

3-76

RECORD OF DEPORTABLE ALIEN

(See A.M. - 2790.31-34 for Instructions)

Family Name (Capital Letters) **LENNON, JOHN** Given Name Middle Name

Country of Citizenship **Gr. Britain** Passport Number and Country of Issue **England-182035** File Number **A 17597321**

United States Address (Residence) **105 Bank St. N.Y.C.** (Number) (Street) (City) (State)

Date, Place, Time, Manner of Last Entry **8-13-71 on B-2 NYC** Passenger Boarded At **NY TWA FKT # 701**

Number, Street, City, Province (State) and Country of Permanent Residence **TITTEL HURST PARK ASCOT, Berkshire, England**

Birthdate **10-9-40** Date of Action **3-6-72** Location Code **NYC**

City, Province (State) and Country of Birth **NYC** AR Form: (Type & No.) **I 94** Lified Not Lified

Visa issued At **NYC** Social Security Account Name

Date Visa issued **NYC** Social Security No. Send C.O. Rec. Check To:

Immigration Record **EXCEPT FOR UNKNOWN STATUS** Criminal Record **NOT KNOWN!**

Name, Address, and Nationality of Spouse (Maiden Name, if appropriate) **JAPAN - LENNON, YOKO ONO - 105 Bank St. NYC**

Father's Name, and Nationality and Address, if Known **NYC** Mother's Present and Maiden Names, Nationality, and Address, if Known **NYC**

Monies Due/Property in U.S. Not in Immediate Possession None Claimed See Form I-43 Fingerprinted Yes No Lookout Book Checked Not Listed Listed, Code **SEMI B**

Name and Address of (Last) (Current) U.S. Employer **NYC** From: To:

Narrative (Outline particulars under which alien located/apprehended. Include details, not shown above, re time, place, manner of last entry, and elements which establish administrative and/or criminal violation. Indicate means and route of travel to interior.)
Subject and his wife YOKO ONO Lennon both effected entry into the US. at NYC on B-2 visa on 8-13-71. On 2-1-72, after they had received a change of non-immigrant status to H-1, they were again readjusted to B-2 and given til 2-29-72. He and his wife have not departed.

(b)(7)(c)

Recommended - OSC



(If space insufficient, show "continued" and continue on reverse, from bottom up)

DISTRIBUTION

Received (subject and documents) (report of interview) from
Officer: _____
Disposition _____ 19 ____ at _____ () M.
(Receiving Officer) _____

RECORD OF DEPORTABLE ALIEN

(See A.M. - 2790.31-.34 for Instructions)

Family Name (Capital Letters)		Given Name		Middle Name		Sex	Hair	Eyes	Complexion
Country of Citizenship	Passport Number and Country of Issue	File Number		Height	Weight	Occupation			
United States Address (Residence)			(Number)	(Street)	(City)	(State)			
Date, Place, Time, Manner of Last Entry					Passenger Boarded At				
Number, Street, City, Province (State) and Country of Permanent Residence									
Birthdate	Date of Action		Location Code						
City, Province (State) and Country of Birth			AR Form: (Type & No.)	<input type="checkbox"/> Lifted <input type="checkbox"/> Not Lifted					
Visa Issued At	Social Security Account Name								
Date Visa Issued	Social Security No.			Send C.O. Rec. Check To:			Criminal Record		

PLEASE TYPEWRITE OR PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITAL LETTERS

Name, Address, and Nationality of Spouse (Maiden Name, if appropriate)		Number & Nationality of Minor Children	
Father's Name, and Nationality and Address, if Known		Mother's Present and Maiden Names, Nationality, and Address, if Known	
Monies Due/Property in U.S. Not in Immediate Possession	Fingerprinted	Lookout Book Checked	Deportation Charge(s) (Code Words)
<input type="checkbox"/> None Claimed <input type="checkbox"/> See Form 1-43	<input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	<input type="checkbox"/> Not Listed <input type="checkbox"/> Listed, Code	From: _____ To: _____

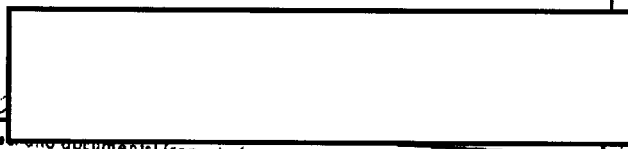
Narrative (Outline particulars under which alien located/apprehended. Include details, not shown above, re time, place, manner of last entry, and elements which establish administrative and/or criminal violation. Indicate means and route of travel to interior.)

Except for all records entries No 7 records

1-13-72 1-21-72 1-11-72 had received a change of name - immigrant status to H-1. They were again readjusted to B-2 and given til 2-29-72. No wife, wife have not departed

(b)(7)(c)

Recommended - USC



(If space insufficient, show "continued" and continue on reverse, from bottom up):

DISTRIBUTION

Received (subject and documents) (report of interview) from _____

Officer: _____

Disposition _____ 19 _____ at _____ () M.

(Receiving Officer) _____

APPLICATION FOR ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE AND PROCESSING SHEET

A17597321

Name <u>JOHN WINSTON LENNON</u>	Office <u>NYC</u>	File <u>A17597321</u>
Address: <u>105 BANK STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.</u>		Date <u>3-6-72</u>
FACTUAL ALLEGATIONS		
1. You are not a citizen or national of the United States 2. You are a native of <u>GT. BRITAIN</u> and a citizen of <u>United Kingdom of Colomna</u> 3. You entered the United States at <u>NEW YORK CITY</u> on <u>8-13-71</u> 4. <u>As a visitor for pleasure and were authorized to remain in the United States until 8-13-71 2-29-72</u> 5. <u>You remained in the United States after 2-29-72</u> <input type="checkbox"/> Attorney <u>without authority.</u>		
Supporting evidence (briefly itemize)		
The undersigned recommends: <input type="checkbox"/> V/D without OSC <input type="checkbox"/> OSC Charge(s) (Code) <u>SEM 18</u> (Page No.) <input type="checkbox"/> Trial Attorney <input type="checkbox"/> Interpreter (Language) <input type="checkbox"/> Prosecution Violation <input type="checkbox"/> W/A For the following reasons: <u>(b)(7)(c) (b)(7)(c)</u> Sign <u>[Redacted]</u> Title <u>Crime Dept</u> Above recommendation a <u>[Redacted]</u> (Date) <u>3-6-72</u> (Date) Approved as to legal suff <u>[Redacted]</u> (Date) <u>[Redacted]</u> (Signature) <u>Supervisor</u> (Title) <u>NYC</u> (Office)		
OSC Iss. _____ OSC serv. _____ TD country _____ Validity _____ W/A Iss. _____ W/A serv. _____ <input type="checkbox"/> Det; <input type="checkbox"/> Rel; <input type="checkbox"/> Prison; <input type="checkbox"/> Hospital Approx. Hrg. Time _____ VD prior hearing to _____ ; Ext. _____ Selective Service No., Address of Board; Classification; Ordered to report for Induction		
DETENTION DATA		
Place _____	Bond (amount) _____	HEARING DATA
Expense of _____	Parole _____	Place <u>NYC</u>
Since _____	Since _____	Date <u>3/18/72</u>
		Hour <u>8:50 am</u>

PROCESSING DATA			
PREPARE		REQUEST (Continued)	
#1	#2	#1	#2
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> OSC	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Canadian Consent
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> V/D letter _____ days	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Mexican Certificate of Nationality
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> I-161 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> I-154	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> pp, or other evidence of nationality, from alien
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> G-135 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> G-135a	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Record check <input type="checkbox"/> Local police at _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> G-135 b (to _____)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Other _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> I-217 (complete pp data)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Detainer (I-247) to civil authority at _____
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Fingerprint Charts for <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FBI	Earliest release date _____	
	<input type="checkbox"/> Other _____	NOTIFY:	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Prosecution Report to U.S. Atty.	<input type="checkbox"/>	OI 103 reports to: _____
REQUEST:		<input type="checkbox"/>	_____ Consulate
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> C.O. file check <input type="checkbox"/> Send I-530	<input type="checkbox"/>	Attorney of record _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Files from _____	<input type="checkbox"/>	State Director, Selective Service
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Verification arrival _____	<input type="checkbox"/>	FBI Stowaway entry
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Photographs _____ (number)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Detention Officer re: property arrangements

LEON WILDES
ATTORNEY AT LAW
515 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

PLAZA 3-3468

CABLE ADDRESS
"LEONWILDES," N. Y.

March 2, 1972

Immigration & Naturalization Service
20 West Broadway
New York, New York 10007

Re: LENNON, John
A17 597 321

Gentlemen:

I submit herewith the third preference petitions, to be considered as a joint submission of Mr. & Mrs. John and Yoko Ono Lennon. The adjudicator is invited to consider references and critical reviews attached to each of the petitions as being submitted in behalf of the other since many refer to the joint artistic efforts of both artists.

Perhaps no other living artist has contributed in a greater degree, both qualitatively and quantitatively, to the culture of his generation than has John Lennon. Both individually and as an outstanding member of The Beatles, he has achieved a stature in the art and entertainment world unequalled in our generation. It is hardly possible, in most countries throughout the world, to find a young person who is not aware of the immense contributions of John Lennon, particularly in the field of rock music. By sheer volume of gold records sold, he probably has composed and performed more records than any other living composer and performer. As the acknowledged leader of The Beatles, John Lennon gained international prominence for his outstanding writing of the songs performed by the group, and The Beatles fast became the most popular personal appearance act in show business history. The revenues from their sales had impressive economic implications for England, where they were thought to have made a major contribution to Britain's balance of payments.

Recognition of the outstanding individual and group contributions of Mr. Lennon came from many sources. Not the least of these was Queen Elizabeth's having named The Beatles as members of The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (M.B.E.) as a result of John's outstanding efforts. John Lennon's personal

Page Two.

contribution to The Beatles' success cannot be overstated; not only was he the major composer of most of The Beatles' hits but his mode of presentation of lyrics is considered by most of the critics to have been the main driving force to the outstanding success of The Beatles.

To assess the true impact of Mr. Lennon's song writing talents, individually and as a member of The Beatles, would require a careful analysis of thousands of critical reviews appearing throughout the world, too numerous for inclusion in an Immigration Service file.

The reader is respectfully referred to the attached biography (Current Biography, December, 1965) offering a review of his major accomplishments until 1965. Several excerpts from Who's Who in America, Who's Who, etc. are attached and it may be safely assumed that John Lennon has been included in every important compendium of major contributors to the culture of our generation.

There are submitted herewith numerous articles, most of which are critical reviews appearing in well-known magazines and newspapers, which treat with the talents and contributions of Mr. Lennon as an individual and as part of the group in the fields of musical composition, filmmaking, internationally acclaimed recordings, acting, and the authorship of two immensely well-known books.

Also submitted are a selection of articles covering the enormous financial impact of the record sales and other promotional activities which add an economic dimension to the outstanding cultural impact which John Lennon's talents would have on American culture.

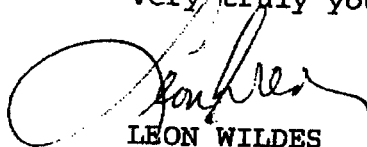
Some of the articles specifically cover the creative period subsequent to the splitting-up of The Beatles where John Lennon emerges as the individual artist of greatest prominence; others cover his joint artistic endeavors with his wife Yoko Ono, whose third preference petition is submitted simultaneously. Only an abundance of personal modesty on the part of the artist has limited the number of personal references to a selected few.

Page Three.

There can be no doubt that John Lennon has exceptional ability in the arts and that his presence in the United States will substantially benefit the national economy, the cultural interests and the welfare of the United States. He distinguishes himself by a sense of language, a sense of humor, and a sense of humanity. His talents carried over into other media and he published books of drawings and philosophy considered to be brilliant by acknowledged critics. The movies he made and in which he appeared as an actor demonstrate new and original talents in other art media, likewise acclaimed by the critics. As stated by Elia Kazan and his wife Barbara Loden, "John Lennon is one of the most influential and stimulating artists of our time." A failure to accord him third preference priority would be, in the words of Dick Cavett, "a kind of artistic or cultural crime." It is respectfully requested that the petition be approved.

I have requested the granting of deferred departure in these cases and my application has thusfar been denied. It is hoped that these applications will demonstrate that it is in the best public interests of the United States to grant such deferred departure privilege to these applicants to enable them to remain here without the institution of deportation proceedings so as to facilitate the completion of all necessary procedures preliminary to the filing of applications for permanent residence. Since our deferred departure policy in third preference cases stems from our national interest in availing ourselves of the services of outstanding artists and professionals needed in this country, it is respectfully submitted that to proceed upon a course of action requiring deportation proceedings in these cases would be contrary to our nation's best cultural interests and hence an abuse of discretion. I trust that this will not occur.

Very truly yours,



LEON WILDES

LW:de
encls.

Table of Contents of Documentation in Support of
Third Preference Petition in Behalf of JOHN LENNON

1. Biographic data
Current biography, December, 1965, four-page analytic review of exceptional accomplishments and biographic data
2. Excerpt - Who's Who, 1971
3. Critical reviews, newspaper and magazine articles, etc.
Seventeen, August, 1965, 'The Scene with the Beatles'
Time, May 1, 1965 (review of book 'In His Own Write')
New York Times, January 15, 1967, 'Beatle on the Battlefront' (review of John Lennon as a film actor)
Look Magazine, December 13, 1966, 'John Lennon: Beatle on his Own', by Leonard Gross, Look European Editor
Los Angeles Times, undated, 'John Lennon Relives his Life on a New Album'
Rolling Stone, October 28, 1971, records (a review of 'Imagine'
Village Voice, February 25, 1971, 'Songs of Experience'
The Evening Star, Washington, D.C., October 16, 1971, 'Lennon's Album? As Good as Beatles!'
Boston Herald Traveler, December 26, 1971, 'Imagine'
Rolling Stone, November 1, 1969, 'Two Virgins'
Saturday Review, December 30, 1967, 'After "Sargent Pepper"'
Saturday Evening Post, March 21, 1964, 'Beatlic Graphospams'
Cue, June 12, 1971
The Nation, June 8, 1964, book review of 'In His Own Write'
Cashbox - film reviews
New Republic, August 7, 1965, 'In the Echo Chamber' (a book review)
Time, August 12, 1966, 'An Interview with John Lennon'
Dallas Times Herald, January 6, 1972, citation of lithography art show in Dallas, Texas
New Yorker, June 24, 1967, review of Beatle albums - reference to John Lennon
Newsweek, June 26, 1967
Newsweek, October 4, 1965, relates to business successes
Newsweek, May 27, 1968 (same)
Newsweek, March 1, 1965, relating to success of stock in corporation

4. Letters of reference

Whitney Museum of Modern Art, David Bienstock, Curator of Film

Elia Kazan (four times awarded best director of the year by the New York Drama Critics; received Academy Award twice for best film director; founded Actor's Studio; original director of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre)

Barbara Loden Kazan (received Antoinette Perry Award for her portrayal of Maggie in Arthur Miller's 'After the Fall'; wrote, directed and acted in 'Wanda', winning international critics prize for best film at the Venice Film Festival)

Dick Cavett, host, The Dick Cavett Show

5. Evidence of awards received (Emmy, Academy Award, gross sales volume and number of gold records achieved, etc. to be attached)

Note: Due to the outstanding and well-known qualifications of John Lennon, a random sampling of critical review has been assembled for submission. Further references and clippings abound and will be made available for submission, should further evidence be required. However, it is thought that the attached documents amply demonstrate third preference qualifications. The letters of reference submitted with the application for Yoko Ono are being submitted jointly with this application, and should be read by the adjudicator.

Dec. 1965

... it has been an abstract expressionist, abstract expressionists, abstract expressionist art and robbed it of its literary values. He sees a relationship between the recent loosening of the academy's grip and sociopolitical changes involving man's efforts to deal with nuclear weapons, poverty, civil rights, and similar problems. As an art teacher, Landau has been concerned with developing a curriculum that will offer his students a better knowledge of their subject—the world itself—and he has instituted a seminar in science and art at Pratt Institute. In 1964 he participated in a National Science Foundation seminar at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies in Aspen, Colorado.

Landau's one-man shows include those at the Art Alliance (1954) and Fleisher Memorial Gallery (1959) in Philadelphia, at the Cober Gallery in New York (1961 and 1963), and at the Zora Gallery in Los Angeles (1964). In one of his early group shows, "Three" (1956), held at the Little Gallery in Princeton, his work was exhibited along with that of Ben Shahn and Gregorio Prestopino, two of his neighbors in Roosevelt, New Jersey. He and Shahn were also represented in an American graphic arts exhibition shown in 1963 in the USSR under the sponsorship of the United States Information Agency. Since 1960 his pictures have been seen in more than thirty national and international shows.

Some of the country's major museums include Landau's work in their permanent collections, such as New York's Museum of Modern Art and Metropolitan Museum of Art and the museums of Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Norfolk, San Antonio, and other cities. His pictures have also been purchased for many university and private collections. Among his awards are a large number of medals in industrial shows, the Lessing Rosenwald Purchase Award of the Philadelphia Print Club for 1955 and 1959, and the watercolor prize of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts annual show for 1963. He was awarded a fellowship grant for work at the Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles in 1965.

Jacob Landau's first marriage, to Amalia (Fattori) Landau, ended in divorce in 1946 after five years. On May 5, 1949 he married Frances Paul, a social worker. His family shares his wide-ranging interests: his wife is a student of sociological anthropology; his older son, Stephen Paul, in his early twenties, inclines toward sculpture; and his younger son, Jonas Michael, in his early teens, prefers science. Landau has brown eyes and dark-brown hair, is five feet and a half inch tall, and weighs 160 pounds.

A pictorial artist adept also in expressing himself verbally, Landau lists conversation among his recreations. He finds much pleasure, too, in chess and music. He claims no political affiliation: "I am one of those dissident souls who dissented from my early collectivist allegiances, as I do now from my working and social situations in mass society." For Landau, "art is a criticism of life as well as its fulfillment."

References

- Am Artist 20:40+ O '56
 Gebrauchsgraphik 33:2+ N '62
 New Jersey Music and Arts p11+ My '62
 por
 Pratt Alumnus 67:8+ D '64 por

LANGE, OSCAR (KRIKORIAN)
 Oct 2, 1965 Deputy Premier and
 strategist of Poland; taught mathematical economics at the University of Chicago from 1938 to 1945, when he joined the Polish government as Ambassador to the United States and the United Nations. See *Current Biography* (April) 1946.

Obituary

N Y Herald Tribune p44 O 3 '65

LENNON, JOHN Oct. 9, 1940- Singer; musician; songwriter; author
 Address: b. c/o Brian Epstein, NEMS Enterprises Ltd., 24 Moorfields, Liverpool 2, England

Beatlemania—the craze centering around the four mop-headed popular singers and instrumentalists from Liverpool, collectively known as the Beatles—is a phenomenon transcending social classes, age groups, intellectual levels, and geographic areas. The acknowledged leader of the Beatles, John Lennon, who began to organize the group while still in his teens, has had a hand in writing most of the songs performed by the group, and on his own is the author of two best-selling books of humorous verse and prose. Since attaining national prominence in England in late 1963 the Beatles, who also include Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr, have become the most popular personal appearance act in show business history, and sales of their recorded hit songs have surpassed all previous marks on both sides of the Atlantic. Their Marxian style of comedy, presented in the films *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*, has been highly praised by motion-picture audiences and critics. Originally regarded as a manifestation of good-natured protest of youth against the established order, the Beatles have since found their place within the Establishment, as evidenced by their designation, in June 1965, as members of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire.

John Lennon was born in Liverpool, England on October 9, 1940. His father, Alfred Lennon, deserted the family when John was three years old, and his mother, Julia Lennon, who later remarried, died in an automobile accident before he was fourteen. (When his father, now a dishwasher, reappeared on the scene in 1964, John Lennon did not wish to renew the relationship.) Lennon owes his interest in music largely to his mother, who played the piano and who taught him the basic banjo chords when he acquired his first guitar. She also introduced him to one of the early recordings of Elvis Presley, whose rock 'n' roll style became a major inspiration to him. For some time before his mother's death, John Lennon had chosen to live with a favorite aunt, Mrs. Mary Smith, whom he calls "Aunt Mimi."

Having shown some talent for painting while in secondary school, Lennon attended the Liverpool College of Art for two years. "The headmaster at grammar school got my old auntie and he said, 'The boy must do art or nothing,' so I became a student," Lennon has recalled, as quoted by Maureen Cleave in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* (February 8, 1964). "College life was so free I went potty. I got myself voted

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JOHN LENNON

Wide World

into the students' union just to get rock played." An indifferent scholar, Lennon has said of his school life, "It was just a joke as far as I was concerned," but added, "I wouldn't want anybody to follow my example."

Meanwhile, Lennon pursued his musical interests with enthusiasm. In 1958 he met Paul McCartney, and the two boys helped each other in mastering the guitar and in developing musical techniques. Billed as the Nurk Twins, a title derived from British Air Force slang, they began to give occasional performances. In the following year they were joined by another guitarist, George Harrison, and by Peter Best, who played the drums. Known as the Quarrymen Skiffle Group, then as the Moondogs, later as the Moonshiners, and finally as the Beatles (because of their insistent four-four beat), the quartet experimented with washboard and banjo sounds, played in various cellar clubs in Liverpool, and went on tour with a Larry Parnes pop show.

Later in 1959 the Beatles took a tramp steamer to Hamburg, Germany, where they played in the Kaiser Keller and in a strip joint known as the Indra Club on the Reeperbahn—the city's nightlife section. For a time they constituted a quintet, having been joined by Stuart Sutcliffe, a bass guitarist. (Sutcliffe later died of a brain ailment.) In Hamburg, where they performed for as much as seven hours at a stretch, the Beatles acquired their technique for easy clowning and ad-libbing, and they worked themselves up to individual salaries of about \$45 a week. Returning to Liverpool after having attained some popularity in Hamburg, they were booked for several months in the Cavern, a cellar club near the Mersey River.

In October 1961 Brian Epstein, who ran the radio and record department of his family's furniture business, not far from the Cavern, received a request for the record "My Bonnie," made by the Beatles as accompaniment for Tony Sheridan, a popular singer. Epstein ordered 200 copies of the

record, and these were soon sold out. His curiosity aroused, he descended into the Cavern for his first encounter with the Beatles. "They were dead scruffy and untidy in those days . . . but I liked them enormously," Epstein has recalled, as quoted by Paul Sann in the *New York Post* (September 15, 1964). "I sensed that something was happening, something terribly exciting. . . . There was this amazing communication with the audience and this absolutely marvelous humor. . . . I knew they could be one of the biggest theater attractions in the world."

The first thing Epstein did after becoming manager of the Beatles in January 1962 was to get them to shed their leather "Teddy Boy" gear and to dress them in neat, Edwardian style collarless suits patterned on a design by Pierre Cardin. He had their already long, shaggy hair immaculately trimmed into what has been variously described as an Ancient British, medieval, or "dishmop" style. He teamed them with such name singers as Cliff Richards and obtained bookings for them in nightclubs, cabarets, church halls, youth centers, ballrooms, theaters, and concert halls. On October 17, 1962 the Beatles made their debut on British television over the Granada network. After Decca Records turned the Beatles down, Epstein obtained a contract for them with Electrical and Musical Industries Ltd. (EMI). Their first recorded hit, "Love Me, Do," written by Lennon and McCartney during an idle hour, was issued by EMI's Parlophone label in October 1962 and sold 100,000 copies. It was followed in the spring of 1963 by "She Loves You (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah)," which sold more than 1,000,000 copies, and by the LP albums *Please, Please Me* and *With the Beatles*, each of which sold over 300,000 copies. Meanwhile, in August 1962, Pete Best was replaced as the Beatles' drummer by Ringo Starr.

With their appearance in London's Palladium on October 13, 1963 the Beatles' status as an institution on the British scene was well established, and—as indicated by the thousands of teen-age fans who mobbed them—Beatlemania was well under way. "There were no assassinations that day," Brian Somerville, the Beatles' press agent, has recalled, as quoted in the *Saturday Evening Post* (March 21, 1964). "There were no wars, no invasions, no great crises of state, and the Beatles were the only good story the London dailies had." In the following month the Beatles appeared in a royal command variety performance at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, attended by Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother, who visited them backstage after the show.

In late 1963 Brian Epstein took a trip to the United States to prepare for the Beatles' forthcoming visit. He arranged bookings for appearances on the *Ed Sullivan Show* over CBS-TV and two Carnegie Hall concerts, and for visits to Washington, D.C. and Miami. He persuaded Capitol Records, EMI's American subsidiary, to conduct a \$50,000 publicity campaign to make the Beatles a household word in the United States. Their Capitol recording "I Want to Hold Your Hand," another Lennon-McCartney composition, became America's number one hit before their arrival in the United States and eventually sold more than 4,000,000 copies.

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... New York had reached epidemic proportions in the United States. They were met at Kennedy Airport by thousands of screaming teen-agers, 200 newspapermen, and more than 100 policemen. Their Carnegie Hall concerts were sold out a few hours after tickets went on sale. Their first appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show brought that program a rating of 72.7 percent—the highest ever reported by the Nielsen survey for a one-network program. A special organization, Seltaeb, Inc. (Beatles, spelled backwards), was set up to license American manufacturers to turn out Beatle wigs, dolls, sweat-shirts, buttons, jewelry, wallpaper, and Beatlenut ice cream. Following visits to Asia, Australia, and the Pacific in the summer of 1964 the Beatles embarked on a second, more extensive tour of the Western Hemisphere, visiting twenty-four cities in the United States and Canada and taking in gross receipts of more than \$2,000,000. On their third United States tour, in August 1965, their fans filled New York City's 55,000-seat Shea Stadium, and their presence touched off a near riot at San Francisco's Cow Palace.

Unlike the songs of some American rock 'n' roll singers, the Beatles' lyrics, written mainly by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, with occasional contributions by George Harrison, generally adopt a lighthearted attitude toward love and dispense with such destructive emotions as jealousy. Their most popular songs include "All My Loving," "Twist and Shout," "I Saw Her Standing There," "And I Love Her," and "Love Me, Do." Their LP albums for Capitol include *Meet the Beatles*, *The Beatles' Second Album*, *Something New*, *The Beatles Story*, *Beatles '65*, *The Early Beatles*, *Beatles VI*, and *Help!* The Beatles' compositions have been interpreted by such vocalists as Peggy Lee, Ella Fitzgerald, Keely Smith, and Leslie Uggams and by the orchestras of Harry James, Count Basie, and Woody Herman. For their best-selling recordings the Beatles have won a number of Gold Record awards. The British Song Writers Guild presented them with its 1964 award for outstanding services to music. In April 1965 the Beatles received a Grammy award from the National Academy of Recording Artists in the United States for the best performance by a vocal group.

With their film debut in *A Hard Day's Night* (United Artists, 1964) the Beatles came into their own as comedians. Critics were virtually unanimous in praising this offbeat comedy, which in exaggerated form depicted a day in the lives of the Beatles and featured such scenes as John Lennon sitting in a bubble bath, playing with a toy submarine. Bosley Crowther, in a review in the *New York Times* (August 12, 1964), called it "a whale of a comedy," and a critic for the *London Daily Express* noted: "There hasn't been anything like it since the Marx Brothers in the '30's." The *Independent Film Journal's* annual poll of movie theater owners in the United States named the Beatles as the top new personalities of 1964. The second film of the Beatles, *Help!* (United Artists, 1965), shot in Eastmancolor on location in London, the Austrian Alps, and the Bahamas, reminded reviewers even more of the old Marx Brothers comedies of the 1930's. Leonard Harris noted in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*

(August 24, 1965): "John Lennon, George Harrison, James Joyce, is clearly the Groucho—the mental comic—of the lot."

In England the Beatles have been identified with such other cultural representatives of the North of England as the actor Albert Finney and the novelist Alan Sillitoe as part of a working-class, anti-Establishment movement aimed against the middle-class domination of popular culture from London. Some listeners have heard in the Beatles' music a unique type of "T. S. Eliot sound" or "Mersey beat," combining Negro rhythm and blues with rock 'n' roll. John Lennon denies such sophistication on the part of the Beatles and has said that they drew their inspiration primarily from such American rock 'n' roll singers as Elvis Presley, Bill Haley, Little Richard, and Carl Perkins. Although Brian Epstein has insisted that the Beatles' success stems from their musicianship, a number of critics, especially in the United States, have attributed their popularity to a combination of public relations and outward appearance.

Regardless of the pros and cons of their musical merits, Beatlemania has become an established fact. "They express us. . . . They feel the world and everything about them. They feel life," one fifteen-year old girl has said about the Beatles. Although an overwhelming number of Beatle fans are teen-age or sub-teen-age girls, the Beatles have found some imitators among adolescent boys. Their more mature admirers include Marlene Dietrich, Lauren Bacall, and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller. Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, has said: "It seems to me these blokes are helping people to enjoy themselves."

Many sociological and psychological studies have tried to explain Beatlemania. The Liverpool sociologist John Barron Mays has attributed it to the Beatles' sound, which he calls "elemental, fresh . . . fluid and tribalistic." Another authority, quoted in *Newsweek* (February 24, 1964), noted that the Beatles represent "a peculiar sort of sexless appeal: cute and safe." Dr. John J. Sullivan of New York University concluded in a study in the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* (August 29, 1964): "The charm of the Beatles is that in attacking tradition and social authority, they have done it good-naturedly and with a style of their own."

Beatlemania also has its economic implications. In February 1964 Barclay's Bank rated the Beatles as a national asset, noting that through the export of their records they had made a major contribution to Britain's balance of payments. Recognizing the economic benefits they brought to the nation, Queen Elizabeth included them on her birthday honors list on June 11, 1965 and named them members of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire (M.B.E.). The conferment of the M.B.E. on the Beatles caused a mild uproar and prompted several Englishmen to send back their royal awards in protest, and some teen-aged Beatle fans were dismayed that their heroes had now become respectable. In the United States the A. N. Marquis Company announced that the Beatles would be listed in the 1966-67 edition of *Who's Who in America*.

Described by Tom Wolfe in the *New York Herald Tribune* (May 3, 1964) as "one of the few Englishmen whom English literati have hailed as

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LENNON, JOHN—*Continued*

a genius of the lower crust," John Lennon, who has been writing, mainly for the delectation of himself and friends, ever since he was fourteen, published a volume of nonsense verse and prose, illustrated with his own sketches, called *In His Own Write* (Simon & Schuster, 1964). A critic for the *London Times Literary Supplement* found the book "worth the attention of anyone who fears the impoverishment of the English language and the English imagination." Referring to critics who have noted influences of James Joyce, James Thurber, and Lewis Carroll in his writings, Lennon has said: "I love the hellish compliments I get from these intellectuals but I'd keep writing whether I got them or not." His second book, *A Spaniard in the Works* (Simon & Schuster, 1965), showed "a distinct advance" over his earlier work, according to a reviewer for the *New York Post* (July 11, 1965), who noted his "naked pessimism." Both books have become best sellers.

John Lennon is married to the former Cynthia Powell, whom he met "over a pot of paint" while both were attending the Liverpool College of Art. They have a son, John Julian, born in 1963. Mrs. Lennon has accompanied the Beatles on tours but has generally remained in the background. Described as the "most normal looking" of the Beatles, Lennon is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 159 pounds, and has brown eyes and brown hair. He has a sensitive face, an authoritative voice, a sharp, deadpan wit, and a tendency toward moodiness and abruptness. Offstage he usually wears dark glasses. For recreation, Lennon has been taking skiing lessons in Switzerland. He and Paul McCartney each own 15 percent of the stock in Northern Songs, Ltd., which has the copyrights on some seventy songs they have written. He frankly admits his fondness for the wealth and fame that have come to him in recent years. Asked about his political views, he has said: "I haven't got much time for politicians. I've never bothered to vote." He is little concerned with the prospect of nuclear destruction. "Well, like everyone else I don't want to end up a festering heap, but I don't stay up nights worrying," he says. "I'm preoccupied with life, not death."

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Epstein, Brian. *A Cellarful of Noise* (1964)

MAAZEL, LORIN (mä-zäl') Mar. 5, 1930- Conductor; violinist

Address: b. c/o London Records, Inc., 539 W.
25th St., New York 10001

Perhaps the leading conductor of his generation, Lorin Maazel is the first American con-

Lennon, John Winston, musician, born 1940... Lennon, John Winston, musician, born 1940... Lennon, John Winston, musician, born 1940...

Lennon, Joseph Luke, born 1907... Lennon, Joseph Luke, born 1907... Lennon, Joseph Luke, born 1907...

Lennon, William Parker, born 1907... Lennon, William Parker, born 1907... Lennon, William Parker, born 1907...

Lennon, Robert, born 1907... Lennon, Robert, born 1907... Lennon, Robert, born 1907...

Lennon, John Winston, musician, born 1940... Lennon, John Winston, musician, born 1940... Lennon, John Winston, musician, born 1940...

Lennon, Joseph Luke, born 1907... Lennon, Joseph Luke, born 1907... Lennon, Joseph Luke, born 1907...

Lennon, William Parker, born 1907... Lennon, William Parker, born 1907... Lennon, William Parker, born 1907...

Lennon, Robert, born 1907... Lennon, Robert, born 1907... Lennon, Robert, born 1907...

Lenny, Lotie (Kagellie Blumauer), singer; b. Vienna, Austria, 1885... Lenny, Lotie (Kagellie Blumauer), singer; b. Vienna, Austria, 1885...

Lenny, Anso Thomas, engineer; educator; b. Pond... Lenny, Anso Thomas, engineer; educator; b. Pond... Lenny, Anso Thomas, engineer; educator; b. Pond...

Lenny, Elmer W., mfg. ex. chairman of Al... Lenny, Elmer W., mfg. ex. chairman of Al... Lenny, Elmer W., mfg. ex. chairman of Al...

Lenny, Victor F., prof. physics; b. San Jose, Calif., 1890... Lenny, Victor F., prof. physics; b. San Jose, Calif., 1890...

Leon, Harry Joshua, architect; b. Worcester, Mass., 1890... Leon, Harry Joshua, architect; b. Worcester, Mass., 1890...

Leonard, Arthur Thomas, b. 1891... Leonard, Arthur Thomas, b. 1891... Leonard, Arthur Thomas, b. 1891...

Leonard, Charles Frederick, Jr., b. 1913... Leonard, Charles Frederick, Jr., b. 1913... Leonard, Charles Frederick, Jr., b. 1913...

Leonard, Edward John, b. 1901... Leonard, Edward John, b. 1901... Leonard, Edward John, b. 1901...

March 21, 1966



Lennon (left) and McCartney: 'You name it and it's possible we could do it'

Bards of Pop

How long can Animals, Beatles, Stones, Spoonfuls or Supremes survive in the musical jungle? The cruel laws of pop say they will die commercially before they are 30. But Beatles Paul McCartney, 23, and John Lennon, 25, need not fear advancing middle age. In the last three years, the Beatle bards have written 88 songs that have been recorded in 2,921 versions and have sold close to 200 million copies. Their total sales are pushing half a billion dollars. The songs sell because they carry the Beatles' golden name. They also sell because they are as brilliantly original as any written today, respected and recorded by discriminating jazz groups like the Ramsey Lewis Trio and peerless vocalists like Ella Fitzgerald.

"We've barely started," says the pucky McCartney. "We think in terms of 40 more years of writing." Their latest album of originals, "Rubber Soul," now fourth on U.S. charts, marks a turning away from the percussive electric backgrounds of rhythm and blues to more intimate settings and subtler forms. Still simple and direct, their lyrics are no longer concerned with handholding, but with desertion, seduction and satire. "You can't be singing 15-year-old songs at 20 because you don't think 15-year-old thoughts at 20," explains McCartney, who, like Lennon, is both composer and lyricist.

Escape: McCartney and Lennon met as schoolboys in Liverpool in the mid-1950s when Lennon was setting his verse to the one chord he had mastered on the guitar. Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Elvis Presley and country music as well as traditional English music-hall ballads were their schooling. "We used to play triant and go to his house or mine and mess about all afternoon," says McCartney. "It was a great feeling of escape." "We were the only group then writing songs," recalls Lennon, "so we used to say we had written a hundred even though it was really only thirty."

"Love Me Do" became the first Lennon-McCartney hit in 1962, lifting the

Beatles above the struggle for survival. Soon McCartney and Lennon were no longer gifted amateurs who could wait for the muse, but million-dollar professionals producing on demand. "We needed a title song for 'Hard Day's Night,'" the film's producer, Walter Shenson, recalls. "The boys got to work and wrote, arranged, rehearsed and recorded the song in just over 24 hours." Says Lennon: "When we have an LP to do, we know we have to write twelve songs. I've never liked going to an office just to write, but we might have to do this soon. Otherwise a lot of ideas, good ones, get lost."

Sharper Edge: Author of two successful volumes of satiric, punning verse, Lennon finds lyrics everywhere. His songs wield a sharper edge than McCartney's, which strive more often for sweet simplicity. The two often write separately, but still influence each other heavily. "A perfect example of how we work is 'Drive My Car,'" said McCartney. "I wrote it with the key line 'You can give me golden rings.' When I played it to John at the recording session, he said 'Crap! That's too soft.' He was right, so we finally ended up with 'You can drive my car.' The idea of the girl being a bitch was the same but it made the key line better."

How McCartney and Lennon will fare as songwriters when they no longer perform their own works is open to question. "Whenever anyone else arranges them," observes music critic Edward Tatnall Canby, one of the Beatles' many classical converts, "they try to push the music into more conventional modes. The music comes out sounding uncomfortable. But there is no reason why they shouldn't survive as long as they keep searching for new forms. They take what they find in front of them and turn it into music. They never say 'how are we going to make this pay?' And the wonderful thing is, it does pay, anyway."

In "Rubber Soul," the Beatles blend gospel, country music, baroque counterpoint and even French popular ballads into a style that is wholly their own. Says McCartney: "Our best influences now

are ourselves. We are so well established that we can bring fans along with us and stretch the limits of pop."

And their own limits, too. "We might write longer pieces," says McCartney. "We want to write the whole score to our next film. We might write specifically for other people or for different instruments. You name it and it's possible we could do it." "I wouldn't mind being a white-haired old man writing songs," adds McCartney, "but I'd hate to be a white-haired Beatle playing at Empress Stadium."

THE SCENE WITH THE BEATLES

Paul, George and Ringo on the set in Rome. In background, McCartney is seen

...explains the scene. "The scene is set on a beach in the Bahamas, watching a sunset as a double crew of plane-entertainers and positions. Just as the sun is about to set, the boys wait for the proper moment to appear as filming can resume. Paul, George and Ringo are the only ones known as 'The Beatles' tourists."

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red lump of plastic about an inch in diameter set in a yellow metal ring on his right hand. "I get the ring on, but I can't get it off until the movie's end, when they get it back. Otherwise, they'd have to kill me to get it and the movie people say that would disturb our fans too much. There's a high priestess of the cult," he adds, "but there's no love interest in the picture."

"This picture is harder than the last one," Ringo remarks diffidently. "Now we're trying to act! I don't have any confidence in myself as an actor at all. I don't know if I ever will. I guess it's good in a way since if you get to feeling cocky, it would show."

"The movie starts with long shots in which you can see all of us; then the cameras come in closer and closer so you can't see what we're doing. Finally you can only see our eyes or an eyebrow or something, like that. There's one shot they took looking up at my face through the spokes of a bicycle wheel. We don't know what's going on in the story ourselves yet. The script's over-written, but that's so they can cut out a lot after they get it all made."

Interviewers file by, thrusting microphones at his face. "Do you think your fans were upset by your marriage, Ringo?" "Do you have a statement that will be immortalized on tape concerning Maureen Cox?" He replies, "I love her very much, but it's not Maureen Cox. It's Maureen Starkey. [Ed. note: Ringo's professional name is Starr but his real name is Richard Starkey.] Maureen and I went out for a long while but I dated other girls and we never thought about marrying till three weeks before it happened. By then I wasn't dating anyone else anymore, and I asked her to marry me, and then we made plans for a couple of weeks and that did it. While I'm here making the picture, she's been at home going around being congratulated by all her aunts and uncles. I'm doing my job and she's doing hers," he says with a fleeting smile.

Paul, nearby, remarks, "I've never been against marriage; that's not why I'm not married. It's simply that I've never wanted to get married. When I'm ready, I'll do it."

"I believe in marriage, I guess," Ringo says, looking at the broad gold wedding band on his left hand as well as the customary rings on his pinkies, "but not much else. The Establishment, and all that—they're still putting out the Fire of London in England. I think we're all in a rut believing stuff we've been told to believe all our lives. I don't go much for religion. I'm an agnostic. I don't know if there is anything up there or down below, and it's a kind of hard thing to prove, so I don't know if anything is going to change my mind. I don't believe in fighting with people or arguing—it's just one person trying to shout the other one down."

A new interviewer breaks in. "It's thirteen degrees above zero in Canada and it's seventy-eight here. What have you got to say about that, Ringo?" The questioner plunges on without waiting for a reply. "I want you to meet my wife.

true." John remarks, "People who come to our press conferences can't quite believe we're human. That's mostly why they come to see us. People expect us to be funny; we're not really. Of course we say funny things once in a while. Everyone does. But we don't go around just saying funny things like comedians."

George agrees. "We're not as funny as we've got the reputation for being," he says. "It's just that at press conferences, there are four of us, and one may say something and then another joins in and one of us sparks the others and we all put four remarks together. It's four of us sound witty? But it's not as if one of us was making all the cracks. We only got the reputation for being humorous when we met the American press and they asked us all those silly questions like how often do you comb your hair. What can you do with that sort of thing?"

Ringo says, "We had so many silly questions from reporters and photographers that we finally worked out a series of numbers. If someone wanted one kind of pose, we'd call 'Number nine' and jump into it. People ask you dumb questions like 'Where did you come from?' or 'What instrument do you play?' That puts you off."

Producer Walter Shenson explains that he didn't want Beatles movie number two to be like Beatles number one. "What we are trying to do is give it all the effect of a comic strip. The picture is completely wild, mad, way, way out. The other picture did well. We'll gross up to ten million dollars on an investment of five hundred thousand. This one is costing two million."

Richard Lester, who also directed *A Hard Day's Night*, declares, "We're trying to make this movie surrealistic, with sudden cuts, unexplained happenings. Ringo may be fighting with a tiger in one scene, doing something completely different in the next. We want to keep the audience off balance, in a state where they cannot anticipate what will be seen next. The costumes are as extravagant as they would be in a comic strip. We're curious to see whether there isn't a correlation between pop music, pop art and a pop movie. The boys are still playing themselves. It's a transitional picture. By the next they can go on and develop individual characters, like W. C. Fields."

George becomes animated, talking about the movie. "I get such a wonderful feeling of satisfaction from making a film," he says. "When you're through with all the time spent and the standing around and everything, you've got something. I want to get a 16mm print of my first picture, and of this one, and any others we make; then when I'm about ninety, I can pull them out and show them."

"I enjoy making people laugh. If they can laugh at us in the movies, that's wonderful. Even if they laugh at our music, well, we've made somebody happy and I'm glad that. Most of our fans range from thirteen to seventeen, and it's just to be interesting to see what happens as they grow older."

they may not like our music so much. About six months ago, some of the really 'in' teen-agers in England switched from us to the Rolling Stones because they felt we were getting to be accepted by the older people, the 'Establishment.'

"I don't think young people are any different now from what they ever were. I don't mean juvenile delinquents—that's something else—but regular young people in the United States, or anywhere, I think they're the same. But the fans can get rough sometimes. It makes me nervous when they get on the roof of our car."

Paul McCartney has a touch of mischief in his smile. "A lot of the things that happened to us happened by accident," he observes. "That's the way our haircuts started. We were trying to copy someone else's haircut and we couldn't work it out, so we found ourselves with these."

"Maybe it's time for a change in men's hair styles in America," John breaks in. "You know everybody wore their hair long for thousands of years until not so long ago. People had their hair cut short during the first World War. Soldiers with long hair had trouble in the trenches with lice and fleas, they couldn't keep it clean. There's no need to have fleas these days. No reason why it shouldn't be time for a change in the United States. I don't see why kids shouldn't be able to wear long hair in school if they want to. It doesn't hurt anybody."

Paul continues, "None of us are really good musicians. We don't know how to read or write music, we're natural musicians. We're really not qualified to call something good or bad; we just know what we like. If we write something and we like it, that's the main thing."

"I don't believe in criticism," he adds. "You never really want to hear somebody say something you've done is no good. Even criticism that tries to be constructive doesn't work out. It's discouraging, it puts you down instead of encouraging you to go on."

"John and I both sign all the songs, but sometimes I compose one and John composes another. Once I wrote a line, 'Well, she was just seventeen. She had never been a beauty queen.' I thought it worked until John straightened me out," he says with a tone of mild but undisguised disgust, "and changed the second line to 'You know what I mean.' Doesn't mean anything actually, but it sounds deep."

John says, "My new book is called *A Spaniard in the Works*. It comes from spanner, that's a wrench in England—like throwing a monkey wrench in the works. I don't think the characters are quite as grotesque as they were in the other book, or maybe it's more subtle. I don't know; I never intended the other book to be a book—they were just pieces I worked on for my own amusement."

"When I was a kid I lived with an aunt who took in student boarders. That's when I first began to read a lot, seeing all those books around. I read like mad, all the children's classics, Robinson Cru-

ewis Carroll. I'd read Carroll before, didn't care much for Lear, but Joyce is marvelous. I'm going through *Finnegans Wake*. It's a long haul, but I can follow what he does with the words, how he manipulates them!"

George remarks, "As success comes, life gets easier in a way, but the pressure gets worse—the pressure to make each record, each movie better than the one before. You've got to top yourself. Every one is sitting around waiting to see if you can do it."

"One thing we're all afraid of, I suppose, is that we all like money. I've never heard of anyone who didn't, actually. But people in the United States all think we're from the alums or something. We're not. Our families have always worked. There's always been steady pay coming in. Before you had a lot of money, you say, I'd buy this and I'd buy that, but when you get you're not in such a rush to buy anything. You ask yourself if you really want it first."

Paul adds, "I like money for the things you can get with it. But just the idea that I've got money, I like that too. You hear people say money can't buy you health or can't buy you happiness but everybody knows that—it goes without saying. When we were just beginning to be successful, we were in a panic for fear that it would all go before we had a chance to make enough to keep us later on. Now we have and we like it fine."

John adds, "I could even retire now; I've got enough money. Do you retire? What would I do? Nothing."

George reflects, "We've known each other for such a long time. We spend most of our time with each other even when we're not working. If a couple of us go out separately, we'll probably find that we've ended up in the same place before the night's over. I went to school with Paul. I've known him for about nine years now, and I've known John for seven. I've known Ringo four years."

Ringo says, "When I'm alone I look around and I feel as if something's missing without the other three."

George goes on, "I live in a house about twenty-eight miles from London. It's lovely to have a garden to sit in, in the summertime or whenever you feel like it."

"I've moved out to a house outside of London too," John says. "It's a lot easier for my wife and my little boy Julian. He's two and he changes a lot while I'm away, but that's only natural. New words mostly. I don't take him with me on locations like these; he's too young. As my son he'll have enough trouble growing up later on."

"We don't really have the trouble with the public that the newspapers make people think we have. If I go shopping or to a club or restaurant, the people around the place know I'm there, but it's a mob like you read about. We don't go to the Ad Lib club in London even some of the press goes there but it's neutral ground. No cameras. Eighty percent of what's said about us is made up, particularly the things that are said in the newspapers."

and print it. They can't do that in England."

John reflects, "I like making movies. I'd make as many movies as they wanted me to. I like to see the rushes so I can tell what or what not to do. When I first saw scenes from *A Hard Day's Night*, I could see how nervous I looked. Something in my face was twitching. Later on, although I still felt nervous, I was able to keep from doing that. Most of all, though, I enjoy making records. It's something you can follow right through, from writing the song to the recording session. It gives you a complete feeling."

Paul says, "I enjoy performing on the stage the most."

John adds, "I don't know if our music is becoming more complex. I hope it is. You should keep on growing."

"Since our last movie," Ringo says, "we find old people are worse than the teen-agers. They wave pieces of paper in front of you and say, 'Sign this!' and don't have any consideration for you at all. People frequently aren't very nice. When you autograph something, often someone will say, 'We can sell this.' Let them sell it if they want to, but it's not very nice to tell you that to your face."

Paul observes, "We were just a joke before *A Hard Day's Night*. People didn't take us seriously, we were just something their kids wanted to listen to. Then when the kids dragged them to the movie, they saw for themselves and seemed to like us. The thing that bothers me is our image—the image the public has of us. When it's

reported that we drink or smoke, they're upset. We're the same as everybody else. In the age range from twenty-one to twenty-four, most young people drink and smoke. I think they're beginning to accept us now, though. It's changing a bit."

John says, "We don't sit around thinking about our public image or anything. We're just ourselves, that's all."

Producer Walter Shenson comes over to the Beatles. "Word has just come in from New York," he announces dramatically. "You're number one on all the charts. Everywhere!" Paul looks at him and says, "It's just like a Hollywood movie." He goes on, "He sticks his lips into a gangster cupid's boys, you're number one on all the charts. That's the stuff!"

George breaks in, "We've got three pictures to do for United Artists; we'll start the third in October. We had this idea of doing a cowboy picture—I'd love to see us as cowboys in a western, dressed up in jeans with all that gear, the guns and everything. I just love to see 'The Beatles' in the movies, up there on the screen. Us! It's marvelous!"

John looks out to sea at the bizarre statue rising from the waves, a thirty-five foot high cross-legged fiber-glass idol with eight arms, wearing a headband and loincloth, representing the dread figure of "Kailu," a drinker of blood and object of ritual sacrifice. "They've promised me that statue if I want it," he says thoughtfully. "I'll put it in my garden."

THE END

May 1, 1965

of *Moby-Dick* was hardly the chief cause—the book itself is a darkening and a turning inward—but the book's lack of success cut at his spirits. It was in this hardly lyrical mood that he began to write poetry.

Melville could not get a publisher for his first heap of poems, but in 1866 *Harper's* published a collection called *Battle Pieces*. It was a distinctly civilian poetizing of the Civil War, notable for the rhyming of "Shiloh" with "lie low," and such sentiments as:

*But the field-mouse small and busy
ant
Heap their hillocks, to hide if they
may the woe:
By the bubbling spring lies the rusted
canteen,
And the drum which the drummer-
boy dying let go.*

Embarrassed Presence. In Melville's defense, the lines are not all that bad (although some are worse). The average gets better—the book is arranged more or less chronologically—until occasionally whole poems are free of howlers. Still the reader finds Melville awkward and even embarrassed in the presence of poetry, as if poetry were attended by a duenna and not a muse. His enormously long philosophical poem *Clarel*, which is excerpted here, is a sober, joily affair in which pilgrims clatter painfully about the Holy Land thirsting after truth amid the waterless cantos.

At least once, however, the duenna grew forgetful, and Melville briefly became a poet, *Billy in the Darbies* (manacles) could stand in almost any company. In fact, it stands with the best; it is the conclusion of *Billy Budd*. In its last lines Billy muses about death:

*But me they'll lash in hammock,
drop me deep.
Fathoms down, fathoms down, how
I'll dream fast asleep.
I feel it stealing now. Sentry, are you
there?
Just ease these darbies at the wrist,
and roll me over fair,
I am sleepy, and the oozy weeds
about me twist.*

All My Own Work

IN HIS OWN WRITE by John Lennon. 70 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$2.50.

Fuffing and globbering they drugged themselves rampling or dancing with wild abdomen, stubbing in wild postures amongst themselves. It was not the Jumbies setting to sea in a sieve, nor was it the mimsy borogoves. John Lennon, the writing Beatle ("He's the arty one"), is—in his own way—describing the members of the Neville Club as they sit in hubbered lumps smoking *Hernia* and taking *Odeon*. In this startling collection of verse and prosery, Lennon has rolled Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll and James Thurber into one great post-

Joycean spitball. All those jellybean-lobbering, caterwauling Beatle fans are not going to understand it at all.

Well, not at first. The danger is that Lennon's unorthodox orthography may set off a whole new adolescent epidemic of something far more virulent than Beatlemania. The day could come when fans will talk like this, from beneath their beehive hairdos:

Madam: I have a hallowed tooth that suffer me grately.

Sir: Sly down in that legchair, Madam and open your gorbles wider, your mouse is all but toothless.

Madam: Alad! I have but eight teeth remaining.

The passage is from a playlet called *At the Denis*. It indicates, however, that Lennon may be capable of putting some sense into the gorbles of his readers; certainly it is logical to assume that if



BEATLES' JOHN LENNON
A stomache for writing syble.

a Sir says "alas," a Madam might say "alad."

Besides playlets, Lennon provides teasingly evocative dramatic fragments. Sample: "Roger could visualise Anne in her flowing weddy drag, being wheeled up the aisle, smiling a blessing. He had butterfield in his stomache as he fastened his bough tie and brushed his hairs. 'I hope I'm doing the right thing,' he thought looking in the mirror. 'Am I good enough for her?' Roger need not have worried because he was. 'Should I have flowers all round the spokes?' said Anne polishing her foot rest. 'Or should I keep it syble?' she continued looking down on her grain haired Mother. 'Does it really matter?' repaid her Mother wearily wiping her sign. 'He won't be looking at your spokes anyway.' Anne smiled the smile of someone who's seen a few laughs."

Much of the book's charm is typographical, as if the pages had been set by a drunken Linotypist, and often defies being read aloud. *In His Own Write* is a hit in England, where it is quoted at tea tables and praised in the *Times Literary Supplement* ("worth the attention of anyone who fears for the im-

poverishment of the English language. Lennon simply says that he enjoys writing and admits only to a small debt. Lewis Carroll: "It just comes out. I down and write and this is what pens." The T.L.S. glurbles: "He write a great deal more." If Lennon does have the stomache for more writing, perhaps he will return to the stimulating histamine of Roger and Anne those spoke-crossed lovers, and if they got that way. They should be for a whole book if he keeps syble.

Jan. 15, 1967

Beatle on the Battlefield

JEAN ANTEL

ALMERIA, Spain. THE desert sun beat down, the clouds came on, but the Beatle kept going around and round. Up a hill through a gully, over a ridge. It was John Lennon, playing Batman Gripweed of His Majesty's Musketeers in "How I Won the War," the first movie he has made apart from his fellow Beatles since that team burst upon the snook-up world. In it, he will not sing at all; he is giving his all to acting, even though the acting at this moment seemed mostly physical—and quite exhausting. Even his knee-jolting stumbles were masterpieces in the art of sliding and making a split-second recovery.

"Sticks to it, the lad."
"Rather good sense of timing, I should think."

Isolated, laconic remarks from a hardened crew.

It was a far cry from Liverpool. An even farther cry from London, spindling forth a hundred million Beatle platitudes. But John Lennon, his hair and his steel-rimmed glasses caked with sand, stopped running. At a clear "Cut!" rang out.

Director Richard Lester, who guided the Beatles through "A Hard Day's Night" and "Help!" called for a break. It was the fourth week on the Almeria location of "How I Won the War," succinctly described by Lester as a "stylized comedy about a British Infantry platoon in the Second World War," but tagged by one crew member as "a war picture to end all wars."

Not so, said a leading member of the cast. "We don't really know what it's about at all. Just these idiot bits and parts each one has. But only Dick Lester sees how they add up. We won't really know ourselves till we see it on the screen."

At the cry of "Cut!" Lennon settled cross-legged on the sand. It was an off-beat role and an off-beat role but the young performer was candidly at ease in both. "I wouldn't have missed it for

the world," he said. "It's been a marvelous experience. I've really begun to relax here. For the first time—in such a very long time. It's good to have this feeling of not being, well, what it comes down to at times, just a monkey on display."

"I didn't know what filmmaking was all about, really. This has given me the chance to see it from the inside. In the Beatle films we were just—I don't know—they were wrong somehow. We were just playing our old parts. You know." He recited the litany. "Cynical John, Cosy Ringo, Wide-eyed Paul, Skeleton George." Besides, I'm not really all that cynical," he added in an undertone. "But there we were: one person, or four sides of one person's character—and pour in the porridge."

Like Being Stripped

On the question of future acting careers for the Beatles, he was equally candid. "Well, we can't make any more Beatle films. That's certain. And we don't really want to become film actors. I suppose we don't know what we want to do. Individually, I mean. Or apart from what we do

as Beatles. Oh yes," he said with conviction, "we'll go on with that. Of course, any one of us might take on some acting role in the future. It all depends on the role. But being in a movie can be very embarrassing. It's like being stripped."

In his baggy, outland pants and boots of almost monstrous dimension, Lennon had a distinctly Chaplinesque air. Now he turned from Beatle talk to his current role. "I don't think I've especially prepared for it in any way. Dick Lester is very helpful and he knows, of course, just what he wants from you but he lets you sort of work it out for yourself. And yet, at the same time, I don't think it's a very deep characterization. After all, it's not like having to live with tramps in order to play the part."

Director Lester has been questioned repeatedly on why he chose John for the part of Gripweed and has answered, "I have a very high regard for the Beatles. It just happens that we thought this part was something that John would enjoy doing, and that he could do well." The energetic young director, who

looks very much like an Amish elder from his native Pennsylvania, with his long hair spilling the sides of his bald pate, zipped up his black windbreaker and elaborated. "I consider Lennon an extraordinarily intelligent man. I don't mean that lightly. I've known perhaps two or three people in a lifetime who could compare with him in intelligence. Furthermore, he's a born entertainer. All this highly qualifies him as an actor. And if he wishes to act, of course, he's bound to get better. He could be a very fine actor if he's willing to go ahead. It's a question of practice and willingness."

Cheated Spectator

Lester is not so willing, however, to discuss his own distinctive touch as applied to his work-in-progress. "The audience should be able to see the final result without being cued in ahead of time." Otherwise, he says, the spectators know the "how" before it happens. Freshness is lost. The spectator, he claims, feels cheated. "And he's right. He might as well stay home. There's not much point in watching a surprise development that's already been sprung on him."

When one is trying to pinpoint the Lester process in creation, the deft, daft detail more often than not takes on a relevance. "All we have on our hand," says Lester, who has again teamed up with his "Knack" scriptwriter Charles Wood, "is a kind of poetic shorthand. Even the stage directions are written in free verse. What we work from is a rough idea of sounds and images. We take it from there."

Assistant director Jose Lopez Rodero makes another point. "I've never seen a director so sure of himself in every single sequence, even when he seems to be stretching the range of possibilities what so far-out that he's nearing the danger limit. But where his talents are most consistently in play is in the improvisation of the moment. It's then, when he's already moving within the general people



Beatle John Lennon, on his own
"Well, we can't make any more Beatle films"

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JOHN LENNON:

BEATLE ON HIS OWN

LEONARD GROSS
LOOK EUROPEAN EDITOR

WHOEVER WOULD HAVE dreamed that beneath that mop lurked a Renaissance man? Yet there, shorn, sits John Lennon, champion minstrel, literary Beatle, coarse truth-sayer, who turned Christendom on with one wildly misunderstood gibe at cant. Now, face white, tunic red, playing wounded in a field of weeds, this pop-rock Da Vinci is proposing to act for real. Relaxed to all appearances, he is all knots inside. ("I was just a bundle of nerves the first day. I couldn't hardly speak I was so nervous. My first speech was in a forest, on patrol. I was supposed to say, 'My heart's not in it any more'—and it wasn't. I went home and said to myself, 'Either you're not going to be like that, or you're going to give up.'")

As he casts his weak brown eyes at the camera, the entire movie company jockeys for a glimpse. ("I don't mind talking to the camera; it's people that throw me.") Sure enough, he blows his lines. He waggles his head in shame. "Sorry about that," he says. But under the low-key coaxing of Director Dick Lester, Beatle John becomes Private Gripweed, a complex British orderly, in an unorthodox new film, *How I Won the War*.

Lennon on his own: rich for life at 26, yet poor still in what men of all seasons crave—full knowledge of himself. Beatling by itself, he has found, is not enough. "I feel I want to be them all—painter, writer, actor, singer, player, musician. I want to try them all, and I'm lucky enough to be able to. I want to see which one turns me on. This is for me, this film, because—apart from wanting to do it because of what it stands for—I want to see what I'll be like when I've done it."

*Shabbied up, novice actor Lennon portrays
unfortunate British orderly. Looks as honest as*



Lennon's performance as an officer's sycophantic attendant enchants his actor mates. "It's not just John Lennon mucking about," says one. "He appreciates the characterization in an instinctive way. It's an acting performance, not just a gimmick—which I was fully prepared for it to be." Above, as Private Gripweed, Lennon executes the inexplicable.

two iconoclasts eager to shake up life

Success (*The Knack*; the Beatle films; *Forum*) won Dick Lester the right to experiment. You'll work at this film, as he mixes viewpoint, suspends time, space and logic in an effort to slip the restraints of dramatic involvement. Above all, Lester counts on surprise, blurs his intentions. His actors call it an anti-war film, but he demurs. "I promise you that no actor knows what's going on, even after reading the script."

Lennon for real: brutally truthful, but a gentle man

They stood silently in the deserted German square that Sunday morning, three young British actors costumed like the soldiers who had taken the town 22 years before. Then the one whose notorious locks had recently been chopped short observed, "I haven't seen so much fresh air together for about four years."

For John Lennon, the Beatles' leader, it had been one swift crazy ride to the top. But now, there were distortions, and he had recoiled. Grown-ups were twisting a Beatles' kids' song into an LSD trip; an ingenious lament that he and Beatle Paul McCartney had polished off one wild night was, current rumor had it, actually the synopsis of an opera so bitter it could not be sung. A passing remark about religious hypocrisy had made Lennon a devil—or a saint, depending on your tastes. Others might enjoy them, but to Lennon, who is nothing if not honest, the distortions had become a threat.

"I don't want people taking things from me that aren't really me. They make you something that they want to make you, that isn't really you. They come and talk and find answers, but they're their answers, not us. We're not Beatles to each other, you know. It's a joke to us. If we're going out the door of the hotel, we say, 'Right! Beatle John! Beatle George now! Come on, let's go!' We don't put on a false front or anything. But we just know that leaving the door, we turn into Beatles because everybody looking at us sees the Beatles. We're not the Beatles at all. We're just us.

"But we made it, and we asked for it to an extent, and that's how it's going to be. That's why George [Harrison] is in India [studying the *sitar*], and I'm here. Because we're a bit tired of going out the door, and the only way to soften the blow is just to spread out a bit."

In that kind of mood, a Dick Lester set was just the therapy for Lennon. Each man is the kind who makes the New Theologians jump. To them, the individual is more thrill than threat—a unique being who should be taken for what he is. Lester, who directed both Beatle films, gratefully recalls his first meeting with the group, when the movies were just an idea. "They allowed me to be what I damn well pleased. I didn't have to put on an act for them, and they didn't put one on for me."

Like Lennon, American Lester shies at social forces that distort or depersonalize life. A brilliant child, he entered school at three, suffered constant harassment from classmates three years older. He entered college at 15, quit a good television job at 22 to bum around Europe, playing guitar, before success could imprison him. He landed in England just as commercial television was getting under way; this time, the climate seemed agreeable, and from that point on, he zoomed. At 34, he is viewed in the business with a movie version of awe.

This is what a Lester set is like: Once more, they are in a deserted German square, now, with all the paraphernalia of moviemaking, with British "soldiers," Lennon among them, ready to comb the streets, with German "soldiers" lying in wait. "Quiet please!" an assistant shouts—just as a little boy walks into the scene. Apoplectic, the assistant rushes forward and shoves the child aside. Lester, whose normal weapon is humor, flushes. "Don't push!" he commands.

Once again, they are ready to shoot—and once again, the child intrudes. Now, the assistant stampedes the scared boy away. For 15 seconds, Lester eyes the man silently. Then, "Boo," he calls, and "Boo" the cast joins in.

Always, the individual. For Lester, a director

...no statement against violence by having
thousand "die" in, each death must matter
—and in his new work, each does. Such were the
ideas that captured Lennon, despite his doubts
about himself.

He did not doubt alone. *How I Won the War*
is staffed with seasoned British actors, all trained
in repertory, all well-known at home and all sus-
picious. But none is today.

Samples:

"We expected someone a bit kinky, bitchy, ar-
rogant. He's none of these things. He's completely
natural."

"You're not working with another actor,
you're working with an OBE [Order of the
British Empire], a multimillionaire—in sterling,
not dollars—whose every word will be reported in
the world press. The miracle is that he's so normal.
I could wrap him up dialectically in two minutes,
intellectually, in three. But he's got a certain in-
born, prenatal talent. I have my talent, which I
think is considerable, but it doesn't compare to
his in his field."

"I don't think he does anything with a con-
scious thought of trying to impress. He's remark-
ably free. He does not act the part."

"We talk about him all the time. All of us
feel the same thing. We find it difficult to be as
normal with him as he is with us."

Lennon's lack of pretense astonished the
actors. "He's someone who just tries anything,"
one of them marveled. "No stand-in, no special
treatment, no chair for him." During a break for
tea one raw morning, Lennon queued with the
rest. When his turn arrived, his heart's desire was
gone. "You don't have to be a star to get a cheese
sandwich," he mused. "You just have to be first."

They liked his humor too. That same morn-
continued

ing, a German mother pushed her three-year-old son to the Beatle, clutching an autograph book in her hand. "Sign it!" she demanded. Lennon did as bidden, telling the boy, "Yes, sir, you put us where we are today." On location in Spain one afternoon, the script required Lennon to drive a troop carrier along the beach. Accelerating too fast, he spun the wheels; the rear of the carrier sank. As his crestfallen director approached the cab, Lennon peered sheepishly over his glasses and gave him a limp salute.

Lennon is not on; he is simply original. "America used to be the big youth place in everybody's imagination," he observed recently to a journalist. "America had teen-agers and everywhere else just had people." He recognizes his own impact on the changes since then, but he refuses to concede that youth today is all that different—particularly youth in England.

The last generation might have been just like today's young adults, he maintains, had it not had to fight the war. "If they said, 'Fight the war now,' my age group would fight the war. Not that they'd want to. There might be a bit more trouble gettin' them in line—'cause I'd be up there shouting, 'Don't do it!'"

"It just so happens that some groups playing in England are making people talk about England, but nothing else is going on. Pop music gets through to all the people all over the world, that's the main thing. In that respect, youth might be together a bit. The Commie youth might be the same as us, and we all know that, basically, they probably are. This kind of music and all that scene is helping. But there's more talk about it than is actually happening. You know, swinging this, and that. Everybody can go around in England with long hair a bit, and boys can wear flowered trousers and flowered shirts and things like that. but there's still the same old nonsense going on. It's just that we're all dressed up a bit different.

"The class thing is just as snobby as it ever was. People like us can break through a little—but only a little. Once, we went into this restaurant and nearly got thrown out for looking like we looked until they saw who it was. 'What do you want? What do you want?' the headwaiter said. 'We've come to bloody eat, that's what we want,' we said. When the owner spotted us and said, 'Ah, a table.

...sir, over here ... It just took me back to when I was 19, and ... didn't get anywhere without being stared at or remarked about. It's only since I've been a Beatle that people have said, 'Oh, wonderful, come in, come in,' and I've forgotten a bit about what they're really thinking. They see the shining star, but when there's no glow about you, they only see the clothes and the haircut again.

"We weren't as open and as truthful when we didn't have the power to be. We had to take it easy. We had to shorten our hair to leave Liverpool and get jobs in London. We had to wear suits to get on TV. We had to compromise. We had to get hooked, as well, to get in and then sort of get a bit of power and say, 'This is what we're like.' We had to falsify a bit, even if we didn't realize it at the time."

No longer, as we know. If Lennon is compulsive about anything today, it's about truth as he sees it. But he protests when he's labeled a cynic.

"I'm not a cynic. They're getting my character out of some of the things I write or say. They can't do that. I hate tags. I'm slightly cynical, but I'm not a cynic. One can be wry one day and cynical the next and ironic the next. I'm a cynic about most things that are taken for granted. I'm cynical about society, politics, newspapers, government. But I'm not cynical about life, love, goodness, death. That's why I really don't want to be labeled a cynic."

It is in the context of the young man who recoils at distortion that his now-famous remark should be viewed. "I said it," he recalls. "I said we were more popular than Jesus, which is a fact." What he could not explain then was why.

He does not feel that one need accept the divinity of Jesus—he, personally, does not—in order to profit from his words. A frequent reader of ancient history as well as philosophy (his current list includes a book on Indian thought and Nikos Kazantzakis's *Report to Greco*), he contends that man has mishandled Christ's words through the centuries.

"I believe Jesus was right, Buddha was right, and all of those people like that are right. They're all saying the same thing—and I believe it. I believe what Jesus actually said—the basic things he laid down about love and goodness—and not what people say he said."

Christianity has suffered, he believes, not only because Christians have distorted Christ's words but because they concern themselves with structures and numbers and fail to listen to their vows. They "mutter" and "hum" their prayers, but pay no attention to the words. "They don't seem to be able to be concerned without having all the scene about, with statues and buildings and things.

"If Jesus being more popular means... more control, I don't want that. I'd sooner they'd all follow us even if it's just to dance and sing for the rest of their lives. If they took more interest in what Jesus—or any of them—said, if they did that, we'd all be there with them."

Would he call himself a religious person? "I wouldn't really. I am in the respect that I believe in goodness and all those things." And if being religious meant being "concerned," as Paul Tillich, the late Protestant theologian, once put it? "Well, I am then. I'm concerned all right. I'm concerned with people."

At an age when most men are just beginning to adjust to the world, John Lennon has already nudged it a bit. The hysteria that surrounds him can no longer disguise the presence of a mind. His ideas are still rough, but his instincts are good and his talent, extraordinary. You may love him, you may loathe him, but this you should know: As performer, composer, writer or talker, he'll be around for a long, long time. END

LOOK

12-13-66

John Lennon Relives His Life on a New Album

By Robert Hilburn

Ever since the breakup of the Beatles, John Lennon has been looking for Paul McCartney. He seemed to be the most reasonable view. He seemed to be just the right touch of sentiment and did not seem afraid to express that sentiment. His poignant "Elastic Head" remains one of my favorite Beatles songs.

And I was as free as an eagle. John Lennon and Yoko Ono, who seemed to be continually involved in projects—from their Toronto bid to her chanting on one side of the front Beatle Ono Band album—had reached the heights of self-indulgence.

But even with those memories John Lennon's new solo album comes across as nothing short of a masterpiece. It is work that is filled with pain and sorrow, searching and struggle. It is frightfully honest, profoundly moving.

Unlike the miscegenated boxed set by George Harrison, "John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band" (Apple 3370) is a one-record, modestly packaged album. It contains 10 original Lennon songs, all dealing with various phases of experience from his early childhood through adolescence through the days as a pop music superstar.

The album is a moving, intense, thrilling emotional experience in its best moments. It avoids all the clichés of today's pop music language and refuses to take musical shortcuts. It is much more daring and devastating than anything in Bob Dylan's "New Morning" album, which was so widely lauded for its new direction.

Because of some of the language in the album there will be some selections that probably won't be played on the radio, but it is important to note that the potentially offensive language seems to be an honest expression and doesn't smack of the gimmickry of the much discussed "mud" Lennon album cover of the past.

Slide one of the album begins with a song titled "Mother." It is a remarkably personal statement about childhood, especially in the context of the album. It is the feeling of a need to be loved, to be accepted, to be accepted by the world.

involved in a... Lennon... who had... that he... performing in... His... look "The... Through Dr. James... of his... say he... that may... music during the 1970s.

Though Dr. James... of his... say he... that may... music during the 1970s.

"It is a very... of the... but it has a... with the... arrived at a... himself. It isn't... with a... and write."

Dr. James... most important... must emerge from their dream and realize that the most important thing in life is oneself. People, Dr. James... must shed the dream that someone... something but there is going to transform him and make life beautiful, whether he is... or richer or whatever.

Though the song about his early years without his parents certainly stands by itself, it may be interesting to know some of Lennon's personal background. Because his parents separated, he was raised by one of his mother's sisters (Mimi).

In Hunter Davies' authorized biography of the Beatles, Lennon talked about his childhood and his parents.

"I don't forget about my father. I was like he was dead. But I did see my mother now and again, and my feeling never died off for her. I often thought about her, though I never realized that all the time she was living on, that than five or 10 miles away. Mimi never told me. She said she was a long way away."

"My mother came one day to see me in a black coat with her hair all bleeding. She had some sort of accident."

Lennon Tells His Story

Continued from First Page

...in there, bleeding. I went out into the garden. I loved her but I didn't want to get involved. I suppose I was a coward. I wanted to hide all feelings.

In the album, Lennon sings, "Mother, you had me but I never had you. Father, you left me but I never left you" and ends with a two-minute repetition of the lines "Mama don't go, Daddy come home" in which, each utterance grows more desperate. It is an enormously powerful moment.

From this apparent valley of despair, the album continues with "Hold On, John," a soothing, child-like lullaby about how things will work out.

"I Found Out," Lennon talks about some of the "answers" he had been given during different parts of his life and warns about their limitations.

Old Hare Krishna got nothing on you
Just keep you crazy with
nothing to do
Keep you occupied with me in
the sky

There's ain't no guru who can
see through four eyes.

I found out
Working Class Hero" deals with many of the rules imposed on people during school days in hopes of making

them "successful" in middle class society.

When they've tortured and
scared you for 20 odd years
Then they expect you to pick a
career.

When you can't really func-
tion you're so full of fear.

Side one's closing song, "Isolation," is a mood piece that summarizes the alienation and isolation that drifts into everyone's life from time to time.

On side two, there is another recollection of childhood beliefs ("Remember when you were young, how the hero was ever hung?"), and ode to love ("Love is real/real is love... Love is touch/touch is love... Love is free/free is love"), the album's main piece of rock music ("Well, Well, Well") and another moment of relaxation ("Look at Me") that is similar in effect to side one's "Hold On John."

Combination of Ideas

Finally, there is "God," a combination of ideas into a single piece of music. It involves a bit of religious philosophy ("God is a concept/By which we measure/Our pain"), an argument against idols ("I don't believe in magic... I don't believe in kings... I don't believe in Elvis... I don't believe in

Zimmerman (Dylan). I don't believe in Beatles... and ends with what is a rather tender farewell to the Beatles era:

The dream is over
What can I say?

The dream is over
Yesterday

I was the dreamer
But now I'm reborn

I was the walrus
But now I'm John...

In all, John Lennon/The Plastic Ono Band" is an album that deserves as much to be on the poetry and philosophy shelves as on the music racks. It is, in many ways, the best album since the Band's second album some 18 months ago, one that reestablishes a standard for rock music.

There are, to be sure, some borrowed melodies (such as the strains of "Love Letters Straight From My Heart" on Lennon's "God") but there is an honesty and ability contained in the album that gives it a special identity.

It is interesting to note, now that all four Beatles have produced solo albums, to see the courses that McCartney, Lennon, Harrison and Ringo Starr have followed.

Ringo has produced two albums, neither of which revealed any depth. "Sentimental Journey" was a collection of old standards, while "Beaucoups of Blues" was a country music collection put together in large part by steel guitar

artist Pete Drake who assembled all the musicians and found all the songs.

In his solo album, McCartney produced a very hesitant, cautious album. It had two or three nicely romantic spots on it, but most of it seemed too unpolished to warrant serious attention. But he still has much potential and may well produce an extraordinary album some day.

Harrison's album was the most polished of any of the solo Beatles albums. Like Lennon's album, Harrison's "All Things Must Pass" album was produced in conjunction with Phil Spector, one of the most creative musical minds of our time. But the album's material seemed, for me, to be heavily influenced by others (from Bob Dylan to "Oh Happy Day"). Harrison's album had some fine selections on it, but it failed to establish any real identity for him.

While Harrison's album was a musical statement, Lennon's is a more personal experience. The music becomes almost secondary to the message, a reality in rock music. Only the Band, perhaps, has been able to produce an album (its second) so perfect that the lyrics, vocals, musicians and mood blended into a single unit.

Besides producing Spector, Lennon is assisted on the album by Ringo Starr and old friend Paul McCartney on bass. But it is the style of one man, a remarkable and beautiful statement.

RECORDS

Interview

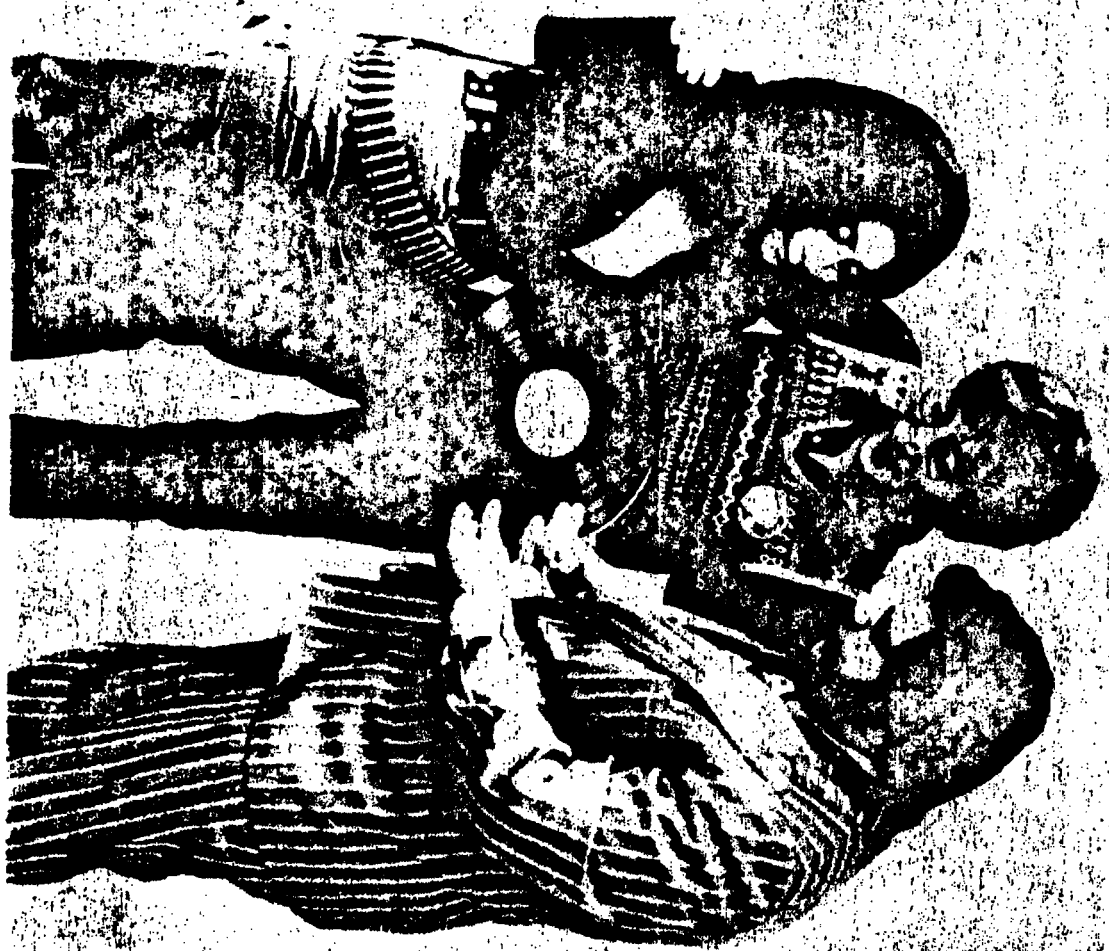
John Lennon
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BY BEN GERSON

Not content to be merely an ex-Beatle, John Lennon has carved out a new career for himself—as a peace leader, floating member of the international avant-garde and as rock's most psychologically daring trip-hop artist. John has always displayed an amazing capacity for growth, and if one is impatient with the speed with which he takes up and then discards various causes, philosophers, and people, the other side of the coin is that he hasn't fallen into the latter-day complacency of various other rock and roll overachievers.

Yet despite his quest in and out of music, *Imagine* raises the question how much further John can progress with the vocabulary of concepts and feelings laid down on *John Lennon Plastic Ono Band*.

Imagine's importance lies not in the fact that it is the culmination of certain aspects which can be seen in John's work since the beginning (the lyrical directness and vocal sincerity, for example), but that it was also their solution. As an early adolescent, John chose



but the only contribution to the effect. The song is powerful because it progresses beyond the realm of *POB*. There, John's whole reality was "Yoko and me." Here, that insulation and mutual devotion comes upstuck out of John's lack of trust in her, and the message is a humane and appealing one: The initial "mutual" motive and the piano arrangement are highly reminiscent of "Day in the Life."

"Gimme Some Truth" is one of John's famous polyphonic songs, and like "I Found Out" is a series of denunciations. Here, however, the shock of recognition is not dramatized; rather, John leaves perfectly well what the truth is, and is merely disgusted with all the hypocrites whose business it is to obscure it. It contains a brilliant scorching guitar solo by George.

In sheer viciousness, nothing on the album surpasses "How Do You Sleep." It begins with the order: "I'm taking up a M. 500. Paper, and proceeds to lay waste to family members, family eye cancer, John is still a wicked punster and bears the "The only thing you have was yesterday" with their anti. But beyond the cruelty of it, it is often one because it is



...and, leaving them [the staff] No Satisfaction" at the... and through the... educational and physical... the measure is Genops... allowed. However, the... of the physical therapy... approach in a subtle but... way. Where he had sung... with the organ... of someone who had to get... about it... the songs on *POB* as a final... of his original themes... and a doctrine of life... *POB* is a profoundly "plumate... because it depicts the... of at least one man's... and fall career. The question... *POB* was that, in... because it was difficult... its immature success, being... more of the same.

The problem of following an... as perfect as *POB* is of course... than a mystic, *POB*... an individual course. Where... of rock over the past few... had been one of increasing... and sophistication... *John*, with songs like... *Starbuck Fields Forever* and... of the *Watusi*, is as respon... for this as anyone. *POB*... a requiem to rock's most... and still simplest original... because it was not always entirely... but with a full realization of the... original perspective. But it is a... style which, because it is so bound... up with a particular experience at... moment in time, is obsolete and... has expired.

In the "midnight of *Imagined*"... they think John has required the... manner in which a masterpiece... and an artistic dead-end like *POB*... can successfully be followed. In its... technical sloppiness and self-... absorption, *Imagined* is John's *Self-Portrait*. Most of it centers around... issues which have already been

...dealt with on *POB*, they have... handed less passionately and... *POB* in the same way and in... mental world, was as much a tri... managed to sound both spon... taneous and careful while *Imagined*... is less of each. Even though *Imagined*... takes a substantial portion of good... music, on the heels of *POB* it only... seems to reinforce the questioning... of what John's relationship to rock... really is.

"Imagine," for instance, is sim... ply the consolidation of primal... awareness into a world movement... It asks that we imagine a world... without religious or national... and then such a world "would mean... brotherhood and peace. The song... is metaphorical but not really... applied; the melody undistinguished... ed, except for the bridge, which... sounds nice to me.

I had heard "Crippled Inside"... on my car radio. I didn't know... right off who it was (though the... dober's sound like George), but... was convinced that only someone... very famous, in this age of banal... competence, would dare put out... something so haphazard. The... song's refrain and theme is "One... thing you can't hide/Is when... you're crippled inside," and is an... **Mr. and Mrs. John, Oh, I know, the Great... wearing a pair of boots during the winter in long-shang... *POB*... with Pete Armistead, promotion man for Apple Records and Talent... *POB*... for President Nixon, prior to Mr. Lennon's last-record release.**

...other which I've always personal... outlook. It sports an Ed Sanders... type vocal.

It is not clear whether "It's So... Hard" came before or after John's... primal therapy experience. "It's So... Hard" is a really good. Sometimes I... feel like going down," John sings... and the song's... have the gen... general meaning is applied to... John's own past, the most specific... The guitar playing is extremely... value, he says, "Playing by King... *Crippled Inside* is a single take... *Crippled Inside* is a single take... It rounds to... "Oh My Love" is another post... primal testimony to the effect... that John can sing now, see, feel... and love for the first time. John's... singing here is all as full-bodied... as an *POB* theme part of the... There must be placed on the qual... ity of the recording, which doesn't... sound as good as the others as that... on the earlier releases.

"I Don't Wanna Be A Soldier... Mama, I Don't Wanna Be A Soldier... Mama, I Don't Wanna Be A Soldier... *I Don't Wanna Be A Soldier*... an... contemplation of all the roles John... withdrew from, and contains... some incisive lines like "Well, I... don't wanna be a lawyer mama, I... don't wanna be a... Well, I... don't wanna be a... The melody is... essentially the King's "You Really

...You Really... An aura of grandiose... decadence envelopes this cut. When... John shouts "Hit it" to the horns... it is like some ancient Greek sym... manding the *Mithras*. He sounds... both lord-suffering and cruel.

"How," again has a nice bridge... but is otherwise fairly drifty, and... contains predictable lines. "How... can I have feeling when I... don't know if it's a feeling?" "Oh... *Yoko*" is a charming bawdy, in... other tribute to the wife.

The three really worthy, musically... effective numbers are "Soul... out's Guy," "Gimme Some Truth,"... and "How Do You Sleep." And... while on a spontaneous level I find... them the most musically appeal... ing, I think there are also some... reasons for their quality. Each of... them represents an area of John's... sensibility which he has previously... not presented, and while I find... "How Do You Sleep," John's char... acter assassination of Paul McCartney... "Gimme Some Truth" is a touching... confession. It boasts a brilliantly... tortured, pathetic vocal and an... eloquent string arrangement. His... voice here is weak and lacks range.

The motives for "Steep" are... building. Partly it is the traditional... bohemian counterpoint for the hour... goes, partly it is the savoring of... John's long-standing competitive... relationship with Paul. When they... were both Beatles they inevitably... changed; loved the hegemony... of the Beatles and a loyalty. Apart... it is only deteriorating.

"Gimme Some Truth," I feel that... John set himself in the role of... teacher, and as such, probably... simply says kind of self-deprecating... bromsie in the game of truth. In... "Gimme Some Truth," John com... plains, "I've had enough of switch... ing scenes. Of schizophrenic-ego... centric, paranoiac, prenasal, dramatic... who, in he speaking about "how...?... Possibly, Paul interested in John... the man, his personal trials and... drama, because he has generated... them to use as John the extragrip... at arms. If he does not continue... at such his investigations will soon... seem not merely dull but irrelevant... It seems to me that John is facing... the most extraordinary challenge... of his career: both personally and... artistically. But then, great artists... of whom John is one, are not always... well recognized.

new time

SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

by Carmen Moore

Beyond what any music is supposed to do, the task of popular music is to recount the people's story to them and/or to make their feet go. To rock 'n' roll means to dance or it means to fry, and tumble with your sweetheart. These days much is heard of the new soft rock—the new song poets—the mood of nostalgia hanging over the land (the little white cloud that cried). Most of these songs will peddle as dance inciters. Most won't even wake you up on your clock radio. But most are adorned in the aesthetically

ly recognized beauty factors of the classical-music 19th century. Often slow tempoed, rhythmic de-accentuated, lovely paired harmonies with striking bass lines support a lonely, sandy voice which pours forth histories of frustration or wishes couched in mystic language. (Look out, though, the establishment media may be anxious enough about cooling young America to invent or at least encourage nostalgia and the no-dance song.) Either way, Elton John, Steve James, Laura Nyro, Kris Kristofferson, (and lookahere!) the BeeGees are doing it sad and slow—and, excepting the last perhaps, with enormous reach and beauty and truth. Specific serving of the people is not the major aim of this movement, because the music is self-expression (truth) music and therefore personal. At times even private. Laura is a step dif-

ferent, because she has always been a songwriter and lovely and nostalgic but in the interest of the people on the streets. Within it all, however, no . . . ahead of it all . . . into a new thing with no name is the work of the former Beatle John Lennon.

Last week somebody wrote in this column that Yoko Ono's efforts on the album "Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band" seemed to come out of the avant-garde classical music world and also seemed to present music as life. I believe the new Lennon album is evidence that Yoko has brought something vital to John's life, because he seems to have—more so than almost any popular music singer-composers outside the blues tradition—linked up his life to his notes. Rock history has few songs to match Lennon's "Mother" for truth telling. As a matter of fact, Lennon's real rage as sung directly at the dead mother and the father who shipped out—sung with guitars whining as indignantly as the voice—is the truth here, an actually occurring truth rather than just a vacuating. Beatles have been setting the pace for much of rock history, but Lennon sets a standard of candor and trust in music that I suspect few song poets outside those cited above even dare to. I can think of few moments in recent art that are as powerful as Lennon's

screaming voice sliding upward as it reiterates "Mama, don't go/Daddy come home." Lennon's art is so interchangeable with his life that in the song "God," in which he enumerates a series of I-don't-believe-ins, he actually has included some items which popped into his mind as he improvised and which he really does believe in under certain circumstances (the form became more real than the content). Add to this that Lennon still rocks 'n' rolls through most of these songs!

Kris Kristofferson is also a poet-composer whose life flows through his songs. He seemed depressed last Wednesday at the Gaslight, but powerfully real and appealing. Laura Nyro got deep down into her life last Sunday at Carnegie Hall where she, Pharoah Sanders, Alice Coltrane, and the new Rascals threw a benefit for the Yoga Institute. I wish to write more about all of them, but the job-off man is Lennon. His personal truth is his own business, but the example of artistic form existing as a style of courage cannot help but serve the people in this frightened, nostalgic decade.

OCT. 16 1971 *off*

THE RECORD BIN

Lennon's Album? As Good as Beatles!

By WILLIAM HOLLAND
Star Staff Writer

The reason I waited a few weeks before getting to John Lennon's new album "Imagine," Apple SW 379, is that I wanted to get used to it—and that doesn't mean I disliked it at first. No, I liked it then, and I like it even more now.

Right away, I disregarded the lyrics in favor of how they sound—how they are phrased and sung. Lennon has evidently decided on these minimal word messages, most of them rather small conceptually as well, and, since, traditionally rock lyrics haven't been much

more than that anyway, I just went along with the songs as he rants about Paul and abstract truth, and raves about love and Yoko.

I did not dismiss the lyrics, though. Because they match the wonderful music much better than those of his first solo album, I think, and together just about all the music on the album is as close to Beatles quality as any of them have done, with the exception of a very few exceptional cuts on the Harrison album and Paul's two records.

John and Yoko recently wrote once again to the "Village Voice," this time to praise a critic, and mentioned that if they wanted to do bubblegum music, they would.

Well, if the new songs are as good as "Oh Yoko!" written by John in 1968, that'll be fine with me. It's a joyous, bouncy thing, much in the style of Dylan's "I Want You," and Apple was wise to release it as a single.

Lennon's "Gimme Some Truth," my second favorite on the album, has a locomotive, word-upon-word set of lyrics rolling on top of a set of plucked 4-4 chords on the electric guitar, strained through the gymnasium echo reverb of Phil Spector's mad engineering.

In the middle of this, George Harrison leaps out with probably the best short steel slide guitar solo I've ever heard. It has some incredible swooping passages that hit me just like a coaster ride does at the very top, floatingly, and at the very bottom, with all those extra-gravity "g's" pushing down.

Lennon's guitar work is adequate for what he's doing, and his piano work is coming along. The bulk of the album is made up of 11 songs, most of them



JOHN LENNON

individual way of singing a phrase that's the best.

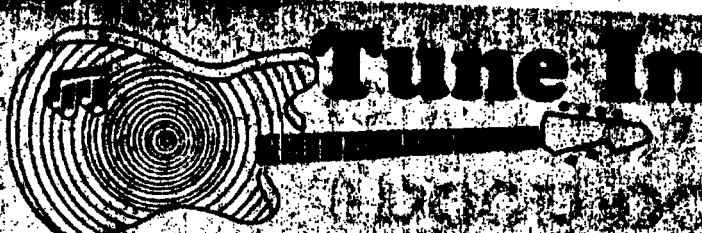
By the way, the lovely "My Love" is one of those ballads that pop-singers will be singing on easy listening stations in a few months. Peggy Lee will re-do it and all the non-rockers will say yes, that John Lennon can do that nice melody.

THE BOSTON HERALD

Traugler

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DEC 26 1971



IMAGINE

There's no doubt about it, John Lennon is pushing way beyond his old Beatle image. His latest album is a smash and "Imagine" the title song from the LP which he wrote looks to be number one on every single pop chart, and you're going to be hearing it for a while now. Lennon and his wife, Yoko Ono, have become one of the top celebrity couples of the seventies. They each contribute to the other's stardom. Yoko recently had a major museum art show and of course John appeared which was certainly an extra added attraction. Everywhere the couple go and whatever they do is commented on. Recently they both went to a swifty Manhattan shop and spent about five thousand dollars on clothes. The next week all the celeb watchers were in trying to buy whatever the Lenmons purchased, which is a jet set kind of store. However, besides the parties and being a celebrity, John is certainly a serious musician and Yoko is a serious artist and so most of their new style fame is well deserved. What's your current favorite? Send requests to the Tune In Editor of this newspaper.



by JOHN LENNON (APPLE)

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Words and Music by JOHN LENNON

Tempo - Moderate
I - me - and there's no heav - en - it's just - a if you're
A - love - ly sky - I - ma - gine all the peo - ple liv - ing
I - ma - gine all the coun - tries to - get - ting hard to do
No - bod - y's home - I - wa - nt to live
You may say I'm a dream - er, but I'm not the only one
Who can see the world as it is, and the world will be as
You can see it need for you to have got a heart - of - stone
The gen - eral - ion that - live all the world - as if they were
The gen - eral - ion that - live all the world - as if they were

BY JONATHAN COTT

"What I'm doing is the primitive avant-garde," John Lennon said about his new art and music. *Two Virgins* is really a sophisticated multi-media message: an incredible and now famous album cover, a reportedly lovely film, and an extraordinary piece of contemporary music.

Clearly, John's and Yoko's music circulates in that musical air inhaled by composers such as Luciano Berio, Robert Ashley, Gordon Mumma, La Monte Young, Morton Feldman, Cornelius Cardew, and John Cage—composers who generally emphasize sounds over pitches, a mixed-media interacting environment over a performer-listener concert hall ritual, the unfolding of musical events—the way a waterfall falls—over the structuring and permuting of rows and series (as in the music, for example, of Milton Babbitt, Harvey Sollberger, or David Del Tredici).

But the music for *Two Virgins* comes without clothes and without clichés—a musical metaphor for two persons seeing each other for the first time and then seeing what's there. The naked album cover is actually an extension of the music, for it exemplifies the idea of confrontation, an interaction between John and Yoko—a real *East Meets West* album.

I suppose that the music for *Two Virgins* moves in close and quiet reach of Feldman's *Out of Last Pieces*, for example. But it is as completely self-realized—in all senses of the phrase—as is John's powerful *Revolution Number 9*—a contemporary music classic that creates its own unfoldings and bearings in an instinctive, natural, and unexpressible way, as if Cage's *Fontana Mix* had never been conceived.

Yoko told me her ideas about the music:

"This music is a totally new experience for me. John and I did it together. It just happened. It was strict improvisation, no planning. It was a meeting of us, through music, through making music. We were going into an area that none of us really knew. I used voice and John uses everything in the room—old records, piano, percussion.

"He was operating two tape recorders. He was the busy one, I was just sitting down, doing the voice. The whole concept is called 'Unfinished Music Series Number One.'

"There's a catch, you see, it's an unfinished music. So if you listen to it, maybe you can add to it or change it or edit or add something in your mind. I loathe the idea of giving a set idea to people. So that in my painting, for instance the hammer painting, it's just a process. And this music is just a process. The unfinished part that's not in the record—what's in you, not what's in the record—is what's important. The record is just there to stimulate what's in you, to make it come out.

"I believe in chance. If you have an absence, other people can fill it in. This music is really incomplete.

"Cage was interested in all sorts of sounds. Airport sounds, for instance. I was an extreme case. In the end I was creating Music in the Mind. All my concerts had no sounds in them: they were completely silent. Things were done on stage: just movement, and people had to make their own music in their minds.

"So I came to that point, and that's where I met John. And John brought this old vaudeville rocker-type music to me, and I suddenly realized that my Music of the Mind was getting too Zen, too finished, and I was suffocating, as if I were in an ivory tower and there was nowhere to go. People were silent. I felt the lack of a sense of humor. John was doing this healthy best music, and I got stimulated with that."

For me, the music on side one of the album—complete or incomplete—is an exquisitely sustained creation. Side two's music is more sectioned; the flow breaks, almost giving the effect of a variation and comment on the earlier music, but disclosing new surprises.

John said that the music was made just as dawn entered through the studio window. The music appropriately begins with birds singing, and the taped bird loops act almost as a passacaglia and ground base—a continually natural reference point and touchstone for the music. The seeming rhythmic exactitude of the bird sounds and their almost imperceptible variations in fact suggest the music's subtlety, the clear unravelling of multiple strands of beautiful sounds always joining, never lagged.

You'll discover gitanjali guitar tones superimposed over slight old-time music piano chords, Yoko's drawn out crying sounds—like one of those ancient shepherd pipes you hear in old, lonesome Swedish herding tunes—a hammer driving a nail into the wall (I'm sure I heard this, but it might be in the mind), and the sempiternal birds. And all these sounds convey feelings close to the night music sections of Bartók's *Out of Doors* Suite or Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*.

While Yoko Ono's voice sounds sometimes like a Japanese *nichiriki* pipe, and while she sings, on the record's second side, a haunting little Japanese song in which the singer says things like "Come on and make me," she has also absorbed the sophisticated vocal techniques of Berio's *Visage* and Cage's *Aria* with *Fontana Mix*, the latter of which she sang with Cage in Japan.

So that while Yoko's vocal East/West symbols might seem likely to conflict with John's saxophone sounds, his solo piano and jazz trumpet recordings—cultural gestures forcing each other to grapple—what miraculously happens is that everything simply and simultaneously comes together.

Real contrasts seem merely an extension or continuation of a mood. The beginning of the second side, for instance, opens with church organ chords blowing far away—early Sunday morning walking at dawn feelings—and over or under or along with these chords comes Yoko's high-pitched voice, deeply sustained with the longest breath. The effect here is in bitter moments is that of withdrawal; it reminded me of the lament the sheek sings inside the wolf's stomach in *Peter and the Wolf*.

Not that Yoko's voice is swallowed up by John's music. Where the tension is played, with it in the verbal interplay. "Is that you? Hey there," Yoko wails. "No fucking tin opener," John grunts. And then: "It's me. Hihi, I'm home for tea." And so ghost haunted lovers in *The Tale of Genji* are transformed into a cozy British family, transfixed in the tea room.

The East/West tension dissolves in the music. And if you hear the lightest of echoes of Satie, Virgil Thomson, Swedish herding tunes, *Visage*—(aside from the obvious quotations and your own music), why not? As in Stockhausen's *Telemusik and Hymen*, all music is heard as one. The confrontation becomes an anastomosis—a running together, as of two streams. The music creates a story, there is a contest, but the music wins—especially those ubiquitous returning rhythms, like those of a person breathing in dreams.

Rolling Stone April 1968

Dec. 30, 1967

After "Sgt. Pepper"

WHOKVER it was who wrote the *Bhagavad-Gita* (the Celestial Song of Hindu theology) intended to define the perfect disciple when he wrote: "Who sees Me in all, and sees all in Me/For him I am not lost, and he is not lost for me." The disciple has just replied, and in surprisingly similar terms: "I am he/as you are he/as you are me, and we are all together."

Yin and Yang, the doctrine of opposites, where all black contains a little white and vice versa, is not new to Eastern religions, but its entrance into Western rock is a little unnerving. It is no surprise, though, that the Beatles should be the ones to cause its appearance. They have done so in *Magical Mystery Tour*, their latest and easily their best album, released early in December by Capitol Records (ST/T2835). *Magical Mystery Tour* consists of the music and lyrics to the Beatles' extravagant home movie of the same name, to be shown on NBC-TV in March.

The movie is basically a one-hour description of the adventures of travelers on an imaginary tour bus, which is taken over and put through a weird series of events by the sorcery of five musicians—the Beatles plus their talented producer, George Martin. Side 1 of the album is the music which accompanies the tour. Side 2 is a collection of their recent singles: "Hello Goodbye," "Strawberry Fields," "Penny Lane," "Baby You're a Rich Man," and "All You Need Is Love."

There are a number of innovations. *Magical Mystery Tour* contains "Flying," the first Beatle instrumental and the first cut written by all four Beatles. There is also a twenty-four-page picture and comic-strip scenario of the film, to pacify those teen-aged fans put off by the fact that the words "love" and "baby" do not appear once in the songs from the film.

But the real innovation of this album lies in its description of the Beatles' personal involvement with Hinduism. In all

their previous work, Beatle writers John Lennon and Paul McCartney stuck to descriptions of contemporary society as they saw it. Their last album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*—widely hailed as one of the most prodigious musical achievements of this century—is a work of great beauty and intricacy, but not of emotion or depth. Its beauty was in its description of everyday events.

Magical Mystery Tour is, rather, distinguished by its description of the Beatles' acquired Hindu philosophy and its subsequent application to everyday life. In "The Fool on the Hill," Lennon and McCartney speak of a detached observer, a yogin, who meditates and watches the world spin: "Day after day, alone on a hill, the man with a foolish grin is perfectly still. But nobody wants to know him, they can see that he's just a fool as he never gives an answer. But the fool on the hill sees the sun going down. And the eyes in his head see the world spinning round."

In "I Am the Walrus," perhaps the most significant Beatle song yet, the yogin tells what he sees. Take it for granted that the yogin is the Beatles: "I am he/as you are he/as you are me/and we are all together. See how they run like pigs from a gun/see how they fly, I'm crying." The song mixes surrealist imagery (the first time the Beatles have used surrealism extensively) with a line calling up the "we are all together" thought: "I am the eggman, they are the eggmen. I am the walrus." For those with decent stereo equipment and a quick ear, the song ends with a reading from Act IV, Scene 6 of *King Lear*.

Magical Mystery Tour may not be the best piece of musical composition to emerge in the twentieth century. *Sgt. Pepper's* certainly wasn't. But it is a marvelous step in a very personal direction for the Beatles—one that they communicate well—and that is enough.

—MIKE JAHN

3/21/64

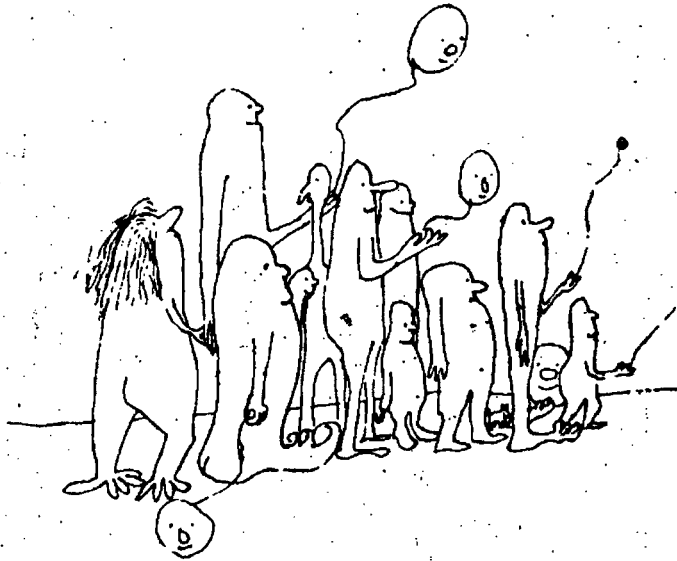


John Lennon writes: "ABOUT THE AWFUL. I was bored on the 9th of 1940 when, I believe they didn't get me. I attended to various schools in Liddypol. And still didn't published Beatles my and (P, G, and R's) records might seem funnier to some of you than writtily is the most wonderful larf I've ever ready." The book from which these excerpts

By JOHN LENNON

BEATALIC GRAPHOSPASMS

*Original fiction and poetry by the
brainiest Beatle of them all.*



Randolf's party

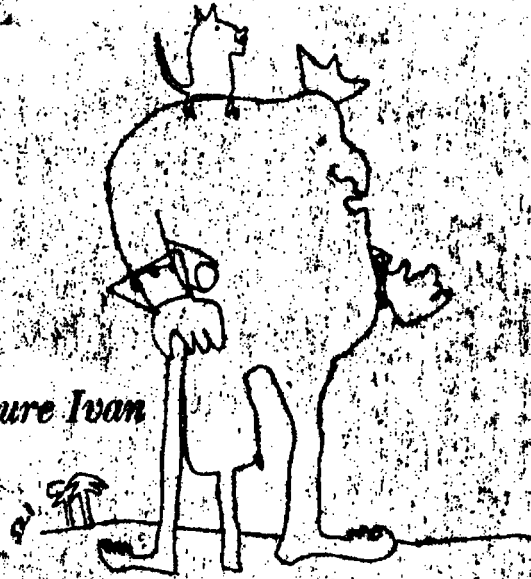
It was Chrisbus time but Randolf was alone. Where were all his good pals. Bernie, Dave, Nicky, Alice, Beddy, Freba, Vigg, Nigel, Alfred, Clive, Stan, Frenk, Tom, Harry, George, Harold? Where were they on this day? Randolf looged saggly at his only Chrisbut cart from his dad who did not live there.

"I can't understand this being so aloneley on the one day of the year when one would surely spect a pal or two?" thought Rangolf. Hanyw... he carried on putting up the desicrations and muzzle toe. All of a surgeon there was amerry timble on the door. Who but who could be a knocking on my door? He opend it and there standing there who? but, only his pals. Bernie, Dave, Nicky, Alice, Beddy, Freba, Viggy, Nigel, Alfred, Clive, Stan, Frenk, Tom, Harry, George, Harolb weren't they?

Come on in old pals buddies and mates. With a big griff on his face Randoff welcombed them. In they came jorking and labbing shoubing "Haddy Grimble, Randoob," and other hearty, and then they all jumbed on him and did smite him with mighty blows about his head crying, "We never liked you all the years we've known you. You were never raelly one of us you know, soft head."

They killed him you know, at least he didn't *die* alone did he? Merry Chrastchove, Randolf old pal buddy.

Treasure Ivan



In a little seashore pub in Bristow, a ragged gathering of rags are drinking and making melly (before sailing to sea in serge of grats treashy on a sudden lale far across the ocean).

"Belay there me 'earty scab," says Large John Saliver entering. Pegging along towards some old saviours whom have soled the several seas.

"Where be the Parable you normally 'ave on your shoulder, Large John?" Asks Blind Jew looking up.

"Never ye mind" reponds Large John "And anyways where be your white stick?"

"'Ow the 'eill should I know when oi can't see?"

All of a suddly Small Jack Hawkins creep in uncharagell with a sidly grip on his head.

"Ha ha aa' sar Jack lad" says Large John in a typical mariner marino.

Soon they were heady fir the harbor with Cpt Swellit and Squire Trelorgy. That morgan they sailed with a hearty breeze behind.

Large John began to look upon Jack as a son or something, for he was ever putting his arm about him and saying "Ha Haazaz," especially with a Parable on his shouldy. One day, however, Small Jack Hawkins was just happening in a barret of abbeyas when he overheated Large John and several other saviours planting to botany against the Captain.

"Lung Ho" ory a voice from the pidgeon tow on high, "Lung Ho and alls well!" Yes and it were true—a little Ivan, cyril carpet agaiat the horivan with palmist trees and cockynuts.

"I wouldn't be suprised if there was not a beardy old man hobbing from rock to rock." Thought Diareaji Hands who'd seen the film, and there was.

The first lungboot ashore contained Large John Saliver Small Jack and some others what were numerous and sweaty to behold. Anyway they landed on the Ivan and an owid loon jumps out calling himself Sten Gunn and he's been living all over the treasure for years because cruel old Captive Flint has put the Black Pot on him and you know what happens with a black pot.

So after a bit of stockade and that they sail home to Bristow where they're all arrested for development and Jack Hawkins turns round to be a thirty two year old midget and Large John Saliver has to pay for a new woolly leg because they run from fireplace on the Ivan. Sten Gunn turns round to be a young man in the prime of minister and Tom the faithful cat returns to Newcastle.

GRAPHOSPASMS



Sad Michael

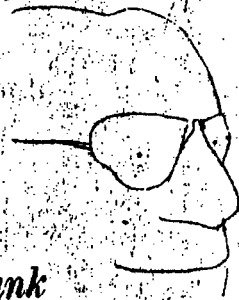
There was no reason for Michael to be sad that night (the little wretch); everyone liked him, (the scab). He had hardly had a days night that day. His wife Bernice, who was well controlled, had wrabbed his lunch but he was still sad. It was strange for a man whom have everything and a wife to boot. At 4 o'clock when his fire was burking bridely a Poleaseman had clubbed in to parse the time around. "Goolleven Michael," the Poleaseman speeg, but Michael did not answer for he was debb and duff and could not speeg.

"How's the wife, Michael?" spoge the Poleaseman.

"Shuttup about that!"

"I thought you were debb and duff and could not speeg," said the Poleaseman.

"Now what am I going to do with all my debb and duff books?" said Michael, realising straight away that here was a problem to be reckoned with.



Unhappy Frank

Frank looked at the table, hardly daring to look at the table.

"I hate that table," he said. "Bloody owld table in my house." Then he looked at the clock. "Damn that clock in my house," said Frank, for it was his house you know. After a little bit his eye came across his very mother's chair. "Don't like that chair one bit," he showed. "Just look at that garbet all filby and durby. How am I supposed to look affafter all this garby ruddish. Wart am I but a slave to look upon with deeseckfrebit all the peegle larfing and buzing me in front of all the world. How can I but getry on? How? Havn' I no eye of my own to do but wart I must ever jub gleenig and looking arefter theese damn owld house of my own?" Frank went over to his dubb old mother, whomn was stikliffing with him. "What are you larfing at, you dubb owld boof?"

"Havn' I nuff treble without you kakking in the korber? With that Frank stub up and kicked her plainly on the head. "Take that for larfing you budd oled griff.... I hate that boof," he said smiling quirkley to themselves.

"I'm going to sell this daft shed and you to aswell, shee Mummy."

So he sold it all and left the country and settled down in another country which he did not like half as much as his dear old home in England with his dear old quaint old lovely mother what be (Frank) lost due to a bad harvest. Well, judd go to show what happens.



*Deaf Ted, Danoota
(and me)*

Therz hilly grove and burly ive,
Big daley's grass and tree
We rlobber ever gallup
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

Nexz shall we partly stray,
Fast stirrup all we three
Fight the battle mighty sword
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

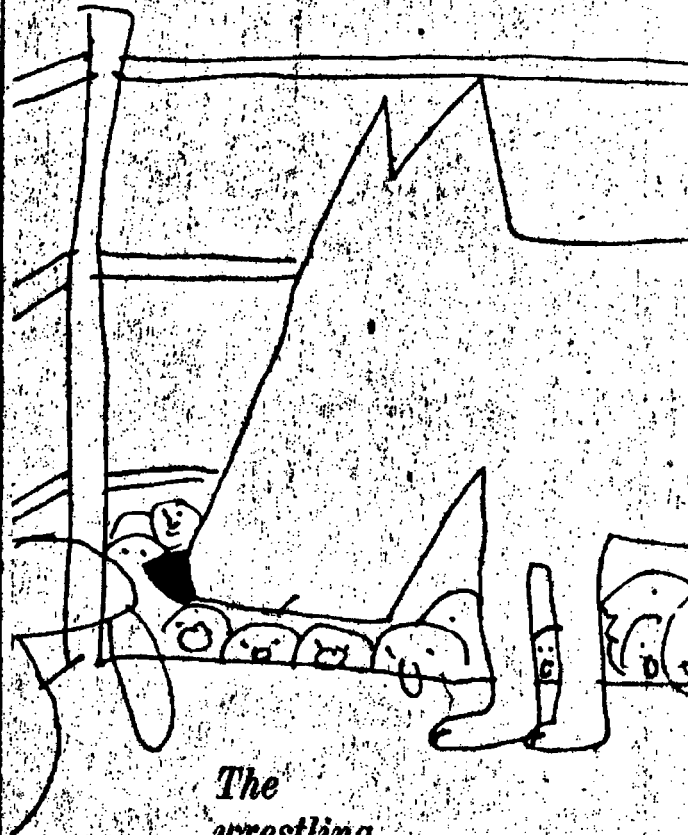
With faithful frog beside us,
Big mighty club and we
The battle scab and frisky tyke
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

We fight the baddy baddies,
For colour, race and crew
For Negriz, low and Bernie
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

Therz Billy grove and Barnloy tea,
And Aston Villa three
We rlobber ever gallup
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

So if you hear a wondrous sight,
On blatter or at sea,
Remember whom the mighty say
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

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*The
wrestling
dog*

One upon a tom in a far off distant land far across the
sea miles away from anyway over the hills as the crew
barks, 39 people lived miles away from anywhere on a little
island on a distant land.

When harvest time came along all the people celebrated
with a mighty feast and dancing and that. It was Perry's
(for Perry was the Loud Mayor) job to provide (and Perry's
great pleasure I might add) a new and exciting (and it usually
was) thrill and spectacular performer (sometimes a dwarf
was used), this year Perry had surpassed himself by get-
ting a Wrestling Dog! But who would fight this wondrous
beast? I wouldn't for a hick.

On safari with white hunter

In the jungle . . . the mighty jungle . . . While Hunter

slept tonight.
At the foot of the bed, Otumba kept wogs for poisonous

snacks such as the deadly cobra and apple python.
Little did he know that the next day in the early owls of the

mercenaries, a true story would actually happen.
Otumba awoke him with a cup of teeth, and they lit up

toward the jungle.
"Acht dat Dagoon Pill?" said Wipe Hudson, "wearing

his new Beauty?"
"Could be the Flying Docker on a case."
"No, he's walking," said Otumbad in Swahili

which is not set from here as the crow bars. All too

soon they reached a cleaner in the jungle and set up camp.

Amable Jim, whom shall remain nameless, was slowly but

slowly asking his way through the underplants, (underware

he was being watched by White Hunter.)
"Beat the bus, Otumba," commanded Wheat Hoover

"Not beat mable next week it will be my turn to beat the

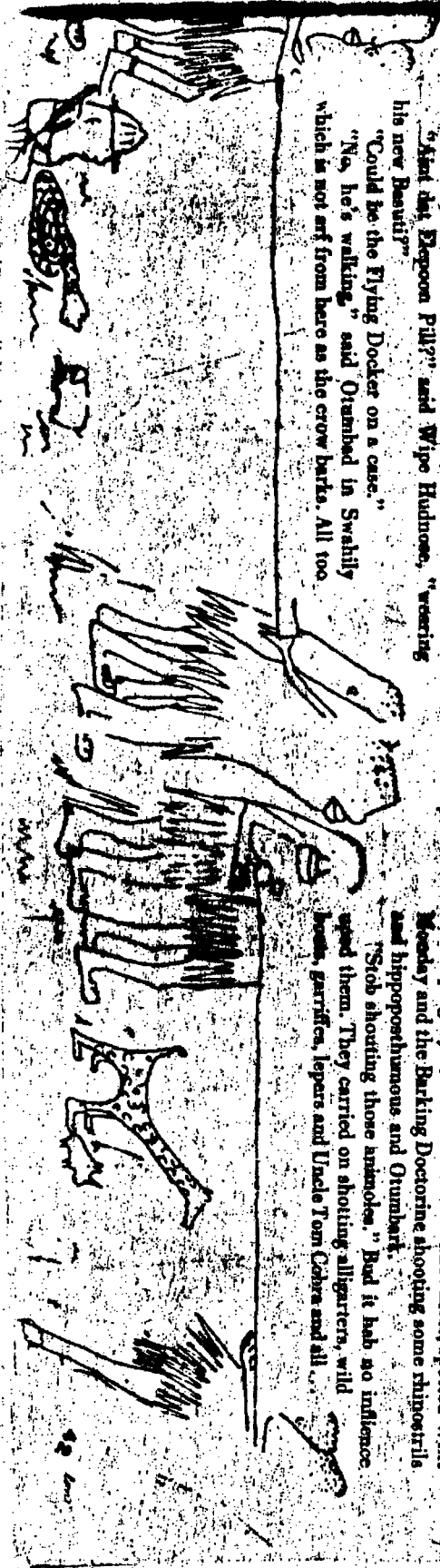
bus now standing at platform nine."
Jumping Gym, who shall remain knowles, spotted Whit

Mesday and the Barking Doctorine shooting some rhinoceros

and hippoosthynous and Otumbad.
"Stop shouting those animals," but it had no influence

upon them. They carried on shooting alligators, wild

bees, garriffes, lepers and Uncle Tom Cahrs and all.





*I sat
belonely*

I sat belonely down a tree,
Lumbled fat and small.
A little lady sing to me
I couldn't see at all.

I'm looking up and at the sky,
to find such wondrous voice.
Puzzly puzzle, wonder why,
I hear but have no choice.

"Speak up, come forth, you ravel me,"
I potty menthol shout.
"I know you hiddy by this tree,"
But still she won't come out.

Such softly singing lulled me sleep,
an hour or two or so
I wakeny slow and took a peep
and still no lady show.

Then suddly on a little twig
I thought I see a sight,
A tiny little tiny pig,
that sing with all its might.

"I thought you were a lady."
I giggle,—well I may,
To my suprise the lady,
got up—and flew away.

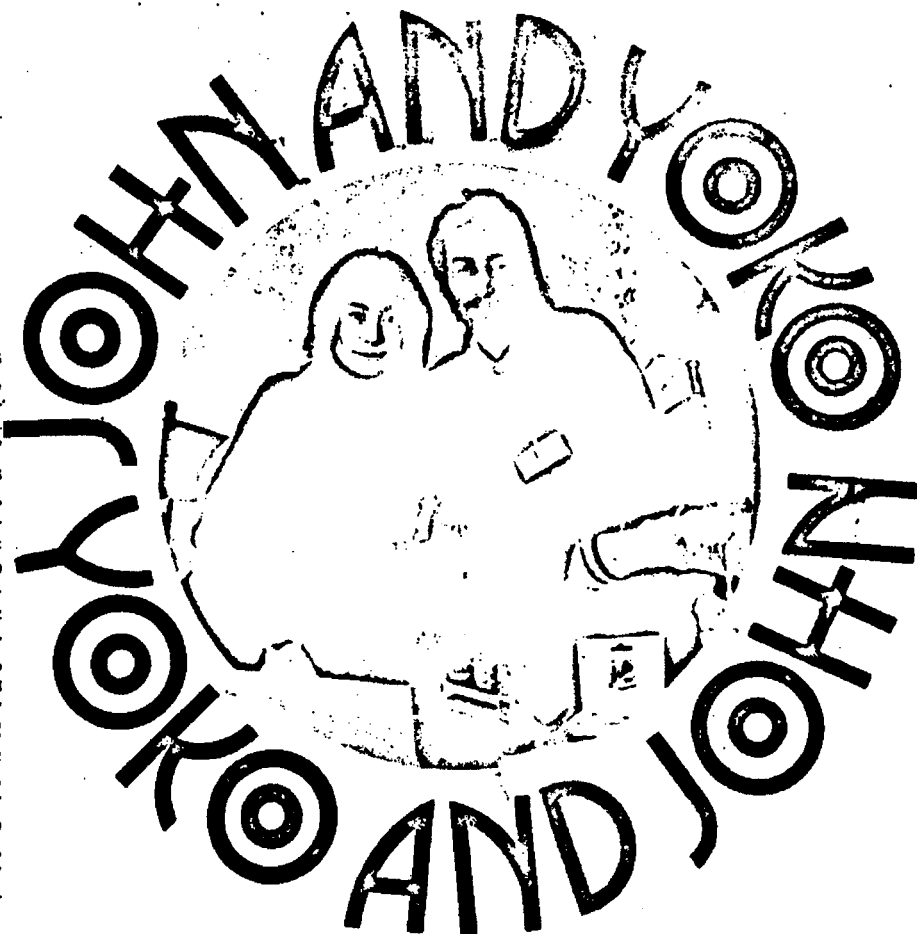
The dream is over
 What can I say?
 The dream is over
 Yesterday
 I was the dreamweaver
 But now I'm reborn
 I was the Walrus
 But now I'm John^o

JUDGING from an album of old tapes most recently re-released by Polydor, The Beatles—John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and drummer Peter Best—were a tight rock 'n' roll band in 1960. By 1963, The Beatles had established themselves in England, traded Best for Ringo Starr and recorded a couple of songs, "Love Me Do," "Please Please Me," "I Want to Hold Your Hand," that almost single-handedly revived the dormant public taste for rock 'n' roll. Enthusiasm became mania, record followed record, and then came the movie "A Hard Day's Night"—as with geometrical luxury their talents blossomed at the vanguard of the most significant cultural rebirth of the post-World War II era. By 1966, with the release of the albums "Rubber Soul" and "Revolver," they had so transformed the music of their idols, Elvis and Chuck Berry, that a few grown-up critics were seriously considering whether art was happening.

In June, 1967, they laid "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band" on a breathless humanity. The world turned on. In the American media everyone from *Seventeen* to the *New Republic* proclaimed that The Beatles were "it." And as amazing as it seemed, some of the most sensitive young rock writers (like Richard Goldstein in *The New York Times*) simultaneously declared that The Beatles had blown it. But the tidal wave swept on: pop, rock, psychedelic, LSD, Magical Mystery, Maharishi, the Walrus, Apple, marijuana busts, Lady Madonna, Paul and John fighting, Yoko Ono, bedding in for Peace, naked albums, Paul is dead, Ringo's in the movies, breaking up. . . . When it was finally official it was anticlimatic. In 1970: the demise of The Beatles, a rock institution.

The Beatles are such an intricate set of phenomena that nothing short of a 50-page monograph could seriously attempt the unraveling. Scanning the landscape from the altitude of hindsight, the fault lines do reveal themselves. At their most intense, they were a band playing together eight hours a day. After "Sgt. Pepper's" they saw each other a couple of times a year in the recording studio. Rich, famous, with all the distractions that success offers, but their talents could not hold together all the elements of their new eclecticism. By the time they reached the album "Abbey Road" in 1969, their Beatleness was diluted to an almost unrecognizable point.

For the most ardent Beatles fan, the



truly subversive element was John Lennon's liaison with the Japanese avant-garde artist Yoko Ono. With "wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine" intuition, they sensed the undeniable symptom of change, threatening to carry away the most articulate of the foursome. The agonizingly protracted release of the movie and album "Let It Be" softened the blow of their break up. In spite of publicity and panic, they managed to cool themselves out:

When I find myself in times of trouble
 Mother Mary comes to me
 Speaking words of wisdom,
 "Let it be."^o

Within their common bond, John Lennon distinguished himself by his sense of language, his sense of humor, and his sense of humanity. Early on, with the publication of his two little books of wit, drawings, and philosophy, "In His Own Write" and "A Spaniard in the Works," he existed outside the glittering limits of The Beatles. Consciously he faced richer impulses in himself which the demands of success and loyalty to the group—as the last glow of the fading Empire—inevitably contradicted. His friendship and love for the Japanese artist are a natural extension of this. Obviously, had he played his cards correctly, he (and all) might have reached "knighthood" and married himself off to a fairy-tale princess of wealth and aristocracy.

Why Yoko?

Yoko and John are lovers. Yoko and John are friends. Yoko and John are pals. They can play together. They can

talk to each other. The strange sequence of albums—"Two Virgins," "Life With the Lions," "The Wedding Album"—are a record of Yoko and John in love and at play, fooling around, getting to know each other, sharing their lives with the thousands of individual human beings—unclassifiably different people—whom press and tradition would have us whitewash under the name of "fans." The albums are certainly not rock, they are not really music. But while The Beatles continued to churn out entertainment stuff, John and Yoko were moved to make a contribution at a more relevant human level.

Their civil-disobedience honeymoon, a seven-day "bed-in" for peace in Amsterdam, repeated in Montreal, caught many people out of phase, coming as it did in a moment of Weathermen, Panthers, and violent rhetoric. They were put down as publicity freaks, but more likely their attempt truly reflected a blend of their personalities: John's basic philosophy of humor and his conviction that real revolution will come not through politics but through "changing your mind, instead"; and Yoko's flair for unexpected, public, art happenings. The public was so conditioned to fictionalized entertainment, that even supposedly hip people couldn't take John 'n' Yoko's real theatre for ideas. Times, however, are changing, as evidenced by the recent success of the Theatre for Ideas in New York's Town Hall, where a panel including Norman Mailer, Germaine Greer, and Jill Johnston helped create an evening of dramatic, skyrocketing

emotional openness in a dialogue on Women's Liberation. Like John and Yoko, these were people of renown confronting the public with their deepest feelings about profoundly important things.

Only recently, however, is the deep artistic power of John and Yoko's relationship clearly visible, the result of the release last winter of their twin albums, "John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band" and "Yoko Ono/Plastic Ono Band."

Yoko's artistic fidelity to her own feelings has now significantly manifested itself with the broad spectrum of rock. The tremendous change, however, is in John, who in a certain sense has joined Yoko in the pursuit of reality. He has realized, and magnificently presented for all to see, that The Beatles was an establishment star trip like any other, based on fortune and fame, and that his so-called, much vaunted art became merely "artsy" in avoiding confrontation with his own inner feelings.

"Mother," the first song on his new album, begins with Big Ben tolling four times and then, like a punch in the stomach:

MOTHER YOU HAD ME, but I never had you.

I wanted you, but you didn't want me . . .
Father, you left me, but I never left you.
I needed you, but you didn't need me.©

One of the tragedies of this decade has been the bombed, violated, demilitarized zone between the generations. But here is no finger pointing, or oversimplified call for love and brotherhood. Reality is bitter and granitic and John is finally dealing with it, and with his real past, and reacting to his parents and his past not with hate, or saccharine love but simply with the knowledge that he has to be himself:

**So I just got to tell you
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.©**

In the context of commercial rock music, what John has done is analagous to Henry Ford II suddenly, spontaneously withdrawing from his empire to work on producing a long-lasting, minimal-profit, pollution-free, totally safe automobile. His album is something for each person to use, a pathway through the confusions of both hip and straight culture down to the deep, enclosed individual identity. With undaunted voice, he says in "I Found Out":

**Now that I showed you what I been through
Don't take nobody's word what you can do
There aint no Jesus gonna come from
the sky . . .**

**There aint no guru who can see through
your eyes . . .
Don't let them fool you with dope
and cocaine.**

**No one can harm you . . . Feel your
own pain.©**

What John has been through, inside him, is in the song "Working Class

Hero" that has been banned from the radio in the United States. But his autobiographical sketch is as true in Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, or Hartford as it is in Liverpool, Manchester, or London.

**As soon as you're born they make you
feel small
By giving you no time instead of it all . . .
They hurt you at home and they hit you
at school
They hate you if you're clever and they
despise a fool . . .
When they've tortured and scared you
for 20 odd years
Then they expect you to pick a career
When you can't really function you're so
full of fear.©**

Of course the majority of people do get beyond this moment of crisis. Choices and compromises are made, feelings are put aside. Eventually with money, sideburns, hip dress, and underground friends, young adults swagger around mouthing anti-establishment slogans from their establishment jobs (The Beatles were their heroes)—blind to the fact that they are as much a part of the system as ever:

**And you think you're so clever and
classless and free
But you're still . . . peasants as far as
I can see.©**

Sung to his own guitar accompaniment, in the style of Dylan's golden protest



songs (like "The Ballad of Hattie Carroll"), "Working Class Hero" is a healing and shattering experience.

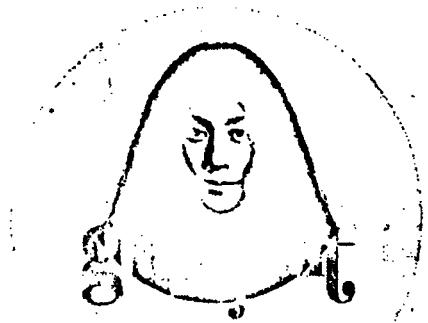
The process of admitting what you really feel (as opposed, say, to the reactionary underground cop-out of anti-establishment violence) is neither easy nor comfortable, least of all for John and Yoko themselves, because most of all you will at first feel very alone:

**People say we got it made
Don't they know we're so afraid?
Isolation.**

**The world is just a little town.
Everyone is trying to put us down.
Isolation.©**

As you can see, what is happening with John and Yoko is a spiritual

change. John has long understood that religion is a larger phenomenon than Religion: "I've seen religion from Jesus to Paul," he sings in "I Found Out," and the Paul he is referring to is McCartney. John's new position is one of release from all the god/hero/superstar



Works and drawings by Yoko Ono
Introduction by John Lennon

trips that our multi-level culture specializes in, best expressed in the song "God," which is at first a "non credo," that is, "I don't believe": "I don't believe in Magic . . . I-Ching . . . Bible . . . Tarot . . . Hitler . . . Jesus . . . Kennedy . . . Buddha . . . Yoga . . . Kings . . . Elvis . . . Zimmerman [Dylan] . . . Beatles [!]." Then comes the totally refreshing credo:

**I just believe in me
Yoko and me
And that's reality.©**

The strength and effectiveness of these many, complicated states of mind can be felt in John's beautiful, unforced vocal delivery and in the music itself. In his first sustained work without the collaboration of McCartney, John's brilliant success is based in simplicity. Like a Greek Island, the music has been stripped to its essential water and earth and sunlight—Ringo's steady drumming, Klaus Voorman's structural bass, John's own very controlled guitar, and especially piano—perfectly balanced, under the clear supervision of rock wizard producer Phil Spector. The almost stately power of the album is brought to life by the traditional rock device of a double vocal track to produce a resonant echoing effect.

While John's album is rock at its most elemental, Yoko's is rock at its most abstract. She is like a very young child, playing with sound, rhythm, voice, expressing emotion purely (the first song is entitled "Why," the second "Why Not") without recourse to the structures of fictional representation. Not surprisingly she is very close to jazz, and the song "Aos," performed with Ornette Coleman, is one of the richest on the album.

Terror, ecstasy, anger, thoughtfulness, tenderness, surprise mingle in a

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CUE-2

tropical luxury of sonic textures, yelps, cries, moans, screams, whispers. If she is difficult to enjoy, it is, I think, because our Aristotelean/logic-oriented culture has atrophied the inherent ability for total emotional release. No matter how we express ourselves or how we react, something is always withheld. Yoko withholds as close to nothing as seems possible. This is very hard to handle. Like music at its purest, she is pure mood. In this she is classical—and almost primitive, prehistoric. There are endless overtones of American Indian and African chantings in her songs. From one point of view her work is not far removed from the spaced fringes of psychedelic rock—the Dead, Pink Floyd, Zappa. Given the pure energy of her songs, she may well become popular with children and teen-age rock enthusiasts, in which case a whole generation of parents is going to long for the calm, idyllic times of Little Richard and The Rolling Stones. When it comes to "twistin' and shoutin'," Yoko leaves them in the dust.

Broad public appreciation of Yoko lies in the future, but John's work has tremendous implications for the present. A bewildered Jann Wenner, editor of the rock music journal *Rolling Stone*, printed a 30,000-word interview with John and Yoko Ono Lennon in which the basic rock star premises of the *Rolling Stone* culture were dismantled. Even Paul McCartney is feeling the pressure of John's example and admitted in a recent *Life* interview that he made his wife Linda Eastman collaborate on songs: "I'm gonna teach you how to write if I have to just strap you to the piano bench."

However, *Life*, Paul, and *Rolling Stone* are not the beneficiaries of John 'n' Yoko. In 1969, a few young visionaries with a transcendental light in their eyes carried poster-placards of John and Yoko down Madison Avenue to the bewilderment of hip and straight alike. They knew what is being discovered now, that John 'n' Yoko represent a spiritual rebirth in which everyone in the society has everything to gain.

No phenomenon was more beloved or representative of the times than The Beatles. No one has more authority to speak about it than John. What John has seen is that it was a dream, a dream of money and fame, a dream that divided people from their true selves, and ultimately left them on the far side, unhappy, confused, and dissatisfied.

And so dear friends
You just have to carry on
The dream is over. ©

—JAMES LICHTENBERG

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CREDIT CARDS HONORED

About the Awful

IN HIS OWN WRITE. By John Lennon. Simon & Schuster. 78 pp. \$2.50.

Peter Schickele

It's always good to see the conformities broken down. So many distinctions in the areas of taste or simply interest are based on snobbery and tradition, whether one lives in Westchester or Greenwich Village. It is refreshing to hear that Marshal Tito owns a complete collection of Laurel and Hardy films, that Miss Subways does abstract painting, or that Norman Mailer reads *Scientific American*.

Or that a Beatle writes a book. Anyone who has heard the best of the Beatles' songs, who knows that they are written by members of the group, and who has read about some of the opinions and attitudes expressed by various Beatles, should be aware that this hit-parade monopoly is not just another boneless creation of a publicity agent. Rather, it is a group of four spunky characters, certainly not naive but also, I think, not unduly cynical. One feels that they like their music and that they're having a ball being celebrities, but that if tomorrow everybody forgot about them completely they would soon find other ways to swing, together or individually. However, even people with a predisposition toward the Beatles (if not Beatlemania, perhaps Beatletropism?) are almost sure to be pleasantly shocked when they open up *In His Own Write*.

In the first place, most books written by people in the entertainment field sound as if they were all written by the same person, the reason being well known: they more or less are. This little volume by John Lennon ("The Writing Beatle," as he is identified on the cover) not only has a style of its own, but at its best it has a very sure and delightful style. Moreover, it is not about the author or the group which made him famous; it is a collection of brief whimsies and simple drawings — pure fancy and nonsense concocted by someone who loves jumbling words and images.

In reviews of the book, all sorts of literary wheels have been mentioned as influences — Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, James Thurber (I keep thinking of Kenneth Patchen, too — and it's easy to see why, from these scattered samples:

*Thorg hilly grove and burly ive,
Big daleys grass and tree
We clobber ever gallup*

*Deaf Ted, Danoola, and me.
To Clive Barrow it was just an
ordinary day nothing unusual or
strange about it, everything quite
naive, nothing outstanley just
another day; but to Roger it was som-
thing special, a day amongst days
... a red lettuce day ... because
Roger was getting married and
he dressed that morning he thought
about the gay bachelor soups he
had with all his pals.*

*He used to be so grandie
On him little bike
Hiding on a Sundie
Funny little tyke*

*One upon a tom in a far off di-
stant land far across the sea with
away from anyway over the hills
the crow barks 39 peoble lived milk
away from anywhere on a little di-
stant island on a distant land.*

Even James Joyce has been mentioned, and certainly passages like the following have a wild and high quality which goes beyond wordplay:

*"Where the charge man?" All
a southern I notice boils and girl
sitting in hubbered lumps smokin
Hernia taking Odeon and going
high. Somewhere 4 ft high but he
had Indian Hump which he gre-
in his sleep. Puffing and globberin
they drugged themselves ramplins
dancing with wild abdomen, stal-
bing in wild postumes among
themselves.*

*They seemed olivier to the wort
about them. One girl was revealing
them all over the place to rounds
bread and applause. Shocked
mazed I pulled on my rubber stan-
headly for the door.*

But Lennon is Lennon; he has his own brand of jumbleword, particularly in the prose pieces (it often sounds like someone with a cold speaking cockney-rhyming slang), and his satiric way of looking at things. Sometimes his satire is extremely cunning although several stories are marked to my taste, by a sort of surface consciousness that comes out like the snicker of sick jokes.

These places, however, are more than balanced by pages of inspired madness in the form of small poetry, tiny stories, minute plays, a lot of a television survey, speech instructions and a few even less classified items. The pieces range from quite clever to outrageous, and occasionally there is even a touching moment. The drawings are very uneven; some are just right, while others look amateurish, as if they'd been drawn by a professional rock 'n' roll singer.

The Nation

THE NATION

6/8/64

one who attended college.

adding off my appointment I must, as a and much R 'n' R r one complaint: of this fine word e lyrics of Beatles' many (though not wers, and the only t I can find is the s itself (after all, led themselves the e Gyration). Ad- ercial R 'n' R field rery congenial to ancy, but nowhere ags have I heard ry wit of one of imbers:

*a rose,
us.
atch;
t you better not*

*you're sleepin'
creepin'*

Or the poignancy of Elvis Presley early hit *Heart-Break Hotel*:

*The bellhop's tears keep flowing.
The desk clerk's dressed in black;
They've been so long on Lonely
Street*

That they'll never never get back

Elvis has become such a picture of clean living in his middle age that it is easy to forget the days when he aroused wrath right and left, and supposedly answered a question about marriage with, "Why buy a cow when you can get milk through the fence?" The Beatles have the same perspective and seem to enjoy themselves more than Elvis ever did. As Lennon writes in a note "About the Awful":

*As a member of the most pub-
lised Beatles my and P. G. and P.'s
records might seem funnier to some
of you than this book, but as far as
I'm concerned this collection of
short witts is the most wonderfoul
larf I've ever ready.*

God help and breed you all!

*Peter Schickele is a composer and
teaches at Juillard School of Music.*

6/8/64

cash box/film reviews

'Imagine' Five by John & Yoko

GULF & WESTERN PLAZA, NYC—Imagine five films by John Lennon and Yoko Ono. Two by John, two by Yoko and one by John & Yoko. Altogether it spells Joko, the name of John & Yoko's film production company. Joko's newest film, "Imagine," was previewed last week at a screening coordinated by May Pang, John & Yoko's assistant and production aide. The show, which included Yoko's "Fly," and John's "Erection" was a varied format of abstract concept presentation, ranging in structure from Haiku cinema to evolved still-life portraits.

John Lennon uses the film media as canvas more than as celluloid. He matches color hues and intensities with the mood and direction of the music. For this reason, it seems as though Lennon will eventually get into the color-sound mixing and fading possible with videotape equipment.

"Imagine" (the film) revolves around the "Imagine" LP that John put out on Apple Records last year. Soundtrack albums are usually made with the film in mind, but in this case, the film was made with the album in mind, and many scenes tie in directly to the songs. At one point, Lennon is facing backwards in a rowboat, unsuccessfully trying to push the boat away from the shore with an oar. In the midst of his struggle, on comes "How can I go forward if I don't know which way I'm facing?" As the following lines of "How" unfold, however, John finally gets his bearings and rows downstream with Yoko.

There are also portions of "Imagine" that are total digressions into fantasy and dreams, among them a brilliant animated sequence of a flying Rorschach inkblot by Carmen Davino. "Imagine" employs Rene Magritte-

style images in a number of sequences, the most obvious one concerning the green apple that sits in Lennon's mansion and on his Apple Records label.

One-Vision

The Yoko Ono visual sets a general mood for which the sound serves as finer tuning. "Fly" depicts a nude Virginia Lust asleep on a bed with a fly crawling on her, exploring every hairy nook and curved cranny. May Pang explained that the flies were gassed with Carbon Dioxide so that they wouldn't fly away. All this while Yoko is chanting her version of a fly's mating call.

The two "Freedom" films are each about a minute long, and like Haiku poetry, make brief but effective statements.

"Erection" by John, is a still-life, but of a building that is being built from the ground up. The still photos were shot over a period of 18 months by Ian Macmillan and were then edited together to give a time elapse sequence as a motion picture. The London International Hotel shimmers in Max Ernst surrealism, not moving but going through small transformations as it grows and takes shape from start to finish. Again, it seems as though Lennon intended this to be a painting rather than a film. He used the cinema media to give his still-life the gift of change.

Judging from their five films, movie-making is a very personal thing for the Lennons. They appear to be primarily concerned with depicting their life as art, rather than channelling their energies into the technique of cinematography. John Lennon leads a life that many others dream of—he has placed his dreams on film to enhance your imagination.

M.P.

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