

one time only



the



*Yesterday Music*

If ever there were to be a definitive textbook on how to become a successful rock and roll manager, it would have had to be written by Ché Guevera. I'm not bitter, mind you, about having lost my life savings, my suburban ranch-type house, my American Express card, my wife's equanimity, my English sports car, a portion of my sanity and such odds and ends as my charge account at the local Dairy Queen—all in a gamble on five 18-year-old kids from New Jersey's white suburbs who dared to have me name them The Myddle Class.

It doesn't even bother me any more that one of those 18-year-olds stole into my office and filed the dollar sign off my typewriter keyboard in a gesture as meaningless, perhaps, as my bank account. Of course, I don't use a typewriter any more, but what did bother me was the need to report that even when you succeed in signing a contract with a record company, very often it turns out to be not a contract at all, but a declaration of war.

"Man," I once had to tell the teenage members of The Myddle Class, "they've cut our communications."

This was after I had run up a \$960 bill with the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company.

"Man," I once had to say to them, "we've got to regroup our forces." This was after The Myddle Class had been fired from three New York

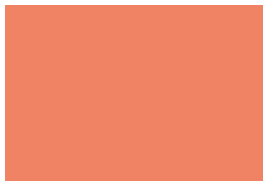


Rick Philp  
Guitarist, Composer

Rick Philp started playing the guitar when he was nine. "I wanted to play trumpet," he says, "but my mother said, 'Try guitar and see if you like that first.' She wanted me to learn something I could play by myself. A trumpet doesn't sound good alone." As Rick remembers it, his mother hired "a big fat lady" to come around and give him guitar lessons. "I used to really hate it," he says. "She told me I'd never be a good guitar player." By the time he reached

the eighth grade, his fame as a schoolboy virtuoso had spread so far that the leader of a country and western band asked him to join.

"Then the rest of the band found out how young I was and they vetoed me."



David Palmer  
Lead singer, Lyricist

Dave had fallen in love with reading and writing at first sight.

Actually I wanted to be a writer," he says, "and I thought the way to become one was to become an English teacher. But now people like Allen Ginsberg and Bob Dylan have taught us that's not the way to do it."

...To me," he says, "singing was like that perfect woman who always stays beyond reality."

discoteques for playing too loud.

"Man," I said at another time, "we've got to try to continue living in the manner to which we're accustomed." This was when I was feeding my wife, my three children, the entire Myddle Class and their rotating 10-man road crew on the dollar or so a day that poured in through the mail from kids wanting to join our fan club.

At one point, we even started filming a 16 millimeter movie to document our rise to success, at a personal cost to me of several thousand dollars. We filmed it in New Jersey's Passaic Valley swampland, with everybody wearing battle dress.

I have been accused of going into the rock and roll business for no better reasons than a desire for fame, fortune, glory and the chance to get my picture published in 16, a teenage fan magazine to which my nine-year-old daughter subscribes with more loyalty than she has ever displayed for me. Frankly, I could think of no better reasons. At the time I was, as New York's Village Voice described me, "a fairly well-known magazine writer," with a large enough backlog of assignments to keep me as busy as a Beatle, if at somewhat less a price. One of the first things I discovered after I started managing The Myddle Class was a cobweb placed over my typewriter by the drummer of the group. The cobweb was still there when, two years later, I announced that I was returning to the writing business.



With the same consummate skill that he used to drive through puddles to splash old ladies waiting at bus stops, the drummer had lifted the cobweb, filed off the dollar sign, and then replaced the cobweb so that it appeared undisturbed. I guess he thought I'd no longer have any need for the dollar sign.

I'm not bitter, mind you. I can't say that I didn't enjoy the rock and roll business any more than Joseph Heller can't say that he didn't enjoy the Air Force. Of course, I wasn't drafted into it. I was, rather, tempted into it. For years I had been writing success stories about other people, mostly in the music business, and I was curious to find out how it would sound if someone had to write a success story about me. When my baby-sitter told me that a group, known at that time as the King Bees, had caused a riot during a variety show at Governor Livingston Regional High School near my house in Berkeley Heights, New Jersey, I thought to myself, "Well, this sounds like a natural beginning."

I had no idea my success story would turn out to be a humor column. My wife says it's as humorous as All Quiet on the Western Front.

"Are you sure you know what you're doing?" she asked me at the time.

"A wife is supposed to be an inspiration to her husband," I answered.

"I would hate to think I ever inspired you to do this," she said. I immediately asked my baby-sitter



Charlie Larkey  
Bassist

"My mother used to tell me, 'You have good timing.' And I used to imagine myself singing on the records."

Charlie met Myke Rosa at Governor Livingston Regional High School.

"I had a guitar but I was terrible" he says. "Then Myke told me they needed

a bass player, so I got a bass guitar and started teaching myself to play it."

The first time Charlie ever played with Myke and Rick he only knew one chord progression. "My initiative must have impressed them," he says. According to Rick, Charlie has turned into the best bass player in New York.

"As far back as I can remember, I always saw myself as a rock and roll star..."



Myke Rosa  
Drums

Myke bought his first drum set two years after his rheumatic fever attack, with money he earned as a landscaper working with his father in Berkeley Heights, N.J.

"We called ourselves the Myddle Class because we can't spell."

Despite his boy hood illness Myke onstage seems to take on the hands and legs of four men. One fan has described him as "an energized octopus." He plays with such

ferocity that he's constantly breaking drumsticks, drum heads and his bass pedal. When that happens he keeps on playing by merely kicking the bass drum with his foot.

"Yeah," says Myke, "I'm all heart."

where I could find this group and when I learned that they were playing at a dance that very next week, I disguised my beard and balding forehead in a pair of levis and a sweater and went down to take a look at them. Later on I learned that they at first thought I was just some dirty old man.

They had been playing together for about a year with the exception of the bass guitarist, one Charlie Larkey, the scion of a men's clothing store chain, whose only qualification for membership in the band had been his conviction that he was destined to become a pop star. Charlie had been one of the higher-ups in Mountainside, New Jersey's only teenage mob, an organization called The Organisation, but when he learned the King Bees needed a bass guitar player, he promptly went out and bought a bass guitar.

"If you want to learn how to play bad enough," the drummer, Myke Rosa, told him, "then you can teach yourself how to play bad enough."

Charlie would lock himself in his room and play the bass along with a pile of records, sometimes with Myke Rosa singing the bass line into his ear. Myke, of course, was the only one of the group who couldn't sing. On the first night that I saw the King Bees, he was pounding the drums so hard that he kept breaking his drumsticks, throwing the pieces out into the audience. He also had a habit of throwing up during the course of each performance.

Myke had nearly died of rheumatic fever when he was 12, and he had the further habit of passing out after every show. As for the other members of the group, there was Danny Mansolino, the organist, who used to read physics textbooks for leisure when he wasn't playing Hell's Angel on a motorcycle. When I asked him how he became an organist, he answered: "The guys said they were forming a group and they needed an organ player, so I said, 'OK, I'll get an organ.'"

The lead singer was Dave Palmer, whom I found kneeling on the bandstand with the microphone in his hand, shouting into it with all the delta bottomland soul of a New Jersey choirboy.

"Dave," his mother later told me, "has always had an extraordinary voice."

What she meant was that Dave used to scream louder than all the other kids.

"Save his baby pictures," I told her. "He's going to be famous."

The leader of the group was Rick Philp, who started playing the guitar when he was nine. Rick always wore a jacket and a tie and sometimes carried an umbrella and he was hard to get to know. I didn't really discover his character until much later, when, one day, he walked into my house, excused himself and politely asked my wife if she had a fire extinguisher.



Danny Mansolino  
Organist

"I started playing the accordion when I was eight years old," he says, "A friend of mine did it so I wanted to do it better than him. I did all classical stuff, because --- I just didn't want to do the easy stuff."

Danny He heard about Rick Philp from a friend.

"He told me about this kid that wears glasses, plays piano and plays guitar and he's real good. So I went over

there one day and he amazed me. He said he wanted to start a group with an organ."

Danny also reads physics and chemistry text books for his leisure, builds light machines and hi-fi sets, flies model airplanes and is working a design for an organ.

When he also decided that the group needed more harmony, he spent six months teaching himself to sing.



"Yes," she said, "I think so, but why do you want it?"

"Well," said Rick, "because the house next door is on fire."

Rick never lost his cool. On the night that I met him, he laughed at me when I told him I was going to turn him into a star. I soon learned that the King Bees had taken their name from a song by the Rolling Stones. They also had taken everything else from the Rolling Stones that they could possibly get away with.

"What showmanship!" I said to myself. "With my genius at promotion, I'll turn them into a sensation."

I also liked their musical equipment. But in the music business, as I found out, you have to be equipped for mechanical warfare.

In the beginning, they didn't even bother to learn my name. They called me Redbeard. Then I talked Gerry Goffin and Carole King, a husband-and-wife songwriting team, into producing their records.

"And what are you going to try to sell us next," Carole asked me some \$15,000 later, "the Brooklyn Bridge?"

When the Berkeley Heights Independent Press, a weekly newspaper, printed a picture story about the group, grammar school kids started coming up to my door to ask for the King Bees' autographs. In the three New Jersey towns of

Berkeley Heights, New Providence and Summit, we had become famous overnight.

"You'd better start learning how to handle it right now," I told the boys.

I began to bill the King Bees as the loudest group in town. The next thing that happened was that my neighbors served me with a zoning violation for allowing the group to practice in my house. In the end, it seems, my house became a hideout for all the teenage rebels of North Central Jersey. From miles around, whenever a boy would be kicked out of school and told to get a haircut, he'd come to my house instead. Naturally, he'd be hungry. I began to lose, in addition to my money, my professional standing as an adult member of the community. Once, the group was asked to play a dance at the Berkeley Heights Community Pool. But when I showed up, I was kicked off the premises and offered an escort home by the Berkeley Heights Police Department.

Another time, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, the YMCA refused to allow the group to finish a performance because Danny Mansolino's shirttails were hanging out. I showed them! I tore up the check for fifty dollars they paid us. It had only cost us about seventy-five dollars to make the trip to Allentown, but we were trying to build a legend. The springs of my wife's brand new station wagon began to sag. Dents started appearing in its fenders.



### *Going Back* Words and Music by Gerry Goffin & Carole King

*I think I'm going back  
to the things I knew so well in my youth.  
I think I'm returning to  
the days when I was young enough  
To know the truth.*

*Now there are no games  
To only pass the time  
No more electric trains  
No Christmas bells to chime  
Thinking young and growing older is no sin  
And I can play the game of life to win.*

*I can recall a time  
When I wasn't ashamed to reach out to a friend  
And now I think I've got  
A lot more than a catcher's mitt to lend  
Now there's more to do  
Then watch my sailboat glide  
But everyday can be  
My magic carpet ride*

*I can play hide and seek with my fears  
And live my days  
instead of counting my years*

### *Instrumental*

*Let everyone detect the true reality  
I'd rather see the world the way it used to be.  
A lit bit of freedom is all we lack  
So catch me if you can  
I'm going back.*

"I thought you bought that car for me," my wife said.

"Just think like it got commandeered in some military campaign," I told her.

From one end of the Middle Atlantic States to the other, my wife's station wagon became famous, groaning under the weight of five heavy amplifiers and a big electric organ. My wife herself began to drink three cocktails before dinner instead of one. Then, just as our first record was about to be released, our producer, Gerry Goffin, checked into a hospital. A short time later, Dave, the lead singer and Rick, the guitarist, were ordered into college by their parents.

"If you try to dissuade them otherwise," my attorney, a New Jersey state senator, advised me, "then you would be liable to criminal charges of impairing the morals of a minor."

In addition, we discovered that we had neglected to register the King Bee name. RCA Victor, obviously capitalizing on my genius at promotion, came out with a record by another group called the King Bees. Since the drummer's father was a disc jockey, it immediately went on the radio. People started calling us up to congratulate us.

"We'll sue 'em!" I said. "Every penny that record earns belongs to us." When the record flopped, we changed our name to The Myddle Class.

Otherwise, under my command, the group made steady progress. With Gerry Goffin in the hospital, I decided to smuggle copies of our unpublished demonstration records to a Long Island radio station, a master stratagem which, I later found out, could have cost us our copyrights.

"Let them steal from us," I said. "It'll only show everybody how rich we are."

When we agreed to play free at a benefit at the Smithtown, Long Island, Tercentenary celebration, the authorities expected a crowd of 400. With our demonstration records on the radio, the crowd of 400 turned out to be a screaming mob of 4,000. When the mob advanced on us in a shopping center parking lot, the six cops on duty calmly walked out of the mob's path, leaving us unprotected on the bandstand, our clothes torn, our hair pulled, our instruments wrecked. In the ensuing riot, five teenyboppers were arrested and four were injured, two of them badly enough to be taken to a hospital. Those were the days when riots were like applause meters in the rock and roll business, and we went home happy, even though the bill for the trip was going to run into the hundreds.

When the next riot started I was ready for it. We were booked into Kingston, N.Y., a town where they shot pennies at you with slingshots, and I brought along a photographer to document the event. Unfortunately, he was Brian Hamill of the famous Brooklyn Hamills. The riot started as

*Windchime Laughter*  
*Words and Music by David Palmer and Rick Philp*

*Rings upon her crystal finger*  
*Diamond spectrum fade then linger*  
*Light is all the tenderness she knows.*

*Midnight sons her would be lover*  
*She turns them one against the other*  
*Takes the empty hand of night and goes along.*

*Wind chime laughter coming after she has gone*  
*Wind chime laughter, haunting laughter*  
*is the song she sings.*

*Kings in all their regal splendor*  
*Bribe her, tempt her, then condemn her*  
*Blaming her for everything they fear*

*And I the royal prince of paupers*  
*? the only dream, my only offer?*  
*I listen for my windsong name and hear her song.*

*Wind chime laughter coming after I'm alone . . .*  
*Wind chime laughter, haunting laughter*  
*is the song she sings.*

*Wind chime laughter coming after she has gone*  
*Wind chime laughter coming after she has gone*

*Wind chime laughter coming after she has gone*  
*Wind chime laughter, haunting laughter*  
*is the song she sings.*



the show was ending and the fighting moved out into the back yard of the auditorium, where a blizzard was already in progress. I went to look for Brian Hamill to make sure he was getting pictures of the riot, but what the Brooklyn Hamills are famous for is never standing idly by when there's a good fight to be won.

"Here, Al," Brian said, handing me his camera, "hold this for me a minute," and he ran out into the back yard and started punching the first guy he could find who was twice his size. We had big riots, small riots, loud riots and quiet riots. I was amazed at our success. I began to day dream about buying a new fortress for my troops, a Scottish castle that had been transplanted stone by stone to the hills of Watchung, New Jersey, and that was then occupied by a German scientist rumored to have a laboratory in his cellar.

Meanwhile, the washing machine and dryer broke down in my cellar and we didn't have enough money to hire a repairman. I had to start accompanying my wife to the local laundromat. When she complained that we were making a spectacle of our poverty using the independent laundromat, I borrowed Gerry Goffin's Cadillac to take her there. Then I decided to boost our finances by promoting our own concert in the nearby town of Summit. All 1,000 seats were sold out three weeks in advance mostly by volunteer high school ticket salesmen, but their days off from school had affected their arithmetic. When it came time

for them to turn in the money, nothing added up. After the concert, I found that somebody also had stolen my \$300 tape recorder. Someone else told me the opening act had stolen it. The opening act was The Velvet Underground.

We had to turn away about 500 fans at the door of the auditorium and later that night they all seemed to show up at my house to raid the refrigerator. It had become a tradition that, after any Myddle Class performance, the group and its entourage would end up at 2:30a.m. in my front living room, playing Bob Dylan, the Beatles, John Coltrane or Stravinsky on my hi-fi, reputed to be the best in Berkeley Heights, and certainly the loudest. Invariably, the cops would arrive with a noise complaint. In that first summer of our campaign, I booked The Myddle Class into Greenwich Village's Café Bizarre on West Third Street. By the next summer, they were playing at the Night Owl, also on West Third Street. In one year, I had advanced The Myddle Class exactly one-half city block.

At college, Dave and Rick began growing their hair long and, by the end of the first semester, both of them had quit. As for Danny Mansolino, who had started out as a pre-med student at Seton Hall, his confrontation with formal education was ended by an upperclassman who came up to him on campus and asked why he wasn't wearing his freshman beanie. Danny's answer was an immediate punch

### *I Shall Be Released* Words and Music by Bob Dylan

*They say everything can be replaced  
They say every distance is not near  
So I remember every face  
Of every man who put me here*

*I see my light come shining  
From the west down to the east  
Any day now, any day now  
I shall be released*

*They say every man needs protection  
They say that every man must fall  
Yet I swear I see my reflection  
Somewhere so high above this wall*

*I see my light come shining  
From the west down to the east  
Any day now, any day now  
I shall be released*

*Now yonder stands a man in this lonely crowd  
A man who swears he's not to blame  
All day long I hear him shouting so loud  
Just crying out that he was framed.*

*I see my light come shining  
From the west down to the east  
Any day now, any day now  
I shall be released*

### *Don't Look Back* Words and Music by William "Smokey Robinson" & Ronald White

*If it's love that you're running from, there's no hiding place.  
(You can't run, you can't hide, you can't run, you can't hide)  
Love has problems I know but they're problems, we're gonna have to face.  
Well if you just put your hand in mine,  
We're gonna leave all our troubles behind.  
Keep on walkin', don't look back. (Don't look back)  
And don't look back. Oh yeah, yeah.  
And don't look back, baby. (Don't look back)  
(The past is behind you, let nothing remind you.)*

*Oh, if your first lover broke your heart,  
There's something that can be done.  
(You don't run, you don't hide, you don't run, you don't hide)  
Don't lose your faith in love babe, because of what he's done.  
So if you just put your hand in mine,  
We're gonna leave all our troubles behind.  
Keep on walking, don't look back. (don't look back)  
Forget about the past now.  
Don't look back, baby. (don't look back)  
Keep on walking and don't look back. Hmmm (don't look back)  
(The past is behind you, let nothing remind you)*

### *[Instrumental]*

*Love can be such a beautiful thing.  
Though your first love let you down.  
Oh yeah, yeah  
'Cause I know we can make love bloom, baby.  
The second time around.  
Oh yeah, yeah  
So if you just put your hand in mine,  
We're gonna leave all our troubles behind.  
Keep on pushing and don't look back. (don't look back)  
Now, till I say, we won't look back, girl. (don't look back)  
Keep on walking and won't look back. (don't look back)  
Forget about the past now, baby.  
And don't look back.  
Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, don't look back.*

in the upperclassman's face. In the meantime, Carole King and Gerry Goffin had signed a distribution deal with Atlantic, then one of the most successful of the large independent record companies and now the No. 2 largest in the business. I don't know how they made it without us.

When our first single, Free as the Wind, was finally released, it started skyrocketing up toward No. 1 on the local pop charts in Albany, New York, an event which prompted me to apply in several places for a loan. At Atlantic, however, the sales force was singularly unimpressed.

"We just want to make sure you don't happen to have a lot of maiden aunts in Albany," one vice president told us. When it became apparent that nobody was going to spend any money promoting the record if we didn't do it ourselves, I started calling disc jockeys and distributors all over the country. All I succeeded in achieving was that \$960 telephone bill. In the end, the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company shut off my service.

"At least now you don't have to worry about getting phone calls from angry creditors," my wife said.

They came instead to knock on my door. You have to understand that record companies often sign up artists for no particular reason other than the fact that they need what they call "product." The theory is that if you put out enough records, one of them is bound to be a hit. They call this the shotgun method. Otherwise,

no record is going to be a hit unless you get it distributed into the stores, and when fan club members started writing in to complain that they couldn't find our record anywhere, I decided to go into the distribution business. From Atlantic, I ordered 4,000 copies of Free as the Wind to be charged against our future royalties. In keeping with the title of the song, I ended up simply giving the 4,000 records away.

My promotion techniques were honest enough, too honest according to my armchair general friends who felt that their magnanimity in sending me food packages entitled them to give me free advice as well. Whenever anybody asked the group why they called themselves The Myddle Class, the group would answer, "Because we can't spell." To my friends in the music business, I explained that if there had been a Surfing Sound, a Nashville Sound, a Liverpool Sound and a Detroit Sound, then The Myddle Class would go down in history as the originators of the Suburban Sound. Whenever the group played, I made them turn their amplifiers all the way up until people complained that the volume was painful to the ears. "When The Myddle Class plays," I would answer, "nobody talks, everybody listens."

Meanwhile, I kept grinding out press releases in which I confidently predicted that The Myddle Class would be "the biggest thing to come out of New Jersey since Woodrow Wilson." (I didn't want to

*I Can't Make It Alone*  
Words and Music by Gerry Goffin and Carole King

Now you know me  
You know how proud I am  
But what I'm going to tell you girl  
Won't be easy to say  
Before I left you  
I was a happy man  
But I've been so lonely  
Since I've been away

Well I tried and I know I can't make it alone  
It's such a hard way to go, I just can't make it alone  
Something in my soul that will always  
Lead me back to you

What can I say now  
Sorry's not good enough  
I couldn't blame you if you hurt me girl  
The way I hurt you then  
But who can I turn to  
Baby I'm begging you  
Won't you reach out to a dyin' man  
And make him live again

Well I tried and I know I can't make it alone  
It's such a hard way to go, I just can't make it alone  
Something in my soul that will always  
Lead me back to you

I see the faces  
Those painted eyes and phony smiles  
They're only jive, they're only half alive  
They just don't care they just don't care  
Nothing for me there  
Or anywhere without you baby  
Without you.

Well I tried and I know I can't make it alone  
It's such a hard way to go I just cant make it alone  
Something in my soul that will always  
Lead me back to you

*It's the Season*  
Words and Music by David Palmer and Rick Philp

Hey you with the brand new, high powered elephant gun  
Yeah you with the hip boots on, child you're the one  
Well I can see you're the outdoor kind  
And if your searching for some game to find  
Don't need no reason  
Cause it's the season  
For loving. Oh for loving.

All you need is soul and you know that's not a lot  
You can leave home the rifle  
you filled up with buckshot  
Well I'm as willing as I can get  
So undo those traps you set

Oh I ain't leavin'  
Cause it's the season



Your best hunting dog couldn't see the game I'll find  
And we don't need a license for the things I got in mind.  
Well I'll be your forest guide  
Babe you know I'm bonafide  
I aim to please um  
And I ain't leavin'  
Cause its the season

offend Frank Sinatra.) I also started distributing, free copies of The Myddle Class Newsletter, my own attempt at psychological warfare. It had headlines like, "LONG ISLAND DISC JOCKEY BREAKS RECORD—ONCE OVER THE RADIO, TWICE OVER HIS KNEE." Or, "MANAGER INSISTS RECORD WILL BE TWO-SIDED HIT." Some 70,000 copies of The Myddle Class Newsletter went out to fans, including one special 16-page issue that was printed up in five different editions for various parts of the country.

"I always wanted to own my own newspaper," I explained to my journalist colleagues.

Then the printshop asked me to be paid.

One of my tactical problems was to get Free as the Wind played on New York's two Top 40 radio stations, WABC and WMCA, which normally don't play a record until it has become a hit almost everywhere else in the country or unless they owe you a pretty big favor. Lacking either alternative, I merely called up WABC and asked how to request that a record be played on the air.

"Just send us a post card," the telephone operator at WABC replied.

In all innocence, I put this information into my Myddle Class Newsletter and offered a free post card to any fan who wanted to send it to a radio station. From Long Island and New Jersey, some 40,000 post cards



zipped into the mailrooms at WABC and WMCA, which cheerfully sorted them out and threw them into wastebaskets.

"That only makes the radio stations mad at you," a disc jockey friend later explained to me. "They don't want to have to bother with all that junk mail."

By this time, the gloom in my house had reached a point where I couldn't afford to replace the light bulbs that burned out. Then, when I learned the Free as the Wind had been named as a pick hit on a Milwaukee radio station, I borrowed \$100 to finance a promotion trip there by my 19-year-old assistant, Bruce DeForeest.

"The least you can do," I told him, "is to get The Myddle Class' name on every men's room wall between New Jersey and Wisconsin."

With two of his own volunteer teenage assistants, DeForeest spent half the money to buy a car. By the time he arrived in Milwaukee, however, it had been three weeks since Free as the Wind had last been played over the radio there. The local Atlantic distributor had never even heard of the record and not a single copy had been sold. DeForeest not only had to suffer through a chilly reception, but Milwaukee was under siege by its worst snowstorms in years. All but trapped in an eight-dollar-a-day motel room for more than a week, he wrote The Myddle Class' name on a couple of men's room walls, wired me a few times



*Gates of Eden*  
Words and Music by Bob Dylan

*Of war and peace the truth just twists  
Its curfew gull just glides  
Upon four-legged forest clouds  
The cowboy angel rides  
With his candle lit into the sun  
Though its glow is waxed in black  
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden.*

*The lamppost stands with folded arms  
Its iron claws attached  
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail  
Though it shadows metal badge  
All and all can only fall  
With a crashing but meaningless blow  
No sound ever comes from the Gates of Eden.*

*The savage soldiers sticks his head in sand  
And then complains  
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf  
But still remains  
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay  
At ships with tattooed sails  
Heading for the Gates of Eden.*

*With a time-rusted compass blade  
Alladin and his lamp  
Sits with Utopian hermit monks  
Side saddle on the Golden Calf  
And on their promises of paradise  
You will not hear a laugh  
All except inside the Gates of Eden.*

*Relationships of ownership  
They whisper in the wings  
To those condemned to act accordingly  
And wait for succeeding kings  
And I will try to harmonize with songs  
The lonesome sparrow sings  
There are no kings inside the Gates of Eden.*

*The motorcycle black madonna  
Two-wheeled gypsy queen  
And her silver-studded phantom cause  
The gray flannel dwarf to scream  
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey  
Who pick up on his bread crumb sins  
And there are no sins inside the Gates of Eden.*

*The kingdoms of Experience  
In the precious wind they rot  
While paupers change possessions  
Each one wishing for what the other has got  
And the princess and the prince  
Discuss what's real and what is not  
It doesn't matter inside the Gates of Eden.*

*The foreign sun, it squints upon  
A bed that is never mine  
As friends and other strangers  
From their fates try to resign  
Leaving men wholly totally free  
To do anything they wish to do but die  
And there are no trials inside the Gates of Eden.*

*At dawn my lower comes to me  
And tells me of her dreams  
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse  
Into the ditch of what each one means  
At times I think there are no words  
But these to tell what's true  
And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden.*

for more money and started back East. The car he had bought lasted just 50 miles short of the trip home to Berkeley Heights. When it broke down at last, he merely left it on the shoulder of the highway and hitchhiked the rest of the way home. It took only several months more and a second Myddle Class record for me to run out of not only cash, but credit.

"Easy come, easy go," I told my friends.

Eventually, The Myddle Class did get to record some anonymous music tracks for a Monkee album that sold almost 4,000 copies. And later, the face, if not the name, of Charlie Larkey, The Myddle Class' bass guitar player, appeared in color on the cover of Esquire. Appropriately enough, he was wearing a battle helmet.

When the time finally came for me to surrender, I couldn't find anybody to accept my sword. Instead, a young entrepreneur named Neil Bogart heard the group and signed them to Cameo-Parkway Records with a contract calling for a \$10,000 advance. We only got \$2,500 of it. A day later, \$1,500 worth of Rick Philp's guitars were stolen. By now, the mortgage company was about to foreclose on my house and The Myddle Class road crew had to move me out in a rented van in the dead of night. We packed as if the enemy was at the gates.

Looking back, I realize that's exactly where the enemy was. But still The Myddle Class struggled on, capturing a foothold in Boston, claiming a victory in Montreal and occupying New York's Night Owl with such effectiveness that the owner closed down and turned the place into a poster shop when The Myddle Class finally moved out. Even today, people come up to me and tell me how they've heard that The Myddle Class was the best New York group never to make it.

"We couldn't afford to make it," I tell them.

They say that success is as much to be feared as failure. I couldn't really tell you. When Neil Bogart showed up with his Cameo-Parkway record contract, I suddenly knew how General Custer would have felt if, out of the skies, he suddenly had gotten air support. The way things turned out, Neil Bogart might as well have put General Custer's name on the contract. While The Myddle Class went back into the studio, recording a third 45 r.p.m. called Don't Look Back, another young entrepreneur named Allen Klein was busy taking over control of Cameo-Parkway's stock. Allen Klein is now better known as the new business manager of the Beatles but in those days he was the villain of The Myddle Class. His very presence at Cameo-Parkway resulted in the stock going up and Neil Bogart going out. The day that Don't Look Back was released was the same day that Bogart quit, along with his entire staff of lieutenants.

*Man On A Bridge*  
Words and Music by David Palmer and Rick Philp

*Spent most of my natural youth  
Taking things in my stride  
A seeker of the right and the natural truth  
And then I stepped inside*

*Woke up one morning  
Knew something was wrong  
And I decided to take a good look  
There in the mirror the future was clearer  
The image was doubly took*

*But there's a man on a bridge  
Standing on the edge  
Telling his trouble to the water below  
Man on a bridge hanging on to the edge  
Making up his mind about whether to go  
Or to stay.....*

*Heyyyyyy*

*Instrumental*

*No one would give him a reason for livin'  
They're all on the edge of their seats  
Help has arrived but will he survive?*

*Will he look before he leaps  
But there's a man on a bridge  
Standing on the edge  
Telling his trouble to the water below  
Man on a bridge hanging on to the edge  
Making up his mind about whether to go  
Or to stay.....*



*Free As the Wind*  
Words and Music by David Palmer and Rick Philp

*You never miss the water in the well  
Til the well runs dry  
And I never missed my baby  
Until my baby said goodbye*

*Now she's free, free as the wind  
Running wild and riding high  
Free, free as the wind  
And me  
I just stay here and I cry  
Hear me cry*

*You never miss the summer sun  
Until you feel the winter's cold  
And I never missed her loving arms  
Until she wasn't there to hold.*

*Now she's free, free as the wind  
Running wild and riding high  
Free, free as the wind  
And me,  
I just stay here and I cry  
Hear me cry*

*Soft and warm and sweet was the love she gave to me  
The kind of girl, who never brought you down.  
If I had thought I could have made her stay with me  
But I let her slip away from me*

*Now she's free, free as the wind  
Running wild and riding high  
Free, free as the wind  
And me I just stay here and I cry  
Hear me cry  
Hear me cry*

*Now she's free, free as the wind  
(Running wild and riding high)  
Free, free as the wind  
Free, free as the wind*

The record was left sitting on top of empty desks, with no one to promote it.

When I tried to telephone Allen Klein for further information, all I could learn was that he had an English secretary. When the time came for Cameo-Parkway to pay us the second installment of our \$10,000 advance, I discovered that all trading of Cameo-Parkway stock had been ordered suspended. Myke Rosa went to California to become a dishwasher in a Hollywood luncheonette. Danny Mansolino went back to his mother's house in New Jersey to write cowboy songs. Charlie Larkey got a job playing bass guitar with the Fugs. Rick Philp went to Boston and enrolled at Emerson College. Dave Palmer took up employment as a stock boy in a music publishing house. Gerry Goffin and Carole King filed for divorce. My wife went back to work.

As for me, I returned to my dollarless typewriter. I was, of course, through with rock and roll, but rock and roll wasn't through with me. Here I am still writing about it. I couldn't honestly say I'd rather be working as a building superintendent, but then the record business is full of people who occupy themselves putting out garbage. As my wife says, it's not a funny story. Former fans sometimes speculate that maybe The Myddle Class will get together again, but that's impossible now. Rick Philp, who had devoted his young life to his guitar, giving up the promising business career his father had laid

out for him, was bludgeoned to death by a berserk roommate in Boston last May.

In his honor, Neil Bogart, now known as the king of bubblegum music, is planning to put out a memorial album of collected Myddle Class tapes on Buddah Records, his new label. Otherwise, you can still hear The Myddle Class by going up to Albany and waiting for the local radio stations to play our golden oldies.

As Ché Guevera once said, in the textbook he did write, called On Guerilla Warfare, "... war is subject to certain strategic laws... Those who violate these laws will be defeated." Anyone who thinks he'd like to go into the rock and roll business ought to read Ché Guevera's book first.

AGA 1969

*Wake Me, Shake Me*  
Written by Billy Guy

*I saw my mother this mornin'  
She was walkin down that lonesome road  
Tryin to make it in due time  
Before the heaven doors close  
Tryin to get to heaven in due time  
Before the heaven doors close*

*I thought I heard her say:  
WAKE ME, SHAKE ME  
Don't let me sleep too long  
Tryin to get to heaven in due time  
Before the heaven doors close  
Tryin to make it in due time  
Before the heaven doors close*

*Solo by Rick Philp*



Dedicated to:

Rick Philp  
Ann & Al Aronowitz

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