

beatles! mick! animals! proby! yardbirds!

rave

Where it's all happening!

JUNE
2s 6d

IN THE
SHADOW
OF DYLAN

BY
DONOVAN





raving!

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU...

Hi fans,
 Time for another rave.
 Lots have been happening since we were here last, in particular a big mystery over Mr. E.P. (Elvis Presley). Flicking back through our issues I realised it's about time we got another really good story on Elvis. So, a couple of RAVE reporters went out to see what they could dig up.
 The mystery they did is on page 10, with some very interesting Elvis facts. Make sure you read it. Folk fans should be well pleased with this month's issue, too. There's Dylan in colour, Donovan in a terrific feature and a new series beginning—Meet the Folks. The rest of RAVE is filled with news, new ideas, new thoughts and new pics. So enjoy it.
 See you around—like 45 r.p.m.
 Stay raving, fans!

The Editor

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MEET THE FOLKS 1

■ Folk music has been around for hundreds of years. But it has never been so exciting as it is today. Bob Dylan and Donovan are spearheading the new wave of folk singers who have something important to say. They're not the "hey-nonny-no" cult, they are alive and aware of the present. And they're not always looking back—they're looking forward.

Folk music is infiltrating the charts now. Peter, Paul and Mary, the Seekers, the Animals, Marianne Faithfull, the Searchers—they've all put folk songs in the Top Twenty.

In clubs and colleges all over Britain, the folk scene is bursting with life.

RAVE writer Ed Blanche, himself a folk singer, will be introducing the new folk faces during the next few months. And to start, he writes about Joan Baez one of the world's top folk artistes and one of Bob Dylan's closest friends.

When Joan Baez sings, people listen. For this slim girl has the voice of an angel; haunting, compelling, gently passionate.

She wears no make-up, and neither drinks nor smokes. She dresses simply—usually a straight belted dress or a skirt and sweater. On stage, she just sings. No show business chatter, no stage routine.

Bob Dylan and Joan Baez form an exclusive mutual admiration society, and her encouragement was a vital factor in Dylan's success on the folk scene. She flew across America to join the Freedom March on Washington last year when Dylan asked her. And he turned down 4,000 dollars to sing at the Hollywood Bowl to be a guest at one of Joan's concerts.

The daughter of an English-Scottish mother and a Mexican-born father, Joan was born in Staten Island, New



Joan Baez

York, on January 9, 1941.

She discovered folk music at Tulla's Coffee Grinder, a dimly-lit hangout in Boston when she was eighteen. The songs she heard made such an impression that she was soon learning from the semi-pro singers around the city's many beatnik clubs.

She was offered a recording contract with Columbia, one of the biggest American labels, after she hushed an audience of 13,000 with her sad-voiced singing at the first Newport Folk Festival in 1959. But she turned it down and signed instead with Vanguard, a small company.

She has appeared in few night-clubs, and vows she will never sing in one again. "I want to be something more than just a background noise," she says.

Joan detaches herself from the beard and jeans folk set, and lives alone on California's rugged Pacific coast.

She is moody and sensitive. Her passion for living is intense, but she prefers solitude. When the strain of touring and living becomes too much for her she drives off into the desert in her Jaguar sports car and sings softly to herself—the voice in the wilderness.

ADVERTISEMENT



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

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

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

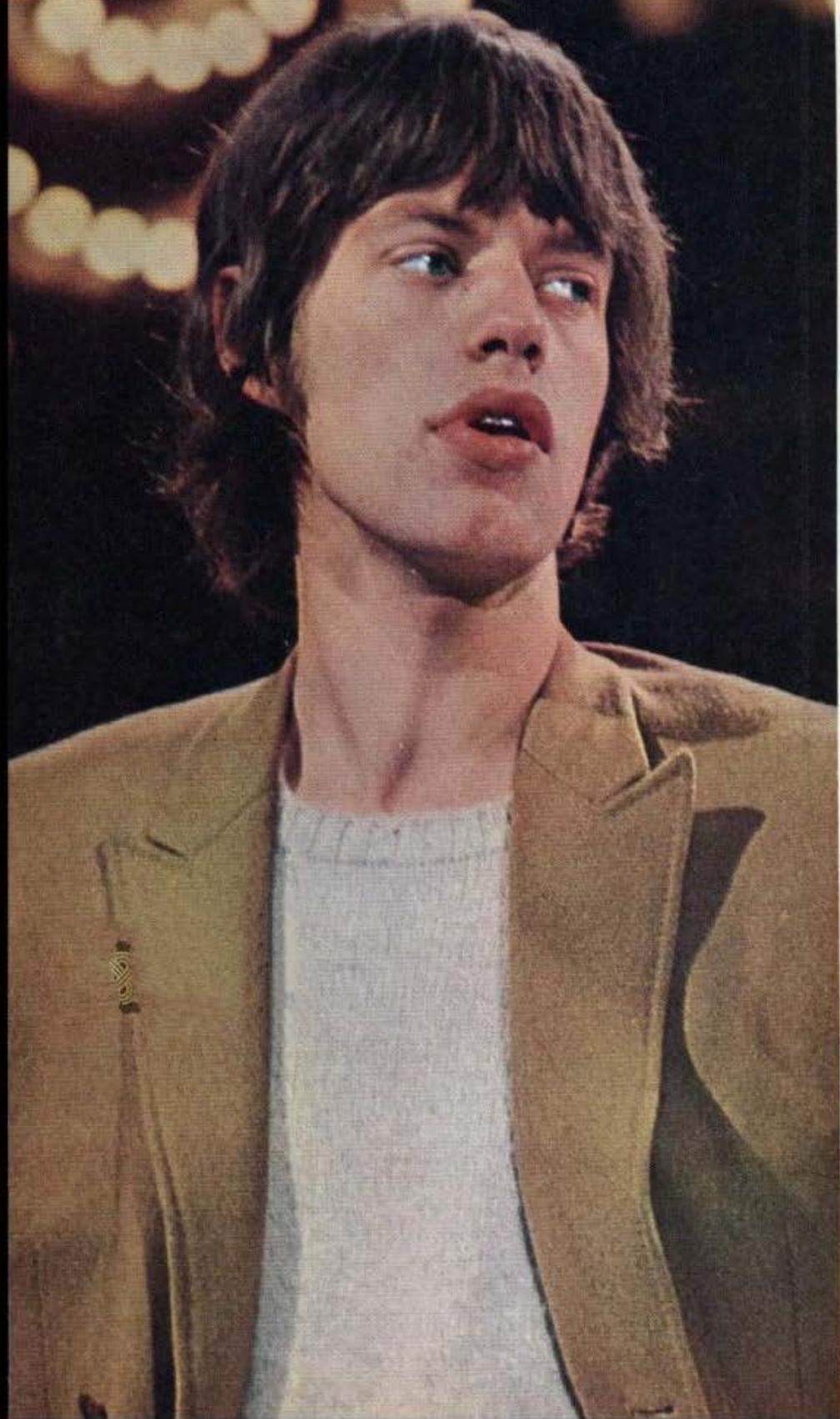


2 FAB FLAVOURS! SPEARMINT (bright green pack) CINNAMON (red pack)



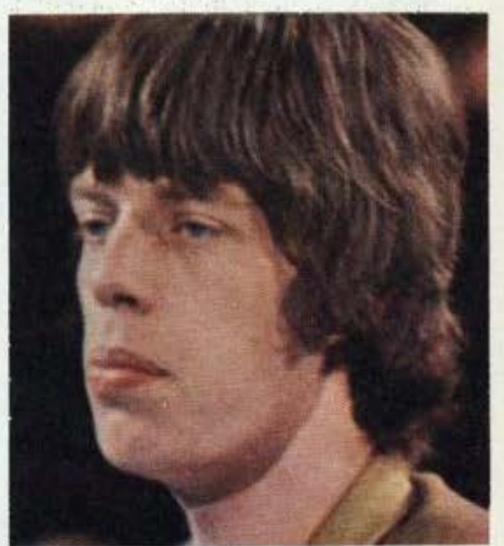
Dear Problems Page,
Dentyne Chewing Gum is marvellous! The drummer is still glowering at me. But that's because I'm now going with the lead guitarist. And wowie! is he dreamy!

RAVE
PHOTO-SCOOP!



INSIDE MY HEAD

Some unexpected expressions from the Stone Extraordinary and some thoughts to go with them from Michael J. himself



'It's the getting up there and the first reactions. Just waiting to go on, killing time that makes you nervous. Once you're on, it's different, another world.'



'Hate hanging around - rehearsing - it's all a big drag. It's not that I mind being told what to do, it's just the waste, you could be doing something better elsewhere.'



'A friendly face in the audience to smile at. You've got to have someone to sing to - not just a sea of swaying faces.'

'We get on well together these days. We've got over our early troubles. I don't think I could find a better bunch of mates. We've got past the stage where we just work together.'



'I hate attendants who put on a uniform and turn themselves into tin gods. 'Do that once more, son, and we'll have you thrown out.' We laugh at them. Real gunnors don't need to shout.'



'Laughter's important. A wrong note, a false start, pulling faces - anything will start us off. If you can't find a joke in most things, you're dead, man.'

when the Scrrreeee has to stop!

FRENZIED FANS, FANTASTIC CROWDS, WILD AUDIENCES—these were the scenes that greeted our pop stars last year.

But this year, those fans who loved and cried and screamed seem strangely silent. The tears that were shed seem forgotten; the mania that was Beatle has faded; the age of the Stones is now long ago.

Is it the stars who have brought about this change in the fans—or is it the fans themselves who have altered? **RAVE** brings you an exciting story of how the screaming first began!

There comes a time when even the wildest revolution cools off . . . when the point has been made and the great change has been achieved . . . the time when the screaming has to stop.

The pop revolution has succeeded. Nobody doubts any more the stunning new truth it proved—that if you are under twenty-one you are still a person and not just an adolescent apprentice in the business of living. It proved, too, that in millions of ways the second half of the twentieth century was going to be different from the first half.

Honesty, candour, frankness. Say what you mean and no double-talk. These were the styles of living born of the pop revolution. An end to evasion, fake attitudes, hypocrisy. The replacing of "Sssh, not in front of Auntie" by "Speak up and say



eeaaaming

your piece."

Has it worked? On the whole, I would say "yes." Young people make the running today. In fashion, in entertainment, in design—and lately even in planning and thinking.

But now the problem looms, as it does with every rebellion once it has succeeded. What happens to the noisy characters who started it all?

Alack-a-day. Every time it's the same thing. They disarm the hairies and tell them to shut up. And then a hard core of very niggled hairies takes to the hills and starts to lead a revolution against the revolution.

The betting is that the young rebellion against mature conformity would have got nowhere if it hadn't been linked with sound and noise.

Especially in England, where it was until very recently considered good manners not to know what was go-

ing on and where pompous elderly folk still make with the jokey bits like "What is a Beatle?"

Fifteen years ago you could have come busting in with word that men from outer space had landed in your dad's allotment, and all they'd have said was "How often have I told you not to talk with your mouth full?"

If it hadn't been for the screaming, Mr. and Mrs. Briton would probably not have realised that there was anything happening to their young at all. As it was, though, the screaming did the job. And grown-ups from cabinet ministers to princes, rowed in on the act by being photographed with Messrs. Lennon, Starr and company.

But, as Paul Jones pointed out recently, pop groups don't arouse surprise any more. In fact, it's got now so that if you're *not* in a group they think you're some kind of social

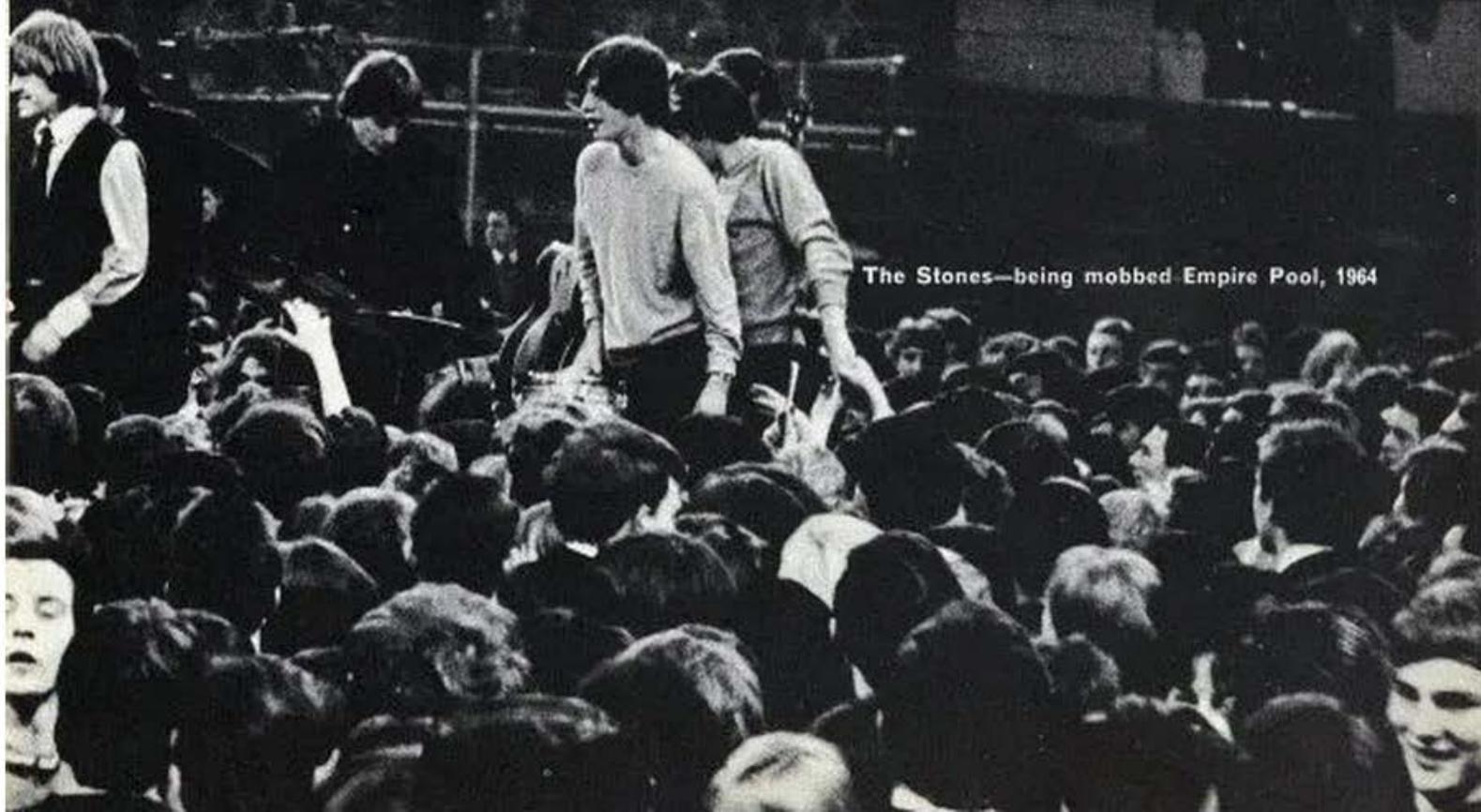
misfit.

The big trend is back to the solo singer, even to the quiet, lonely solo singer like Dylan. On top of that, today's young people take their status for granted. It's established, it's here, so there is little need any longer to prove by screaming that you exist.

The currents are cool. Cool in clothes, cool in thinking, cool in behaviour. The time for frenzy is nearly over. There's a cool eye on the screamers. Why do we scream, they scream, screamers scream?

Here's a psychologist: "This is one way of flinging off childhood restrictions and letting yourself go. The fact that tens of thousands of others are shrieking along with her at the same time makes a girl feel she is living life to the full with people her own age.

"This is a safety valve." ...



The Stones—being mobbed Empire Pool, 1964

rave



BOB DYLAN

In pop, screaming dates from 1943, when a New York publicity man paid seventeen girls to scream from the audience during a personal appearance by Frank Sinatra. Seeing that their fathers were away at the war, and Mum was coining money in the aircraft factory, there was a shortage of people to tell American teenagers to belt up. And so the screaming generation was born.

It's lasted twenty-two years, all in all. By which count, screaming could be reckoned, would you say, as a rather elderly pastime? Like, it's not exactly new.

In fact, anyone who thinks this generation is particularly frenzied ought to take a look at what their mothers and grandmothers got up to. Grannie's hysterical fan behaviour in the 1920s would make RSGL look like a convent tea party.

When Charlie Chaplin came to England in 1921 the whole railway line from Southampton to London was lined with adult Englishmen taking off their hats and crying, "God bless you." Around the same time adult Englishwomen almost trampled Mary Pickford to death in Kensington Gardens. She was lucky to get away with her life. When Rudolph Valentino died in 1926 they had to bring out the police horses, and two women committed suicide in the crowd of one hundred thousand fans who came to see him lying in state.

"I bought every photo I could possibly get of him, and my bedroom was surrounded with him." A Ringo admirer? No, that was a British girl talking about Valentino forty years ago! Somebody's Grannie today.

"I love his voice and his looks and I think he is very handsome. I don't know why I love him but I know no one can take his place." A Proby fan? A Cliff-hanger?

No, a seventeen-year-old war worker of 1944 talking about Tyrone Power. Somebody's mum now.

Fans asked for:

A piece of used soap. A used face tissue. Used chewing gum. Used cigarette butts. A coat button. Autographed pants. A blade of grass from the star's lawn. Hairs from the star's head.

Fans offered or sent:

Daily prayers. A banjo. 11 pages with "I love you" written 825 times on each one. A tame flea named after the star. Insurance policies on the fan's life. A request to take the place of the star's dog.

"Ho, yes, very typical of the young idiots today," says Arthur Pompous Ass, the well-known social expert. I hate to bring Arthur down, but those lists were compiled in Holly-

COULD YOU SCREAM OVER THESE?



Mary Pickford



Charlie Chaplin



Tyrone Power



Frank Sinatra



Rudolph Valentino

OUR MUMS AND DADS DID!

WHAT TODAY'S STARS SAY ABOUT SCREAMING

Chris Curtis of The Searchers: "We don't mind. But sometimes it worries me what the older people in the audience must be thinking of the screamers. They pay their money, too, and should be able to enjoy the show."

Dusty Springfield: "Screams don't worry me much at all."

The Kinks: "Ray Davies likes his numbers to be appreciated, especially the slow ones, so he doesn't like screaming during this kind of song. But on others the group encourages screaming."

Donovan: "I don't really mind it at all. So long as I think the audience is enjoying my act I'm not worried. I don't deliberately encourage screaming."

Ivy League: "We prefer an audience to be quiet. But screams let us know they are appreciating what we're doing."

The Animals: "We don't mind it."

Rockin' Berries: "We enjoy any reaction we get."

The Seekers: "We get a few screams when we come on stage first, but with our type of music we find that the audience listens to the songs we sing. We don't encourage screaming."

Goldie and the Gingerbreads: "Girls scream at us the same as they scream at boys on the stage. The girls ask for souvenirs, drumsticks and so on, but the boys whistle and come round to the stage door afterwards."

wood in January 1939 from letters to film stars Robert Taylor and Dorothy Lamour.

So you can see that it's a load of rubbish for older people to pretend that fan behaviour was any better in their day. The screamers of today are no better and no worse than fans of any other time.

Pretty well everything's based on statistics these days, and statistics prove three things about screaming.

One: More than eighty-five per cent of British fans are under twenty-one,

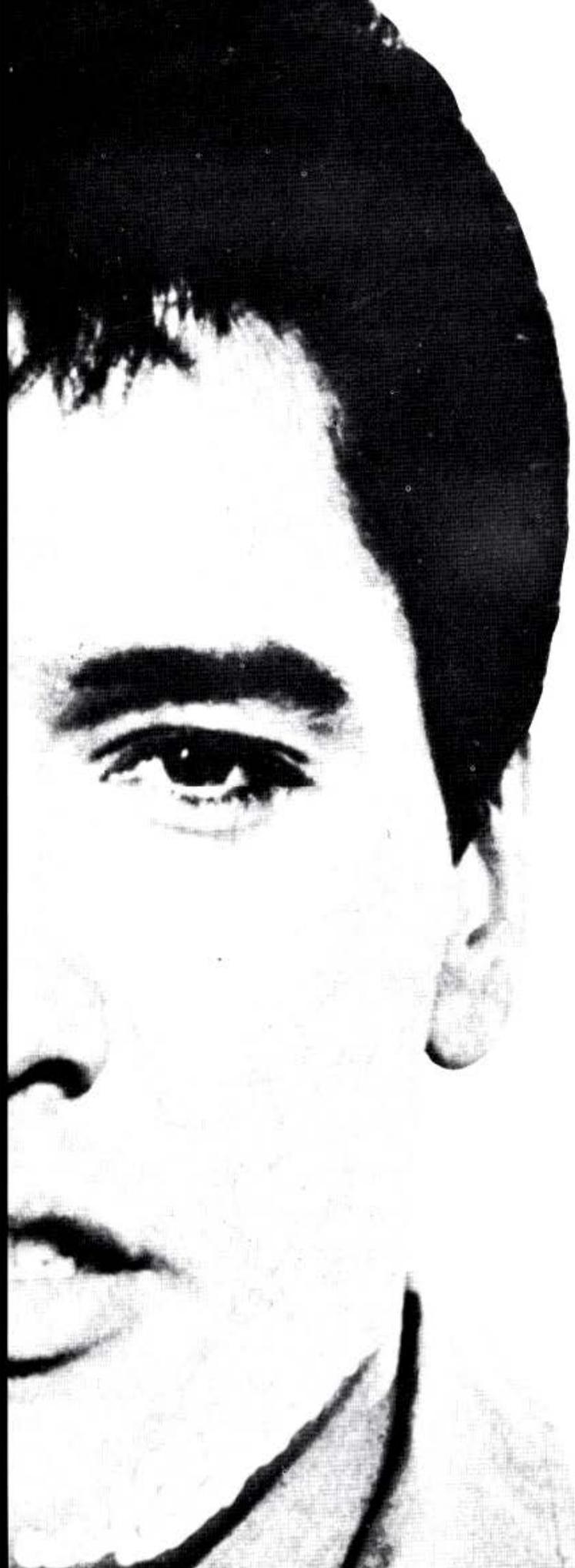
and the younger you are the more noise you make.

Two: Of these, over sixty per cent are girls.

Three: Females make more noise than males!

I doubt if that's going to alter. But this could now that once again the quality of the words is beginning to matter so much. The screaming will stop, if only for the age-old reason that fans like to hear what they've paid to hear.

Thank you for screaming.



the big elvis mystery

It's amazing . . . it's incredible . . . it's fantastic. Elvis—the biggest pop phenomenon the world has ever known and no one can get close enough to interview him!

We know, we've been trying for months now. And, during the many weeks we've been trying we've been amassing strange pieces of information.

Information that's baffling us. At one time we thought we couldn't bring you an up-to-the-minute 1965 story on the King, but then we realised we already had one—The Big Elvis Mystery! Here then, for you it is. Read it and see just how mysterious it is.

The most heavily guarded property in America is the country's gold supplies at Fort Knox. (Anyone who saw "Goldfinger" knows that.) The second most heavily guarded piece of property is—ELVIS PRESLEY.

This is the inescapable conclusion arrived at by a team of RAVE researchers after weeks of probing, sifting and fact-finding.

Elvis today is a mysterious figure shrouded in secrecy and almost any enquiry about him ends in a blank wall that even 007 would find impenetrable.

No Confirmation

For example, RAVE heard on the showbiz grapevine that, for his new film, "Tickle Me",—now being filmed—Elvis was re-recording nine of his old hits which have already sold a million each. Cables requesting confirmation flashed across the Atlantic.

But even a seemingly simple subject like this baffled our ace, on-the-spot sleuths. They tried to tackle Colonel Tom Parker, for years now the business genius who has guided Elvis Presley's career.

He was simply unobtainable. They tried Elvis and

The Silent Curtain has been drawn even tighter round Elvis. No newspapermen can watch him at work, photograph him, or speak to him.

Who gave the order, we asked.

"Colonel Parker."

RAVE reporters don't give up easily. Our ace man slogged round Hollywood looking for a lead. Finally one turned up. The cable that sizzled into RAVE'S London office read—

"WORKING ON A GIRL WHO HAS DATED PRESLEY STOP HOPEFUL SOMETHING CAN BE DEVELOPED."

Anxiously we waited. Photographs were looked out. Layouts prepared. But another killer cable torpedoed the project.

"RE ARTICLE FROM PRESLEY'S GIRL FRIEND STOP GIRL CHICKENED OUT AT LAST MINUTE."

Pop Probe

This did it. We called a full-scale probe into Elvis today. Exactly *what* do we know about this thirty-year-old pop phenomenon? The undisputed Solo Supremo for nearly ten years?

Obvious facts fill pop history

the vast majority of his fans through the medium of films."

The Colonel must care little that, in a recent British poll, Elvis was nominated the person pollsters would most like to meet after the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Why *should* the Colonel care when leaves taken from the Presley garden in Memphis are fetching £3 each? When dust scraped from one of his cars passed hands for dollars?

There is another reason why Colonel Parker keeps Elvis in America and that is—*Elvis hates flying*. And to come to Britain for two concerts would take two weeks by sea. At the rate Elvis earns money, that would be strictly uneconomic!

How does the star himself react to Colonel Parker, the man who guides his career with such infinite care?

Elvis sees the Colonel only for business reasons, perhaps once a fortnight, and never socially. Colonel Parker calls Elvis "Mr. Presley" and expects you to do the same.

The Presley mystery deepens when you try to get close to him. Elvis is constantly surrounded by a gang of buddies from Memphis. They carry out Elvis' every wish. But, although he pays them salaries, Elvis calls them friends.

"He sent a chauffeur-driven limousine to the airport to meet me and later told me laughingly—"if you'd been a girl, I'd have sent the Rolls!"

Elvis likes girls. He makes no secret of that. At the last count his list of steadyes over the years has almost kept level with his films.

Before he concentrated on films and centred his life on his Hollywood villa and his Memphis mansion, his image was wild and frantic.

Frantic

At one famous concert at Los Angeles, where he wrapped his arms and legs round the mike, the police ordered him to "clean up his act." He was a sex symbol.

But now as he goes into his thirties, surrounded by guards, his image has been completely altered. He is like some shielded sheik from the mystic East.

Even the people who work with him—as RAVE'S reporters found out—are apparently reluctant to discuss Elvis in public. They briefly mention that he doesn't smoke, or drink, that he rarely goes out, that he likes simple food.

But these details, instead of bringing Elvis to life, seem to make him lonely and more remote. And this is heightened by his own views on success and the vast riches it has brought—"money can never buy everything your heart desires. It won't buy love, health, or true happiness." Is Elvis in love? Is he happy?

Since no one now can get near enough to ask him this is probably the biggest Elvis mystery of all.

tery

found it would have been easier breaking into Cape Kennedy and speaking to a cosmonaut in orbit.

A gang of hometown buddies wait on Elvis hand and foot and guard him even when he's asleep!

The final result—a cryptic cable "ABSOLUTELY NO CONFIRMATION PRESLEY HAS RE-RECORDED NINE OF HIS MILLION SELLERS STOP REGRET COMPLETE BLANK STOP."

Okay, we thought, becoming intrigued, if we can't get to Elvis direct, we'll contact the people who work with him in films. Or the girls he dates. Perhaps *they* can tell us something about the King.

Another fast cable to Hollywood sent our RAVE reporter there to the Presley film set, but the signs were already up. NO PRESSPASSERS.

books. He's made nearly a score of films. He's second as a record seller only to the 250 million total stacked up by Bing Crosby. Elvis Presley makes about £700,000 a year.

But as soon as you try to get through to the *real* Elvis and find out what he *really* thinks, the Silent Curtain shuts out the Mystery Man of Pop.

Colonel Parker, probably the shrewdest poperator of all time, knows exactly what he is doing. It was he who was reputed to have turned down £100,000 for two concerts at London's Wembley Stadium.

The Reasons

The Colonel's reasons? Simple. Elvis makes three films a year for much more money, and: "While the world wants Elvis we believe in catering to

Invitations

They invite girls to Elvis' house for TV parties. One handles day-to-day expenses. Another two look after, and drive, Elvis' sixteen cars and his half-dozen motorcycles. Three run errands. Another cares for his clothes. One cooks.

They even guard Elvis when he's relaxing with a girlfriend!

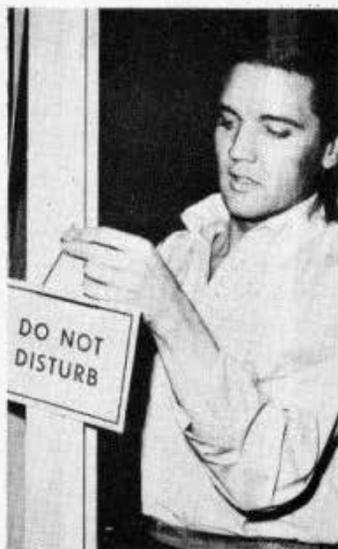
In Britain there are only a handful of people who have actually spent time with Elvis.

One of them is impresario Bunny Lewis. He met Elvis at his mansion in Memphis. Bunny Lewis told RAVE: "Colonel Parker says Elvis gets enough publicity without seeking more.

"Elvis leads a simple life. He has child-like tastes. He loves animals. He likes girls. And he likes sleep! Sometimes he doesn't get up until six p.m."

"He keeps out of the public eye because he gets mobbed so much.

"Personally, I found Elvis charming, completely unbig-headed and exceptionally clean and smart. He wears casual clothes, but he was always bright as a pin.



CHARTS: WHERE

Cock a crafty eye at the current Top Fifty chart and you might contract a severe case of Spinning Eyeballs—at 45 r.p.m. of course!

Because the dear old barometer of pop tastes that we all love so well appears to have gone a bit bonkers.

What's this, we cry as we glimpse the name Francoise Hardy spinning round beside Keely Smith and the Unit Four Plus Two.

We might even utter a loud Gadzooks as Jackie Trent tries to tame the Animals!

Yes, it seems a crazy mixed-up

world we're spinning in compared to a few months back, when beat boys were on the march.

Look at any chart department then—Top Ten, Top Twenty, Thirty, Forty or Fifty, and beat battered you between the eyes. Live Beat, Dead Beat, Half Beat—but always Four Beat.

Now, if the Bachelors and Them will pardon us, it's like an Irish Stew—you're not quite sure what's in it. But it tastes good.

RAVE called in its resident psychartist this month to tell all of us just what's going on in the Fantastic Fifty—and he'll be

back every month from now on.

In a trice he had the chart on his well-padded couch and he picked half-a-dozen crucial records to point which way the wind is blowin' if Dylan doesn't mind. He shouldn't, because his "Subterranean Homesick Blues" is given the trend treatment here.

Here's the report . . .

'This Little Bird'

■ Marianne Faithfull

Marianne Faithfull was one of the first girls on this side of the Atlantic to pursue a female folk outlook, though it's much more popfolk than the Dylan dose.

But the recipe is similar, a simple tale told with sincerity and feeling with no overpowering backings to get in the way. The reaction of the record buyers was instant acclaim, which means that there's a lot more of this type of record on the way. And a very good thing too. For what could be better than listening to a good story set to a good tune? That's what Marianne is doing.

'SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES'

■ Bob Dylan

This is a very significant record by Bob Dylan. He, as a personality, has captured a cult and unwittingly made himself a leader.

His clothes are copied by thousands, his roving way of life envied. But more important, the message in his songs (against injustice and for the dignity of

man) is being embraced by a young generation so often accused of indifference by parents. Sorry, parents, but your generation never produced lyrics like this.

So Dylan is making the lyric more important in the chart though, oddly enough, it's difficult to make it out on this particular record.

'Love Her'

■ Walker Brothers

These lads came from America—they're pals of Proby—and like Jim got their break here.

They're a sort of Righteous Brothers in triplicate and they make an exciting sound which seems to have been ignored over there.

Could it be that our record-buyers recognise new exciting sounds before anyone else in this world of pop? You're darned right, it could.

And the Walker Brothers made the smartest move in their careers when they jumped aboard that jet. This kind of singing is in.



THE ACTION IS!



'WONDERFUL WORLD'

■ Herman's Hermits

If there was ever a case of personality punching home a record this is it. Herman has been popular since "I'm Into Something Good" crashed the charts.

Then, as he trod the Beatle path to the States and clicked, he caught us all again over here with a tremendous rebound.

Herman and his boys are leaders of the younger wave of groups. We don't want to be too cheeky, but could it be that the Bachelors, Gerry and so on are getting slightly old?

'Once Upon A Time' ■ Tom Jones

The Welsh Mr. Jones is a master of timing. He turned up with a great song, "It's Not Unusual" and a tremendous treatment just when it was needed.

Tom is the solo type singer who's always had a place in the chart from way back.

'POOR MAN'S SON'

■ Rockin' Berries

This could be a trend-setter in a big way as many groups, realising the Big Beat is no longer as Big, look for a new trend.

The lesson they must learn from the Rockin' Berries' hit is that the twang must be turned down a bit and the voices thrown forward. The lyric too, is all important.

And here again, the tale is simple—love and toil—sincerely sung. There's going to be one big trap that the copyist groups could easily fall into and that's a rush of phoney folk. Spare us!

This isn't, but it's not all that far away and the dividing line in popbiz is always thin.

His first big hit was so good that his marriage revelation made no difference. But he'll have to be careful with his discs in the future.

His career needs the careful handling that is very very difficult to judge. The right TV exposure and songs that are right out of the top drawer.

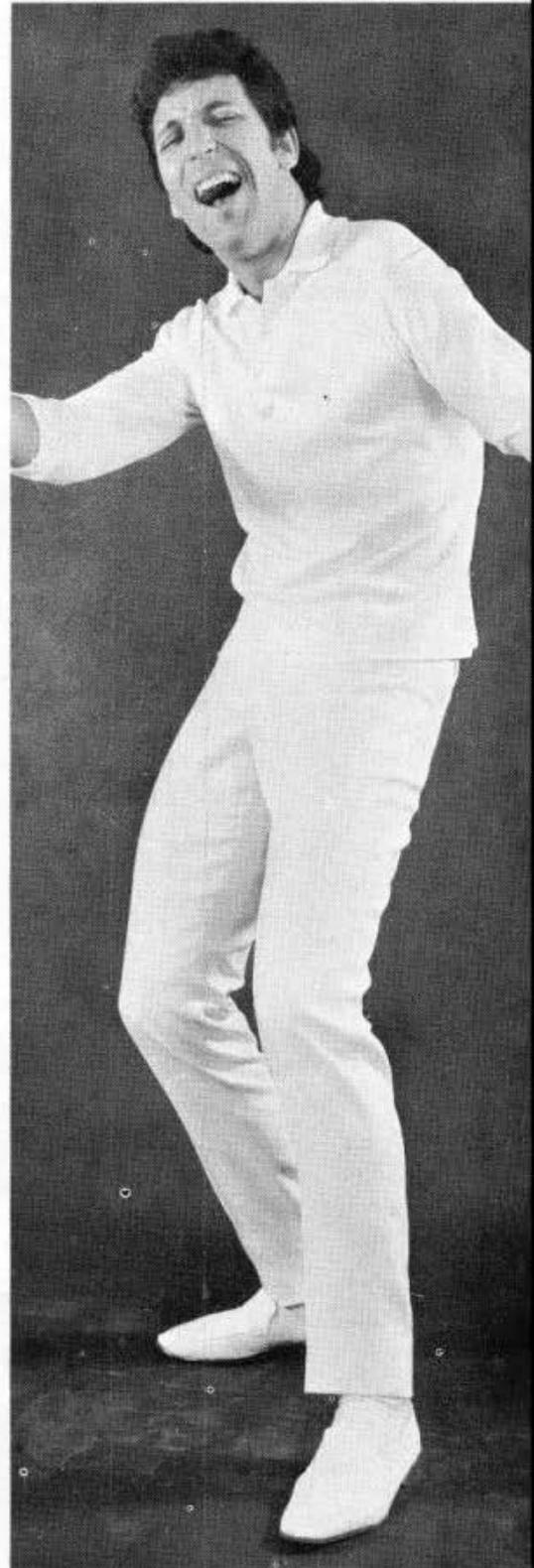
This one, "Once Upon A Time", is frankly not nearly as good as his first. And the next one is going to be crucial for Tom.

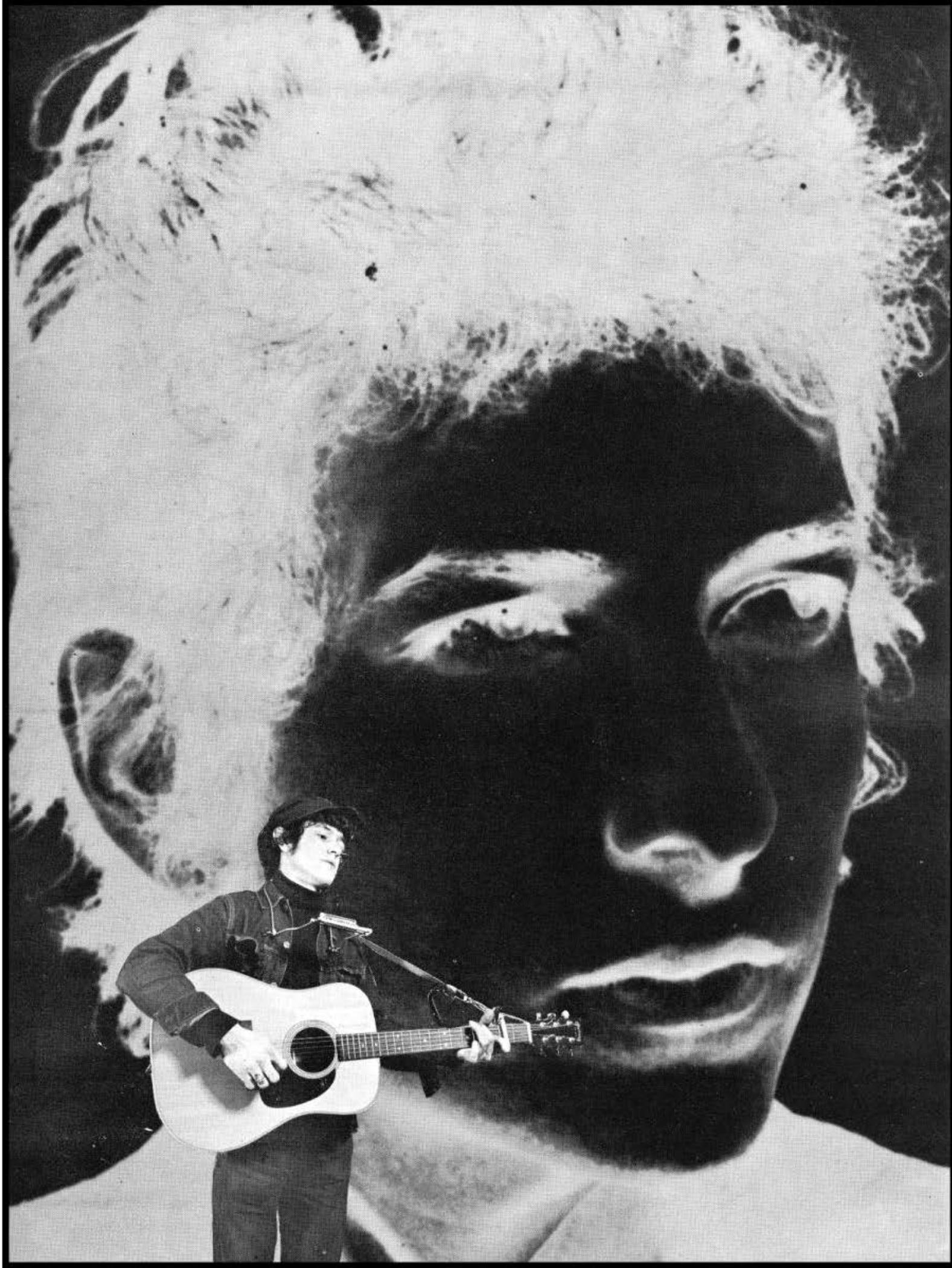
Of course he'll be kept busy for a long time to come—his big hit settled that. But continued chart success could be elusive if he's not extremely careful.

■ That's our summing-up of six of the best. The folk influence is creeping in, but there is still lots of room for other sounds if they have that touch of magic about them.

Pop predictions are filled with risks but that's what makes the chart so exciting.

Because every week when you see the new positions, IT'S ALL HAPPENING!





IN THE SHADOW OF DYLAN

**Mention the name
Donovan and
someone, somewhere
will whisper—'Dylan'.
For wherever he
goes, whatever he
sings or writes about,
Don is haunted by the
name Bob Dylan.
People still compare
the two; they think
Don is just a copy: no
one has yet given him
the chance to prove
himself. Here, RAVE
gives him the chance,
for here is the truth.**

It seems odd that so much wisdom and understanding should come from a boy so young, who wears faded jeans and a cap they say is copied from another. When I went to interview folk singer-poet-pop idol Donovan, I had expected nobody special, but the appearance fools you. The cap and the faded jeans and the sad little voice are just a front covering for a boy who is strangely old. You can't put a date on Donovan. He could have stepped out of the Old Testament, or the ancient Chinese civilisation, or the year two thousand.

He took me into a large studio room in a flat on the ninth floor of a block off Baker Street, London. A guitar lay on the bed, a child's play-pen was propped against a wall. There was a wide view of London across the rooftops and the lights shone out everywhere.

"I live here with my friend Gypsy Dave, and a married couple. That's their baby's playpen. She's eighteen months old. She's great. She went to stay with friends this week and we missed her terribly."

He ate macaroni from a tin and smoked Gypsy's cigarettes.

"All this about me copying Dylan," he said, "it's not true. I am what I am. What do people mean by copy? Is it a detailed copy or just an impression? Dylan and I are both after the public's attention and if we are helping each other, then fine. There is room for us both."

If you listen carefully to the words of both Donovan's and Dylan's songs, you begin to see the difference between them.

"I don't preach such positive things as Dylan. I look at it like this. There are people in the middle of a circle who are unsure and whose minds are still open. Then there are people around them whose minds are closed. And then there is me and there is Dylan and a few others outside the circle trying to get at those in the centre through those around them. Dylan writes about positive things that shock and are easy to grasp. I write about beauty."

He looked carefully at me to check I understood.

"There is a message in beauty. If the grass is green, the lawn well-mown and the flowers stand proud, it is a beautiful place. But if someone is slaughtered and red blood runs on to the green the garden is no longer beautiful. Where there is beauty there is no corrupting influence. If we keep beauty about us, we also keep away evil."

Donovan has been caught up in a gust of terrific publicity that has so far made him, but could also break him.

"I've got to try to get away from this idol bit," he said. "It served me well in finding me an audience



a poem with no name

*red
bled the sea
with sunset
orange
slid out
on its pastel skin
blue
through the eye
was cool
cloud
hustled
built up huge
a twist of tangerine harlequin
zapped across the night*

by donovan



to sing to, but now I have to come down to earth and try to keep that audience."

When you get through the jeans and the cap and the folk singer image that many say are phoney, you find a completely sincere boy, who is well aware of what is happening to him, and is only interested in getting over his message.

I've got to lose the idol bit," he repeated, "because I'm one of the people, not someone above them. I think every man is a God in himself but he shouldn't be one to anyone else. I think God is within man, and if man could perfect himself he would become God. ●●●



••• "I'm working hard on myself to rid myself of bad."

"What is bad?"

"So many things." He thought for a moment. "Conceit is very bad. Regard for oneself other than for oneself in relation to others, is bad. I have regard for what I am trying to give people because I think it will help. But I have no regard for the glory in being famous."

"I am trying to handle myself so that I am not hurt by people, or upset or angered. Feelings of that sort are a form of self-adoration. It doesn't hurt me now when I am called a fake and a copy. I feel only



*a terracotta love poem
velvet killed
its colour blue
for reds and browns
upon your
beautiful arms
an i can see you
shimmerin
like a precious stone
playin in the lights
of your eyes
i can soak my mouth
upon the ends of the
lowerin cage of your hair*

by donovan



pity for those who are shallow enough to call me these things because they cannot see me properly."

It seems to me that Donovan's problem is that, as an entertainer, he has been discovered a year too early. Most folk singers are influenced by those who have gone before, and if he sounds like anybody else it is because he hasn't had time for his own style to develop.

"The people I worry about most are those whose minds are made up. Those who say, 'Donovan is a layabout. He must be a layabout because he should be doing an apprenticeship or taking exams. He must also be a layabout because he wears jeans and plays a guitar. He is a copy of Dylan because they both wear a cap.'" Donovan shook his head sadly. "Because two men who pass in the street both wear tweed coats and bowler hats, are they the same?"

The room we sat in had such a beautiful view of London that Donovan turned out the light and opened the window.

"I play a game with myself," he said. "I look at people in the street or on a bus and guess where they live, what they went without to buy the clothes they wear, who loves them, who would care if they died."

"Do you ever look at all those lights in all those windows and realise that people are dying and loving and just existing there?" I asked.

He nodded. "And I realise they need help for every time they shout or quarrel or cry. They could have learned better."

He got up, turned on the light again and picked up a painting he had done. It looked like the work of a child and I said so.

"It's good to paint like a child. If we could go on thinking like children we'd be fine, because they're so fair and clear-headed."

I asked him what he will do with all the money he is earning.

"Maybe give it away," he said. Then, "Possibly I'll buy a house

first, so I always will have somewhere to go. Otherwise, I have little use for money. I don't need to go to places money can take me to. I don't need to buy things it can buy. I've everything I need without it."

I asked him what he has.

"True friends, my guitar, my health and my brain. And eyes that seek for the truth and find it."

Maybe he does look a little like



Here is the painting by Don. He says it represents springtime.

Dylan. Maybe he does still walk in his shadow. But one day, perhaps, if people listen hard enough and look closely with eyes that see, the echo of Dylan will be gone for ever and the only shadow that is cast will be of—Donovan.

DAWN JAMES

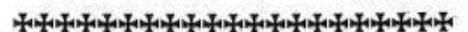


two poems

*sea mind
is
a wind tossed
balloon
as spring sun
quicken on
the grass blades
by the sand bank*

*white snowshoe
hares
dab the blue snow
softly
in the pines
toward some
great thinkin'*

by donovan



GET INTO PRINT.

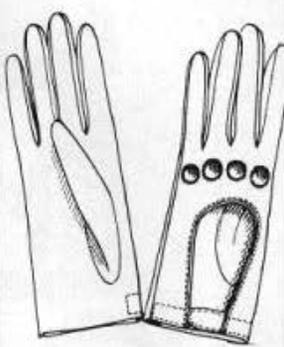


Smart girls wear it. Off-beat girls wear it. Dolly girls wear it. Print is making the headlines all over town. It's the 'in' thing to be seen in. Bold and splashy, small and 'granny', or dark and Paisley—print is the latest news on the fashion scene. That's why we took this month's RAVE fashion shots while this issue was being printed! Kept us in the mood! So stop press for the latest outfits. Fill that space with print, print, print . . .

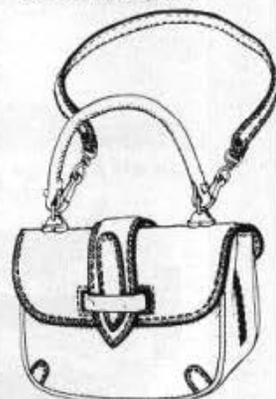
Demure and feminine—that's Shirley-Ann's cotton linen suit. Made by Lee Cecil, price £6 19s. 6d., hat £1 10s. 6d. Vivian's cotton two piece—that's Vivian holding RAVE—is in pale blue and white print, also by Lee Cecil £6 6s., hat £1 10s. 6d. . . .



Print hat by Fenwick, 29s. 6d.



Leather "Knuckle-dusters", by Kir at John Lewis, 42s.

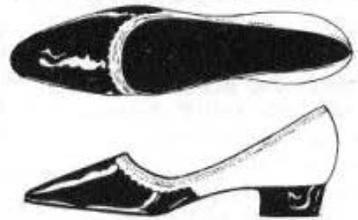


Leather, Susan Handbags, 99s. 6d.

Right: Vivian wears a print blouse, smock style with a Peter Pan collar, double buttons and a drawstring belt, 42s. from Neatawear. The cotton twill skirt is also by Neatawear, 39s. 11d.

PICTURES BY P. L. JAMES

Above: Shirley-Ann wears a cotton dolly dress, great for warm June evenings, comes in navy and white print and costs £5 5s. by Lee Cecil, hat £1 10s. 6d. Shoes by Dolcis 59s. 11d. Vivian's dark print dress by Marlborough £6 6s. Shoes by Lennard 49s. 11d.



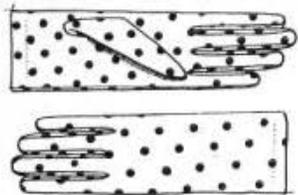
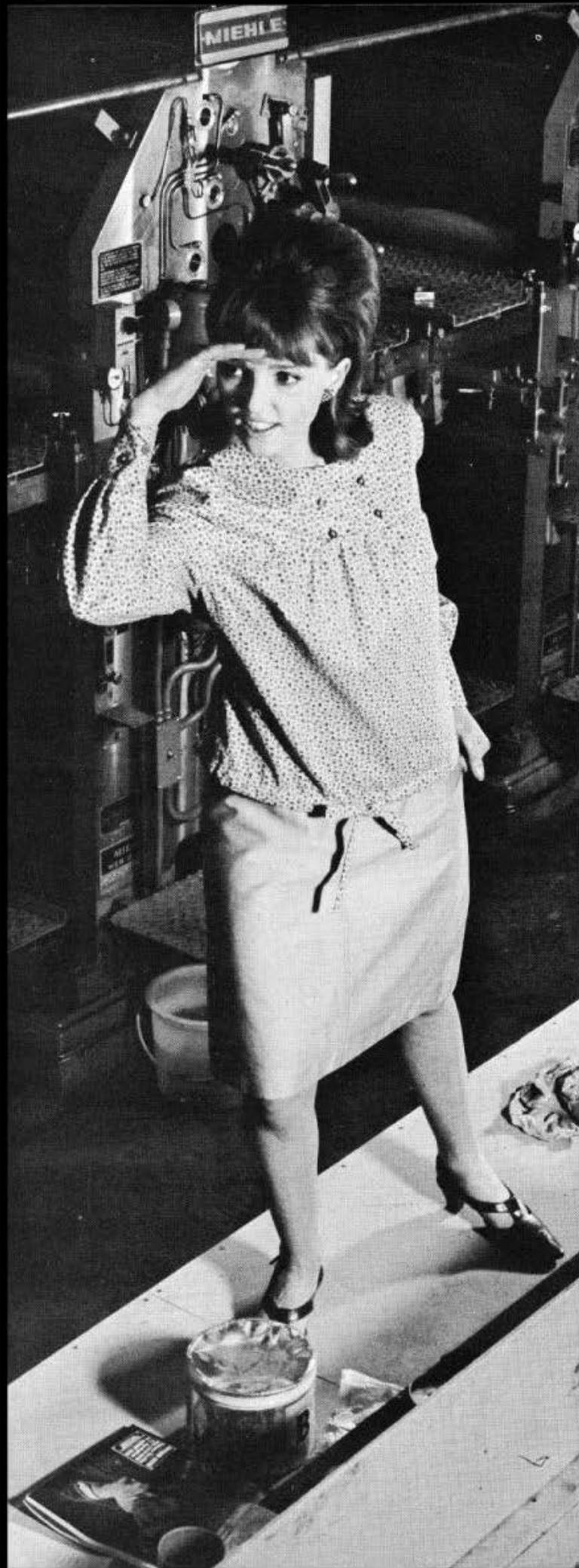
Suede 'n' patent, Dolcis, 59s. 11d.

Enamel print bracelet, 69s. 11d.



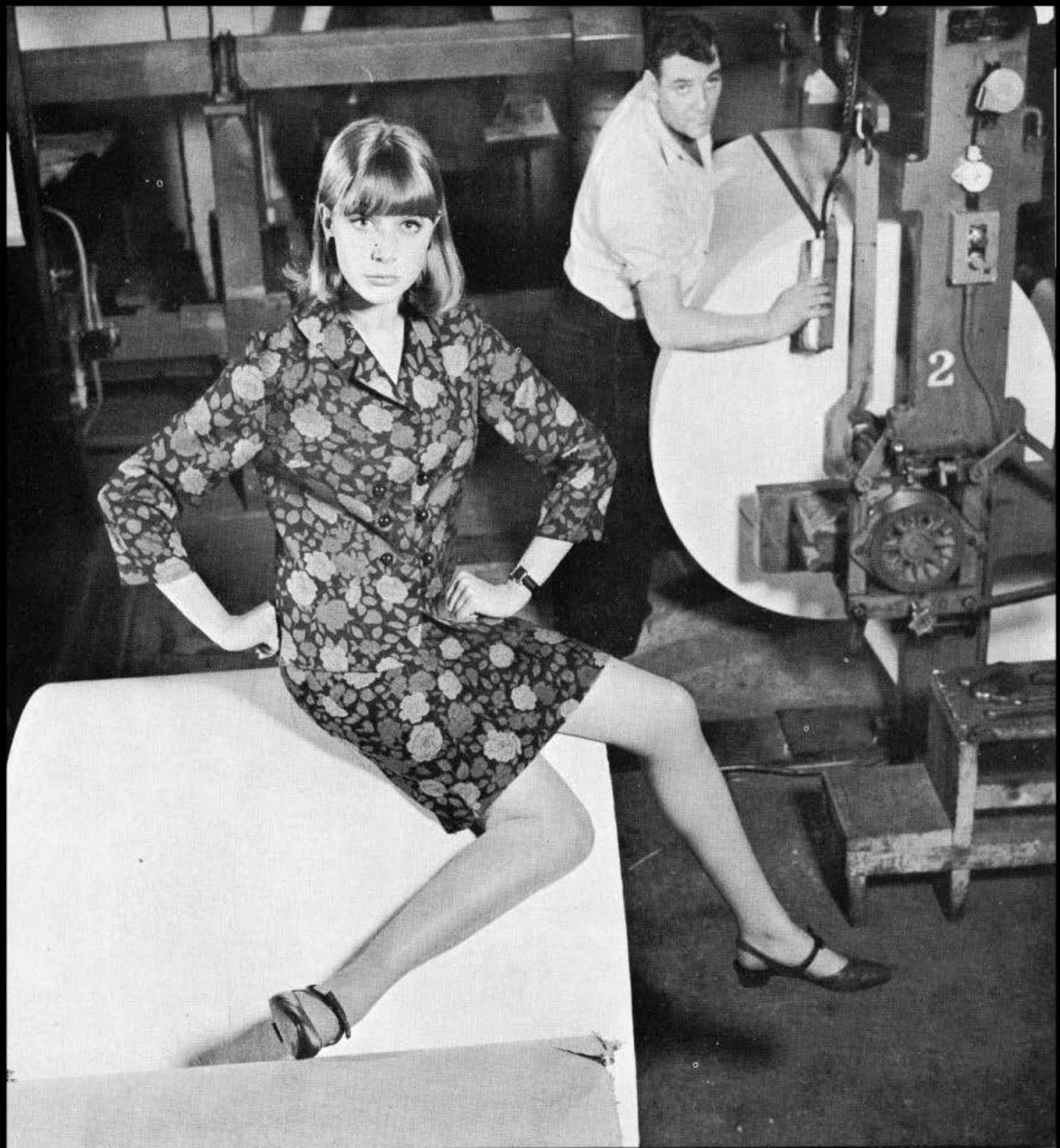
Ring 39s. 6d. Fenwick.

Metal flower earring Jewelfcraft, 21s.



Polkadot cotton, Kir, 9s. 11d.

Swinging print trouser suit by Emcar, comes in fabulous green paisley and has a skirt to match. Skirt and jacket 6½ gns., trousers 59s. 6d. Vivian's Paisley print suit is by Elgee, 8½ gns. Colours include pink, blue and lemon. ● ●

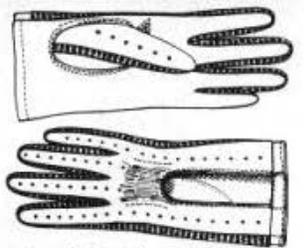


Elegant dark print suit in cotton linen by Susan Barry. Seen here on giant roll of RAVE printing paper. Price £6 9s. 6d. Comes in tan and black, blue and black and red and black. Shoes by Lennard 49s. 11d.

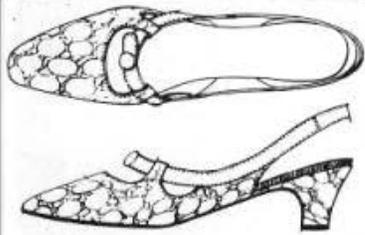


Print umbrella, Susan Handbags, 84s.

Neatawear, 59s. 11d.

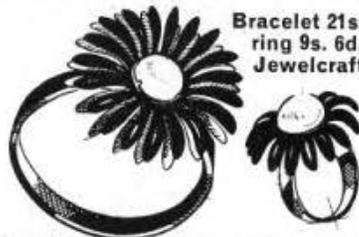


Leather 'n' string, Kir, 37s. 6d.



Leather, Dolcis Shoes, 59s. 11d.

Brooch by Jewelcraft, 25s.



Bracelet 21s., ring 9s. 6d., Jewelcraft.

Here Shirley-Ann is seen in a cute cotton mix and match suit by Eliza Linzi price 4 gns. Vivian's "great for any occasion suit" is made by Emcar and costs £4 9s. 6d., her shoes by Lennard, 49s. 11d.

ALL CLOTHES CHOSEN BY TRILBY LANE

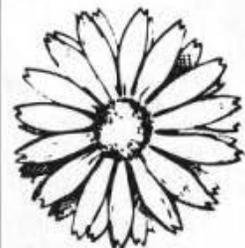
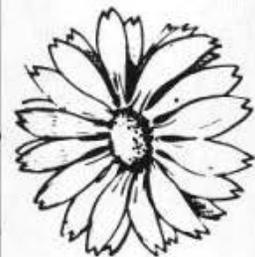
DRAWINGS BY ALAN PARRY



Printed cotton, Fenwick, 37s. 6d.



Leather, Susan Handbags, 79s. 11d.



Daisy earrings, Fenwick, 6s. 11d.



It's Knight time—and Knight time is the right time for impersonations.

So we brought the Barron Knights up to our studios to show us how they do their take-offs.

Barron P'nut (right) says he uses a special invisible pole vault for his take-off of Freddie. It looks great, but the reason for the look of agony on P'nut's face is that his pole is so invisible that he forgets where it is and lands on it! (The moral of that joke is: parting is such sweet sorrow.)



The three Knights below in a row are P'nut, Duke and Butch, and excuse us for saying they're so handy to have around. Right now, they're doing their Soupames bit but we wish they'd stop.



P'nut is the Knight who does Sandie Sore—not because he wants to but because all the other Knights say they're fed up with him always putting his foot in it and so this makes a nice change!



Here's Barron Butch in one of his favourite take-offs—Val Droolican. Butch says it's his easy, relaxed, carefree manner that enables him to take-off Val so easily. Barron Duke (his collapsible stool) says it's just because he's lazy.



Barron Duke has been practising his Mick Jagger wiggle for ages now. Not long ago he hit on the idea of putting ice cubes down his back to help. Not a bad idea but personally we prefer living in the Stone Age to the Ice Age!



Last but not least here's the Barron Knights taking off the Barron Knights. Only one snag though—they do so many impersonations of others—none of them can remember what the Barron Knights really look like!



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GIRL IN LOVE IN A GIRL'S WORLD...

A white camellia lay dying on the glass-topped table, left without water by some thoughtless person. Marianne Faithfull picked it up gently.

"I'm having these in my wedding bouquet," she said. "Thank goodness, love lasts long after the flowers are dead, and the dress and the veil crushed and spoiled."

Marianne knows about love, and about how important it is that it should last. Marianne knows about lots of things, like learning to cope with success, and keeping your feet on the ground. Like being able to decide, "I want to marry John Dunbar, university student; though I may endanger my flourishing career to do so." Marianne knows what it is like to hear clapping hands, and how good it feels to see a record in the Top Ten, but how useless and unimportant life seems unless you have someone dear to share it with you.

She sipped her long cool drink as we sat on the hotel terrace where we had met looking out towards a park.

"You say I know lots of things, even now, I don't really know what love is," she said quietly. "Poets have failed to put it into words, so how can I? I think it is something to do with liking someone very much, knowing their faults and not minding."

Convent-educated Marianne, the girl who wanted to go to university but ended up making a record, has thought about the step she is taking into marriage carefully.

"People are surprised that I should turn from the pop

world which is so glamorous, to marry an ex-student, who hasn't a great deal of money. But I see everything on a long-term basis. I see myself as I am today with my wonderful career as something that will last for maybe two years. I see also another sixty years looming ahead, when I will want to laugh, and cry, and be comforted. Marrying John is forever. I've absolutely no doubt that it is the right thing to do. He fits in to the whole sixty years."

She bowed her head thoughtfully, and fine gold hair fell onto her shoulders. A frail sort of beauty, Marianne speaks softly and walks lightly, and contemplates surely.

"Being in love is like an awakening. It's not sensational or anything, but calmly surely beautiful. Every day has meaning. And for me it always will, you see. I want six children and to cook fantastic meals. I don't want to be a star at thirty-five. By then, 'big sons' will be dashing in, calling, 'Mother you've swiped my record player again!' Which I will have, knowing me!"

She looked laughingly sad, "Of course, being in love has its drawbacks. You make sacrifices. I wanted a mill house in Dorset, but my fiancé decided on a tin mine in Cornwall. You can convert tin mine buildings into super homes. So, as soon as we can afford it, we'll move to Cornwall."

When Marianne sings she seems to be self-possessed. She is. She looks like a girl

who has worked out her life and knows what she wants from it. She has, and she does.

"Since I became a pop singer I have learned to be organised and calm. I was untidy at school, but now I hang up my clothes because I have to look nice every minute of every day. At first, I was very impressed with the pop world and I fell for some pretty super pop stars. But I knew soon that it was just a game. I said to myself, 'This is for the present, for the duration of a tour, or for the brief star-studded time you are famous. This isn't for keeps.'"

Her eyes shone with a warmth and a glow associated with those in love. But she talked casually and gaily.

"My fiancé is disgustingly lazy. I work like a mad woman while he studies at his leisure. And I'm not even allowed to spend my money—he won't take a penny." She giggled. "We have terrible fights. I wanted him to have a black leather study. He says he won't have a study at all. (Just as well when you see the size of our flat!) I wanted furniture in our lounge. He says it is an unnecessary luxury. All his friends sit on the floor, so he says we shall have super fitted carpets, gorgeous curtains, and one chair for me. I don't actually mind, but I feel people will think I'm rather queening it as I sit marooned in my chair.

"I shall be famous for my dinner parties: baked beans and After Eight chocolates. Oh, it'll be such fun!"

After she is married, Marianne is not touring again. Her work will be centred round television and record-making.

"I don't want to give up pop yet, but I can't always be away when I have a husband to look after," she said. "I love pop; the fans are a marvellous scene, so warm and nice. And there is no creed, religion or class in it. If you have talent you succeed, if not you die. That's how it should be."

But, despite stardom, this month the girl who loves pop will partly turn her back on it, as she walks down the aisle to become Mrs. John Dunbar.

The bouquet of camellias will lie dying; the bride with blue eyes like lakes laced in black grass will put away her white dress and tulle veil. She will sit in her solitary chair, while a young man on the floor strums a banjo. And in sixty years love will go on and on . . .

JEAN-MARIE



John Dunbar

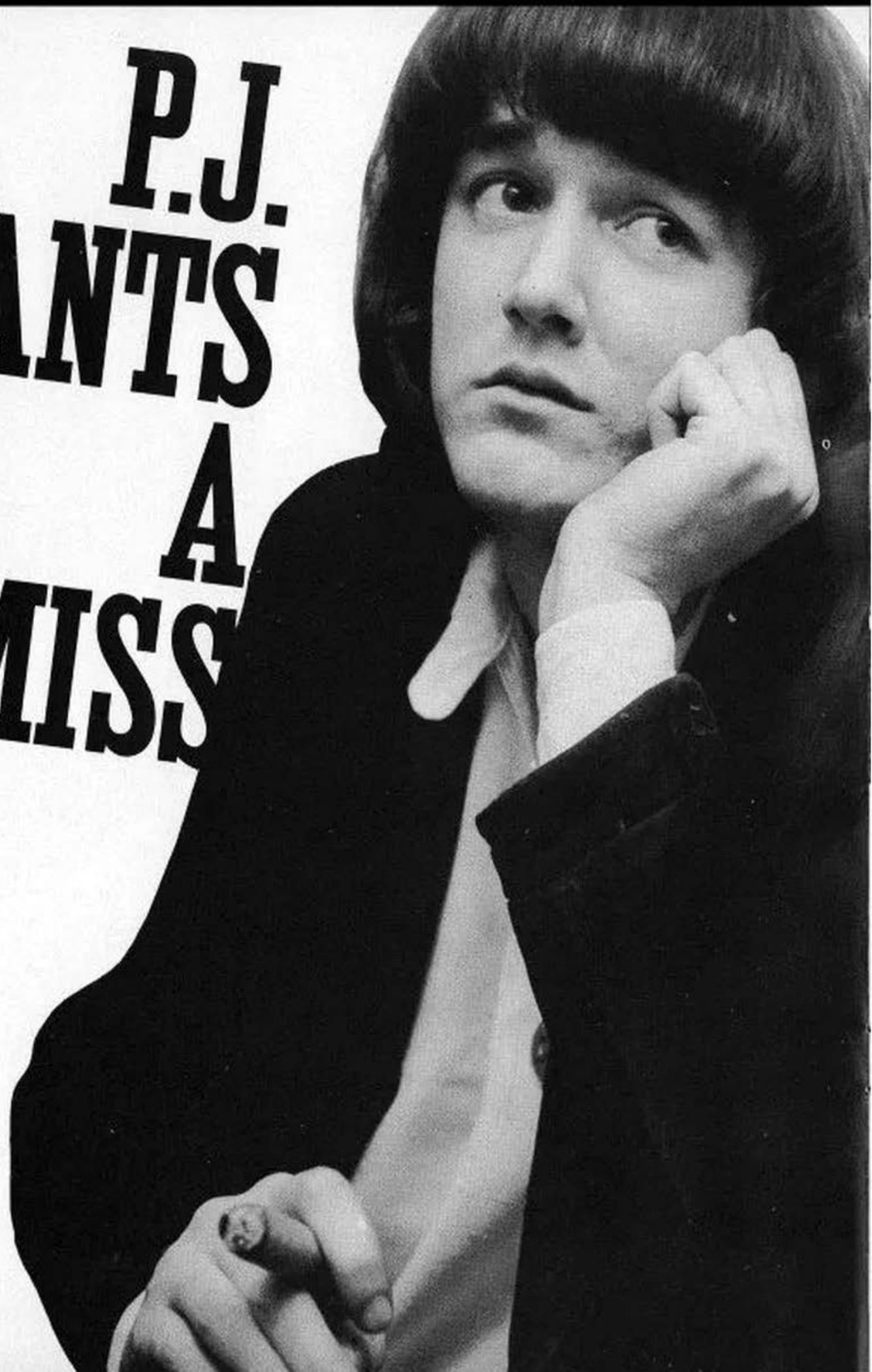
rave



 1990s MUSIC MAGAZINES

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

**P.J.
WANTS
A
MISS**



"Every girl I meet is a potential bride. I wish I was married again but I'm not because I haven't found the right girl. I don't know if I ever will ... but I'm looking ..."
Sad, lonely, P. J. spoke to RAVE'S Dawn James about his search; lonely man desperately looking for someone to love, care for, understand him.

He lay across a bed in a small Midland hotel room wearing old jeans and a well-known pale blue velvet top. "You'd better get dressed soon," Barry Benson his personal assistant and friend said. But P. J. Proby only slumped down further on to the pillow and sighed. There was rather a hole in his armour of self-confidence that night and his ego wasn't working too well.

Proby is twenty-six years old already divorced, a complex man living and competing in a world where success has found people nearly half his age. Is it sometimes bitterly lonely? Does he never look round at other men his age and see them settled, happily married, content?

He said, surprisingly, "Sure, I wish I was married. But I'm a bachelor because I haven't found the right girl."

How serious?

But is P.J. seriously looking? On his own admission he never actually invites a girl out to dinner or for an evening. He seems unable to handle what to him is the complicated niceties of a social evening as host to a girlfriend. He looked at me with piercing P.J. eyes.

"Men like me need wives," he said. "But I don't seem able to find one. I'd demand so much of her, you know. I'd want loyalty and adoration beyond the point of love. I don't suppose I'll find it, but every girl I meet for the first

time is a potential bride so far as I am concerned."

And he waits for her to ask him out.

"They chase me, I don't chase them," he said. "I've never asked a girl out in my life. They've always asked me. If I dig them then I go. Right now, I'm crazy about a girl who hasn't asked me out, and who I know never will. She isn't that kind of girl. I just don't know how to approach her. We sit for hours talking and then the people she is with leave—and she leaves, too."

He laughed, a bit embarrassed, at his rather unusual plight. When he laughs his teeth look white and his face wrinkles nicely. Being so handsome and charming (when he wishes to be) is really his downfall, because girls expect him to be fast and frivolous and to conform to the image of the star they love just because he is one. I think he is deeply scared to commit himself with a girl because he may learn later that she has only accepted his invitation because he is P. J. Proby.

'They'll kill me!'

"I don't believe in anyone. I think they will kill me with cruel words or double cross me behind my back. I want to trust a girl, but I can't let myself. When I start to feel something good towards one I automatically get the warning light, 'she'll hurt you'."

"If I do get to like her and get emotionally involved before I can pull out, then I look for something deep within the relationship. Because I have never found what I am searching for is the reason I have not married again."

P.J.'s dark hair fell untidily on to his shoulders and he looked unhappy. But he doesn't take his depressions out on anyone around him. He is always considerate and polite and he will talk to you as though he cares about you. But there is a barrier between him and people that he keeps up publicly and gives the impression he is big-headed, over-confident and hard. It is more likely, I believe, that the barrier hides insecurity that a star in Proby's position dare not show. Part of the insecurity is in his attitude to the girls in his life.

"I'm the most impossible man to live with," he said suddenly with unexpected

violence. "I spend twenty-four hours a day caring about me. I have no time for those around me. I'm impossible, aren't I, Barry?"

Barry adjusted a silver buckle on a blue velvet shoe. "You're O.K.," he said casually.

"Anyone who marries me is in for a terrible life. They'd be marrying Barry and Bongo Wolfe, my other friend, and Mr. President my dog, and Marmaduke my cat, as well as me. 'Love me' is enough to ask a girl, without 'love my family' too." He laughed quietly, and his face wrinkled nicely again.

Downstairs, in the hotel hall, a crowd of footballers staying in town overnight had gathered to cheer and chide P.J. as he left for the theatre.

"Where is your bow, P. J. Proby?" we could hear them chanting and "We've a place for him somewhere!"

Proby frowned, then shouted, "Get them out of here, Barry. I'm not leaving till the place is cleared."

Within the Proby image, exaggerations and ego, is a man who can say, 'I'm the greatest, God's gift to Pop,' yet who seems strangely deaf to his own message. I think the girl who marries this man—if she exists at all—will find it is his inferiority complex that proves to be the stumbling block and not his ego. As he says, he needs a lot of love from a woman.

"And what would you give her back?" I asked.

"All my love and devotion. There wouldn't be another woman in the world once I was married."

The hidden truth

The girl who marries Proby will have to learn to see the truth behind the lies. He says he is selfish, too busy to bother with people and if they come to him for help, he throws them out. Yet, in fact, he gives them shelter and sorts out their problems.

He surrounds himself with Bongo and Barry and his animals, and he says he needs them because they are loyal and loyalty is so rare a thing.

He stood up and stretched. The noise from the hall downstairs had ceased. "Reckon I'll get dressed now for the show," he said, but turned to me before I left.

"Do you reckon I'll find the right girl?" he asked. And it wasn't so much a question as a plea.



rave

PAUL JONES

WHEN MAN MEETS MANN

When Alan Freeman met Manfred Mann vocalist Paul Jones for another of his fabulous Heart-to-Heart interviews, we knew there would be some explosive, exciting things said on the pop scene. We were wrong. Instead there emerged a compelling story of Paul's battle to the top and some tales of his heart-breaking experiences on the way.

The whole idea of the Paul Jones dance is to move around the scene and get acquainted. Young Mr. Jones has been playing it that way for most of his twenty-three years, swinging a pick here, plucking a chord there . . . until one day the buzz went round the outer regions of the pop world that Manfred Mann had a vacancy for a singer.

"There was supposed to be an audition," Paul said cheerfully. "But I was the only one who turned up. Two of the group thought I was absolutely terrible. Two thought I was good, and the other two said I'd do until a replacement came along."

Well, that's one way of making it, pop-pickers. Each to his own choice of invasion tactics. I've heard of many different stunts for scheming yourself into pop. Like getting yourself a dish-washing job in some elegant nosh house where Brian Epstein eats and singing loudly through the service hatch. Or, again, you could lie awake dreaming of making the national press by riding up and down the West End in a platinum jacket on one of those safety bicycles.

Neither method, though, has the compelling simplicity of Mr. Jones' device for arriving at instant fame. He just ambled quietly into the Roaring Twenties Club where the then seven Manfreds were appearing and announced: "I heard you were looking for a singer."

A Happy Man(n)

Paul detests solemnity and self-importance. "I'm a very happy man," he told me. "It's all turned out fine.

"I've a wife and two sons and I'm doing the things I want to do. And I'm singing. You know, I get a really sensual pleasure out of singing."

You might, in fact, call Paul one of the best-adjusted people in pop. You know the old bit about pop reflecting the insecurity and uncertainties of the age. Well, when he's not singing or digging other singers, Paul surveys the whole caper with vague amusement.

Paul Jones must be the only pop singer who ever got slung out of Oxford University. "Basically I suppose it was for being lazy," he said. He was sitting in my flat watching the coffee percolator doing its stuff. With the mid-day sunshine flooding in, he looked all tawny and calm but not in the least lazy.

"I think it was also because I had a band. You're not supposed to do any acting or plays or whatnot unless you get permission—a girl I know appeared in a play and her tutor saw her in it and they made them take the play off.

English Lessons

"I'd gone there to do English, but all the time I was there they were saying things like, 'You've got to knuckle down, you know' and 'What's all this I hear about you and this band swinging all over the Shire?' All that stuff.

"I was fed up with the University after about half a term, which is six weeks. I had imagined it'd be a liberal, free-minded place. But it was more restricted than anywhere else I'd ever been.

"I felt there was a lot wrong with Oxford but I wasn't articulate enough—or interested enough—to do anything about it. It seemed to me to be turning out a lot of elderly young men, all conforming like sausages.

"The last straw, the reason I was actually thrown out, was that I failed Prelims—the exams you take in the first year. I went back to Portsmouth, where . . .



- • I come from. And my father, who was a Captain in the Navy, said, 'Yes, well, that's it, isn't it? You'll have to earn a living.' And he gave me five pounds."

I poured some coffee and passed it across. Paul took a pull at it and went on.

"I stayed with some friends in London and got myself a temporary job sorting cheques in the Midland Bank in the City. I used to go in every day in a grey suit and stand there until five and I really hated London at that time. It was so hot and dusty.

"I stuck that for five weeks and then I went up to Edinburgh. Two people I knew were up there for the Festival, poetry reading, all that bit. They said why didn't I come back and share a flat with them in Oxford, which was much cheaper than living in London.

"So I went back with them, and I got this job marking exam papers, which was funny in the circumstances. Then I worked on the railways as a porter.

"I noticed that it had become winter, almost imperceptibly. It was very cold. I got a job with this man who was excavating a building site in Oxford. He was digging fifty-foot holes with a lot of funny machinery and sending the earth back in little jars so the architects could decide whether it was okay to build on.

"What I did was to turn the handle so that this machine knew where to dig. The boffins from the university kept coming around and saying, 'If you find any bones or bits of old pot or anything interesting, let us know.'



I assembled this incredible team of layabouts . . . and we dug and dug . . .



"So I kept all these little bits of pots and they'd peer at them and say, 'Mmm . . . how interesting. Early ninth century.' After eight weeks the job finished, but the boffins came round again and said there was some old ninth century or something village, under the site. They said, 'We're going to work on it ourselves. Would you like to dig holes for us?'"

"I said, 'Yes, all right. I don't mind.' And instead of digging long narrow holes they told us to dig wide shallow holes. I assembled this incredible team of beatniks and layabouts and we all dug and dug, and the boffins were down on their knees scraping away with trowels at these little fragments of pots and exclaiming for all they were worth.

The Out Crowd

"Across the road was another crowd building a new Marks and Spencers. They were bashing away with great cranes and heavy drills but they kept finding beautiful stuff—whole vases and bottles. These working blokes would come over to us and say, wide-eyed, 'Look what we found, guv'nor.'

"And the boffins would look down their noses at them and say, 'Oh, yes. Only eighteenth century.' And they'd start scraping away with their trowels again looking for more fiddling little bits.

"It was one of the funniest things of my life."

A year after he was sent down from Oxford, Paul was still meeting up with his past.

"I got a job on the river in the summer, opening the lock gates on the Thames. I used to lie there reading a book in the sun with no shirt, and I'd hear this refined sort of shout up the river, 'Lock!'"

"Then I'd have to open the gates for the University rowing team and they'd rush off shouting, 'In, out, pull together, men.' And I'd go back to reading my book."

Once again, Paul was expelled—this time from river service for turning up late.

"So I came up to London after that and got a job as a travelling salesman for



Being in a group was a sort of rebellion. I don't think it's the same any more though.



a folk music label—Topic Records. Then I did the same kind of thing for Esquire Records.

"I'd been doing this for about six months when people started to say to each other, 'Do you know of a singer?' The word got to me eventually after about nineteen people had asked each other. I went along—and that's how I got in with the group."

I said, "When did you first decide you wanted to be a singer, Paul?"

He smiled. "I can remember to the exact day. It was the day 'Rock Island Line' got to Number One. I'd been given a guitar for my fifteenth birthday and I thought Lonnie Donegan was the greatest thing that ever happened.

"I think it was Lonnie who started the whole thing in England which is now the Beatles and the Rolling Stones.

"I formed a skiffle group and we started to play around Portsmouth. The whole teenage thing was just beginning to move. It was all Elvis Presley and James Dean and isn't youth wonderful?"

"It was great to be in a group. You felt it was a sort of rebellion, that you were arousing something in people. I don't think it's the same any more. The group is an accepted thing now.

"It's the individual who does that today: huddled in the spotlight, like Donovan. That was really what made



Bob Dylan. A huge stage and just this one little bloke out there on his own.

"Funny, that. I would never have thought that pop music included Bob Dylan, but now that he's in the Top Ten obviously it does. I think 'chart music' is a better term for it. Pop music is like some kind of huge plastic bag that changes its shape in this direction and then comes back and changes its shape in that direction.

"When the Beatles came along one of the things that made you love them was this freshness. Now that they've been around all this time they've no longer got it, I suppose.

"But they've got something nobody else has. They're taking the mickey out of the whole pop thing. You know, when Cathy McGowan comes up to George with the mike and says, 'George, if you were taking a girl out where would you take her?'

"And George just grunts, 'Home.' The thing is, he means it. The Beatles can be honest about it all. They don't have to go on with any of your old pretence."

Paul thumbed over some sheets of music lying on the coffee-table.

I asked if he was doing much writing for the group.

Want To Do More

He shook his head. "I want to do more than I'm doing now. Let's see, of the stuff we've recorded, Manfred wrote 'Why Should We Not?'. That was our first, an instrumental. The second, 'Cock-a-Hoop', I wrote as well as the B side. Three of us wrote 'Five-Four-Three-Two-One' and I wrote the B side. 'Hubble-Bubble', which didn't do well, was written by five of us, and Manfred and I wrote the B side.

"As time has gone on, I'm writing less and less. Our recent A sides are songs that have been done before.

"Maybe it's because I need to be alone before I can write anything. It's not so easy now. When I'm not with the group



The only reason I got the job with Manfred was because nobody else turned up.



I'm with my family, and if there's any kind of activity going around me I can't write two lines.

"When I was young I used to walk for hours just to be alone and to think things out. Today, I just can't. There isn't the time."

Paul lives with his wife, Sheila—whom he met at Oxford—and their baby sons in a converted West London garage which is near several of the recording studios.

"Do you think," I asked, "that one day you might regret not having gone ahead and taken a degree?"

He shrugged. "Not yet. I keep thinking that one day I may be sorry, but it hasn't happened.

"My father was worried for a while, though. But he respects success in anything. He joined the Navy as a kid to keep his mother and he wound up as a Captain. Self-made man."

"With a self-made son," I said.

Paul nodded. "That's it."

He admits that his own good fortune was based on the slimmest of chances. "The only reason I got the job with Manfred, as I told you, was that nobody else turned up. Manfred reckoned I could just about be put up with until they got someone better, and in fact

another bloke did come along four or six months later and say, 'I can sing better than he can.'

"Which was probably true. I was going through a terrible phase, all out of tune. I'd done a few weeks standing in a blue blazer singing for three quid on Saturday night in a palais at Slough with seven dance band musicians who thought Buddy Greco was the bee's knees. I packed it in and sat in sometimes with Alexis Korner, which straightened me out musically.

"But I'm convinced that I wouldn't be anywhere if it weren't for Manfred. He's got a great gift of picking out what will go commercially. I haven't. I used to sit around playing that record of 'Do-Wah-Diddy' by The Exciters, and it never occurred to me to record it, or that it'd be a hit.

"Our secret is in the arrangements. Manfred is very painstaking and he knows a terrific amount about harmony.

"No one's boss in our group. Everyone has a say. There are no discountable voices. I'm not sure whether this is good or bad. It's great when we're having a round table conference, but maybe not so great when we go into television or into the recording studio.

Slight Disagreement

"There's harassed Fred Producer putting his head out of his control booth saying, 'What's next, men?' And somebody says 'Watch Your Step' and Manfred says 'Water Melon Man' and Mike is saying something else.

"We have to say, 'Hold on a moment. Matter of slight disagreement here. Ha, ha.' And we all go into a terrible sort of huddle with gritting of teeth and all that. But it works. It means that when we finally decide to do something we've all agreed to do it. It makes a sort of happiness."

Paul stood up, buttoning his green jungle jacket. I said, "Would you say it's worked out for you?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "Yes. One hasn't amassed anything like enough money to feel absolutely secure, like the Beatles, say. All the travelling brings me down from time to time, too. There's just two places I want to be.

"One is home with my wife Sheila and my two sons, Matthew and Jacob, sandpapering a couple of chairs I've bought. The other is up on the stage singing.

"Singing for me is an actual physical pleasure."

And thousands of his fans share it, I thought as we shook hands. It balances out all round.

Next month, pop-pickers. Stay bright.

I used to walk for hours to think things out—today I can't. There isn't the time.



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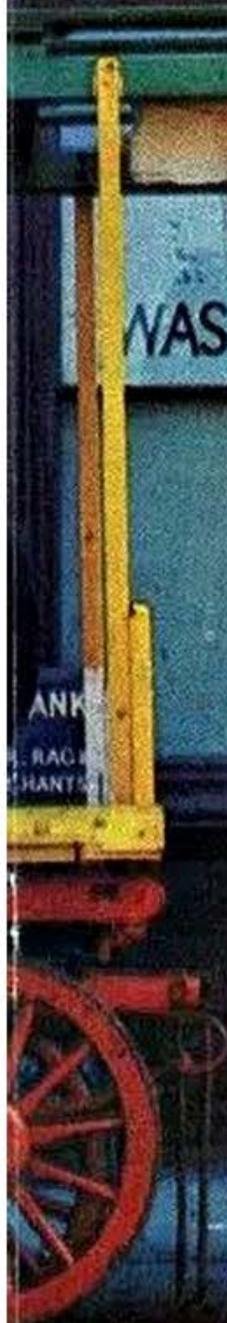
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**His name is Eric Clapton.
His nickname in the Yardbirds was
"Slow-Hand" because he clapped
his hands.
He played on the Yardbirds' No. 1
hit disc, "For Your Love."
Just before it crashed into the
charts Eric "Slow-Hand" Clapton
left. WHY?**

He sat in the office chair beyond the desk, like a bird who used his wings to fly and landed rather hard. Eric Clapton, the ex-member of the Yardbirds, shook hands with me but didn't smile at first. His mouth was tense, his hands worked on the button of his jacket. He has rather super eyes that are not afraid to look straight at you, though.

"I don't want to knock the Yardbirds," he said. "It would only seem like sour grapes. They are the best of the pop r and b groups, and they can be terrifically good. I miss lots of things about them and the old life, actually. I miss them too at times. Even though we had downs more than ups I did spend all that time with them and sometimes now I think about what they'll be doing. I wonder how the new boy is getting on. Wonder if things are still the same. Think about Keith's asthma." He looked rather sad. "I especially miss the nights at the Marquee Club, they were good."

"Are you a lonely person now, Eric?"

Surprise, Surprise!

He showed surprise at the question. "Yes, as a matter of fact I am," he said. "But not so lonely as when I was with the Yardbirds. Then it was a question of being alone within a crowd, and that is the worst form of loneliness. You know, like when you feel ill in a bus and the faces round you just stare, and you feel that if you

said to them, 'Please help me, I am ill,' they would think you were mad. I lived as part of the Yardbirds unit yet I was completely out of touch with it. I couldn't speak and be understood. And they couldn't speak to me either. We just couldn't communicate."

He left the group after they had made their number one hit record "For Your Love", but before it entered the charts.

Honesty

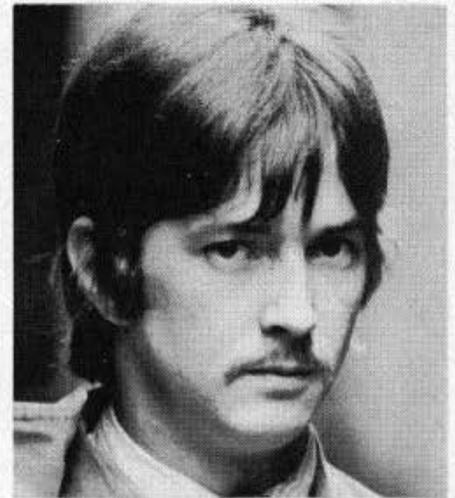
"Of course, after it was such a hit I wished I'd stayed on a bit longer. The money would have come in pretty useful. It wouldn't be honest to pretend I didn't think about it after, but things had got to such a state between us that I couldn't have faced it.

"I think many pop bands are pushed too hard. They can't help but lose some feeling, and tension amongst them can easily build up. Working every night you become a machine, you play to order. You have to get your bit right so you don't get yelled at by the management. You lose your regard for your fellow artists in the group. Then the tension really mounts."

Eric is a compulsive musician who sacrificed fame for his belief in his own brand of music. At twenty he is an intelligent, sensitive, highly-professional musician. When he played with the Yardbirds he was



**Above: Eric in his Yardbird days.
Below: as he looks now, playing
as he likes in John Mayall's Blues
Breakers.**



playing with a similar kind. Why, then, did they get at loggerheads? He says it was the pressure of work. Keith Relf, leader of the Yardbirds partly agrees, adds, "Eric is a true blues man; he likes very way-out deep music. We are playing more understandable r and b. Overwork and a mixture of temperaments caused the trouble. But we parted quite good friends."

New Group

Now Eric plays with The John Mayall Blues Breakers.

"Playing to me has always been an outlet. With John Mayall I can play

THE YARDBIRD WHO GOT

how I like," he said. "I'm a very passive person but I can make chords on a guitar sound vicious and violent. When I do, it is all the bad things I've ever seen coming out. Sometimes I don't play for days, but when I pick up the guitar a stream of feelings pour through it."

As he talked he visibly relaxed. The coat button was left alone and he smiled. But talking to him it became obvious that here is a boy you don't get to know in an hour.

Rather unsure of himself in many ways, he believes deeply in truth and honesty. He cares enough about music to fight for what he thinks is right.

"I've got very disillusioned since I entered the commercial side of show business. A lot of cattiness and cruelty goes on. I kick hard at that. Someone has to start saying what they think. If they don't, it's a negative way of behaving. You should give not take all the time. Real musicians give because they want to see music improved."

People Who Care

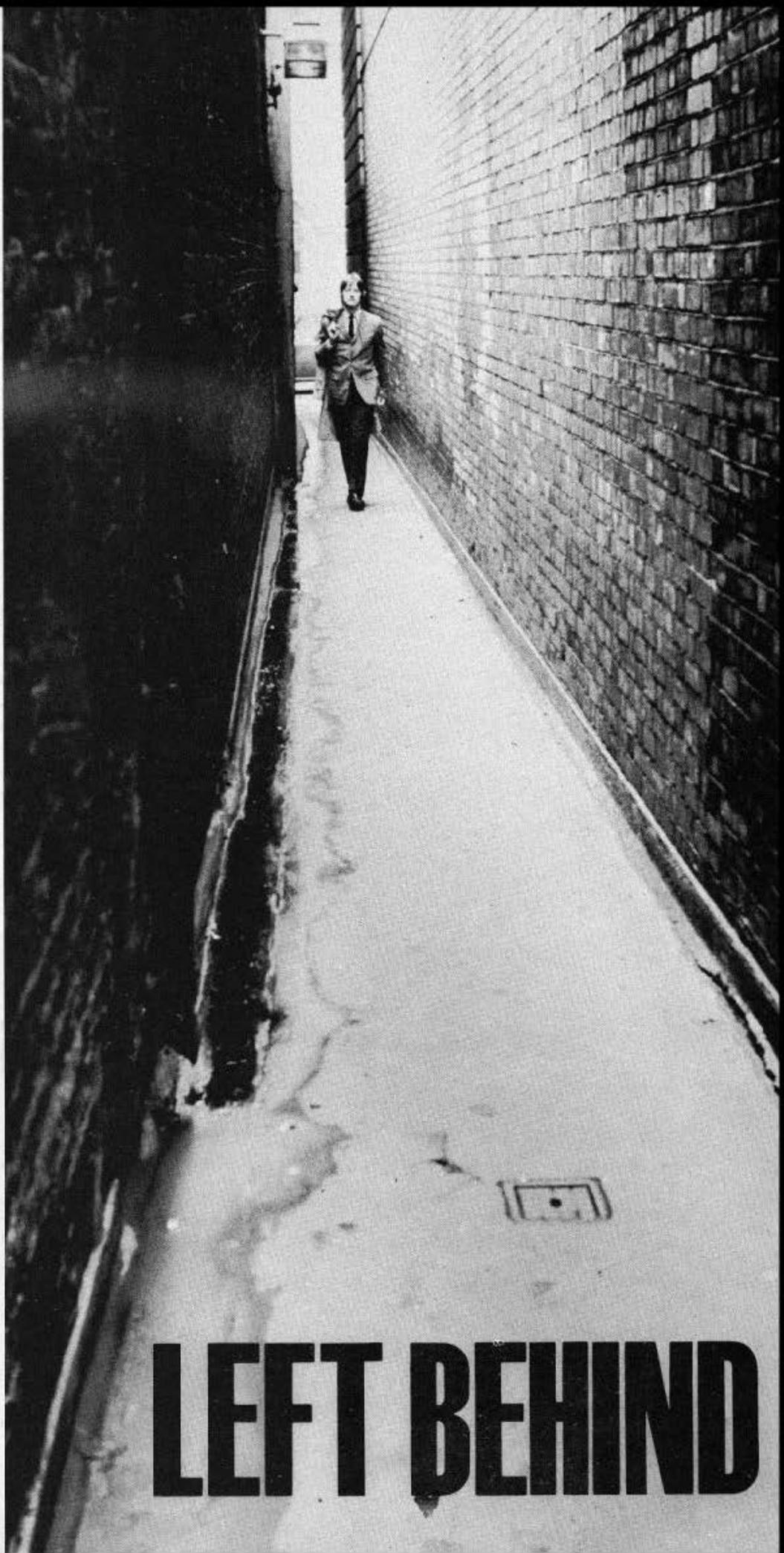
He got up from the chair and walked across the room. "There are lots of people who care about pop music, and only a few who care about real blues. If I hadn't left the Yardbirds I wouldn't have been able to play real blues much longer because I was destroying myself. One night I was so concerned, I felt I was going mad, so I rang up my best friend. But there was something wrong with his 'phone and he couldn't hear me. 'Ben?' I kept saying. 'Who the blazes is it?' he was yelling. I thought I'd gone out of my mind, and that my only friend was against me. It shows how insecure I felt, I suppose."

Suddenly, he smiled. "But I don't want you to think my years with the boys were all bad. They weren't. We had some exciting and happy times."

He stood up and looked at me quizzically. "I don't expect I'll be a great success. I'm not that sort of a bloke. I never expect good things to happen to me. When I came here I expected the train would be late and I'd miss the interview, or that you wouldn't like me when I did get here. But if I don't make it big as a musician and I end up very poor, money-wise, it won't really mean I've failed. Not within myself.

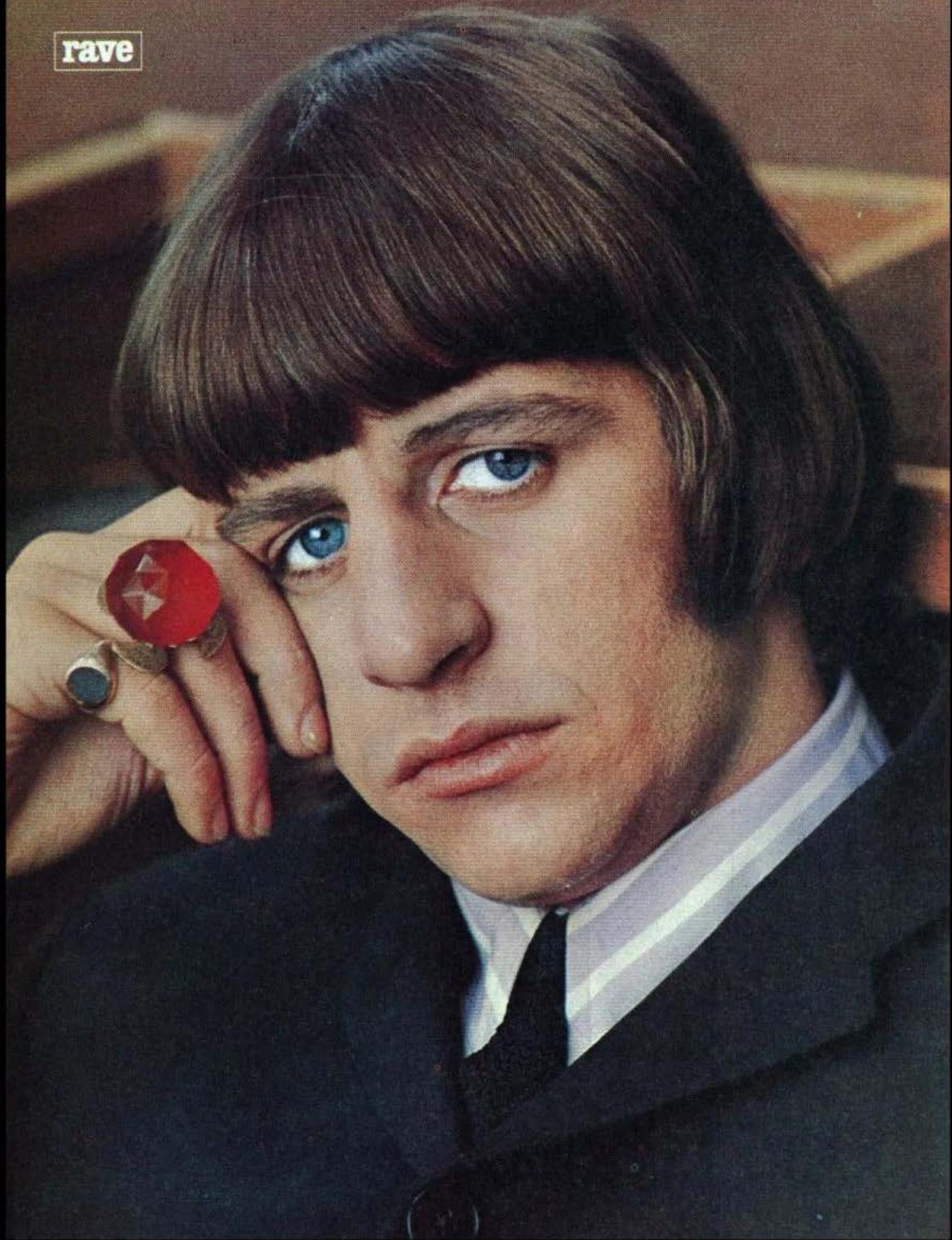
"You have to do what you think is right, don't you? And for me to face myself I have to play what I believe is pure and sincere and uncorrupted music. That is why I had to leave the Yardbirds."

DAWN JAMES



LEFT BEHIND

rave



once upon a
time there
were poor
beatles ...

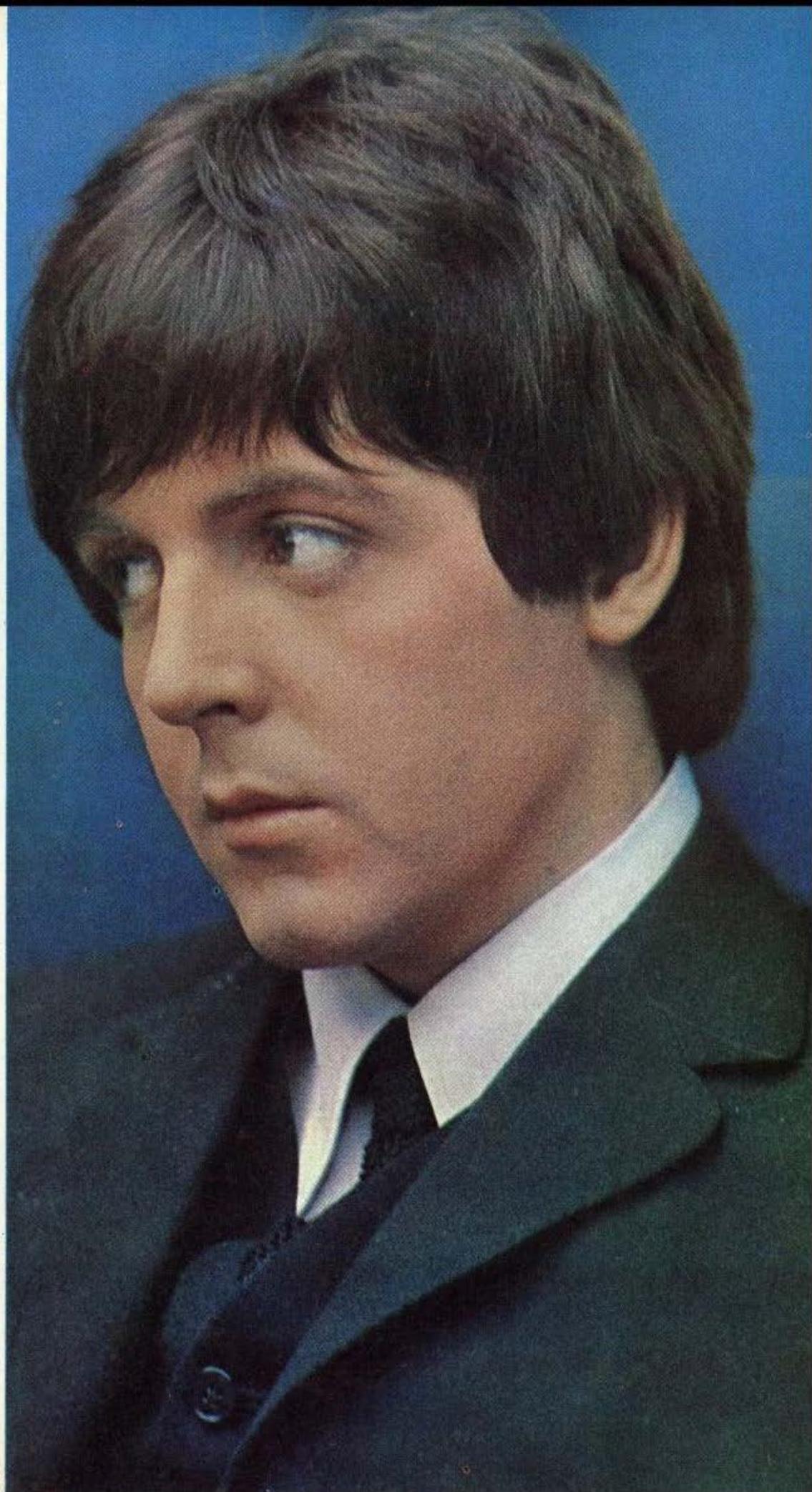
who became fantastically rich beatles. fabulously famous beatles. big-headed beatles? well, fairy tales are not *all* phoney. was this one? rave asked longtime beetle friend, dawn james, to find out—and tell you ...

There was an electrifying current of excitement running through the audience. Arc lights blazed on sections of them: those standing and screaming and waving. Cruel, harsh lights blazed on to a wide stage below. Newsreel and TV cameras focussed. Distant cries down the street from fans who couldn't get in echoed the feelings of those who had and were making their presence felt.

The four Beatles bounced on to the stage and a tingle ran down my spine. All the glory and the glamour of pop idolatry centres round these four slight young men. A girl next to me was screaming — a young married couple in front watched spellbound. Someone said, "They make you feel choked with a weird emotion, don't they?"

I fought back strange tears. Strange, because I had only just left the Beatles when they went on stage. We had talked for over an hour and I know them well. I know they are normal, pleasant, sometimes tired, sometimes cross. They talk of normal things, they sit about on chairs, drinking Coke and

•••



••• cups of tea.

But after an absence, they always strike me again as being just the same as they always were, and it surprises me, because you don't expect they will be.

One is inclined to gasp and think, "They are normal blokes, they are not big time at all!" And it seems like a minor miracle.

"I am sorry to be so incoherent," Paul said, "but I am so scared. We haven't done a live show for ages and, honest, it's terrifying!"

"Don't you realise how great you are and you will be fine?" I asked as he smoked rapidly.

"No. Yes. It's being us that is so difficult. So much is expected."

John came over, pulled one of his dreadful faces and said the audience were cool. Lots of people trailed in and out of the dressing room. There was no guard on the door and there was no feeling of not being wanted in there.

"We don't shut ourselves in," George said. "We like talking to

people."

Still, after so long and so many people?

"But George, you amaze me. You are all always the same."

"That's a soft remark. We can't change because we know we aren't that secure. Every time we get a record released it has to go to No. 1. If it doesn't, we'll be slipping. Standards are cruelly high at the top. Hey, do you like our new suits?" George asked, as though it really mattered. They were wearing light beige old-style military jackets, black trousers.

"I look magnificent in mine," Ringo offered, standing to his full height and thrusting out his chest.

John took a swipe at him.

"The things we laugh at get dafter," George said thoughtfully.

"But so does John, and we usually laugh at him, so it follows."

"Oh, hell," said Paul. "We're on in a minute. They aren't really a cool audience, are they, John?"

Another fairy tale bites the dust. The Beatles may be raving rich but they are also still the way they started out: sincere, sensitive to success and the people they meet. This is the way the four Boys answered individually five RAVE questions on the subject . . .

HOW IMPORTANT TO YOU IS IT THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE CHILDREN TO BENEFIT FROM WHAT YOU HAVE ACHIEVED?

GEORGE: *It is not at all important to me. I would like to have children because it is nice to be a dad, so I am told, but they wouldn't really benefit from what I have achieved because I don't believe in that sort of thing. They will not be given any money by me until they have proved they are people without it.*

JOHN: *I've got a kid. He has benefitted by the place he lives in, I suppose, but that's all. He won't give a damn that I have been a Beatle when he grows up, because the impact will have gone by then. It will be like saying Cardinal Wolsey was great—so he's dead.*

PAUL: *I want to have kids just because I like kids. I don't consider what I can hand down. Being a*

parent with money helps parents because they don't have to scrape and save, but I am sure the kid doesn't think about it. If you are born rich or poor it makes no odds, because you don't know any difference.

RINGO: *I am having a kid and I think of it as a kid I will love. What I have achieved doesn't come into it.*

ARE YOU CONCEITED?

GEORGE: *I suppose basically we are, but so is everyone. If you go up on stage, you must feel that you have an ability. But you don't necessarily feel you are the greatest or show what you do feel at all. I can play a guitar well enough to stand up and want to do so, but I wouldn't*

dream of going around telling people I am a great guitarist. Conceit really is showing what you might feel a little. I suppose I am more sure of myself than I was before, but I don't reckon myself too much. No, I'm not really conceited.

JOHN: *I am aware of my abilities and my failings. I analyse things too much to be really conceited. Anyone analysing me needs to see a doc., I can tell you.*

PAUL: *No, I hope I'm not conceited. I think I'm too much of a realist to allow myself to get that way. I know John and I can write quite good songs, but I know a lot of much greater song writers than us. So what have I to get conceited about? There's always someone more talented and better looking and happier and healthier than me.*

RINGO: *I'm more conceited than I was, but I'm not so much so that I forget people I've known for years, or make scenes in public places,*





A quick nap for Beatle George, whose own success story really does read like a fairy tale.

thinking it won't matter because I am me.

DO YOU STILL HEAR THE APPLAUSE? DOES THE AUDIENCE STILL HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE YOU?

GEORGE: *Oh, yes, we need them. The louder the noise, the better we are. Surely nobody in the entertainment business can be deaf to applause. If they are, they stop entertaining.*

JOHN: Stinking row! Who needs it? Excuse me, I'm shaking—just going on stage.

PAUL: *I need to hear my audience. Our second and third numbers are always better than our first. I get panic-stricken if there isn't any noise. I'm shaking now, because I'm*

going on in a minute.

RINGO: Once you are deaf to your public, you might as well retire because you'll give them nothing.

WHAT DO YOU RATE THE ENGLISH GROUPS' SUCCESS IN AMERICA? ARE YOU EVER PROFESSIONALLY JEALOUS?

GEORGE: *No. We have a great hold in America, anyway, and we like to see British artists coming up. We've never been jealous of anyone.*

JOHN: I can do the Freddie dance now. Watch!

PAUL: *Good luck to the British groups. We're all the same blood, aren't we? I personally am not jealous of anyone, not even when people say a particular group is*

getting more popular than us—so? No need for jealousy. Just more hard work.

RINGO: I think we opened up the way in America for English artists and it pleases me to see the lads riding high in the charts.

DO YOU ALWAYS EXPECT SUCCESS?

GEORGE: *Hope for it, not expect it.*

JOHN: No.

PAUL: *Never. It comes as a good stimulator.*

RINGO: *To expect success in pop is madness. We certainly don't because success for us is 'more' than for other groups—like records having to go straight in at No. 1. That's tough, even for us.*

If you're missing John, find him on RAVE'S back cover!

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THE WHO DID YOU SAY?

About a year ago they used to be the High Numbers. They sang about zoot suits and faces. These songs were brave tries to get across to their kind of people . . . The Mods. Their publicist of the time called them the only real Mod group around. But success-wise nothing much happened.

Then came a change of name. And the four boys, Keith Moon, Pete Townshend, Roger Daltry and John Entwistle became The Who. Things started to get better, started happening, like "I Can't Explain."

Their fans (the majority of them boys—the kind that must have someone to look up to and follow) came to take them more seriously.

"They began to catch on that the songs we sang were real statements of what we really thought and meant.

"We put across for them our own feelings of violence, toughness and coolness," explains lead singer Roger Daltry.

The mod era that was—say, a year ago—is dead.

"Those were the days when about every four days a different look would be

in: polka dots, denim jackets, and all that. You could be in one week—but laughed at the next if you were still wearing the same thing!" Says the most fashion-conscious member of the group, Pete Townshend.

"We're individuals as people as well as dressers. We never go out together. It's only when we're on stage that we're together. There we can create and play—and make sense of things through our music."

Pete, an ex-art student, lists his friends as beatniks, artists and jazz people.

John—"I'm the quiet one"—is just that: quiet.

Keith is very "In" Crowdish. It's important to him to go to the right parties, be seen with the right people.

Jag-driving Roger? Well, he's a big wheel in his manor of Shepherd's Bush—he's made it big as far as the local Mods are concerned.

And that is important to all of The Who—being accepted.

The Who not only sing great songs—they write them, too!

Pete and John are the two songwriters of the

group and they call themselves "deliberate writers."

"We lock ourselves away, perhaps working on some idea well into the night. We're certain about our ideas. We don't just hang around until we get inspiration. Like we never say, 'Let's try this, or let's try that.' We know what we want!"

Their new disc—The Who describe it themselves as a hand grenade—"rude and unpopular"—shows that their popularity is rising fast. They even get screams in ballrooms, which today is quite rare and which goes right back to the Stones' days. In fact, their rise to fame didn't happen overnight, it happened gradually . . . One day they woke up and were desperately wanted in Manchester . . . the next day, urgently wanted in Bristol . . . a slow but gradual breakthrough that spread right around the country.

The Who's main ambition is to be BIG with a capital B, and that ambition is being realised. In fact, you could say their ambition is to be so big that nobody will say "Who did you say?" ever again!

MAUREEN O'GRADY



HOW THE CHARTS REALLY WORK

IN BRITAIN

Six just men are Britain's Chartmasters—Maurice Kinn, executive director *New Musical Express*; Jack Hutton, editor *Melody Maker*; Gerald Marks, managing editor *Disc Weekly*; Ian Dove and Frank Smyth, managing editors *Record Retailer*; Brian Harvey, managing editor *Music Echo*.

For them each week the heat is on from first thing Monday. That is when forms from disc shops start flooding into their offices. Each form gives the shop's top pops for the week just gone. Task of each chartmaster: to preside over the post-by-post mustering of forms—the totting of points for discs ranked on them—and finally (some 30 hours later) the tabling of *The Chart*.

The Magazines' Charts

Each week *New Musical Express* and *Disc*

IN AMERICA

What goes into the American top hundred charts which appear in magazines like *Billboard* and *Cashbox*? How do they work and how do you know when a record's a smash?

After all, there are nearly four thousand record companies in the U.S. and a turnout of about two hundred new releases a week: from classics to gospel. Record reviewers can spend up to three days a week listening and choosing the new singles to write about.

*Printed record reviews and independently compiled "trade newsletters" are particularly helpful in selecting what *Billboard* calls the Hot Hundred. In compiling a chart, every source of information is used.*

Local radio stations play a tremendous role, too. Their playlists can affect local sales of a disc and vice versa. There are thousands of radio stations

ON THE CONTINENT

If you think the British and American pop chart situation is complex, confusing and controversial, you should have a look at the situation in Europe.

In a word: chaotic.

Charts come in all sorts and sizes from all kinds of largely unreliable sources.

You don't dig the chart run by "X" magazine? So you turn to "Y".

That one is even worse.

So—it's a free country—you start your own. And providing you don't take too much trouble to be accurate, it will be as good or bad as anyone else's.

Perhaps this is an exaggeration. But national charts, as such, don't really exist in Europe.

In *West Germany*, for instance, the charts are regional. It doesn't follow that the No. 1 in Hamburg will be No. 1 in Berlin or in Munich.

give a Top 30. *Melody Maker*: Pop 50. *Record Retailer*: a Top 50 which also goes into *Record Mirror*. *Music Echo*: a jumbo Hit 100.

The main bit of controversy over the charts is that they differ slightly most weeks. Stock reply: no two charts use exactly the same set of dealers (On average each chart is based on a "sample" of roughly 150 dealers out of the 8,000-odd in Britain.) Occasionally chart differences bring big debate: e.g., is Cliff or isn't Cliff number one with "The Minute You're Gone"? But mostly the differences just average out.

A National Chart ?

How about the music papers producing one national chart? Not much hope. Jack Hutton: "It would be good for the business but organising it would be tough." Gerald Marks: "Your own chart is an important individual touch." Messrs. Dove and Smyth: "Worth going into but bristling with problems." Brian Harvey: "Fans like comparing different charts."

From Maurice Kinn came the strongest No of all. "Why should we merge with others? We pioneered the charts."

New Musical Express did, in fact, lead the field by nearly two years. Pioneer Kinn gave Britain its first disc chart on November 14, 1952. It was a Top Twelve.

Later came the Top Twenties, Thirties, Fifties—and the *Music Echo* Hit 100. It is possible that in the near future all the charts will be extended to a top 100.

Buying Own Discs

Could a singer wangle into the charts by buying masses of his own discs? It is so impracticable as to be impossible. For one thing, he would have no way of knowing just *which* of all the disc shops are used for the chart he wants to enter. For another, any way-out ordering would cause the shop manager to alert the music paper at once. (There is on record, news of only one attempt—some eight years ago—on the part of a girl singer whose voice was worse than Chinese water torture. She was tumbled in no time).

As regards radio charts, BBC stoutly deny their Top Twenty of songs (based on listeners' votes) could be swayed by concerted fan club action.

In the cases of Radio Caroline's Top 50 and Radio London's Fab 40, these are openly based on the judgment of programme organisers.

By DICK TATHAM

throughout the country but only the top forty stations—those which play nothing but Top Forty records plus their own selection of picked hits—are used in the compilation of pop charts.

Leading record shops are also used to help. Each week, these shops receive a checksheet from the magazine. This lists the current Hot Hundred, plus new releases. Working by a points system, the shop fills in every single record which is selling, with special emphasis on its top sellers.

The sheet is returned to the magazine and the fun begins! All the points from all the shops are added up and entered on a card made out for that disc. The same card lists radio station reports. Final facts and figures are compared with those the week before, and the record is given its placing. In order to get the exact amount of points for each record, some magazines use a computer, while others tot up by hand.

Herman's Smash Hit

Let's take a recent example of a smash and find out how it got there. Herman's Hermits came out of nowhere to the American Top Twenty with "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter" (originally a track on their best-selling album, "Introducing Herman's Hermits").

In this case, enthusiastic radio station reaction to the album eventually forced MGM to release it as a single.

In the case of "Mrs. Brown" four radio stations in one week lifted the track from the album and put it on their playlists. The following week other stations joined in until eventually the album track was a cross-country smash. MGM then issued it as a single to an advance order of 450,000! The following week, the record made its debut in the American chart in the Top Twenty.

This is rare. For the most part records don't happen like this.

Take another British record, "Go Now" by the Moody Blues. This got off to a slow start, but eventually picked up to become a hit. First in Florida, a local Miami dee-jay made the disc his "Record of the Week". The following week, sales reports came in from dealers and radio stations in California. The third week, the entire country went out to buy it. Then it became a national hit. How did the people who make up the charts know in what position it should go? Simple. By a points system it was compared to other chart entries and dropped in its right place.

And the general sale of a top single? Anything between three to eight hundred thousand copies.

By JACKIE HARLOW

The same applies to Belgium where the charts run by music papers have to be divided into French-speaking and Flemish-speaking sections. The No. 1 in the former chart may be "Les Filles Du Bord De Mer" by Salvatore Adamo, but in the latter it may be something called "Ied're Zaterdag" by John Larry.

Holland's Chart

In Holland the most reliable chart is probably that of the magazine *Muziek Parade* which sends out cards to dealers and gets regular returns.

In Scandinavia the newspapers run charts and take them largely from the radio.

In Italy and Spain charts are virtually non-existent and in Greece, where they exist, they are very regional in their content.

France does its best to produce a reliable chart, but the situation is complicated because it is just about the only country in the world where singles don't sell. Single records in France are reserved almost exclusively for juke boxes.

The vast majority of records bought in France are EPs—and there is practically no way of telling which number of the four on the EP has the biggest appeal.

There is, in any case, no chart in France which is representative of the country as a whole. Some are based on radio record programme requests, some on sales in the big Paris record stores, and some of the lesser ones are based on nothing more substantial than personal prejudice.

France's Chart

The most reliable chart is that published monthly by *Salut Les Copains* which is compiled from the requests received on the magazine's own radio programme on Europe No. 1 and on the votes cast by readers each month.

But the magazine itself stresses that its Hit Parade does not pretend to reflect the sales of discs in France.

There are also strong regional preferences in France. In the south, for instance, accordion music is extremely popular. One of the most popular accordionists is a gentleman called Aimable. Over the last few years he has sold literally millions of discs. Yet as far as I know he has never figured in any chart.

Finally, what about the Eastern European countries?

East Germany has a Hit Parade—and there is evidence that other Iron Curtain countries are interested in the chart system. The Beatles may become No. 1 in Rumania yet!

By MIKE HENNESSEY

Superjobs 5

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

'A WORLD OF BEAUTY' —Chrissie Shrimpton



Rising model, Chrissie Shrimpton, 19, apart from being The Shrimp's sister and Mick Jagger's girl, is one of the newest and most exciting faces on the scene.

"Of all the glamour jobs, I think one of the most exciting belongs to the beautician. Fancy being able to turn someone from a caterpillar to a butterfly!"

Beauty therapy was a skill even before Cleopatra first blacked her eyebrows two thousand years ago, and now it is accepted that part of every woman's attraction is her make-up. Far more women are seeking the qualified beautician's help than ever before, hoping to improve both face and figure.

Courses

Qualified, however, in this career, is hard to define, since there are so many courses run in this country and so many different methods of getting a diploma. There are private courses (which can cost anything from fifty to two hundred guineas). There are apprenticeships, evening classes, full-time colleges and postal courses. Some of these are very good and some of them are not. The Ministry of

Education has so far accepted only one set of qualifications and these are the various courses run by the Society of Beauticians. The courses cover make-up, figure correction, diet, massage and even business management. In fact all the things a practising beautician has to know. A beauty consultant on the other hand is concerned only with make-up and facial correction by the use of cosmetics. Many of the large cosmetic houses, like Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein and Revlon, hold their own training courses. Details of these can be obtained by writing direct to the firm.

Appearance

What sort of girl will make a beautician? Since she will be dealing with people who may be shy, or self-conscious, perhaps even neurotic, she should be patient, sympathetic and optimistic. Her own appearance matters a lot. She should be well-groomed, clean and fresh. After all, if she can't make the best of herself, who is going to trust her to make the best of someone else?

There are no standard wage rates. Working in a salon she will be paid what the proprietor thinks she is worth. On a private round, working in people's homes, she will be charging what she thinks is fair, and earning between £20 and £30 a week. The other alternative is to start a salon of her own, which means finding capital to buy equipment and premises. But should it be a success, then, financially you're made!

Last Word

One final word from Mr. Sharps, Director of the Society of Beauticians. "This is an exciting and booming field, where an intelligent, hard working, enthusiastic and imaginative girl just can't go wrong."

If you would like a list of approved courses, write to: **The Society of Beauticians, 44, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.** If you would like a free booklet on careers in beauty, write to **Superjobs, RAVE (address on page 59) enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.** If you would like to read more about a beautician's work, "Beauty Culture" by Wallace S. Sharps (Robert Hale Ltd.) is available from most bookstores. (9s. 6d.)

JACKIE HARLOW REPORTS THE LATEST POP GOSSIP FROM AMERICA IN THE RAVEN'S U.S. CABLE!

■ The Hollies were delighted with their first trip to America. They kicked up a storm at the New York Paramount, and Graham Nash told me there are plans for them to return in July for a Dick Clark tour . . . Herman's Hermits current visit is being compared to that of the Beatles. In Dallas, Texas, 6,000 fans blocked the entire street when the boys showed up for a local radio show. Herman says he got so scared his tooth got even more loose . . . Went golf club buying with Freddie Garrity during his New York visit . . .

■ Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul and Mary), told me he's glad at the new folk interest in England. He told me that as a result of a TV series here, "Hootenanny", which used good folk performers, folk music finally established some roots in America, and added that the success of Dylan and Donovan should lay the foundations in England too . . .

■ The Raver was instrumental in introducing Wayne Fontana to his long time favourite, Curtis Mayfield, leader of the Impressions, at NBC's "Hullabaloo" during his visit . . . Eric Burdon of the Animals said he plans to give a lecture on the British scene to American college students when they come back for their University tour in September . . .

■ Quote of the year from Cilla Black. On her first trip to New York, she looked out of her hotel window at the tremendous view of Central Park, and said, "It's not so marvellous. Really, it's just like London—only maybe a little bigger" . . . After three straight smashes in a row, Little Anthony and the Imperials are thinking of switching record labels. They also tell me they've had offers for Sweden in August and would like to get to England . . .

■ Epic Record Co. are terribly excited about the Yardbirds and everyone in the industry is predicting a smash for "For Your Love" . . . Gerry and the Pacemakers recorded their first session outside of England at the Capitol studios a couple of weeks ago. "We hope it will produce new singles both for America and England," he said. He also did a special record for his American fan clubs . . . Ex rave Murray the K's ex radio station, WINS, now plays nothing but news all day. That leaves just two New York stations playing top forty records. WINS was the grooviest of them all . . .

■ Bob Dylan's newly found success in England hasn't altered his status here. "Subterranean Homesick Blues" is not the smash everyone thought it would be . . . Drifters look like having a double-sided hit with their new release here, "Come On Over To My Place", backed with "Chains Of Love".

■ Herman's Hermits have been offered \$58,000 plus 10 per cent of the net profit for a three-week tour for Dick Clark in August . . . Lesley Gore tried a new style and failed with her current single "All Of My Life". That's all for now!

Jackie

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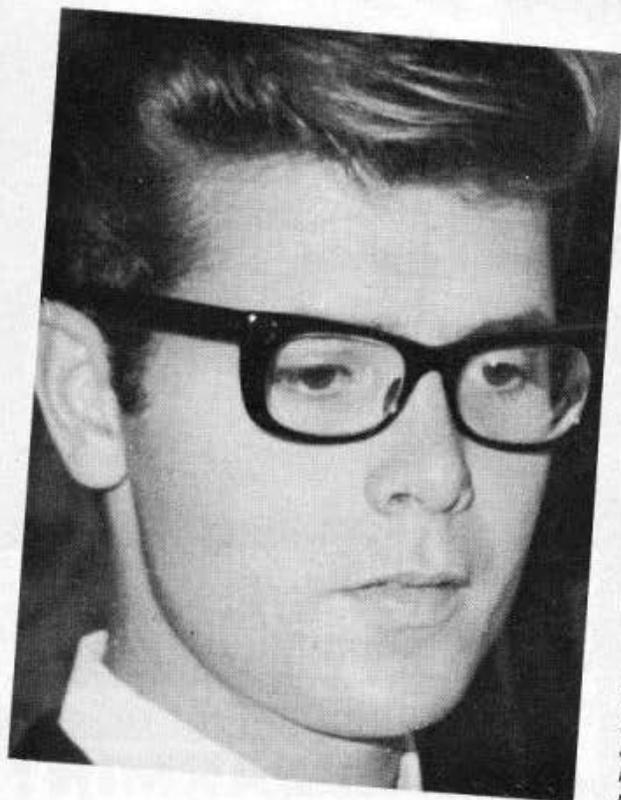
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CATHY'S PRIVATE FILE

Here's something you'll only see in RAVE—Cathy McGowan's Private File On Pop Stars! How well do you know your favourite stars? As well as Cathy? Check their file and see if you do!



Name *Harry Roger Webb*

Age *24* Height *5' 11"*

Distinguishing marks *Slight scar on forehead*

Alias Cliff Richard.

Place of birth: Lucknow, India.

Description: Slim, wiry build. Hair: black. Eyes: dark brown. Manner: quiet, courteous.

Education: Cheshunt Secondary Modern.

Habits: Drinks nothing stronger than light table wines. Doesn't smoke. Diets carefully. Dresses faultlessly. (One of Britain's Ten Best-Dressed Men 1962). Sunbathing fanatic.

Known incident: In January 1962 press reports quoted 17-year-old girl Valerie Stratford as saying she was due to wed Harry Roger Webb—and was telling callers, "Ask Mr. Richard for a comment." (Mr. Richard's comment: "It's crazy").

Give-away if disguised: Sudden look of elation if Nancy Wilson disc is played.

Weakness: Chocolate ice cream. (But mustn't touch; puts on weight.)

General: Said to be millionaire in own right following January 1965 Stock Exchange deal when private company owned by him taken over by Constellation Investments. Owns villa in Albufeira, Southern Portugal. Speaks fluent Portuguese. Wears glasses in private life. Listens closely to advice of Peter Gormley—his manager since March 1961. Has black mongrel dog called Butch. Reads Peanuts in the 'Sketch.' Likes bread-pudding made by his mother.



Name *Keith John Moon*
Age *17* Height *5' 8"*
Distinguishing marks *Fringe*

Alias *Keith Moon of the Who.*
Place of birth: *Wembley, Middlesex.*
Description: *Slight build. Eyes: brown.*
Hair: *brown-black. Manner: friendly.*
Education: *Harrow Technical College.*
Habits: *Buys sweaters in girls' shops to get bright colours. Never wears tie. Pays 8 gns. a pair for boots but never has them repaired. Reads comics. Eats yoghourt.*
Known incident: *February 1965—tried washing fruit in manager's dishwasher (with dire results to all concerned.)*
Give-aways if disguised: *Bites nails.*
Weakness: *Usually late for appointments.*
General: *Whacks bass drum for kicks.*

Alias *Wayne Fontana or occasionally Wayne Banana.*
Place of birth: *Manchester.* Description: *Rugged build. Eyes: blue-green. Hair: mousy. Manner: forward and fun-loving.* Education: *Spurley Hey Secondary Modern, Manchester.* Habits: *Girls. Going to nightclubs.*

Known incidents: (1) *Three parking tickets in a day Dec. 1964.* (2) *Collapse through overwork, Mar. 17, 1965.*

Give-aways if disguised: (1) *Likes to eat cherry from girl's cocktail glass.* (2) *Hates short hair and mushrooms.*

Weaknesses: (1) *Bad memory.* (2) *Throat liable to quinsy and other ills.* (3) *Butterflies in stomach before show.* (4) *Girls.*

General: *Despite being attractive to women and having reputation as flirt, says he does not set out to be sex symbol. Phone tapping likely to fail: he could easily foil this, having been telephone engineer. Can be put into panic if confronted with several girls carrying scissors.*

Name *Glyn Geoffrey Ellis*
Age *19* Height *6' 0"*

Distinguishing marks *Prominent ears.*



Name *James Paul McCartney*
Age *22* Height *5' 11"*

Distinguishing marks *Arched eyebrows.*

Alias *Paul Beatle.*

Place of birth: *Liverpool.*

Description: *Slim build. Hair: dark brown—cut by Jane Asher. Eyes: brown. Manner: direct and alert.*

Education: *Liverpool Institute.*

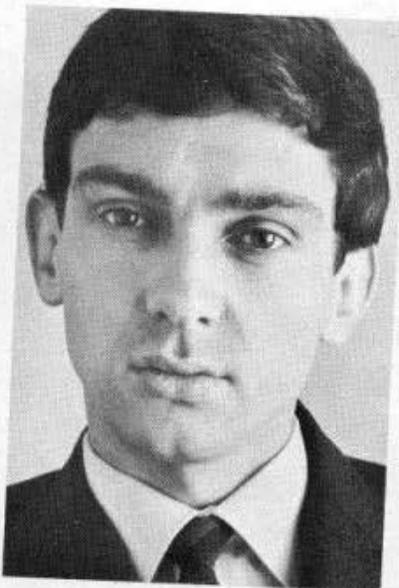
Habits: *Watching Hitchcock films. Reading Bond. Mad about crêpes suzettes but will settle for eggs and bacon. Digs water-skiing. Also go-karting. Listening tastes wide. Smokes masses of ciggies while writing masses of songs. Drinks whiskey and Coke, coffee.*

Known incidents: *through being a Beatle—countless.*

Give-aways if disguised: *is left-handed. Has very hairy legs. Has been known to disguise himself (a) with tweed cap, scarf and specs; (b) as policeman.*

Weaknesses: *Untidy. Can't do simple sums.*

General: *Speaks German and Spanish. Types one-finger. Likes stage and screen musicals but not Westerns. Doesn't reckon highbrow books. Is insured for £500,000 by firm which publishes songs he writes with J. Lennon. Wears identity bracelet with PAUL on it. Mad keen on men's clothes. Also technically interested in girls' clothes and will cheerfully help close friend Jane Asher window-shop. Drives blue Aston Martin car. Favourite actor is Peter Sellers; favourite actress Brigitte Bardot. Mostly hires own films to show at home or borrows cinema after hours. Likes comedies. Shops Carnaby Street and has shirts hand-made by Philip Stevens of Wardour Street (designs own styles). Wears camel jerseys bought from girls' shop 'cos they have tighter necks. No longer wears high-heeled boots but flat slip-ons by Raoul of Bond Street. Has special table on right inside door in Ad Lib Club, London. Arrives midnight but rarely dances before 2.00 and then only to slow numbers.*



Name *Gene Francis Pitman*

Age *24* Height *5' 10"*

Distinguishing marks

Silver flecks in hair.

Place of birth: Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A. **Description:** Slight build. Hair: dark brown. Eyes: green. Manner: earnest and friendly.

Education: Connecticut University—specialising in electronics.

Habits: Eats vast quantities of bread and cheese. Collects foreign stamps and

old coins. Also collects new coins and notes.

Known incidents: (1) Blood poured down face when hit by castanet thrown from audience in November 1964. (2) More blood poured down face when hit by slab of toffee—December 1964. (3) Created attention on American TV show in October 1961 when he went on to mime and someone put on wrong record!

Give-aways if disguised: (1) Likely to make beeline for girls with sleek, shiny hair. (2) Carries around his own teabags.

Weaknesses: (1) Life dominated by pop biz. (2) Confesses to liking for tangled situations.

General: Good at languages (Italian, French, German). Likes dark, conventional suits. Has vast sums invested in property, chemical firms and finance companies. Likely to be seen with politicians since aims to enter politics one day. Buys overcoats from wholesalers in Milan, Italy—twelve at a time!

Name *Harold Clarke*

Age *23* Height *5' 10½"*

Distinguishing marks *Cute smile.*

Alias Allan Clarke of the Hollies.

Place of birth: Salford, Manchester.

Description: Slim build. Hair: black. Eyes: brown. Manner: alert, genial.

Education: Ordsall Secondary Modern.

Habits: eating chicken curry, drinking black velvet, wearing different ring every day.

Known incident: Besieged by fans for 45 minutes Shoreham Airport (Sussex) after arrival by helicopter for Brighton concert—April 1964. (Sustained slight shock and not-so-slight scratches.)

Give-away if disguised: tears tops off matchboxes for his collection.

Weaknesses: Restlessness. Finds it hard to show interest in what doesn't directly concern him.

General: Fast talker (relic of days as salesman). Wise to value of money. Director of Hollies Ltd.

Says best friend is bank manager. Hopes to make a million. Designs own clothes. Reads horror and space comics. Has two pet dachshunds.



Name *David Clark*

Age *22*

Height *5' 11½"*

Distinguishing marks

Fabulous eyes.

Place of birth: Tottenham, London.

Description: Hefty build. Hair: black. Eyes: brown. Manner: quiet and serious.

Education: Belmont School, Tottenham.

Habits: Loves outdoors: swimming, sunbathing, country walks. Homely tastes—reading in armchair, spinning discs in den, Mum's cooking. Non-smoker. Non-drinker.

Known incident: 1962—car removed by police from Soho with pet Boxer Spike in back.

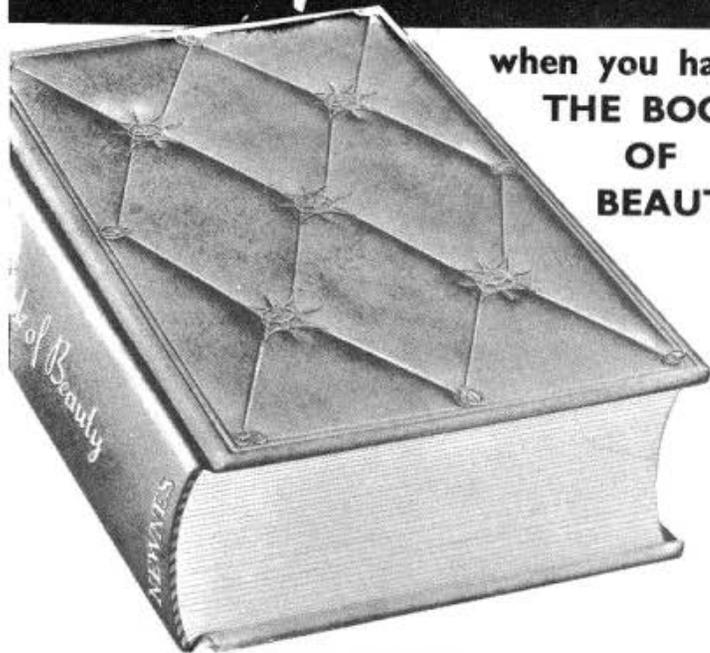
Give-aways if disguised: (1) When seated talking, taps out rhythm on knees with hands. (2) Swings car keys on finger—key ring being small gold disc. (3) Jangles cash in pocket. (4) Runs hand through hair when edgy.

Weakness: Worries a lot.

General: Is strong-willed. Very friendly with Cliff Richard and Cliff's sisters. Silver identity bracelet with DC on back. Gold chain and St. Christopher round neck. Fave cufflinks: sapphire with gold figure-eight settings. Wide contacts in America—having gold keys to 25 cities. Secret fear of motor-bikes—after close friend killed in smash 1961, but is learning to motor-race from World Champion Jim Clark. Doesn't like clubs or parties but does like small informal restaurants. Writes film scripts and hopes to get one accepted.

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Then write up to fifteen words saying why YOU prefer Jet Jeans, and post your entry form to reach us no later than October 31st. Have a go and good luck from Jet.

THE LEAGUE



OF NOTIONS



You've never met a group so full of ideas as the Ivy League. Not only have they terrific ideas for No. 1 hits (writing) and Top Ten hits (recording) but also some fabulous ideas on ordinary, everyday things like living. That's why we've tagged them the League of Notions: And here's a great idea for you, too—read this story on them!



I was sitting in this pub waiting for The Ivy League, who were across the road in Denmark Street recording tracks for their first LP at Southern Music.

"We'll meet you in The George at one thirty," John Carter had told me on the phone. At one-thirty I was waiting at the bar. An hour later there was no sign of them, so I went across to Denmark Street to find them.

Outside Southern Music was a big crowd of fans complete with autograph books, surrounding Ivy Leaguer Perry Ford. When he saw me he looked appalled, apologised.

"I'm sorry but we've been tied up with a song. We forgot all about you. Very un-Ivy League." He dived back into the studios, reappeared with other Ivy Leaguers John and Ken Lewis, and we retired to the quiet of a club in the Charing Cross Road after much signing of autograph books and arms. More apologies followed.

"We're so busy at the moment we forget nearly everything," said John sadly.

"Everything has changed so much

for us since 'Funny How Love Can Be' made number one," said Perry. "A few weeks ago we could walk in and out of the studios unrecognised. Now there are always autographs to sign: and we love it—being famous and stuff!"

"We've got so much work to do, it's ridiculous!" Ken told me. "We've just been doing the tracks for our LP and our next single which is also our entry for the big Brighton song contest. Then we've got tours, radio and TV dates lined up!"

"In fact, we've got to go back to the studio in five minutes," John warned.

We went back to Denmark Street. Inside the tiny studio The Ivy League's relaxed manner changed. They at once became very professional. They recorded a number and everyone crowded into the recording room to hear the playback.

"We must do that again," said John, frowning, when it was over. Forty-five minutes and five takes later they were satisfied.

I asked them about the future.

"The future?" said Perry. "You mean tomorrow and the day after? Well, tomorrow I'm going to lie in

bed and count my money. The day after I don't know about."

"Very un-Ivy League," said John and retreated behind his ever-present sun-glasses. When the boys like something it's very Ivy League. For instance Beethoven, Benjamin Britten, Herman's Hermits and Donovan are very Ivy League. Things like trad, gold lamé suits and warm beer are disliked and therefore very un-Ivy League.

Ken said, "We are all excited about the future. We have established ourselves with a sound of our own, which we don't think will be easily imitated by other people. We want to go on writing songs, recording them and making them hits.

"We don't want people to say in a year's time 'What happened to The Ivy League?' We want them to be buying discs, coming to our shows."

"There's a possibility we might be going to the States soon," said Perry. "We're all hoping very much that this will come off. If 'Funny' does well over there we'll definitely go. At the moment we're watching the State-side charts very closely."

"But at the moment we must finish our LP" said Ken looking anxiously at his wristwatch. "We're off to Scotland tomorrow. You must come and see us when we've got more time," he added apologetically.

So The Ivy League went back to work, and I went home. I caught a bus in Charing Cross Road, and the conductor said he was sorry for having to give me my change in small silver. Doing his job properly. Very Ivy League.

BILL RANDALL

MIKE GRANT ON THE

STARRBOAT

THE NEW SLANT ON THE POP SCENE

■ There are always loads of rumours going around the pop circles. Some true, some not so true. One of the current ones is that Wayne Fontana is to part with his group, the Mindbenders. One similar rumour that did turn out to be true was that Alan Price was to leave the Animals. A big shock. The group was originally Alan's, under the name of the Alan Price Combo, before Eric Burdon joined them as vocalist.

Probably the last 'original' Animals story in RAVE is on page 60, where Animals' A and R man Mickie Most has written about the problems of the last Animals' recording session.



■ The Walker Brothers—Gary Leeds, John Walker and Scott Engel (above)—didn't just bump into each other when they first met—they crashed! It happened three years ago on a highway near Los Angeles.

Brown haired drummer Gary, who toured with Elvis a few years ago, told me, "I was driving a Thunderbird and Johnny and Scott were in a sports car. I was doing 75 when they passed me. This made me mad so I took out after them.

"We hit just as we were going round a bend. Luckily we'd both slowed down to take the corner, so there wasn't much damage done. And no one was hurt."

Johnny and Gary got out and started blaming each other. Finally Gary agreed to pay. Then he found out that the other two were looking for a drummer to form a group.

"I joined them and paid off the bill that way," he said.

They became such good friends that they soon forgot about the repair bill. And Gary hopes they keep forgetting. He still owes them £20!

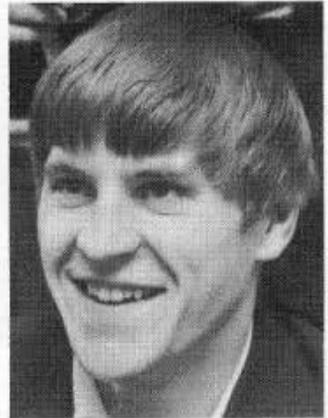
■ American folk songstress Joan Baez, who is to tour Britain later this year, paid 19,000 dollars in tax last year. Who says folk doesn't pay?

■ Elvis' latest steady: British actress Jocelyn Lane, who co-stars with him in his next film "Tickle Me". "She's a

■ The rest of the Animals are on the "Candid Camera" kick . . . with a tape recorder. They take the small portable machine they bought in the States with them everywhere they go. And when they're not taping new compositions, they're out in pubs kidding people they're the Rolling Stones!

"We did this once in a place in Manchester a few nights ago," said Hilton Valentine. "One old bloke believed us and said the most outrageous things about . . . the Animals. When we told him who we really were, he bought us all a drink."

But the old man had the last laugh. As the Animals left, he told them he hoped they'd have a hit soon!



Ex-Animal Alan

cute girl and lots of fun. And she's got talent," says Elvis of her. This is the year Elvis said he would marry, too, but he denies any big romance between him and dark-haired Jocelyn.

■ The price of Fame: Georgie Fame has to pay £300 insurance on his new silver S-type Jaguar.

■ Bob Dylan now rivals Burt Bacharach as the most "in" songwriter of the year. His compositions have been recorded by the Beatles, the Animals, Peter, Paul and Mary, Marianne Faithfull, the Fairies, Heinz, Joan Baez and countless American folk artists. A new group, the Talismen, have also chosen another Dylan

song, "Masters Of War", for their first disc.

■ George Harrison is getting to be quite an expert shot. And spends spare time at his Surrey home shooting potatoes off trees in the garden!

"I started shooting at bits of cardboard on a clothes line," he told me during a break in filming the new Beatles movie, "but that wasn't very spectacular.

"Now I balance the spuds on branches, and when I hit them they go all over the place. I blast them to bits—much more satisfying," he growled.

DODO'S MR. RAVEABLE

The last time I saw David McCallum was in the film "The Violent Playground", but after a great starring role he seemed to disappear. The reason, I found out, was that this handsome blond actor, with piercing blue eyes and fabulous high cheek bones went to Hollywood.

It wasn't long before the film producers over there noticed him—and

now, he's back in the limelight again with a role as Illya, a Russian-born spy in a new B.B.C. T.V. series starting next month — "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." And it's a sort of James Bond type spy series.

David, 31, was born in Glasgow, but his permanent home is now in a 10-room Spanish house in the Californian hills. Ah well, that's life!



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M. L. (Miss)
G. W. (Miss)

(The original of this, and scores of other testimonials may be inspected at our offices.)

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HAIR-GIRLS

Since no style counts half as much as the hair that fashions it, the way you care for yours can be the key to how lovely it looks after the hairdresser or you have set it.

For hair to look lovely all the time it needs plenty of attention—washing, brushing, setting, trimming, re-shaping, treating, pampering. Like this...

Brush in the Hand

Your hair-brush is most important. Use a pure bristle brush, if possible, or nylon bristle; never a wire brush. A little gentle, firm brushing each day helps keep hair clean, shining. If your hair is very oily don't overdo brushings since this stimulates and increases the oil flow.

Cutting Counts

The basic appearance of your hair depends on the way it has been

shaped. Don't let your girl friend cut it! Do go to a hairdresser who is fully trained and competent in cutting. Remember, the cut is much more important than the set—well-cut hair falls into place on its own. Even if you are growing your hair, regular trimming keeps it from looking straggly, splitting at the ends and makes it look thick and bouncy.

Shampooing

The way you shampoo your hair and how often you do so depends on the hair itself. If your hair is neither too oily nor too dry, then you are lucky and can use any shampoo.

Oily hair needs washing twice a week—no more. Choose a shampoo designed specially to counteract extra-oiliness and massage it on very gently—vigorous rubbing again stimulates the oil glands and aggravates the condition. "Deep" shampoo is good for controlling over-oiliness.



If your hair is dry, wash it once a week with a cream shampoo like "Bristow's Lanolin"; massage the scalp well and be sure to remove every scrap of shampoo when you rinse. If you're brunette a little vinegar in the rinsing water adds shine to your hair; if you're blonde, use lemon juice.

Always wash rollers, head-scarves, brushes and combs when you wash your hair.

Conditioning

The condition of your hair depends greatly on your general health. If you become run-down your hair will look dull and lifeless. Often, a conditioning cream helps to make dull hair look bright and glossy again. Use one every two or three shampoos. ("Estolan" and "Countess" are excellent conditioners.) But also watch



ARE WEARING IT...

your diet—plenty of proteins, Vitamin D, fresh fruit and vegetables help make for lovely hair. If your hair is out of condition, cut down on starchy, fatty and fried foods. A sluggish system, lack of exercise and the wrong diet will reflect in drab hair.

Care with colour

If you want to change your hair colour drastically then have this done professionally. Bleaching and dyeing can easily be harmful if proper and efficient care is not taken. However, it is more likely that you will want to try temporary tints, and there are various kinds on the market.

Semi-permanent colourants like "Color-Glo" and "Hair Magic" are simple and safe to use at home, but these usually advise tests on a small snippet of your hair first just to check reaction. For a



richer shade of your own hair or for added highlights you will get a pretty effect by using a colour shampoo like "Harmony".

Straightening

To have hair straightened in a salon can be quite an expensive procedure and will need doing regularly, about once every three months. This costs from three to five guineas in London salons and a little less in the provinces.

You can also straighten your hair at home with a home perm. "Toni Regular" is suitable for this and the Toni Company is willing to give individual advice on how this is done. Their address is: The Toni Hair Beauty Service, Trevor House, 100 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

Special Treatments

For dandruff... Since dandruff is flaking skin on the scalp the first way to check it is with perfect cleanliness.

It is very important to deal with it as soon as it appears as the condition can spread and be the cause of spots on the face and back. Massaging olive oil into the scalp about half-an-hour before you shampoo your hair (use a medicated one such as "Sebbix") helps clear the condition. An excellent special treatment for



dandruff is a product called "Selsun Suspension", obtainable from your chemist for about 3s. This is used immediately after you shampoo. It is essential to keep your rollers, scarves, combs and brushes perfectly clean. If the condition does not improve visit your doctor.

Splitting ends... The causes can be: frequent perming, dyeing, bleaching and back combing. Have hair trimmed regularly; check condition, avoid using colourants and perms.



today's raves

FOR BOYS



■ Colour is "in" for men's clothes. Things like flowered and Paisley ties, handkerchiefs. Red, brown, pink trousers; linen and needlecord suits.

■ *Beach shoes: single thong white sandals from South of France, or the wooden sandals popular with German boys.*

■ Ordinary shoes are lighter in colour and very casual; sand and white the most popular colours. All styles are "in", particularly lace-ups.

■ *Headgear for way-outs: topees! (White cork helmets as worn by jungle explorers). Find them in larger sports shops, and they're really built to keep off the sun!*

■ Sunglasses for boys must have wooden frames.

■ *Corduroy coats are fast taking over. Black, top colour. Cheaper to have them made to your own design.*

■ It's the "Regency" look for suits. A good idea to have the suit two-tone, perhaps the jacket darker than the trousers. Also, double-breasted suits (see sketch), in plain or pin stripes with only two buttons. Jackets either fitted or flared, boxed, cut-away or straight — with double-breasted waistcoats to match. The style that is illustrated, is designed and tailored by Sydney Flowers, 24 Poland Street, London W.1.

FOR GIRLS



■ Fashion rave from the South of France—hipster bermudas (see sketch). For your own up-to-date pair:—Cut down old jeans (boys' for a snugger fit) to just above the knee. Hem bottoms, then add a band of contrasting colour about four inches up each leg.

■ *Bring last year's shift dress up-to-date. Cut out a bold, simple motif (see sketch). Bind edges with contrasting braid.*

■ New look for shoes: 'No Shoes!' They consist of a lightweight sole, with a jewelled band round the ankle, and another band looped round your big toe. These shoes are available from all "young" shoe shops. Adapt your own sandals by covering leather parts with ropes of paste diamonds and pearls. More—strap shoes from Paris. Not here yet, sure to be copied. Easily adapt a pair of leather mules with the aid of two leather thongs of about 26 in. attached to the sides of the shoes. The straps are then criss-crossed up the leg, and tied just below the knee.

■ *White sunglasses are all the craze. Courrèges in Paris started them with just the narrowest slits to see through. Now at Fenwicks for 32s. 6d.*



Courrèges glasses.

Turn ordinary sunglasses into something special by painting the frames white, or any colour you fancy. (Little pots of plastic paint from Woolworths.)

■ Instead of stockings this summer, winter-white legs wear a quick tanning of Damaskin Leg Make-Up. For the face and rest of the body, Ambre Soie is one of the best.

■ *Fabulous do-it-yourself beach rave from a high fashion idea. Shorten a man's string vest and roll lower edge. Big, big daisies are easily bought, either loose or in bunches. Sew them around neckline and armholes. Perfect on the beach over a bikini.*

■ Boots are one rave that just will not die. This summer they have peep toes, and

cut-out tops. Worn for absolutely every occasion, from going down to the beach—to going for a drive. Peep toe boots from Anello and Davide Ltd., 96 Charing Cross Road, London, W.1.



New look for old shifts

RAVES

■ New "in" club in London—Cromwellian Club at No. 1 Cromwell Road, Kensington. Frequented by names like the Animals to see people like the Drifters play. A great club to dance, eat, drink or just sit and listen to great music on records or live.

■ The real swinger in the Manchester area is Mr. Smith's. Everyone in town

goes there — Wayne, Hollies, Herman. Great music, and loads of great singers, singing for you—Dusty, Gerry and the P.M.s, Dakota Staton, Fourmost.

■ Latest dance rave here—via America — is "The Pony". Free demonstration on how to do it whenever you see Pete Townshend on stage (lead guitarist with the UP group, The Who). No set variations—just ad-lib to suit your style.

■ Latest U.S. dance craze

—"The Freddie". Happened after Freddie made only two TV appearances there. With his puppet movements, high jumps, etc.

■ A rave idea for a holiday (if you're 13-16 years old). You travel abroad in parties of ten—to places like Italy, Spain, or Majorca with people of your own age. More details from: Young Horizons, Horizon Holidays Ltd., 24 Bruton Street, London, W.1.

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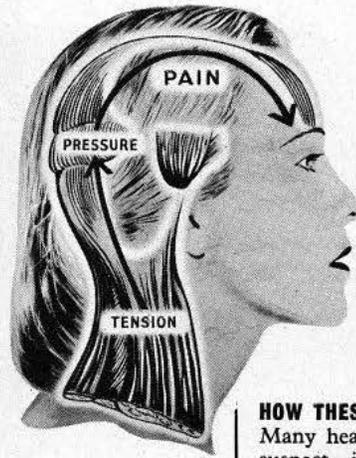


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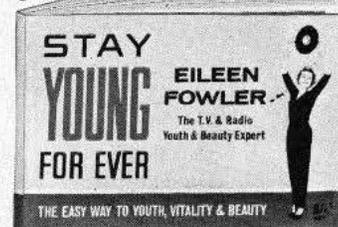
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I am one of a about a hundred people who are collecting signatures for a petition, called "Hands Off Caroline." It has been started by David Hughes of Maidstone, and it will be presented to the Prime Minister when it is completed. We are all very concerned about the possibility of pirate radio stations being banned. And I would be extremely pleased to hear from anybody who would like their name and address included on the petition.—**Dallas Willcox (R), Gorse Lane, Tiptree, Nr. Colchester, Essex.**

After the recent bans put on our singers, I wonder just how long it will be before someone will tell the Americans that they can keep their own "stars". I for one wouldn't care if I didn't see or hear Gene Pitney, Roy Orbison, Tamla Motown again—and they can have P. J. Proby thrown in too!

Then maybe we could keep our lovely Beatles, Stones, Manfreds, Kinks, Animals, here. And another thing, I'd settle for Donovan any day in any Donovan/Dylan fight. Don's not half so cruel or hard! — **Ann Chambers, Newquay, Cornwall.**

I am the National President of the Jack Jones Fan Club, and he is visiting your country at the end of '65.

Any girl interested in this great singer, or who would like a free photo and information, please write to me at the address below.—**Rosmarie Chiaumini, 38 Laurel Place, Yonkers, N.Y.—U.S.A.**



A new scene from the Beatles film

Last February, when my friend and I were in Nassau for a vacation, we were lucky enough to be allowed to watch the Beatles filming. On our first day there (George's birthday) we met a man we assumed was just working on the film. During the week we kept bumping into him.

He told us he'd seen "A Hard Day's Night" a total of six times, including the London and Liverpool premieres. So we thought he was just a casual friend of theirs. We referred to him as our little friend, even though he stood well over six foot, and he made it possible for us to talk with the Beatles. Well, when we got home we started wondering who this guy was, until last week I saw a picture of him with the Beatles in front of their cars. Guess who? Malcolm Evans — Beatles Road Manager!—**C. Freeman, New Jersey, U.S.A.**

What the stars have to say...

Last month we featured an article by A. Fraser White, RAVE handwriting expert. He analysed the handwriting of some of the world's top stars, and also a RAVEreader's. This month it's their turn to get their own back, we asked a few of them what they thought about the analysis!

Firstly, Dave Davies, whose handwriting we said showed him to be clear thinking and shrewd. "Well, you could say I was shrewd. To be honest I thought I was a mixed-up person. The thing is, I probably was clear thinking when I wrote that letter!"

We then asked P.J. what he thought of

the handwriting analysis. We said he was "flamboyant, stubborn, highly strung, tenacious, kind, inventive, creative, determined." P.J. didn't say much for once; just nodded and said, "These things are quite true."

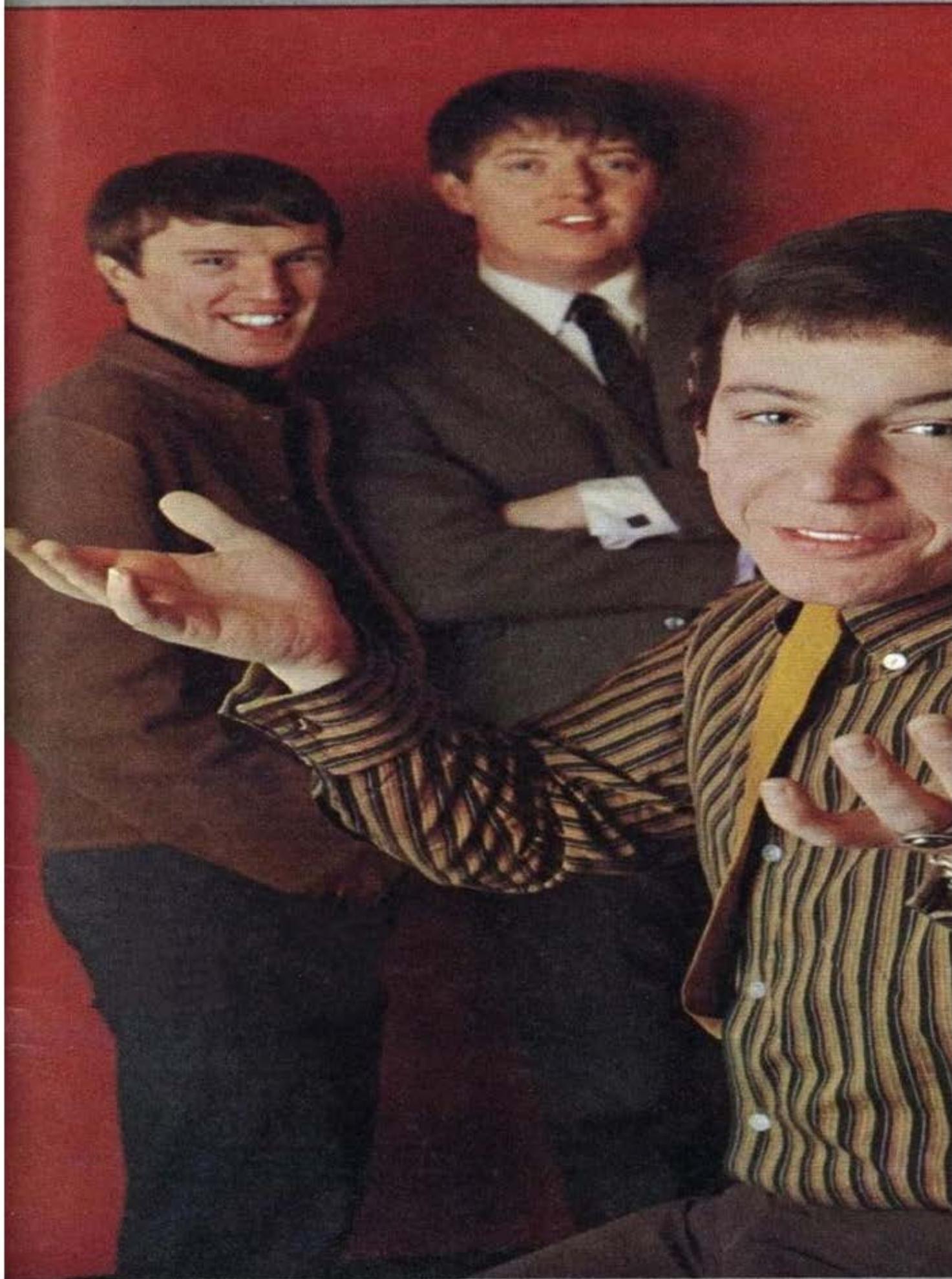
Next, Tom Jones. Tom laughed at first and said everything was true! But then told us, "I hope that bit about a star here to stay is true. As far as tolerant nature and good judge of people goes, I do not know whether the latter is true, but I've been very lucky making friends. I never judge anyone on first impressions."

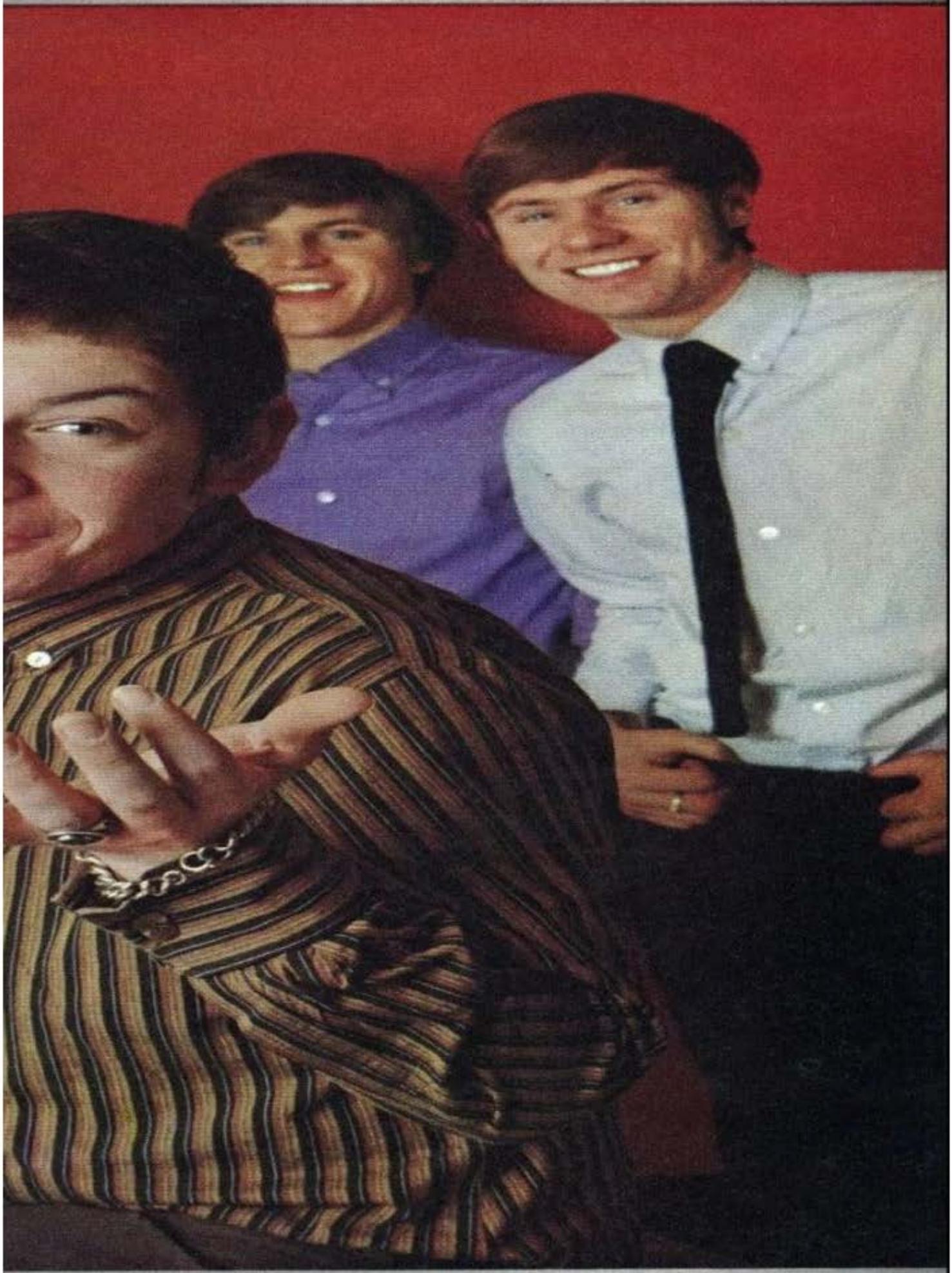
The mystery RAVE reader who had her handwriting analysed was Miss P. Ponting, 7a High Street, Purton, Nr. Swindon, Wilts.

She said, "Firstly, I am ambitious, I am optimistic and hard to discourage. I don't bottle my feelings up as Mr. Fraser said, but I am self conscious. Mr. Fraser also said I was tactful, but sorrowfully this is untrue. I wish I was!

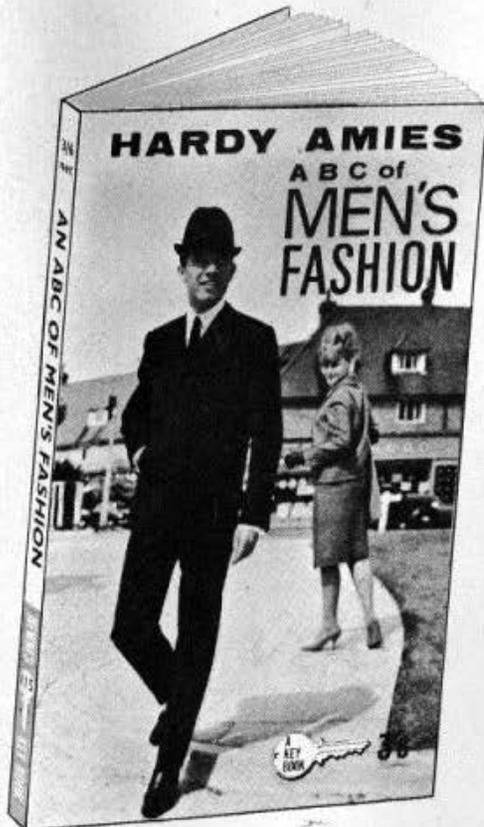
I have seen Chris Curtis of the Searchers with a ring on his wedding finger, and yet I know he isn't married.

I have noticed, too, that a lot of pop singers wear wedding rings when they're not married. Gerry and the Pacemakers did years before any of them got married. Is it because pop stars think married men are more popular with the girls?—**Brenda Andrea, High Wycombe, Bucks.**





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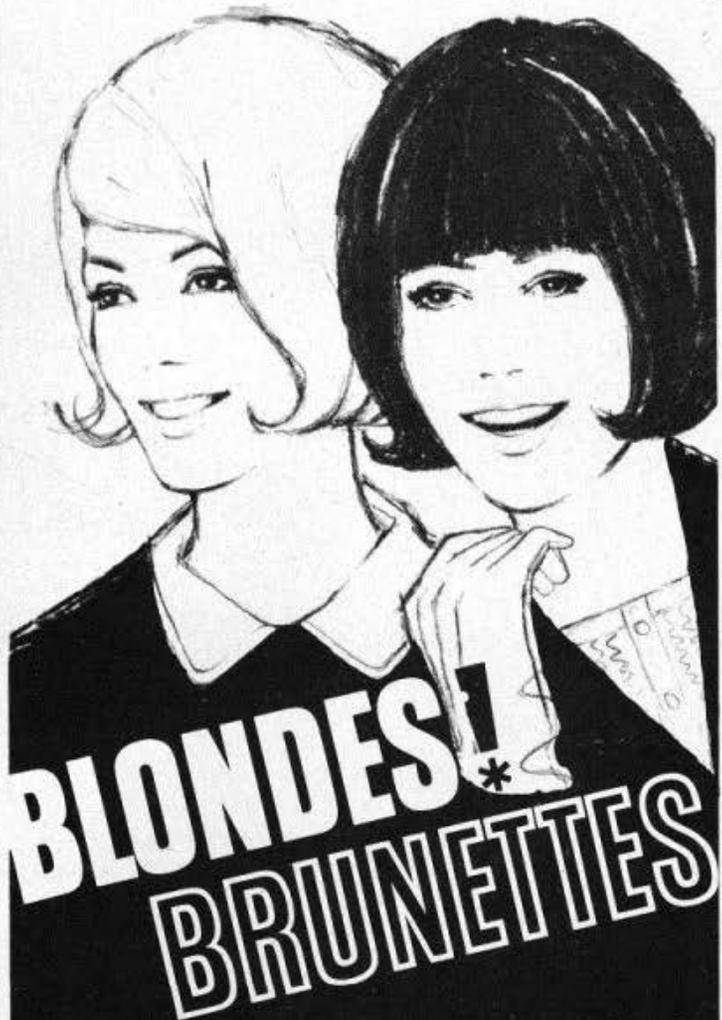
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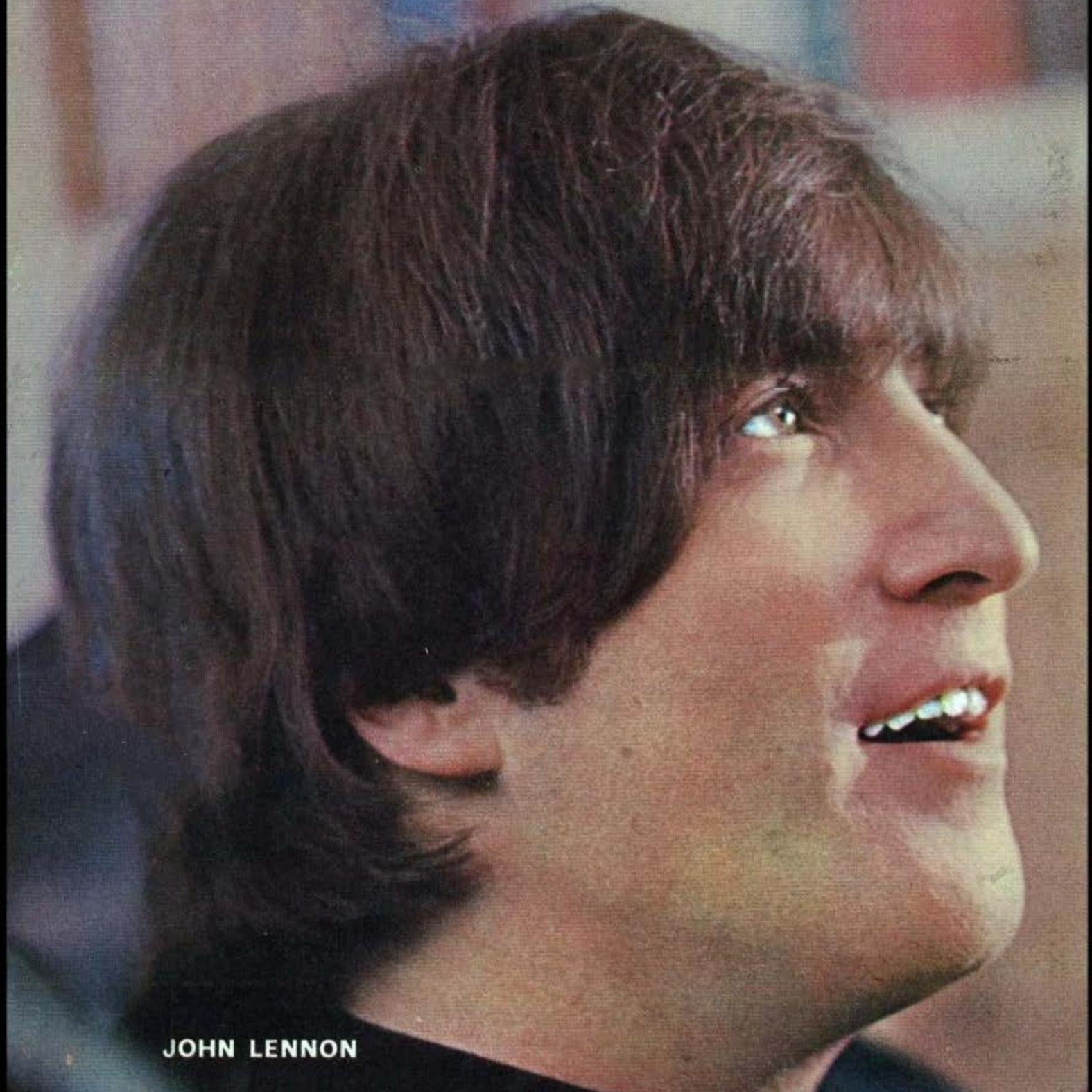
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