

# 2x POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST AUGUST 8-AUGUST 15 • 1964 25c

G.O.P. CAMPAIGN PREVIEW

NEW NOVEL ABOUT CHICAGO  
BY SAUL BELLOW

SUMMER MADNESS:  
THE BEATLES ARE BACK



Give drugs to addicts? / A \$3 million mystery in the Bahamas / TV's comic cook



AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND FLIPPED, THEIR NATIVE LIVERPOOL RIOTED; NOW THE U.S. BRACES FOR:

# THE RETURN OF THE BEATLES

By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ

Photographs by  
JOHN LAUNOIS



When the Beatles stepped from the plane, 1,500 people shrieked a welcome from the roof of Liverpool Airport. This was only the vanguard of the 150,000 who lined the 10-mile route to the town hall. On the drive to the city the Beatles had an eight-motorcycle escort. The mobs kept breaking through the police lines to claw at their car, while the police motorcycles raced down both gutters, making spectators jump hotfootedly back onto the curbs. Along the way the motorcycle police heard radio reports that there was rioting at town hall.

The Beatles—Ringo Starr, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison—were home. They were back in Liverpool for the opening of their first movie, *A Hard Day's Night*.

At the Liverpool town hall the first of the 400 persons hurt that day were being carried on stretchers from the crowds surging and screaming behind the barricades. The Beatles were rushed into the office of the Lord Mayor, a small moustached man named Louis Caplan. He was wearing white tie and tails and something called the Lord Mayor's evening jewel, a cameo which hung from his neck by a blue ribbon and was decorated by the Liverpool coat of arms surrounded by diamonds, emeralds and rubies. The first thing that John did was to press his nose against the jewel. "All right," said the Lord Mayor as he waved an envelope bearing a British Columbia postmark. "Now, John. Which one of you is John? There's a letter here for you from Victoria." "Queen Victoria?" asked John. "All right," said the Lord Mayor, "now Ringo. Which one of you is Ringo? They've got a desk, and they've identified it as Ringo's desk at your old school..."

In the town-hall plaza some 20,000 people were screaming for the Beatles.

*In their new movie the Beatles enact a typical triumphal welcome. John and Paul stand behind Ringo and George.*



The Lord Mayor, up for reelection next year, announced he was taking the Beatles to the town-hall ballroom. As he led them up the grand staircase, a police band, concealed below, broke into a Beatle hit, *You Can't Buy Me Love*. Ringo danced all the way upstairs. In the second-floor ballroom a noisy crowd of 700 invited guests joined with 400 uninvited guests in storming a long, linen-covered table laden with canapés, cakes and whiskey. When the Beatles entered, accompanied by a single constable, the mob changed direction and attacked them. The Beatles





*In Liverpool's subterranean Cavern Club, where the Beatles were discovered, a group called the Escorts wows a Saturday-afternoon audience of teen-agers.*

were crushed against the table by the stampede of well-wishers. While they stood there gasping, officials on the other side of the table showed them a giant cake decorated with a map of the world and the routes they had taken over it outlined in red. They were finally rescued by the constable and one of their road managers, who had his watch lifted in the struggle.

From the town hall the Beatles drove through another cheering mob of 20,000 to the Odeon Theater for the local premiere of their film. On the stage of

the theater a telegram of congratulations from Prince Philip was read. Offstage, Lord Derby placed a request from Queen Elizabeth for six autographed souvenir programs.

Then the Beatles rode back to the airport. It was dark and it was raining, but scattered clumps of people on street corners shouted greetings. At the airport the Beatles were ushered into an executive's office where officials served Scotch and sandwiches wrapped in cellophane.

"I wouldn't eat those sandwiches," said John. "I used to wrap them. I used

to work here at the airport, and I used to spit in them and wipe them in dirt."

The Lord Mayor was there to say good-bye to the boys. He also had a sheaf of papers to be autographed.

"Here," he told Paul, "you'd better sign this."

"Yes, Your Worship," said Paul, "I'd better sign this." Then Paul turned to John. "John," he said, "you'd better sign this for His Worship." The Lord Mayor produced another sheaf of papers. "Here," he said to Paul, "You'd better sign this too." "Yes, Your Worship, Your Holi-

ness," said Paul. "I'll sign it right away." John, meanwhile, was fondling the Lord Mayor's evening jewel. "Looie," he told the Lord Mayor. "I saw people in that crowd today without any teeth. When are you going to get them teeth?"

There were about 1,000 people standing in the rain on the observation roof when the Beatles boarded the plane back to London.

It was a frantic day, but wholly typical. Since their visit to America last February, the Beatles have lived at jet speed. They visited the South Seas and the West



LONDON PAVILION

# THE BEATLES

IN THEIR FIRST FULL LENGTH,  
HILARIOUS, ACTION-PACKED FILM!

## A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

12 SMASH SONG-HITS!



ELL  
y  
world

DRESSING  
COIFFEUR  
GUM

Ales

HARD'S







Statue of Shakespeare looks incredulous as mophead fans gather to view the figures of the Beatles at Madame Tussaud's London wax museum.

## ONE OF THE FAVORITE PASTIMES OF LIVERPUDLIANS IS BRAWLING.

### Beatles' Return

Indies where, the British press reported with gleeful cattiness, Beatles Paul McCartney and Ringo Starr were accompanied by Paul's 18-year-old girl friend, actress Jane Asher, and Ringo's 17-year-old secretary-to-be, hairdresser Maureen Cox. The Beatles also completed *A Hard Day's Night*, a low-budget movie which Brian Epstein, the Beatles' 29-year-old manager, blithely predicted would earn the largest profit in film history. They toured New Zealand and Australia, where as many as 300,000 people not only howled greetings but sometimes trampled one another underfoot. In Australia the Beatles left behind an estimated 1,000 casualties. One girl burst a blood vessel in her throat from screaming. About a dozen fans were kicked by police horses. Another girl suffered carbon-monoxide poisoning when she was knocked down near the exhaust pipe of an automobile hemmed in by the mob. When she tried to get up, she was pinned there by several other girls, who had climbed on her back to get a view of the Beatles.

In early July the Beatles were back in London for the royal premiere of their movie. Princess Margaret and her husband, Lord Snowden, attended along with all the rest of the British aristocracy who wanted to be seen with the royal couple. It was the social event of the season, and scalpers charged as much as \$150 a seat. On August 19 the Beatles will storm the U.S. for the second time, beginning a five-week tour of 25 cities.

Amazingly, it has been little more than a year since the last zippered leather boot of the Beatles climbed the winding dungeon steps out of Liverpool's Cavern

Club, leaving behind the distinctive local delirium which they created and which created them.

A city of 750,000 persons, Liverpool has played a disproportionately large role in the musical life of Britain since the emergence of the Beatles. It is a gray city, its stone houses mirroring the almost constantly overcast skies. Its people are small, tough and wiry, attenuated by the spare diets and frequent malnutrition that result from the meager factory wages in northern England. It has one of the highest unemployment rates in England, a fact that helps account for the feeling among Liverpoolians that they aren't a part of England at all.

There was a time when Liverpool, a seaport on the slimy mouth of the Mersey River, even issued its own money. There are still iron rings on the docks where slaves were chained before shipment to the colonies, in open defiance of the crown. The big colonnaded stone mansions on Upper Parliament Street and Gambia Terrace were built by profits from the slave trade. But, as John Lennon remarks, "It's the coloreds who won out in the end, isn't it? Now it's them that live on Upper Parliament Street."

The mansions have been broken down into the tiny flats of Liverpool's Harlem, and Lennon himself used to live in one of them on Gambia Terrace when he was a student at the Liverpool Art Institute across the street. His friends still talk about the winter he chopped up the furniture to heat the flat, and about the time a London newspaper sent a photographer to take pictures of it for an article on England's beat generation. Lennon threw the photographer out.

To British intellectuals the Beatles are carrying the banner of the British beat generation, and their success represents a breakthrough for the social rebellion

the Beatles represent. Perhaps they're right. Since the advent of the Beatles, rock 'n' roll music has begun to overturn the caste system in other English cities. Hardly a day goes by without a front-page story about some group's exploits. The BBC has been forced to increase its pop-music programming, and youngsters wait eagerly each week for the latest pop-record charts. Whoever has the No. 1 record also has at least seven days of acclaim as a national hero.

It could only have started in Liverpool, where the football fans are barred from British railways because of a Liverpoolian tendency to rip seats apart in celebration of either victory or defeat.

Lately it has been victory. Liverpool, the slum of England, has the championship football team of the United Kingdom. It also boasts Harold Wilson, the probable next prime minister; Miss Brenda Blackler, Miss England of 1964; and, of course, the Beatles.

### The rot has set in

Thanks to them, one out of every 15 Liverpoolians between the ages of 15 and 24 now belongs to a rock 'n' roll group. Some of them work for as little as five dollars a night, some for nothing, but most don't work at all. There are in Liverpool some 350 music groups, among them such units as the Hideaways, the Swinging Blue Jeans and the Mersey Monsters. The Monsters perform in costumes dreamed up in some nightmare; they wear faces that look like rubber Halloween masks. According to some local music critics they sound as horrible as they look. There are also the Blackwells, who wear their hair down to their shoulders and bleach it, and the Undertakers, who perform in top hats and frock coats and ride to their performances on

motor scooters. The best of the Liverpool groups rarely play the Cavern or the Iron Door or the Mardi Gras or the Peppermint Lounge or any of Liverpool's other two dozen beat-music clubs anymore. "The rot has set in," says William Harry, 26-year-old editor of the *Mersey Beat*, a weekly newspaper for beat musicians and their followers. "Success has turned the scene rotten. It has sapped the energy and made a happy scene a rat race."

But the scene is still a lively one at the Cavern Club. At the bottom of the steps, in a vaulted subterranean caldron, the same human stew that was once stirred by the Beatles now bubbles to the heated, thumping beat of lesser chefs.

Onstage in place of the Beatles there now are such unknown performers as Earl Preston and his Realms or the Red Caps or even an American import such as Inez Foxx. Nevertheless the broth continues to simmer with an official capacity of 750 churning bodies and perhaps an unofficial 250 or more. Appropriately enough, the Cavern Club used to be a vegetable warehouse.

The Cavern Club isn't a place for sissies. One of the favorite pastimes of Liverpoolians is brawling. On one recent night a group of youths somehow managed to find room in the crush to start a fight. Immediately another platoon of youths rushed to a cache of empty pop bottles and grabbed them, one by one, like soldiers taking rifles off a waiting stack. An instant later there was the murderous splash of breaking glass on the walls of the room. But the fight didn't last long. The Cavern Club bouncers leaped into the center of the brawl within seconds and emerged dragging two boys by their arms across the floor and then up the stairs, bouncing them along on the stone steps as if they were rubber balls. Through it all, the group

*Throngs await Princess Margaret at the royal premiere of the Beatles' first movie.*



# WHILE THE BAND PLAYED, JOHN SANG "GOD S-A-A-A-VE THE CREAM."

## Beatles' Return

onstage—two guitarists, a drummer and a singer—never missed a beat, and couples continued necking busily on the wall benches under cover of the thick, hot, wet, nicotine fog. Overhead bare red light bulbs burned dimly like dying embers. The boys, with hair brushed neatly, sometimes to their shoulders, were distinguishable from the girls only by their trousers, stiletto-thin in the style of the Beatles. Most of the girls wore three-quarter-length black-leather coats and had long, straight hair. On the floor the club's inhabitants twitched through

wild, nameless dances, their bodies controlled like puppets by the guitar strings. They danced in twos, threes, fours and singly. The steam of cigarettes and heat covered everything. It crept up the stairway and billowed through the narrow, unadvertised Cavern Club door into Mathew Street, turning into white clouds in the cool air outside. More than once fire engines had to rush to Mathew Street when passersby, noticing the smoke, thought the Cavern was burning.

Taxicab drivers refuse to enter Mathew Street, a canyoned gantlet of broken glass, miniature vans parked helter-skelter, and gangs of 15-year-olds with

collarless jackets, no ties and no restraint on their Liverpool language, known as "Scouse." On one night this summer in Mathew Street one of the gangs was hurling words and kicks against a tiny car, while the occupants, a group of musicians who had just finished playing the Cavern, shouted back through closed windows. When the car finally drove off, the gang surrounded a tourist and asked for cigarettes, while one gang member elegantly cleaned his nails with an open penknife. "The Beatles," one of them said in the upward tilt of the Scouse dialect that makes every sentence sound like an unasked question. "Ahhh, the Beatles are finished in Liverpool. It's the Rolling Stones you want to hear."

"Except," says 34-year-old Alan Williams, the short but ready-fisted owner of Liverpool's nightclub, the Blue Angel, "the Beatles don't belong to Liverpool anymore, they belong to the world. You know, I used to be manager of the Beatles. It was all done on a handshake. One bloody nasty paper said I now cry myself to sleep. That's ridiculous. I couldn't have done what their present manager, Brian Epstein, did for them."

What Epstein has done for them was demonstrated graphically at the London premiere of the Beatles' new movie which took place only a couple of nights before the hoopla in their hometown. There were 12,000 people in Piccadilly Circus. The Beatles' giant faces smiled down nuttily at the originals from the façade of London's Pavilion Theater. Two hundred policemen held the crowd back while the girls chanted "Beatles! Beatles! Beatles!" Several fights broke out. The crowd also sang *Happy Birthday* to Ringo, who was celebrating his 24th the next day. When the Beatles arrived, there was an immense throaty roar. Afterward the theater manager rolled out a newly cleaned red carpet for Princess Margaret. She walked in, tiny and smiling, with her husband, Lord Snowden, trailing behind. The theater was worn and smoky. A detachment of trumpeters blew a tinny fanfare from the stage, and the metropolitan police band played *God Save the Queen*. Then the theater darkened, and a short preliminary film colored the screen. It was a travelogue of New Zealand, and the Beatles snickered knowingly. "New Zealand," John said afterward, "is a drag." After that the Beatles were introduced and *A Hard Day's Night* flickered on screen. Later on, when they were presented to the princess, she asked Paul what he thought of the film. "I don't think we are very good, Ma'am," Paul answered, "but we had a very good producer."

There was a party afterward in the Dorchester Hotel, and the princess came. So did Brian Jones and Keith Richards, two members of the popular new quintet called the Rolling Stones. The party was formal, with gowns and black ties, but Jones and Richards were wearing turtle-neck shirts. "Isn't this the greatest party crash of all time?" said Jones. The Rolling Stones' latest record, *It's All Over Now*, had just hit the top of the British pop-record charts, and the Beatles came over to congratulate them with glasses of champagne. A society orchestra was trying to play rock 'n' roll, but not even the dancers were listening to its eviscerated

beat. An elderly woman came up to John and said, "You're simply darling."

"Can't say the same for you, Luv," John replied. Later, as the party broke up, he told her, "Good night, Mrs. Haitch. We'll dance again some Somerset Maugham." Meanwhile a crowd of begowned autograph hunters were besieging the Rolling Stones. Brian Jones was still signing his name when the orchestra began playing *God Save the Queen*. "Stop it," a diamond-necklaced woman at his table commanded sternly. He kept on signing. "Stop it!" she commanded again, this time with the fury of the empire in her voice. Jones stopped signing and picked up a woman's scarf which was lying on the table in front of him. Slowly, to the solemn tones of the music, he wrapped it around his neck. When the orchestra came to the final verse, an off-key voice at the front of the ballroom shrieked out the word "save" from *God Save the Queen*. It was John Lennon, and what he actually had sung was, "God s-a-a-a-ve the cream."

After the party John, Paul and Ringo went to the Ad Lib, an after-hours club. Paul left early. Ringo was the next to go. "I stayed up till the papers came out so I could read the reviews," Ringo said later. "I got all the papers at four in the morning, drunk out of my mind trying to read them. But I couldn't focus."

What the papers were saying was that Ringo Starr was a movie star as well as a drummer. Not one of the normally dyspeptic London critics could belch up an unkind word about the film. ANOTHER BEATLE SUCCESS was the headline in the conservative *Daily Telegraph*. "Ringo," wrote the *Observer*, "emerges as a born actor." And the *Daily Mail* compared the Beatles with the Marx Brothers. Oblivious to the praise, John continued drinking Scotch and Coke at the Ad Lib Club. His hand gripped his glass as if he were trying to crush it. His eyes seemed hard, sharp and unsmiling. His upper lip sometimes curled as he talked, displaying hard white teeth. "I love you," he told Brian Jones and Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones. "I loved you the first time I heard you. But there's something wrong with you, isn't there? There's one of you in the group that isn't as good as the others. Find out who he is and get rid of 'im."

For a while they argued about music. The Rolling Stones, who come from London, play American Negro rhythm-and-blues. The Beatles, they said, were playing white commercial rock 'n' roll. For another while they argued about hair styles. "Your hair makes it," John told Brian Jones. "Your hair makes it," he said to Keith Richards. "But Mick Jagger," he said, referring to another Rolling Stone, "you know as well as I do that his hair doesn't make it."

"It's harder for us than it was for you," said Brian Jones, "because we have to contend with you and America. You only had to contend with America."

"Ahhh," said John, "in another year I'll have me money and I'll be out of it."

"In another year," said Brian Jones, "we'll be there."

John took a drag on his cigarette. "Yeah," he said, "but what's there?"

What is there? The question bothers Paul, too. "Have there been any changes



The trademark gimmick of the Blackwells is the Beatle hairdo—dyed platinum blond. *Swinging Blue Jeans*—soon to play U.S.—perform on ferry across Mersey River.







*Piling on greasepaint, the Mersey Monsters transform themselves into apparitions out of old horror movies in the belief that this attracts male as well as female admirers. The Undertakers base their fetching image on their costume—reminiscent of old-time American morticians' rig—and the practice of traveling to engagements on motor bikes.*





# "IT'S AS IF THEY HAD FOUNDED A NEW RELIGION."

## Beatles' Return

in us?" says Paul. "The main thing is the cash. Isn't it? The cash is the big change. And the cash changes you. But it can't change you really inside, because to go bigheaded, you got to be bigheaded anyway—I think." For his father's 62nd birthday, five days before, he had bought a racehorse named Drake's Drum. It had cost \$4,500, and on its first time out, it had run second in a photo finish, paying six-to-one. "We think, obviously, that we've got something, because we'd be idiots if we didn't. The danger is in narrow-minded people, soft people, who will say, 'Ah, it's gone to their heads and they're bigheaded.' But I think we've always had some kind of faith in ourselves—which you need to do anything in show business.

"You know," he says, "we're all more confident in ourselves now than we were. Ringo especially. He was always more of an introvert than he is now. Like that thing about us telling him he'd be nowhere without the rest of us. To anybody writing or printing it, we're the biggest gang of conceited swellheads going. You know, people used to have the idea, and one or two still do, that we pick on Ringo. But it's because of this that we do pick on him privately as a joke, because it is so ridiculous."

The Beatles wonder about themselves and draw no answers. "It's incredible, absolutely incredible," says Derek Taylor, the Beatles' press officer. "Here are these four boys from Liverpool. They're rude, they're profane, they're vulgar, and they've taken over the world. It's as if they'd founded a new religion. They're completely anti-Christ. I mean, I'm anti-Christ as well, but they're so anti-Christ they shock me, which isn't an easy thing. But I'm obsessed with them. Isn't everybody? I'm obsessed with their honesty. And the people who like them most are the people who should be outraged most. In Australia, for example, each time we'd arrive at an airport, it was as if de Gaulle had landed, or better yet, the Messiah. The routes were lined solid, cripples threw away their sticks, sick people rushed up to the car as if a touch from one of the boys would make them well again, old women stood watching with their grandchildren, and as we'd pass by, I could see the look on their faces.

"It was as if some savior had arrived and all these people were happy and relieved, as if things somehow were going to be better now."

Taylor paused and stuck a cigarette in his mouth. "The only thing left for the Beatles," he said, "is to go on a healing tour."

THE END

*Hopeful groups like the Hideaways (lower left) keep lights on late in Liverpool.*





