

RAVE

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SEPTEMBER
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Choose—and be astonished! when you discover the one shampoo meant truly for you. For every shade of darker hair, the one and only shampoo is Brunitex. For every fairer shade, the one and only is Sta-Blond. So choose. And be astonished—tonight!

Stā·blond for blondes

Sta-Blond is the special shampoo formula which restores rich golden tones to all shades of fair hair. Prevents hair from darkening!

Brunitex for brunettes

Brunitex is the special shampoo formula which deepens richness of tone, brings out the full colour of all shades of darker hair.



At BOOTS, WOOLWORTHS and CHEMISTS everywhere

KEEP IT DARK, BUT



—RAVE's captured the cream of the boutique fashions! Presents an eight-page special on the dottiest, darlingest, dreamiest clothes exclusive to you and RAVE . . .

—RAVE went (alone) with the Stones to Scotland! Cameraman Marc took super snaps for you, RAVE writer Maureen O'Grady chatted up Mick and tells . . .

—RAVE's got the Knack! Most devastating discovery of the year, that everyone here (male) is a wow with the birds and the girls are liked by the boys. How to check you've got it, too, see page 12 where expert Michael Crawford supplies some fast answers.



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Stones fans / we gi you satisfaction ▶

NOT ENOUGH STONES IN RAVE

Once again RAVE brings you an EXCLUSIVE!

So many readers pleaded for more Rolling Stones that RAVE girl Maureen O'Grady and cameraman Marc Sharatt joined the boys in Scotland at their special invitation for a three-day trip. They talked to Maureen and posed for Marc to provide these exclusive pages of newest facts and photos. "The whole trip was a mad whirl! Rushing from Glasgow to Edinburgh, stopping for nothing but flocks of sheep! Police escorts everywhere. And then the boys got trapped by fans on the end of a jetty by the Forth Bridge!"



WHAT THE STONES THINK OF . . .

AMERICA "It's a country where you do ten times more work than anywhere else in the world. But, of course, you do get ten times more money. The only problem: it's difficult to relax; much too fast. Los Angeles was about the only place we could let off steam. The Middle West was all cattle towns. Audiences? Wild and enthusiastic."

FANS "We always sign autographs and pose for pictures for fans. We regard them as V.I.P.'s. But if someone gets to be a bit of a pest, we never tell them to go away. We just drop gentle hints and hope they get the message."

"We hate people who say, 'Can I have your autograph, it's not for me, it's for my friend.' We know it's for them really. Or the kind of person who pushes a piece of paper and

pen at you and says, 'Thank you.' We just pick up the pen and paper and say 'Thank YOU, just what we've always wanted! A pen and paper!'

"Also, we do answer our fan letters. I've heard John Lennon rolls his up and smokes them!" said Keith.

THEMSELVES Their ideas of what to call 'home' are getting much grander. All of them, literally, fight over copies of *Country Life* that they come across, looking for big country houses to buy themselves. Keith liked the look of one in Cornwall, a very remote place. Charlie wants a house out of London, but as he and his wife Shirley can't drive, Mick has offered to teach them. Charlie wants a house with a studio for his wife (she's a former art student) and a stable for a couple of horses. Shirley, who has been riding for ten years, would like her own horse. Charlie worries a lot about her, and doesn't like her to get lonely when he can't be with her. One of the most considerate and divorced husbands.

A really good audience still has a marvellous effect on them. After one show in Scotland, they were all so excited about the enthusiasm that they could hardly touch the huge plates of food they had hungrily ordered fifteen minutes before.

Charlie is still regarded as the Beau Brummell of the group. One morning he entered the hotel lounge dressed very smartly in a striped suit. The others ignored him. Then Mick said, "Look at Charlie! He's waiting for us to say how good he looks." "No, I'm not," he replied. "Well you look horrible, then." But Charlie didn't mind. **THE FUTURE** "We don't think about the future much. It's really not worth worrying about. How can you see what you are going to do ahead?"

"Of course, our present life can't go on. You know, the great feeling of having the best of everything, fantastic service in hotels, police escorts. But we're just happy to take it as it comes."



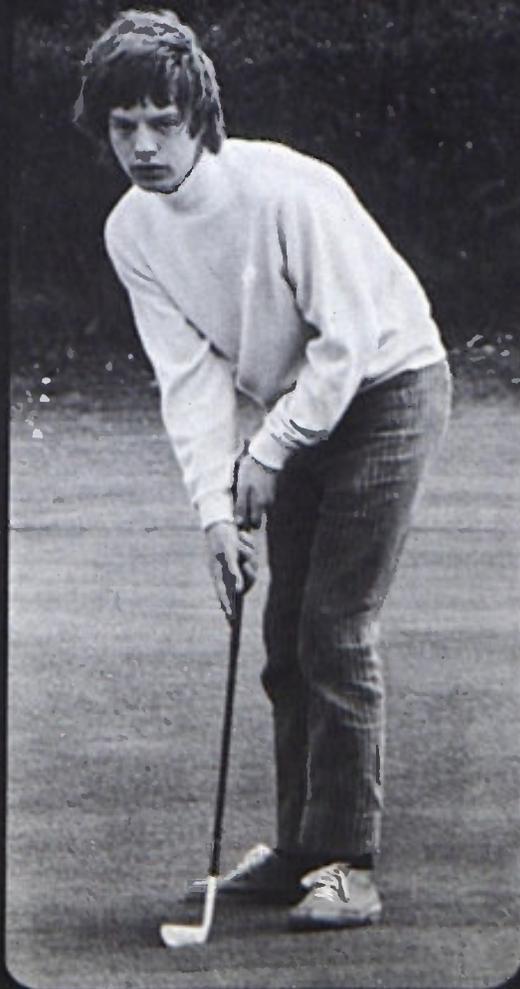
FANS COMPLAIN!

Stones seriously

THE POLICE. The Stones like the police quite a lot. "They can take jokes, and they don't find it beneath them to come in and ask for autographs. Policewomen, Inspectors, Constables, the lot. And sometimes they give us a fantastic escort into towns. They block off the streets, and a police car races ahead with its siren screaming!"

Like the time the boys wanted to leave their theatre and go round to the local pub for a game of darts. The police just told them it wasn't safe because of crowds, but they'd borrow the dart board from the pub for them!

PARENTS. The Stones went to a party one night after a show. They described it as having "a 1958-style group playing at one end with loads of old, fat Dads and Mums in flowered dresses prodding us and laughing and calling us all by our wrong names. We only stayed for fifteen minutes—and that's because we couldn't find the way out! No, we like Mums and Dads really — they're smashing! It's just that some of them think us strange and funny!"



IDLE CHATTER

■ The Stones talk a lot about The Who. Musically they think they're good, and they talk a lot about their Pop Art image. "I think I'll have a jacket made out of a Union Jack, like The Who!" says Brian, to which Charlie answers, "This Pop Art stuff is a load of rubbish. What's it all supposed to mean anyway? All this thing has gone too far. Nobody knows what real Pop Art is any more!"

About Mick's striped orange and black football sweater, "Oh, I just saw it in a shop and went in and bought it. It's all right, I suppose." "Liar!", says Brian. "Do you know he spent a whole day looking for that sweater!"

Mick listens to Teen Scene, to hear Chrissie doing her interviews, and is proud of the way she's progressing. Mick's latest rave disc is 'Ride Your Pony' by Lee Dorsey. "I could never say that I think that all the records in the Top Ten are great.

Mick doesn't publicise the fact, but he recently went to a smart coming-out party with Chrissie. It was for the Ormsby-Gores' three daughters, given by Lady Harley. Chrissie says, "You should have seen him. He was so charming and polite in front of Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra and Lord Snowdon."

Sex and the Single Stone

■ There's only one Stone without a steady girl or wife—Brian Jones. He rarely has a steady, usually about two or three going at the same time. He usually takes a girl out for a meal, then on to a club like the Ad Lib or The Scotch. "I'm certainly not attracted to any type of girl. She might have long hair, short hair, blonde or brunette. Doesn't matter really. I just must like her." Out of all the girls he's met across the world, he rates the French and Swedish as two of the nicest. He doesn't want to settle down yet. Life's too good as it is. He's a real Rolling Stone!

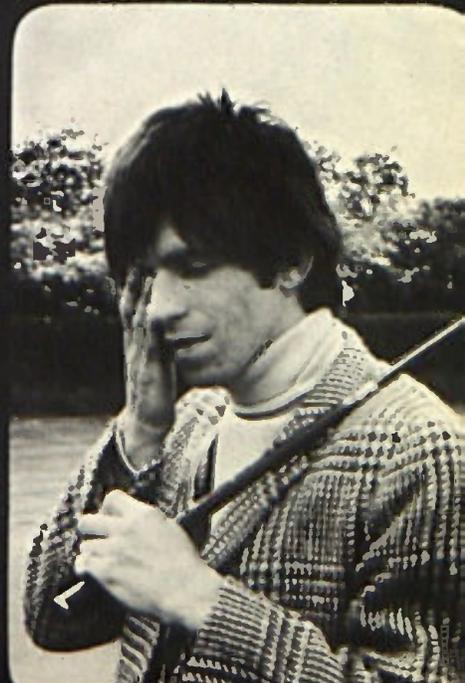


THAT FILM

The Stones' film venture is something they are all excited about. To date, the film could be rolling into action in December/January next.

"It's going to be weird, and full of suspense," says Mick. "It'll surprise you, too. I can't say much about the story now but it's so strange. The sort of thing where everyone dies in the middle. It's going to be great—better than anyone will expect from US! Keith and I are writing the songs for it, and we're even lending a hand on the script!"

This will be something completely new for the boys. They had hoped to start on the film this summer, and are quite disappointed that it's had to be pushed to the end of the year.





10 NEW FACTS ABOUT MICK

1. Mick, who brought his girlfriend Chrissie a white Mini for her birthday, is now getting one for himself, probably in grey—or a Bentley.
2. His latest and most favourite buy: a pair of white suede, lace-up shoes.
3. Mick now living apart from Keith in his own flat in London, N.W.1.
4. Mick now has his hair cut about every two months. He likes it long at the back and quite short at the front, "So that it doesn't hang in my eyes when it gets wet while I'm on stage."
5. Mick shares a tiny kitten with Chrissie, his first real pet. Its name? Sydney!
6. These days, the only ready-made things that Mick buys are socks and jackets. All his shirts, trousers and shoes are specially made for him.
7. Mick doesn't go to the Cromwellian Club any more, "Too many of my friends have been barred!" He goes now for the Scotch Club in St. James's, where he likes to meet the 'Fab Four'.
8. Mick no longer likes dancing much. "One two-minute dance in one evening is enough. I'd rather sit and watch."
9. Mick is mad about Swedish Ingemar Bergman films. His latest 'good' film being "Compulsion" with Catherine Deneuve, who, by the way, has married Mick's good friend, David Bailey, the photographer.
10. All Mick's conversations are now punctuated with "Help!" Asked if it was because of the Beatles, Mick said, "Funny, I thought I was saying that before they existed!"



That Single

"SATISFACTION"—This single was written by Mick and Keith on an American tour—half in Toronto, Canada, and half in Tampa, Florida. What inspired the song? Half a bottle of whisky, according to Mick! The flip of "Satisfaction" in America was titled, "The Under Assistant West Coast Promotion Man." but unlikely to be the flipside of the British release. Mick was very pleased to hear that this disc had entered the R & B charts in America.



NEW STONE CRAZES

■ Bill now goes in for cine-photography and giving home movie shows with his wife, Diane.

Charlie has become a keen collector of guns and antiques. He checks the newspapers for gun sales and antique auctions.

You couldn't really call them 'nature boys', but in Scotland Mick and Brian went out at three a.m. looking for birds' nests. Brian was armed with a gigantic umbrella to shield them from the rain!

When they have the chance, they all love putting, golf, riding and swimming. They like galloping like cowboys! As far as putting is concerned, Bill usually wins, with Mick as the runner-up. "It's because Bill really concentrates. Takes it seriously, not like us. I mean, it's only a game!"

FANS, WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T GET SATISFACTION . . . ?

bird's eye view of the BYRDS

Or 5 byrds
in the hand
are worth
a crazy,
unexpected
interview
with rave
writer
Dawn James

They nestled amongst a herd of chattering people tall and grey and quiet. They frowned and stared and stooped to answer questions, and their mouths were taut, their hair wild, and their eyes bright. The Byrds, the Mr. Tambourine Man men from across the Atlantic, seemed bewildered, pleased, and annoyed all at the same time. At Croydon, their first London date, everyone who was anyone in the pop world had gone to see their act.

"Oh, I'm not worried about what they think," Jim McGuinn said. "It is bad to worry about other people's opinions, just before you go on. You must play to the masses, not a few friends."

The Byrds speak a hip language directed at many, but only understood by a few. They react favourably to such sentences as, "They're bubbly and high and fast. They're rakish and raffish. They're orange and green, and yellow, and near." (Quoted on the sleeve of their current L.P.) They were near to me, standing about, drinking and signing, and I could see each had his own private face, behind which he keeps thoughts and moods.

Jim McGuinn is slim, with tight lips and hidden eyes. (Small, square dark specs cheat us from seeing any reflections.) Gene Clark has a rough face, and a warm twinkle in his eyes. Dave Crosby seems to dare you not to fall for him. Chris Hillman looks like a Walker Brother and a tall Brian Jones. And Mike Clarke, reminiscent of so many drummers, seems to have the least soul and the bluest eyes.

Just as The Beatles brought into fashion words like 'gear', so the era of Byrds seems to have brought words like 'scene'. The Byrds have lots of scenes, and even more daddys, and simply hundreds of hippy things.

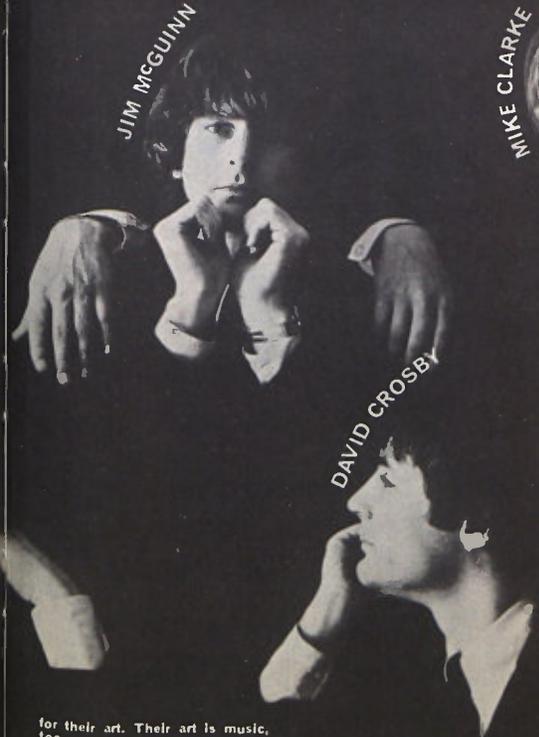
Dave Crosby calls himself the troublemaker of the group, "because of a cute little snilling bit he does which makes all the girls flip over him," said Mike Clarke. When I asked why they flip, he said, "Because they're hip." I asked if he was hip, he said of course he was. I asked him why. He said because he was part of the scene.

Jim McGuinn laughed shortly at



GENE CLARK

the last reply, and temporarily removed his dark glasses. He said, "My scene is my music. I dig guitars and drink, and having a good time, but it is music that counts with me. I get a little high, then boom. I'm back on earth, troubled about my music." When he talks like that, it is straight talk, no 'daddys', no 'hippy scenes'. He is a straight, thin, sallow young man, who cares about his art, music. Unlike some groups whose leader is drawn from the ranks because of his smooth talk or his looks, Jim was chosen by The Byrds because of his care



JIM MCGUINN

for their art. Their art is music, too. "I think we have put the thump of rock 'n' roll into folk music," he explained. "It's hard to express oneself amongst all this," he waved an arm indicating the packed room. "But stay with me, I'm trying." He paused, and then continued, "The folk music I always believed in was just a human voice, a story, and a guitar. Nowadays, we put electrical equipment with it. See, it is the jet-age now. We sound like the age we live in. But through the centuries people believe in the same things." They duck tricky questions,



MIKE CLARKE

years. They are sharp. They know when you're probing, and when you are just being a bird with a Byrd.

Dave Crosby's eyes sparkled. "In America the girls are very sure of themselves," he said, "but here, we were told you are all shy and cute. The minute I stepped off the plane, I was grabbed by a cute, but never shy, little English girl. When I got to the press reception, I was cross-questioned by a lot of cute, but not shy little girl journalists. What's this with Englishmen that they think English girls are unforthcoming? They're a ravel I like that."

"Have you felt at home here?" I asked.

"Yes. The audiences made us feel good. But I think it is easy to be misunderstood by the English," Dave said. Gene Clark agreed. "Do you try to be an 'in' person, making funny cracks, and being part of the hip scene?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but I am understanding that the English might take me that way. I'm not that complex. I don't try to be fashionably deep. I am an 'in' person because I like 'in' things. I like Dylan, and folk, and depth in music." Someone bustled up to us then and said it was time to go onstage, and one by one The Byrds flew away.

They nestle, but they don't coo. They say what comes into their heads. They're grey and sandy and somewhat aloof. They're warm, but high and hard to capture. They're the same as we're seen before, only different . . .

amiably. "How important has Dylan been to your career?" "Every group needs a song, and therefore a songwriter. Otherwise there is nothing to sing, is there?" —Mike Clarke.

"How much have The Beatles and The Beach Boys and The Stones affected you?"

"You give us music, we dress it up and chuck it back to you. You come International." — Gene Clark.

They have been together eight months, but on the scene several

THE KNACK



POSSIBLY AND HOW TO GET IT

RAVE—and a few of its staff—take a look, sometimes a little light-heartedly, at the art of **The Knack**.

We've made up many various boy/girl situations and asked a few of our staff how they would treat such a situation if they were the ones involved. And, after each of their answers, we got handsome star Michael Crawford, to tell how a person who had **The Knack**, would have treated the same situation.

THE KNACK—you've either got it or you haven't. But, fortunately, it is something you can work at and get—even though it might be with a little trial and error! The situations opposite **DO** happen but, as Michael Crawford says, "Never all in one month! Not even to me!"

Michael starred in the trendy film, "**THE KNACK**", and has certainly picked up **SOMETHING**, as you can see from his answers! **RAVE** staffers, Trilby, Dodo, Dawn and Dean (for the girls) and Terry and Roger (for the boys) come up with more conventional comments, so this gives the girls a clue as to how boys' minds work, and the boys an idea as to how girls' minds work.

What is **THE KNACK** when you've got it? It means that in any awkward situation, with a bit of wit and cunning, you come out on top. You are **ALWAYS** ready with the right answers or the right action. And when it comes to the game of love, having **THE KNACK** means you've got a head start over all your friends.

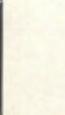
MAUREEN O'GRADY

PREDICAMENTS RAVE STAFFERS SAY ... THE KNACK

You're at a party. Suddenly you find yourself alone with a girl you fancy. What's your first move?

ROGER: Offer her a jelly.

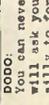
MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Lock all the doors and make sure she's a girl!



This accomplished—What's your second move?

ROGER: Say, "Here have a spoon!"

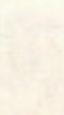
MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Slip on her legs and let her you can drink more than she can.



You go out with a boy and you enjoy yourself and want a second date. How do you make sure he asks you out again?

DODO: You can never make sure that someone will love you. It's just silly to force a date too, because then the chances are that he won't turn up! If you think he's really interested, there's no harm in saying, "When will I see you again?" And then wait for his reply.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Keep his trousers or steal his wallet!



You and your friend are after the same girl. How do you make sure that you're the one that walks away with her?

TERRY: Get him drunk.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Cut off both his legs, or tie his shoe laces together!

You've had an argument and want to make up. How do you make her make the first move?

TERRY: Don't do anything, just wait for her to apologise. If she doesn't then you won't have lost anything.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Let her see you with this fantastic bird, and as you walk by her, tell her you miss her. She won't believe you, but she's sure to phone!

A girl has two boyfriends. She makes a date with one of them for the evening. Then the one she likes better phones up for a date for the same evening. How would she tackle the situation?

DAWN: Phone up the first boy and say you can't make it!

MICHAEL CRAWFORD: Go out with the first boy, telling him you've got to be home very early that night—then—meet up with the second boy later!

Out with a boy and you see another boy whom you had just told you were with. How do you explain your way out of it?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Tell him he must be mistaken. You're not the girl he's thinking of. You've had plastic surgery to look like THAT girl, and maybe he'll ask YOU out too.

A girl turns up in the wrong clothes for a date. How do you make her go home and change without insulting her or hurting her feelings?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Take her for a walk down Trafalgar Square, and accidentally push her under one of the fountains!

You tell a girl she's the only one for you and she sees you out with another girl and causes a scene. How do you get out of it?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
I'd say Roger is well on the way to having the Knack here!

Your best friend finds out that you've been dating her boy. How do you break both her friendship and her boy's?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
I'd tell her it wasn't serious, and any way, I don't really go for boys!

You take a girl out and like her a lot. You want another date but don't want to make the first move. How do you make her suggest it?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Play it cool. Feel out the things she likes to do, the places she likes to go to, and let her know you have easy access to these places. She'll phone you, don't worry!

If a boy gets too fresh at the end of a date, how do you deal with him?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Tell him to start earlier next time!

By mistake you make the same date with two girls but can't put off either. What would you do?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Tell them you're under treatment for a split personality, and BOTH of you fancied going out tonight!

You've fallen for the strong silent type who just stands there and looks at nobody in particular. How do you get him moving in your direction?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Fix a guided missile to his legs (set in your direction), press the control button—and POW! You've made contact!

You're walking down the street and a gorgeous boy is walking towards you. Your eyes meet and he smiles. What would you do to stop him walking and start talking?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Ask him if he always smiles at boys (that way)

Your girl is supposed to be home at 12.30 but you finally get her to her door at 3.30 with her parents waiting. How do you make everyone go away happy?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
I would never let this situation happen, but if it did, I'd sing "Happy Birthday To You", "Auld Lang Syne", and the third verse of "Mrs. Brown You're Got A Lovely Daughter"—and run like hell!

She says she's fed up with never being taken out anywhere and she thinks she should be. What happens?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Tell her she's more fun indoors than outdoors!

You've just got to break a date. How do you do it?



MICHAEL CRAWFORD:
Get your obituary in the Stop Press!

BOUTIQUE

■ Boutiques are the current 'in' places to buy clothes and accessories. The people who run them, with flair and fashion sense, know exactly what YOU like to wear and how it should be worn. Boutiques are small, interesting, friendly places where you can browse for hours without anyone bothering you.

Most London boutiques like Biba, The Hem and Fringe, The Shop have new designs every week. And the Boutique boom is extending fast all over the country.

Boutiques are often hidden away in side streets and their fame spreads by word of mouth. There is usually an air of mystery about them with beat music playing in the background. Most of them have exclusive clothes and a lot of them make things specially to measure.

Boutiques are fun places to buy your clothes and they're often used as rendezvous for friends.



P.S. Special RAVE opportunity . . . Order your choice of these eight pages through the post with our special ordering coupons on page 50 or, if you are near, call in and have a look round.



VICTORIA & ALBERT BOUTIQUE
VICTORIA GROVE
W.8. KNI 0552.

28 Victoria Grove, London, W.8
■ Owned by Rosemary Kirsten who is an ex-model. Sells boys and girls gear of varied price range. Amongst her customers are Twinkle and Lulu. Our choice is a raincoat in P.V.C. designed for the boutique by Hilary Floyd. 11 gns.

hem and fringe

35 Moreton Street, London, S.W.1
■ Recently opened by Patrick Kerr and his wife Theresa. All exclusive designs very inexpensive and way-out. Sandie Shaw and Lulu are among the pop world customers. Our choice (exclusive to RAVE) is a red, white and black light wool dress, £3 9s. 11d., hat to match £1.

PENNYHAPENNY

112 KENSINGTON PARK RD
LONDON W11 PARK 1374

■ Boutique with which The Pretty Things are associated; clothes designed by Tricia Farrar. Inexpensive, exclusive dresses. Our choice red and black striped dress with long sleeves and round neck, exclusive to RAVE. 5 gns. The boutique itself is pretty and feminine, with pink paisley chiffon drapes at the windows. The atmosphere, unlike some of the others, has an olde-worlde air, a touch of Victorian Tricia Farrar says The Pretty Things have very definite ideas about what they like, and what they don't — they see all her designs.



TOP GEAR, 5 gns.



TOP GEAR, 5½ gns.



HEM AND FRINGE, £3 10s.



HEM AND FRINGE, 10s. 6d.



TOP GEAR, 2 gns.



HEM AND FRINGE, 12s. 6d.



3



TOP GEAR, 2 gns.

TOP GEAR, 38s. 6d.

BIBA

87 Abingdon Road, London, W.8



■ Owned by designer Barbara Hulanicki and her husband. All exclusive, inexpensive gear. Amongst the customers are Cathy McGowan and Cilla Black. Our choice (exclusive to RAVE) is this black and white Op Art dress with big zip down the front. Price £3 10s., helmet to match 21s.



4



Adam w.I.

29 Kingly Street, London, W.1
Owned by Mr. Stanley Adams who designs boy's clothes that girls buy, too. Reasonably priced gear exclusive to Adam. Our choice is a pair of tweed Courreges inspired trousers with tweedy blue shirt. 79s. 6d. and 49s. 6d.



5

FASHION NOTES BY TRILBY LANE

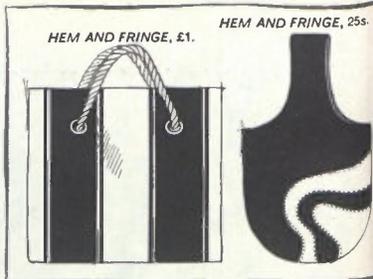
TOPGEAR

135 Kings Road, London, S.W.3



Owned by model Pat Booth and hat designer James Wedge. Fairly expensive but really terrific gear. Our choice is crepe trousers by Foale and Tuffin, 6½ gns., with skinny vest by Jane and Jane, 4 gns. Terrific hats designed by James Wedge and some way-out stuff by R.C.A. students. It is a tiny slip of a boutique but packed out with shoes, hats, bags, suits and dresses beneath its striking bullseye canopy.

6



PALISADES
26 Ganton Street, London, W.1



Owned by Pauline Fordham. Sells lots of pop art gear at all prices. Some of the clothes are exclusive to them; others are bought from the fashion houses. Our choice is a culotte dress in printed cotton, £8 8s. Full of badges with "I like boys" and "Superman" written on them; space-age hats and a terrific old 1930 juke box that really works!

7

OTHER BOOMING BOUTIQUES worth a visit!

SPICE No. 1, 11 Kinnerton Street, London, S.W.1
Feminine rather than kinky clothes with a 1930 flavour. Specialise in fabulous beaded belts made specially for them, skinny sweaters trimmed with crochet work which are also exclusive to them, and crochet hats.

FOALE AND TUFFIN, 1 Marlborough Court, London, W.1
Trousler suits in corduroy, smart dresses suitable for all day and then evening dates. Prices range from £8 to £21.

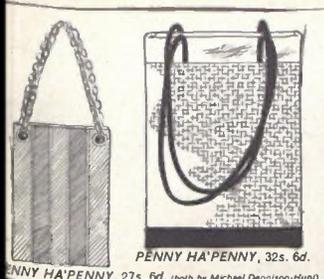
QUORUM, 21 Ansdell Street, London, W.8
Dresses with hearts on sleeves a speciality (£8 to £10). Levi-type suits with trousers or skirts in wool—cost around £15. Crepe dresses. Op Art dresses. They like making slacks and these cost around £5 for evening one in crepe.

HARRIET BOUTIQUE, 8 Gregory Place, Holland Street, London, W.8
Messian trouser suits with matching beaded bags (around £11 or maybe less for whole outfit). Also crepe and felt dresses around £1 gns.

LINDA & CAROL, 81 Storka Road, London, S.E.16
All exclusive. Military jackets, like American civil war. With piping and braiding, and a stripe on the sleeve, £3 10s. Light coats, double-breasted, with loads of buttons, £5.

RAVE BOUTIQUE, Harrow, Middx.
Prices range from 5s. to £25 and in Moya Shoes, in pink and green suede, very Jötyish, from 5 gns. Military Floyd Rainwear in fabulously coloured prints, from 6 gns. Male Boutique, called 'Male Rave' opening up next door on September 1st.

YOU AND I, 2 Crawford Street, London, W.1
They specialise in printed stockings with matching sweaters, scarves and handbags. Sets cost around £11 11s. Their trouser suits made in camel cost from £12-£18.



PENNY HA'PENNY, 27s. 6d. (both by Michael Dennison-Hugh)



The Shop

47 Radnor Walk, London, S.W.3
Owned by photographer Terence Donovan and designer Maurice Jeffery. Inexpensive exclusive gear. Our choice (exclusive to RAVE) is this black and white crepe dress, 4 gns. The Shop is known for its terrific trouser suits in black and white prints, costing £6.10s. only: matching hats and bags that they do are also a favourite of the 'In' crowd. There is a terrific wart-hog skull in the dressing-room!



8

Gone... the brash sex appeal, the wriggling movements, the hate of a town (Liverpool) now admired all over the world, the fear of teddy boys, and reporters, and the desire to spend too much money.

The young man who came through the TV studio door, riding high on the success of his latest hit disc 'In Thoughts Of You', smiled directly at me. Gone the fear of looking directly at another human being. Billy Fury sat down and ordered tea. His large hands, scarred like a workman's, don't play with the tablecloth any more, his feet, clad in neat slim shoes, don't shuffle aimlessly. But there is still a shyness about him that is attractive, though no longer embarrassing. He hasn't got a smooth line in chat, or a Rolls Royce, nor will he ever have.

"I've got everything I want, and not all of it looks that desirable to other people," he explained. "There was a time (and, let me tell you, it lasted a few years) when I felt like spending my 'bread' like water. I couldn't buy enough."

Six years ago Billy was a star, wearing wide-shouldered suits, and he wriggled and groaned, and he was the centre of much controversy. Nowadays his image is still strong, but the atmosphere of his act and his life in general has changed.

He tried to explain this. "I think I grew up suddenly, yet without realising it," he said. "My present stage act grew with me. My whole life sort of levelled out and it reflected in what I did onstage."

"My feelings haven't changed towards my audiences, though. I still regard them as a bit dangerous! Audiences are too unpredictable."

Though Billy has left a lot of his tongue-tied youth behind him, he still doesn't have full control over his own career. His manager, Larry Parnes, guides him, and Bill understands and appreciates the importance of this role.

"I don't think it is possible to be both organiser and performer," he said. "I have quite a say in what I do."

"I'd like to have a business of my own, quite outside my career. I have lots of ideas."

But he won't talk about the ideas. Once, he would have stuttered an awkward reply when asked about them. Today he says openly, "I'm sorry, I don't want anyone to know."

This outspokenness is one of the most significant changes in Billy. He has positive ideas on things. He will discuss politics. He will talk about the time he spends in the country, photographing wild birds and animal life. And when he is asked too much

NOW THE FURY'S FADED

**A YOUNG
CONTROLLED
STAR HAS
EMERGED:
SURVIVOR FROM
THE HURRICANE
OF INSTANT
SUCCESS.**

**'TODAY I HAVE TIME
TO THINK CLEARLY'
AND FOR WHAT HE THINKS
ABOUT READ HERE . . .**

about this latest hobby, he will say, "Oh, I wish I'd never mentioned it. It's a national event now, each time I go to take a photo—I don't want it to sound like a commercial thing."

He knows exactly what is good and what is not, for his image. He thinks clearly, sees straight. At the stormy start of his career he was mixed-up. He didn't know what he wanted, or where he was going. He was brought away from his home, Liverpool, and thrown into a blinding glare of publicity, screaming fans and worship.

"It was like a bomb exploding," he said, with the calm thoughtfulness of someone who has survived a hurricane and is safe on still shores. "Bang! and you're there and you're too young to know what it's all about. You're away from home, but you don't accept it's for good. Every night you kid yourself, tomorrow it'll be over, and you'll be home. And you go onstage, terrified, then exhilarated by the thousands screaming for you. And you begin to feel safe. Then you come off, and there are the knockers backstage, and you feel unsafe again."

He suddenly laughed, and ran his hands through his hair. "It was terrifying at first. I did things I wouldn't do today. Like writing my story for that Sunday newspaper. I shouldn't really have said the bad things I did about Liverpool, because people took such notice of it."

Just as he has progressed from stage shows to films, where he acts as well as sings, so Billy's personal life has altered. The place he lives in now is very different from his first London home.

"Oh, I cringe when I think of that flat," he said. "It was awful. I got a decorator to do it, because I thought he would have better taste than me. I lacked confidence, you see. But he chose what he thought a newly-rich pop star would want, and I didn't want to get rid of the flat and live in the country, but it wasn't the thing to do. You weren't part of the 'in crowd' if you lived outside Town. I wasn't part of it, anyway, looking back, so I'm glad I decided to move out eventually."

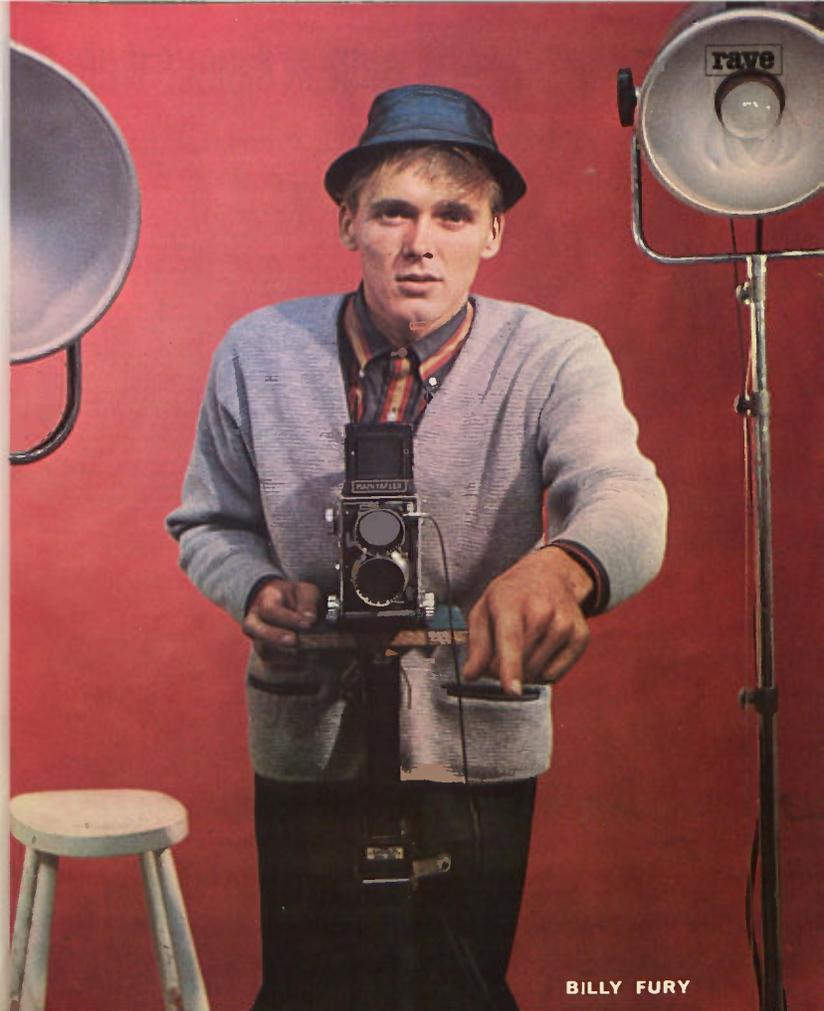
Billy now lives in a green-hedged village near Horsham, Sussex.

"I've got a house done out in old stuff, which is comfortable and I like. I have the luxury of fitted carpets, because sometimes I do my own cleaning, and I'd rather sweep a carpet than polish lino. I've got the furniture covered in floral prints to match the curtains. It looks nice."

"As I said before, when I started in pop I was swept along in a great tidal wave. The big difference in me now is that I control the wave. I question things because I have the time to think clearly."

Yes, Billy Fury is different. His laugh is deeper, his eyes still. No longer does he look like a bird eating bread, watchful of the cat. He is sure of himself. He's happily one of the 'out' crowd. And he doesn't care. And that more than anything has made today a very good tomorrow for a star who started yesterday.

DAWN JAMES



BILLY FURY



GIRL IN A GIRL'S WORLD

She came to the door in silver curlers that dangled about her pale face as wisps of orange hair tried to escape their jailers. She is tiny. Big turquoise eyes danced as she greeted me.

"Sorry I'm not up. Over-slept again! Come on in." She led the way into a large room with windows on two sides, and took an accurate leap into a comfortable chair. She pulled her quilted dressing-gown about her. It was twelve on a weekday. Lulu yawned.

"I got home at four-thirty this morning, and my telephone has been ringing on and off since eight. But I beat it." She looked round as though she expected it to object, and added in a stage whisper, "I took it off the hook."

She stretched and said she'd make some tea, and her size three feet padded across the carpet towards the kitchen.

Lulu (real name Marie Laurie) lives in a flat in St. John's Wood, London, with Mrs. Gordon, mother of her manager, Marion Massey. The flat is cosily furnished in brocades, thick cream rugs, cocktail cabinets and nests of tables. There is a modern kitchen, and a littered bathroom. Lulu returned with tea, and cheese and biscuits, which she served with the elegance of a seasoned hostess; then rather ruined the effect by leaping into the armchair again, and munching noticeably.

She is sixteen and looks it. She sings sophisticated songs on television with the air of someone who knows what life is all about. But when you meet her, she bounces and laughs and says comforting things like, "Oh, I adore your ring!" and "Isn't so-and-so a darling?"

The telephone rang again. It was now on the hook. "I've always had lots of friends," she said when she returned. "I used to hurry my school homework so I could get out

with my friends. We used to go dancing and skating." She grinned merrily, at the not-too-distant memory. I was a child one day and a star the next, and stars can't afford to remain children."

So proud

It all started for Lulu at the Lindella Club, Glasgow, where she and her friends went to dance. The group, then The Gleneagles now The Luvvers, asked her to sing with them. She did, and some time later they were all discovered by Manchester club owner, Tony Gordon.

"He offered us a recording test in London," Lulu explained, "and do you know what my Mum and Dad said? 'Oh no, you're not.' I was shattered. I had to get Tony to promise to look after me." She smiled, a little proudly. "They worry about me so much, you see."

"At the time it seemed silly, but now I understand why. Living on your own, or with a friend, is very different from living with parents. I have to think for myself, and make all my own decisions."

"It's lucky that I've never worried about performing," she went on. "Sometimes, I wish the show would never end. But I have had a worrying time waiting for another hit record. 'Shout' went so high it was hard to follow," she laughed huskily, "and to follow, and to follow. I nearly gave up. Then 'Leave A Little Love' came along. I was so thrilled about its success."

"You need hit records to stay big," Lulu is aware that a hit record changed her life completely, because it brought things she would otherwise never have known.

"And it's changed me, too," she said simply. "I have a whole new set of values. I know lots of people who get on in the world and take pride in remaining the same. You hear

the cry go up, 'Good old so-and-so, he hasn't changed one bit.' Well, by 'good old so-and-so's' standards I should be ashamed, but I'm not. Things that were a treat two years ago, I now take for granted. There are ways of behaving I didn't know about that I now think are proper and normal. And the friends I used to know suddenly seem worlds away from me. When we meet I am at a strange disadvantage. I dare not talk about the boys I know because it sounds as though I'm name-dropping. If I say what clothes I've bought they'll think I'm swanking. And what else do you talk to old girlfriends about, if not about boys and clothes?"

"It is a bit scary, knowing you're slipping away from what you were, what your folks are. But it is inevitable. I feel a lot older than when I first came to London, too. You know, kids envy me my freedom. They think it's all the jazz living in a flat in London, and going where I please. Sure, in some ways it is. I can decide to stay out all night if I want to. But next morning—and they forget this—I also have to decide to get up and face the busy day on my own."

One minute she'll talk seriously and the next the turquoise eyes are dancing,

the hands gesturing, the voice broken in a laugh.

Among her claims about herself are that she is an exhibitionist ("My mum is so sweet and quiet, I'd love to be like her!") and a very mean person. But she kids herself. She may have green eyes and red hair, but this is no marmalade cat. She praises other girl stars kindly. She tells you what she paid for her clothes and where she got them.

She got up from her comfortable armchair and trotted over to a photo of The Luvvers.

"Gorgeous Luvvers"

"Aren't they gorgeous?" she said with feeling. "Especially Alex. We go out together sometimes. Oh, there isn't a budding romance, we are very close friends, that's all."

She would like to get married in two years, when a great romance has budded and bloomed. "If I could choose, he'd be outside show-business. One in the family is enough," she said. "But you can't decide who you'll fall in love with."

"My career is important to me," she said quietly. "The first thing I think of when I wake up is, 'What is on today?'"

It may be TV or radio, or a live show somewhere. Which ever, I decide what to wear and whether to get my hair

set. Sometimes my hairdresser, Vidal Sassoon, thinks I'm mad getting it re-set, because it looks O.K. But I feel awful if my hair isn't just right. I suppose when you are the instrument of your business you get self-centred in some ways. Anyhow, once I've sifted through the day, I relax, and things run smoothly enough."

The telephone went again, and life became temporarily rough. Lulu put a frightened face round the door. "Oh, my goodness! I'm due at a run-through of a radio show. I must dress."

Things were hurried about in the room next door. Puffed mutterings escaped from a scurrying figure. She came back dressed, and tripped over the tea tray. She cursed. Two rather inadequate-looking arms stretched out before me.

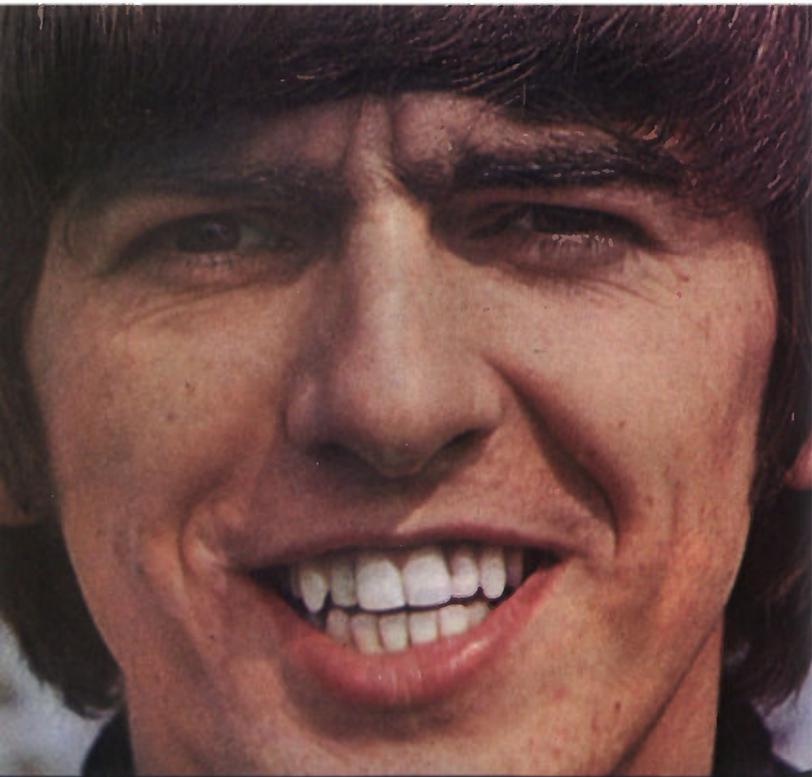
"All that thinking and planning for the day and I end up like this! I'm not organised at all; it's all a dream." She tossed her orange head impatiently at herself, and asked me to let myself out.

"Goodbye and bless you, and excuse the rush," she said, and scurried out to hail a cab: a small, crazy, partly-organised, wholly-talented, somehow courageous little person.

JEAN-MARIE



'FAME HAS CHANGED ME' / LULU



THE UNCOMMITTED ONE

The second in a new rave study of our four Beatles, M.B.E.

Ask yourself which is the least known Beatle. Think of Paul, and you think of fastidiousness, good grooming, a most obliging nature and a musical perfectionist.

Think of John and you get genial cynicism, desperate untidiness, unswerving realism and a wit that cuts like a scythe.

Think of Ringo, and you come up with a very affectionate nature, even-temperedness, utter unsophistication and a capacity for late-night raving that rarely gets him home before the milkman.

And George???

Exactly! George Harrison, probably the least spontaneously communicative, has always been a little bit of an enigma. So I buttonholed George recently for a long interview to find out what makes him tick . . .

I first met and interviewed George Harrison—with John, Paul and Ringo—in Stockholm in October 1963. I remember finding that George was the least responsive of the four. He answered questions briefly, sensibly—but was rarely induced to elaborate.

Many meetings since then have confirmed that George is the least communicative Beatle. But it is not because he is reluctant to endure interviews, or that he is sullenly taciturn. It is simply that when he feels he has nothing important to say, he shuts up. He then looks at you unblinkingly and waits for your next question.

George Harrison, M.B.E., former apprentice electrician, now millionaire lead guitarist, E-type driver, Pattie Boyd escort and youngest of the Beatles, is, like the other three, tremendously easy-going, completely lacking in conceit, very direct, and capable of flashes of brilliant humour for which he gets less credit than he should.

But nevertheless, two less endearing qualities have sometimes been attributed to him—that he is quick-tempered and that he keeps an extremely watchful eye on his money.

The bad-tempered bit probably stems from the now famous orange juice incident in Paris last year. Annoyed by one of the NEMS staff, George threw a glass of orange juice over him and observed that he was

lucky he didn't get the glass as well. Certainly his moods can change rapidly. When I met him on the terrace of the Beatles' Paris hotel suite where the boys were posing for photographs for RAVE he said, "Great. I like RAVE—yeah, we can do an interview."

"When will be the best time?"

"Between the concerts."

Later, at the Palais des Sports I reminded George about the interview. Beatles, who see an average of 347 people a day, are apt to forget.

He was just about to go on stage for the first concert of the tour and he was understandably nervous.

"Let's get this over first," he said sharply, and walked away.

In the end I got to talk to him over dinner late that night. And he was completely co-operative, very frank and entirely relaxed.

That slow, engaging smile was often in evidence as he looked behind some of my questions before committing himself to a reply.

Nobody likes to be misquoted, but George is particularly concerned about this, hates being made to "look soft." Often, in answer to very personal questions, he would add at the end of his reply "but don't put that in."

As he tucked into a thick steak, I asked George what he thought of the suggestion that he had the worst temper of the four.

"I don't think I have. I suppose I used to get bad moods. But John has a temper, too. And he's always swearing in interviews!"

"Yes," answered John, who was sitting nearby at the time, "but you go on so much . . ."

"Well, I don't think any of us is as bad-tempered now as we used to be, because we're winning. In the beginning we used to suppress our feelings because we wanted to be nice. But now we don't have to suppress them, so they don't build up. I've been quite happy for the last year or two."

"Of course I still get annoyed."

"But," I asked, "are you the quickest to arouse?"

George thought for a moment, and then said, "I wouldn't say so . . ."

But I caught Ringo grinning from . . .





the other side of the room and vigorously nodding his head affirmatively!

George smiled back and said nothing. He obviously wasn't going to be quick to arouse at this point so I rapidly switched the subject to money.

"Me the most careful one? Well I suppose I ask more questions about what happens to our money than any of the others. When I meet the accountant I try to find out what our money is being invested in. But I don't always get answers!

"It was really Eppy who started this business about me being concerned about money. He put it in his book 'A Cellarful of Noise'. But we don't really have much say in how our money is invested.

"I'm certainly not afraid that I'll wake up one day and find we're not as well off as we thought. I'm just curious to know what we've got interests in."

"What about this plan you have to invest money in a club of your own?"

"Oh, there's nothing fixed yet. Somebody wants me to go into a club with them, but there's not a lot of money involved. Clubs are a bit dodgy."

Very early on in his career George told me that his ambitions were to own a fast car, a big house with a swimming pool, have a steady girl.

Today he has all these things, what does he look for, now, in the future?

"I don't think too much about the future. I never think more than a week or so ahead. There's obviously something I'll want to do, but I don't know what it is yet. If you start thinking about the future, then you start worrying and wondering what's

going to happen."

"Do you think you've changed much in the last two years?"

"Well, I suppose I've got used to everything a bit more—the crowds, the press and the fans and so on. I don't flinch now when the fans rush at us and I suppose I'm used to having a bit more money.

"At first I used to think it was great to see an overcoat worth £30 and be able to go in and buy it cash down. I've got used to being able to do this now, of course. So I've changed in little ways like that. But I don't think any of us has changed basically.

"One thing I'm happier about now is that we've slowed down a lot. We used not to get a minute's break, but since about a year ago we have been having one day completely off every week, so we get more time to relax.

"It's all right making lots of money, but it's no good if you're half dead and have no time to spend it.

"Besides, if you work too much the novelty wears off. I must admit that I got to the stage where I was a bit fed up with working all the time. But we never got to the nervous breakdown stage like some of those

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MEET THE FOLKS 4/THE GIRL FROM TEXAS

Rave's Ed Blanche turns the spotlight on veteran Folk Singer Carolyn Hester . . .

The place: the Club 47, Boston, U.S.A.

The time: September, 1961.

■ Lights in the crowded room are dimmed; cigarette smoke hangs limply in the air; a girl sits on a low stage playing a guitar and singing into a record company microphone.

■ Her name is Carolyn Hester. She is twenty-two years old and a veteran folk singer. Beside her is a scruffy youth with a shock of uncombed hair and an oval, angel face, wearing a pair of faded jeans and a crumpled shirt. He is blowing into a harmonica. His name: Bob Dylan.

■ Carolyn had heard him when she was at the club a few weeks earlier, and was so impressed she asked him to sit in on the live recording session.

He was grateful for the work then. Both have come a long way since that night.

■ Carolyn, now twenty-six, was born in Texas and grew up with folk music as part of her daily life. "It spoils me for anything else," she draws. "I've been told I could sing pop or jazz, but folk is my life."

■ With a pleasant three-octave range voice and an inborn talent for guitar-picking, she took to folk as naturally as a bird takes to the sky. In the six years she has been singing professionally she has made her own special imprint on folk music—left a little of herself in the music of others.

■ She has a vast repertoire of British songs, mostly learned when she came to Britain to appear at the 1962 and 1963 Edinburgh Festivals.

■ Her success has left her a little bewildered. "When I first started out," she admits, "I thought I'd go to New York, get signed up by an agency and do maybe twenty concerts a year.

"Now I find I do hundreds and have my LPs. stare me in the face everywhere I go."

■ But she is not content with this fame she wears so lightly, and is constantly searching for

new challenges, new faces, new experiences. The big project on her mind right now is planning a world tour with four British singers. "So much to see, so much to understand," she sighs.



"So much to see, so much to understand . . ."

The King and I

There was the glow of rich blue velvet and silk damask. There were guns and swords on the walls, and a part of a two-hundred-year-old staircase, cluttering the long room. A basset hound, with a body like a seven carriage train, dropped the cat he was shaking, and greeted me severely as I entered the room. Several courtiers gathered round to talk. Two girls giggled together silently, and offered me a mint with a hole. The King lay on a sofa at the far end of the room, talking to a councillor. He reclined in a blue towelling boiler suit, his hair on to his shoulders. Every now and then his buckled shoes came down hard on the wrought-iron table in front of him, as he pressed home a point. When the councillor left (after what seemed like ages), King Proby summoned me forward, calling, "Come on over," and smiled, so all the world burst before me like a kaleidoscope.

"Well," said Proby. "As you will note I'm just the same as ever. Everyone keeps calling on me expecting that I'll have changed, because I've been let on the TV again. When they realise I'm no different they say, 'You're just the same as ever,' and I say, 'You're doggone right. I'm just the same. It's people's opinions of me that change, not me.' Isn't it?"

Lost battles

You don't disagree with the King, even if you feel like it. You say, 'yes'. He hasn't time to hear your ideas, he's too busy holding on to his kingdom that a hundred people would have snatched from him. His mind isn't on you, you pass through his life like the days. He is as untouched by you as you are inevitably impressed by him.

He came here after many

lost battles in America. Presley is King there, and no one wanted to know about Proby.

He arrived here amid much publicity about being a friend of Presley's, and a lot of people immediately set out to prove him a liar. He makes enemies easily but on all my meetings with him, he has always been annoyingly pleasant. Whether he receives you in a dressing-gown, or a boiler suit, he talks freely, and answers any questions you dare to ask. Sometimes I have wished he would be rude, cursing me for bother-

ing him, and giving me reason to hate him, because unless you hate Proby, you are rather 'out'. Television producers hate Proby. Journalists hate Proby. Fathers hate Proby. Butchers hate Proby. It's quite the 'in' thing to do.

After his great success with 'Somewhere', critics started digging their knives into Proby. They wanted him to make a mistake. They criticised his version of 'Somewhere', saying he had murdered a beautiful number. I was in his dressing-room at

'Top of the Pops', when he suddenly said, "I didn't murder the number, did I? I tried to produce a record that was a compliment to a lovely number. I reckon they are just looking for cracks in my armour."

If they were, he certainly gave them satisfaction. The cracks in the armour took the form of slits in his trousers. Photographers snapped gladly, and newspapers all over the country carried proof of his mishap. He had been overthrown, and even the fan army couldn't help. He was banned from TV and most theatres. Promoters wouldn't back him. He was, so said many, 'finished'.

So angelic

During the Spring of '65 I went to see P.J. play a ballroom date in Peterborough. I found him a little forlorn, and definitely bored. The TV ban, more than anything, was ruining his career. But it couldn't hold him back forever, and when 'Let The Water Run Down' was released, he was invited back on the TV. It was another glorious victory for The King, and the fans and I were glad.

Above the sofa he was lying on, is a practically life-size portrait of him in stage gear, with hands outspread and his feet on white clouds.

"It looks angelic enough not to look like me," he chuckled. "It's so angelic, it's almost a send up."

He took in several deep breaths and said, "I'm a King. I'm still the greatest single act in the country. I can't help causing riots. Why I cause a riot just breathing deeply. Sometimes I look in the mirror, and say, 'Man, you're just great.'" he added.

He is obsessed with himself, and the past. I some-

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'I look in the mirror and say, "Man, you're just great".'

BY DAWN JAMES



rave

P. J. PROBY



seeing about your eyes

Why do model girls have such lovely eyes? Because they know how to make them up. Now we're going to tell you the secrets of making eyes that everyone will admire. It doesn't matter what shape or size your eyes are—read on and discover what you don't know about making eyes into beautiful eyes . . .



1 Smooth white shadow on the entire lid, dab powder over it. 2 With brown powdered shadow make an arc just above the fold in the lid. Use grey or black if you prefer. 3 Apply a light-coloured eye-shadow or liquid make-up to the area below the line and above the lid. 4 If you use false lashes, apply them now. Put them as near to your own lashes as possible then trim to suit your own lashes. 5 With a liquid or cake liner and a thin brush draw a fine line directly above the lashes—don't extend this any further than the corner of your eye. 6 Apply mascara (most model girls get a good effect with the block type). Two thin coats is better than one thick one. 7 The final touch—a little colour on the eyebrows (if needed). Don't make hard lines. Use the pencil in fine strokes to give a feathery effect.

Suggested products: Rimmel Cake Eye-Liner (1s. 9d.), Lechner White Stick Make-up (about 2s.), Galia Matia Eye Shadow (3s. 6d.), Eylure Fake Lashes (from 9s. 6d.), Revlon Liquid Liner (5s. 6d.), Max Factor Liquid Liner (5s. 9d.), Max Factor Mascara (block 2s. 9d.), Outdoor Girl Eye Pencil (1s. 6d.).

rave



GENE PITNEY

Colours and you. What do they mean? How important are they to your life? Discover some fascinating secrets about yourself and the colours you like best in

RAVE'S COLOURING BOOK

filled in by Evadne Price

Colour influences our health, our emotions, our actions and the way we live our lives. When we're 'off colour' something's gone wrong. When we're 'in the pink' all is well! From the moment we are born, we react to colour. Try offering a baby the choice of a brightly coloured toy and a dull one and you'll get the point.

There is a true story of a gang of workmen who had been moving black iron boxes, going sick with pains one after another. They blamed the heavy boxes. Now the boxes were not all that heavy. So the foreman, over a week-end, had them painted a bright green! When the men returned on Monday, they lifted the boxes at top speed and one of them said,

Gene Pitney—Feb. 17th, 1941.
Aquarius. Zodiac Colour—Jade Blue.
Planetary Ruler Colour—Green.

Gene is more influenced by the jade blue ray just now—the green will take over later. He is a born 'mover-on' and will travel much before he grows roots—if he ever does. He is shrewd and likeable; at once controlled and a rebel against control. He may not know it, but he is specially susceptible to his ruling colours.

"These new light-weight boxes make all the difference, don't they?" Just goes to show, doesn't it?

And recently, as an experiment, a school class was put into a drab-papered room, while another class went into a yellow room. The 'yellows' spent a whole term without one illness, while the 'drabs' were a mass of coughs and chills.

Take the way we use colour symbols to describe our feelings: I feel BLUE. I'm in the PINK. I saw RED. I was GREEN with envy. I gave him such a BLACK look. I went PURPLE with rage. I'm BROWNEED off.

Undoubtedly certain colours stimulate one type of person and depress another. Why? We just don't know—we only know it works. A red room will stimulate you, but drive the girl next door up the wall. It depends on your own individual reactions and being on the same wave length as the particular colour you are controlled by.

There are three primary colours: Red, Blue and Yellow. All other colours are mixtures of these, the only true ones, but mixtures are necessary for some people, who need muted, less vivid colours to suit their personalities.

You will find your own colour can teach you to relax, among other things ●●●

ZODIAC	PLANET
ARIES Red	MARS Red
TAURUS Soft Pink	VENUS Bright Blue
GEMINI Primrose Yellow	MERCURY Light Green
CANCER White	MOON Silvery White
LEO Orange	SUN Golden Yellow
VIRGO Golden Yellow	MERCURY Light Green
LIBRA Burgundy	VENUS Blue
SCORPIO Crimson	MARS Red
SAGITTARIUS Purple	JUPITER Purple
CAPRICORN Turquoise Blue	SATURN Green
AQUARIUS Jade Blue	SATURN Green
PISCES Violet	JUPITER Purple

• Say you respond to GREEN—you relax by picturing green trees, meadows, lawns, forests. You're asleep before you know it. If you function on RED and want energy—picture the vivid flames of a forest fire. You want to put it out—you'll feel strength surging through you. It's easy once you find your very own colour. Try it.

How do you find your colour? Everyone is born under a Zodiac sign and each sign has a colour. Each Zodiac sign is ruled by a Planet which also has a colour. As a child is born into a Zodiac sign, planets will be coming up over the horizon as the earth revolves; the nearest planet to the moment of birth is called the Ascendant, which can only be accurately pinpointed if you have a personal birth chart (horoscope) cast from your birth particulars, i.e., time, place and date. This planet is also ruled by a colour. If the colour you feel happiest with is not the one of your Zodiac, you are probably more influenced by your planet colour, or you may react well to a mixture of both.



Herman—Dec. 5th, 1947. Sagittarius. Zodiac Colour and Planetary Ruler Colour—Purple.

This double dose of Purple will make Herman unusually optimistic, gay and reliable in a crisis. His zodiac symbol is The Archer, and the Archer's arrow, aimed at the skies, signifies 'The Sky's The Limit'. The purple ray means Success in Herman's case. He will always be lucky materially.

Wayne Fontana—Oct. 28th, 1945. Scorpio. Zodiac Colour—Crimson. Planetary Ruler Colour—Red.

Wayne's magnetism comes from these two violent colour rays—they give him intelligence, cleverness and the urge to push ahead with his ambitions. He may also be a trifle belligerent, and very jealous. Red will always stimulate him in a crisis.

YOUR ZODIAC SIGN LUCKY COLOURS	HOW DOES THIS AFFECT YOU?	WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?	AND YOUR IDEAL ROMANTIC OPPOSITE ?
ARIES Mar. 21 - Apr. 20 Zodiac: Red. Planet: Red (Mars)	For Good: Red is an exciting, stimulating colour which makes you clever, inventive, active, headstrong, a non-stop worker. Aries never gives in.	Only wear red on very special occasions. Compromise by wearing your Ruby Birthstone and Pink.	Leo blends in beautifully. But . . . Leo's zodiac symbol is the Lion, King of the Jungle; so its subjects are born to rule. Gird that bossy Aries instinct!
TAURUS Apr. 21 - May 20 Zodiac: Soft Pink. Planet: Bright Blue (Venus)	For Good: The muted effect of your two ruling colours—soft pink and deep blue—make you easy to live with, rather charmingly indolent. You also inherit a lot of patience characteristic in your zodiac sign.	Wear your lucky colours often—but not together. Blue for rest; Pink for stimulation. Never wear red.	The September Virgo is your ideal. Both you and Virgo are down-to-earth signs, and have much in common.
GEMINI May 21 - June 20 Zodiac: Primrose Yellow. Planet: Light Green (Mercury)	For Good: Your two lucky colours make you a most harmonious character—a bit erratic sometimes but very lovable. Your ruling planet, Mercury, was regarded in ancient days as the symbol of youth; so you will always have a young mind.	Rest as much as you can in between these frightening Gemini activities. Wear green when you need ideas; yellow will always make you happy.	Aquarius—you were made for each other! Aquarius will supply the balance of colour necessary to harmonise yours and tone down your activity.
CANCER June 21 - July 20 Zodiac: White. Planet: Silvery-white (Moon)	For Good: The silvery rays of your planetary ruler, the Moon, have a marked influence on your health and on your life. The Full Moon will be your peak period for health and prosperity.	You will have enough psychic power to be able to draw emotional strength from your friends or family . . . their colour rays augment your own.	Pisces is your ideal. Pisces colours signify beauty without violence, and are perfect for pale moon-influenced Cancer. Much in common.
LEO July 21 - Aug. 21 Zodiac: Orange. Planet: Golden Yellow (The Sun)	For Good: Your zodiac sign gives two colours which, put together, would drive most people up the wall. . . . But not the magnetic Child-of-the-Sun Leo! You thrive on the stimulation which makes you ambitious emotional, passionate, proud.	Always wear your lucky colours—but never at the same time. Try wearing black; this will provide a complete mental holiday from colour.	Aries is your Fate. Red plus what Leo has been handed out already! Makes one go cold all over. But this is what the zodiac says . . .
VIRGO Aug. 22 - Sept. 22 Zodiac: Golden Yellow. Planet: Light Green (Mercury)	For Good: You are influenced principally by the golden yellow colour, which gives you the constant build-up of strength necessary to cope with the non-stop activity supplied by restless Mercury's light green colour-ray. You are punctual, methodical, alert.	Calm down. Reduce the power of your two lucky colours by only wearing them when you need specially lucky vibrations.	Capricorn for three reasons. You both like to see the bank balance growing. You are both earth signs. You share the same colour-ray, green.
LIBRA Sept. 23 - Oct. 22 Zodiac: Burgundy. Planets: Blue (Venus)	For Good: Burgundy is a muted colour-ray . . . red toned down with white and blue. So Libra's emotions will be muted. They will be surface emotions. You are artistic, ultra-sensitive, kind, attractive, and in love with love—which is apt to rule your head.	Neither burgundy nor blue is a very powerful colour-ray, so Libra will always need to co-opt strength from other colour-rays in a crisis.	Aquarius is your true sou mate. Self-controlled Aquarius is ideal for off-balance Libra, who finds peace and stability in the Aquarian calm.
SCORPIO Oct. 23 - Nov. 22 Zodiac: Crimson. Planet: Red (Mars)	For Good: The violence of your two lucky colours makes Scorpio a sort of human magnet who attracts incident as well as people. All your emotions are as violent: ardent, emotional, brilliant, intelligent, fascinating, shrewd.	Never wear both zodiac colours simultaneously; and even separately tone down both with cream or white.	Cancer is your ideal. Calm Cancer will provide just what Scorpio needs, tranquility.
SAGITTARIUS Nov 23 - Dec. 20 Zodiac: Purple. Planet: Purple (Jupiter)	For Good: You have two astral doses of the lucky purple, which is a zodiac "special". The purple ray is stimulating and also a first-class healing colour. This makes you gay, carefree, happy-go-lucky, optimistic; a lover of outdoor life.	Control your impulses. The colour purple is a lucky colour, and its few snags are far outweighed by its influence for good. Wear often!	Another Sagittarian. Because you both understand, and make allowances for, each other. What could be more harmonious?
CAPRICORN Dec. 21 - Jan. 19 Zodiac: Turquoise Blue. Planet: Green (Saturn)	For Good: When young, the turquoise blue ray will influence more than the green. As you grow older, the green will affect you more and more, making you strong-willed, forceful, hard-working, conscientious, and giving you a fine business brain.	Wear which of your lucky colours you like personally. You will automatically choose which colour suits you best.	Virgo . . . your lives should be dreamy. Two earth signs with about a million ideas between them.
AQUARIUS Jan. 20 - Feb. 18 Zodiac: Jade Blue. Planet: Green (Saturn)	For Good: Your two lucky colours make you detached, living in a world of your own. You walk alone mentally and nobody ever knows what you are thinking. Your colours make you pleasant, ambitious, intelligent, unflappable, unknowable.	Wear both lucky colours day and night in some form or other—if it's only a ribbon or bow.	Gemini is ideal. Talkative Gemini will fill in the silences when detached Aquarius is miles away. You both meet on the green wave-length.
PISCES Feb. 19 - Mar. 20 Zodiac: Violet. Planet: Purple (Jupiter)	For Good: The violet and purple colour-rays give two sides to your character, which is therefore complex and contradictory as well as highly interesting. From these colours you will get a psychic insight, intuition, or highly-developed extra-sensory perception.	You are especially sensitive to your two ruling colour-rays; but they are very strong, and should be toned down with softening mauve.	Cancer . . . the tops! A perfect blending of softening colours should make this a charmingly ideal partnership.
	For Bad: You have a double dose of powerful red rays, coming from Aries and Mars and the combination is over-exciting, over-stimulating, and dangerous.		
	For Bad: The strong enervating blue rays of Venus can turn your charming indolence into downright laziness—one of the Seven Deadly Sins!—and sweet Taurus can become obstinate, slovenly, self-indulgent. Your patience can vanish in a flash.		
	For Bad: Mercury's strong green colour-rays, allied to your zodiac yellow, may over-energise you and keep you dashing about non-stop. Don't wear yourself out before your time by dashing about doing useless things.		
	For Bad: Your constitution is as delicate as the Moon's silvery-white colour; and if you have a health setback, this colour is not vital enough by itself to stimulate your circulation, for white is not a good healing colour for you.		
	For Bad: The vitalising golden yellow rays emanating from your planetary ruler can make you big-headed and snobbish; you get to despise the weak and respect only the strong.		
	For Bad: Combined, these two colours can give you some nasty side-kicks. You can become so critical, your friends will hide round corners if they see you in the office. You can be so quick-minded you finish everybody's sentences for them.		
	For Bad: Your two lucky colours make you stubborn, indolent, and a procrastinator. You are an emotional pair of scales, seldom on balance.		
	For Bad: The crimson and red colour-rays can also make you jealous, vindictive, and selfishly indulgent. Like your zodiac sign, the Scorpio, you are ever ready to sting if concerted.		
	For Bad: For no apparent reason, the purple colour-ray can unexpectedly pep up its power, and this sudden 'plus' influence can turn a certain type of weak Sagittarian into a confirmed gambler. (The normal types are not affected at all.)		
	For Bad: Your lucky colours can also make you suspicious, autocratic, and frustrated. This is due to your planetary ruler, Saturn, not helping you much in youth. Saturn, planet of old age, only really likes you grown-up.		
	For Bad: Your zodiac colour, jade blue, is mainly responsible for your detached 'I couldn't care less' attitude, which will alter as soon as the green ray of your ruling planet, Saturn, takes over from the jade-blue of your zodiac colour; this it will do in middle-age.		
	For Bad: The psychic gift imparted by your two ruling colours, if used in the wrong way (i.e., to hurt or damage instead of to heal or help), can be very harmful—and can boomerang back to you.		

HOW TERRY GOT HER NEW TRANSISTOR

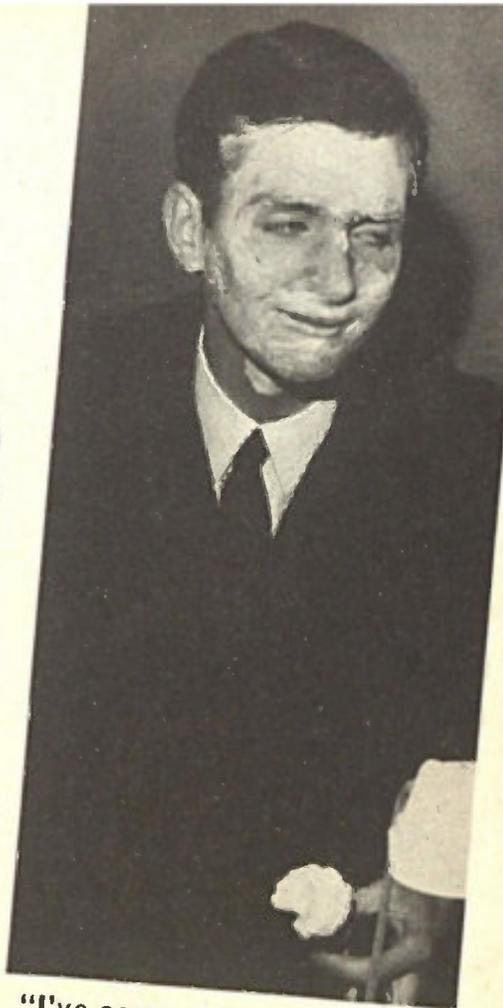


IT DOESN'T **PAY** TO SMOKE

5 cigarettes a day cost £15 or more a year!
 10 cigarettes a day cost £30 or more a year!
 20 cigarettes a day cost £60 or more a year!

WHY RISK YOUR HEALTH FOR CIGARETTES?

Ugg, where's the breakfast?



"I've come as I am." — Kenny.

"Your face is covered in shaving cream," I said.

He nodded. (He knew.)

"I started shaving in my hotel when I discovered I had left my razor on the ship. I thought I'd come as I am, and borrow Dave's razor," he said. Then he noticed the lift standing expectantly behind me. "Oh, I wish Dave wouldn't tell people to bring that. It's always trying to get in, a real climber that lift."

•••

"There's a cat on the phone. It's purring." — Dave.

entire female population of Nethertopping is after me," Dave said.

I asked if Kenny Everett, Dave's partner on radio, would be there.

"No, he'll be at my flat having breakfast with you," Dave said.

"That's what I meant," I said.

"I thought you meant would he be at Nethertopping," Dave said.

Sunday dawned, dull and rainy. The apartment block, housing Dave Cash, was tall and the heavy glass doors were locked.

I thought, "Press the cool bell with his number on it, and a famous cool voice might come out of the speaker above it."

It did!

"It's Dawn. Is breakfast ready?"

"Mmm? Oh, heck! No, it isn't. But come in. I'll press the cool electric switch, and the door will open. Take the lift to the eighth floor."

Rather puffed by the weight of the lift, I paused for breath on the eighth floor landing, and there everyone's hero, Kenny Everett, appeared. On looking at him closer, it became obvious he had shaving cream all over his face.

Dave Cash and Kenny Everett are known as the Kenny and Cash Combine, and they broadcast on Radio London, 266 Metres, Medium Wave. Their programmes are slick, mad, and very fast-moving. Are they like that in real life? Well, Dawn James found out.

■ It was about two a.m. on a Saturday morning (to me, the middle of Friday night). The telephone rang in my house. (I am Dawn James Rave(ing) writer.)

"Hello, this is Dave Cash," said Dave Cash.

"Ugg," said I.

"Ugg to you too, madam," said Dave Cash, and started singing about Wonderful Radio London. "Will you come to breakfast on Sunday morning?"

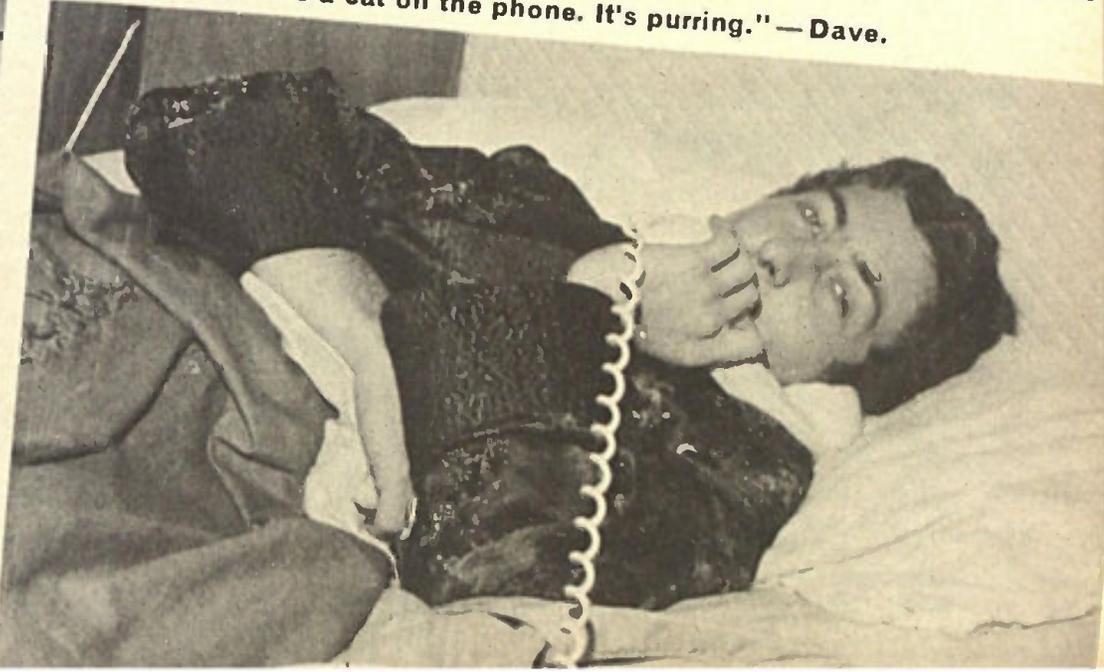
Realisation that it actually *was* Dave hit me. Who else would be nutty enough to ask someone to breakfast in the middle of the night?

"I'd rather come to dinner Saturday."

"You can't; I'm working. Anyway, you're lucky I invited you at all. The



"Come to breakfast, they said..." — Dawn.





"Breakfast? There's no food!"



More Dawn coffee — and Dave's 'shot' shirt!

• Dave, tall and dark, greeted us warmly and intelligently with, "Hallo, Neddy." He was wearing quite a lot of clothing—trousers, shoes, overcoat, hat and gloves. Kenny didn't seem to think this strange. "I'm glad you're both here," he said. "Now I can go back to bed."

Kenny Everett, slight and fair, twitched his left eyeball and muttered, "Black coffee."

Taking the hint, I made black coffee, while Kenny shaved.

"Hey, wake up!" Kenny bawled, shaking Dave thoroughly (and I fear, rather enjoying doing so) when the coffee was ready. "Nothing like a good shake to wake a fellow up," he added, as Dave slept on peacefully.

The telephone rang, Brr . . . Brr . . . A Cash-type hand groped in its direction, and picked up the receiver, but didn't speak.

"Say something down it," Kenny said. "Meouw," Dave obliged.

"Why Meouw?" Kenny asked. "Because there is a cat on the other end," Dave said.

"What do you mean, a cat?" "It's purring," Dave said. "That means they've rung off, you nit!" Kenny said.

"Who? The cats?" "No, the people. Oh, forget it, Dave. Get up and cook breakfast." Awkward silence.

"There's no food." "But you asked us to breakfast," Kenny yelled, and threw the phone at Dave.

"It's a status symbol," Dave said, (meaning the phone). "I'd call it a necessity," Kenny argued (meaning the breakfast).

"People do without it," Dave said. "After all, there is always the postman; he calls early enough."

"The postman? But that would be cannibalism," said Kenny, shocked, at which moment the gas lighter on the coffee table blew up, distracting our thoughts, and ending the conversation. So

for all I know, Kenny still thinks Dave is likely to take knife and fork to him, if the ship's food supply goes astray.

Spending time with Kenny and Cash made me realise why their radio programmes on Wonderful Radio London are so good. They are natural and spontaneous. It is not hard for them to fill five hours air space with wit, bloodcurdling screams, funny voices and crazy remarks. It's just them being them.

I asked them why they became disc jockeys.

"I always fancied it," Dave said. "I worked with a Canadian broadcasting station before coming to London. There wasn't much room for D.J.'s here before the pirate ships got going."

Kenny Everett didn't want to be a disc jockey until he applied for a job at Radio London. "I learned the job pretty quickly. I think the important thing is to project your personality through your voice. We do about four hours' work on the tapes after the station closes at nine. We

"All right, where are my presents?"



record all the voices and weird sounds to be used in the next day's programmes. But we don't rehearse the show."

"Go and make more coffee," Dave said to me, changing the subject.

On bringing out the coffee, having made it, I found Dave fully dressed again (but without the coat, hat and gloves).

"Super shirt," I said. "It's shot." "Don't be silly, who'd shoot a shirt."

"She means the material," Kenny said.

"Well, I'm glad I wasn't in it at the time," Dave said, and mercifully the telephone rang again. Kenny answered it.

"It's a bird," he said to Dave, who looked most concerned.

"She'd better be careful. As I just told you, there is a cat on the other end of that phone. Hallo, doll? Why, thank you. I hope I have a happy day, too," he said.

Kenny and I suddenly remembered it was Dave's twenty-third birthday.

"Could we swipe something from the flat, and give it to him?" Kenny suggested.

"Wouldn't he recognise it?" I said.

"Happy birthday to you, Neddy," we sang, when he put down the phone.

"Thank you, folks," said Dave, smiling so sweetly I felt like squashing his cheeks. "Now, where are my presents?"

Awkward silence. "I ordered mine, but it got held up in Tanganyika," Kenny said, unconvincingly.

Very luckily, the gas lighter performed again so I didn't need to reply.

"I'm going to shave," said Dave Cash.

"Why, so am I," said Kenny Everett.

"You've already shaved," said I.

"I know," said Kenny Everett.

"It's been nice seeing you, pity about the breakfast," said I.

"Pity about the presents," said Dave.

"It's been great, but I hope I never see you again," said Kenny. At that moment there was a knock on the door. I think it was the lift. Dave Cash thought so, too.

"Take the lift to the ground floor," he said.

"I wish you'd do you own fetching and carrying," I muttered . . .

DODO'S POP DIARY

The diary a rave girl keeps to keep you up-to-date on forthcoming pop events.

SEPTEMBER 1 Beatles return from U.S. trip. Georgie Fame in cabaret, doubling at The Cavendish Club, Newcastle and Wetherall's Club, Sunderland — until the 4th. Walker Brothers at Leigh.
2 Cliff and the Shads at Northampton ABC for a charity show. Kinks off to Denmark, Sweden and Finland for 10 days. Walker Brothers at Oldham. Rolling Stones on "Top Of The Pops."
3 Al Jardine (Beach Boys) 23 today. Rolling Stones and Ivy League in Dublin. Chubby Checker on R.S.G., then off to Wimbledon Palais. Unit 4 Plus 2 off to Amsterdam. Walker Brothers at Manchester Oasis.
4 Stones, Herman, Lulu, Chubby, Unit 4 — "Lucky Stars". Stones and League in Belfast. Radio-wise-Donovan on "Folk Room".
5 Manfred Mann at Blackpool South Pier with Gene Vincent. Billy Fury and Herman at Great Yarmouth. Cilla Black at the Blackpool Opera House. Donovan, Walker Brothers and Merseybeats at Blackpool North Pier. Stones and League at Coventry. Buddy Greco — "Blackpool Night Out".
6 Billy J. show still at North Pier Pavilion, Blackpool.
7 Gerry still at Rainbow Theatre, Blackpool.
8 Johnny Gustafson 23 today. Stones at Palace Ballroom, Douglas, I.O.M.
9 Joe Brown still at the Britannia Pier, Great Yarmouth.
10 Stones off on the Continent — first stop Zurich. Herman off to U.S. to make first film.
11 Bernie Dwyer (Dreamers) 25 today. Stones at Essen.
12 Manfred at Blackpool South Pier again. Bachelors at Blackpool Opera House. Cilla Black on "Blackpool Night Out". Donovan and Hollies at Blackpool North Pier.
13 Chubby Checker at Newcastle's Dolce Vita — 1 week.
14 Stones at Munich.
15 Les Braid (Blue Jeans) 24 today. Stones in West Berlin!

16 At last, the Stones have a day off!
17 New Lionel Bart musical "Twang" — 4 weeks pre-London run at Manchester Palace; James Booth as Robin Hood. Donovan on 1 week tour of Ireland. Dave Berry at Knokke Casino.
18 Sandie Shaw on "Lucky Stars".
19 Yet another Manfred concert at Blackpool South Pier. Frank Ifield at the Blackpool Opera House.
20 Val Doonican 1 week at Liverpool Empire. Dave Berry at Ancienne Club, Brussels.
21 Last night of Susan Maughan/Kenny Ball show at Blackpool Winter Gardens.
22 Cliff and the Shads own TV show tonight.
23 Ivy League off to Ireland — 10 days. Stones on "Top Of The Pops".
24 Rolling Stones big tour starts tonight — Finsbury Park Astoria. Nancy Wilson and Joe Williams with Ted Heath — ABC Ardwick, Manchester. Gerry 23 today — happy birthday, luv! Bachelors and Twinkle start 2 week Australian tour.
25 Rolling Stones tour at Southampton Gaumont. Nancy Wilson at Granada, Walthamstow.
26 Bo Diddley here for ballroom tour. Nancy Wilson at Birmingham Hippodrome. Rolling Stones — Bristol Colston. Chubby Checker 1 week cabaret at Darlington.
27 Rolling Stones at Brian's home town — Cheltenham.
28 Stones at Cardiff Capitol.
29 Joan Baez at Croydon Fairfield Hall. Stones at Shrewsbury. Cliff and the Shads — another TV show. Dave Berry in Amsterdam today and tomorrow.
30 Francoise Hardy here for two weeks promotion. Brian Poole off to Scandinavia — 15 days. Joan Baez — Liverpool. Stones — Hanley, North Lincs.

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CHARTS WHERE THE ACTION IS!

What's the new trend on the pop scene? Who are the big new names? These are the RAVE pages which find out, for these are the RAVE pages which are 100% Chart News! And which only care about one thing—the Charts!

■ **HELP!** cried the Beatles last month in the chart. But they weren't asking for it. They were giving it! In they went, as usual, straight to number one. And, do you know what? They gave the chart a stiff brace, a boost of confidence. In the pop market, British discs must have gained several points! We don't want to be overconfident in the strength of our pop sterling but it certainly seems to be looking up. Home products for the month—which of course will be converted into exports, especially to America—took a marked turn for the better. So, let's give the trend treatment to the key discs which chart the way ahead in the chart. And let's thank John, Paul, George and Ringo.

■ **WALKERS:** Scott, John and Gary had to kiss the States goodbye and come here, where

it's all happening, to make the scene with their far-out singing style. I'm not surprised for, to be frank, they are too far-out for anywhere but Britain. They're ahead of their time. Definitely trend-setters. And the people in America who gave them the thumbs down are going to look pretty silly soon when they are begging the Walkers to do a tour! John said when this disc was released it had to be a hit because he wanted to buy a Bentley. All I can say is he'll look nice sitting behind the wheel. Great song, well sung and the conception is brilliant. Look out for more sounds following this trend popwise.

■ **BYRDS:** The Byrds started their pop careers back in Hollywood with one great advantage over most other groups. They were matey with Bob Dylan. The effect of that

The Walker Brothers—too far out for America



Cliff—a more bluesy effort from him

On record they make it. That's why I call them a record studio trend.

■ **CLIFF:** It's easy to say that Cliff gets into the chart automatically on the strength of his name. And it's true. But cheers to Cliff for trying something different as he has with "The Time In Between." Stone me (if you'll pardon the expression) if this isn't a bit bluesy. Who would have thought that of Cliff?

So, on the strength that he tried something different and wasn't content just to sit back and coast along on the Cliff image, let's give Mr. Richard an MBE—More Bluesy Efforts.

■ **SONNY AND CHER:** Yeah—this is something else. Young Mr. Donovan is a sharp laddie and HE says Sonny and Cher are the new thing—"good lyrics and rock beat."

I think he's right. This again is Dylanesque. It's got that popfolk feel about it and that crazy harmony bit recurring like Beatles' Paul and John do so well.

Sonny and Cher obviously had a ball making this disc. That counts for a lot. It's happy and bouncy. It's like their clothes. Different and fresh and very much a trend-setter.

friendship is being assessed now.

Fancy getting offered "Mr. Tambourine Man" to record when you're starting out. It's like John and Paul pressing one of their compositions on an unheard-of group!

So with that impetus, now the Byrds can't go wrong. This disc shot up, proving that their soft popfolk sound has caught on.

To your resident psychiatrist (that's me!) it's the sound that's created this trend. Not the appearance. On telly and on stage the Byrds disappointed. The action was missing.

■ **STONES:** This is probably the best single the Rolling Stones have released.

It's the record that John Lennon said he'd most like to be knocked off the top by. Which is praise.

Trend-setting? Not really. It's the usual Stones sound—often copied but rarely successfully—sparked by the best singer on the group scene today, Jagger.

It's 80 per cent of the attraction of any Stones disc—or session.

No group has ever sounded like this before or will in the future. That's the pull of the Stones. They are unique, thanks to Jagger.

SUMMING UP: Well, it's all on for the pop folk bit provided it's provided by hippies like Sonny and Cher and the Byrds. Which, by the way, means that the Americans are slowly creeping back in our charts.

The established stars are consolidating their position and thousands of fans are proving that they ARE loyal to their heroes like Cliff.

The Stones have brought out a cracker and the chart is looking much much healthier. Great! Great! as Eric Burdon would say. Great! Great! Great! as RAVE says!

RAVE'S TOP 5 FOR THE TREND TREATMENT

- THE BYRDS 'All I Really Want To Do'
- SONNY AND CHER 'I Got You, Babe'
- STONES '(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction'
- CLIFF 'The Time In Between'
- WALKER BROS 'Make It Easy On Yourself'

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- ★ MATCHING EXPANDING BRACELET

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FREDA 'WATER TIGHT'

- ★ 17 JEWELLED MOVEMENT
- ★ SHOCK PROTECTED
- ★ UNBREAKABLE MAINSPRING
- ★ CENTRE SECONDS HAND
- ★ STAYGOLD™ CASE
- ★ MATCHING EXPANDING BRACELET

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SUPERJOBS

Our series in which girls you know talk about exciting jobs.

DESIGNS ON YOU



Theresa Kerr of the Hem and Fringe

Have you a flair for Art? Ideas? Do you have a good sense of colour? Then perhaps dress designing is the career for you. It is for talented people like Barbara Hulanicki, Caroline Charles, Theresa Kerr of The Hem and Fringe boutique and several other young women with clever ideas about the way we should look today.

■ "It's a great experience thinking of a design and then seeing someone wearing it and looking super," says Theresa Kerr. "The other day I walked into the Scotch Club and saw Jane Asher wearing one of the

dresses that I had designed and that to me was a great thrill."

There is an increasing demand for new ideas in designing clothes and a wonderful response from young customers. This is why the boutique boom is on, over and beyond the thriving wholesale dress trade of bigger companies and output.

■ What qualifications does a girl need? Obviously artistic talent and flair. Before she can

get a job, a dress designer usually needs three to four years at Art School. Before she can enter Art School she must be seventeen, and have a minimum of five 'O' Levels. Usually, you first complete a year's pre-diploma preliminary course at Art School, and then apply (if you want to change your school) to various Art Schools by submitting some of your work. If you are accepted, then you will study pattern making, life drawing, making

up clothes, history of art and printing textiles. At the end of the course you will take a diploma in Art and Design which is recognised in the 'Rag Trade'. Evening classes are not advisable if you want to make dress designing your permanent career.

■ What are the chances of jobs in dress design? Many, but only for the talented. If you have a flair for it, and are successful, then the rewards can be great. Many art students who have taken dress designing at college and received the diploma apply for jobs with wholesale fashion firms. A very high standard is required and the lucky girls then work as trainees in the design section of the firm, often co-operating closely with the tailors and machinists and learning the business thoroughly. Starting salaries vary roughly between £8 and £12 depending upon area. How much your money rises above this in the years that follow, depends entirely upon you.

■ If you have capital, exciting ideas and ambition, you'll probably open your own business!

NEW YORK DATELINE

■ *Sam the Sham* happened in England, right? Bet you didn't know his real name is Domingo Samudio, he's Mexican, and lives in Memphis, Tennessee. On his last trip to New York, he told me, "We've got a shiny black hearse which gets us around everywhere." Negotiations are in hand for Sam the Sham and his group, The Pharaohs, to go to England, but they can't make up their minds whether to make it this autumn or wait till early next year . . .

■ Unhappy about the fact that he had to leave the new Mrs. Miller at home in California while on his British trek, Roger Miller now happily reports that his wife is with him on every mile he travels within the United States . . . Bruce Scott, a new, young American name with a whole load of potential, is being developed along Tommy Steele lines here. . . Jay and the Americans, who seem to be the only 'all American and proud of it' U.S. group around, will all play the role of Conrad Birdie in a touring version of "Bye Bye Birdie" which is to open in Chicago. "It's a little confusing," said Jay, "But the plot has been re-written

so that Conrad Birdie becomes a group instead of one person . . . Very few people in the spotlight open up about about married life, but Al Jardine of the Beach Boys reports, "Being married, my life on the road is far less hectic. The girls are friendly but not flirty, so I don't have too many problems. I guess it's a sort of father image thing to the chicks" . . .

■ When challenged to read the horoscopes for some of today's disc stars, Petra, the American astrologer reported of Elvis, "He must rely on himself this year far more than on those around him. He must listen to his own instincts and do exactly as he pleases. Even if these include marriage plans." But whoa! El isn't thinking of marriage just yet, even though he's at the ripe old age of 30. He says he intends to go on making movies until Hollywood runs out of film. Elvis has just completed "Polynesian Paradise" and looks pretty wild with a pair of bongos between his manly knees . . . American singer, Carol Ventura, is happy with the recent sessions she cut at EMI in London, and is going back there in the fall for television. First sides from that

session will shortly be released here on Prestige . . .

■ Didn't I tell you "Satisfaction" was the Rolling Stones best record to date. As a number one it hasn't increased their reputation here, but it's certainly consolidated their success. Sounds pretty strange, but what I mean is that they're already among the top three British groups, and nothing could make them any more popular . . . The Bachelors should be pleased with "Marie". While they were here, they told me they were treating their visit as a promotion trip. And it's one which paid off handsomely . . .

■ Solomon Burke came back from England 'knocked out' with his reception. "I had no idea they knew so much about me—or—cared—over there", he said, with compliments to Decca's Tony Hall on doing such a fine job . . . As we're heading into the fall and more tours, I'll write you next month from the middle of a screaming crowd . . .

Jackie

FOLK IS JUST ANOTHER NAME FOR PEOPLE

Freedom is a word you see on wrinkled banners in the rain or hear someone say on television. It means one thing in one half of the world and something else in the other. But how many people have you met who behave as if they were really free?

I know one. Donovan. The dreamer in denim who lives his life the way he sings. The gifted pop poet who never lets go of the realisation that "folk" is just another word for *people*.

I dug Donovan the first moment I saw him. It was at a studio party to launch "Catch The Wind". Watching him that evening, I compared him with other kids I'd seen on the starting grid of their pop careers. A lot of them talk as though they'd been in the business a thousand years.

Not Donovan. He did his two numbers for the guests. Then he put down his guitar, picked up a Coke and stood in the corner in the suede boots

Gypsy Dave had given him on the road. He was willing to talk and sing for anyone who wanted him to, but he wasn't looking for it.

Ever since then I liked Donovan a lot.

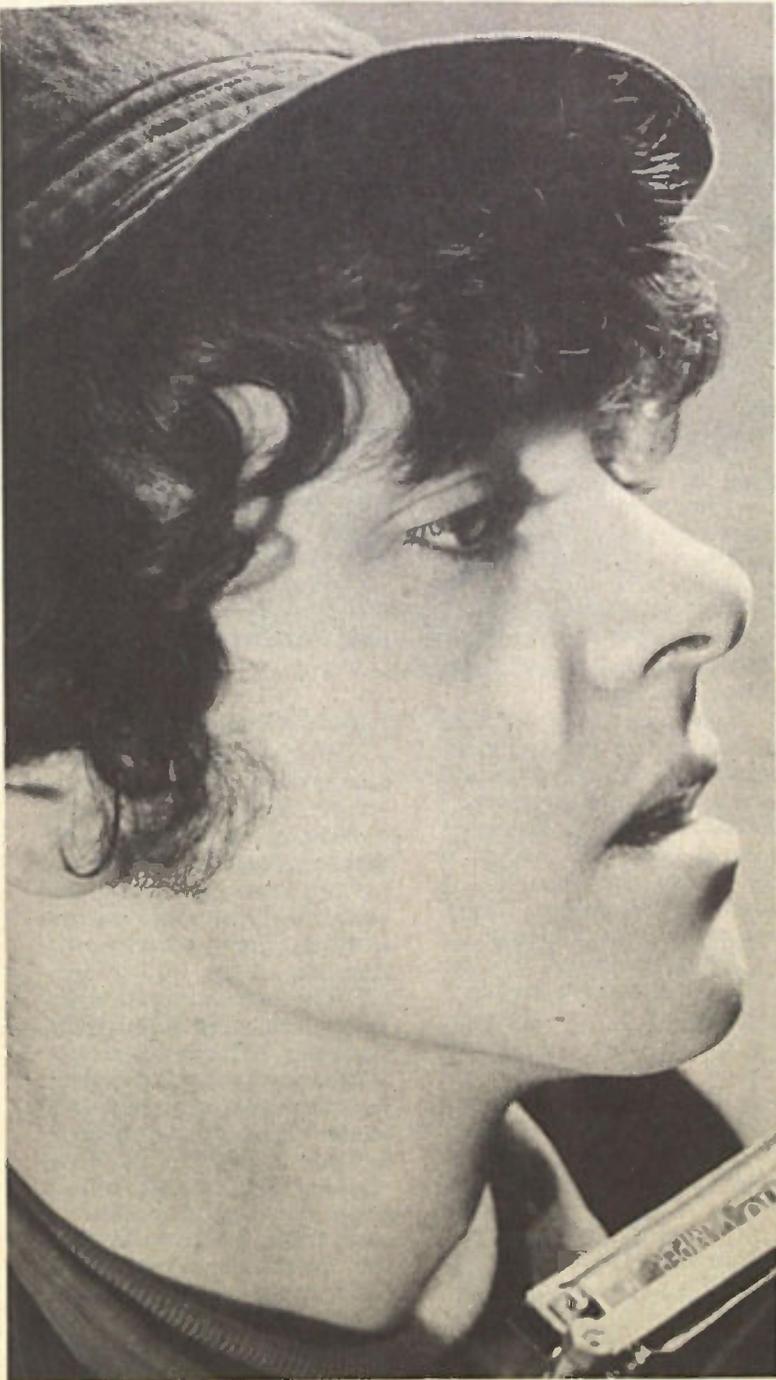
Even before his first single started shooting up the charts I had sensed the odd, quiet strength of this slim youngster and his beliefs. Donovan had no need or reason to copy anybody. At the age of eighteen he already knew what life was all about, and all he had to do was to write it down and sing it.

"One of these days we'll have a long talk," I said.

"Okay, great," said Donovan.

New songs

When we finally met again for our talk it was at my London apartment for RAVE and I had thought we might sit out on the roof garden. But dark clouds massing out in the west made the prospect



ALAN FREEMAN
disc jockey meets
DONOVAN
folk singer for another
Heart to Heart session



'I'm just like anybody else.'

• • • a bit dodgy. So we made ourselves comfortable indoors and I poured drinks.

Donovan opened his guitar case and took out a shining new Gibson. He played a few tentative runs and settled into a couple of new songs he'd just written.

On the road

The last chords died away in the gloom of the coming storm. Donovan patted the neck of the guitar.

"This is my axe now," he said. Axe is the Nashville word for whatever you work with to make your living.

"First guitar I had I bought when I was on the road," Donovan said. "It was down in Cornwall, on the beach at St. Ives. That's where music first got inside my head.

"I'd been moving around for a while. I'd been studying for the GCE in Welwyn Garden City but I left before I got it.

"I had three jobs and that was it. I worked in a tooth-

paste factory, I dug a few holes in the ground and I worked in an office for two hours.

"The toothpaste thing could have been the funniest but I wasn't on the reflecting scene then and I suppose I didn't see the possibilities. All I saw was those dead faces on the bus going to work in the morning at eight o'clock. I used to jump off at the stop before the factory so I would not have to go in with them."

Donovan's feelings about the dangers of a nice, steady job are savagely spelled out in "Gold Watch Blues", one of the tracks from his first LP.

He feels genuinely sorry for people in any kind of box, and he decided early on to cut out and be a ramblin' lad.

Songs at night

"I left home with a sleeping bag, a couple of changes of jeans, a book of Chinese poems and a copy of Walt Whitman. I moved on through the country, hitching

and tramping, sticking to the coast mainly, because I love the sea. I did a few jobs in art schools and I worked in hotels until my hair got too long and then they didn't want to know.

"When I came to Cornwall I was mixing with people who had no money, who asked me for threepence for a cup of tea.

"But it seemed to me it was one of the most beautiful ways in the world to live. I heard the songs that were sung in the night winds on the beaches and they came to mean a lot to me. They were giving me something that otherwise you might have to fight through five, six, seven doors of complexes to get. These people had their own values of happiness.

"Like, before that I'd seen notices saying 'Amusements' outside arcades in towns. I'd watched people crossing a threshold, actually believing that if they put money in these machines they'd be amused and changed. That's one of the doors I mean.

"Down there it was so different it's hard to explain." He fingered the gold ring in his left ear. "See this? One of the cats down there gave me this ring. His name is Darryl Adams. He's a banjo-picker from the States who says to people in the street, 'I love you.'

Couple of pounds

"It's as simple as that. He does love people. But they can't understand that. They look at him and things race around in their heads: Is he queer? Is he mad? They're so ridden with complexes, and that's what stops people getting through.

"But you could really get through with these songs from the beaches. So I bought this guitar for a couple of pounds. I wouldn't buy it for three weeks until the guy who owned it was practically starving, because he was a guitarist and it was his axe. It's something you don't like doing. You don't like buying the brushes off a hungry painter or the camera from a great movie man.

"He made me buy it in the end, though. I used to watch other guitarists' fingers and then go away and practise. Then I just found I could play the chords and that was it."

Donovan put the Gibson back in its case and closed it.

"I reckon it's only in the last couple of months my music is any good. 'Catch The Wind' was bad from the musical point of view."

I stared at him. "Listen," I said, "I give you my word, I'd have picked that record out of the whole stack, chart or no chart. It touched me."

Donovan said modestly, "Well, if I caught it in that one, I'm glad."

'Like freedom . . .'

There was a giant rumble overhead and great drops splashed against the windows. I stood up to draw the curtains and turn on the lamps.

"No, leave it," Donovan said. And we sat quietly watching the storm over London.

"What moves you to write your songs in the first place?" I asked. "I've heard people who're good judges of poetry say that they're more like straight poems than lyrics."

Donovan looked a little stropic. "I don't think of my songs like that. See, there's two sorts of listeners. There's the intellectual who breaks down every word—like they break down Bob Dylan's lyrics—to see what they mean. And there's the other kind, like a little mod chick who had never heard folk music before. But she just listened to one of my songs and she valued it straight away on her first impression.

"Girls in this country are sort of soft and easily reached. I remember everyone who ever comes up to me. Like the girl who came over to me just before a show, dancing about all giggly. But afterwards she came back and said very simply, 'Thank you. It was like . . . freedom.'

"You see, these verses had done something to her way of thinking. And I started won-



'St. Ives. That's where music first got into my head.'—Donovan with Alan Freeman.

dering, is this a right thing to do? To change someone else's whole way of thinking? But then I was able to understand that with this little chick's poor vocabulary and her confusion, the only word she could use to describe what she wanted to do was 'freedom.' I'm sorry. I'm not explaining it very well. It's a very strange thing.

"I'm glad I can reach the girls with these thoughts. They're the mothers of the next generation, and what the next lot of kids feels and thinks depends a lot on them. If I can reach them for just a short while, I'm glad. If I can get through to them for a longer time, that'd be wonderful."

He took a drink, slowly. The thunder was beginning to move away east.

No big moment

"You wanted to know how my songs come about. Well, I'll give you an instance . . . how I wrote 'Catch The Wind.'"

"I was thinking, living, and then I got one chord shape on the guitar and I played it. I started to write a song around it. It wasn't 'Catch The Wind.' It was an anti-war song. Okay, I'd got the tune and another song.

"Then I saw a painter burning his paintings, just mechanically walking out into his back garden and burning

them. And any of them I looked at, he'd cover up quick—obviously they were some part of him he wanted to get rid of.

"So I wrote down, 'I saw a painter put a torch to his work' and I left it. I was writing again, maybe three or four weeks later, and I wanted to pinpoint how it feels to be uncertain in life. It went 'in the chilly hours and minutes



of uncertainty.' And then I put 'uncertainty . . . I want to be.' And then I had one verse and I was able to take the song from it.

"So you see there's no big moment of 'Whee! I've got it!' It's scrappy, it's natural and gradual.

"On the other hand, I wrote 'Colours' in three minutes. I was sitting down tuning my guitar, waiting to record a song and they were rolling the tapes back and all of a sudden I was just playing and I said, 'Let's put this down, shall we?'"

"This is the way things happen. I'm just like anybody else. But people don't want that to be. They want me to be so far out, untouchable, something they can worship.

"To be completely truthful in a song, that's enough. You get pretty naked when you're under unknown eyes that can hurt you. I'm pretty strong, but I'm sensitive. Yet I know this is the chance I have to take being a singer. I know there'll be people who'll want to hurt me. But there'll be others who want to take care of me."

Scared for Joan

The rain had stopped at last and the apartment was bright again.

"Tell me, Don," I said,

"who are the really important people in your life?"

He said, "Well, there's a few. I call them the heroes and the heroines. They're the really beautiful cats who go around turning people on with a bit of sunshine. Some are alive and some are dead now.

"I'd say the most important to me is Joan Baez. She's great. But I'm scared for her."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm scared they'll put Joanie in jail soon. She does a lot for freedom. She runs schools of anti-violence and she turns up at all the anti-racial rallies.

"She's got such a hard job that she has to be like an iron woman to do it. But in other ways she's a beautiful flower. And flowers get hurt."

Donovan said, "The ones I like are the people who're not involved with themselves but involved with everyone around them. Like Marilyn Monroe and Jimmy Dean, that beautiful little cat."

Time to live

Donovan paused, thought a bit and finished his drink. "The last three or four generations have been nothing but confusion," he said. "Maybe the next one, the one that's coming, will be the best time to live."

I looked at Donovan, sitting there in what he calls "my rags and my ideals" and I thought: Yes, he's done something valuable. He's got millions of young people to respect real, true, human feelings in a song instead of fake, machine-made lyrics, lyrics written for greed.

"I would like to bring back a few things so they won't get lost," he said. "That's what I want to do with my life."

He picked up his guitar and I saw him to the door.

"Travelling's been good for me," he said, getting into the lift. "But I wouldn't recommend it for everybody."

That's odd, I thought, going back into the apartment. Alan Freeman envies Donovan.

See you next month, pop-pickers. Stay bright.

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... page 31
times feel he really wants to believe he is living in Regency times. There is a strange feeling about his home that almost belongs to another age.

"I have these guns round the walls not only for the visual beauty, but because they come from an age I wish I'd lived in. I'd have been a real King then, with a castle and servants."

If there is any difference in the King now from when he first started making the headlines, it is the absence of urgency with which he tells you how great he is. Nowadays he says it half-jokingly. Before, he said it as though he had to convince himself. He is a King who sits on a rocky throne, who has had the throne snatched from him, and is, in his own mind, safely on it again. I doubt whether he'll ever chance being dethroned for indecency again. The mistake, he says he didn't mean to happen, cost too much to risk again.

"What of the immediate future?" I begged of his majesty, and he waved a bejewelled hand, "I shall probably do some acting. I'm not a trained actor but I've got a good imagination."

Another sensation

His press office would say nothing about the film that is in the offing for Proby, so I asked him about it.

"It might not come off," he said. "But if it does it will be another sensation. At the moment the lawyers are going through the script, making sure no-one can sue us. It's that kind of a film."

He wants to make it, more than he has ever wanted to do anything. "It will either be an academy award winner, or a flop. The balance is that narrow. It is completely serious, and music is not a feature of it. If I get away with it, the tongues will certainly start wagging again."

He looked down at me. "They want to wag about me, don't they? I have to oblige them with gossip. You know, I reckon they hate me so much, that if I had a heart attack and died onstage, they'd say I did it for publicity."

D. J.



**CATHY'S
COLUMN
STARTS
HERE**



WOT!

Who's got The Knack

now . . .

*Another mad idea (?)
from mad Mike Crawford—
told to Cathy McG.*

■ MICHAEL CRAWFORD dropped into the RSG offices the other day, during a break in rehearsals for a new Autumn TV series. As you can imagine, we got around fast to talking about his fantastic success in "THE KNACK".

"I suppose you have everything now, Michael," I said. "What's next?"

"My own theatre with my own big stage production. All my friends will have parts. You, too!"

"What!" I said, very surprised.

"That's it, Cathy! WOT! That's what I'm going to call this musical! You see, the audience will play a very big part in its success."

"I know audiences are important, but how do YOU mean?"

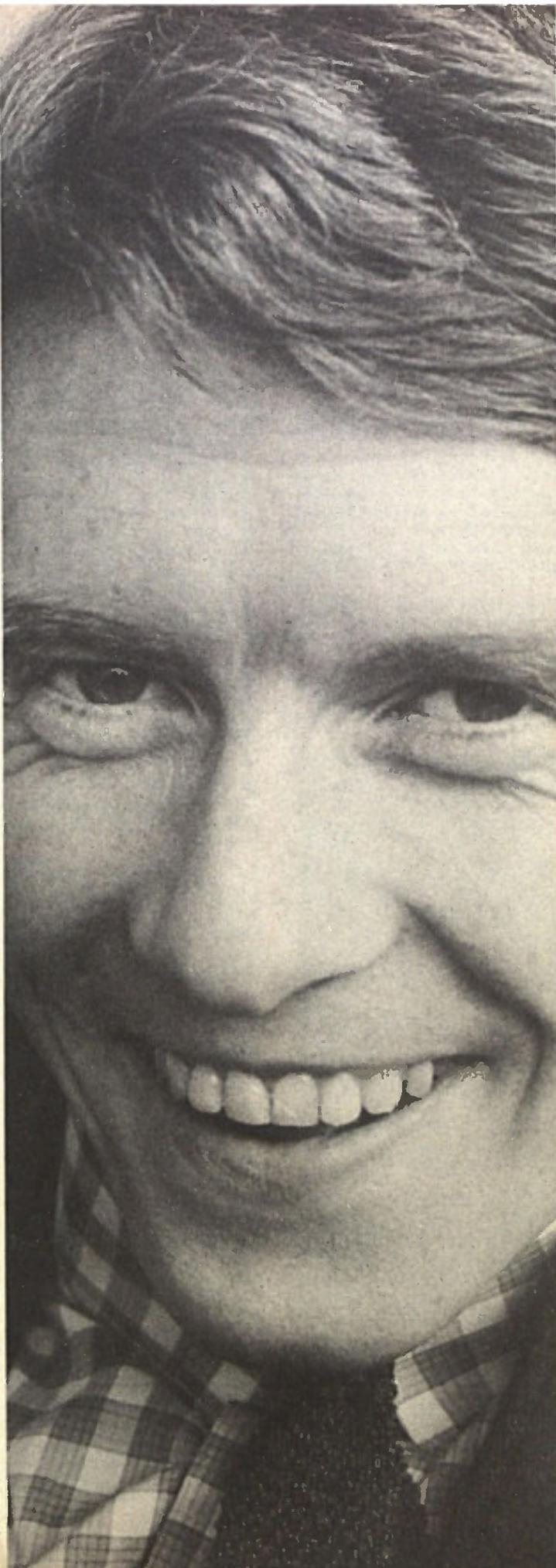
■ "Well, I want them all to be well-dressed. To ensure this, I'd put people like Mary Quant and Barbara Hulanicki at the door to 'vet' the people as they come in. And—as the girls come in, they'll be sprayed with 'Jolie Madame' perfume, 'cos it's my favourite! As far as the actual production itself is concerned, I think I'd like a sort of James Bond story, but more cynical. Peter Cook and Dudley Moore would write it. John and Paul Beatle will take care of the music. I've even discussed this idea with them and they're very enthusiastic. George could do some of his fabulous ad-libbing acting, and Ringo—well, he'll do all the publicity!"

Having got this far with Michael's plans, I asked him how he first got this great idea . . .

■ "Oh, it just came to me one night, walking home in the rain. I've even got a cast together. In my mind that is! Cilla Black, Jim Proby, Joe Brown and Eric Burdon.

"After we'd got all this set up, I'd invite Elkan Allan of Rediffusion to come along and see it, and hope he would offer to put the whole show on TV!"

Well, for someone with The Knack—that's quite a dream—and it could come off!



MIKE GRANT ON THE

STANARD BEAT



Jonathan King—trouble with his glasses.

■ If London Zoo find themselves short of one armadillo I suggest they apply to Scott Walker.

"Gary and I are frequent visitors to the Zoo," says Scott. "I got quite friendly with this little armadillo. We took in titbits and he would come to the wire fence when I whistled.

"Got so fond of the little guy I wanted to kidnap him for the flat. Can you imagine—I'm sitting in the front room being interviewed by a reporter. I whistle and in scuttles an armadillo. Crazy!"

Yeah. Crazy.

■ Jonathan King has been finding himself in a whole lotta double trouble because of his specs appeal.

"To begin with I thought I looked like the late Buddy Holly," admitted John. "Then along came Tom Jones' publicist John Rowlands (recently on disc as Major Rowley) who looked like my twin brother. A fan recently mistook me for Hank Marvin and a TV producer thought I was Peter Asher!"

Unlike Peter, Jonathan has no intention of giving up his studies in English literature at Cambridge even temporarily and has worked out a complicated work schedule. It means he will make personal appearances during vacations and do TV and radio during term.

"I wish more people would read good books instead of worrying about rockets to the moon and will we beat the Russians?" says Jonathan.

Jonathan admits to just one bad habit which is talking too fast and often saying things without meaning them.

"When I had no manager and no agent I referred to them as 'Imbeciles' in an article," said John. "Now I didn't mean that all managers were like that—I meant that just some of them were . . . well you know what I mean. Now I'm escorted by my publicist during interviews!"

■ I met Mrs. Jagger backstage at a recent Rolling Stones' Concert. Easy—Mick has not turned in his bachelor boys' badge. The very elegant lady in question was his mother.

We began talking about features written about her famous son and she admitted that a recent article allegedly written by her was not. "Even worse, I got told off by my boy for not asking for payment for myself," she smiled.

What kind of idol did Mrs. Jagger have when she was younger? In the dressing room the television set was on and showing an old film.

"That's my man," she said, "I've been a fan of his for many years." The star was—Cary Grant!

■ Folk singer Dana Gillespie declares she has a complex about noses. Amongst the famous ones who have escorted her are those belonging to Donovan, Bob Dylan, Hilton Valentine and Frank Allen.

"Frank has the most perfect nose," declares Dana. "It's small and delicate. I love his nose."

She nose y'know.

Scott of the Walker Bros. With Gary he often goes to the zoo!



■ Had tea with the Dave Clark Five in the BBC Centre where they were recording "Top Of The Pops" last week. Mike "Ketchup If You Can" Smith smothered everything edible in tomato sauce and Dave sank cokes non-stop.

"One big drawback about America is that their TV studios have no canteens," said Mike. "Apparently there is some type of government ruling which prevents food being served on the premises."

Dave had a few words to say about U.S. TV pop shows.

"Shindig is a great show but just a copy of 'Oh Boy'. They have the girl with the glasses and the saxophone player who used to be Red Price on 'Oh Boy'. It has a lot of pace but Ready Steady is better."

■ The Beatles have a new fan—actress Margaret Ruthersford who is 77 years young.

"I was asked to appear in the Beatles' film but unfortunately I was already under contract to do other things," says Miss Ruthersford. "I think the Beatles are the brightest thing to happen to the cinema for many years."

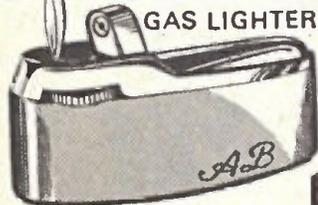
■ And now—"The Animals' Underground Movement" or "How I Stopped Worrying And Learned To Love The Bagpipes" by drummer John Steel.

"Alex Harvey with the help of his soul band is going to become King of Scotland," John explained. "We've all enrolled in his private army. There's Colonel Eric MacBurdon and General MacValentine. Chas. MacChandler was a lieutenant but his clan got wiped out so they demoted him to private. We are going to invade Scotland."

Footnote: Before John went out of his mind he used to play trumpet and Eric trombone in a trad band at Newcastle College of Art called the Pagans. This has absolutely nothing to do with the above story but at least it makes more sense!

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GETTING NEARER TO ELVIS

The story of an American girl who fulfilled a lifelong ambition when she went to Elvis' home.

I loved Elvis Presley for four long years, but I never got closer to him than the nearest movie theatre. Until, that is, my family and I stopped at 3764 Highway 51 South, HIS Graceland home.

I felt nervously sick as my father pulled our car up to the huge gate, adjoining two high brick walls. Dad told the guard how I'd been wild about Elvis for ages. My eyes focused on the policeman's shirt, and chills ran up and down my spine as I recognised the letters "E.P." in blue. Having been told to park our car in the shade, we approached the beautiful grey stone house, with gigantic windows, outlined by turquoise shutters. The porch was guarded by two huge white stone lions. When approaching the house, which stood atop a hill surrounded by enormous trees, one cannot help but notice the four giant columns which introduce it as a typical Southern mansion.

T. H. Humphreys, one of Elvis' three guards, rode up to the house in a little pink and white striped jeep, just like the one in "Blue Hawaii".

In the minutes that followed, my initial beliefs about Elvis Presley were confirmed. The guard told us that Elvis'



The entrance to El's home in Graceland.

75-year-old grandmother lives in the house permanently, while Elvis' father and his step-mother live in a smaller house built especially for them out back.

Elvis visits his home a few times each year after completing his movies. He and his buddies drive there in Elvis' van.

At Christmas time, or any other time, Elvis would give his father a present, like a car or some other "trinket", each of his guards would receive a bonus.

Mr. Humphreys was employed by Elvis when the idol learned that the middle-aged man had been wounded on a chase. "He called me and told me I had a job with him if I wanted it".

Before we left, the guard graciously signed a picture for me. I suddenly remembered my promise to bring back some "Graceland grass". For the first time in my life, I was really lucky. The grass had just been cut. I picked up only the choicest grass—that which looked stepped on. As I climbed into the car, I leaned over and lifted a fistful of grass into some kleenex. My day was perfect.

As we drove on for eight more hours, I had a perpetual smile on my face. Inside my heart there was a smile, too. I knew that I had somehow touched a part of Elvis Presley. By Bonnie Mack, Age 17, 1853 Balmoral Avenue, Westchester, Illinois 60156, U.S.A.



El rarely goes home.

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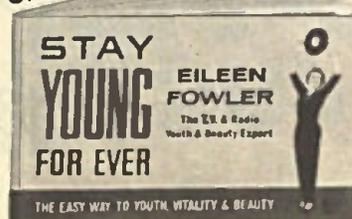


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NEWNES

BEGINS THIS MONTH—THE ADVENTURES OF A VERAMOROUS YOUNG MAN



THE PARTY'S OVER BUT THE FUN'S JUST BEGINNING!

It isn't too difficult to imagine your teeth sprouting hair. Not when you've been up most of the night drinking whisky. Drinking it, not because you like it, but because it's the first John Wayne-ish drink you can think of when leapt upon by the hostess. And it's pretty embarrassing when it's time for your second, to ask for anything else; it looks like you don't know what you really want and you're trying them all out just for a giggle.

Right on form I arrived two hours late. 'Good, they'll be jumping by now.' I stepped out of the car, snapped the door shut, and accompanied the whole movement with an imaginary 'tra-la'.

The reception lobby was empty, except for one dust-covered rubber plant, and an evicted cat I guessed to be about two hundred years old. I started up the stairs for

Joan's flat and saw a couple sprawled out on the landing. Not wanting to embarrass them I put on my best 'That's-the-spirit-you-have-fun' smile. They didn't even look up, which made me feel pretty stupid.

It took five minutes and three choruses of 'God Save the Queen' on the doorbell before it was answered by a big smiling fellow in a shiny suit. His smile tarnished slightly when he realised he didn't know me and I wasn't another victim for his 'Wot-to-Fred!' back-pounding treatment.

'Come in, come in!' Which was pretty big-hearted of him considering it wasn't his flat! The place was packed with people making the usual partytime exhibi-

tions of themselves. A drunk was leaning with both elbows on the record player accompanying the music by singing out of key to a different beat.

'Hello, Lloyd.'

That's my name, the other one's Alexander. I swung round and there she was, Joan.

'I didn't think you were ever going to get here,' she shouted.

That always makes me feel good when they jump up and down just because you've arrived.

'What, and miss one of your Roman-type orgies?' I shouted back.

'Ha ha... What do you want to drink?'

'Whisky.' Why didn't I keep my big mouth shut?

She soon came back weav-

ing her way through the crowd, holding my whisky above her head, and flashing smiles at everybody on and off like a neon sign. My drink was in one of those square glasses you see in films (all for effect, this girl), and she gave it to me with an exaggerated flourish and a kiss on the cheek. Joan's one of those girls you never take for granted. Not so long ago she stood me up twice because I stood her up once. It certainly keeps you interested.

Miraculously, a slow record had found its way onto the turntable, so I asked her for a dance. By the time I had found somewhere to put my drink, it had finished and 'In the Middle Of Nowhere' was blaring out at force nine. I swore under my breath. I'm

not too good at dancing fast. Joan was giggling, talking and going all over the place. I was trying to smile, but it took most of my concentration to look as if I knew what I was doing. She must have thought it looked good though, the way she was making everybody look at me!

'Okay! Why didn't you phone?'

It had to come... 'Phone?'

'Yes.' 'When?' Boy, it was really sounding as if I didn't know what she was talking about.

'Friday.'

'Friday? ... Oh, yes... Sorry honey, I forgot all about it.'

'Forgot?' she said quietly.

'Well, no, not forgot exactly. Actually I wish I had phoned, but I really had forgotten, you know how it is. She wasn't going to be satisfied with that though, so I told her some story about my brother having some trouble with his girlfriend, and wanting to talk about it. And I couldn't kick him out could I? She looked at me and I emphasised the whole thing by saying, 'Honestly' ever so

they've had a good time.'

'Perfect.'

'How shall I tell them?'

'Scream.'

'No, they won't pay any attention.'

We eventually swung the plan into action by telling the sober ones, who started planning involved campaigns to remove the others with the minimum of noise.

The last one, who was twirling in the bathroom to his own accompaniment, left by 4 a.m. I felt quite the man of the house, seeing them all off with my arm round Joan and a Prince Philip smile.

See them downstairs will you, darling?'

'Of course, pet. We hal' I cried as I leapt down the stairs. I didn't want the last couple leaving before I had a chance to see them out.

'Goodnight.'

'Thank Joan for the party.'

'Will do.'

'Night.'

I don't know if you have ever seen anyone try to run slowly, but I was a pretty good example as I ran up the stairs.

The door was shut.

Bzzzzzzzz Bzzzzzzzz...

Joan opened the door in her dressing gown. She didn't look too hot with half her make-up off so I concentrated on her lips.

'Hi.'

'Thanks a lot, Lloyd.'

'But...'

'You said you had a good time, didn't you?'

'Yes, but...'

'And that it was a perfect evening?'

'Yes, but...'

'Good.' She leaned forward and kissed me. 'Give me a ring on Monday, Lloyd. M-O-N-D-A-Y. 'Night.'

'But...'

I was still 'butting' halfway down the Edgware Road. I burst into an Irish Folk song (I don't know what you feel about Irish Folk songs but I think that's all they're good for), and conceded that it's not wise to take girls for granted, at all. DAMN IT!

See ya.

Lloyd Alexander

'I mean it looks as though

SKIRTS as SHORT as can be



■ Skirts aren't just being worn short this year—they're being worn more than short! That means two to three inches above the knee and starting from the hips.

I've chosen two little skirts from a selection at the Hem and Fringe Boutique.

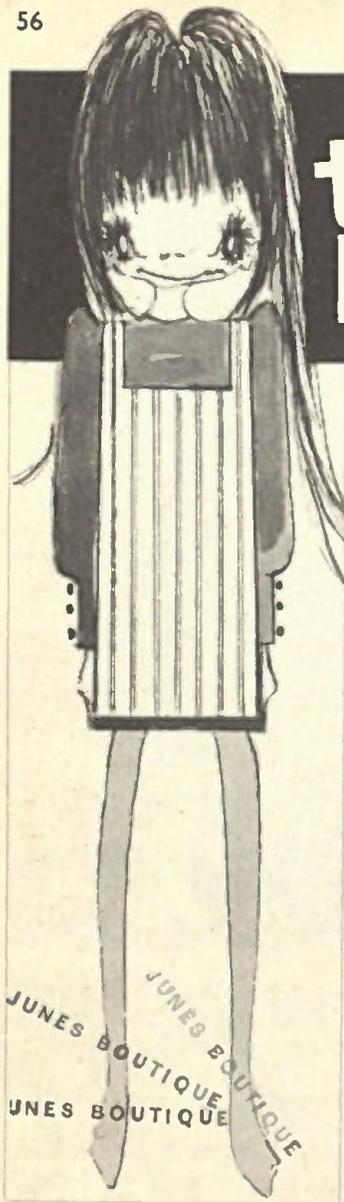
You can make these little skirts for yourself, too... Either cut down last year's knee-lengthers or if you're really ambitious, start from scratch. You'll need two straight pieces of material—dazzling as possible! The width of each piece should measure half your hip measurement plus one inch for turnings—and the length of skirt is up to you! Join side seams, and set in packet zip fastener, hem top and bottom. Buy a wide, wide belt to complete your latest rave look.

TRILEY LANE



■ Small print skirt (left) and black and white striped skirt (above) from Hem and Fringe Boutique, 35 Mareton Street, London, S.W.1. 35s. each.

today's raves



■ Great two-piece dress: cream twill with a bedticking over-tunic. (Available from September 7th from June's Boutique, 5 Blakedown Road, Hasbury, Halesowen, Worcs. The price, 99s. 11d.

FOR GIRLS

■ Latest look for autumn coats—Paisley corduroy. Will be hard to find, but make your own, fitted or straight, with rounded collars and cuffs, buttons up to the collar, slanted hip pockets.

Best colour: dark brown on beige.

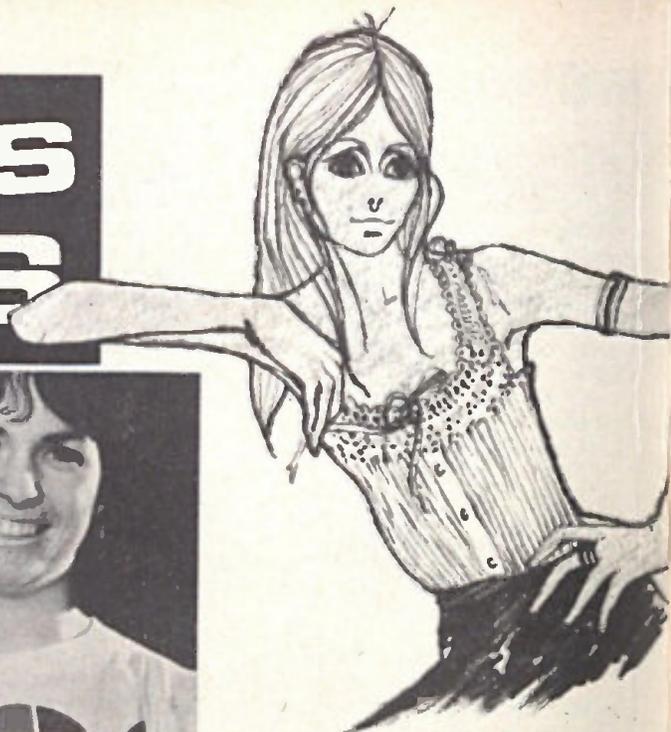
■ New looks for T-shirts—pop art decorated (see RAVE'S own, right), and printed with sprigs of flowers. Do-it-yourself by embroidering a plain shirt and matching stockings as well. Great with a plain skirt.

■ Some people are carrying it further by matching skirts and hats (in plain materials if the top and stockings are patterned, and vice versa.) Guarantees that you'll be noticed from one hundred yards!



■ Rave's Pop Art T-Shirt, (above) from Lewis Separates, Avon Trading Estates, Avonmore Rd., London, W.14. 12s.11d.; 1s.6d. postage.

■ The pop art craze hits the cycle clans. Helmets (left) painted with pop art designs or, for the more feminine, flowers are really stunning.



■ Another popular top now in this country from St. Tropez is the old-fashioned cami-vest (above). Looks great dyed any colour, with matching or contrasting ribbon. Make your own by covering the shoulder straps and neckline with broderie anglaise. It's a real rave of today.

■ Latest look in boots is two-tone. Best shades for autumn are beige and white. Convert your old black boots by dyeing with 'Shoe Make-up'. For the best effect, dye the shoe white, and the leg of the boot beige or camel. The finished effect is great!

■ For ordinary footwear the latest look is flat heeled with ankle straps, front-buttoning like children's party shoes. Look best in red or black patent.

FOR BOYS

■ Another new look in shirts, the American cut. Only difference: the sleeves. They finish just above the elbow with a narrow turn back.

■ The new club of London (where on a good night you'll see Beatles, Stones, Moody Blues, Animals, Kinks, Hollies, Mojos and Dave Clark 5) is The Scotch Club, Mason's Yard, Duke Street, Mayfair. Entrance—10s. for members, 15s. for guests. The resident group is fantastic!

■ New hat designer, Spider, has designed a new hat—called Tarantula (left)! Black felt, trimmed with mid-green suede and a double row of beige cord with an embossed spider emblem. Perfectly set-off with a

leather chinstrap. Approx. price, 90s.

■ New shirt look for boys—dazzling! This great black and white shirt (right) from the Count Down Boutique, Kings Road, London, S.W.3, looks fabulous with a plain black suit, and white framed sunglasses. 79s. 6d.

■ The continental boys have influenced a new look in glasses. Many (glasses, not continental boys!) will be seen this autumn in wire framed, tinted glasses. Great! You can get them from any optician. Good on girls, too!





ROSALIND
illustrated
AUTUMN RUST

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DE Trevi THE TRENDSETTERS

These colours are as near as possible to the actual colours of the garment

• • • page 30

pop singers who collapse as soon as they have a hit record. That's soft.

"I still enjoy playing just as much as I ever did, in fact, it's even more enjoyable when you get a regular break.

"The only trouble is that if we know we've got a day off, we're likely to go out the night before and come home some time in the morning. So we tend to spend most of the next day in bed.

"But it's great to get up in the afternoon and just hang around, listening to records or watching old films. And it's good having a garden and a swimming pool.

"When I was living in London with Ringo, there was nothing to do in the afternoon. It was boring. You looked out of the window and all you saw were walls. Even in Liverpool you have half an inch of garden and perhaps a cherry tree.

"There are lots of places abroad I'd like to go to relax, but I can't. It's the same old problem. Even in Spain we couldn't get any peace. John went to Cannes for a break this summer and finished up doing fourteen interviews.

"There's one place, though, where you are left alone and that's Paris. I came here a couple of months ago and it was great. People stared at me, and at first I started walking fast thinking that I'd been spotted. But then I realised that they stare at everybody."

In fact, when he has time off, George is much more likely to be found in his garden or swimming pool than anywhere else, because he hates travelling. Trains, boats and planes you can keep.

"It's a drag. It's not the actual flying or anything—it's just too much trouble. All that packing, the cases, the passports, the tickets... I thought of going away after we'd finished the film but I couldn't face the packing.

"I'm waiting for them to invent a machine which you get into in London, turn a dial, and then step out in New York. Then travel will be great."

Since the Beatles made their first film, George Harrison has been the steady escort of model Pattie Boyd. With John Lennon and Ringo married and Paul tipped to be the next in line, George appears to remain the uncommitted one. Does he plan to marry soon?

"Well, I can tell you I'm not going to end up like Elvis and think I'll wreck my image if I get married before I'm forty. Who will I marry? Well, that's obvious, isn't it? You don't go



"Who will I marry? Well, that's obvious, isn't it?"

around with a girl for months and months if you don't feel serious about her.

"But I have no idea when it will be. I'm not in any hurry. And Pattie hasn't raised the question. I can tell you I wouldn't have a girl who kept trying to get me married all the time.

"Pattie and I are not engaged. What is the use of engagements? It's just a way of telling people so they can save up for presents. And I don't want a white wedding—all that business with vicars and snivelling people. If it weren't for all that business I might have been married ten times by now!"

George firmly resents the idea of being pressured into marriage by public clamour and he is aware that as a Beatle he offers a tremendous target for this kind of pressure. To be seen with the same girl over a long period is to produce all kinds of flamboyant conjecture in the press.

But he is strong-minded enough not to be hurried by it.

Another hazard of being a world celebrity is that you tend to make thousands of acquaintances but few friends, certainly few outside show business. Had George found this so?

"It is a bit difficult to make friends and most of ours, of course, are in the business. But I *have* made good friends outside the business."

And like the other three it doesn't take George long to sort out which are the glory-seeking acquaintances and which are the true friends. He is quick to spot phonies and equally quick to scorn them.

Another recollection from my first interview with George was of his saying that he would love to be able to play Spanish style guitar "you know, where it sounds like eight people playing at once."

"Has your playing improved since the Cavern days?" I asked him.

"It's improved, but not as much as it should have done. If we'd still been playing in and around the Cavern, and always had the same bunch of people listening, it would probably have improved much more.

"This is what happened to Tony Sheridan. He was a great player and he sang like a cross between Jerry Lee Lewis and Presley. But because he stayed in one place all the time, he developed a completely different style—rock and roll in a kind of far out modern jazz way.

"We have different audiences all the time and we play the same numbers—so we don't get much chance to develop. But because the audiences are always so different, you don't get fed up.

"I suppose I should have improved much more, but I don't mind. If we do pack it in one day, I'll probably learn to play the guitar properly. Or chop it up."

Finally I asked George: "Just supposing you are a little quick-tempered, what sort of thing really bugs you?"

"I think most of all I object to people who put down pop music as something daft or dirty. What people don't seem to realise is that it's called pop music because it's popular.

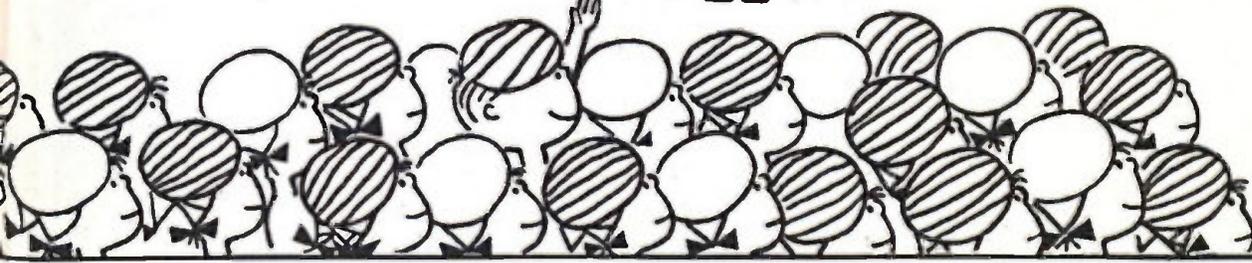
"It's obvious, isn't it? It's a huge business and it gives millions of people pleasure. Pop people don't knock the classics. And pop music isn't just one kind of music—it's *all* music that's popular.

"The stuff we play now wasn't pop music three years ago. But it's pop now—it's popular."

And that, I thought, was the understatement of the century.

MIKE HENNESSEY

SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT?
THEN DO IT ON THIS PAGE!



YOU'RE TELLING US!

I just had to tell you what a marvellous group of boys the Hollies are. Why? Well, I'll tell you.

The other day, I met a friend of mine who is a nurse in the Westminster Children's Hospital, and she told me of how one of the nurses wrote to the Hollies Fan Club asking if the boys would visit a very sick little girl, who loved the Hollies very much. They never dreamt that the Hollies would come to the Hospital, and even if they did, only for a few moments.

Well, they did turn up, armed with many toys and presents for all the children. They stayed with the children for a couple of hours and amused them by singing and giving them piggy-backs up and down the ward. My friend said that they were genuinely happy with the kids, and made a great fuss of the little girl. They were neither big-headed nor rude, but extremely friendly and happy.

I have always been a fan of the Hollies, but this

story made me love them even more. Don't you agree that what they did was one of the nicest things ANY-ONE could do?—Lynn Brewer, London Road, Brighton.

THIS IS AN URGENT POLICE MESSAGE!!

It has come to the notice of certain people (namely me and my shadow) that there is a dangerous heart thief circulating around the country through the wonders of modern science (namely TV).

This dangerous criminal is Delectable Dudley Moore, aged around thirty, looks—ahh!! (pause for sigh) and has a curious habit of saying his goodbyes seated at a piano, singing in a high-pitched voice.

Would RAVE please print a pic of this rogue so that readers may recognise this dangerous heart thief. Anyone finding this criminal, don't hurt him, but post him up to me by special mail delivery.—Kathleen Philbin, 3 Lenikall Terrace, Glasgow, S.5. (See page 62, Kathleen—Ed.)

The Hollies—still as nice now as they were when this picture was taken.



Here are three riddles we thought we'd send you which we made up ourselves. Hope you and your readers enjoy them.

1. What would a sooty window sill be called? Cilla Black.
2. What's between the land and the sea? Why, a Sandie Shaw!
3. What would a gritty rifle be called? A Dusty Springfield! Debbie Bennett & Barbara Israel, Queens, New York, U.S.A.

I'm a girl from Sweden and I think RAVE is a fab paper. It gives me just what I want in a music paper, wonderful pictures, and good, interesting articles. But how can anybody in England complain because they think Cathy McGowan is bad, or because one artist makes a record they don't like. You've got a chance to see the one you prefer, haven't you? We have one pop programme on TV each month.

So I ask; would somebody who isn't satisfied with the pop scene in England take my place and let me take his or hers?—Annika Allinder, Vintergatan 2d, Lund, Sweden.



Robert Vaughn—better known as the suave Napoleon Solo by U.N.C.L.E.I

...raveables by dodo

THE MEN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

MESSAGE READS

"The Man From U.N.C.L.E."—only comparable secret agent to fabulous James Bond. THE 'Man', Napoleon Solo—played by Robert Vaughn. His right-hand man, Illya—played by David McCallum. As a result of TV series, Robert and David big stars, top idols! Need police escort wherever they go in U.S.

A CARD FOR U.N.C.L.E.

United Network Command for Law and Enforcement
This is to certify that



The 'good' guys carry U.N.C.L.E. cards (left). The 'bad' guys have THRUSH cards (right).

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Photographs: M.G.M. "The Spy With My Face"

Low-down on ace-agent Solo: 6ft. tall, weighs 175 lbs. Beware of his disarming and fatal smile! Born: New York, November 30th, 1932. Unbelievable still a bachelor! Still on the look-out.
Low-down on Illya Kuryakin: Age 31, born: Glasgow, now lives dangerously in California. Married: to actress Jill Ireland, sometimes seen in series.
"U.N.C.L.E." has started a craze—playing make-believe secret agents. Catching on fast. "U.N.C.L.E." clubs catching up with Skateboards, the Frug, and hair-ironing in U.S.
How to recognise the 'good' agents

from the 'bad'? "U.N.C.L.E." agents carry identity cards—QUOTE "This is to certify that DODO has qualified for service with U.N.C.L.E. and may be called to active duty with her section on twelve hours notice (Y3K7—Hazardous Duty)."
Enemies carry THRUSH cards—QUOTE "What Evil Thing Have You Done Today?"
To enlist more "U.N.C.L.E." agents, M.G.M. have special film on release—"The Spy With My Face"—featuring special agents Solo and Kuryakin.
MESSAGE ENDS HERE

David McCallum plays Illya, the handsome Russian right-hand man of Solo—quite indispensable!





Dudley Moore

... and we're telling you!

■ Dear RAVE, I am a mad fan of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. The trouble is I can't contact them, and I'll just commit suicide. Dear RAVE, please save my life and give me their address. **Jonathan Greenbow, Parkland Drive, Luton.**

Peter Cook's F.C. is: The World Domination League, 22 Greek Street, London, W.1. Dudley Moore is care of his agent at present: Donald Langdon, Page House, 95 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. Whew! Another life saved!

■ My birthday is on 2nd December, I was wondering if you could tell me what pop star I share it with. **R. Hen-**

derson, 101 Main Street, Brisbane, Australia.
You share your birthday with Tom McGuinness of the Manfreds, Tom being 23 at present.

■ Can you please explain the meaning of the phrase (Child No. 173) for example, as found after certain tracks on the Joan Baez L.P. covers? **Linda, Valerie and Anita, Lambrook Tce., S.W.6.**
Apparently, a collection of English and Scottish folk songs and ballads were gathered together by a Francis Child. He gave them numbers.

■ I have become a great fan of "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." TV series. Is there a fan club for Vaughn and McCallum? **Melanie Roberts, Chelmsford.**
The address: S. Cresswell, 3 St. Agnes Gardens, Sheerness, Kent.

BOYS—LOST & FOUND

■ Last month I read "Boys—Lost and Found" and so I am writing to see if you can help. When my friend and I went to Woking (Surrey) on 9th April, 1965, we met up with these boys. She was with one and I was with the other, whose name is Ginger. He has gingerish hair, a red motor-bike, 363PK, and a black leather jacket with Capriola or something like that on it, in studs. I go to Woking nearly every week, but haven't seen him, except on his motor-bike, and lately I haven't even seen him at all. Please print my letter. **Sally, Frimley Road, Camberley, Surrey.**

■ Please try and help me. At the beginning of July I went camping for a week-end at Billing Aquadrome, near Northampton. While I was there I met a mod called Paul, who comes from Coventry. He said he was going to give me his address, but he forgot. Please print my letter because there is no other way for him to find out my address. **Christine Hall, 13 Carrington Road, Southcourt, Aylesbury, Bucks.**

AND FROM HER FRIEND...

■ Would you please help me by printing this letter as soon as possible. At the beginning of July I spent the week-end at Billing Aquadrome and met a boy called Jim who lives in Coventry. I forgot to ask him for his address, and did not give him mine. Please print my letter as there is no other way for me to find him. **Christine Locke, 26 Court Close, Aylesbury, Bucks.**

■ Please help me. I've just come off my holidays in Black Rock, N. Wales. While I was there I met a boy called Billy Barton. All I know about him is that he lives in Wigan. Please if any of his, or his sister's, Anne Barton's friends should read this, will they ask him to write to:

Eileen Thomas, Yew Tree Farm, Penycae, Near Wrexham, Denbs.
 P.S.—I was staying in the next caravan to him in Black Rock, No. 31.

■ It seems that Jenna and Anna of Stamford Street, Nottingham (Letters, July) would like boys to visit their club "The Dungeon". This can be arranged if they would please write to Cpl. Colin Kennedy and Gnr. George Honeysett at the address below.

I believe that this club lacks boys and has too many girls. Well, when we are on leave, we will visit the club. Loads of other lads are interested too. All write to us and we will make arrangements. Please publish this letter. **George and Colin. HQT. ARTY. BDE. SIGS. SQN. BFPO 44.**

■ Has anyone seen Matthew MacLauchlan of Knottingley? He's a Yorkie-Scot, about 5 ft. 10 ins. and answers to the name of 'Clockie.' If he is contacted, please will he get in touch with Liddy C?

Here's hoping, Liddy C.

■ His name: Richard Wells. Where to be found: In the heart of Yorkshire. Looks: Unique. If Found: Tell him that Margaret wants her record back and Linda wants to see him again!

■ We would like to contact two boys we met on holiday at Bournemouth. They were staying at Weymouth in a caravan for the week, July 17th-25th. Names: Mike and Bob, from Bristol. Mike is medium height, has dark curly hair and works in a garage. Bob is tall, fair, and works at Bristol Siddeley Engines. If anyone knows of them—tell them to contact us, please! **Miss Pat Moss, 125 Boundary Park Road, Chadderton, Oldham. AND Miss Joyce Yates, 21 Park Avenue, Chadderton, Oldham.**

PEN PALS

Patrice Haslin, 18 Rue Rossignano Maritimo, Champigny, Seine, France. Age 17. Patrice (boy) wants pretty girl pen pal from London or Liverpool who likes Stones, Kinks, Pretty Things, Who, Moodies, for exchange of records and clothes.

Tuija Muurman, Pakilantie, 50.B.30, Maunula, Helsinki, Finland. Age 15. Loves Stones, Pretty Things, and Donovan. Wants to write to mod boy or girl from England.

Ingrid Schalin, Larsgatan 6, Vellinge, Sweden. Age 17. Likes Stones, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reed, Bo Diddley, Bob Dylan. Wants a London boy for a pen pal 17-20. Must be mod with long hair.

Marie Wennerstrom, Korsorvagen 12a, Malmö V. Sweden. Age 16. Wants British pen pal who is a mod. Loves Stones, Kinks and Animals.

Louise Seltzer, 7126 Park Manor Avenue, No. Hollywood, California, 91605 U.S.A. Age 16. Hobby is promoting up and coming American groups, and meeting English groups. Like to write to a boy, 16-19. Likes the Stones.

Greg Proposch, 13 Dickens Street, Hamilton, Victoria, Australia. Age 17. Interests are Mod fashions, Stones, Beatles P. J. Proby and Cilla. Wants girl pen pal in England preferably Liverpool.

Sue Robinson, 313 South Olive Street, Media, Pa. 19063, U.S.A. Age 18. Interests: The Stones, Barron Knights, Herman, Byrds and many other groups. Likes boys, writing, pen pals, and sailing.

Eva Mikaelson, Lada 1351, Stromsund, Sweden. Age 16. Likes Donovan, Bob Dylan, Stones, Animals, Chuck Berry.

Michel Lleugard, 154 Rue de Belleville, Paris 20eme Seine, France. Age 21. Wants pen pal from England. Adores Animals Stones, movies, swimming.

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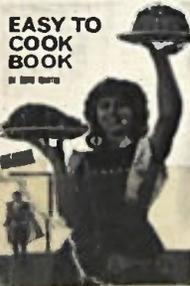


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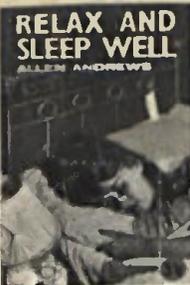
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