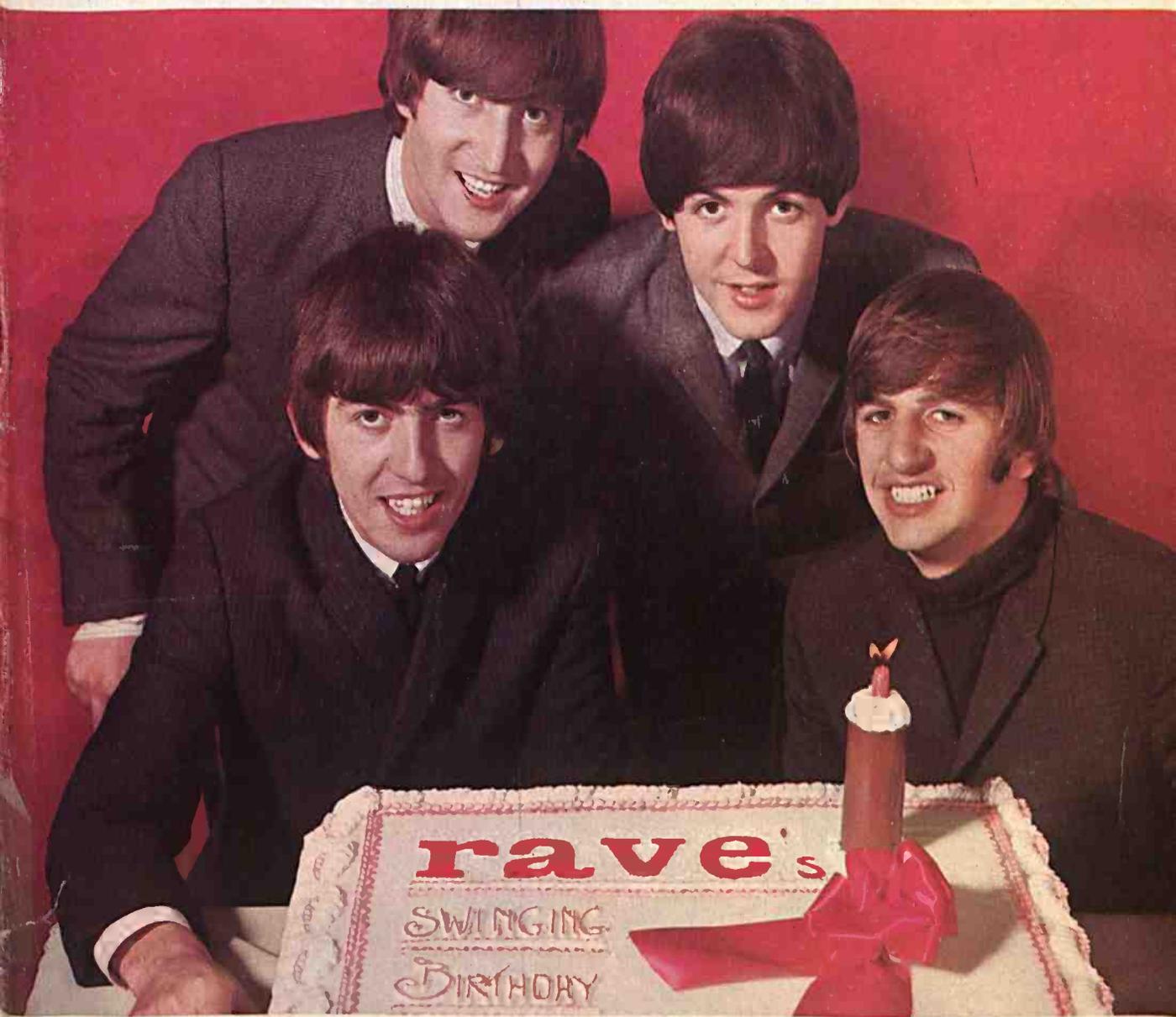


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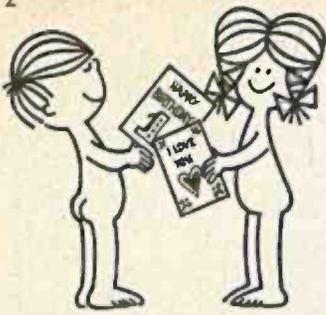
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SPECIAL 1st BIRTHDAY  **AND VALENTINE**  **ISSUE**

lots of heart-throb people inside  **Stones** ★ **Beatles** ★ **Pitney** ★ **Proby** ★ **Kinks**

NEW! FASHION! SLANT!!! MEET THE '65 BOY AND GIRL



rave

No. 13 FEBRUARY 1965

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RAVE'S FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY AND FOUR FAMOUS BOYS  BLEW IN TO HELP CELEBRATE. THANKS TO EVERYONE WHO SENT  HAPPY RETURNS! AND THANKS TO FIVE FAMOUS HAIRCUTS FOR BEING OUR VALENTINES (see middle). CATHY McG. LISTS HERS FOR YOU (page 34). RAVE CAMERAMAN MARC SHARRATT  SUCCEEDS WITH OFFBEAT PICS  AND WE'VE GOT PLENTY FOR YOU. OFFBEAT STORIES TOO. A BOY LIKE JIM (page 10).  A GIRL LIKE SANDIE (page 58).  KINKY ONES AND PITNEY ONES AND ANIMAL ONES.

A RAVE LOOK AT '65's BOY AND GIRL (page 16) AND THE STUNNING PIN-STRIPE TROUSER SUIT BARBARA HULANICKI WORE THE DAY WE TAPED THIS FEATURE FOR YOU.  BARBARA IS A TOP NAME IN FASHION. WE'RE PROUD SHE'S A RAVE PERSON. JOHN STEPHEN, TOO, HEAD OF FAMOUS 'HIS CLOTHES'. MEET THEM BOTH (page 14). 

MESSAGE TO READERS FROM MIKE GRANT, RAVE MAN ON THE STAR  BEAT: THIS IS HIS FUTURE TRADEMARK.  SEEMS HE GOT THE IDEA SPECS STUN GIRLS FROM MESSRS. LENNON, MARVIN AND PROBY! WILL IT WORK? MEANWHILE HIS POP GOSSIP'S ON page 44.

TILL NEXT MONTH, MARCH, AND MORE STARS,

STAY RAVED ..



The Editor



SCENE SIXTY FIVE

One year ago RAVE was born. Into the heart of the Mersey Beat, into the heart of Beatlemania, right at the start of the Stone Age. One year later and music times have changed. Beat is blending dramatically with other sounds. What sounds? What new trends? What singers will hold our hearts through '65?

The stage was dark as P. J. Proby stood in the congestion of blue and white lights that played around him. He held out a slim white hand to the audience and his voice, deep and mellow, quivered with emotion.

Here was an American artist performing live to an English audience a song with words that held a melody, a story, and a message.

Here in the last weeks of '64 was revealed the trend for 1965.

As today's top new recording man **Mickie Most** put it, "This is the year of the trans-Atlantic sound, the folk influence, better songs, better recordings, more professionalism."

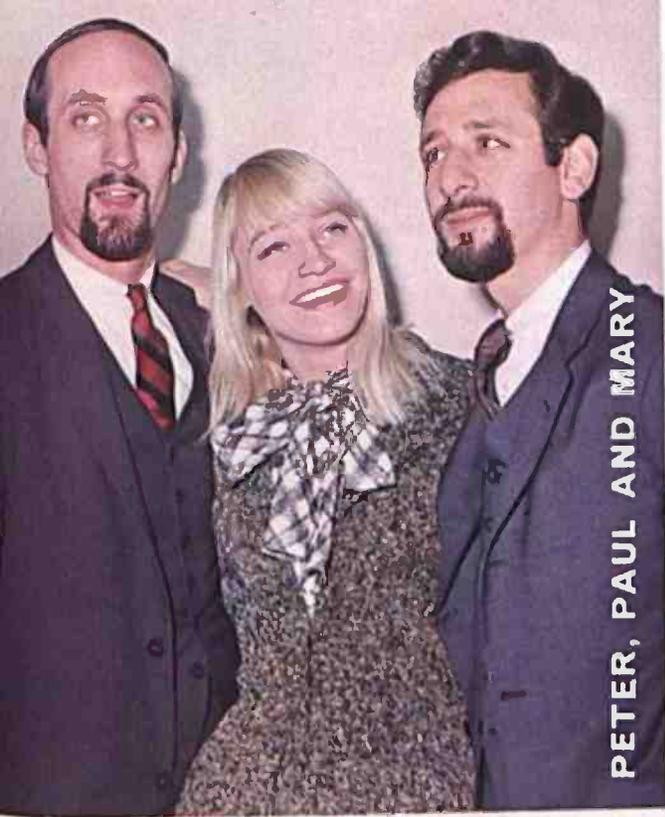
To find out more about the trends ahead rave visited key men like Mickie who are behind the pop scene and whose hands rock the pop ship and guide it on course.

They don't always succeed of course! The Liverpool sound exploded in a lot of faces and raged its fiery way in sole command for over a year. It brought hysteria to many, fortunes to a few and shattered the American



AN ABC PICTURE.

MANFRED



PETER, PAUL AND MARY



“The American and the British pop scenes are levelling out. Instead of having one country completely dominating the other’s Charts, there’ll be a little of each in both.”

BURT BACHARACH,
ace song-writer, talking.

BEACH BOYS



SCENE SIXTY-FIVE

hit parade that had for so long been all U.S. It has already left a few recently-great stars treading the ballroom circuits for a quarter the money they commanded a few months ago. The Liverpool sound has also left us a youth of guitar players with H.P. left on their instruments and no one asking them to play.

Geoffrey Everitt, genial managing director of Radio Luxembourg, relaxed behind his large leather desk in a room that looks out towards the rooftops beyond Park Lane.

"We can't change pop", he said, "the fans decide what they want and they get it. What we can do is feed them good stuff in the belief that they will buy it."

Mr. Everitt, like many important men in the business, is afraid for the future of pop.

"Pop may suffer because of the Mersey Beat", he said. "In the past two years it's been all too easy for many artists. All they have had to do is make a big noise and look good."

Rich Quick

"No one has thought further than one hit record at a time. Few have tried to grow more professional. As soon as a group gets a hit, they play a different show each night, collecting as much money as fast as possible. Their attitude is, 'We do as we want, we say what we think, we want lots of money and then to blazes with the business.'

"It's not good enough".

Geoffrey Everitt feels strongly about real ability being the backbone of any business. "We have no good musicians coming up, we have no trombone players, or sax players, or trumpeters. Most of the session men who back the records are old. How many of the youngsters can even read music?"

Beatles Man

George Martin, the man who is closest to the real Mersey Beat (he records The Beatles, Billy J. Kramer, Gerry and The Pacemakers, Cilla and The Dakotas) thinks the trend for 1965 will certainly be more professionalism, beat ballads and more complicated songs, but sung by the same people who topped the charts in '64.

Norrie Paramor, who records for Cliff, once said, "We'll end up with four million guitarists and one very old trumpeter."

"The Americans have much more professionalism than we do", he added recently from his sunlit office in EMI House. "They have more chance to acquire it. All that is required in this country for a one-nighter (one or two shows in one town's theatre) the main form of live entertainment here, is for the singer to turn up the amps and bawl! In America things are different. Every town has a theatre, and an hotel, and both offer varied live entertainment. By way of an example there is a town in the

States called Cincinatti, which is rather like Wigan, and there the local hotel puts on a full-blown cabaret of pop. People have dinner and drinks and watch it. I hope we'll take a lead here from this, and start offering our pop stars more than one type of show to appear in."

This is fair comment. The stars themselves should not accept all the brickbats. There are many reasons for some bad performances. Managers can be as anxious as the artists to earn a lot of money fast. They book up the groups they represent so that they work every night—often not getting enough sleep, or proper meals between shows. Theatre and ballroom managers can be unhelpful, refusing to allow house lights to be dimmed, to add atmosphere and often failing to provide the performers with a dressing-room. The type of act which seems to be what is wanted of artists today, is something that is worked out carefully, well-rehearsed, and includes lighting, good backing groups and first class mikes. Performers do not always get the chance to perfect or achieve these things.

Cliff, Norrie explained, has had great lasting success here partly because he works so hard on his act. He never goes on the road with a show before he has had a week's rehearsals. He patiently practises foot movements, what to say, how to sing. He knows what spotlight is reaching him next, and what The Shadows are doing behind him.

Everlasting Beatles

The Beatles, too, are deeply talented. They write fundamentally good songs, and their sound is one that will never date. What of many other Mersey Groups, now that more and more American artists are hitting our Hit Parade?

Andy Gray, Editor of New Musical Express—Britain's biggest selling music newspaper—believes that American acts are mostly clean, professional and very experienced and are adding to pop greatly.

Some of our British artists, anyway, have found great American numbers. Adam Faith echoes Lou Johnson with his recent "Message to Martha", Sandie Shaw also with her first "Always Something There To Remind Me" and Cilla Black, The Righteous Brothers with "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling."



Cliff always works hard

Burt Bacharach and Hal David, the men who write great songs, are the two top song-writers to come here from America. Rave found them, quiet Americans with English good manners, enjoying an English high tea of boiled eggs, crumpets and tea with milk, in a typically English hotel. Burt is young, with unexpected grey hair and Hal David is, you might say, greying with young enthusiasm.

"The pop scene will level out both here and in the States". Burt Bacharach has a steady foot on both sides of the Atlantic; believes we both have something to give each other. "Instead of dominating your charts as we used to, or you completely taking over ours, we'll have a little of each. We are working together much more. I'm recording Dionne Warwick here in England, and Mickie Most is recording in America. We're learning from each other."

New Sound

Like most recording managers today, Burt is going for the bigger, fuller sound with more wind instruments and lots of melody.

He and Hal David have written songs that are full of power, feeling and soul and, in doing so, have not only added greatly to today's pop but also influenced tomorrow's.

When rave asked what these two Americans feel about having their arrangements copied in Britain, they smiled, "Flattered, of course. Never-

theless we write songs especially for the people we record and it is a bit tough on them always to be beaten at the post by a British artist! However, Dionne is now having songs that no one else can buy, which deals with that one!"

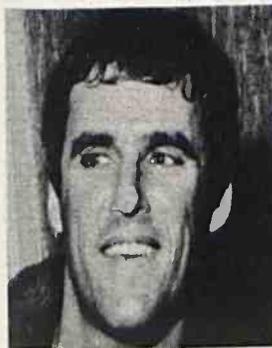
When you ask the artists themselves what they think will be popular in 1965, they tend always to say their own type of music. Gerry and The Pacemakers swear allegiance to Beat; The Searchers and Hollies believe in beat ballads; The Bachelors claim sweeter songs; and The Kinks, Stones, Pretty Things say r. and b.

Talent Needed

In fact, what will clearly be needed above all else is loads of talent, rehearsal, dedication and enthusiasm for the pop business rather than for fast fortunes.

The grey pounding noise from the cellars of Liverpool has faded with the close of 1964. It's now the blue sound, the full sound, the cleaner look, the deeply professional acts.

The Showband, an Irish idea that stems from the American big band parade, an idea similar to the popular New Christy Minstrels group, may well be a feature of the



Burt Bacharach - one of today's top song-writers

music scene this year. Showbands are almost a package tour in themselves, and are a fine training ground for young singers. (Dickie Rock and the Miami Showband and the Royal Showband are groups to be watched as tips for the top this year.)

"A showband", Norrie Paramor explained, "has several singers, girls and boys, and they do solos and harmony. They chat to the audience and generally learn about the business while they are part of the band."

"An average modern group cannot carry a TV show; they

can only be inserted into it. We need real entertainers to hold a show together."

What is the view on this subject of recording manager, Mickie Most?

"Certainly showbands are great training centres", he agreed, "but nothing will take the place of good-looks and sex appeal. I don't see looks ever going out. Dull if they did!"

We in Britain are lucky to have recording men like independent Mickie Most, Columbia's Norrie Paramor, Parlophone's (and Records') George Martin, Pye Records' Tony Hatch. If the trend is towards better sounds then we can't have better men.

Tony Hatch wrote and recorded Pet Clark's last big hit, "Downtown", which had the stamp of 1965 all over it.

Why? Because it also has the stamp of music telling a tale; the reflection of a current feeling. Folk songs influence many of our present hit parade songs. Folk singers Peter, Paul and Mary and Bob Dylan are potential 1965 hit paradars. Folk tells a story, big ballads do the same. The lone folk singer who toured the country with a guitar as a friend, playing in coffee bars for very little money, is likely to come into his own this year. He will offset the showbands, the big ballads and the new full sounds—but he, too, will share the melody. We will still have r. and b. according to Andy Gray.

Love Affair

"I don't mean the original negro style", he smiled, "I mean R. for rhythm, beat, movement and B. for blues, melody, romance."

But what out of this revolutionary new era of talent and respectability will have us screaming in our seats—flying down the aisles, weak at the knees and hoarse for a week?

Who will replace the tight-trousered, long-haired young men, who wooed us from the spotlights? We buy records to listen to and go to theatres to let off steam, worship and have a wonderful, personal love affair along with four thousand others. There is nothing as dynamic as explosive, natural talent. Eric Burdon and Mick Jagger are two who prove this.

Will folk music, transatlantic showbands, well-rehearsed acts ever take their place? That is up to you, that is your decision.

The Raver's U.S. CABLE

America is kicking back to rhythm and blues... Tamla-Motown who had tremendous success with their stable of artists last year expect bigger and better things this year, particularly when their brilliant Motortown revue visits England on March 1st...

■ R & B artists who kicked off '65 with tremendous success have been The Impressions. The Marvelettes, who made a tremendous comeback with "Too Many Fish in the Sea", Marvin Gaye, The Drifters and Ben E. King. Top girl groups are headed by the Supremes

■ Making all this possible—the dynamic James Brown. Since 1960, he's broken box office records all over... ■ Racing neck and neck with all the rhythm and blues groups are the Beatles and nearly every other British star. At the end of '64, Beatle records in the U.S. alone had hit one hundred million sales, though Elvis's sales are still exactly double that!...

■ Besides the Beatles, lasting groups this year are without doubt the Dave Clark Five (American sales nearing ten million), and The Searchers, considered to be the most musical of British groups... Watch out for the U.S. success of Georgie Fame and the Moody Blues... British girls are hot in the race too. Bacharach will remain the high priest of song-writers during this year, but Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich who composed "Do Wah Diddy Diddy" for your Manfred Manns, and several other smashes will have even more success in the next few months writing for artists on the Red Bird label, which produced the Shangri-Las, Dixie Cups and Jelly Beans

■ Red Bird debuted to a terrific success in 1964 and every one of its twenty releases has been a smash...

■ The Righteous Brothers have finally made it in a big way, with the Phil Spector written "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling"...

■ Jack Good's "Shindig" has given rise to two new teen type TV shows called "Go Go" and "Hullabaloo" which made their debut in the New Year...

■ It's fashionable among college students to like folk, and it's generally folksy acts who have success playing college dates...

■ More commercial, more widely accepted and infinitely more successful are Peter, Paul and Mary. Their double album package "Peter, Paul and Mary in Concert" hit the top five within a month of release, while "Blowin' in the Wind" has been in the charts for two years!...

■ Over here, Britain still has 30 per cent of the American charts and there's still a good future for new names from England!

Beatles A and R man George Martin with John and George. That's Ringo in the background.



rave



GERRY

People's smiles always differ. Have a go at our light-hearted rave quiz to see how your smile rates

(—and, incidentally, your sense of humour!)



QUESTIONS

(1) A very ordinary-looking young man is introduced to you at a party. You dismiss him as a drip and move on. Minutes later you learn that he is either (a) madly rich, (b) titled, or (c) a TV producer. What is your **FIRST** reaction? Do you:

- (a) Instantly revise your original (unfavourable) impression of him?
- (b) Kick yourself for being so quick to pass judgement and resolve to be more careful next time?
- (c) Dash over and talk to him?

(2) Which, in your opinion, is the most amusing situation?

- (a) A pompous politician slips on a banana skin.
- (b) Your worst enemy arrives at a party in odd

stockings.
(c) YOU arrive at a party in odd stockings.

(3) Your alarm clock lets you down. You have a train to catch. No time to do anything but wash and scrape back your hair . . . PLUS one other thing. What, in your case, is that **ONE** other thing? Do you:

- (a) Put on some lipstick? (b) Clean your teeth?
- (c) . . . or do you say "what the heck" and miss the train?

(4) Which kind of love story do you enjoy best?

- (a) A happy ending?
- (b) An unhappy ending?

(c) A "question mark" ending, where you are left to decide for yourself?

(5) An eccentric millionaire leaves you a fortune on condition that you never marry. Do you:

- (a) Accept the money and stick happily to the bargain?
- (b) Take the cash . . . and marry secretly?
- (c) Reject the bequest?

(6) You look out of your window on a cold, grey, wet morning. How does it affect your mood?

- (a) Not at all. (b) It depresses you abominably.
- (c) It fills you with a desire to dash out and cheer everybody up.



Check your results and mark as follows:

1. (a) score 0...Just how insincere can you get, girl?
(b) score 2...for candour.
(c) score 3...You get this for honesty.
2. (a) score 3...You have a sense of the fitness of things.
(b) score 0...There's a short, sharp sword for what you are dear.
(c) score MINUS 3...You'll be smiling when they take you away in a plain van!
3. (a) score 0...Ugh!
(b) score 1...Earnest, but dull.
(c) score 3...And the whole world smiles with you.
4. (a) score 3...Sweet girl.
(b) score 2...Bittersweet girl.
(c) score 0...Cabbage!
5. (a) score 1...Sincere.
(b) score 0...Remember, Con-

fucius he say, "girl who weep over small pile of dough also weep over large pile of dough."

- (c) score 3...Well, of course!
- 6. (a) score 1...Because we don't believe you.

- (b) score 1...If your total score is over 6 there'll always be a shoulder for you to cry on.
- (c) score MINUS 3...Don't forget to practise that superior little smile before you go out . . . Pollyanna!

NOW ADD UP YOUR SCORE . . .

MINUS 6 to ZERO:
Seriously, we would advise you to get a false beard. Your smile will give you away.

1 to 11:
There are enough of the good qualities in you to enable a special smile to burst from you from time to time; a wonderful smile that breaks through all barriers, bringing happiness and love, and everything in life that's worth

while. In fact, you are like most human beings.

12 to 16:
Birds flutter about your head instantly, and the sound of joy bells ring incessantly in your ears. You are the beloved of the gods.

Doesn't it ever get rather tiresome dear?

Or did you cheat in this quiz? If you did, add another three marks for good humour.

RESULTS

How's YOUR smile?

A truly winning smile is compounded of good humour, sincerity, contentment . . . and a genuine affection for your fellow human beings. It is, in fact, a mirror of your personality.

Our quiz is nothing more than a light-hearted attempt to gauge your personality in these areas.

Don't be too downhearted if you flunk badly. We have known bags of insincere, discontented, bad-tempered minxes whose smiles have still charmed! Psychology, like love, is an inexact science.

what do you do with A BOY LIKE JIM

What do you do with any boy you love? You believe in him, and it's only when he lets you down that you begin to wonder. That is what this story is about — and Jim Proby

"Hello, honey, it's Jim Proby here. Would you make me very happy and come to a party I'm giving tonight, at my place? Don't be late now, I'm longing to see you."

He's rung. You are invited to his house. You are in a whirl of excitement. For the rest of the day you swim through a pool of overwhelming happiness, fixing your hair, and pressing your dress, while you day-dream about a thing that will soon be a reality.

Your mum offers you supper before you leave, and you snap, "Eat? I'd choke if I tried to swallow!" And she says, "You're being silly, he probably won't turn up." You defend him quickly, making excuses for other times when he never turned up, and you say, "Anyway, the party is at his house, so he isn't likely not to be there, is he?" you try to convince yourself as well as her.

Low music drifts through the shuttered windows of the London mews house, as you walk up to the door. You ring the bell. You are just a few seconds away from seeing him. It's been a long time, but he's been so busy with his work, you know he couldn't call you before. The door opens and a stranger, glass in hand, says, "Jim is out. Went off with some actress. Expect he'll be back later. Come on in to the party."

Do you go in? The girl this happened to went in.

She thought he'd come back soon, and she wanted to see him. It was a fab party and everyone was very gay, and she tried to be gay and witty herself, but she was sad inside.

How long would you have stayed there waiting for Jim (P. J.) Proby to return? And how gay would you have been? This girl waited a couple of hours, and when all the other people had paired off, and were sitting close in corners, she gave up hope, and wandered out into the dark outside. As she made her way home she wondered why Jim had invited her. Was he just thoughtless? Was he playing games with her? Did he care at all?

A boy like Jim is sometimes rather hard to understand. One girl must expect trouble in keeping a date with him because he has been known to let four thousand wait in vain. A boy like Jim doesn't mean to let people down, but circumstances take over from good intentions. When he failed to appear at a concert recently he was as upset as the audience. He sat in his new house in Chelsea, looking so good you'd forgive him anything, and said, "I never disappoint a fan, or a girl friend, if I can possibly help it. Fans are my bread and butter, my future, my career. Fans are everything to me. They are the only friends I've got here in England. And do

you know many of them have forgiven me for failing to turn up on those dates?"

He looks as helpless as a wounded cat, and as with a domestic cat you believe he needs your assistance. But as you bend to help him up will he suddenly spring?

Is a boy like Jim ever really sorry for letting you down? Are you ever able to see through the quiet charm towards the next time it happens? Do you want to see through it?

In the quieter moments after the storm, when he sits and talks to you about it, it is easy to weaken.

"I've got principles", he says, "And brains. I won't be done down. I'm not afraid of anyone."

"I thought the time had come to leave this country. So I made 'Somewhere', I thought the disc would make people sit up and say, 'This guy had something after all'. When the disc went so well I didn't want to walk out. I stayed. My swan song became my encore."

He talks slowly, and quietly, and sincerely. No matter what you hear about him, he is sincere. A boy like Jim who has faith in himself, makes a girl have faith in him, too. He is a pale young man, with a red temper that flares up quickly.

"You know what I need", he says, "a girl I can depend on."

But could the girl de-

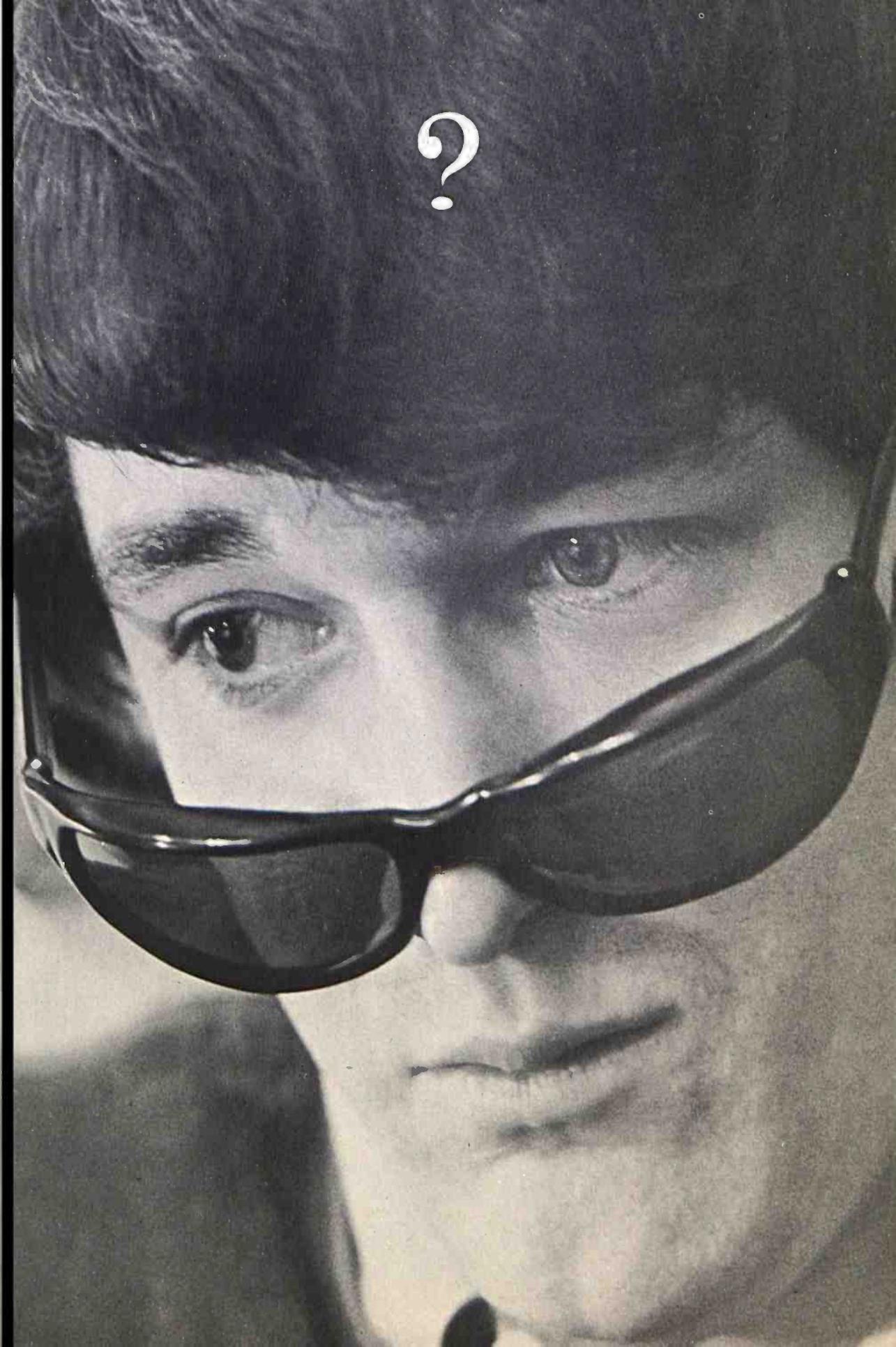
pend on him? He is twenty-six years old. He has been married and divorced. Yet he is still looking for something from life and for one true girl.

"I've gotten my little cat to love me", he picks up Marmaduke Mouseymouth the small feline creature he is so fond of. "You understand how I'm sometimes late for appointments, or can't keep them at all, don't you, puss? I'd like a girl who understood me like that."

To have a boy like Jim you need lots of patience and courage, and you need to love him a great deal, and understand why he is the way he is. You need to admire him for what he is trying to do, and not be too disappointed if he doesn't always succeed. You need to build up his faith in himself because despite everything, he isn't as confident as his critics think.

What would you do with a boy like Jim? We'd like to know.

If you've got your own ideas, write them down briefly on a post-card and send them to: A BOY LIKE JIM, RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTH-AMPTON STREET, W.C.2. And next month Penny Wells will print a selection of the best ones received.





BARBARA HULANICKI

WHAT IS SMART

We all have our own ideas on clothes. On what is smart and what is just fantastic.

Barbara Hulanicki and John Stephen join RAVE this month with Twinkle and The Pretty Things to put their very personal points of view

THIS IS WHAT THEY HAD TO SAY:

John Stephen: Smartness is self-expression. Anything is smart if it suits the person who is wearing it.

Twinkle: I don't think anyone in bows of any sort can look smart.

Phil May, Pretty Thing: I hate ties, but I don't think every man in a tie looks a mess. Some ties look smart.

Barbara Hulanicki: Everyone wears clothes in a different way. Twinkle, your leather might not suit another person nearly so well. My trouser suit wouldn't necessarily suit someone else. It's a question of shape and personality.

Trilby Lane, rave's Fashion Reporter: Let's get down to the basic theme. Why do we wear clothes? Because of modesty? To be noticed? Vanity? To attract?

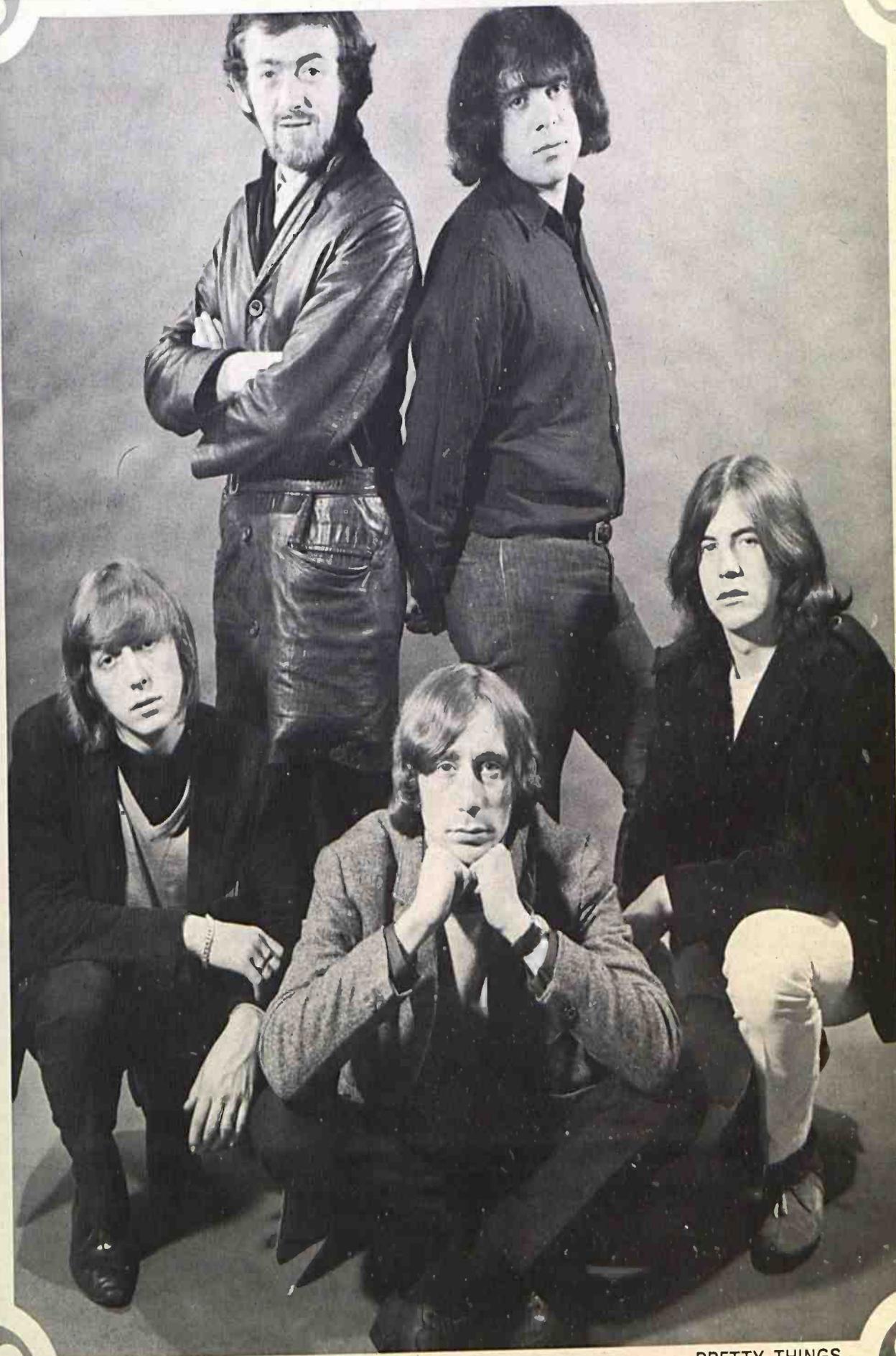
John Stax, Pretty Thing: To make people notice us. Of course, if we didn't wear them we'd be noticed even more, but we'd be arrested!

Twinkle: I wear clothes because I think the human body is so ugly. Naked people look awful. Think of the natural beauty of most animals. They don't need to cover themselves. We do.

Barbara: The climate has a great deal to do with us wearing clothes. We also wear them as adornment and as a kind of status symbol.

Trilby Lane: So climate affects our way of dress?

...



PRETTY THINGS

Smartness is what makes you feel good



Pretty Thing jackets, and The Beatle collars, also show what I mean. Smartness is for everyone who bothers.

Phil: I know some people from the north (where with-it clothes shops are few and far between) who hitch-hike down to John's shops in Carnaby Street; buy six months' supply of clothing, go to see Georgie Fame and The Blue Flames at the Flamingo for the rest of the night, and go home next morning.

John Stax: It's hard for us to be smart. We have to wear what packs well. We have our outfits in a suitcase for up to two weeks at a time.

Trilby Lane: Do you think pop stars should wear the same styles on stage as they do in everyday?

Twinkle: Yes. I have certain outfits that I keep for stage work, such as my white leather waistcoat, and skirt, but I have duplicates for wearing at home.

Phil: Yes. You can't suddenly change your fashion habits and beliefs, because you've walked onstage.

John Stephen: You can exaggerate them, though. The lamé jacket that used to be so popular was never seen offstage. The white suit Eden Kane wore was never worn out of the public eye.

Viv Prince, Pretty Thing: Yes, but nowadays it's more usual to wear casual clothes for the act.

Trilby Lane: Is smartness a general state? Something fixed, so such-and-such an outfit is smart no matter who wears it?

Barbara: Smartness must depend on self-expression. John looks very good in a suit, but Phil and Dick and John Stax might look terrible.

Dick: Your hair makes a difference. John Stephen has neat hair, and is a neat person, in a neat suit, and that is smart. But we'd look awful looking the same way. Some people look smart in old jeans and a tee-shirt. It depends on the person.

Phil: Chicks with long hair look great in Victorian outfits. Personality, too, is important.

Brian: Smartness in clothes is closely connected with hair styles. You get a girl with Twink's long blond hair, and very pretty dainty dresses, and she'd look overdone. The rather hard leather look that Twink wears offsets the frilly Victorian blouse and soft hair.

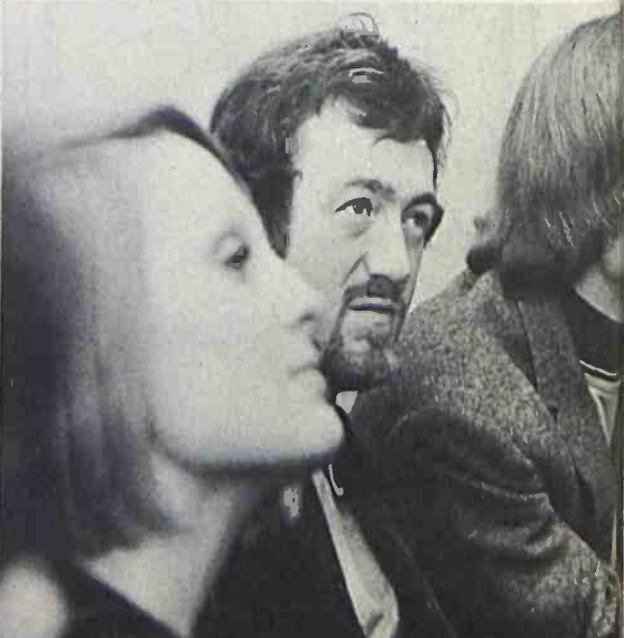
Trilby Lane: How old are you when you become clothes-conscious?

Barbara: Girls react younger than boys. I was eleven.

Twinkle: Me, too.

Phil: We were older. About sixteen I think. We were going

Round a RAVE recorder: Barbara Hulanicki



about with The Stones (it was when they played at Richmond) and we suddenly became aware of our looks. We used to raid jumble sales, and get waistcoats, and leather hats, and corduroy jackets. They didn't always match up too well, but we were expressing ourselves as we were at that moment in time.

Twinkle: I used to visit junk shops, where they sold clothes and jewellery as well as furniture. I once bought the most fabulous man's waistcoat for sixpence and some very old shoe buckles. You've got to be sure of the effect you want, and go all out for it. Nowadays it is easier because young designers are going to junk shops first and getting ideas there. The shoe buckles made my ordinary shoes into granny shoes ages before shops sold them.

Trilby Lane: Our generation has come in for a lot of criticism about ridiculous hairstyles and sloppy dress. Listening to Phil and Twinkle's junk shopping, perhaps we are a tatty generation?

Barbara: No! We are as fashion-conscious now as ever in our history. Phil and Twinkle were acting as trendsetters in their own way because the neat look with flat, uninteresting textures has gone out and their and others' junk buying produced the casual look. We're now able to wear a tweedy skirt, lace stockings and patent shoes and look fine. Having felt our way and added a few modifications, we have arrived at a smart, exciting, casual look that stemmed from those old junk shops.

Dick: People always say our generation is wrong in some way or another. Take immorality.

Phil: People confuse being fashionable with being immoral.

Viv: Yes, they see your clothes and your hair, which defy their conventions, and immediately assume you must be bad.

Twinkle: I don't know about this immorality bit. A lot of song and dance goes on about it. They accuse us of being a rotten generation, swallowing purple hearts, wearing terrible clothes, living it up too much, but are we so extraordinary? I don't see what was so clever about our parents' and grandparents' generation. They had two world wars, didn't they. And look at the Regency times. At least our boys don't wear wigs!

Phil: Every age has its sparkle. My Dad got chucked out of every dance hall in his district, thirty years ago, for wearing a checked peak cap and a Charleston outfit. When he went on at me about my hair, my Mum mentioned this cap and Dad shut up, and has never mentioned my hair again. Dad was smart in his day, only no one would admit it because anything a bit outlandish was frowned on.

Pretty Things Dick, and Brian and John Stephen



John Stephen, neat hair, neat suit—a neat person

Twinkle: hard leather look with soft hair and blouse

John Stephen: Today, smart is no longer *only* the man who looks neat and clean, or the girl who wears the same colour bag and shoes and gloves. We are getting away from the conventional traditions of, fifteen, twenty years ago.

Twinkle: If fashion is a trend which people follow, then surely individuality as we have discussed it is not fashion?

Barbara: Yes, it is, because we have discussed individuality within the framework of fashion. Obviously, individuality that breaks out of that framework, and is behind the times, instead of ahead of them, is not fashion. Fashion and smartness is something you *feel*—through your heart and emotions and instincts. It is a sense of knowing what is right.

Twinkle: I am an individualist; I wear leather and boots and long dresses, but the leather is made into with-it designs, the boots alter their shape continually and the long dresses tie in with my Tom Jones shoes, or mod shoes.

John Stephen: Yes, you move with the fashion times, though you are individual.

Phil: Lots of men and girls are going for cloth and cut, rather than quantity of clothes. Last year quantity counted, but this year it's quality.

Barbara: The cut of a pair of man's trousers, or a girl's suit, is all-important.

Twinkle: Trousers are the most important thing in a man's wardrobe. I like very tight ones that look as though they've been moulded on. Ringo wears them like that.

Trilby Lane: How about shoes? The Chelsea boot has been played out, what's new?

John Stephen: Shoes that are neat and a good shape are in.

Phil: The long boot to the knee was a good idea that failed because it was hard knowing what to do with the trouser leg.

OVER THE PAGE, THE WAY YOU COULD LOOK THIS SPRING.

THE SPRING '65 LOOK

*as seen by
top designers
John Stephen
and Barbara
Hulanicki*



ILLUSTRATION BY BARBARA HULANICKI

"Sudden awareness
of fashion has given
glamour to men's clothes
... positive materials ...
this reefer type jacket ...
long collared shirts and
Individuality within the
framework of convention."

John Stephen

"A smart, exciting casual look
... String vest tops, masculine
materials, front kick pleats,
small shoulder bags ... That's
the way I see girls this Spring."

Hulanicki

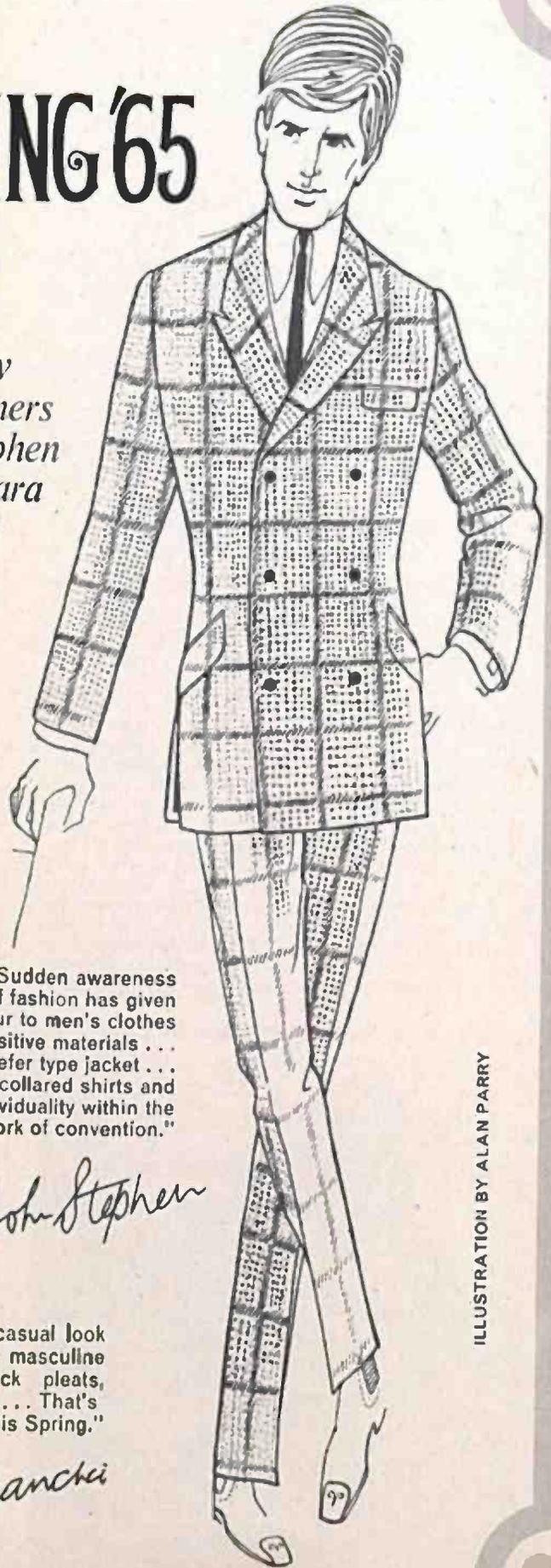
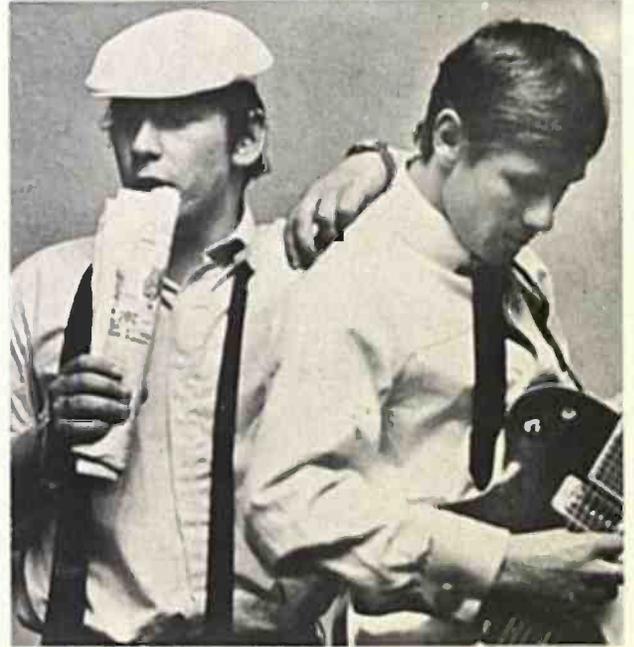


ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN PARRY

Here's something different. It's a brand new idea showing you something new; and something off-beat; and something different, in a fabulous series of —

animal studies

They're the sort of studies you wish they'd given you at school. Far, far nicer than Nature Studies or Wild-Life Studies, and certainly much more fun than most quavering Music Lessons. In fact, if you study your Animals carefully, you may find many interesting things about them you never even knew before.....



1



Make an Animal Study and the first thing you'll notice is how much the Animals study! Even now they practise regularly.

2

Study two Animals together and you'll appreciate their TEAMWORK. If one thinks a note isn't quite right, then it's gone over by the whole group until it is.

3

Study the Animals and you'll notice their different personalities. Study an Animal like drummer Johnny Steel and you will realise he's good-humoured, good-natured, and very, very quiet. Johnny prefers listening to talking and the rest of the group tend to rely on his ears to listen to their problems.





5

Study the Animals and you'll realise how much travelling a top group has to do. Chas. Chandler is very conscientious about this and likes to make sure he knows all about times, dates, shows, etc.

4 Johnny Steel's also quite likely to come out of himself right in the middle of an Animal Study and make you realise he CAN be very, very noisy too!



6



If you examine an Animal at work you'll realise he's also an Animal at play. Their work is their life and they love it, particularly Eric.

7



Study the Animals as a group, and you've got problems! Together they're a riot and get up to some terrible pranks. Especially Hilt!

This is a Study of an Animal at home. A Study of an Animal and his personal life. This all five of them like to keep separate from their work as much as they can. That's why it's a picture you never see!

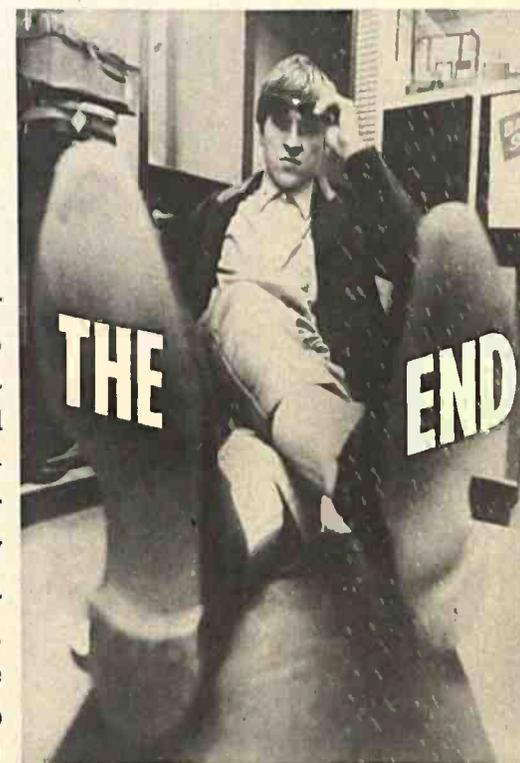
8



Study an Animal in thought and you've got a terrific picture you can pin-up!

10

Study an Animal, like Alan, at the end of a day, and you'll know how exhausting their work is. How important a rest is to them, and how nice they are to have around!



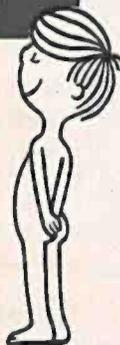
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!



Yes, we really had a rave on our 1st birthday, and our thanks go to the Beatles who came along and to everyone who's wished us "Happy Returns"

And here's a birthday treat for you! A special horoscope by famous TV astrologer, **EVADNE PRICE** that'll tell you all about the character of your boyfriend just by knowing his Zodiac sign!

P.S. These facts go for girls, too. So just watch out if your boyfriend gets hold of this copy!



Congratulations and bestest Birthday wishes from

John Lennon
Paul McCartney
George Harrison
Ringo Starr
Cliff Richard
Freddie Starkey

Happy Birthday
Buddy Kramer
George
Paul
Paul

+0001 2-3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000 9000 0000 1000 2000 3000 4000 5000 6000 7000 8000 9000 0000

ARIES
Mar. 21 - April 20

Sign of The Ram, symbolises Physical Courage.
Ruled by planet Mars, he is a born fighter; adores sport; is best working alone; can mend anything; resents authority, has faulty judgement and can talk his way out of any jam. Should go for jobs with a future.
Born sunset to midnight: Headstrong, exciting.
Born after midnight: Bossy and unpredictable, also exciting.
Birthday gifts: Wood carving tools; electric drill; sports shirt.

VIRGO
Aug. 22 - Sept. 22

Sign of The Virgin, symbolises Primitive Life.
Ruled by planet Mercury, he'll be so quick he'll want everything done yesterday. A down-to-earth perfectionist, he'll work till he drops. Persevering, intolerant, reliable, but too critical.
Born sunset to midnight: Patient, vital, practical, steady.
Born after midnight: Intolerant, business head, Lucky but irritable.
Good birthday gifts: Gloves; tools; calendar; ready reckoner.

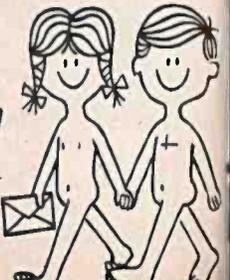
TAURUS
April 21 - May 20

Sign of The Bull, symbolises Stability.
Ruled by planet Venus, he is romantic in an earth-earthly way. Taureans are musical, artistic, economical yet self-indulgent food lovers. Like the Bull, placid until goaded.
Born sunset to midnight: Apt to neglect opportunities. Artistic. Demonstrative.
Born after midnight: Financially clever. Appreciates food.
Birthday gifts: newest romantic disc; sapphire pullover.

LIBRA
Sept. 23 - Oct. 22

Sign of The Scales, symbolises Balance.
Ruled by planet Venus, he worships beauty. Love is his life. He uses his personal charm in love and business. Libra is musical, artistic, indolent, stubborn and loves clothes.
Born sunset to midnight: A charming dreamer.
Born after midnight: More mature-minded. Passionate.
Birthday gifts: Dreamy discs; blue silk pyjamas; car gadgets.

Mary Raving Returns!
Best Wishes
M. M. M. M.



AQUARIUS
January 20 - February 18

AQUARIUS is the sign of the Water Bearer, and the zodiac symbol shows him pouring water: this symbolises Knowledge being poured on the earth.
Ruled by planets Uranus and Saturn, the Aquarian is self-controlled yet a rebel against control: a pioneer, too, always ready to pack a case and go places. He is ambitious, popular, careful with cash, unflappable, talkative yet tight-mouthed. He resembles his zodiac symbol—an old Chinese proverb says: "Water is the most powerful element because it is absolutely non-resistant". That's Aquarius! He never resists, or argues, just does what he meant to do originally.
Born sunset to midnight: Successful. Takes you for granted. Unpunctual. Good-natured. Amusing.
Born after midnight: Destined to travel. (Prefers to go alone.) Undemonstrative. Puzzling. Excellent temper. Fun.
Give him for his birthday: Travel novelty. Date book.

GEMINI
May 21 - June 20

Sign of The Twins, symbolises Instinct to Share.
Ruled by planet Mercury. No. 2 dominates him—two different natures: doing two things at once; trying to be in two places at once. He adores children, animals and home; and would willingly share his last penny.
Born sunset to midnight: Gay, temperamental, happy nature.
Born after midnight: Bit too happy-go-lucky. Extravagant.
Birthday gifts: Book on animal care; yellow waistcoat.

SCORPIO
Oct. 23 - Nov. 22

Sign of The Scorpion, symbolises Knowledge.
Ruled by planet Mars, he is belligerent. He attracts girls. He is clever and magnetic. His zodiac symbol, the scorpion, stings with its tail; he uses his tongue, it can be just as deadly.
Born sunset to midnight: Dominating, thrilling, madly possessive.
Born after midnight: The above—and add charm, intelligence, generosity.
Birthday gifts: Any thriller; crimson socks, handkerchief.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY GEORGE!

CANCER
June 21 - July 20

Sign of The Crab, symbolises Tenacity.
Ruled by the Moon, his powers increase as it waxes, decline as it wanes. He will be a mixture of dreamer and fanatical clinger. Should live near water—in this element he is at peace.
Born sunset to midnight: Sensitive, persistent, ambitious, clingy.
Born after midnight: Possessive, selfish, charming.
Birthday gifts: Any sailing gadget; swimsuit or beach shorts; sun glasses.

SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23 - Dec. 20

Sign of The Archer, symbolises Liberation.
Ruled by planets Jupiter and Uranus, Sagittarians are optimists, born gamblers, gay companions. His zodiac symbol wears blinkers—so does he when he doesn't want to see too much. He can be highly strung, nervy.
Born sunset to midnight: Lucky. A little untruthful. Wasteful.
Born after midnight: Lucky. Lacks ambition. Very easy-going.
Birthday gifts: Archery set; dart board; roulette wheel.

You're a true Pisces—just. You love partnership, that's why you became a Beatle, but you'd have been just as contented if you hadn't risen to fame, for you are a natural bohemian. Your lucky numbers are three and seven. Follow your hunches—second thoughts are *not* best for you. Though you're at home in a crowd you often slip away by yourself.
For happiness—marry a fellow Water Sign, Miss Cancer or Miss Scorpio. Okay, George?

PISCES
February 19 - March 20

PISCES is the Sign of The Fishes, whose zodiac symbol is two fishes swimming in opposite directions joined by a cord. This means he has a two-way mind which can hold him back, as he is swayed two ways over everything. He is gloomy—gay; sincere—false; brave—cowardly; frugal—extravagant; industrious—lazy; always intuitive, always romantic. He resembles his zodiac symbol; often behaves in a very fishy manner. Like the fishes he glides in and out of trouble, and is just as slippery to hold. But he can always be hooked by a wily angler, so watch it Pisces!
Born sunset to midnight: Often psychic. Uninterested in clothes. Evades plain speaking. Bit of a mystery.
Born after midnight: Dreamy. Seldom likes dancing. Reads a lot. Reads your thoughts, too. Sometimes untruthful—or shall we say imaginative?
Give him for his birthday: Indoor aquarium. Camera. Undersea swim gear. Grey pullover (his zodiac colour).

LEO
July 21 - Aug. 21

Sign of The Lion, symbolises Mental and Physical Courage.
Ruled by the Sun, he is strong and magnetic. But as the Lion can be outwitted by a cunning enemy, so can he by a crafty schemer. He is ardent, proud, sometimes slightly snobbish. Leo succeeds through personality.
Born sunset to midnight: Arrogant, frustrated, quick-tempered.
Born after midnight: Will rise in career; ambitious, sincere.
Birthday gifts: Kipling's Jungle Book; sun-lamp; magnet.

CAPRICORN
Dec. 21 - Jan. 19

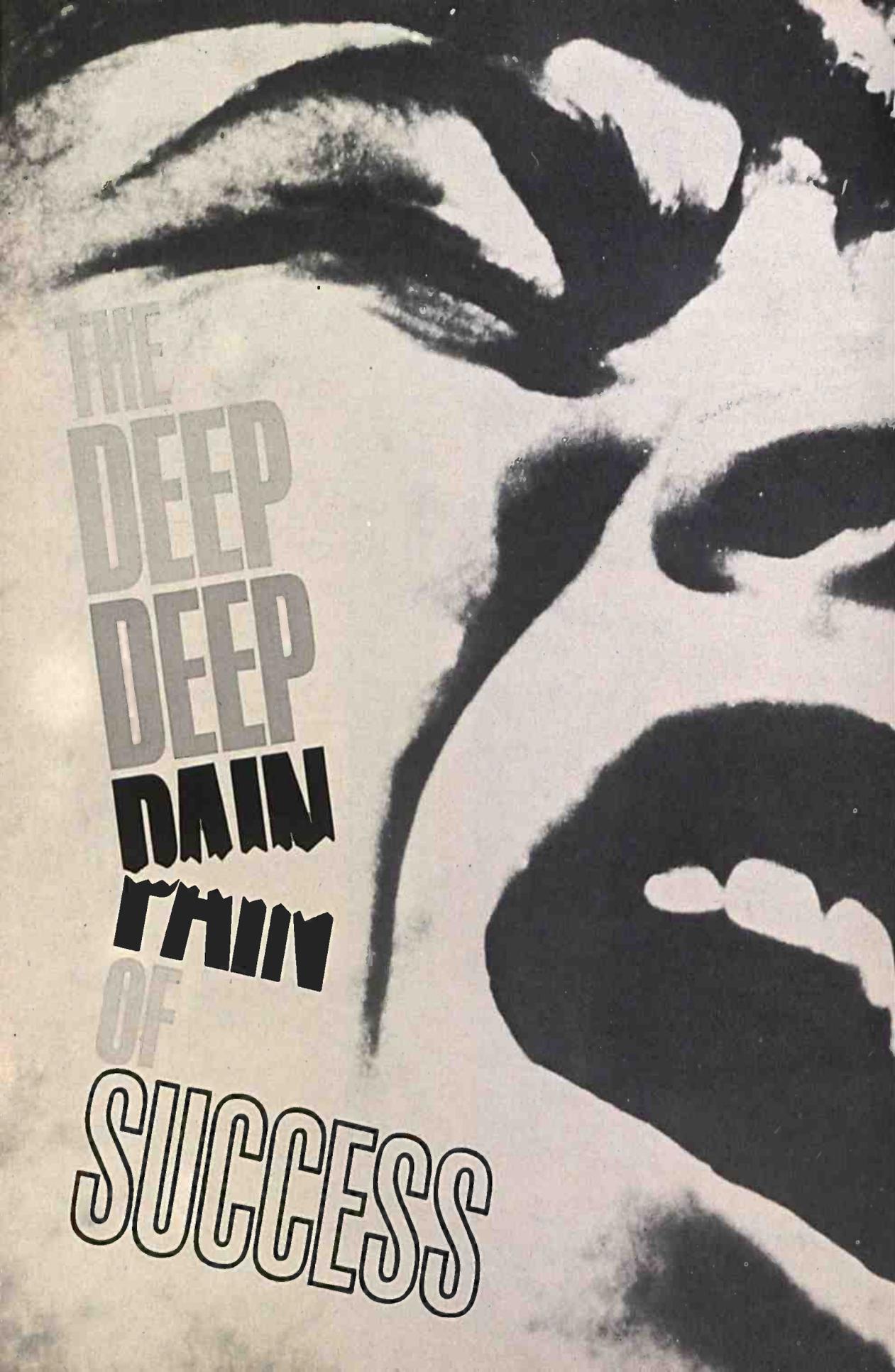
Sign of The Goat, symbolises Courage.
Ruled by planet Saturn, the Capricornian's latter years will be more rewarding. His career always comes first. He accepts responsibility and, like his plucky zodiac symbol, butts all obstacles aside ruthlessly.
Born sunset to midnight: An opportunist, critical, short-tempered.
Born after midnight: A contented plodder.
Birthday gifts: Climbing gear; books on mountaineering or career.

Happy Birthday
Lovers from
The Wanks.

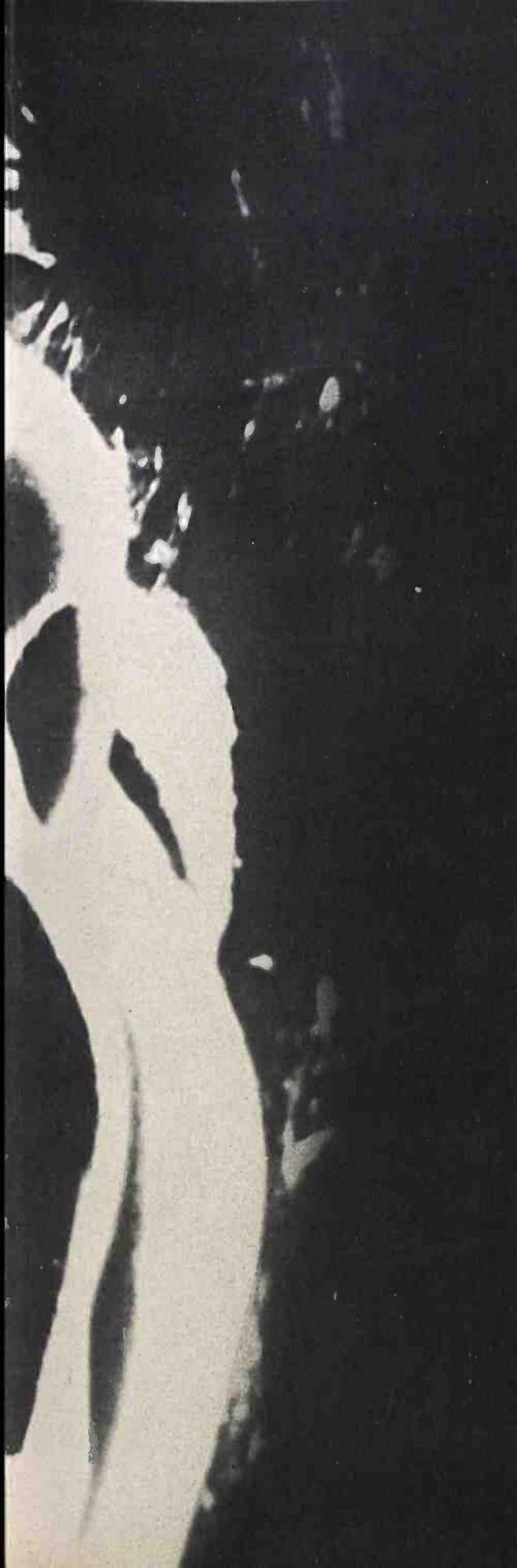
CONGRATULATIONS
YOUR FIRST
ANNIVERSARY RA
HERE'S TO THE
SECOND ONE SINCEREL

RAVING
One year old and never
been missed
Congratulations
L. B. Bennett





THE
DEEP
DEEP
PAIN
THIN
OF
SUCCESS



His heart beat like a drum and his whole body ached. From the sweat on his face you could hardly tell whether he was crying or not. I think he was.

He was on a dimly-lit stage. Only three feet away waves of outstretched arms pulsed in a sea of frenzy. The cause of all this hysteria, he stood apart and remote from it all.

His name was Keith Relf. He was in pain. Agonisingly, he got through his number and the end of his act. The applause buzzed in his ears as he stumbled backstage and collapsed, trembling among the electric leads and coils of wire and autograph books.

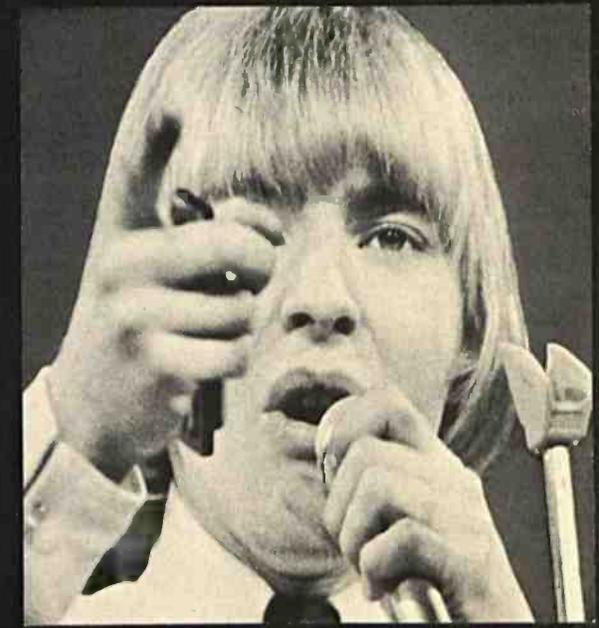
"What makes us keep going? I don't know. Determination, I guess. A sense of need of belonging, of fulfilment."

Keith Relf of the Yardbirds was talking. Talking about the agony and the deep, deep pain that lurks so often behind success. Telling the story you don't often hear but which happens often. As often as a big beat show goes out on circuit.

Keith's a good person to talk to about the deep pain of success. As the singer with the very blueswailing Yardbirds he has collapsed on and off stage more often than most. Reason—a punctured lung.

"It didn't dawn on me at the time of my operation", he told me as we talked in his Richmond home. He referred to the last time—when he was rushed into hospital with a collapsed lung. "I was so groggy at that time, so utterly insensible that I didn't care whether I never sung again. I just lay like a zombie in my hospital bed."

He half-smiled. "Then I began listening to Luxembourg and Caroline, and they played 'I Wish You Would'—our first disc. And I got all sentimental and knew I would sing again. Not



ALAN FREEMAN HEART-TO-HEART WITH THE FAMOUS

The dark-haired, hazel-eyed boy in the old hot-rod sat waiting for a train to pass at the level crossing. A howling snowstorm was settling deeper on the Connecticut woodlands, and he wondered whether it was worthwhile driving on another seven miles to keep his ice-skating date.

He shifted restlessly in the driving seat—no sign of the train. The boy turned and stared down the one street of the little town. In a pool of light from the window of a music shop he caught sight of a notice . . . "Guitar Lessons."

Gene Pitney knew nothing at all about music. But that notice changed his life.

His date forgotten he parked the car and went into the shop. A great future had begun for him . . . a future of fortune, fame and fans.

"That was five years ago, almost to the night", Gene said, twirling the glass in his fingers thoughtfully.

We were sitting snug and relaxed in the living-room of my penthouse flat. It was dusk and cold outside, but I was in no hurry to break Gene's reminiscent mood by turning up the room lamps.

"I paid three dollars for that first lesson", he went on. "I guess it was the best investment of my life, Alan.

"Inside a month I had discovered all sorts of musical ability I never imagined I had. In a little while I was running my own band at college, and then I started running around banging on the doors of the record companies.

"Oh, sure, I've done all right. It's been a real ball all the way. But it still annoys me even now to think what I might have done if anyone had bothered to encourage me or start me on music lessons before.

"That won't happen to any of my kids, I tell you that. I'll throw music at them, beat their heads with it. And if nothing happens, well at least I'll have tried."

No doubt about it, pop-pickers, Gene is a real phenomenon. Most of the stars I know owe much of their success to the people behind them, the promoters and managers and backers and A & R men who shine off their raw edges and teach them the tactics of stardom.

But Gene Pitney depends on nobody's support except that of his millions of fans. He's a whole business empire in himself. He has holdings in music firms, recording companies, holiday resorts. He runs a finance company. And he even has an eye on a possible career in politics.

At twenty-three, Gene is the perfect package for a really ambitious ●●

the strange
and exciting
World of
gene pitney



GENE PITNEY





"I'm a pretty good trapper . . ."

would-be bride. He's wealthy, well-travelled, consistently successful in everything he does. And, sophisticated . . .!

But any girls who might be thinking of setting a snare for him had better be warned—among his dozens of accomplishments, he's also a veteran trapper!

"Sure am", he grinned. "You know, Alan, when we got together on my last tour over here I didn't have time to tell you everything.

"The other kids at school used to make a little money delivering newspapers. Me, I'd get up at four in the morning, ride ten miles on my bike in the pitch dark. I had a line of traps set for muskrat, mink, racoons and skunk.

"I'd check the traps with my flashlight, bring home whatever I'd caught, take them down the cellar and sell the skins for about eight dollars a pelt. Pretty good money for a kid going to school."

I started to laugh. "What's so funny, Alan?"

"That time you did the radio interview."

Gene groaned. "Will I ever forget?"

It was on his first trip to England. Gene learned too late, like many an American artist, that language doesn't always mean the same thing here and in the States. For instance, "This record'll do a bomb" has exactly opposite meanings in the two countries. Such small understand-

ings are not uncommon in Gene's career. There was another which led him unknowingly to turn down his big opportunity of making the charts the first time it was offered to him.

"It was a few years ago before I'd got anything recorded. I was still banging on doors. Finally, I got an in to this small label . . . Redbird, it was called.

"The character who ran it at the time was a real flamboyant kook and I was very nervous. I was going to do a thing for him I'd written myself, an up-tempo screamer called 'Lousiana Mama'. I'm sitting at the piano waiting with my hands starting to sweat when he rushes in



and shouts, 'Play'.

"I play about two and a half bars and then he shouts, 'Stop! When's your birthday?'"

"So I tell him, 'February 17'. That seemed to knock him out. He threw

"You know what New York's like, Alan . . . full of crooks"



his hands in the air and screamed. 'Great, great. You're going to be a big star. I'll sign you tomorrow'.

"I thought, No, you won't. Obviously this guy is nuts. And I ran out.

"Marty Kugell, the fellow who'd been helping me to make contact with the companies, said to me, 'How'd you get on?'"

"I said, 'Man, I don't want to be on that label, that's for sure. That guy grabbed hold of my hand and said the stars had sent him an aquarium he'd been waiting for.'"

"I'll never forget the look on Marty's face. 'Aquarian, you idiot,' he said. 'Aquarian. You just mucked up your horoscope.'"

"And I sure had". Gene shook his head. "Boy, was I dumb then. I had to bang on the doors a whole lot more before anything happened."

Looking at Gene lounging there, confident and controlled I found it almost impossible to believe that once he was a shrinking mass of stage fright, a small-town bundle of nervousness.

"I was pretty hot on studies in school. Maybe it was thanks to all that studying I was so timid, such an introvert—al-

though I knew there was something there inside me to be drawn out. If only I'd known it was music."

He shrugged. "Anyway, I used to work nights as an usher in a local movie theatre. You know, selling popcorn and orange crush. It was a time when Presley and Paul Anka were huge,



"I used to sell popcorn" but there were others who weren't so big.

"I'd look up at the screen and sing along, and I'd say to myself, 'I could sing as well as they can.'"

"But when I'd go to watch live shows and see what singers had to do out there in front of an audience, I knew it was going to be really rough for someone like me to do the same thing."

Gene fingered the sleeves of a new batch of LPs on the corner table. "I mean, what was I? A kid from Rockville, Con-

necticut. We had one street light. That'll give you an idea how big the place is.

"My dad was a machinist in the aircraft engine factory. He had to work like an idiot, and if the cheque didn't come in one week, we were in trouble.

"So I had to make things happen. I'd get on the train and ride three and a half hours to New York, try to get a hold on my nerves and break into the music business somehow.

"Every time I walked into an office I had to fight off the things people had been telling me about the pop scene. You know, things like 'Don't try it, boy . . . The business is full of crooks . . . They're all bandits'. I didn't find it that way."

I poured another drink and pulled the curtains.



"I had bad nerves"

Down below, London didn't look too friendly either just at that moment.

Gene said, "You were over in New York a little while ago, Alan. You know what it's like."

I answered, "It was pretty good to me. Maybe it'd look different if I had lived there all the time."

Gene snapped his fingers. "Ah. That's it. Listen, anyone who wants to be a songwriter or an original artist should never live in New York. They all hang out and meet in the same places, living on each other's ideas and drawing out what other people have to offer.

"You fall into this group, especially with songwriting, you lose your whole individuality, end up as a nonentity with nothing left to give.

RAVINGREPORT

It's A Fiddle! Four Nottingham boys looking for a new sound claim they have found the ideal instrument—a 200-year-old violin!

David Simmons (21) used to play Mendelssohn on it. Now the French-made violin has been electrically amplified to work as a lead guitar.

Eighteen-year-old drummer Frank Simmons leads the group and David Cooper (18) and Julian Coleman (17) complete the line-up. They play every Thursday at a cellar coffee-bar under the vicarage of St. Stephen's church in Notts. Their name? The Frank Fiddle Four.

"When you start to need that kind of group it can destroy you."

He pointed to the new Sandie Shaw release on the turntable, which I'd switched off when Gene rang my doorbell.

"Now, you're a DJ and you know how we depend on the jockeys to help a new artist and give him a break. Well, you know me, I love to talk, and normally in the States you can go into a radio station and sit with the jockey for an hour, if you want to, just talking and playing records."

He leaned back with a wry laugh.

"Great. So what happens the week my first record is released? A big scandal breaks on DJ's being bribed! Congressional investigations, newspaper stories. Half the music business is accused of paying plug money to the other half. The whole place goes mad."

"And in the middle of it all, here's bright-eyed Gene Pitney with his first record on his first promotion tour. They wouldn't even let me into a radio station out in the Midwest. They were scared to see anyone carrying a record."

"Now the whole situation has loosened a little—thanks to the Beatles, I'd say. For the last few years before the Beatles came over the American

DJs had no mind of their own. The station programme directors had taken away their power."

Personally, I'd hate to have my hands tied in a way that prevented me from putting new talent before the disc public, and I said so.

"I've been in England seven years or more, Gene, and most of the DJs I know knock themselves out to be fair. Do you think maybe we're a little square over here?"

He hesitated. "Not square, so much. It's like I said: in the States you can relax with a jockey on the air, say anything you think of, have a ball. Here, it's a couple of moments and just 'Yes, no, thank you.'"

"There were a few shows I enjoyed, though, like Juke Box Jury."

Five years is a good run for many pop artists now—next?"

He shook his head. "I've always had big ideas. But I tell you one thing. If I had to leave this business now I think I'd go out of my mind."

I saw him to the lift, then looked out of the window as his car rolled away to the theatre.

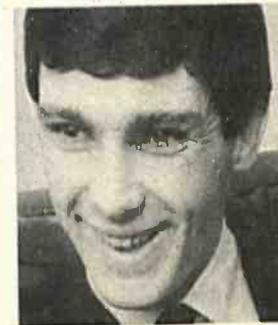
The sky was dark and heavy. I wondered if it was going to snow, as it did on that night when the nervous boy from nowhere opened the door to his fantastic world of music.

a-days. How does Gene not only stay at the top, but go on to continually wider triumphs and ever-increasing earnings?

"I'm cautious about so-called trends. I try to stay right away from them. I've always tried to do whatever I can do best.

"I'm Gonna Be Strong" is my fifteenth disc. I'm doing a big Lanza-type Italian album soon. I've done a couple of TV spectaculars in Rome—with an old man of sixty-five standing behind the camera yelling Italian lines at me to mime.

"I don't think I know what my market is. I sus-



"I love showbusiness"

pect it's mainly people who're a bit older than you might think.

"But I never aim at any one particular kind of people. I just do my best and hope it suits someone."

Gene slipped on a light overcoat over his sober, dark-blue suit. "It's been great meeting you again", I said. "What big business are you going to set up next?"

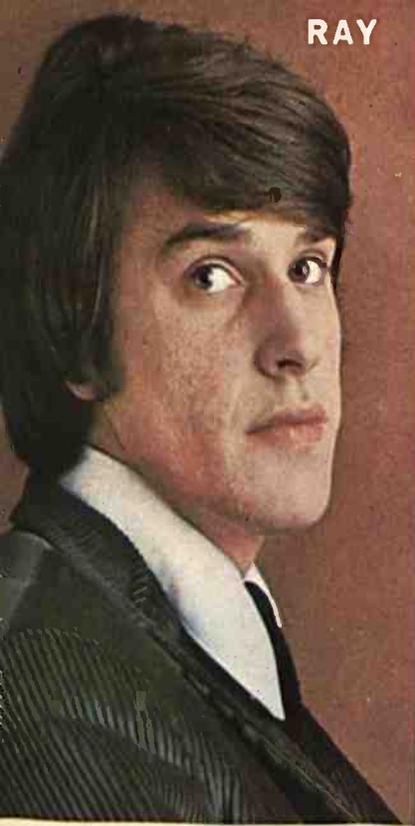
He shook his head. "I've always had big ideas. But I tell you one thing. If I had to leave this business now I think I'd go out of my mind."

I saw him to the lift, then looked out of the window as his car rolled away to the theatre.

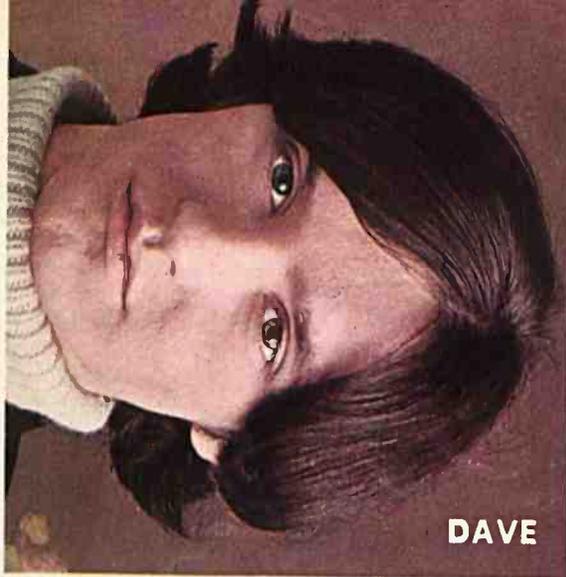
The sky was dark and heavy. I wondered if it was going to snow, as it did on that night when the nervous boy from nowhere opened the door to his fantastic world of music.



"J B J is good"



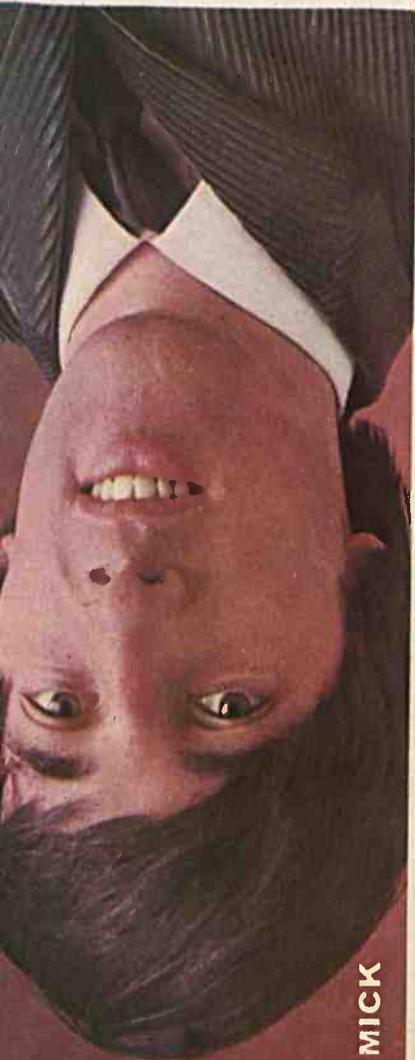
RAY



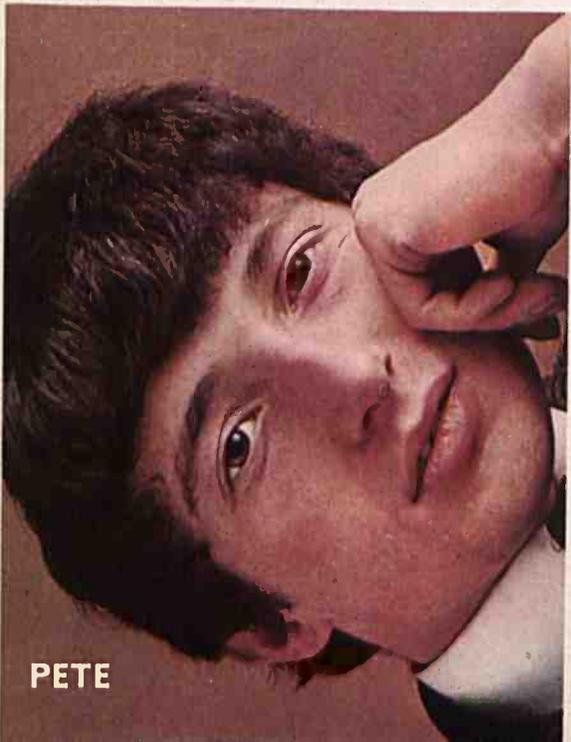
DAVE

And so it seems, has everyone else! All day and all of the night we've had rave people out and about meeting the Kinks, photographing the Kinks, talking Kink talk and listening to Kinks talk. (In particular they've been doing a lot of listening!) And what they heard you can read over. . . .

P.S. We've also got some great pics that that demon on the Brownie Box Camera, Ray Davis, took himself. Really you should have seen the state of Dave Davis at ten!



MICK



PETE

WE'VE GONE ALL KINKY!!!

THE KINKS



KINKY STORIES

There are stories going on in show business about how the Kinks got started. Here are three:

Version A: One day a menswear shop in Soho had on sale a green bowler hat with air conditioning, a built-in transistor and mink lining. Price 23½ guineas. Ray, Dave, Pete and Mick all happened to rush in to buy it at the same time. As there was only the one hat, they borrowed a crosscut and divided it into four. They paid 5½ guineas each.

Version B: Mick was always wondering if you could get a yodel effect from drums. To find out, he took his kit to the top of Mount Snowdon. He banged away—then listened for the echo—but what came back was the

sound of two guitars and a bass from a mountain opposite. They later met in the valley to make music together. They thought they sounded so good, they decided to form a permanent group.

Version C: Ray, Dave and Pete each had a pet pigeon. They took them to a party in Trafalgar Square. Then they lost them. Finally they found them inside the beard of a man asleep on a bench. The man was Mick. Ray, Dave and Pete were so glad about finding their pigeons, they decided to give Mick free shaving lessons.

Which version is true? We're not voting. But we have a private eye on the job. Know anything that will help? If so, write to our Kink Klues Dept.

SPLITS IN THE KINKS

Ray, Dave and Pete were founder members of the group—Mick coming later (December 1963).

Mick—though he has two brothers—is the only Kink without a sister. Pete has one sister—Anne. Ray and Dave have five: Rose, Doll, Cath, Vi, Gwen.

Pete—from Tavistock, Devon—is the only Kink born outside the London area. (Mick: Hampton Court. Ray and Dave: Muswell Hill).

Ray and Dave are the two Kinks who say they made their first public appearance in a pub. (Pete: "At school". Mick: "At a carnival").

Ray is only married Kink. (Wed 18-year-old Rasa Dicapetri, December 12, 1964).

Mick only member to have played with Rolling Stones. ("It was back in the days when only Mick Jagger and Brian Jones were in the group. I played just for two weeks while they were in London. When they went on tour I couldn't join them.")



One of Ray's personal photos. Taken when he was a leading member of the school's football team.

KINK KAVALRY

The Kinks' hunting coats may look good on stage, but the boys confess they are not all that comfortable. Pete's theory is that this is because they are supposed to be worn on horseback. So... Might we see the boys make an appearance mounted on horses sometime soon? What colour are the coats? Kink pink, of course.

MICK'S CHEW-SY

What Mick hates: girls who chew gum at any time. What Mick hates even more: girls who chew gum all the time. "Why do they have to do it?" he says. "It's so unfeminine. Just the sight of a girl chewing makes me boil."



Recognise him? It's Mick!

See you later EXCAVATOR

Before joining the Kinks, Mick used to work an excavator on a building site. He misses it. He says, "One day I would like to start my own firm. I would have grabbers, mixers, bulldozers, drills, shovels—and, of course, an excavator."



Ray Kink's schooldays. But who's the girl?

All stories Confirmed by DICK TATHAM

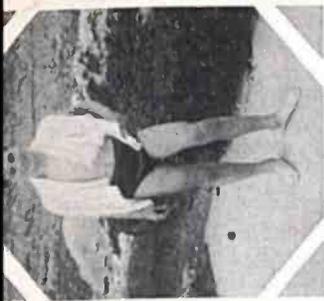
Kasualties!

Kink casualties... Fans split Pete's shirt in London. Ray lost his trousers in Aberdeen. Mick was nearly pulled off stage by fans on the South Coast and was saved only by Dave grabbing hold of his hair.

As for Dave himself—there was the time up North when the Kinks were doing their jumping up and down lark. "Suddenly," says Dave, "I thought the floor seemed a bit far away. It was. I landed in the orchestra pit—and hit my nose against a piano."

ICE AGE

Pete's birthday is December 31. His favourite way of celebrating it is to find a pond covered with ice—knock a hole in the ice—then dive in. Before doing this, however, he normally changes his street clothes for swimming trunks. The other Kinks think Pete is stark raving—celebrating his birthday like this. They say the only ice they are interested in at birthday celebrations is what comes in the drinks. They wonder at what age Pete will stop his deep freeze lark. Says Pete, "Any age will be an ice age for me." Wonder if he sleeps in a fridge?



Mick Avory in a genuine topless swimsuit.

QUAIFERS

Pete Quaife's music career was started by a rubbish dump. When he was a kid he used to slide down the chute used for the rubbish. One day when he reached the bottom he gashed his hand on a spike. The gash healed—but the hand stayed stiff. To make it unstiff, the doctor said Pete should play the piano. He tried it—but found he got too keyed up. So he learned guitar instead.



Dave Kink at the seaside.

Late news

Mick says he must be a fanatic about drumming—because he had such a job becoming a drummer. He recalls, "I did a newspaper round and delivered groceries to get the money for my first drumkit. Took me ages. Then after all that I realised I hadn't thought about how to cart it around. Finally I started going to dates by bike—with the bass drum strapped to my back and other bits of gear tied to the carrier, bar and handlebars."

KINK KWICKS

Dave wants to own an estate with lots of horses and one of the barns fitted up as a recording studio... Ray would like to go as a tramp all round the world—especially if he had money in bank accounts all along the way... Pete would like his own private airfield one day... Mick says the only reading he does is drum music... Ray likes black currant juice... Dave doesn't like black toast but says that's how it usually turns out when he makes it... Ray likes the droning sound of Indian music and says he always looks up Indian restaurants in the drone book... Ray has lost one cufflink from a pair given him by fans—but carries the other in his pocket as a lucky charm... Pete carries around in his pocket a toy poodle named Earl Ruthara Dino Kinky. When fans throw shoes at a recent Kink show and some got lost, Mick said, "That's shoe business."



This is a pencil drawing of Mick, that his father drew years ago.

The Kinks have been busy making foreign language versions of their songs to help their disc sales in Europe. Now they have their eyes on Japan—where there is a big disc market. Now they are looking for a Japanese living in London—so he can teach them the lyrics of "All Day And All Of The Night" (plus other Kink hits) in his native language. Says Mick: "We would pay him well—give him free copies of our discs—take him to see our shows—and do everything to keep him happy."

Pete's pet of the month is a pigeon. It is called Kinky Klarence. He keeps it in a cage. It feeds it regularly, it goes on a chain. That's okay by us. What isn't okay around with a cheetah that's not on a chain! But Pete wants one around with a cheetah. Some friends kuts up rough. He feeds it regularly, it goes on a chain. That's okay by us. What isn't okay around with a cheetah that's not on a chain!

No1

"You Really Got Me"—first big Kink hit—was written by Ray Davies while he was sitting at home one rainy evening at Muswell Hill and kicking ideas around on the piano. He recalls, "I struck the basic theme of the song—but my first version of it didn't sound commercial to me—so I took it out in the rain and watered it down a bit."

PETE'S KIND OF GIRL

Pete Kink isn't playing hard to get. He says he would like to marry soon. All he is looking for is a girl who is beautiful, intelligent, has a good sense of humour—and interested in archery, swimming, shooting, art and astronomy—and being the wife of a country squire.

AIR COR!

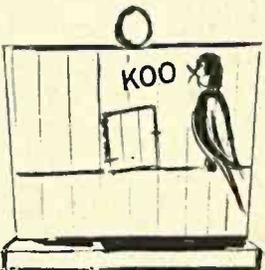
Dave thinks he and brother Ray are not very much alike. "He's much the more serious", he reckons. Could be. And something Dave may not be serious about is an ambition he has announced. He wants to go for a ride in a glider. That may not sound so impossible. But Dave says he wants to pilot it across the Atlantic!



One of Dave's personal photos. Here he was 10 yrs. old.

Care Less

Says Pete: "My main aim in life is to be happy". When is he most happy? When he's making music! "When I'm playing my guitar", he tells you. "I haven't a care in the world."



THE STORY OF KINKY KLARENCE



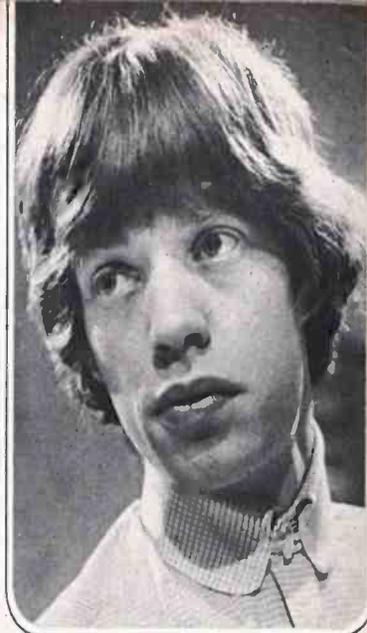
The Cathy McGowan page starts here!

MY SPECIAL VALENTINES

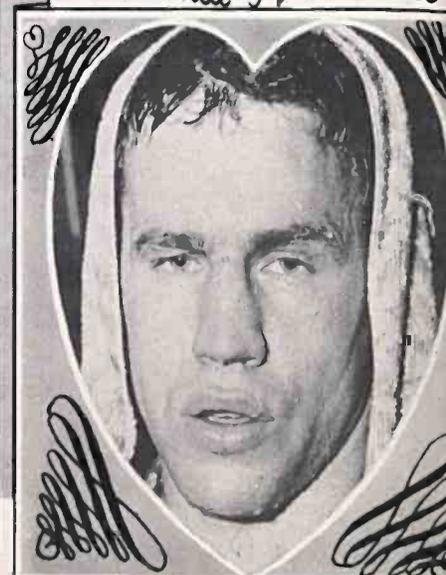
Look out for some surprises as Cathy tells you who'll be receiving her Valentine thoughts this year.



Roses are red, violets are blue
Here's a Valentine, I've sent to you.

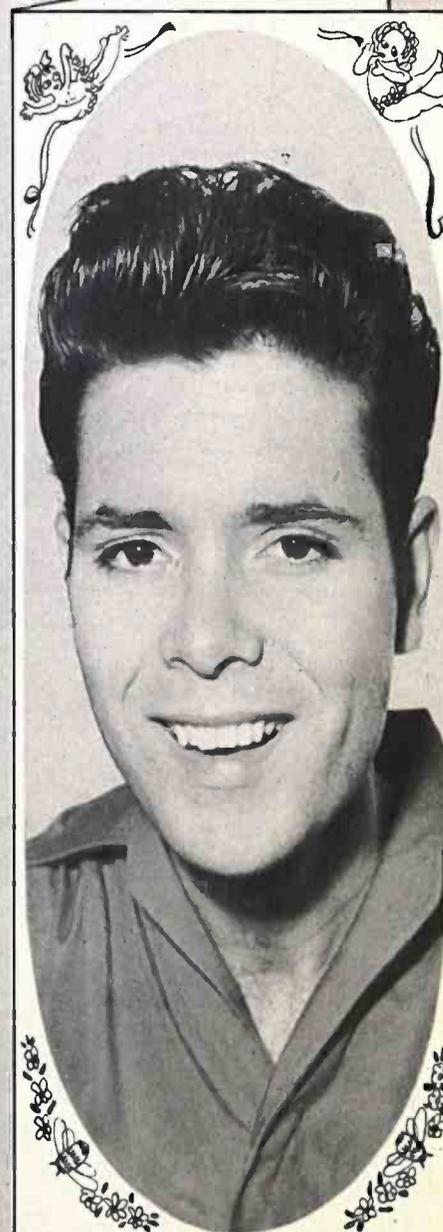


I know you very closely
I know what's false & true
So here's a special Valentine
To show that I!

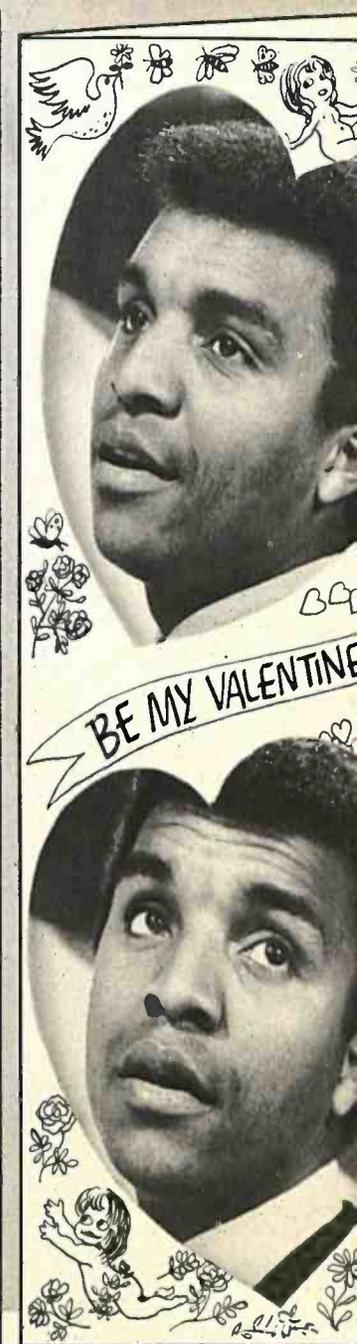


They call it a ring
but really it's square
for your courage
inside it, you
deserve to be here.

I go
AU
xxx



As nice this year
as you were the last
Please never change
is all I ask.



My first Valentine would be to my boss! He is Elkan Allan who always finds time on a Friday (our transmission day) to ask me if I need his help in any way. There was one day above all I *did* need it. Keith Fordyce had gone on holiday and I had to host the show myself. I woke that Friday morning and opened my mouth to speak when panic—I REALISED I HAD LOST MY VOICE! At Television House Elkan got the message at once and brought me a whacking great sprayer with

some liquid in it. "Sent out specially for it", he said. "Very latest thing". My voice came back enough for me to get through the show.

On Monday Elkan asked, "Did you see the doctor?" "Yes. He wasn't surprised about my voice returning. That it was just nerves."

"I knew that at the time, Cathy", said my boss quietly.

I was just puzzling this over when (as if reading my thoughts) he said: "I figured that if we bought you a very big, impressive-looking sprayer

—then it would give you the necessary confidence—no matter what it contained."

I am still wondering whether there was only water in it!

■ A Valentine to Steve McQueen . . . I think he's great. So do lots more people I know. I hear he is playing the title part in a film called "Nevada Smith". I also hear the film is due for its London premiere during the next few weeks and Steve may be over for it. If he does come, I'm determined to meet him—even if it means wriggling my

way through the entire London police force!

■ Someone I have never met—but would greatly like to meet . . . Terry Downes! I have seen several of his fights on TV but am a bit doubtful about going to see one in person since the excitement might be too much! Yes a Valentine to him: for I admire Terry for his fighting spirit.

■ To Mick Jagger—a Valentine from me for several reasons. One is that he is always himself. I have never once seen him putting on an

act—which is more than you can say for some people! He keeps very cool and unconcerned even when he is causing a buzz among other people—like, for instance, when he showed at RSG wearing an absolute wham of an overcoat—sealskin with a fox fur collar!

■ I have never met "Coronation Street's" Dennis Tanner—but here's a Valentine from me to him because he makes me laugh so much. I watch CS regularly. So, incidentally, do the Beatles, Stones, Manfreds, Nashville Teens and the

Hermits of Herman (who, of course, used to be in it). I think my mostest laugh was that time Dennis—trying to put off some girl—said he was engaged to the local barmaid. If you remember, he went round to tip the barmaid off—but the other girl was already there—trying to talk the barmaid into releasing a Dennis she didn't know she had! The look on his face was so dead funny, I could hardly bear to watch for laughing!

■ I expect many of you know by now the way I admire

Cliff Richard: that he is still a Big Star to me—while other performers I regard more as friends. So a Cathy Valentine to Cliff—with a note saying, "Please make that first appearance on RSG as soon as you can."

P.S. Had a great idea the other day. 'Phoned Columbia Records and asked if they could get copies of *all* Cliff's discs for me. They obliged—so now I have one set of Cliff at home—and one in the office.

■ One day I was walking along Streatham High Road

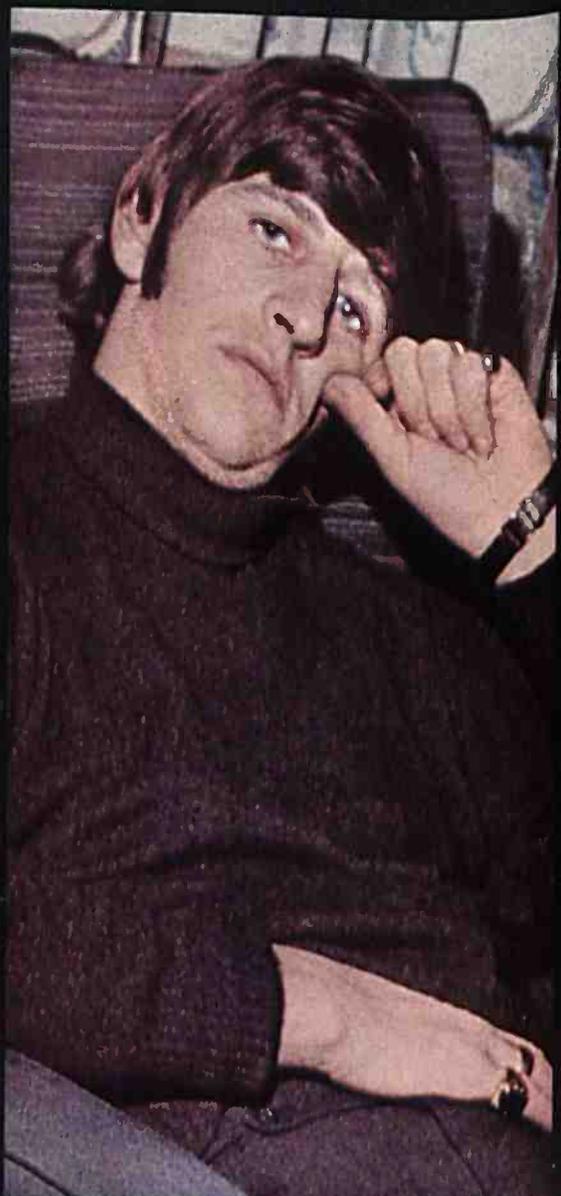
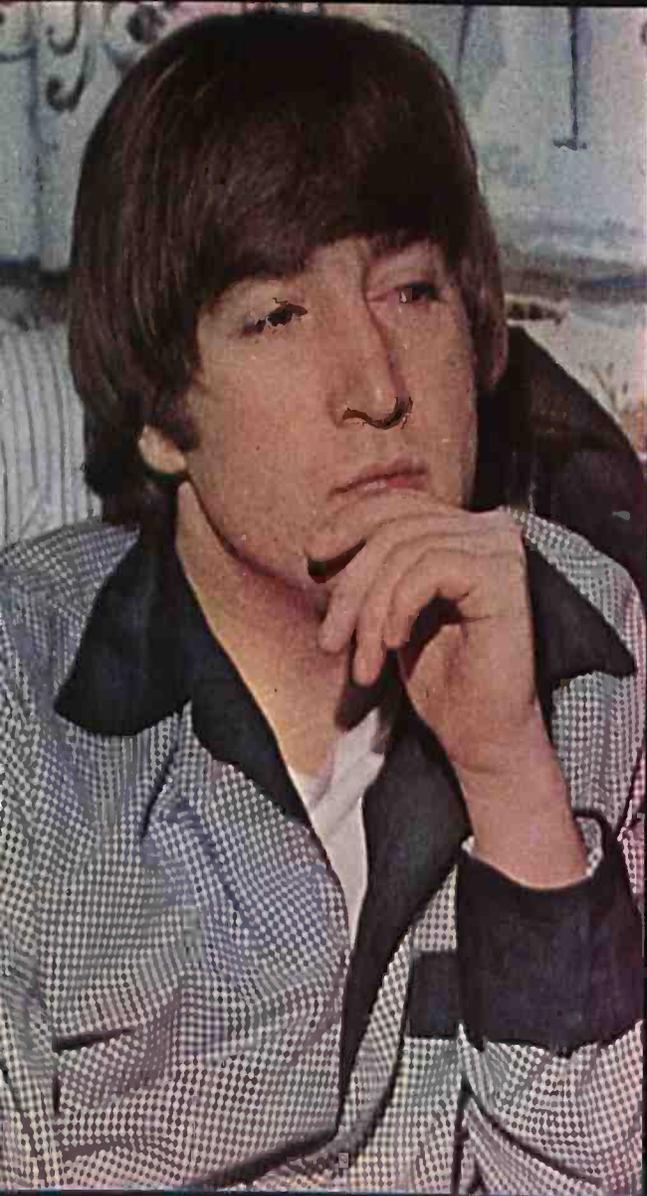
(near where I live in South London) with my nephew John—aged three, when a big gleaming car pulled up—and out jumped Kenny Lynch! He said hi! to me—then started chatting nineteen to the dozen to John. Kenny dotes on children—which is why I vote him a Valentine.

Sometimes during RSG rehearsals, children of people on the staff are allowed to take a peep or two. They are always asking after Uncle Kenny. So is my nephew John!

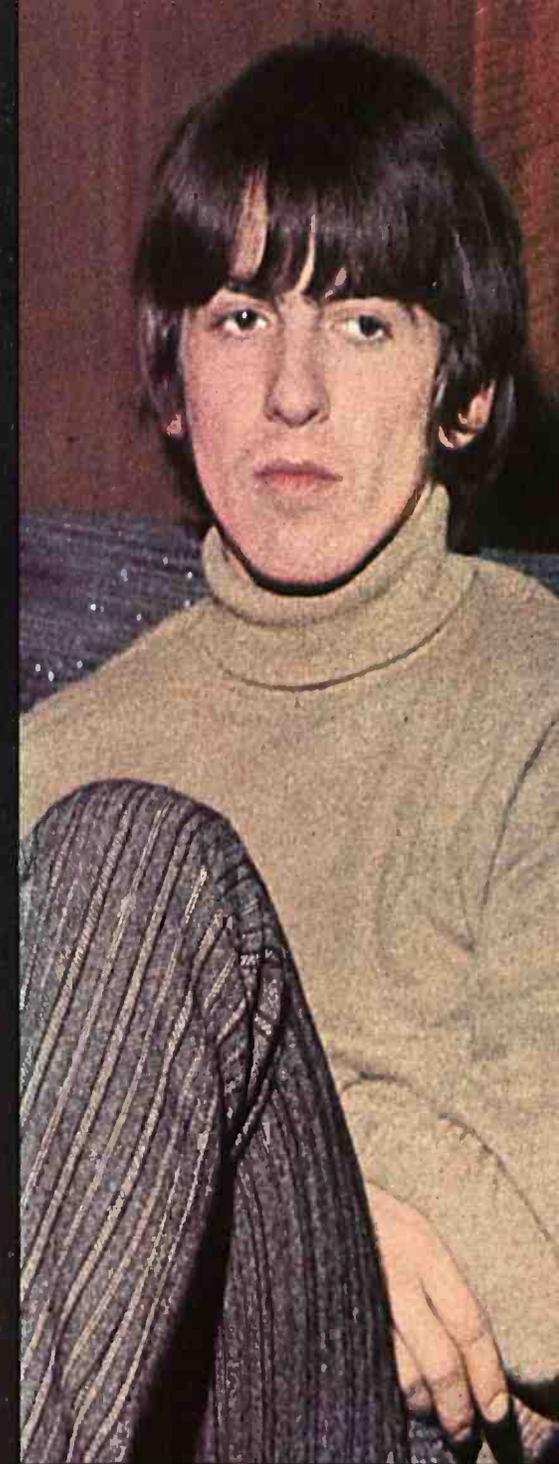
ave's LOOK IN

ALWAYS OFFBEAT - BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE SEEN THEM AS

DEAD BEAT



BEATLES



These are the Pictures You Never S
the story We Don't Like To Print.

These are just two pages you c
bring out to show your friends wh
they say "I ENVY The Beatles—th
have such a fabulous life."

These are four photos we took afte
Beatles show in Exeter, Devon, f
photos we've shown you because we
RAVE and because we think y
ought to see them.

TRILBY LANE CHOOSES CLOTHES HE'LL LOVE YOU IN

We've picked five of the prettiest party dresses for your special Valentine date. Even though you're probably crazy about the 'he-man' clothes that are on the scene at the moment, a pretty dress always takes a girl far. Save your tweed and trouser suits for outdoor wear... Stay in and win his heart with one of these...



BLACK AND WHITE PRINT IN COTTON LAWN WITH CROCHETED WHITE COLLAR. BY JOHN MARKS, PRICE 8½ GNS.

WHITE COTTON LACE DRESS, MARVELLOUS FOR PARTIES AND DANCES. BY LEE CECIL, PRICE 7½ GNS.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN PARRY

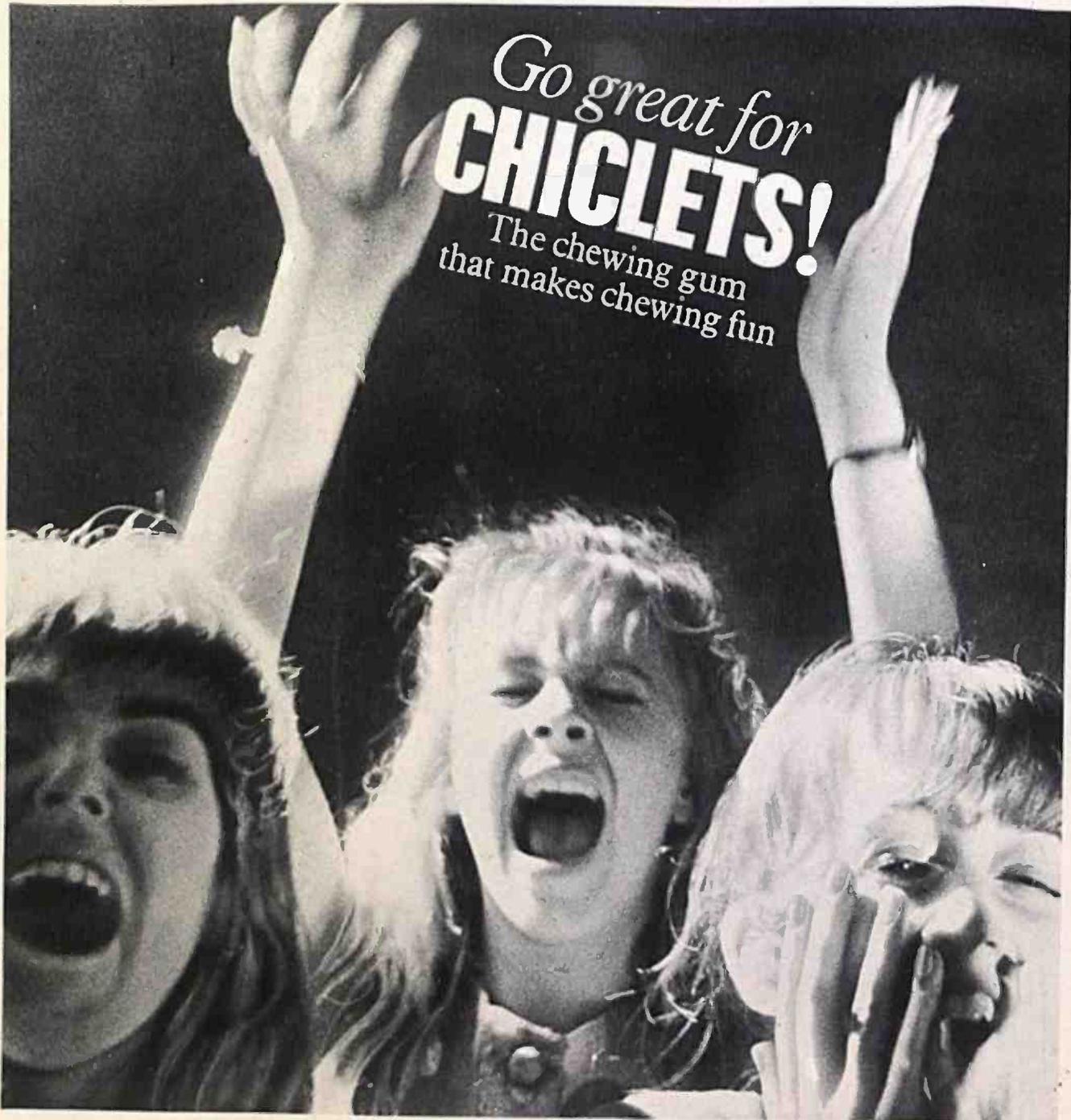


SMALL FLORAL PRINT DRESS WITH SMOCKING AND WHITE COLLAR. BY MARY QUANT'S GINGER GROUP, PRICE 4½ GNS.

PINK LINEN DRESS TRIMMED WITH PURPLE WITH WIDE FLOPPY SLEEVES AND A DAINTY LOW NECK LINE. £6. 19s. 6d. BY RHONA ROY.

THIS CULOTTE DRESS IS IN CREAM LACE OVER PURPLE CREPE WITH CREAM CREPE CULOTTES. IT IS BY GERALD McCANN AND COSTS ABOUT 8 GNS.

For stockists in your area write to me, Trilby Lane, at the address on page 62.

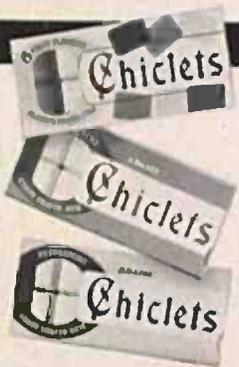


Go great for
CHICLETS!

The chewing gum
that makes chewing fun

Now Chiclets stick gum too!

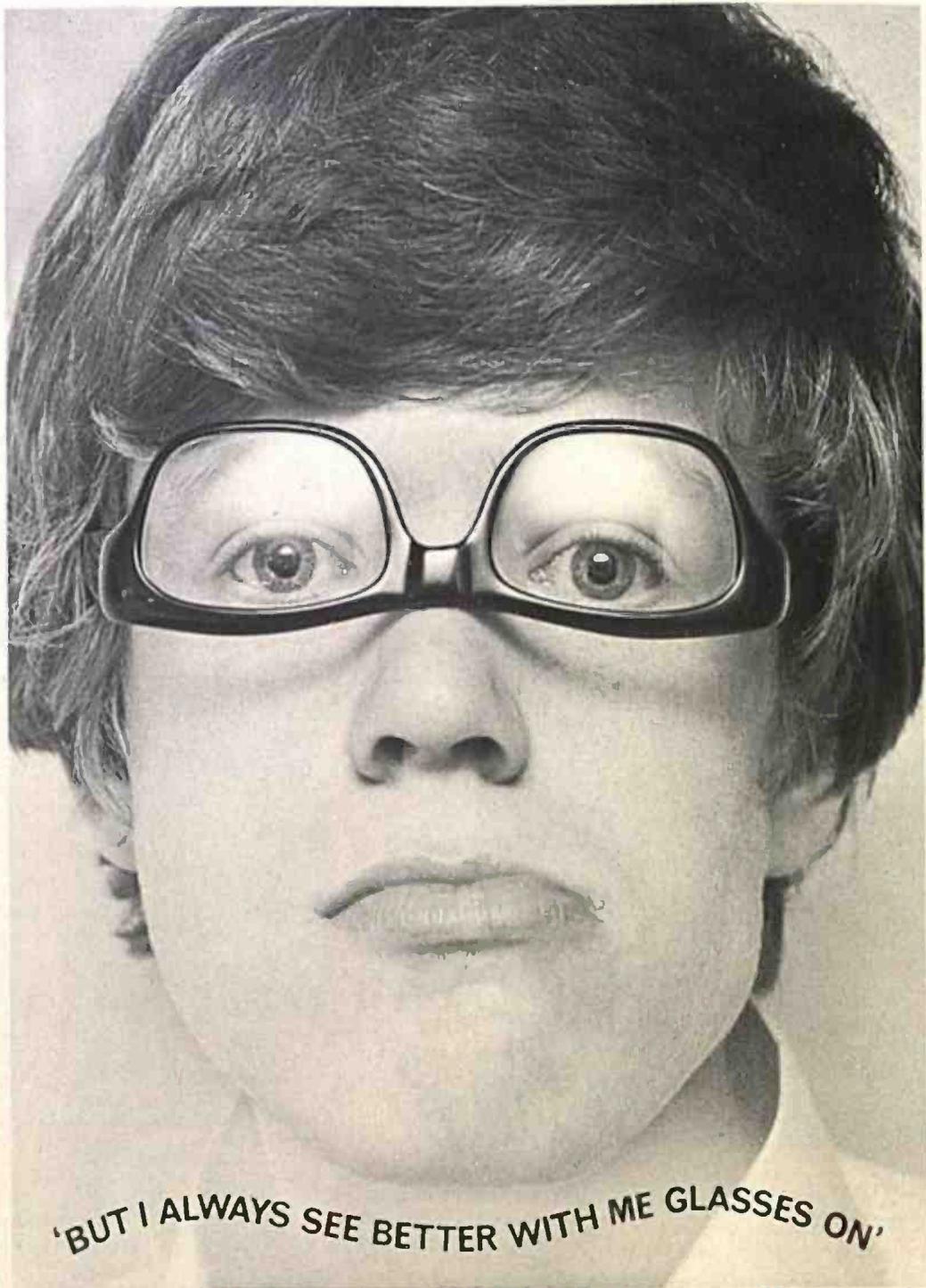
Think of a flavour—and chew it in Chiclets sugar coated gum! You can choose from Chiclets Fruit Flavoured, with six assorted flavours in every pack. Or Spearmint. Or Peppermint. Go on, go great for Chiclets! 12 pieces for 6d.



The latest, the greatest: Chiclets in sticks—
with a Spearmint flavour! 5 sticks for 6d.

A BIRD'S
EYE VIEW

THE
LITTLE
BOY
CALLED
HERMAN



'BUT I ALWAYS SEE BETTER WITH ME GLASSES ON'

When you see him on stage he seems cheeky-faced and chirpy. The girl sitting next to you thinks he's dead sexy and there's another one down at the front screaming he's just like her younger brother! However he appears, seventeen-year-old Herman appeals differently to everyone. So we got girl reporter, **DAWN JAMES**, to give you a very special Bird's Eye View of Herman.

Herman was surrounded by girls. I could see his cheeky face smiling down on the bewitched group, as they chatted and held out autograph books. Herman is a pocket-sized sex symbol, seventeen-years old, clean-looking, and full of fun. He sends shivers down teenage backs, endears himself to Mums, and plagues girl reporters with practical jokes, big fibs, and a little-boy-lost image.

He's the sort of boy a girl

could fall head over heels in love with, and find herself looking after. He needs someone to think for him. He forgets appointments and gets addresses wrong but, once he meets up with you, your wish is his command.

"I'm warm and sincere and tremendous fun", he explained when we first met. He tells the most awful fibs. He grins, and his eyes (which are the most super pale blue) sparkle.

He tells you that he is an ●●

THE LITTLE BOY CALLED HERMAN



**BUT DEEP, DEEP,
DOWN I REALLY AM
NICE. AREN'T I?**

**DON'T COME TOO
CLOSE . . . I'VE
GOT HERMANIA**



**I ONCE SAW A MAN
WITH FOUR HEADS,
Y'KNOW. . . HE WAS
WAITING TO GO IN
A PHONE BOX!**



**I KNOW THERE'S
NOTHING WRONG
WITH MY
TONSILS . . .
(HE, HE . . .
BECAUSE I
HAVEN'T GOT ANY!)**

hard while people like me take the credit."

Herman finds acting easy because he has an enormous imagination, and instead of studying a part, he just imagines himself into it.

"When I was a little boy I spent all my pocket money on going to the cinema. I began to act the parts along with the screen characters. Later, I took lessons at the Manchester School of Drama and Music, but I still found my imaginings of use to me. When I got the Coronation Street part, I thought I knew what I wanted. Acting I thought, was what I'd stick to."

"I want to know that by that time I have enough to retire on", he said.

At seventeen, an age when many boys are still at school, Herman is an established star, earning a considerable income. When he was thirteen he earned one hundred pounds a week for appearing as Len Fairclough's son, on ITV's Coronation Street. Top recording manager, Mickie Most, discovered him in a Manchester club early last year.

"People ask me what it is like being a star twice over, as an actor and now a singer. I don't know because I don't think about it. I'm not a star to me. I mean one part on television doesn't make me a great actor, and lots of my success on record must go to Mickie. He knows how to get the best out of me. People like him, and the tv director who did Coronation Street work

Herman, the ex-actor, current pop singer, held his head on one side, and pale blue eyes danced at mine. "I changed my mind", he said, "teen-ager's privilege. It all happened by accident. I met a group who asked me to sing with them in a club. I said, 'Sing? you're joking. I can't sing, I haven't a clue'. They told me to stand up and do anything to entertain them. So I did. And it was fun. I suddenly realised I didn't have to follow a script. I could say anything. The singing came quite easily too."

"Sir Laurence Olivier once told me, 'you lad' (he always called me lad, did Olly), you lad are one of the greatest actor-singers we've got. Hang on, we need you lad."



"Herman" I said threateningly.

"He said it, he told my Dad. You know who my Dad is don't you? Mick Jagger."

On his last birthday, Herman got one thousand cards from fans.

"I'd like to date each girl who sent me a card", he said. "I reckon on looking about a bit before settling down. I go out with a girl and we have a lot of fun, and I take her home, and we hate leaving each other. I think, 'this is it, the big thing in my life', and I go home full of her. But a week later I meet someone else". He looked down at his pointed black shoes. "I sometimes wonder if I'll ever settle down. I'd like to. I want a wife and all that jazz, one day. But when?"

"Anyway, if I met the right girl I'd never make a husband, well not right now. I forget things, and turn up for a date at the wrong time. I have two managers who fix everything for me. I don't have to think. Well, how would I get on running my own life and my girl's? Do you think it gets easier as you get older?"

Herman doesn't usually talk like this, but behind his gay, frivolous charms, you sometimes see the makings of a mature, good looking young man. Life is a big laugh for him and The Hermits today, but tomorrow may weigh a little heavier on them.



**SO JUST WHEN I
SAID TO THIS BIRD
—SHOW ME GIRL—
SHE CLOCKED ME
ONE.**

**OTHERS BLOW
THEIR OWN
TRUMPET. ME I
JUST BLOW MY
OWN HARMONICA!**



**REALLY I'M A
PROFESSOR OF ART
. . . THE ART OF
TELLING FIBS!**

"That's growing up", Herman said resignedly, "right now I laugh every day. Maybe when I get older I'll not laugh so often". He looked grave for a moment, but the moment passed quickly.

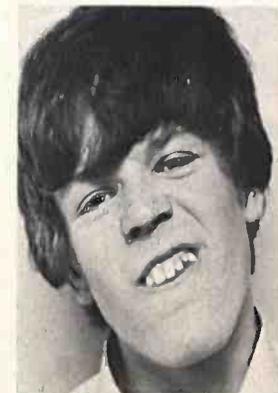
"Don't look so serious, I haven't grown up yet". He pulled me out of the room, running down the corridor, long legs flying.

"Do you know, once I arrived late at my manager's office when I was supposed to be meeting some American promoters", he shouted over his shoulder. "Sorry I'm late", I said, "I had a small misadventure on my way here. I was chased by a rhino round Hyde Park". The Americans shook their heads doubtfully, "Do you have animals in your London Parks?" "Yes", I said, "We have many accidents due to ants and beetles"

He slowed to a walk.

"People my age want fun. You ask any of them. You'll see they don't look a long way ahead. As long as tomorrow looks like being O.K." We'd slowed right down now; Herman leaned against the wall, puffed, "It's not all fun with me, you know."

"I do have serious thoughts" he looked serious, too. "It's just that I like leaving growing up until tomorrow". And as he spoke, I felt in that brief moment I had a glimpse of that tomorrow.



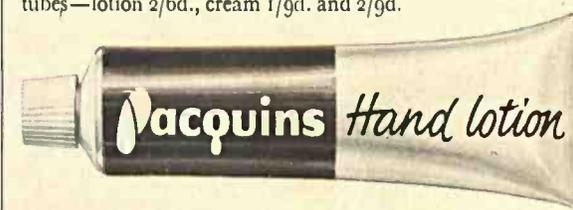
**THEY ALL SAY
ME TOOTH IS A
GIMMICK, BUT
WHEN I ASKED MY
DENTIST WHAT'S
A GIMMICK DOING
GROWING IN ME
MOUTH HE SAID
HE DIDN'T KNOW!**



**Who's a
10-second
smoothie?**

The girl with the Pacquins! Count to 10. That's how long it takes to smooth dreamy, perfumed Pacquins new lotion into your hands. Even girls who haven't time for hand preparations have flipped for the fabulous Pacquins 10-second beauty plan. Pacquins isn't sticky—it's cool, soothing lotion and dries in a flash. Be a 10-second smoothie every day—and get the boys eating out of your pretty little hands!

PACQUINS LOTION. In handbag size uncrushable easy-to-use tubes—lotion 2/6d., cream 1/9d. and 2/9d.



the 10-second beauty care for pretty hands

Listen to David Jacob's Star-Time sponsored by Pacquins on Radio Luxembourg 9.15 Thursdays.

MIKE GRANT ON

THE STAR BEAT

POETRY IN MOTION

Bobby Jameson—19-year-old American—recently came to live in Britain in a bid to crash our disc charts. But Bobby also aims at fame as a writer. He is at work on his own life story and on a novel. He is also writing four books of poetry.

"I have had offers to publish the poetry," he tells me. "Sudan and me as we have flown upon the birth of hope
Look on my friend and see yourself as God sees you
For you are your own destiny."

Who is Sudan? Bobby explains: "It is just a name I seized on for a close friend I hope one day to meet."

Bobby also draws and paints. He has done sketches for his books, and when I spoke to him he was mid-way through a surrealist painting to go over the living-room mantelpiece in his South Kensington flat!

The problem of being a Beatle

The trouble with being a Beatle, as George Harrison was saying to me the other day, is that you have to spend your huge earnings on unreasonably large bills.

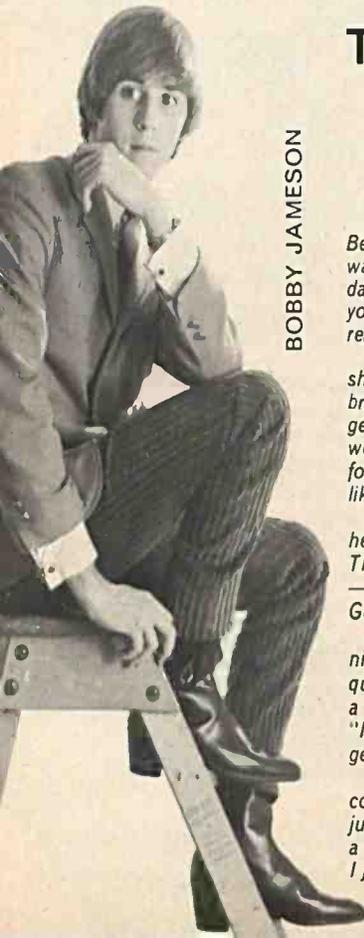
"And when we walk into a shop, salesmen immediately bring out the most expensive gear to show us. They think we'd rather pay five pounds for a shirt than thirty shillings, like we used to."

Another of George's costly headaches is his Jaguar car. This cost a mere two thousand—actually, it was a present but George won't reveal who from.

But in addition to the running costs, George has been quoted a figure of ten pounds a week for insurance cover. "I have to pay it—I just can't get insurance, otherwise."

Although why insurance companies should think that just because I'm a Beatle I am a greater menace on the roads, I just can't imagine!"

BOBBY JAMESON



Film Fame

So Georgie Fame is going to make a film of his life. While I don't agree with the plan—it seems premature as he is only just really developing his career—I hope the producers don't make him lose two of his most outstanding qualities.

They are humility and dedication. And they showed through to me nearly five years ago when Georgie played piano with Billy Fury's Blue Flames backing group.

Billy introduced us at a dance hall one night. Georgie looked up from a battered piano in the corner of the room and barely nodded.

"Sullen fellow", I thought. "Wonder if he's got any friends". But Georgie was shy—and when the shyness wore off an hour or two later, he really warmed up.

"One day, I'm going to try to get to the top", he told me. "And I'm going to play a different sort of music. The blues. People will know whenever they hear my records that I'm playing the sort of music I love."

I smiled—and changed the subject. But Georgie kept returning to the blues. He wouldn't be put off.

I had lunch with Georgie the other day to celebrate his fabulous "Yeh Yeh" hit. He blushed when I reminded him of his past determination.

"Hope you didn't think I was big-headed, or anything", he said. "But I sincerely felt that my music was different and that one day it would be accepted."

The Moody Blues. See 'really going now'.



It's so great to see the Righteous Brothers, Bill Medley and Bobby Hatfield in our Charts, with their original recording of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'". For it proves right something I've always thought—that if two recordings of the same song are as good as each other—then they'll BOTH be hits! Just for the record the



Righteous Brothers are the first male group ever to be recorded by famous Phil Spector, and with their success, they probably aren't going to be the last!

GERRY

engaged again

There was Gerry Marsden, sitting in his bedroom at home with only a few minutes to go before he was due at a theatre three miles away—the other side of Liverpool.

"Hurry up, Gerry", said his brother Fred. "You'll be late. We won't have time to tune up 'cos we'll get stuck in the homegoing traffic."

But Gerry had his head

stuck in a book. "Hey, Gerry", shouted Fred. "Eh, what?" said Gerry, jerking to life. "What's the time?"

They dashed out to the car—and got to the theatre just in time. Fred ran inside, thinking Gerry was following him. But he wasn't. So back went Fred to the car.

"Sorry", grinned Gerry in his most disarming way. "I must finish this story. It gives me the creeps". Yes, you've guessed it. Gerry had a book of ghost stories for a Christmas present and no one could get a word out of him until he had finished it!

REALLY GOING NOW!

The Moody Blues are very happy now that they've gone over real big! But the boys weren't always so happy. At one time they even hated one another—Clint, Graeme, Ray, Denny and Mike being in competing groups! After the Liverpool boom, everyone predicted the Birmingham sound, but it just didn't happen. Recording managers brought loads of false promises and this led to arguments and break-ups in almost every group. This is what brought the five "enemies" together as the R & B Preachers. On May 1st, '64, they had their first rehearsal. On May 2nd '64 their first booking! Since then it's been all go—in the right direction for the Magnificent Moody Blues!



Cliff's contacts

Cliff Richard tells me he will start wearing contact lenses soon. "I give a better performance when I can actually see things in front of me", he said.

In private, Cliff always wears a heavy pair of black horn-rimmed glasses. "It's because I'm so short-sighted", he tells friends.

But recently Cliff wore his glasses for a few moments on a TV show—and he discovered that being able to see better gave him more confidence.

"That was one of the best shows I had ever done", he recalled. "Isn't it amazing what a pair of glasses can do for your morale?"

P.S. And give you sex-appeal according to the rave girls I know!



Cliff—see story

READ THIS IT'S A NICE STORY

Gene Pitney slipped out of the stage door of a theatre in the Midlands and climbed into the coach that was taking him to his hotel in Birmingham.

Just before the coach pulled away, two girls tapped on the window and asked for his autograph.

One of the girls was quite badly handicapped and had been unable to get tickets for his show. She told Gene that she had every cutting about him that had ever appeared.

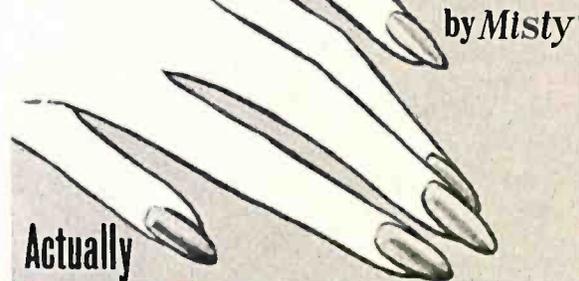
What did Gene do? He took his cases out, teamed up with the girls and caught a bus with them to the nearest station.

He found the girls were going into Birmingham, too. So he bought three train tickets and they took a compartment to themselves and Gene sang his hits during the journey.

A kindly, spontaneous gesture that has had no publicity. It is typical of the kind of person Gene is.

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by Misty



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Superjobs 1

A series in which girls you know talk about jobs they'd like to do.

' I'D ALWAYS CHOOSE TELEVISION ' -Janice Nicholls



Janice, nineteen, ex-telephonist and now "veteran" hostess of A.B.C.'s "Thank Your Lucky Stars", first auditioned to appear on the programme as a "dare" with her friend! Guess who won?

■ TV—a new world that has brought a new vocabulary to the situations vacant columns—production assistants, production secretaries, floor managers, film sequence editors, research assistants, casting assistants, unit managers . . .

■ For a girl, a production assistant is a top superjob. "I'd give it foive", claims Janice. "Watching our own p.a. zipping around the studio, powdering a wig for a costume play one minute and helping direct camera angles the next—it's a job for a supergirl."

■ What exactly does a p.a. do? She is under the direction of a producer and he will rely on her to have all the actors, artists and props ready for a particular programme's transmission. She times the programme from the "gallery" box, and makes a note of every camera switch and positioning made on the set. Typing out scripts, invoices, letters, checking continuity; researching into the programme subject are all part of her duties.

■ What hours does she work and at what salary? Most p.a.'s work the equivalent of a five-



Here's what life inside a studio looks to a production assistant.

day week, but *when* she works varies with the programme she works on. The money is good. After a year's experience, a p.a. would be earning over £1000 a year. As a senior production assistant well, there is no ceiling.

■ What qualifications does she need? Usually shorthand and typing, excellent G.C.E. passes, and often some experience in the theatre or film world. She must be able to command others and work happily with them, to mix with anybody, make decisions, accept responsibility.

■ How does she get the

chance of this superjob? Face the fact that there is colossal competition and then, if you think you have the super-qualities, write to one of the television companies. Four who might be interested are:

BBC: The Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1.

GRANADA: Personnel Officer, Granada T.V. Centre, Manchester 3.

ASSOCIATED TELEVISION: Personnel Officer, ATV House, 17 Great Cumberland Place, London, W.1.

ANGLIA TELEVISION: Personnel Officer, Anglia House, Norwich, NOR 07A, Norfolk.



ANDEE... ...DRINKS SHANDY

(now that Rose's make it)

THE DEEP DEEP PAIN OF SUCCESS

••• page 23

because the group needed me so much, but because I needed to myself.

"Obviously, it took time. It was about two weeks before I realised I was in hospital and the group were in Switzerland. What was more, the doctors told me not to sing for another four months."

How long was it before Keith was singing with them again?

"Two weeks". He grinned and a shrug of the shoulders indicated what he couldn't put into words.

"Those first few nights back on stage I nearly died. I saw stars and my lungs seemed so full I couldn't get the words out. Then things improved. We were playing well and I felt myself getting stronger and stronger.

"That's what it is. Because you want to get stronger and give your all you kid yourself you are. No one can estimate how much groups like the Animals tear themselves apart because they believe they should. People who say a star gives nothing and takes all are wrong. If a person is a star—

a proper star— he'll give himself, his heart, his all. And if he suffers he'll try to hide it. Fans don't pay to feel sorry for you. They pay to be entertained.

Keith Relf's own story continues with more pain. Two months after his first hospital discharge he was back with food-poisoning!

"It took them a whole week to find out it was nothing more. A whole week for me to wonder whether this was to be the finish for me, to learn if my punctured lung was really going to kill me."

It was the old story again. Keith was discharged from hospital on a Thursday with orders not to sing for a fortnight. On Sunday he was back at Richmond's famous Crawdaddy Club making the fans go wild in the very special way only the fans at the Crawdaddy can.

So what is it that makes stars carry on, endangering not only their health, but even their lives?

"To some, money. But to most, fans. When you're an entertainer you need fans like you need a mother and father.

"And no matter how old fans are I think of them as children. There you stand on stage with the power to make them laugh or make them cry. Make them laugh, see them happy and they'll love you. It's a special power you've been given to use. For when you see your fans happy, then only can you be happy yourself."

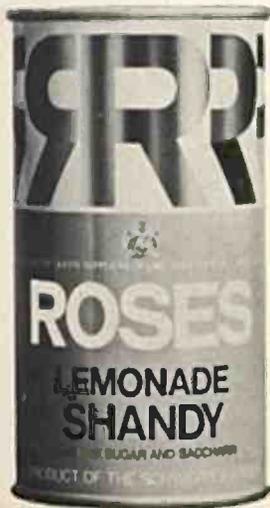
As Keith spoke I thought about the many breakdowns that made the headlines. Things like Billy Fury's collapse . . .

People have said it's because they've been overworking. But that doesn't mean it's because they've been playing too many dates, it's because they've given so much of themselves on the dates they played. And for every star name you hear about there are a hundred more you don't.

A promoter pays a star to do a show—but it's entirely the star's decision how much of himself he's giving to give to the fans.

And the next time you've paid your money and taken your seat at a beat show, think about the star up there on stage, and how much of himself he's giving to you . . . and whether it might be, occasionally, just a little too much.

Andee Silver, singer. Seen with her great new love, Rose's Shandy. Rose's Shandy makes a party take off. Real good beer, with sparkling lemonade. Or ginger beer. Darker, richer colour. The most refreshing thing in cans. Made by Rose's—to Rose's very high standards. Rose's give you better shandy. And more shandy for your money, because Rose's shandy comes in tall cans. Tall, shiny cans with a big RRR all round. Be the first in your crowd to have the new drink. Give a Rose's Shandy party.



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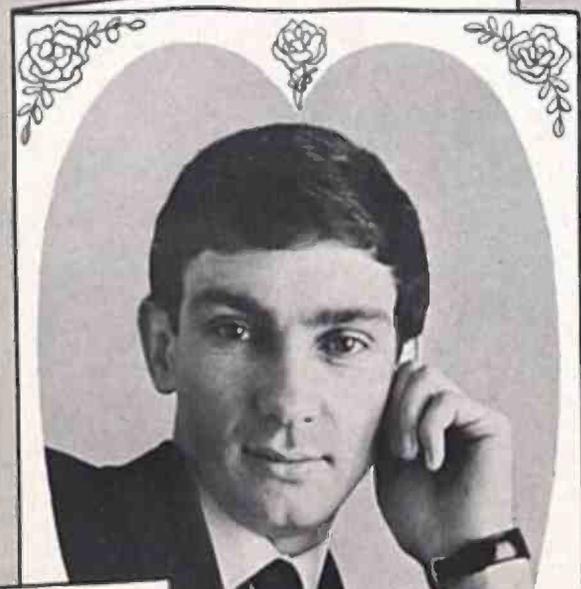
Hear her sing this jingle on
Caroline and Luxembourg



NEW ROSES SHANDY

AT YOUR GROCER AND OFF-LICENCE NOW

XXX GUESS WHO! XXX



MY VALENTINE THOUGHTS



I've seen you in the papers
I've seen you on the screen
So can you tell me why it is
I still see you in my dreams?

● ● ● page 35

■ You know how mad crazy I am about football? Well, one of the things I want to see happen is for Chelsea to walk off with the League title. One person who could well help them to do so is Terry Venables—a great player and, incidentally, owner of a very good voice. So a Valentine to you, Terry—and let's hope Chelsea are right there on top at the end of the season!

■ A Valentine to Dick Lester—for the way he brought out

the best in the Beatles on screen. So many people have said that—in "A Hard Day's Night"—the Famous Four were "so natural" and "so exactly themselves" and so on and so on. True enough. But I know you can't manage to "be yourself" unless you have an expert director guiding you. I saw the film four times—and each time I appreciated Dick's behind-the-scenes work all that much more.

■ Gene Pitney is on my Valentine list 'cos he's such a homely, down-to-earth guy.

He thinks the beat and jazz clubs in England are wonderful. "It's great", he once said to me, "to be able to go along in casual clothes and—if you want—sit on the floor and sip a Coke. Nothing like this in the States. Our clubs are too formal."

P.S. re Gene. He's mad about tea. Has his own favourite brand of teabags. Takes some with him everywhere. At RSG he has been known to show us—the British—the proper way to make teal

■ A Valentine to Mike McGear—for having the courage of his convictions. He could have traded on the fact of being Paul McCartney's brother. But he hasn't. He is building a career very nicely on his own. Good for him! Well, they are my Valentines. Are there any of yours there, too? I wonder. See you next month.

Cathy Mc. Gowan

He made the vow to himself one day in the December of 1961. It was a bleak, black day for him—one in which his world seemed suddenly to have fallen apart. He remembers going forlornly into the dressing-room and breaking the news to the Blue Flames . . . "We've had it. Nothing more for us with Larry Parnes. Billy Fury's going to do this film. Then he's getting a new group. What do we do now? Sorry, but I haven't a clue."

Yet—though he had felt so despairing—he recalls giving a dodgy sort of grin as he spoke. He *had* to grin—at the way the cookie had crumbled for him. "Watch Georgie Fame! He has fantastic talent—and he is only seventeen". That had been the big tip-off in the business only a few months before. He had burst into the limelight in Larry Parnes' "Big Beat Show". He had been on the pad all ready for launching. Now—shatteringly—it was a question not of stardom, but of how he was going to eat.

"We got proper notice from Larry Parnes. I've no complaint. But I had commitments to meet—and I knew when I had met them I would be broke. I was worried stiff. But later that night—when I had collected my thoughts—I made a promise to myself: that one day I would win the stardom which had so suddenly

YEH, YEH, FAME AT LAST!

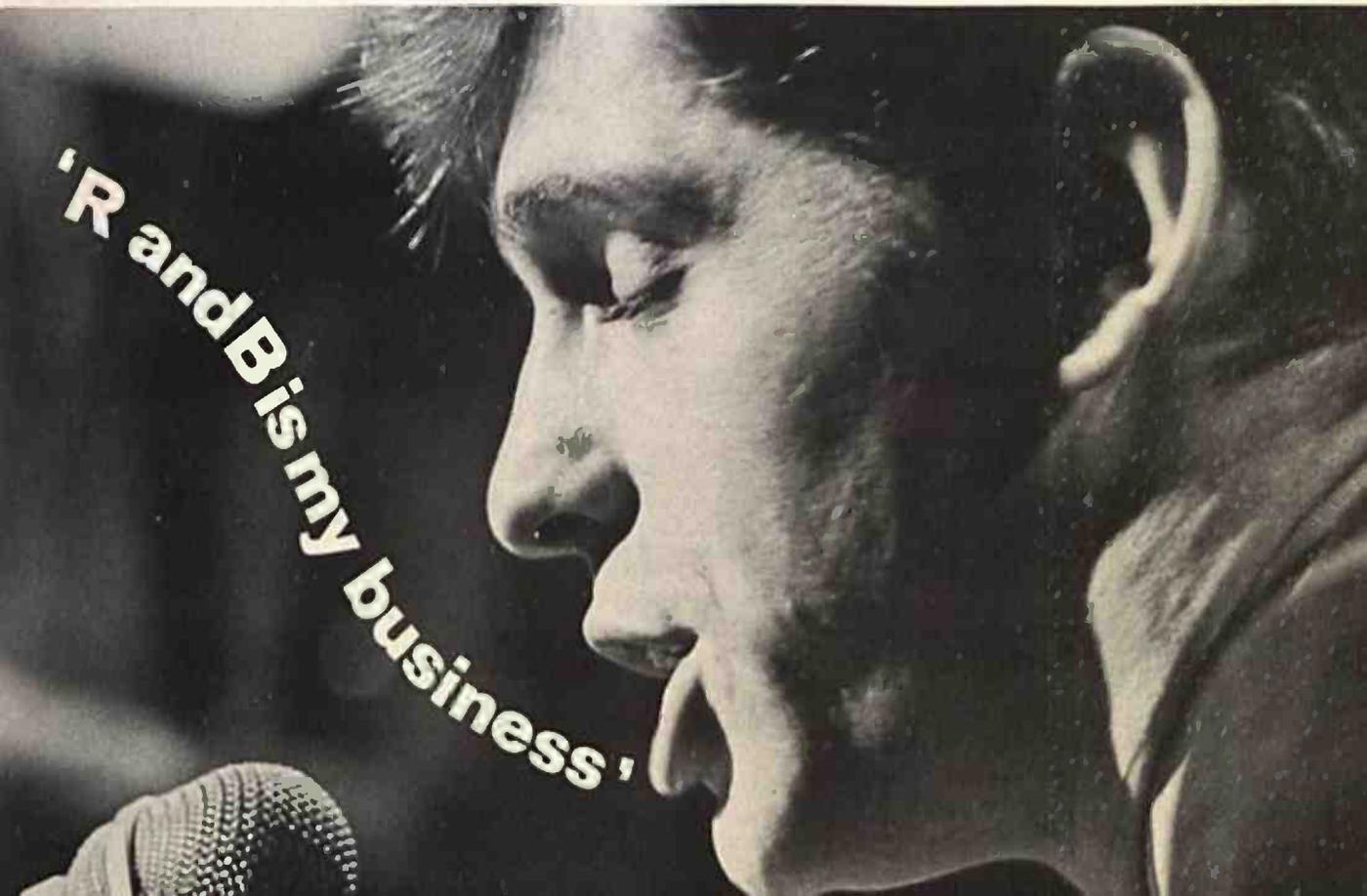
Yeh, yeh a HIT for Georgie Fame at last, too! And for the full story right from the beginning, begin reading here.

slipped away from me. This I would do no matter how much I had to slog and sweat—no matter how long it took. Well, it has taken me three years . . ."

There was no trace of cockiness in Georgie Fame as he sat talking in January '65. He may rave up a storm on stage. But offstage he is quiet, modest and as shy as they come. The more we chatted, however, the more I sensed his deep-down determination. His stocky build suggests it. So does the glint in his eye and the earnestness in his voice. So does every chapter in the story of his fight-back to success . . .

"Nero was the guy. He had the Gladiators. Remember? His real name was Mike O'Neill. There were three fellows in particular who were to help me get off the hook. He was the first. My home is in Leigh, Lancashire. So is his. So I was able to get home that Christmas 1961—in the back of the Gladiators' van. I told my family about the break with Billy Fury—but kidded them I had great things lined up. Of course, I had *nothing* lined up. Not as much as two quid. Day after Boxing Day I went back to London. That's where you have to be if you want to watch for the breaks. When I got to London I was broke. And where do you live if you can't pay rent? That was where Mike helped" ••

'R and B is my business'





First person to get to No.1 with an 'uncommercial' sound. Is this a record? yeh yeh!

this is it'. That left just one important question: *where* were we going to do our stuff?"

Alan Watson . . . Now tenor sax with the Migil Five . . . Georgie recalls how he was the third Mister Fix-it to help him on the way back . . .

"Al fronted the resident band at the Flamingo Club in Soho. He told me he would watch for a break for us there. He was as good as his word. He fixed for us to dep for him one afternoon session at the Flamingo.

"This was it: our big break. I began to feel after only eight bars or so that we were going to get by. We did that—and more. I could sense the voltage stepping up in the audience.

On The Way Back

"Finally, we came away from the Flamingo feeling sky high—and with the promise of more bookings. My last thought as I dropped off in Mike O'Neill's chair that night, was that we were at last on the way back."

By now Georgie and I had practically finished the lunch over which we had been talking. As he sipped his coffee he said, "We all realised we still needed a big hit disc to get us properly known all over the country. But it was so long coming, I had begun to wonder if we would ever get it. My regular appearances at the Flamingo fronting my own group started around July 1962. But it wasn't till September 1963 that my first Columbia single—"Do the Dog"—came out. And it wasn't till the December of 1964 that 'Yeh Yeh' gave us the out-and-out smash.

"Sure: we felt great when we got it. There was a special reason . . . When our previous discs hadn't hit the Ten, people had said, 'Why not water it down, Georgie? Go for a more commercial sound'. But we did nothing of the sort. We make the kind of music that gives us a hundred per cent excitement to play. Now it seems more and more fans get *their* kind of excitement from listening to it. Like I said: I've waited three years for this to happen. And if ever a wait has been worth while, this one has . . ."

the time, he fretted over having no money to take a girl out on a date—no money even to take himself out. But today he realises fate was working with a purpose he didn't know about . . .

"I had to pass the time somehow—and the obvious way was in listening to Mike O'Neill's record collection. 'Help yourself', he told me soon after I moved in. It was a good thing I did. Listening to Mike's discs brought me for the first time into contact with rhythm 'n' blues. It was the most exciting, explosive gas of a sound I had ever heard.

"I would sit listening to King Pleasure, James Brown, Mose Allison, Ray Charles and others on the same kick and keep saying to myself, 'Man, this is for me'. This was my kind of music. It would never be enough just to listen to it—I would have to *make* this music myself . . .

"Luckily, I had kept in touch with the Blue Flames. I now told them about the kind of sound I wanted to get. They were all for it. We started rehearsing. We wanted to get as near as possible to the electrifying soul and the beat of real rhythm 'n' blues. The day came when I said, 'I think

by rave reporter
DICK TATHAM

••• Georgie Fame remembers the feeling of relief wash over him as the boss of the Gladiators spoke the few, friendly, all-important words . . . "Look, mate, I know things are tough. Now we've got this flat in Soho. Just a couple of rooms. You're welcome to doss down there. Most nights you'll have to kip on a mattress on the floor—or in a chair. But it'll be better than a park bench."

Better than a park bench? The way things were with him, the offer of a kip in a chair was almost like being given a suite at the Dorchester Hotel. "Some nights", he recalls, "the Gladiators would be working far out in the provinces. Then I was able to sleep in a bed. Man, the luxury!"

Food For Fame

Food? Now and then he would get a night's work and be able to stock up. But there were still times when the cash ran out. Then Georgie's friend-in-need was Tony Secunda—now co-manager of The Moody Blues. "Tony would drop round to the flat and say, 'How about a hamburger?'—or 'Let's go for fish and chips'. There were days when all I had to eat was what Tony was kind enough to lay on."

The loneliness . . . There were long spells of that at the flat when the Gladiators were away working. At

MR. RAVEABLES

They're the stars whom we're raving over now and who you'll be raving over soon!

Fabulous French star, Alain Delon is tipped as the film-world's golden boy of '65. The big breakthrough for Alain began this year when he started filming in English. And watch out for him when he stars in "The Yellow Rolls Royce" and "The Love Cage." Two equally marvelous films.



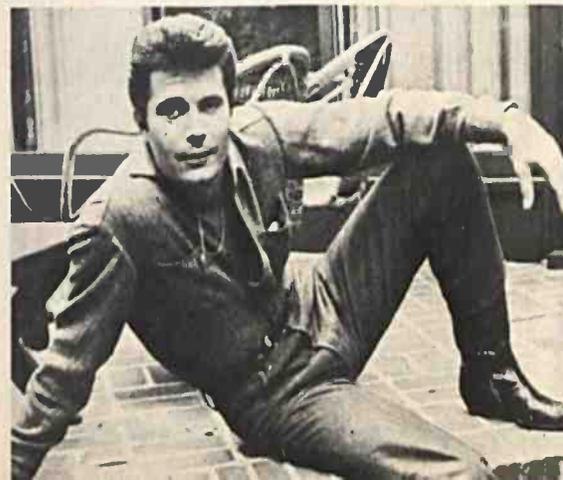
At 24, Peter McEnery is a perfect example of boyish good looks! Peter lives at Brighton and goes more for the quieter life. He got his big film break in "The Victim" after being spotted by Dirk Bogarde, and then came his big starring role with Hayley Mills in "The Moonspinners". He's got lots lined up in '65 so keep an eye open P.S. He's in colour on p. 60, too!



Handsome, elegant Michael Caine was born in the Old Kent Road, but to look at him you'd never think so! The spotlight fell on 32-year-old Michael when he appeared in the film "Zulu", and his outstanding performance in that led to the starring role in "The Ipcress File"—his current film, an exciting 007 type story.



He's a bachelor, he's 6 ft. 3 in. tall and very hunky too! That's Max Baer Jr., son of a famous boxer. He was thinking of following in dad's footsteps until he met up with Hollywood. Since then, it's been loads of l.v. shows such as "Sunset Strip", "Hawaiian Eye" till he finally settled down as Jethro in the popular "Beverly Hillbillies."



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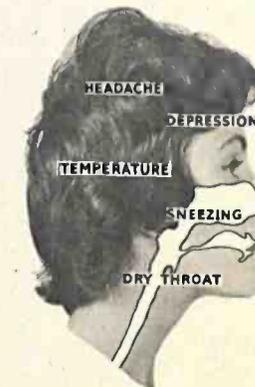
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dodo's POP DIARY

The diary a rave girl keeps, to keep you up-to-date on coming pop events

FOR FEBRUARY

- 1 At last P.J.'s. on the move! Tonight, the Cilla/Jim Proby tour plays Northampton ABC. (Wonder who's looking after Marmaduke while the master's away?) Show also stars Cliff Bennett, Fourmost, Tommy Quickly and Sounds Inc.
- 2 Graham Nash of the Hollies 23 today!
- 3 Another Hollies birthday—Eric Haydock is 22. Dave Davies of the Kinks celebrates his 18th birthday today—down under in Australia.
- 4 John Steel (Animals) 24 today. If Chas's birthday party at the Crazy Elephant was anything to go by—his should be a rave too! Millie leaves for Germany—first stop of her grand tour of Europe, Australia, America and Far East.
- 5 Marianne Faithfull's new release out today—"Come And Stay With Me."
- 6 Dave Berry 24 today. Billy J. and Animals on "Lucky Stars". Bachelors in first of own t.v. series, "Bachelors Night Out". Last night of big Australian tour for Manfred, Kinks and Honeycombs.
- 7 Wayne Fontana leaves for Swedish trip. Dusty Springfield makes a welcome return to the "Palladium". Cliff Bennett and Spencer Davis Group on "Easy Beat."
- 8 The Kinks play a week of dates in the Far East. Dave Clark 5 start shooting first film today. It's called "Catch Us If You Can"—a musical comedy.
- 9 Nicky Crouch 22 today. Hope Nick and Stu James make out all right with the new group. Peter and Gordon fly to Paris for t.v. date.
- 10 The Moody Blues "go now" on their first Scottish tour—Dunfermline Cinema. Julie Rogers on ATV "Night Spot."
- 11 Gene Vincent's birthday.
- 12 Cilla/Jim tour plays Scotland—Edinburgh ABC.
- 13 American jazz man Wild Bill Davison at Dancing Slipper, Nottingham.
- 14 Valentine's Day! I know who I'm putting top of my list! (But it's my secret!)
- 15 Another Kink birthday—Mick Avory 21 today!
- 16 The Roy Orbison show opens tonight at Slough Adelphi. Also stars the Rockin' Berries. Another big party tonight—Clive Lea of the Berries 23 today!
- 17 Gene Pittney 24 today. Orbison tour goes over to Ireland—Belfast ABC.
- 18 Herman's Hermits set out for brief Irish tour.
- 19 New great Doris Day/Rock Hudson film out on general release this Sunday—"Send Me No Flowers."
- 20 Jim Proby on "Lucky Stars."
- 21 Zombies on "Easy Beat". Last night of Cilla/Jim tour at Liverpool Odeon.
- 22 Great day—the Beatles start filming today—in colour!
- 23 Mike Maxfield (Dakotas) 21 today. Lulu leaves for Holland for one of her dates.
- 24 Paul Jones of Manfreds 23 and Jess Conrad 25 today.
- 25 Happy Birthday to George Beattie! He's 22 today!
- 26 Sandie Shaw reaches the ripe old age of 18! Wonder if she'll get any shoes for a birthday present?
- 27 Roy Orbison on "Lucky Stars."
- 28 To round off this short, snappy month, yet another birthday—Brian Jones is 22.

CATHY'S DREAM PARTY

ARE YOU ONE OF THE WINNERS?

The following three readers each won an LP for the winning entries to Cathy's Dream Party Competition (December).

BRY. RICHMOND, Marsh Gate, Thornham, Nr. King's Lynn, Norfolk.

BERNICE DOUGLAS-HUDSON, Roecliffe, Corbridge, Northumberland.

KAREN SPREADBURY, St. Michael's Lodge, Newtown, Uckfield, Sussex.

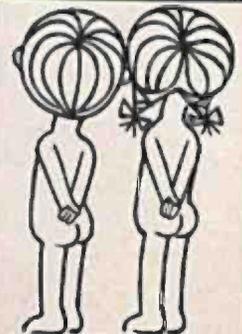
*It's all happening
in Rave next month
OUT FEBRUARY 25.*

**Cilla
Black
is
Back!**

**READ
GEORGIE'S
FAME AND
FORTUNE**

**WE'RE GOING
PLACES WITH
THE STONES**

**THE GIRLS
BEHIND THE
POP
BOYS**

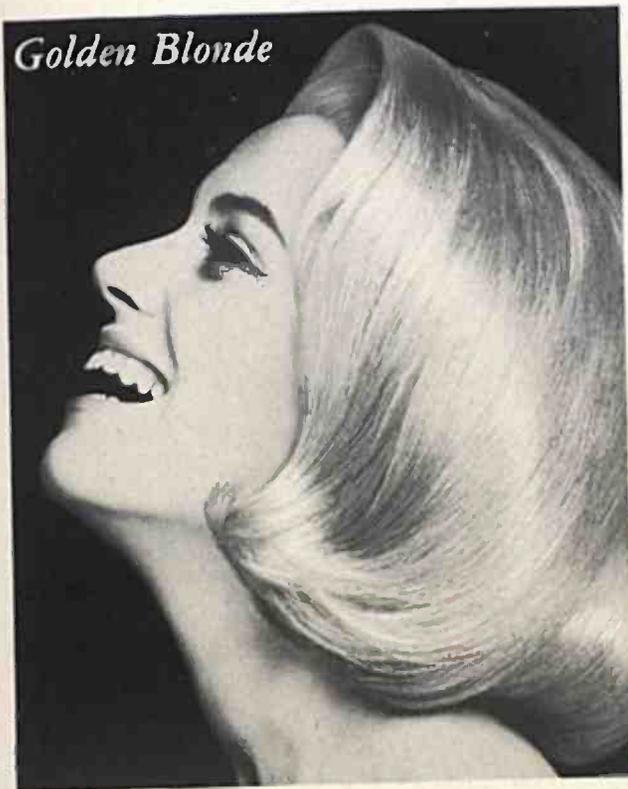


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INECTO
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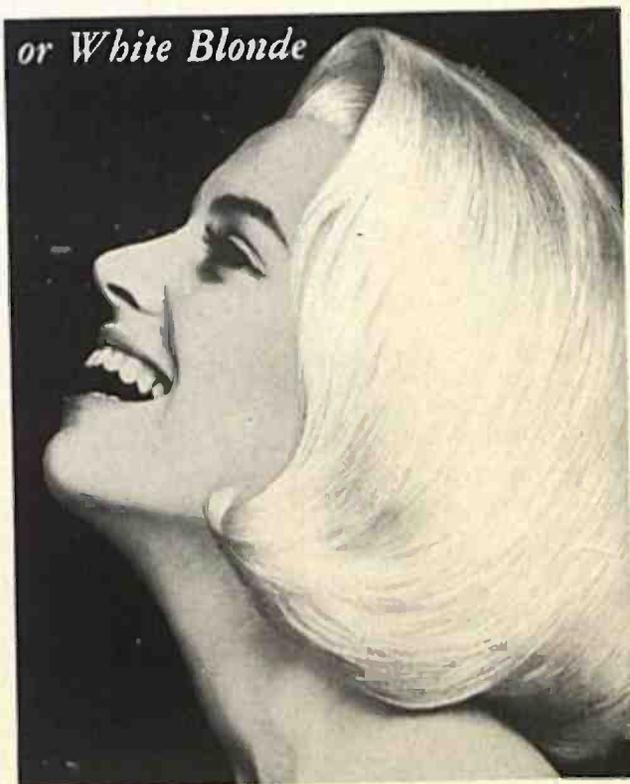
ULTRA
BLEACH
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YOU ACTUALLY CHOOSE
WHAT KIND OF
BLONDE YOU WANT TO BE...

Golden Blonde



or White Blonde



Clever. lanolin-rich Hi-lift gives you this fabulous choice... mix Hi-lift with water and you'll have golden, sun-kissed highlights... mix Hi-lift with peroxide and you're a much whiter, cooler blonde. Sensational! You decide just how light you want to be, mix accordingly and let Hi-lift do the rest... gently, expertly, beautifully. You'll find life becomes gayer, more exciting, more fun - when you use Hi-lift ultra bleach with lanolin.



Hi-lift loves hair - you'll love Hi-lift **3/6** at your chemist or beauty counter

LATEST GAVE PICTURE SCOOP! STOP SPECIALLY EL-MAILED



EL PLAYS LONNIE

BEALE

A DRIFTING TROU

BADOUR

IN LATEST

FILM TICKLE ME

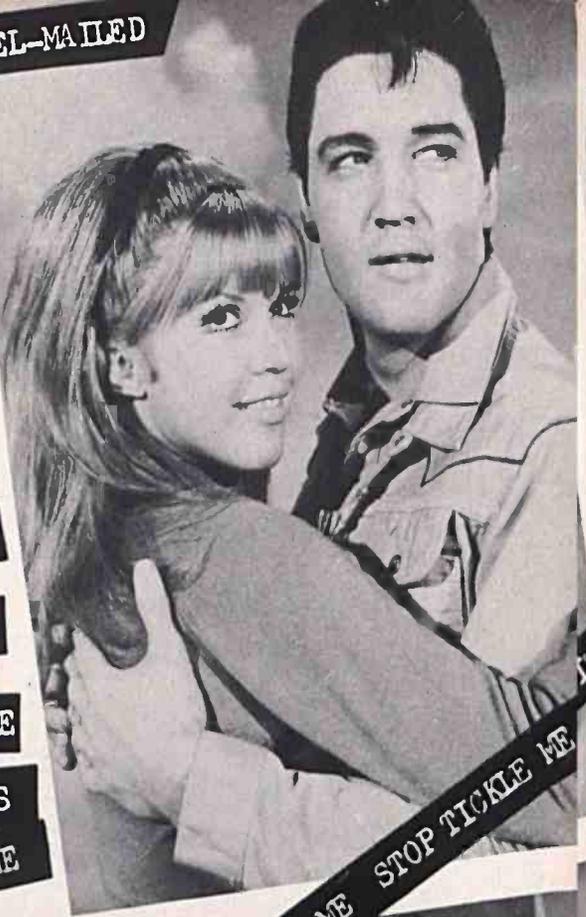
STOP SINGS NINE

SONGS STOP GETS

INVOLVED IN TREASURE

HUNT STOP CO-STARS

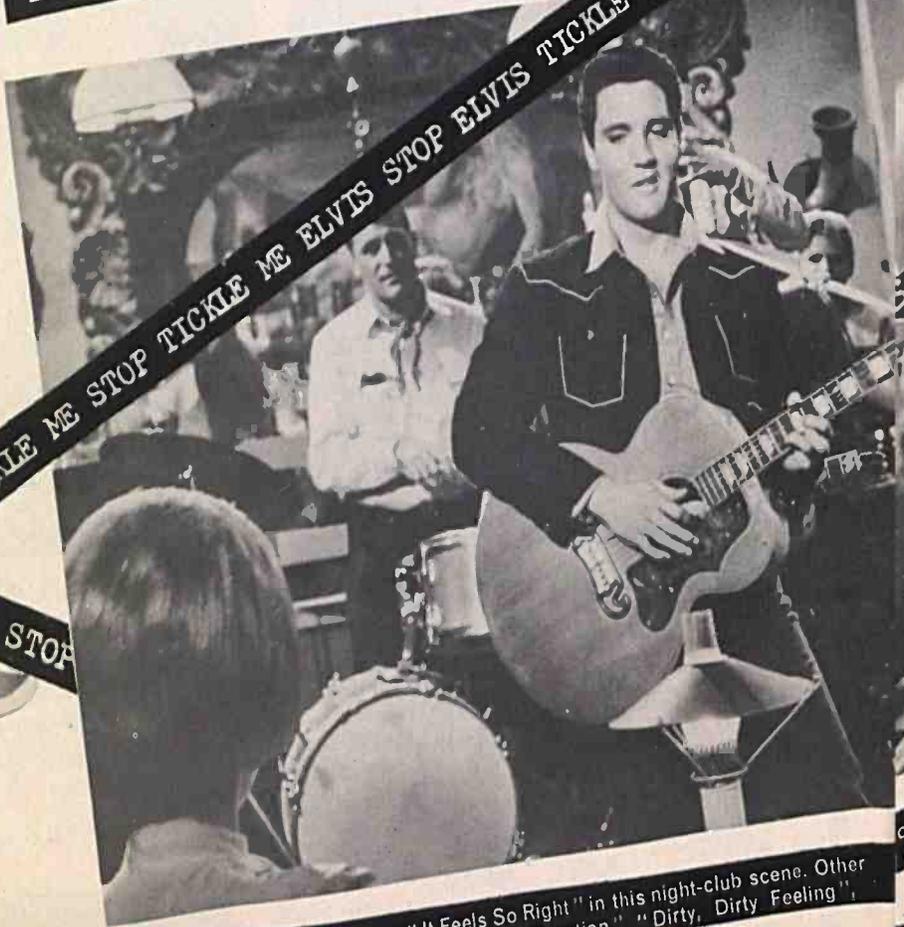
LOVELY JOCELYN LANE



TOP: Lonnie gets tied up with some girls from the Circle Z Ranch!
CENTRE: Lonnie, Pam and Stanley uncover the secret treasure trove.

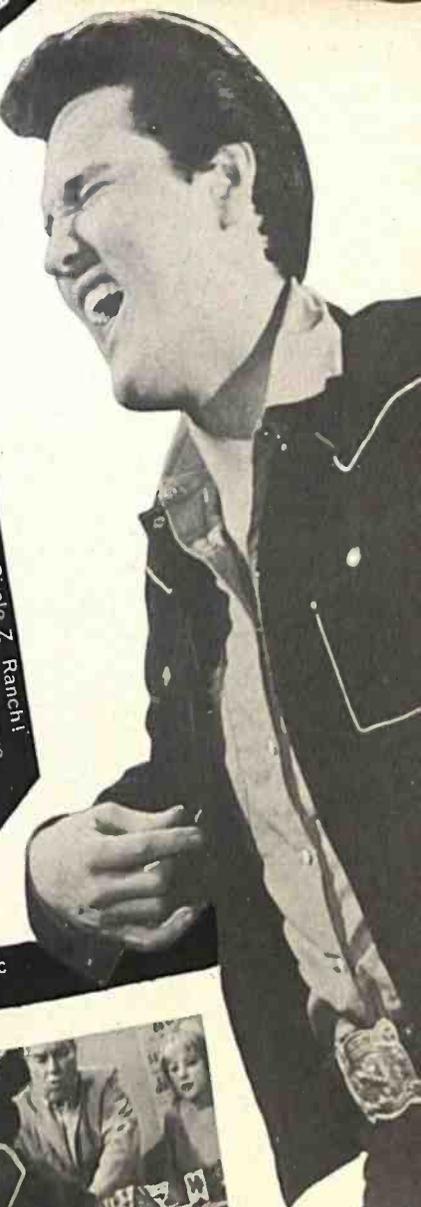


BELOW: Not much tickling going on as Lonnie gets involved in a hectic night-club brawl. Just one of the many tense incidents in the film.



FROM THE U.S.
TO US STOP

Lonnie (EL) sings "It Feels So Right" in this night-club scene. Other songs are "It's A Long, Lonely Highway", "Easy Question", "Dirty, Dirty Feeling", "I'm Yours", "Night Rider", "I Feel I've Known You Forever", "Put The Blame On Me" and "Slowly But Surely".



today's raves

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

There's a swinging idea going around the girls we know with the long straight hair look. And for those who rebel at the Vidal Sassoon chop-it-off cut. Twist and loop hair back, like this one, in a deep deep Victorian chignon. First seen: on Sandie Shaw New Year's Eve.



Sunsilk's Victorian Chignon

DANCE RAVE

"RSG!" has become the first show to promote its own dance. It's The Skip, invented, recorded and danced by singer/dancer Peppi.

Here's how they Skip:—

Start with feet together, hop onto right foot, bend left leg, putting weight on left toe only. Hop onto right foot again. These are the basic foot movements carried through the whole dance—it's like skipping backwards. Your arms are rotated backwards, elbows bend from the waist. Variation: Same foot movements, but rotate left arm with right hand on your hip. For those of you with a partner: Put your right hand on your partner's waist, rotating left arm, then change to left hand on opposite's waist. All very simple, all very easy—with a bit of practise!

rave girls get a ring

Discovered—a rave jewellery shop in Chelsea. Chelsea is known for its bright, new and different ideas, and these new "gem" designs certainly live up to that reputation!

1 For the rave girl with an elegant flair, these silver and amber drop earrings with a matching new-look ring with a raised amber are ideal. £2.18.0 and 4 gns. 2 Long, fine

NEW SLANT

Trouser suits are still with us, but here's a new slant for those who like to switch around with co-ordinates. One jacket with three pairs of trousers—shorts, bermudas and slacks, will be the trend, in porcelain colours.

revival

Seems that everything from the 1930's is coming right back again. Latest "revival" to hit the market is the carpetbag handbag. Available from all branches of Peter Robinson at 59/11d.

■ An R & B club that is predicted to get much much bigger this year is London's Flamingo. Mostly due to Georgie Famo's fame.

GOOD GUYS FOR GIRLS

All the rage of New York at the moment is for the radio stations to have their own sweat shirts for listeners. WMCA Good Guys is the emblem of this particular shirt (sporting on the back page of rave by Eric Burdon) WMCA is the station, and a Good Guy is a D.J.I Over in the States these shirts are given free to any star who appears on the programme.

■ New word for great, gear, fab—"out of sight". Taken from the increasingly popular James Brown's hit record of the same name. Also from U.S. new language for insults: Zilch, Wimp, Lizard, Gink, Borf, Suzz, and Squid. New language for praise: Mean, Brutal, Savage and Zero Cool!

necklace rave

Latest rave in the jewellery line are bead necklaces. Cathy McGowan started this one off—long ropes of skinny coloured beads, either glass or wooden.



A girl's Good Guy

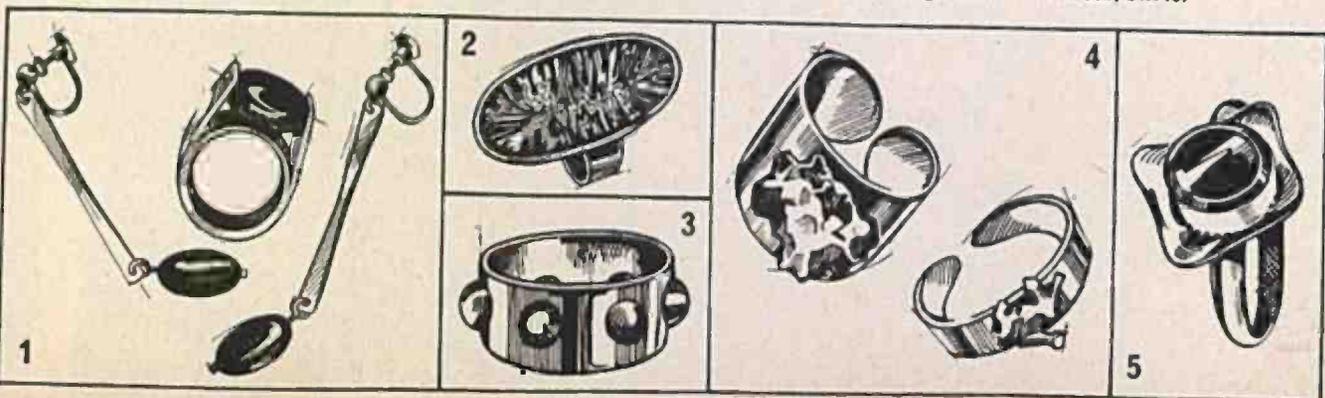
fingers set off this copper and green enamel "long" ring perfectly. It looks really great and is adjustable too! (28/-).

3 For the rave boy who doesn't go for signets, a wide silver band ring with set-in copper studs (£2.10.0), is just right for trend-setting. 4 Then going-steadies wear these new matching silver nugget rings, made in two sizes (large and

small), £2.15.0 and £1.5.0.

5 For 3 gns. here's a ring that causes admiring glances. It's silver with an abstract setting and an amber sitting very pretty on top.

All of these fabulous raves are so original—they'd make really great gifts—and can be bought (post free) from Anshef's, 33 Kings Road, Chelsea, S.W.3.

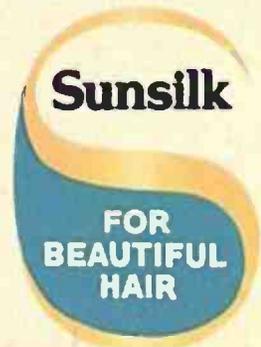




Who says women are all alike?
NOT SUNSILK, THE SHAMPOO FOR AN INDIVIDUALIST

Sunny hair, silky hair, good tempered hair that obeys you so beautifully . . . this can be your hair, when you treat it kindly and shampoo with the Sunsilk it needs. There's a special Sunsilk for every kind of hair . . . for normal hair, dry hair, greasy hair, dull hair. Choose your own Sunsilk and see how your hair can blossom into beauty.

THERE ARE FOUR KINDS OF SUNSILK — ONE IS FOR YOU
P.S. Have you tried new Sunsilk Hairspray—it lets your hair swing!



Beginning a new rave series spotlighting each month a different girl star and the special world in which she lives.

to make SANDIE sure...

She stood in front of the television cameras as hard, searching lights blazed onto her dark hair and pale face. Technicians gave instructions, and she moved an inch to the left, a couple of paces back, getting everything exactly right. Her dress was brightest red, and her famous feet covered in matching slippers. The hullabaloo in the studio, where they were filming an insert for the American tv show, "Shindig", didn't appear to bother Sandie Shaw. She looked relaxed, sure of herself and her own ability.

But Sandie isn't always so sure as she looks. She is a deep girl, full of hidden complexes, and surprising moods. Sometimes she craves silence, and

hardly speaks to anyone all day. At these times she eats alone, travels alone, and sits alone in her dressing-room. Other times she giggles—high and squeaky—chats, and plays jokes on people. It is impossible not to join in the frivolity for her gaiety is catching.

Sandie is also an obstinate girl, and no-one can make her do what she doesn't want to.

"If I decide I won't do a thing, that is it, I won't". She glanced at her enthusiastic manager, Eve Taylor, who said firmly, "You're seventeen and you've a lot to learn. You should take advice, and do what you are told!"

Sandie threw up her hands, laughed with her eyes, and walked with me to the studio canteen. Perched on a high stool, drinking tea, she said:

"Because I'm seventeen I am told to take advice and do as people bid. I think, what's so different about being seventeen that I can't decide for myself? If I let people sway me now, I'll still be letting them when I'm eighteen, twenty-one, thirty. Shouldn't I be myself now and always?"

"I have won a few battles with people since I came into show business. I won't let them change me. I don't want a false public image, I want to be myself. I'll give you one perfect example of the battles I have had. I don't like lacquer on my hair. It is important to me that I don't use it. I get my hair washed

every three days, because that is when it gets greasy, and I think hair is most important. I like clean, shining, fresh-smelling hair. So why should I have it stuck up with lacquer just because a make-up girl, or a tv producer thinks I should?"

Sandie is a star who cares about being a person.

"Looks matter a lot to me", she said, "If I look good I feel confident. It's important for both a performer, and a person, to be sure of themselves."

She brushed her hair back with her hand, suddenly looking seven not seventeen. "I'm not at all sure of myself really as a performer. I'm a bag of nerves before a show in a theatre". She fidgeted. "I walk round and round my dressing-room. I shake, really physically shake, and I feel sick. Then I think, 'Stop it, what does it matter? You aren't so important to the world that you should go on like this'. But everyone's important to themselves, aren't they?"



As a person privately, Sandie feels very different now from before she became famous.

"I feel more sure of myself when I get new clothes", she said. "New clothes inspire me with confidence. Also, I have achieved something by getting to number one in the Hit Parade. Before, I wasn't anybody special. I hardly ever went out, I much preferred to



stay home quietly listening to records, I had no confidence.

"As your record sells, you know people are admiring you, and you feel better. I think the way for a girl who stays home like I did, to come out of her shell, is for her to be forced out of it. If I could do it, anyone can.

Who are her friends? What does she feel about love and marriage? Has a girl like Sandie found the answer to what she wants from life? There Sandie isn't sure.

"I've never had many friends", she said, "I had one, no, I tell a lie, two girl friends, and I've still got them. I had a lot of acquaintances but they've got lost along the way. If a person is a real friend they'll stick by you. I've made a lot of new ones since I came into pop, but I won't know how true they are for a long while yet. Actually I prefer boys to girls as friends. Girls are usually either jealous of me, or I of them. I never feel at ease with a girl.

"I won't talk about love and marriage. I believe love is a private thing, and very important, and discussing it makes it cheap.

"I haven't found what I'm looking for in life yet. I will find it, but it'll take time, I'm famous and quite well off, and people fuss round me, but that isn't the answer. I care a lot about my career, but I don't think it would bother me if it folded up. I'd find something

else to hang on to. I'd never go back to a normal job. I'd do anything that was different and exciting."

Sandie did her first stage show in Paris in December. The French didn't take kindly to her, and threw money onto the stage and shouted, "buy shoes!" Next day we had met and discussed the trip.

"Everyone's getting very excited about it, but I'm not. I didn't make a big impact on the French. So what? Who cares?" She shrugged.

"Don't you really care?" I asked her. She twisted the ring round on her finger.

"Yes, but it's no use upsetting myself now. It's over. Next time I'll know what sort of act they want and I'll give it to them. The rest of the trip was very successful as it happens."

It was time to go. The girl with the beautiful teeth, which add greatly to her looks when she smiles, got up. She has great talent, determination, and an interesting portion of obstinacy. As she put on her coat and dark glasses, a sort of mod Greta Garbo said, "It's foggy out. I won't find what I'm looking for in life tonight, will I? Still I'll try," and as the swing doors of the canteen flapped behind her, the girl who sings the sad songs of unrequited love, laughed—loud and cheerful—and went looking in the fog.

JEAN-MARIE



GIRL IN A GIRL'S WORLD



SANDIE SHAW

rave



MR. RAVEABLE PETER McENERY

rave



EJH

THE HOLLIES

YOU'RE TELLING US!



Anything you want to talk about? Anything you want to complain about or praise? Then here's where you can do it! Tell us—we pay 2 guineas for the best letter used!

When will people stop being silly and getting themselves excited when a singer makes a cover version of another's song? If a singer finds a song he likes, can sing well and make it a hit, why shouldn't he also record it? Surely there's no room for sentiment in the competitive pop business. I say, may the best man (or girl) win! —Bernice Jubb, Kingsbury, N.W.9.

Guess there'll always be cover versions of songs as long as there's music. But in the end, which version's a hit depends on the fans. So they should be the last ones to complain. And there's two guineas winging its way to you, Bernice.

SURE, SURE

I don't know why people say Sandie Shaw is a second Dionne Warwick, I certainly don't. Sandie is simply superb and unique. Dionne Warwick is just one big drag. I say three cheers for Sandie!—**Pamela Davy, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.**

How dare P. J. Proby dare say that the fabulous Sandie Shaw sounds like Dionne Warwick?

Sandie, apart from being the most beautiful singer around, has a great style of her own. No-one, not even Dionne can touch her.

Long live Sandie's bare feet and freckles!—**W. N. Mullings, Aldenham School, Herts.**

80 per cent of the letters that came in were on Sandie's side. It looks as if she's going to be one of our brightest female stars for a long, long time.

Beatle Butter

My little 9-year-old sister has gone mad over one particular kind of butter. We've just found out that's because it's called **LENNON!**—**Annette Rascagneres, Toulouse, France.**

Who likes U.S.?

Why are we American teenagers hated so much! Every time we pick up an English magazine, the teens are putting us down. No British singer can top Dionne Warwick and Mary Wells or a group like the Supremes, yet they hardly ever get into your charts! We're willing to admit that your groups are very good, but when it comes to our people, you really don't know what good music is. I think the Stones are great, but I wouldn't say another song is awful because it's not by the Stones. I'm sick and tired of being put down by some English teen, who thinks he's the only thing happening in the world.—**M. Brooker, N.Y., U.S.A.**



Mary Wells

PEN PALS

Dick Breevaart, Merel: Jaan 34, Vlaardingen, Holland. Age 17: Attends high school. Likes swimming, records, parties. Favourite stars: Stones, Cilla, Hollies. Wants English girl pen pal with same interests.

Eileen Visintin, 2338 W. 23rd Street, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. Age 16: Goes for any kind of pop music, American and British. Would like British pen pal.

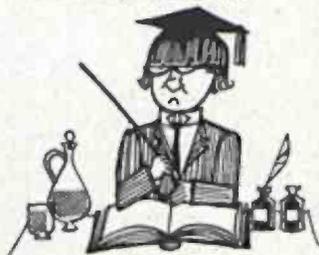
Beverly Allen, 100 South Hamlin, Chicago 24, Illinois, U.S.A. Age 16: Goes for the Beatles, Stones, D.C.S. Would like British pen pal.

Vibeke Badsmand, Randersgade 14, Frederikshaun, Denmark. Age 18: Loves Beatles, Stones, Pretty Things, and all British R & B groups in general. Wants boy pen pal with long hair.

Majvor Kronheffer, Skanegalan 87B, Stockholm, So. Sweden. Age 16: Hobbies are pop and c & w music and reading. Would like American pen pal.

FULL MARKS!

How's this for the most "with it" Maths teacher in our school. **P. J. Beetlestone!—Wendy Henderson, Halifax Crescent, Doncaster.**



Twelve steps to love

Most people would think me very lucky, living so close to the Tremloecs (Alan Blakley lives next door but one). But alas! I never even see them. Dave Munden comes in our newsagents and buys his books, giving my mum the treat of serving—but leaves me a disappointed fan!

Dave seems so near yet so far. Still perhaps if he reads this letter he'll come in the shop when I'M there!—**Sue Marsh, Gale St., Dagenham.**

STONE US!

As usual school is a bore, and so are the forms we have to fill in. But I've fixed all that now. I added these titbits: **FAVOURITE SPORT: Roller Skating. SECRET AMBITION: To Roller Skate through Britain. FAVORITE SAYING: I'm just rolling along. PET PEEVE: Rolling Stones. Just to finish things off nicely, my PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE read: It's A Hard Day's Night. Poor teachers!—Margaret C., West Vancouver, Canada.**

PRETTY?

After seeing the Pretty Things on television the other night, I think they should be called **The Ugly Things**, and are revolting, ugly, disgusting, and messy.

I hope I don't offend anybody?—**Miss J. Ayres, Gloucester.**

What have *Pretty Things* fans got to say?

... and we're telling you!

I think the **Moody Blues** are the greatest, but I still don't know all their names. Can you help?—**Sue Boarden, Godalming, Surrey.**

The line-up is **Denny Laine lead guitar and vocal, Graeme Edge on drums, Clint Warwick bass guitar, Ray Thomas on harmonica and vocal and Mike Pinder, on electric piano and vocal.**

Please could you tell me the name of the Manfred that **Tom McGuinness** replaced?—**Barbara Holland, Sheffield.**

Dave Tichmond.

Who was that good looking guy in December rave? **Terry Stamp** was his name, but I've never seen or heard of him. He's stuck on my bedroom wall now though. Please tell me something about him!—**Angela Shaw, Hanley, Yorkshire.**

Terry Stamp is 24 years old, is 6 ft. 0 in. with brown hair and blue eyes. Terry started out by studying commercial art, but soon went on to Drama school, his first job being an assistant stage manager. At present, Terry lives in a flat in London.

WHAT IS SMART

• Page 15

John Stephen: Styles like britches are too way-out for the average person. It's OK designing something like that for pop groups, because they can be as different as they wish, but the boy working in a normal job has to be a bit conventional.

Vlv: That's why no one has done anything with ties. We've had the string tie, but it didn't catch on. Nor did the high-buttoned shirt without a tie.

Phil: The fact that we are influencing our parents' clothes gives us hope that ties and jackets soon won't matter. The day will come when I'll walk into a decent hotel and get a meal without wearing a tie or jacket. Then smartness will have come to be something really individual, because it'll be free from all conventions.

John Stephen: Older people are definitely influenced by us. I had a gentleman of seventy-four in my shop the other day, and he wanted a pair of trousers with 14½-inch bottoms!

Trilby Lane: How does sex appeal come into all this? Would a girl be put off a really fab boy if he was dressed badly?

Twinkle: Yes, I would anyhow. I was on a train coming back from seeing Billy J. Kramer in Liverpool once, and I met the most super looking boy. He was just so handsome! Well we got on fine, though all we did was talk about the journey and smile. Then he got up, and I saw his trousers. They were flapping in the draught, they must have measured twenty-four inches round the ankle! I was put off him immediately, because I reckoned a boy who could wear such dreadful things must be dead square, and not worth bothering with.

Barbara: I think we are influenced by the way a man dresses, otherwise we wouldn't go about with our own type of man. Clothes reflect personality closely.

Phil: I go for a girl's looks every time. It's the first guide to her character. If a chick looks drab, and plain, and is wearing something unfashionable, unsmart, and rather ugly, I don't go for her. The same chick could dye her hair, dress with-it, and I'd be mad on her. Looks attract you to a girl or guy first, then personality, then character. Later, it doesn't matter what they look like, you know them.

Barbara: I think girls influence their boyfriends' clothes. If a with-it girl gets hold of a square boy, she'll first buy him something to wear, and then go with him when he buys his next outfit, and he'll end up resembling her favourite pop star!

Dick: He won't completely change, though. If he was the kind of boy to wear green woolly shirts and ties, he'll end up wearing dark silk shirts, and straight but knitted ties.

Phil: If he *did* completely change, he wouldn't be smart because he wouldn't be expressing himself.

Trilby Lane: How does a man look appealing in a girl's eyes?

Twinkle: With very tight trousers, high-collared shirts and clean shoes. Mostly, I prefer very long hair like Phil's.

John Stephen: Smart to me is anything that makes me look and approve. For myself I like short hair, neat well-cut suits, and shirts of unusual material.

Barbara: Styles that fit in with the hair and figure of the person, are smart to me. The one who thinks before he, or she, dresses is the one I count as smart.

Phil: Smartness is individuality of the moment. I think we're quite smart, at least we try to be. John is smart, Twink is smart, so is Barbara, and look how differently we are dressed!

Trilby Lane: Which perhaps sums it up. Answers the question we asked at the outset: what is SMART? Smartness is what closely reflects you as a person and echoes the general fashion trend in an individual way. Smartness is what makes you feel good.

Today there are few rules fashionwise—anything can go, from Phil's white cotton trousers in mid-winter to Twink's summertime leather. If you can go out in a jumble sale jacket, a corduroy skirt, white lace stockings and patent shoes and look good then you're smart!



Choose a shampoo made specially for you!

Blondes and brunettes shouldn't share the same shampoo. Each needs special treatment. Specially formulated shampoos that cleanse, condition and protect the unique texture of their hair. Blondes need Sta-blond and brunettes need Brunitex—the two shampoos specially made to keep blondes and brunettes excitingly different.

Stā·blond for blondes

Brunitex for brunettes

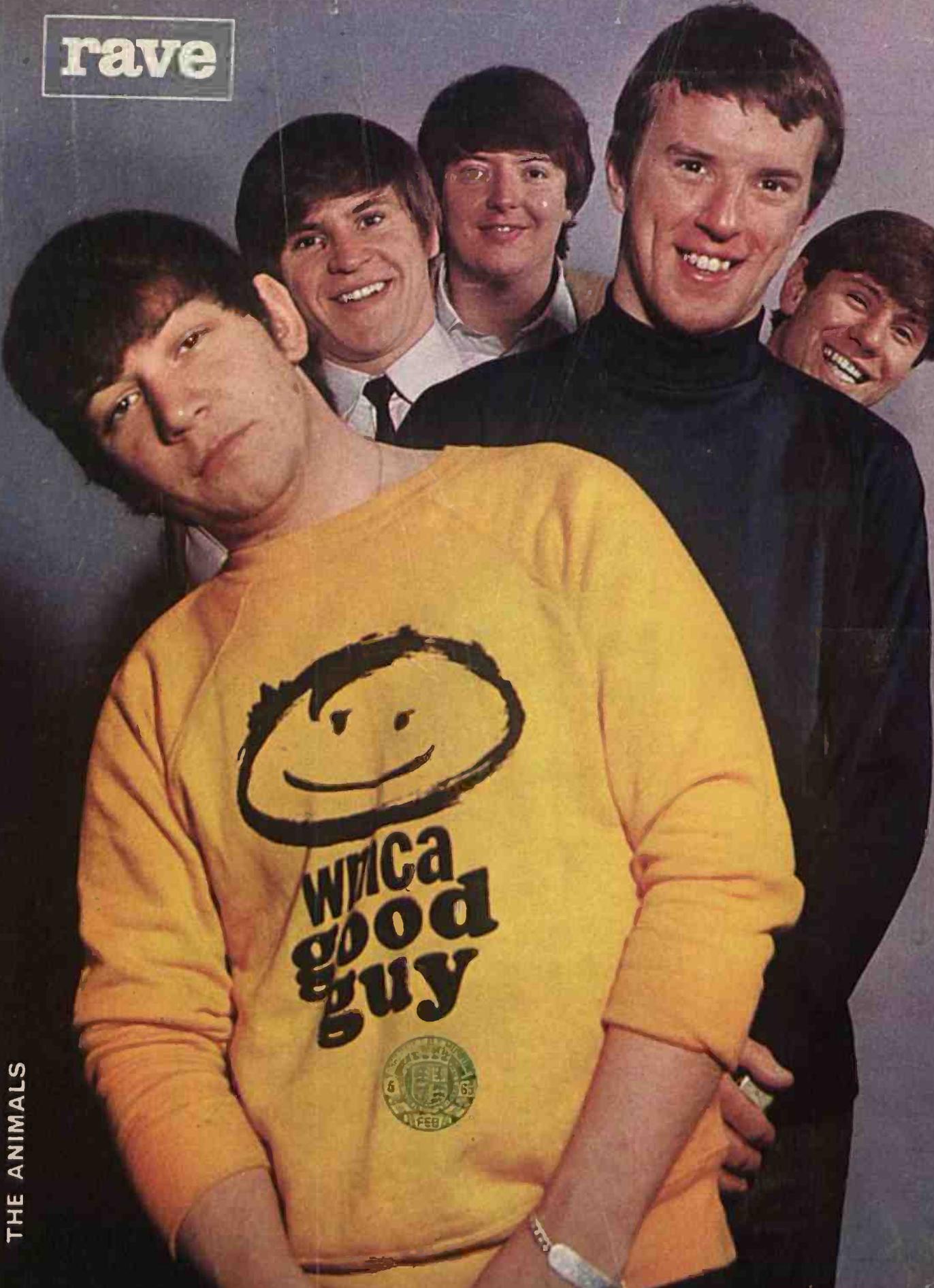
Sta-blond protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of fair hair. Restores rich golden tones. Prevents fair hair from darkening.



Brunitex protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of dark hair. Deepens the richness of tone, and brings out the full colour.

In sachets 8d. (bottles 2/-) — AT BOOTHS, WOOLWORTHS AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

rave



THE ANIMALS

W/CA
good
guy

