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Travel

AROUND
THE
WORLD

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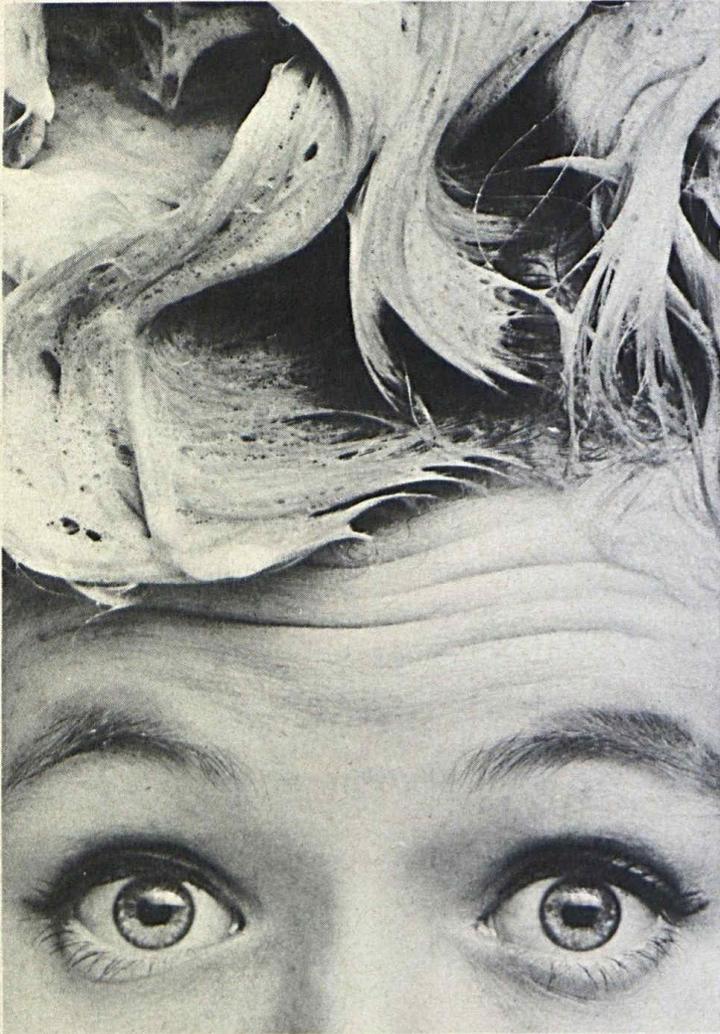


CAPTURED INSIDE

**Bahama Beatles
KINKS EVERYWHERE
P.J. Apologises
ROY ORBISON TALKS**

**8 INTERNATIONAL
POP PICS
IN COLOUR**

IF YOU HAVE PROBLEM HAIR



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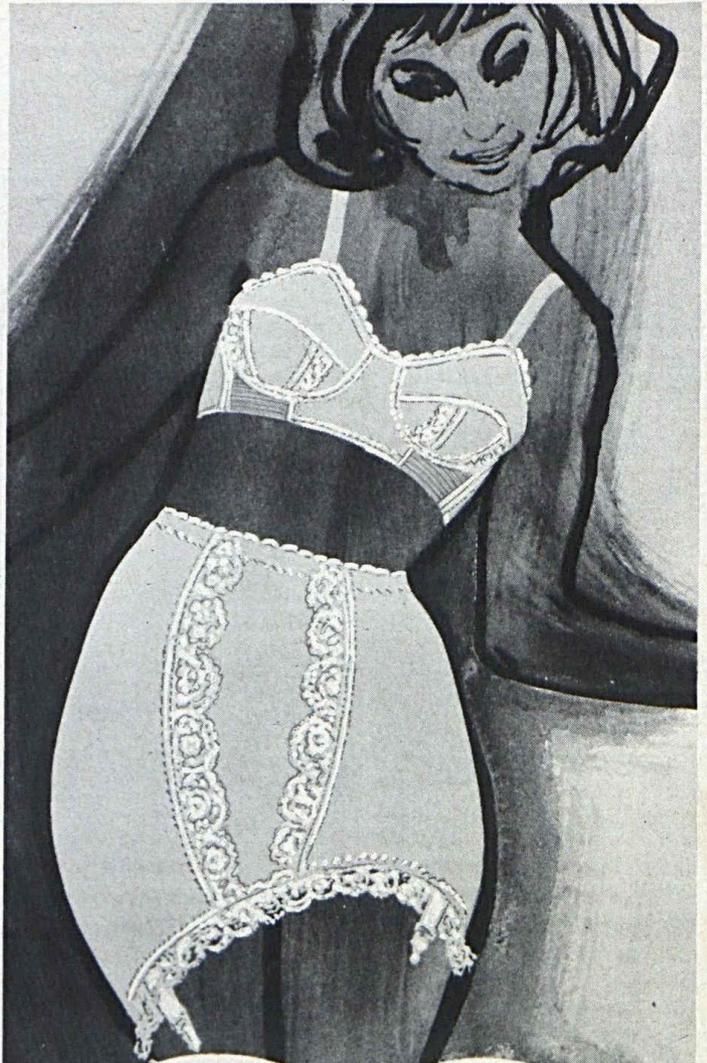
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A GET WHAT YOU

WANTED POSTER

■ Everything you want captured inside as this month's RAVE goes international!

The Beatles are captured briefly in the Bahamas. 'Jim' Proby and 'The Big O' Orbison—both from Texas and notorious for shooting up the Top Ten — tell their own stories. Around the world pop news begins on p. 5 and flying high fashions p. 16.

Tom Jones from Wales is on p. 52 and the Kinks, mostly from Muswell Hill, London tell you their very own international story beginning on p. 22.

Have fun reading, and, till next month stay raving, fans.

The Editor

RAVE No. 15 APRIL, 1965 © George Newnes



Dreamy

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HOW AROUND THE WORLD



A few years ago a new star on Britain's pop scene would be told, "Boy, we can book you big now. Manchester . . . Glasgow . . . Sunderland . . ."

The star of '65 can now expect dates in America, Australia, Sweden, France. Week by week the pop business gets more and more international. Come with us on a rave around the world as we find out how it all began.

Just before midnight on January 15th last year, Brian Epstein caused a stir by breaking into a run across the foyer of the luxury George V Hotel in Paris. In his right hand was a cable. He raced past the lifts. This was no time to bother with them. He went hurtling up several flights of stairs and tore along the thickly-carpeted corridor before finishing up banging on a door. John Lennon opened it.

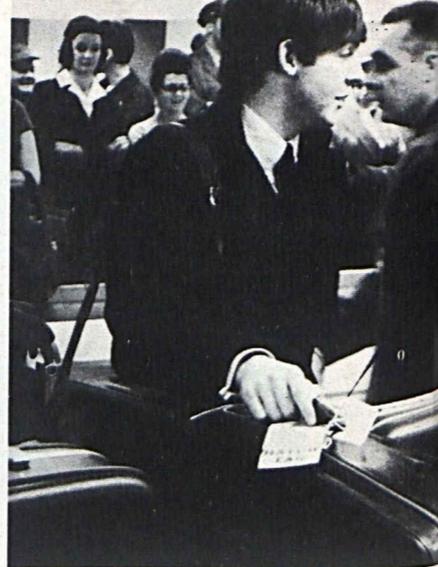
Lennon looked surprised. Epstein had said goodnight to him and the other Beatles just a few minutes before. "You want to borrow some tea?" he joked.

Brian Epstein grinned as he went into the Beatles' suite. John, Ringo, George and Paul waited expectantly as he stood getting his breath back. By now they had learned to tell when their boss had big news. Then—between gasps—Brian Epstein said, "You've done it . . . Number one in the

States . . . Got this cable at reception . . . Just after you'd all gone up . . . Well, don't just stand there. Order some champagne!"

This incident—which happened just after the Beatles' first night at Paris's famed Olympia music hall—was a notable milestone in the breakneck career of the Mersey Maestros. It was also (whether they realised it or not) the start of a new era in Britain's pop business. Till then, for a British disc to hit it really big in the American charts had been rare indeed. But after then—after the headline-triggering success of "I Want To Hold Your Hand"—came the Golden Age of British pop.

More and more Beatle discs went zooming to popularity in the States. Then other British stars joined the attack on the American charts. Cliff Richard scored his best-ever success there with "It's All In The Game". Dusty Springfield came storming in. So did Dave Clark, the Searchers, the Swinging Blue Jeans, the Bache-



lors, Billy J. Kramer. It was the start of something big . . .

Today—fifteen months after the Beatle breakthrough in the States—there are two main things to be said about the pop scene. One is: it is more international



than it has ever been. The other: that—in this world community of pop—British artists and songwriters are lording it in a way that few people would have dared to predict eighteen months ago.

Even if we except America, a

recent global check gave the following examples . . . Rolling Stones, Julie Rogers and Gerry and the Pacemakers holding the top three chart places in Australia. Beatles and Cliff Richard in the Bavarian Top Ten. Animals in

Left: A familiar airport scene for our most travelled, top international group, The Beatles.

the Japanese Top Ten. Beatles, Simon Scott, Cliff Richard selling big in Malaysia. Pet Clark in Italy's Top Ten. The Beatles and Cliff Richard way up in Singapore. The Animals, Beatles among the leaders in the Argentine. And so on.

Powerful in the world boost of British discs is the EMI concern (HMV, Parlophone, Columbia and other major labels). It puts out discs in twenty-two languages and a large number of Asian and African dialects. Its artists include the Beatles, Cliff Richard, Cilla Black, Adam Faith, the Animals, Georgie Fame and the Dave Clark Five. Recently the company reported the richest business in its sixty-three-year history.

How has it happened? Aubrey McKenzie-Smith, energetic, quietly-spoken export manager of EMI Records said: "The talent of the Beatles and other top . . ."

FANS AROUND THE WORLD

IT'S FAN MALE MANIA

Imagine this scene: Chuck Berry is appearing at the London Palladium. The theatre is jam-packed with fans. Also in the audience: Dusty Springfield and Cliff Richard.

They are spotted by the fans before the curtain goes up, and suddenly the whole audience begins chanting "Down with Cliff, Up with Chuck!" and "Go home, Dusty!"

Difficult to imagine? In Britain, perhaps. But I saw something like it happen at the famous Paris Olympia theatre recently—and it underlines one of the main differences between French and British fans.

Chuck Berry was appearing at the Olympia, and France's top pop idols—Sylvie Vartan and Johnny Hallyday—were in the audience. When the fans saw them, they began chanting cordially hostile slogans.

French teenagers, in welcoming a new idol, seem to enjoy having a go at the old ones. And as an audience they are much readier than British fans to show their disapproval of an act which doesn't immediately appeal to them.

But it is all done in a very

light-hearted way, and you can be quite sure that the next time Johnny or Sylvie appear at the Olympia they will get an enthusiastic reception!

Nevertheless, French audiences can be unnerving.

At the famous Olympia theatre I've seen coins rain upon the stage. The French also like making paper darts from their programmes and launching them on to the stage.

But perhaps the biggest difference between French and British audiences is that in France most of the teenagers who go to pop music shows are boys—and they are easily the most demonstrative.

They shout, they scream, they stand up on their seats clapping their hands above their heads; and they have been known to dance wildly in the aisles while their girl friends look on with mute admiration.

The 2,300-seat Olympia has always been associated with the greatest in entertainment.

It has had the greatest names, the greatest successes, the greatest flops and the greatest riots. Rock 'n' roll concerts have pro-

AT THE OLYMPIA, PARIS!

duced their share of battered limbs and shattered furniture. But the most fantastic scenes resulted from a New Orleans jazz craze ten years ago.

In August 1955, Sidney Bechet gave a concert at Olympia to celebrate his million-seller hit "Les Oignons". It was a success—and a disaster.

Within ten minutes almost every seat in the theatre had been ripped from its moorings, the photograph showcases which line the walls had been smashed and torn down, and nearly every light bulb in the building had been smashed.

Similar riots were expected when beat music arrived in France. But they didn't happen. Nothing, anyway, to compare with the Bechet brawl.

The Shadows were the first top British group to play at Olympia—and they scored a resounding success which has never been surpassed. Since then, the Olympia has seen the Beatles, the Stones and Animals.

While the Stones and the Animals got a great reception, that for the Beatles was far more restrained.

In fact, in France there is a good deal of anti-Beatle feeling which stems from the fact that the Beatles, during their visit here, were kept constantly sheltered from their French fans. The Paris teenagers couldn't understand this—but then they don't mob their idols like the British fans do.

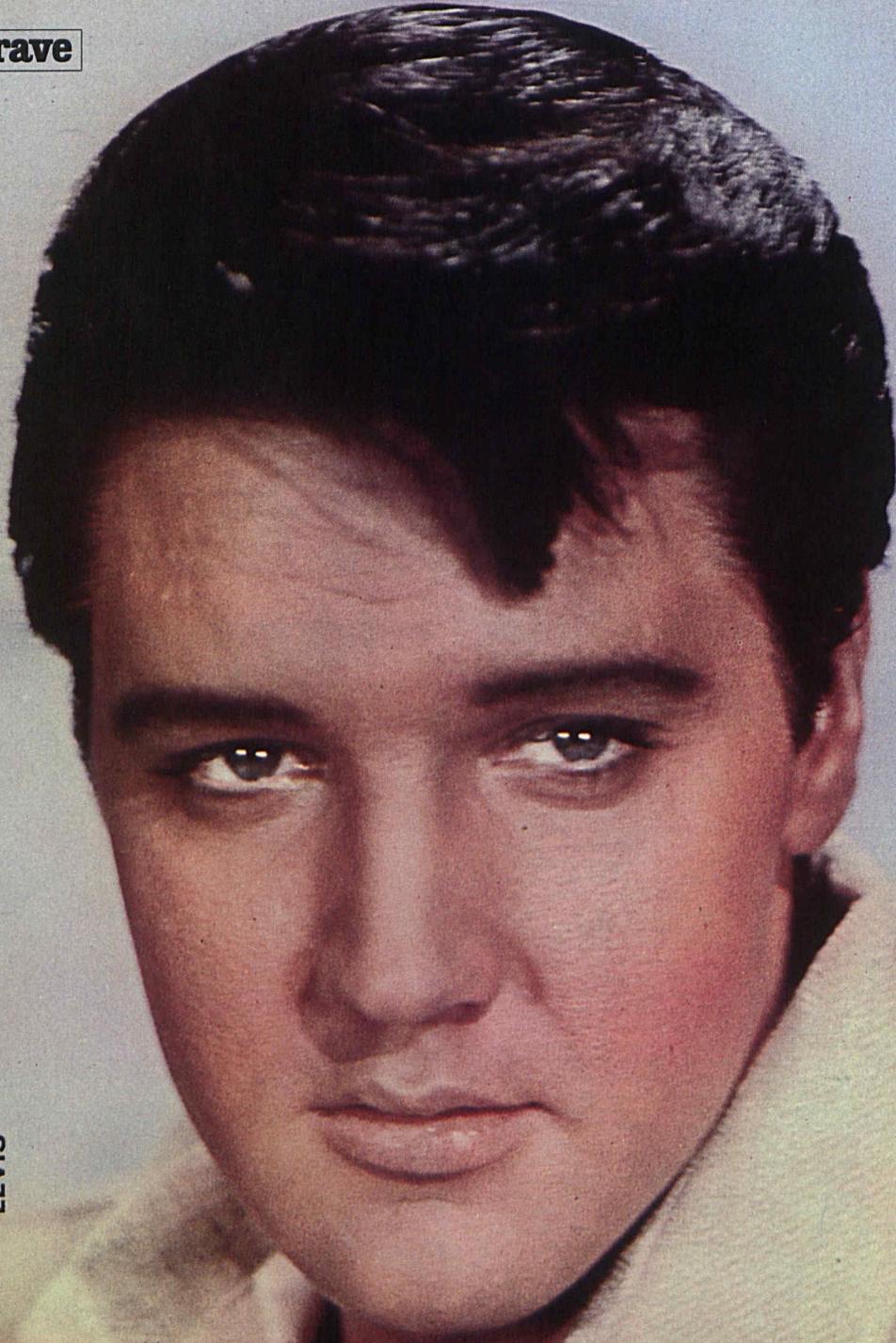
French audiences are extremely conservative. They still go mad over rock 'n' roll—and are very susceptible to sentimental French ballads.

This is why British singers outside these categories sometimes have to fight to get a hearing. But if the artist has talent, the audience will respond warmly in the end.

There is a general awareness among French teenagers today that British and American artists are superior to singers and groups in French pop. But visiting acts always have to prove themselves at the Olympia. Their superiority is never taken for granted.

MIKE HENNESSEY
RAVE man in Paris



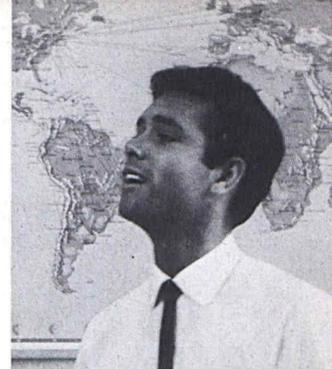


••• artists obviously plays the major part. But our technicians are also important. They enable us to turn out discs and playing equipment of first-class quality.

"Then again, modern air travel has done a lot to help us step up world sales. People from our London offices flying out for on-the-spot talks abroad . . . Conferences in London attended by our overseas representatives . . . Artists and dee-jays from other lands calling at EMI House . . . We use airplanes the way we used to use tube trains before."

Iron Curtain countries? Says Mr. McKenzie-Smith: "We do very little trade with them." Do the Russians buy any Beatle discs? "No. They don't approve of the Beatles!"

A singer with definite ideas on the international scene is Gene Pitney. Not long ago Gene told me, "The moment a disc of mine starts to happen in



Cliff—behind him—the world

a country, I'm off over there to help things along. You can sum up the right approach to the modern pop scene in two words: *think international.*"

The kind of pay-off Gene gets is his recent smash in Italy: "Amici Miei" (My Friends).

But no one should under-

estimate the powerful competition both the British and the Americans get from Continental singers. Italy's Bobby Solo, Gianni Morandi, Gigliola Cinquetti and Rita Pavone . . . France's Sylvie Vartan, Françoise Hardy, Richard Anthony and Johnny Hallyday . . . Belgium's Adamo . . . Germany's Rex Gildo and Conny . . . These and others are well switched on to the art of making smash hits.

As I said earlier, the Beatles have been mainly responsible for the big British breakthrough on a global scale. They could probably sing in Latin and get away with it! But it is only fair to note that well before the Beatle Era, such British singers as Cliff Richard, Frank Ifield and Helen Shapiro were doing foreign-language recordings for the international market and thus helping to blaze the trail.

Today international song festi-
page 44

the greatest T.V. show on earth —



they call it SHINDIG!

The success of Jack Good's "Shindig" in the U.S. has been phenomenal. The beat daddy of British television, who knocked out British fans with programmes like "Six Five Special", "Boy Meets Girl" and "Oh Boy", is the most powerful producer of young styled programmes in America today.

Jack Good with Dave Clark



What is "Shindig's" formula? Jack Good himself remains modestly innocent. The programme is watched by an estimated audience of twenty million. Jack credits its success to his fourth show, which was tele-recorded in London, and titled "Around the Beatles". The show that first introduced P. J. Proby to British fans.

Its formula is simple. Loads of action . . . audience participation . . . resident singers and dancers . . . unusual photography and top name guests. Jack Good also appears in each show, which spends at least two days in rehearsal. He generally tapes the show around two-thirty a.m. because "it's quieter then".

Records have been broken on "Shindig", and artists have been

made. British artists are used by the score, and there isn't one who hasn't praised both the show and Jack Good.

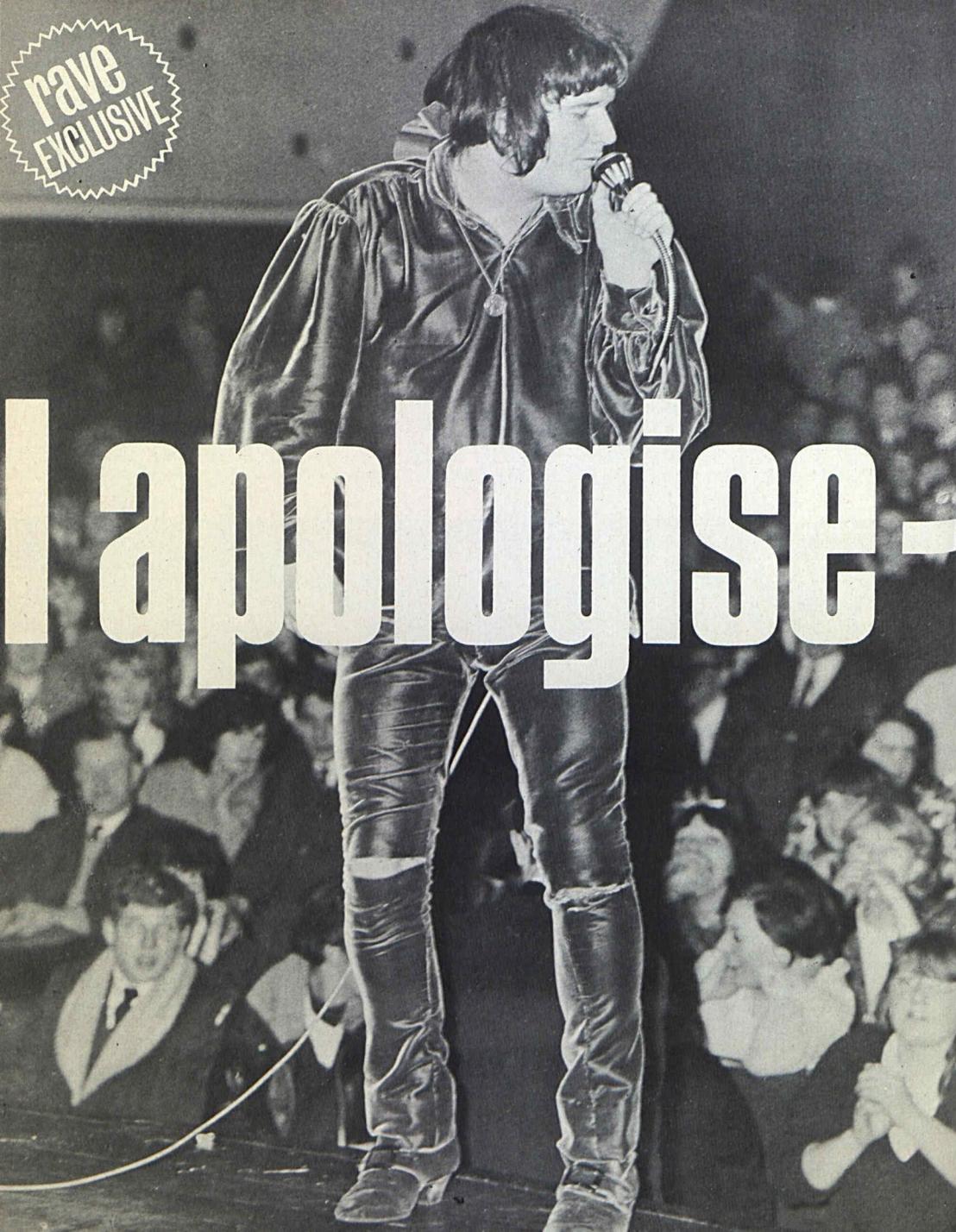
On his last trip, Dave Clark said "Doing 'Shindig' was one of the greatest things on my tour. Jack Good's ideas are a knockout and the production and presentation of the show are fantastic."

Gerry and the Pacemakers also praised producer and show. "I would imagine doing 'Shindig' is exactly like it must have been doing 'Oh Boy' which I always considered to be a great show. The 'Shindig' studios themselves are gigantic. Also, we had two days rehearsal, and Jack himself supervised every number."

Several British acts for "Shindig" are taped in London, but there are artists who welcome the chance to come out to the U.S. Tommy Quickly is one. Freddie and the Dreamers are another. Jack Good himself goes to England every so often to bring back fresh tapes.

So far, no other beat shows have matched it. "Hullabaloo" was the first to come out, and contains a special British segment, which is taped in London and hosted by Brian Epstein. "Go Go" was the second, but "Shindig" is still by far the best of the three.

**Jackie Harlow reports
from the U.S. Scene.**



rave
EXCLUSIVE

I apologise-

■ A MESSAGE TO YOU FROM JIM

The title of my hit record is 'I Apologise'. People are suggesting it is apt because it is time I did apologise. They've got to be joking. Not only am I not apologising but I am denying the accusations about tearing my trousers on purpose."

P. J. Proby swivelled round on cuban-heeled boots, his hair falling on to his shoulders, and poured drinks.

"Imagine me stripping on purpose!" He walked to the far end of the comfortable lounge in his house and produced a pair of tattered, famous velvet trousers.

"Look. You can see they just split. They were too tight."

P.J. put the trousers back along with the press-cuttings that are being kept for posterity and his unborn grandchildren.

"I would not be so darn crude as to stand on a stage and rip off my pants. I'm an act. I've an ego. Do people think I'm some kind of nut who does a striptease to pop music? Man, I tell you if I was, I'd want a lot more money than I was being paid!"

He looked offended and his mouth fell in a pout, hiding his beautiful white teeth. He was upset at the memory of his catastrophic stage act at Fairfield Halls, Croydon, in early February. He sat on the sofa next to his dog, Mr. President, and tapped his fingers on the dog's back, preoccupied with his thoughts.

"Everyone has behaved stupidly towards me since I got to England. But they won't get rid of me. I'm staying. I recently paid rent two years in advance for this house. I'm a commercial asset. The people who came down on me about the striptease are going to need me in the end. I warned them. I said to the newspaper men 'Don't give me Press on this, you'll only make me more popular.' I warned them and they played into my hands and gave me Press.

"Now I get £1,000 a night for a performance instead of £600. I'm glad about that, but I wish the incident had never happened because it hurt my ego. I'm a professional artist. I care about my profession. I know what is right and wrong."

P.J. is a man of many faces but never-

theless a sincere man. He seeks the truth.

"I like people to have opinions of their own", he said. "People aren't people unless they are honest. One of the most upsetting things about the torn pants incident was the number of friends I lost. Oh, not openly, but I had to write them off. They didn't have the courage to come up and say either, 'you were obscene', or 'that was a lousy thing to happen. We'll back you'. They told the Press they couldn't comment on my act because they had never seen it, yet they had watched it six times and raved about it."

P. J. Proby is a complex person. He has hidden feelings, surprising depth. He laughs at himself, criticises himself.

to no one

"Hey, you know I got a letter from a seventy-eight-year-old woman who said, 'If you feel the need to shed any clothing why don't you remove your shirt, dear? In the old days the men used to take off their shirts in the silent films and no one banned them'. I was real touched with that letter."

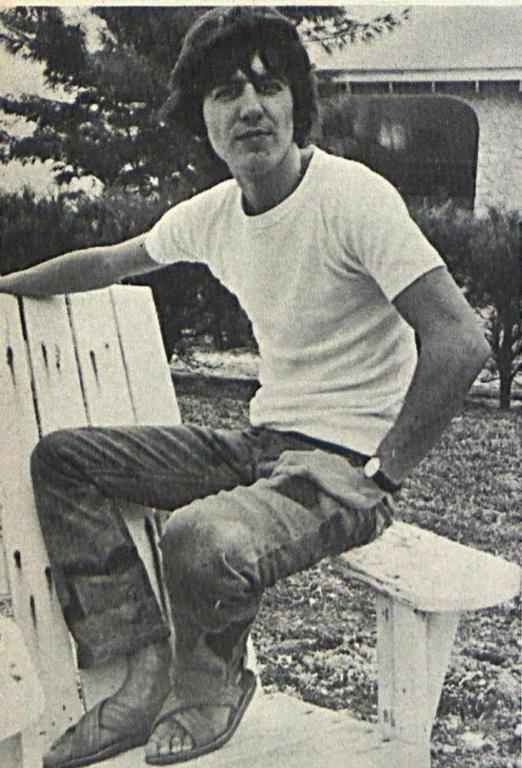
Proby, the man with an ego, said, "I'm going to be the greatest thing this country ever had. People who knocked me will come crawling. I don't need TV plugs. I don't care. I'll release records and get hits."

He means business. He intends to work in this country for a long time. He has hired a ten-piece band and is paying them £400 a week out of his personal bank account. His controversial career which looked like ending a few weeks back is booming again.

Does P. J. Proby apologise?
"Yes, O.K. I'll apologise—for creating the sort of embarrassing front-page publicity that I don't need. I'm the greatest. But for the accidental ripping of a few inches of velvet, I'll apologise—to no one!"

BY DAWN JAMES

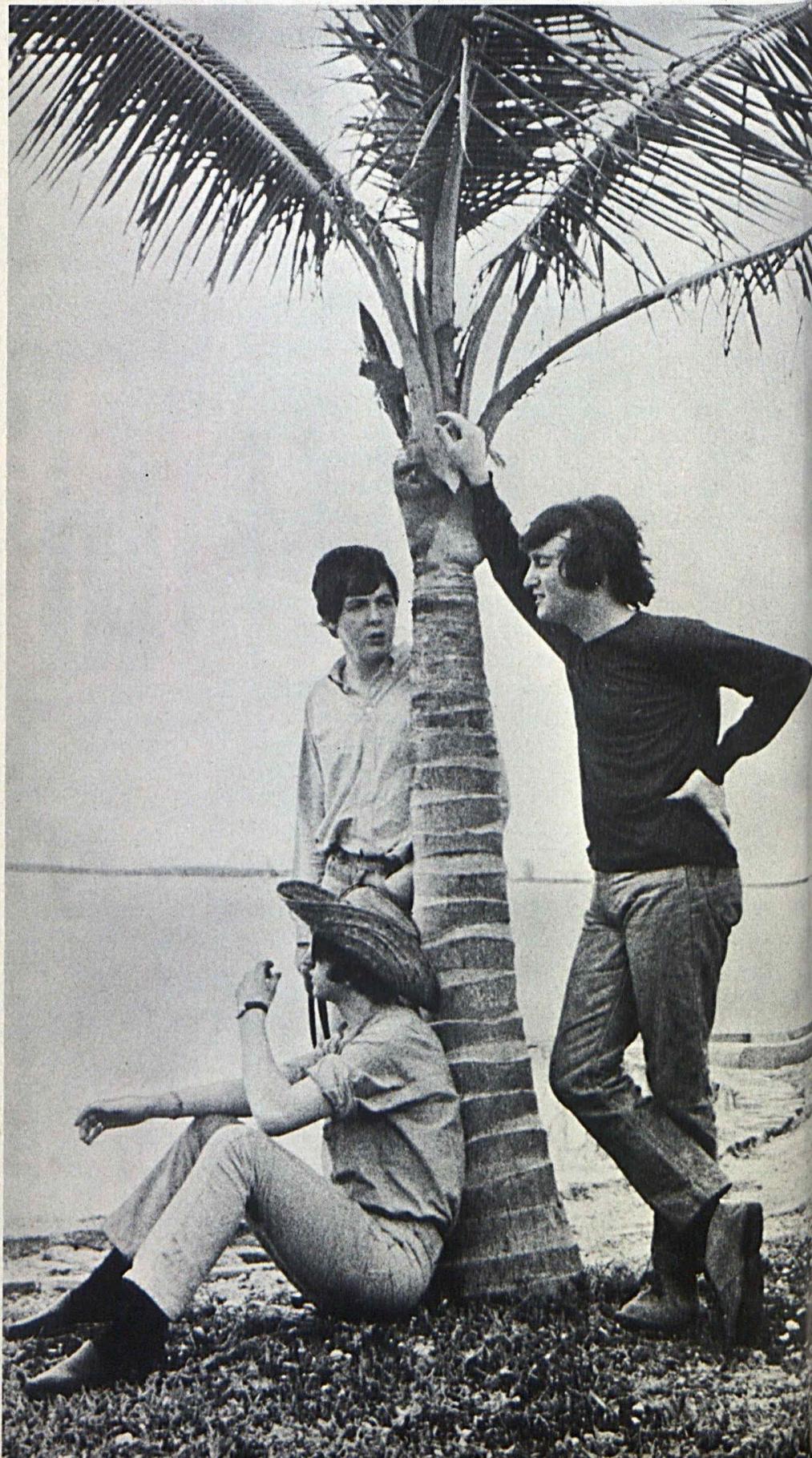
TAKE FOUR BEATLES



One day after the Beatles had landed in the Bahamas and already people were calling it Beatle-land. To cover the first few days' filming we had three RAVE reporters sending in stories.

Victor Spinetti, the only actor who appeared in "Hard Day's Night" and was asked to appear in "Beatles 2" sends us his from the actual set. Sue Brown, RAVE reporter over in Nassau, set up a special Beatles News Bureau for us. And Terry Huxton on location over there followed the boys wherever they went.

So, three reporters add up to three stories for you. And three stories on the Beatles adds up to triple enjoyment!



LOCATION: BAHAMAS



A lot of people say the Beatles are riding high—in a scene here they prove they're riding fast, too!

VICTOR SPINETTI, ON SET, "BEATLES 2," NASSAU

RAVE REPORTER ONE

"Hello, Fellas!" Four heads turn as I say "hello" and they are probably the four most famous in the entertainment world. Each responds in highly individual manner.

Paul: "Hear you've been out of work since 'Hard Day's Night'. Poor thing. Thought

we'd give you another job!"

Then he breaks into a smile and says "Congratulations, Vic, on your 'success in New York. We hear it was fabulous!" I reply, "Got three fan clubs".

Paul and George: "Make us Hon. members. John and Ringo too."

John: Says hello and says I look younger. (Hadn't seen them for six months.)

George says: "Glad to see you. Actually, my mother's glad you are on this film with us. I phoned her just before I left and she said give my regards to Victor."

SUE BROWN—BEATLES NEWS BUREAU, NASSAU

RAVE REPORTER TWO

The Beatles are dead beat . . . in paradise. Up at 7 a.m. each morning, the mop-haired quartet are out for a swim, or taking secret dawn drives around the pretty sub-tropical island on lone sight-seeing trips . . . plucking their own grapefruit from the garden of their private beach house for breakfast in the sunshine.

But by 8 or 9 a.m. their gruelling day

before the cameras begins. The production unit rumbles out of the pale yellow, quiet country club, The Balmoral—the temperature zings in the eighties and they're on location for their new film, currently tabbed "Beatles Two", but as yet still untitled.

The boys arrived in Nassau, capital of this British Colony, where about 25 per

TERRY HUXTON—AT LOCATION, NASSAU

RAVE REPORTER THREE

Although the Beatles special BOAC charter flight was not due in at Nassau's International Airport until 8.15 p.m., thousands of faithful fans had been waiting for their idols since dawn. But the Beatles, aided by local officials and police, gave them the slip.

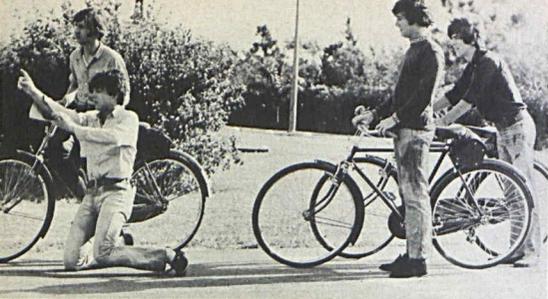
The boys were waived past the normal customs clearance and bundled from the tarmac into a waiting limousine which sped them to a Press conference at the Emerald Beach Hotel. "Which one are you?" a Miami newspaper woman asked Paul McCartney.

"Me? Oh, I'm Roger, and don't forget that," he replied.

"Which one of you is John?" asked a radio announcer who was trying to tape the conference. "He is," said Ringo, pointing at George frantically.

After a hectic 20 minutes of rapid-fire questions, fans

PUT THEM TOGETHER AND YOU GET



Above: 2 hours later—still the bicycle scene.



A wave from Paul but a glum look from Ringo



On a rare moment off the Beatles go sight-seeing



Paul's got a hat with a head And no one dare call George a big drip!

FOUR BEATLES ON LOCATION IN THE BAHAMAS!

VICTOR Ringo flashes his rare smile and waves a welcome like a military salute, from the forehead out.

And so there we were as we flew off to start the boys' second film, and it hadn't seemed any time at all since I'd been with them before. On the flight, the boys mumbled about and sat and talked to members of the unit. John was delighted with his

new contact lenses. What a difference they made to his everyday living, he said. He had, apparently, found no difficulty wearing them. I asked him if it was a secret that he wore them. "Good Lord, no," he replied. In that answer lies surely part of the reason for The Beatles' fantastic and highly-deserved popularity. There is no shiftness about them. They speak

as they are. They drink, smoke and talk as openly as real human-beings, not bound by any code of false behaviour. I'll tell you what it's like being with them. Go for a walk with a good friend. You might chat a while, pause, point to something that interests you, remark on it. Sit on a wall. Buy an ice-cream. Talk. Not talk. Make no effort and yet you enjoy yourself. You feel

that at any minute something funny can be said. You then go for a walk with a person you don't know very well and immediately the effort is there. Shall I mention this? What is there to talk about that will interest? Dare not be silent; it would be thought that one is bored. Relief when it is over. Because neither of you know each other well, each is behaving falsely.

Well, the boys have the ability and the grace to behave always as if they know you well. They can be silent and still include you. They do this without effort on stage and off. Millions of girls think that all they have to do is meet a Beatle and they will be immediately accepted. This is true. The lads accept their popularity because it belongs to them; and what they give is completely of their own making. It is a delight and a relief to find real, real people saying real live things and being truly alive. To be happy, moody, sad, loving, grumpy—to express these things, and above all to be talented and to share this talent. They are John, Paul, George and Ringo and to be really yourself takes a bit of doing. Try it.



Victor Spinetti

SUE cent of their new film is to be shot, on Monday, by privately chartered BOAC Boeing 707, from London. Officials whipped them quietly off the Airport for the start of their whirlwind two-week visit.

Biggest disappointment is the firm instruction from no-nonsense young producer, Dick Lester: no sun tans allowed. Four bronzed Beatles just don't fit in with the film script, declared publicity manager, Tony Howard. "But we're having a job keeping them out of the sun . . ."

The second film is also being produced by Walter Shenson, for United Artists distribution—probably by the end of August or September. The boys have had no chance to go to any of the dozens of calypso throbbing native night spots . . . but fully intend to sample the night life before going back to England. The rule so far has generally been early to bed and early to rise. They have a swim each evening after their tiring day's work.

"There has not been much time for social doings—they're so dead beat at the end of a day's work," said Tony Howard. "The heat has been getting them down a little—it takes time to get used to the intensity of the sun here." As the boys are filming in and around Nassau, the fans have had plenty of opportunity to see their idols—but they have been very orderly crowds, giving the camera crews no trouble at all.

In the film, which is an adventure chase, with Ringo as the target of a gang and the rest of the Beatles trying to protect him, their co-star will be newcomer, Eleanor Bron. There was also something of a crowd clash when the Queen Mother made a one-hour visit on her way home to England from Jamaica. Immediately after her departure from Nassau, the Beatles were out and about on their bicycles filming some more shots.

TERRY started banging away at the glass doors of the conference hall and screaming for their favourite Beatles. Twice the doors were forced open and a few rushed in, only to be ejected by the police. When it was all over a reporter asked: "Where are you going now?" "Well, I don't know about the others, but I'm going to bed," answered George and with that the Beatles rose and left by a

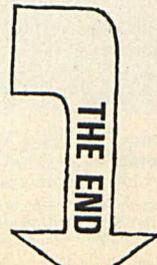
back door. Four enterprising fans managed to get into the Press conference by using a high school pass. Their first act after the boys had left, was to snatch up their glasses. "Look at what I also got," one cried, "Ringo's cigarette ash and his napkin!" Another held a glass up proudly and announced it was George's. "But it's only plain "Coke," nothing stronger."

Before going to bed, the Beatles went for a quick swim in the moonlit ocean. They have their private beach just outside the luxury cottage which they share while filming in Nassau. The place is guarded by police night and day. Producer Walter Shenson's seventy-strong unit didn't get much time to relax in this millionaires' playground. After an early production meeting by

the side of a huge swimming pool in the grounds of the Balmoral Club, the unit's headquarters, final preparations were made for the first day's shooting at Bay Shore Marina and the Nassau Beach Hotel. At both places the unit found it hard to move for huge crowds of spectators had followed them around Nassau. At the luxurious Beach Hotel residents were busily shooting

at the Beatles and in the fracas two people were pushed into the hotel's swimming pool. The Beatles jumped in as well—and fully clothed, but that is in the script. When you read this most of the principal scenes involving Eleanor Bron, Leo McKern and Victor Spinetti, will have been shot at Cabbage Beach, the Royal Victoria Hotel, the Balmoral Club, the Caves, the

old hospital at Prospect Ridge, the softball court at Lake Cunningham and in front of the post office. For three of the Beatles this is their first visit to the Bahamas. George Harrison paid a private visit here in December. Beatles manager, Brian Epstein, flew out with the film unit on the same plane and is staying at the Balmoral Club.



We found a crazy place for our latest RAVE fashion shots. It may sound as though it's just a come and go place, but it's much more than that—it's good enough to live in. Well, for a few hours at least! I'm talking about BEA's glamorous West London Air Terminal. RAVE model Janet and I took a good look round . . .



Fabulous huge entrance hall. Warm as Spring, pale grey walls. Electronic eye doors and lots of air terminal men whisking your luggage efficiently from place to place.

*Janet wears a cream moss crepe dress by Marlborough (£6 19s. 6d.), cream wool coat by Sidwall (9 gns.), handbag from Fenwicks (79s. 11d.), suitcases from Selfridges and leather shoes from Saxone (59s. 11d.).

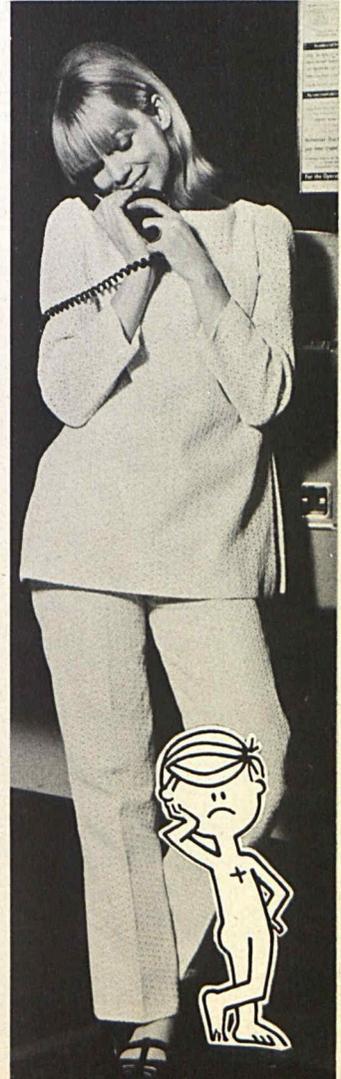


Flying anywhere in Europe you are allowed 33 pounds of luggage, tourist class, and 44 pounds, first class, plus the personal baggage you're carrying. If you forget to insure yourself against personal injury, there's still time: BEA have a machine that does it, and charges only 4s.

*Janet is wearing a beige gaberdine suit, matching cap and contrasting print blouse by Marlborough (10 gns.), luxury hand crocheted stockings from Fenwicks (4½ gns.).

Who's calling? Make a call from any one of the terminal's 20 kiosks. Don't forget the new booths only take threepenny pieces, sixpences and shillings. Next to kiosks find shops—chemist, gift shop selling nylons, ties, etc., bookstall (selling RAVE, of course), and chocolate and tobacconist kiosks.

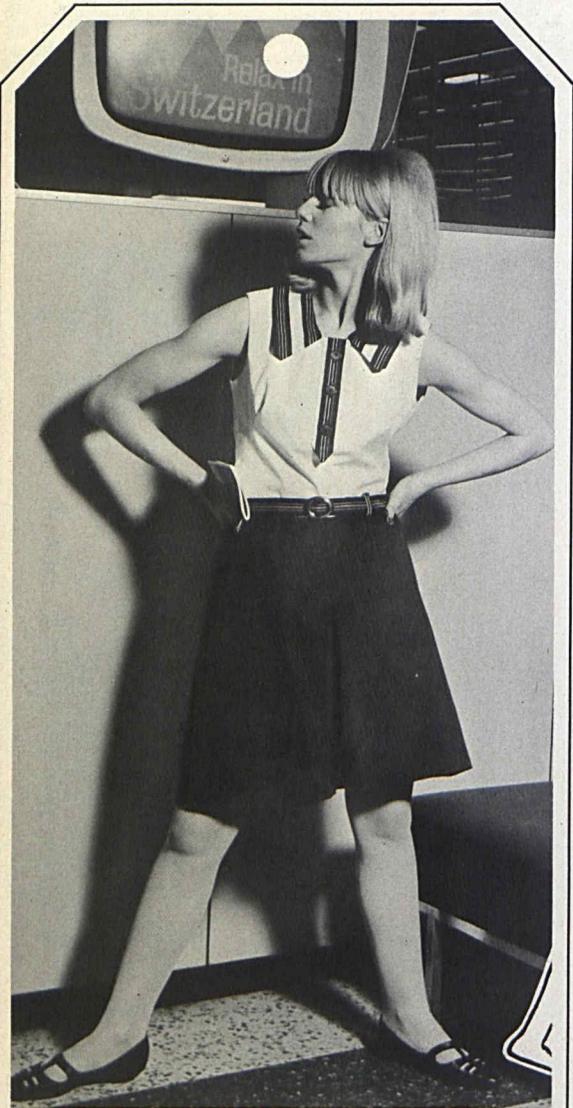
*Janet's cream crocheted trouser suit by Simon Ellis (9½ gns.).



FLY, FLY, FLYING HIGH!

Change your money to local foreign currency at Barclays Bank in the terminal. Hungry passengers can eat in the Grill and Griddle, time-passengers can relax at snack counter or drink in the bar. Leave your luggage in streamlined personal lockers (you keep the key).

*Black and white linen dress with demure white collar by Caroline Charles (7 gns.), crazy big carpet bag, just right for a Journey, from Fenwicks (£4 18s. 6d.).



"At what speed will we travel?" "What will the weather be like when we arrive?" "What currency can I use on the aircraft?" Questions answered by the super new Directomat. Britain's first question and answer machine that solves (you press a button) 120 travel teasers. Find it in the main entrance hall.

*Janet wears a red, white and blue dress with low belt and culotte skirt, John Marks (5½ gns.), flattie shoes by Saxone (45s. 11d.).



Ready to leave from departure bay, soon be fly, fly, flying high! From the terminal you're taken in a luxury BEA coach to London Airport (forty minutes' journey). Have a RAVE. P.S. Like to work as an air-hostess? Then turn to page 51.

*Janet chooses a black and burgundy cotton print dress with pointed white collar and pleated bodice, John Marks (£6 16s. 6d.).



MIKE GRANT ON THE INTERNATIONAL

STANDARD BEAT

No doubt about it, Paris is where it is all happening these days—because the French teenagers are raving about British groups.

With the French No. 1 idol, Johnny Hallyday, currently in the army and temporarily off the scene, France is wide open for British groups. It began in October last year when the Rolling Stones received a storming reception at the Olympia Theatre in Paris. Then came the Bachelors, the Honeycombs, the Animals, the Kinks, George Fame and Manfred Mann.

And in between, British girls like Elkie Brooks, Sandie Shaw, Marianne Faithfull and Anita Harris have kept the British pop pennant flying in Radio

POP GOSSIP— ONLY THE BEST!

Luxembourg shows at the Paris Chatelet Theatre.

The Animals were back this month (March) and got another rave reception.

And now there are strong rumours that a certain millionaire Liverpool group may be sending French fans wild this summer.

A walking advert for the British Army; that's Moody Blues pianist Mike Pinder. For Private Michael Pinder, based with an RASC unit at Bielefeld, West Germany, was given the VIP treatment when he talked his commanding officer into letting him form a group with four friends equipped by £1,000 worth of gear paid for by the Army.

The outfit was called the Tuxedos, and played at all army shows and dances for £50 a gig. "Everything was laid on," recalls Mike. "We had our own special transport whenever we wanted, ate at the officers' mess and even got special leave now and again."



Overheard in Animals' dressing-room: Eric—"I feel a little light-headed tonight!"

And when Mike was demobbed after "one year, forty-two days, two hours," he went home to Birmingham with a fat bank balance.

"It was just enough to put down on a car when I got home," said Mike. And if anyone wants to join the army and live a life of ease, the Tuxedos are still going—and being excused duties!

Probably the most famous shirt shop on the pop scene is Bob Fletcher's Esquire Shop in Glasgow. Most of the groups drop in there when they're touring Scotland. The Manfreds ordered thirty made-to-measure shirts in half-an-hour and Gordon Waller has had about forty shirts made by Bob, though unfortunately he



Pete Townsend—lead

had most of them stolen from his car some months ago.

Bob's latest gimmick is to have a deodorant built into the shirts, which keeps whoever's wearing them smelling fresh. And it doesn't come out when the shirts are washed.

Mike Smith of the Dave Clark Five likes America, but he doesn't like all things American.

"Some of the pressmen need shooting," he told me angrily.

"We arrived at a press conference over there once and one of the journalists was shouting and swearing at us



Yet another strange sounding group has broken through the charts. This time the Unit Four Plus Two, with a disc called "Concrete And Clay". Originally there were four members—Unit Four. They added two others—Plus 2. Total—Unit Four Plus 2.

David "Buster" Meikle is on guitar, Rod "Humble"

for being ten minutes late. We were mobbed by fans and this girl grabbed Denny Payton's hair. As he pushed her away he was photographed.

"It came out beautifully," Mike said. "It looked as if Denny was punching a photographer in the crowd. It was splashed all over the papers with ridiculous captions like 'British Pop Star Punches Pressman!' So you can understand why I don't like them."

By the way, it's a good job Denny didn't hit the photographer—he has been doing unarmed combat and karate for four years!

Garwood on bass, Hugh "Pigmy" Halliday on drums, Howard "Lem" Lubin on guitar, Peter "The Count" Moules on percussion, and Tommy "Sweat" Moeller on piano. Any plans for extra cash from their hit disc? Nothing fabulous—just simple things like getting a decent van and a flat.



Keith Moon—drummer

Pete Townsend, 19-year-old lead guitarist, 6 ft. tall, with blue eyes and brown hair. Formerly art student. Likes: girls with short dark hair or long blonde hair; modern jazz, plenty of space; feeling how he likes when he likes.

Keith Moon, 17-year-old drummer, 5 ft. 7 in., dark brown eyes and hair. Got through 23 jobs before settling on the drums. Likes: fast cars; the big time; expensive drum kits; collecting surfing LPs.

Coincidence of the month: Tom Jones, who took P. J. Proby's spot on the Cilla Black tour after Jim was banned when his trousers split, goes to the same tailor. And Tom pays eight guineas a time for those sexy shirts of his too.

Topical cartoon. Reproduced from July RAVE.



"O.K. Chief—he's ugly. So, we get someone to mime his face!"

Year Three of the group boom, and several big name pop outfits have fallen out of the race. But the Searchers still maintain their high chart rating despite the fact that not all their recent discs have had a great impact on the charts.

Reason: "We don't stick in a rut," says Chris Curtis. "We try to vary our sound with every disc. Sometimes it pays off, other times it's no smash." Their latest record, "Goodbye My Love", is tipped as a potential chart-topper. Critics reckon this is the Searchers at their best.

Newcomer Bobby Dene, whose debut disc on Parlophone "More And

A KISS FOR A KINK

"O.K., boys," said the French TV producer gleefully. "It's all fixed up. We're going to film you on an airship."

The Kinks looked helplessly at each other. They were in Marseilles to take part in the French film entry for the Montreux TV Festival and the French TV people were very keen to do something different.

But airships! How desperately different can you get? It turned out, to everyone's relief, that the producer had meant to say "aircraft carrier." And so it was in the middle of a gale, the Kinks found themselves aboard the immense U.S. Navy aircraft carrier "Saratoga". As a bitter wind swept the flight deck, the Kinks staunchly mimed "You Really Got Me" with an impressive backing of 2,000 gum-chewing, hand-clapping American sailors.

Said Dave Davies, "It was freezing cold on the flight deck—the wind was howling. There were no protecting rails and the sea was a long, long way down."

At that point, filming over, a deep American voice twanged across the intercom: "Hear this! Hear this! Owing to bad weather conditions, no more boats will be going ashore."

So the Kinks went down into the hangar, their fingers practically frozen to the guitar strings, and without amplifiers performed two numbers for the crew.

"We did finally get ashore," said Ray, brightening. "But it was the craziest show we have done since the time we had to mime on a radio programme!"

Some weeks later (February 23rd) the Kinks made an impressive Paris debut at the famous Olympia theatre.

But France again presented problems. "Like not having the right amplifiers," said Ray. "Like ordering a well-done steak and getting something that looked as though it had been next to a lighted match for five minutes," said Mick.

And there's one memory of France that Dave Davies will never forget. As he was leaving the theatre a fan rushed at him and planted a resounding kiss on his cheek.

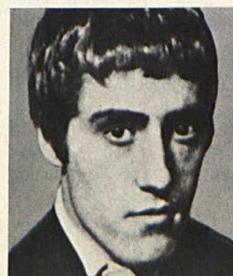
"I wouldn't have minded," said Dave, "but it was a boy!"

More", is just out, is something of a split personality—even of them in fact! Since he started singing five years ago he's been known at various times as Spoofer of the Sputniks, Geronimo of the Apaches, Johnny Allen, Steve King, Peter and the Wolves, Little Caesar and the Centurions, the Hon. J. A. Smith and The Committee, Tarzan and the Apes, Micky Miles, and to top the lot, Spider and the Flies!

Two important messages the Ed wanted me to give you this month. One, is that for overseas readers who find it difficult to get hold of their issue of RAVE, a yearly subscription costs just £1 16s, (from the U.S.A. 5.25 dollars), including postage. Write to Subscription Dept. C4, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. The other, is not to miss next month's RAVE, on sale April 29th. For we've lined up another raving issue!

Beatle-lovers will see the latest colour pics of the boys filming; you can find out how to join the 'in' crowd; play the game of love with Wayne Fontana; meet the new brand of boy; read Alan Freeman Heart-to-Heart with Tom Jones. Plus exciting features and colour pin-ups on the Searchers, Dylan, Donovan, Kinks and many more!

WHO'S WHO ON THE WHO



Roger Daltrey—vocalist

John Entwistle, 19-year-old bass guitarist, 5 ft. 11 in. tall, with blue eyes and black hair. Dismissed from the Inland Revenue because of his way-out clothes. Likes: classical music, buying new equipment.

Roger Daltrey, 20-year-old lead singer, 5ft. 7 in., blue eyes and blond hair. Used to be a steel worker. Likes: large American cars, his manor (Shepherds Bush and Hammersmith).



John Entwistle—bass

Funny how songs can be. On hearing the Ivy League's hit song "Funny How Love Can Be" many people commented what a wonderful song it would have been for the Rockin' Berries to record. The surprise is, The Berries were offered it but turned it down in preference to "What In The World".

On the day of the recording session opinions were divided over the merits of the two discs, so the final choice was left to Berries' manager, Maurice King.

He chose "What In The World." Result: a number two hit for the Ivy League, but no higher than seventeen for the Berries.



KINKS EVERYWHERE



It's the Kinks' own story of their travels everywhere—and of some very personal memories. It's told exclusively in RAVE by DAVE DAVIES! (Assisted and confused by Ray, Pete and Mick!)

The blue, blue sky in Australia. That's what I remember most about our recent trip down under. You don't see skies like that in England. But then I suppose you don't see the beauty of ancient grey cities, the deep quiet green of the English countryside in Australia. The only thing we found the same

mate and friendly people, it is lonely here sometimes," Rose said. "There is no running round to Mum's to borrow a packet of tea, or having my little brothers drop in. "Sometimes it rains, and when it does I get really homesick. Looking back it seems it rained all my life in England. And you two were always getting into scrapes!" She laughed then—and we remembered . . .

When we were children, Ray and I depended a lot on Rose. She was married before we had grown up, and her house was a continual haven in the storms of childhood.

I flopped down in a deck chair.

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I flopped down in a deck chair.

I flopped down in a deck chair.

"Rose, I don't want to go to the show tonight," I said quickly. Suddenly I wanted very much to stay and be "just family" again. Rose came over. "Don't be crazy, Dave." Her voice was a bit sad, though she was smiling.

And she was right, of course. You can't go back in life. Though you can remember. Like ten years ago and another garden belonging to Rose, in London this time. I was five years old and I was crying and banging on Rose's kitchen door.

"I won't go back to school!" I said through sobs. "But you've only been to school for three days, love!"

"Well, there is a mistress there who shouts. She scares me. I threw some plasticine at her. Then I ran home."

"What did you tell Mum?" "That we had the rest of the afternoon off. She tried to take me back to school. I ran away to you."

Mum guessed where I had gone and left me there. Ray and I were always running away to Rose's. Rose never actually sent us home, now I come to recall; we always left of our own accord. I think she believed in making us face up to our punishment alone.

During the time when Ray was eight to thirteen, he was very quiet, deep and lonely. He never shared anything—

least of all his mind. And as a little boy I felt completely left out of his life. Rose was the only one who really understood him. They had a sort of understanding between them that overcame everything, even silence.

The only time there was any closeness between Ray and me was when we were in trouble! We would face the storm of Mum's anger together. Ray would smile at me, shrug and say, "Don't worry, it'll blow over by tomorrow and if it doesn't, there is always the next day."

He was quite a philosopher, really.

Nowadays, he is still a thinker but not nearly so

quiet. He talks to strangers with ease.

They tell me—and I believe them!—that I was rude, sly and objectionable. I've talked about my brother's ways; I feel the need to confess my own. I often got chased by infuriated neighbours who claimed I'd wiped my hands on their clean washing. I made mud pies and threw them at smaller boys, and I let off stink-bombs. It is generally agreed in our family that, of the five girls and two boys, I was the least appealing.

They also tell me I started to improve around the age of eleven. I also started to play a guitar. Ray and I had one each and used to do duets. This was

a big step forward. It meant my elder brother was beginning to accept me, and it mattered a lot. We used to play in the lounge of the local pub. I had already started to dream of fame, though I don't think it occurred to Ray that we might one day be professionals.

By the time I was at grammar school and Ray at art college, we had got friendly with a fellow art student of Ray's called Pete Quaife. Pete used to come to our performances sometimes and walk home with us. One night, after he'd been at our house, Ray came into my room.

"Dave, did you hear what Pete said tonight about . . ."





There are 142 pictures in this story. This would have been one more!

•• becoming a professional musician?"
 "Yes, he wants to. So do I."
 "Did you hear him hint that he might join us?"
 "Yes, funny wasn't it?"
 There was a brief silence.
 "No, I think it's a good idea," Ray looked at me.

"You mean muck up our duo? It would mean the end of everything we've worked towards. We'd have to start all over again."
 Ray didn't argue. "Well, think about it, Dave. I know it would mean a big change but he is a very good guitarist. We could make ourselves a group, maybe take in that drummer friend of his. Think about it."

I thought all night. Another person in our act? It didn't seem right. But if Ray wanted it, it would be selfish of me to refuse.

"I think Pete would be a big help," I said at breakfast. Ray looked relieved. "I thought you were dead choked so I made up my mind to tell you I'd given up the idea. You sure, Dave?" I was sure. And thank goodness I was. We would never have got anywhere without Pete.

Our music became the most important thing in my life from them on. We practised hard but the new drummer

didn't work out. We found another but this didn't work, either. We were pretty depressed. The urge to turn professional had caught hold of us. So we put an advert in the musical papers. "Drummer wanted for smart go-ahead group."

But smart and smart don't always tie up. So when I went down to the pub where I was to meet someone called Mick Avory—would-be Kink drummer—I got a bit of a turn. He stood over six feet, in suit, shirt and tie, and had the shortest hair I'd ever seen.

"Ha, he's just got out of prison!" I thought.

He looked amazed at my appearance and rather longingly at my shoulder-length hair.

"Have a drink," he said. Then—"You advertised as a smart group. I thought you meant conventional smart." He hesitated again. "I went and got all my hair cut off. It was as long as yours. And I bought a shirt and tie." We both burst out laughing. Poor Mick, he was really upset.

We got on well with Mick from the very start. It was terrific having him around. A group's members really need to respect each other, both as musicians and as people. Other-

wise the group's no good.

The next step we took—this was in 1963—was to record a song. For a long time we had thought about doing so, but it was no good until we had a first-class drummer. After much messing about as to what we would record, we persuaded Philips Records to see us. They turned us down. Then we met our manager, Larry Page, and he arranged for us to record for Pye. There again, things didn't go our way because we wanted to do one of Ray's compositions. We did "Long Tall Sally" instead. It was released without results. Our second record was called "You Still Want Me", but the fans didn't want it and though it reached 40 in some charts, it went out again the next week! At this point in our career we were a bit frustrated.

Then Ray penned "You Really Got Me", and Larry Page listened to it in the recording studio.

"I think you're on your way," he said excitedly. "If you don't make it with this one, start to worry."

Of course, as you know, we did make it. Much to our great delight the record zoomed into the charts in 1964 and we became famous. For an instant, we sat back and cheered. But then we realised you cannot afford ever to sit back because as soon as you have taken time off to say "Aren't we in a good position!" someone else has come along and taken the position from you!

We worked hard to promote our next record, "All Day And All Of The Night", and it proved a winner, too.

I think the Australian tour this February was the highlight of our career to date. Travelling "on business" as we did, was a chance few people get.

We started the tour in Perth, which is Western Australia. The audiences were marvellous to us on our opening night. They yelled just like they do in England. At the end of the show they stood up and clapped, a sort of special thank-you, and we felt quite moved. When we got back to the dressing-room we were very quiet, each scared to say

how he felt in case he sounded soft.

We found the Australians very proud people. They have a beautiful country which they have developed magnificently. I think people should always be aware of what they have done—or do. We are of our small achievements. When we were in Melbourne the audience ran down the gangways throwing wild heather on to the stage and calling, "We love you, Kinks." Afterwards, we talked about it and were pleased. It was an achievement and it wasn't being big-headed to say so.

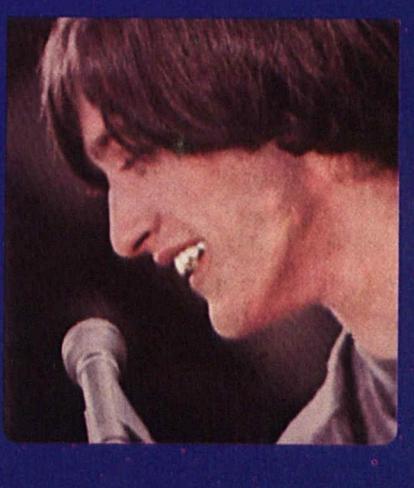
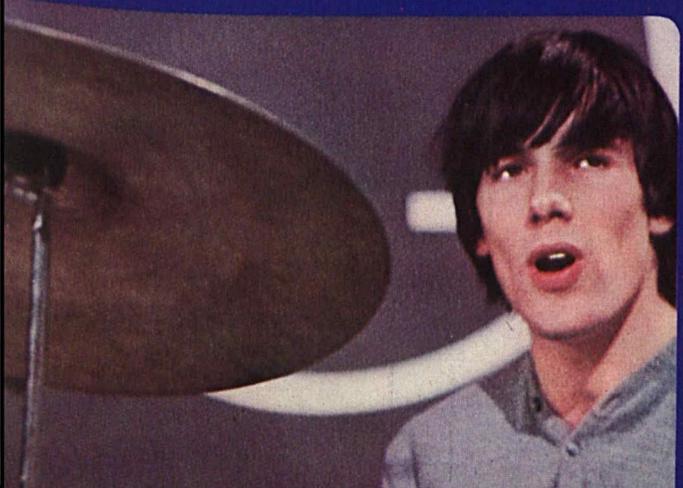
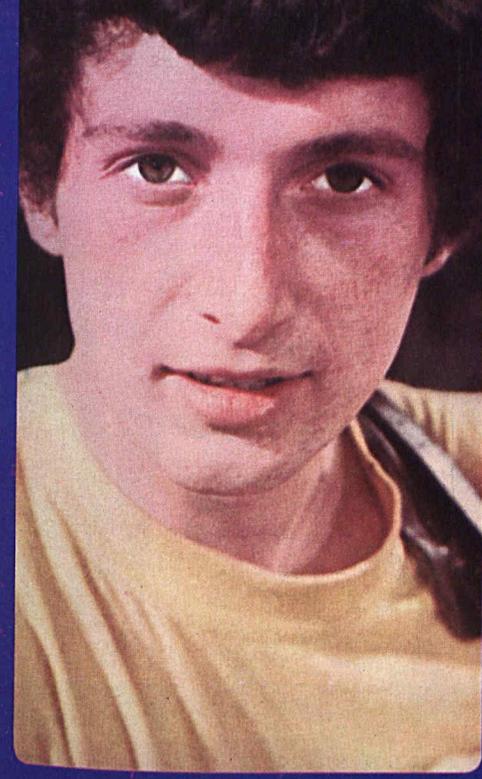
On our way home, we spent 36 hours in Singapore, but it was too hot and humid. We spent every moment we could in the swimming pool, but we felt pretty rough. I had been advised not to swim because of an infected ear, but due to the heat and my even greater obstinacy, I did. "Oh, for the coolness of a Pye recording studio," I moaned to the others. "Yes, and the sound of you playing the wrong chords," they threw back. As I stood on the top board, I had an idea for a song which is on our new L.P. "Got My Feet On The Ground." I should have, too. It was a rotten dive and made my ear worse.

Back in England our record "Tired of Waiting" had just reached number one. That Sunday we flew back I stood on the tarmac beside the aircraft and looked up at the grey sky, and I felt suddenly nostalgic for that other great continent, on the far side of the earth.

Our sister, Rose, has an English tree amongst her gum trees and native plants and it was in bloom when we were there. One night she made us go into the garden.

"Take a look," she said. The sky was darkest blue, smothered in stars and the tree stood out against it, olive green. I'd never seen a sky so huge; it seemed to stretch to eternity.

But it wasn't really the sky or the tree from home, or the sweet-smelling grass that endeared Australia to us. It was the fans. They gave their admiration and love, and made the other side of the world like home.



An Australian beach, the 4K's—but where's the hot sun?



Fan magazines span the world. RAVE invites you to meet the leading magazines of four pop-influenced countries...the editors of each...the fans who buy them...and the stars they feature.

RAVE—and British pop—is at the heart of the world's music business. And as much as we here believe RAVE is Britain's leading pop magazine, so other countries have their own. Like RAVE, pop is their business, and they want to know all about it.

Because this month's issue is such an international one, we invited the Editors of four of the most famous of these "sister" magazines to write to us. From what they have to say you'll understand that if there ever is to be one language that IS international—then that language will be pop.

Your Editor

salut les copains 8 rue marbeuf paris 8

Dear readers of RAVE, On behalf of the readers of "Salut Les Copains" I send cordial greetings. Your interests are surely the same as those of your French copains (pals). Like them, I am sure you are mad keen on beat music, on singers and groups who have the same tastes, the same hopes, the same problems as yourselves.

Over the last few years a "wind of change" has been blown through our pop world. A new folklore has been born—the folklore of modern towns. Popular artists have been inspired by real jazz. The top singer in France is Johnny Hallyday. His return from the Army next June will be the biggest event of the year. French fans also dig Eddy Mitchell (Eddy alone sings Ray Charles' songs well. His interpretation is pure. He has quality). Richard Anthony, Dick Rivers, Claude Francois, Frank Alamo and Monty. Girl singers? Top favourites are Sylvie Vartan, Petula Clark, Francoise Hardy and France Gall.

Your French copains are also wild about the Beatles (formidables!) the Rolling Stones and Animals. I would name the Rolling Stones as "World Stars" for 1965. Their style, infused with their colourful personalities, is acceptable to both beat and jazz fans.

For this reason I hope that the exchange of groups and singers between our two countries will become more and more numerous.

Best wishes,

Frank Tenot.
(Director of "Salut Les Copains")



JOHNNY HALLYDAY

muziek expres

Theresiastraat 81a
1-Gravenhage
Tel. 72 25 46

MAANBLAD VOOR AMUSEMENTS-, DANS- EN JAZZ- MUZIEK, SHOW-BUSINESS, RADIO, TELEVISIE EN FILM

TO all RAVE readers: a big hello from Tulip-land! Yes—this is a letter from your small but—I think—important and friendly neighbour, Holland. Dutch teenagers—if they study and work hard—make a good living. A lot of pocket money and earnings are spent on (what do you guess?) entertainment, of course. English artists are VERY popular in Holland. Some examples...?

Our famous Dutch music magazine Muziek Expres (you can understand that title, can't you?) holds a pop poll regularly. Here are our most recent results. Top male singers: CLIFF RICHARD (of course!), Belgian ADAMO and, yes, ELVIS... Top female singers: CILLA BLACK, FRANCOISE HARDY, from La Douce France, and your adorable DUSTY SPRINGFIELD. Groups are all English: THE ROLLING STONES and SHADOWS. Cliff was chosen as the most popular film star! They are still talking about his fantastic personal appearance in Holland and also about the performances last year by THE BEATLES (the boys made a round-trip through Amsterdam canals, when teenagers jumped into the water to swim to the boat!) and of course by THE ROLLING STONES. But that is a different story: Mick and the gang were hardly able to play last summer in the Kurhaus at Scheveningen, because of the riot!

Expectations for 1965? A big year for the English girls! Cilla, Dusty and Julie (Rogers, that is). The Pretty Things are also strong. And that's all, folks. Oh yes: we in Holland like RAVE very much. A suggestion to end this letter: do you have friends in Holland? Send them RAVE, and ask for Muziek Expres in exchange! We speak English—see if you can try to learn to speak DUTCH! Good luck...

Sincerely,
Paul Acket
Paul Acket, Editor.

16 MAGAZINE
745 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022

PLAZA 5-9464

Hi, there—Ravers! I'm really complimented that you invited me to "visit" with you, as RAVE is my favourite English mag! Well, the tide has turned and all of young America is gaga over everything British. The Beatles are number one, "Beat Boys" are the kings. The Rolling Stones and the Dave closely followed by the Rolling Stones and the Dave Clark Five. Though he hasn't had a hit here (as I write this) Tommy Quickly is the fastest rising young single male vocalist—and the same goes for girls with our own Cilla Black. Following close on their heels are our own great Beach Boys and Elvis Presley, Chad and Jeremy and Peter and Gordon. The Supremes and the Shangri-Las are top girl groups.

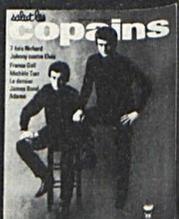
Elvis is the king of the movies but Peter McEnery gave him quite a run when "Moon Spinners" was making the rounds. Hayley Mills and Annette are tied for best popular American actress at the moment—but (and here's a surprise) Jane Asher is only a few votes behind them! The staff of 16 is mostly me. I'm not joking. We have and she has had only one movie shown in the States!

My nomination for the star of the year is, our fantastic guess, it is a terrific job and I love every minute of it. My nomination for the future are to continue making Elvis. His plans for the future are to break out and do live films and recordings, but a "little birdie" told me that Mr. Presley is anxious to break out and do live performances again. Don't be a bit surprised if he does his first public appearance in over four years (except for two charity shows) right where you are—in England!

Sincerely yours,
Gloria Stavers
Gloria Stavers
(Editor-in-Chief, "16 Magazine")



POP



INTERNATIONAL

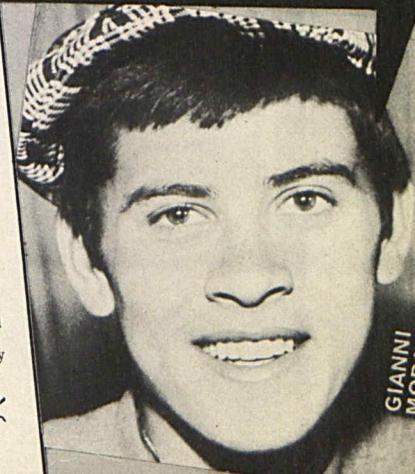


ROLLING STONES

.....
Ciao amici
rivista mensile per i giovani
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DIREZIONE: ROMA - Poggio Romano, 51 - Telefono 838 93 22
.....

Hello to all you RAVE people, The most popular singers in Italy at the moment are Bobby Solo and Gianni Morandi, and the most popular pop magazine out here is "Ciao Amici" (we hope!) "Ciao Amici" (pronounce it Chow Amichi) began in December 1963, but before its first issue was born we had a problem. As you know now, in France the ones who buy pop discs are called "Copains". In America and in England they are called "teenagers", but here in Italy, there was no such name identifying the age group 12-20—they were just called "adolescents". So, before "Ciao Amici" could begin, we had to think up a name establishing the age group we wanted to enjoy reading our magazine. We succeeded in introducing the word "amici", and right from the very first issue "Ciao Amici" was a big success. Over here we think that RAVE magazine is fantastic good, and we like to hear about all your British stars—the Beatles and the Rolling Stones. This is not meant to be an article but a message of friendship from the "amicos" of Italy to the "teenagers" of England.

Best wishes,
Sergio Garassini
Editor.



GIANNI MORANDI



MICK JAGGER

the very private boy

—an intimate, perhaps first-time-ever look at Mick Jagger, Stone Extraordinary.

The young man with narrow hips ambled along the hotel corridor, hands in pockets, head bowed. People gossiped within earshot, photo bulbs flashed. He brushed a strand of hair from blue eyes and heaved a sigh. This was Mick Jagger, usually explosive, tough, sexy Stone, now wistful, vulnerable.

"Stop for one more photo, Mick!"

He waved a hand by way of saying "No."

"Mick, could you pose by your bedroom door?"

Mick turned moodily.

"Please, it's 3 a.m. I've had a long day." But they followed him into his bedroom, rudely making themselves at home, picking up his clothes. Someone said, "Oh, he bought this sweater in Chelsea."

Someone else: "Aren't his boots a funny style?"

He left his room and continued to walk along the corridor, disappearing through a door at the end.

He was sitting on the concrete service stairs, with his head between his hands, when I came across him half-an-hour later. He moved up to make room, and smiled nicely.

"It's quiet here," he offered. "Nice. Quiet."

We didn't talk immediately, but sat silently, companionably.

Mick isn't nearly so tough as people tend to make out. He isn't rude, or short-tempered. He shows great patience.

He has a great sense of humour that sees him over times when the pace of life is great and many people would crack up under the same strain.

He looked up now, tired eyes crinkling at the corners, and a grin spread over his untidy face.

"They're a drag, aren't they? But I don't like losing my temper. I feel you have to pay for fame, and the price, after all, isn't that high."

But he is a Stone, and Stones are quick-tempered, difficult with people who upset them, surely?

"Ha, Stones on the whole maybe. Public image and all that! I'm patient really. I feel rotten if I blow up too often. You know, it's O.K. at the time. You do a big moody, then you cool down and wish you hadn't." He sighed heavily. He was very tired, and very different from the Mick I'd watched on stage the previous evening, when he had moved with purpose, and defiance. Then he had been a public Stone, every bit an idol.

"Don't you think I'm funny?" he asked. "I kill myself laughing at myself."

You know the mouth organ, I can't resist smelling it. I smelled it on telly the other day. I got letters saying, 'Why did you smell the mouth organ?' I don't know why.

"I give myself dares. I say, 'Go on, Mick, lie down onstage tonight.' But I never have yet."

He turned and looked back towards his bedroom in the hotel.

—and unlike ordinary boy his love life tends to be complicated.

"It is a matter of love without a definite future, Mick said.

"Some pop singers get married, sure, but for a lot of us, marriage is way ahead in the future. Having steady girlfriends is very different from having a wife for whom you are wholly responsible."

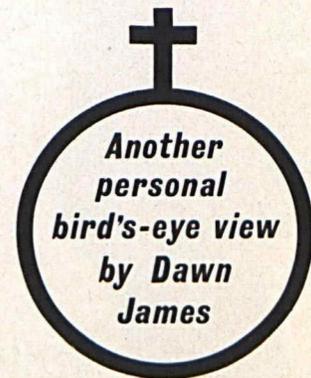
"Mick, do you think it is hard for a girl to have a boyfriend like you?"

"Yes. The girls behind the blokes like me know there will be other girls somewhere, somehow. After a show, at a party, in the crowd at the theatre. Pretty girls are easy to date when you are famous and it is hard to ignore them all. The girls who wait in the background for stars don't have it easy."

He paused, rubbed his eyes and hugged his knees. He looked so young.

When he is one of the crowd he is a public Stone. But on his own, in a quiet hideout, a long way into the night, you can catch a glimpse of Mick the boy behind the image.

Mick's sense of humour is greatest when he is away from other Stones because it becomes subtle. He will laugh at himself, and his image, but sym-



"I wish those people would go away. I want to ring my girlfriend, but with so many people about I can't. She doesn't like hearing a lot of noise in the background. It makes her feel left out."

It matters to Mick that he should not hurt his girlfriend. He has a heart like other boys and he loves like other boys. But he is a pop star—an ordinary boy become extraordinary

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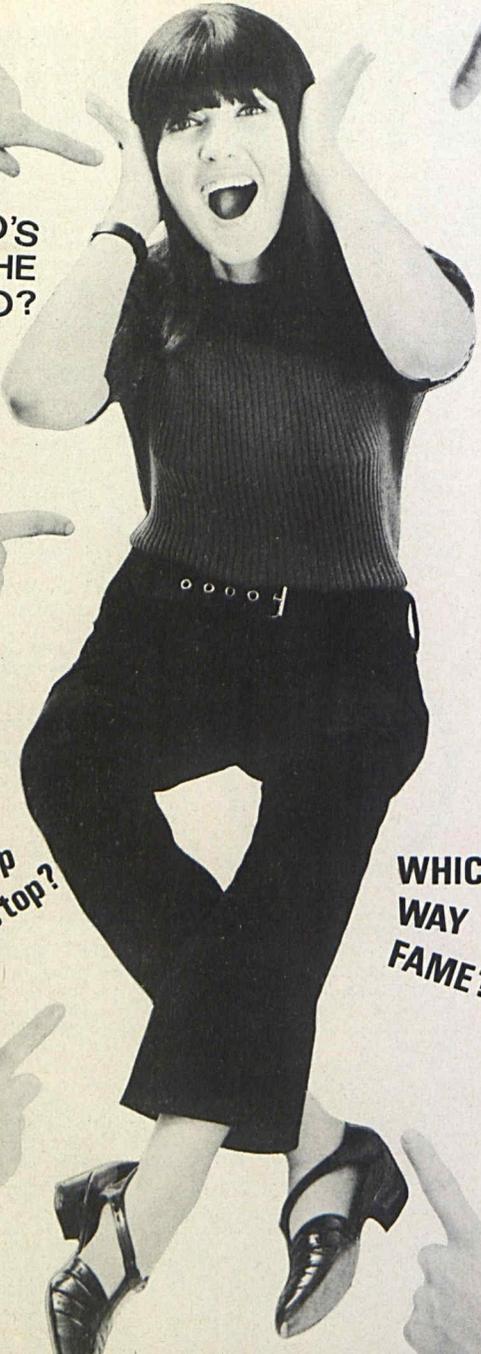
behind the public idol

THE CATHY McGOWAN PAGE STARTS

HERE!

WHO'S THE WHO?

our tip for the top?



CATHY CRYSTAL GAZES!

As RSG's girl with her eyes on the stars, who better than Cathy McGowan to predict new happenings in her show business world and yours. Here she tells you the stars heading for even greater success and the new names to look out for.

WHICH WAY FAME?

Why Donovan?

■ A big round crystal ball for crystal gazing makes me think of a big O and Roy Orbison. Roy's discs have sold, sold, sold for months. What happens next? Will he go on the skids—as singers so often do after a long walk hand-in-hand with success?

My crystal orb (as in Orbison) tells me the likeable Roy will stay in top gear. There are good reasons. Like: he uses no fancy gimmicks which could become outdated. Like: he has a really good voice. Like: he is a wonderfully sincere and homely person.

A personal prediction about Roy: next time he comes to Britain he will bring a guitar strap specially for me. On his last visit I admired the one he was using: a thick, wide strip of dark leather with the craziest designs in brass studs. When Roy saw the look on my face he said, "This belt is a lucky charm. A gift from a fan. So I mustn't part with it. But I have a number of straps back home in Tennessee. I'll pick the best and bring it for you next time."

Psssst . . . an Orbison guitar strap would make a super belt for my jeans.

■ What I predict about Roy's popularity also goes for that other top American, Gene Pitney (On RAVE's centre spread this month—Ed.). Similar reasons. On top of Gene's singing talent is his knack for choosing exactly the right songs and the way his personality comes over both in his act and when he's on "Juke Box Jury." He doesn't knock other singers. If he likes a disc he says so. If he doesn't, he is constructive in his criticism.

Putting on the style: that's the term we use at RSG for anyone who's trying to play the Big Star. It is a term we never have to apply to Gene. At RSG recently, a crowd of autograph hunters rushed to Gene. Donovan was standing near. He got pushed aside. "Steady, now, s-t-e-a-d-y," said Gene. "Don't push Don. He's a friend of mine. Also, you'll all be wanting his autograph mighty soon."

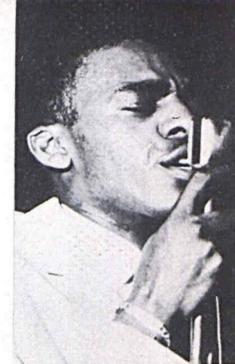
I second that! I predict Donovan is on the scene to stay. He is lively and very intelligent. He has come at just the right time, with so much interest being shown in folk music. I am sure this is going to get even stronger. I also predict that those swingin' Seekers will add to their successes.

■ There is someone else who I think will have more and bigger successes here: Francoise Hardy from Paris (meet her again on page 45—Ed.) This is partly because of her singing, partly because she looks the way every with-it girl wants to look.

After what I've said about Roy Orbison's guitar strap, I know you'll think I'm dreadful when I also predict there will be some cracking make-up coming Cathy's way next time Francoise is in London. Why? Well, this is what happened . . .

I was specially intrigued by her "Garbo" effect eye make-up, when Francoise appeared on RSG.

When I asked about her eyes, know what she did? She calmly took all her make-up off—and there are not many girl stars who will let you see their face as it is! Then she re-did her whole make-up from scratch—explaining every move as she went, and gave me half her own make-up so I could copy. I've been following her style ever since. . . .



RONNIE JONES

■ Very big predictions from me, too, about Ronnie Jones. He's had two discs out on Decca without causing any sensations. But he is causing them in London clubs like the Flamingo and Beat City. People queue like mad to see him. Wish some promoter would put him in a touring package. (Ronnie, in case you don't know, is a coloured R and B singer living in Britain. Latest disc: "My Love". Backing group: the Night Riders.)

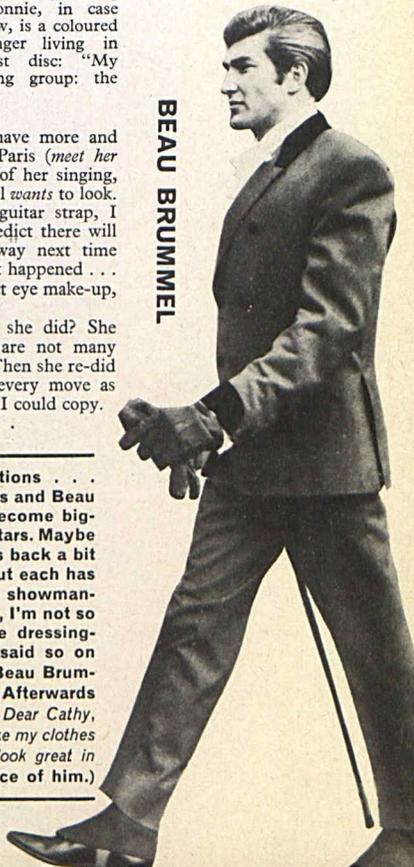
■ Cilla . . . I predict before 1965 is out she will be as big a star in the States as she is here . . . Cliff and the Shads will stay as strong as ever . . . the Zombies will carry on up-and-up.

Big as his start to 1965 has been, I believe George Fame will be even bigger by the end and he will still wear the same size in hats. We shall get better behaviour from pop performers and I shall be glad. (Some in recent months have sent up other artists, missed appointments and been rude in other ways. They did the pop world no good.)

I predict the three-guitars-drums line-up will not fade as fast as some folk think.

Two things more. I tip a group called The Who for top success. (They have all the excitement of the early Rolling Stones.) Also, I predict I shall be very happy if I keep getting letters from rave readers all over the world. Thanks a million to those who have dropped me a line so far!

BEAU BRUMMEL



■ More predictions . . . That Tom Jones and Beau Brummel will become bigger and bigger stars. Maybe their style harks back a bit to early rock, but each has tremendous showmanship. (Mind you, I'm not so crazy about the dressing-up bit. I even said so on RSG the time Beau Brummel appeared. Afterwards he sent a note: Dear Cathy, Sorry you don't like my clothes but I think you look great in yours! It was nice of him.)

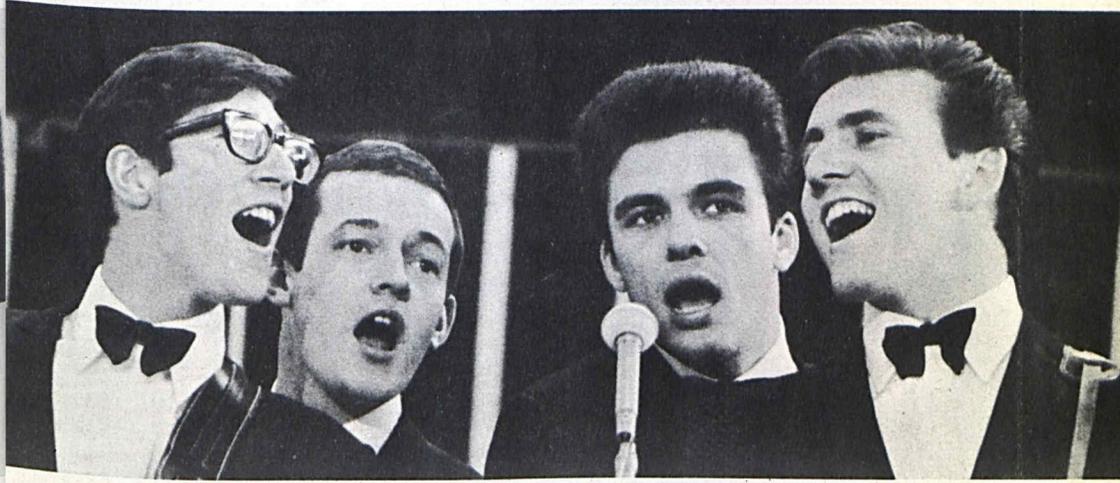


SEEKERS





KEEPING IT DARK ABOUT THE SHADOWS



The Shads have been a top international group for years, yet one of their secret fears is that they're not quite with-it. This got us wondering. What other secret fears have they? Have we been kept in the dark about the Shadows? We went along to find out.

The Shadows—Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch, John Rostill and Brian Bennett—have been a big group in this country and all over the world for nearly seven years now. It is sometimes hard to believe.

They never seem to hit the headlines with sensational news, just with worked-hard-for achievements. Possibly, it is just this same professionalism that the fans respect and applaud.

"When the big beat boom happened in Liverpool," said Bruce, "we didn't try to compete with the Beatle-type records. We did the exact opposite. We kept exactly to our own style and recorded 'Atlantis'. Its success proved we could still compete."

"We've seen everything come and go and we're still here." Hank was understandably cheerful. "There was Bill Haley, Skiffle, Rock 'n' Roll, the Twist. The thing is—" and every Shadow nodded agreement, "all these things were trends and fads.

They died out. We're not being big-headed, but it's only the ones with talent who last."

The Shadows give the impression that everything they do is calculated. They never take a risk. And yet, strangely enough, their favourite disc is "Flingel Bunt". A tune that just came out accidentally at a recording session—definitely unforeseen!

"Songwriting is our main hobby actually," said Brian. "We don't get time for much else, anyway. We all usually chip in together. I write on the piano, and we all add bits. But Bruce and Hank usually get all the credit—which is why they've both got Rolls-Royces, and John and I have Minis!"

Their latest record, "Mary Ann", wasn't one of theirs.

"We first heard it about three years ago, but it wasn't right at the time. And then, a couple of months ago, we thought of it again. We asked Jerry Lordan (the composer who's written quite a few of our hits) if he

still had it. We knew the time was right now." John claims that it is through experience that they have come to recognise new trends accurately: what will or won't be a hit at any given time.

Apart from the actual work of playing, songwriting does seem to absorb their free time. The Shadows wrote the music for the "Aladdin" show at the London Palladium in six weeks—"Something we couldn't have done a few years back. It shows that we're still learning and advancing." And when the show finishes they're all off on holiday.

The boys are going to Portugal. But it won't be a holiday as we know it. They'll still be songwriting! Spending a lot of the time writing for the three films they have lined-up for this year: the film version of "Aladdin", Cliff's film, and their own in the South of France.

"I like working anywhere that's hot," said Brian in happy anticipation.

A surprising thing is that the Shadows admit they have no more actual ambitions left. "We've done just about everything now except for straight acting, and that's being covered this year. The holiday is what we're most looking forward to. You know, Hank has business interests in Portugal—land development. He's trying to grow nuts in the sand out there!"

In general conversation with The Shadows, you cover a lot of ground.

They laugh a lot, they talk a lot: saying exactly what they think, never pausing to be evasive.

"Marriage hasn't affected the group at all," said Brian. "Bruce was married before our success really happened. Three of us are married now—but John's still available!" John blushed slightly. "People never ask much about our personal life. Perhaps they think we don't want to talk about it—or maybe they don't want to know!"

They talked of P. J. Proby. "Do you know, we reckon he could be

the biggest thing in this country—not counting the Beatles, of course? Proby has great talent, a great voice when he sings fairly straight—but that sexy bit died out when Billy Fury stopped it."

The TV programme "Burke's Law" they like, too. "It's not exactly Dixon of Dock Green is it?" Hank laughed. "It's our kind of programme, a bit far fetched but funny—like us!"

"Oh, and what's this night club like? The Ad Lib? Isn't that the place where everyone goes? Burt Bacha-

rach dropped in the other evening and told us about it. Really, we don't go anywhere like that at all. The only thing we manage to do after a show is sometimes to go for a meal."

The Shadows aren't old. Bruce is twenty-three, so is Hank. Brian is twenty-five and John's twenty-two. And yet they give the impression of being very mature compared with some other groups. The Shadows themselves have the feeling that they aren't quite with-it. This shows when they can discuss TV programmes freely, yet are quite in the dark about top night clubs, like The Ad Lib. It doesn't worry them—but they know they are different. "We're right out of that scene!"

But a Shadow likes to know what's going on even if he doesn't go along with it. He's happy the way he is, but this doesn't mean to say he doesn't notice anything else around him. It works the same way with music. The Shadows have hit the right music note for years now, but that doesn't mean they don't notice the changes around them.

Within the framework of their very personal kind of music, the Shadows have woven brilliantly the essence of current trends. They have remained true to themselves, yet echoed—shadowed?—all that is right up-to-date.

This is the way of a Shadow: and it's dead clever.

MAUREEN O'GRADY



rave



SANDIE SHAW

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

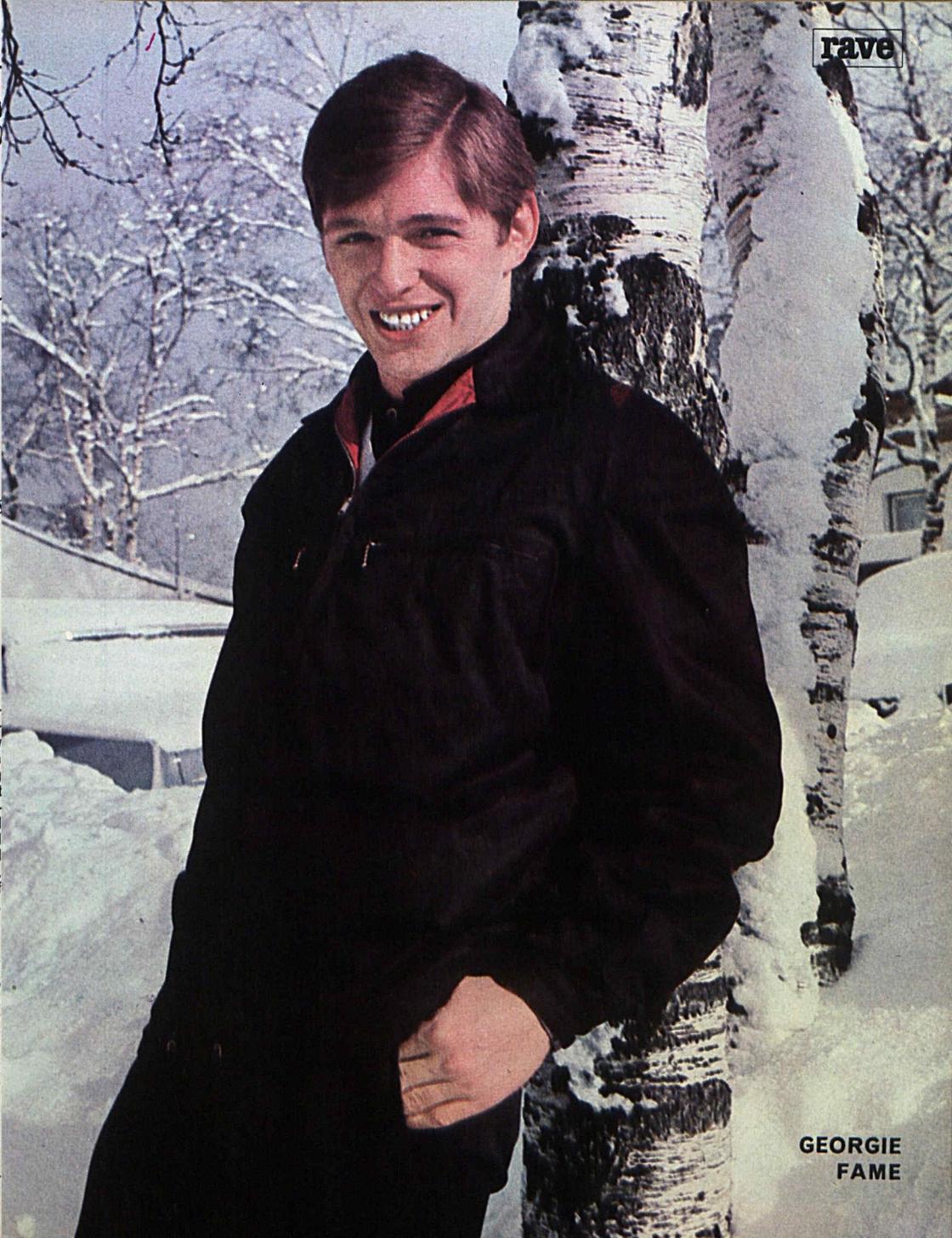
Around the world stars fly—on holiday, to sing to you, en route from place to place. What are the moments they remember best? We asked for some of their memories. Here they tell you them—

Picture a small hotel in Austria—it's January this year . . . and mid-night. I stood at my bedroom window and saw vast mountains . . . stars in a flawless sky . . . a big moon jazzing up the snow. The air proved the best things in life are free. The peace-and-quiet was the most wonderful I had ever known. That night I decided to pack in showbiz. I would live forever in this beautiful place. Next morning I started to ask myself what I was going to use for money . . . —Georgie Fame.

Panic in Paris . . . December 1964 . . . I had gone over for three days mainly to do TV. But somehow I made time for a buying spree to stock up with those super dress materials you get in Paris. In the end I found I had bought so much I couldn't get it all into my case. I hadn't time to buy another. I had to fly to Manchester for more TV. What to do? My manager Eve Taylor said, "Give me your clothes I'll bring them back. You take all your precious material!" I did just that.—Sandie Shaw.

(P.S. Sandie also bought four pairs of shoes. Our photo shows her before she found them!) ●●●

rave



GEORGIE FAME

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

CAR FAILURE

A girl in Kalamazoo... Elaine... I was nineteen. She was seventeen. I wanted badly to date her. But I didn't dare. All I had was a 1930 T-model Ford. It was battered. Draughty. Noisy. I worked like crazy for months and bought a 1949 Ford. Real ritzy. Asked for that date. "About time," said Elaine. But when she saw my car, her face fell. She said, "Weeks ago I saw you go past in a wonderful old T-model. I was hoping you'd take me out in it. Women!"—Del Shannon.

Stockholm, Sweden... Last autumn... Press conference at the Sas Hotel... I was telling the pressmen a joke. In comes Roy Farrant, our road manager. Eighteen stone. He slips quietly into a chair. Just as I come to the punch line the chair collapses. Kills my joke. But he got a far bigger laugh than me!—Brian Poole.

■ **Hamburg, Germany... Dawn...** The boys and I were playing our first club date in the original Beat City. We had been storming it on stage all night. We were almost on our knees. But we felt ten feet tall. The fans had been raving for us non-stop. It was the first real-wild reception we had ever had. That was the night I decided I was in showbiz for keeps.—**Cliff Bennett.**

Somewhere in Germany... Me in a roomful of shirts... *Steaming shirts...* It was the Rockin' Berries' first tour of Germany. We took it in turns to wash all our shirts. This day it was my turn. I had washed a round dozen. But I couldn't put them outside to dry because it was raining. So I had them round an electric fire. I remember I stood in the steam and said, "So this is showbusiness!"—**Chuck Botfield.**

PIN UP

It was *such* a romantic scene... Susan Hampshire dressed in wispy white. Me in blue Foreign Legion uniform. We were on top of a high sand dune in Las Palmas. The sound of our romantic duet came from a playback. It was, of course, a scene from "Wonderful Life." I remember this scene not only because it was so romantic, but also because of the slight problem of Susan's scarf. The wind kept blowing it across our faces during takes. "I'll pin it back," Susan called to the unit at the bottom of the sand dune. "But I haven't a pin." I remember thinking how dead funny it was that someone had to climb that fifty-foot sand dune—with a pin!—**Cliff.**



The night Cliff was ten foot tall.

■ *Sitting in a drugstore—watching all the ghosts go by... That is what I remember best from my trip to Hollywood last year. I dote on old films, you see. Therefore I came to Hollywood in a very sentimental frame of mind. Name of the drugstore in which I sat was Schwab's. Stars have gone there for years. Whether there were any of today's stars in there I couldn't have told you. All I saw was the ghosts of old-time stars: the early Garbo, Gable and so on. Finally the drugstore attendant said, "A dollar-fifty, please"—and I was back in 1964!—**Dusty.***

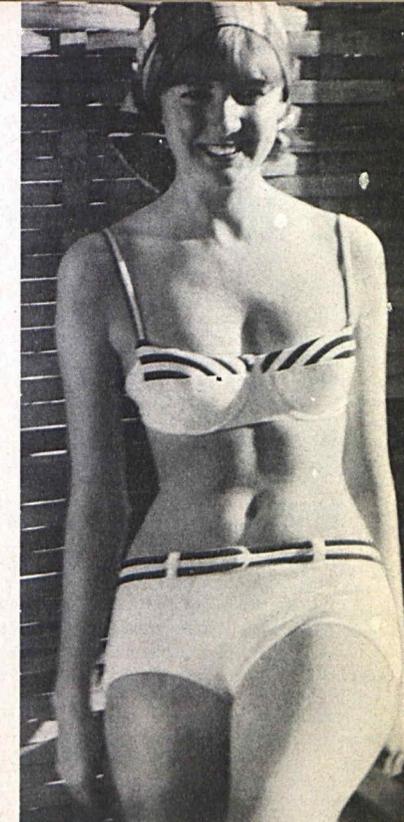
Switzerland... My folks took me on holiday when I was fifteen. A dance at the hotel... Smasher of a girl at the next table... Ask her for a dance? I was dead shy. Then I heard her say to her friends in German, "That boy at the next table is English. He looks a lot of fun." Did my head swell! Next minute I got up, gave her a real bold bow—and on the floor we went. I got to know her quite well. She was great company. She spoke good English. I never did let on that I understood German!—**Herman.**

■ *Meeting Elvis in Hollywood in 1962... It was a super-exciting event for me, that understandably an anticlimax set in afterwards. I had several days more booked for me at a lush Hollywood hotel. The weather was fab 'n' sunny. But I had seen Elvis—I was homesick—so back I went to cold, damp Britain ahead of schedule!—Billy Fury.*

HOLIDAY FUN

St. Helens, Lancs... It was in our early days and our number "Short Shorts" had been going a bomb. How to build the act? That was the question. I decided St. Helens would be the place to be honoured with my Great Experiment. At the height of the number I nipped out of my trousers, ran to the footlights, climbed into the audience. I had planned to run through it in my short shorts. What a hope! It seemed as if two thousand female fans had jumped on me all at once. The Dreamers managed to drag me back on stage. I've never tried that lark again!—**Freddie.**

Palm trees... Lush lawns... Masses of tropical flowers... They were the setting for a wonderful, dream-type hotel in the Canary Islands. It was the Santa Catalina in Las Palmas. I had heard so much about it from Cliff Richard. He stayed there while making "Wonderful Life." I picked it for my holiday a few months ago. It was as lush and luxurious as I had expected. To cap it all, who else should be staying there but my favourite sportsman—Billy Walker—and the man who has made me laugh so much so often—Norman Wisdom.—Cilla Black.



A photographer's memory of Cilla!

THE QUESTION OF DONOVAN...

10 HONEST ANSWERS



Are you a copy of Bob Dylan?

No. I am influenced by him. Just as I am influenced by other folk music greats like Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger. What's wrong with that? I can't understand all the fuss.



You've had a big build-up: do you deserve it?

Not for me to say. Let the fans decide. I had worked hard writing songs. I had taught myself guitar and harmonica. I had tried to sing in a way that pleased people. Then I was offered a chance of quick fame. I took it. You're not much good if you can't accept a challenge.

Wouldn't you look better in a sharp suit?

Maybe I would. But I wouldn't feel so easy. Nor would it match my outlook, which is earthy. I only ever had one suit, when I was sixteen. I wore it about twice then gave it away after a few months. I just couldn't bear it, it made me feel like a tailor's dummy.



Is your cap a gimmick?

No more so than a city gent's bowler. I saw it on a fisherman in Brixham, Devon, and bought it off him for a dollar. Why? 'Cos I liked it! Maybe Bob Dylan does have a similar sort of cap, but whether he bought it off the same fisherman I wouldn't know. But I doubt it.

When you went wandering, didn't you care how your folks felt?

Sure I did. I talked with them a lot about what I aimed to do. Dad understood the way I felt quite quickly. Mum didn't think so much of my wandering bug. I guess it's natural. Anyhow, I think the world of my folks.

Did your knees buckle on your first "Ready Steady Go"?

Yes: with laughter! That was my first feeling at rehearsals—when I realised I would have an audience of millions instead of about fourteen people in a pub. Then I got SCARED—when the cameras came at me I couldn't hear my singing properly and I felt a bit worried inside. Then I

felt GREAT when all the fans started raving.

Were you excited at meeting pop stars.

Interested—but not excited. I don't idolise people just 'cos they are famous.



Maybe you don't dig anyone but folk singers?

Wrong. Most swingin' person I've met is Fenella Fielding. Hardly reckon you'd call her a folk singer.

You leave the d off words and you write bad grammar: don't you rate education?

I went to St. Audrey's Sec. Mod. in Hatfield, Herts. They gave me a good education there. I change spelling and grammar in what I write if I think it gives an earthy effect.

On your guitar it says THIS MACHINE KILLS: kills what?

Hypocrisy and intolerance!

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the very private boy

while I'm in pop, but one day. I think of my old age and see a nice little wife and grandchildren fussing round me." The wicked smile cracked his face.

"Sometimes, it all becomes too much." He was off on another tack. "I feel I must escape, but there isn't anywhere to go." He rubbed his head. "I don't mean because of them out there. I mean in general. If you run you have no future, but if you stay you've got to conform. Ha, you will be thinking, a Stone conform? Never! But we do, don't we? We turn up to dates, we get photos taken, we take the trouble to learn new songs, we conform. Everybody's caught, aren't they? It's only when you stop to think how lucky you are to be alive that you start enjoying life."

He was growing restless. The public front was coming up again. He tapped the banisters with impatience.

"Why don't you go to bed? The day is over," I said.

"It's never over, if you look at the sky you'll see another day coming up. I'll go back and see if the others have got rid of those people."

They were still trying to. Mick seemed to change when he joined the others. He is a professional exhibitionist on his own admission. Now the professional took over.

"Get lost! We didn't invite you anyway!" He joined in the Stones' full cry.

The private boy I'd caught a glimpse of had been left on the stairs. The tough, earthy Stone had taken his place. To watch him then you would never believe he could look so young or be so earnest. You would never know about his private humour or the intelligent thoughts that run through his head. You would never know that behind the ice blue eyes is a sensitive, sometimes frightened, often weary boy. But there is.

page 29
pathise with why fans admire him. He will be amused by other people's mistakes, but he is the last of the Stones to let the people know their mistakes.

He has a way of suddenly becoming serious and talking about important subjects. I believe Mick is searching for something very special from life, although, if you suggest this to him, he laughs and says, "All I want is money."

He does sometimes say things he doesn't mean. He says, "Shut up and get lost, I don't care if you get run over," when exasperated with you. But if he thought you were going to get run over, he'd risk his own life to save you. There is a front to Mick that has almost become part of him, almost but not quite. Sometimes, you see the boy behind the image.

"People don't realise that I'm like every other normal person," he said suddenly, leaning his head against the iron banisters, "that I want to get married one day and have lots of little Jagers. Not yet, not

Mick—the Stone who has to conform



Jackie Harlow reports the latest from America in

+ THE RAVER'S U.S. CABLE!

■ The first signs of summer are now showing, so expect a flood of discs with the "West Coast" sound . . . Don't know how the West Coast sound got its tag, but it started off a couple of years ago as surfing music . . . Originally it was thought just another craze but West Coast records became big (for instance, to date the Beach Boys have sold over 5,000,000 discs), and the whole thing snowballed. Of the top West Coast artists, only the Beach Boys favour a studio for cutting records . . . They started the whole West Coast craze three years ago, and they've been going strong since . . . Jan and Dean still record in Jan's garage, which is set up with all the necessary equipment. These two groups are great friends, and often write material for each other . . .

■ Authentic West Coast records still come out of California, but recently, other groups have been pretty successful copying the sound. Ronny and the Daytonas, a Detroit-based group, had a smash with "Little G.T.O.", and scored with "Bucket T" . . . one of the hottest New York West Coast sounds has been "New York's A Lonely Town" by the Tradewinds, who live on the East Coast . . . The other West Coast sound is served up by Trini Lopez and Johnny Rivers. Johnny Rivers hates recording studios . . . finds the atmosphere he needs in offbeat, casual clubs like the Whiskey A Gogo among people who live the same kind of relaxed West Coast life as he does.

■ Trini Lopez loves entertaining and to have people join in the fun. He doesn't find this in New York, where audiences are more sophisticated . . .

■ The Righteous Brothers are West Coast artists without a West Coast sound . . . they need never have moved out of California . . . Phil Spector has now moved his entire operation out West—he prefers recording there . . .

■ Other news . . . The Ronettes have been invited to appear as regulars on "Shindig" . . . Promoter Sid Bernstein has set a Rolling Stones New York Academy of Music Date for May 1st, and brings in Jack Good's "Shindig" package at the same venue the first week in June—with Jack Good . . . "Shindig" now number two in national TV ratings . . . Gary Lewis, celebrating a record smash with "This Diamond Ring", told me his mother once said he should do something his father cannot do. So he learned to play drums, guitar, sax and clarinet. His father is Jerry Lewis . . .

■ Looks like it could be a big spring and summer for R & B instrumentals, if Junior Walker's success with "Shotgun" is anything to go by . . . Georgie Fame still hoping to get here during the summer . . . he would have loved to have come in for Murray the K's Easter Show, but couldn't get out of his Irish tour . . .

■ Looks like the Supremes will reign the girl groups for the rest of the year . . . they're box office sell-outs everywhere they go . . . "Hullabaloo" recently devoted its entire hour-long show to Sammy Davis Jnr. . . . Adam Faith's "All Right" took six months to break nationally but was eventually a big hit . . . new Gene Pitney album with country star George Jones a disappointment.

a new breakthrough for faith?

The house was long and low, and the path leading to it crazy. I walked into an elegant hall. "Mr. Faith is in the lounge," I was told. Adam knelt, poking logs at the fire and his blond hair shone gold. He was in shirt-sleeves and waistcoat, and his shoes were missing.

"Take a seat," he said, gesturing to the green velvet sofa that snuggled in front of French silk curtains.

"I often wonder why I keep this place," he said quietly. "Once there was my brother, Denis, and my road manager, Bert, and my mate, Dave Reid. Now there is just me."

Adam is twenty-four years old and a veteran of the pop scene. He was around in the Marty Wilde - Tommy Steele era. He is still a big star, but whereas Marty and Tommy turned away from pop, Adam is still conquering. With a small, wiry body and beautiful white hands, and blue eyes that dare, he is a manly sex symbol among a bevy of boy sex symbols.

He still gets hit records, screams and adoration. But Adam has worked hard for the success that is his.

"I move with the times," he said. "Every new trend that comes along influences me. I am constantly aware of new trends. It is not a question of jumping on the bandwagon but of keeping in touch with the times."

"In this business you are competing with a lot of brilliant amateurs. They haven't a clue about the business but loads of unspoilt talent. They come and go with new ideas, new gimmicks. A few of us who've been around a long time have to work out how to hang on through it all."

"I've always tried terribly hard to be professional. I'm a good listener, no kidding. My manager, Eve Taylor, used to give me advice. Oh hell, how she would advise. But I knew she could teach me what I needed to know to become a good entertainer. So, I'm no mug, I listened."

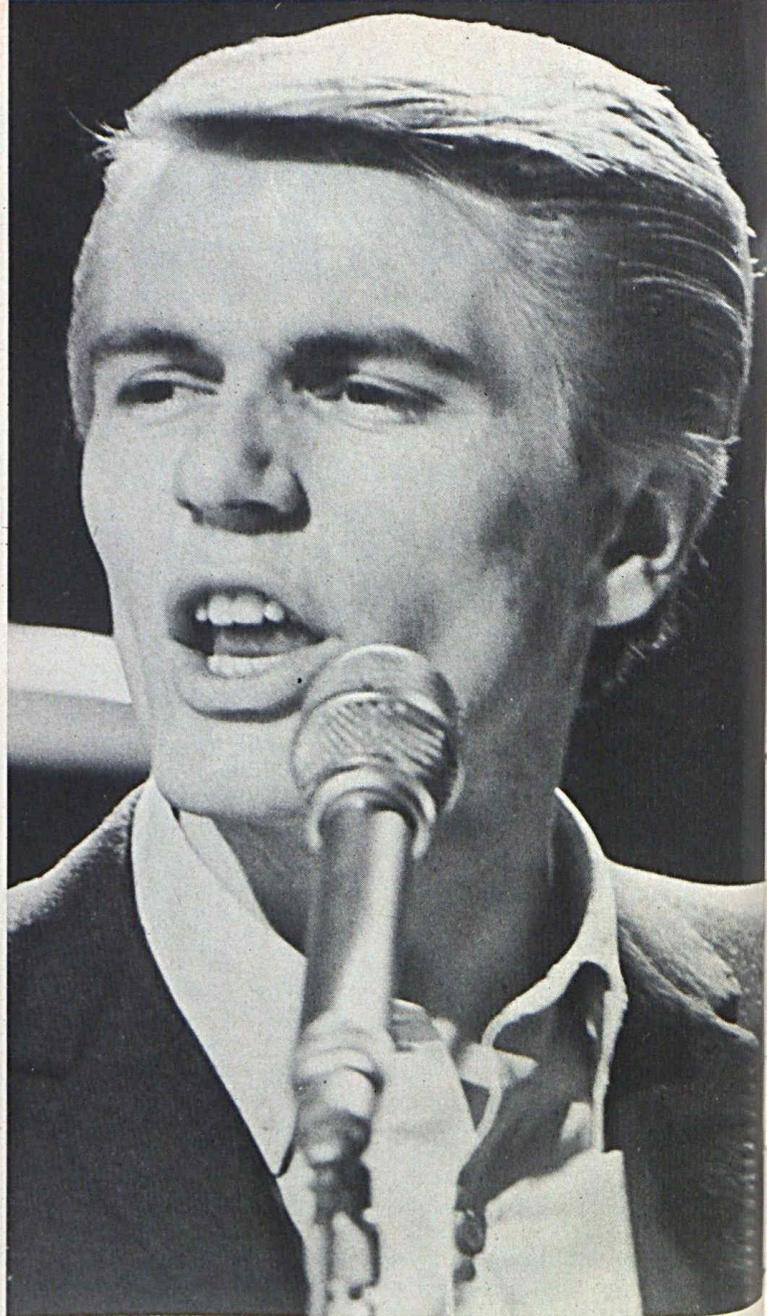
The coffee came in. Adam looked at home in the huge lounge, with the log fire, the velvet sofa and the silver coffee pot.

Who taught him to appreciate his new way of life?

"No-one, it was in me. That's probably why I've worked so hard because I wanted to keep the standard of living I have now."

When he first became a singer it was as a rather forlorn little blond with the scruffy Beatle haircut, and the play on the word "ba-by". For several reasons he caught the fans' imaginations. He offered the comics a new expression to take the mickey out of, the critics a thin voice to criticise, and the teenagers a hairstyle to copy. Everyone had a ball talking about Adam Faith. His popularity soared. Then he went a bit out of fashion. Neat hairstyles came in. Bigger voices. Adam's critics said he was going to have a struggle to keep going.

He emerged with a neat parted hairstyle, a well-cut



suit, and no mention of the word "baby". His voice wasn't much stronger, but his image had changed a lot. He had a hit, he got lots of TV dates. People started talking about Adam Faith again.

When The Beatles exploded onto the scene, and brought the group craze, Adam was thinking hard. His group, The Roulettes, had backed him for years—surely this was the time to bring them into the foreground?

Adam Faith and The Roulettes produced "The First Time", a group record, and success found him again.

"I was thrilled to bits about that record making it. Every breakthrough I make is like seeing my first hit in the charts. I get a real kick."

Nowadays, since "Message To Martha", which in accordance with Adam Faith thinking, followed the current trend and was a big sounding Bacharach number, the Roulettes have stayed very much behind Adam. Groups are on the way out. The Roulettes are not being featured so much now.

He has gone back to being a solo singer now solo singers are in. Now the spotlight focuses on his golden head, on his slim body, on him. Solo singers are in and Adam is making another breakthrough.

The Penny Wells Column

Hilton Valentine, of the Animals—he created last month's problem for a girl called Jill Carpenter of North London. She works in showbiz circles in London's West End and often sees Hilton.

Should she speak to him and perhaps be disappointed if he wasn't interested? Or should she just admire him from afar and say nothing?

Jill just didn't know what to do, but YOU did and you flooded my office with advice—sound, sensational, far-out, but all of it well meant.

Here's a few examples—

"Of course, Jill should meet Hilton. She should get a mutual friend to introduce her. Because she'll wonder about him forever afterwards if she doesn't meet him. Okay, say nothing happens, there's no loss. And think how envious her pals would be!—Marion Bretwell, Newcastle.

That's straight from the shoulder advice. But, Shirley Coss of Loughton, disagreed entirely:

"No! No! No! On no account should Jill try to meet Hilton. I found myself in a similar set of circumstances with someone (who'll be nameless) and the result, after the introduction, was disastrous. Your worlds are miles apart."

Sheila Smith of Birmingham says: "If Jill has to ask the answer is NO."

But Mary Randell of Bristol advised Jill to play it cool—"Don't look for an introduction, that's a barrier between you for a start. Engineer a casual meeting in the office."

"Meet him," says Cathy Taylor of London, N.W.6, "and stop worrying. Heavens, you don't expect a passionate romance every time you meet a boy! Oddly enough I wangled an introduction to the man who is now my fiancé!"

Says Susan Nicholls of Sheffield, with a great deal of cunning, "Make sure you are the only one who can help Hilton next time he comes into the office and he's bound to speak to you at least. Then let nature take its course!"

That's just a few of the letters. The majority came down heavily on the "arrange-a-meeting" line of tactics. Of that view, the proportion in favour of a "casual" meeting as against an arranged one was much greater. Sensible advice I'd say, adding the proviso that any girl would be silly to expect developments. Nevertheless, Jill, it would be a thrill to speak to Hilton wouldn't it?



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Stā•blond for blondes

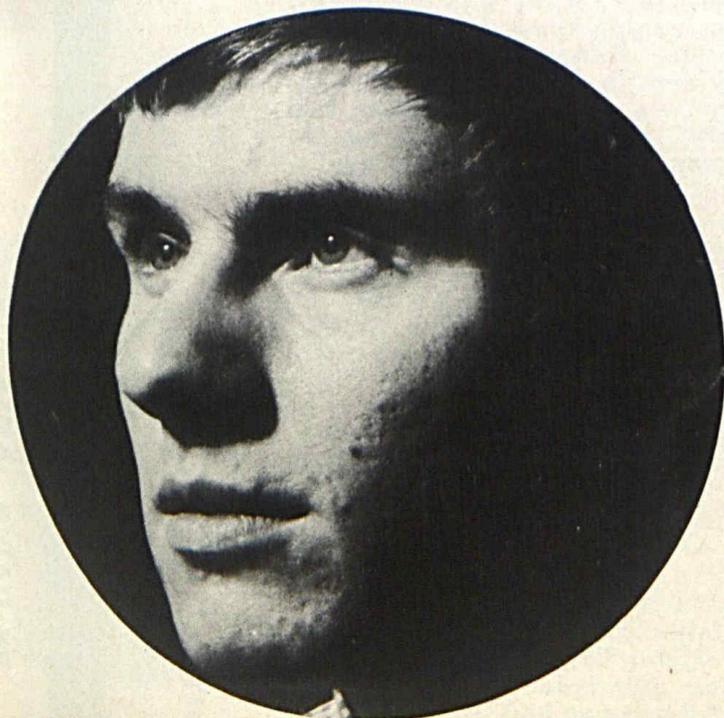
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Sta-blond protects and improves the natural highlights of all shades of fair hair. Restores rich golden tones. Prevents fair hair from darkening.

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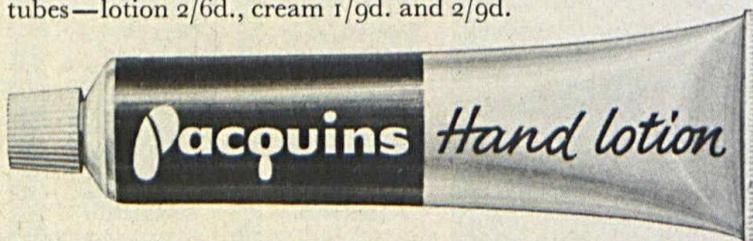




Who's a
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The girl with the Pacquins! Count to 10. That's how long it takes to smooth dreamy, perfumed Pacquins new lotion into your hands. Even girls who haven't time for hand preparations have flipped for the fabulous Pacquins 10-second beauty plan. 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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the 10-second beauty care for pretty hands

Listen to David Jacobs' Star-Time sponsored by Pacquins on Radio Luxembourg 9.15 Thursday.

• • • page 9

vals have also become increasingly popular and glamorous rituals in the panorama of pop—and to the delight of millions of fans in a wide array of countries.

But 1965 is to be more than a matter of San Remo, Knokke, Naples and the Berlin Festival datelined May 22nd. As already reported, Britain is to stage her own first song festival at Brighton for three days from May 24th. The prospect has—understandably—sparked off great excitement in our show business.

Organisers are the Music Publishers' Association. Their president is experienced, popular music-world personality Jimmy Phillips. In his busy Tin Pan Alley office recently, he told me with full enthusiasm, "Everything has been building up to this. Our pop music used to follow the Americans nearly all the time. But now we are *the* nation for pop songs. We get Americans, French, Scandinavians, Germans and practically everyone else coming to Tin Pan Alley to see what we've got. Only the other day we had a party of Japanese publishers combing our catalogues. They bought plenty!"

What of the future? I asked Brian Epstein what he thought. "I am sure the international links in the pop world are going to become even closer. I am confident, too, that British artists will *increase* the influence they have today.

"The Beatles? I think their activities are as international as you can possibly get. Their new film, as you know, has sequences in the Bahamas, Austria and London. In July they are due for concerts in France, Spain and Italy. In August they go to America for two or three weeks. And one of their films in the fairly near future is to be a Western made in Spain!

"But this sort of thing isn't going to be confined to the Beatles. I have every hope that Cilla Black is going to become a big international star. I have already booked her a three-week season at the Plaza Hotel in New York from July 5th.

"I am specially pleased, of course, when one of my artists is successful—but I am also glad when *any* British performer achieves something big on the international scene. I am sure we are going to see more and more of them doing just that."

Agreed one hundred per cent!

RAVE AROUND THE WORLD

BY DICK TATHAM

FRENCH

A GIRL IN A GIRL'S WORLD

She was slim enough to look frail, casual enough to look ordinary, beautiful enough to look startling. As she sat opposite me sipping black coffee, a part of the colour, the warmth, the glamour of Paris came to Holborn, London.

"I like to be here," Francoise Hardy said, running a slim hand round the rim of the coffee cup. "I want to be a pop star here very much."

Francoise is a top pop star in her native France, along with blonde bombshell Sylvie Vartan. Just as Sylvie is explosive, always being mobbed or threatened, Francoise steers an even course, remaining quiet and retiring. When she isn't performing, her fans leave her in peace.

Francoise, twenty-one years old, has had hits like "Touts les Garçons et les Filles", "Et Même", "Pourtant tu M'aimes". She sings in French, English, German and Italian. She does a lot of photographic modelling, and is featured in several leading French teenage magazines each month. But she is not the self-assured chic personality she looks. She herself is unimpressed by herself, shy and rather nice.

"I do not like me too well," she tried to explain. "I am told I look good in photos. But I think it depends on the lighting, the angles, the taste of the person looking at me. If I am happy and well photographed then maybe I'll get by O.K. But mostly I have only to glance in the mirror to be demoralised."

She laughed quietly and quickly and for the first time since we met.

"I wish I could look in the mirror and see Mick Jagger. I-er-dig Mick Jagger very well."

Francoise goes for the simplest clothes with the best cut, and hates fussy things or over-dressing.

"I must feel comfortable in my clothes otherwise I am sure to look very silly," she said. "I like to be off-beat, but not too much. I don't like being looked at too much." She paused. "When I came in here I felt embarrassed because people looked at me. I think I am shy."

"You are engaged, aren't you, Francoise?" I asked, and she smiled.

"Oh, yes, Jean Marie is so wonderful for me. I need him." She paused, and when words came they seemed they were being dragged from within her, and it had nothing to do with the language barrier.

"To be in love is—er, tough. Your head—no mind—is never at rest. But not to be in love is not human. Everyone must love, no?" She shrugged and Paris came into that café.

"What you say of love is very French," I said. "What about happiness?"

She laughed. "Be happy whenever you can. This I am sure you will think is also French. But happiness—it slips away too quick—it is a favour life gives you for a while. It will go away, but then it will come back, too.

"I am happy for two things. When I am with Jean Marie, and when I work. I like to sing. Singing is the only time when I communicate. I became a singer because I could not communicate any way but in singing." She looked momentarily sad. "I wish I could believe my singing is worthwhile, that I have given a little to people. But all I know is I have taken because singing is life to me."

"Have you any plans for the future?"

"I expect to be a flop. Not now, but one day. Then I will ask Jean Marie if we can build a house in Corsica." "I like Corsica. The sky is very blue and the time doesn't matter, it does not run out."

But it does run out in Holborn, London, where grey skies and empty coffee cups bring us back to the present. Mlle. Hardy got up, put on her gloves and said, "*Merci bien* for the coffee, I am very happy to talk to RAVE. Now I got to do a TV. show. I hope I am not very bad . . ."

She was slim enough to look frail, casual enough to look ordinary, beautiful enough to look startling. No, she wasn't very bad at all.

BY LYN CARNELL



Francoise—unsure of herself





THE * SECRET OF LASTING SUCCESS

After Elvis, Roy Orbison is America's No. 1 star. His success over here has puzzled his critics who fail to understand his fantastic popularity. On his trip over here, Roy talked to top dee-jay Alan Freeman about it, and about many other aspects of his much travelled pop career. And now, Alan Freeman talks to you only through RAVE . . .

**ALAN FREEMAN
HEART-TO-HEART
WITH INTERNATIONAL
STAR ROY ORBISON**

The sharp black leather trenchcoat was Italian. The slim black suit was American, the white shirt, Swiss and the elegant shoes from London. The eyes behind the famous shades are from Texas . . . and believe me, pop-pickers, they've seen plenty of the world.

My heart-to-hearter with Roy Orbison began in his suite at London's Westbury Hotel as soon as he whirled in on one of his ceaseless tours. Orbison in orbit is a sight to petrify the languid traveller.

Wielding an electric shaver in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, Roy said: "I was on the road last year for ten months out of twelve. This year I'm trying to cut it down to six or seven.

"Let's see, I've toured England three times, Canada three, been right round the States, Australia, New Zealand, France, Germany and took a look at Scandinavia."

Roy's father looked in from another room to say "hello". It was this burly, quiet oil driller who taught his son to play guitar—and thereby helped Roy to hit it really rich. One song alone, "Oh, Pretty Woman", brought him more than 250,000 dollars.

"Things have got so busy I asked Dad to take over for a while as my travel manager," Roy said.

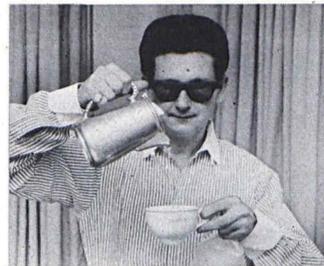
Orbison senior gave a slow grin. "Sure is an experience. This boy of mine is a real mover. He said to me, 'You come along, Pop, and see I'm all right.' But I guess he's the one with the experience, not me."

The Orbison suite began to fill up with management people, reporters and callers from the record company. Roy was scheduled for a morning rehearsal, so I invited him back for a quiet chat at my penthouse flat afterwards.

A few hours later, I was putting the finishing touches to a tape for my new American radio show when I heard the lift humming its way up. And Roy arrived, cool and relaxed as if he'd just stepped out of a shower. After a tough rehearsal session I've seen many another artist flop down dramatically on the sofa and proclaim, "My God, Alan, I'm whacked."

But few people have ever seen Roy ruffled. The only booster he seemed to need was a ginger ale, which he sipped with the tranquillity of an elder statesman.

In fact, Roy told me, one of his daily routines is based on the example of that smart old American statesman, Benjamin Franklin. "Whatever he was doing, even running around with George Washington right in the middle of the revolution, he'd take a cat nap every afternoon.



"Coffee is the same the world over"

"I do the same. Any spare moment, say twenty minutes on a flight or in my hotel room, I force myself to relax mentally."

Roy started travelling when he was only a few months old. "I was born in a sort of oil boom town called Vernon, but the boom more or less ran out and we moved to another town, called Wink.

"Ever since I was six I wanted to be a singer. After high school I figured a university education would be a good thing to have in case the singing didn't work out too well, so I went on to North Texas State College. One of the students there was Pat Boone, and after a while I found I didn't want to go on with anything that took me away from music."

Roy settled down to songwriting. "I'm more of a singing songwriter. Probably I don't move very far from the same theme. What I've always been saying in my songs is that love is a frustrating thing, the thing most people are aware of."

The first twenty or so songs went unnoticed, then Roy got his own

teenage talent show on a local Texas radio station. "I represented Texas at an international music convention at Chicago in 1952, and I got a few contacts and introductions. At that time Nashville was the big scene and I tried to get some of the publishers there to take some of my stuff.

"But nothing happened till I met Claudette. I was doing a show of my own in a TV station in a town called Odessa. When the show was over went around to the office for my mail and I saw this girl. Wow! She was everything.

"I sort of gasped and said, 'Look what I found.' The bass player in the group I was working with took one look at her and said, 'Man, that's my bait for tonight.' But I beat him to it, and Claudette and I married in 1957."

Immediately, Roy's life changed. He wrote "Claudette" and dedicated it to his bride. A publisher began to show interest in his work and said, "Why don't you move to Nashville?"

"I talked it over with my wife and she said, 'Well, we'll have to do it sometime. It might as well be now.'"

"So I bought a car, a Thunderbird that had been in a crash so it was cheap.

"We loaded everything we had into the car. They didn't take up much room. I had more songs than anything else. And we headed off for Nashville, not knowing what might come of it."

Roy's move turned out well. The Everly Brothers recorded "Claudette" as the hit coupling to "All I Have To Do Is Dream". And for the first time the young couple began to taste the honeyed flavour of success. Next he



"Ten months out of the year I'm travelling round the world."

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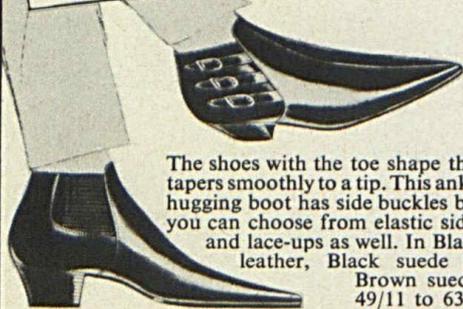
Denson have stepped ahead by broadening the masculine chisel toe shape and giving it a boldness that dominates the fashion shoe scene. This is the look of the Denson Chisel '66. The ankle high boot featured has long-lasting ripple soles and is in the new Sueded Crocodile finish. There is a choice also of Black Buffalo grain leather

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The shoes with the toe shape that tapers smoothly to a tip. This ankle hugging boot has side buckles but you can choose from elastic sides and lace-ups as well. In Black leather, Black suede or Brown suede. 49/11 to 63/-.

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These exciting fashion shoes have supple wrap-over soles that join with the uppers in a smooth, flowing style. This ankle high boot has a cleverly concealed front gusset. Attractive lace-ups are available in other styles. In Black leather, Beechwood Brown shaded leather, Brown suede or Black suede. From 59/11.

THE NEW
DENSON
Classics



The shoes with the smooth, round toe shape. With elastic sides, concealed elastic sides, and lace-ups. This shoe is in Black, or Beechwood Brown shaded leather with matching plaited tops. New Classics are in a choice of leathers and suedes. 49/11 to 59/11.

HEART-TO-HEART

• wrote the classic rocker "Down The Line" for Jerry Lee Lewis. The writing side of Roy's talent was recognised at last—but Orbison the singer was to have a harder fight.

It wasn't until three years after his marriage that he zoomed to the top of the British and American charts with "Only The Lonely". Then the travelling really began.

"I went from one side of the States to the other five times in a row. As things built up, the money began to come in. We got the kind of house we wanted, a modest mansion, I guess you'd call it. It has six bathrooms and a swimming pool and it's on the shore of Old Hickory Lake, near Nashville.

"But you know how much time I was able to spend at home in 1964, Alan? Just about seven weeks out of the whole year."

I said, "Which country is most receptive to Roy Orbison out of all you've visited?"

He said without flattery, "I think England. I would be nearly as big in Australia and the States but not quite. I was voted No. 1 by one magazine in America this year but England to me is real consistent and friendly."

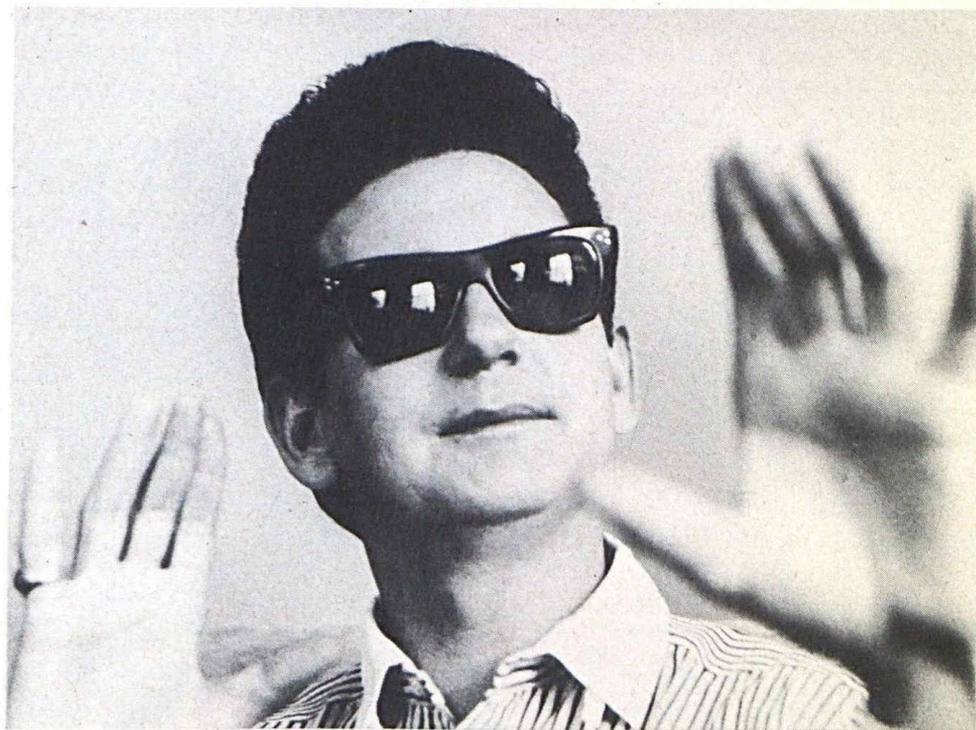
The tough, rigid schedules of global touring have helped Roy to run his various activities more efficiently and profitably. "Before, I used to take more time than I should have on any project. When I used to sketch, I once worked a solid year on one picture and didn't get it finished. And in songwriting, I used to take a lot of time getting to the solid end result.

"Nowadays, I've learned to use the idea as soon as it comes, to take a note wherever I am, on a plane or anywhere else.

"Once in a while the ideas come awful fast. I remember I got the whole idea and the introduction for 'In Dreams' in 25 seconds one night just as I was going to sleep. I finished the rest of the number in half an hour and I was on my way straight after breakfast to sing it for the producer."

I said, "Thinking back to the first time I saw you work on stage, Roy, I came back here with some friends after the show and they said, 'Well, what did you think?'"

"And I said, 'I've never seen an artist who just stood still, with one foot out in front of the other, and sang for 35 minutes without jumping about or trying to work his audience



"The secret is not to be too wrapped up in your own success."

up with gimmicks.' All the excitement was in the singing and the songs."

He leaned forward, talking very earnestly. "The secret is not to be too wrapped up in your own success. If you feel that this is a great song and it's a hit, if you're going to milk the public, if you think you're there to be seen and not heard, if you want to get by on what you've done on a record—why, then, that's sort of ridiculous.

"I think an artist should very definitely evaluate whether a hit record depends on the *sound* that everybody's got together to produce for him. And if it does, then he shouldn't go on live and try to duplicate it. Take the money from the record and the success it's produced. But be honest and tell yourself you're not good enough to try to repeat it night after night to an audience."

More than ever, I grew convinced that the quiet Texan knew what he was talking about. His staying power is formidable. As far back as 1960 Roy had three discs simultaneously in the British hit parade.

In the spring of 1963 he played his first British tour with a new Liverpool group he hadn't met before. ("They seemed a little loud during the run-through. Without their stage clothes they didn't make much impression. But when I heard them that night I predicted a world-wide success for the Beatles.")

For all Roy knew, he might have been predicting himself and his fellow American stars out of business

on this side of the Atlantic. It was a solid eighteen months before an American was to top the British charts once more . . . and when that day finally came in June 1964 the name on the label was Roy Orbison. The record which finally smashed that spell of British supremacy was fittingly titled "It's Over."

In the meantime, the fan following of many another Stateside pop singer had been obliterated in Britain. But Roy, with his hard-learned message of wisdom available to any artist who cared to benefit by it, was right back on top.

Don't copy, don't imitate, don't jump on any other singer's bandwagon . . . these are his guiding principles. And they certainly have paid off, in the shape of a long, wealthy and unshaken career. "These days, if you want to make a hit with people, think about *people*. All the old kinds of glamour are dead or dying. Who sings about the moon any more? The minute you shoot rockets up to photograph it, it's not romantic any more. It's a practical moon. So down with moon songs. If you want to sing about love, say love. People will know what you mean, whether they live in some of the old cities in Europe or out in Texas."

And this shrewd Westerner rode away by taxi to collect two presents to take back to Old Hickory Lake . . . a mink coat for Claudette and a vintage Mercedes which he bought from its startled owner in a traffic jam.



Everyone envies a girl with an English skin. It's considered the most delicate in the world. Are you sure yours is well-looking after, as cared for as Marianne Faithfull's? Skin like hers knows three beauty secrets. RAVE's Trilby Lane reveals them.

an english skin

SECRET NUMBER ONE

Cleanse and tone your skin: This means deep cleanse your skin every evening and every morning. Never kid yourself that soap and water "will do"; it *won't* remove grime and impurities from the pores. Clogged pores cause blackheads and spots.

So choose a cleansing cream or lotion carefully, according to your skin type.

For oily skins . . . A cleansing lotion rather than a cream is best. A mild soap may be used after cleansing but choose one that doesn't contain much perfume and stop using it if it leaves skin feeling dry.

Tone an oily skin with a good astringent lotion.

Suggested products: Innoxa's Cleansing Milk (8s. 3d.), Innoxa's Living Peach Cleansing Lotion (14s. 6d.), Yardley Complexion Milk (6s.), Innoxa's Astringent (8s. 3d.), Elizabeth Arden's Special Astringent (11s.).

For dry skins . . . Use a cream to cleanse dry skin, apply lavishly and remove with a clean tissue. *Never* use soap on a dry skin but splash with *luke warm* water after cleansing, if desired, and tone with a good tonic lotion.

Suggested products: Innoxa's Cleansing Cream (6s. 6d.), Yardley's Dry Skin Cleansing Cream (5s.), Lancome's Tonic Blue (14s. 6d.), Innoxa's Skin Freshener (8s. 3d.).

For normal skins . . . Most normal skins are also known as combination skins. This is because although they may be fairly dry on the cheeks most of them have an oily panel around nose and chin. In this case you should cleanse on the oily panel as for oily skin and on the dry panel as for dry skin.

SECRET NUMBER TWO

Treat and nourish your skin: Most teenage skins are fairly

oily so they don't need too much feeding. However, keep a pot of night cream on your dressing-table to use once or twice a week.

Suggested products: Yardley's Improved skin food (5s.), Innoxa's Overnight Cream (6s. 9d.),

SECRET NUMBER THREE

Your make-up . . . An English skin should look soft, pale and pearly, and in the beauty specialist's book of rules there is only one way of applying make-up—the *right* way.

If your skin is oily then a light moisture foundation is enough to hold your powder base. On top of this your liquid make-up should be applied sparingly in light upward strokes, using a pale colour (a little paler than your skin tone). You don't need to use loose powder over this base but a little of the new pearlised type gives your skin a lovely pearly glow.

Suggested products: Cyclax Milk of Roses (8s. 6d.), Innoxa Matine (6s. 3d.), Innoxa Foundation 41 (7s. 9d.), Coty's Light and Lovely (7s. 9d.), Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Poudre Scintillante, (12s. 6d.)

If you suffer from spots and acne use the same moisture foundation as for an oily skin but use a medicated make-up on top

Suggested medicated products: Max Factor's Pure Magic (6s. 9d.), Revlon's Natural Wonder Liquid Make-up (8s. 6d.).

If you have a dry skin use a fairly oily foundation cream under your powder and try to limit the use of liquid make-up to evening wear.

Suggested products: Lancome's Douceline (18s. 6d.), Yardley's English Complexion Cream (6s. 7d.).

To give your skin a soft warm glow and make your cheek bones look high and hollowed invest in a pot of Revlon's "Blush On" (37s. 6d.)

Well, that's about it skin-wise. I'll be here again soon with more beauty notes, but in the meantime write to me at the address on page 58 if you have any skin problems. And don't forget that stamped addressed envelope!

SUPERJOBS 3

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

ELKIE BROOKS 'Air-stewardess. Mmm-top flight!'

■ "Some people hate it—I love it! I've just flown back from Luxembourg. I've already flown twice to America and am all set to go again in the summer. I even fly from London to Manchester. Now, that's really travelling!" So says nineteen-year-old Elkie Brooks, aeroplane addict number one, who reckons an air-stewardess a top superjob.

Since most of the British Airlines work very much alike, BOAC are a good example of the way they recruit and train air stewardesses. In theory, a stewardess is there to make the passengers feel comfortable and relaxed. In practice, this means acting as waitress, nurse, mother's help and comforter.

There are no regular hours worked, but long trips mean equally long rests, or a break in the journey—perhaps a weekend in Rome, a pause in Beirut, days in New York. So who needs regular hours!

■ Qualifications are not as harsh as they are made out to be, but you must be British, you must have a conversational



knowledge of at least one foreign language, and you must be between the age of twenty-one and twenty-seven. Catering or nursing experience is a help, but as long as you're 'healthy, single, fairly well-educated, 'neatly-proportioned' and spectacleless, then your chances are pretty good.

Naturally, foreign airlines prefer to employ

Elkie Brooks, the lass from Salford made her first record, "Something's Got a Hold on Me", last year. This year? Trips to Europe and America—seems the world's got a hold on her all right!

girls of their own nationality, but there are some vacancies for British girls.

■ Training lasts about six weeks at a special training centre, and from there you are detailed to a flight, to work with a team of two stewardesses and three stewards.

■ Money—BOAC pay £10 a week during training, £12 after a first flight, £14 after six months and £15 after a year. On top of this there are bonuses, overseas allowances for hotel bills, etc., plus 15s. a day, for every day spent outside the United Kingdom.

The maximum life span of a stewardess is about ten years—then you are given a bonus of £600 and the offer of a job as a ground hostess, if you want it.

Final note: thirty per cent of all air-stewardesses leave to get married after three or four years, but not to the proverbial rich, American passenger. It's usually to one of the crew!

For further details of top-flight jobs, write to:—

British Overseas Airways Corporation,
The Personnel Manager,
London Airport, Hounslow, Middlesex.
British European Airways,
Personnel and Administration Dept.,
Keyline House, Ruislip, Middlesex.
—or the company of your choice.

P.S. For girls who want to keep their feet on the ground, there are plenty of opportunities to become ground-hostesses.

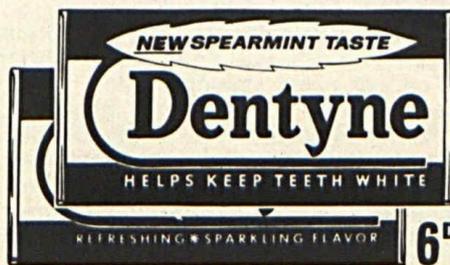
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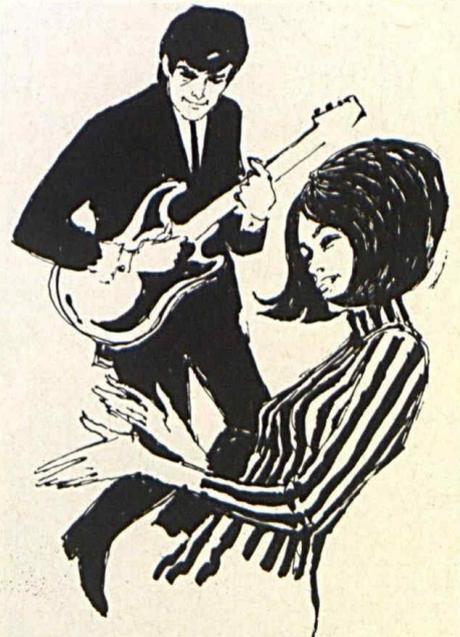
Dear Problems Page,
I'm mad about the drummer
in our local R&B group. But
every time I smile at him he
just glowers. Please what
can I do?
FRANTIC

Dear Frantic,
Perhaps your smile is a little
lacking in sparkle. Try chew-
ing 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 go-
ing with the lead guitarist.
And wowie! is he dreamy!



JONES (IT'S NOT UNUSUAL)

A No. 1 for Tom Jones, the lad with the not unusual name. But would it have swung so high if he had sung it in Welsh?

The blonde girl sneered in the dim street-lighting outside the Birmingham cellar club. She watched the weary group packing its gear into the back of an old bandwagon: five guys half-dead just thinking of the long, cold drive back to London down the M1.

She sounded incredulous as she spoke to the tall, dark-haired singer in the wool-lined coat who, half-an-hour before, had been dripping sweat as he belted out "Great Balls Of Fire" in the smoke-filled cellar.

"You're joking," she said. "That's not your real name. It's so common!"

He shrugged his shoulders in resignation. Why bother trying to convince her, he thought. He was fighting a losing battle. He murmured in a strong Welsh accent as he got in the van, "It is you know. It is my real name." And the lip-sticked bandwagon jerked off into the night.

But the girl wasn't convinced. Who ever heard of a pop singer calling himself Tom Jones? Who'd ever remember that name? Now P. J. Proby, or Beau Brummel, or Billy Fury . . .

But this was his real name. And Tom Jones had a birth certificate to prove it. The faded writing reads: *Name, Thomas Jones Woodward; born 7-6-40; parents, Thomas and Freda Woodward; address, 57 Kingsland Terrace, Treforrest, Pontypridd, Wales.*

To his family and mates back home in the grey Welsh mining country he's still Tommy Woodward. To hundreds of fans all over South Wales, this ex-chapel choirboy is remembered as Tommy Scott, the raver who used to blow up a storm at clubs and dance halls with his group, the Senators.

Now it's Tom Jones, with a smash hit ironically titled "It's Not Unusual" to his credit.

For that name changed Tom's life. It took him from a restless guy with a big dream of being a famous singer to a pop star so exhausted after a breathless six weeks of non-stop television shows, rehearsals, late-night recording sessions, one-nighters, hurried meals and Press interviews, that he couldn't sleep.

When Tom and his group came to

London last May, hoping to ride to the top on the crest of the group tidal wave, they didn't even *have* a name. Another outfit in from the provinces. The Senators and Tommy Scott were names that had already been claimed by other groups.

And Tom certainly wasn't going to assume some gimmicky name. That wasn't how he worked.

"If you've got the talent, then you don't need gimmicks," he says.

It wasn't until Tom signed a contract with his agent that Tom Jones, pop star, was born. The agent literally jumped out of his chair when he saw Tom's signature. "That's it," he yelled excitedly. "A real live Tom Jones!"

The whole world was talking about Albert Finney and his escapades in the film "Tom Jones". Now they were going to get a real Tom Jones.

And that was that.

But that name backfired when Tom was launched as a disc star. People naturally associated the name with the film. They expected a character with his hair in a bow wearing fancy seventeenth-century costume.

Instead, they got a husky twenty-three-year-old with rugged features, thick black hair, an infectious grin and a deep powerhouse voice. And they felt a little cheated.

"They thought the name was a publicity stunt. No matter how much I told them it was my real name, they simply wouldn't believe me.

"Jones, that's my mother's maiden name", he says. "She was really happy, and a little proud I think, when I told her about it. My father now, he laughed when he heard what I was called.

"My mates back home shouted to me in the street or in the pub, 'Here he is now, Jones the pop'. But they're all pleased really; they say I've put Pontypridd on the map! But as far as I'm concerned, I'm still Tommy Woodward from down the road."

Tom is more determined than ever now to be a success. "I don't think I could face the boys back home if I didn't make it," he says seriously. "I'm just beginning to grasp success, realise I am something of a celebrity."

Status means a lot in show business. Only so many artists can stay on the pinnacle of success at one time, but at least Tom doesn't have to go out of his way to keep up with the Joneses!

BY ED BLANCHE

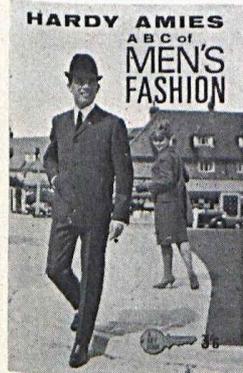
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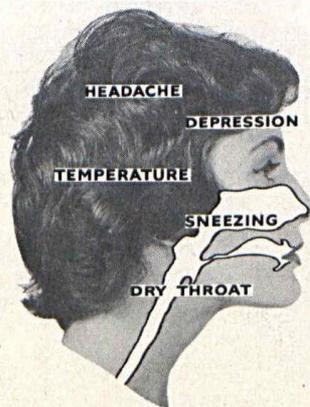
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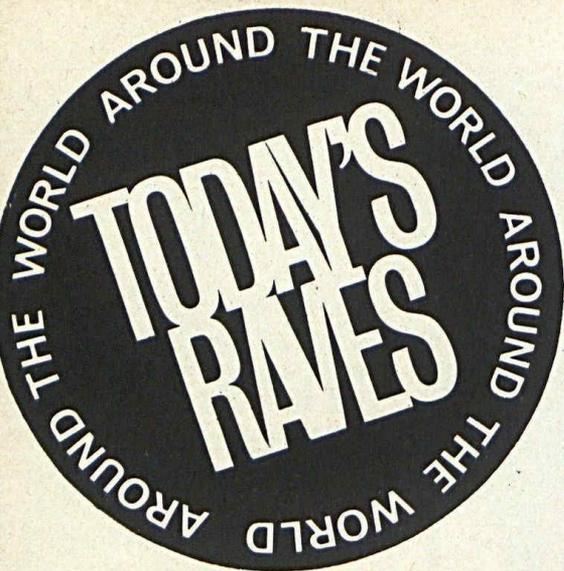
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PLAY THE NAME GAME. The Nitty Gritty girl, Shirley Ellis, has a disc out that introduces a new pastime—The Name Game, a great rave in the States. Name Game Rules?

- | | |
|--|------------------------------|
| 1. Say "THE NAME" twice | 1. SHIRLEY SHIRLEY |
| 2. (a) Say "BO" | 2. BO... BIRLEY |
| (b) Say "THE NAME" again, but
REPLACE FIRST LETTER WITH "B" | |
| 3. (a) Say "BANANA FANNA FO" | 3. BANANA FANNA FO... FIRLEY |
| (b) say "THE NAME" again, but
REPLACE FIRST LETTER WITH "F" | |
| 4. (a) Say "FEE FI MO" | 4. FEE FI MO... MIRLEY |
| (b) Say "THE NAME" again, but
REPLACE FIRST LETTER WITH "M" | |
| 5. Say "THE NAME" again | 5. SHIRLEY |

PARIS TREND SETTERS



Paris, has come up with loads of bright new ideas. Madras cotton is in—shirts, skirts, bermudas, dresses, watch straps. Way in: tiny crocheted berets, set on a head of bubbly curls, big ones on long-haired girls, as drawn.

Long wool mufflers and wide headbands are set-off with modern art brooches in either wood or enamel. Also in: beaded or striped straw belts and knitted string ties. Miscellaneous raves: tailored lace shirts and cotton sou'westers. Boy 'n' girl boutiques are booming too (like our Carnaby Street).

Madras in Michigan too!

Bonnie MacNeil, Crosse Pointe, Michigan, reports quilted madras cotton suits; madras cotton shoes, bags, hairbands, blouses, and sports jackets and ties for boys. Super!

This summer, the predominant rave in New Zealand is to wear two bright colours together. Colours like pink and purple, blue and green, and red and yellow. Real clasher! These colour combinations are usually made up on dresses—smock or shift style—and worn with mod shoes. Definitely in! Denim is also well in. Boys wear light denim trousers, mostly grey, with gingham shirts, and bermudas topped with striped t-shirts.

RAVE FROM ROME

For a girl on a windy day—or when hair isn't looking too good—The Snood swings in from Italy. The best of the bunch in crocheted black chenille, with a small black bow on top. Fenwicks, 49s. 6d.

African Rave

Elephant hair bracelets—supposed to be good luck charms with voodoo powers, worn round town by male members of Dusty's clan. Like brother Tom and dancer Peppi. (In India Craft shops.)

■ New kooky trend — horses' feeding bags as big roomy handbags (new ones of course!). Most horsey shops or saddlers have them, about 50s.

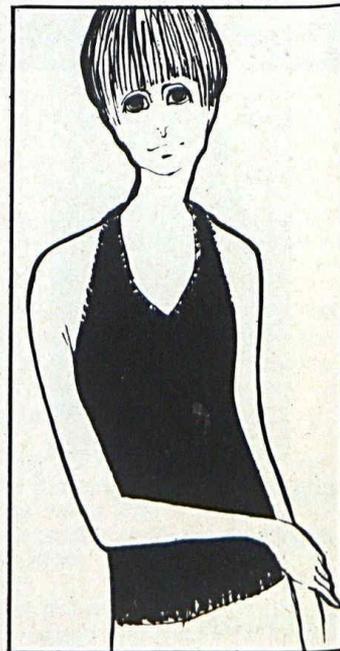
■ Matching dresses 'n' hats really going: all materials from corduroy to cotton.

■ Latest sweater look — skinny but luxury. In cashmere or lambswool. Favourites? 'Bathing suit' top — see right — and roll neck, grey, halter style.

■ White daisy earrings of all sizes (Kingsize for the daring girl). Fenwicks 4s. 11d.—12s. 6d.

■ Authentic ski-boots with blue denims is the craziest rave set for Spring.

■ Stiff white collars, striped shirts: new smart rave for boys.



■ Pleated chiffon skirts attached to 'vest-type' skinny tops, at hip level, look marvellous, thirtyish, without over-doing it.

■ Helanca's another top rave material. For girl's dresses. For boy's swimsuits: Like this one worn by Alain Delon in "The Yellow Rolls-Royce". It's sexy, it's super, it's 75s. by Vince's Man's Shop, obtainable by post from 15 Newburgh Street, London, W.1, together with a coloured catalogue full of trendy casuals just right for girls as well as boys.

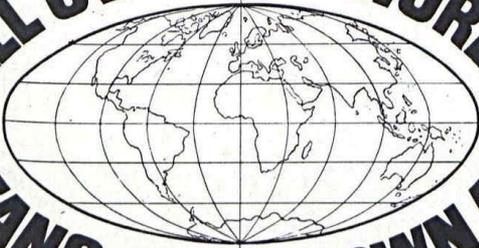
Wild is the word

for a current rave U.S. TV show "The Munsters". (BBC 2 soon.)

They're a strictly sinister family, with a hot-rod hearse that's an offshot (does 150 mph) of the Californian hot rod monster craze. Monster t-shirts are in too: three (right) on three rave people especially from Hollywood. Scared?



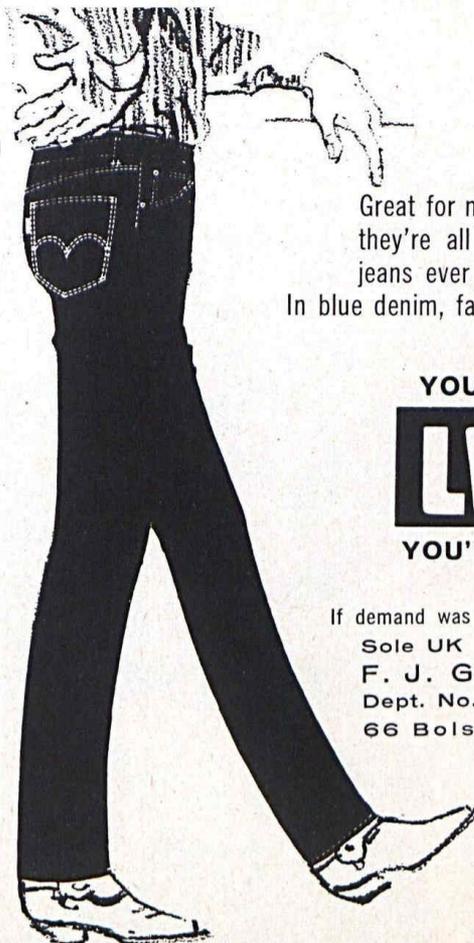
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SPEARMINT

CHEWING GUM

We really started something when we gave these highly-talented Zombies the freedom of the RAVE art department for an afternoon. Within seconds they had completely fallen, er, we mean, taken, over ..

THE ART OF BEING A ZOMBIE

Art à la pop with the Zombies—a group who when they say come up and see my etchings really mean it!

Zombies—A. Sheir. Port-rait, complete, he insisted on having his picture taken.



On seeing 'The Masterpiece' the rest of the Zombies thought Rod should have his picture taken, too. Taken away and burned!

Soon, a great battle ensued. With Rod losing to the enemy four to one.



Still, all was well. The Zombies all had their pictures taken, with Chris giving Rod a final brush-off. This is a true story. Only the names have been changed to protect the unfortunate.



THE ZOMBIES



YOU'RE TELLING



(letters from all over)

Readers from all over the world have written in to tell us about interesting things going on down their way. Have you written? If not, why not? We're always interested in hearing from you. Drop us a line at RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON ST., LONDON, W.C.2. Please include S.A.E. if you want a reply.

As you may know, the Nashville Teens were here some time ago for Murray the K's TV show. We went to the show with our brother Roger—and as we were walking down the street afterwards, crowds of girls appeared and started screaming "Pete," "Pete."

Pete who, we wondered. We sat down in a restaurant, but still the girls kept screaming. Who's Pete we still wondered. Couldn't be our brother Roger, could it?

Girls ran in and asked for his autograph—but when he signed the name Roger they said, "Aren't you Pete Shannon of the Teens?" Anyway, our poor Roger was completely torn to shreds in the street—they didn't believe him! Luckily, a guard at the theatre stage door dragged him to safety. At that point the real Pete Shannon



Left: Roger Right: Pete

appeared and they just stared at one another. The likeness was incredible! Anyway, to cut this long story short, Pete Shannon thought he owed something to Roger for all the trouble he'd got into—so he took us all out to dinner! Boy what a day we had! —Judee and Susan Harris, Snyder Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

■ Tops with us here in Germany are the Beatles, Rolling Stones, and Cliff Richard. Cliff has been top here for many weeks with a song called, "Das ist die Frage aller Fragen" or as you may know it, "Spanish Harlem". We luckily get records in both English and German—some of them haven't even been released in your country! We've all got over Ringo's wedding—though it was a great shock, and spend most of our time practising the "Letskiss". This is the big rave with us at the moment! Keep up with your raving work, too!—**Sally Paulduro, Klosterstr., Dusseldorf.**

■ Our top group here in Norway is undoubtedly The Cool Cats: Four gear boys whose latest disc is "Poison Ivy", a knockout disc!

There's one thing that bothers us though. Very few of the foreign pop artists visit us and make live appearances. Especially British ones! The only ones we saw last year were the Swinging Blue Jeans. Anyway, we'll keep hoping—and meanwhile we'll buy RAVE, look at the fab pics and read the news about our favourites!—**Dag Norgard, Box 64, Hamar, Norway.**

■ Why can't pop stars realise what they really are—commercial, filthy rich, young fortune-hunters who spend their time taking in the teenage public with crazy sounds? I'm fed up with these deep, sincere artists who spend interviews trying to prove how profound they are. We don't care if they're commercial and honest, but please, none of this insincere "sincerity". (We are true Beatle fans. At least they make money and admit they like it!)—**Tina and Catherine, Winchester.**

■ I must say RAVE has really changed my opinion of the Rolling Stones. At first glance they appeared to have an 'I don't care attitude' towards life. Take Mick—he appears on stage dressed in such a casual manner that it looks odd. In comparison the Beatles look sheer royalty. That was my first thought. But it's different now. From the fab stories you've had in RAVE I realise they really do care about life!—**Margo Woodard, Rocky Mount, N.C., U.S.A.**

MET STONES

■ Not long ago, I was walking along the street and I bumped into two boys. Instead of saying "Sorry", as I should have done, I said "Why don't you look where you're going?" I looked up and saw Mick Jagger and Brian Jones. I then hastily apologised and got their autographs! I'm glad I'm clumsy!—**Christine Marcoulli, London, N.W.1.**

■ I have written a story for RAVE. It's a spoof on American fan magazines that can acquaint your readers with the lurid titles and sappy open-letters-to that we're subjected to.

Sondra Lowell, 106090 Third Avenue, Inglewood, California.

The Shocking Truth About Elvis's NOSE!

■ We've heard all about your Mods and Rockers out here in California—but we've got different names for them. Our main groups are the Surfers and the S.A.'s. Surfers are like Mods and dig surfing. S.A.'s dig motorcycles and all. Surfers go for crazy plaid jackets with hoods, white jeans, and Cuban heels. Their hair is long, parted on one side, and some of them bleach it! Most of the girls look like Twinkle, and wear white lipstick and socks.

Latest craze: bright coloured over-shirts made of velvet. When kids go surfing, they go in gangs—and it always turns into a beach party! Really great!—**Madell Compton, La Mesa, California, U.S.A.**

■ Dear Rave: I thought I'd drop you a line and let you know what's going on fashion-wise in Canada. For the way-out set, it's the intellectual look. Girls wear T-strap shoes and cutaways. Hair is still smooth and sleek, and for the daring—



Dear Elvis,

I don't quite know how to say this, but it's about your nose. I know you've never brought up the subject; so I must assume that you either consider the matter not worth talking about or you want to hide part of your past.

I hope it is the first reason. Believe me, El, it isn't to embarrass you that I'm bring

US!



grey streaks! Back combing—thumbs down! Boys are going masculine this year. Open necked shirts, denim and sweaters are in, with low cut sneakers.

Well that's what's happening in our neck of the woods, and I hope you find our trends as interesting as we find yours!
Lynda Goldhall, Burnaby, B.C., Canada.

■ One thing strikes me on reading RAVE. The teenagers out here are very different from yours. We're not allowed so much freedom or pocket money as we would like! The tops here are Cliff and Elvis, and I'm afraid Beatlemania was just a passing cloud, if you can believe it! Being more or less veteran Rockers, we do the old-fashioned dances like the twist, shake, skedaddle, limbo and the jelly-bean. The Tom Jones bow is just great when you're doing a ton on your sugar-dad's (boy friend's) bike. Besides spending days on the beach and sleeping under

ing this up. I love you. We all love you and we'll stick with you. Like we stuck close by when the Los Angeles police nearly kept you from performing.

Afterwards, when you were missing a tie, a belt, and the left side of your hair, you didn't seem too impressed by our loyalty, but we were not dismayed. Still, we were on your side, your right side this time. Our parents and the press were against us, yet we stood up for you. It was the least we could do after we'd pinned you to the ground. You'd have found it difficult to stand up yourself.

Your fans have been led to believe that honesty and sincerity are two of your endearing qualities. Are they, Elvis? I have to know. I have to know whether to keep you for my idol or draft Albert Schweitzer. Honesty and sincerity are important. But Dr. Schweitzer doesn't have a dreamy bari-



RAVE reader Sue Marsh with Brian Poole and the Tremeloes

the stars at night, we love surfing, ski-ing, hydro-foiling and underwater fishing. The trouble is, we get hippos chasing us sometimes. Imagine 300 lbs. of something charging at you! Even with that to live with, I can assure you it's great fun living out here! **Pam Zugait, Kampala, Uganda, E. Africa.**

■ Dear Rave, I just thought I'd write and tell you what's happening here in Singapore. I've just seen the Stones, and they're really fantastic! The British singers have always

tone voice or thirty-two gold records or the profile of a Greek god.

That last one, Elvis, the profile of a Greek god, you have it all right. I checked. Your nose corresponds to the one on the god Hermes by the ancient Greek sculptor Praxitiles. It's quite a coincidence, isn't it, Elvis?

Or is it? You were a truck driver. I don't mean to rub it in. I just want to point out that you were obviously dissatisfied. You wanted to be a star. What better way is there to fame than to have classic good looks?

It's obvious that when Praxitiles sculpted Hermes, your double, he didn't use you for his model. But it isn't nearly as impossible for you to have seen the statue and had your nose bobbed to resemble it.

Your fans are crazy about your nose, Elvis. It's one of your most outstanding fea-

dominated our pop scene—people like Beatles, Cliff, Manfreds, and we think they're all great. Us girls like to keep our hair long and straight like Cathy McG. and the Chinese cheongsam is becoming popular for evening wear at parties. Parties and clubs here have a very hot and smoky atmosphere, and you get to meet lots of other teenagers—Chinese as well as Europeans. Trouble is, we can't go out with boys until we're about 16. Anyway, best wishes from all of your readers here!—**E. Ching, Commonwealth Drive, Singapore 3.**

tures. You should trust us enough to know that we'd still cherish it, knowing it isn't what you were born with, but nevertheless a part of you.

I have a friend who was in the hospital in 1948 in Yazoo City, Mississippi. In the bed next to him was a man who looked just like you except for one minor detail. He didn't look like a Greek god until after he got out. Oh, Elvis, could it be you?

No, I called that hospital. Now my curiosity was whetted. I searched through the records of every hospital, every doctor's office, every clinic. No sign of a nose job for you could be found.

On I searched, throughout Europe; in Africa; in Asia; in Australia; in Greenland; on both poles; etc.

At last I found the shocking truth. You never had a nose operation!

So why didn't you say so in the first place?

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

Although this month's RAVE is international, we haven't forgotten that charity begins at home. Remember Sue Marsh (Feb. RAVE, Letters) who wrote in to say that she lived next door but one, to one of the Tremeloes. Yet her greatest ambition, to meet all the boys, had never come true?

Well, if you did read that letter, you weren't the only one! Brian Poole and the Tremeloes read it too! And the result was that bright and early one Monday morning, all the boys trooped into Sue's mother's newsagents to see her!

Sue, a 19-year-old invoice clerk, was thrilled and thought it was just like a dream come true! But it didn't end there. Sue then went with them to Alan Blakley's house for a coffee and a sneak-preview of the boys' great new disc. RAVE waves its magic wand once again!

■ Popular groups should record Geography and History to the tune of current hits.

My ideas for the top three might be: "The Special Years of Queen Anne" by Val Doonican. "I Must Be Seeing North America" by Gene Pitney. "Tired of Waiting FOR ANNE BOLEYN" by the Kinks.—**Jessica Howey, Falmouth, Cornwall.**

And when you get into trouble, how about "I Apologise Teacher" by P. J. Proby!



ALAIN DELON

MR. RAVEABLE

Alain Delon is the darling of France, not just for his good looks, but because this year should make him one of their hottest film exports.

But Alain never had any dreams of being an actor, leading a starry-eyed life. In

fact, the path of his life had a very down-to-earth, realistic beginning.

Throughout his life, he's play-acted with a certain amount of rebellion. He was born in Sceaux, a small Paris suburb, and his parents

divorced when he was quite young. Alain was sent to schools—most of which he ran away from. An early sign of his hate for discipline that was to re-occur in later life.

It wasn't surprising to learn that he enlisted in the French Marines at the age of seventeen. An act-first thinker at that age, Alain soon found his time

divided between the sick bay and the brig—yes, the handsome wildcat was still playing it tough!

But the Marines did manage to cool him down a bit. After having his head shaved five times as a punishment, he'd had enough. At eighteen, he was transferred to the Army—fighting in Indo-China.

On his return to France in



1957, at the age of twenty-two, it was just about time for the fairy story to begin. First though, he had to go through a series of jobs—office boy, waiter, salesman, and porter. On holiday with friends at the Cannes Film Festival, the blue-eyed boy was noticed by a Hollywood talent scout. A film test followed. Success! Something at last in his life

was going right. A French producer heard of this, and offered him the same proposition. Alain decided to make his film debut in France. That wasn't a bad decision to make when you take a close look at him today.

He drives a Ferrari sports car; owns a large Paris house; a villa in the country near Trilport—supports his

thirteen dogs; and then, of course, there's always the apartment at Monte Carlo.

Alain still has a taste for danger, performing all his own stunts.

He's also a rebel with a cause. The cause? To make the international breakthrough this year with films like "The Yellow Rolls-Royce", "The Love Cage", and "Have

I The Right To Kill?". And if you've seen these, or any of the fourteen films Alain's previously appeared in—you'll know exactly why we've voted him our number one international rave. The wildness of the untamed youth has gone. Today we have a raveable dream man who's out to conquer our hearts. So beware!

■ Down under, we read lots about British pop stars, but we seldom see much about our own people. People like Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs, Robby Royal, Brian Davies and others. How about a little picture now and again of an Australian singer?—**Joanne Bennett, Sydney, Australia.**

Well, you'll never believe this! but Robby Royal just walked into the office! Robby's knocked out with The Seekers success here, and is going to have a bash himself with his own song "Within My Lonely Heart".—The Ed.



Australian singing star Robby Royal

... and we're telling you!

Do you have the fan club address of my favourites, The Moody Blues?—**Patsy Lamb, Wigan, Lancs.**

The address is: Miss Betty McGovern, The Secretary, 79a Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

Could you tell me please the nationality of actor Omar Sharif. I thought he was great in "The Yellow Rolls-Royce".—**Terry Kier, Perivale, Middx.**

Omar was born in Cairo. His parents are of Lebanese and Syrian stock, and to top that, he speaks French!

Please could you give me a bit of info about Dobie Gray who sings "The 'In' Crowd"?—**Marjie Jenkins, Glamorgan, Wales.**

Dobie is 23, born in Houston, Texas. Prior to this big hit disc, he had been working the clubs along the West Coast, places like the Whisky-A-Gogo in Hollywood. Dobie, who's 6 ft. 1 in., acts and dances as well as singing, and has appeared in several Hollywood films.

I think Shirley Ellis is great and I thought the "Name Game" should have got really much higher. Am I right in thinking she's had another record released here?—**Jenny Peeting, Sidcup, Kent.**

Shirley's previous record, also a big U.S. hit, was "The Nitty Gritty", a great favourite of the Beatles at the time.

Please could you tell me the tracks on the Animals first L.P.?—**Cathy Lewis, Royal School, Bath.**

Tracks as follows: Story of Bo Diddley, Bury My Body, Dimples, I've Been Around, I'm In Love Again, The Girl Can't Help It, I'm Mad Again, She Said Yeah, The Right Time, Memphis, Boom Boom, and Around and Around.

I wonder if you could please tell me the birthday of John Rostill of the Shadows?—**Margaret Leenman, Blackpool, Lancs.**

John Rostill's birthday: 16th June, 1942.

Dodo's Pop Diary

APRIL 1 Alan Blakley (Tremeloes) 23 today! Dusty, Searchers, Zombies tour at Worcester Granada; Tamla Motown show at Glasgow! Rolling Stones in Stockholm.
2 The Bachelors and Susan Maughan at Northampton ABC tonight.
3 The Animals and the Drifters on "Lucky Stars". Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race today! A day of rhythm and blues!
4 Tamla Motown at Liverpool Empire. Wonder if the Supremes will sing from their American LP "A Bit Of Liverpool"?
5 Allan Clarke (Hollies) 23 today.
6 John Stax (Pretty Things) 21 today.
7 Alan Buck (Four Pennies) 22 today. Heinz leaves for an American tour. Rockin' Berries on nine-day tour of Australia.
8 Bachelors at Manchester Apollo, Tamla Motown at Sheffield, Dusty at Salisbury.
9 The Stones tour America for one month.
10 The Supremes and the Temptations on "Top Gear". Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson open at Hammersmith tonight.
11 Big NME concert at Empire Pool, Wembley today. You name 'em and they'll be there! Wayne Fontana on "Easy Beat".
12 Tamla Motown—and that means the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas, Little Stevie Wonder, the Miracles, Earl Van Dyke 6 and guest Georgie Fame—at Portsmouth.

13 Brian Pendleton (Pretty Things) 21 today.
14 Ella and Oscar at Birmingham.
15 Marty Wilde's birthday.
16 Dusty's birthday—26 today folks!
17 Billy Fury 24 today. Tony Crane (Merseybeats) 20 today. Dave Berry on tour as Bongo Herbert in "Expresso Bongo" show. Opens at Westcliff Pavilion.
18 Mike Vickers (Manfreds) 24 today. Cilla Black stars at the London Palladium.
19 Alan Price (Animals) 23 today.
20 Georgie Fame five-day tour of Ireland.
21 Dusty comperes and sings in a TV spectacular featuring Tamla Motown artists.
22 Manfred Mann arrives in States for eighteen-day college tour.
23 Roy Orbison 29 today. John Allen (Nashville Teens) 20 today.
24 Billy Fury tour at Gloucester ABC.
25 Shirley Bassey on the London Palladium.
26 Val Doonican plays one week at the Birmingham Hippodrome.
27 Great funny film out this month "The Intelligence Men" with Morecambe and Wise—James Bond gone hilariously wrong!
28 Herman's Hermits play on the Dick Clark Caravan of Stars tour in the States for thirty-four days.
29 Animals leave for seven-day Scandinavian trip.
30 Billy Fury tour at Croydon ABC.

PEN PALS

Ed Alam, P.O. Box 686, Tripoli, Lebanon. Age 19: Would like pen-pal, especially English. Likes Brian Poole, Beatles, Shadows.

Helen Pefit, Szczecinek, 28 Luty 44, Poland. Age 17: Like English pen-pal. Likes sport, pop and travel.

Lorraine Young, 54 Samson St., Mosman Park, W. Australia. Age 16: Likes surfing, sport, photography, James Bond, P. J. Proby, Mick Jagger. Like Mod pen-pal.

Diana Simmonds, P.O. Box 9125, Mombasa, Kenya. Age: 16 Wants boy pen-pal who plays in a group.

Ioke van Brakel, Marathonweg 2g. III, Amsterdam, Holland. Age 16: Likes dancing, swimming, Stones, Beatles and Kinks. Works as shop assistant.

Lucretia Van Thillo, Mikschaan 120, Brasschaar, Belgium. Age 17: Likes dancing, films, sport, Cliff and the Shadows.

Hans Fraase Storm, Meikoninginlaan 1, Delft, Holland. Age 20: Favourites: Miracles, James Brown, Stones, Twinkle. Collects records, and likes listening to Caroline. Preferably a girl pen-pal.

Patti Jackson, 200b Camberwell Grove, Camberwell, London, S.E.5. Age 16: Likes Beatles, Animals, Dusty. Wants American boy pen-pal. Ulf Jansson, Dalkarssleden 64, Vallingby, Vallingby, Stockholm, Stockholm, Sweden. Age 19: Likes Stones, Kinks, P. J., Animals. Would like pen-pal from London.

Sue Bryson, 932 West Main Street, Watertown, New York 13601, U.S.A. Age 18: Loves Beatles and all British music. Boy or girl pen-pal.

Birgit Hansen, Theklavej 5, 4. sal th. Copenhagen, Denmark. Age 17: Likes Stones, Sandie Shaw, Kinks and Bach. Likes parties and intelligent boys with long hair. Janet Sauthier, 100 Ellesmere Avenue, St. Vital 8, Manitoba, Canada. Age 16: Likes sports cars, scooters and dancing. Wants pen-pal with same interests.

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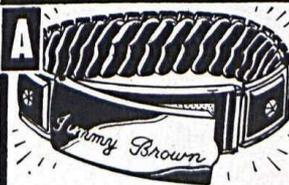
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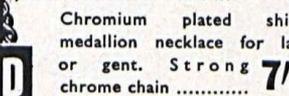
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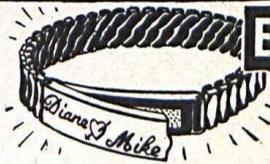
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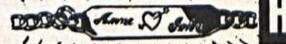
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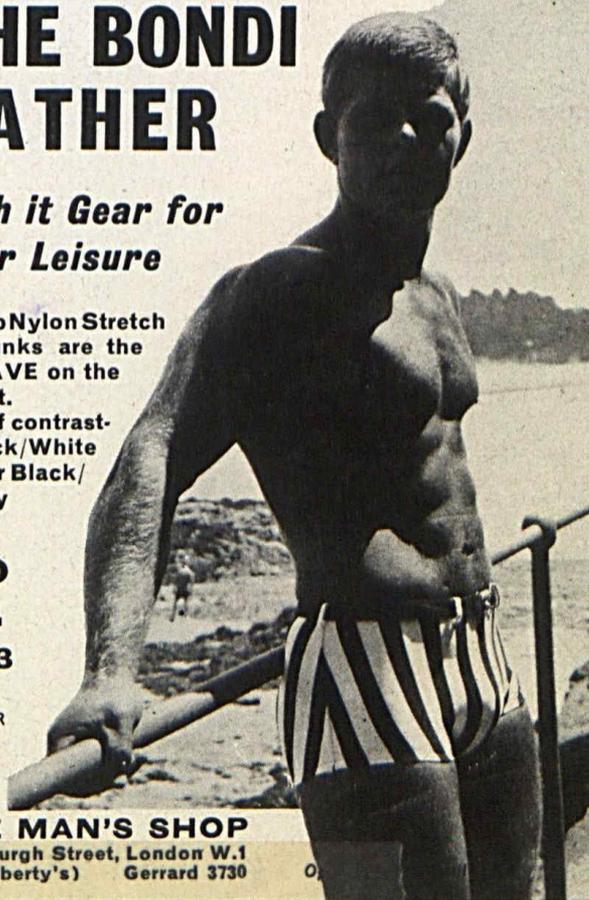
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