



# rave

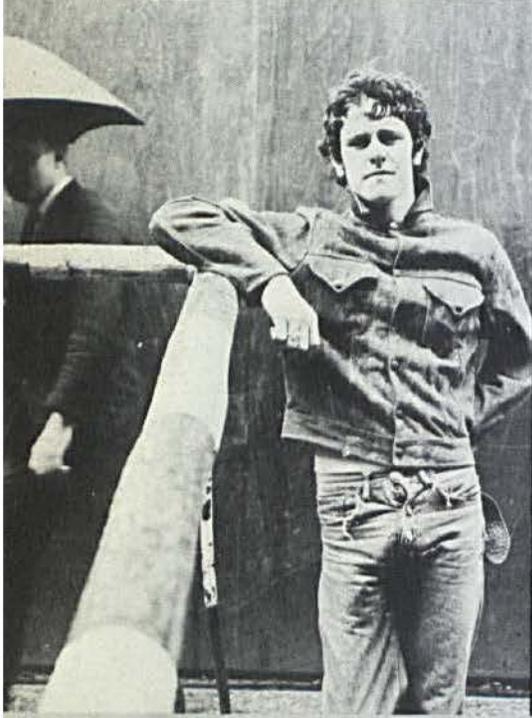
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FOR YE MOD ENGLISH!

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NOVEMBER  
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SPECIAL MADE IN BRITAIN ISSUE!



# LONG LIVE THE SCENE

Hi fans everywhere!

Glad to have you raving with us.

Pop protest songs are all the rage at the moment, and this month, RAVE is having a little protest all of its own. We're sick and tired of hearing people say that the pop scene is dead, that no one cares about the Charts or stars anymore, that British pop has had its day. So we've decided to do something about it. And this issue is our protest—for we aim to prove that pop, and British pop especially, is still going strong.

How British pop can possibly be dead when fab stars like the Walker Brothers leave America to come to England; when rave stars like Sonny and Cher maintain that a British tour is vital; when The Stones have never been better; when Lennon and McCartney are still two of the best pop composers in the world; when British stars like Donovan, Sandie The Who, The Animals, the Hollies, the Yardbirds are wanted the world over. We just don't get it.

Our say is that it's not pop that's dead, it's so many of the people around it.

Long live the scene! say us. Let's have less of the knocking and more of the praising. The British Pop Scene is still the best in the world. And we'll still be around next year to prove it.

Hope you'll be with us then, also.  
'Til next month, stay raving, fans!

*The Editor*



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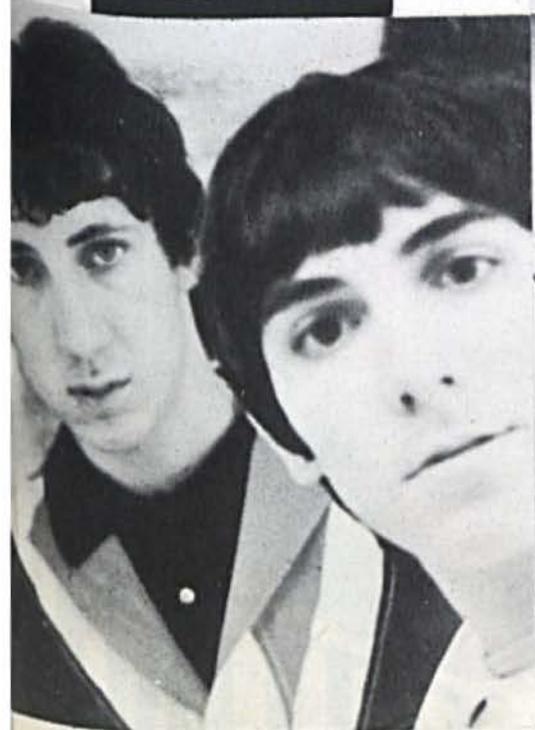
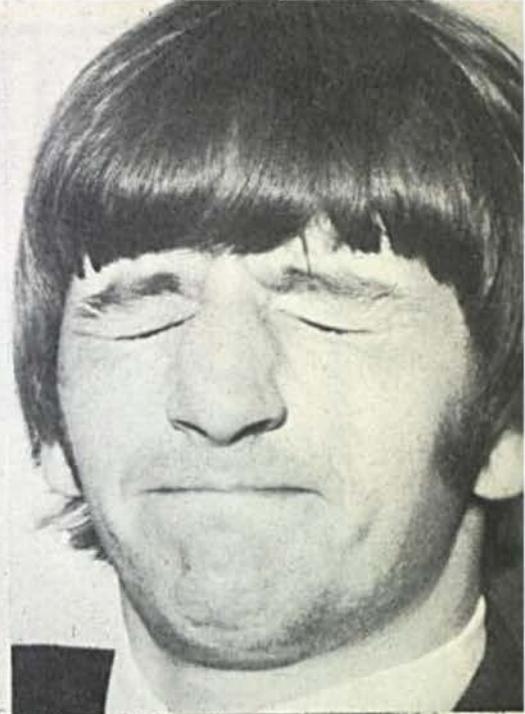
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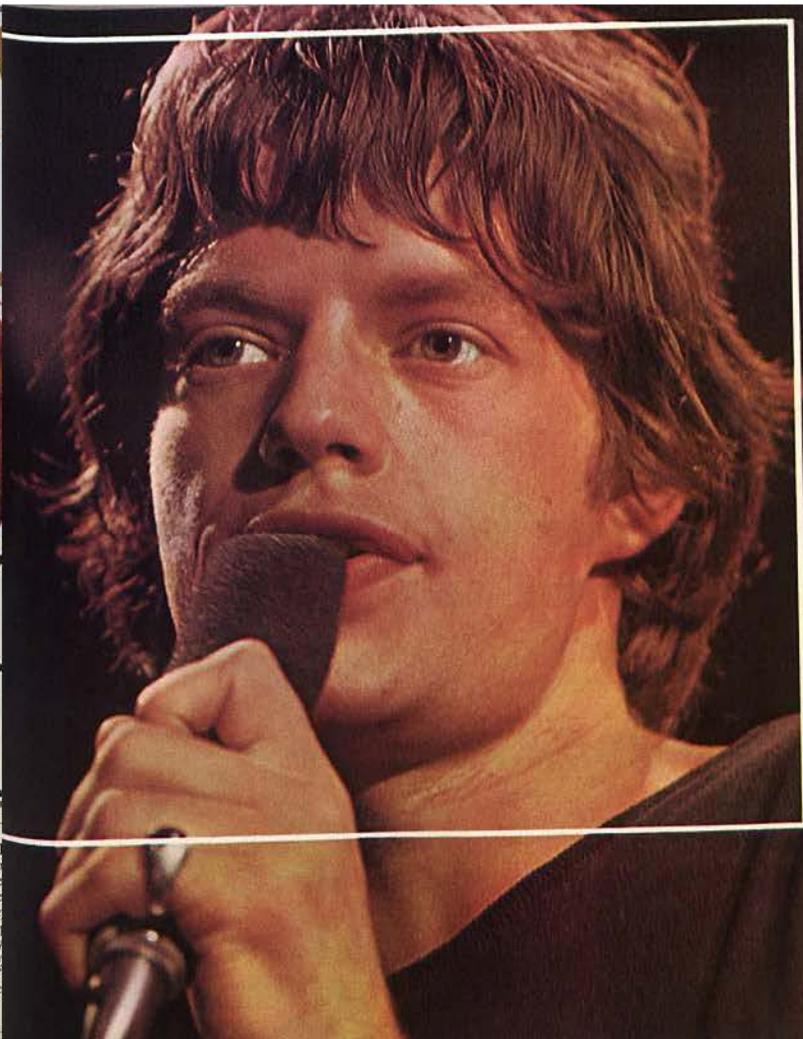
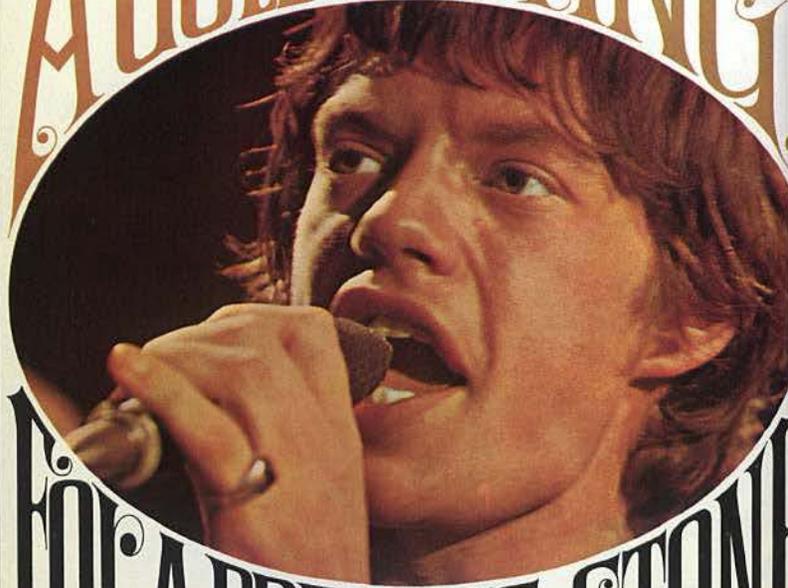
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Did you hear the story of the dog who preferred his pal to lassie!?!  
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# A GOLD SETTING

## FOR A PRECIOUS STONE

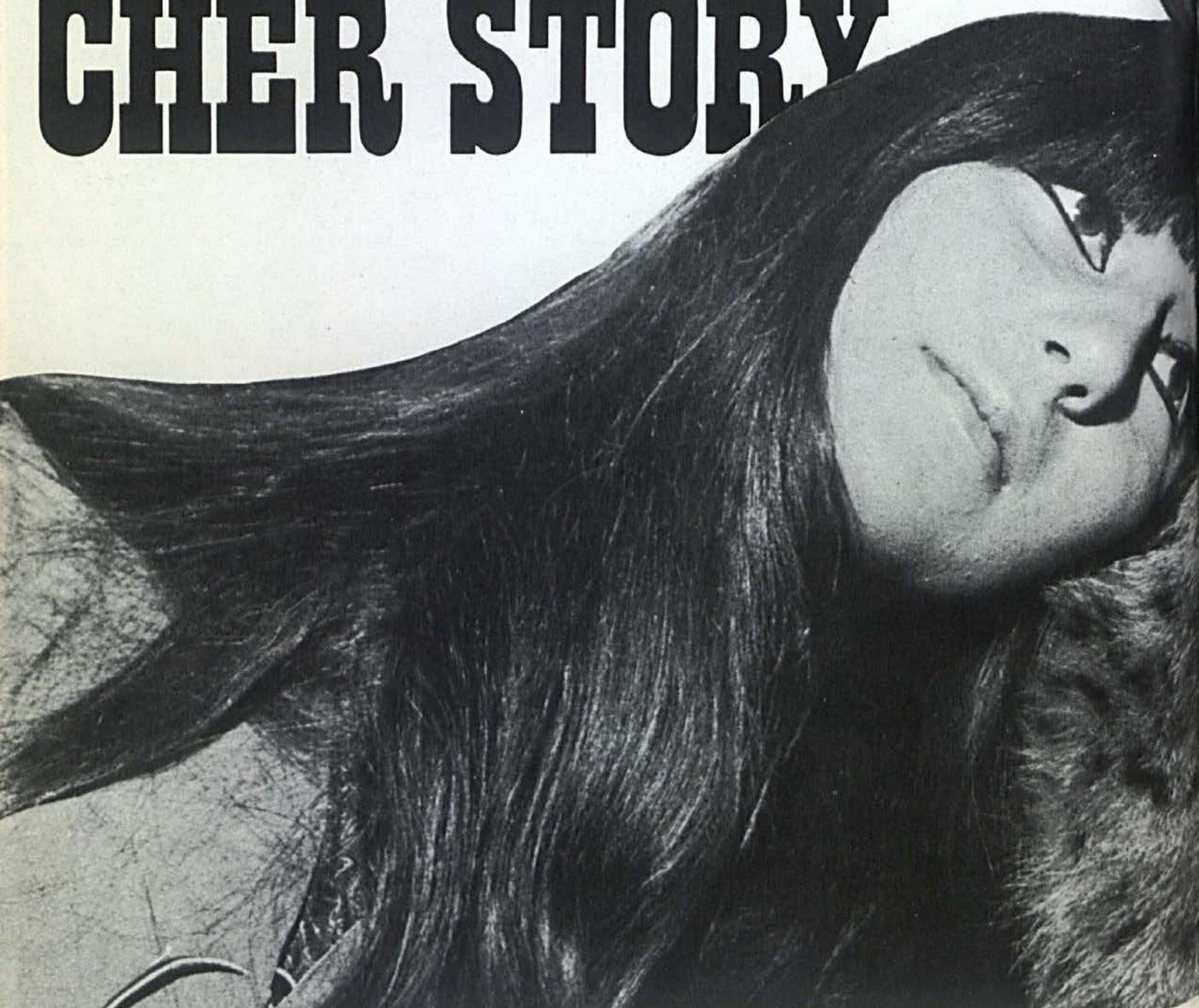


**Warning.** These exclusive RAVE pictures are very valuable. Beware of phantom Mick Jagger picture pinches now operating in England. Never let these pictures out of your sight as they cannot be replaced. Better still, keep them under your pillow for safety. Insure against any possible theft by buying RAVE each month. (There's always lots more fabulous Mick pictures printed!)—Ed.

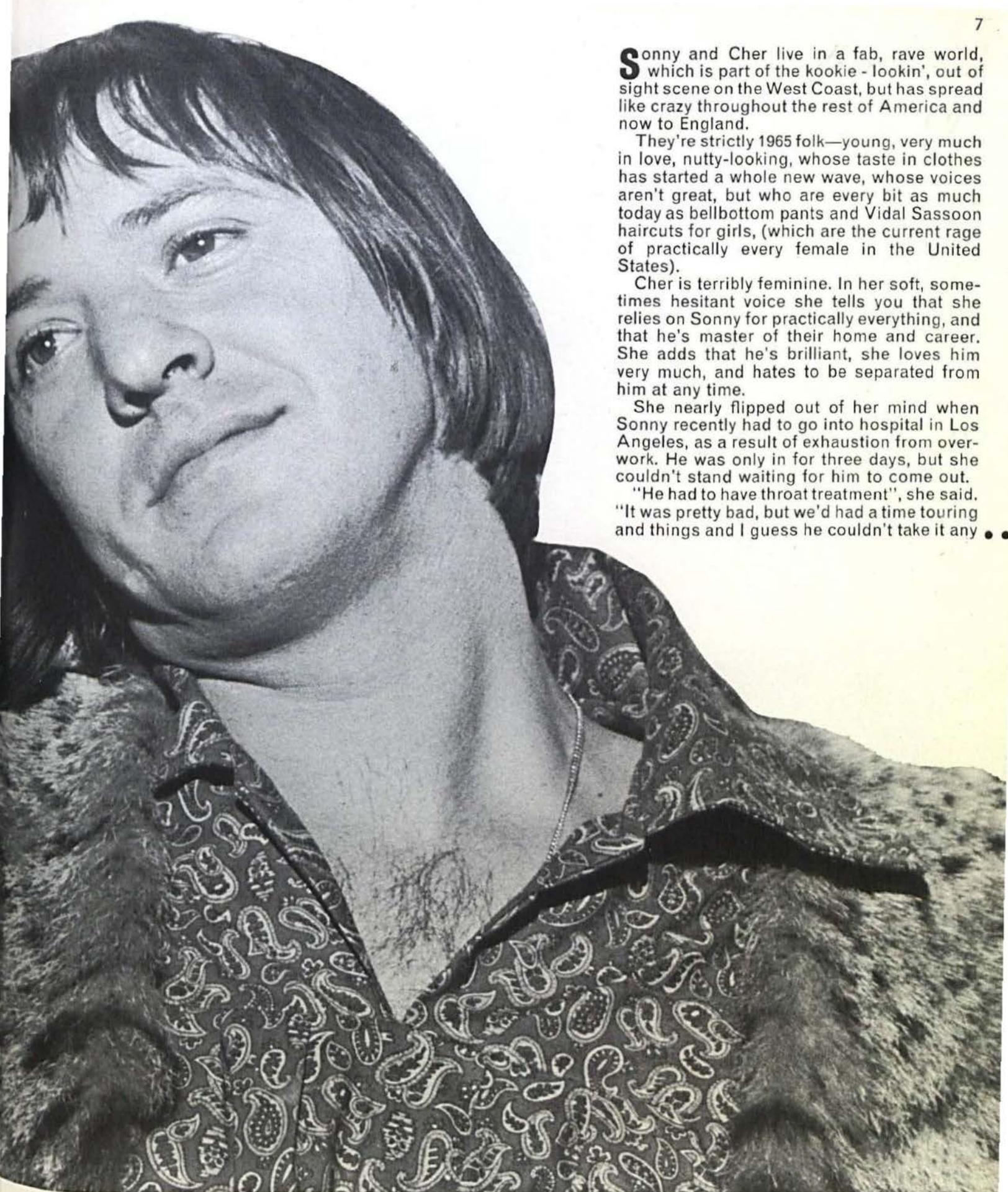


■ A RAVE EXCLUSIVE

# THE SONNY AND CHER STORY



THE STORY OF THE KOOKIEST, CRAZIEST, HAPPIEST,



**S**onny and Cher live in a fab, rave world, which is part of the kookie - lookin', out of sight scene on the West Coast, but has spread like crazy throughout the rest of America and now to England.

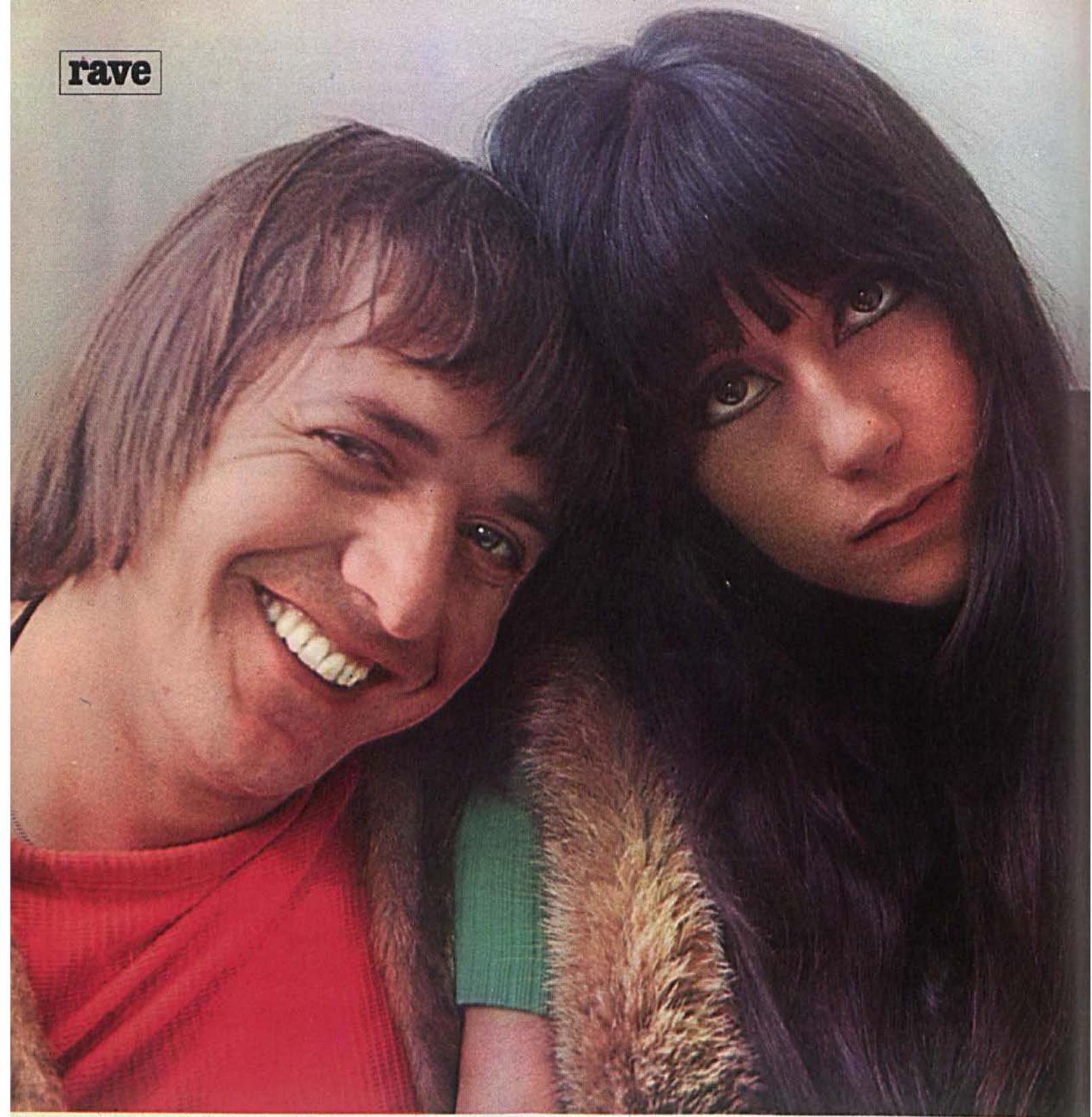
They're strictly 1965 folk—young, very much in love, nutty-looking, whose taste in clothes has started a whole new wave, whose voices aren't great, but who are every bit as much today as bellbottom pants and Vidal Sassoon haircuts for girls, (which are the current rage of practically every female in the United States).

Cher is terribly feminine. In her soft, sometimes hesitant voice she tells you that she relies on Sonny for practically everything, and that he's master of their home and career. She adds that he's brilliant, she loves him very much, and hates to be separated from him at any time.

She nearly flipped out of her mind when Sonny recently had to go into hospital in Los Angeles, as a result of exhaustion from overwork. He was only in for three days, but she couldn't stand waiting for him to come out.

"He had to have throat treatment", she said. "It was pretty bad, but we'd had a time touring and things and I guess he couldn't take it any

**MOST LOVABLE COUPLE EVER TO HIT BRITAIN**



• • longer. Anyway, just before Sonny went to hospital, we'd spent a week recording all new stuff, and then gone out on the road. All this was on top of our trip to England, and all the other goodies that happened."

But Sonny's condition wasn't that bad, and although they had to cancel the rest of the dates on their American tour with Gene Pitney, he's fine now, and has started work on all kinds of interesting projects—one of them being their next trip to England,

which they hope will happen around Christmas.

Despite some of the not so nice things that happened to them on their first visit to Britain, Sonny and Cher are nutty about it. When they came home they couldn't stop talking about how wonderful everyone was, and how many good friends they'd made, among them, Donovan, whom they feel is very much in their own groove.

"When we first got to England it

was a bad scene", says Sonny. "They criticised the way we dressed, and wouldn't let us into hotels. Then we found out we weren't unique, and that other singers had had the same problem.

"I still don't think the hotel managements were right, but I suppose people have to follow the rulebook.

"Cher cried. She hated it all. She wanted to get on the next plane and come home. She couldn't understand why everyone was making such a

# SONNY STORIES

**S**onny became an avid fan of London traffic while in this country.

"Your big double decker buses just knock me out and how about those bubble cars. We kept yelling at this guy from our saloon that he had lost a wheel until someone informed us it was only supposed to have three!!

One of Sonny's favourite stories is the true one of how his present managers, Brian Stone and Charlie Green came to set up business.

Passing a disused Hollywood film set they discovered to their delight a deserted office which was still fully furnished and had the phones connected. They employed a sign writer to put up a board announcing "Stone and Green Productions" and promptly went into business. For six months they remained undetected until a company director noticed his old office was again in use and paid a personal visit. He found Mike on a call to Hong Kong on the company phone.

By this time the duo had secured enough publicity accounts to be able to pay the debts they had incurred and the extra bill!

Those large comfortable furry slippers which Sonny slops around in have a very practical purpose. Sonny frequently carries large amounts of money around with him and instead of leaving his money in the dressing room he puts his bank notes in his socks!



Sonny's first act on arriving in this country was to bounce across the tarmac at London Airport, seize a positively ferocious looking policeman by the hand, and announce:

"My name is Sonny. This is my first time in England and I've never met a real live English cop before—will you show me your club."

The constable obliged.

A sight that the Manchester TV studios are not likely to forget—a saturated Sonny and Cher, sitting in their make-up rooms drying their moccasins under hair-dryers!

## CHER IN BRITAIN

"My sister, Georgianne, is my great friend with Donovan and the highlight of her trip here was dancing with Don on 'Ready Steady Go'. I think the thing I'll remember most was our appearance on 'Easy Beat' for the BBC. That really is a gas show—they have a live orchestra and it's radio! In the States everything on radio is discs.

"We went to the Portobello Market one Sunday and that was wonderful. Mike and Charlie wanted to buy the whole market and take it back to Los Angeles.

"We saw all the sights, like Buckingham Palace and the Guards, because we were doing a movie 'Sonny and Cher in Lon- ● ● ●



fuss. I guess they don't realise that this is how a lot of people look today, or that on the West Coast, the whole scene is very casual, and when it came to London, we weren't aware that it would be any different.

"But why should we be blamed for dressing how we want?" On this particular occasion, Sonny was clad in his ponyskin waistcoat and pants, with a suede shirt. Cher looked positively wild in a bright yellow pants suit trimmed with white broderie anglais. The pants were naturally bellbottom, and the top was a tiny midriff, mostly ruffled, which did great things with her classic slim figure, and made her long black hair look darker than ever.

Cher makes a tremendous impression when she walks into a room. Generally, she's not terribly photogenic, and so most people are kinda knocked out when they see how

pretty she is in person.

Recently, Atlantic Records threw a great big buffet reception, to congratulate Sonny and Cher on reaching the top of the charts with "I Got You Babe" and announce future recording plans.

Sonny and Cher arrived a little late with Brian Stone and Charlie Green, their managers, and those that didn't know who they were thought the three boys were the Rolling Stones. As soon as they saw Cher, a lot of people just gasped with open mouths. She was wearing the same outfit I've described, which got all the fashion press immediately on her tail.

Even when she turns up for a recording session, where her working clothes are not so elaborate, Cher still looks like a swingin' kind of mod. She wears pant suits all the time, but confessed she does have a couple of dresses in her wardrobe, "for occas-

ions that demand it."

On the subject of clothes, Sonny was proud to inform that Cher contributes greatly to the household budget by making her own sandals.

Cher is nutty about homes and families. She's terribly close to her mother, who'll be going to live with them when they move into their new house, "which will be somewhere in the Valley, but we don't know where."

They've always considered their house a home, even though they can't use the old-fashioned stove in their present kitchen, and Cher admits to not being the world's greatest chef. She leaves the cooking to Sonny, who's crazy about Italian food.

But they do a lot of entertaining—Hollywood style. They just sit around the living room with various friends, drink Cokes and talk about music when it's people in show business, and other things when it's not.

••• don' for U.S. TV. You know that Palace guard-  
man didn't even blink when  
we turned up at 8 a.m. and  
mimed to 'I Got You Babe'  
practically under his bear-  
skin.

"We loved almost every-  
thing about England. The  
kids were great and every-  
one was so nice—I even  
forgave the Hilton after I  
met everyone else.

"My only complaint is  
the sandwiches. How can  
you people live on those

little triangles of bread! In  
the States, if you ask for a  
sandwich you get the  
whole loaf with a salad  
tossed in!

"Everyone was a friend  
to us in London. The  
Animals — Hilton (Valen-  
tine, not the hotel) was a  
doll—Donovan, Jonathan  
King, the Small Faces we  
loved them all. I cried my  
eyes out when we left at  
the Airport and, just as  
soon as we can—we'll be  
back."



**Cher, Sammy Davis and Sonny as they appeared on  
America's rave TV. show, 'Shindig.'**

## ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

"We plan to do a film in the  
future," whispered Cher.  
"It will be a sort of documen-  
tary about English fans and  
we'll present it as a TV. special  
in the United States."

This won't be Sonny and  
Cher's first film either, or their  
last. They have already made  
an appearance in "Beach Ball"  
and are planning two more.

One is called "Dr. Rock and  
Mr. Roll"—a take-off on Dr.  
Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The  
other, still in the discussion  
stage, will be the story of their  
life together.

Their life together has al-  
ready had some stormy patches  
—from the older generation  
who don't understand them.

"The kids don't criticize;  
they accept us as we are," said  
Sonny. "And since our appeal  
is to teenagers, we have no  
qualms about looking 'strange'  
to adults.

"It's the more mature types  
who cause unpleasant incidents.  
One such incident happened at  
our favourite restaurant in  
Hollywood.

"Our 'peculiar' appearance  
upset this party and one mem-  
ber insisted on making nasty  
remarks. He was thrown out,  
and then they asked us to leave,  
too. Our feelings were hurt  
because we had done nothing  
to deserve such treatment.

"When we got home, I went  
to the garage, where I have a  
piano, and wrote the song,  
'Laugh At Me'. The next

morning we assembled musi-  
cians and recorded it. That  
night it was being played on  
TV. and radio and our record  
company, ATCO Records, re-  
ceived orders totalling 26,000  
records in two days."

What are Sonny's feelings  
concerning this and similar  
incidents at the London Hilton  
and New York's Hotel  
Americana?

"I think most people are  
afraid of doing anything which  
isn't conventional. It is they  
who have a complex, not  
people like us."

Marriage, which seems to  
hinder some star's popularity,  
doesn't seem to bother Sonny  
and Cher's fans at all.

"The fans like it," Cher ex-  
plained. "They have feelings  
like grown-ups so why  
shouldn't they?"

Sonny interrupted, "It's un-  
usual for young girls to like  
female singers, but they like  
Cher. We, in turn, are ex-  
tremely fond of our youthful  
fans."

Uninformed reporters are  
always trying to place singers  
into various categories. Sonny  
and Cher are no exception, in  
spite of their rejections.

Says Cher, "We're not folk  
singers. We just give our own  
interpretation of folk and pop  
songs and try to put our own  
personalities into them, like the  
Beatles. Jazz is the only field of  
music I'm not interested in at  
all."

••• Sonny has made a ruling that they  
don't discuss their own activities with  
friends outside the industry. Instead  
they talk about what their friends  
have been doing.

Cher would like the new house to  
have a swimming pool, because, it's  
the only good way she knows of  
cooling off from the hot California air.  
When they move, they will also take  
their big brass bed and old lucky  
piano on which Sonny does all his  
composing.

Sonny and Cher are both crazy  
about Bob Dylan, who attended one  
of their recent recording sessions in  
New York, and who will be writing  
some special material for them.

Dylan's appearance at the session  
didn't deter Sonny from working, but  
Cher was flipped out of her mind.

"We think he's so talented, and I  
can't wait to hear the stuff he's writing  
for us", said Cher. "I'm glad he finally

came into his own. The right kind of  
folk music is so important.

"I hate all the protest songs.  
They're so unnecessary. Is there so  
much hate in the world that people  
have to sing about it?"

"I think we sing about the real things  
that happen. The everyday emotions  
between boy and girl. But instead of  
putting it above their heads like so  
many singers, we bring it into their  
understanding. That's very important.  
It means that people can identify  
themselves with us much more  
because we are reaching out to them  
on their level and ours. And there  
really aren't too many married boy  
and girl singers around that fit into  
today's young scene."

Talking about their success which  
has happened in a very short time,  
Cher says, "At first it shook me up  
that so much was happening. Now  
I leave it to Sonny to worry about.

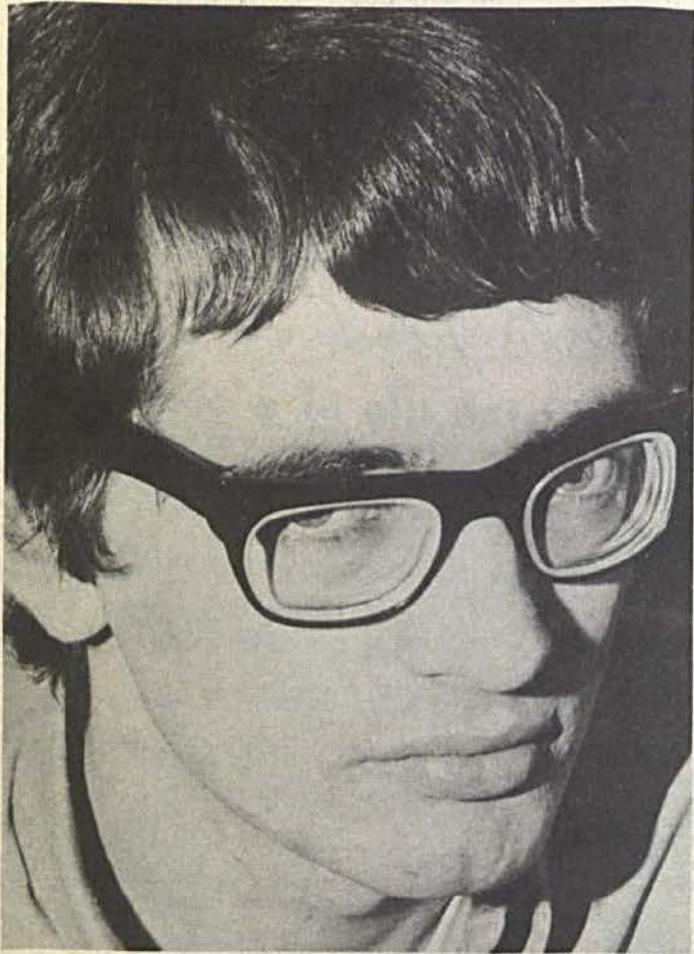
He's taken it all in his stride.

"What really thrills me is that Sonny  
can't even read a note of music, yet  
he composes songs, and takes  
recording sessions as if he'd been  
born in a studio. He does everything  
from being the engineer to the  
arranger, and even our record com-  
pany has remarked that he's brilliant.  
I'm terribly proud of him and the way  
he works, and of course that's wild  
because it means he's able to apply  
the same good work to our production  
company."

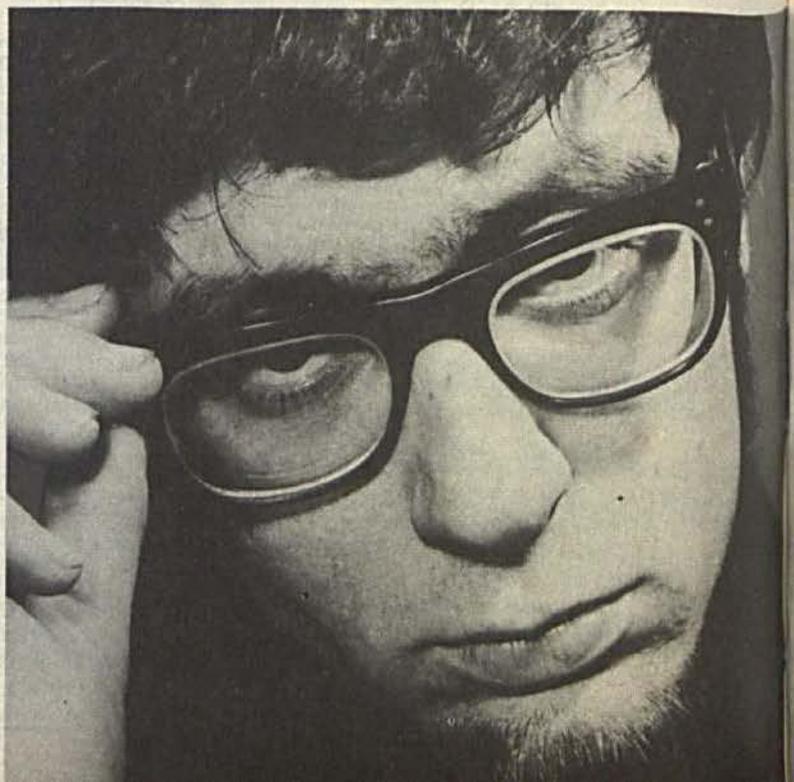
On the other hand, Sonny is a little  
more apprehensive about their suc-  
cess. He recently said, "Sometimes  
it scares me. I mean, so much hap-  
pening so quickly. I just hope it  
never gets out of hand or goes to  
our heads. There are so many things  
to keep a hold on."

**JACKIE HARLOW**





# A QUESTION OF MANN A



**Do good looks matter to a group? The Manfreds say they don't, and as they've just had their second No. 1 hit they should know. Dawn James (not a girl for starting arguments) went along to see the Manfreds and to listen to why they thought that . . . .**

**M**an appeal doesn't really exist," said a Mann who has enjoyed the benefits of it for the last two years, and has been involved in seven hit records at least. The man, his name is Manfred, adjusted his thick-rimmed glasses, and continued, "you can be handsome, ugly, or unbelievably attractive and you can die in the pop business." He crossed slim legs, and folded somewhat agile hands. He is terribly neat and precise and positive. "All that matters in pop is hit records. You are as good as your last record and that is all." He paused, not for my arguments, but for the wealth of wisdom, just delivered, to sink in.

"But . . ." I started.

"No, 'buts'. Fact," he finished short. "The Manfreds have enjoyed success over a

shy and rather slow of speech." I asked him what he feels his sort of appeal adds to the group, but he shrugged a little. "Don't ask me. I don't know. The kids like to look at me, I'm on the receiving end of lots of the screams." He paused, as though searching for words he couldn't find. "Yes, I'm the actual body that is representative of the whole group, its sound and form and everything."

Tom McGuinness who smiles wide and cracks potty jokes that no one gets, said, "There are all sorts of functions of a group. There is the sexy bit, like Paul, and the backers up, like us. And there is the studio work, the actual playing of the instruments, and also the contributing of ideas to the records. Then there is the stage act. We all contribute something that in its own way is important. It enables Paul to get seen on the telly, and to get loved."

Tom and Manfred both heard a recording of their hit, "If You Gotta Go, Go Now," at the same time, but separately. "We both felt sure it was a winner," explained Tom. "We are always on the lookout for good material and when you find a song like that you act fast. Neither Manfred nor I had even heard the words properly, but we liked the whole idea. We both met and exclaimed about the song. It was later we realised how strong the words were. It wasn't a deliberate attempt to shock anyone."

None of the Manfreds seem alike on first meeting. Paul seems shy, Manfred quite the opposite, Tom bubbling, and Mike Vickers crazy. Mike Hugg is quiet. But beneath their outward individuality lurks a strong binding likeness. They are all wildly amusing within their limited circle. They crack 'in' jokes, and go on about controversial problems in a mickey-taking way, but in fact don't mean what they say. They all believe strongly in privacy in their private lives. They are all rather sarcastic and terribly honest. And strangely, not one seems

jealous of the other.

"Do you wish you were screamed at more yourself?" I asked Manfred. He rolled his eyes and smiled without moving his lips, "Not at all, I get very embarrassed by outward signs of affection from strangers," he said. "Even now, when I am on a train, which I frequently am, I feel awkward when stared at. I sit there while people say, 'Is it?' 'No, can't be.' 'Shall I ask him.' I often feel like disappearing."

"Let's face it," said Mike Hugg, "one doesn't let it matter who is best liked. You have to keep a sensible set of values. We are all part of the group, and the group is popular. None of us is fantastically good-looking, but our guitars, or voices, or hairstyles, or something means something, and people buy our records."

"Hell, how can we say what our attraction is?" Paul muttered, shrugging as he does, and looking sort of embarrassed. You can ask Paul to talk about sex, marriage, religion, race troubles, the bomb, and he will oblige, and his arms will wave about, and he will have something interesting to say, but start talking

about Paul, and he backs out quickly, and shuts up.

Tom and Mike Hugg will talk, but the talk won't necessarily make any sense. They are the jesters with a spring of mirth that gurgles without purpose or cunning. Mike Vickers is a little more serious, and will talk about music and the composing he does in his own right.

Manfred is sincere beneath a sarcastic wit that puts you off at first. He jokes about serious subjects, using a pay-off line to perplex you, and quieten your curiosity. "I don't let people know about my private life, I am debauched." he will say.

Obviously there are lots of things that appeal about the Manfreds, because they stand united at the top of the Hit Parade. They don't really bring their private selves on to the stage with them as some groups do, and though their vocalist is the outward attraction, they are strangely well balanced. Like the Mann said, "It's voices or our guitars, or our hairstyles, or something, that gets over. But don't ask us — we don't really know."

# APPEAL

fairly lengthy period of time. We have done this by producing good, high quality, saleable records."

I turned to Mike Vickers, who was lying across two chairs, plucking the cane from one, "What do you think?"

He shrugged, and looked pale, and said, "I'm tired." After some time he said, "Manfred is right really. Sure you get known by being on TV., but you don't get to be on TV. till you have a hit. Then you have to have another hit. When you go to a TV. producer and say, 'I'd like to be on your programme,' the TV. producer says, 'What record have you out?' "

Paul Jones, the main visual attraction of the group, sat quietly adjusting his high calf boots. Exhibitionist onstage, Paul can be quite different off. Sometimes he will be extrovert, especially among people he knows well, but often he is



# NEWS FROM

**RAVE** girl Dawn James pays a return visit to Liverpool, home of the Beatles, birthplace of the big British Pop Scene, and discovers some interesting things going on . . . . .



The entrance to the Cavern Club. At one stage there was a "Save The Cavern" campaign going on, because it was doing badly and attendances were down. But now it's thriving again.

"Lime Street Station, All change."

"Hey, miss, wake up. You're here, you're in Liverpool."

I jumped, staring at the porter. Lime Street station? Oh yes, I was back in Liverpool. It had been a long time—over two years. I looked about me eagerly, at the dirty grey pavements, the thick glass on the station roof, the roundabout where all the roads meet outside the Liverpool Empire. Liverpool, city of the Mersey, grey home of beat talent, mother of an era that really put Britain on the music map. Beatles, Searchers, Billy J., Gerry and The P.M.'s, S.B.J.'s, Cilla. Nights of screaming heat in a cellar by the docks. Days of stars playing cat and mouse with thousands of devoted followers. Era of proud scouse-accented youths in the streets, eyes bright, heads high. Grey drum beats, pounding guitars. The city stretched before me,

sleeping. Bombed roads, ragged children, straying dogs. "Is it dead?" I wondered. "Is the era which began here in Liverpool over completely? Has the glory gone?"

It was glorious, too. From that cellar by the docks a clean, hard noise sprang up, and echoed to the frilly pavements of Paris, the long sleek lines of New York, the sand-dusted cities of Australia. And all Britain basked in the glory reflected surprisingly in the oil-covered Mersey.

## Enthusiasm Going

But as the first bursts of enthusiasm wavered, and a few of the beat groups of the Mersey slipped from popularity, so the knockers started claiming the end of the Liverpool era. Back in January, head of Radio Luxemburg, Geoffrey Everitt was telling us, "People like Billy J. have passed their prime. It's the more professional singers who will stay the course. The



# THE NORTH



Americans are better than us.”

Then we had a practically all-British chart scene, now it is well-invaded by Americans. Professional or not, the Billy J.'s were British, and it is good to see Britain on top occasionally. Yet, instead of encouraging interest in the Mersey Beat, people in high places were glad to see an end of it. The feeling that it was old hat ran quickly through the business. This feeling was passed on to the fans.

At the same time, Norrie Paramor, one time big band leader, present recording manager for Cliff, told us. “I don't think there ever was a so-called Mersey sound. It was a fashion.”

It was more than a fashion. It was a comparison. We hadn't anything that sounded honest and hard and moving. The noise the Mersey boys made was loud with throbbing drums, shrill guitars, and high, pure voices. It was music with guts and fire and fight.

Protest songs are all the rage now, but Mersey music was a protest long ago. It was a cry from the heart of a city depressed by its decor of bomb sights. It was a plea and a demand. When you listen to your music in a cellar beneath a warehouse, you don't want to know about ‘Love in a beautiful garden’, it doesn't come to you wrapped like that.

## Liverpool Thinks

I had gone to Liverpool to find out what Liverpool thinks about the Mersey Beat now. Whether the pop scene there is past its prime. Whether the clubs are still open. What the teenagers think, who they like. What Liverpool is going to produce next.

Rumour had it that the famous Cavern Club, where the Beatles started, was closing down. That the Mardi Gras was doing badly, and that the Blue Angel ‘in’ night spot for visiting cele-

brities and older teenagers, was now full of disillusioned would-be Epsteins whose groups had never made it.

First I discovered The Cavern is not closed but doing very well, it plays music by local groups, The Walker Brothers, and The Who. It runs all night sessions. Its customers queue on the cobbles outside. They are enthusiastic about music still.

It was the same story at the Mardi Gras. Open four nights a week, as it always has been, the club is thriving. Mr. Linford, secretary of the club told me, “We have survived the beat boom, and are not feeling any after effects of it. The fans under sixteen still prefer pure beat to dance to. The older ones, sixteen and over, are leaning towards folk, and R&B. But there is no feeling of anti-climax. And no question of our closing.”

It was the same at the Blue Angel. The manager said, “We are positive we will produce more talent before long.”

Freda Kelly, Northern Beatle fan club secretary, told me, “This talk of Liverpool being finished on the pop scene is rubbish. We're only just starting!”

Bob Wooler, one time compere of The Cavern, now a booking agent, has no less than twelve new groups to record.

But is this enthusiasm realistic? Or is it the dogged determination of a city that produced the Beatles and can't get over it? What new groups have come out of Liverpool in the last eighteen months? How many top names that started in the Beatle era are still popular?

Billy J. Kramer reached the Top Ten of most Charts with, ‘Trains and Boats and Planes’ and looks set for a repeat with ‘Neon City.’ ●●●



*The Clayton Squares, one of the new groups to emerge from the new Liverpool scene, and strongly tipped for national success.*

*The Clayton Squares have been formed just eighteen months and are managed by Bob Wooler, one-time compere at the Cavern, who is now a booking agent and is handling twelve new Liverpool groups.*



• • • The Swinging Blue Jeans surprised everyone with 'Crazy 'Bout My Baby' and claim they earned more money last year (by touring abroad) than ever before. Gerry and the Pacemakers have faded. The Mersey Beats who always got a lot of Press, are now turning to rather sensational publicity but are hitting.

What new groups has Liverpool produced? The Escorts have a great following in the city, and a year ago I thought they'd make it nationwide, but they didn't. Earl Royce and the Olympics did an eight week tour of the South of England in August/Sept. this year, but returned to Liverpool after it. New group, The Clayton Squares have recently stirred up lots of interest.

Yet not all interest in Liverpool is centred round pure beat. Folk is very popular, and so is music with a R&B flavour. Clubs like the Peppermint Lounge, and The Downbeat, and the Pink Parrot, are catering for the older fans who like the more sophisticated music.

According to Liverpool's Information Office, a folk group, The Spinners, are likely to be the next big export. Already they fill a hall with 1,700 people twice weekly.

### As Many Groups?

Are there as many groups in the city as there were in the Beatle days? Is there still a vivid interest in music like there was when 'Love Me Do' was first heard?

I called on five music shops that I visited on my last trip to Liverpool, and heard a



Gerry—inside the Cavern Club, Liverpool.

similar story in each. "There is still a great interest in music here. None of the groups have failed to pay the HP on their instruments and there is plenty of work about. The emphasis is more on R&B and folk, than on pure beat. There is a desire to get more professional for more books on how to read music are being bought."

So there is a trend towards a new type of music. How about fashion in Liverpool. I found a lot of leather and suede about. Liverpool fans like the new plastic coats, but they are not considered as smart as leather is.

There are new hairstyles. The boys, who all looked like

Beatles a year ago, now have their hair short, and parted in the middle. The girls, who all looked like Cilla, have it short also, and cropped.

There seemed to be a direct link between the groups who have moved away from Liverpool, who have also gained permanent popularity all over the world, and the groups who have failed outside of Liverpool recently, and are still there.

Cilla now lives in London. So do the Beatles. Billy J. was supposed to have bought his parents a new house, but on calling at the old one in Hankey Drive, Bootle, I found his mother in.

Gerry Marsden's mum lives

in the house near the docks where Gerry and his brother, drummer Freddie, were brought up. The Swinging Blue Jeans still live locally, so do the Remo Four.

But when I went to Dingle, the Ringo Starkey house in Admiral Grove was occupied by new tenants. "Ringo's mum and dad moved," I was told, and kindly offered a photo of Ringo as consolation. Paul's house, terraced but fringed with evergreen bushes, has changed hands too.

John Lennon's aunt Mimi was still at her pretty semi-detached house where she brought John up. There was a picture of John on the mantel in the front room, but there were dustcovers on the chairs. The house is being sold and Mimi is moving to a £25,000 house in Poole, Dorset. George's family were not at Macketts Lane, when I called.

### Strangely Sad

It is strangely sad that the Beatles and their families have forsaken their old homes, even though it is understandable that they should do so. But that is how it is in Liverpool. Great names are born, great talents struggle for life through the grime and dust, and bloom beautifully, and bring a fleeting glance of magic to the dull, proud city.

And then the talent moves on. It has to. But those left behind don't fold up because of it. They say as Beatle secretary Freda Kelly did, "Finished? We're only just starting." And they are. The era of the Mersey Beat has given way graciously to R&B and folk. Stuck sensibly to leather. Tossed off long hair. And now, maybe for a while there is a gap. But Liverpool feels no urgency. The people who talk of the talent that they will produce are talking sense. Of course the Mersey will reflect in glory again. Not today. Maybe not tomorrow, but just perhaps the day after that. They don't fight on at the end of an era, they just go on. They are justly proud of what they have achieved in the past, but too busy thinking about the future to dwell on it too much.



The Beatles — pictures taken just after "Love Me Do" was released.

# a british maid talks...

DUSTY—ON THE SCENE



"Sometimes I read things about myself, and I think, 'Is that *me*?' I sound so strange."

"I am not a depressed person, and I'm not a neurotic either. I feel happy and well most of the time. I am aware of how good life is to me."

"I think the British scene is great. I like a few Americans in the Charts, they make us work that bit harder. I'd like to work more in America and learn from them but I couldn't stay away long because after as little as a week I get homesick. Sometimes I walk around London in the rain with nowhere to go, and I think, 'Why do I stay here?' I love it, that's why."

"I want to get married of course. I don't want to be left on the shelf. Sometimes I feel, 'Oh Dusty, you'll have had it soon.' But I don't think a career and a marriage work too well together, and I want more from my career yet."

## SUSPICIOUS

"I lead a very quiet private life. I don't go to clubs much at all. I like the cinema. I don't like parties. I go to close friends and talk, and have coffee and play records. People's company matters to me. I have only a small circle of close friends, but those I really am fond of. I am suspicious of most other people. If someone pays me a compliment I tend to be ungracious and disbelieve them. My close friends tell me the truth, and I take it gratefully, but other people I'm not sure about."

"I care about my friends and my brother Tom, and mum and dad. But other people don't really touch me. I've built a wall around myself. Even so, often when I am stared at in the street I don't know if people are waiting to say, 'Doesn't look as good as on telly,' and sometimes when they look I want to crawl away and die."

"I don't kid myself about anything. I know even at this stage I could fail. I am so relieved when a record of mine is a hit."

## BRITISH—AND PROUD!

"I study the pop business carefully. I think the British scene is great, and I'm proud of being British. There will be various changes in pop fashion, but pop of some sort will go on forever."

"Happy? Yes, I'm happy. One of the nicest things about show business is that it gives you a feeling of belonging. When I work abroad I am conscious that what I do is representative of Britain. I like that, it brings out the extrovert in me, and I don't feel so shy."

**JEAN-MARIE**

THIS  
ISA  
PLUG  
FOR  
RAVE



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# A PROBLEM THAT'S MORE THAN JUST

# SKIN DEEP...

■ Just at the time when it is important to look good and to have a clear skin, eighty per cent of us suffer the opposite.

What starts the trouble? A few spots appear on an otherwise perfect skin. Despite emergency care more appear. Things go from bad to worse and, suddenly, you are on a collision course with acne. Is there anything to be done?

## ■ WHAT IS ACNE?

It is a common skin disorder among both young men and girls during adolescence. The result of infection of plugged pores (sebaceous glands). Acne is a problem that should be handled with great care. Bungled attempts to clear it up will only spread the infection.

## ■ WHAT CAUSES ACNE?

It generally occurs between the adolescent ages of fourteen and twenty when the hormones in our bodies become unsettled and lead to over-activity of the sebaceous (skin) glands. These glands produce too much oil, the pores become blocked, infection sets in and so causes spots and pimples.

## ■ CAN IT BE CURED?

Yes. Doctors and beauty consultants can cure acne in many persistent or chronic cases and you yourself can help by treating it with the right care. However, the glands in our bodies have to settle down into maturity before a complete cure is usually experienced and this process takes time.

## ■ CAN IT BE CONTROLLED?

There are many ways to control the condition. The most important is scrupulous cleanliness...

Keeping your skin clean does not mean washing five or six times a day. Soap and water remove the dust and grime from the skin surface (it, in fact, actually encourages the glands to produce more oil to lubricate the skin surface), but *once* a day thoroughly with medicated soap and water is quite enough. Use your hands and not a face cloth. A face cloth will hold the infection and spread it to other areas. Cotton wool that can afterwards be destroyed is a good idea. A *deep* cleanser is also necessary to get into the skin pores and remove excess oil. Deep-cleanse two to three times a day.

Hair cleanliness is important too. Dandruff is a great enemy of acne sufferers because the flaking spreads infection and this is often the reason that boys have very bad acne at the backs of their necks or on their shoulders. Wash your hair once a week (even more often if your hair is greasy). It is best to use

a medicated shampoo and to keep your head perfectly clean and free from dandruff. A hairstyle that keeps the hair off the face is advisable. An excellent dandruff treatment is Selsun Suspension.

Review your diet. Cut down on fried and fatty foods and also avoid, as much as possible, starchy foods, pastries, highly-spiced foods and shell fish. Eat lots of fresh fruit, vegetables, lean meat, dairy produce.

Fresh air and limited regular outdoor exercise, are a great help. Too much exercise, however, will cause increased oil to flow from the sebaceous glands. Sun and sea water are perhaps nature's best aids to troubled skins.

## ■ WHAT PREPARATIONS HELP?

Here again, it is vital to stress that cleansing is the most important control for acne. Make-up should obviously be kept to a minimum and medicated preparations used when possible. The following are excellent: NUDERM by Boots (3s. 6d.) is a clear cleansing gel. It should be used at least three times a day. Girls should use it before making up and for deep cleansing at night and midday. For boys, Nuderm is best used after shaving and at night.

Innox's CLEANSING MILK (8s. 6d.) is excellent for cleansing any troubled skins.

Innox's ASTRINGENT (8s. 6d.) is recommended for toning the skin after cleansing.

SOLUTION 41 by Innox (7s. 9d) applied to the affected skin at night is another excellent aid.

Revlon's NATURAL WONDER medicated make-up range caters specially for oily skin and acne.

Crookes' tinted LACTO-CALAMINE (2s. 4½d.) is a soothing lotion which can be used as a light foundation.

QUINODERM is one drug very highly recommended by the medical profession in this country for skins other than the most sensitive. It is an invisible cream which can be used by both boys and girls too—it is only available on prescription.

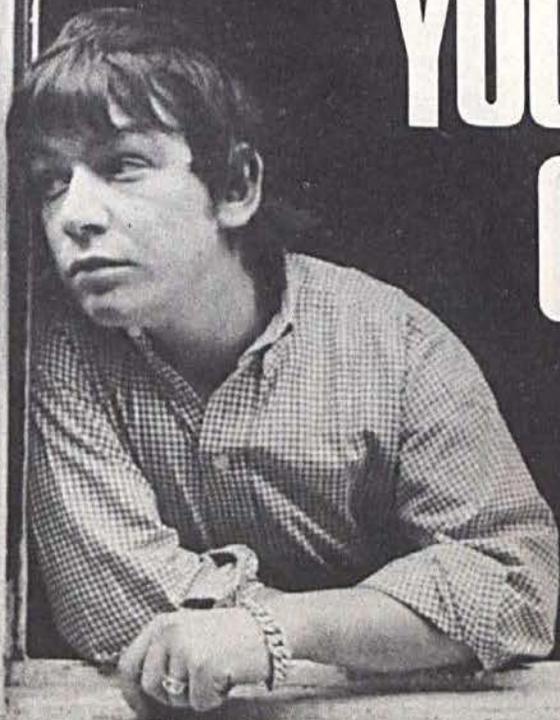
## POINTS TO REMEMBER...

*Worry and anxiety are very bad for acne. They aggravate it. Don't try to hide spots with heavy make-up. Use only medicated make-up till the condition clears.*

*Boys should not grow thick beards to hide spots but a very small beard is safe so long as it does not keep the skin from being kept scrupulously clean and well-aired.*

BY TRILBY LANE

# YOU'VE GOTTA GET OUT TO HIS PLACE



*When that lovable Animal Eric Burdon invited RAVE reporter Maureen O'Grady round to his place the result was an out-of-this-world exclusive to RAVE!*

*Eric Burdon's fabulous flat revealed an insight into his own way-out character through a weird assortment of decorations . . . a quiet rebellion seemed to be looming with guns, swords, helmets and flags everywhere!*

*What does an Animal do to relax off duty? How does all the war machinery Eric lives with affect the way he thinks and feels?*

*RAVE found out . . . and reveals all!!*

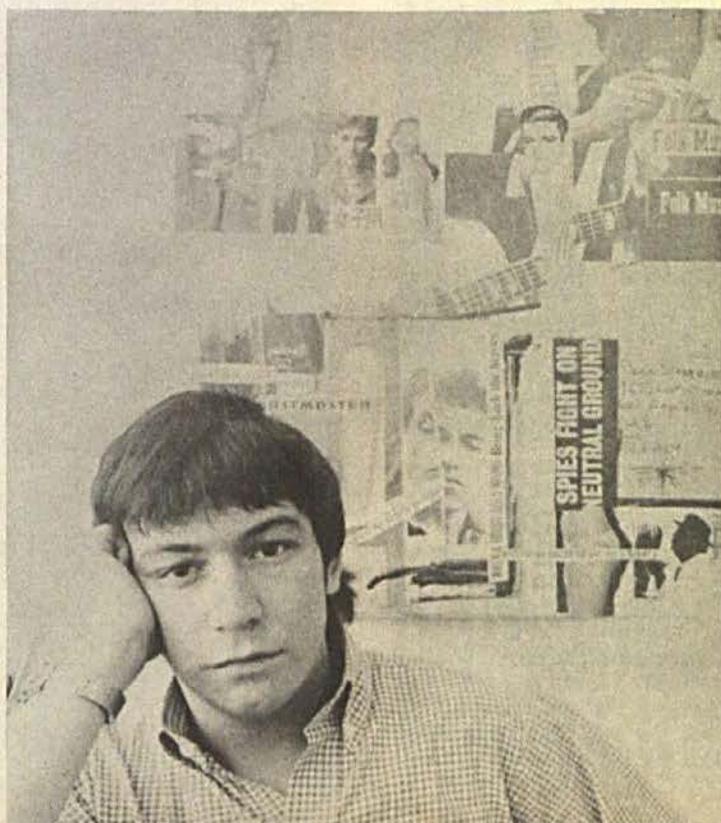
**W**e didn't know which bell to ring—so we aimed for the most likely—the one without a name on it. At last we were going to see the inside of Eric Burdon's famous, "crazy" much-talked-about Earls Court flat! A voice boomed out over the intercom, "Hello, who is it?"

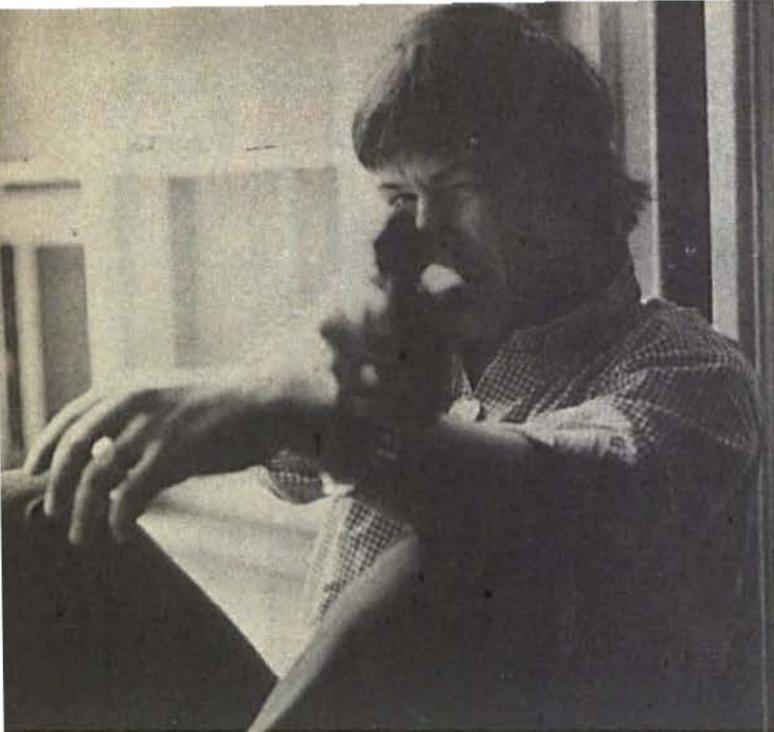
"RAVE! Is that Eric?"

"No, it's Hilton. I'm in the bath. Go away!"

The idea that Hilton may have meant that remark, soon disappeared as he

opened the door. "Eric's just getting some practice," he murmured. We got the idea as we just dodged a flying bullet—aimed at a chalk dog poised on a pedestal outside an open window! Eric stopped shooting. "Won't be a minute. I'll just go and shave," he said. Hilton ushered us into the lounge where one of Eric's many Ray Charles L.P's. were playing. Suddenly a loud voice split the intimate mood. "Oh, no!" ●●●





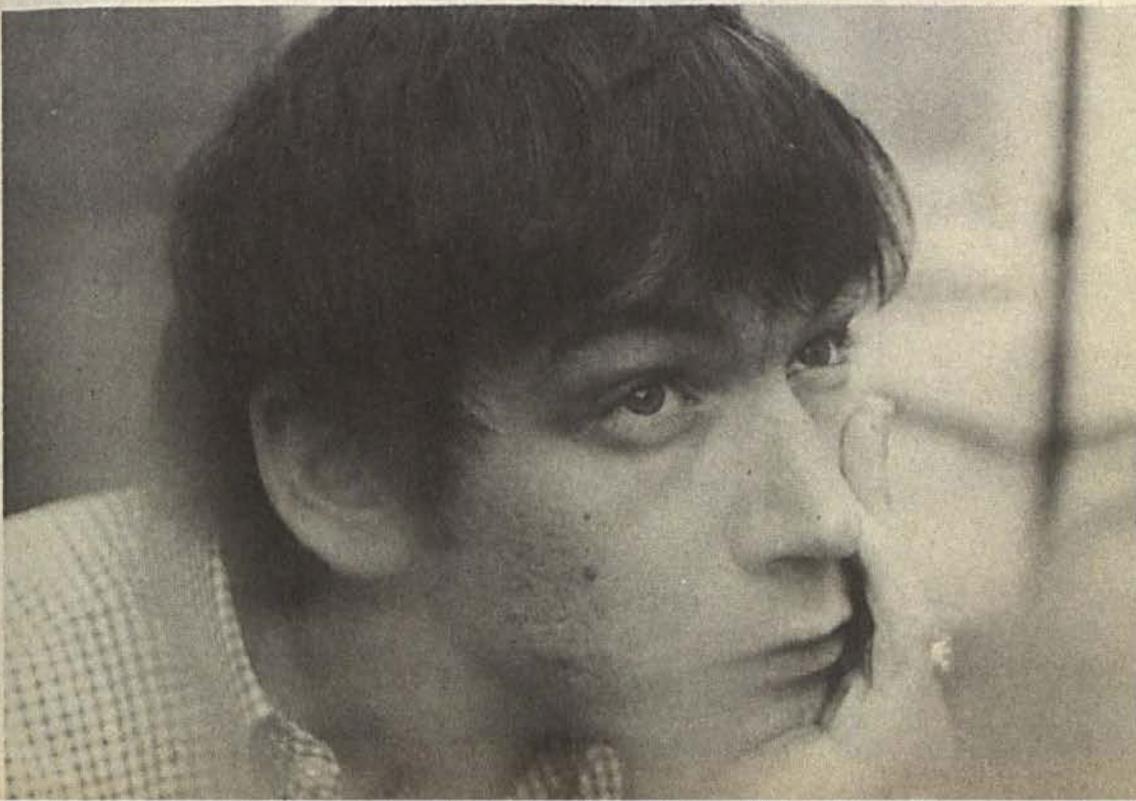
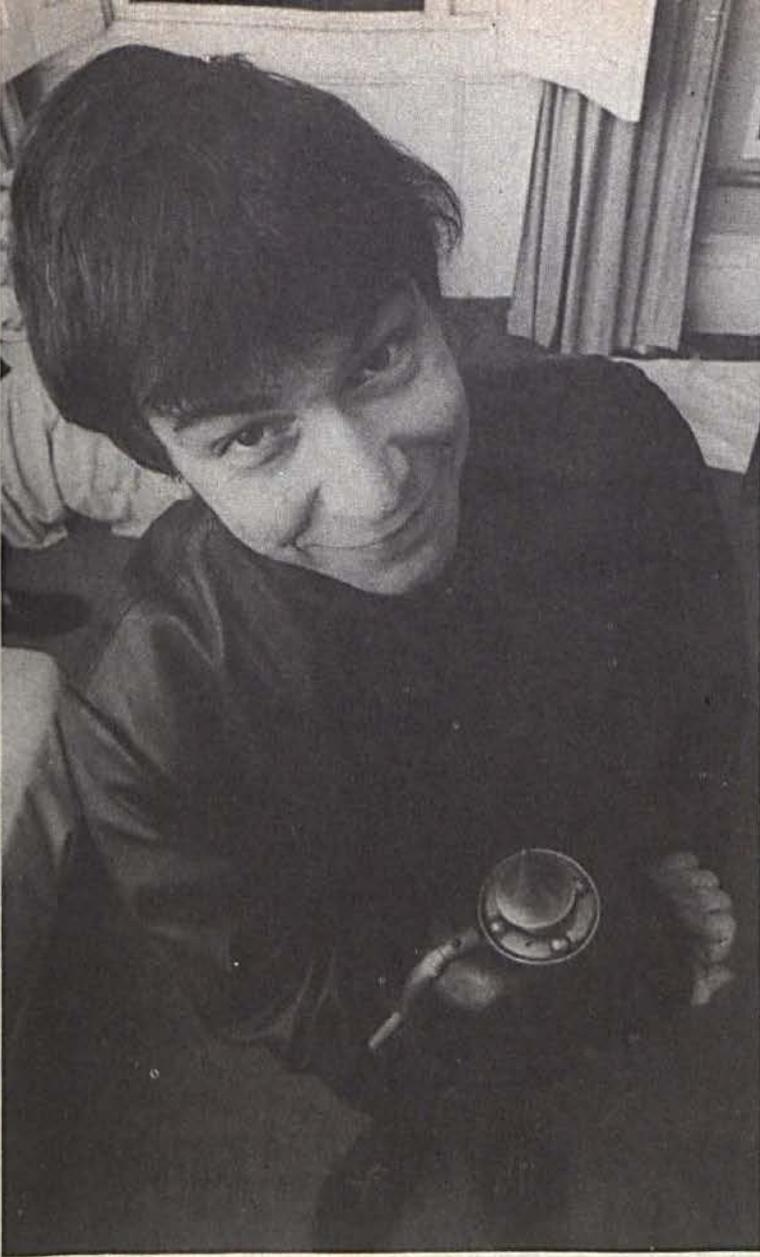
•• "There's been a disaster folks!" Eric said, running in clutching his face. "I've cut myself shaving," and immediately started to mop up the blood with a handkerchief.

Minutes later he was back.

"Hey, you haven't seen my room yet, have you?" He tugged at our arms and pulled us through a cream-painted doorway. It was like taking a walk into a sort of collector's showroom. Going through that doorway was like stepping into another world—the crazy, private world of Eric Burdon. On the wall above his tiny bed hung posters, flags, swords of all sizes and origins, revolvers, rifles, war helmets, a magazine of bullets, and a shortie kimono draped over his wardrobe door! These are the things that give off duty Eric Burdon the most pleasure. Another wall opposite was covered in pictures with self-made captions. Pictures of coloured singers, pin-up girls and dead bodies! Captions like: "For colds and flu, doctors recommend sudden death!"

We'd hardly said, "Show us some of your swords and guns closely then," when he'd taken out an American combat jacket from the wardrobe, put on a Second World War American serviceman's helmet, grabbed a rifle and jumped out on to the tiny roof garden just as a plane was flying overhead. After





Eric had taken a few shots at the plane, a very shocked woman next door stuck her head out of the window and wanted to know what was happening. Eric appeared from behind a clothes line and shouted, "Don't worry madam! I've got everything under control! We won't let the Russians invade!" which made her look even more alarmed; he dashed across the high ledges and under another line of washing.

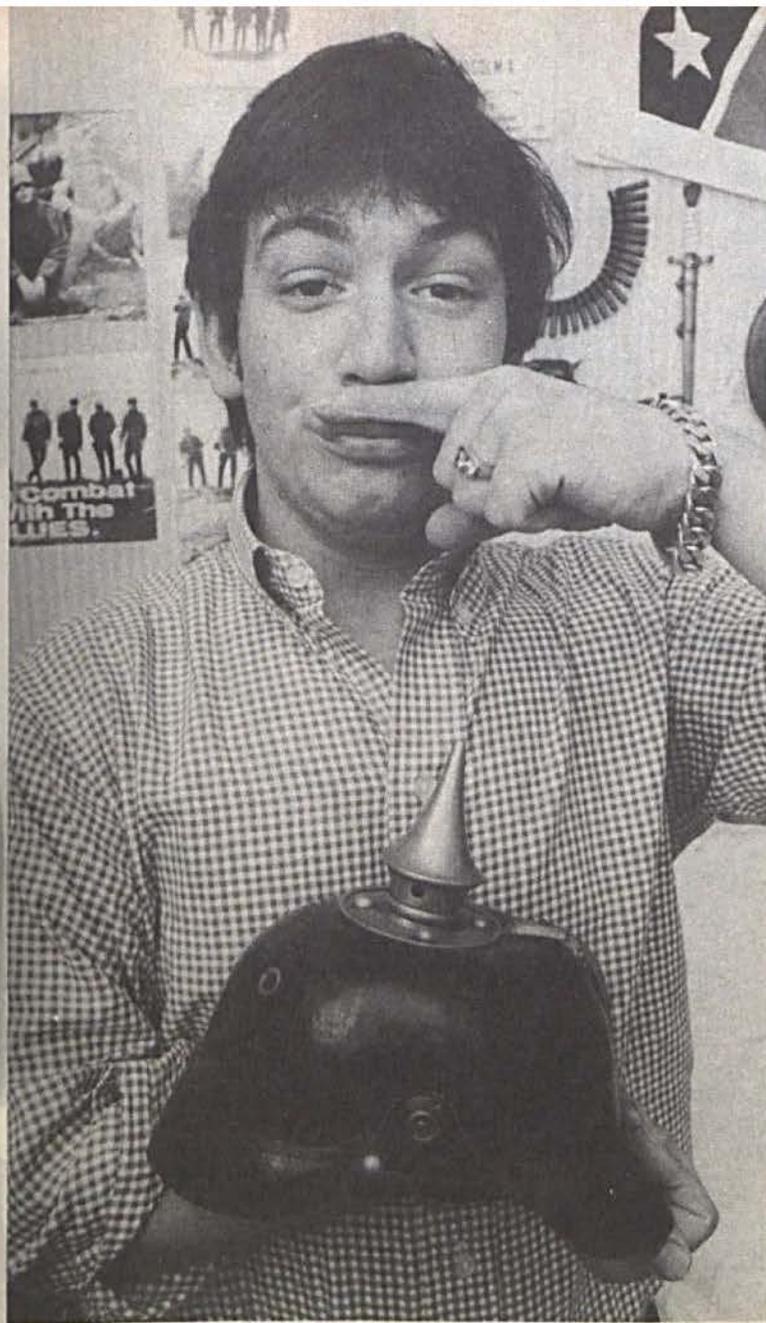
"Hey, wait a minute, I've got a great idea!"

Back he came, five seconds later. The blood-stained handkerchief tied round his head, brandishing a huge Japanese sword and screaming out "Banzai!"—the Japanese war cry! After ten minutes of that, then posing as a just-about-to-be-shot P.O.W., it was back to his bedroom for another change. ●●●

● ● Hilton, meanwhile, quite used to Eric and his mad moments, was busy having a fry-up in the kitchen. Back into the lounge (one corner of it loaded with suitcases and guitar cases) a sideboard and table were littered with reams of pages of notes, photos and drawings—and a tape recorder. (Apparently loaned by Twinkle). All these piles of seeming litter turned out to be the makings of a book Eric is putting together, which he

hopes to publish next year. "The book's about everything that enters my head. It started off as a series of scrapbooks I've collected over the years. Show business as I see it, my life in the business. It's also about my great friends, Zoot Money and Chris Farlowe, the greatest singers in Britain! It's about places like The Flamingo, a pub called The Ship, and people like Carl Perkins and George Harrison." The book also gives





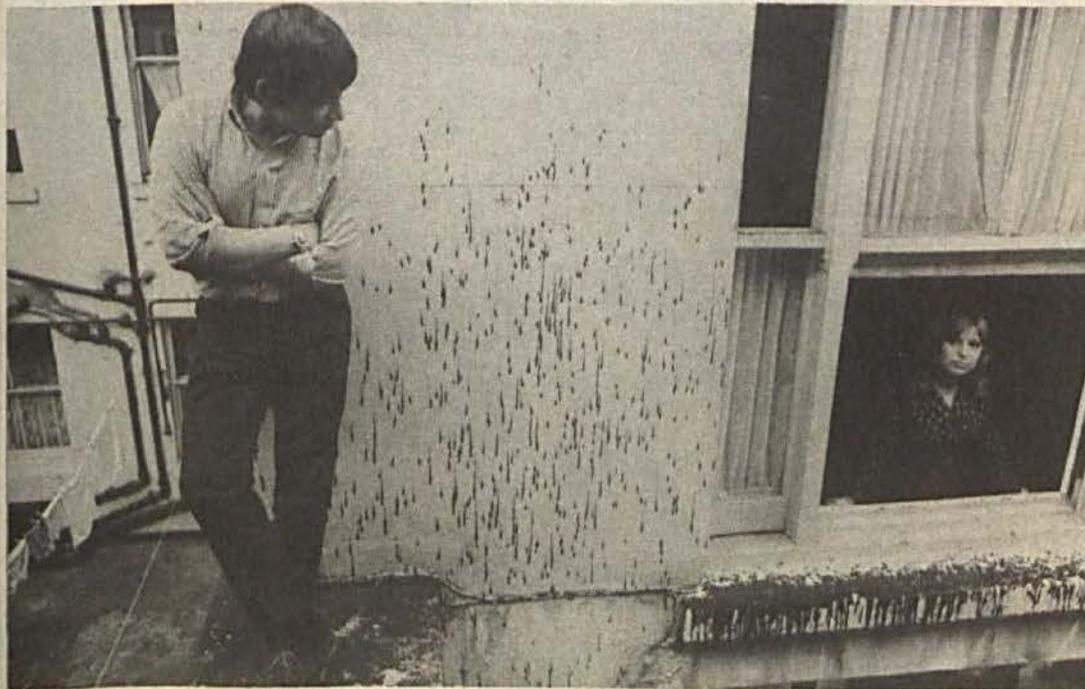
Eric's strong views on racial discrimination. He gets on well with coloured people, he reckons they have as much right to anything as anyone else.

Time came for Eric to move again. He had plans for a drink in one of his favourite Earls Court pubs and then a meal in an Indian restaurant. He'd order something like curry and chips if he felt like it!

Off he jumped into his dark green T.R.4, plus dark glasses, probably to end his day at about 4 in the morning, singing for his own pleasure in one of the London clubs with his friends. As he went away singing we caught the last words of "We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place." And for us, it was the end of a perfect day.



PICTURES BY MARC SHARRATT



# RINGO-

Outside a whitewashed cottage in a tiny, remote village in Southern Ireland, a little girl was playing with her pet mongrel dog. The little girl was five years old. Her name was Patricia.

And her dog was called Ringo.

Patricia didn't really know where England was. She was a little hesitant over her seven-times table. But she knew all about Ringo.

And that little girl has a hundred million counterparts all over the world. Everyone has a soft spot for Ringo. Because the oldest, shortest and saddest-looking Beatle is enormously kind, easy to get along with and, the local boy who made good.

Not all that long ago Ringo was a £5-a-week apprentice electrician called Richard Starkey living in a Liverpool back street. Today the insurance on his Facel Vega car alone costs him £5 a week.

"I left that job," said Ringo, from the comfortable depths of an armchair in the basement lounge of his luxury London flat, "because I didn't think the money was good enough. I went off to play drums in a holiday camp. My boss said, 'You'll see, you'll be back in three months.'"

The boss was a fine elec-

trician, but not much good as a prophet.

But then nobody could really be expected to know at that time that the frail, young lad from Admiral Grove with a face, it seemed, that only a mother could love, would become the world's most celebrated drummer and a millionaire to boot.

Yet if Ringo has a superb Facel Vega, a Rolls Royce (bought from John) and several thousand pounds worth of house in what used to be known as the Stockbroker Belt in Surrey (surely it must now be re-

**RAVE man Mike Hennessey, who's been chasing the Beatles around the world to get these exclusive Beatles, MBE series of stories, ends with Ringo—for many fans, the star of the Beatles.**

christened the Beatle Belt), he is still very much a local boy.

"I still have strong ties with Liverpool. Both Maureen's family and mine live there. I doubt if I shall go back there to live. But I often drive up there when I have time off."

Ringo's mum and dad now live in a bungalow he bought them outside Liverpool.

Ringo's marriage to local girl Maureen Cox hasn't made the tiniest scrap of difference

to the fan problem. "As you can see—"he pointed out of the window where half a dozen fans were hanging around trying to peer into the purposely unlit room—"they still come around. Maureen gets as many letters as I do. And they're always sending things for the baby."

The genuine fans don't trouble Ringo in the least. "It's the exhibitionists—the kids who aren't really fans at all. They are always round here, always the same faces. I've tried everything. At first I used to sign all the autograph books

don't like you anyway, we like the Stones.' But the next day they send a letter saying they didn't really mean it."

Ringo has already been turned out of three London flats because of the fans.

"But when the house in Surrey is finished I shall sell this," he told me. "You see, we couldn't put the baby outside in the pram here. Some fan would probably pinch it as a souvenir and paste it in her scrapbook."

The house in Surrey was, as we talked, being completely remodelled and redecorated by the Brickey Building Co. Ltd., the company which Ringo runs with his pal Barry J. Patience.

And one of the main features of the house will be a sort of built-in pub which will fulfil a long-felt want as far as Ringo is concerned.

When the fan fanaticism really started in earnest, Ringo told me that one of the things he missed most was not being able to go into a pub.

"When did you last have a pint of beer in a pub?" I asked.

"I really stopped drinking beer early in 1963 and switched to Scotch. But I still fancy going into a pub. People are always saying, 'Come down to my pub, you won't be bothered there.' But it's always the same. On the American tour, when

*continued on page 43*

# THE STARR

## THE STARR

● we were in Houston, Texas, they told us that *their* kids were different. There'd be no trouble with over-excited fans, they said. So they only gave us twenty-five police. . . . and the kids were climbing on the wings of the aeroplane!"

Ringo says he is going to Surrey mainly in search of privacy, but the local authorities have told him he can't put a seven-foot fence round his property. "The highest they will allow is four foot, so I might just as well not have one at all.

"Anyway, at least there'll be a garden for the baby—I never had any grass, except for the parks. And maybe next year I'll build a go-kart track."

Which should delight the neighbours no end!

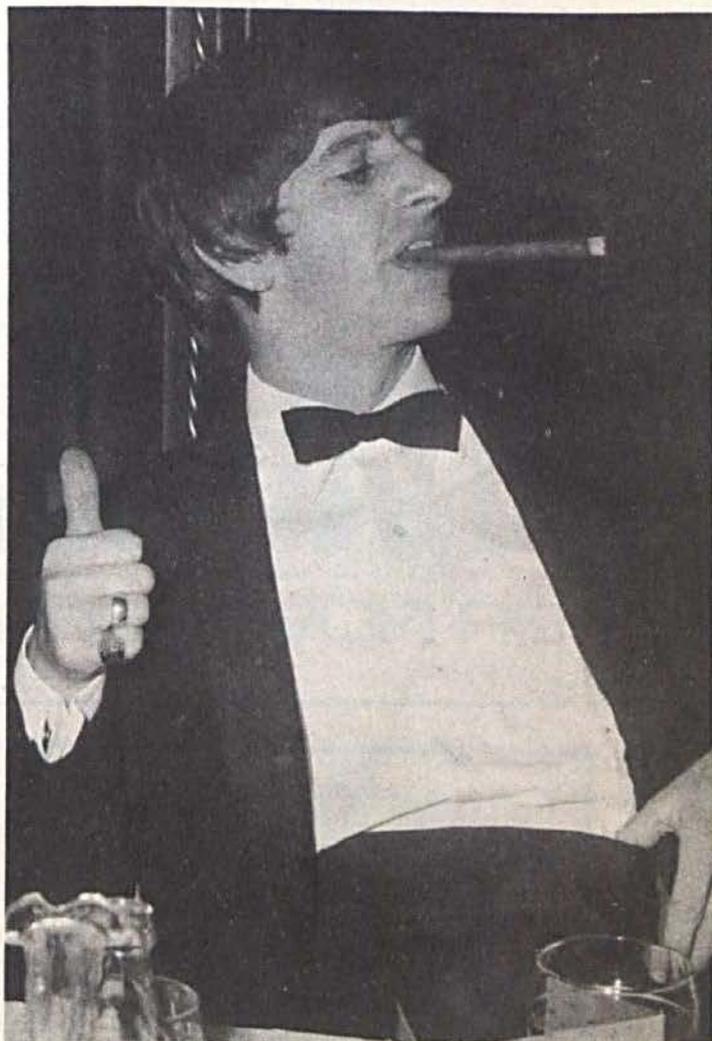
"My pub will be all in wood, with swords and old firearms on the walls and a proper bar with stools and those old-fashioned Curiosity Shop windows. As for the rest of the house—well Maureen and I sat down for three and a half hours with an interior decorator telling him just what we wanted. He's got good ideas about materials and colour schemes and we're having a special hi-fi set-up built-in."

Surrounding us as we talked in the flat was evidence of a phenomenon that all the Beatles have experienced—unsolicited gifts rain down on them from all points of the compass. Ringo pointed out the home juke-box which plays eighty selections and the beautifully fashioned model harp which turns out to be a transistor radio and said with a grin: "The great thing about being rich is that you don't spend any money."

"And," I said, "begging your indulgence for putting what must be the tireddest old question of all, 'how long is it all going to last?'"

"You know the answer to that as well as I do. Nobody knows. It's going to end some day, that's obvious. But it doesn't terrify us because we're well aware of it. They'll be watching now for the first time we fail to make the No. 1 spot. Then the papers will all be saying we're finished. But we won't be, of course.

"Still, I don't want to be going on stage when I'm thirty. I might decide to take more interest in my building firm. I've given up the idea of hairdressing salons. It seemed a good idea at the time



"Ringo—looking every inch a star."

—but not now. I don't think I'll make a Charlie Clore—but I'd like to spend more time on the building business and go in for bigger schemes. But for the moment we all enjoy playing as much as ever.

"It's good fun being a Beatle. We're not restricted in what we say or do. We have a lot of freedom and we're not ashamed that we drink and smoke and swear.

"When we first started it was all milk-drinking, non-smoking, non-swearing little gentlemen Beatles—and none of us was supposed to be married. But now marriage doesn't matter any more. Fans realise we're human beings. We smoke, drink, get married, have kids. The whole scene has grown up a lot."

"Do you think a pop star could live in sin today without damaging his career?" I asked.

"I don't really know the answer to that question," said Ringo, "But I'm sure the mums and dads would hate him because they are trying to bring their kids up right."

One of the most celebrated characteristics of Ringo is his

almost desperate reluctance to get to bed. Ringo points out:

"I can't really go out very much during the day, so I don't usually get up until somewhere between noon and 4 p.m."

How much difference has marriage made to this way of life?

"Not much. Maureen and I used to stop out late until she was getting near to having the baby. Now we still sit up late playing cards or watching films."

"And what do you particularly like about married life?"

"Well, I like coming home and being able to have a meal and someone to talk to. Maureen didn't know much about cooking when we married—well, she was only eighteen. But she's learning fast; she's improved a hundred per cent. We had a bit of trouble over the gravy. I used to be champion gravy mixer. But she's sorted this out now.

It's great now to have someone to look after you."

"Looking back on the last two years, what has been the biggest highlight?" I asked.

"It's impossible to say. There have been so many. And each time we thought, 'Nothing can top that'. But something always has. Making our first record was great. Then seeing it come into the charts at No. 47, or something. Then our first No. 1. And playing to 56,000 people at Shea Stadium in New York. That was fantastic."

"Has your music changed much, do you think, since you began?"

"Not really. I think what we do is basically the same, though with every single we make we always try to make it better than the last. Now we overdub a few things for LPs—just to get different effects—but on our singles we always try to keep to a sound that we can reproduce on stage.

"Yesterday" was different—and we think it's the best track on the album, even though three of us weren't on it. But we can't do it unless there's a string section with us. They've made it a single in America, backed with my number from the film, but they chop the LPs up completely differently over there. We wouldn't put it out as a single in Britain."

Ringo always seems somehow to be the most vulnerable Beatle and it is with some alarm that you learn that this Facel Vega driver with one year's experience has had the speedometer registering 150 m.p.h.

A similar state of alarm has been caused among fans by rumours of Ringo's health. I asked him about this and he told me:

"My health is very good now. Every time I take out a mortgage and each time we make a film I have a medical check up. And I'm A.1.

"But ten years ago I had two serious illnesses — peritonitis and pleurisy—and I was in hospital for twelve months on each occasion.

"Now I always pass the medicals O.K. But it's funny seeing their faces when I fill the forms in with details of previous illnesses. Sometimes I have a hell of a job getting insured when I put down 'peritonitis and pleurisy.' They ask me to try some other company. But really I'm perfectly fit now. We all have the same doctor and he keeps an eye on us."

"He'd better," I said, "or a few hundred million fans—including a pretty little five-year-old Irish girl—will want to know the reason why."

**QUESTIONS  
ON HIS-AND YOUR-  
FUTURE**

**TAKING DONOVAN SERIOUSLY**

### **Are you sincere?**

I am completely sincere. I have never knowingly done an insincere thing in my life.

**In the June RAVE, you said that you sing of beauty and not of violence. In "Ballad of a Crystal Man," you sang, "As you fill your glass with the wine of murdered negroes. . ." Does this mean you have changed your ideas?**

I have developed my ideas. People of my age have to develop and while they don't change what they believe they may enlarge on it. That line you just quoted is just one, the rest of the song is a strong protest song, but it is wrapped up gently. I am a human being so I get upset and cross and I write about war. One musn't allow one's dreams to fade.

### **What does a protest song do?**

It depends how many people hear it. If people listen with open minds they can be influenced a little. But people are so good at closing their minds.

**Do you like other people's protest songs as well as your own?**

I like all protest songs. They say something good. They often say it differently to the way I say it, but that doesn't stop me liking them.

**What difference do you think the protest songs of today will make to life?**

I am not a prophet, I can't tell the future. It depends how many listen and understand. But the protest songs will have done some good, even if they influenced just one person who listened, it was worth it.

**Do you take yourself seriously?**

I take myself seriously because I am serious in what I am doing. Say what you really believe, work at what you really want to. Don't do anything half-heartedly.

**Are you an entertainer or a writer, or a messenger of some kind?**

I entertain only myself. I sing and play guitar for myself as well as my audience. I try to spread ideas of freedom about.

**There has been some confusion about this word freedom. People tend to associate it with underprivileged nations, or classes. What do you mean by freedom?**

I mean free in mind. Unbiased. Honest. Appreciative of the real things of life like the air and the sun, and a long sandy beach. I think some underprivileged people, (underprivileged meaning poor in monetary wealth) are the freest. They are not corrupt.

**What do you call progress of a nation then? Is it education, national health centres, full employment? If not, what is it?**

Progress is for the people of the nation to be free. For them to be unbiased, and actively aware of the con men. This country is full of con men. And those dreadful games should be abolished, where people win things. They smile happily believing they have done well, and they are winners, but they are losers. You can't win happiness any more than you can buy peace.

**What do you call purity?**

Being open-minded and saying exactly what is in your heart. Not caring if people take you the wrong way. Saying to someone, "I love you, you're beautiful, I love you," without knowing them well. Being pure in your love of people. Having no complexes at all. That's all purity.

**Do you think to be moral is to be pure?**

What is moral? If you mean sexually moral, I don't think it is always what people think it is. Commercialised sex is terrible. Sex for the sake of love is pure.

**If you had one wish what would it be?**

I want nothing that I could get from an easy wish.



**Do you think wishing for things is immoral?**

Yes. People wish for material things and so make it bad.

**What do you think you will have added to the future?**

I don't want to add anything. I have no desire to be remembered. I want to help people open their minds.

**What do you think of people who are all the things you dislike.**

I don't dislike anything, but I am aware it is bad. For people who believe in the wrong things I feel sorry.

**Do you ever feel impatient with people?**

No. I am not superior to them so I have no reason to feel impatient. I am aware all the time that what I believe in is after all only what I *think* is right, and if I ever get near to feeling impatient with people who won't think my way, I remember that I might, after all, be wrong myself.

**But you don't think you are wrong, do you?**

No, but I might be in other people's eyes.

**What sort of things about people hurt you most?**

People who are violent and possessive. People who buy a piece of land and stick up notices like 'Keep Off.' I feel sorry for them because they are living in a fool's paradise. The earth isn't really theirs.

**What section of people come nearest to your idea of perfection? Town folk, country folk, children, old people?**

Country people and children. Country people live with the sunshine and the rain and the simple, beautiful things of life. Children are pure, and only become corrupt by adults teaching them the wrong things.

**Thank you Don, I'm glad you could talk to RAVE.**

**That's all right. See you soon.**

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■ To be RAVE fashionwise it's Better Buy British this month with Trilby Lane.  
■ Showing the flag is the Union JACKET lent to us by THE WHO especially for our all-British scene. All members of the Bulldog Breed read on. . . . .

1



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THE BEST  
OF  
BRITISH!



4



5

THE BEST  
OF  
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6



7

8



# THE BEST of BRITISH! FOR BOYS



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Expensive but terrific cowhide version is made by Levi for 12 gns.



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Did you see the Spider hat in the September issue of RAVE? These big cowboy-style hats are catching on fast. Yes, English boys are going all-American!



Madras cotton shirts are great. You can get them in most gear men's shops, but have a look at the ones they're selling in Woolworths . . . If you sew two buttons on the collar they look really fantastic. Cost about 8s. 11d. but

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Targets on sweaters are fading fast but in their place felt road signs are the latest rave. Like: "No Entry", "One Way System", "Diversion Ahead" and "No Parking".



9

10



rave



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OF  
BRITISH!

12



13



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**1** Terrific jacket tailored out of a Union Jack—to add a patriotic influence!

**2** Swinging dress by Marlborough in green with white giving a "square" look. . . . nothing square about this though, £6 19s. 6d. Boots by Lennards, 90s.

**3** Boadicea the Bulldog . . . not wishing to be left out . . . looking very smart in a tailor-made Union Jack!

**4** Up the red, white and blues with this bonded wool jersey dress in navy with "v" neck, cuffs and hem in red. Also in red with navy and silver grey with maroon. By Lee Cecil. £6 19s. 6d.

**5** Culotte dress for "gad-about" girls by Angela at London Town. In black with red and white only. Price 8gns.

**6** An all-British look with this camel dress with Tattersall check yoke, cuffs, hemline and panel. By Skoots, 5 gns. Shoes by Lennards, 59s. 11d.

FASHION NOTES BY  
TRILBY LANE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
P. L. JAMES

**7** Pete Townsend of THE WHO wearing his own British trendsetter which put the Union Jack back on the fashion map.

**8** Smart black and white dress by Marlborough. Top in black wool with a very British black and white tweed skirt, 6gns. Shoes by Lennards, 59s. 11d.

**9** "True Blues" will go for this suit with sharkskin collar and cuffs in either navy or deep turquoise, also in burgundy all with white. 8½ gns. By Lee Cecil.

**10** The Union Jack that everyone's waving to prove that everything that's IN is BRITISH!

**11** Made strictly in Britain! The British group who hit the world scene . . . need we say more . . . The Beatles.

**12** A typically British military camel coat complete with brass buttons. By Elgee, 10½ gns. Shoes by Lennards, 45s. 11d.

**13** The double-breasted look that all the "in" crowd are wearing this winter. By Sidwall; 9½ gns.



# FIVE HEARTS FULL OF SOUL

**P**op music is one of the great mirrors that can reveal the thoughts, hopes and wishes of people at a particular time in history.

Even if the movies had never been invented, you could pinpoint what people were feeling in the 1920s just by listening to records of the Jazz Age.

Same goes for the 1940s, with their yearning optimism about better times to come. Listening to those incredible Vera Lynn concoctions, you can work out the patient, puzzled mentality of the mums and dads who woke up one autumn morning and found they'd let themselves be pushed into a world war.

Today's music makes it clear that we don't go for the hero stuff any more. Dylan is the anti-hero . . . the anti - star who rips away the glittering big time uniform to reveal one small person trying to make a living at the microphone.

From the anti-star it's an easy jump to the anti-

group, a category in which I put the Who, the Stones . . . and the Yardbirds. As far as anyone can make out, the five young men of the Yardbirds are the least groupy group on the entire pop scene.

"On stage, on TV, and while we're in the studio we're a group," said Paul Samwell-Smith, their bass guitarist. "Beyond that, each of us goes his own way and lives his own life. The only thing that holds us together is music. It's a job. We're musical workmen."

"The main reason I personally belong to this group is that I'm a bit of a social misfit. I wasn't get-

## ALAN FREEMAN MEETS THE YARDBIRDS



ting along with people too well. I was knocked out when I discovered this didn't worry anybody else in the group.

"None of us goes for all this in-business that's so much a part of pop at the moment. You know, in-people, in-parties, in-clubs. We're not interested in being seen doing the right thing at the right place, because about seventy per cent of the faces you meet there are out-people, if only they knew it. When we've finished our work, we want to get away from it, forget it."

The other four Yardbirds confirmed, "That goes for all of us."

We were sitting, sprawling, casually lounging about the big Kensington flat of their manager bearded Giorgio Gomelsky, actor, film-maker and pop impresario. It was Giorgio a veteran of the jazz-club circuit, who managed the Crawdaddy, one of London's first real R&B clubs. When it opened at the Station Hotel, Richmond, the resident group was an aggressively long-haired bunch of unknowns billed as the Rolling Stones.

When the Stones moved on to world success, the Yardbirds inherited the local fans and a first record called "I Wish You

Would" groped its way to the bottom of the charts. Gradually, with Giorgio steering their career, the group built up a following which far outnumbered the crowds the Stones had drawn in.

All the Yardbirds come from the lush south-west reaches of the Thames. Singer Keith Relf and rhythm guitarist Chris Dreja went to art school. Paul had a musical training. With drummer Jim McCarty, these are the survivors of the original Yardbirds line-up.

The trouble spot in the group, however, was the lead guitar position. At first it was Anthony

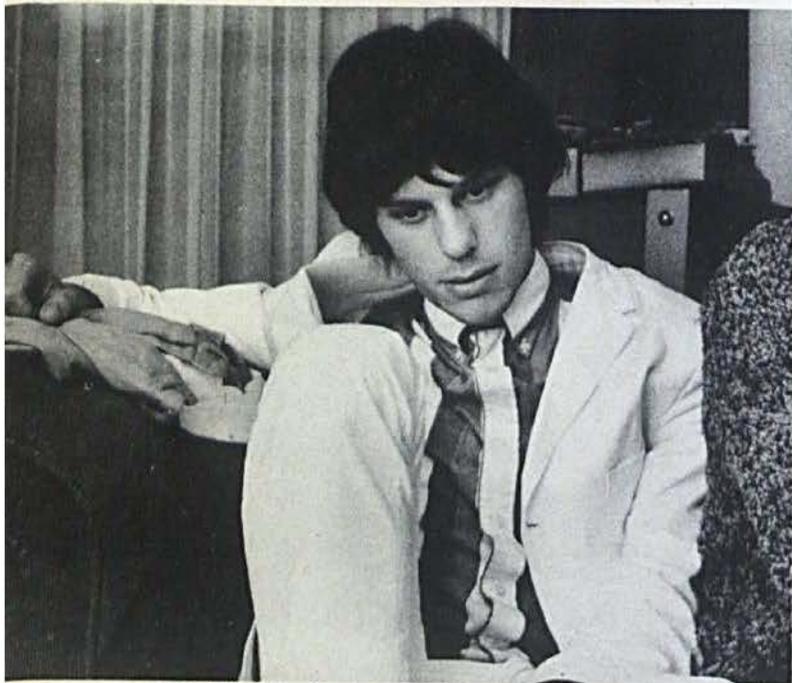
Topam, whose parents refused to let him stay with the group when it turned professional. Next came Eric Clapton, who decided to leave just before their third record was released.

"It was a pity," Keith said, "but we and Eric had different ideas musically and commercially."

Eric's replacement, a blue-eyed young man called Jeff Beck, turned up on the day the disc was released. It was "For Your Love" and it shot straight to No. 1. The Yardbirds were nationally established, and they have steadied down into a really unified and confident group.

"Five people is as many •••

**AND DISCOVERS SOME STARTLING FACTS**



**Jeff: "Nobody is capable of recording us."**

••• as you should have in any group," said Keith, sitting on the floor and thoughtfully adjusting his shades. "The audience can put a name to each face. You become a real personality, have a direct kind of relationship with them. But from six up, you lose your individuality. You're just a sort of blur."

"I think the group sound of the next few years," said drummer Jim McCarty, "is going to be some type of more advanced arrangement."

"Using basic Negro blues," said Jeff.

"Creating real emotion and letting it escape via the sound," said Paul.

"We go around the towns and we hear some pretty old-fashioned sounds with the groups," Keith said. "But around London things are really exciting. The quality of musicianship here is really good now, compared with the old rubbish they used to play a couple of years ago. You can hear it particularly in lead guitars."

Jeff looked pleased.

Giorgio said, "One of the great shames is that so many people only know the Yardbirds from their hit records. Abroad, for instance, very few people have seen them on stage.

"In Paris, when they

played on the Beatles show, the French people were knocked out with the Yardbirds because they were playing this futuristic rock 'n' roll, very original. French jazzmen of old standing were knocked out because the boys could take a number and improvise for ten minutes.

### No Return

"But we have to be careful about this futuristic thing, all the same. You can get too smart and try to use all the electronic noises and find yourself in a dark alley from which there's no return.

"I think that's where the Who may be heading, although what is interesting about them is the way

### Alan: "The least groupy group."



they present the noises, the trouble, the tension and confusion of the modern world. But you get trapped when you cut down melody and start depending on effects.

"The Yardbirds have a much wider range of sounds and interests and I want to see if we can develop that more. The original electronic effects and the double tempos and the climaxes, these were the first things the Yardbirds did—almost by accident—when they got together. I know, because I used to go down to the club in Richmond on Sundays and just stand watching."

Paul said, "We keep changing numbers each time we play them. The character of the number grows as it changes. By the end of six months it's become something altogether different. It might not be as good, but it's different."

Giorgio says one of the things that keep him interested in the Yardbirds is their really modern outlook.

"All their concerns are modern. It must be two or three years since they told me first about Bob Dylan.

"They guess ahead. Again and again they will recognise quality long before it's recognised by the popsters or the journalists."

Keith said from his place on the carpet, "Maybe it's because some of us have A-levels in art that we see things where other



**Jim: "Most groups just don't swing."**

people wouldn't. We've been trained like that, to see and think like artists. And we go at the music as we'd go at art."

Paul said, "A painter wouldn't paint the same picture twice. So we never play anything set, unless we're repeating a hit record the way the audience wants us to."

Jeff said, "Standing there like a machine churning out the same number night after night would drive us mad."

### Candy Floss Pop

I asked the Yardbirds whether they had any ideas for lifting the status of pop in modern Britain.

Jim said, "I'd like to get pop out more into the open, away from all the shut-away halls and clubs and stages. Get it really into people's lives somehow."

Giorgio said from his corner, "About eighteen months ago Lord Willis—that is, Ted Willis who

used to write Dixon of Dock Green—made an attack in the House of Lords on pop music. It was 'Terry' by Twinkle that sparked it off. He talked about records as the manufacture of candy-floss pop culture.

"Well, the following Sunday we took our van and went down to Kent and set up our gear in his back garden and played for half an hour. At the end he said, 'I'm glad to say that what you're playing strikes me as a form of contemporary folk music.'

"And we said, 'Good. Let's hope that when your people get into power they might do something about helping to encourage popular art. Because it can go on to other things, bigger things.' I think we got him thinking all right."

Keith said, "What's to stop them having big saloons, like their bingo halls, where people could come to learn an instrument and learn to create different sounds for themselves? It could be linked with painting and all sorts of pop art."

"It's a fantastic prospect," Paul said. "We could be playing properly for people as well as for the fans."

### Booed

Jeff said, "It's a horrible thing to say, but fifty per cent of the audiences don't know much about music."

Keith nodded. "All we can do is to sort out a few numbers we know are going to go down with the crowd, and beyond that we play as viciously un-pop as we can. In some places where they don't know what's going on, you can't carry it too far. You'd risk having a glass slung at you or being booed off the stage. In Scotland, for instance, we couldn't play a ten-minute number or in fact anything that went on a bit."

Paul said, "It spreads into television too. You get people everywhere now thinking: Pop music? Ah, yes, that's a bit of something that lasts just under

three minutes."

Jim said, "I'd like to see TV. channels all over the place, any amount of them, so that if you like you could do a 25-minute number the way you wanted to."

Jeff said, "I don't think anyone in this generation is capable of recording us to sound like us."

Everybody shook their heads. "No."

Jeff went on, "You've got double feedback going, with a constant drone over it, which is three-dimensional anyway. You've got mikes whistling and Lord knows what, and what it comes to is that unless you have about £2000 worth of equipment in your room you won't get the same effect as the real thing."

Paul said, "The whole idea of making a record which is an experience relies on the reproduction."

Keith said, "To think

that our record—our pop art, if you like to call it that—is going to come out of a little six-inch speaker in someone's house as it happens on the stage—I tell you, it's just impossible. It won't sound anything like it.

"We know how many cycles the ear can take and all that, and we're not out to deafen people just for the sake of deafening them."

### Jungle Rhythm

Another charge commonly hurled at pop by the Lord Willises of this world, I said, was that it exploits what is solemnly known as Crude Jungle Rhythm. How much do the Yardbirds lean on rhythm?

Jim said, "A lot. I know I'm the drummer but I'm telling you the truth. Most groups don't swing."

Keith said, "Tempo is everything to us—or rather

what can be done with it."

Paul came in. "I think what we mean is that we take rhythm and mould it, like a lump of plasticine. Out of one rhythm another four will spring up straight-away, like leaves from a stem, and we use them all, changing as we go."

Perhaps that is the way the Yardbirds themselves are developing . . . five very different minds united only by their music, which changes as they live their lives.

"I'm a bit older than the boys," said Giorgio. "Fifteen years ago we thought jazz was the freedom music of my day. Now, with the Yardbirds, it's something else again. Every generation has its own freedom music."

He looked at his watch. "And now, gentlemen," he said, "I advise you to eat something quickly. We record at eight-thirty."



Keith: survivor of the original Yardbirds line up.



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# LLOYD ALEXANDER —

Just bought myself a white 1935 M.G. car. Joan's been on at me for ages to get something like that. Needs a bit of work on it, but I've got a mechanic friend who's going to 'sort it all out'. If he gets it running anything like the way he's running up the bills it should really go!

Couldn't resist a drive down to The Chelsea Potter before handing it over to Dave (that's the mechanic). And guess who was sitting outside on some 'E' type that was probably just parked there? None other than good ol' Joan. So I kept it in 'third' (it makes a fantastic sound in 'third') and went straight by, screaming something out about being busy, and I'd see her later . . .

I got it right in the neck when I phoned.

"Why didn't you stop?"

"Sorry, I was busy."

"Oh! Whose M.G. was that you were in?"

"Mine. And while we're at it, whose was that 'E' type?"

"Peter's. Why didn't you tell me you were getting an M.G.?"

"Offer came up all of a sudden. Who's Peter?"

"Peter? Oh, he's from Daddy's office. How much did you pay for it?"

I didn't hear the last bit. If anything is capable of irritating me unreasonably, it's the mention of 'Daddy's office'. Unfortunately, one thing I have been blessed with is a vivid imagination. And it takes me no more than two seconds to conjure up a picture of those 'slick-suited phonies' from 'Daddy's office' making half-open-mouthed overtures to anything in a skirt.

They annoy me, but not half as much as the women who fall for it. So, as usual, when 'Daddy's office' cropped up, the conversation ended with me bellowing like a tug on the high seas, and Joan twittering and screeching like a canary with a new bell.

I eventually told her that if she thought Peter was such a damn wonderful guy, he could take her to Terry's party on Saturday. Felt a bit flattened when she said she would, but stuck to my guns and said, "All right, you do that" about twenty times, and put the phone down. Women never learn, and when they don't they exasperate me.

Got Dave to work on the M.G. all week and spurred him

on with vivid and colourful propaganda about Peter and his 'E' type. So by Saturday the engine sounded like a dragster 'V8' and the new parts he had ordered sparkled away like milk bottle tops in the sun. It wasn't much consolation, though, and I still felt pretty rotten about not taking Joan, but I was determined to be blasé about it all.

Terry's party was a 'hoot'. You've got to hand it to him: if there's one thing he can do well it's give parties. He doesn't bother with any frilly 'nick-nacks', just the crude essentials—food and drink. I arrived at the party about nine-thirty, and was greeted by one of the remarks that typify Terry. "Hello Lloyd, I knew I could 'bank' on you coming." Ha ha, we both laughed. Being funny is one of the things he can't do well.

It wasn't until some time later, after seeing a dark-haired little dolly in the corner of the room by herself, that I remembered how I had to resign myself to my fate and do the best I could without Joan. So I went over and introduced myself to her with as much enthusiasm as I could muster up. Which, after a second glance was quite a lot.

"Hi. Haven't we met before?"

"No."

"Then we should have. My name's Lloyd."

"Mine's Sue." She smiled. "How do you do."

"Very well, it seems." And I was too. Another of Terry's attributes is having mainly 'slow' records, which in their own delightful way really make a party swing.

It turned out that Sue used to be a laboratory assistant. Spent all day preparing frogs for dissection by the students, and all night worrying remorsefully about them (the frogs). So she gave it up to become a receptionist in a photographic studio. I gloated in the knowledge that we had so much in common.

Then disaster struck! The door opened and the roof fell in. (Only figuratively speaking of course. I mean, I'd be the last one to criticise Terry's roof). Joan entered followed by 'old faithful' from 'Daddy's office'. And what made it so terribly frustrating was you couldn't find any fault with the guy. A bit synthetic maybe, but that's all.

I took this as my cue to start looking as if I was really enjoying myself, and took Sue by surprise with my sudden enthusiasm. But she soon got in the swing of it. Two hours later and I wasn't acting any more, I really was enjoying myself with Sue. But I still had a rotten nagging suspicion about Joan and 'plastic pants', so I went to look for them.

Terry was the first person I

could find. He was in the hall singing 'Good-Night Irene' Leadbelly style, and being accompanied on the guitar by a chap I know for a fact can only play 'Home On The Range'. It wasn't until some time later when the last discordant notes screamed their way to the heavens, that I could ask him about Joan.

"Puff . . . Yes, mate. Puff . . . Just left . . ."

Suddenly, Sue didn't look so wonderful any more. In fact she looked more like a frog-dissecting maniac, so I decided to leave. Dave's done a good job on the M.G. It started first time and I went down the road towards home at about fifty. Just about to turn into Seymour Street when I saw the 'E' type parked on the corner. I was going to put my foot down and go straight past when I saw Joan leaning out of the window waving her arms all over the place.

"Lloyd! Lloyd!"

Two things went racing through my mind. How could I stop the car quickly without the brakes squealing? (Dave still hasn't done these yet). And what was the position of the hand for a deadly 'karate' chop to the ear? Luckily, I didn't have to bother with the last. Joan was in the seat before I could even start disengaging myself from the car.

"Drive on please, Lloyd."

"What about him? Was he trying anything?"

"No, really! He isn't worth bothering about. Please drive on."

"Right."

"Well?"

"I'm sorry, Lloyd. Really I am. Honestly."

"What did you go with him for then?"

"You made me mad by yelling down the phone like that. I didn't want to go to the party with that idiot anyway. And . . . and . . . and I'm sorry."

"Do you promise not to go out with any more from 'Daddy's office'?"

"Promise."

That's what I like about having a row with Joan. It's so wonderful making it up. I pretended to sit back in the warmth and comfort of the car (the heater's not working, either) and came to the conclusion 'if you fall for an 'E' type, ten to one you'll get taken for a ride'.

Ahhhh! Don't hit me . . . Bye.



## THAT'S ALL!

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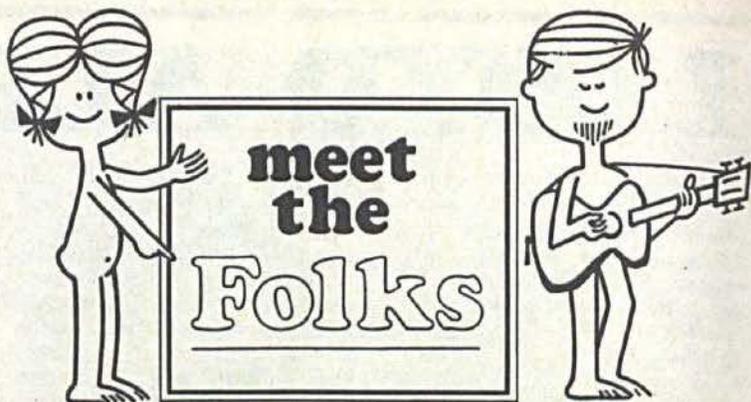
Sta-Blond is the special shampoo formula which restores rich golden tones to all shades of fair hair. Prevents hair from darkening!

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## 6 Barry McGuire

One day Barry McGuire was humping bricks on a Los Angeles building site, the next he was a folk singer. The turning point in his life was as simple as that. The only difference it made was that instead of warbling away 80 feet above the street for fun, he was now getting paid for it.

It happened when Barry, dropped into a Laguna Beach coffee house where the customers sat around playing and singing to each other.

Someone asked him to sing. "I only knew about six chords, but I took a guitar and played only four of the strings and sang and sang. Everyone liked it so much my ego went crazy. I thought, 'This is really it!'"

Soon, Randy Sparks heard Barry singing and asked him to join the New Christy Minstrels which he was forming at the time. But after being featured as lead singer in the group, Barry found he had become just another cog in a giant folk machine with a built-in commercialism. It was stifling him, so he quit.

"I've got to sing for me, even if there's 10,000 people out front," he says. "And I just couldn't do that with the Minstrels."

That was last June. A few weeks later he met Lou Adler, boss at Dunhill Records, who gave him a song written by a composer of controversial folk-type material named P. F. Sloan. It was called "Eve Of Destruction".

But Barry, despite his

gravelly voice and burly lumberjack physique, is no angry young man. His whole outlook is summed up in one word: simplicity.

He was born in Oklahoma. His father was a construction superintendent and young Barry followed him all over the United States, getting his education at 25 different schools along the way.

But all this wandering, the absence of a settled home life, left an emptiness he has tried to fill



ever since.

"I have a need for something," says Barry, in a quiet speaking voice so different from his hard singing sound. "I don't know what it is. I do something for a time and then I lose the kick and go and do something else.

"In my whole life I never finished anything I started."

But "Eve Of Destruction" may be the answer. "I could never tell anybody what I wanted to say until I found this song. This says it all for me."

ED. BLANCHE

# RINGO-

Outside a whitewashed cottage in a tiny, remote village in Southern Ireland, a little girl was playing with her pet mongrel dog. The little girl was five years old. Her name was Patricia.

And her dog was called Ringo.

Patricia didn't really know where England was. She was a little hesitant over her seven-times table. But she knew all about Ringo.

And that little girl has a hundred million counterparts all over the world. Everyone has a soft spot for Ringo. Because the oldest, shortest and saddest-looking Beatle is enormously kind, easy to get along with and, the local boy who made good.

Not all that long ago Ringo was a £5-a-week apprentice electrician called Richard Starkey living in a Liverpool back street. Today the insurance on his Facel Vega car alone costs him £5 a week.

"I left that job," said Ringo, from the comfortable depths of an armchair in the basement lounge of his luxury London flat, "because I didn't think the money was good enough. I went off to play drums in a holiday camp. My boss said, 'You'll see, you'll be back in three months.'"

The boss was a fine elec-

trician, but not much good as a prophet.

But then nobody could really be expected to know at that time that the frail, young lad from Admiral Grove with a face, it seemed, that only a mother could love, would become the world's most celebrated drummer and a millionaire to boot.

Yet if Ringo has a superb Facel Vega, a Rolls Royce (bought from John) and several thousand pounds worth of house in what used to be known as the Stockbroker Belt in Surrey (surely it must now be re-

**RAVE man Mike Hennessey, who's been chasing the Beatles around the world to get these exclusive Beatles, MBE series of stories, ends with Ringo—for many fans, the star of the Beatles.**

christened the Beatle Belt), he is still very much a local boy.

"I still have strong ties with Liverpool. Both Maureen's family and mine live there. I doubt if I shall go back there to live. But I often drive up there when I have time off."

Ringo's mum and dad now live in a bungalow he bought them outside Liverpool.

Ringo's marriage to local girl Maureen Cox hasn't made the tiniest scrap of difference

to the fan problem. "As you can see—"he pointed out of the window where half a dozen fans were hanging around trying to peer into the purposely unlit room—"they still come around. Maureen gets as many letters as I do. And they're always sending things for the baby."

The genuine fans don't trouble Ringo in the least. "It's the exhibitionists—the kids who aren't really fans at all. They are always round here, always the same faces. I've tried everything. At first I used to sign all the autograph books

don't like you anyway, we like the Stones.' But the next day they send a letter saying they didn't really mean it."

Ringo has already been turned out of three London flats because of the fans.

"But when the house in Surrey is finished I shall sell this," he told me. "You see, we couldn't put the baby outside in the pram here. Some fan would probably pinch it as a souvenir and paste it in her scrapbook."

The house in Surrey was, as we talked, being completely remodelled and redecorated by the Brickey Building Co. Ltd., the company which Ringo runs with his pal Barry J. Patience.

And one of the main features of the house will be a sort of built-in pub which will fulfil a long-felt want as far as Ringo is concerned.

When the fan fanaticism really started in earnest, Ringo told me that one of the things he missed most was not being able to go into a pub.

"When did you last have a pint of beer in a pub?" I asked.

"I really stopped drinking beer early in 1963 and switched to Scotch. But I still fancy going into a pub. People are always saying, 'Come down to my pub, you won't be bothered there.' But it's always the same. On the American tour, when

*continued on page 43*

# THE STARR

## THE STARR

• • we were in Houston, Texas, they told us that *their* kids were different. There'd be no trouble with over-excited fans, they said. So they only gave us twenty-five police. . . . and the kids were climbing on the wings of the aeroplane!"

Ringo says he is going to Surrey mainly in search of privacy, but the local authorities have told him he can't put a seven-foot fence round his property. "The highest they will allow is four foot, so I might just as well not have one at all.

"Anyway, at least there'll be a garden for the baby—I never had any grass, except for the parks. And maybe next year I'll build a go-kart track."

Which should delight the neighbours no end!

"My pub will be all in wood, with swords and old firearms on the walls and a proper bar with stools and those old-fashioned Curiosity Shop windows. As for the rest of the house—well Maureen and I sat down for three and a half hours with an interior decorator telling him just what we wanted. He's got good ideas about materials and colour schemes and we're having a special hi-fi set-up built-in."

Surrounding us as we talked in the flat was evidence of a phenomenon that all the Beatles have experienced—unsolicited gifts rain down on them from all points of the compass. Ringo pointed out the home juke-box which plays eighty selections and the beautifully fashioned model harp which turns out to be a transistor radio and said with a grin: "The great thing about being rich is that you don't spend any money."

"And," I said, "begging your indulgence for putting what must be the tireddest old question of all, 'how long is it all going to last?'"

"You know the answer to that as well as I do. Nobody knows. It's going to end some day, that's obvious. But it doesn't terrify us because we're well aware of it. They'll be watching now for the first time we fail to make the No. 1 spot. Then the papers will all be saying we're finished. But we won't be, of course.

"Still, I don't want to be going on stage when I'm thirty. I might decide to take more interest in my building firm. I've given up the idea of hairdressing salons. It seemed a good idea at the time



"Ringo—looking every inch a star."

—but not now. I don't think I'll make a Charlie Clore—but I'd like to spend more time on the building business and go in for bigger schemes. But for the moment we all enjoy playing as much as ever.

"It's good fun being a Beatle. We're not restricted in what we say or do. We have a lot of freedom and we're not ashamed that we drink and smoke and swear.

"When we first started it was all milk-drinking, non-smoking, non-swearing little gentlemen Beatles—and none of us was supposed to be married. But now marriage doesn't matter any more. Fans realise we're human beings. We smoke, drink, get married, have kids. The whole scene has grown up a lot."

"Do you think a pop star could live in sin today without damaging his career?" I asked.

"I don't really know the answer to that question," said Ringo, "But I'm sure the mums and dads would hate him because they are trying to bring their kids up right."

One of the most celebrated characteristics of Ringo is his

almost desperate reluctance to get to bed. Ringo points out:

"I can't really go out very much during the day, so I don't usually get up until somewhere between noon and 4 p.m."

How much difference has marriage made to this way of life?

"Not much. Maureen and I used to stop out late until she was getting near to having the baby. Now we still sit up late playing cards or watching films."

"And what do you particularly like about married life?"

"Well, I like coming home and being able to have a meal and someone to talk to. Maureen didn't know much about cooking when we married—well, she was only eighteen. But she's learning fast; she's improved a hundred per cent. We had a bit of trouble over the gravy. I used to be champion gravy mixer. But she's sorted this out now.

It's great now to have someone to look after you."

"Looking back on the last two years, what has been the biggest highlight?" I asked.

"It's impossible to say. There have been so many. And each time we thought, 'Nothing can top that'. But something always has. Making our first record was great. Then seeing it come into the charts at No. 47, or something. Then our first No. 1. And playing to 56,000 people at Shea Stadium in New York. That was fantastic."

"Has your music changed much, do you think, since you began?"

"Not really. I think what we do is basically the same, though with every single we make we always try to make it better than the last. Now we overdub a few things for LPs—just to get different effects—but on our singles we always try to keep to a sound that we can reproduce on stage.

"Yesterday" was different—and we think it's the best track on the album, even though three of us weren't on it. But we can't do it unless there's a string section with us. They've made it a single in America, backed with my number from the film, but they chop the LPs up completely differently over there. We wouldn't put it out as a single in Britain."

Ringo always seems somehow to be the most vulnerable Beatle and it is with some alarm that you learn that this Facel Vega driver with one year's experience has had the speedometer registering 150 m.p.h.

A similar state of alarm has been caused among fans by rumours of Ringo's health. I asked him about this and he told me:

"My health is very good now. Every time I take out a mortgage and each time we make a film I have a medical check up. And I'm A.I.

"But ten years ago I had two serious illnesses—peritonitis and pleurisy—and I was in hospital for twelve months on each occasion.

"Now I always pass the medicals O.K. But it's funny seeing their faces when I fill the forms in with details of previous illnesses. Sometimes I have a hell of a job getting insured when I put down 'peritonitis and pleurisy.' They ask me to try some other company. But really I'm perfectly fit now. We all have the same doctor and he keeps an eye on us."

"He'd better," I said, "or a few hundred million fans—including a pretty little five-year-old Irish girl—will want to know the reason why."

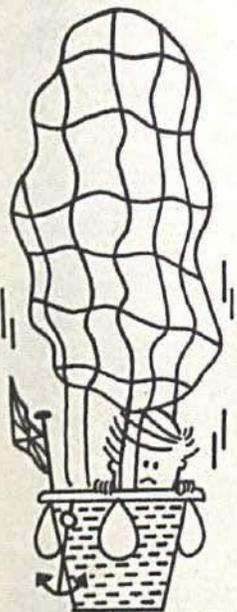
## GOING DOWN

### WINDS OF CHANGE

■ Swirling around in these air currents are Nini Rosso's "Il Silenzio", Johnny and Charley's "La Yenka", Marcello Minerbi's "Zorba's Dance" and Horst Jankowski's "A Walk In The Black Forest".

They have wafted over here on balmy breezes from the Continent and, though the sounds are square at times, it's nice to feel a change in the air now and then. Further outlook: Conditions likely to continue.

"Tears", Ken Dodd, "Almost There", Andy Williams and "Paradise" by Frank Ifield are other discs in the Chart that drifted up to high places. This trend is likely to continue, especially as the Bachelors new one, "In The Chapel In The Moonlight" is expected to make an appearance. Forecast: moderate success for ballads.

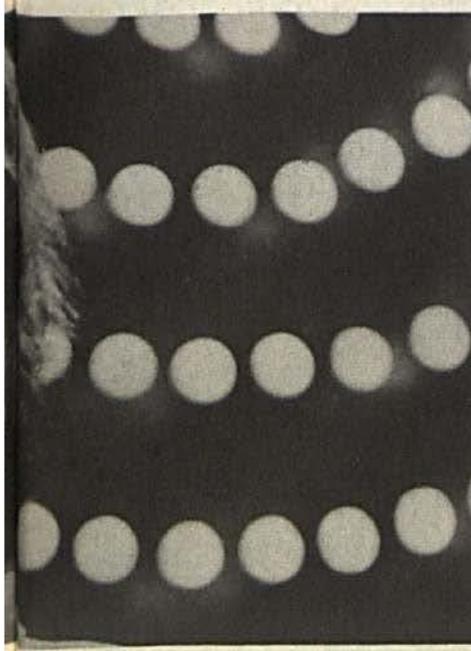


### Still I'm Sad/Evil Hearted You Yardbirds.

■ If there was an award for a double-sided Bright Spot on our Whether Chart, this record would nab it without a doubt.

How about the Yardbirds storming up the chart with a Gregorian chant? The other side, reminiscent of "For Your Love" is as invigorating as a gusty autumnal day and we rate it one of our personal favourites in the Whether Chart.

Their personal forecast: BREEZY.



### OUTLOOK PATCHY

#### Here It Comes Again Fortunes.

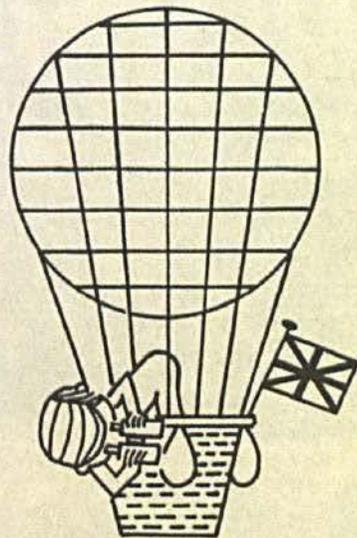
■ Clever vocalising here. And the melody is catchy.

But although this became very warm in the Whether Chart, we're afraid the further outlook for the Fortunes is patchy. If they continue to pick great songs they will achieve temperature stability in the Chart. If not, they might enter into a period of depression.

## LONG RANGE FORECAST

■ Safest bet on future forecasting is that there will always be a place in the Whether Chart for Dusty and Manfred Mann. They've proved this with "Some Of Your Lovin, " and "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" (and Dusty's new LP "Everything's Coming up Dusty" by the way, is a knockout. It's full of fabulous tracks.) They know how to judge the climate of taste to a nicety and never go to extremes.

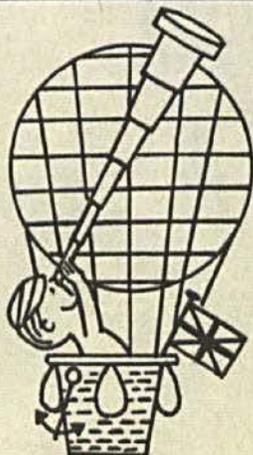
They should experience little change except perhaps a slight swell in popularity.



## FURTHER OUTLOOK

■ More Continental currents, as stated, in between long periods of typical English weather, during which the barometer will hold steady with the Beatles, Stones, etc. occupying favoured positions in the Chart.

P.S. Also, the rain, in the main, is unlikely to fall on Wayne!



# CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

Top Recording Star Zooie Scott gets mobbed wherever she goes. Has to live her life in the public eye. With no time to fuss she always has to look good.



Zooie and her manager talk over the next contract.



Fans rush Zooie as she leaves the studios...



Zooie stays unruffled.

We photographed her on a busy working day to find out just how Zooie keeps her cool, calm and collected look.

## CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

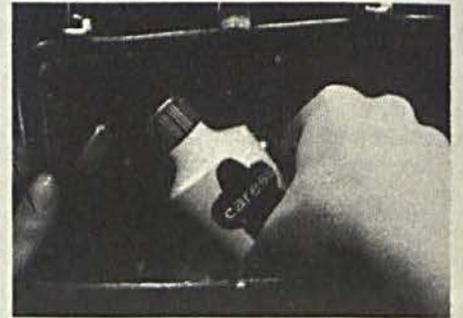
Zooie's on-the-move. On the way up, Zooie cuts another great chart topper at a gruelling session at the recording studios.

## CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

After the session Zooie gets together with her manager Tony Kenyon. While she chats to him about her new American tour Zooie checks her hair.

Zooie sprays with Caress. It's the only hair spray she'll use. Keeps her hair swinging in shape. Now we were beginning to learn the secret of the Zooie Scott look.

Zooie slips the puffer pack of Caress back into her bag. She takes it with her wherever she goes.



## CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

Fans mob Zooie as she and her agent fight their way through to a taxi.



Zooie looks cool. No wonder, she relies on Caress!



Zooie and Peter do the 'swim' at London's exclusive "White Elephant" club.

No wonder Zooie uses Caress for her hair when this is what it has to stand up to.

### CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

Out-on-the-town Zooie has a special date



with TV star and disc jockey Peter Whitford.

Zooie looks radiant. (Zooie and Peter have been dating pretty steady for a while now but we still had the "Good Friends" treatment from both of them.)

Even brushes with over-enthusiastic



photographers leave Zooie unruffled and her hair looking smoothly in place.

Caress makes sure of that.

### CARESS FOR ZOOIE SCOTT

Caress holds hair beautifully. Keeps it looking just the way you want it to. Never sticky. Never dulling. Zooie believes in Caress. Wherever Zooie goes a pack of Caress goes too. Keeps her hair smooth all day long. It's Zooie's secret. Why not make it yours.



Caress puffer pack 3/9 Refill 2/3  
Dressing table size Aerosols 7/3 & 10/3

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you  
had  
a

# TIMEX

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## THE RAVER'S U.S. CABLE

■ Hi there. Lot of action right now on the West Coast, where the rave Herman's Hermits are making their film "There's No Place Like Space" for MGM. For their stay, they rented a beautiful Hollywood home, complete with cook and butler, for \$1,000 a week! . . . Ran into Wilson Pickett a few weeks ago. Not only was he thrilled that "Midnight Hour" was a smash here, but he couldn't believe it happened in England.

■ Dave Clark ready and waiting for yet another American tour, which kicks off mid-November for about thirty dates and lots of TV. "Having a Wild Weekend" is doing tremendous business all over the country, and Dave is very surprised, because he really didn't think it would make it . . . You'll be happy to learn that the McCoy's have received offers for a British tour, along with the Beau Brummels and the Ronettes. All three groups have been offered December dates.

■ Despite a catastrophic American tour where everything happened to them from having their instruments pinched to their equipment blowing up, the Yardbirds did have some highlights during their trip. In Memphis, they recorded the backtracks for a new single at the Sun Studios in a twelve-hour session which ran through the clock from night 'til morning. And in California, they hosted a party attended by Peter and Gordon, the Byrds, Phil Spector and

Jackie de Shannon . . . Nonetheless, the Yardbirds were terribly sorry to turn down a guest spot in "The Singing Nun," starring Debbie Reynolds because of British commitments. . .

■ Mike Love of the Beach Boys has told about a sixth member, who sometimes replaces Brian Wilson when he's exhausted from too much travelling, or working on their next record.

He is Glen Campbell, reckoned to be one of the finest guitarists in the country, an ex-country singer and regular on "Shindig", who is currently scoring with the American version of Donovan's "Universal Soldier" . . . Gary Lewis has a sweet tooth for cheese and tomatoes. When he and the Playboys have time off, invariably you'll find the whole lot of them in a Hollywood pizza parlour . . . West Coast Byrds fans are now wearing buttons saying "We're strictly for the Byrds" . . . One of the wildest new records I've heard is "It Just Won't Be That Way", by the Critters. I think they sound a little like a cross between Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones. It's on Kama Sutra, the same label that put out "Do You Believe In Magic" by the Lovin' Spoonful, who, incidentally, have one of the best stage acts I've seen in a long time. See if you can catch them while they're in England . . .

■ That's it for now . . . See you next month . . .

Jackie



CRUEL ENDING TO AN  
EVENING WHICH  
PROMISED A THRILLING  
NEW ROMANCE.  
COULD IT HAPPEN  
TO YOU?

THE  
DETECTIVE  
CALLED  
IT  
RAPE...



# THE DETECTIVE CALLED IT RAPE...

**THIS IS YOUR LIFE** is our new series aimed at reflecting with honesty, accuracy and as much solid advice as we can muster, problems and tragedies which affect us today. This first one happens to few girls, but part of it happens to many. We tell a story which *could* happen to anyone. Could it happen to you?

● You live in a town which you think is as dead as last year's hit parade. You get on all right at home, though your parents don't really understand you. And you are reasonably happy at your job though your boss is as square as a beef cube and hasn't a clue what you're talking about half the time. Also, the boys of your age who work beside you are a bit soft.

Saturday is the only day you can have a little bit of a fling. You can see your friends, lounge around and, in the evening, go to the local dance in the hope that a visitor to the town, a good-looking one, will be there and might even dance with you.

Saturday is money spending day—clothes, cosmetics, records, hair.

## Your Own Boss

Saturday is a kind of Freedom Day. Teen Day. You are your own boss. You can decide what you do and when you'll do it. On this particular Saturday, you buy a pair of floral patterned trousers with wide bottoms. And you wear them while

watching telly early on despite the smart comments from your dad and brothers. Your mother says nothing. She isn't cruel.

Then you get ready for going out. You spend a lot of time on your hair, put on your linen suit with the long jacket and your round-toed shoes with stumpy heels. And your new skinny rib sweater.

## Trying To Impress

You go to the local coffee bar first and talk to a few boys and play the box. You quite like one or two of the local boys individually, but together they seem a bit soft. Always trying to impress each other—and you.

You get bored and move on to your dance. There, after a while, you get a pleasant surprise.

There's a new boy there. Good-looking, too. He's tall, about twenty-two and has a friendly face. He smiles at you then asks you to dance.

He tells you his name is Jim and that he's from London. He travels around a lot, he says, and you like the way he

## WHAT THE STARS HAVE TO SAY

### ■ PAUL JONES

A lot of this is due to lack of good upbringing and lack of sex education in schools. Some girls just don't know what's right or what's wrong.

About this girl in particular. Could she not have avoided the lonely common? She's almost asking for trouble, especially if she doesn't know the boy too well. She's either incredibly stupid or just trying her luck. That is, she really wants to be assaulted.

Some girls are simply curious—too soon. There's plenty of time. It will come.

Of course, the other side of the coin is—don't run away from it in blind panic, when it does arrive.

Society being what it is, people are inclined to be taught to keep away from sex. The result is this terrible attitude of, "You must get what you can." It's all out of proportion and perspective.

If adults had an open, healthy attitude towards sex then teenagers would grow up in the same way.

I believe in the equality of the sexes. I don't think it's a case of the boy trying and the girl always stopping, saying NO. It's an equal thing; they're both giving.

### ■ CHRISSIE SHRIMPTON

As far as I can tell this situation was unavoidable, any girl would have acted in the same way if she liked the boy.

The trouble is you can't spend your life staying in or moving around in a gang, not talking and being friendly to new faces. The only other thing you can do is to be more cagey and wary of strange young men, especially when they're good-looking. If you find your home town a bore, change your friends or your job, find new things to do. Your life and your friends are what you make them.



Paul—'too curious'

### ■ DAVE CLARK

The case quoted here may be imaginary—but it also presents a very real set of circumstances. These things do happen, have happened and will continue to happen.

It is downright lunacy to drink—like alcohol is out of fashion. Anyway, if you are under eighteen it is illegal to drink. If you are over eighteen, and want to drink, then do it in moderation. To wander off on to some dark common with any character who happens to latch on to you is crazy.

Those who ignore the rules of living are asking for everything they get—and the sad thing is that they often get it! You don't have to be a prude to enjoy yourself—but you can live without being a nut, too.

### ■ JANE RELF

Living in a 'dead' town is boring to the extent that any new face is a welcome one. But it's always better to be a bit offish at first until you know a bit about their character and personality. There are so many cases in the papers of girls being attacked. Go out with new people, but only to public places the first few times. Make sure you can handle him.



Chrissie—Stone's girl

### ■ PETE TOWNSHEND

If you've just met a fellow, let's face it, you don't really know him. Girls must remember there are a lot of people like him, and this can always happen. He might not be as safe as he seems.

I understand the situation: they probably want a neck—but it's advisable to neck at least somewhere where you'll be heard if you scream. Also, don't tease him, or push him too far—he might have a low breaking point.

speaks to you. He's friendly without being pushing and he's far more sophisticated than the local boys. He mentions another local girl by name and says his sister knew her. You're thrilled. He's not a complete stranger after all. Though you don't quite follow the connection *exactly*. Anyway, before you know it, you're telling him the story of your life and laughing easily with him.

When he asks you out for a drink to a nearby pub you go with pleasure. And though you have a rule never to have more than a couple of drinks, you relax it for Jim. He's so nice.

### Looking Forward To It

On the way back to the dance he suggests a stroll through a common ground covered in bushes and trees. It's then the first niggle of uncertainty hits you but it's well-buried because of the drinks and, after all, what's life all about but for living. You know he's going to get friendly but, to be honest with yourself, you're quite looking forward to it, because Jim is

exciting. You can handle it anyway. A girl like you, with a cool eye on the boys, you've never found one who got you panicked. He's talking a bit and then you both just walk, with no chat. His arm's round you. A bit tighter than you'd like.

### He Seems Awfully Strong

The uncertainty's there again, but what can you do? To cover it up, you begin to talk again—quickly, brightly, probably flirtily only you don't think of it like that at the time. It's just animated chat. After a bit he stops at a clump of bushes and starts necking a bit, which shuts you up. You realise then you shouldn't have had that extra drink. Jim suddenly seems to have changed. His hands are searching. He seems awfully strong. He's behaving in a wild, rough fashion. You panic and tell him loudly to stop. He doesn't.

Fear, terror, hysteria all explode inside you. You wrench backwards. The last thing you remember is a stunning blow on the face. In a split second as your legs somehow crumble and before oblivion.

the shocked realisation hits you it must have been his fist.

You wake up in hospital. ☹

*Where did this girl go wrong?*

*Five stars give their views on these pages and RAVE has something to say, too.*



Jane Relf—Yardbird's sister

*engineering works, but they are treated like Victorian maidens by their men. For all their freedom in the professions, no Russian woman would think for a second of going alone to a dance.*

*That's where this girl made her mistake. The man saw a bored, lonely dolly—and moved in to score. He misread her signals, and turned savage when he realised his blunder.*

*As long as women are physically weaker than men there will always be mavericks to take advantage of them. But don't let that force you to put up a sour little fence between you and the boys you meet.*

*The rapist is a sick and abnormal exception. The majority of people here, as in every other civilised country, are decent human beings.*

*You can only deal successfully with life and with other people when you learn to know yourself. So do this: stick on the top of your handbag mirror a little label that asks WHO'S THIS?*

*Leave it there for two weeks. By the end of that period the habit will be automatic. Every time you look into that mirror you will see the real person, not the romantic idiot.*

*And you will know your exact strength and weaknesses. When you know those you will know how much you can depend on yourself in any situation.*

*Including a walk in the dark.*

**LESLIE MALLORY**

*\*Next month, with Joan Bacz, RAVE looks at the problem of getting over a broken romance.*

## WHAT RAVE HAS TO SAY

**T**here's an odd lack of sympathy in these answers (other than Chrissie's). They're all theory and tactics, as if the girl had been clumsy in playing some kind of in-game. Although they're correct they show very little understanding of her shattering experience.

Paul Jones, though, is half-right. If you are ignorant about what you're risking, the risk itself increases.

Rape is not just violence to the body. It can cause lasting damage to the mind and the personality.

I know a girl who went through this terror. In her case it happened in a train. It left her a bitter, suspicious and frightened girl.

Only when she got engaged and began to feel protected again did she relax. And even then, who could be sure what deep effects might appear later to harm her marriage?

Franker teaching will not abolish the possibility of incidents like this. Sex still has many mysteries for the scientist. It is still a time-bomb that may go off alarmingly in the coolest and most level-headed of people.

Many a girl dreams secretly of being overwhelmed by a powerful lover. That's natural and it's her own business. We're not here to censor anyone's private thoughts.

But there's a lot of sense in the advice from Dave, Paul, Pete, Chrissie

**Dave Clark—'drinking's out'**

*and Jane. Remember that in their show business travels they constantly see girl fans clamouring for trouble.*

*All the same, I reject any advice that recommends a person to live his or her life according to some safe little formula. I loathe packaged people.*

*Society today has managed to produce some of the most boring birds in history: coldly competent at dealing with situations that haven't arisen, knowing all the answers before the questions are asked.*

*Don't let anybody turn you into a know-all. Men will always try to exploit a girl they think is experienced. Innocence, on the other hand, always flatters a normal man's masculinity. All the really clever women of the world have known when to look innocent and let man the master do the explaining.*

*True sexual equality is far off yet. In Russia, women fly airliners and run*



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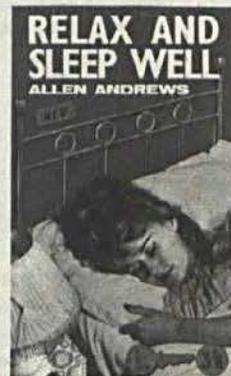
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28 ADELAIDE STREET BLACKPOOL

■ Sandie Shaw's Christmas LP is on the secret list. The idea is to prevent anyone covering the songs and to produce publicity on the album just before it is released.

"All I can say is that they are 'laugh' and 'cry' tracks," said Sandie. "That is they are either very sad or very happy songs—I actually do cry on some of the numbers and you can hear it on the album. Four of the numbers we did were so successful that we are putting them on one side for the next single—they are all Chris Andrew's compositions."

Much of Sandie's recording success is due to her fresh lively approach and the secret of this is that she never looks at a new number before entering the recording studio.

"The songs always sound more genuine when I do them on the spur of the moment," says Sandie.

Very much 'in' Sandie fashion fads at the moment is the colour green. She showed me a beautiful green suit with matching three-quarter-length boots and an emerald ring she had bought while in Munich, Germany.

"The only trouble is that I seem to drop everything into my boots," said Sandie. "I emptied one just now and out fell; a bottle top; bus ticket; match-stick and a cigarette end!"

What a girl!



John Walker with his wife Kathy. They were married in California, June 26th this year.

## MIKE GRANT ON THE STARBEAT

■ The Mojo Club in Sheffield has banned boys with long hair and when the Pretty Things played there it considerably upset vocalist Phil May.

"Having us play at a club with a ban on long hair is like putting up a colour bar and inviting Wilson Pickett to play," says Phil.

The club manager said: "The ban has been in force now for several months. It is designed to keep out a bad element. Long hair in Sheffield is out."

Which poses the question that Phil put—is it any better to judge a person by the length of his hair than the colour of his skin?

■ Still in the hairy scary department—did you notice that Phil Everly had been hit by a combine harvester? Reason for that short clip and the fringe was the army barber.

"I had to work out my last two months in the Marines," said Phil. "They gave me a special chit to carry around which allowed me to keep my hair at what they described 'as an unusual length' because of my profession. I got some odd stares from officers but saved the roots!"

■ Well, you've seen the Walker Brothers for the last time in ballrooms. Security precautions were so poor in some of the halls the boys played that they were almost torn apart.

Gary is a frequent visitor to the Scotch of St. James Club where he recently met Paul McCartney.

"We had a long chat about the business," said Gary. "It centred around how people fail to realise there is no such thing as over-night success in this game. I wonder how many people know that Paul has been a group musician for nine years. I've been playing drums for seven myself!"

■ The Who drummer, Keith Moon, spends most of his time going to horror films and listening to surfing sounds on his record player but venturing out one evening to the Cromwellian Club he had a strange experience.



Sandie—a 'secret' LP

"At the door they asked me where my tie was," said Keith. "I pulled one out of my pocket and waved it at them. They let me in and I didn't wear it all evening. Strange people!"

■ Searcher Mike Pender who is now a proud father spent his first few days of parenthood handing around cigars and announcing with pride:

"I drove her to the hospital myself y'know!"

You would have thought that Mike had had the baby himself but if "Michael John Pender" Mk. II grows up to be as nice a guy as his old man we will all be happy!

# EL



# CORRIDO



El Cordobes above—fighting one of the bulls. For each bull he fights he earns about six thousand pounds—but there's always the risk of being killed.



# OBES

## DODO'S RAVEABLE WITH A DIFFERENCE

The Raveable I've got for you this month, has never appeared in a film, never ever made a record—and yet he's a handsome millionaire in his twenties with millions of girls chasing him all over the Continent! His car is mobbed everywhere he goes, autograph hunters track him down, everytime he appears it causes riots—in fact, he gets the real pop idol treatment. But until four years ago Manuel Benitez, nicknamed El Cordobes or El Beatle, lived in utter poverty with his mother, in a peasant village in the poor sun-burned lands of central Spain. Today El is the top bullfighter in Spain—and an idol of the young and old alike.

How did it all happen? When he was a young boy attending a bullfight, El suddenly jumped into the empty bullring—empty that is except for a large ferocious bull! Although badly gored as he tried to fight the bull, this was the start of his career. He had proved his bravery in the ring, he was accepted.

All over Spain, El's handsome face is plastered on posters and postcards. He leads the life of a playboy, but always likes to go back to his village home to see all his old friends.

Really it's not surprising that he's a millionaire when you consider that he risks his life every time he enters the ring. Being injured puts him out of action, which he hates. It also means that he loses between four and eight thousand pounds for each fight he misses!

A priest travels with El a lot, but mainly to teach him to read and write—of which he can do little.

### Beatles Film

El Beatle has met his famous counterparts, the Beatles, and Brian Epstein, when they were in Spain recently. There's also been talk that he will be appearing in the Western film the Beatles are shooting in Spain the first four months of next year—but there's nothing definite yet.

To date, El, who is 29, has his own private plane that he likes to fly over to South America when he can—then there's the two houses, the villa, three estates, and a ranch—of fighting bulls! Not bad going for four year's work!

Although he may be a bit behind with his school-work, I'm sure his English homework is improving, as his current girlfriend, Wendy Gordon is an English girl.

It's really unlikely that you'll ever see him in this country, but if you ever go on holiday to Spain or Majorca, don't miss him. He certainly gets my vote—both for bravery and raveable good looks!



# T \* DAYS RAVES



## FOR GIRLS

■ Coming back into fashion—the Chanel look, but only in velvet. Best colour black, worn with white crepe or silk blouse. To complete look, string of pearls, pearl earrings, hair tied back.

■ To achieve same look, replace buttons on a black coat with large rhinestones—added dash with white silk cravat.

■ Another come-back is ostrich feathers. As well as being used on coats and dresses—can be worn with anything in the form of boas. Sold in big stores and markets like London's Portobello Road. Look great in black and white stripes.



Winter rave — hoods

■ Black and white seems to be the big news in everything this winter—even coats being made in stripes. Make your own or convert a black or white coat by sewing on even stripes on the front, back and sleeves in the contrasting colour. Great look, velvet stripes on tweed.

■ Jumpers are being worn short, hardly touching the waistband—long ones only with hipsters. New pattern-wise—small checks in off-beat contrasting colours, e.g. maroon and camel.

■ To put new life into an old belted coat, add a leather belt instead of the old matching one. Keep the belt fairly plain for a great effect.

■ Help! rings—for those that need it! They're gimmicky conversation starters and cost only 7s. 6d. Made by Jewelfcraft and stocked in all leading stores.

■ Chiffon is now being used for the hair. Worn as hair bands, tied in bows and knots on the top of the head.

■ Locketts are now back as a jewellery rave. Must be large and worn on a jet necklace or similar beads, instead of a chain.

■ News for shoes—high vamp fronts with wide sliding backs, wedge heels.

■ Mini cat suits are the new underwear rave—like this one (bottom pic.) from Neatawear, in black or white flowery design. Give great, smooth lines under anything. Price 63s.

## FOR BOYS

■ Crocheted ties are a new trend. Best colours with a white shirt are beige and turquoise.

■ Watch straps and belts are now being made in matching off-beat colours, also floral patterns, just like girls.

■ New look for an old suit: braiding. Use the kind seen on men's classic dressing gowns—on cuffs, pocket edges of the suit. Maroon braiding looks great on grey!



New braiding for suit

■ Gingham shirts are still selling but the latest ones have stiff high collars and cuffs in contrasting white. Like lead-singer of the Zombies, wears on stage.

■ In material this winter for boys is tartan—best as waistcoats and jackets. Most popular tartans are those that are mainly red.

■ Latest suits have a definite 'Thirties' flavour about them. Favourite material—pin stripes. Lapels are wide. Very daring with two-tone shoes and a trilby.

■ It's been slow but at last shoes are gradually taking over from boots. In are Jumping Jack type shoes as worn by children. They have sloping backs and heels, or driving heels. Great for dancing!

■ Nightshirts are being made in floral materials—they come below the knee with side splits and high rounded collar, cuffs and sash in a contrasting colour. Great worn with plain trousers.

## Mini cat suit



'Help' rings — new rave

■ The big news in headwear this year are hoods with tails to wrap around the neck, like college scarfs. Expensive, but make your own from fur nylon pieces, using a hood pattern and just extending the ends. Best effect with contrasting colours (e.g. black and white) using them alternately.

**FULLY LINED  
Lace DRESS**

CUT-OUT FROM ONLY

**37/6**



LOUISE



**OP ART  
A-line DRESS**

CUT-OUT FROM ONLY

**29/6**



DENISE

**Lovely lace or the top of the ops! Whichever you choose, you'll be swingin' in these two fab dresses!**

"LOUISE" is your sophisticated fab lace dress, fully lined and fully washable for easy care. Three-quarter length sleeves with pretty petal cuffs and a full length back zip. You'll always be pretty as a picture. A choice of five great colours: White (as illustrated), Pink Fuchsia, Royal Blue, Kingfisher Blue and Black.

This fab offer comes to you complete with easy step-by-step fully illustrated sewing instructions, zips, trimming, linings, all necessary interfacings and a generous 1" seam allowance plus free postage and packing. You can run your outfit up in an evening—it's completely cut out and ready to sew. All you need is a reel of cotton!

**SIZES AND PRICES**

BUST	32	34	36	38	40
HIP	34	36	38	40	42
PRICE LOUISE	37/6	40/-	40/-	42/6	42/6
PRICE DENISE	29/6	32/6	32/6	34/-	34/-

**TOP OFFER.** Simply fill in the coupon with BLOCK CAPITALS in ink and send a crossed postal order or cheque for the correct amount to: De Trevi, Top Offer, 30 Hanway Street, London W.1. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed and made payable to De Trevi. Please write your name and address on the back of all cheques and mark the envelope "Louise", "Denise" or both according to the garments ordered. This offer is only available in the U.K. Closing date 5th January, 1966.

**DE Trevi** THE TRENDSETTERS

"DENISE" is the latest in "op" art inspired by the new Paris collections—in fully washable, cuddly warm brushed rayon afghalaine, crease-shedding for easy wear, easy care. "A" line for action, in a choice of five colour combinations: Black/White, (as illustrated) or you can have Emerald Green/White, Kingfisher Blue/White, Brown/White, or Royal Blue/White.



**KINGFISHER BLUE**  
These colours are as near as possible to the actual colours of the garments.

**YOUR ORDER FORM**

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ cut-out packs/Bust Size \_\_\_\_\_

In Style (Insert: Louise/Denise/or Both) \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose P.O./Cheque value \_\_\_\_\_

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

R3

If you do not wish to cut out the coupon from the magazine, just make an exact copy, fill it in and post it to De Trevi, Top Offer, 30 Hanway Street, London W.1.

# HOW RICKIE GOT A NEW RECORD PLAYER



## 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?



Anything you've got to say, fans? It can be about the pop scene, the fashion scene, about YOU, or about US. In fact, about ANYTHING! The thing is, we want to hear from you! Drop us a line at RAVE, TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

I want to protest—about all these protest songs! As far as I'm concerned protest songs are a load of stupid rubbish! Who wants to listen to deep singers like Dylan, Donovan, Barry McGuire shouting out about wars, bombs, destruction, blood coagulating, etc., etc.? The whole point is, it's all true, but the younger generation of today doesn't really want to know about war and all these things. War is a terrible thing, far too terrible to start singing about anyway—so depressing! It's a thing we hope will never

ever happen to US. Music is for enjoyment, entertainment and relaxation and shouldn't hold messages that make you stop and think about death and the threat of the bomb. If it happens, there's nothing you can do about it anyway! Let's try and forget about all the worries of the world when we turn on a radio or go to a club to relax. Let's be able to go out in the evening without being frightened to death by protests! — Carol Martin, Birmingham.

We appreciated the photograph of Illya in September RAVE, so much, that we decided to write a poem about the U.N.C.L.E. series. We hope you enjoy it. . . .

*IN PRAISE OF U.N.C.L.E.*

*There is a telly programme,  
That's very very great,  
Because in it is Napoleon,  
And Illya (his mate).*

*Mr. Waverly is their boss,  
To him they must report,  
He is sometimes very cross,  
But worries if they're caught.*

*Their enemy is THRUSH  
They always try to win,  
But U.N.C.L.E.'s so hush hush,  
That they always have the grin.*

*Solo always comes on top,  
Without a single gash,  
But when you see poor Illya,  
He's all torn up and bashed.*

*Illya's our favourite boy,  
In every U.N.C.L.E. story,  
On Thursday he brings joy,  
And that's the crowning glory!*

Maureen Timms & Janet Clark,  
Crowthorne, Berkshire.



**Bob Dylan—a protest**

Is it possible that a person can be mad about one pop star only, for two years? I have a friend who has stuck to George Harrison for two years and turned her nose up at every other reasonable looking bloke. I think she's terribly faithful and I wonder if all George's fans are as devoted.—Anon, Harrow, Middx. Well, are you, fans?

I am, or rather was, a fan of P. J. Proby, but when I turned to the centre of September

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Just who does he think he is? When he said, "Sometimes I look in the mirror and say, 'Man, you're just great'." it made me feel like giving him a good hard slap across the face to bring him back to his senses. You never hear the Stones or Beatles say, "I'm the greatest." We know they are, and more than likely they know they are, but they don't go around telling themselves so.

It's not that I don't like American singers, they've got a load of fab groups, but they don't boast. So, as for Proby, he's out for me.—RAVE fan, 1 Bartholomew Rd., Bishop's Stortford.

After having read so many articles against P. J. Proby, I thought it only fair to him to tell people how nice he was to a friend and myself. I obtained P. J.'s address and with a friend went to see him. When we first arrived at 12 noon he was still asleep, so we were asked if we would like to return at 4 p.m.

Then we were invited in and offered a drink. Ten minutes later P. J. arrived and talked to

**.. AND WE'RE TELLING → YOU**

■ Please could you give me some details about The McCoys, line-up, etc. I thought "Hang On Sloop" was the greatest!—Marion Finley, Durham. The line-up is Ricky Zehringer, seventeen year old lead vocalist, guitarist, and group spokesman. His brother, sixteen year old Randy, plays drums, standing up though. Randy Hobbs, eighteen years old, plays bass guitar and takes lead vocals for the Bob Dylan numbers. Ronnie Brandon, eighteen, plays organ and is the group's funny man, kept the boys going when things

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■ Please could you give me the fan club address of that fabulous singer, Charles Dickens and his group the Habits. I think he's absolutely gorgeous! He was fabulous on the Stones tour!—Merill Wynter, Farnborough. Charles Dickens Fan Club, 17 Glebe Road, Cheam, Surrey.



## **Françoise Hardy has Mouchi**

The new French "Parfum de Toilette". Fresh. Light. Pretty as springtime. In a handbag sachet. With a refill. "I have sent some to my friends Marianne and Sandie. Mouchi is Magnifique" says Françoise.



*By Mouchi*



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I enclose 18/6. Postage included, please send me Mouchi.

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Note to girls who live in London: Mouchi is on sale at Woollands 21 Shop, Knightsbridge

## So you must have Mouchi!

The sachet and refill cost Française nine French francs. In English that is eighteen shillings and sixpence. Française got Mouchi by filling in a coupon.

Copy Française!

# MOUCHI



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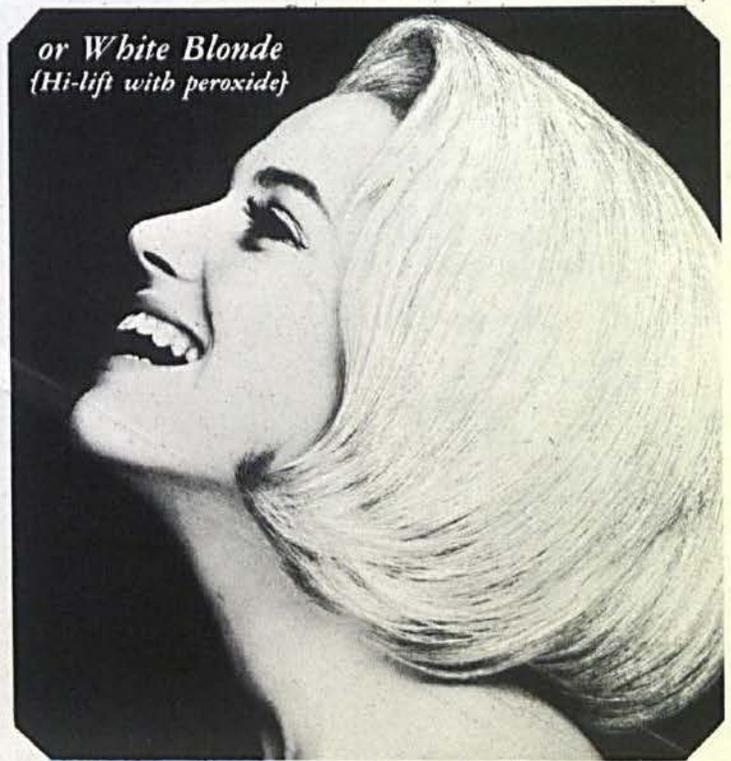
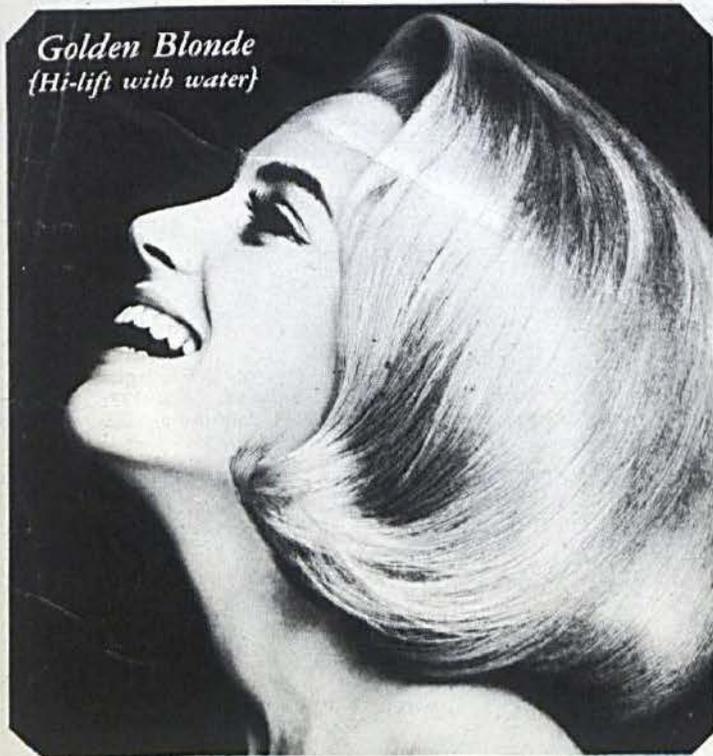
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*Clever, lanolin-rich Hi-lift – and only Hi-lift gives you this fabulous choice... mix Hi-lift with water and you'll have golden, sun-kissed highlights... mix Hi-lift with peroxide and you're a much whiter, cooler blonde. Sensational! You decide just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



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**rave**



**WALKER BROTHERS**