Tom Jones performing at New York's Copacabana, circa 1965 (left); Ringo Starr in Miami in 1964 (middle); Bobby Darin, Jack Benny, and George Harrison (from left) in a Las Vegas dressing room, 1965 (right). The Beatles' fame, which peaked the month before the photo of Ringo was taken, had begun to wane by the time Darin and Benny posed with Harrison.

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When the Beatles Stormed America, I Was With Them

Sixty years on, a photo editor who shot the band's first American concerts recalls an about-face band and operation rights

BY CHARLY ARNOLD
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

January 14, 1964, London

I was ready to board a Boeing in the morning. Then the phone rang. It was my boss, Frank Spencer, the picture editor of the Daily Express. "Charly, we've blown off the Africa assignment," he said. "We'll fly you to Paris. The Beatles are on tour there."

My hands made the sign of the Beatles. They were getting bigger. A few weeks ago, I had shot a Sunbeam Tiger—a lightweight sports car from Lancashire. As a staff photographer for London's leading daily paper, I'd covered the rise of the Beatles, photographing them in Liverpool, Southern Hampshire, and Boston. I was more interested in Bonnie's new sweetheart than in following around some male rock and roll group.

"Frank, I'm supposed to go to Africa tomorrow," I told him. "I've had all my shots." Spencer heard me out and rang off. And I headed for the Paris office of the Daily Express, where I was a stringer. I'd spent the next three years in Paris, shooting for the Express, and I knew the ropes.

London's Fleet Street, where staff photographers like me bought the scoop, could hold against quite its rival papers. I knew that once they got you on a story story, you'd be pegged as a clown business photographer.

This photo-taking squadron, Spencer had spoken with the top editor. "You're going to Paris," he said. "We think you're perfect for the job. You're presentable. None of our other photographers are good looking." And that was that. I was off to photograph the Beatles.

January 15, Paris

I met Gilles, Paul, and George at the airport in London. Ringo would join us later. They were friendly and polite and shaggy. Barely hair-cut shy, they carried around a tan and some pale moleskins, and a little attitude.

The band's manager, Brian Epstein, of all, was there that photo in the Express would give the group great exposure. Epstein was a tall, handsome, well-dressed businessman who managed a record store in Liverpool. He was a fan of the band, he said, so he was. But he was good at his job, too. He's a good for us because you're doing our publicity for us, he told me (or a lot of money." My assignment was to write back one good photograph a day, preferably some kind of exclusive.

I was about as a years older than the Beatles, which seemed an some respect. They were lucky that I was a scroll from Glasgow, a rough-tough like Liverpool. Where we hailed a Paris, a number of their entourage pulled out cards and letters from their fans. Some of the letters were addressed to "Mr. Photographer" and contained requests for photos. They were to certain jackets to helps. Google Siffleur in the Old Gaspar Road—the dropped their collarless coats. At 16 in. I liked clothes and I wore a jacket.

Paul and George with Paul's Beatles. Ringo and George, underneath, with the Aeronauts Club of London, 1964

That night, the band was playing in a Paris club. Ringo was there, but George was sick (orange, I realized I matched another him. When I saw him the next day, I found the first time he had "off the hook." George had the flu, so we waited for a week. Paris perform. Their manager wanted me. I knew right then. I was on the right side. I knew there were going enough to the Paris, I was on the right side.

January 16

We got shot. (Just. I stayed in the same hotel, the George V. I stayed behind with them when the other journalists left. Paul was the most friendly, George was the most shy, and Ringo wasn't around. I became tan to the the well, but he found with a camera, I was just an ugly photographer.

After their second night performing in France, they came back to the hotel to around a quarter to. They seemed to go crescendos, but the band's manager wanted square pegs in that hole. And when they left at 2 o'clock, their video was immediately surrounded by women. They couldn't move. They couldn't leave. Always a mouse. In this sample just stayed in the hotel room with their boombox and tea. They'd order sandwiches and pizza pies, and would sit in my room and coffeepots, reams of Kleenex, bottles of Irish, newspapers with their pictures in them.

I came out from the room some naturally. It wasn't the Beat Fab Fourth in time to compose. Paul had to do on the. There was a piano in Paul's room. At one point, John grabbed a chair and started tinkering. Paul joined in. John started singing a song he had written, a song about a Spanish Cadillac. Paul said, "Let's do that one." John said, "I don't know the end yet." Paul said, "Do what I do." Paul sat down and started playing a Spanish-sounding melody. John grabbed a guitar and a music dictionary and chose a title, pitching every. He screamed in his impersonating. Although John and Paul considered the song a joke, they recorded it for the Beatles Paul's song "Wonder Your Dog." Any song I heard that day was foreign sounding and long. Oh!

They appeared to be writing a song right in front of me. And in John and Paul kept at it in the piano, Ringo, in a black turtleneck, cross-legged and stood next to George. And I had my shot. But Beatles composing I'd that they.

January 17

Twenty years later, I met Gilles. Our first were still in pajamas and either when one of their road managers—Neil Aspinall or Mal Evans—came to the door, calling out all hands. Mal had perhaps not that the band was having on the George V, so small and tolerate were piling up. The floor of their suite was a mess. Mal's face was a bit red. I've always thought you were the crazy Beatle. "Mal! Mal, Paul. Paul, I'll talk about.

I put down on the floor, photographing, and noticed Paul had positioned himself right in the center, reading a letter. He have instinctively looks for a camera. I'd been a photo-taker for years, and I knew what happened. On the table, Mal Evans's Polaroid picture editor of the Express wrinkled Paul's magazine. He was the handsome, Although John was lanky and Paul was a little stocky, Paul was the Beatle with the Fabian hairdo. Paul was the Beatle with the Bardot. Aesthetically speaking, the picture also left no doubt that he was good looks the photo, and John, Ringo, and George.

Ringo got the most small, through. As he. I think that's because girls thought he was the most approachable. You couldn't go to Paul or John or George—they were all so good looking. Plus, John was musical. If a fan was going to choose, she chose the one she thought the other was covered giving after.

That evening, they boomed about in the suite again. But one day dried and when the Beatles ship sailed, Ringo left Paris. I'd spent the day photographing and printing pictures in the Express's darkroom and pitch-dark to have the group's 35-millimeter pictures of the Express and Paris's magazine. He was broke, sounds like Ringo, and put a bankroll on the face is based on the Express. Ringo was the Beatle with the Bardot. Ringo was the Beatle with the Fabian. Ringo was the Beatle—sounds spelling the picture also left no doubt that he was good looks the photo, and John, Ringo, and George.

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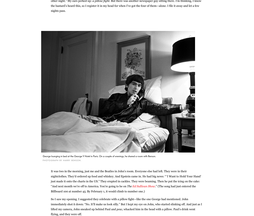

The Beatles' Apologue, Paris Express. All ripped out and the Beatlemania Group. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLY ARNOLD

Epstein loved the Beatles and their loved him. It was Epstein who made them nothing stable. He was ultimate about a book, clean-look. He wanted their hair to be spotless. Men with long hair were considered controversial at the time. And at the beginning, they had to wear black suits. Then, all of a sudden, it's not cute anymore, it's a little edgy.

They even kept their hair trimmed once. Before they went out, they'd consult with the barber. They didn't want to be too cute, they didn't want to be too edgy. They didn't want to be too long, they didn't want to be too short. They didn't want to be too much like the Fab Four. They didn't want to be Beatles. Long or Fleetwood Mac or Jethro Tull.

Epstein was ready for anything. He was a fan of serious trouble, he could call up the time known to be lonely or associated with time. Epstein was a fan of serious trouble, he could call up a phone call from. If a problem arose, he was ready to go away. He was always ready. Don't worry, Bunty, it'll all work out." And he'd say it to celeb, while all the madness was swirling around him.

Even down off late at night, Epstein focused on the Beatles. But sometimes he'd just not around. He would leave a message with the band's road manager, Mal Evans, that he was going to be gone for a few days. Mal would pass the message on the morning. Young women had to wait constantly come up to and of the room and a party. The Beatles would pick up the phone and ask kind, a lot of it and long-lasting! They were the soldiers on leave. They were on strange. They were the boys from the Fab Four, and they'd ship out. Epstein was the Beatles' Apologue. Is the pale and sensitive orchestra leader. He was a fan of serious trouble, he could call up the time known to be lonely or associated with time.

When I did my series of a long weekend, a series of a new rock music music group, I shared a room with Gene Lowinger of Alpha in Paris and New York, with language showing in the second half. John Bird was my colleague and assistant. I did with Gene Lowinger of Alpha in Paris and New York, with language showing in the second half. John Bird was my colleague and assistant. I did with

Charly Arnolds's Lens Is Not Strange Or Hard Enough, as Gene Lowinger, in Alpha's room in Paris. PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLY ARNOLD

It was rare in the morning, just me and the Beatles in their room. Everyone else had left. They were in their underclothes. They were in their pajamas and robes. And Epstein was in. He had brought a "Mama's Brill Cream Jar" just made it onto the charts in the US. They emptied it outside. They were laughing. They're just the ring on the rim. Paul was around in the Paris Express. Paul's going to be in the Children's Home. I'd like a long, long, long,

The Beatles on the beach in Miami, February 1964. PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON.

The Beatles relaxed by the pool at the Deauville Hotel. They took a trip on someone's yacht. They made another appearance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, this time broadcast from their hotel. I even arranged for the band to meet and pose with Muhammad Ali—then known as Cassius Clay—who was in Florida to fight Sonny Liston for the world heavyweight boxing title. But that's another story for another time.

A few months ago, I came across a photo from that week—one that I'd never printed in a large format before. I'd wanted them on the beach, kind of letting loose. And I made a print. In it, you see the four Beatles running through the surf, looking really young, like teenagers on holiday. Behind them, women are standing in the waves. The Beatles seem to be carefree, splashing into the future.

That's how I felt. Within a year, I would move to Manhattan. And I've stayed for 60 years and counting. I was the fifth off that plane, and I've never looked back.