

# rawe

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Where it's all happening!

MARCH  
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**moody blues?**

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**STONES  
IN IRELAND**

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**understand  
your  
animals**

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**Fashion St. W.1**

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**Cathy McGowan's  
New Hairstyle**

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# RAVING MADLY

Hi, again. Glad you made it for another raving madly month! A look at Dodo's Diary reminds me that it's St. Patrick's Day on the 17th. 🍀 So, begorra! let's join the Blarney Stones in Ireland. Twinkle's sister (alias **rave** girl Dawn James) went along, too, and penned the strictly **rave** coverage of this Stones Tour for you . . . ➡➡➡➡

Maureen O'Grady (our **rave** girl from County Cork) talks more on more girls—the ones who date the Pop Boys. She knows them. Likes them. And says—don't envy them. \* \* \*

WHY? Read her reasons p. 28.

M'm'm'mmn meet the m'm'moodies at home, P.9, and Cliff at the Palladium—a feature that's Zero Cool\* (P.37).



All this and Fame for everyone reading **rave** this month in Alan Freeman's frankest feature yet.

For a complete breakdown of this month's **rave**, take a peep at 'what's in it for you.' Till next month, April. Stav raved. fans.

*The Editor*

\* Reference: Today's Rave, Feb. issue

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# ROLLING



# WITH THE



# BLAIRNEY



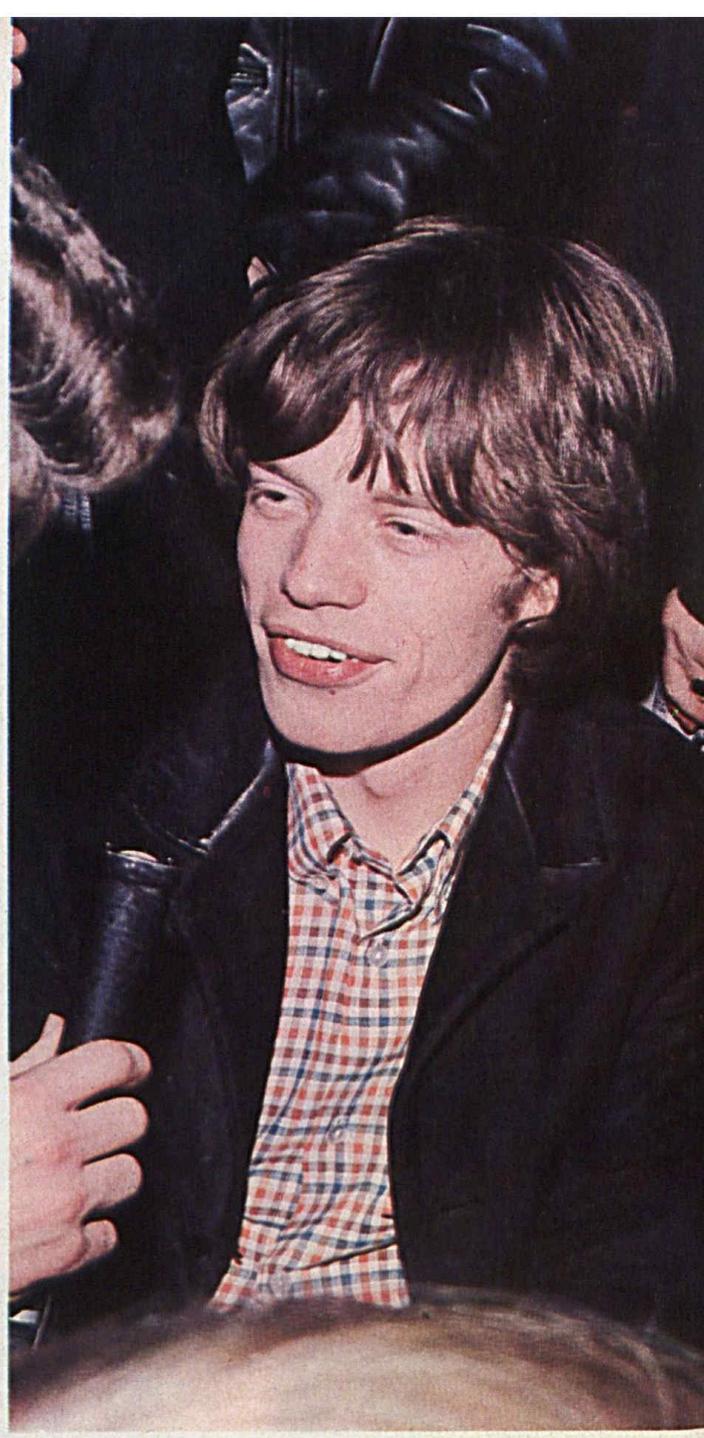
# STONES!

The sign said to Ireland. That's where we were going. So were the Stones. They were going on tour over there. We were going to watch them. We were also going to take lots of pics... and get a RAVE story for you. We thought it would be a fabulous idea. As it turned out, it was.

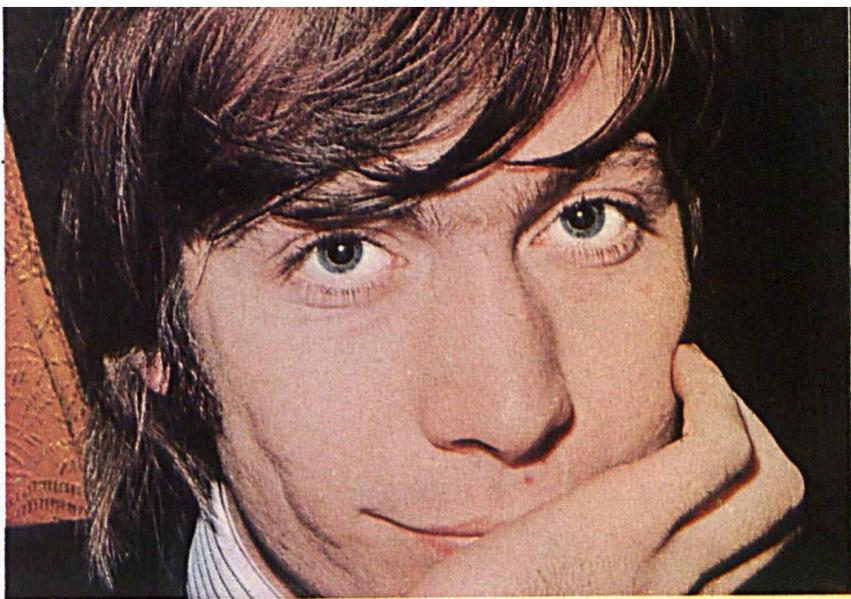
A small silver bell rested in the centre of the darkened stage. Gone were the ashtrays, shoes, scarves and programmes that had been flung about in the hysteria evoked by The Rolling Stones. The stagehands had cleared up all but the memory of a Stones' performance—and the bell. It shone silver in the ray of moonlight which crept through the skylight high above. The theatre was empty now. Earlier, through purple

spotlights—moving in a frenzied circle—Brian, Mick, Keith, Bill and Charlie had played and sung their way into the hearts of the Irish audience. Screams had even swamped the Stones' noise and the purple lights had lost their colour to eyes dimmed by tears of ecstasy. An ashtray missed Bill's face by inches, an iron bolt hit Mick on the thigh. A mod patent shoe swirled towards Brian. He smiled, and ducked elegantly. A programme hissed past





**'Enjoy your Rave in Ireland'—that was the message on the side of the paper bags Rave gave to the Stones—the one Mick's carrying on page 3. And, as these pictures show, they certainly did! What was inside the Rave bags? Chocolate, sweets, felt-tip pens (one of the latest raves) cigarettes and a few other odds and ends. Plus, of course, a copy of the latest issue of Rave!**



ROLLING WITH THE BLARNEY STONES!

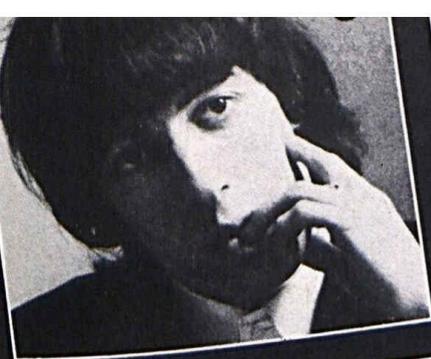


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1 Keith Richards takes time out to repair a busted guitar string. Before rehearsals in Belfast.

2 Keith, Mick, Brian and Bill begin rehearsals in Belfast. That's whisky and coke in the glasses on the amplifiers.

3 Bill caught in a thoughtful mood.

4 The Stones, with Mick at the wheel, make a getaway from the theatre in Dublin.

5 Brian in his dressing-room. This time it's just coke in the bottle!

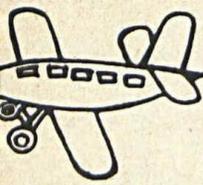
6 Mick and Twinkle coming out of an hotel where they stopped for lunch between Dublin and Cork.

7 Keith playing on stage wearing the latest rave in sunglasses.

8 A fabulous pic of Mick backstage in the dressing-room in Dublin.

9 Lunch in Dublin. That's Charlie, Mick and the Stones' manager, Andrew Oldham, round the table.





# ROLLING WITH THE BLARNEY STONES!

• • • page 3

Charlie's ear, but he didn't even notice. These strange tokens of a strange love were hurled from the turbulent sea beyond the footlights.

An hour later I picked up the bell, and it tinkled prettily. So this was a Stones' tour, I thought, and this was only the start of it. For three days I was to live with the boys and Twinkle, who shared the bill. For three days I was to share the noise and the thrills, and the quiet moments; the start at London Airport on a cold, damp day, when only the continuous flash of photographers' lamps brightened up the dreary sky; the end, in the hotel lounge in Southern Ireland, at seven in the morning, when we talked of ghosts.

Let's go back to the beginning, at the Airport. It was fun boarding the plane with the five famous Stones. People nudged each other, and puzzled looks flew about the low-ceilinged aircraft. There were eleven in our party. The five Rolling Stones, Twinkle, Stew and Mike (Stones' road managers), Glynn Johns, housemate of Stew, recorder of "Terry" and "Golden Lights", and folk singer in his own right (who just came along for the holiday), Andrew Loog Oldham, and myself.

"See what **rave** gave us in these parcels," Charlie said, dipping into the striped carrier bag that was a present from **rave**.

The great plane paused at the end of the runway. The engines screamed.

"This is the dangerous bit," Brian said, leaning back in his seat. The plane rose steeply into the sky.

A tour, any tour, whether it be this or any other, consists of travelling, working, sitting about, and going to bed in strange hotels. It means all day and half the night spent close to those with whom you share the bill. It means sharing performances where nerves are often tense and things go wrong. It means sharing the late night unwindings in hotel rooms and lounges, and the late morning risings when you clamber in another bus or train or plane.

On this particular Stones' tour we were playing three major cities in Ireland. We flew to Belfast, went by train to Dublin, and by car to Cork. Let's take the highlights of those three days. Let's sit in on dressing room rehearsals, press calls, chats. Let's start with a *Press Call*.

It's 4 p.m. or thereabouts, any important tour, any day of it. *Place*: the still-darkened theatre where a few hours later the fans will scream. The press reporters and photographers were gathered in front of the stage, and the Stones had just arrived. As they ran through the glass swing doors of the theatre, the crowd outside gave them an Irish welcome that had us believing their names were Timothy or Pat.

If the Irish fans are well aware of The Stones, not all their pressmen are so well informed.

"You are the only married Stone," a pressman said to Bill.

"Am I?"

"Oh, and that is Mick Jones. Mick, what do you think of the group?" Mick snorted in a very Mick-like-fashion, and said, "I think they're stupid, especially that Jagger bloke."

When reporters made mistakes, the Stones didn't correct them. Together with their manager they played practical jokes, they laughed and they teased their fellow artists.

But as the tour progressed, I saw other sides to them, realised why they tease and laugh. I saw that they also laugh at themselves, that they are very kind to those new to the business. Like the night Twinkle was worried about rehearsals.

It was 6 p.m., Twinkle and The Gonks were desperately trying to rehearse in the tiny dressing-room they shared, next to The Stones. There was little time left before the show.

Mick, realising how worried Twinkle was, had helpfully ordered tea, and was pouring it and handing it round.

A policeman came in with a pile of autograph books.

"Would you leave them and we'll sign later," Twinkle asked.

"Couldn't you do them now, miss?"

Mick took hold of them. "I'll do them now, and I'll get the other Stones to, then come back to you, Twink." He ushered the policeman out, adding over his shoulder, "Don't worry, love, you'll be O.K."

Downstairs, the first house was well begun. A few screams filtered up to the dressing-rooms, and fell on anxious ears. "They're screaming," the news went round. All pop stars care about their audiences. The Stones always peep out at the crowd to see what sort of reaction to expect.

"Look at that bird in the second row," Mick said one night, one pale blue eye peering through a hole in the curtain. "She's wearing a pink sweater." Brian and Keith soon pushed him out of the way, and took a look themselves.

Back in Twinkle's dressing-room Mick returned to his tea.

"Feel better now?" he asked.

"Yes, I hope we'll be O.K.," Twinkle said. "It's not the way to do a good act, though, rehearsing in a dressing-room. If only the theatres would allow you to rehearse properly. If only one had more time. . . ."

This is the constant cry of an artist riding high on the Hit Parade who is doing personal appearances all over the country.

During a tour you become very close to your fellow artists. There are the long hours before and between performances when the walls of the dressing-rooms become prison walls. When the police on the exit doors, keeping away the crowds, seem like your warders. When you head aches and your mind is muzzy.

Once, Mick came out of his dressing-

room and leaned against the cold corridor wall. "I could scream," he said, "Just bawl as loud as I know how. Seems like we'll never get away from here tonight." He loosened his shirt collar. "I'm going out on the fire escape." The door high in the top of the building, opened easily, and Mick stepped into the cold night. It was a long way to the ground below, but not far enough to stop the hundreds of waiting fans in the street making a wild dash up the fire escape to see their idol.

A theatre security guard rushed out. "Come in!" he said, very annoyed. "Are you trying to cause a riot?" The door bolted behind the Stone who tried to get away for a moment.

"I was trying to get some air," Mick said quietly, but the guard didn't understand.

That night, the curtain had been up and down four times before Twinkle and The Stones made their way to the wings. Standing well out of sight, they watched The Gonks performing their new record, "Anyway You Want Me." The mood was a good one then. The frustrations of waiting for the performance disappear once the artists have got as far as the wings. Charlie and Andy giggled like two school-boys, making rude faces behind our backs. Mick and Keith jokingly waltzed together. Brian stood next to Twinkle.

"Whenever I stand in the wings, and there is a super crowd out front, I think of The Beatles," Twinkle said. "I went with them to a show in Buxton about a year ago, and they had to stop the performance because the audience was so excited. I adore The Beatles."

"We've been fans of theirs for years, too," Brian said. "Once we went to see them at The Albert Hall, and we carried out their equipment for them. Because we had long hair we got mistaken for them!"

The Gonks' piece ended. "Let's throw her onstage," Charlie suggested, getting hold of Twinkle. She fought them off, a bit panicky, and got ready for her entry. "Go on then," they pushed her hard, but she kept her balance. Moments later a big voice from a little blonde echoed round the theatre. Bill and Brian stood just out of sight behind the wing curtain.

"Roll Over Beethoven," Twinkle swayed and twisted. The spotlight shone on gold hair. The spotlight died.

"Twinkle, that was lousy," Andy said as she came offstage, though the crowd still cheered.

"Sure," Twinkle came back lightly, "I thought it would match your tongue."

Thundering music burst forth as the red curtains parted and The Rolling Stones entertained. Mick was swaying, his voice a rough, tuneful snarl.

The Stones are wonderful artists onstage. They give a completely polished performance. Applause. Music. Applause. The noise of clapping hands and screaming throats throbbed in our ears. Mick sang and shook and slithered.

"They're so great," Twinkle said softly, "they make you want to cry." A girl out front was crying. Everyone on the show was watching the performance. The audience rose. The lights moved from one colour to the next. A shaft of blue caught Mick as he hypnotised his followers. The

change from violent harsh fast numbers to slower softer melodies, was like running into hot then cold water. We tingled, we caught our breath, we felt a surge of warmth. The lights (played out, like us), died suddenly. The curtain fell. We gasped, then breathed more regularly. The Stones passed us, one by one, each wiping his brow and undoing his shirt.

There is always an anti-climax after a show, but after a Stones' show this is more marked. The dark night offers solitude. The empty theatre has been used, and is soon discarded. The voices, echoing through brick corridors, have nothing more important to say than, "Have you got my case? Where is my guitar?"

Together, or in two's and three's, you make your way out to the waiting cars. Perhaps this, rather than any other time, is the hub, the heart, the essence of a tour. Now begins the long unwind into the night, when you unwind together.

We went back to the hotel set on a hillside overlooking the town, and the river that runs towards the sea. Our party took an entire corridor of rooms. Coffee was ordered in Bill's room, where he had decided to wash his hair. Mick, Brian and Charlie lay on the couch. Keith sat in a corner strumming his Spanish guitar. At a glance, you might have thought the show, only a half-hour before, had never been. But the laughter in that room was as yet too loud, too gay, the occupants too wide awake; their eyes too bright, their voices loud. As pots of coffee came

and time went, a slow calm descended on the party. When laughter did come now, it was deep and infectious.

"Remember the first time we met you, Bill?" Charlie asked. Bill appeared with a towel round his head, and sat on the edge of the bed with Twinkle and I.

"Yes, you just stared at me and didn't speak, and I'd run all the way back from work to meet you on time. I was dead choked. I thought you were a horrible lot." Bill said.

By five o'clock in the morning the bedroom had become too warm, too smoky, as the night was nearly played out. In a last attempt to make our time together last, because this was the end of the tour, we went into the hotel lounge to see in the morning.

A clock struck on the hillside. That and the noise of the wind outside broke the silence. There were no curtains shutting off the lightening sky, and we sat looking out on the new day.

"Ghosts walk when the wind howls," Brian said, sinking further into his chair.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" Twinkle asked.

"I think ghosts are very real, but only products of the mind."

"You mean you imagine them?" Mick inquired.

"No, they are real, but only because people make them so. It's like wishing hard enough and your wish is granted. You hear a howling wind, like that one, and you look into the dark. Go on, look. You might see a ghost and I might not, but just because I didn't it wouldn't mean

it wasn't there."

"Oh, Brian, I'm scared." Twinkle turned away from the window.

"I've read a lot about ghosts and spirits. It is very involved," Brian said, "there are some people who attract spirits; they have a warmth about them that is felt by the ghosts."

We watched the windows as light crept gently over the earth.

"Ghosts of the morning can be seen on the skyline if you watch intently enough," Brian said.

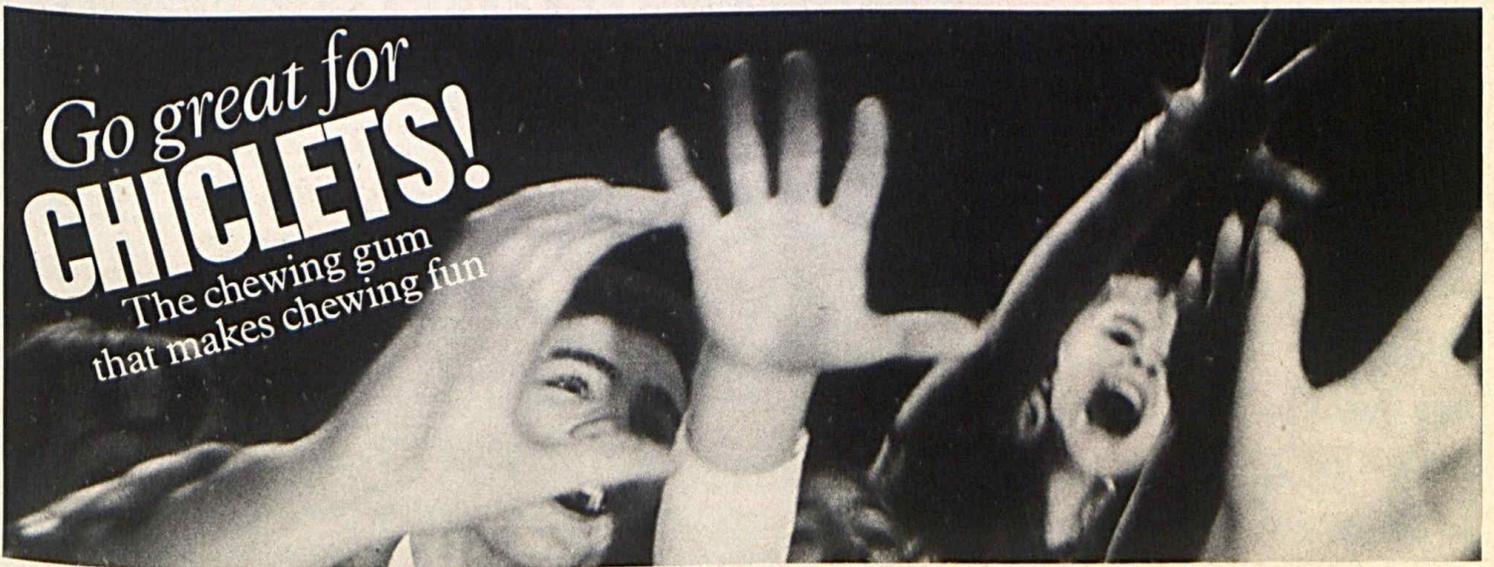
Seven o'clock chimed from the church tower on the hill above us.

Mick yawned, "I'm going to bed." We tiptoed from the lift, down thickly-piled carpeted corridors. One by one the Stones' doors closed.

I felt in my pocket and found the tiny silver bell that had shot its tinkling way onto the stage three nights before. Small silver bell, symbol of the love the fans have for the stars. As The Stones laid their tired heads on cool pillows the smell of the crowd and the sound of its voice, was only a few hours away. The performance, that is the reason for the travelling, the nerves, and the final unwindings, would soon begin again.

The programmes—shoes, scarves, and ashtrays—would fly towards the stage, spinning, hissing, missing; falling on to a stage bright with lights, set alight with personalities. The sweat, the noise, the girl who cried, the screamers, would unite the audience and performers, working side by side in the glamorous, glorious business we call Pop.

DAWN JAMES



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THE MOODY BLUES



The Moody Blues—Denny Laine, Mike Pinder, Graeme Edge, Ray Thomas and Clint Warwick—live along with Clint's wife Christine, in a large house in Roehampton, Surrey. There, they make nosh-ups, throw parties and entertain people to coffee.

"Come in, and welcome," Denny, twenty-one, and very m'm'm looking, beckoned like a mod butler from the front door. He is 5-ft. 8½-ins., ten stone, and green-eyed.

"This is the lounge, very pleasant, I like it," he said, and seemed frightfully pleased about everything. "The others will be here soon, they'll probably be happy to see you. They're odd like that, always welcoming visitors." I began to think he was rather odd himself.

Mike Pinder, twenty-three, tall and good-looking, arrived. "How about coffee, Denny?" he asked. Denny's face creased into a smile. "Sure, it's on the boil."

Mike stretched out in front of the fire. "It's very exciting suddenly being famous pop stars," he said. "Having a number one hit makes a difference to life. We've become wanted. It's odd that one record should make such a difference. We had no idea we'd be number one. We didn't consider it. I suppose it's best that way. Reach for the moon, and you end up in a nut house." He scratched his head. "Come to think of it, don't reach for the moon, but still get

'Reach for the moon and you end up in a nut house.'  
Moody Blue Mike talking. Which perhaps explains why five level-headed lads found themselves top of the pops—and relaxed.

there, and where do you end up?"

Denny came back with the coffee.

"Do you reckon we'll end up neurotic and wild-eyed, Denny?"

"End up? We're that already," Denny grinned. "Seriously, we are an act. We take our music seriously, we study jazz, we enjoy performing live."

Graeme, 5-ft. 8-ins., arrived, wearing a large sheepskin coat and fur gloves.

"I'm far too hot," he complained. "Why am I so well-dressed?"

"Graeme," Denny said firmly, "What do you rate as most important: our chart success or our stage act?"

"Go Now' being number one was the greatest thing for me personally. I'd have pinned the Chart on the wall if I'd lived alone."

"Even so, I rate our stage act important, because I want us to go on entertaining forever. I think if you can have chart success and back it with a steady, well thought-out act, plus a genuine love of good pop music and jazz, you've got a chance of lasting."

Graeme is the sexy one of the five, with grey eyes and

long hair. He likes to chat up girls.

"I eat girls," he said, with a wild look. "I'm the sexiest drummer in the world today."

Six footers Ray Thomas and Clint Warwick staggered in, carrying a large clock.

"What the blazes is that for?" Denny demanded, looking worried.

"For the house," Clint said. "It's antique."

"Get away, it's just old," Denny frowned. "Just dead old."

Ray and Clint sat down sadly.

The Moody Blues name suits the kind of music they like rather than their personalities. Though they appear serious, they have very gay moments.

"Jazz absorbs us," Clint said. "We like George Shearing, Buddy Rich, Count Basie. We all owe a lot to the jazz musician. They gave a part of themselves to their music and they kept the flow of beautiful notes going. Some combinations of notes would die if they weren't played by these men. We would forget about them in the gold rush to the top, where only a simple tune is necessary."

Denny has two ambitions. He wants to be happily married and he wants to meet Sir

Malcolm Sargent.

Clint's ambition is to get on well with the Moody Blues. "Once there's a bad feeling in a group, it's all over," he said. "We get on really well, but whenever I go to blow my top I think, 'Don't start anything you'll regret!'" He laughed quietly and shrugged. "I am an awful worrier," he said.

Mike has more material ambitions. One is his desire to live in luxury. "I would like white carpets and silk walls and a swimming pool!"

Graeme has two ambitions. To play top of the London Palladium and to be able to dance and sing. "I would like the chance of proving we are an act and not just a product of a recording studio. Holding a Palladium audience would really prove it."

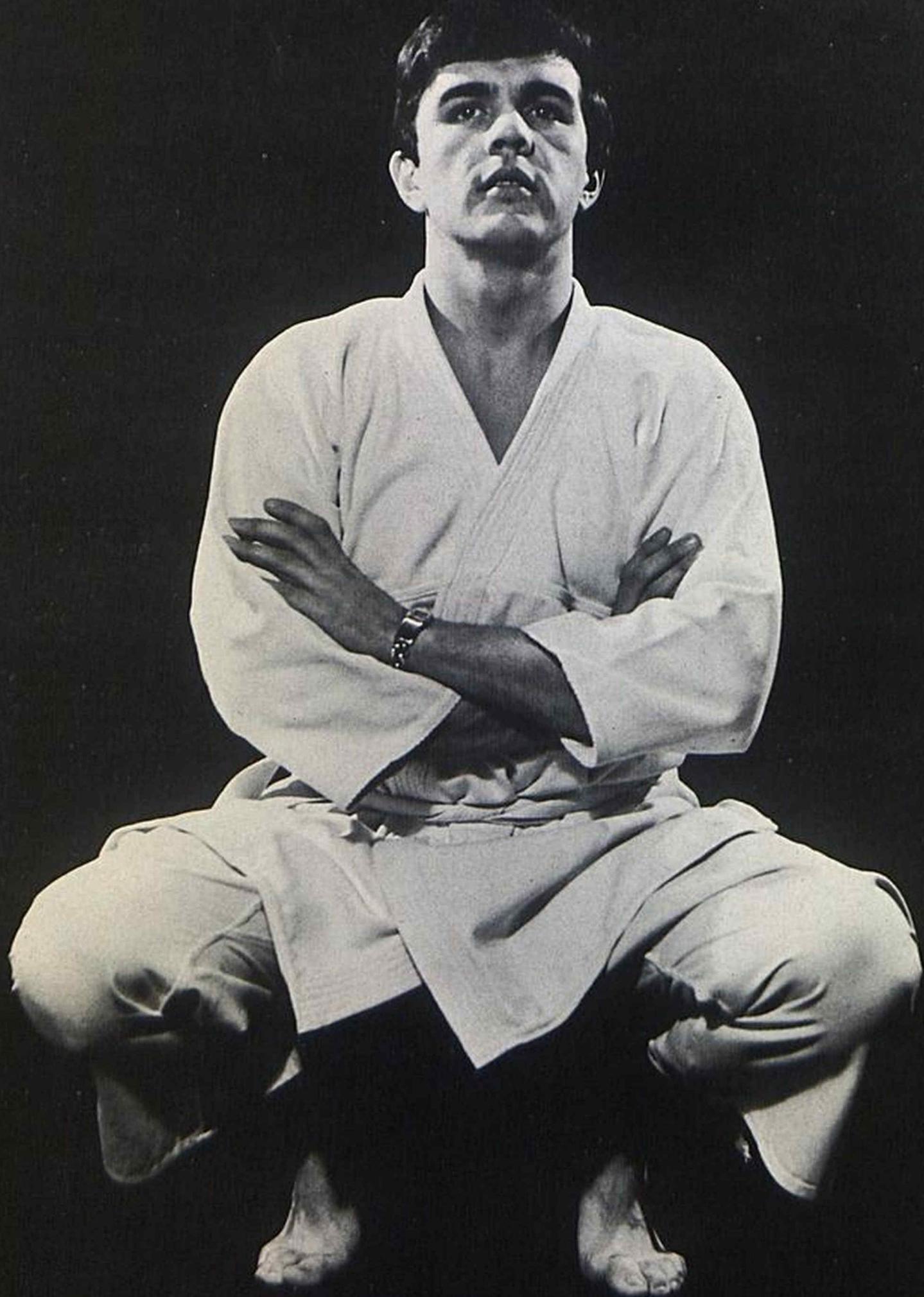
Ray wants the group to be a big success and himself to be recognised wherever he goes.

It was time to leave the big house and its enthusiastic tenants. As they realise, it's tough at the top. It's tough trying to follow a No. 1 hit and it's tough keeping your head when you've done so. But I don't worry about the Moody Blues. They intend to succeed, to be popular and yet true to their first love, jazz. To make hits and remain normal, balanced human beings.

Denny showed me out, standing like a mod butler at the door. No, I don't worry about the Moody Blues.

the mmm moody blues boys

BY LYN CARNELL



# the gentle art of JUDO

It's the '65 sport that the top pop boys go for. Dave Clark used to do unarmed combat but has now taken up Judo because, he says, "It makes me feel good in mind and body." Elvis does Karate—a forerunner of Judo which is the practice of the lethal blow with the open hand. Adam Faith has taken up Judo and has already installed a dojo (a judo room) in his Surrey home. Sean '007' Connery has been doing Judo for ages and Cathy Gale, who used to star in 'The Avengers' has been leading the way for girls who want to take it up.

Now Judo is becoming the rave sport for both boy and girl, and to find out what it's all about, Rave got Dave Clark, Rave girl Sandra and a leading Judo expert to show us.

*In his all-white twill Judo outfit, Dave Clark (left) makes a stunning picture. But to Dave, Judo, like unarmed combat, is more than just a fun sport. It's a sport he takes seriously—very seriously. For unless particular care is taken on how to fall properly and how to break a fall, it can be dangerous.*

*Cathy Gale demonstrates how easy it is to throw two men at once.*

Judo, "the gentle art", is also called a martial art; was founded in Japan in 1882 as an alternative to more lethal forms of unarmed combat. But its effect on an attacker can be far from gentle! Witness Cathy Gale in TV's 'Avengers'—one reason that judo is sweeping the pop polls amongst girls who want to fling troublesome males on the floor. Other reasons: it brings speed of thought and action, suppleness and balance.

There are over fifty thousand judo enthusiasts in Britain. Our oldest judo club is the Budokwai in Kensington, London. It was founded in 1918 by G. Koizumi. He is now seventy-nine and still practises!

Before you join the Budokwai you must take a beginners' course. "The sport is too energetic to start in

cold," explains club manager Malcolm Lister. "We must first teach the newcomer how to fall. We also give exercises for suppleness and demonstrate one or two simple throws and hold-downs."

A beginners' course at the Budokwai is twelve one-hour lessons spread over six weeks. It costs four guineas. You may then become an associate member: six guineas for girls (double for men). "You may get your judo more cheaply elsewhere," Malcolm Lister concedes sportingly, "but we think we have the skilled instructors to justify your fees."

A judo outfit—white twill jacket, trousers and belt—costs about fifty shillings.

You take lessons in a judo hall (dojo) or do practice bouts (randori). Your falls are cushioned by some



Turn over for a beginner's guide to the basic arts of Judo.

- kind of matting (at the Budokwai of rice straw) which partly explains why the noisy falls are also painless.

Though in a few months you should learn enough to make things awkward for an attacker, you can develop your judo almost indefinitely. A beginner's belt is white: but you can progress to stages where it is yellow, orange, green, blue, brown, black. (That way you can dye it yourself as you go along!) Even if you win a much-prized black belt, there are still higher stages (dans) at which you can aim.

Judo isn't easy. You have to give it time, hard work and patience. Like to try? Well, here's a brief outline for you...

**Words by RAVE reporter DICK TATHAM  
Pictures at London's Budokwai by  
RAVE cameraman MARG SHARRATT**

**Most girls take up judo with ideas of self-defence; end up enjoying it as a sport**

## a beginner's guide to judo



**CEREMONIAL BOW** The traditional bow always comes before and after a contest



rave's Sandra and Budokwai teacher Hazel Lister show you how it's done. Note carefully the positioning of the feet.

**SUPLING EXERCISES** It's important always to loosen muscles and joints before starting judo



Sandra gets going on three good suppling exercises. Good both to relax your body and keep your figure in shape

## FALLING

The first thing to learn is how to break fall properly.



Sandra is shown the arm beat—key part of falling know-how. (You beat the mat with stiff hand and forearm a split second before you land.)



## FALLING

Now comes the next stage—falling from upright



Hazel uses Sandra's lapels to ease the fall just a bit. See how Sandra breaks her fall with her armbeat.

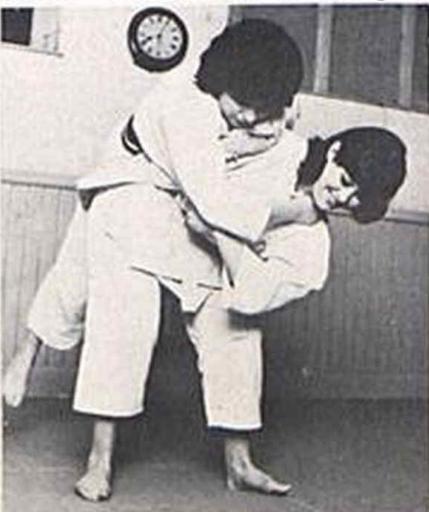


## STANDING THROWS

The art of the throw is in getting your opponent off-balance—with a tug at the sleeve and lapel.



Stage one: Sandra has Hazel off-balance and has moved in with her hip to start a throw called the Seoinage.



Stage two: Sandra sweeps Hazel on to her hip . . .



Stage three: . . . and over. Notice the position of Sandra's feet. This way she is always on-balance.

This standing throw is called the O Soto Gari.



See how Sandra again gets her opponent off-balance first . . .

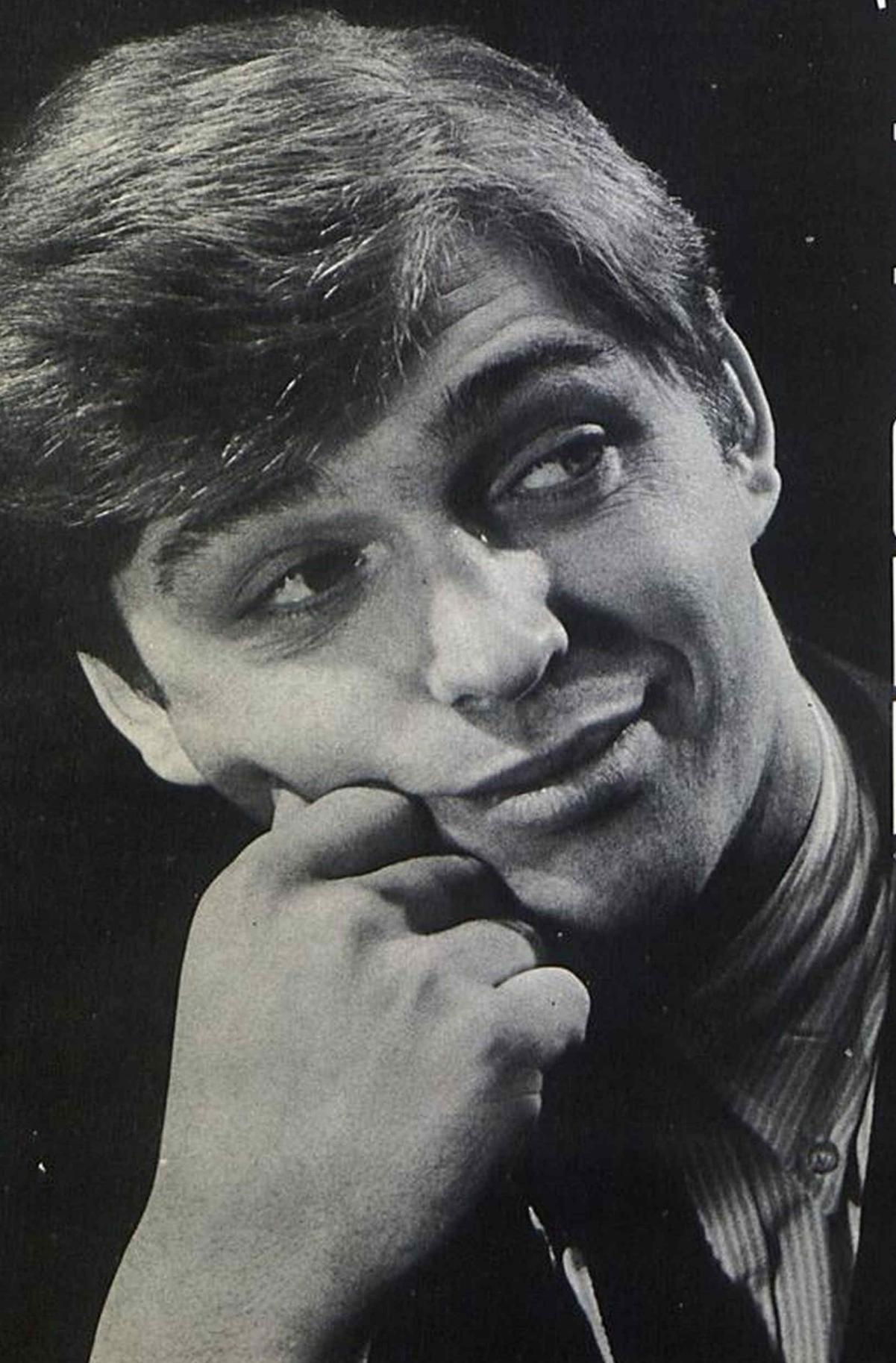


Now Sandra sweeps her leg away with her foot . . .



Down goes Hazel. And see how she breaks her fall with her arm beat.

This is FRANK ... this is EXPLOSIVE ... this is FAME heart-



**'THE  
THINGS  
THAT  
ONCE  
HURT  
DEEPLY'**

# Heart with FREEMAN talking as he's never done before

When a singer has Paul McCartney for a fan, there's got to be a reason. In the case of Georgie Fame it sticks out a mile. Georgie knows what he's singing about.

In my travels through the musical jungle, I've noticed one thing in particular. I've never known a really great star who doesn't dig the blues.

I reckon if you want to sing about life it helps to have lived a bit. And the blues is all about life.

If you've lived just a little between the crests and the depths, if you've flown and fallen and picked yourself up, then it doesn't take long to sort out the men from the boys in the singing business.

You just know. If someone sings about situations he hasn't experienced, it shows up like great holes in his performance.

The singers and the songs that will last, no matter how the charts move, are the ones that are closest to straight, simple reality.

I'll give you one tip. If you haven't lived, don't try to write songs for the Top Ten. You're wasting your time.

But when Georgie Fame, eyes closed, hovers over the keyboard of his electric organ and starts to holler the blues . . . baby, that's a different story. All you can say is "Yeh!"

You know immediately that a lot has happened to him, all right. It's all there in the driving, true music he calls Rockhouse . . . a hot cult not only with pop fans but with the purist R & B brigade, thousands of West Indians and visiting Americans.

Georgie's been so busy lately that we hadn't seen much of each other—until I got a call from London Airport. It was a quiet, wintry Sunday evening and I was alone in the flat, tinkering with a theme on the piano, when the phone went.

## Unexpected

"Hi, Alan," said the stout Lancashire voice. "How're you fixed?"

"Come on round," I said delightedly. "Where've you been?"

"Skiing," said Georgie. "Austrian Tyrol. Just got in."

A little later there's a hearty jab at the doorbell—and there grins five foot eleven of G. Fame mit ski sweater und suitcases.

"Guten abend," he salutes me.

"Warum spiel die Kapelle nicht?"

"You what?" I said, unprepared to be chatted in German.

Georgie hooted and threw himself on the sofa.

"That's the only bit I learned. It means 'Good evening. Why isn't the band playing?' Went down a treat every music bar I went into at Seefeld." He rummaged in his bag and handed me a package.

I opened it. A bottle of Bourbon. "Good on you, Georgie boy," I said.

## New Plans

I got the coffee device going and we sipped coffee and Bourbon and Georgie said it was a good finish to a good holiday.

He looked very healthy and relaxed and when he'd rested a bit I said, "Well, what plans now?"

"I've been thinking things out a bit sitting up there on the Alps," he said. "The first thing will be to enlarge the Blue Flames. Increase the group from six to seven. Add a trumpet.

"The trumpeter I have in mind is a Jamaican boy, Eddie Thornton, if only I can get him. He's playing with another group at the moment, but twelve months ago when we were working together I'd say, 'Hang on, Eddie. One day we'll make it, and when the bread comes in, you're in'."

That's Georgie. People who've worked with him in the old hand-to-mouth days say he never forgets a promise. And the "bread" is certainly coming in now. With a fast new car, winter sports trips and all the clothes

**ALAN FREEMAN: The top D. J. who meets and talks to the top stars only in RAVE.**



he fancies, Georgie has come a long way from the unhappy Clive Powell, the boy who ran away from a back-to-back existence in a dismal Manchester street—first to starvation and then to stardom.

"I suppose it starts with an old photograph of this kid in short pants entering a talent contest at a place called Middleton Towers near Morecambe. I used to play the bones—you know the minstrel kick. As kids we'd hang around old derelict sites and get slates off roofs and slice them up into these clickety-clickety bones.

"Later on when I could afford it I went to a music shop and got a pair of professional bones. My uncle taught me the rhythms and movements to 'Roll a Silver Dollar' and my aunts taught me how to dance. Among the lot of them I picked up basic rhythms—in fact they were forced upon me.

## Regret

"I'd go to church because even now I dig hymns. I'd sing away on my own, trying out little harmonies. I had piano lessons when I was seven but I didn't have the patience to practise. My people said, 'You'll regret it when you're older.' And I do."

He jerked his thumb at my piano. "There are things I'd know by now instead of having to work them out.

"Anyway, I couldn't have been more than six when I went in for this contest. And I won.

"The neighbours were knocked out. Where we lived it was a real Coronation Street. Gas lamps. The lot. We were rough and ready kids.

"Most of the people worked in the cotton trade. My father was a spinner and when I left school I was a weaver. For a year.

"I played in a little band we had, and when rock 'n' roll came in I started going for Little Richard and Fats Domino. I was more interested in Fats Domino than anybody else—you know, his maturity showed up in his music and the way he felt."

Georgie was quiet, thinking back to the past. He stared into his glass, I could feel it was growing painful for him to talk of things that had once hurt deeply.

"My mother died when I was nine. My real mother, whom I loved dearly. My father married again. There were just my sister and me. She was sixteen at the time.

"For nearly a year after my mother died we had to do everything in the

# THE SWINGIEST STREET IN TOWN!



It's the street that means clothes—clothes that are way ahead of the crowd . . . clothes that top pop stars wear . . . boys' clothes that girls love to wear . . . clothes that girls look good in.

It's Carnaby Street W.1 . . . the swaggiest street in London town! Heard the latest news on the Carnaby scene? John Stephen Esq., has opened a super new teen store selling gear for girls only plus boys' gear that the girls buy *and* all the latest pop records. So you can see why RAVE made a rush there to photograph these trendy outfits . . .



Above, Judith's black and white outfit is by Marlborough (6½ gns.)

Left, Shirley-Ann's trousers (65s.), reefer jacket (8 gns.), both in black corduroy are by John Stephen; sack cap by Edward Mann (25s. 11d.). Judith's skirt is from Neatawear (63s.), rain hat by Edward Mann (39s. 11d.).

Right, Shirley-Ann in oatmeal gaberdine by Lee Cecil (7½ gns.), shoes by Dolcis (69s. 11d.), men's grey flannel trousers by John Stephen.



All clothes chosen by  
**TRILBY LANE**

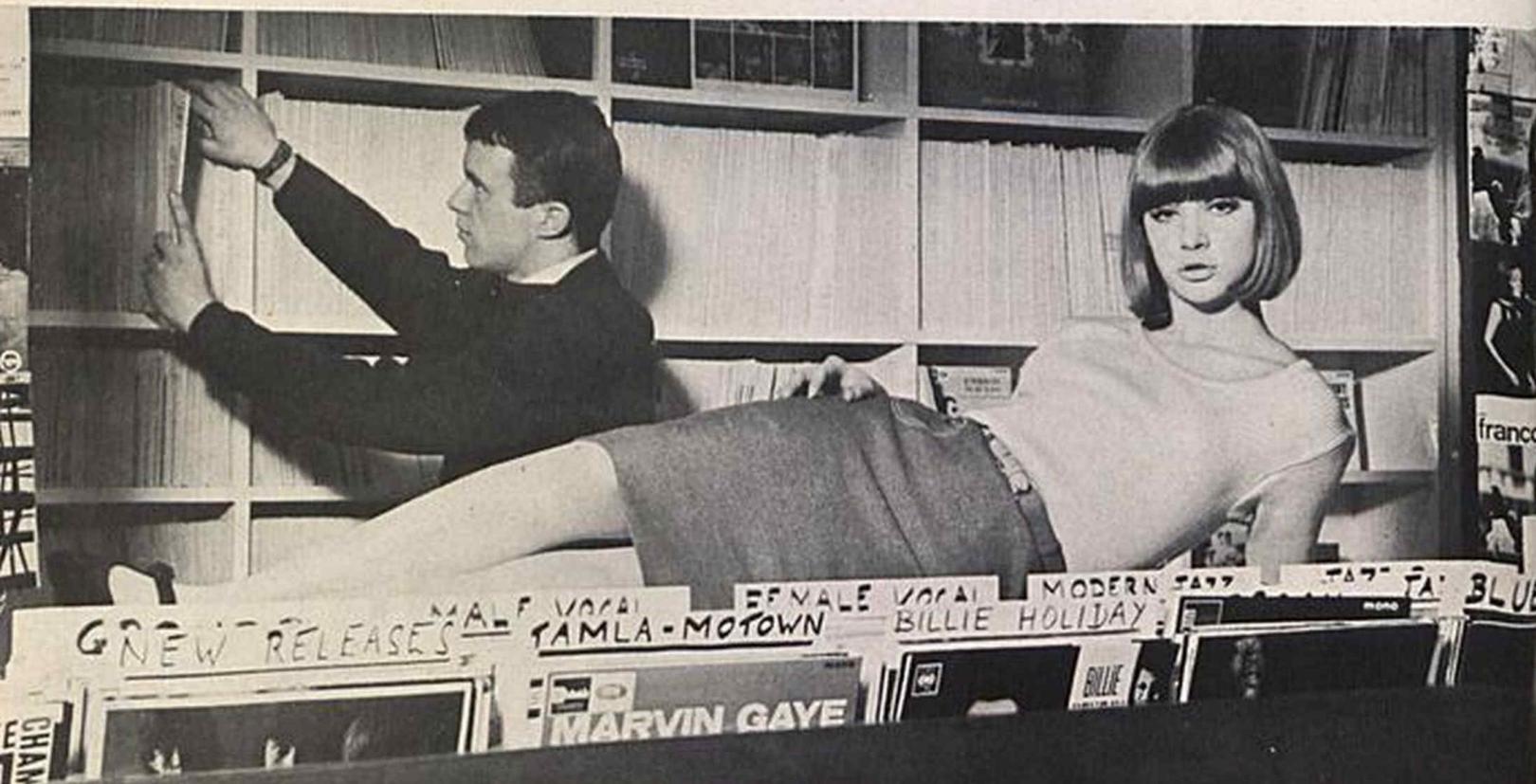
For stockists write to her at the address on page 61, enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

For fun, go to Carnaby Street (It's just off Regent Street, W.1.). See the circular shirt counter where you can buy all sorts of shirts, just right for girls . . . and boys! Relax at the record bar and browse round 'Her Clothes' corner, where boys can't go!

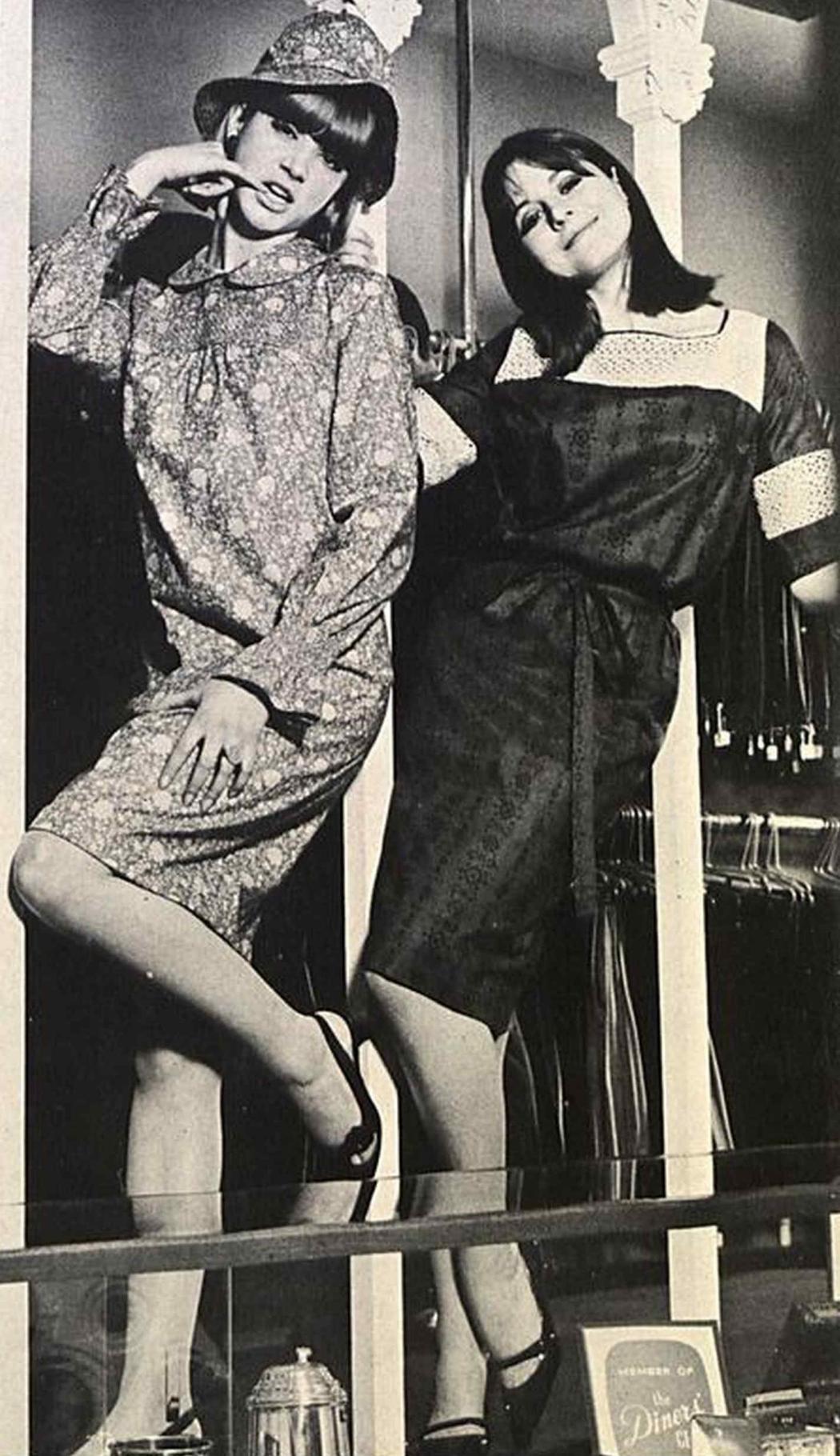
Left, George, Teen Store's chief shirt seller, admires Shirley-Ann's suit by Susan Barry (£6 12s. 6d), crepe blouse by Neatawear (63s.), her shoes by Dolcis (59s. 11d). Judith's grey flannel suit by Lewis Separates (79s. 11d.).

Right, Shirley-Ann's dolly dress is by Lee Cecil (7 gns.), hat to match (1½ gns.). Judith's dress is in dark red print with coarse lace insets, made by Marlborough (5 gns.).

Below, Shirley-Ann's dress has a skinny cotton top and a linen skirt, from Neatawear (about 8 gns.).



PICTURES BY P. L. JAMES



# ANIMAL

## *Don't let me be misunderstood*

Baby, understand me  
If sometime I show I'm mad,  
No-one alive can always be an angel,  
Whenever things go wrong you see some bad.

But I'm just a soul whose intentions are good  
Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood.

Sometimes I'm so carefree,  
With a joy that's hard to hide,  
Sometimes it seems that all I have is worry,  
And then you're bound to see my other side.

But I'm just a soul whose intentions are good  
Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood.

If I seem edgy, I want you to know,  
I never mean to take it out on you.  
Life has its problems and I get my share,  
But that's one thing I never mean to do.  
'Cause I love you.

Baby, I'm just human, I have faults like anyone.  
Sometimes, I find myself alone regretting,  
Some foolish little thing that I have done.

'Cause I'm just a soul whose intentions are good,  
Oh Lord, please don't let me be misunderstood.

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# UNDERSTANDING

## ■ A SPECIAL RAVE FEATURE

What do song words mean to the people who sing them? We asked the Animals. And what they had to say will make you understand them even more.

Impish, intolerant, irresistible, he weaved across the darkened stage—one chubby hand slapping the rhythm of the music out on his thigh, body half-twisted and eyes tightly shut. Only firm fingers of the other hand reached out for the microphone that stretched in front of him.

The audience erupted as the words he sung grew more powerful, meaningful. As first their imagination, then their hearts and finally their souls were enthralled, captured, conquered.

### Beware!

Beware! This is the Animals in action. Watch Eric Burdon—this vocalist extraordinary, this Master Animal—demanding his lungs to deliver powerful sound for the legion of fans who sway before him.

Listen to the words that pour from within him. Words with great depth, which is an Animals' trademark. In some singers' songs, the words make no sense at all. In others, they make too much sense. Folk songs of our time tell you a story. It can be a story of purpose or shame, despair or danger; other times it can be a song of hope. Then there are songs which need no story at all. The music in which words don't really matter: when a guitar solo can be the hope, insistent chords the purpose, a drum roll the despair.

But this is the age when pop music has become a mature hobby. Experts write on it, fans argue over it, promoters get rich on it. And when out there on the stage, when lights are low and all eyes and ears are intent on the chubby,

commanding Burdon figure, people begin also to think about the singer's feelings.

When you hear a song about love and beauty which brings a tear to your eye or a lump to your throat, do you ever think about the singer behind the mike? How does he feel about the emotions he is projecting?

Listen to Eric Burdon. "We would never sing a song that we considered phoney. Words are important. And if they don't mean anything then there's no point in singing them.

"Music obviously makes maximum contact with the listeners' emotions, but the words touch their hearts and bring the tears and the laughter."

Watch the expressions on other Animal faces.

"Our music is basically the blues. And the blues is all about life. It's what people feel and what they want. And that's why, when we sing a blues song, it has to make sense," Alan Price, organist, tells you.

### Caring

"You've got to care what you're saying—" Hilton Valentine adds.

"You say you believe in the words to your song. But how do you feel about miming, when you just mouth the words?"

"We can't stick miming!" the Master Animal tells you angrily. "It's a cheat. It's a fraud on the fans. Whenever we can we try to appear live. And as far as I'm concerned, I think we sound better on stage than we do on our records."

"But today's trend on TV is to mime. So it's a question of sing now,

mime later!" drummer Johnny Steel throws in.

As you leave them, you remember a few lines of their last great hit:

*"But I'm just a soul whose intentions are good. Oh Lord, don't let me be Misunderstood."*

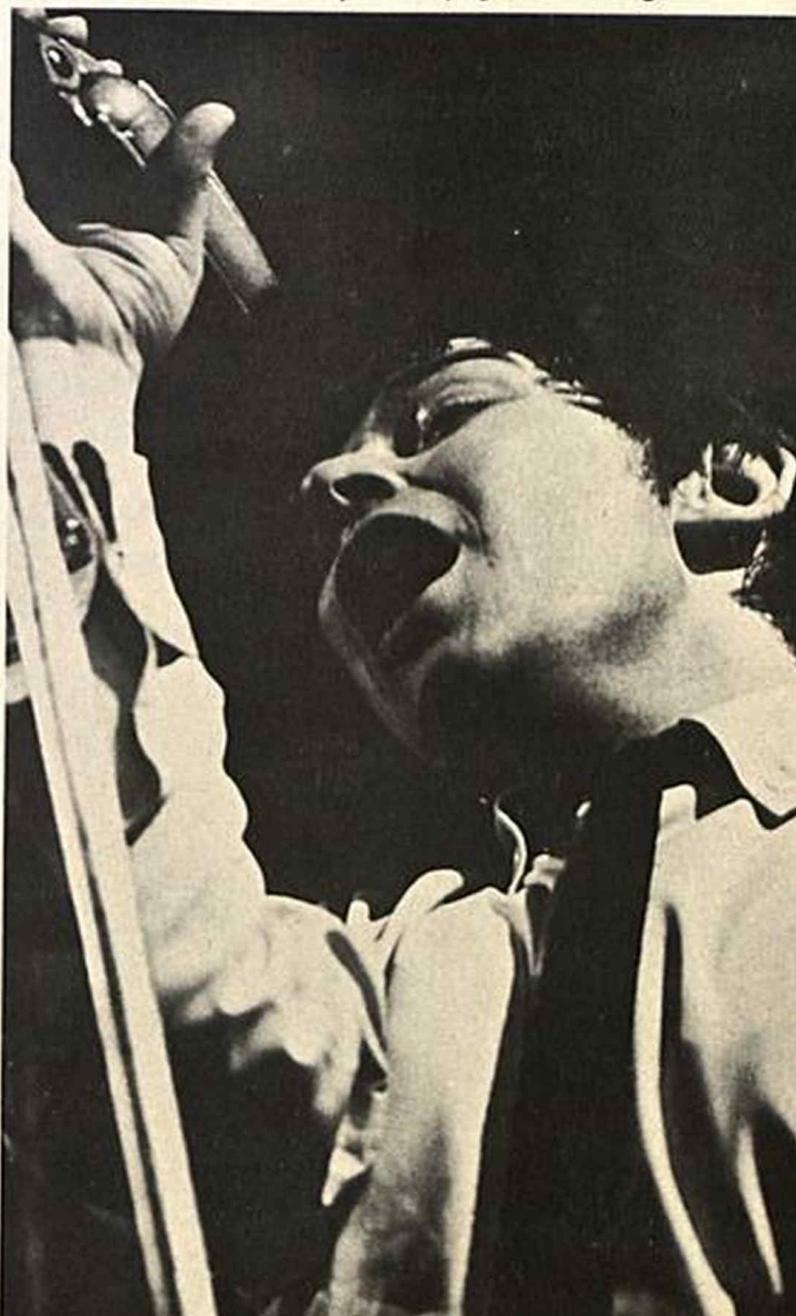
Let there be no misunderstanding the Animals, either. Study care-

fully these five mighty lads. And understand them and the way they feel about the songs they sing and send to the top of the Charts.

They care deeply about what they sing. It means much to them, which is surely why their songs mean so much to you.

**TONY RANSOM**

Eric Burdon—explosive, dynamic singer.



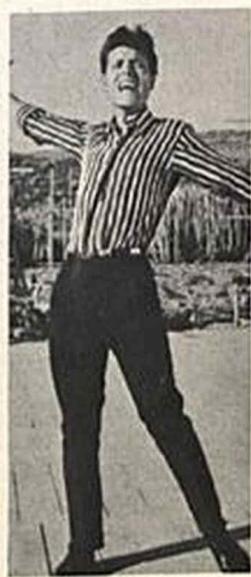


# WAN'S R.S.G. QUIZ!

## 5 Kathy's Kink Quiz

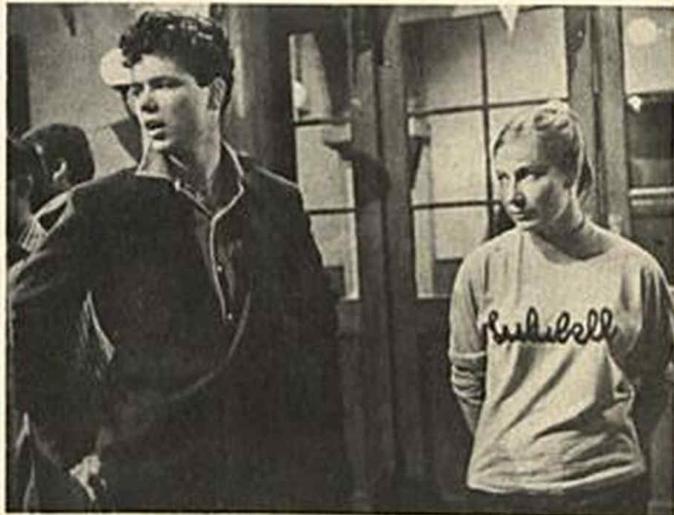
- Which Kink has written their hits? (1)
- What was the name of their first disc? (2)
- Who is their recording manager? (5)
- Who is the Kink drummer? (1)
- Which former pop star is one of their managers? (2)

7 Cliff's my top heart-throb. I've seen his films over and over. Here are scenes from four of them. Name the films (1 point each) and the years they were first shown (3 points each).



## 6

A girl would look cracking in any one of these outfits. If I could have just one of them, which would I choose? (3)



8

Here are my favourite male film stars. See if you can place them in the same order that I do. Two points for each position you get right. A jackpot of TEN points if you get them ALL right.



9



Why did P. J. Proby first come to Britain? (2)

What was his first hit here? (1)

What is his first name—to his friends? (3)

Title of his first LP here? (2)

In which town was he born? (5)

10

Three gals . . . Three guys . . . All attractive. All great fun. I know how I would pair them off for an evening out. See if you can guess. (2 points for each correct pair.)

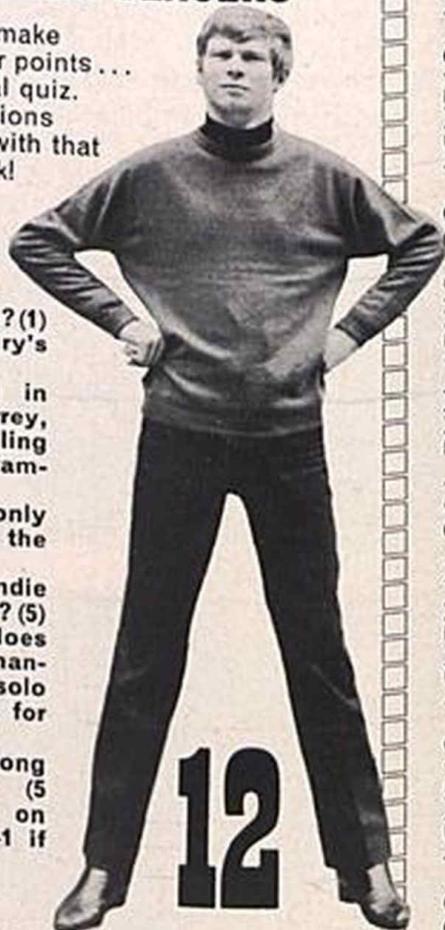


**NOW TURN  
TO PAGE 54  
FOR THE  
ANSWERS &  
YOUR RATING**

**GATHY'S BRAIN-TEASERS**

Here's where you make your last big bid for points . . . It's my own special quiz. Some of the questions are tricky. So out with that ice pack—thiiiiiiiiink!

1. Who is the only Beatle to change his name? (1)
2. Title of Billy Fury's first film? (3)
3. At which club in Richmond, Surrey, did the Rolling Stones become famous? (4)
4. Who is the only bachelor in the Bachelors? (2)
5. Which was Sandie Shaw's first disc? (5)
6. Which groups does Brian Epstein manage—and which solo stars? (1 point for each.)
7. How tall is Long John Baldry? (5 points for dead on—3 if  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. out—1 if inch out.)



12

11

One pair of feet—Sandie Shaw's. Three pairs of shoes—each smart. Which pair would I pick for Sandie? Three points if you guess right!



ARE YOU A READY STEADY GO GIRL? ARE YOU A READY STEADY GO GIRL? ARE YOU A READY STEADY GO GIRL?

**HOLD  
IT!**

**THE NEXT PAGES ARE MURDER  
DON'T TURN OVER UNLESS YOU'RE PREPARED TO SCREAM  
*It's the Rockin' Berries gone mad*  
TAKE OUR WARNING-DON'T TURN OVER**



**PLEASE  
STOP HERE!** YOU'D BETTER NOT MOVE ON  
what in the world's come over the Rockin' Berries?  
**YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THEM LIKE THIS BEFORE!**  
You'll probably never see them like this again!

**OUS FUN!**

**WITH LAUGHTER!!!**

**ly humorous!**

**UNLESS YOU  
WANT TO LAUGH!**

### Berrie Briefly

Roy runs a pre-war Ford and spends so much time under the bonnet the others reckon he might as well sleep there ... Terry is group's maddest football fan—having captained his school and now being a Birmingham City supporter ... The Berries were formed at Moseley Art School, Birmingham, in 1959—split when the members left there—re-formed in 1961 ... They recorded "Wah Wah Wah Woo" with borrowed gear (their own being on the Continent) and "He's In Town" with a borrowed drumkit (Terry Bond's having developed skin trouble) ... The Berries live within a mile of one another and say they rehearse by staying in their own homes and just playing a bit louder ... Their faith in Terry Bond as a navigator has never been the same since they left Glasgow to set out for Birmingham under his directions and found themselves three hours later in Aberdeen!

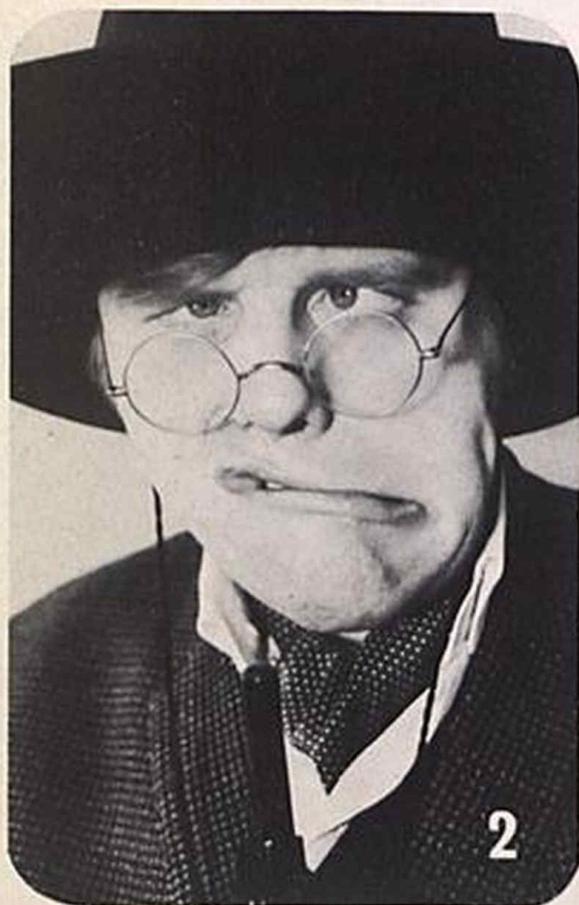
### Guessing Game

Believe it or not, one of Geoff Turton's hobbies is **KNITTING**. His speciality is scarves and tartan sweaters. "Been doing it for years," he says. "I knit mostly at home. But at times I have a go in the dressing room."

The Rockin' Berries not only send him up: they have a nickname for him. Bearing in mind the above—and that Geoff stands six-foot-three—what would you guess his nickname to be?

**ANSWER: The Big Knit.**

**by rave reporter  
DICK TATHAM**



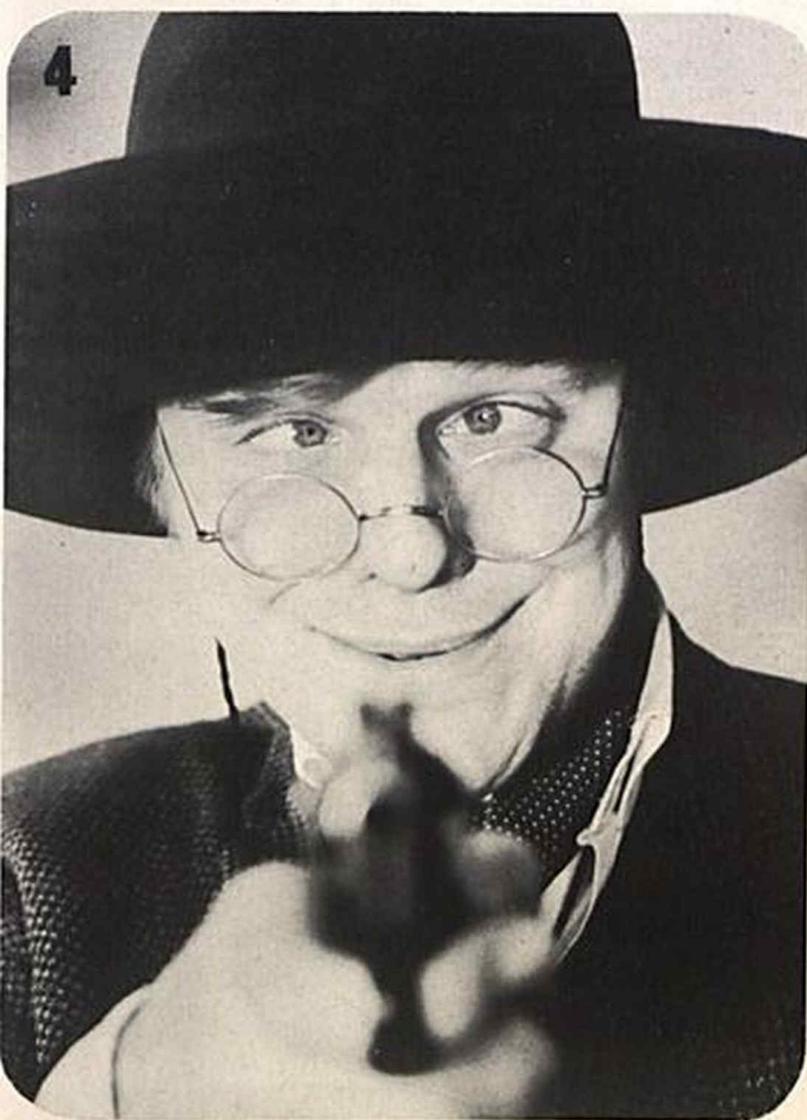
**1** Guess who? One of the Beverly Hillberries, you might think. Wrong! It's a Secret Agent in disguise. *Not* James Bond—number 007; but Chuck Botfield—who reckons he's about half as good as Bond—and so is number 003½. He's off abroad—to track down an international gang who have been smuggling oil heaters into the Sahara Desert. So... To handle the Affur of the Hur he sends his assistant—Clive Lea. He, of course, is number 001½...

**2** Here (without disguise) is 001½. He carries his secret weapon: a revolver filled with a long-playing tape of "The Chipmunks sing Pinky and Perky." Will he have to use it? He don't know yet. He is puzzled. Over what? Over the dodgy-looking couple down below...

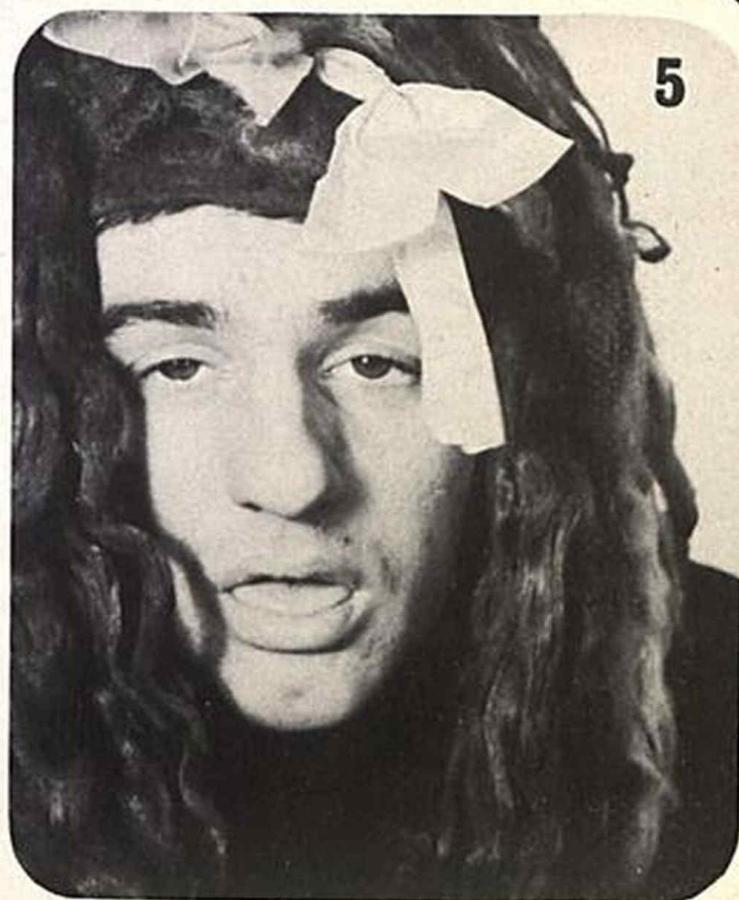


RAVE PRESENTS  
**THE ROCKIN' BERRIES**  
AS SECRET AGENTS 005½  
IN  
**'THE AFFUR OF THE HUR'**

**4** "Aha, my proud beauty!" hisses 001¾. "There's summat funny about your hur. Tell me the secret! If you don't, my secret weapon will start playing 'The Chipmunks sing Pinky and Perky.' It's already driven me out of my mind—and it will drive you out of yours, too."



**3** How about that guy — and the chain mail gear round him? "Wonder if it's rightly his?" murmurs our super sleuth. "Maybe not. Maybe he skipped his last couple of instalments. Must check with the mail order firms." But the gal... 001¾ reckons there's something *dead* suspicious about her. It's her hur... Or *is* it her hur? 001¾ decides on a Frontal Assault...

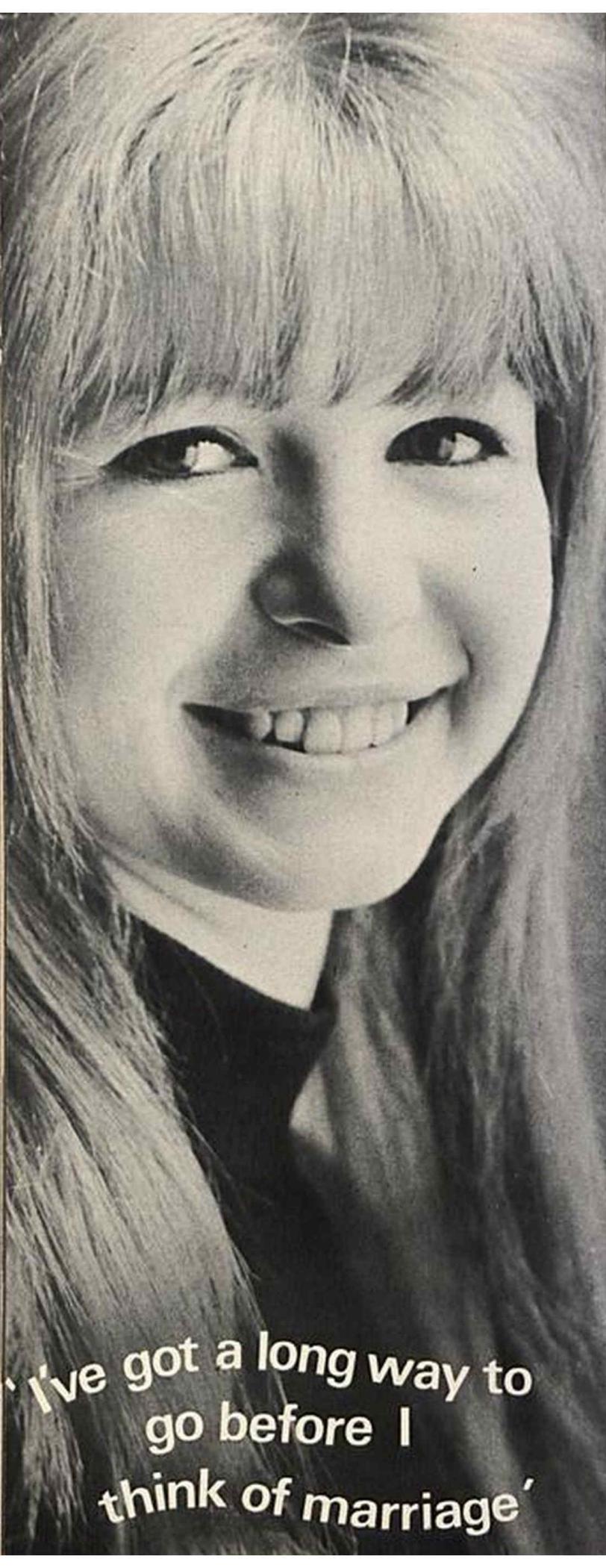


**5** "Ooooh — not that, 001¾. Anything but that! I'll come clean about my hur..."

... and come clean she did. It wasn't hur at all. As she revealed to 001¾ — and as he quickly verified — it was 3 lbs. of mink-coated sausages which had been missing from the ancestral home of Lord Sutch at Nether Wallop. When a rave reporter phoned the news of 001¾'s latest triumph to the ancestral home, the butler said, "Thank Heavens! They was nicked from here two weeks ago. His lordship has been screaming for them ever since."

**6** Last word from Lord Sutch himself (brilliantly played by Rockin' Terry 000 Bond): "Maybe I *have* got me sausages back — but I'm *still* gonna keep on screaming."





Pop Boys are the boys who hold a million hearts. But what of the girls who hold theirs? What's so special about them? And what's so different? Rave reporter Maureen O'Grady takes time out to tell you about . . .

# THE GIRLS BEHIND THE POP BOYS

■ Pop Boys are a different kind of people. Things are always at extremes for them. Something disastrous happens—or something fantastic. They never seem to live at a happy medium. They need special care and attention: most of all from the girls who partly share their lives.

These romances are sometimes very short-lived, and rarely end with marriage. Why? There's too much happening for a Pop Boy to think of anyone special for long apart from himself. What's more, he can only meet girls at clubs or parties, and then the girls themselves usually have their own careers to build.

Being a pop star's girlfriend does have glamour, but it has private heartbreaks, too. Most Pop Boys' romances are like their records. At the top one week—out of sight the next.

Yes, you need a sense of humour to be a pop star's girlfriend. You need to take it on the chin (when you feel like crying), to fade from the picture (when the fans come round). It's an upside-down life. A play-it-very-cool life. Could YOU do it? Here are some girls who have . . .

**J**ane Asher we once called "the most envied girl in the world". That still goes.

Jane met Paul McCartney at the Royal Albert Hall two years ago. She admired the Beatles' music and went backstage to meet the boys. That's how their romance first began.

A lot of people say that Jane has come up in the world since she met Paul. This isn't true. Jane and

her brother Peter were acting on television well before the Beatles had formed; Jane tells you herself: "My career as an actress is very important and I've got a long way to go before I could think of marriage. Acting is my life. At the moment this comes first."

But to friends who know them it is obvious that they are very attached. When Jane's away filming,

*'I've got a long way to go before I think of marriage'*

ave

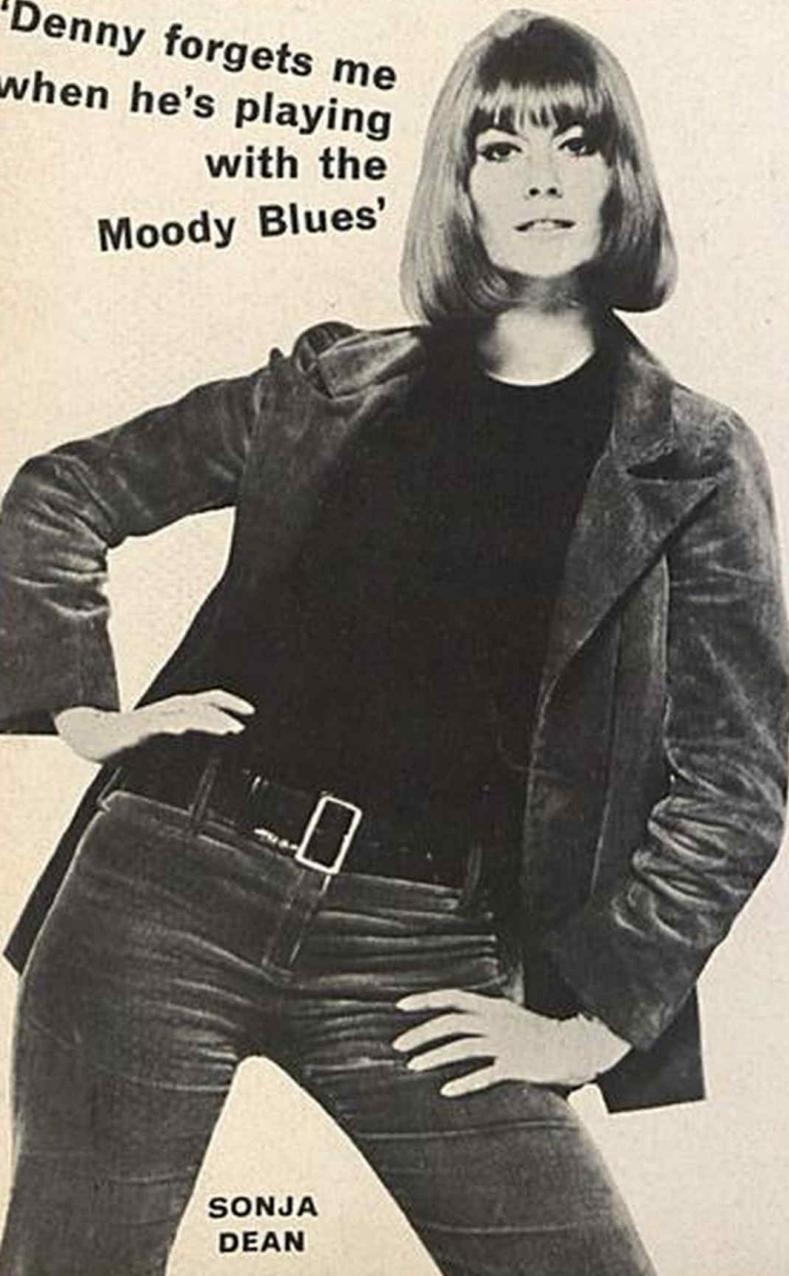
PAUL McCARTNEY

# THE GIRLS BEHIND THE POP BOYS

• Paul roves around London, a bit lost. When Jane's back, they like to pack in lots of parties and theatre visits.

■ **Maureen Cox**—the girl behind Ringo—isn't too fond of London, but still comes down from Liverpool to see him. She's known him for years. Years before the Beatles, and still calls him by his own name, Richie. Maureen

'Denny forgets me  
when he's playing  
with the  
Moody Blues'

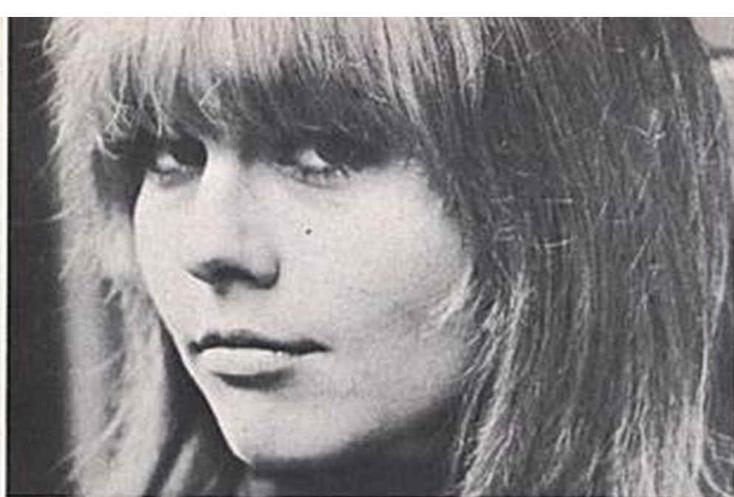


SONJA  
DEAN

is a small, quiet girl. A rather shy person who doesn't really go for the bright lights bit. In a club, she will just sit and talk to Ringo or the other Beatles—that's all.

■ **Pattie Boyd's** romance with George Harrison started on the film set of "A Hard Day's Night". Pattie at that time was an up-and-coming model. George was her favourite Beatle and fate brought them together.

Pattie is basically a quiet, shy person. It's only with George that she seems to open up at all. She's sure of George. When they eat, they like to be alone; when they go to a club, they prefer to sit together and talk.



SARAH LEYTON

## 'Jim likes to think he's the boss'

They share a great understanding for one another. She is just the kind of girl George needs, although nobody's sure if this will lead to marriage.

■ With **Chrissie Shrimpton**—the girl behind Mick Jagger—it's a different story.

Chrissie, first met Mick at the "Ricky Tick Club" in Windsor. That was a couple of years ago. And, ever since, it has always been a wrench for Chrissie when Mick has to go away. But, as soon as Mick gets to his destination—even places like San Francisco—he phones her. Mick is an explosive, full-of-life person which can lead to romantic storms from time to time.

Whenever Mick gets in a mood, Chrissie finds it best to ignore him. He soon forgets it. And, being fair, Mick's only like this when he's tired and things go wrong.

Their romance, however, did have a shaky beginning. Mick stood Chrissie up once, and she retaliated by doing the same to him! They eat at places like The Casserole in the Kings Road, Chelsea, and then go on to the Ad Lib Club in Soho. They enjoy a super good time.

Chrissie, who works as his manager Andrew

Oldham's secretary, is a very lively, friendly character. She's only at her best when she's with Mick, though—a whole person.

But marriage is another thing. They're happy the way they are at the moment—and that's the way they want it to stay.

■ But what of the pop boys who don't stick to one girl? To name one: P. J. Proby. He has been through an unhappy marriage, and is positive it won't happen again. One of Jim's current girlfriends is seventeen-year-old **Sarah Leyton**, model and actress sister of pop singer John.

"Jim always wins any arguments or discussions. He's very clever and convincing when it comes to talking. He also likes to think HE'S the boss, but that's just a matter of opinion!"



SALLY AN

'It spoiled things when people found out'



JULIE GRANT

Jim really is a lonely person, who likes being surrounded by his friends—and animals. There's Marmaduke the cat, and Mr. President his dog, and one of his best friends from Hollywood, Bongo Wolf. To Jim—animals are faithful, girls aren't.

Sarah is a pretty blonde, definitely not the dumb type. She reads Jim like a book. "When he's nice,

he's very nice, but when he's not he's . . ." The sentence was left unfinished!

Sarah knows how to handle him, too. "When Jim's in a mood or any boy for that matter, let them sort themselves out. You can't solve other people's problems for them, not really."

Although only seventeen, Sarah is very wise and wordly. She wants independence, and she hopes to get it through her modelling career.

■ Another model, **Sonja Dean**, is the girl behind Moody Blues singer, Denny Laine. They met, as most of them do, at a party.

Sonja was first attracted to Denny by his silly sense of humour. "But he's not always like that. He often goes dead silent."

Sometimes Denny gets a bit too involved with his music. "I don't think it's good for someone to be too involved in their work—not twenty-four hours of the day like Denny," she says.

Sonja tries to bring him out of this by going to see a film. But they usually wind up at a night club for a meal. She admits defeat. "He won't dance. He just sits listening to the music!" Always smartly dressed, they look very good together. Their main problem? They don't meet very often now the group has grown so popular. And it gets harder to meet in private.

■ But it's even more of a problem when TWO well-known people get together. Like **Julie Grant** and Frankie Allen of the Searchers. When the news of their friendship finally broke, Julie said, "It killed a few things off. But being in this business, it had to happen."

Julie is very natural, very unaffected. And she

'I had a date with Mick—probably I was the most envied girl in the world—yet I stood him up!'

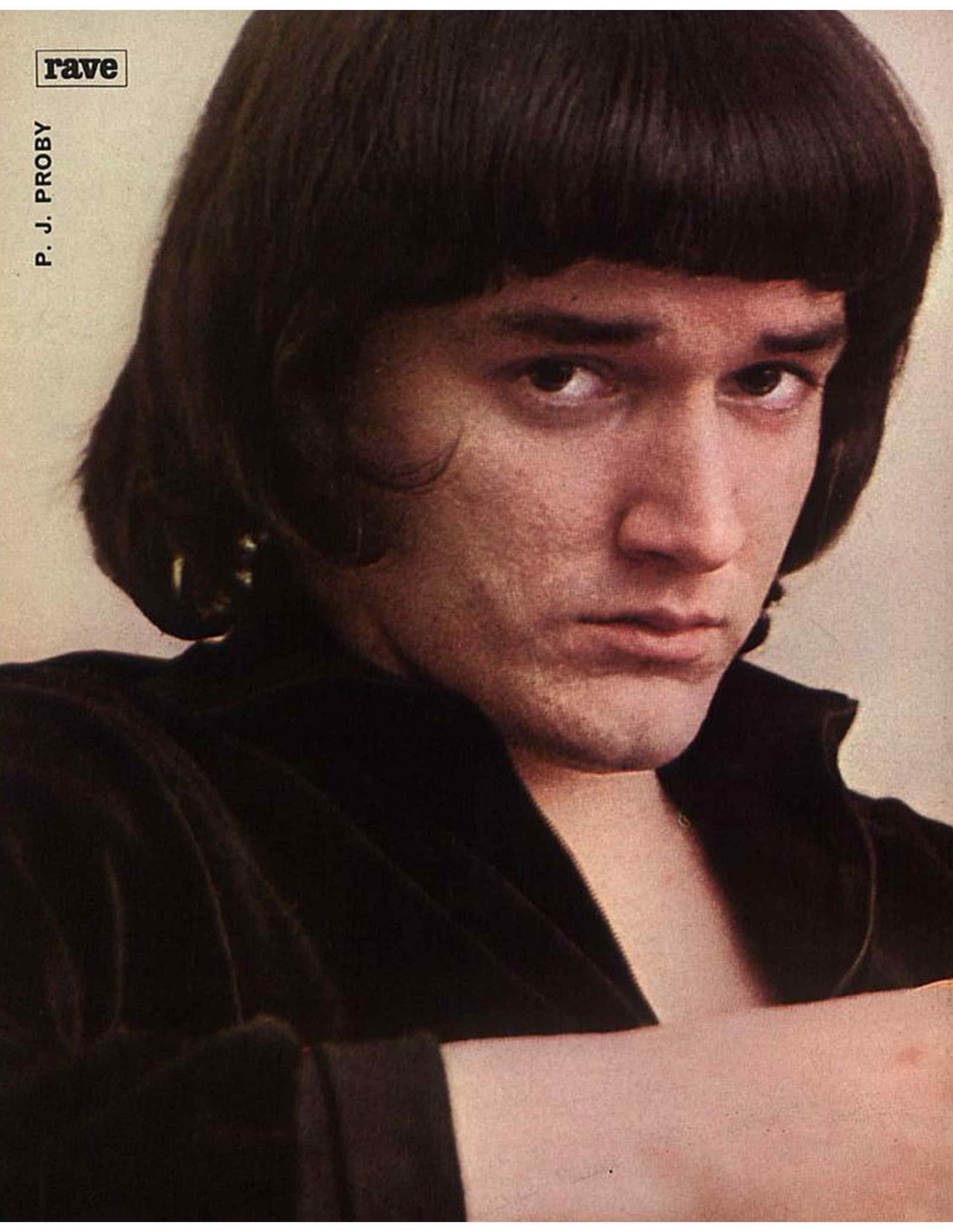


CHRISSE SHRIMPSON: Photo by Jimmy Cowan

'I have to decide when Viv needs a haircut'

**rave**

P. J. PROBY





S-s-sssh! It's the big fashion secret of '65!

# CATHY GETS THE RAVE LOOK



In the salon at Raphael and Leonard. Leslie begins Cathy's rave new look.

It's the latest fashion hairstyle adopted by Cathy McGowan. And here's how YOU can get it, too!

Yes, it really is Cathy McG. of R.S.G.! Doesn't her hair look great? Last year, Cathy set the fashion for the long straight hair look. Now, this Spring she presents for the first time the new look—the loose, smooth chignon.

Though fashion said that short, sharp hair was in, few long haired girls could bear losing their locks. So here's Cathy's clever answer... To blend beautifully with all the latest fashions—crocheted sweaters, reefer jacket suits and wedge heel shoes!

Girls first adopted the long-haired Cathy look because it was flattering and attractive. This style created by Leslie of Raphael and Leonard is equally so because it's soft and feminine and shows off the shape of your face!

How did Leslie create Cathy's new style? He used a false piece (the very latest rave). But he assured me that if your hair, like Cathy's, is long and thick it can be done without.

I'm showing you with drawings how to set your hair with or without a false piece, but before attempting to do this style, shampoo your hair and set it on *big* rollers all over. If your hair is fly away, give it a beer rinse first.

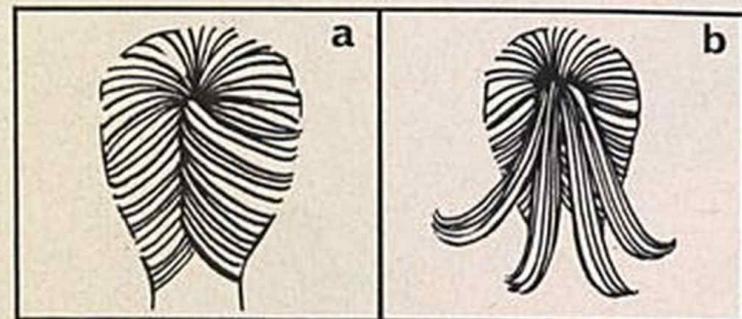
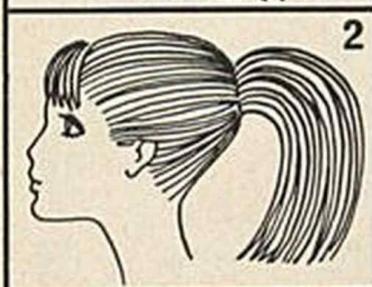
Then arm yourself with lots of kirby grips and hair-pins and back-comb your hair until every strand is standing on end. Now follow the instructions given with the drawings. As this style is set at the back of the head, you may need a friend or hairdresser to help you pin it.

For girls with near shoulder-length hair...

1. First set your hair all over on large rollers, winding them under. When dry, unwind and back-comb each roller section to give your hair maximum body.

2. Brush your hair back lightly and clip back with kirby grips in a large circle at the back of your head forming a pony tail.

3. Section the pony tail into four even sections and loosely brush the sections into smooth curls, securing each with pins.



For girls who are using a false piece...

A. Follow the instructions for No. 1 above. Now brush hair smoothly into a French pleat securing it neatly with grips.

B. Back-comb your false piece in your hand into four even sections and pin onto the back of your head with about six grips. Brush sections smooth and secure into curls as before.

If you have a fringe leave it straight as usual, if not this style looks equally pretty without.

## FALSE PIECES

Personally, I think a false piece of hair is an excellent investment.

Most large stores and good hairdressers all over the country stock false pieces or have them made up specially for you. They can be tinted your exact colour and made to the length you require.

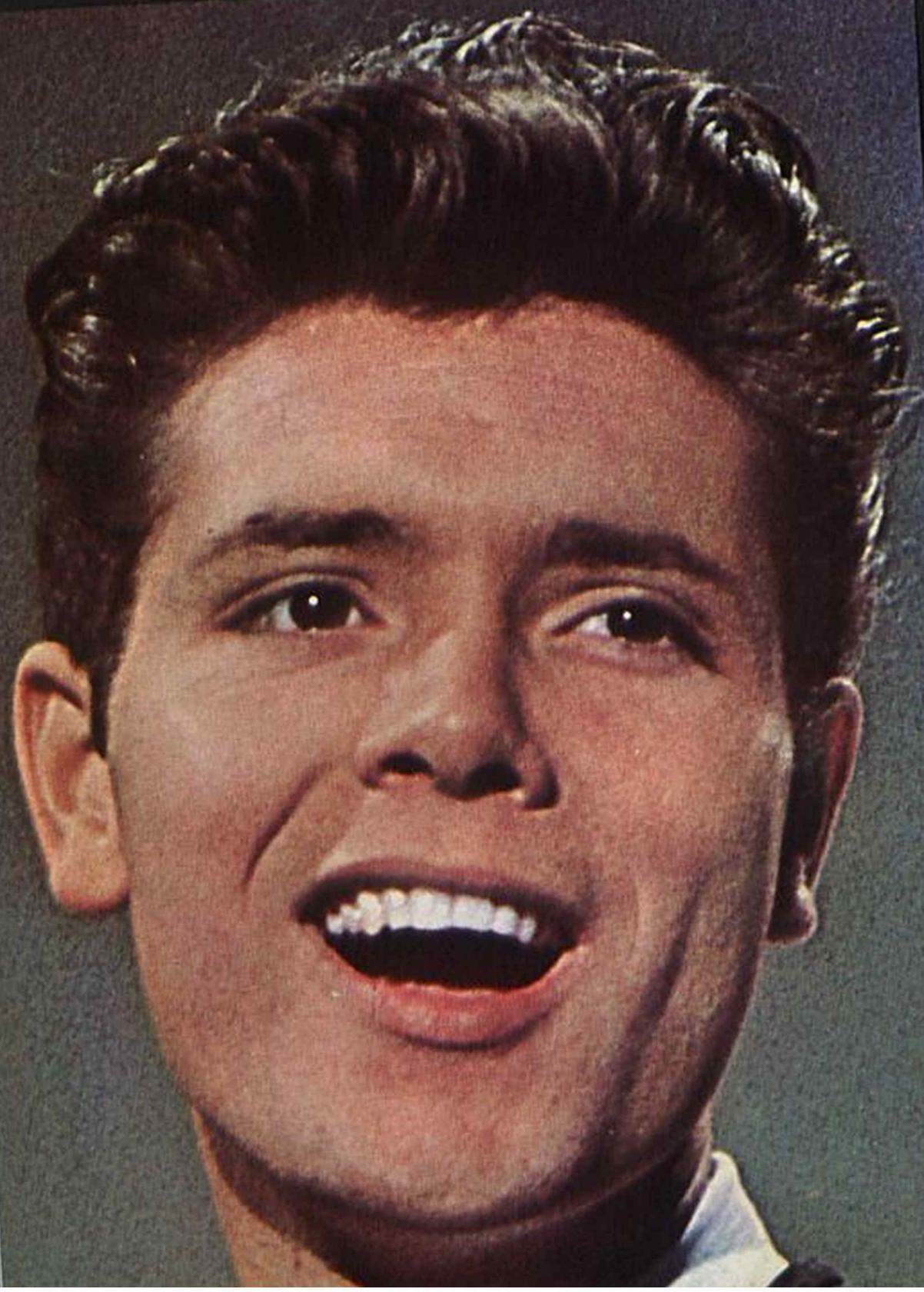
Before you wear a false piece it needs setting just like your own hair. NEVER shampoo your piece, use a dry cleaning fluid and always keep the hair well brushed.

PRICES: From 6 gns. For any more information write to me at the Tower House address on page 61.



**Cathy with the  
latest Chignon look.**

# my CHANGING WORLD





**STORY BY  
DICK TATHAM**  
**PICTURES BY  
A.B.C. TELEVISION**



It was once a dream . . . The slim, dark-eyed boy wanted to be famous. But he had no idea of how his fame might come. He wanted to be rich—not for the sake of the money, but because he would be able to do things for his parents and his sisters. He himself would be able to live a full, exciting life and, from the garden of his home in Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, he would watch giant airliners soaring over London—above the clouds and over his dreams.

That—in his early teens—was the unchanged dream world of Harry Webb. Today—as we all know—it is the real world of Cliff Richard. It has been real for quite some time now. It is also a changing world—with each change seeming to bring some fresh excitement—some new wonderful experience . . .

"Maybe I did dream a lot when I was a kid," he tells you today, "but mine has been a case where the reality has outstripped the dream."

"I never dared hope I would be lucky enough to earn such big rewards just by making the kind of music I love best—that I would be able to buy a fabulous house and bring my mother and young sisters to live in it—that I would be able to have my own retreat on a sandy shore in Portugal. When I think of things like this—and of all the changes of experience and scenery I have had

through travelling around in my career—what more can I say than that I am deeply thankful?

"I know I have said often before that I am grateful to my fans for the wonderful things they have made possible. But it is something I cannot say too often. It is something which seldom strays far from my thoughts . . ."

He reflects a while—relaxing in an armchair in his London Palladium dressing-room. (Till the start of next month he is starring there in "Aladdin".) Then he continues: "Of course the excitement of my changing world is not just a matter of what happens in my personal life—and in my career—but of being in the thick of the showbiz scene, watching new trends come and go, meeting new personalities as they join in the battle to hit the top."

Cliff remembers the year-by-year changes in his world of pop . . . How—when he first hit the charts with "Move It" in September 1958—the Kalin Twins and Connie Francis were top of the pops . . . How a year later his own version of "Livin' Doll" was battling for the number one spot with Craig Douglas's "Only Sixteen" . . . How a year after that the Shadows were top with "Apache" . . . Then there was the September of 1961—when Cliff was happy for two reasons: his idol Elvis Presley was top with "Wild In The Country" and on her way to the top was a young singer

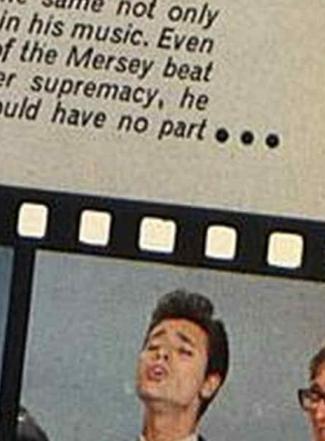
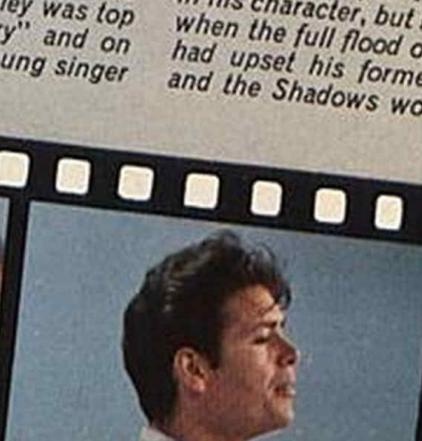
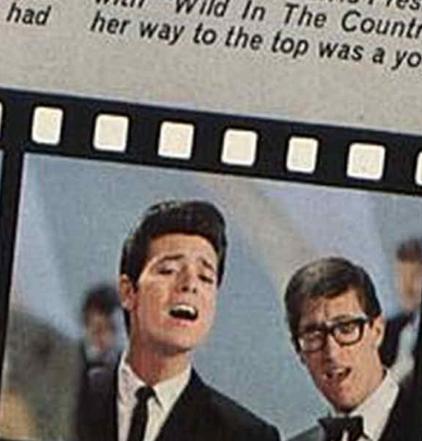
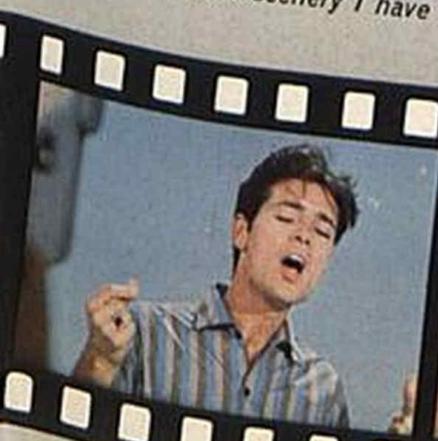
he had greatly encouraged—Helen Shapiro. September 1962: Elvis top again with "She's Not You"—challenged by the Tornados' fabulous "Telstar". A year later: the fantastic Beatles riding high with "She Loves You". September 1964: Herman's Hermits leading the field with "I'm Into Something Good".

Now Cliff finds himself amid other changes. The continued influence of r'n'b . . . the boom in ballads; the hint of a boom for folk music.

Yet the more his world changes—the more Cliff stays the same. Ask anyone who has known him—as I have known him—since his early days in the business. "Cliff?" they say. "He hasn't altered a bit in his basic character all through the years. He is a bit shy—unfailingly polite—doesn't push himself forward—takes the same size in hats."

Put it to him that today he treats people—no matter who—exactly as he did seven years ago before he was famous and he says: "I hope I do that. I hate big-headedness in anyone else—and I should hate myself even more if I ever went in for it even for a moment. How do I explain the fact that I have stayed the same? I can only say I think this is right and that to let success change you is wrong. I guess it doesn't need any more explanation than that!"

Cliff has stayed the same not only in his character, but in his music. Even when the full flood of the Mersey beat had upset his former supremacy, he and the Shadows would have no part . . .





••• of suggestions that they adapt to the new trend.

"The basic fact," he says, "is that our music—apart from when we record with the Norrie Paramor Orchestra—is still rock 'n' roll. We love it. I would have carried on with it if it hadn't earned me tuppence—and I'm sure that goes for the Shadows, too.

"I can't sum up our attitude to the Beatles better than by saying they have done a fantastic job for show business. We can still play the music we like—and welcome their success with the music they like."

On this score there is not the least doubt about the sincerity of Cliff and the Shadows. Far from waiting for the Beatles to become famous, they encouraged them—and became mates with them—long before they went soaring to stardom.

I reminded Cliff of this. "I believe," I said, "it started when you and the Shadows asked them to a party early in 1963?"

Cliff grinned. "The real start," he said, "was in 1962—when we heard 'Love Me Do'. We were due to go to South Africa at the time. We thought 'Love Me Do' was so great, we plugged the Beatles to everyone we met before we left—and in South Africa—and when we got back home."

"See much of the Beatles these days?"

"Not a lot. You know how it is in the business: everyone dashing about with things to do. But when we do meet, it's great. For example, Paul McCartney dropped into the Palladium one afternoon while we were rehearsing 'Aladdin'. He just watched for a while. Then we had a pot of tea together—talked about the business, the latest pop discs and so on. It was fine seeing him. It's always fine seeing any of the Beatles."

Maybe that's why they get along—Cliff and the Beatles. No matter what, they stay the same. No side. No doing the big star act. Good for Cliff. Good for the Beatles. Good for the changing world of showbiz . . .



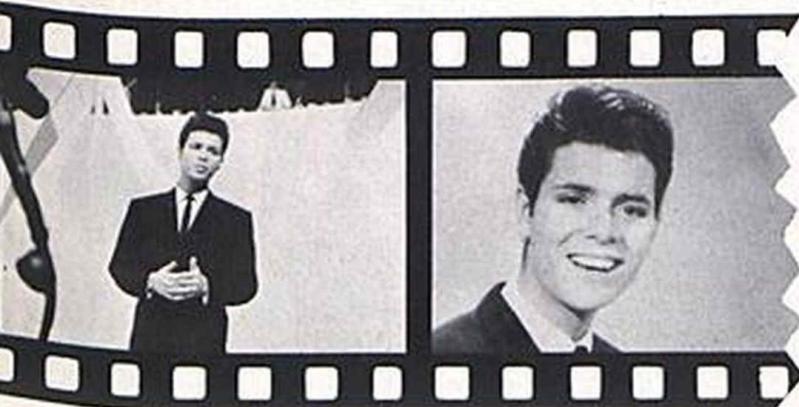
**Now rave writer Dawn James gives you her Bird's Eye View as she spends**

# TEN MINUTES WITH CLIFF

It was such a brief meeting, but one full of enchantment. From the moment I entered the red velvet walled "star" dressing-room at the London Palladium, time ticked unkindly by. He came over and clasped my hand in a firm shake. He was taller than I'd imagined, and thinner. Cliff Richard, the legend, the pop star with lasting powers, offered me a chair.

He was wearing a red towel-like dressing-gown, and his arms and legs were bare.

"Don't mind me nibbling this cheese. I'm on a diet, and it's the only thing I am allowed" he said. "As a matter of fact, I always thought I was a nervy type, but obviously if I was I'd keep thin."



"Do you find time for girl friends amid all the rush of show business?" I asked.

He smiled. "Sure, I think girls are something every self-respecting man has to find time for. When we work on a show there are always some dancers with us who give parties that we go to. And there I meet girl friends. I am very friendly with Una Stubbs who works a lot with us, so I get my fair share of feminine company, and have a chance to pick a girl friend from it all. Of course, my dates usually begin when most peoples are ending! When I take a girl to dinner it has to be after a show. But I like eating late anyway."

### Interruption!

A road manager came in. "Someone else is waiting, Cliff."

"I won't be long." He turned to me. "Someone is always waiting."

"Does it bother you?" I asked.

"No. It used to, but I've changed in my attitude towards things. Instead of worrying about the people outside, I concentrate on the ones with me, like you. I've been going long enough to have worked everything out, and cope with show business. You know, some of my fans now are the original admirers who put me where I am." He paused for a long moment, as though we had all the time in the world. "It's nice hearing from old fans, but some of them—the twenty-year-olds and up—bother me a bit. I think girls should think of more serious things than pop idols when they get to that age. It's great to enjoy the pop singers entertaining, but wrong to hang about the stage door."

"Do you think about marriage, Cliff?"

He nodded.

"Two years ago, I nearly

got married," he paused. "Now I'm a long way from it. Sure I think about it. Marriage is real, it's what life is all about."

Another man came in. "Cliff, there are three people waiting now."

Cliff checked the time. "Yes, thanks. I know who they are and when they were due here. I'll be three minutes." Time was so precious, and I didn't want to leave.

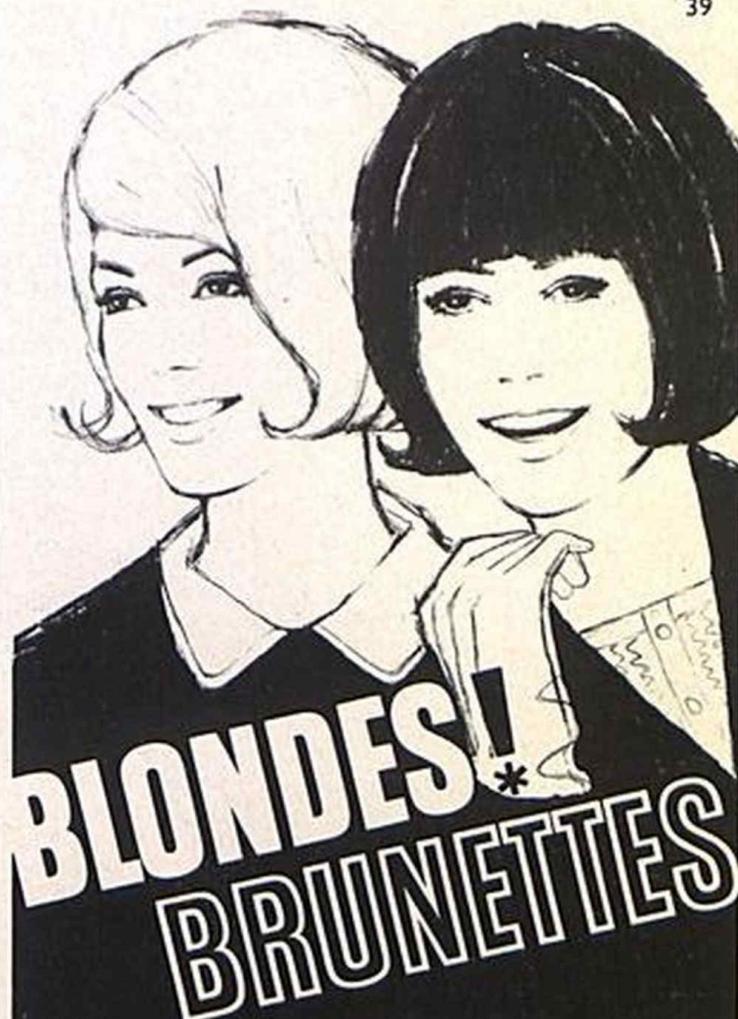
"I have changed a lot in my attitude to work. I have become more and more serious about it. I always get a list of who is coming to see me, and why. I think a lot more than I used to. I wonder where civilisation is taking us. They haven't found a cure for cancer, but they're trying to put men on the moon. I used to worry about the bomb. Oh yes, I went around under a cloud of doom. But I live by the Bible and I read in it that we should not worry about such things; that death comes when, and where, it wishes, and we must have faith and wait."

I thought, *They were right, all those people who called you nice, the most charming, sincere, young man of your generation.*

### Serious

"You do get more serious as you get older, don't you? Of course I still have some good laughs. The other day, my elder sister and I were hysterical about the fools we used to make of ourselves over Elvis. We still admire him, but a few years back we were out of our minds over him. If we heard a record of his, we leapt about shouting, and telling Mum she just had to drop everything and listen."

Time ticked on. Another idol glanced at his watch. I knew it was over, my brief enchanted meeting with an international star who turned out to be a very, very special edition of the boy next door.



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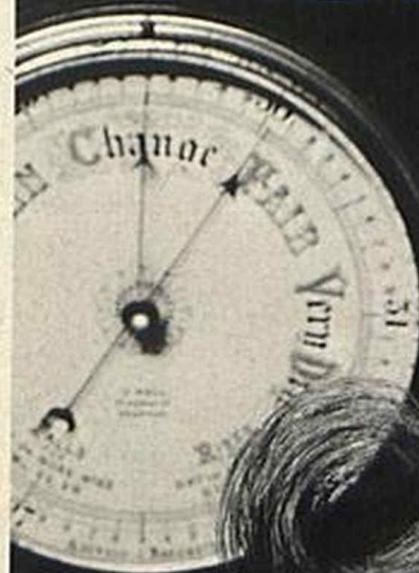


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## GEORGIE FAME heart-to-heart

page 15

house while my father was at work. I'd go down on my knees and polish the lino and all that.

"Then my father married again . . .

"Around that time I started playing with a semi-professional band and we used to get gigs in working men's clubs around town. This meant I'd get home about eleven or eleven-thirty. They thought I should be home at nine and I got a whacking."

### Warnings

I said, "Man, I know. For me and my brother when we got up to anything, it was three hours behind the door and if you looked around—*wham!*"

Georgie nodded. "Well, one night I came home about a quarter to one. The lights were out in our street.

"I'd had a few warnings, but I loved playing with the band and I was enjoying the company of older people at this dance and I suppose I just forgot.

"I knocked at our door. No answer. I knocked for a while and then I gave up. I went round the back and sat in the outside toilet all night, shivering.

"I sat there until seven in the morning when they all got up for work. And by this time a bit of hate had started setting in.

"I worked in the cotton factory for a year but I didn't like it at all. I stuck it until the holidays came around. We went to Butlin's at Pwllheli for wakes week, me and my mates.

"By this time I could sing a few numbers at the piano on my own and the word got around the camp, 'He's a good lad.' So I was offered a job by Rory Blackwell, who had a band at the camp . . .

"Rory drove me home after the week's holiday and I brought him into our house. But my parents didn't want to know. We argued all day and in the end I decided I wanted to leave. I was desperate.

"I went around to the police station and I said, 'I'm sixteen and I've been offered a job working as a musician. If I go away can you bring me back?'

"The copper said, 'If you lead a decent life and you're not committing crimes you can stay away as long as you like.'

"All the same, I didn't do it. I said, 'I'm sorry, Rory, I've decided to swallow it.'



### "I went to Butlin's and met a Redcoat"

"He gave me his card with his telephone number on it and said, 'If you change your mind call me.'

"So Monday comes around and I go back to the factory and find they're all taking sides over the whole business. Some people were saying things like, 'We've heard all about that palaver on t'camp' and others were saying, 'This is your chance. You want to get away from it while you're all reet.'

"The next day I went up to the manager and said, 'Can I leave on Friday?' And that was it. I was on my own. I went to Butlin's for Rory and I met a redcoat from Glasgow called Renee.

"We sort of hitched up. One night there was a party on an old airstrip outside the camp and we were just starting when Renee said, 'I've got a funny feeling. Don't go.'

"She was right. On the way back the rest of the group had a car crash and some of them were taken to hospital.

"I took over the singing bit and Rory worked up front. But a fellow from the camp staff came in and saw only the two of us. The contract was for four musicians, and they understandably gave us the bullet."

### Shattered

Georgie was shattered. I could understand how he felt. His career had blown up as quickly as it had started.

"I couldn't go back and face them at home after only three weeks. So we came down to London."

But the London Georgie came to on that evening long ago was heartless and inhospitable to a green

lad from Lancashire who knew nothing but the blues.

"Rory said he knew this club in Islington. He steamed in there and chatted up the owner and this bloke started us. We went in to play—on a percentage.

"The bloke didn't seem to have the knack, though. Most nights there were about four people in there, so you can imagine what the percentage came to. I used to sleep upstairs and meals were sixpenn'orth of chips.

"Renee followed me down to London and got a job in a West End store. During the day I would walk all the way to Soho to see if I could pick up some kind of job.

"One night I was working in the club when Lionel Bart came in. He heard me singing a few numbers and he got me an audition with Larry Parnes, who was king of the rock scene at the time.

"Some of the mates had told me, 'If you want to get on the scene you need bleached blond hair.' So they sat me in a chair and bleached it.

"I did this audition at Lewisham and I sang a couple of Jerry Lee Lewis things. And instantly Larry said, 'Right. Clive Wells.' He'd changed my name on the spot. He said, 'Can you do Worcester tomorrow night?'

"Well, it couldn't have happened worse. I told him I couldn't. I had something on and there was no chance of getting out of it.

### Slam!

"He said, 'Well, never mind. Call me.' So I phoned his office later on and they said 'Who?' and I said 'Clive Powell—I mean Clive Wells.'

"They put the phone down. Slam! The whole thing had vanished again.

"And to make it worse, Renee came back and said there was trouble in her family and she would have to go back to Scotland. I saw her off at the station and she told me, 'You'll be all right. You'll make it.'

"Poor Renee. We never met again after that. I walked away from the station feeling pretty low. But Rory got me a job in a pub in Canning Town. No pay. We used to send the hat round for the bread. On a good night I'd make maybe fifteen bob. I was back on fish and chips.

"After three weeks I was desperate and then I phoned Lionel Bart and asked him if he could put me in touch with Larry Parnes again. Lionel was very helpful and towards the end of October I started off working for Larry playing backings."

Georgie started to choke with laughter over his drink. When he



## **BILLY J:** **'IT ISN'T GOING TO LAST FOREVER'**



He looked down at the emptying street below the dressing-room window. He was thoughtful, silent, the boy who has had so many successes and who many people are now trying to knock, Billy J. Kramer.

He drew the curtains across sharply, shutting out the emptiness below, and said, "One day every street below every dressing-room could be like that. I always said the adoration of the fans couldn't last. I thought I wouldn't care if it failed me, but I will."

He looked across the room at me, with still blue eyes. "Do you think I'm finished as a top star?"

It was like Billy J. to put the question I had intended asking, and like him to answer it for me. "I'm not," he said, walking round the room like a big bear in a little cage. "I've had big hits, now I'm having smaller hits. I'll get to number one again, though. I hope." He looked quizzically at me with a dash of humour.

"The old cry," he said. "All I need is a good record. 'It's Got To Last Forever' was O.K. but too 1964. You've got to be very different this year. I care about being a success you know."

He waited for reaction.

"You never did care," I said, as expected.

"Don't be stupid," he replied again as expected. "I'm very grateful for my success."

We were getting on to the Billy J. Kramer stock answers for journalists. Answers I wasn't interested in.

He came swiftly to fame with a Lennon-McCartney number, "Do You Want To Know A Secret?" He took his follow-up "Bad To Me" to the top, and got a number eight with "I'll Keep You Satisfied". "Little Children" was again a number one, and "From A Window" reached sixteen. When he was stopping shows and knocking people off the top of the Hit Parade, he seemed to care little for the adulation surrounding him. He was a bit scared by it, and afraid to be too impressed with himself.

"It won't last," he used to say. "I sit back from it. I've got to keep my head so that I'm still a person when it's all over."

"Billy, do you think it's all over now?" I asked. He sat down, crossed his legs, and thought hard. "To be perfectly honest, I don't know. The so-called Liverpool era

is over. I'm sure I am capable of taking a record to number one again, but I don't know if I shall."

This was the real Billy J. talking, honestly, and without reservations.

"Do you worry what you'll do?"

"I am a natural worrier." He grinned. "If there was such a thing as a worrier star, instead of a pop star, I'd be at number one all the time! Seriously, though, the entertainment business is mostly false. You can't rely on anything so shallow. Or many of your so-called friends. They come and go as your record climbs or goes down the charts. People don't want to know you until someone tells them, 'That's Billy J. the pop star.' Then they are all over you."

"How about the fans, Billy? Are they false, too?"

He shook his head. "There are two sorts of fans. The real fans who stay with an artist through thick and thin, and the others who buy an artist's records because they like the song and the voice. These latter fans don't owe you anything. When you give a performance you do your best for these fans, but you do more than your best for the few faithful ones... you give a bit of yourself."

He started combing and re-combing his hair, like he used to when he was nervous.

"What happens if your next record fails you? How would you face being an ordinary person again?"

He heaved a big sigh and shook his head, and his neatly combed hair fell about again.

"To be honest, I don't think I could be an ordinary person again. I can stay in entertainment long after my chart success has finished. You can't be screamed at for the rest of your life. But you can entertain: singing as well as you know how, and singing good material."

"So you couldn't go back to obscurity?" Humour avoided the searching question. He threw the comb across the room at me. "I won't have to," he yelled; then laughed, "Will I?" twisting my arm.

I'm one of the real fans for whom Billy J. gives a bit of himself on stage. For me he will last forever—a rather special, thoughtful, deep person I have respected and liked for two years—but whether he will for you, is another matter.

# THE GIRLS BEHIND THE POP BOYS

page 31

goes for exactly the same type in a boy. She likes sincere people, who don't get into moods and throw tantrums.

The few times they do manage to see one another alone, they like to be quiet. A meal at The Lotus House in London's Edgware Road, and then an evening playing records.

**Sally An** is the name of the girl behind Pretty Things' drummer Viv Prince. They love parties and nightclubs, and don't mind getting stared at in the streets. It doesn't worry them. They're just happy together.

Sally An is a singer who works some evenings in the Starlite Club, London. Viv and Sally met at a party—one of the Pretty Things' famous Chester Street ones!

To Sally An, Viv is a happy, wonderful person. They both work hard, trying to pursue their own careers, but they play hard, too. "We usually stay in and watch the TV till the Epilogue. Then Viv cooks a meal, a really exotic dish. Well, he does live alone and is very capable of looking after himself." But the evening doesn't end there. They then go on to a night club and dance for hours!

Although Viv likes to show his independence, Sally helps with the shopping. "He needs a lot of looking after, though. I have to decide when he needs a haircut! I drag him round to P.J.'s and borrow his hairdresser."

■ The romance between

## 'My feelings for Gerry haven't changed... I still love him'

**Pauline Behan** and Gerry Marsden (they plan to marry) began five years ago, at the Cavern Club, Liverpool.

Pauline liked him, "But not to go out with. I didn't think of him in that way at first." Yet, after about a week of meeting, they went on their first date.

Pauline ran his fan club for a couple of years. But as Gerry got more popular, the work became too much. She is now a secretary at a machinery firm in Liverpool.

Although Gerry may be a big idol to most girls, to Pauline he's still an ordinary boy. "The thing about being engaged to Gerry is that I miss going to the places other young couples can visit. Places like the pictures, or even just for a walk." They have to travel everywhere by car: go for a drink in the

country, then a meal in town. One of the penalties you have to pay for being a star.

When will the wedding be? They don't know. It could be this year, it could be next. "All I know is that he's the same boy I met five years ago, and my feelings haven't changed one bit—I love him!"

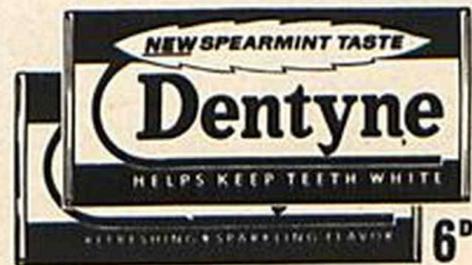
A nice ending. Perhaps the perfect ending to this story. For not all of them will end this way. So many of them will just remain the girls *behind* the boys. Never to be the girls beside the boys.



Dear Problems Page,  
I'm mad about the drummer in our local R&B group. But every time I smile at him he just glowers. Please what can I do?  
**FRANTIC**

Dear Frantic,  
Perhaps your smile is a little lacking in sparkle. Try chewing **Dentyne Chewing Gum**. It's delicious and *keeps your breath fresh, keeps your teeth clean* because, as you chew, it cleans food particles out of the crevices in your teeth. Next time you smile at him, you'll be dazzling!

A few minutes chew with delicious Dentyne  
**KEEPS YOUR BREATH FRESH  
KEEPS YOUR TEETH CLEAN**



2 FAB FLAVOURS: SPEARMINT (bright green pack) CINNAMON (red pack)



Dear Problems Page,  
Dentyne Chewing Gum is marvellous! The drummer is still glowering at me. But that's because I'm now going with the lead guitarist. And wowie! is he dreamy!

## MIKE GRANT ON

THE  
STAR  
BEATPOP  
GOSSIP—  
ONLY THE  
BEST!

**C**illa Black hasn't had much opportunity for holidays since the beginning of her career. In fact, the only time she's had off was for her last Christmas trip to the Canaries, and a few days she spent in Paris last November.

But now Cilla tells me she's going to take advantage of her big tour of Australia, which begins on the 8th March, by stopping off for a short holiday in Hawaii.

Will she get around to wearing one of Hawaii's famous grass skirts? "I doubt it," she told me. "A bikini is good enough, I think."

While I'm on about the hot sun and things like that. Birthday greetings to Beatle George, whose 22nd birthday is on the 25th February.

I'm told that a birthday surprise was planned for George by everyone working on the Beatles' film set in the Bahamas. Instead of giving him the bumps I believe he was in for a ducking!

**"For Sale — rock 'n' roll equipment. Good condition. Hardly used. Apply—the Seekers, Top Ten."** How come the Seekers, now one of Britain's top folk-pop groups, came to place an ad like this?

Well, this Australian group had the idea of travelling round the world, working their way by singing. The day before they were leaving Melbourne, they were told they had to play rock 'n' roll music—not folk! This meant rushing out and buying loads of electrical gear for the guitars.

But on board ship, bound for England, they played rock 'n' roll in the dance hall, and their kind of music at folk sessions in the bars. It wasn't long before they noticed that folk music was getting more attention.

So now The Seekers are landed with a load of gear they hope they'll never have to use again!

Cilla Black

**T**he first time I heard West Indian Ronnie Jones sing was at the First Anniversary party of London's top club, the Ad Lib—with a pop star-studded audience. This boy's certainly one to watch!

Ronnie's spreading popularity, he says, is due to the fact that Georgie Fame's disc "Yeh Yeh" made it. As you may have guessed, Ronnie and his Night Timers play the same kind of music. But he has problems. Unless he can earn at least £150 a week—he loses his work permit! But I think Ronnie will be around for a long time yet!

**W**hat's the connection between the two stars on the back page of this month's rave?

Well, it's just a picture of two friends who will be starting a big tour together in America in mid-April. Gene, the top U.S. star, and Bobby, a young man still climbing.

**L**ooking for a new number one hit? Then watch Tom Jones, the lad from Pontypridd, Wales. His disc, "It's Not Unusual" is unusual enough to make it. And already two of our top groups, the Animals and Brian Poole and the Tremeloes, have both tipped it to make number one.

**I** was talking to rave girl Maureen O'Grady about the great feature she's written this month, *The Girls Behind The PopBoys*. Ringo of course is the only married one, but if any of the others plan to wed soon, my tip is Denny Laine of the Moody Blues.

**M**ost readers buy just one copy of rave each month. But not controversial P. J. Proby.

"I just hate sitting down and writing letters to all my friends back home—so I send them press cuttings instead," says the mercurial Texan.

"I always buy seven copies of rave, so that I can keep my folks up to date," he added.

**B**ehind the happy, friendly, casual appeal of Val Doonican—now hailed as "Britain's Jim Reeves"—lies one of the most tragic stories in show business.

Val and his wife Lynette were married in 1962, and the following year were overjoyed when their first child was born.

But only seven months later their daughter died tragically from a throat illness. "It was the most terrible thing that could happen to anybody," said Val.

Now he and Lynette, who live in south-east London, are happily expecting another baby. "You can just imagine how excited we are. It's marvellous," said Val.

**H**ow do pop stars manage to stay trim and fit for their many dates the world over? Del Shannon, big American star, was telling me his secret the other day—carrot juice and salads! It's a special diet Del goes on whenever he knows he's got a big tour scheduled.

One other way he keeps fit is by playing plenty of American football. And Del told me he plays whatever the weather. Even if it's snowing!



Del Shannon

**H**is guitar says "This machine kills" though the young man that plays it looks harmless enough. He's 19, and, so say many, Britain's answer to Bob Dylan. His name — Donovan Leach.

Before his instant success on R.S.G. Donovan was just roaming the country playing in folk clubs and the like. He sings like a rambling minstrel, of people he's met and his own experiences.

A gypsy-looking character, always dressed in denim, Donovan enjoys his sudden success but gives you the impression that he wouldn't have minded if all of the fame and fortune bit hadn't happened at all.



## Superjobs 2

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

# 'FABRIC DESIGNING FOR ME!'— Sandie Shaw

"I was all set to go to art college for five years," says Sandie Shaw, "When suddenly I hit the pop scene!" That put paid to one set of Sandie's dreams. Now she has no regrets, but still considers art an exciting world. Why? "If you've got artistic talent there's so much to choose from in the way of careers."

Well, what are the opportunities for girls who really feel they have artistic talent? Apart from dress designing, commercial art, pottery making, jewellery and furniture design, one of the most fascinatingly feminine superjobs is in fabric designing. This is what Sandie would choose and this is what we report on this month.

What exactly is fabric designing? It is inventing, or drawing imaginatively from nature, shapes, motifs and colours, which are then printed onto cloth to form a pattern. The cloth may be for anything from a cocktail dress to kitchen curtains.

What qualifications does a girl need? Obviously artistic talent and flair. But there's

more to it than just painting pretty patterns. Before she can get a job, a fabric designer must spend three or four years at art school, studying the different printing processes, learning about materials and their various uses, experimenting with colour, texture and design.

Apart from art college, many of the large textile firms run their own Art and Industry schemes, where they take on young people of talent, often straight from school, and train them in their own fabric design studios.

Where and how do you get that superjob? Naturally, textile firms want to see as large a selection of designs as possible before they make their choice and set the machines rolling. This means that very few firms will take on a full-time trained designer, since they prefer to buy individual designs, many of which come from abroad. So how does the free-lance fabric designer make a living? Usually by taking her designs to the textile firms like Heal's, Sanderson's, Horrockses and Courtaulds, and, plainly and simply, selling them. The price paid for a design depends on the use of the ultimate material. For furnishing materials the fee paid is between twelve to twenty-four guineas; for dress fabrics, between eight and sixteen guineas. These are the minimum, and a really exciting design can fetch much, much more.

If you would like to know more about superjobs in art and design there is a booklet, obtainable from most book-sellers for 2/6, "Choice of Careers Number 103, Art and Design." It would also be a good idea to see the principal of your nearest art college and discuss with him the opportunities in art.



Sandie, at eighteen, has the world at her feet (bare, of course!) after her third hit in a row "I'll Stop At Nothing".

Six months ago I was sitting at a school desk wondering what I was going to do when I left. Now I'm working with a wonderful lot of people and learning about telecommunications. I may be going abroad soon.

This is me  
in the W.R.A.C.



If you would like to know more about the life Eileen and her friends lead in the Women's Royal Army Corps, post this coupon—

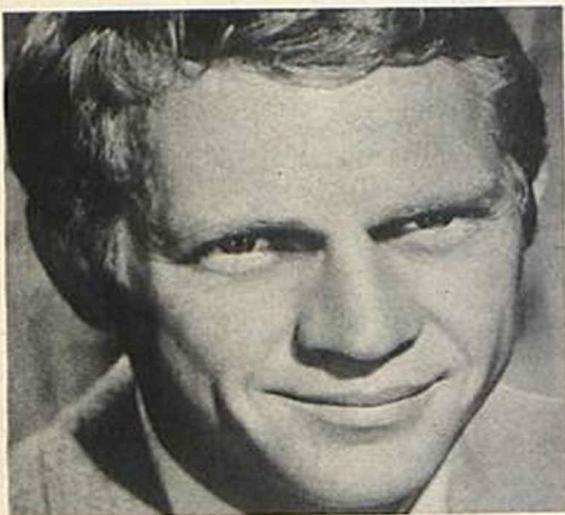
To: Director of WRAC, Department MP 6 (A), (RVE/W39B),  
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Women's Royal Army Corps. Applicants must be resident in the U.K.



**KING McQUEEN**  
**speed ace Steve**  
**—and the**  
**Hollywood air**  
**reverberates**  
**with the roar**  
**of a bike at full**  
**throttle!**

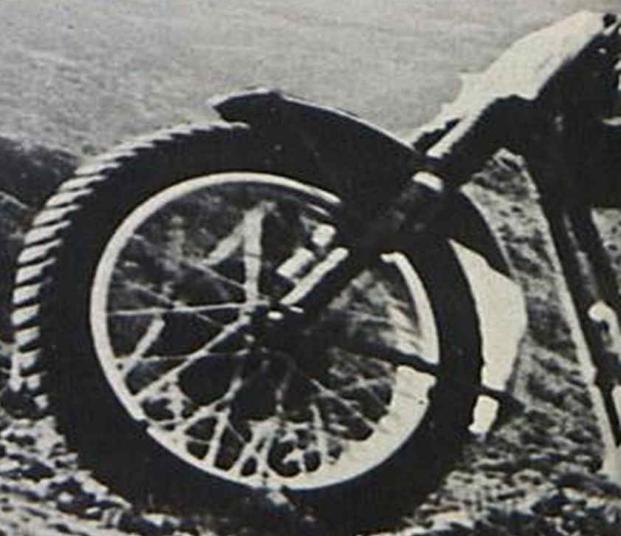
■ Speed . . . Talk about it to Steve McQueen—the king of Speed, and you are wham on his wavelength. He tenses his lean, teak-tough frame. His eyes light up with the glow of the fanatic as if a dynamo inside him has suddenly been switched on.

■ Speed . . . The more you learn about Steve McQueen, the more you realize how much it powers his life. You think maybe he has high-octane fuel where the rest of us have blood.

■ By the side of the house on the Hollywood hilltop is a big garage. In it at any one time may be a couple of racing cars plus two or three motorbikes plus a litter of tools plus a jungle of spare parts which often spill over onto the concrete drive.

■ The house is Steve McQueen's home. The garage is his second home. He will beeline for it the

**SPEED MEANS: SEX!**



moment he gets time off from acting. He will set to work with the skill he first learned as a mechanic in the U.S. Marines. He will wear beat-up jeans and a sweat shirt that matches the concrete drive. He will be a thousand per cent happy.

■ "I just like tinkering around," he will say—giving his famous, rubbery, lopsided grin. "Tuning engines . . . Checking plug gaps . . . Shining up old parts so you could shave in them . . . Things like that are cool."

■ Speed . . . It has come to Steve McQueen in three stages. First was with motorbikes. "All they let me drive in the Marines," he remembers, "was trucks. When I came out I figured something a bit faster would be more my meat. I bought the most beautiful motorbike you ever saw."

■ Stage two of Steve McQueen's

speed career started when he went to Hollywood in 1958. He took up motor racing. He remembers his first time out like it was an hour ago . . . "I went as far into the first bend as I could before I braked. I slithered round it and out of it—weaving around other cars like crazy. I was piling on speed in the straight when I suddenly thought to myself, 'What the hell are you doing here? You could get killed!'"

■ "I was scared. Sure I was. I normally am at speed. But to overcome the scared feeling—that's the great thing. It's a real, pure, out-of-this-world sensation."

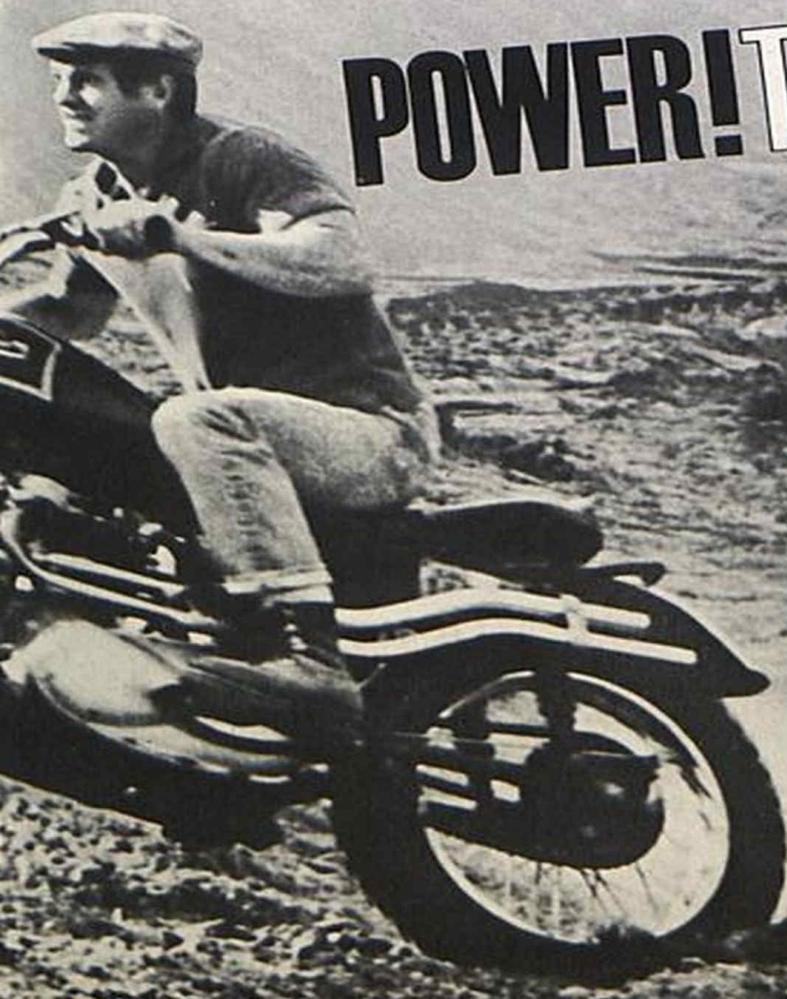
■ Speed-world personalities have said Steve McQueen could have developed into a world-class driver. But in the end he had to quit car racing. For one thing, his studio was jibbing at the constant risk. For

another, to pass beyond the junior formula races to the big-circuit stuff would have needed far more time than he could have spared.

■ So stage three for Steve McQueen was—back to bikes! They still give him the speed he must have. They fascinate him as much as ever. Last year he was tickled pink when he was picked for America's motorcycle team. He went with them to East Germany for the six-day international trials.

■ He even keeps a motor scooter for riding around the studio. "I remember," says one camera crew member, "how one day we finished shooting and Steve McQueen jumped straight on his scooter. He roared towards the exit door—someone held it open for him—and McQueen hauled back on his handlebars and went through the doorway on one wheel!"

**POWER! THRILLS! KICKS!**



**IT CAN  
ALSO  
MEAN  
THIS...**

The first time you fully realised you had a beauty of a bike was on the A20 that Sunday morning.

You were leading Terry and Rick—the three of you like a speeding arrowhead. In your helmets, black leather jackets and pants with the calf length boots, you felt terrific as the engines roared in your ears and the wind belted your face. You concentrated hard on holding just the right distance in front of the others.

And you couldn't keep your thoughts away, because this was living, man! This was all

systems at go! This was a ball! No kicks anywhere could possibly compare with this.

Let them talk about their birds and their purple hearts. How could birds and pills compare with doing eighty-five on your own bike with the winter sun making everything crystal clear and "fixed", like one of those hairsprays they were always advertising for birds on telly. You laughed out loud.

What a gas of an ideal "Fix" everything with a giant hairspray and keep it this way and then you could blast

through it on your bikes.

A mini was dawdling along about forty. You went past him like a trio from Highway Patrol. The middle-aged driver glanced right in alarm as the engine noise hit him.

He hadn't seen you coming, the nit. He wasn't with it. Loser! King-sized loser!

At that point Terry edged nearer. And Rick was coming up, too, on your left.

Trouble was, they were so dim they'd no respect for your beauty: Black Bird, you called her. Though nobody, but nobody knew that. Well, they'd



just laugh. And, anyway, they didn't know. . . .

As you opened the throttle, you caught a glimpse of their grinning faces. They thought they'd surprised you.

Then you left them—flat!

And, before seconds had passed you were laughing and shouting and swearing into the wind as the speedometer needle passed the stark figures: 100.

A ton! You'd done a ton. Why didn't the jerks make the 100 special like? Different, shining figures?

No. Keep it cool. Keep it all cool.

You were half-way through your Coke at the Diamond Cafe when Terry and Rick arrived. Just to show how cool you were, you paid for their Cokes.

"What a bike," said Rick. "She goes," said Terry dryly, and you knew he was as envious as hell.

But then they'd never gripped her with their knees. They'd never got the signals through the base of the spine. That's how you got the kicks, through the base of the spine.

Saturdays and Sundays were knockout days. You spent nearly all of them in the Diamond Cafe, playing the box ("I Feel Fine" wasn't nearly as good as "A Hard Day's Night"), chatting the birds and going for spins.

The birds treated you like a kind of star. They knew sweet fanny adams about the bikes, of course, but they knew you took chances.

## ●When a girl admires a boy's bike, he feels king-sized

And, anyway, everybody knew there was a big sex bit connected with bikes. All the brainy blokes wrote about it. Symbolism, they called it.

Call it what they wanted, more birds paid attention to you after you'd got Black Bird. That blonde Irene, had even asked for a ride and she wasn't put off when you said you'd play Chicken.

Fancy thinking you'd scare some crummy motorist! Let the kids with their 250 cc rattlers weave about the wrong side of the road. You and Bird are above all that.

Funny, but you thought about Irene on the way home that Sunday night, late. Black Bird's headlamp beam sliced the darkness. And, in the light, the asphalt hurtled past your front wheel.

Yeh, that bird Irene was a cheeky one. What was it she'd said, "Bet you never done a ton at night." Yeh, cheeky, all right!

The remark sort of made you open up Bird a bit. The wind buffeted against your

helmet. The bike felt suspended against the blackness.

The needle was touching 85 when it happened.

He was just turning from a lane on the left on to the main road in front of you. In the darkness he'd misjudged your speed.

## ●When he does a ton he feels terrific

You swore frantically and wrenched the clip-ons to the right.

Bird behaved exactly as you knew she would. Like a nightmare in slow motion, you drifted side on at 85 mph into the back right-hand corner of the small saloon. The centrifugal force, at that speed and in that distance, was stronger than all Bird's beautiful power.

But you went through the routine emergency movements in a flash before you hit. Your right hand shut the throttle off and your fingers grabbed at the front brake lever. Your left hand worked the clutch and your right foot jabbed at the change pedal to come down. Your left foot stamped violently on the rear brake pedal.

But as you crouched along the racing seat, your chest pressed on the petrol tank, you knew it was useless. There was a screaming roar as your rear wheel leapt off the ground.

Bird was out of control. You hurtled, hard, into the car.

Afterwards, you remembered quite a lot about that moment. . . .

The last desperate look you flashed at the rev counter—7,500—the needle biting deep into red danger area with that roar. . . .

The impact, because of a dull, deep pain in your left leg. Had the propstand buckled?

You saw the fibre-glass fairing round your head shatter. . . .

With a sickening crunch you hit concrete with Black Bird's hundredweights dead on top of you, slewing you round, dragging your body helplessly through darkness.

A searing pain in your right leg now and you guessed the cylinder barrel had crushed it.

Pain, more pain, violent, in your shoulders. . . .

Then nothing. . . . You come to, lying against the roadside bank. You can't move your head.

A leaping glow of red light in the roadway puzzles you, but it lets you see, surprised, your leather pants ripped and your legs sticking through like some scene from a film.

Your legs are black with dirt and oil and your blood is pumping over the right one. "The silencer did that?"

You accept the fact that a woman is kneeling beside you suddenly and stroking your brow.

You feel the sweat running down your face and body. You hear an animal sort of noise and you know it comes from you.

The woman says, "It's all right. Hold on. The ambulance is coming."

"Ambulance!" you think. "Somebody in the car must be hurt. I must get up." But when you try you can't move.

You hear the police bell first. The squeal of the police car stopping. The glare has gone. Why? Then flashlamps.

Then an ambulance bell. More lights. Voices. One raised above the others, "These confounded ton-up boys. Can't control their machines—kill 'emselves and others."

For God's sake, why are they lifting you? Why not help you up decently? Why are there so many people standing about?

It's dim now in the ambulance and it's moving—fast. You know that by the way it's swaying. Your eyes are closed and now most of the pain has gone. But you still can't move. Something pricks your arm and very soon a great swamping deadness fills you.

But you can still hear voices. "Get a move on, Pete. This

## ●He could also be dead

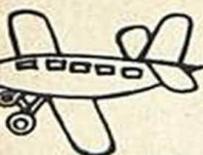
one's copped it good and proper.

"See his bike? Caught fire. There's nothing left."

The crunching, blinding, screaming, jagged blow hits you straight between the eyes. Your lips move but no sounds come. Your mind is shrieking "Black Bird . . . Black Bird . . . Black Bird . . ."

In the darkness that might never end. . . .





## ROLLING WITH THE BLARNEY STONES!

• • • page 3

Charlie's ear, but he didn't even notice. These strange tokens of a strange love were hurled from the turbulent sea beyond the footlights.

An hour later I picked up the bell, and it tinkled prettily. So this was a Stones' tour, I thought, and this was only the start of it. For three days I was to live with the boys and Twinkle, who shared the bill. For three days I was to share the noise and the thrills, and the quiet moments; the start at London Airport on a cold, damp day, when only the continuous flash of photographers' lamps brightened up the dreary sky; the end, in the hotel lounge in Southern Ireland, at seven in the morning, when we talked of ghosts.

Let's go back to the beginning, at the Airport. It was fun boarding the plane with the five famous Stones. People nudged each other, and puzzled looks flew about the low-ceilinged aircraft. There were eleven in our party. The five Rolling Stones, Twinkle, Stew and Mike (Stones' road managers), Glynn Johns, housemate of Stew, recorder of "Terry" and "Golden Lights", and folk singer in his own right (who just came along for the holiday), Andrew Loog Oldham, and myself.

"See what *rave* gave us in these parcels," Charlie said, dipping into the striped carrier bag that was a present from *rave*.

The great plane paused at the end of the runway. The engines screamed.

"This is the dangerous bit," Brian said, leaning back in his seat. The plane rose steeply into the sky.

A tour, any tour, whether it be this or any other, consists of travelling, working, sitting about, and going to bed in strange hotels. It means all day and half the night spent close to those with whom you share the bill. It means sharing performances where nerves are often tense and things go wrong. It means sharing the late night unwindings in hotel rooms and lounges, and the late morning risings when you clamber in another bus or train or plane.

On this particular Stones' tour we were playing three major cities in Ireland. We flew to Belfast, went by train to Dublin, and by car to Cork. Let's take the highlights of those three days. Let's sit in on dressing room rehearsals, press calls, chats. Let's start with a *Press Call*.

It's 4 p.m. or thereabouts, any important tour, any day of it. *Place*: the still-darkened theatre where a few hours later the fans will scream. The press reporters and photographers were gathered in front of the stage, and the Stones had just arrived. As they ran through the glass swing doors of the theatre, the crowd outside gave them an Irish welcome that had us believing their names were Timothy or Pat.

If the Irish fans are well aware of The Stones, not all their pressmen are so well informed.

"You are the only married Stone," a pressman said to Bill.

"Am I?"

"Oh, and that is Mick Jones. Mick, what do you think of the group?" Mick snorted in a very Mick-like-fashion, and said, "I think they're stupid, especially that Jagger bloke."

When reporters made mistakes, the Stones didn't correct them. Together with their manager they played practical jokes, they laughed and they teased their fellow artists.

But as the tour progressed, I saw other sides to them, realised why they tease and laugh. I saw that they also laugh at themselves, that they are very kind to those new to the business. Like the night Twinkle was worried about rehearsals.

It was 6 p.m., Twinkle and The Gonks were desperately trying to rehearse in the tiny dressing-room they shared, next to The Stones. There was little time left before the show.

Mick, realising how worried Twinkle was, had helpfully ordered tea, and was pouring it and handing it round.

A policeman came in with a pile of autograph books.

"Would you leave them and we'll sign later," Twinkle asked.

"Couldn't you do them now, miss?"

Mick took hold of them. "I'll do them now, and I'll get the other Stones to, then come back to you, Twink." He ushered the policeman out, adding over his shoulder, "Don't worry, love, you'll be O.K."

Downstairs, the first house was well begun. A few screams filtered up to the dressing-rooms, and fell on anxious ears. "They're screaming," the news went round. All pop stars care about their audiences. The Stones always peep out at the crowd to see what sort of reaction to expect.

"Look at that bird in the second row," Mick said one night, one pale blue eye peering through a hole in the curtain. "She's wearing a pink sweater." Brian and Keith soon pushed him out of the way, and took a look themselves.

Back in Twinkle's dressing-room Mick returned to his tea.

"Feel better now?" he asked.

"Yes, I hope we'll be O.K.," Twinkle said. "It's not the way to do a good act, though, rehearsing in a dressing-room. If only the theatres would allow you to rehearse properly. If only one had more time..."

This is the constant cry of an artist riding high on the Hit Parade who is doing personal appearances all over the country.

During a tour you become very close to your fellow artists. There are the long hours before and between performances when the walls of the dressing-rooms become prison walls. When the police on the exit doors, keeping away the crowds, seem like your wardens. When you head aches and your mind is muzzy.

Once, Mick came out of his dressing-

room and leaned against the cold corridor wall. "I could scream," he said, "Just bawl as loud as I know how. Seems like we'll never get away from here tonight." He loosened his shirt collar. "I'm going out on the fire escape." The door high in the top of the building, opened easily, and Mick stepped into the cold night. It was a long way to the ground below, but not far enough to stop the hundreds of waiting fans in the street making a wild dash up the fire escape to see their idol.

A theatre security guard rushed out. "Come in!" he said, very annoyed. "Are you trying to cause a riot?" The door bolted behind the Stone who tried to get away for a moment.

"I was trying to get some air," Mick said quietly, but the guard didn't understand.

That night, the curtain had been up and down four times before Twinkle and The Stones made their way to the wings. Standing well out of sight, they watched The Gonks performing their new record, "Anyway You Want Me." The mood was a good one then. The frustrations of waiting for the performance disappear once the artists have got as far as the wings. Charlie and Andy giggled like two school-boys, making rude faces behind our backs. Mick and Keith jokingly waltzed together. Brian stood next to Twinkle.

"Whenever I stand in the wings, and there is a super crowd out front, I think of The Beatles," Twinkle said. "I went with them to a show in Buxton about a year ago, and they had to stop the performance because the audience was so excited. I adore The Beatles."

"We've been fans of theirs for years, too," Brian said. "Once we went to see them at The Albert Hall, and we carried out their equipment for them. Because we had long hair we got mistaken for them!"

The Gonks' piece ended. "Let's throw her onstage," Charlie suggested, getting hold of Twinkle. She fought them off, a bit panicky, and got ready for her entry. "Go on then," they pushed her hard, but she kept her balance. Moments later a big voice from a little blonde echoed round the theatre. Bill and Brian stood just out of sight behind the wing curtain.

"Roll Over Beethoven," Twinkle swayed and twisted. The spotlight shone on gold hair. The spotlight died.

"Twinkle, that was lousy," Andy said as she came offstage, though the crowd still cheered.

"Sure," Twinkle came back lightly. "I thought it would match your tongue."

Thundering music burst forth as the red curtains parted and The Rolling Stones entertained. Mick was swaying, his voice a rough, tuneful snarl.

The Stones are wonderful artists onstage. They give a completely polished performance. Applause. Music. Applause. The noise of clapping hands and screaming throats throbbed in our ears. Mick sang and shook and slithered.

"They're so great," Twinkle said softly, "they make you want to cry." A girl out front was crying. Everyone on the show was watching the performance. The audience rose. The lights moved from one colour to the next. A shaft of blue caught Mick as he hypnotised his followers. The

change from violent harsh fast numbers to slower softer melodies, was like running into hot then cold water. We tingled, we caught our breath, we felt a surge of warmth. The lights (played out, like us), died suddenly. The curtain fell. We gasped, then breathed more regularly. The Stones passed us, one by one, each wiping his brow and undoing his shirt.

There is always an anti-climax after a show, but after a Stones' show this is more marked. The dark night offers solitude. The empty theatre has been used, and is soon discarded. The voices, echoing through brick corridors, have nothing more important to say than, "Have you got my case? Where is my guitar?"

Together, or in two's and three's, you make your way out to the waiting cars. Perhaps this, rather than any other time, is the hub, the heart, the essence of a tour. Now begins the long unwind into the night, when you unwind together.

We went back to the hotel set on a hillside overlooking the town, and the river that runs towards the sea. Our party took an entire corridor of rooms. Coffee was ordered in Bill's room, where he had decided to wash his hair. Mick, Brian and Charlie lay on the couch. Keith sat in a corner strumming his Spanish guitar. At a glance, you might have thought the show, only a half-hour before, had never been. But the laughter in that room was as yet too loud, too gay, the occupants too wide awake; their eyes too bright, their voices loud. As pots of coffee came

and time went, a slow calm descended on the party. When laughter did come now, it was deep and infectious.

"Remember the first time we met you, Bill?" Charlie asked. Bill appeared with a towel round his head, and sat on the edge of the bed with Twinkle and I.

"Yes, you just stared at me and didn't speak, and I'd run all the way back from work to meet you on time. I was dead choked. I thought you were a horrible lot." Bill said.

By five o'clock in the morning the bedroom had become too warm, too smoky, as the night was nearly played out. In a last attempt to make our time together last, because this was the end of the tour, we went into the hotel lounge to see in the morning.

A clock struck on the hillside. That and the noise of the wind outside broke the silence. There were no curtains shutting off the lightening sky, and we sat looking out on the new day.

"Ghosts walk when the wind howls," Brian said, sinking further into his chair. "Do you believe in ghosts?" Twinkle asked.

"I think ghosts are very real, but only products of the mind."

"You mean you imagine them?" Mick inquired.

"No, they are real, but only because people make them so. It's like wishing hard enough and your wish is granted. You hear a howling wind, like that one, and you look into the dark. Go on, look. You might see a ghost and I might not, but just because I didn't it wouldn't mean

it wasn't there."

"Oh, Brian, I'm scared." Twinkle turned away from the window.

"I've read a lot about ghosts and spirits. It is very involved," Brian said, "there are some people who attract spirits; they have a warmth about them that is felt by the ghosts."

We watched the windows as light crept gently over the earth.

"Ghosts of the morning can be seen on the skyline if you watch intently enough," Brian said.

Seven o'clock chimed from the church tower on the hill above us.

Mick yawned, "I'm going to bed."

We tiptoed from the lift, down thickly-carpeted corridors. One by one the Stones' doors closed.

I felt in my pocket and found the tiny silver bell that had shot its tinkling way onto the stage three nights before. Small silver bell, symbol of the love the fans have for the stars. As The Stones laid their tired heads on cool pillows the smell of the crowd and the sound of its voice, was only a few hours away. The performance, that is the reason for the travelling, the nerves, and the final unwindings, would soon begin again.

The programmes—shoes, scarves, and ashtrays—would fly towards the stage, spinning, hissing, missing; falling on to a stage bright with lights, set alight with personalities. The sweat, the noise, the girl who cried, the screamers, would unite the audience and performers, working side by side in the glamorous, glorious business we call Pop.



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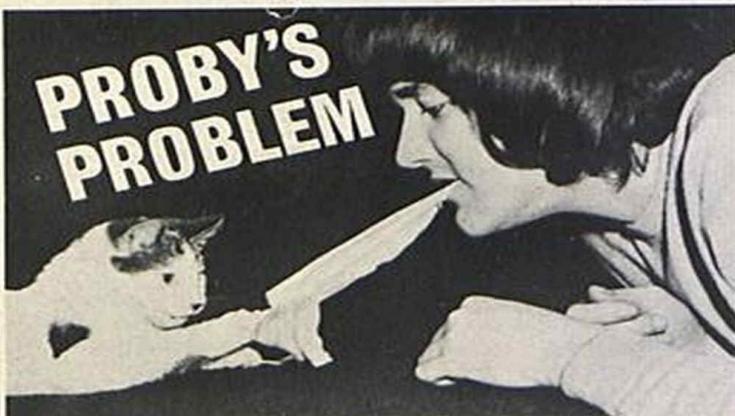
Think of a flavour—and chew it in Chiclets sugar coated gum! You can choose from Chiclets Fruit Flavoured, with six assorted flavours in every pack. Or Spearmint. Or Peppermint. Go on, go great for Chiclets! 12 pieces for 6d.



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5 sti-NEWNES

## The Penny Wells Column



*Phew! Pardon me while I rest my aching arms and slip on my dark glasses! The "trouble" started last month when we asked in all our innocence, "What would you do with a boy like Jim Proby?"*

*Well, we asked for it! Hundreds and hundreds of cards and letters poured in. It was a deluge. And Penny (can't-keep-her-mouth-shut) Wells opened and read every one.*

*I'm tired, but haf, y, 'cause you all had such interesting things to say. Like Alice Wilson, of Sheffield:*

*"Any girl who gets invited to a party and then finds her host has vanished—as happened to the girl in the Jim Proby story last month—should cross him off forever, whether it's Jim Proby, Elvis Presley or Paul McCartney!"*

*Judy Williams of Hudders-*

*field would have sought revenge:*

*"First of all I would have sent him a nasty letter telling him exactly what I thought of his manners. AND I would have told him I'd bought my last Proby record. Cheek!"*

*But Amy Gregory of Newcastle is much milder and far more forgiving:*

*"If this had happened in your own circle of friends, you would have been annoyed at your host, but that would have been the end of it. Just because it's Proby everybody goes mad and shouts about his 'selfish action.' Don't blame Jim TOO much. He probably tried hard to get back and failed."*

*Marion Holliday, Glasgow: "Jim's like a little boy. He was naughty! My advice—kiss and make up! Yes please!"*

*Pat Maker, Northumberland: "I could tell you what I'd do with a boy like Jim—but I'm much too polite."*

*Miss S. McAllister, Hants: "I would love him and care for him and understand him, and encourage him to be the biggest success of the year—and then I'd marry him!"*

*Well, that seems a fair say to*

*me. And there were hundreds more we haven't been able to print. The verdict: that the majority think that Jim Proby is wrong in letting down the people who love him most—his fans. And that he ought to realise just how much trust and faith they have in him. A lot found excuses for him. Which, I suppose is why boys win every time. They seem so helpless, and Jim Proby in particular.*

### ■ PROBLEM LETTER

I work in show biz circles in London's West End. Fairly frequently I see the Animals and I'm crazy about one of them—Hilton.

I don't know if I'm the luckiest girl in Britain with my job, or the most wretched. Because I can't make up my mind whether to speak to 'my Animal' or not.

At times I think—there's only one way to find out if he likes you—speak to him! At other times I think 'I'll just look and say nothing and long afterwards when it's all over. I'll look back and smile.' What would you do?—Jill Carpenter, London, N.W.8.

Readers are invited to write in with THEIR solutions to Jill's problem. The address to write to is: Penny Wells, RAVE, Tower House, Southampton St. London, W.C.2.

## NEXT MONTH!

RAVE GOES ROVING IN A FANTASTIC RAVE AROUND THE WORLD ISSUE

Meet: Roy Orbison heart-to-heart with Alan Freeman / The Kinks—everywhere! / Donovan / Fame in Austria / Sandie Shaw in Paris / France's top heart-throbs / The Beatles / The Shadows / Mick Jagger / Gene Pitney / and many more! It's all happening in the Irish next month.

on the Irish Rave, on sale March 25th

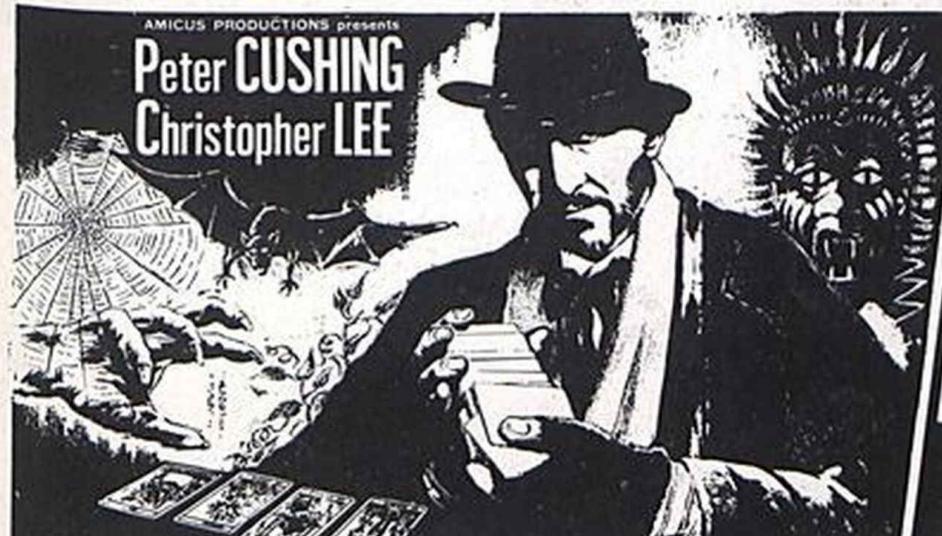
## DODO'S POP DIARY — MARCH

- 1 "The P.J. Proby Show" SHOULD open tonight at Finsbury Park Astoria. Adam Faith and Sandie Shaw (her first tour)—at the Theatre Royal, Norwich, tonight. Del Shannon tour with the Shangri Las, Wayne Fontana, Herman at the Birmingham Town Hall.
- 2 Billy Fury tour opens at the ABC Romford. Roy Orbison tour at Leeds Odeon.
- 3 Mike Pender (Searchers) 23 today.
- 4 Bobby Shafto 21 today! Billy's tour in Dublin, Roy's in Glasgow, Adam's in Maidstone.
- 5 Rolling Stones at Edmonton Regal—with Dave Berry, the Hollies and the Original Checkmates.
- 6 Hugh Grundy (Zombies) 20 today. TV-wise—"Lucky Stars", P. J. Proby, Georgie Fame. "Big Night Out"—Billy J. Kramer.
- 7 Zombie Chris White, 22 today.
- 8 Ralph Ellis (SBJ's) 23 today. Bachelors at Gloucester ABC. Cilla Black, Sounds Inc., Freddie and the Dreamers, Gene Pitney, Mark Wynter begin 17-day Australian tour. Animals, Dodie West, Kinks, Manfred, play Sheffield City Hall.
- 9 Roy Orbison—Granada Tooting.
- 10 Billy's tour up North—Chester ABC.
- 11 Ric Rothwell (Mindbenders) 21 today.
- 12 Brian O'Hara (Fourmost) 24 today.
- 13 "Lucky Stars" with the Bachelors. "Pop Spot" with Dusty.

- 14 Georgie Fame at the New Theatre, Oxford. Animals, Kinks at Newcastle.
- 15 Mike Love of the Beach Boys, 24 today. Bachelors—Stockton ABC.
- 16 Stones—Greenford Granada.
- 17 St. Patrick's Day. Moody Blues play Bristol Corn Exchange.
- 18 Billy Fury's tour at Cambridge Regal.
- 19 Paul Atkinson (Zombies) 19 today.
- 20 Tamla Motown hits England! Tour starts tonight at the Astoria Finsbury Park—starring The Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, Little Stevie Wonder, The Miracles, Earl Van Dyke 6 and guesting Georgie Fame. Cliff on "Lucky Stars".
- 21 Moody Blues, Brian Poole and Twinkle—Golders Green Hippodrome.
- 22 Keith Relf (Yardbirds) 22 today. Last night of Del's tour at Glasgow Odeon.
- 23 Don Gould (Applejacks) 18 today.
- 24 Bachelors in Dublin. Stones start Scandinavian tour in Copenhagen.
- 25 Moody Blues go posh and play London's famous Hilton Hotel.
- 26 The Drifters star in a midnight charity show at "London Palladium".
- 27 "Big Night Out" with Gerry and the Pacemakers. Stones on "Lucky Stars".
- 28 T-Bone Walker at Nottingham.
- 29 Eden Kane 23 today.
- 30 Tamla Motown hits Manchester. Billy Walker, fights Brian London at Wembley Pool tonight.
- 31 Richard Chamberlain 31 today!

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NEWNES

## GEORGIE FAME heart-to-heart

page 41  
stopped, he said, "Alan, you know I nearly became Lance Fortune instead of Georgie Fame?"

I stared at him.

"It's the truth. Larry used to think up far-out names for his proteges. As it happened, the next name on his list was Lance Fortune, and he put it on a chap called Chris Morris who was doing an audition. Well, Larry didn't think Chris was up to it.

"But Chris went away thinking, 'This is a good name. I'll keep it.' And he made a record called 'Be Mine' for Pye and it went straight into the hit parade.

### Big Change?

"Larry said he wanted this name back—Lance Fortune—so he called me Lance Fortune to keep his claim to it! It was a fantastic battle.

"In the end Larry came up to me and said, 'I've thought of a new name for you. Georgie Fame.'"

As we all know, pop-pickers, it wasn't long until Clive-Georgie Powell-Wells-Fame was on his rocking way to the top.

It was getting late and Georgie was tired after his long flight from Innsbruck. He stood up shrugging on his hefty sheepskin jacket.

"Since rhythm and blues came in it's done a hell of a lot for honesty in music.

"Young people today are cooler. They're looking for the good things in life. The whole scene is very much healthier in the past year or so. If you start off looking for truthfulness and meaning and maturity you're starting on the right track."

I helped him down with his bags in the lift.

"One last question, Georgie," I said as we waited for a cab. "Since 'Yeh, Yeh' have you found any big change in your life?"

He shook his head. "Not really, Alan. A few more people have said hello who wouldn't have bothered in the past. But the genuine fans have given me some great pleasure."

The cab came and rolled on, Georgie waving from the window.

There is somebody, I thought to myself, who'll never fool himself or his fans about anything.

For Georgie Fame is one hundred per cent straight talent. With the emphasis on straight.

Jackie Harlow reports the latest from America in

## + THE RAVER'S U.S. CABLE

■ *The Righteous Brothers, who had a solid smash number one here with "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'", were more concerned with nudging Petula Clark's "Downtown" from the top spot in the U.S. charts than the British cover job of their disc by Cilla Black . . . Brian Epstein has set up plans for the Beatles' summer '65 tour . . . Even the Ronettes agree that Phil Spector has thrown the kitchen sink into their new release here, "Born To Be Together". On it, they sound like a female Righteous Brothers, which isn't surprising, as Spector has used the same methods of recording.*

■ *Was allowed into Gene Pitney's last recording session . . . boy, he sings up a storm. When the session was over, even his producers congratulated him on his musicianship. The session produced his current British release, and also the surprising news that Gene would like to live permanently in Italy . . . The Animals look like having a smash on their hands with their last release, "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" which they performed on the Ed Sullivan Show . . . Dave Clark Five are set for their third American tour in June.*

■ *Manfred Mann will be back in April . . . Lot of airplay being given to Georgie Fame's "Yeh Yeh" . . . Petula Clark planning to return here for the entire month of April, says she'll rent a house and bring the family . . . Little Anthony and the Imperials are sorry they couldn't get to England to promote "Goin' Out Of My Head" . . . Four Seasons celebrating their third successive year in the charts with "Bye Bye Baby" . . . Connie Francis's manager, George Scheck would like to bring P. J. Proby back to America for personal appearances . . . American r & b names to watch for in England who have made the national charts here are Joe Tex "Hold What You Got", Dobie Gray "The 'In' Crowd", and Alvin Cash and the Crawlers "Twine Time". The twine is a new dance and you can guess the movements from its title . . . All the Tamla-Motown cats are excited about their forthcoming British tour.*

■ *Shindig producer Jack Good up for an Academy Award as best supporting actor of the year for his role in "Father Goose" . . . Rhythm and blues is getting stronger . . . Trini Lopez still has all his shoes sent from London . . . That's all for now, see you next month . . .*

## CATHY'S QUIZ ANSWERS

1. John (24), October 9, 1940. Paul (22), June 18, 1942. George (22), February 25, 1943. Ringo (24), July 7, 1940. 2. (1) The Blue Flames. (2) Clive Powell. (3) Flamingo. (4) Rik Gunnell. (5) Colin Green. 3. (1) Mickie Most. (2) Recording manager. (3) "I'm Into Something Good", "Show Me Girl", "Silhouettes" 4. My handbag see Today's Raves. 5. (1) Ray Davies. (2) "Long Tall Sally". (3) Shel Talmy. (4) Mick Avory. (5) Larry Page. 6. The one in the middle. 7. Summer Holiday, 1963, Serious Charge, 1959, Expresso Bongo, 1960, Wonderful Life, 1964. 8. (1) Steve McQueen. (2) Peter McEnery.

(3) Cary Grant. (4) Richard Burton. 9. (1) For Beatles TV show. (2) "Hold Me". (3) Jim. (4) "I Am P. J. Proby". (5) Houston, Texas. 10. Dave-Dusty, Simon-Twinkle, Bobby-Lulu. 11. The one on the left. 12. (1) Ringo—real name Richard Starkey. (2) "Play It Cool". (3) Crawdad. (4) Dec Cluskey. (5) "As Long As You're Happy, Baby". (6) Beatles, Cilla Black, Gerry and Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer and Dakotas, Cliff Bennett and the Rebel Rousers, Mike Haslam, Tommy Quickly, Rustiks, Fourmost, Sounds Incorporated, Remo Four. (11 points in all.) (7) 6 feet 7½ inches.

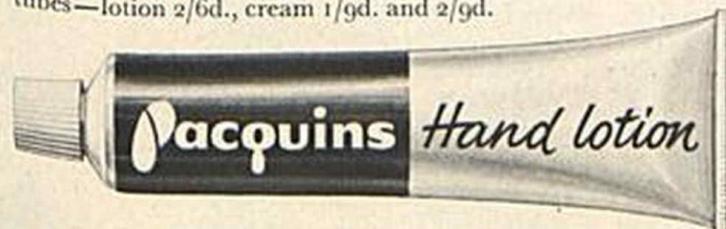
**Personal Rating:** Here's where you check how you did . . . Over 100 points: a real Ready, Steady, Go-er. 80-99 points: well clued up. 60-79 points: good. 40-59 points: fair. Under 40 points: don't tell a soul.



## Who's a 10-second smoothie?

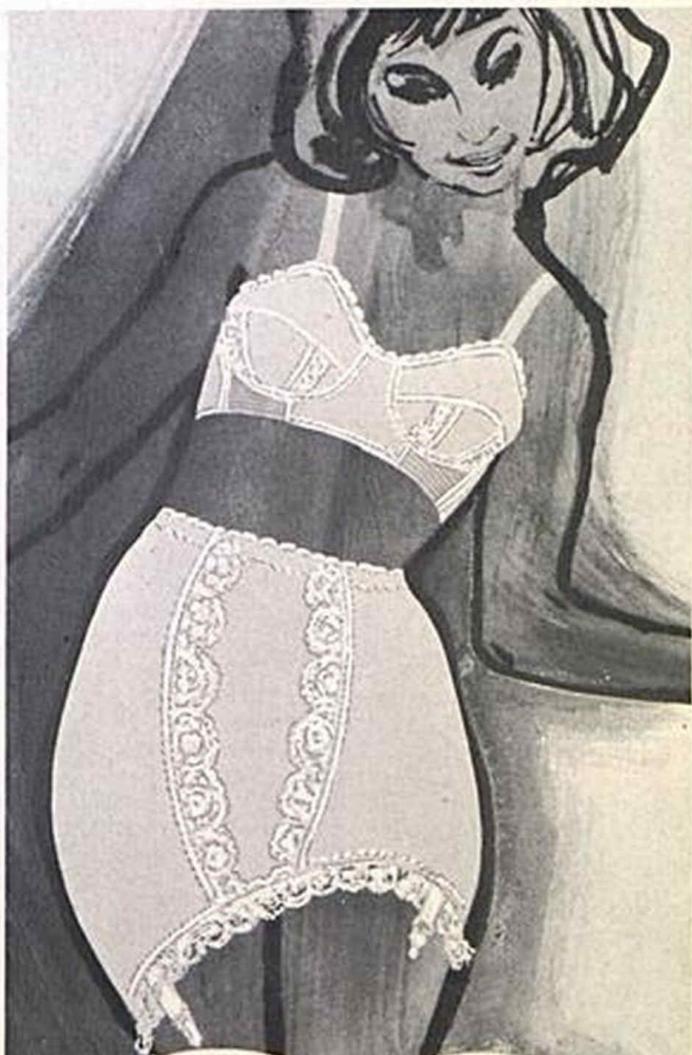
**The girl with the Pacquins!** Count to 10. That's how long it takes to smooth dreamy, perfumed Pacquins new lotion into your hands. Even girls who haven't time for hand preparations have flipped for the fabulous Pacquins 10-second beauty plan. Pacquins isn't sticky—it's cool, soothing lotion and dries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

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# today's raves

## RAVE MONSTERS

Over one million hot-rodders in the U.S.A. have revved their sport into a sort of religion—Autocult. Hot-rod clubs have adopted monster shirts with such emblems as "Thou Shalt Drag" and "Mother Is Wrong". Hideous monsters (below) adorn the back, miniature monsters dangle from dashboards of hot-rodders' cars.

Hot-rodders have their own language: Hot Roddese! Rank, bad. Hairy beast or brute, fast car. Pig, a nothing car. Deuce, a much desired 1932 Ford. Goof wagon, car with too many ornaments. Bench race, to talk. Squirrel, show off. Mickey Mouse, bad taste. Mutha, anything great.

More about Autocult, Monsters, Munsters in April rave!



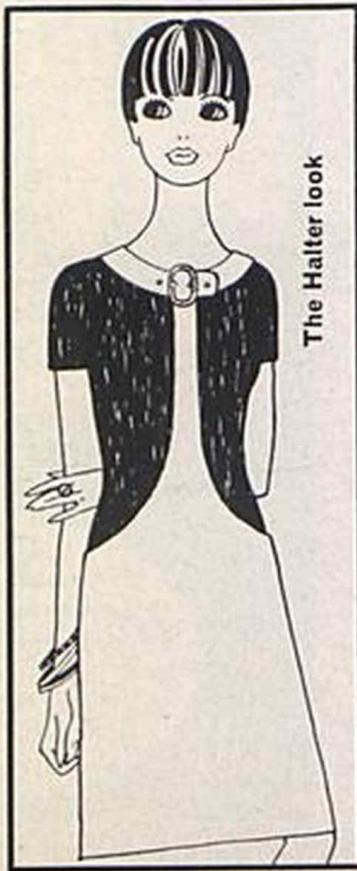
Hollywood Hot Rod Monster

### GATHY'S HANDBAG

Little handbags are still the trend—like this one, Cathy McGowan's. Very, very soft black leather, neat and sharp Italian design. Susan handbags, 4-gns (approx.)



**NEW! NEW! Pearlised powder that promises your skin will glow like a precious jewel! "Poudre Scintillante" by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. Applied all over the face or just the areas you want to lighten (e.g. around the eyes for a bright sparkle). Catches the light, specially in the evening. One shade—a golden beige—tones with all complexions.**



The Halter look

■ For girls: wide gold wedding rings (secondhand) are the most ring-wise. Sandie Shaw wears one. Best on middle finger. For boys: thick silver bands on the second finger, right hand.

■ Boys get a touch of the 'thirties tie-wise; they are wearing big (Windsor) knots held at a bulge by tiepins. In demand: women's hat-pins—the more unusual the better.

■ Girls (below) are giving coats a new look with a single clasp instead of buttons. May be either plain—on patterned coat—or ornate, on plain.



■ The ultra-mod slip: it just skims the contours of your body. Specially designed to go under today's smooth-line clothes; it's white, lacey, simply pretty. At all Neatawear branches, 29/11.

■ Zips are huge. On skirts—zipped from waist to hem—on beach pants, jackets. Watch in the shops, or zip up your own with the big, big steel sort.

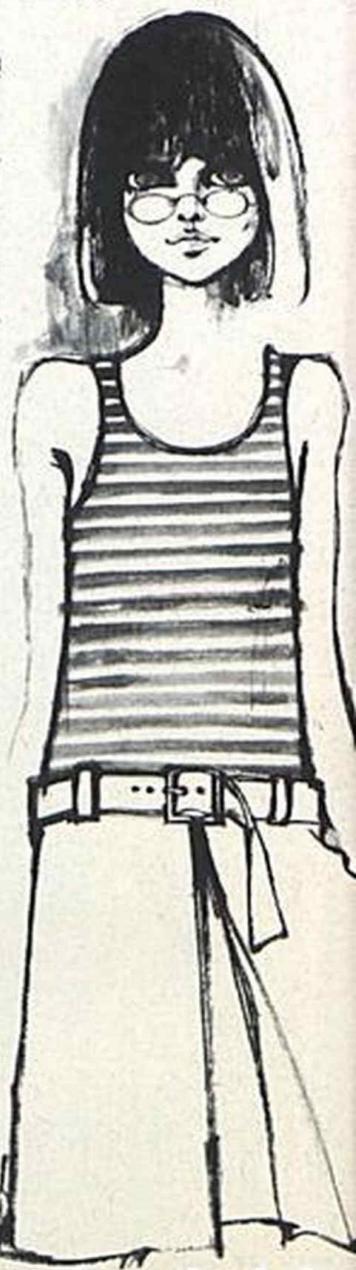
■ New rave amongst the female members of Cathy's Clan—crocodile watch straps. Top colour—black. Mock croc has never been better. Watch faces are still large, square—man-like. Sometimes worn above your elbow on wider, longer, made-yourself straps.

■ Here's (left) the Halter Look. It's straight from the famous Ginger Group OR make your own by scooping out bodice of old shift, darting to fit on hips.

■ Bold buckles (at throat of halter, on skirt); on satin pumps; on wide leather belt replacing ordinary belt on your trench mac.

■ Raised seams (as on jeans) are the in-thing for boys' trousers. Chelsea boots are coming back. Did they recapture the idea from girls? Slanted trouser bottoms over them look great.

The new '65 dress look from Hulanicki



## hulanicki

From Paris and now from rave fashion designer, Barbara Hulanicki. A dress but looks like separates. In this one, the skirt is beige; top is navy and beige or charcoal and beige stripes. From Biba's Postal Boutique, Abingdon Road, W.8. Price: £3 15s. od. post free.

Sleeves catch eyes this spring on plain dresses. Decorate your own with wool embroidery or braid stripes, in varying widths and offbeat colours.



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### SIZES AND PRICES

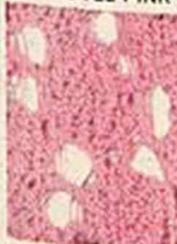
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Illustrated Bermuda Beige



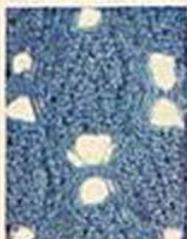
PASTEL PINK



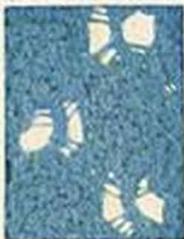
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**DE Trevi THE TRENDSETTERS**

## GIRL IN A GIRL'S WORLD

—second in a **RAVE** series spotlighting girl stars and the world in which they live

# twinkle

## (the talking star)

A slim red sports car pulled up by the stage door, and a young man in a black leather coat got out. "Come on," he said to the small blonde beside him. This was the girl they call Twinkle, who writes about death and pop stars, and who tussles with M.P.s. She started signing autographs for the people at the stage door.

Twinkle has strong views on lots of things. As she brushed her long hair, straight, onto her shoulders, she talked to me about her new life as a pop star.

"It's very busy," she said. "I've gained a lot of freedom but lost a lot, too. I can't meet my old friends for coffee and sit chatting for hours like I used to, but being away from home a lot gives me the freedom to go to a club if I want, or go to bed very late, without anyone arguing."

"Do you think such freedom is good for teenagers?" I asked.

**"I'm all for anything that helps their lot in life. Being thirteen to twenty is like being branded. Because of your age you are considered wild, unintelligent and sometimes dead evil. And most teenagers are really sensible, a bit uncertain deep-down and pleasant." She paused. "Being a teenager in show business does present its problems. You need to be level-headed. You need people round you who help you to be. Obviously you could lead such a wild life that you'd be old at twenty!"**

What does Twinkle think of the all-night parties, and high living that goes on in show business?

She grinned, said, "Oh, dear," a

***'Whether you die violently or in peace in old age, you die. It needs to be written about'***

couple of times, and settled in a chair beside me.

"I think the high living is great for those who want to live high. But for one girl among many boys, as I am, and Cilla, and Sandie, and Marianne are, it can be a bit dodgy. If you go to all the parties and become very friendly with all the boys, you start dating them all, and become anyone's girl. I'd hate that. There are a lot of temptations thrown your way in this business, and they are thrown by some gorgeous, famous boys. If you've got a boy friend at home waiting for you, it helps you not to succumb to them."

***'Being thirteen to twenty is like being branded'***

She paused to study her thumbnail. Her green eyes looked beyond the walls of the dressing-room. "It's all that matters, having someone who cares so much for you that you can't bear to hurt him. It makes sense of the pop business, too. It's a world of quickly changing values. You are here today and gone tomorrow, and having someone to go home to, who will be there for all the tomorrows, matters terribly."

Twinkle's success came swiftly when her first record, 'Terry' entered the charts at twenty-nine and rose as high as three.

"Why did you write about death?" I asked. She looked as though she were ready for a fight. "Death is the most definite thing about life. Whether you die violently on a bike, or in peace in old age, you die. It needs to be written about."

Is there anything she really cares about that would surprise us?

"I care about my grandmother who is old. She is very thrilled about my career, and so it's been worth doing it if only for the pleasure it's given her. I care about my cats, and worry about them when I am away. They

are only tabbies and strays and wild cats, and they've got names that make people laugh, like Chest of Drawers, Wardrobe, Baby, Baby's Baby, Here You. But I'm very serious about them."

What keeps her level-headed when lots of other girls would be anything but?

**"I never looked for success. Of course, I adored seeing my first record so high in the charts, but I believe that you should not expect too much from life, and as I've always wanted to get married and lead a happy family life, I didn't dare hope for success in the pop field, too. If you care about other things besides your success your feet do stay on the ground."**

Her road manager looked at his watch. Nearly time for the show. "Better go to the wings," he said. We walked down cool corridors and Twinkle moved to the edge of the blaze of red and blue stage lights. The curtains rose reaching into the untidy theatre roof. The Gonks were on stage and we stood and watched them, battering guitars and drums. The crowd roared. Twinkle looked small beside the curtains.

"Are you nervous?" I asked.

"No. I enjoy my act," she laughed rather loudly. "Just as well. I'm probably the only one who does. Sometimes I get concerned if I haven't rehearsed enough, but never ever nervous."

"Do you think it is old-fashioned to have morals?"

She frowned. "It's old-fashioned to judge people for having them or not having them. I don't argue

***'A lot of temptations are thrown in your way in this business —by some gorgeous boys'***

about morals, any more than I argue about politics. I can be happy in anyone's company, no matter what they say or do. I'm me, they are them."

The sound of music blasting from the amps made the stage vibrate. Twinkle's hair shone in the overflow of lights.

"I believe in God," she said. "If I don't say my prayers I don't expect anything good to happen to me. I don't go to church because I can't be bothered to get up in time. I don't think it's wet to have beliefs. After all, it shows you've at least thought about it. It's more wet to pretend you're so big and tough and important that you don't need anything to hold onto."

***'If you care about things besides success your feet stay on the ground'***

Is she at all tough, this small-framed girl who has risen so steeply to fame?

As she got ready to go onstage I asked her if she ever gets hurt by criticism or a cool audience.

"There are two forms of criticism. Constructive criticism, which I take," she pulled her road manager's ear heartily and added, "though with rather bad grace! And abusive criticism which annoys me because it's so rude. I loathe rudeness. The cool audience?" She looked thoughtful. "If they are cool I am quieter than if they are wild. You'll know what they were like tonight by my mood when I come off."

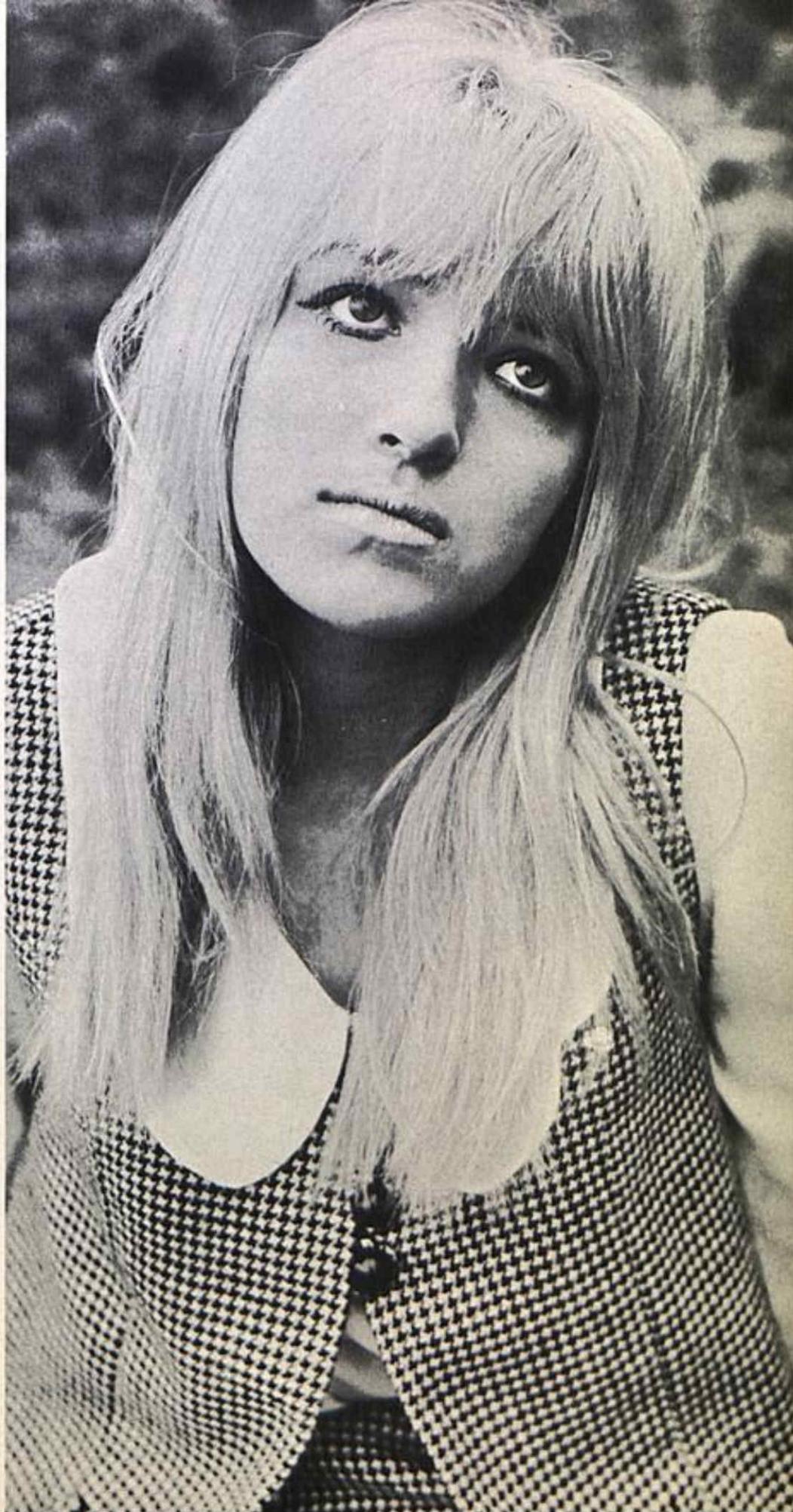
Later, she was hugging her backing group and saying how beautiful they were. "I'm beautiful, too," she yelled, "my talent is the only thing that exceeds my beauty." She walked a crooked line, swinging her black boots at the ceiling. "I'm feeling mad," she giggled.

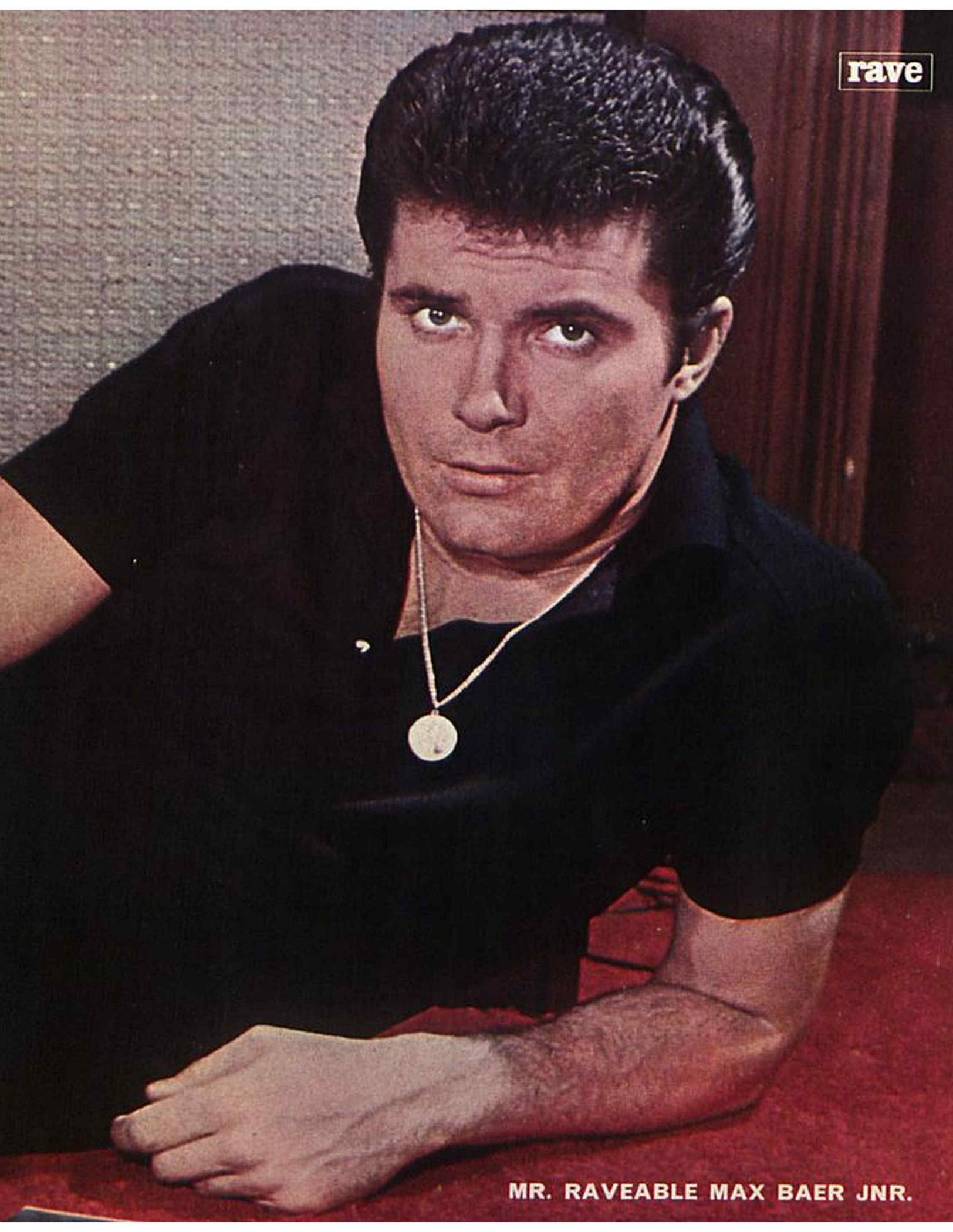
Her road manager had pulled the car up to the stage door. The doorman beckoned to Twinkle.

"Thank you for your help," she told him. There were crowds at the door. "She's not going to sign all those autographs?" someone inside breathed. But, of course, she was. Her mood was gay.

As she scrambled into the car she waved frantically at me, "It was a marvellous audience," she yelled. "For some reason I feel just like Bernie Winters."

**BY JEAN-MARIE**





**rave**

**MR. RAVEABLE MAX BAER JNR.**

# MR RAVEABLES

A new face—or an old favourite. Whoever he is, if you think the star you're raving over is a Mr. Raveable, then let us know about him!

**MAX BAER JNR.** All we did in our February issue was give you a small black and white pic, and tell you that Max Baer Jnr.—or Jethro Bodine as he is known in the "Beverly Hillbillies"—is 6 ft. 3 in. and very hunky! And what did you do? You wrote in asking for more! Well, here he is again—on page 60, due to popular request—in colour this time!



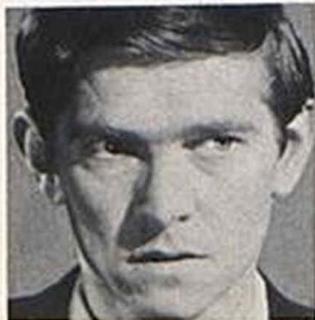
## PETER FONDA

Twenty-six year old Peter Fonda is the youngest and perhaps the least known of the famous Fonda family. He first started acting at school, at the age of 13, and since then has starred in "Tammy and the Doctor", "The Victors" and his new film for M.G.M. is "The Young Lovers"—his best yet! Peter says that his father didn't encourage nor discourage him from becoming an actor, but we're rather glad he is, and hope to see a lot more of him!

## TOM COURTENAY

Tom Courtenay hasn't really got the kind of face that is considered good-looking. But it's different. It's a personality face, with character and magnetism. The kind of face you never forget, really raveable! And that's what happened when he starred in "King And Country"—people raved over him.

Tom (below) is a bachelor who lives in Chelsea. Tom would rather stay at home than go out on the town. But we're sorry. We can't print his address!



# heart raves

Well, we've finally sorted out your top ten heart raves for 1965! It was a long job—the response from you was enormous! But oddly enough, there weren't any surprises. It looks as though the boys who held your hearts in '64 are carrying on the good work! It was interesting to note that Georgie Fame has now become a very firm favourite, and that two Americans, Gene Pitney and P. J. Proby, are high on the list, beating a lot of British competition. As far as the girls were concerned, it was a tough fight, but Dusty won through!

- HEART RAVES—BOYS.** 1 Paul McCartney (Beatles). 2 Mick Jagger (Stones). 3 P. J. Proby. 4 Gene Pitney. 5 John Lennon (Beatles). 6 Dave Davies (Kinks). 7 Phil May (Pretty Things). 8 Brian Jones (Stones). 9 Georgie Fame. 10 Wayne Fontana.
- HEART RAVES—GIRLS.** 1 Dusty Springfield. 2 Cilla Black. 3 Sandie Shaw.

# 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!

■ Did you know that the Beatles are famous enough to have a type of cat named after them, the Beatle-cat? Admittedly, it's a breeding error, but still it's an achievement! You see, the cats have a peculiar tuft of hair (rather like a fringe) growing above their eyes, and Beatle-cat seemed an obvious name.—**Pip Hunt, Guildford.**

■ I think RAVE is really the greatest! The greatest except for one thing that is. I think you should have an agony column, a page to help your readers with their problems, because, let's face it, we all have them!—**Margaret Ponds, Fulham, London.**  
We'd be interested to know if there are any other readers who feel the same.

■ Had to write in and let you know that I think RAVE is really tops all round for everything! The pop and film features are marvellous, and nothing can touch your fashion pages! Always one jump ahead. Please keep up the good work!—**Chris Lambton, Hayes, Middx.**

■ We have been trying to fit the Beatles into their ideal jobs if they weren't the fab four. John Lennon would make an old country bumpkin rector. Paul McCartney, a choir boy, or rather man. Ringo Starr, a bookie at the race track, and George Harrison a door-to-door salesman selling brooms and brushes. Does anyone agree with us?—**Marilyn and Julie Gates, Potters Bar, Middx.**

## IS THIS WHAT'S KILLING POP?

If there's one thing that I think's ruining pop—it's miming! It's so annoying to see on TV pop stars, who have probably travelled miles and miles for the show, just standing there with dead guitars, and even deader expressions.

These shows are making the stars lazy, in fact there are some people I've never heard "live". I think it's ridiculous that stars can build up such names and followings just on miming. With a big studio sound and double tracking anyone can sound good, but the big test is out on a stage, singing "live", earning their reputation. The record buyers aren't complete idiots!

RSG is finally coming round—and what a great difference it's making to the show. So come on Lucky Stars and Top of the Pops, wake up and get "live"!—**Marcia Williams, Bromley, Kent.**  
2 guinea winner.

■ I'm sure Cilla Black is lucky for me. Firstly, I was a winner in a competition which was based on Cilla. Secondly, I sent a request, my first, to a radio show for one of her discs. Not only did they play it, but Cilla read out my card over the air. There's bound to be a third thing going to happen to me concerning Cilla. I wonder what it will be?—**Stephanie Hunt, Kirby Muxloe, Leicestershire.**

■ **Somebody help!** I've lost my Grenvill E. Munn! What is Grenvill E. Munn? He's my long lost pen-pal, to whom I have never written. All I know is that he lives in Wales, and my friends lost his address. Boo hoo! Please help me find him! I'll be forever grateful to any Rocker or Mod or non-Rocker or non-Mod who can help in the search for Grenvill. Please have pity! I am a girl in a huge metropolis in search of Grenvill E. Munn who lives "in a far off distant land far across the sea miles away from anyway over the hills as the crow barks".\*

Tell him I still want to write and I hope he likes lavender and black stationery. Sealed with a tear.—**Anna Bregman, Jackson Heights, New York, U.S.A.**

\*"In His Own Write" . . . John Lennon . . . The Wrestling Dog.

Anyone else lost their Grenvill E. Munn or anyone else for that matter, better take a look at our pen-pal column. There are lots of RAVE people there trying to start up a correspondence.

■ Some time ago, some friends of my parents were having dinner in London. They



George Harrison and Pattie Boyd together at dinner.

happened to share a table with George Harrison and Pattie Boyd. I could hardly believe it was true! But—they didn't ask for his autograph. I suppose they thought it would have been unfair on George. But I certainly would have done so if it was somebody like that. Wouldn't you?—**Christine Ponsford, Cuckfield, Sussex.**

Well, would you? What would happen if you found YOURSELF in the same position?

## ... and we're telling you!

Is it true that Brenda Lee is only 4ft. 9in. tall?—**Celia Broad, Highams Park, E4.** Yes. And her husband, Ronnie, is 6ft. 3in./

Could you please tell me the name of Del Shannon's first big hit record?—**Olive Charles, Blackpool, Lancs.** Del's first big million seller was "Runaway". It topped the U.S. and British charts.

French pop star, Johnny Hallyday, has a very English name. Was he in fact born in England?—**Jackie Gallen, Exeter, Devon.** No. In fact, Johnny Hallyday isn't his real name. It's Jean Philippe Smet.

I heard a female version of Gene Pitney's "True Love Never Runs Smooth" the other day. Could you please tell me whose it was?—**Pat Preston, Scarborough, Yorks.** It was probably sung by Petula Clark. Her version was released June 1964.

I know Francoise Hardy records in English as well as

French, but does she sing in any other languages?—**Marjorie Vogel, Acton, London.**

Yes. Francoise also records in Italian and German, and writes all her own material.

Please, please could I have the English fan club address for Manfred Mann?—**Susan Bristow, Rockville, Connecticut.**

The address is Mann-Fans, 35 Curzon Street, London, W.1.

My birthday is on May 11. Do I share it with any pop stars?—**Sally Mount, Richmond.**

Also born on May 11, Eric Burdon of the Animals and Les Chadwick of the Pacesetters.

How old is Wayne Fontana and when is his birthday? Also, what's his real name?—**Jean Duncun, Penzance, Cornwall.**

Wayne's birthday is 28 October, 1945, and that makes him 19 at present. His real name is Glyn Ellis.

■ If Honey Lantree thinks she's got problems as a girl drummer because she wears slacks, she ought to consider herself lucky!

How would she like to have Ringo tell her face to face that he doesn't like girl drummers? I'm a girl drummer, and it happened to me! I thought I'd die right there and then, yet I'm still drumming and I'm proud of it!—**Maureen Maloney, Chicago, U.S.A.**

■ This is going to be P. J. Proby's year! I'm not a particular fan of his, although most of my friends are, but I think he's really got what it takes as far as really hitting the top goes. I go for the Stones, but they've already made it. I'd bet on P. J. Proby reaching his peak in 1965.—**Carol Kinsman, Glasgow, Scotland.**

## FAME '65

I think that the big name of '65 will be Georgie Fame. For ages now, I've been a fan of his, and always placed him high on my list of favourite singers, being lucky enough to see him "live" at the Flamingo quite often. But with his breakthrough with "Yeh Yeh" and his follow-up, I hope he doesn't become too over-commercial and lose his own special style.—**Irene Bailey, Tooting, S.W.17.**

■ I felt a bit sorry for Cilla Black when the Righteous Brothers beat her to the top of the hit parade with "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'." I'm sure it was a big surprise all round for everyone. But still, it wouldn't be very competitive if you could state which version would get to the top on the name alone, would it?—**Jane Higgins, Burnley, Lancs.**



Cilla—Jane Higgins of Lancs. feels sorry for her.

## PEN PALS

A chance for rave readers to start up a correspondence with other rave readers all round the world.

Alice Speirs, 452 Marjorie Street, St. James 12, Manitoba, Canada. Age 16: Like boy pen-pal of same age who likes Stones and is up on the British scene.

THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB of America, branch-213 Morris Avenue, Summit, New Jersey, U.S.A. Rolling Stones fans in Britain are wanted as pen-pals for American fans. All letters answered.

Judy Quinn, 815 No. Washington Street, Dixon, California, U.S.A. Age 16: Loves anything English (especially Beatles). Wants to know all the latest fads. All letters answered.

Diane Stanway, 7 Salter Road, Summerhill, Tipton, Staffs., England. Age 16: Wants a pen-friend anywhere who likes The Stones, Beatles and Sammy Davis Jnr.

Christina Bjur, Malmvagen, 93 Sollentuna, Stockholm, Sweden. Age 17: Loves Stones, Kinks, and P. J. Proby. Wants boy or girl pen-pal over 16. She also runs Kinks Fan Club out there.

E. Ching Loon (Miss), 459C Commonwealth Drive, Singapore 3. Age 16: Likes all British groups and good music, anything Mod, and collecting view-cards and records.

Julie Harrison, 27 Henely Road, Mount Pleasant, Western Australia. Age 16: Wants to correspond with English boy or girl—interested in r and b and Stones.

Roger Lawley, 19 Westbourne Road, Winton, Eccles, Lancs., England. Age 16: Wants boy or girl pen-pal in Paris, Rome, New York or Hamburg.

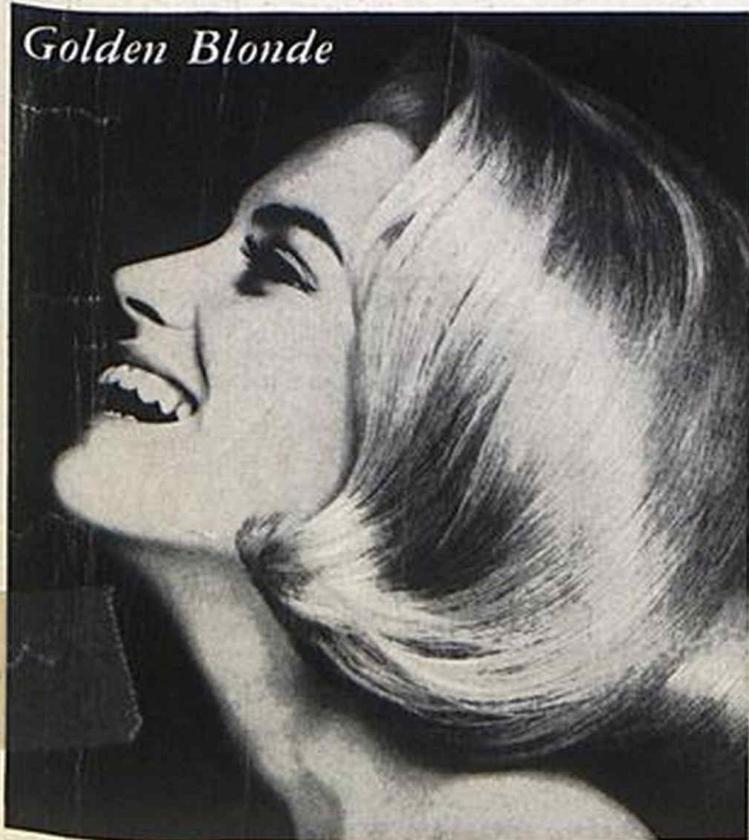
Joanne Langham, 252 Crestwood Drive, Ancaster, Ontario, Canada. Age 16: Plays the drums. Loves the Beatles, Stones, Gerry. Digs r and b and fast cars.

WITH  
**INECTO**  
**HI-LIFT**

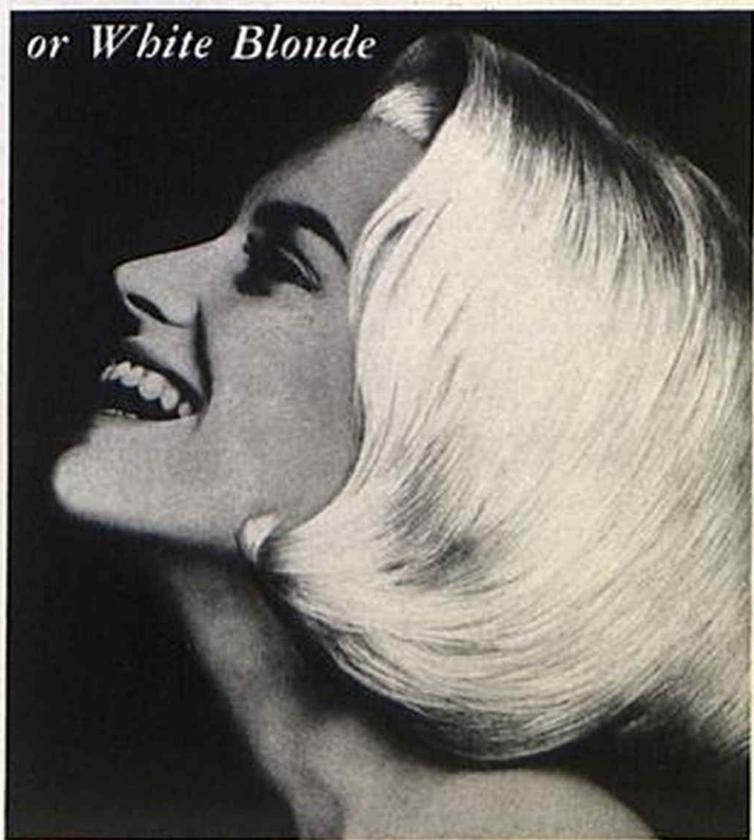
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**rave**

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