

# NEWSLETTER

An Entertainment Industry Organization



*50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary*

## *Editor's notes*

*by Ed Arrow*

### **The Vice-President's Corner**

*Michael R. Morris*

Hi everyone! Due to those nasty "technical difficulties" that our beloved president, Teri Nelson Carpenter, encountered in France, I'm subbing for her this month. I trust everyone enjoyed the Grammy Awards. Speaking of enjoyment, kudos to Susan Slamer and Marrsha Sill for orchestrating and moderating our January panel, the "Impact of Music In Television Today," which featured music supervisors and producers from *American Dreams* and *American Idol*, as well as the good musical folk from EMI Music and Billboard. While the January meeting may hold the record for running overtime, the fact that people stayed so late attested to the quality of the panel and the spirited discussion that ensued.

This month's meeting is equally special, as the CCC is pleased to present an evening with ASCAP's CEO, John LoFrumento. This panel will be moderated by CCC Board Member Shawn LeMone (who is also the Senior Director of Research and Technology for Film and Television at ASCAP). We anticipate a lively discussion with John on current and future economic and legal issues in the legal industry.

This month commemorates the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Beatles' first appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. By the time 73 million Americans tuned in for their first glimpse of the Fab Four on February 9, 1964, the hype faucet was already turned on full. Emerging from the national darkness imposed by the Kennedy assassination, frenzied teenage girls screamed and cried tears of joy at that first sight of the mop tops. But as the Beatles played the opening strains of "All My Loving" the hype began to evolve into what would become an American love affair with those young boys from Liverpool. Over the next six years the Beatles returned the love, delivering a treasure trove of innovative songs and records of astonishing quality. As big as the hype was in 1964, no one could have predicted the enormous influence the Beatles would have on music and culture.

The All Music Guide sums it up this way:

"... they were the most influential act of the rock era, and introduced more innovations into popular music than any other rock band of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Moreover, they were among the few artists of *any* discipline that were simultaneously the best at what they did, *and* the most popular at what they did."

In this Month's CCC newsletter, you'll find an essay by JayCe Crawford (some of you may know her as

Joey) sharing her memories and thoughts on the Beatles. Aside from her day job as Mechanical Licensing Manager at Universal Music Publishing in Los Angeles, JayCe is a writer working on her second novel. Her essay "The Road" is featured in the Los Angeles County Superior Court's Juvenile Intervention Program. Another of her essays will be published in the forthcoming "Sisters" edition of the "Cup of Comfort" book series.

Also featured this month is a bit of humor by singer/songwriter/TV writer Bob Claster. Bob put himself in the shoes of a curmudgeonly TV critic reviewing the February 9, 1964 *Ed Sullivan Show*. The problem is, this critic just doesn't "get" the Beatles!

Finally, I have taken the liberty of including some of my own memories, thoughts and observations:

I was seven years old when the Beatles made their American debut on the *Ed Sullivan Show* on February 9, 1964. I didn't watch the show. I first heard about it the next day in school. Kids in my class were talking about those amazing Beatles on *Ed Sullivan*. I had seen the *Ed Sullivan Show* before. I imagined one of those novelty acts the show was famous for. I imagined people dressed in giant beetle costumes waltzing across the stage.

It was not long before my younger brother and I owned Beatles records, Beatles songbooks,

the Beatles board game, Beatles wigs, and a red vinyl copy of *The Chipmunks Sing The Beatles*. I saved none of it. Who knew?

Actually, I hated the Beatles. The girls all loved them and as young boys we were duty-bound to hate everything girls loved. I didn't hate the music. Just them! When *Sgt. Pepper* was released I loved it. But it was my secret. I finally came out in 1968. I was given a copy of the *White Album* as a gift. I was stunned that one group could assemble such a variety of music styles on one album. I recall attending a friend's Bar Mitzvah. There was a band. All they played were songs from the *White Album*. They played every song from the album, except "Revolution No. 9." Then they played them all again. Everyone danced. All the guys came out that day.

Last week I bought a copy of the two-DVD set that contains, in their entirety, the Ed Sullivan Shows on which the Beatles performed. There were four shows. Three from February of 1964, and another from September of 1965. I told my two sons about it. They are five and seven years old. I explained that these were old TV shows with the old commercials included. I told them that they contained performances by the Beatles and that on the first was the Beatles' first U.S. performance. My kids already know about the Beatles. Their favorite CD to listen to in the car is *Beatles 1*. My five-year-old loves the earlier rockin' songs. After "Help" plays he asks to start the CD again from the beginning. My seven-year-old has more sophisticated taste. His favorite song is "Yesterday." I showed them the performance from the first *Ed Sullivan Show*. My seven-year-old asked me, "Daddy, how old were you when this happened?" I thought for a moment. "Seven. Your age *exactly*." As is the case with all great artists, the Beatles transcend generations. They are Beatles-4-Ever.

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## TUBE TALK: Last Night's Ed Sullivan Show

New York Daily Journal and Star, Late Edition, 2/10/64

by Bob Cluster

Everyone seems to be making such a fuss over this quartet that has newly arrived from Liverpool, and I just want to say that it's a gross injustice that the rest of the acts on last night's entertaining edition of the always-amusing "Ed Sullivan Show" seem to be going unnoticed.

To begin with, following the first batch of "tunes" from the four shaggy heads, there was a marvelous performance by a magician named Fred Kapps, whose ability to make salt continue to flow from his hand surely must have taken at least as much time to perfect as that Ringo person took to learn the drums. Then, the talented cast of the Broadway musical, "Oliver," performed some melodious show-stopping numbers that all but made one forget about the cacophony that began the show. The lad playing the part of the Artful Dodger, one Davey Jones, could be surrounded by three similarly able minstrels, and the world would forget the inept monkeyshines of those Beatles soon enough, I promise you.

Then, Frank Gorshin arrived on the scene to amuse us with his uncanny impressions, most noteworthy of which were those of Broderick Crawford and Anthony Quinn. Sure, every impressionist feels the need to include the obligatory Crawford bit, but Gorshin's is every bit as funny as the original.

Next, the real talent from England hit the stage in the person of Tessie O'Shea, reminding us that there actually is some musical ability coming from the British Isles. How she got so much music out of such a small banjo, I'll never know. And last night she made show business history by delivering the finest banjo rendition of "The

Tender Trap" this reporter has ever had the pleasure to hear. Future banjoists needn't bother. And when she called to her host and said "I love you, Eddie, I do, I do, I do!" and beckoned him to receive a big, wet kiss, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

But if comedy is your weakness, you were surely rendered helpless by the witty vignette performed by Brill and McCall, in which Miss McCall portrayed three hopeful (and hopeless!) starlets, auditioning for a producer. I especially liked the one who kept saying she wasn't nervous, but was clearly shaking from nervousness! The resourcefulness of this duo is illustrated by their inclusion of the following exchange: "My little girl is waiting outside. She used to be one of the Beatles." "What happened to her?" "Somebody stepped on her."

After another seemingly interminable appearance by the unkempt upstarts during which they undoubtedly exhausted their limited repertoire, the entertainment resumed with a brilliant novelty-tumbling act called Wells and the Four Fays. Not only did they begin with a dance number performed by a woman (probably one of the Fays) with a large face painted on her abdomen and a huge hat covering her head, thus giving the uncanny illusion of a person with a huge head and a very small body, but they followed that with a very amusing dance number which mimed a boxing match, all to very lively music!

These many fine entertainers have been, in my opinion, unfairly ignored, and to a man, they'll all be fondly remembered long after this current insanity is but a faint unpleasant memory.

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# Revolution

It Was 40 Years Ago Today . . .

by JayCe Crawford

"When I get older, losing my hair--many years from now..." A 25-year-old Paul McCartney wrote the song "When I'm 64" in honor of his father's birthday, never imagining he'd be facing that age himself one day. He once said, "I can see myself as a 40-year-old songwriter, but not as a 40-year-old rocker." Nevertheless, when he passed that milestone in 1982, he was rocking the world just as he always had. And he's still rocking today.

Speaking of 40, you'd have to be living on another planet not to know that this month marks the 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Beatles' invasion of the U.S. They arrived at New York's newly renamed John F. Kennedy Airport on the 7<sup>th</sup> of February, 1964. They made their first live American television appearance on February 9<sup>th</sup>, and played their first U.S. concert in our nation's capitol on the 11<sup>th</sup>. I'd hate to have you think I'm old enough to remember all this. But I am. The year the Beatles first came to America is the year that I became a teenager. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

It's difficult to describe the passion that swept the country that year, though many have tried. But the English language doesn't contain any adjectives adequate to the task. So I'll just line up some nouns and verbs here, to give you a look at the excitement of that time. Of course, if you were there, you already know that in 1964:

The word "Beatles" was on everyone's lips. Not just teenaged girls and our boyfriends, but print journalists, television news anchors, actors, comics, sports figures, other musicians-- everyone had a story, or made up a story, about the band. References to the group were rife, on TV sitcoms and on the evening news, in novelty records and comedy routines as well as in serious plays and films, and in a seemingly infinite range of other media, whether related to music or not.

The phrase "John Paul George Ringo" was a mantra. Even my aging grandfather could recite those four names on cue. (Try that with any other band you can think of, then or

now. Mick, Keith, and...?) It worked in reverse as well-- you'd hear the phrase "John Paul George Ringo", and immediately think "Beatles". Which would call to mind a visual image-- bowl haircuts, Cuban-heeled boots, pegged trousers, collarless jackets, the drumskin sporting the familiar logo with the elongated "T", the two guitars, and that "backward" Hofner bass played by the famously left-handed McCartney. The "John Paul George Ringo" chant even worked if one of the names was missing. On an episode of *The Avengers*, John Steed and Mrs. Peel visited an office identified by a sign on the glass door: The "So-and-so" Brothers. And beneath that: "John, Paul, George, and Fred"-- a joke, and we were all in on it.

The print media wrote about "the boys" constantly-- where they were, with whom, and what they were doing. Their press conferences (which were legion) aired on the six o'clock news. Their concert dates, across the country and around the world, were splashed across full double-page ads in the newspaper.

Their first film played to packed houses of screaming girls and bewildered parents. We stood in lines several blocks long, waiting to enter the theatre. Once inside, we'd sit there in the dark all day, watching "A Hard Day's Night" over and over until the manager kicked us out after the last showing.

Less than two months after their first Ed Sullivan show appearance, the Beatles held eleven spots on Billboard's Top 100 chart. And if that isn't remarkable enough, five of those positions were numbers 5, 4, 3, 2, and 1. (I hope you're not holding your breath waiting for another artist to match that feat!)

I've been a Beatles fan since I first saw them on television-- on Walter Cronkite's program, not the Ed Sullivan show we all watched several weeks later. It took my parents about twenty-five years to acknowledge the fact that they were not a passing fad, and that I would not "grow out of it". At the time, I knew they were special, I knew they were important, I knew they were wonderful, I knew they'd

last forever. But my friend Nancy Gordon knew that about Herman's Hermits, and she was wrong.

So why were we *right*? Yes, the Beatles really were special and important and wonderful. But alas, that's not enough to make them eternal. I think often about the Beatles' story. How all the elements came together to create the music world's version of a perfect storm. Serendipity, that's what it was. No wonder that's my favorite word!

These four guys happened to live in the same town, in the same era. Brian Epstein happened to work in his family's music store, and he happened to be on duty when someone came in to request a Beatles record. On the other side of the pond, President Kennedy happened to get assassinated, leaving America depressed and anxious and miserable and yearning for something-- anything-- good to transpire, just as the Beatles' star was rising in England. Ed Sullivan happened to be on a New York-bound plane, awaiting take-off from London's Heathrow Airport, while the Beatles were arriving home to a tumultuous greeting from their frenzied British fans.

The Beatles' aesthetic was serendipitous, too. John, Paul, and George were all five-foot-eleven. Ringo was shorter by three inches, but that's okay-- he was sitting down. John and George played guitars with necks facing stage-left, while Paul held his bass the opposite way. (My friends and I thought he was so considerate, arranging his instrument so as to avoid getting in George's way when they stood together at one mic.) All of this was completely accidental, but it's the kind of pleasing composition a painter would struggle to create in oils.

Luckily for us, the Beatles existed not just as a two-dimensional portrait, but in real flesh-and-blood-and-art-and-music *life*. We in the music business are cognizant of the impact this band had-- and continues to have-- on our industry. They hit Number One on the Billboard singles chart for the first time with "I Want To Hold Your Hand" in 1964, and proceeded to

own the spot for twenty weeks that year, blazing the trail for countless other non-American performers. In fact, English bands today are so at home in Billboard, that a chart with no Brits on it was headline news in April of 2002.

The Beatles practically invented sampling, with the innovative arrangement on "All You Need Is Love". (The label and the publisher didn't know at the time how fortunate they were, in that the song sampled only other Lennon-McCartney songs and works in the public domain.) The Beatles were the first artist to include reprinted lyrics on album packaging, for their masterwork "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band". Acid rock, glam rock, folk rock, and many other sub-genres can be traced to works written and recorded by the Beatles. Of course, the members of the group would be the first to admit that they were profoundly influenced by those who preceded them. As Isaac Newton said, "If I seem to see farther than other men, it is because I have stood on the shoulders of giants."

With respect to these particular giants, they made their mark in subtler ways, as well. Consider their attitude; that cheeky, cocky, in-your-face approach to life was adopted wholeheartedly by American baby boomers, who then used it to effect change at every level-- political, social, and cultural. Think about their fashion sense; from the hairstyles to the clothing to the accessories, people-- especially men-- had never had those kinds of choices before the Beatles. When we reflect on their fellowship, we see how they changed our view of how men could-- and should-- relate to other men. *Why are they hugging each other?* the press smirked. The Beatles shrugged and said, "We're just friends, saying hello."

The music itself gave us a gentle lesson in this. "She loves you", Paul sang to some unnamed companion. Up to that moment, a singer would say "I love you", or "You love me", or "She loves me", or "I love her". But the concept of two men having an honest, personal discussion about the romantic relationship of one of them? Unheard of, until the Beatles.

From a publishing standpoint, the history of the Lennon-McCartney songwriting team has been rehashed in print countless times. Suffice it to say that Maclen Music pretty much died for the sins of future songwriters.

George Harrison himself learned his lesson from that textbook. And many other composers-- if they've been paying attention-- have benefitted from the knowledge of John and Paul's experience.

On a personal level, the history of Lennon-McCartney, Maclen Music, and Northern Songs was the impetus which drove me into the music business. Like a child on Christmas morning taking apart a new toy, I loved what I saw-- all pretty and shiny and new-- but I just had to know how it all worked!

On a visit to London a few years ago, I toured the British Museum's Library. It has an astonishing collection-- Gutenberg Bibles, illuminated manuscripts, first editions of William Shakespeare, ...and a glass case filled with Lennon-McCartney writing-related ephemera. There are signed letters and postcards, both to and from the boys. There are hand-written song lyrics; not the pristine versions printed up and sold by art galleries, no-- these are the *original* lyrics, with scribbles and arrows and cross-outs and doodles. Also contained in the Lennon-McCartney exhibit are two photographs, 8x10 glossies, of Paul and John as youngsters. Ed Sullivan would later call them "youngsters", even though their ages at that time were 20 and 21. But in the British Library photos, the boys are about 10 or 11 years of age.

I peered into the glass case, examining each detail, every feature. Soon I was joined by a man with a little girl. She must have been four or so; she had to stand on tiptoe, chubby fingers clinging to the edge of the case, in order to see inside. She caught sight of the children in the photographs, then turned to see the books lining the walls of the cavernous room. Then back to the pictures.

"Are they book-writers?" she queried in a lilting west-end accent.

"No, they're singers," her daddy told her.

I stiffened. "Singers?" I said, incredulous. "*Singers???*"

The man was stunned. And frightened-- I could see it in his eyes. *Uh-oh!* he was thinking. *One of those dangerous Americans!* He grasped the child's hand and backed away. Slowly.

Undeterred, I advanced on him. "Lennon and McCartney are accomplished songwriters. They are consummate musicians. They are critically-acclaimed performers. They are universally-recognized artists. They are a

symbol of everything that was right about the 60's. They are the arbiters of what rock-and-roll music would become. *Has* become. They are the visionaries who dreamed it, lived it, and made it possible for everyone who came after. *Singers!* That doesn't even begin to cover it." And I turned on my heel and stomped off, much to the poor guy's relief, no doubt.

So now it's 2004. Unfortunately, John Lennon and George Harrison have left us, much too soon. Paul McCartney will celebrate that sixty-fourth birthday in a couple of years. Ringo Starr turns that magic age even sooner-- this July seventh. And while I'm not looking 64 in the face-- yet-- I'm certainly no longer a teenager.

But in this year of 2004, recording artists and Grammy winners Coldplay count the Beatles among their major influences. (What else is new?) The Bravo series *Queer Eye For The Straight Guy* refers to its cast as "the Fab Five". (Where do you suppose *that* came from?) And once again the media are covering the Beatles story--in print, and on the air--as lavishly and fervently as they did forty years ago.

In the immortal words of Dr. Winston O'Boogie (a/k/a John Lennon), "You shoulda been there." And I'm really glad I was. Maybe Paul's musical question should be phrased another way: "*Will we still need them, when we're sixty-four?*" Yes, I believe we will. In fact, I'm sure of it.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

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## UPCOMING MEETINGS

### Mar 23

Part 1 of our Publisher Series:  
"Return of the Foreign Sub-Publishers"

### Apr 20:

Part 2: "U.S. Indie Publishers"

### May 25

50th Anniversary Celebration

## California Copyright Conference

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