off. "I used to be a member of a group. One time when we were playing in Germany (Robin's ears stood straight up) - Germany, South Dakota, that is (Robin's ears stood straight down), the owner of the club got after us for not being more lively on stage. He kept saying 'make show, make show,' and when we tried it, it worked!"

"You mean you jumped around and Stuff?" Robin demanded, becoming interested.

"A conservative estimate," the stranger smiled graciously.

Eying each other, Robin and her fellow Mockingbirds fell into a huddle (and very nearly hurt themselves) (keep 'em coming, kid) and agreed that it was certainly worth a try. When they looked up, the stranger was gone.

Later, having declined Budgie and Ringo's offer of a snack (as in

grind up another horse, Mable, they're here again), Robin was strutting through the deserted streets of Pitchfork, in the direction of the Boyd house (twitter) (or is it wiv).

Suddenly, she heard the snow squeaking behind her.

"Good Heavens," she thought. "I'm being followed!" Changing that to Thank Heavens, she whirled around hopefully - er - nervously. "Nuts," she immediately added under her breath. It was only good olde #103. But, realizing that with her luck, he was probably the Masked Strangler in disguise, she snarled politely.

"Hullo again," he said, catching up with her. "Mind if I walk with you?"

"You'd have better luck walking with your legs," Robin said wittily. The stranger laughed and when he did, Robin peered at him curiously. It wasn't that she was unaccustomed to having her clever remarks send people into stitches (at the wrist, generally). It was just that, for a second, he looked familiar. And, judging from the flash of eyes behind those round glasses, he probably would be if one gave him 'all the chance.

With this in mind, Robin was careful to keep the conversation light and impersonal. They talked mostly about the club (when he asked her how the place had been named, she merely muttered something unintelligible - there was no point in explaining the Neville Club bit to such an obviously dull dud).

As usual, her ladylike tactics worked, and when they reached her darkened doorstep, he didn't start getting romantic.

Sixteen Feet High

Suddenly Robin jumped sixteen feet into the air. "How dare you!" she bellowed at her companion, who had fallen off the step and was rolling hysterically in a snowbank.

Then she gasped, fell off the other side of the step and rolled hysterically in a rose bush (which had frozen its bud off some months ago).

When the two of them were able to stop laughing, they struggled to lift their feet (each other's) and hugged each other wilyly.

"I know it!" Robin blithered. "I knew it! the minute you pinched me!"

Robin then re-pounded on John (of Lennon fame and Genie fame) (and you can't hardly get 'em like that no more) with a series of questions. She soon learned that he was on vacation in the woods, hiding out while his hair grew back (like Be-attle, like Genie) (and I'd like both) and George, who was still having transfer problems, had suggested he "coom around" to see what she was up to.

"George?" Robin wailed. "How is he and where is he and when will he be here and when am I getting my magic powers back and how long can you stay?"

After a brief translation of the question, John replied that George was fine, and at home visiting his folks. Also that George's arrival, the return of her powers and his departure would all fall into the same category - *bke, soon*.

"How soon?" she re-wailed. "Do you have to leave, I mean?" John thoughtfully brushed the snow off his Snow White watch.

(Words fail me.) (It should only be.) "Oh, I guess I can stay another thirty seconds."

"Ratzafatz," wropt Robin, but John (who, like his fellow Genie, does not mess about) re-pinched.

"Shurrup," he ordered. "Now you do what I told you about the group. You sound great, but stop acting like you have broomsticks - er - move around. Make show! And take off those Harley Davidson jackets! And you might sing a Beatle song once in awhile, you ingrate!"

"Anything else?" Robin inquired haughtily.

"Yes," he replied, making a grab for her. "John!" she cried, outraged. (You have just visited the lie of the month.)

John shrugged. "George said to give you his love."

Robin gave him a suspicious glare. "He isn't going around with that genie-ess or witch-with-a-B or whatever she is, is he? That Ann Thrax individual?"

"They see each other occasionally," John said sneakily, failing to add "but not if he sees her first."

Robin's eyes narrowed. "Well, you will give him my love in return, won't you John?"

"Be 'appy to," John obliged, re-puckering.

Flang!

When he finished several hours later (it was only minutes, only minutes) Robin staggered into the house and flang herself on the couch. She felt marvelous, but also very weird. That old feeling was back. That *uh-oh* feeling she used to get in the good old daze, just before something incredible happened to her.

"Oh well," she mused to the Boyd dog, whom she was using as a pillow. "It couldn't be any more incredible than what's already happened to me."

And although she couldn't say for sure, Robin was almost positive that the dog laughed.

Since so many new readers will be picking up *The BEAT* and *Robin Irene* in the next two months, we've decided to put her on "vacation" (she needs the rest) (as in *care*) during this particular portion of our expansion program. We'll then do a re-cap chapter so *Robin's* new victims - er - fans will at least have some idea of what the series is all about, and pick up *the story* where we left it in this issue.

Also, you'll be happy to hear that the previous chapters will soon be available in book form. For info on how to get a copy of *Robin's* past adventures, and for her further adventures, stay tuned to *THE BEAT!*



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SONNY; CHER!

LYNNE OR ALICE? Randy still can't make up his mind!

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25¢

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BEAT

MARCH 25, 1967



Beach Boys Throw A Suit At Capitol

Although Capitol Records will make no statement, it is a fact that the Beach Boys have filed suit in Los Angeles Superior Court, charging that "Capitol has failed to compute royalties at the rate specified and provided for in their contract." The Beach Boys are asking for a complete audit of all books and records as well as a termination of their contract with Capitol which expires in November, 1969.

The Beach Boys claim that Capitol owes them at least \$225,000 in royalties under the contract which was signed in November, 1962 allegedly giving the group a five percent royalty on records sold.

Brian Wilson's only comment on

the lawsuit was: "We're (the Beach Boys) suing Capitol because we don't think they've paid us enough artists' royalties."

However, most feel that the real reason the Beach Boys entered the suit was to terminate their contract with Capitol so that they'll be able to record under their own company, Brother Records, which is already in existence. Brian appears quite confident that the Beach Boys will win their suit.

The Beach Boys are the hottest American group on Capitol. The Beatles are, of course, the label's hottest international group and, at least from the Beatles, Capitol is expecting no trouble. They've just signed a new nine year recording contract with the label.

JAGGER, RICHARD IN BRITISH DRUG SEARCH

LONDON—A huge drug crackdown is taking place in Britain with particular emphasis being placed upon pop entertainers. One of the first groups to gain national attention was the Rolling Stones, as it was reported in the English press that Mick Jagger and girlfriend, Marianne Faithfull, were

searched at the home of fellow-Stone, Keith Richards, in West Wittering, Sussex.

Allegedly, eight people were searched at Richard's home by fifteen policemen with a search warrant issued under the Dangerous Drugs Act. Substances were taken from Keith's house but, according to the Stones' publicist, no arrests have been made and there has been no word from Scotland Yard regarding any impending arrests.

This latest "Jagger and drugs" story came on the heels of an article which was printed in "News Of The World," attributing remarks concerning drugs to Mick—remarks which Jagger claims he never made. In fact, Mick is currently in the process of suing the newspaper for libel.

"I am shocked that a responsible newspaper like the 'News Of The World' can publish such a defamatory article about me," declared Jagger. "I want to make it quite clear that this picture of me is misleading and untrue and, therefore, the only way left for me to prevent this libel being repeated is for me to ask my lawyer to take legal action in the High Court immediately."

The British police are waging an all-out war to halt, or at least curb, the flow of drugs in the country. Lord Chief Justice Parker believes that drugs are being sold on some club premises and, therefore, is introducing a bill to license "private places of entertainment." A bill which club owners feel will have "disastrous" effects on the entire pop scene.



Boos, Jeers Greet Two Beatles At Berry Show

LONDON—John Lennon, Ringo Starr and their manager, Brian Epstein, were the object of booing and jeering from the audience at the Epstein owned Saville Theatre.

The audience, numbering over one thousand teens, booted loudly at the two Beatles and attempted to destroy the Theatre by ripping the seats, tearing down the curtains and smashing lights.

License Loss?

The rioting started when two fans jumped on stage during Chuck Berry's act. This, according to the Theatre manager, was against the Greater London Council regulations. He, therefore, ordered the safety curtain lowered. This, in turn, set off the audience who "just went wild and began tearing the place to pieces,"

according to a member of the audience.

Unfortunately, the two Beatles were seated in a box along with Epstein and the audience immediately turned on them with boos and jeers. Squads of police were called in and during the height of the rioting John and Ringo made a hasty exit but Epstein remained in the Saville pleading with the audience to measure seats.

The police herded the outraged fans into the street near Piccadilly Circus where they chanted "we want our money back" while ripping life-size pictures of Berry which had been hanging out in front of the Saville.

The trouble, however, did not end there. Epstein announced that

he sympathized with the audience and consequently fired his Saville manager, Michael Bullock. Epstein's dismissal of Bullock caused the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees to issue an ultimatum demanding an immediate withdrawal of what they termed Epstein's "irresponsible attack" on his staff. If not, they threatened to strike.

Safety Curtain

There is also the chance that Epstein will lose his Sunday license for the shows, but throughout all the hysteria and criticism Epstein is remaining calm. "If at any time my license is withdrawn," said the Beatles' manager, "I shall simply move the shows to another theatre."



MONKEES SET RECORD

TORONTO, CANADA—The Monkees April 2 concert here, promoted by Dick Clark Productions, Inc., sold out completely the first day tickets went on sale.

Teenagers lined up in 0-degree weather an purchase tickets at the ten box office windows of Toronto's Maple Leaf Garden. The 17,000 seat, turn-away sale resulted in gross sales of slightly more than \$91,000 and constitute a new one-night record for the Monkees.

During their hiatus from "The Monkees," at least two of the members have changed their appearances slightly. Davy Jones now has a moustache growing on his upper lip and has had his hair trimmed quite a bit. It's by no means crew cut but it is much shorter than the page-boy type style he usually wears.

Micky Dolenz has done nothing new to his hair but is in the process of acquiring a beard! However, it's safe to say that by the time "The Monkees" once again start filming all excess hair (except that on the head) will be removed!

GRAMMY AWARDS

STRIDE FORWARD OR STEP BACK?

HOLLYWOOD—Davy Jones showed up with a shorter haircut. John Phillips came dressed in tux and the Beatles scored a double victory by winning two awards. But are the Grammy Awards a fluke as far as Top 40 music is concerned? It makes one wonder.

It is certainly a surprise to no one that most over 25 consider Top 40 music to be illegitimate. No one dares knock the Establishment and, therefore, Frank Sinatra again walked off with the most awards. And "Winchester Cathedral" won the prize as Best Contemporary Rock and Roll Recording. "Winchester Cathedral"—a rock 'n roll! Nostalgia is more like it. One shocked guest at the International Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel, gasped when "Cathedral" was named the winner. "It just shows you votes and what they base their opinions on. Middle-aged businessmen who think that anyone under 30 is a rock 'n roll singer!"

Still, this was the first year that so many Top 40 entertainers were even nominated. Surprisingly, several of them won! Paul McCartney walked off with a Grammy for "Eleanor Rigby" as the Best Contemporary Rock 'n Roll Solo Performance. The Mama's and Papa's were awarded a Grammy for Best Contemporary Rock 'n Roll Group Performance for "Monday, Monday." The biggest shock of the evening came when the announcement was made that John Lennon and Paul McCartney had won out over "Born Free," "The Impossible Dream," "Somewhere My Love" and "Strangers In The Night" for "Michelle"—the Song Of The Year.

It is interesting to note, however, that in the category of Best Performance By A Vocal Group, all but one of the nominees were from the Top 40 field. And it was that one, the Anita Kerr Singers, who copied the award—winning over the Association, the Beach Boys, the Sandpipers and the Mama's and Papa's.



ROCK TREND FOR MOVIES

The Beatles started it all with their hit "Hard Day's Night" movie score acclaimed by both art critics and teenagers. Now the move is on toward using rock 'n' roll soundtracks to underscore prestige movies.

The Byrds, now on European tour, will break into films when they return, singing the title song as well as the score in the Filmmakers-MGM production, "Don't Make Waves." Stars are Tony Curtis, Claudia Cardinale and Sharon Tate.

Kama Sutra released the John Sebastian Lovin' Spoonful score for "You're a Big Boy Now," on time for the opening of the film in New York and other cities. The Spoonful's new single, "Darling Be Home Soon," is from the Julie Harris-Bernadette Page-Elizabeth Hartman movie.

The Spoonful, of course, have already wet their feet in the film business. They appeared in Woody Allen's "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"

The Beatles followed up their success in "Hard Day's Night" with the Capitol soundtrack for "Help!" Paul McCartney has just finished his first solo scoring job for Hayley Mills' "The Family Way," but the album has not been released yet.

The Rolling Stones are discussing a film score for "Only Lovers Left Alive" for the London label. Also has set the Sony & Cher "Good Times" soundtrack for March release.



"IN" PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Davey Jones flying up to Vegas... why Mick Jagger said no more Stones' personal appearances and then got booked into a full-scale European tour with a British cast as a follow-up... why Lennon and Starr really got booked in London and the question going around over all the hairy faces... Eddie Brigati of the Raspals buying a new home for his parents in Jersey... Sony Bono winning a BMI award for "The Beat Goes On"... Phil Spector marrying one of the Ronettes... whether or not Diana Ross and Berry Gordy will get married... the secret to Bill Cosby's success lying in the identifying bag—face it, everyone's heard of Noah... Steve McQueen wearing a paper suit... the artist switching a few more members and becoming an entirely different group... when the Mama's and Papa's are going to get together again and deciding that it will be quite awhile unless John, Michelle and Denny travel



BEATLES IN NEW PACT

Dousing rumors of a Beatles' break-up, Alan W. Livingston, President, Capitol records, announces that a new, nine-year contract has been signed with the foursome at EMI House in London.

The Beatles are breaking records with their new record "Strawberry Fields Forever"/"Penny Lane." Three days after the group's latest single was released, Capitol had shipped one million-plus disks to stores.

This figure chalks up a record number of any one single ever pressed and shipped in three days under the label. Guess what the previous high mark record was for a three-day period? "I Want to Hold Your Hand," the Beatles first Capitol single held the record at 750,000 and went on to sell more than 4.5 million disks.

Capitol asked the RIAA for gold record certification of the single on its release date. "Strawberry" will be the 22nd for the British quartet since their 1963 American debut. The 22 certified gold records are more than any other artists' have ever won in the history of the record industry.

to England, where Cass is encamped until June... how long before records go underground since movies and papers have... where censorship is going to end and where it's going to begin... whether or not there are no more teenagers past nine... how much the Fifth Dimension sound like the Mama's and Papa's... the Byrds perhaps not dropping out of the scene after all... how well Herman will do with "Mrs. Brown" this time around... Five Americans sending a telegram all over the nation... the Monkees making believers out of the British... the Righteous Brothers going into movies and probably doing very well for themselves—thereby making them a success in all three entertainment medias... the fact that Aaron Neville really does exist... why the entire world thinks we can locate the Association any hour of the day... how much it's all really worth... Mitch Ryder doing a whole lot better than most people expect-

John, Tad Seek Girl For Trio

John Stewart, one-third of the soon-to-be dissolved Kingston Trio, reports he has tapped Henry (Tad) Diltz as a second voice in a new boy-girl trio he will debut in June, as soon as the Kingstons finish their personal appearances. Stewart is still searching for the female voice to round out the trio. Tad is a former member of the Modern Folk Quarter.

Kingston member Bob Shane will continue his musical career as a single. While third member, Nick Reynolds, will become a full-time builder and driver of racing cars. He will also help his wife, Joan, operate their discotheque in North Beach, California. The Henry W. Kuh Memorial Auditorium.



Mel Carter To Tour London

Mel Carter kicks off an extensive European tour with a headlining appearance on "Sunday Night at the Palladium" in London on June 4. Carter will visit Copenhagen, Paris, Munich, Vienna, Miami, Madrid and Rome before he returns July 11.

ed... the Who and the Hollies coming Stateside... new groups generally being a large pain in the neck but a necessary evil if we are to have the Beatles, Stones, ad infinitum... whether or not Neil Diamond will actually get his show



to Russia and deciding that he probably won't, unfortunately... why Herman is bringing no milk today... what happens when you raise your hand?... whether or not "Ruby Tuesday" made it to the top spot on



BYRDS KICK OFF ENGLISH TOUR WITH A TEA PARTY

The Byrds started their extensive, three-week European promotion tour with a London tea party for hundreds of their fans, 1700 of whom sent a petition begging them to return to England. Their current hit single, "So You Want To Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star," is a musical tribute to their British fans. The screams backing up the Byrds' singing and instrumentation on the single are a recorded crowd reaction to one of their concert appearances in Bournemouth, Hampshire, on their first visit to England in August, 1965.

The Byrds' latest Columbia album, "Younger Than Yesterday," has just been released.

The Byrds' London Headquarters

ters are in an apartment near Regent's Park. Then they'll wing to the Continent to fulfill television and promotional engagements in Northern Europe.

"Purely promotional in nature," said Byrds co-manager Ed Tickner, "the trip will not include concerts." The Byrds have limited U.S. concert appearances since last summer, concentrating on developing themselves as creative musicians in their recording work.

The Byrds will break into films upon their return from Europe. MGM has asked the group to compose the title song and background score for a forthcoming feature length film.

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in the business... why the Foundations think "Girls Are Out To Get You" and deciding that it's probably because they are... how many versions of "Everybody Needs Somebody To Love" we're going to get within the next month.

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PET CLARK SIGNED FOR 'FINIAN' FILM

Petula Clark has definitely signed to play the part of the daughter in the movie version of "Finian's Rainbow" which will be shot in Hollywood during the summer. Fred Astaire is set to play the title role in the film.

There had been a delay in casting Petula in the role because of a disagreement over which record company would release the soundtrack album. The problem still hasn't been settled but it now looks as if either Warner Brothers or Pet's international label, Vogue, will issue the soundtrack.

Tommy Steele is being sought to co-star in the film but he has not yet been signed. He, of course, is the young British actor who starred in "Half A Sixpence." Tommy is already being considered for two other movies which means that he may not be able to fit "Finian's Rainbow" into his schedule.



What a week for pop news this was. Fifteen British police officers allegedly searched Keith Richard's house for drugs, Petula Clark announced that she thinks "This Is My Song" is "awful in some ways," Davy Jones' fans did a fine job of damaging his dad's house in Manchester, Diana Ross visited Doris Day on the set of "Josie." Bill Cosby signed a new four million dollar recording contract, the Byrds were signed to compose and record the title tune for "Don't Make Waves," and Sammy Davis Jr. presented the Righteous Brothers with a Gold Record for "Soul And Inspiration."

Beatle Impression

The Beatles made quite an impression with their Liverpool-shot appearance on "Hollywood Palace." As always with the Beatles, there were pro and con opinions on the new Beatle look—hair and more hair. The funniest comment heard was "it looked like all the cameramen were high!" But with movies and records taking the psychedelic route, why not television?

Tom Jones is up for a role in a dramatic movie. "It's a marvelous role," says Tom, "and I can't afford to miss it. It's a drama and that's about the only thing I'd want to do in films. I need something aggressive, moody-like." Tom refused to offer any more information but as soon as contracts are all signed, Tom will let the whole world know.

P.J. Proby arrived back in London and immediately sought to get the Jones vs. Proby fire roaring again. "I've never been able to understand this P.J. Proby thing," admitted Tom. "People say I'm like P.J. Proby. I look like him, I copy his actions. I sing like him. I honestly just don't see it and I've never been able to."

Tom's not alone. I don't see any resemblance either. As a matter of fact, I'm inclined to toss the whole thing off as a "press agent's dream."

Neil Diamond

With my inimitably beautiful luck, I missed Neil Diamond when he stopped by the office the other day. So, I'm still not sure if Neil got the movie role he was up for. He did, however, write another one for the Monkees, "A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You." As you know, it was Neil who penned their fantastically successful "I'm A Believer."

Going for himself, Neil has a sizeable hit with "You Got To Me" and should by now have his second album out. To show you what kind of a man Neil is; he flew all the way into Hollywood (at his own expense) just to accept an award from a magazine. And, it's not the first time Neil's done something like that. He's flown into cities for the sole purpose of doing a charity show. Tell you the truth, it's hard to believe someone like Neil actually exists in this business.

Herman and his Hermits are set to begin filming on their second movie for MGM, "Yes, Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter" on April 3 in London. The movie, based roughly on the group's hit single by the same name is expected to take about ten weeks to complete.

Besides filming in London, the company is scheduled to go on location in Herman's hometown of Manchester. Rehearsals and recording for the soundtrack began in March under the watchful eye of Mickie Most.

QUICK ONES: The Lovin' Spoonful are currently "out" with the hippies. In fact, one psychedelic shop is using a Spoonful poster as a doormat. Mick Jagger supposedly arrived in Los Angeles but up until press time no one's been able to find him. . . the Buckingham's have signed with Columbia Records and are set to visit 30 cities within the next two months. . . Paul McCartney likes "the end bit" of the Spoonful's "Darling Be Home Soon" . . . the Spencer Davis Group will tour the U.S. and Canada from July 17 to August 20 and will get the college circuit from October 13 to November 19. . . Herbie Alpert and his TJB received "the Beatle treatment" when they filmed part of their April 24 television special in the Tijuana setting. "It was one of the wildest experiences we ever had," said Herbie. "We had to leave from the stage directly into getaway cars."



SPRINGFIELD SETS MAJOR CLUB DATES

Dusty Springfield is set to spend two months of her summer vacation here in the United States, playing three of the top night clubs in the country.

She opens for three weeks at New York's Copacabana on July 7 and then immediately moves on to Mr. Kelly's in Chicago and the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco.

Dusty was the only British female nominated for a Grammy Award. The other British nominations went to the Beatles and to the New Vaudeville Band.

THE WHO VISIT US

LONDON ENGLAND—The Who, whose biggest hit was "My Generation," make their first American visit starting March 22. After preliminary interviews and promotion, they appear at a special Murray the K Easter show in New York. Splitting the bill are Wilson Pickett, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles and Mitch Ryder.

The Who will guest star on DJ Murray the K's TV show, Coliseum, on April 2. Then the group will jet immediately to Germany to start a two-week tour.

Hollies Cancel Part Of Tour: Drummer In Hamburg Hospital

The Hollies' drummer, Bobby Elliott, was taken seriously ill to a hospital in Hamburg during the group's German tour. The hospital announced that Bobby was "very ill with an inflamed appendix, but responding to treatment." Bobby is under constant sedation and is being cared for by five specialists.

Bobby's parents flew into Hamburg when they received news of their son's condition and are expected to remain with him until he is able to leave the hospital.

Meanwhile, the Hollies hired another drummer to substitute for Bobby and will go ahead with their recording plans. They're due to open a British tour with Spencer Davis but they're holding up hiring a drummer until they're sure that Bobby will not be able to perform.

The Hollies did, however, cancel their scheduled tour of Yugoslavia which was to have started last week.



Gary Lewis Wed In LA

Gary Lewis married Jinky Suzara March 11 in Los Angeles. They were engaged after an eight week courtship during which they could only visit each other from opposite sides of the fence at Fort Ord Army Base where Gary is stationed.

Jinky's sister, Gemma, who was maid of honor, flew in from Manila, Philippines for the wedding.

Nancy Sinatra Sues, Angry About Album

Nancy Sinatra is suing Capitol and Tower Records for \$100,000 in damages to stop her picture and name from being used on the soundtrack album cover of the movie, "The Wild Angels." She has also named American International Pictures in the suit.

Nancy claims the album was made without her consent and although she starred in the film, she never gave her permission to use her name and picture on the record jacket.



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Sam Mendelsohn

The Generation G-a-p

By Lawrence Charles

Young people have inherited a world that is very different from the one their parents knew in their teens.

Computers can do calculations a man could not complete in a lifetime.

Since the first atomic bomb exploded over 20 years ago, Dick Clark points out, "Someone other than God can blow up the whole scene."

This generation is challenging not only their parents' authority, but their very way of looking at the world. Widely different views of life create communication problems and have given rise to a growing "Generation Gap."

"The real gap is in the rules, regulations, morals and codes," says Lou Adler who produces records by the Mama's and Papa's and Johnny Rivers.

"The kids aren't sitting back and taking it any more; they're questioning the old codes. This is a brighter more intelligent generation. A 16-year-old talking to a policeman usually knows more than he does."

During the 50's parents were urging their children to break out of their silence and apathy. In the last six years young people have become concerned and outspoken about their world. At civil rights demonstrations, war protests and campus rallies, they have become the most visible generation.

Adults often act as if they expected young people to be radical and non-conformist in tidy rows. They are often startled and dismayed by the force and spontaneity of the youth movement.

Members of this generation resist attempts to standardize them. Their long hair and mod clothes express their taste and establish them as individuals.

"I think the grown-ups have to open their minds to the fact that kids with long hair are not just idiots carrying signs," says Tommy Roe, "they have opinions—some good, some bad. I think both sides, the kids and the grown-ups, have to open their minds."

Grownups who impatiently order teenagers to cut their hair or change their habits can learn from the experience of one woman at a Sunset Strip demonstration who asked Bobby Jameson, "How much does that hair really mean to you?"

"Exactly as much as it means to you to have me take it off," he answered.

"Grownups don't like our hair long because it shows disrespect to them," said Doug, a Los Angeles teenager, "but long hair shows masculinity. Look at Sampson. Caesar wore his hair short in Christ's time."

Young people are subjecting the adult world to a harsh, critical examination and often finding it

undesirable. They question the fierce competition, the brutalizing rat race for money and power.

Tense, defensive adults in a bitter contest for goals with no humane basis can't appreciate each other as people. Is it worth sacrificing human kindness, spontaneity and the joy of living to compete for anything?

Many young people say no.

"The older generation's darkest fears may be justified," warned Robert A. Gross, 21, general secretary of the U.S. Student Press Association.

"While a majority of students passively accept the values of their parents, a significant minority is turning off and opting out of the system," he told an audience of 300 college newspaper editors, Washington officials, professors and journalists gathered in the nation's capital to discuss "The Generation Gap—Translators Wanted" a month ago.

Today's youth values decency, tolerance and honesty. Grownups pre-occupation with expensive homes, lavish cars and material status symbols tarnish them in the eyes of many young people. In a 1966 Look Magazine survey 550 teenagers were asked if they had any heroes. Most of them weren't sure they had any or even knew what a hero was.

They struggled to list JFK, Mickey Mantle and Elvis Presley—but not one of them mentioned the current President of the United States.

As historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. points out, "Our statesmen become bores, while our folk singers are the rage . . . The Multi-Lateral Force is out. The Beach Boys are in."

The message the young are digging and supporting (over \$100 million worth of 45's were sold in 1966) comes from their heroes—singers like Bob Dylan, the Beatles and the Monkees. What speaks more directly and honestly to the concerns of young people than these lyrics by Bobby Jameson from his forthcoming album, "Jameson, Color Him In:"

*"My friends there's, no one who can tell you more than you know within yourself
And all the thoughts that are inside you
They don't belong to no one else . . .*

For all those thoughts that are inside you are not controlled by someone else."

Young people in this country take the current level of unprecedented prosperity for granted. They have never known a depression. They see no reason to delay spending their money.

Last year they swelled the economy by purchasing over \$18 billion in goods and services. Since luxuries have always been plentiful for them, teenagers don't regard their attainments as the major achievement their parents do. Young people are turning inward, searching their souls and trying to develop their minds. (See Next Page).



LOU ADLER: "The real gap is in the rules, regulations, morals and codes."



DICK CLARK: "Someone other than God can blow up the whole scene."

DAVY: I think most of the generations have the same problems. The difference between teenagers today and their parents is not any different than that between teenagers 50 years ago and their parents.

MICKY: No matter how you look at it, this generation is kind of a good generation.



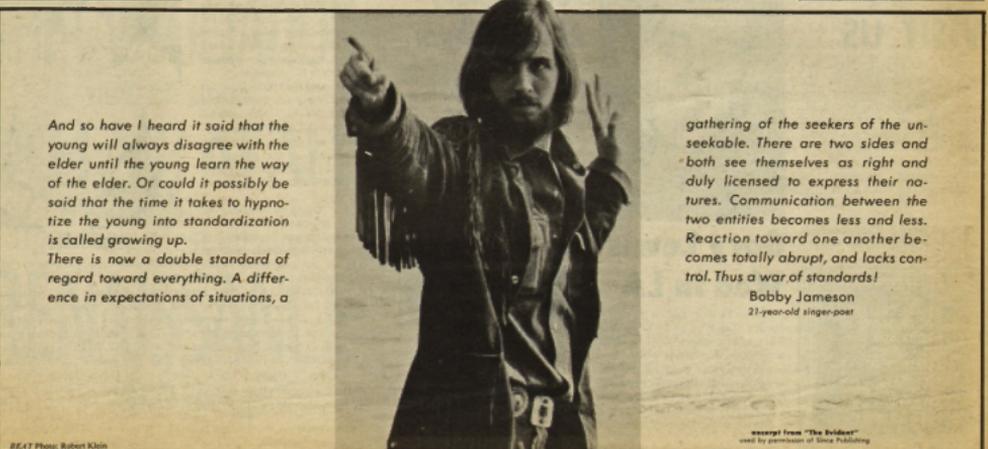
TOMMY ROE: "I think both sides, the kids and the grown-ups, have to open their minds."



BRIAN WILSON: "The gap has resulted in an extreme polarity which makes life very interesting and spicy."

PETER: Parents never understand their children. I do not expect to understand mine.

MIKE: I don't know—I think it is overrated. Everybody does what they have to do when they have to do it.



And so have I heard it said that the young will always disagree with the elder until the young learn the way of the elder. Or could it possibly be said that the time it takes to hypnotize the young into standardization is called growing up. There is now a double standard of regard toward everything. A difference in expectations of situations, a

gathering of the seekers of the un-seekable. There are two sides and both see themselves as right and duly licensed to express their natures. Communication between the two entities becomes less and less. Reaction toward one another becomes totally abrupt, and lacks control. Thus a war of standards!

Bobby Jameson
21-year-old singer-poet

By Marsha Provost

■ "This is insane. Can you believe the three of us are here, talking to you people at *THE BEAT*? And we're going over to film 'Hollywood Palace' tomorrow. Us!"

"Look at us. Can you imagine us doing record hops? We did one yesterday at a shoe store and sold 18 pairs of shoes."

That was our introduction to the Hardly-Worthit Players, who have blown as few cools with their rendition of "Wild Thing" by Senator Bobby.

Taken together they really don't make it as a pop group. They've got far too much education and far too little hair. But taken individually they really become the least likable candidates for pop stardom.

Take Bill Minkin, who thought up the original concept for the entire Hardly-Worthit Report. This guy has a masters degree in communication from New York University and is a teacher at Brooklyn College.

Super Cool

He likes to tell about his students and how they all try to be so super cool about their teacher having a record on the national charts.

And there's Dennis Wholey, who is well known to New York Television stars and radio listeners for his work as host and interviewer. He worked for a while in the theater as director, stage manager and a little bit of everything else before going into television and radio. His major complaint against the world right now seems to be "they don't even sell Chinese food at Grauman's Chinese." (Grauman's Chinese is a movie theater).

Then there's Steve Baron. Of all

They're Hardly-Worthit



... THE HARDLY-WORTHIT PLAYERS (l. to r.) Steve, Bill and Dennis—Senator Bobby's "Wild Things."

three of the guys. Steve is the only one who might conceivably have been on the pop charts at any given time.

Steven's a folk singer and composer and has appeared often in various coffee houses in New York. He has a degree from the University of Wyoming.

Mirrors

Describing the Hardly-Worthit Players, he says "The world's flipped out and we're just mirroring it."

The three met in the summer of 1964 when they were, honest, all paged at NBC. They outgrew their paper collars (that all pages are required to wear) they became the Hardly Worthit Players.

They got together with a few dozen friends and recorded the "Hardly-Worthit Report" album. According to the liner notes, "Some came over directly from their offices; some came from their almost-paid-for houses in the suburbs; some came from the Village; some came from the East Side; some came from the West Side. Others, as usual, came late."

After weeks of writing and re-writing and arguing and trying everything out on each other, they put in a grand total of one and one half hours of recording time and came up with an album.

It sold twelve copies. According to Dennis, Bill's mother bought five. Steve was going to give one to his mother, but a friend told him

not to, so he didn't.

A few disappointed days later, they heard the album put out by Senator Everett Dirksen. Now, if Dirksen could put out a successful album, surely they could too, they figured.

They came up with this idea to cut "Wild Thing" sounding like Dirksen on a Sunday. They rehearsed it on Monday, recorded it on Tuesday, sold it to a record company on Wednesday and Thursday it was on the air. The album, with "Wild Thing" added, then began to sell.

However it was the other side of the single that got the air play. At the end of the session they had a little time left over and decided to try the same thing with one of the

Kennedy voices that Bill is so good at. Thus came that "Wild Thing" by Senator Bobby.

That seems to be the way their whole careers came about. Even the name was an accident.

"We originally called ourselves the Hardly-Worthit Players," recalls Bill, "but everyone kept mispronouncing it."

There are two other vital people to this whole insanity.

One is Chip Taylor, who produced the record along with Dennis. Chip wrote "Wild Thing" which was originally done by The Trogs.

Girl Involved

And there's a girl involved too. All of the female voices on the album are done by Carol Morley, currently appearing with The Mad Show in New York.

Carol didn't come out to film "Palace" with the three guys because of her engagement with the Mad Show.

"Let's talk about Carol," they said during their visit to *THE BEAT*, and then didn't.

Asked what they were going to do when they returned to New York, they replied:

"I've got a class to teach Monday morning."—Bill

"I open at the Gaslight Club Monday night."—Steve

"I think I'll go look for a new job."—Dennis

With that they shook hands with each other and some stranger they picked up in the elevator and left with the world's only copy of a picture of the Trogs personally autographed by the Hardly-Worthit Players, including Chip, who wasn't even there.



... TRINI and FRANK Sinatra smiling it up at a party



TRINI PUTS ON a big smile as he steps aboard Paris-bound plane

TRINI LOPEZ

Best Export Since Coke

The miracle of Trinidad Lopez 111 is this: Over half the man's young life was spent in the jungle atmosphere of Dallas' "Little Mexico" where his playground was rooted in the narrow dirty streets and his family slept and lived eight in a room and fought a daily war to keep a sense of dignity alive. Today, not yet 30, Trini lives in a magnificent apartment in one of Hollywood's most elegant buildings where the monthly rent would pay for at least a square mile of those Dallas slums.

Forget It

So if you expect the talent of Trini Lopez to resemble that of a proper Anglo-Saxon hatched out of a protected childhood and a comfortable, full-filled adolescence—forget it. The gifts which constitute the natural property of this handsome, bright, clean young Latin were forged out of a deep passion for music, a burning hatred of poverty, a profound pride nursed by parents determined that their children would escape from poverty row, and a re-ally sensitive and driving ambition to make it big and be recognized purely on the strength of talent.

He was only eleven when he had already decided what he wanted to do; having watched his father play the guitar and sing since he was a tot, he decided that music would be his life. His father bought him a \$12.00 instrument. "It was like

an ordinary family spending \$500 for a kid's gift," says Trini. He worked every day and began to develop a singing style. By the time he was 15 he had formed his own band and was playing at a Dallas restaurant.

Enter Sinatra

In 1960 Trini arrived on the West Coast and was playing PJ's, a popular night club. He played several other clubs in the Los Angeles area, during which time he was discovered by a variety of people, including Don Costa, well-known conductor, who called Frank Sinatra and arranged for the singer to hear Trini. Sinatra did and it was the beginning of a fast friendship and a meteoric career.

Trini was signed to an exclusive contract with Sinatra's Reprise Records in April, 1963. His first album released in June of 1963 titled "Trini Lopez at PJ's" was in No. 2 position in the nation's record charts only six weeks after it was released. One of the cuts from that album, "If I Had A Hammer," was released by Reprise as a single record and was an instant success, not only in this country but introduced Trini to audiences in 20 foreign countries and sold over 4,500,000 records.

Mexico's newspaper NOVEDADES proudly hailed the success of the young Spanish-American Lopez with "That Trini Lopez is the greatest United States export since Coca-Cola.

Now, a little more than three years after his initial album was released, Trini is one of the outstanding and best-selling recording artists on the North American continent. He has produced 13 albums which have sold well over two million copies. Now he looks to new horizons for his talents and only recently co-starred with Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Telly Savalas and Ernest Borgnine in the MGM film "The Dirty Dozen," scheduled to be released in the summer of 1967. While he states positively that he will never abandon the music field, he admits that he has a very strong interest in acting.

Trini's younger brother Jesse, now a student at North Texas State College, is giving strong evidence that he wants to follow in the singer's footsteps. Trini is giving him every encouragement, while insisting that he finish his college career.

His four sisters are married now, and his parents live comfortably in Dallas, enormously proud of their son's success. Trini is devoted to his family and has no hesitation in stating that it was the principles and outlook that his parents instilled in him, and particularly their insistence that he look beyond the borders of the slums in which he was born and find his way to a better life. It contributed in great measure to the success he enjoys today.

Sophisticatedly

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Mobs, Chaos, Knockers—For Monkees What Price Fame?

By Louise Criscione

Davy Jones is not physically big anyway—not that it matters much how huge you are when you find yourself the object of so powerful a fan force that they'd tear you apart like a piece of paper if given half a chance.

"I don't mind admitting I'm frightened by this whole thing," said Davy. "Frightened" has to be the understatement of the century. "Terrified" would be much more appropriate.

When "The Monkees" recently took a three week break from filming, Davy, Micky and Mike headed for England. Mike didn't stay long. Micky extended his visit several days but it was Davy who caused an uproar England won't soon forget—and all because he wanted to visit his family.

Mob Scene

Met at the London Airport by a mob 700 strong, Davy was hidden in a customs room while police attempted (unsuccessfully) to move the crowd along. Driven out in a police car and then transferred into a limousine, Davy arrived at the hotel only to find over a hundred fans encircling the entire premises.

But the worst was yet to come. Davy's father lives in Manchester

and his fans know it. Consequently, when Davy arrived at his family's home looking for a little peace after the chaos in London he found anything but. "We found that there were hundreds of them (fans) outside the house," said Davy. "We made several attempts to stop so that I could go in the house but it was too dangerous. The girls had already smashed the front gate."

Impersonation

In desperation, Davy dressed up as a woman, got some neighborhood kids to walk along with him as if he were their mother and succeeded in getting around to the back of the house, climbing a fence and making it inside. Davy didn't think the fans knew he was there but it made little difference as they merrily went about their business of smashing all the windows and breaking down a door. A phone call brought every available police car to the Jones' residence and the risky job of getting the girls out of the area and Davy safely out of the house got underway.

Davy left uninjured but disgustingly reported: "In a whole week, I've been able to see my father for just two hours." Lovely price for fame. "If they can cause so much damage to the car, what would

they do to me?" asked Davy. Not much. Break an arm, a leg, smash a head. Not much at all.

Those of you who think the Monkees are already rich are wrong. They reportedly make a flat \$400 a week on the show and another 30 per cent of the gross from their personal appearances—after all expenses are taken out. Of course, they make record royalties—but, generally, royalties are notoriously late in arriving.

The future for the Monkees is assured for at least another year. Their television show has been picked up for another season, they're set to make a movie, they've been booked to play the World's Fair in April and, of course, they will continue recording and making personal appearances.

In the far away future, Davy thinks he'll stick with acting, Mike and Peter will go solo and Micky will become a comedian. As for the knockers who have been constantly chipping away at the Monkees, Micky, Peter, Mike and Davy sort of shrug their shoulders at the inevitability of success bringing jealousy and whistle on their way to the bank.

Ad Lib

The scripts for their show are more of a guide line than a Bible. Roughly 85 per cent of the series is strictly ad lib. Whole scenes are discarded if the Monkees don't feel they're right and each Monkee changes his lines if they don't suit his personality.

The Monkees each have their own dressing room which assures them of at least a small domain of privacy, though the set itself is always overrun with visitors who pay no heed to the "closed set" sign which is obviously more of an ornament than a law.

Home-based in Hollywood, the Monkees have little or no trouble with wild mob scenes, although their fans stage all-out searches to find their homes and phone numbers. The grapevine system is amazing and fans knock on Davy's door at all hours of the day and night. But compared to the mob in England, Davy's apartment is a real bed of tranquility.

Safe At Home

The Monkees are rarely bothered in clubs and are relatively free to come and go as they please. In fact, Davy and Micky once visited a Sunset Strip club and were not even asked for so much as an autograph the entire evening! Another time, Micky went to an after-hours club and no one seemed the slightest bit ruffled because a Monkee was in their midst.

Once out of Hollywood or once on a stage, however, everything changes. Mob scenes break out with regularity, extra squadrons of police are needed, objects hurled through the air manage to hit at least one Monkee (not to mention unfortunate fans seated in the line of fire) and pandemonium reigns supreme. "When something like that happens," says Davy, "you feel you want to walk off."

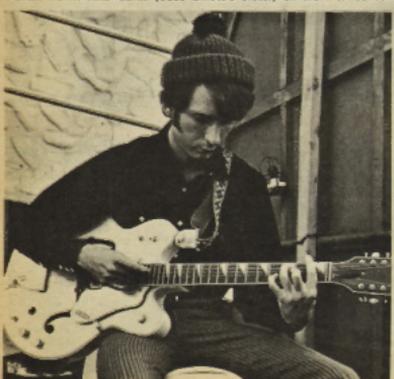
But you can't. You're a star and it's all part of the game.



MICKY THE TOUGH GUY? Not on your life — he's a comedian. DAVY AND HIS dad—long ago when there was privacy.



PETER TORK AND LEAH (Cass Elliott's sister) on the Monkee set.



MIKE NESMITH PUTS on a serious face for some guitar playing.

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WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG



S.L.G. Art. Lou Walker

Image Of Tommy Roe: 'What Difference Does It Make?'

By Carol Deck

In the process of being a pop reporter, we usually see an artist on stage or television and hear him on record before we ever get to meet him. We know his stage personality, which sometimes, but not always, is the same thing.

But with Tommy Roe, we played the game in reverse. We got to know Tommy off stage before any of us ever got to see his stage act. And did he ever blow our minds!

The first time we met Tommy, he came out on way on a promotional tour when "Sweet Pea" was jumping up the charts. He came by the office, had a cup of coffee and chatted for a while and we discovered one very friendly, polite Southerner who talked freely and frankly.

A few weeks later he moved to our city, for many reasons, mainly because he wanted to be nearer the movie industry which he would very much like to get into, and because he had been signed to be a regular on Dick Clark's "Where The Action Is" series.

More & More

We began to see more and more of Tommy Roe—in the elevator of our building, and every now and then on "Action" whenever one of us would get off early.

We saw him when he was happy, when he was tired and when he was sick, but we still hadn't seen him on stage.

We ran into him at one of his

sessions, when he was on the verge of collapsing from exhaustion. It seemed strange then, because most people when they are ill tend to seek sympathy, but Tommy seemed genuinely embarrassed that we should see him ill.

Later that same night, he actually collapsed and was taken to the hospital. He's done this before and will probably do it again. He gets wrapped up in his career and forgets to watch his health.

And so we came to know Tommy Roe—Tommy who tells you he hates parties, then somehow finds himself hosting one in his new Hollywood hills home; the Tommy who paints a picture over five one-dollar bills so no one will ever be able to tell him it's worthless; the Tommy who calls his friends "Pinhead" or "Birdwell"; the Tommy who is one of the gentlest people in the world, yet collects firearms.

Then one day we got to see another side of Tommy that we never dreamed existed. He invited us to come see his show at the world famous Disneyland, and of course we went.

We saw him standing back stage before the show, calm and confident, nothing different.

But then he slid onto the stage, took Mike in hand and started into a pretty darn sexy version of the Stones' old smash and the audience full of young teenagers went wild. In the middle of one number,

Tommy leaned down and kissed one young girl, who almost fainted. And there we sat with our mouths open. It's hard to accept girls getting hysterical over a guy you run into in the elevator who calls you "Birdwell."

He did four shows that night, once more driving himself, and allowing others to drive him, to the verge of exhaustion. And the girls come back, set after set, and so do we, amazed.

New Side

It's a whole new side of Tommy, but not a side that he's been hiding, for, unlike some pop singers, Tommy doesn't attempt to build an image or only let people see one part of him.

He realizes that all most people know of him is what they see on stage or television and hear on record, but, he says "What can I do? They don't really know me, true, but, in a way, what difference does it make? Whatever they know of me, it's selling, and I don't know how I can show them any more of me."

So now, with this new slice of Tommy firmly implanted in our minds, we sit back to watch the progress of his new single,

"I don't think I'll write anymore sad songs," cause I'm pretty happy now. Besides, anything that brings people up has got to be better than something that brings them down."

Beat Bows To Ballad—Where From Here?

By Tony Barrow

According to SONNY AND CHER "The Beat Goes On." Indeed they took their song of that title way up high into your Top Ten. But not in Britain. It's not beaten its way into the U.K. Top Thirty—despite the duo's carefully promoted, expertly exploited visit to London.

OF THE CURRENT BRITISH TOP THIRTY RECORDS NO LESS THAN EIGHTEEN ARE BY SOLO SINGERS. THIRTEEN RECORDINGS ARE OUT-AND-OUT BALLADS INCLUDING THE SENSATIONAL "THIS IS MY SONG" BY PET CLARK, NANCY SINATRA'S SUPERBLY LAZY "SUGAR TOWN," DONOVAN'S "MELLOW YELLOW," SANDY POSEY'S "SINGLE GIRL" AND DUSTY SPRINGFIELD'S NEWIE "I'LL TRY ANYTHING."

AT LEAST ANOTHER SIX

OF THE BIG-SELLING THIRTY SINGLES ARE FRINGE-AREA BALLADS LIKE HERMAN'S "THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH," CAT STEVENS' "MATTHEW AND SON" AND GENE WASHINGTON'S "MICHAEL."

Of course The Beat does go on—via hard-hitting things such as "I'M A MAN" by SPENCER DAVIS, the second-time-around success of "LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE" by the most strongly popular MONKEES and "ON A CAROUSEL" BY THE HOLLIES.

By and large beat has backed down to make way for ballads. Even the big boys like The Stones, The Beatles and The Frogs are balladeering via "Ruby Tuesday," "Penny Lane" and "Give It To Me."

Where we would have had hefty barrages of percussion and avalanches of guitar all through our charts a year ago, we find sugar-soaked slabs of romantic sentimentality selling the love-along singers into the Top Ten.

The division between Beat and Ballad is greater than ever before. On the one hand we've got all those string-draped orchestras and sympathetic choirs. On the other we have an entirely new wave of beat groups determined to reach an ultimate target of musical eccentricity by the use of electronics and an assortment of tricks tied together with an unsatisfactory la-

bel which reads "Psychodelia." On the one hand a return to total convention, on the other much freaking from a frugal minority.

In Britain—and in America too, I suspect—the fans are still waiting to hear something spectacular for '67. The whole pop scene is diversified. Ask six different people the way and they'll give you six different directions. Beat, ballad, Motown, Thirties, Monkees and Country & Western.

Who will win? Who will draw everyone else onto some kind of pop Main Street for the rest of the year? Will it be The Seekers and Tom Jones or The Sopwith Camel and The New Vaudeville Band? Will it be The Tops and Mitch Ryder or Keith and Cat Stevens? Is it all down to the pseudo-Thirties or the psycho-Sixties?

You tell me. I haven't got it together yet.

Sonny & Cher Win Award

Sonny & Cher are the winners of their 12th BMI Award for the duo's top ten recording of "The Beat Goes On" on the ATCO label.

Billboard and Cashbox music trade publications have placed the disc in the top ten of their best selling lists.



... DOES THE BEAT really go on?

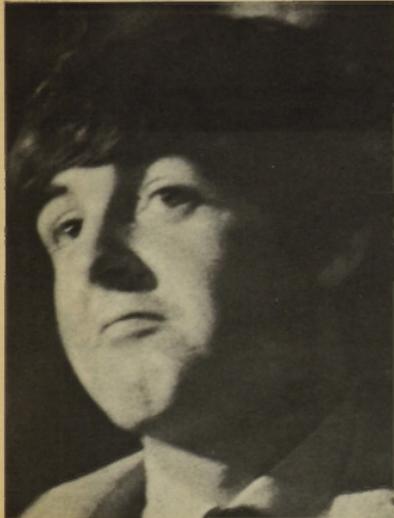


... IF THE MONKEES are a measuring stick, it certainly does!

THE HOTTEST QUINLETTE CLUB GOING IS COMING!

U.K. POP NEWS ROUND-UP

Beatle 'Babies' Identified



... MARTHA MCCARTNEY dislikes Paul's trumpet playing.

BEAT Photo: Howard L. Benjamin

JANE ASHER DENIES SPLIT WITH BEATLE

Whether she meant it to happen or not, Jane Asher is a well-known name today because of Paul McCartney. Perhaps she would have made it on her own talent—perhaps not. Jane is currently in the United States touring with the Bristol Old Vic Repertory Company.

Reporters don't care about that. They want to know what gives between Jane and Paul. "I'm in this country as a Shakespearean actress," said Jane, "not just a friend of a Beatle."

Word out of England is that the Asher/McCartney romance is now in the past tense. Jane obviously doesn't think so. "I love Paul very deeply and he feels the same," she declared. "I certainly should be very surprised indeed if I married anyone but Paul."

Paul did not see her off at the airport but reportedly the couple shared a candlelight dinner the night before her plane departed for the United States.

American reporters met Jane at the airport and demanded to know about McCartney, because "the public wants to know." "I don't care what the public wants to know," sniffed Jane. "If I even said I'd had a letter from him, everybody would pounce on me and say, 'what is it?'"

Jane, who is now 20, began her acting career when she was five playing the part of a deaf mute in the movie, "Mandy." Her father is a doctor but Jane says that both sides of her family have always been involved in the theater, if only on an amateur level.

"I think mother took her children to auditions because a neighbor said, 'with that hair, they're naturals.'" Jane, her brother Peter (one-half of the Peter & Gordon duo) and her 18 year old sister, Claire, all have an unusual shade of hair which has been described as everything from Marmalade to "just plain red." "I think 'orange' best describes the shade," said Jane. "I grew up with the nicknames 'carrots' and 'cooper knob.'"

Jane has done several dramatic roles in British films but is best known to U.S. moviegoers as one of the girls opposite Michael Caine in "Alfie." "I has never formally studied acting, although she says "you learn new methods from each director."

With the Old Vic, Jane is playing Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" as well as Julietta in "Measure For Measure." This is the company's first American tour and by May they will have played in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, San Diego, Denver, Dallas, Chicago, Champaign, Lafayette, Indianapolis, Bloomington, Detroit and Cleveland. They will then head to Canada to appear at the Expo 67.

American audiences so far have been wonderfully receptive to Shakespeare," Jane said. "They're so quiet. I think the English have become a bit blasé."

There was quite a bit of speculation to the effect that Paul would accompany Jane on her tour. Up until press time, however, he has remained in England.

FOR ALL BEATLE PEOPLE WHO ARE STILL TRYING TO GUESS THE CORRECT IDENTITIES OF THE FOUR BABIES PICTURED ON THE CAPITOL SLEEVE WHICH CAME WITH "PENNY LANE" AND "STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER" HERE'S THE RUN-DOWN THAT WINS OR LOSES SO MANY BETS! THE BABY SITTING BESIDE A TOY DOG IS JOHN LENNON. THE BABY IN THE PRAM IS PAUL. MCCARTNEY. THE CLOSE-UP PICTURE OF A LITTLE BOY WEARING A KNITTED JERSEY IS GEORGE HARRISON, AND THAT LEAVES RINGO STARR—HE'S THE TINY 6-MONTHS-OLD TO SITTING ON A BIG CUSHION.

Recordings made in their pre-Monkee days by MICKY DOLLENZ and DAVY JONES are being released or re-issued this month in Britain.

Davy-Solo

The Davy Jones material is in the hands of Pye Records; I understand they have enough tracks to make up an album and at least one single. The recordings, made for the Colpix label, consist of solo vocals which Davy describes as "garbage."

"Don't Do It," written and recorded by Micky Dolenz, has already hit the U.K. market on the top deck of a London single.

THE ROLLING STONES are to spend three weeks touring Eu-

rope at the end of this month and the first half of April. Included are concert dates in Norway, Denmark, Holland, Germany, Belgium and France. They'll play five nights in Athens and visit Vienna and Zurich. Other dates in Eastern Europe are to be added.

A few weeks after their return to Britain the Stones will set off on a short U.K. concert tour playing key cities in England, Scotland and Wales late April and early May.

P.J. PROBY, presumably back home in the U.S. with you by now, was given a last-minute reprieve by London's work-permit authorities so that he could plug "Niki Hokey" on BBC Television's "Tops Of The Pops."

Before flying out of London Jim starred in a week-long cabaret presentation at Newcastle in North East England. Agent Tito Burns is hopeful that a further work permit will allow Proby to undertake a full-length cabaret and/or concert tour of Britain early this summer.

Mini-Marriage

Talking in London of his recent mini-marriage (which lasted only one week, he claimed) Proby said: "I had known Judith Howard for 8 months before we married on my birthday last November. She doesn't like my long hair and had me cut off my pony-tail. Then she didn't like my new haircut."

BARRY BENSON, once Jim Proby's hairdresser, chart-climbing here with "Cousin Jane," an off-beat ballad borrowed from The Troops' album... PAUL'S fast-growing god Martha McCartney dislikes her master's trumpet playing!... My formal congratulations to NANCY and RON on their formal announcement!... JEFF BECK solo debut disc is "Hi Ho Silver Lining."

London journalists found SANDY POSEY a difficult interview subject... Elektra label released self-penned DOORS single "Break On Through" in U.K.... Have the MOTHERS OF INVENTION stopped inventing?... STEVIE WINWOOD finally quit The Spencer Davis Group to concentrate on songwriting... Birth-day telegram to GEORGE was signed "Magnetics, Moscow"... Secret Wedding Congratulations to TURTLE Mark Volman... Ravi Shankar's brother a guest of GEORGE HARRISON at recording sessions... BEATLES hope to acquire their own private recording studios in London's West End.

Byrd News

On their first night in town BYRDS down at London's most "in" discotheque, The Bag O' Nails, after visiting BEATLES recording session... According to P.J. PROBY: "The Monkees will last as long as the public remains ignorant."

MONKEE MICKY's most constant London companion was "Top Of The Pops" TV deejay SAMANTHA JUSTE. Said Sammy: "He's very thoughtful, kind and generous."

From Basil Foster, boss of the Yorkshire stables where he once worked for 12 dollars a week,



BEAT Photo: Howard L. Benjamin

BEATLES to buy recording studio

MONKEE DAVY is buying his own race horse. Hopes to fly to Britain to see his purchase a couple of months from now.

On current ROY ORBISON/SMALL FACES U.K. concert tour, JEFF BECK's group makes stage debut... Will SONNY AND CHER use Trogs Reg Presley's "Our Love Will Still Be There" on next single?

B-Flat Solo

Pleased to hear PETULA CLARK confirmed for starring role (as veteran FRED ASTAIRE's daughter) in Warner Bros. screen version of "Finnian's Rainbow"... Top Australian singer NORMIE KROOP appearing without fee throughout current GENE PITNEY/TROGGS package tour... Top Australian group THE BEE GEES (average age of the foursome is just 17 years!) signed a management-agency contract by Brian Epstein's NEMS Enterprises. Spring seasons at the London Palladium for FRANK IFIELD, THE SEEKERS and TOM JONES... To be very precise that's a B Flat Piccolo Trumpet on "Penny Lane"... Will P.J. PROBY star in Western movie "Johnny Vengeance" scheduled for summer production in Spain?... Two weeks stint at London Palladium will delay appearance of FRANK IFIELD on "The Ed Sullivan Show" until the end of April... KEITH in London now to promote his new Hollies-penned single "Tell Me To My Face."

Because iron curtain was lowered at Saville Theatre before CHUCK BERRY had finished his Sunday concert, 1200 fans rioted doing damage estimated at a thousand dollars. As a result of the incident Saville boss BRIAN EPSTEIN fired theatre manager Michael Bullock... BRIAN EPSTEIN now in New York prior to Mexico visit.



THE HOTTEST
QUINTESS
CLUB GOING IS
"THE HEND-
SON QUIN-
TETTE CLUB OF
BOSTON!"
Irving Mendelsohn



DAVY JONES: album of "garbage"

TURTLES

From Machine to Group

By Carol Deck

Some old friends of *The BEAT'S* have come up with another huge hit — their fourth, fifth, sixth or seventh, depending on what part of the country you live in.

Despite some inconsistency in their careers, the Turtles are rapidly climbing charts again with "Happy Together." It all began a few years ago with "It Ain't Me Babe," which was followed by a couple more hits, and then things began to get a little messy and the Turtles found they had less and less control over their own careers.

"We found ourselves becoming more and more the product of all the people who said the Turtles must be this and this and this. They said we had a hit with 'It Ain't Me Babe' and so everything we do must sound like 'It Ain't Me Babe,'" explained Howard in the midst of a group rehearsal. "We became a Turtle machine."

Confusion

There was some confusion in releasing singles and the group seemed to have several at the same time in different parts of the country. In one performance, they would announce as many as three different tunes as "our latest single."

But things have changed now and the Turtles are truly "Happy Together." They've gotten rid of a lot of the hangers on who were trying to tie them down, cut an unbelievably great commercial,

changed bass players, filmed a movie, set a number of tours including a European one, and one of them has gotten married.

"We've changed from a Turtle machine to a Turtle group," noted Al.

"Hey, be sure and tell them we did the Camaro road commercials," reminded Howard. "Everyone thinks it's the Cyrtle," he added and then proceeded to sing the entire 60 second spot.

Two Jims

"And have you met Jim, our new bass player? We have two Jims now but it doesn't bother us because we don't call either Jim. Tucker is Tucco and Pons is JP," explained Howard.

The new member, Jim Pons, formerly of the Leaves, replaces Chip Douglas, formerly of the MFQ and the Gene Clark Group, which has decided he's more of a producer than a bass player and is going into production, full time.

"I've been friends with the guys for quite a while," said Jim, explaining how he joined the group. "I've always admired the Turtles, second almost to the Beatles. I wouldn't have quit the Leaves for any other group."

The night Jim joined the group Jones and Al were out walking the streets looking for a new bass player and someone mentioned Jim's name to them. They knew he was recording at the moment, so

they went into the session and Jim became a Turtle.

Ask what they've been doing between hits and you get 47 different answers from these characters. "Oh, we've been working at Hughes Aircraft." "Yeah, and getting a lot of sleep."

"Hey, I got married," shouts Mark from across the room. "to a girl named Patricia Hicky."

But sudden seriousness sets in as Al pulls everything together and says, "A lot of groovy things happen between records. We're not as concerned about so many things and we have time to put our heads together and work on new material and arrangements. Yeah, a lot of groovy things happen between records."

Groovy Things

A couple of those groovy things are an appearance on the Smothers Brother's Show and being signed for two more, cutting a new album, definitely not titled "Turtle Soup" ("We ate that," said Tucco), being signed for the Ed Sullivan Show, Hollywood Palace and the Dating Game, filming a movie titled "The Russians Are Swinging" with Paul Revere and the Raiders and making plans for a European tour.

The group would publicly like to thank "all the people who helped make the new record a hit. It's like we've come back and we're better than before. We're glad they remembered us."



CAREER TIPS

Want to be a writer?

By Shirley Poston

For the next few issues of *The BEAT*, I'll be doing a series that will give you lots of information about all kinds of groovy careers. I'm going to start with the grooviest career I can think of. The one I've been thinking of all my life... writing.

Writing isn't like any of the other careers we'll be discussing in this series. Going to college doesn't automatically make you a writer, which is really very unfortunate because so many people don't take this into consideration when they decide to pursue a writing career.

Old Adage

An old adage claims that writers are born and not taught. From what I've heard and learned, this is part wrong and part right. Writers are born and then taught. So, if you don't have a natural flair for putting words together, do yourself a favor and set your sights on some other goal.

A great many have this gift, and if you're one of them, now is the time to start developing it, no matter what your age might be.

Writing, like charity, begins at home. If you want to write, don't just talk about it. Do it. Writing just for your own enjoyment is the best possible way of developing a style, learning how to say what,

and learning what to say when.

Reading is just as important. Read everything you can find, including advertisements on bus benches. (?) Reading helps you learn new words, gives you ideas, familiarizes you with different types of writing and gives you a daily lesson in grammar and sentence structure without boring you senseless.

A good command of the English language is a must. So is a knowledge of punctuation. But don't get too carried away with details or technicalities. If you try to follow

every rule to the last letter, your natural creativity suffers and your writing may end up sounding stilted and un-natural.

School is another place where you can learn writing by doing. Involve yourself in every possible activity which has anything to do with writing. Take journalism, literature, drama, work on the school paper, the annual, and the literary magazine if there is one. Then follow the same course throughout college.

Don't wait for a degree to start peddling your wares. Don't wait, period. There are many publications where your writing can be sold or at least printed, right now.

Teen-slanted

Teen-slanted publications are an excellent market. Don't make the mistake of contacting them and asking if you can interview the Beatles (yay!) or write a column. Most of the star interviews are either staff written or purchased from regular contributors. But most of these publications are always looking for material such as fiction stories, poetry, impressions of favorite stars, discussions of teen problems, beauty and fashion hints, etc.

It's best to make your contact by mail. Don't write a letter first and ask if they'd be interested in such and such. Send the article

without any prior correspondence. Make sure it's typed, and double-spaced, is another must. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and, if you like, a brief letter. If you don't hear from the publication within the next two months, write and ask them if they intend to use your story.

Although your material is welcome, it still falls into the "Unsolicited Manuscript" category and most teen publications aren't equipped to handle an overload of outside contributions. Instead of making a fuss, re-type the article from your carbon copy (still another must) and either send it to them again or send it to another publication.

Every successful writer can look back and remember the good old days of waiting hysterically by the mail box and having manuscripts lost forever.

There are hundreds and hundreds of available markets, besides the teen publications, where young writers have a chance. The best way to find them is through a monthly magazine called the *Writer's Digest*. Each issue contains a list of publications, where young list of publications, complete with addresses and information about what type of stories they prefer. Also, this same magazine publishes a book each year titled *The Writer's Market*, where practically every publication on earth is listed.

The publications you see on the newstands are only a few of the thousands printed each month. Also, those you rarely see on sale are technical trade journals, and highly-specialized magazines which deal with one subject only.

The *Writer's Market* (which costs about \$5 but is the world's best investment for a writer) lists most if not all of these smaller publications. And even if it seems silly to you, if your cat did something funny or hilarious, write about it and mail it off. Perhaps this wasn't quite the way you'd intended to begin your writing career, but if you find a check in the aforementioned mail box, believe me, the whole thing will stop seeming the least bit silly.

I'm so sold on starting with smaller publications for two reasons. One — you can start now because you don't have to be another Agatha Christie to have your work accepted. Two — that's how I got started, so I know it works.

First Story

My first story appeared in a 12-page magazine that is distributed free to members of a youth organization. I found the address in the *Writer's Digest*, sent them the story and soon received a small but beautiful check. And don't think this was my first attempt. Just to show you how things can and do work out, that first story was written when I was in a particularly morbid mood and was about a girl named Robin who was dying of some ghastly disease.

After I sold the story, my writing started to change (probably because I finally had at least a fly-speech of confidence in myself) and got off onto lighter subjects.

Every time I become embarrassed about the way I got started in writing, I begin to wonder what might have happened if I hadn't kept sending out story after story.



YESTER EXPLAINS

Association Is Subtle Insanity

By Rochelle Reed

"Subtle insanity," explains Jim Yester, is when the Association sings "Ba-na-a Won-der-ful" in place of "bod-do-waah" at one point on their album track, "Another Time, Another Place."

Jim, prominent singer-guitarist of the Association, can get away with this casual explanation. He passes it off like a scientific fact because while the Association is noted for their comic view of the world, Jim also has a reputation for keeping both feet on the ground.

Jim is firmly planted on Mother Earth intellectually, his eyes are in the air following some of the vultures he has trained for 10 years. A member of that oft-joked about group, bird lovers, Jim no longer keeps vultures in his backyard but feeds pigeons on his front lawn. It's his temporary sacrifice to success.

One of the nicknames tagged on Jim is "Owl," which he earned for his interest in birds of all sorts. "Actually, it was a toss up between Owl and Troupe," he explains. "The group always called me Yester until one day when I said, 'Hey, I've got a first name, troupe!'" From that day on, Jim has been occasionally known as Troupe.

Still Groovs

The 24-year-old Associate who would be a game warden if he weren't a singer was born in Birmingham, Ala., but grew up in Burbank, Calif., adding "The process still goes on, hopefully."

He began singing in the folk music bag of 1960 with his younger brother Jerry (producer of the Association) as an act called, originally enough, the Yester Brothers, and sometimes known as Jim and Jerry.

They sang around the Southland in local coffee houses before Jim took the big step and joined the Army. He attended radar school and wound up in Germany where the Bavarian atmosphere got to him and he performed in service shows as Jim Yester Alone.

"When I came back to the U.S., my brother was in the MFQ so

I sang in the restaurant (owned by his parents) to replace my father behind the piano bar," he relates.

"Then I came to the big city and stopped by the Ice House where the Association was auditioning, looking for a tenor. To complete the circle of insanity, they had me committed."

Solo Recut

Institutionalization of the Association-type has done wonders for Jim, and he returned the favor by writing and soloing (on the album version) of "No Fair At All." (The song was recut for the single release without a solo.)

"I was just sitting at the piano going through chord changes when I wrote 'No Fair At All,'" Jim explains. But when the Association finally recorded the disc, Jim's part was done in a rather unusual manner—in total darkness.

"Cutting in the dark got to be a habit at the studio," Jim explains. "Solo work is easier when you know everyone in the studio isn't looking at you. You can laugh or cry if you want. It's fun to get involved in singing, though singing in the dark is really no fair at all..."

"Actually, it all started after seeing Brian Wilson, who is one of our favorite singers by the way, cut in the dark. All the guys said, 'Hey, look at that, that's sharp, we'll have to try it.'"

Jim jokingly says he's torn between being "skinny and careful" as his major emphasis in life, but seriously he advocates enjoying life without asking too many questions. "Become very analytical without being critical," he says.

Great Watcher

"I guess I'm The Great Watcher. I analyze a situation to find out what groovy things there are in it."

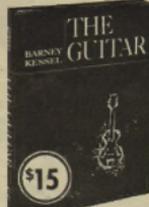
In life, Jim finds many groovy things. He is fond of quoting Einstein: "The center of the universe is where you see it from." Jim's point of view is also the message for the year that he left with BEAT.

"Love is the only way," he said as he left the office. "If you can relate to that, a whole lot of other problems drop away!"

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MUSIC MAKERS PT. 1

Power Behind The Lovin' Spoonful

(Editor's note: Responding to a growing interest in record producers and recording companies, THE BEAT brings a new series about the music makers—the men behind the sounds. Here we take an inside look at Kama Sutra. Look for behind-the-scenes profiles of the recording industry in upcoming issues.)

By Ron Kessler

Bob Krasnow, West Coast Vice-President of Kama Sutra Records Inc., was deep in thought. As he sat concentrating to the sounds throbbing from the two large speakers at the other end of the long, red-carpeted conference room, he seemed oblivious to all else around him. An aspiring young songwriter sat opposite him waiting for some sign of reaction from behind Krasnow's steel-rimmed sunglasses. A secretary, blonde and mini-skirted, scurried in and out, bringing coffee, telegrams and assorted memos to the large oak conference table.

Kind Of Hush

As the song ended, an extended hush fell over the room. Now, Bob Krasnow knows music; most of his formative years have been spent in the recording business with people like James Brown, The Olympics and Ike and Tina Turner. Thus, when he is confronted with any new piece of material it is automatically filtered through the store-house of musical knowledge and taste in his mind, weighed and judged according to what he knows of past trends and what he foresees for the future.

Bob began to shake his head, "No, I'm sorry man, we just can't take it."

The young songwriter looked crushed. "But why, what's wrong with it?"

Krasnow looked up at him, "It's about drugs man; it lacks taste."

The songwriter was indignant. "But that's where it's at, that's what's happening in music now."

"Look," Krasnow spoke firmly, "there's a difference between psychedelic music, sounds that stimulate the mind, and music that tells kids to go out and take things. The song has possibilities, why don't you clean it up and bring it back."

The songwriter picked up the demo disc he had brought and started to leave.

"Any Time"

"If you've got anything else you'd like me to hear, come in any time," Krasnow reassured him.

The young writer smiled and walked out, calling back behind him, "I'll be back."

In just four short years Kama Sutra has risen to a position of respect and influence in the recording industry, for the reason that they are receptive to all new material and strive for perfection and good taste. At this writing, there are five Kama Sutra records on the national charts; they have to date, sold over 25 million records, and this year promises to be their best yet.

Founded in 1963 by Phil Steinberg, Artie Ripp and Hi Mizrahi, with \$400 and an unknown group called the Shangrilas, their first release was "Remember Walking in the Sand." Then came "Leader of the Pack" and their first good record.

Next they signed Jay and the Americans and immediately click-

ed with "Come A Little Bit Closer."

As always in the entertainment business, when things start to happen, they happen fast; when Artie Ripp stumbled into the Cafe Wah, a little club in New York's Greenwich Village, a new era in sound was born. He was so turned on by the group playing there, he signed them on the spot. That group was the Lovin' Spoonful.

Kama Sutra provided the "Spoonful" with an atmosphere which allowed them to truly "bloom." And as the "Spoonful" emerged as one of the most admired groups on today's scene, so Kama Sutra grew, acquiring Tommy James and the Shondells, The Tradewinds, The Sopwith Camel, and the great Gene Pitney.



JIM YESTER: "The process still goes on, hopefully."



... SPOONFUL allowed to bloom.



REBEL FOSTER, newest addition to the KRLA DJ's, backstage at Gazzari's, where he dropped in to see the **Teddy Neely Five**. From left, Billy Patton, Teddy Neely, Lynn Reddy, Reb, Paul Tabet, Jerry LeMire.

KRLA's Electric Circus Set For Teen Age Fair

It's Teen Age Fair time again and a big part of the Fair this year is KRLA.

The Fair will be held from March 17 to 26 at the Hollywood Palladium on Sunset and KRLA will be taking over a large part of the outdoor area for an exciting Electric Circus.

Gold Diggin'

Stop by the Electric Circus and you can go hunting for Acapulco gold in a psychedelic sand box. The box will be 10 feet by 20 feet, filled with sand, and you'll climb into it with a sift and search for the gold while listening to ear drum to ear drum psychedelic sounds.

And there are many other goodies in store at KRLA's Electric Circus. You can turn on a KRLA dancer, fun funny movie, and take part in turtle and rabbit races.

Dancing, Too

And of course no KRLA's complete without dancing so KRLA will set up a dance area and bring in many top name and local groups to play for your dancing enjoyment.

All of the KRLA DJ's as well as

many well known singers and entertainers will also drop by the Electric Circus at various times during the fabulous annual Teen Age Fair.

Also at the Fair will be the usual highlights featured every year—the crowning of Miss Teen Age Fair plus exhibits and demonstrations by scores of manufacturers who produce things for the teen market.

And watch for hotrodging, surfing, hairstyling and makeup displays as well as performances by many top name performers and food, food and food.

Inside KRLA

By Eden

If you're looking for a new car this week, the All-American Boy—Jack Armstrong—is the man to see. Just head out on the nearest freeway to nearby pleasant Palmdale and when you spot those road-hungry Packards . . . you know you're there. Jack Armstrong can take care of you, too!

Visiting the KRLA studios recently was Mitch Ryder, now singing solo minus the talents of the Detroit Wheels who have been with him on all of his hit records.

At present, Mitch is on the KRLA Most Requested list with "Sook It To Me," recorded with the Detroit Wheels; in the future, however, Mitch will be recording alone. He also hopes to put together a real "soul show"—an entertainment package, much like that of James Brown, in which he will be featured with a large backup band.

Mitch has often been praised as one of the top white R&B artists in the country, and certainly if there is such a thing as "blue-eyed soul," this brown-eyed young man from the Motor City has it in abundance.

March is Monkee Month on KRLA—so if you want to be a part of the many exciting daily prizes to be given away throughout the month, be sure and listen to KRLA for details. You can also join KRLA's exclusive Monkee fan club and receive pictures and exclusive information on the boys

will be allowed five minutes to call KRLA and claim your prize.

You could win Monkee sun glasses, Monkee stocking caps, Monkee records and albums, Monkee money (approximately \$111.00 per week) and a grand prize which allows you to view the filming of a Monkee TV show.

Remember to keep listening for more details of when you can pick up your kit and how those prizes can be yours. You'll hear it only on KRLA.

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2. NO HOLE TOGETHER OF A HUSH
3. HAPPY TOGETHER
4. CONNECTIONS
5. LIVE
6. SHE
7. DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE
8. 54TH STREET BRIDGE SONG
9. RETURN OF THE RED BARON
10. RUBY TUESDAY
11. SOCK IT TO ME
12. UPS AND DOWNS
13. LITTLE BLACK EGG
14. KIND OF A DRAG
15. SIT DOWN I THINK I LOVE YOU
16. WESTERN UNION
17. EVERYBODY NEEDS SOMEBODY
18. DARLING, BE HOME SOON
19. I HAD TOO MUCH TO DREAM LAST NIGHT
20. THEN YOU CAN TELL ME GOODBY
21. BABY, I NEED YOUR LOVING
22. ACAPULCO GOLD
23. EPITILE TO DRIPS
24. LOVE IS HERE AND NOW YOU'VE GONE
25. WE AIN'T GOT NOTHING YET
26. ROCK AND ROLL OPTISMS
27. LET'S FALL IN LOVE
28. WE AIN'T GOT NOTHING YET
29. IT TAKES TWO
30. I'M A BELIEVING STEPPING STONE
31. YOU GOT TO ME
32. GIMME SOME LOVING
33. NO FAIR AT ALL
34. PRETTY BALLERINA
35. MY CUP RUNNETH OVER WITH LOVE
36. GO WHERE YOU WANNA GO
37. THE LOVE I SAW IN YOU WAS JUST A MIRAGE
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By

Pen



March is Monkee Month at KRLA. And now you're able to pick up your Monkee fan club kit (complete with Monkee photos, news of the Monkees' activities and Monkee fan club cards) at your nearest Tom McAn Shoe Store. But that's not all.

Each of the fan club cards is numbered. Beginning March 1st, KRLA started reading card numbers selected at random on the air. When you hear your number, you

This Casey Doesn't Strike Out Often

Casey Kasem was in high school when he decided that he wanted to be a Major League baseball player and an actor.

Not one or the other but both. His ambition was to find a way to combine sports and acting. In those days, he managed to do so by participating in high school plays, portraying straight dramatic roles as well as doing comedy. He even appeared in musical productions. ("Although I can't even hum on key.")

He was a letterman in baseball and became a sports announcer. He was president of the Letterman's Club, and vice-president of his graduating class.

It was at Wayne State University that he realized he wasn't quite Major League material. (He got the name "Casey" from striking out too often in baseball, in spite of his exuberance for the game.) So he decided to devote most of his time to acting. He also became a disc jockey and hosted several television shows.

Casey served in the Army in Korea where he was Radio Program and Production Coordinator for the American Armed Forces Korean Network.

Casey was born April 17, 1932, in Detroit, Michigan where his parents were in the grocery business. His family background, rich in the Lebanese tradition of family pride and devotion, was filled with happiness.

One learned gentleman, man not only understands teenagers, but stoutly defends them and actually "digs" them is Casey Kasem.

He not only loves the rock-and-roll music but thinks the stars are great, and he loves the teenagers. He appreciates their thinking, their alertness and awareness of things and even admires the clothes they wear. He feels their styles are way ahead of everything.

He looks forward each week to his television show because of their vital participation and especially to see their clothes. The Mod style is very original and exciting to Casey, and he maintains that manufacturers watch the "Shebang" show to "get new ideas from the teenagers; they are so inventive and imaginative in the combinations they create. They set the styles and the trends."

Casey feels that "Shebang" is much more than a teenage entertainment show, he believes it is a public service show in many aspects. It is not only a place for them to let off steam, it is a place for them to grow, to learn and to be accepted for what they are.

"Teenagers are very critical... you can't fool them, though. They

are a little fickle, but that is because they like to identify with a winner," he says.

The beat used to be the most important thing. The beat was the thing that was emphasized, but today it's the lyrics as well as the beat—they are equally important now.

"Each person hears something different... the words and the music have a different meaning for each individual. Word pictures and colors are evoked that stimulate an emotion within. I believe that some of the most beautiful and meaningful poetry of our time will certainly come from the rock-and-roll period," Casey says proudly.

Recently something new and exciting happened to Casey—READ the next issue of the *KRLA BEAT*.



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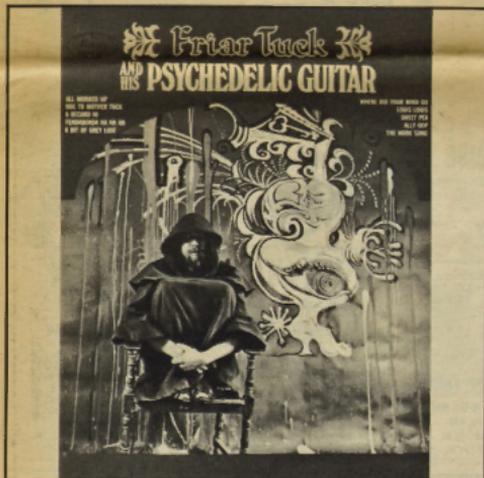
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TEEN PANEL

Time to Cool Easter Week?

It's that time of year again. All over the country, teenagers and college students are getting ready for the annual (and annually controversial) celebration of Easter Vacation.

In this issue, *The BEAT's* teen panel discusses this same subject. Participating are Judy (18), Gordon (17), Sharrie (17) and Bob (20).

If you would like to suggest a topic for a future teen panel discussion, please drop a postcard to *The BEAT*.

Judy—"I'd like to start things off by saying I think the newspapers are mostly at fault for making Easter Week sound like something it really isn't. When you get that many kids together in one place at the same time, there's bound to be

a lot of uproar, but these 'celebrations' certainly aren't the orgies they're written up to be."

Bob—"Have you ever spent Easter Week in one of the big resorts, like Fort Lauderdale?"

Judy—"No, but kids get together in other parts of the country too, you know, and they have just as much fun as they do in the really famous places. And they have as much trouble with the papers and the police. I still think this is because of the publicity. Nothing goes on that week that doesn't go on the rest of the year. It's just that everyone's attention is drawn to the kids during this week."

Gordon—"What I can't figure out is why there's so much objection by adults, even when there isn't anything going on that could be considered out-of-line. It's just a holiday, and just a celebration.

Some adults sure don't object! Not the ones who rent their houses to students for something like five hundred dollars for a weekend. They don't mind a bit."

Sharrie—"Don't you think it could be the nature of the holiday that causes a lot of the objection? When you really think about it, Easter Week isn't really a very appropriate time for living it up and letting off steam. It is a religious holiday; still, it's about the only time we have during school to really let go."

Bob—"You could be right about some people objecting for religious reasons, but I don't see these people objecting about the thousands and thousands of drunk drivers who are picked up during the Christmas holidays. I'm not saying they don't object, but you don't hear about it because it's adults who are involved, not young people."

Sharrie—"It might help if things didn't get quite so wild that week. Help the image of the whole thing, I mean."

Bob—"Why do you think things do get wild in some places?"

Sharrie—"Because you're either away from home or away from the pressure of school for awhile. The atmosphere doesn't help either. It's like everyone is expecting you to do something horrible. Not horrible just wild."

Judy—"I'm not sure I know what you mean by wild. If you're talking about crowds of people getting together on a beach and drinking beer and whooping around, that happens all the time in smaller numbers. I have a fight every year with my folks about this subject. They start right after Christmas telling me I'm going to stay home during Easter Week, and I know it's not because they think I'm going to drink beer or act like a nut. They think I'm going to do a lot worse than that."

Gordon—"I take it that you usually end up getting to go anyway."

Judy—"Yes, but it's always a battle."

Gordon—"It probably wouldn't be if you were a boy. The newspapers have made Easter Week sound like a national orgy. I don't honestly know if I'd want my daughter going to something that even sounds like that. I guess you really have to trust a girl before you'd let her go."

Bob—"It isn't a matter of trust; it's fear. Your folks trust you the rest of the year don't they? I doubt if your folks or any girl's folks think you're going to do, as you put it, a lot worse than drink beer. They're afraid you might, and afraid of what might happen if you did. That's only natural."

Sharrie—"I don't think there's anything very natural about any of this, with the exception of everyone wanting to get together and have fun. The rest of it is all distorted. That's why it does get too wild in some places. Everyone's watching you like hawks;

you're in a side-show. A lot of the action is just an act on the part of the kids. They want to give the audience their money's worth. By the way, I have the same trouble with my folks. They like trouble with my folks. They're the boy I go steady with until Easter Week. Then, when we want to get together with our friends and go somewhere my boyfriend is suddenly a sex-fiend or something in their eyes. I wish I knew what would help stop this image or attitude or whatever it is. By the time I get through fighting to get to go, I don't have any fun."

Bob—"The only thing that would help would be if we'd all cool it and keep it down to a dull roar, when the 'audience' is looking, I mean. There isn't any way we can explain that Easter Week isn't what it seems to be. We'd have to show them it's not wild

as they think. Sharrie made a great point about a lot of it being an act just to put people on and shake them up a little. If we'd stop that, they'd let us alone and then we could have some fun. Maybe."

Gordon—"I agree there's no point in trying to explain because the image is already created and it'll stay until people actually see it changing. We don't have to be as obvious as we are, and if we weren't being so obvious, there wouldn't be houses wrecked and that crap. That's usually nice kids getting too carried away with the idea that the world is watching them on a cinemascope screen, so they really sock it to 'em, baby. Cooling it is almost a necessity at this point—a lot of places won't let us in now. Like the Springfield song says, nobody's right if everybody's wrong."

Minister Becomes California Hippie

(Continued from page 5)

but no more dangerous nor harmful than that accepted by adults—is not the significant characteristic which they should be judged. It is a symptom of impatience and curiosity common to most generations. It is also an expression of contempt for the hypocritical standards of their elders.

The group populating the San Francisco suburb and their fellow hippies on the Sunset Strip are extreme examples. But their beliefs and behavior are being followed to a growing extent by young people in other major cities throughout America.

The adult generation sees their wild, uninhibited appearance and behavior and is turned off by it—convinced that these young people are going lickety-split to hell.

Look magazine recently stated that most students on U.S. college campuses—and even some high school campuses—have either tried marijuana or know someone who has.

Many of them regard it as a non-addictive, apparently harmless way to groove—its principal dangers being legal. Even some young students obtained the same vicarious thrill by breaking similar taboos regarding alcohol.

Grownups, who sometimes drink to the point of ruining their health and disrupting their families—and pay no attention to the warning labels on their own cigarette packages—react with outrage and alarm at the increasing experimentation with marijuana among young people.

Timothy Leary and other leaders of the so-called psychedelic revolution, speak of revelation, spiritual illumination, sensual contact with nature and love when describing the effects of psychedelic drugs such as LSD.

The majority of young people who don't smoke marijuana respond strongly to such talk, for they are searching for the same emotional values in their lives.

Many adults feel that the simple way to deal with the rapidly spreading interest in drugs among the under-25 generation is to outlaw it. The same solution was once offered for alcohol.

I fear the results will be equally disappointing. No laws can stop the writing and even singing about the possibilities of Utopia spawned by psychedelic contact. Using the nightstick approach will only drive the forbidden fruit farther underground and make it more tantalizing.

I am hopeful these symptoms of impatience and curiosity will moderate with time and maturity. But even as they exist now, I am convinced this generation is far more moral than the preceding generation.

The truly important characteristic of today's generation is its sense of awareness, its sense of justice and its sense of values as to what life is really all about.

They are painfully honest with themselves, overly idealistic and will often get their ears slapped down in a cruel world which masks its selfish motives with pious pronouncements—a world which punishes a single, direct act of murder but often acclaims mass murder.

But this generation will not be put off.

After seeing the best and the worst that it has to offer I am more encouraged than ever before. This generation will make the most important contribution to mankind in recent history.

Naturally, its aim is to save the world. And I think it will succeed.

Peaches & Herb

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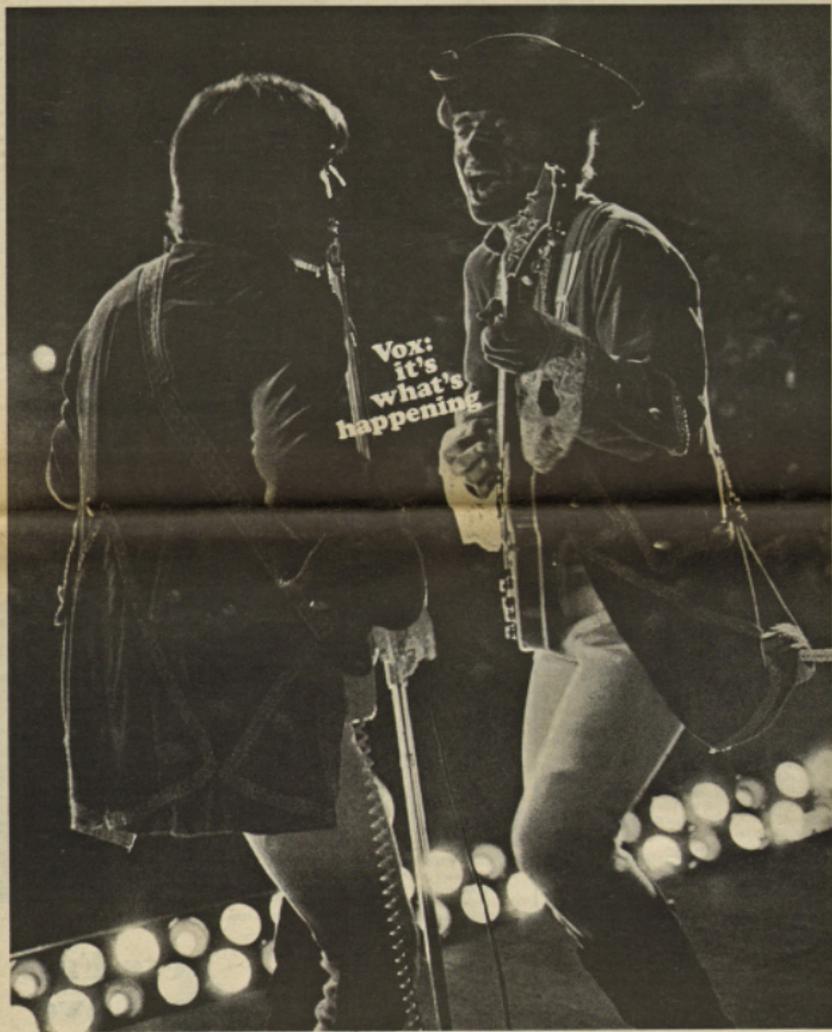
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ROD MCKUEN

'THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS TEENAGERS OVER NINE'

You might not think you know him. But you do. He was born in Oakland, raised in California, Nevada, Washington and Oregon. He had a wild love affair going with San Francisco, worked as a laborer, stunt man, disc jockey and newspaper columnist before serving with the army in Japan and Korea. He has performed in major clubs all over the world, appeared in practically every large concert hall and written more than 700 songs.

He's Rod McKuen and he believes that "there is no such thing as teenagers anymore unless they're about nine. I think after that they become pretty intelligent."

Rod is proclaimed by many to be the most sensitive and certainly one of the most recorded composers in the fast-moving, hyper-sensitive world of the 60's. If all goes as scheduled, close to 80 McKuen compositions will hit the market this month alone. His songs have been performed by everyone from Andy Williams to the Kingston Trio and from the Righteous Brothers to Danny Kaye.

The sensitivity of McKuen seeps out of his songs like tea out of the bag. Perhaps it is because Rod is something of "an outdoor man." "I like living close to the ground," says Rod. "The sea has always had a strange fascination for me and I've attempted over the last several years to write about the sea but I never got it to 'til this time." *This time* is a hauntingly beautiful album simply entitled "The Sea." It is entirely spoken word with the tremendously exciting background music supplied by Anita Kerr.

Unlike the majority of composers, Rod does not aim his material at any one particular market. "I never try to think of whom I appeal to. I think if something is good it should have a wide appeal to everybody."

Rod spreads his literary talent over the entire spectrum. Besides his songs, McKuen is quite a poet. One of his collected works, "Stanyan Street & Other Sorrows," has sold more than 30,000 copies, making it the biggest selling book of poetry in 20 years. His next work, "Listen To The Warm," has already been grabbed by Random House and will be published in September.

Also in the works for Rod are a recording session with Al Hirt in South America and in September an appearance at the famed Carnegie Hall. Rod runs a growing publishing and recording firm, and is currently working on a novel and finishing up a musical play, "Lonesome Cities."

The following is an excerpt from "The Sea." "We chose it because, we feel, in "The Days Of The Dancing" McKuen has a valid and valuable comment on what is happening today, right now, to everyone in the world over nine.

THE DAYS OF THE DANCING

Words by Rod McKuen Music by Anita Kerr
From the *Acme Production* for Warner Brothers Records "The Sea"

These are the days of dancing... six feet apart
You see people
in bars or places
and they look at each other
just look
and they don't do anything about it.

Suddenly it's two o'clock
and they don't do anything about it.

Let's be different.
Let's not wear mustaches and funny clothes.
Let's not let our hair grow so long
it covers up our eyes and makes us unable to see the world

Never mind the world.
Let's not miss each other.

They can keep their wedge shoes
butterfly collections
and their nineteen thirties songs
I'm tired of dancing anyway.

I feel like going somewhere somewhere I've never been.
They can have their one room trips.

If these are the days of dancing
let's keep the nights for love.
And what was your first name anyway?

Copyright 1967 by Rod McKuen and Anita Kerr
Adapted by Warren Hearnes, Box 2764, Hollywood, California
Published in book form in "Listen To The Warm" by Random House, New York
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FURRY FANTASY—Cher models luxurious three-quarter length coat of red fox on white suede with large zipper opening. Underneath the coat, Cher wears a white turtleneck short sleeve sweater and white suede pants.

Cher Designs

The exclusive *BEAT* pictures on this page feature Sonny and Cher styles designed by Cher for their movie, "Good Times." The styles are striking, practical, and best of all, can be worn by the average "Switched On" person. Cher, recently featured in a number of magazine layouts (Vogue, Ebony), is becoming a strong name in the fashion world for her outstanding designs.



ORIGINALS BY CHER—She wears an outfit in large mother-of-pearl sequins on silk. Note especially the black and white boots. Sonny wears a suede suit with leather pocket flaps and cuffs.



CASUAL PANTS AND TOP—This outfit is sewn in a cotton stripe fabric with the flower print area in velveteen. The high bodice belt creates an empire style.



DOUBLE BUTTONS—Sonny's shirt features small double buttons closer set than Monkee style, on a cotton flannel. Cher owns an identical belt.

Switched On

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

Inside Cosby's Mind

By Eden

Laughter should be an easy thing—it isn't very difficult to smile. We all enjoy a happy moment or two of humor, some funny thing which we can all share and enjoy. But the difficult part is making someone else laugh—and that can be a very serious business.

It isn't very often that we get an opportunity to go inside the mind of a comedian—to see just how he goes about the business of making people laugh. So, we are indeed fortunate to be able to spend at least a short time with Bill Cosby—probably one of the funniest comedians of all time—learning about his humor, from the inside looking out.

"Usually I do what I call 'Bobbing and Weaving.' The attitude is



paramount. I let the attitude kind of shove the mind around and we Bob and Weave around so if we can get a smile or a laugh or if something can register itself.

"Now, if the people laugh—then, I think about it and I study to see what they're laughing at. Sometimes I get a laugh and I don't know what really caused them to laugh that hard, and I study it. This is all within a split second, because I'm still talking while this is going on.

Why?

"They laughed... why did they laugh?... so forth and so on... okay, let's try to stay within the same framework of what they're laughing at. Can we follow this line with another? Yes, we can; we have a beautiful picture to paint here. Right!... I have a picture to paint after I throw in this punchline... the punchline goes boom, the people laugh... ah ha... all right, let's take it up carefully and build a little tension here and relax the tension with the line here, wack!... now, did you hit it right?... yes... got a good laugh; did you hit it right?... no... I think it was of a little... what was the response?... well, it was mild, but not as good as it could have been... all right—remember that the next time, not to put the line before the picture, and so forth and so on... and that's how something funny develops."

If the preceding seems a bit miraculous to you, you're not alone; it does seem astounding that anyone could be so involved in so much at one time and still entertain a huge crowd of people as well as Bill does.

However, Bill denies any possibility of miracles in his comedy.

"It's like a man that runs a lather. You look at the guy who has three, four things to do and you say, 'Gee whiz—if I had all those things to do I'd cut my hand off!' Well, he practices, and of course he hits his thumb, or he bangs up his finger and he may have a few scars, but nevertheless, he knows how to run it.

"Now, comedians, of course, have had to run the same kind of a machine—mentally—and they have scars and they've made plenty of mistakes, and they're still making them! So, it's nothing that great. I, for one, think that my talent is a natural thing. I like to think of it as a natural thing because I've been trying to do it unprofessionally for 23 years."

With any kind of humor, it is usually a two-way affair. Someone, or something, is making someone else laugh. In the case of a professional laugh-maker, the other person is of the utmost importance, for without them—there would be just empty jokes with no one around to laugh at them.

Attitudes

"That's what comedians are concerned with: the attitude that the people have, the attitude of the audience. You cannot perform without an audience; I cannot perform without an audience. I can go on and say some stories, but I wouldn't know where, exactly, to go without an audience—that's how Heavily I lean on them.

"Woody Allen can write without an audience, knowing that something is funny—he will take it, and know that at least 70 per cent of it



SAYS COSBY of his co-star: "Bob Culp could make mince meat out of me in front of the cameras if he felt like it." Culp disagrees.

is good, go up and try it... and in that way he can tell what is really funny, and how he can place another line. We all depend upon this. All comedians work the same way—they have to.

"Now, in the response to the attitude, we all differ. I think. Some comedians get hostile, others fold under it and get worse. I, for one, when I find that an audience is unresponsive, take my act and chop it down. Where I would go maybe an hour and a half, I may just go 35 minutes; I cut it down from maybe one-half to one-fourth, depending upon how hostile I am. I never make any mention to the audience that they're dead or that

there's something wrong with me. I just go faster.

"I make attempts, trying to work harder. But when you're pressed—at times an individual does not work as hard as he can, or he's not working as well as he can. This is only in a night club; if I have a bad evening at a concert, I try different things—I may stay in there a little longer, but I usually come off much quicker than I expected."

Humor is a wonderful thing—one of the most precious gifts we can share with one another. And when it is coming from the mind of a man like Bill Cosby—it has to be a very funny business!

Righteous Two: 'Our Next Move Is Movies'

By Bob Levinson

Bobby Hatfield wanted a map to the movie stars' homes, the kind sold on street corners by kids and cronies, and he would ask for one every time the family devoted Sun-

day after hours to a motor tour of Beverly Hills.

He never got one, so he could only guess what celebrities might live in the lavish homes on elegant streets.

Today, Bobby lives in Beverly Hills in a hilltop home in one of the city's most exclusive sections. Where those gawkers' guides ever updated, his name and address would be included.

He's one half of the Righteous Brothers, the blond one with the outgoing demeanor, who hits the high notes with unerring accuracy. He's 50 per cent of a singing duo that gives all indication of staying part of the entertainment scene regardless of musical trends or teenage tastes.

The other half is Bill Medley, the taller, dark-haired, more introspective one, whose echo of a voice hits fathoms otherwise reached only with diving gear.

Together they have a sound that puts a modern interpretation on soul music, distinctive combinations of rhythm and rock that sell records and sell out night clubs and concert halls.

It's been that way virtually since the two disbanded competing musical groups in the Santa Ana, California area and merged their voices four years ago.

Their Verve recording of "Soul And Inspiration" was the nation's number one song and million seller within five weeks of its release.

Their new album, "Sayin' Something," is enroute to Gold Record status as well.

If the young men, both 26, have any career objective, it's further to solidify their standing as an act with appeal to all age groups. They still suffer the stigma, albeit arbitrarily attached to all talents discovered by teens.

"We like to work the teenagers, but we also like to work our own age and up to 30-35," Bill explained.

Said Bobby: "We just want to progress and, like any act, do concerts and TV work. When we started night clubs, we didn't plan so many right in a row."

We Didn't Think

Bill: "When we drove into the night clubs, we didn't think, 'Let's capture an older audience,' although we did want to ensure our careers. When we played the Sands in Las Vegas, for example, they came in thinking of us as a rock and roll show, and the adults were pleasantly surprised."

Bobby: "Although we still do a lot of up-tempo stuff, we're doing more ballads. If we were still doing only the hard, hard screamers, we wouldn't be singing at all."

Bill: "We do a medley of our

well-known hits in three minutes. Then we get on with the show."

"The more people who see you, the more people you get on your side, and the more bread you make," Bobby observed. Bill adding: "Our next move is definitely movies. We've had offers, but we're waiting for the right one."

Separate Ways

The Brothers, when not working, go their separate ways—Bobby in Beverly Hills and Bill in a Spanish-style casa grande in the Hollywood Hills.

"Before either of us was married, we thought about moving in together in Hollywood and, man, all that action," Bill recalled. "But it's too easy to kill a good thing."

Added Bobby: "Willie doesn't wake up too good. You just don't talk to Willie in the morning."

"In the old days, I used to stay over at his house some nights. I've seen him wake up with the phone next to his car from the night before."

(Editor's note: Bob Levinson covers the teen scene regularly for the Sun. "Around the Club" entertainment section of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. This feature is reprinted through the courtesy of the Herald-Examiner.)



BEAT Photo: Robert Young

FOLLOWING HIT medley "We get on with the show."

'Hey, Paul, Heavy On The Relish!'

By Ron Koslow

See, there was a guy named Paul, who owned a drive-in restaurant in Napa, Idaho. And every day, Mark, the delivery boy from neighborhood bakery would deliver buns for Paul's burgers. One day, as a promotional scheme, Paul hired a rock and roll band to play at the restaurant; now Paul had always kept his secret ambition under cover, until the band's piano player didn't show.

Now was his chance to bring out in the open what he had kept behind locked doors all his life—Paul took over that piano and began to play in a way that would have done Jerry Lee Lewis proud. While Paul was grooving on the keyboard, Mark drove his bakery truck into the parking lot. Like a man in a trance, Mark moved toward the band platform. He stood beside Paul, who was oblivious to everything but his hands flying across the keyboard of the piano. When the number was over Mark tapped Paul on the shoulder. Paul looked up and saw it was the boy from the bakery. "Just leave them around the back by the kitchen door," the restaurant owner told the delivery boy.

Mark stammered, "Do you... Do you think I could sing?"

Lindsay Shy

Paul seemed surprised and then he nodded. Mark moved to the microphone and stood waiting. Always shy and introverted, Mark was now an nervous his knees were literally knocking together, but when the band broke into "Crazy Arms," all the musical hopes and ambitions that had only come forth while on deliveries, and in the shower, now exploded. He could hardly believe the rich, powerful voice that filled the drive-in parking lot was his own, and neither could Paul. And at that moment both Paul Revere and Mark Lindsay realized the burgers and buns just weren't their bag.

Paul decided to move to Portland, Oregon and took Mark with him. Once there they began to piece together the group that is today known as Paul Revere and the Raiders. They enlisted Mike Smith, a hot little drummer who owned a thriving teenage night club in Portland and with the help of disc jockey, Robert Hart, they began promoting dances featuring the Raiders.

Setback

In January, 1963 they signed with Columbia Records and recorded the original version of "Louie, Louie." The single released that June, was unfortunately beaten to the national charts by a cover version recorded by the Kingstons.

This minor setback only increased their determination and by 1964 they were the top rated group in the Northwest and Hawaii, making continual appearances and setting attendance records wherever they played.

In January, 1965 Phil Volk joined the group as their bass guitarist and all signs pointed toward the big move—the move into national popularity. Their timing was right and Dick Clark, who knows just a little bit about Pop music, decided that this was the group he wanted to feature on his forthcoming "Where the Action Is" series.

In April, 1965, Paul Revere and the Raiders were introduced to the nation and within a matter of months became nationally acclaimed as one of the hottest groups ever. Columbia Records backed them with the full force of their production and promotional facilities and soon an unbroken chain of hit records was established.

The most important asset the group possesses, however, is their incredible stage presence. They are more than just a group, they're an act—tightly structured and ex-



... THE RAIDERS (l. to r.) Harpo, Fang, Smitty, Mark and Paul waiting to go on a local TV show

tremely well rehearsed, yet still open to the spontaneous humor and excitement that makes their act unique.

Their dynamic and sometimes zany act tends to obscure Paul Revere and the Raiders as individuals. It is an easy mistake for one to attribute their on-stage personalities to the off-stage individuals, and this writer was no exception. I was fully prepared for an interview with five raving maniacs, but I was pleasantly surprised and impressed. Off stage, the Raiders (all of them) are intelligent, business-minded, warm and really beautiful people.

Uncle Paul

Paul is the leader of the group and their great success attests to his keen business mind and skillful direction. Nicknamed by the others, "Uncle Paul," he maintains a complete equilibrium within the group making sure that everyone is happy and satisfied.

He is a man of great honesty and admits quite openly that what he would most like to do in the future is devote more time to his wife and two children. He is managing his money wisely, in stocks and municipal bonds plus ownership of several apartment buildings, an oil well, a chain of drive-ins and a real estate company.

Hopes to Return

He some day hopes to return to the Northwest where he loves the clean, cold winters and change of seasons. At the moment though, he is busy pounding out the rhythmic background for the Raiders, and devising much of their comedy on the spot.

Mike Smith is the "gutsy" little drummer who provides the foundation for the dynamic Raider sound. Anyone who has watched him work out, knows that Smitty is an accomplished musician and moreover a brilliant clown. His facial expressions are priceless, in the tradition of Jonathan Winters and his talent for the subtle "stick" is fantastic.

Youth Insight

Having been the owner of a teenage night club in Portland, Smitty has a keen insight on youth and what's happening today and is

able to articulate his views with sincerity.

An entirely self-taught musician, he is most inspired by the music of the "Spoonful," the Beatles and the Byrds, and hopes that the present musical trend of "down home blues-rock" as exemplified by their latest hit, "Ups and Downs" continues.

Phil Volk (affectionately known as Fang) is a bright and interested 21-year-old. He feels that today's music has transcended the label of rock and roll, and should now be considered "contemporary music." He is anxious to develop himself in other phases of the business and eventually would like to write (music, novels, films) and possibly try his hand at acting. As far as immediate plans go, Phil would like to travel to Europe (if and when the Raiders busy schedule allows). Meanwhile he never ceases to be stimulated by the new places he visits and people he meets while touring the U.S.

Sensitivity

Jim Valley, "the new Raider," replaced Drake Levin who is now serving in the National Guard, and Raider fans wasted no time in taking Harpo to their hearts. His smile could charm just about anyone, and his sensitivity is something beautiful.

Jim was playing with Don and the Goodtimes when Paul asked him to join the group. At first Harpo was reluctant, but he then realized that this was "a once in a lifetime opportunity."

His sense of humor and warmth made him a natural for the Raiders and he is now "one of the family."

Jim is especially fond of children and ever amazed at their vitality and honesty. He is now in the process of writing a book of fairy tales, fables, and songs for children.

A Loner

Mark Lindsay is considered, today, one of the finest lead singers in the business. He is a deep and serious person who spends much of his off-stage time alone and in thought. He admits to the existence of two Mark Lindsays—one who loves performing and really

diggs the incredible audience response he invariably evokes; the other, still basically the shy, somewhat introverted boy from Napa, Idaho. Coming from a relatively poor family (Mark's father is a school teacher) he still can't believe his phenomenal success and feels a great responsibility to those who put him where he is today.

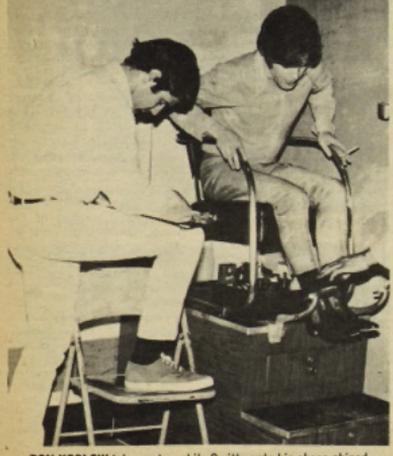
Film Plans

Mark, also, would like to try acting and no doubt he will be cast in a key role in the Raiders' upcoming film. His songwriting has produced several of their big hits and he plans to continue in that field in conjunction with an attempt at fiction (see Mark's fairy tale in BEAT, Feb. 11).

Last year the Raiders grossed over 1.5 million dollars; this year they expect to double that mark, but no matter how great their success, they will continue their back-breaking schedule of nation-wide performances as a sign of appreciation to their fans. With this kind of approach, Paul Revere and the Raiders will be around for quite a while.



... HEAD MAN — Paul Revere



RON KOSLOW takes notes while Smitty gets his shoes shined



... THE MOTHERS OF INVENTION, one of the leading groups in the generation gap, are pictured here with dancer, Karl, and three girls from the Mother's stage show.

... It's Widening

Lashing out at the values of the adult world, Bob by Jameson said, "It's a competitive economic state of being, it's not living." Young people who turn away from the world their parents expect them to inherit, he continued, "Would be dropouts from society, but not dropouts from life."

The young often accuse the adult world of hypocrisy, materialism and act as if the grownups had the power to set right all the evils of war and poverty. They sometimes widen the generation gap by undercutting the adults.

They forget that the older generation eliminated polio, struggled to eradicate tuberculosis and fought World War II to defeat the racial terror preached by Nazi Germany.

But the young remain suspicious of the leaders of the adult world. Upset by "apparent contradictions" between what we say about Vietnam and what we are doing there, 100 student body presidents and campus editors wrote to President Johnson:

"Unless this conflict can be eased, the United States will find some of her most loyal and courageous young people choosing to go to jail rather than bear their country's arms."

The letter was signed by leaders popularly elected at Duke, Indiana, North Carolina, Columbia, UCLA, Berkeley, Stanford and 93 other campuses all over the nation. The signers are intelligent, well bred, close-cropped, concerned young people, not easily dismissed as hippies or pot smokers.

By 1970 half the population of the U.S. will be under 25. What are they after and what are they protesting?

It is hard for even this articulate generation to say what they want. Young people are more vocal about what they don't want.

Addressing a teenage audience recently, 22-year-old broadcaster Elliott Mintz said:

"A lot of you probably, in the privacy of your own heads, entertain ideas of where it's at and where it's going. We are going to turn this world into an incredibly beautiful place for all of us to live and

groove and do our thing."

The world has changed more in the last 20 years than in any other 20-year period in history. Today's teenagers will face a world even more radically different in their adult years.

Experts feel that technology is advanced enough to eliminate many tedious industrial jobs in the next generation. If many of us are only putting in two or three days on the job by the year 2,000, we will have to know how *not* to work.

A society like ours which preaches that "hard work is the road to happiness" might find itself in trouble. With more leisure time than work hours on our hands, song, dance and the exchange of ideas could become the most important activities.

Today's societal dropouts, the hippies whose weird dress and habits make them easy to dismiss, might be in the vanguard of society.

Many speak of this generation of teenagers as swinging, open, free and honest. Will this help them make a world less uptight than their parents? One observer of the teen scene, Dick Clark, doesn't think so:

"The kids are going to get just as uptight as their parents. Life is hard. They may not see their way clear now but they'll have to change."

More optimistic viewers feel the country will benefit from today's youth explosion.

"I think it's very healthy that the (youth) movement is growing," said Andy Wickham. "In America the movement is all toward personal emancipation and the kids are more aware of the human element."

Andy feels the generation gap is "more painful and obvious now." Young people are more concerned about individualism and human rights and "have reached a tremendous enlightenment and it is expressed now in music and the arts."

Brian Wilson thinks the generation gap has resulted in "An extreme polarity" which makes life very "interesting and spicy."

If so, then it's apt to become even spicier. The generation gap appears to be widening.

MORAL OR IMMORAL?

Minister Beomes California Hippie

(Almost 18 months ago the author, in his second year as assistant pastor of a large church in the Midwest, exchanged his black clerical suit for corduroy pants and a paisley shirt. Aware of the growing gulf between today's generation and established society, he set out to observe and grasp the new morality represented by today's rapidly-shifting values. On leave from the church, he traveled to Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles, becoming a member of the new society known as the Underground. —The Editor)

By Rev. Ansel Stubbs

An odd thought struck me as we sat around cross-legged on the floor of a bare apartment in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district—a rag-tag collection of misfits, dropouts and rebels vigorously arguing a mixture of philosophy and theology.

Looking at their scraggly beards and long hair, most of them wrapped in blankets or ponchos in the unbeated room, I was struck by the resemblance to paintings of a familiar Biblical scene.

"This looks like a scene from the Last Supper," I thought. And in many ways the comparison was not as ridiculous as it sounds.

The smoke curling around the small room was not incense and the bottle of wine they passed

around was hardly a sacrament. And yet I have never heard more fervent sincerity nor total dedication to the true spirit of religion—brotherly love—at any Wednesday night prayer meeting.

The experience was typical of several I have encountered since becoming a member of this young, adventurous, impatient, rebellious and idealistic society which sprang up only yesterday and is determined to find all the answers and to correct all the wrongs today.

I am still appalled by some of their personal behavior, their deliberate violation of so many of society's and Christianity's moral taboos. Some of their practices appear degrading and depressing at best, dangerous and self-injurious at worst.

And yet I am now convinced such behavior—more spectacular (Turn to page 15)

Supremes - Capricious But Cautious

By Bob Levinson

They're called the Supremes, but people would understand were the president of Motown Records to change it to The Dollar Signs.

The company's success in the six years since Berry Gordy Jr. began carving out a recording empire in an area of Detroit—where most of the carving is done by wrecking crews—is substantially due to these young ladies.

Diana Ross, Mary Wilson and Florence Ballard became the country's foremost female singing trio virtually the moment Gordy gave them a Motown contract as a high school graduation present.

No one will say just how rich the girls became, but it's evident Diana, Mary and Florence recognize poverty only because they lived with it so long.

"We lived in the Brewster Douglas housing project, where you have to be poor," Diana related. "The first thing we did when we were able was to buy our parents homes."

Berry, on hand to mother-hen his mini, remembered: "They bought fantastic homes. But by the time the deals went through, they had outgrown them financially. So, they spent twice the cost furnishing the homes."

Each of the girls has become a fashion plate, the area in which they can complete as individuals, rather than one-third of an impression.

The company protects the purse strings.

"We invest in stocks," said Gordy. "The company has top auditors and accountants who look for tax shelters and teach the girls how to pay taxes."

The young women appear to take their success and solvency capriciously, but cautiously. It's almost as if each morning a pinch is necessary to verify reality. Then, having done so, whoopee!

There is every likelihood the Supremes' popularity will be maintained and move onto more adult plateaus, because Gordy is keeping them keyed to current market tastes at all times.

He explained: "Their records are essentially the same, and they're commercial, but they're doing more now, all types of music—ballads, show tunes, folk. They're increasing their repertoire but the original feeling has not changed."

"Their voices have mellowed to a great extent. Their sound is much more refined and it's much more dynamic because of their confidence."

Diana, Mary and Florence hadn't done much talking. It's their singing that sells.

(Editor's note: Bob Levinson covers the teen scene regularly for the "Around LA" entertainment section of the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. This feature is reprinted through the courtesy of the Herald-Examiner.)



THE SUPREMES—"Their voices have mellowed to a great extent."

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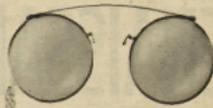
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SHIRLEY

By Shirley Poston

I'm about to say something that's going to sound exactly like something you'd expect me to say (as in ridiculous). In fact, I think I just did.

Anygoat (just kidding) (Gawd), here it is. I hope I met someone very gloovy (that's Chinese for groovy) the other night. It isn't that I don't remember. It's just that gloovy is the only word I know in Chinese.

I'd ask you if you've ever spent quite a bit of time listening to someone without ever having the foggiest (huh?) notion what the someone was talking about, but I'm afraid some of my (ir)regular victims - er - readers would be only too happy to answer that question. (I have found that the word *answer* is much more interesting when you pronounce the 's' (I have also lost my mind.)

Now don't get the idea that the possibly gloovy person was actually speaking Chinese. Get the idea that he might as well have been.

Two Languages

I speak two languages in addition to English, (or would if I could speak English). They are called "Blither" and "Pop Star." But the someone in question was neither nut nor musician; he was something else. (I'll say.) Which rather leads me (by the collar) to believe that every crowd-bunch-gang-or-whatever thing has it's very own tongue. (Which is always nice if you have a lot of stamps to lick.)

I was able to glean one comment from the un-translated version of our meeting. When something is really rare and choice, it is referred to as "antique."

Well, I must say that this someone is certainly antique enough for me to make every effort to collect him. And even if I never do figure out what he's babbling about, I feel I could learn to overlook our dif-

ferences. (From a hilltop sanitarium, no doubt.)

Course, there's always the possibility that I just wasn't listening closely enough. You see, all this took place just after a certain date, and I don't mean Dromedary - I mean February 25th! (Bowie toward the East, all believers!) (East as in Surra.)

I was so exhausted from the annual hysteria of celebrating George L. M. Harrison's birthday (the L.M. stands for Low Moan), I really wasn't at me best. No, no, I'm not going to start that again and go through the whole Beatle Birthday bit and tell you about the cake and the pagant and the 24 people we had to find named George.

Leap Year

Speaking of George (I've been known to) (I've also been known to speak of George), another of my favorite Georges was born in February. Only he was born on February 29th, so he didn't get to have a birthday this year. When Leap Year comes around, I'll be sure to leap on him (with expensive gifts and good wishes, that is.)

I don't know why that reminds me of what I'm about to blither about, but then I don't know much of anything.

It seems that every time I wear my hair in braids, I get into trouble. If you're a new reader - er - victim, you are fortunate enough to have missed the story about the time I had "words" (and never mind what words) with the checker at a supermarket because he insisted that I had to buy a whole box of orange popsicles (if you love them too, keep reading this insanity and you'll soon learn to hate them) (no to mention me) instead of one orange popsicle.

Let it suffice to say that when I politely refused (in the key of High C) to do any such am-day thing, he looked me right square in the

braids and said "Sorry about that, Becky-poo."

I didn't give him time to add "of Sunnybrook Funny-Farm."

This is mild compared to what happened recently. I was walking down the street, minding my own business (for a change). When I stopped for a traffic light, I noticed that a man standing beside me was giving me the eye. Although I'm not D.O.M. to go around encouraging D.O.M., the way he was looking at my hair (which was in braids tied up with rawhide) kinda tickled me. So, thinking he was probably thinking I closely resembled a somewhat spiky Seminole, I laughed.

He drew himself just 'appened to have pen and paper there with him, did up haughtily. "It's not funny," he said.

I immediately gave him the eye and stalked off, wondering what wasn't funny. Well, I soon found out because he bounded after me and added the following comment in all seriousness: "You're a snot-American! I can tell by the way you wear your hair!"

With that, he re-bounded in another direction. And before I could recover, another man said: "Hey kid, you've got the hair and I've got a pencil. Let's get together."

I thought the whole thing was pretty funny at first. Now it makes me about half mad (my usual condition). The last commentator was just being smart, but the first one was dead serious, and in essence they both said the same thing like, "Good grief, do good draft cards lately?"

Good grief. Do good draft cards lately? I suppose rational people actually think they can judge someone's political feelings by a hairstyle? I shouldn't think so after proof. I have taken place on that street corner if my hair had been red.

Me Pocolontas

Next time I venture out of the house in braids, I'm going to wear a large sign that says "Me Pocolontas." And I'll take John Lennon's name just for further proof. I know, I know, it was John Alden, but you take who you want and I'll take who I want.)

Before I close (my gabbling trap), I'd like to comment on a certain rumor which several of you have mentioned and asked my opinion of. (I'd rather not say what the rumor is because the only thing I believe in spreading is peanut butter. Let's just say that although it doesn't concern me, it concerns me. (Keep it up, girl. That kind of writing is bound to catapult you to fame.)

The happiness of the someone the rumor's about is very important to me, and to answer your questions. No, I don't believe it, and re-no, I'm not happy to hear it. And I never will be. Never.

Well, would you believe hardly ever?

LEWIS TAKES CONCERT HONORS

PHOENIX, Arizona - A big line-up of stars and Jerry Lee Lewis will perform at a concert on June 2 at the Memorial Coliseum here to honor Jerry's 10th anniversary as a recording artist. A 90-minute film will be shot during the show produced by Bobby Boyd in connection with the Glenn Development Corp. of Phoenix.



THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S DELIVER (Dunhill) Dedicated To The One I Love, Creeque Alley, John's Music Box and nine more tracks.

The third LP by the big four features less original material than other albums and consequently lacks the exclusively original sound of the group. However, it is still an excellent LP. Creeque Alley, musical history of the four, and Dedicated are great, as well as Cass' Sing For Your Supper.



SAYIN' SOMETHING - THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS (Verve) Along Comes Jones, I Who Have Nothing, Yes Indeed and nine more tracks.

Once again the Righteous Brothers have issued a top notch album. I Who Have Nothing is probably the most outstanding track, and incidentally, the twosome's new single release. It's backed with Along Comes Jones, also on the LP.

DISCUSSION

One of the best of the new releases this week comes to us from the talented Mama's and Papa's with their latest, "Dedicated To The One I Love." More than just a new rendition of an old Shirley's hit, this disk is a beautiful combination of production which borders on the brilliant, outstanding vocal harmonies, and an ingenious arrangement to support the entire record. This has to be one of the biggest for the talented M's and P's.

First spin around the turn table for the Merry Go Round with "Live" and they may come up with a fair-sized hit on this first time out. You may be reminded of early Beatles or even middle-Lovin' Spoonful with this one, but that's primarily due to the vocal sounds of lead-singer Emmitt Rhodes and arrangements of producer Larry Marks. Good instrumentally and vocally this might be the beginning of a winning streak for the new, young quartet.

Motown has sent us a big, shiny new package of goodies from their New Releases Dept., and as usual - they're all outstanding. Heading up the list is a beautiful record from Smokey and the Miracles - "The Love I Saw In You Was Just



ERIC IS HERE - ERIC BURDON AND THE ANIMALS (MGM) Help Me Girl, It's Been A Long Time Comin', That Ain't Where It's At, and nine others.

Eric, as a solo artist, has arrived just as the album title states. Let's admit that he's been a long time behind Eric's soulful and powerful voice - used to it's fullest advantage on Help Me Girl, Wait Til Next Year, Lovin' Control and It's Not Easy are some of the better tracks.



A Mirage." If you ever wish saying the title, listen for some of the usual and beautiful instrumental work here, including the unusual combination of 12-string guitars and bells. A great record.

The Tops are spinning back to another title, listen for some of the usual and beautiful instrumental work here, including the unusual combination of 12-string guitars and bells. A great record.

The Tops are spinning back to another title, listen for some of the usual and beautiful instrumental work here, including the unusual combination of 12-string guitars and bells. A great record.

Stevie Wonder joins the list of Motown Movers this week with a beautiful new uptempo ballad, "Traveling Man." An excellent, poignant lyrics and an excellent vocal performance, coupled with the usual high standard of production at Motown should send this one to the top for this phenomenal lead. Martha and the Vandellas have also returned to the chart for the last - with a Holland-Dozier-Holland effort entitled "Jimmy Mack." The use of the Vandellas' harmony as background for Martha on this disk is slightly reminiscent of the Supremes' earlier work, but Martha's distinctive lead vocal singing gives this disc the personal singing of Martha and the Vandellas ... which should have them signing into the Top 20 again very soon.



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FOUND: The Knack

The search is on. At least once every working day someone dashes into *THE BEAT* offices and declares, "I've found a new group that's the greatest thing since the Beatles."

But when Capitol Records tells us they've found a group that they think just might be that, we listen, for, after all, who brought the Beatles to us?

And Capitol thinks they have, in a group called *The Knack*. They have been appearing in and around their home town and Capitol's home office, Los Angeles, for some time and they've just released their first single, an original composition titled "I'm Aware."

The Knack is Mike Chain, Larry Gould, Dink Kaplan and Pug Baker. As to why they came about the name, their official biography states, "Mike, Larry, Pug and Dink, once having found it, defined it and created it, realized that having the knack was not enough... and so, they became it."

18 year old Mike is leader and most outspoken member of the group. "I think we have something unusual to offer," he says. "For instance, we're one of the few groups around who can write, arrange, produce, play and sing. If necessary, we could produce and record a disc by ourselves. We're not just three rock guitarists and a drummer. Each person has something unique to contribute."

Mike, along with Dink, writes most of the group's material, and his imitations of other singers has become the highlight of the act.

Tall, easy going, bass playing Larry comes nearest to actually having the knack when it comes to girls. Although he hasn't "zeroed in yet on any particular dolly," he explains that he's looking for "someone who's easy going and extra understanding. She's got to be extra understanding because an entertainer is always going to be around other girls. She's got to understand that because I'm around them doesn't mean I'm after them."

Dink is the group's prize musician, an excellent guitarist who also tends to be the funnyman. His guitar playing, which he's been doing for almost six years, is entirely self taught. "I took four lessons when I first started, but then I quit. I got tired of playing 'Jingle Bells.'"

London born Pug is the silent member of the group, and his drummer. He doesn't sing, and often doesn't talk either. "I got the habit of just sitting quietly in one place a long time ago because I didn't want to seem out of place. I guess I'm still used to sitting in one place whenever we go somewhere because I still don't want to seem out of place."

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PERSONALS

LOST—an amaryllis. Last night given to a red coat. We were in the Blue Canyon. Meet at same place, March 20, 21st and 22nd.

PETER TORR—I won the date two months ago. For real and not just a flake.

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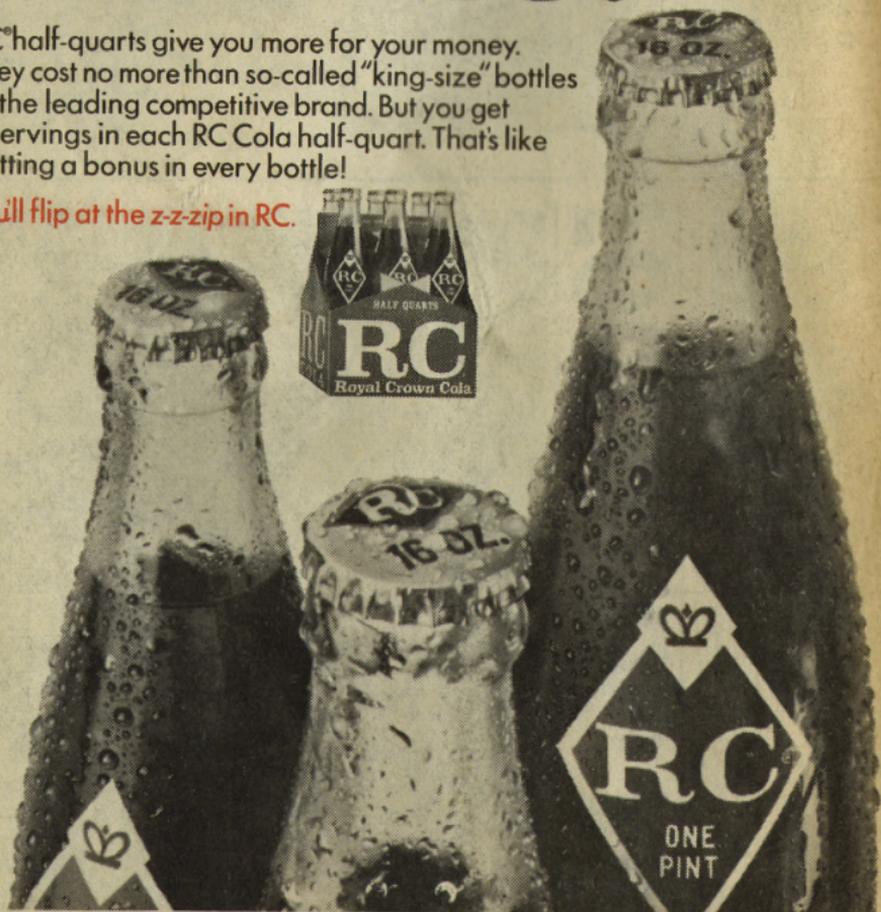
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... DAVID McCALLUM and BEAT reporters, Rochelle and Louise at a party for the Knack

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