



THE BEATLES GET BACK



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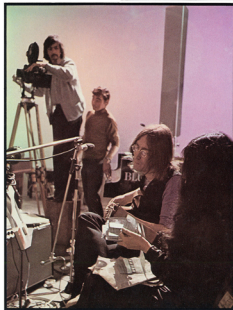
You've Got to Hide Your
Love Away/**1965**
I'm Only Sleeping/**1966**
Magical Mystery Tour/**1967**
Hey Jude/**1968**
Back in the U.S.S.R./**1968**
Blackbird/**1968**
Maxwell's Silver Hammer/**1969**
Get Back/**1969**
Carry that Weight/**1969**
Don't let me Down/**1969**
Dig a Pony/**1969**
Two of Us on our way home/**1969**
I got a feeling/**1969**
One after 909/**1969**

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I shall Be released - **Bob Dylan**



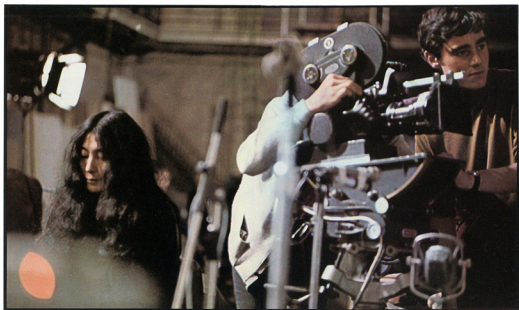
















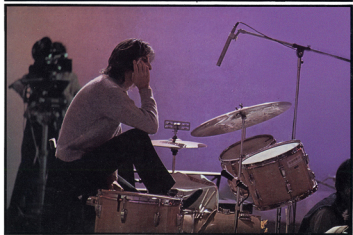
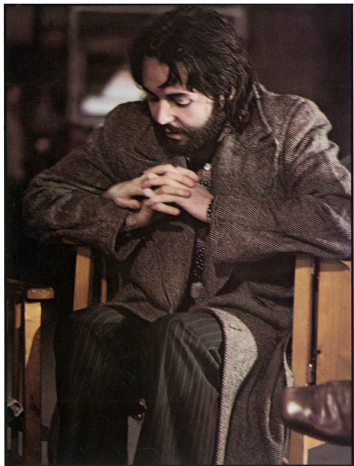


























**Things as they are
As a dream
As they are as a dream**

Paul: I think we're getting the wrong idea about the film. It's like in the Stones' Circus. I couldn't really get into that. It was an 'event' and that kind of thing is all over. I say, just stick on it and leave it. Just leave the shot and the whole bit and not just this excellent little movement. Like on Ringo. He does this and he does that and it's all great, and that to music.

Linda: Like a study.

Paul: A study, yeah, like Picasso paints. You just saw the whole thing right there. These songs are our paintings. Get very bright lights so you see everything, instead of moody lighting, that kind of thing.

With everything here, it hardly needs scenery. Really, it all should be about him and his drum kit, it really looks great beautiful sitting there. Then John and his guitar and his amp, sitting there, actually showing it at that minute. The scenery would just be the other things around, like the scaffolding, the other cameras. It's like in a news event. The man shooting is news, not the man on the ground afterwards. I'd really like to look at Pete Townshend's face: he fascinates me . . . like on 'Jude' the little screams were more interesting than the postman. If you can think slow, not bang! bang! bang! Instead of getting all the pacing, a chair lift, the flow, the pace is already

there. You can glide down from the roof on a one shot on to Ringo's face, float around, being careful not to miss anything. It's like Warhol's things; he goes to the other extreme, but he reckons there's a pace in 'Empire'. Even a Tunisian amphitheatre can be boring. I don't dig underestimating what's here. If it's going to be scenery, we should go the whole way and get galloping horses. You should get really close up, like right into one of John's eyes. Can you do that? That direction, rather than John and the moon.

Linda: The world is dying to see them. I've never seen a study of them. You want to be there.

Lindsay-Hogg: I just thought of going to Africa because we colonised it.

Paul: But we could have like a game of musical chairs, a computer set up with chairs. You've got the scenery here. It's like 'The Potter's Wheel'; they'd make a pot before your eyes. The camel won't be doing anything 'live'; you'll be lucky if you catch him crapping on camera.

Linda: It's like being a great photographer. Like there are only certain men I'm interested in photographing. I can't photograph women at all; it doesn't involve me . . . Well, maybe like Greta Garbo.

Paul: If you go away, you're going to be hamstrung by the scenery. If you could shoot the steadiness, like you're flying over . . .

Lindsay-Hogg: What was your favourite of the TV shows?

Ringo: Around the Beatles.

Paul: . . . just sit back in a wide shot, then go to someone, like a news event.

Ringo: I'd like it like a Country programme where you have one camera, just step in and do your bit, like on the Grand Ol' Opry, Flatt and Scruggs; they'd all move in when their solo came around and take the centre so they acted out the shots.

Paul: It bugs me when they zoom in and out. I'd like it to be like an old movie. If you want to say anything, you walk up to the camera. The only thing that doesn't need to move is the camera. It's like oriental medicine and western medicine. We prescribe for the symptoms; they are into preventing it. It's like a switch—get us to do the movement.

Ringo: They asked some people to stand by a wall, just stand there, not do anything, but they couldn't do it. They all had to do their bit, all the old jokes we used to do and that . . . Kids always win on those.

Paul: Dreaming in public is the thing. You know those dreams where you go down a Helter Skelter? And the scene changes! But doing that awake. The latest thing from Apple!

In a Play Anyway

Date: 2nd January 1969

Location: Twickenham
Film Studios

Cast:

John Lennon

Paul McCartney

George Harrison

Ringo Starr

Director:

Michael Lindsay-Hogg,

Yoko Ono

Linda Eastman

Sound Engineer:

Glyn Johns,

Malcolm Evans

Scene: A large sound stage at Twickenham. At one end, a giant semi-circular backdrop screen, curling around 180° of space, with colour like light under water. The colours on the backdrop screen glow side by side: red, green, purple bands, a technicolor rainbow. A spacious platform is set up in the centre. Ringo, wearing a tortleneck, is sitting high up on the drum rostrum above a pyramid of drums and cymbals, Below, a triangle of chairs facing inward. George with moustache, beside him a table with a bowl of flowers. He is wearing a pinstriped shirt and a red scarf that reminds you of the cowboy photos of him in the first Beatle concert book.

John, dressed in white, wearing sneakers, peers through glass like a wise old fish, like St. Augustine, like John Lennon. Paul has not yet arrived. In the half-light, the crew move about furtively, four camera men, clapper, grip, boom men, around the rostrum and the

little group of chairs that floats like Huck's raft on the blue-black ectachrome floor. The director, Michael Lindsay-Hogg, in a brown pin-striped suit, smoking an early Hollywood cigar, wears his '30s. Yoko's in black, visible, invisible, silently present. Her hair, Noh curtains. Drinking tea from a styrofoam cup, picking nervously at her hands, a Bird of Paradise perching for a moment on an electric wire. Glyn, immersed in sound. Indispensable Mal, Beatles oracle, 'Where are the machines from EMI, Mal?' 'Get me some more of these heavy gauge strings', a friendly giant.

Lindsay-Hogg: Cut!

I take 2 silent turnover

John: (singing: his voice like a nasal organ)

Don't let me down

Don't let me down

Don't let me down

Don't let me down

I'm in love for the first time

Please don't let me down

Don't let me down

Don't let me down

Don't let me down

Don't let me down

Nobody ever loved me like

You do

If somebody loved me

Half as much as you do me

As you do . . .

(The sound is hypnotic. Words

drift sleeping into each other—

'azure doomy' ('as you do me').

Paul arrives, bristling black

beard, in a grey overcoat,

disguised as God. This camouflage

allows him to travel undetected

into town on the 74 bus from

St. John's Wood.)

Paul: Hi Ringo. Hi lads.
Ringo: Hi. Happy New Year.

Paul: It's the happiest belated hogmanay for marmalade.
John: It's a feeling . . . it's enough to make a haggis grow legs; but tonight we'll celebrate on Irish Whiskey said Gene Pitney, the only Sassenach in the group.

Paul: I tried to call you this morning.

John: I know, I complained to the operator about it.

Paul: I get the horrors every morning about 9:00 when I get my toast and tea . . .

JUMBLE OF VOICES

(Tuning up, drums, cymbals tintinabulating, a riff gets moving. John, Paul, and George singing "I Shall Be Released")
*They say everything can be replaced
They say every distance is not near
Yet I remember every face
Of every man who put me here.*

George: It's echoing; we have a bit of echo. We could get a PA like in the Top Ten in Hamburg.

John: (singing) *Don't bring me down . . .*

Paul: It's the first time I thought it was this high; I thought it was low before.

John: I think it's when you're trying to sing over . . . You see I've no order for it at all—for all the bits. I'm just going to see which should come where . . . *Don't bring me . . .*

Paul: The point is, are we going to do it, can we do it?

John: We've been trying.

Paul: I think we should learn it then, see what's needed. The idea of a piano does limit it.

I always think that sounds funny, like having trumpeters. (singing)

Paul: Let me down . . .
If you could have 'Don't let me down', say, twice at the beginning. It sounds like a middle 8 all the time. I wouldn't scrap that; use it somewhere near the end.

John: We'll do it a couple of more times right through.

George: Do you want us to sing in unison or harmony?

Paul: Harmony.

George: We'll need three mikers then.

Paul: Something like (singing):
Love for the first time

*So don't you let it get away
It lasts forever and a day
Start off with a carry one.*

John: I think the words should be corny 'cos there's no clever words in it.

Paul: Just repeat what you were doing, but not as high as we were doing it. (singing)

*I'm in love for the first time in
my life*

Don't you know it's going to last.

George: The corny bits I thought were the notes, how we were doing it, not the words.

Paul: Let's try it again and see if it's all right.

**Don't let me down
Don't let me down**

George: That bit is even cornier; the harmony—it's too pretty.

Paul: We can make it better as we go along. Do it once more. 1, 2, 3, 4.

I'm in love for the first time

George: That one was great. Try this, it's these three, 1st 2nd 3rd fret, an open bottom E . . .
Don't let me down

Paul: Can you play that back now, Glyn?

Glyn: Coming up.

Paul: The thing I don't want is a TV show. They always seem to have that farty little sound on TV.

Glyn: Don't forget you're hearing it on a TV speaker, which is a grotty speaker, but you can get a good sound.

Paul: But even so, whenever you used to get Cool for Cats, when they played the record or anything, you'd hear the old mine shelves, in the old days. **Don't let me down
Don't let me down . . .**

Charity Begins at Home

Paul: I mean we've been very negative since Mr. Epstein passed away. That's why. We haven't been positive. That's why all of us in turn have been sick of the group, you know. There's nothing positive in it. It is a bit of a drag. The only way for it not to be a bit of a drag is for the four of us to think, should we make it positive or should we forget it.

John: The whole point of it is communication. We've got a chance to smile, like 'All You Need is Love'. So that's me incentive for doing it.

Lindsay-Hogg: 'All You Need is Love' and 'Hey Jude' did communicate.

Paul: Of course they did . . . There really is no one there to say 'Do it!', whereas there always used to be and we would say forget it. But it's us that have got to get us up ahead now . . . It's like when you're growing up and then your daddy goes away at a certain point in your life and then you stand on your own feet. Daddy has gone away now, you know, and we are on our own little holiday camp. You know, I think we either go home or we do it. It's discipline we need. It's like everything you do, you always need discipline. We've never had discipline. Mr. Epstein, he said, sort of 'Get suits on' and we did. And so we were always fighting that discipline a bit. But now it's silly to fight that discipline if it's our own. It's self-imposed these days, so we do as little

as possible. But I think we need a bit more if we are going to get on with it.

George: Well, if that's what doing it is, I don't want to do anything.

Paul: Well, you see nowadays you've grown up and don't have to do that any more. You don't have to put the pancake on and go out front and sweat and shake your heads because we're not that any more. We've grown up a bit. So what I mean is, we did it then, but it doesn't mean to do it again we have to do all that. I think we've gone a bit shy. I think I've got a bit shy of certain things.

Lindsay-Hogg: I guess the difficulty is getting up in front of an audience with all you've done in front of you. Trying to get something as good, but maybe not the same thing. It's a very hard thing to get back. In other words, you musn't think of getting back what you had.

Paul: Desire to do it. It's like with all these songs; there are some really great songs, and I just hope we don't blow any of them. Because you know how often on albums we sometimes blow one of your songs because we come in in the wrong mood and you say 'this is how it goes. I'll be back,' and we are all just going chugachugachugachuga . . .

George: Really, I don't want to do any of the songs on the show because they always turn out awful like that. They come out like a compromise whereas in a studio they can put work

in on it until you get it how you want it.

Paul: Last year you were telling me: you can do anything you want, Paul; anything you desire you can do.

George: But you have to desire to do it.

Paul: But these days you are saying we're not going to be able to do it, you know, we're going to come out a compromise. Now I don't think that, I really don't. I think we've got it, I really think we're very good. And we can get it together if we think that we want to do these songs, great, we can just do it great, you know. But I think thinking it's not going to come out great, well, that's like meditation where you just get into a . . . and you come out of it, you don't go through it. So you're sick of playing the drums; we've all got to say it. It's all the same and we've got to go through it.

Lindsay-Hogg: Well I think one of those things that's wrong about doing the show here is that it's too easy. Like when we are in the car looking for locations and glorified boutiques, I think that's wrong. But just doing it in the backyard, I mean it's literal. It's almost your backyard, Twickenham. There's no balls to the show at all. I mean there's no balls in any of us, I'm included, and that's why I think we are being soft about it. You are the Beatles; you aren't four jerks. You know what I mean.

Paul: The only thing about that is that we don't want to go away.

Lindsay-Hogg: I know, I know, I know. I know if I say it again I'm going to get a big left hander, but . . .

George: You know it's going to be the same thing there as here—it's going to be a bit nicer place to be in, but it's going to be even more complicated trying to plug in on all the mikes and tapes and all that crap.

Lindsay-Hogg: First of all visually the thing that interests me . . . naturally . . . Think of the helicopter shot over the amphitheatre with the water with the lights and the water, torchlit, 2,000 Arabs. You know what I mean. Visually it's fantastic.

Paul: But if it was a fan club show. You remember the Wembley, or the Wimbledon one where we were in a cage, and like people were filling past; it was just a different kind of thing from what we ever did. It was terrible. That's not it. But that kind of thing made that show different because it was like playing to a thing, like a fan club.

Lindsay-Hogg: . . . And it's one of the first times in history when you had heroes of your own age. You think about that. Because prior to Rock and Roll, heroes were like Valentino, and there weren't many.

Paul: Did any of you see on BBC-2 when the students took over Late Night Line Up?

Lindsay-Hogg: No, but I wanted to. Go on.

Paul: They just had a little bit of normal Line Up interview; then they went down to this

place in Chelsea where they had an Arts Festival or something, out in the parks, where they built marquees. And the BBC said "Why don't you do a TV show?" "Why don't you let us do a TV show." So they eventually gave them twenty minutes. And it was incredible, really. There was just this fellow, sitting there, watching himself on a monitor screen, sort of drinking a cup of tea. But for a long time, you know. A bit long for Telly. For about five minutes, with 'Revolution' playing over him. And there was just this one shot of the fellow, just held dead straight and the camera on the monitors zooming in and out on him. And, you know, he's picking up a cup of tea and that. And it's like all the students have sort of taken over, you know. It's like anarchy. And they got hold of BBC-2 for a bit. And then they just started to shout to a couple of people. They weren't very good about it all. They were a bit studently about it. A bit embarrassed to be on. They didn't really take hold of the opportunity and do it. But it's that kind of opportunity we've got for an hour.

George: Let's do a political broadcast.

Paul: Jude is political. That's the thing we don't like party political broadcasts as such. We've never liked them. I always turn them off when they come on. I try and find another channel, and there never is.

George: It's incidental. Whatever we have to say, to do

with anything, is always incidental. Hiding behind the chords of a tune, or something. But we don't actually come out like "All You Need is Love." We've got our props. We've got our ying-yangs and our flowers and that. And saying 'All you need is Love' which is, you know, very to the point.

Paul: Yeah. But the thing is, I mean, OK. I mean if you put us playing in the main gallery at the Houses of Parliament—you've got it there. Could you get it? Could you get it for us, the Houses of Parliament? We should do the show in a place where we are not allowed to do it. Like we should trespass. Go in. Set up and get moved, and that should be the show. Get forcibly ejected. Still trying to play your numbers and the police lifting you. You have to take a bit of violence.

Lindsay-Hogg: I think that's too dangerous. I mean that's an interesting thought if you are going to be beaten up. But what about a hospital?

John: Manilla or Memphis?

Ringo: Liverpool Cathedral.

Paul: It's like going once, going twice, going three times and that's it. It's even, I think, like charity, you see; we oughtn't to do it for money, but equally we oughtn't to do it just for the 500 seats. But there is somewhere in between. Those are the two ends of the scale, either 500 seats, or just paying customers. There ought to be somewhere in between. Orphanage going downhill.

George: We could make it like requests, as if they were all

special. Each song is aimed at somebody. This one is for Enoch Powell.

Lindsay-Hogg: Do you remember that one of the ideas was like . . . you know, this is for the girl who was next to George on the 52 bus?

George: I'd like to dedicate this one to Harold Wilson, the Singing Nun, and General Washington. It's called . . .

John: Up your pipe.

Lindsay-Hogg: John, how does all this strike you?

John: I'm warming up to the idea of an asylum.

Paul: We should send planes to Biafra, and rescue all the people and then play at the airport as they come in. Do a show for them, Biafrans.

George: I'd like they say 'Charity begins at home'?

Paul: So we will do it at George's house.

Ringo: Let's do the show right here.

George: (sings and strums)
*Any day now
Any day now
I shall be released.*

Paul: Say we were doing it in an airport. You could stop the people from coming and going. They've all got planes to catch. Like you get a lot of people all the time going for planes and looking. It would be a scene. Or in a hospital; they can't get up—except at the finale, when John walks over to the little girl and says 'Come ye' and she gets up and walks. I don't see why any of you, talking to whoever it is, is going to get himself into this.

What's it for? Can't be for the money. I mean, why are you here? I'm here because I want to do a show. But I don't really feel an awful lot of support. I mean, is anyone here 'cos he wants to do a show, or am I just . . . The best idea is straight entertainment. The most entertaining show of all times. That's right. That's what viewers want to see, sitting right at home in New York. Straight, great, fantastic, touching beautiful rock and roll, poignant entertainment . . . When we get together, we just seem to talk about the past.

George: Well, the Beatles have been in the doldrums for about a year.

Paul: It's silly for us at this point to crack up.

Somebody Spoke I Went into a Dream

George: Maybe we should learn a few new songs.

John: Actually I started one last night; it goes something like this: (sings)
You are definitely inclined towards it

Although sometimes I doubt it, (John begins singing with the voice of the old man in the mountain)

*Everybody had a hard year
Everybody had a good time
Everybody had a wet dream
Everybody saw the sun shine
Oh yeah oh yeah oh yeah*

Paul: (singing) *I've got a feeling
A feeling deep inside (oh yeah)
I've got a feeling
A feeling I can't hide (oh yeah)
I've got a feeling
(singing like Little Richard, piling up words Helter-Skelter style)
All these years I been wandering around
Wanderin' how come nobody told me*

All I been looking for is somebody who looked like you.
(At this point, George plays a guitar break, going down a fifth step by step sol fa mi re do)

George: Still there's a bit of doubt among us about that break.

Paul: It's coming down too fast, the note: there shouldn't be any recognizable jumps. You see that would be okay if you . . . (demonstrates going down a fifth, playing quicker than George has done) It's got to be like pain; at the moment it's a riff.

George: You can't do that and have it clipped at the same time.

Paul: Just do like anything so that it's crying. It's like da da da instead of da da da.

George: It will never go.

Paul: It would be great if you hung on to that bit, that E like Pete Townshend. (sings)

Oh please believe me
I'd hate to miss the train
(oh yeah)

And if you leave me
I won't be late again
I've got a feeling

George: It's more like country. I dig country and western.

Paul: If we can sort of relax enough to realize we can get more feeling into it if it's softer, play it soft.

John: It's not heavy.

Paul: I don't know if I can relax enough to sing falsettos; it's as clear as that.

John:

Everybody had a hard year
Everybody put their feet up
Everybody let their hair down
Everybody pulled their socks up
Oh yeah oh yeah oh yeah

Paul: I had a dream, I had a dream this afternoon, we shall all be united.

John: Did you hear Martin Luther King when they shot him . . . I had a dream this afternoon, children, I dreamt the black and white kids are gonna be together.

Paul: He got shot after that; that was the speech.

John: No wonder they got him. Just like a poet; he was just like Tennyson and that kind of thing.

Paul: I was dreading throughout

that speech.

John: Cause it was gonna happen.

Paul: Some nut, too, some white nut.

John: But it's not nuts, it's business.

Yoko: He was like a poet.

Paul: (sings 'I Got a Feeling')

Free at last, free at last.

John: I have a feeling, I had a dream—we could make it our last single.

I've got a feeling
That keeps me on my toes
I've got a feeling

That everybody knows

I've got a feeling

John: Got to admit it's getting better.

Paul: Got to admit it's getting worse.

Lindsay-Hogg: Why don't we take a break here?

George: Could I have a cup of tea, love?

Paul: Do you want one of those rock cakes, George?

(George and Ringo sit down on the edge of the drum rostrum. John continues playing his guitar.

Paul's sitting on one of the chairs reading a newspaper. In his tee-shirt and bristling black beard, he looks like the sailor on a pack of Player's cigarettes.)

Read the News Today, Oh Boy

Daily Telegraph

'U THANT A POP SINGER'
REPLY SHOCKS CARADON
Ignorance of the United Nations in Britain was so great that in a poll, U Thant, Secretary-General, was described as a pop singer while some people thought he was a submarine, Lord Caradon, Minister of State, and Britain's permanent representative at the UN said in London yesterday.

Daily Mirror

STOLEN 200 MILES OF SUPER SAUSAGE SKINS
THREE COUPLES GET TOGETHER TO TEST A THEORY ABOUT MARRIED PEOPLE LOOKING ALIKE

The Financial Times

TURKEY PRICES SLASHED TO CLEAR CHRISTMAS GLUT

Evening Standard

VITAMIN JABS APPEAR TO WORK
NEW ARIEL GIVES WASHDAY RIVAL THE BLUES

Evening News

THE BEATLES, TOM JONES ON TOP OF THE WORLD

The Times

US HAS YEAR WITHOUT EXECUTION

Daily Mail

BY APPOINTMENT, MARZIPAN AND NOISSETTE MAKER TO THE QUEEN MOTHER

It can be revealed today

what the papers say
BACKGROUND NOISES AND LAUGHTER

Paul: (in disembodied voice)

The awful tension of being locked in each others arms snapped last night at TV rehearsal, and Beatles John, George and Harold . . . A few vicious phrases took place.

John: He, the mystical one who lost so much of the Beatles' magic, she the nudy . . .

Paul: It's only the suddenness of their decline from the status of boys next door to the category of weirdies . . .

John: (singing downs out words) Early in the morning

I'm giving you the warning
Don't you step on my blue suede shoes.

Paul: It would be about the middle of the 1960s

(next few words inaudible) began to have a few spots of rust. I would deliberately

read Ringo out of it, because he never developed any fetish towards the bizarre. Lennon

was married happily, McCartney was going steady and George

Harrison was about to marry. Everything in the Beatle garden

was rosy. But that was a long time ago. Having scaled every

known peak of show business the Beatles quite deliberately . . .

never came home again. They went their own private way,

found their own friends and became less reliant on each other

for guidance and comradeship . . . SINGING DROWNS OUT SPEECH

John: (singing)

Early in the evening
I'm giving you the feeling
Everybody's nothing
And nothing to lose.

Paul: Today all of them find

acute embarrassment at the stories of one another's adventures and conduct.

Harrison's escapades with his favourite mystic from India . . .

John: (singing)

Hold my baby as tight as I can
Tonight she's gonna be a big fat man

Oh baby with your rhythm and blues

Everybody's rockin tonight
SINGER AND SPEAKER TRYING TO DROWN EACH OTHER OUT

Paul: Drugs, divorce, and slipping image play desperately

on their minds and it appeared to them all that the public was

being encouraged to hate them . . . capacity to earn is largely

tied up in their performances as a group and until they are

either rich enough . . . MUSIC DROWNS OUT VOICE

. . . irrevocably doomed . . . all over . . . they will never be

exactly the same again.

Half of What I Say

Paul: (singing, operatic voice)

The blue horizon just for you . . .

Ringo: Let's make it 'U' film. (Laughter)

Lindsay-Hogg: That's the first thing you ever said to me, in Chiswick Park years ago

when we did something, you said 'what kind of a tree is that?' and I said, 'It's a Yew'

and you said, 'No it's not, it's a me,' and I thought that was so funny. God, I couldn't stop myself from laughing.

George: I don't think that's funny at all.

Lindsay-Hogg: Wisteria? **Paul:** We should take some instamatic shots of the crew.

Well, I'm an MI.5 agent and little does he know that I

know that he . . . Yes, and the crew is reading Playboy.

Lindsay-Hogg: Let's make a silent movie, yes—slow and speed it up when we play it

back, as they're always funny to watch.

Paul: An 'X' film starring the Maharishi.

John: (pontifical TV voice) Well, I would say that's a pretty concise opinion of the

youth today. Now we are going on to another different group—a generation gap, and we have

with us in the studio today Tumble Starker. Now what do

you think about mock tudor houses in Weybridge and

places like that?

Ringo: Well, I don't mind them being in Weybridge.

It's just when they put them in London I think they get in the

way of all the traffic. You are so right, yes.

John: You said yesterday, neither your arms nor your elbow, I'll never forget it. Well, it's a chance to speak, it's the only chance we get.

Ringo: It's only Cliff doing his bit.

Paul: Well, I left the clergy about '59 . . . the kids.

Ringo: It all started with Rosie.

John: Well, a lot of us started with Rosie. Actually, it was rehearsal rules . . .

Ringo: . . . funny dog collars. From then on in I never looked back.

John: Now you will notice this bit of scaffolding that keeps leaning about the roof. It's modern technology.

Ringo: Watch out for the spy mikes.

John: Since then the group has become the hottest property in Japan due to being locked in a sauna bath by Her Royal Majesty Ho Ching Ming. Out tomorrow is our disc "Come on in you will get pneumonia". Your chance to win a fab free Beatle—send in 39 disc tops.

Lindsay-Hogg: (moving in with camera) Give me a very wide shot here.

Paul: Everywhere the hero went he was on film . . . peeping tom . . .

Lindsay-Hogg: (framing shot) Yes, like that, yes.

Paul: . . . for no apparent reason he was on film and the little booms came.

John: This is life.

Paul: This is cinema.

John: No thank you, I've already seen it.

Paul: We could do a detective film, not waste all this film like this.

John: Right ho. The story so far.

Paul: Just, you know, this afternoon's film—just a little adventure story, and drunks, the police come and investigate the matter . . . cliff hangers . . . Clifford who peddled drugs and turned straight in the end.

Lindsay-Hogg: Ringo as a teacher, kindly and wise.

Ringo: That was this morning.

Lindsay-Hogg: I know, I was trying to revive it.

John: Guest star Glyn Johns who played a Mormon Cathedral.

Lindsay-Hogg: George can be all those things; Vicar and head of Scotland Yard, too.

Paul: The story opens one bleak morning in December.

John: Once upon a Tarmac there lived a small baggage who suffered incredible distortion on his right leg. He took it to all the doctors and they said that . . . One day . . . happy ever after . . .

Yoko: (giggles)

Canaries in the Morning, Balloons at Night

Ringo: We're playing now like four years ago.

Lindsay-Hogg: Like we're all twenty-eight now.

Ringo: How can we bring rock and roll to Tripoli?

Lindsay-Hogg: It's either Tunisia or Tahiti or Tripoli.

Ringo: What about Gibraltar? (stonily)

George: You know it's just impractical to try and get all these people and equipment there.

Paul: Okay, yes, I'm sure we could set it up, but it's like we're doing a live show and we're doing it in Arabia and it's like whoever has been waiting to see the lads rocking again. So I'll tell you what, I'll come in with you as long as you get a couple of boats, like the QE2 and give away the tickets here, as you would have done, but tickets include a boat journey as well. Right! We get a nice time and a bit of sun.

John: I just find a good feeling about singing in the sun, you know, and singing as the sun goes down and the moon comes up. It would be like on the roof in India, but we would be fully equipped, you know, just the sun.

Lindsay-Hogg: If you say Yes and if you get it together, then will you go?

John: If we say Yes to that then don't bother about it, let's leave it in the air and just think about it.

John: Yeh, but I mean we can say Yes now and suddenly

decide No tomorrow; it's not going to make any odds, let's just think about it.

Ringo: I'll be watching Tele.

George: I think the idea of the boat is completely insane.

John: It's very expensive and insane. **John:** They have a fore and aft, you know. First class and below with the sheep pens.

George: It'll have to be a bloody big boat, it'll have to be bigger than the Royal Iris.

John: Aristotle's yacht, you know.

George: That's too small. **Ringo:** I want a liner, not just a boat.

Paul: Hold on, here comes France.

George: France, I can't go to France.

Paul: No, no, that's your code name.

George: I smelt some garlic once. I don't think that you're going to get a perfect acoustic place by the water out of doors.

John: I can just see us singing a number at sunset or dawn. Just gentle, or at moonlight, the smoke coming up.

Glyn: We'll take a three day's boat trip to Tripoli . . . the beautiful sand.

Lindsay-Hogg: We're going to Africa! We're off on a boat!

Ringo: For a rock and roll group?

John: Yes, I think we can do rock and roll, and we can have the change of day over something like this. We can do rock and roll there if we can get the right audience, because if they swing, we've got the right audience. Every time we've

done an album at EMI, we ask Why are we stuck in here?

We could be doing it in a lake in France, and every time we do it, and here we are again

building another bloody castle around us. And not only would we be doing it making an album, but it would take all that weight of What's-the-gimmick off of us. God's the

gimmick. We could time it so that the sun came up just on the middle eight, just like that.

Lindsay-Hogg: Who votes to go? Where's one?

Ringo: I move You-go-Slavia.

Lindsay-Hogg: Sleep on it, then.

Paul: Cheerio, goodnight lads.

John: Don't forget: a boat load of mental deficiency and three dwarfs.

Ringo: For Friday.

Paul: Goodnight everybody.

George: Goodnight Russia.

Councillor McCartney Tells Them Where It's At.

Paul: (sings)

Sweet Loretta Martin thought she was a woman

But she was another man.

All the girls around her said she's got it coming

But she gets it while she can.

Get back Loretta

Get back home

Get back to where you once belonged!

Paul: I originally wrote this as a political song . . .

(sings) Don't dig no Pakistanis takin' off the people's jobs

Wilson said to the immigrants You'd better get back to your Commonwealth homes

Yeh-yeh-yeh you'd better get BACK HOME

Now Enoch Powell well he said to the folks . . .

Meanwhile back at home Too many Pakistanis

Living in a council flat Councillor . . . Macmillan

George: What about: Councillor McCartney tells them where it's at.

Paul: But this song has turned into something else.

(sings) Joe-Joe was a man who thought he was a loner

But he knew it couldn't last Joe-Joe left his home in Tucson

Arizona

Bought some California grass.

GET BACK GET BACK

Get back to where you once belonged!

Get back home

Paul: It should have rock and roll changes. There's a pretty

woman waiting for you, with high-heeled shoes and lipstick, get back to Tucson.

Joe-Joe left his home in Tucson, Arizona but he knew it couldn't last

Paul: No, that won't do . . . class, bass, mass, what about looking for another blast.

Ringo: Thought it was going to be a gas.

Paul: Hoping he would find a gal.

Paul: It's just a little production (sings)

Oh Commonwealth!

John: (sounding like a Boston matron) Yes?

Paul: Can you hear me, Commonwealth?

John: Yes.

Paul: *I went to Pakistan, I went to India I been to old Calcutta and to sunny Africa*

I'm coming back to England town.

John: Yes? Welcome.

My mother was of the sky. My father was of the earth. But I am of the universe And you know what it's worth.

Question: Last of all, John, what do you think of the idea of seeing each of the Beatles as part of one's mind? George, the spiritually aggressive part; you, the socially antagonistic and psychologically exploring part; Paul, a kind of sweet and lonesome part; and Ringo, a high level down-to-earth domestic part. It's like the four parts of a person's mind.

John: Yeah! When we make it we're one. When we don't, we're one person in turmoil.

When George walked out of the Twickenham rehearsal one day after a sulking disagreement with John, the newspapers reported the next day that fisticuffs took place. 'It's never come to that,' George reminded John the next day, 'except for that plate at dinner in Hamburg.' Then everyone sang 'You Are My Sunshine,' an upbeat rocking version with George's guitar soaring. Four persons coming together, to themselves and to each other in music. ('If I don't play,' John said once during a song, 'I lose myself').

George: The apple wagon again hits the road.

John: Oh how I love that 12 bar blues.

George: It's so basic, but there aren't two twelve bars the same.

John: Just like a drone.

Paul: (singing the blues) *I woke up this morning Milk cow at my door*

John: Hallo Mudda Hallo Fadda Hallo Brudda. (mumbles)

Ginger Rogers Ginger Baker.

Paul: Morning George.

John: He's very pink, clean and even washed in order.

George: I thought I'd produce the talent of the day. I hear yesterday was good.

John: It was good

George: Good vibes, man.

Paul: Yeah, good.

Glyn: It was just a complete blank this morning, you know, it was just . . .

George: Mental block.

Glyn: Yeah, got up, you know, leapt out of bed about half past eight. Took Guy to school and that, and then . . .

George: Dragged a comb across me head.

Glyn: Yeah, and I was just (sigh).

Paul: What's that?

A medley of songs: Hippy Hippy Shake High Heeled Sneakers When Irish Eyes Are Smiling On Our Way Home

MUSIC

21 take 1

Paul: Just for the time being, when it goes funny, I'll give you a wink and we'll do four in a bar. It's one of those places where that'll fit. It goes into like a waltz or something, you'll get the idea. One, two, three, four:

Two of us riding nowhere

Spending someone's hard earned pay.

You and me Sunday driving

Not arriving

On our way back home (wink)

We're on our way home

We're going home.

Two of us sending postcards

Writing letters on my wall

You and me burning matches

Lifting latches

On our way back home.

You and I have memories

Longer than the road that stretches . . .

OK, it goes to B-flat, B-flat, D-minor, G-minor, A-minor—stay on A-minor, A-minor 7th to D.

You and me wearing raincoats

Standing solo in the sun

Two of us getting nowhere

Chasing paper

On our way back home

On our way home.

Middle A to B-flat.

You and I have memories

Longer than the road that stretches out ahead

Two of us wearing raincoats

Standing solo in the sun . . .

Whenever it goes 'On our way home' we'll just have to learn that. It's supposed to be in harmony. It's a bit faceless.

John: Yeah, it'd make a good demo for the group Grapefruit.

Paul: No, it's all right, the song, it's just that we're not very interested in it yet.

John: On the recording we could use an acoustic. For the electric we've got to think of something. The problem is always the same and the answer is always the same. There's got to be a solution that stops it going dum-de-dum-de-dum.

(sings) 'Two-of-us-ri-ding-newhere' (stiffly) Imagine Stevie Wonder singing it, but looser. (John carressingly slides into the line.)

Paul: Try to tart it up a bit on those guitar breaks, George.

I know I said not to, but it's Friday today. Riffs are the only thing that will help all of us.

Do something four in the bar with a little kick to it.

Two of us riding nowhere . . .

(Ringo plays drum riff from 'Peggy Sue' as backing)

Paul: It's a rough middle eight. Much better. Not so Sandie Shaw, it's more Maureen Boswell now.

John: It needs sort of leg movement.

Paul: (singing)

In the sun everyone . . .

I've got to get to

I feel so good inside

(to tune of 'Going Home')

Can you stop playing, John,

while I'm telling you about this arrangement.

John: Sure . . . 'Soo-oon be home.'

(George plays long guitar solo 'Foxy Lady' with Yoko wailing)

John: (sings)

In the middle of the ocean

There's a tiny Bossa Nova

Creating quite a commotion

Baby it's still you I'm waiting for.

Paul: All shook up.

John: Grooving on a Sunday afternoon . . . only make believe.

Paul: Through a London window

My guitar and I

We sit and serenade

Till the dawn goes by.

The Queen of Sheba Wore Falsies.

Paul: Come home, mum, all is forgiven.

John: Well, it's been lots of fun.

Paul: This is where it's at now—team work—a good defence and a line of forwards—a good strong pair of boots.

John: You play ball with me and I play ball with you.

Paul: Don't swing the lead sony. Every cloud has a silver . . .

Paul: Mouthpiece

John: Bognor Regis is a turtan that covers Yorkshire. Rutland is the smallest county.

Scarborough is a college scarf . . .

And still the boon wasn't over, the Queen of Sheba wore falsies.

Ringo: I didn't know that.

John: Didn't you know that? You weren't there at the time. (John and Ringo doing ventriloquist and dummy)

Cleopatra was a carpet manufacturer.

Ringo: I didn't know that.

John: John Lennon . . .

Ringo: A patriot.

John: I didn't know that.

John and Paul: (together) Goodnight, Dick.

John: That was Lennon-McCartney . . . Great Western Railway songs for all functions

Ross-opon-Wye . . .

Iford 2, Western Midlothians terrible.

Paul: This is the typical end product of an actor's career.

John: Alexander the Great was a big head or a fireplace.

Why did they call it Great Britain? How long is it going

to go on? Fantastic France;
Amazing America; Huge Spain.
Ringo: I'll drink to that. When
is a door not a door?

Ringo: Two flies on a door,
which one was sick?

John: I don't know.
Ringo: The one on the panel.

John: I don't blame him. Why
did the chicken cross the road?

Ringo: To get to the other side.
John: You've heard it before.

Ringo: What goes under
water, over water, and never
gets wet?

Paul: All right, we can't carry
on like this . . . can we?

Ringo: I beg you . . .
Paul: We can't carry on like
this indefinitely.

Ringo: We seem to be.
Paul: It seems to be but we
can't.

John: I specialize in that field,
you know.

Paul: Tops in his field.
John: Oh, yes, 9th best dressed
male pop star in the world,
you know, you're talking to
no mean city—yes.

Paul: No nervous breakdowns.
John: Look out, Tom Jones,
I say. (LAUGHTER DROWNS
CONVERSATION)

What We Did On Our Holidays

Paul: I was looking at the film
I did at the Maharishi's. Just
to see what we were doing, it's
incredible.

Ringo: What were you doing?
John: Yeah, what were we
doing?

Paul: I don't really know.
But like we totally put our
own personalities under for the
sake of it, and you can really
see that.

John: We were writing all
those songs. I filmed the
helicopter.

Paul: Yeah, I saw you doing that.
John: Each of my reels says:
'John Lennon's Reel', like
subtitles.

Paul: There's a long shot of
you, John, walking around. We
weren't really very truthful
there. I mean, things like
sneaking behind his back
and saying, 'It's a bit like
school, isn't it?' But you can
see on the film that it was
very like school, and that,
really, we should have said it.

John: We should call it:
'What We Did Our
Holidays'.

Paul: There's a long shot of you
sort of walking with him,
and it's just not you. (Laughing).
More a sort of: 'Tell me, old
Master' . . . Linda was watching
the film and was asking: sitting
on the roof, didn't you want to
get out in it? In the villages,
the bit that 95 per cent of them
were doing, digging that place,
all of them except for the
converts on the hill. If you want
to be a missionary, you go out

and be one. But I don't think
I'd dig that too much. I'd just
go out and look at it . . . The
film opens with all the people
who were there—Cyn and Jane
and Patty, the little American
girl, it's all the same shot,
everyone sitting against the
sky. Then there's a big white
flurr, because it's a change of
reel. It burns out white and then
the sound track should start.

John: (singing)
*Flew in from Miami BOAC
Didn't get to bed last night*

Paul: (laughing) Yeah, it's like
that, and then Mike comes in.
In the next scene, it burns out
white again and then there's just
this monkey that comes up and
humps this other monkey.

John: It's great. It really gets in there,
and then they just jump off
and walk away. John comes
off the roof, and you look like
a student of philosophy
with your tape recorder. John.

John: I have all the sound
tracks, too, I think.

Paul: We should have . . .
John: Been ourselves.

George: That's the biggest
joke, to be yourselves. That
was the purpose.

John: Well, we found out.
George: And if you were really
yourself you wouldn't be any
of who we are now.

John: Act naturally, then.
John and Paul: (singing):
*Gonna put me in the movie
Gonna make a big star out of me*

Transcript Poem no. 1
ROLL 101 Slate 190 CAMERA A
Date: 9.1.69.

MUSIC 13/50
SONG ' . . . come on home . . .'
50/246

BEATLE 'Who's gonna play
sax . . .'
SONG/SPEECH INAUDIBLE
OVER MUSIC 270/288 ' . . . let
MUSIC 270/288

. . . let it be, let it be'

288/326
SONG cont'd . . . 328/
BEATLE C to F. You'll get it,
it's dead easy. 1, 2, 3, 4 . . .
SONG cont'd . . .

Transcript Poem No. 2
Br'er Sausage, Br'er Bacon
Lindsay-Hogg: Where did
you get those drum boots?

Ringo: Pierre Cardin, Par-ee,
France.

John: Br'er Sausage, Br'er
Bacon. We're both so country.
Paul and John: (singing)
We're going ho-oo-me.

Paul: I started off as a chippy,
as a carpenter, 15 bob a week.
I was a regular kid with a dog
under your arm, singing 'I miss
that mother of mine,' how
can you miss?

Paul: (singing)
Come on now come on get it
together come on come on now
come on now John now come on
now get it together.

John: (singing)
Shoot me when I'm evil
Shoot me when I'm bad
Shoot me when I'm hungry
And shoot me when I'm
Ringo: What did you call
that one in your sleep, John?

Paul: Don't Let Me Down

Blues . . . Again.
John: Don't Let Me Down
the Road Again Blues Short
Fat Fannie You're My Desire.

Paul: (crooning)
*I left my heart in San Francisco
I got loaded in the bay
I took my heart to Vegas
And this is what she say
Get out of Vegas with your crops
and your dice*

Transcript Poem no. 3
Why Rabbits Don't Fly
John: Shooting is exercise.

Paul: Oh yes, especially for
the birds.

John: We have given it up.
Yoko: That is beautiful.

John: Long tall Sally, pretty
sweet, she got everything
Uncle John need, oh baby.

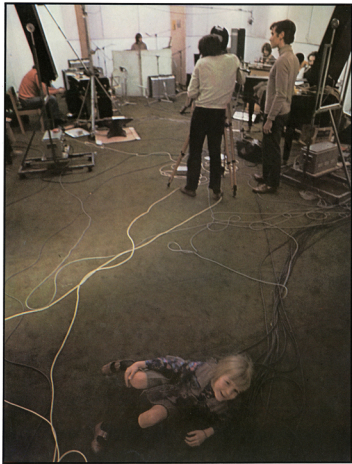
Paul: Um, pheasants don't fly.
John: Neither do rabbits.

Paul: When they take off,
people shoot them, that's the
only time they ever fly, when
they get shot at or when they
beat them out of the bush.

Come on let's get shot up.
They are walking birds, they
walk through all the
undergrowth, and those fellas
go in go beat, beat, beat, and
there is nothing left to do but
to fly . . . Shot! And you should
see them fly, just horrible,
very slow at first so you can
just get your aim and you've
got to wait until they are above
the tree tops, then shoot.

John: Never fly if they are
beating the bush around you;
that is why rabbits survive.
You see, they refuse to fly.

Paul: This is a documentary
of how The Beatles work.





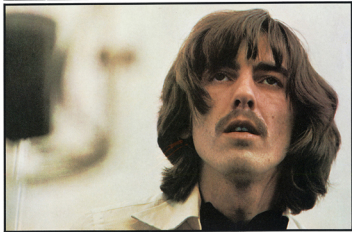
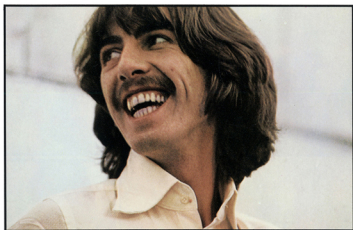




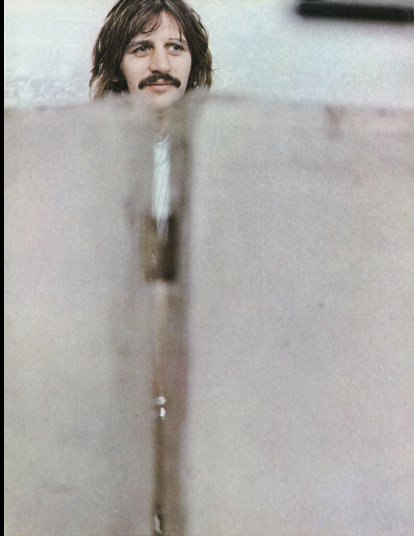




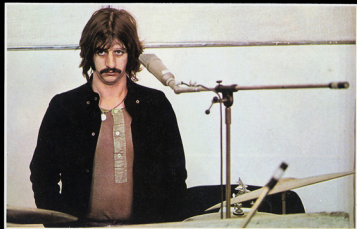
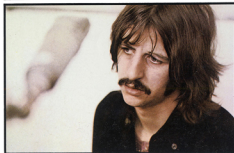








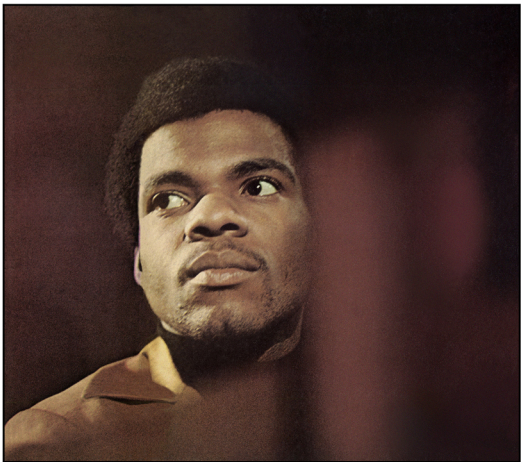


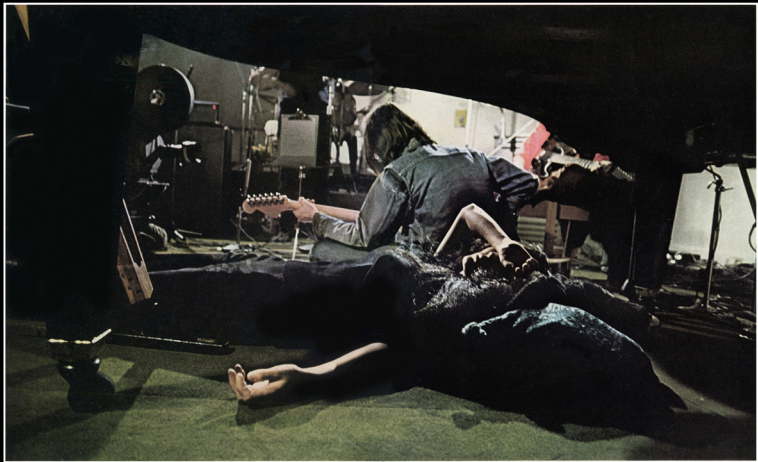


photograph Mel Evans



































A Harry Song.

To whatever the soul of man turns, unless towards God, it cleaves to sorrow, even though the things outside God and outside itself to which it turns may be things of beauty. They rise and set: in their rising they begin to be, and they grow towards perfection, and once come to perfection they grow old, and they pass away. Therefore when they rise and tend towards being, the more haste they make toward fullness of being, the more haste they make towards ceasing to be. That is their law. You have given them to be parts of a whole: they are not all existent at once, but in their departures and successions constitute the whole of which they are parts. Our own speech, which we utter by making sounds signifying meanings, follows the same principles. For there never could be a whole sentence unless one word ceased to be when its syllables had sounded and another took its place. In all such things let my soul praise You, Creator of all things: but let it not cleave too close in love to them through the senses of the body. For they go their way and are no more; and they rend the soul with desires that can destroy it, for it longs to be one with the things it loves and to repose in them. But in them is no place of repose, because they do not abide. They pass, and you can follow them with any bodily sense? Or who can

grasp them firm even while they are still here?
(Confessions of St. Augustine: Bk. IV, Chapter IX)

Afternoon.
George twanging, drums amble on like lazy thunder, conversations without words. George whistles, Ringo catches it, rockin pneumonia; bang! into 'Short Fat Fanny', a flash. The guitar leans into the first note, howling, bending it, extending it, like a scream from an electric fan. George singing: Slippin' n slidin with Lang Tall Sally,

Peekin' n hidin back in the alley
Gotta rip it up, gonna dance
with Sally . . .

She's my Tutti Frutti
I love the chile so
She watch me like a Hounddog
Everywhere I go . . .

Then slide into 'Midnight Special'. A country rain is falling, the guitar gently weeps, in the distance a train whistle whines round the horizon like a coyote. John is singing:

Wake up in the morning
Hear the ding dong ring
Go walkin on the table

Hear the same damn thing . . .
Let the midnight special
Shine its ever lovin light on me.

Clickin down that lonesome
track into the last verse,
George ends with an R & B riff.
John: B. B. King?

George: Have you heard about them? Albert King is the rocker one on Stax. He says he's B. B.'s brother and B. B. says 'no he's not my brother, baby.' One sings a song called 'Lucy' about his guitar, and the other

sings one about his guitar called 'Lucille'

Ringo: 'My guitar' by Henry Gibson.

'My guitar, plays so sweet. Really knocks me off my feet.' Thank you.

George: I got a few slow ones down here if you want.

Paul: Yeah, well we've got one down here we haven't done yet. (Greyhound tour guide voice:) It's all down on your schedules. (now Father McCartney:) If you will all turn to page 33 . . . 'All Things Must Pass.' Now, if you'll all turn to begin at 'Sunrise', I'd very much appreciate it.

John: Is this a Harry song?

George: There's no solo or anything complicated about it; it's purely rhythmic and vocal. If only we had a Lowrie organ.

Paul: We suddenly have one.

George: Oh!

Paul: (as fairy godmother:) With my magic wand.

George: It's E, Fm, Am, A, and for the end of the verse, 'All things must pass.' 'Things' Bm, 'must' A . . . actually though, it's E . . . it's like playing with open E all the time.

Paul: Straight through, then, I'll try and follow you.

George: You've got to pretend to be The Band on this one.

John: I have been on all of them.

George: (sings)
Sunrise doesn't last all morning,
A cloudburst doesn't last all day.
Seems my love is up

And has left you with no warning.
It's not always been that grey.

All things must pass
All things must pass away.

Sunset doesn't last all evening
The Mind can blow those clouds away.

After all this, my love is up
And must be leaving

It's not always been that grey.
All things must pass

All things must pass away.
All things must pass

None of life's strings can last.
So I must be on my way

To face another day.
Darkness only stays a night-time

With the morning, it will fade away.

The light of day is good
At arriving at the right time

No it's not always
Gonna be that grey.

All things must pass
All things must pass away.

George: Hell! (George gets an electric shock from his guitar)

Paul: Shoctric shocks! (as Musicians Union spokesman)

Gen'lmen, oid loik to draw yer attention to this boy 'ere . . .

George: Just got a belt man.

Paul: Now we boys in the MU . . . goin to be some trouble over this one. If this boy 'ere dies, yer gonna cop it . . .

(LAUGHTER)

George: You know I'd really like to do this one on acoustic.

(George pronounces this word like the call of an exotic tropical bird). But how'll we do it for the show, Glyn?

Glyn: You can put it through the PA.

George: Are we getting an 8 track?

John: Phone America, they're quick.

Paul: What about EMI?

Glyn: They've only got 4 track.

Paul: I know they got the 8 track out for The Beach Boys (Texan voice:) 'n if they got it out for the Beach Boys . . .

George: (sings)
Sunrise doesn't last all morning,
A cloudburst doesn't last all day . . .

George: It's like Tim Leary, I prays: in his psychedelic

prayer he had one . . . I remember this from years ago:

'Sunrise doesn't last all morning' that gave me the idea for this thing, apart from life . . . giving me the idea, that is. You see,

the thing I feel about the motion of it is, it's very Bandy. Rick,

the one who wrote really all the best ones, his thing is like . . .

(sings like 'The Weight')
la la la la la

Paul: (playing sanctimoniously on the organ) Welcome ladies 'n gen'lmen to the LA Drive-In-Church . . .

George: Drive-In-Drugstore.

Paul: . . . this morning, Father Anthony Langeles will preach a small sermon, he hopes

will be of interest to you and yours. (sings):

Darkness doesn't last all day
Got to get some sleep anyway

George: See that thing, that one (points out organ pedal to John) do that with your toe.

(Weird wah wah means come out of the organ, like Jonah wailing underneath the sea.)

This guy who Paul is looking like from The Band, he's the organ, fantastic, he's into that sound so much, it sounds like a synthesizer because the notes bend. The drummer is fantastic, he plays the guitar really,

Levon Helm he's called, he's

really like Coates cum up from Somerset, and like he's got no neck and all these whiskers and a happy smiling face. (To Ringo) You would go down a bomb, you know, it's all Country and Western, their favourite track was Ringo's because that's their scene, living up in the woods, just singing their songs . . .

Paul: Looks like rain, doesn't it?

George: On the vocal, after each time it says 'been that grey', I'd like the backing group to sing like the Raelets, 'all things must pass' lingering on.

Paul: Do that bit again then. (They sing 'All Things Must Pass' like 'Silent Night')

Paul: If John sings what you're singing, and I do the harmony, that'll be the Raelets. Have you heard that bit in 'Dear Prudence' where we did just those voices? It really sounded like a trick.

George: The Band: the reason all those people are singing different lines is they all want to be the singer, but where they're all singing together it gets like discipline where nobody is crowding anybody else out. You dig, baby?

Paul: Yeah.

George: You're so full of bull, man.

Paul: What?

George: Before you can pry any secrets from me, first you must find the real me. Which one will you pursue . . . Did you see that?

Paul: What?

George: The Beard

Paul: No.

George: It's Jean Harlow and

Billy the Kid in eternity. It's just the idea of two people on stage and all this audience of different people overhearing what they're saying. Jean Harlow says: "Before you can pry any secrets from me, first you must find the real me. Which one will you pursue?" It ends where she just sits on his knee, and then she sits in the chair and spreads her legs . . .

George: (singing)

*Darkness only stays the night time
With the morning it will fade away
The light of day is good
At arriving at the right time.*

Paul: It's one of those, it's easy but there's so much you could do with it.

George: Yeah, but it's mainly this rhythmical thing. (They sing the whole song through. The stressed words are like the crests of a wave that break smoothly as they move through the lines.)

Sunset doesn't last all evening
The wind can blow those clouds
away

After all this, my love is up
And must be leaving

It's not always been that grey.

Paul: (Brooklyn) In the beginning wuz de wold and de woid wuz . . .

John: Go.

Paul: . . . and he went.

(They do an R & B version of 'All Things Must Pass')

John: Tie it to me, tie it to mel

Paul: Shirt it to me, shirt it to mel

John: You did introduce Oxford bags to this country didn't you?

Paul: I am an innovator in many ways.

John: Apart from your part

time work, what are you doing?

Paul: I do a lot of dramatic work in and out of the country. Presently I am working on a Welsh TV series called Land for Weken in which I appear as a Danish singer of royal blood who turned to folk singing due to a disaster in the last war when the Nazis bombed his house and he had to move to Norway I think it was—I was born on the train between Ostergrad and Finsborough.

John: Jamaica?

Paul: Sometimes. (Paul begins singing a gospel type song:)

Carry that weight . . .

John: Woke up this morning, felt a weight upon my head . . .

and I found out it was my head.

Paul: This song it's like the sort of normal troubles that everyone has. You've got everything and everything is going fine, but like this morning, one of my eggs broke . . . right shoe's a bit tight. (singing:)

Boy you're gonna carry that weight.

Many times I've been alone

Many times I've cried . . .

Paul: Have you any idea for the second verse.

John: Many ways I've tried . . .

Paul: That's all right then . . .

Many ways I've tried. (They sing the song over again.)

George: Is this where we drop out?

John: Yes.

Paul: Then we go into something encouraging.

John: (singing)

Yip yip yip yip yip yip yip
Sho la la la Sho la la la la
Bo dum

Mnum mnum mnum mnum mnum mnum

Get a job

Paul: (playing the organ, singing 'Piece of my Heart' like a lullaby)

John: We spend a month doing this, get to a good peak of playing and then we split.

Paul: We should organize our career now. Like the idea is to get us so we quite enjoy this . . . then what would you like to do next? Would you like to do a live show, lads?

George: It's like hard work really to do it. It's a drag 'cos I don't wanna work really . . . have to get up at 8.00 and get into my guitar . . . You've got to play your guitar now and you're not ready for it. But we've got to do that in order to get the goods in . . . we've got to go through that bit of crap at the meetings until we get together again.

Paul: I see it as just us working.

George: There's so much to get out, and there's no one better to get it out with than us.

Paul: Yeah.

George: It's like when you write a song I get into it completely, I feel as if I wrote it.

That was what was so good about the last album, it's the only album so far I've tried to really get involved in.

John: What time shall we get together tomorrow?

Paul: 10.00?

Ringo: Thinks 11.00, thinks 12.00.

In Which Doris Gets Her Oats.

Lindsay-Hogg: Is there anything else you're writing?

John: I was going to do 'On the Road to Marakesh', which is a sweet number, baby, a sweet number. I was going to use a big thirties orchestra, but I don't think I've got the energy. So I was going to use Hawaiian guitar, I was going to bring my little Hawaiian guitar for George. But I did

'Dig a Pony' instead. (singing)

I'd like to be
Underneath the sea . . .

John: Is that a wide-angle lens?

Lindsay-Hogg: Just a little wider than regular.

John: I like distortion . . .

OK, 'I dig a Pony Shemamma Sheguggy'.

(instrumental opening)

John: Eric Clapton! Do it like The Beatles now. Remember your poem de-deh-de-deh-de poem! How could you forget it? I'll never forget.

Paul: (sings)

All I want is you.

John: (sings)

I uh ha-ha uh ha-ha dig a pony
You can celebrate anything you

want

You can celebrate anything you

want

John: In 'I dig a Pony', Ringo, the tick-tock . . . it's no good

ticking on any cymbal unless it's the high hat, 'cos each

has got to be as loud as the other, you know, like a clock . . .

I hi-hi hi-hi dig a groundhog
You can penetrate any place

you go

You can penetrate any place
you go

Ringo: It used to be 'I dig
a skylight.'

John: Yeh, but I changed it to
groundhog—it had to be
rougher. I don't care if skylight
was prettier.

I pick a moon dog

You can radiate everything you are
You can radiate everything you are
I roll a stoney

You can imitate everyone you know
You can imitate everyone you know
I feel the wind glove

You can indicate everything you see
You can indicate everything you see

John: We got lost, you know.

After we got to 'wind glove'
I went berserk.

Paul: Like the wind he blew away.

George: I hear the wind glove?

John: Yeah, I've changed it to
wind glove now. I just make it up
as I go along . . . I dig a low
bugadoo, I dig a groundhog.

Ringo: (screaming) Is that how
you do it!

Lindsay-Hogg: What was the
one about icon?

John: Oh, I can a Lowrie, but
it didn't sing well, so I changed
it to Dug a Pony. It's got to be
d's and p's, you know.

Ringo: It's his fault. It's his
fault all the time.

John: 'I Dig a Pony' by Charles
Dawtreay and the Dead Aids.
Phase One in which Doris
gets her oats.

Paul: Oh sometimes, John,
I don't know.

Ringo: That tongue'll be the
death of you.

John: (musing) Slither wildly
like a blind dog . . . as he/craps
away across my underpants.

Oh I'm a lyricist all right.

Paul: (manager's voice)
Richard Rogers has nothing
on this boy, absolutely nothing
. . . Lorenz Hart has nothing
on his boy either.

John: (sings)
I hi-hi hi-hi dug a boney
You can syndicate every boat
you row

You can syndicate every boat
you row

ALL I WANT IS YOU

John: Could do better.

George: Have done.

Paul: See me.

John: We never seem to hit it
together. We did it straight
at the end and cockeyed at the
beginning.

Paul: It's got a funny time.
John: Shall we do the beginning
straight. (does simple riff)
or surprise them (baroque
phrasing)?

Paul: I dunno.

George: Toss a coin.

George: Straight. I'll make it
straight if it sounds better.

John: (sings)

I dig a pony

You can celebrate anything you
want

You can celebrate anything you
want

All I want is you

Everything has got to be
just like you want it to.

**I was alone, I took a ride,
I didn't know what I would
find there.**
**Another road where maybe I
could see another kind of
mind there.**

"If weren't for the rocks in
its bed, the stream would have
no song."
(Carl Perkins—Rolling Stone,
7th Dec. 1968)

**ALTERNATE-SIDE PARKING
IN EFFECT**

A history note:

Today is the fifth anniversary
of the arrival on these shores
of four strange-looking young
men who called themselves
The Beatles.

No official celebration is planned.
(New York Post, 7th Feb. 1969)

Back at Apple the Fab Four are
completing tracks for their new
album anxiously awaited by
their millions of fans. We
drop in on them now during a
lull between takes:

George: We should do an
album of old favourites. Aren't
we going to do any oldies but
goodies on the show?

Paul: Could do.

George: In America, ya know,
they don't want all new ones . . .
they need something to identify
with aside from us.

John: I've been doing a lot of
'Help' recently.

Paul: 'Every Little Thing.'

George: 'Good Golly Miss Molly.'

Paul: 'Lucille.'

John: When I do it for the
fans I'm slinging it like a jerky.

Meanwhile I'll think . . . if it's
a slow one we'll omit it . . . if

it's a fast one we'll git it . . . But
there are other presences here
in the brightly illuminated
subterranean studio: summoned,
conjured out of the darkness
of past time: Carl Perkins,
Jerry Lee Lewis, His Majesty
Richard Penniman, Antoine
Domino, Larry Williams, and
The King, Elvis, eighth wonder
of the world, radiating in his
gold lame suit. The spirits of
Dylan, Mick, Pete Townshend,
and The Band attend also.

Now somewhere in the black
mountain hills of Dakota . . .
John putting on Jerry Lee's
nasal yodel:

The nooze is owt ah! over tower
or Carl Perkins:

Luvin you (deep growl)
Is the notchalr thang to doo
(John and Paul doing a country
harmony)

Paul putting on Little Richard's
ecstatic squeal:

Looseeyo, Looseeyo . . .
Little Richard's also present in
some of the new songs. His
phenomenal piling up of words
to the bar:

Paul:

Well oil these years I've been
"wanderin' around
Wanderin' how come nobody
told me

All that I was looking for was
somebody who looked like you.

A list of oldies played during the
rehearsals by the Beatles:

Stand By Me, Baby I Don't
Care, Thirty Days, Hippy Hippy
Shake, Short Fat Fanny, Fools
Like Me, You Win Again, Turn
Around, Blue Suede Shoes,
True Love, Wrong Yo Yo,
Sure To Fall, Tennessee,

Maybelline, Johnny B. Goode,
Sweet Little Sixteen, Little
Queenie, Roll Over Beethoven,
Rock And Roll Music, Singing
The Blues, Midnight Special,
Michael Row The Boat Ashore,
She Said Sea Said, Devil In Her
Heart, You Can't Do That,
Hitchhike, Money, Three Cool
Cats, Good Rockin Tonight.

All Shook Up, Don't Be Cruel,
Lucille, Send Me Some Lovin',
Dizzy Miss Lizzy, BeBop A
Lula, Lotta Lovin', House Of
The Rising Sun, Tea For Two,
Blowin' In The Wind, I Shall Be
Released, All Along The
Watchtower, High Heeled
Sneakers, It's Only Make Believe,
Come On Everybody,
Something Else, Bad Boy,
Rock Island Line, Third Man
Theme, Piece Of My Heart,
Good Golly Miss Molly.

Paul: We have got the same
problem. It's the same thing over
and over. You're wailing and
I'm wailing but I suspect you
may not be wailing about the
same thing, so I won't quite say
it, I never quite said it.
Sometime I hope to say it,
I may never say it, if I don't,
if I do, it's like I said to you
last week, you know it may
take a long time to get round
to it, but you will say it for
me, you will eventually say
something that I meant to say,
I know you will say it.

**Yesterday,
Things We Said Today.**

*My baby said she's travelling on the one after 909
Move over honey, I'm travelling on that line
Move over once, move over twice
Come on baby don't be cold as ice
Said she's travelling on the one after 909.*
*You're only fooling round, you're only fooling round with me
Move over once, move over twice
Come on baby, don't be cold as ice
Said she's travelling on the one after 909.*
*Pick up your bag, run to the station
Railman said you've got the wrong location
Pick up your bag, run right home,
Then you find you got the number wrong.*
Paul: I'm really pleased with that, it's from one of the first songs we ever wrote.
Glyn: John wrote it when he was about 15, didn't he?
Paul: Yeah, we used to sag off every school day, go back to my house and the two of us would write: Love Me Do, Too Bad About Sorrows. There's a lot from then. We have about a hundred that we never reckoned because they're all very unsophisticated songs. (singing in a very dumb voice)
*They said that our love was just fun,
The day that our friendship began,
There's no blue moon that can see
There's no blue moon in history
and we just thought 'great, too much,' but we hated the words to 909.*

*He don't want to go to school
to learn to read and write
just sits around the house and
plays that rock and roll music
all night.*
John was quizzical, studied physical science in the home
*Late nights all alone with a test tube oh oh oh
Maxwell Edison majoring in medicine, calls him on the phone
Can I take you out to the pictures,
John, a-a-on
But as he's getting ready to go
a knock comes on the door
Bang bang Maxwell's silver hammer
came down upon his head
Bang bang Maxwell's silver hammer
mode sure that he was dead.
Back in school again Maxwell
plays a fool again, teacher gets annoyed
Wishing to avoid an unpleasant scene
She tells Max to stay when the class has gone away so he waits behind
Writes a thousand lines
And as he's getting ready to go she creeps up from behind
Bang bang Maxwell's silver hammer
came down upon his head
Bang bang Maxwell's silver hammer
mode sure that he was dead.*
In Paul's imaginary country even death is painless. Reality has not been issued a visa, for this is Arcadia, the mirror image of the real world, where birds sing, and lyrics grow on trees.
*I'll be on my way
To where the winds don't blow
and golden rivers flow
This way I will go
As the June-light
turns to moonlight.'*

Paul McCartney, champion of the softedge, a knight errant rescuing discarded sentiments, re-habilitating sensibilities that time has hardened into clichés, animating.
*For well you know that it's a fool,
who plays it cool,
by making his world a little colder.*
The components of Paul's songs are lovingly assembled like the parts in a vintage car. All the machinery is polished (it's a clean machine). Their excellence is how they are put together; all the pieces fit beautifully.
Crazy, lazy, frantic, Atlantic; words evoking a whole era. Bottled 20's essence: Astaire, talkies, the Black Bottom, Mickey Mouse is born. Rocky Raccoon. Eleanor Rigby. Maxwell's Silver Hammer. Honey Pie. Joe-Joe, the fireman with an hourglass. Sgt. Pepper, Desmond and Molly Jones live in this magic landscape: Happy Valley, White Christmas, Brigadoon, the imaginary country in which all holidays, weddings, honeymoons and good times take place. Brief festivals of love set in the drab day-to-day world. Penny Lane has its opposite in the 'real' world: 1967 was the year of 'the month of Sundays', an attempt to regain the 'golden age' under the banner of Sgt. Pepper.
The chords, the progressions for bringing back the good old days, people and things that went before are as fixed as the forms of the raga.
Paul: The Indians are satisfied with that one drone. If you're satisfied with it, it's purer in a

'way. The old tunes have a certain way of going (plays a few chords on the piano) never change. Don't know too much about it myself, Dad knows.
Paul and John: (singing)
*What's the use of getting sober
Only to get drunk again.*
The singing in the pub, tinkling the ivories, ways of summoning the spirit of happiness, the craft of the busker, the song-and-dance man: this musician Paul has raised to the level of magic.
*'Roll up—roll up for the Mystery Tour
All ballrooms, music halls are situated in paradise; Arcadia, the Lyceum, Orpheus, the Arcade. 'At the play, in the ballroom, each one enjoys the possession of all', (Intimate Journals—Baudelaire) Vaudeville, Whiskey of the riveraire, an artificial paradise where the entertainers are the happy shepherds. It is also an exposure; the society in the bawdy skit, the exposure of the body in the chorus line. The exposure of the hypocrisy of the society that confines wonder and happiness to a Saturday night booze-up. The music hall artiste, stepping onto the boards, contrasting the misery of his real existence with magic of the show;
Gather round oil you clowns
Let me hear you say
Hey, you've got to hide your love away
Hey, you've got to hide your love away.
'Jude is terribly political', Paul says, and he means it literally. Political in the sense that Jude*

is everybody singing together, singing to the blackbird waiting for the millennium.
*Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly.
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.*
All Paul's songs take place on the boards, on stage, but the Beatles have made the world a stage. The stage, the song, art, are only possibilities, alternatives, to a life of anxiety, 'imagination alone tells me what can be,' said Andre Breton in the surrealist manifesto. 'Can not the dream also be applied to the solution of the fundamental problems of life?'
*When I woke up early in the morning,
Lift my head, I'm still yawning.
When I'm in the middle of a dream,
Stay in bed, float upstream (float upstream),
Please don't wake me, no, don't shake me,
Leave me where I am, I'm only sleeping.*
Music is the great refusal to accept the limitations imposed on freedom and happiness by the so-called 'reality principle'. 'Fantasy is the primeval, the ultimate and most audacious synthesis of all capabilities, in which all mental opposites as well as the conflict between the internal and external world are united (Jung) There's nothing you can do that can't be done

Nothing you can sing that can't be sung.

Paul McCartney: maker of dreams that can be inhabited, builder of bridges that we have used to cross into the world of the possible. Ancient Welsh saying: A fo bid bont. 'He who would be head, let him be the bridge.' It comes from the myth of Be Bendigeidfran, who bridged the Irish Sea with his own body so that his people could cross over. Paul, a bridge between Sgt. Pepper and Maxwell Silver Hammer, the Waltz and the Watousi, Penny Lane and Strawberry Fields, Eleanor Rigby and Molly Jones, George Formby and Stockhausen, Revolution and Rain, art and the commercial, salt and pepper, yes and no, the dish and spoon that will one day link arms, *And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand, They will dance by the light of the moon, The moon, The moon,*

Over and Over

Paul: When we finish this, I've got a feeling that we're just going to go off, like we did after the last album.

John: Just give me a day or two to finish off the bits and pieces.

Paul: We still haven't got any aim for what we're doing now except an album again.

John: Albums is what we're doing at the moment.

Paul: We're into albums as the four of us, but I really think we can be into other things, but every time I talk about it I really sound like I'm the show biz correspondent trying to hustle you to do a Judy Garland comeback, when really all I mean is, well look, let's go into a studio, a vision studio, after we've learned all of these songs; a studio just as good as this for sound. I mean, we got much better takes after we moved from Twickenham to Apple.

John: Here I like, it's like home.

Paul: The thing that puts us in it, and the only thing that's ever put us in it, is a novelty: we work on novelty. There's a new approach: if he says 'Take' we Take, for the first time. It's going to be very hard to better the stuff we've got, even 'Teddy Boy' not having words, there's so much in that. I said to Michael, just blacken this place one day and when we come in in the morning, what is it? You know, you've got to be sneaky with The Beatles or else we'll go on forever in a circle.

We'll never get out of it.

When you ask George what he wants to get out of it, he says 'No films.' But it's very wrong that, and this is a film and now he doesn't mind this. What he means is, No Help, no Hard Day's Night, and I agree. But like no TV shows, no audiences! . . . When we came back from Hamburg and did Coventry or wherever it was, we played the Ballroom, worst first night thing, we were all nervous and it was terrible. Then we played another concert the next night and it got a little bit better. Next night, uh, and the next: uhuu-oooh, too much.

We got over that hang-up of the audience, it was like there was no one there, it was like a new sort of thing and there was some fellow up front watching how you were playing and we were right into it. If you could've recorded those things, they would have been the greatest. We're good at that, once we get over the nervousness. But the hurdle of nervousness is there. And we can't get over that now unless we go to Albert Hall and get into a black bag. There's no other way. We can't think our way out of it. And the only alternative to that is to say we will never do it to an audience again. But if we intend to keep any kind of contact on that scene . . . I do understand George just saying, 'Well there's no point, you know, because it's like Stravinsky and it's in the music

and Stravinsky doesn't sort of get up and play his Joanna for then anymore, you know. He just writes it and maybe occasionally conducts it.

John: George wants to do a happy show with Dylan and Presley or what and that would be a lot.

Paul: That's us again, us going silly again.

John: It isn't, I think we might do it.

Paul: But do that one after we do one. I mean, there is a show to be had out of what we've got here that's so incredible, and you don't have to go on the roof or go anywhere. You really only have to sing the songs. And combined with the documentary material leading up to it, it's just an unbelievable thing, because you've got the two elements. The only thing we haven't got for every song is the song.

John: Tomorrow is the day we have to sing the six or seven numbers.

Paul: The easiest way to finish this show is just to sit here for another few days, rehearse, rehearse, and rehearse all the numbers and today start rehearsing the numbers one at a time and as George said, get a programme of what's going to follow what, just knock it off, just do it.

We really have to want to do a show at the end of it. I was saying to Mal this morning, because he had a dream last night of us doing the show, and he just said it was incredible, and I said I'd love to do that, just to play all these

numbers one afternoon at the Saville to some people, or all day, or as in Hair, just setting up, rehearsing as the people walk in, sit down, get sandwiches and drink, and when we want to do a take we'd do sort of a take. Then we could do a couple of other small shows until we hit it and get over our nervousness with an audience.

John: I think it would be daft of us not to play tomorrow even if it's a grand dress rehearsal. See how it goes, let's look how we looked, let's look at the rushes of seven songs. If it turns out to be half the show, half the end product, all right. If it doesn't, it's no different from any other day. If we had another month to do all fourteen songs, it would still be nice to do the seven now. We haven't time to do another seven since Ringo has to go in two weeks.

George (arriving) I think it's going to take months to get it like that. We should film it while we're recording, but let's get it done.

Glynis: Yesterday you and over. You were plugging it to death. So today we tried to get you to do three songs in one so you had to think: what's the key. That way you can't get bored.

Lindsay-Hogg: Yesterday, you got terribly close to getting it right on a couple of the numbers, but as soon as you got that, it would have meant one other take.

John: It was tiredness on my part. It was a great strain to get through 'Don't Let Me Down' and the other one, just singing at that pace, being so tired. If we didn't have the weekend we couldn't have even attempted yesterday. And I don't want to use the energy I used yesterday today because yesterday ruined today.

George: That's if you're planning on working up to doing it like this, playing again and again. We're just going to drop. We could have recorded all these songs on tape.

Lindsay-Hogg: At the moment, the documentary's like No Exit—it's going around and around.

George: It's like a lot of the footage, it's got to be thrown away.

Lindsay-Hogg: There's lots of good footage, but there's no story yet. There's no payoff yet.

Paul: We've done the film, we've done the numbers enough.

George: Let's get it down on tape.

Paul: Glynis will get it down on tape. He'll take it when he thinks.

John: If George wants to think that while we're doing it we're making a record and if you want to think that we're rehearsing, there's no answer.

Paul: We mustn't do 'Get Back' for three hours, it's just (plays bass riff). There are four individuals who are strong individually. If we were doing 'Thank Your Lovely Stars' we'd just go in and we'd do it. I know that's a silly analogy, but we'd just do it, and we'd

have done the number.

George: Do you want us to record these numbers?

Paul: If we're going to do fourteen numbers, let's get every chord off the fourteen numbers now and stop remembering that we're still rehearsing.

George: You want us to do what we've been doing for two weeks.

Paul: Yeah, but get it together now instead of talking about the show. So that we've got fourteen songs and so that when we've got it, we can either let it go, jump up, in the words of the famous song, we can do anything, we can do anything we like with it once we've got it. We're talking about this abstract thing we're hoping to get, and by talking about it we're not going to get it.

John: Let's do it. We're trying to do what you're saying and we're trying to do what George was saying, but sometimes we can't cos we're too tired. So we might have a bit more sleep.

Paul: We've done our songs. We just collect all our thoughts on them and check through to make sure you know the chords and that I know the bass notes.

John: When we've got the fourteen numbers off we'll be so secure in that that maybe that's the time we'll say: Oh, anywhere you want, we'll do them.

Lindsay-Hogg: Shall we go on filming until we leave here?

Paul: What we're doing is still rehearsing and we'll get it together.

George: We'll collect our thoughts and you collect yours about where we'll do the concert.

Lindsay-Hogg: What about the roof tomorrow?

Paul: We'll do the numbers. We're the band.

George: I'll do it if you've got us on the roof.

John: I'd like to go on the roof. I'll record the songs when you want to do it.

George: Anytime is paradise.

John: Anytime at all. You suggest where: Pakistan, the Moon, I'll still be there till you don't let me down. You'll be surprised at the story that will come out of this. I'll tell you what I'd

like to do. I've got so many tunes, I've got my tunes for the next ten years of albums. I'd like to do an album of songs. It would be nice mainly to get all those songs out of the way. And secondly to hear what mine are like all together.

Any of us can do separate things as well and that way it also preserves the Beatles bit. All these songs of mine I could give to people who could do them good, but I suddenly realised, well . . . all that. I'm going to do me for a bit. With all these tunes, I could do them in a week at the most—record them all, remix, because they're all very simple. I don't think they need much. I mean with a Leslie, it's too much, just one guitar. (singing)

Because you're sweet and
lovely, girl
I love you . . .

On The Roof (Hello to The Drifters Carl Perkins and Free)

Thursday: 30th Jan. 1969
BEATLES ROCK APPLE ROOF
At lunchtime today, the Beatles surprised passing office workers and mid-day shoppers with an impromptu concert on the roof of their Apple headquarters at 3 Saville Row.

Joined by organist Billy Preston, the Beatles performed: 'Get Back,' 'Don't Let Me Down,' 'One After 909,' 'I've Got a Feeling,' and 'All I Want is You,' a few of the songs they had filmed while rehearsing at Twickenham Studios during the first two weeks of January and, the previous two weeks, at their Apple studio.

After playing for about 40 minutes, the police arrived in response to complaints about noise and were admitted to the building. The concert ended without interruption. 'On behalf of the group,' a Beatle said, 'we hoped we passed the audition.'

With the wind sweeping the roof and blowing through the Beatles' hair, it seemed as if the roof concert were occurring on shipdeck, Paul stomping on the wooden planks, middle aged men and women on an adjoining roof waiting for the boat to arrive, boys and girls on nearby buildings lying against the roof slopes and waving, the Beatles smiling and singing to each other and the wind: 'you can syndicate any boat you row.' In the streets below,

millions of members of the crowd offered their reactions to the concert:

'Bloody stupid place to have a concert. It just is.'
'You can't beat them. Style of their own. Lovely crowd.'
'Jolly good, nice thing to see at the end of the day.'
'Nice to have something free in this country.'

And a woman named Eleanor listened to a song and said: 'I can't bear them. I can't see that it makes sense. They woke me up out of my sleep.'

When I woke up early in the morning,
Lift my head, I'm still yawning.
When I'm in the middle of a dream,

Stay in bed, float upstream
(float upstream).
Please don't wake me, no, don't
shake me,
Leave me where I am, I'm
only sleeping.
The Moon say's goodbye,
The Sun say's hello,





















