

Travel



FEBRUARY

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SPECIAL ISSUE, FANS ♥ COMPLETE 12 PAGE PULL-OUT CALENDAR FOR LOVERS ♥ PAUL SCOTT ♥ MICK IN DELICIOUS PORTRAITS ♥
 FABULOUS WALKER BROTHERS ♥ THE LOVE GAME FROM AMERICA ♥ FASHIONS YOU'LL ADORE ♥ LOTS MORE LOVELY THINGS



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



Ringo. Join him for lunch. P.40.

FROM THE EDITORIAL OFFICE

Hi Fans,

Great to be with you again.

Everyone here's in a dead romantic mood due to it being St. Valentine's Day soon, so we thought while we're in that mood we'd capture that romantic feeling and bring it to you.

There's just one thing we need your help on though. It's not right for a magazine to be seen around alone so we wondered whether you'd be our escort. You will? Great! then it's a date. We'll see you again next month.

Same place, same time. No two-timing now.

P.S. What's in it for you...

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ON OUR COVER: ROGER DALTRY (WHO)

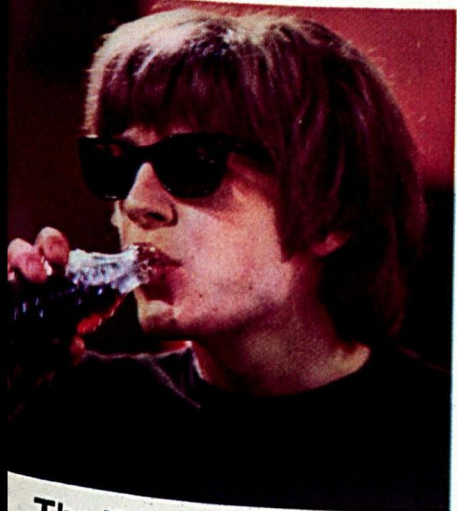
THE MAGAZINE
WHERE IT'S ALL
HAPPENING!

rave

TOWER HOUSE
SOUTHAMPTON ST.
LONDON WC2
TEMPLE BAR 4363



OH! BROTHER



The Walkers . . . oh brother! They're gorgeous! One of the most handsome groups on the scene. But what goes on beneath those glamorous looks? Who or what do they love? RAVE'S Dawn James meets each of them to find out.

The pale, long-haired young man sat on the chair in front of the mirror. The room was heavy with heat, the only light coming from a slit high up on the wall. Despite this, he wore dark glasses and a polo-necked sweater.

Scott, lead singer of the Walker Brothers, pointed at me, "Don't go putting that I'm tall and blue-eyed and handsome," he said. "I'm not. I'm a little too thin, and my hair is mousey and, well, I'm not beautiful looking."

Scott has long, sensitive-looking fingers, and bony hips, and is very shy.

"I'm not an idol. I guess when people really get to see me they think I'm pretty different from how I appear onstage. I

can communicate with thousands then, but I can't do that to one person once I'm down."

Words don't flow fluently, yet you get the impression that Scott is far more than is required of a modern-day idol. He seems suspended somewhere between Paul Newman and James Dean. He is strangely modest about his looks, yet he likes sitting in front of a mirror, but so that people cannot read the expression in his eyes. He hides behind a cloak of cold privacy. He is an untouchable. And, like anything that seems out of reach, he is all the more attractive because of it. He glares at his audience, daring

- them to win him over, and they erupt in warm, spontaneous excitement.

"I am no more popular than the other two," he said coolly. "John gets just as many screams." He lowered his glasses, and rather nice moody eyes looked at me. "I'm searching for something. I don't exactly know what, and I'm like a blind man running in the dark. I spend a lot of time finding songs for us to record. I usually have a battle with Gary and John persuading them the song is right. But once we get in the studio they agree. "They don't say, 'You were right, well done', they just get on with it. I want to give the fans something better than they have had before. I take something that is a bit above the average record buyer's head and make it understandable, so that when they buy the record they learn something good. Oh, I guess it's hard to follow me, but it matters that I give something to people, something impersonal."

There was a grate to his voice as he ended the sentence. He seems to have a fear of close personal contact, as though it embarrasses him.

"I have a wealthy father. He is an oil magnate, but he never did a lot for me. Once, though, he lent me about two thousand dollars, and I blew it on a car. Boy, he was mad!

"I don't miss home at all; there is nothing there. I wanted to get out. The Americans have too much regard for material things. I like having money of my own, but there are many more important things. The average American doesn't need anything outside a house

and a car and money in the bank.

"I miss my mother. In fact, I telephone her very often. I don't actually say I love my mother, I don't know what love is. But I feel more for her than I do for any one else and I respect her deeply.

"I want to take out British Nationality. This is home to me now."

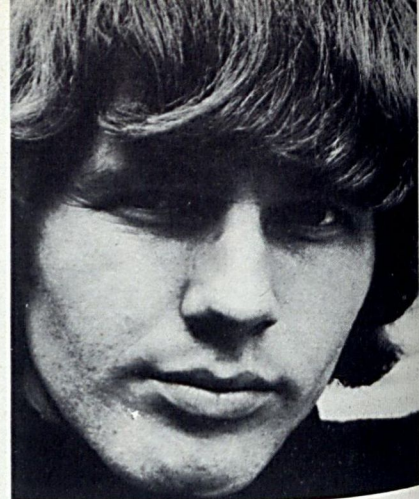
There was a pause and he leaned his head back, and stared intently at the dark ceiling. He was not at ease, not sure. He didn't laugh once.

"I don't have a great many friends here, but then I never get close to people. I know people, and I say 'Hi, how's things?' But I don't really care how things are, and I know they don't really care about me either. It gets kinda lonely, only there is no solution to the loneliness. To stop being lonely you have to share your life and your mind with people, and I can't do that."

EASY BROTHER

GARY is like a butterfly; light, clear, quick. He talks swiftly and eyes you deliberately. He is the Brother people say of, "He's easy to talk to", and he is the one they automatically turn to. He isn't so scaring as the others, because he doesn't have John's unreasonable good looks, or Scott's moods.

He sat before the dressing-table mirror, brushing his newly-washed hair and said, "Do you mind if I don't talk for a moment? I must get this hair right. I'm on television in a minute", and, having got the hair right, proceeded to cover it with an absolutely crazy cap.



"More girls than hot dinners!"

Everything good comes in the class of 'hairy' to Gary, and so 'birds are hairy' and 'hit records are hairy'.

"I guess I'm quite different from the other two," he said, "though I don't think about it much. Guess I'm happy-go-lucky. I don't bother analysing myself. People make of me what the hell they like.

"The biggest break in my life was coming to England," he said. "I am an only child and my family ties are strong. I like it here in Britain, but home is where your family is, isn't it? I don't care about success in America now. I feel that they didn't want us when we were nobodys, so why want us now. It's the British who made us stars, and so we'll stick it out here."

There is something endearing about Gary Leeds. Despite his quick chattering he seems strangely unsure. He isn't at all proud and if he offends someone he will apologise humbly. Despite the weird extrovert head gear he wears, and his undying desire to date dozens of girls in a week, and all the other visible signs that he is a star, he is also a rather 'hairy' person. I asked him who his best friends are.

"I don't know about best friends," he said. "I've only got two friends, outside of Scott and John. They are waiters. We got very friendly when we went into their café. They didn't know who we were. That is why we are friends. They wanted us because we were us, not The Walkers."

Like I said, he is strangely unsure . . .

FAMILY BROTHER

JOHAN MAUS lent back in his chair and smiled, so that the room swam before me. John has teeth of even pearl and eyes of coldest sparkling blue and hair which falls to his shoulders in darkly golden waves.

He threw me a photograph, breaking the spell, and said, "Take a look," with great pride. Two Alsatian dogs



"I can't share my life and mind with people."



What's the biggest gamble in the world? **LOVE**. Sometimes you win and sometimes you lose. But it's a game played without any rules. If you're thinking of taking a chance on love quite soon, then put the odds in your favour, try out some of these fab fashions. Chances are you'll end up a winner!



Rake in the affection from your favourite man in this winning satin dress (left) from the House at Pooh Corner boutique, 22 Weighouse Street, London, W.1. (it's completely backless!) Price 5½ gns.

And you'll have his head spinning when he sees you in this 'little black dress' (right) by Gerald McCann available from Fifth Avenue. In black with white edging, the neck is surprisingly low and beautifully shaped. Price 9 gns.



You can bank on this jungle print dress going straight to his heart, it's long and sleek with the detail of a pussy cat bow at the back of the neck. By Simon Ellis and costs 7½ gns.

Chip sized sequins cover the front of this pink crepe dress from Angela at London Town, low plunge 'v' neck and huge pussy cat bow complete the winning look, at £7 19s. 6d.

Hit the jackpot in a lush turquoise dress by Lee Cecil. (right.) It's completely covered in tiny sequins, also in black or red, 8 gns. Black patent sandals by Merrywell, 49s. 11d.



All the aces show up for either this long dress by Simon Ellis price 7½ gns., or the cream crepe short dress with cut-out key hole, by Rikki Reed from Fifth Avenue, price 7 gns.



Odds are that you'll tempt him into taking a chance not only on love but on you too with an eyecatcher like this op-art dress with low slung belt, cutaway armholes and short flared skirt, in zig-zag op-art printed chiffon. By Simon Massey available from Fifth Avenue. It's bound to make you Lady Luck! 8 gns.



This
daring
black linen dress
(right) by Polly Peck,
£4 19s. 6d. Playing safe
with a high necked style
by Marlborough. In black
crepe with white ric-rac
braid round the mandarin
collar, £6 19s. 6d.

MY MISSING YEARS

Freddie Lennon looks a very happy man. But don't be deceived. Hidden deep down are things that have happened in his past that he cannot forget. Things he will *never* forget, as I realised as we sat and talked in the offices of Pye Records, where a few weeks earlier he had recorded his record, "That's My Life".

"The two saddest things about my life were losing my son and my wife." The break-up with his wife—she said she was leaving him and started to move furniture out of the house, he helped her thinking she was joking and would come back—but she didn't, she meant it. And John, his son, who on the death of his mother, lived with his Aunt Mimi. Things can never be the same between them again. Not a proper father/son relationship, he knows this. How could it be, when the last but one time he saw John was when he was six, and then the last time when John was 24? For nothing can replace those missing eighteen years.

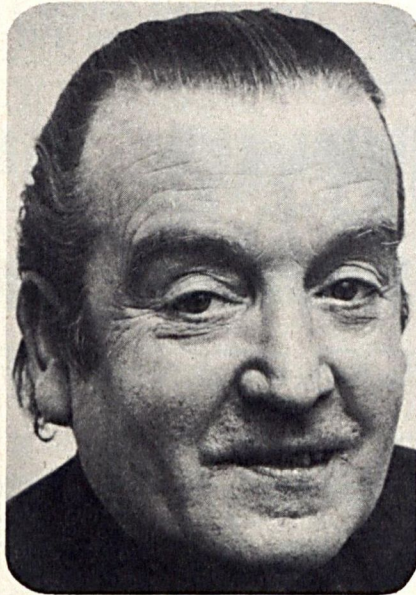
The last meeting happened a year or so ago, in Brian Epstein's office. It was a strange experience for both of them. All the years in between, while Freddie had been away at sea, he had thought of John. "It's only natural," he said warmly, "after all he is my son, and the funny thing was, I always knew, had a feeling, that one day I would see him again.

"The first two or three minutes were very awkward. I mean, it wasn't a situation where we would run into one another's arms. But after a while, we talked about things, and laughed and joked. John would have stayed longer, but he had to rush off to the BBC—his life is so busy now. And then we said goodbye—in typical Liverpool fashion—"See ya then!"—Just friends."

What does he think of John's well-known sarcastic nature? "Well the boy's obviously got a chip on his shoulder, that's all. But I'm partly to blame for that I know."

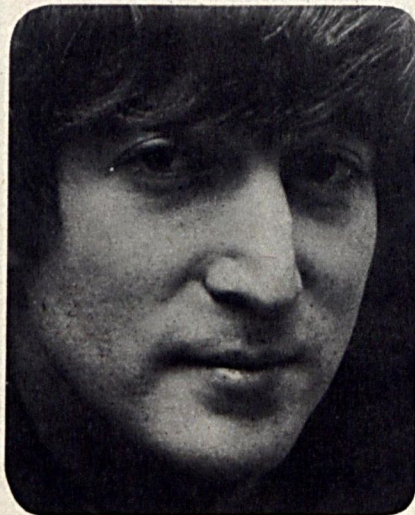
Freddie himself didn't grow up in a happy family atmosphere. He was raised in an orphanage, Blue Coat Hospital in Liverpool. He remembers that John's first teacher—a Mr. James Bond, who still recalls John, went to the same orphanage. He remembers loads of little things like that as though it were only yesterday.

It's strange to think that during those missing years in between,



By FREDDIE LENNON JOHN LENNON'S FATHER

For eighteen years Freddie Lennon vanished. From the time he was six until he was twenty-four John heard nothing from him. When he returned he found John, world-famous. To explain he recorded a song, "That's My Life". But this story explains it better . . .



Freddie didn't realise that his son was one of the world famous Beatles. "People kept saying to me when the Beatles were in the papers nearly every day, 'We're sure that's your son Fred'. And, eventually I discovered it was. You know, I wouldn't have come forward as I did. I was going to leave things as they were. But I couldn't. Things were being written about me, lies, everything was getting twisted. I came forward to tell my side of the story, not for money but so everyone could know the truth."

He's hurt that people think he's just cashing in on his son's name. "I know a lot of people think so, but it's not true. I have no reason to change my name, have I? It's no gimmick. The words of my song came naturally and sincerely, and that proves it."

His last job working at the Ship Hotel, at Shepperton, is where he met his managers, Tony Cartwright and Tom Jones. Tom and Tony would tell Freddie that his voice was still as good as ever—he's been singing for years now in his own right, organising ship concerts, and has sung in places like New York and Montreal. "Why don't you make a record?" they continually asked. And he followed their advice. Freddie laughed, "I told John that I was the first one to take the Liverpool sound to America!"

He seemed very pleased and amused when he heard that John said he would buy a copy of his record. "I was hoping he'd buy twenty-thousand copies, then I'd be able to knock the Beatles off the top of the Hit Parade—that would be a laugh!" In fact, every mention of John seemed to light him up.

What would he do if he did earn a lot of money? "I want to get a little business with a house attached. I have no home at present. I wouldn't marry again. A new mother for John would just about be the last straw with him, I know. I wouldn't do that."

He says his son's feelings still matter to him. He doesn't want to embarrass or annoy him, for there's been too much of that in the past. He's fond of John, and wants to stay friends. Losing a son is something that happened, but he's trying to make it a little bit better—even if it means they stay just friends. . . .

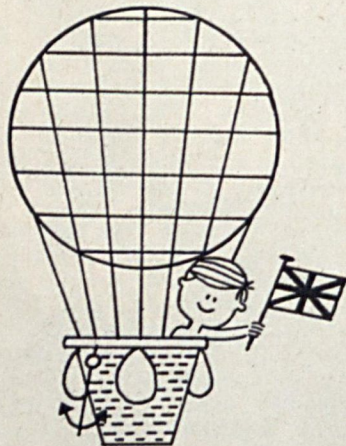
MAUREN O'GRADY

RAVE'S

Here's the most exclusive Chart on the pop scene **RAVE'S WHETHER CHART**. The Chart which finds out whether discs already in the Hit Parade deserve to be there!

WHETHER CHART

FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY



GOING
UP

BRIGHT SPOTS

The only dark spots around when Dusty Springfield is on the record scene are the two patches of mascara under her eyes!

Everything else is so bright, it's dazzling. Just like her new record, "Little By Little".

Written by Bea Verdi who wrote "In The Middle Of Nowhere" it's a sizzler.

It's got those delicious voices behind Dusty, as usual. Know who they belong to?

Kiki Dee, Madeline Bell—and Dusty!

Miss Springfield always double tracks her own voice on top of the backing group. It's a sort of good luck charm. So, if you think you're hearing two Dustys, you're dead right.

FORECAST: *Bright and clear.*

Talking about Bright Spots in the Whether Chart, how about Cilla Black? Her smile is like a ray of sunshine on those icy days. Brrr!

But, matching the smile, is her latest single, "Love Is Just A Broken Heart". This has that great, build-up ballad feel about it that Kenny Lynch and Mort Shuman write into their songs.

Cilla is a very determined lass. Do you know how long it is since she was featured on a single? Eight months. The last was "I've Been Wrong Before".

Why the long gap in a business where other artists shove out a disc every 13 weeks? Because Cilla won't record a single unless she thinks it has the chance of being a number one.

Whether it reaches that exalted position or not doesn't matter, she's got to feel that it has a chance. And this is the first one she's had that feeling about. Her manager Brian Epstein, and recording manager George Martin agree on this one.

Whether Chart forecast: *Bright and clear.*

We know The Righteous Brothers haven't been around for a little time, but their sound is the sound of the future. It's what's being called, "White Soul".

"Ebb Tide" is a well-sung song with solid thought-out harmonies superbly produced. What more could you ask every few months?

FORECAST: A welcome talent breeze.

Fontella Bass is seasonal because she's got the R & B sound that goes down well in clubs around this time of the year.

Her latest disc, "Recovery", is in the best Bass tradition. Beautifully sung. Gospel sound. It goes.

FORECAST: More heavy, and heavenly, showers of R & B.



WHETHER CHART

WHETHER CHART



WINDS OF CHANGE

Chris Farlowe is recognised on the London club scene as one of the best singers to ever grab a hand-mike. He has a rhythm-and-blues type voice which produces an exciting, jazzy, coloured sound. In clubs, it's a gas. Crowds go wild.

On record? So far, no dice in a big time way.

Now, look out for a possible wind of change.

The new title is "Think". Writers of the song—Mick Jagger and Keith Richard. It's a good one and could give Chris the push he needs.

FORECAST: *Bright.*

The Koobas had the unenviable task of going on stage just before the Beatles on the last British tour. But they pulled off a superb job and, as a result, thousands of fans all over Britain who went to hear the Beatles (correction: see the Beatles!) cheered the Koobas as well.

Like the Beatles, they come from Liverpool, have played the famous Cavern and are popular in Hamburg.

Like the Beatles, they also make good records—like "Take Me For A Little While". A first disc which should ensure that the pop scene takes them for a long, long time.

FORECAST: *Future could be as bright as the flower-patterned pants they wear. Watch out for them. They're going to be big news.*

Whether Chart's verdict on "Michelle", the Lennon-McCartney song from the Beatles' "Rubber Soul" LP—sensational.

It's a natural single and sure enough, it happened.

David and Jonathan don't try any clever tricks with the melody and they make a good job of it. The falsetto voice is a little bit weird.

FORECAST: *Little change.*

Next to give "Michelle" a whirl—the Overlanders. They speeded her up a bit and rounded a corner here and there. And a recent check on the Whether Chart barometer showed that several thousand copies a day of this version were crossing the counters.

FORECAST: *Everybody loves this "Michelle".*

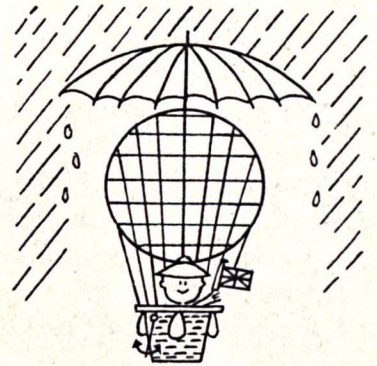
Crispian St. Peters is the name of a strange young man who reckons to have written about 70 love songs, usually about unhappy affairs.

One affair he must be happy about is his "You Were On My Mind", currently breezing up and down the Charts.

He reckons he wrote one song after a particularly bruising love affair that *no-one* will ever hear.

A great deal of the credit for this hit should go to the Pop Pirates for

FREAK OUTBURSTS



plugging it as they did.
VERDICT: *No rain.*

The Eyes have far-out group uniforms, if you can call them that. They have big eyes all over their sweaters and jackets.

They also use far-out instruments. Like a gong on their new record, "The Immediate Pleasure".

Terry Holder, one of the group, wrote this on a Tube train. The initials are, as you can see, TIP. The Eyes claim this an omen—tip for the top. Their sound? Very interesting.

FORECAST: *Eyes might soon be seeing blue skies.*



The Eyes—all eyes on them

ALAN FREEMAN / THE WHO

HEART-TO-HEART

New sounds, new ideas—things that have made The Who famous. Things that have also made The Who the most criticised group since the Stones first hit the scene. What do The Who think about it all? What other shocks and surprises have they got in store for the pop scene? Find out, as they tell Alan Freeman the truth about their generation. . . .



The times they are a-changing. The trouble is, they're changing too fast for that bunch of desperate individualists known as The Who.

No generation in history has ever whizzed as fast through such a breakneck succession of crazes and phases. And for a group whose policy is to stay always one jump ahead of the In-crowd, it's the hardest of hard going.

"I just don't know where we've got to," said Pete Townshend, the talk-man for The Who. "I suppose in one way we've got what we set out to get a long time ago—fame and acknowledgement.

"But now it's all sort of closing in on us and we feel more or less trapped. We thought we could evolve our own kind of music. Well, we *have* evolved it. But ever

since we got into the Charts, everything we're doing is in the pop context.

"And pop was the very thing we tried to break away from—in the old sense, anyway. We were playing rhythm and blues years before anyone here, even before the Stones. When other people started playing it, we dropped it.

"It's always been like that with us. Whatever we're doing at the moment, we change to something else as soon as others get in on it."

So as far as The Who are concerned, the pop art image that stunned listeners last summer with things like "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" is already a dead carcass.

Like obsessed scientists in a horror film, they were up till four o'clock in the

morning experimenting with amplifiers, tape recorders and new mike combinations, searching endlessly for newer musical forms that would reflect nobody's ideas but their own.

Where that search has led them up to now, they are not certain. "We're beginning to feel frustrated," Pete said morosely. "We've spent fortunes on equipment. In fact, nobody in town will give us credit any more, except one or two shops who understand what we're trying to do."

It's a funny thing about England that the ordinary bloke in the street can see violence done to the human body in all sorts of ways—bar-room fights, a thump-up in a dance hall, a vicious war like Vietnam—without ever feeling that it



concerns him. But immediately a bit of property is smashed up he goes potty and cries out about senseless destruction.

I reckon it's this unfortunate national knack of putting higher values on things than on people that has made The Who the most unpopular group in pop. When Pete crashes his guitar into an amplifier and Keith Moon demolishes yet another set of drums, they strike a mortal blow at the local reverence for property.

Younger fans treat it as a thunderously noisy game, no more serious than a kid knocking down a house of toy bricks he's just built. The people who get really angry about The Who are the kind who spend all Saturday morning polishing their scooters, lavishing on bits of metal the love they ought to be giving to people.

I've noticed that The Who have another strange following they may not be aware of. Show business tends to attract quite a few gamblers and reformed villains who turn up at various parties and first nights. And I've heard some of them raving about The Who's records.

It occurs to me that maybe if some of these ex-hoods had the chance when they were younger of using up their violence as harmlessly as The Who do, they might have lived happier lives.

Troubled Eardrums

"I'd say we probably take it easier in our personal lives than a lot of other groups," said Roger Daltrey. "We use up so much juice in our act that we haven't got all that much energy left over for going wild afterwards."

"Yeah," said Pete. "It takes it out of us physically. It's beginning to affect our eardrums."

"Eh?" said John Entwistle.

"I said it's beginning to affect our eardrums," roared Pete.

"I don't like rum," shouted John. "I'll have a Scotch and coke."

"What Scotch bloke?"

Roger grinned and said, "Gagging apart, it's true. You'd be surprised how many people in groups get trouble with their hearing."

I took Roger's word for it. He used to be a steel worker, so he ought to know something about noise levels.

With Keith Moon ill, The Who were temporarily reduced to three. We sat around in the big living room of my apartment, sipping our drinks and watching the pale winter sun set through the tall windows.

"Maybe I was painting a black picture when I said we don't know where we're going," Pete said after a while. "Thinking it over, we're beginning to get more normal reactions from the audiences.

"Before, we could only count on that in specialised areas like Leicester, Stevenage and a few other places. Everywhere else

THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR GENERATION

it was 'Let's go and dig The Who with their funny noises and their pop art sweaters.' Now we're getting a much better reception everywhere we go. Which knocks us out, of course. It makes us feel we're reaching people at last."

"There is a way of getting round to most people," said Roger. "For example, we've played all the big thick rocker areas. We know where they are and we wouldn't ever play there again, because we once publicly announced we were mods who play mod music."

Not Mods

"In Barrow-in-Furness we played for the first half-hour to a literally, empty hall. Then there was this onrush of drunken blokes from the pub next door and they let us have it with bottles, pennies and everything. They didn't care what they hit. And some of them got annoyed when we ducked the bottles and they accused us of using swear words in front of their young ladies."

"Greenock, in Scotland, is another place we wouldn't touch again. Let's just say we were most embarrassed there."

I pointed out that at most times on this unfair little round planet of ours, not everyone will accept change as readily as most of the population would like, although the current scene is changing, pioneers have had to suffer for bringing the new message.

"Yeah, but we were bringing it to what we knew was the biggest part of the audiences," said Pete. "The mod audience. But when we found out that mods were just as conformist and as reactionary



Roger: "We're not kids."



Keith Moon with his mum. Illness kept him from having his say with the rest of the group.

as anyone else, we moved on from that phase too. We announced that we were ex-mods and that we were finished with all that label stuff."

Roger nodded agreement, and Pete continued: "It was just stupid dividing a hippy generation down the middle with this nonsense about mods and rockers. It was wasting everyone's time, particularly the groups' time."

"Okay," Roger said, "but what can you do about it? With us, it's a question of where we come from. We come from down South, around Shepherd's Bush. Everything's happening around London. The television centre's up the road. You're in the middle of things."

"Up the North they're still just thick. Who cares what they have to say? I don't mean Manchester or places like that, but—well, like Barrow-in-Furness. You'd have to be thick even to live there."

I said, "You're probably bored to death with this one, but what was the real beginning of this routine with smashing up your instruments and so on?"

Destructive Art

Pete shrugged patiently. "Well, I said once—and it was printed everywhere—that it happened one night when I turned round and hit the amplifier with the neck of my guitar by mistake, so that I had to do it again to cover and eventually it stayed in."

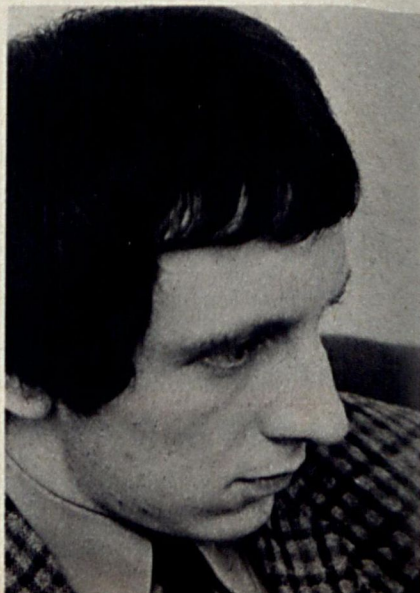
"Actually, though, it goes farther back than that. I started to take an interest in destructive art when I was a student at Ealing College of Art. I was knocked out

by this Austrian geezer who was working in England at the time—I forget his name now. He used to make pictures by burning the canvas away with acid and what was left was . . . well, the art part."

"He had another idea of putting up statues with weak foundations so that they'd all fall down inside a year."

"Like Tinguely," I said. "Ever hear of him? The Swiss sculptor who used to destroy pianos. He got a thousand people together one night in the Rockerfeller Plaza in New York and blew up a piano with explosive charges in the name of modern art."

"Yeah," said Pete. "That sort of jazz."



Well, one way and another, I got this idea of auto-destructive music. A group which destroys itself on the stage playing quite valid music."

"We tried it out with me slamming the guitar into the amps. Keith pounded his drums into smithereens and hurled them into the audience and the audience threw them back."

"I couldn't think of anything to contribute," Roger said modestly. "So I scratched the speaker column with my fingernail. It made the best row of all."

"But it worked out," said Pete. "The last chords were struck and we put down the guitars and we walked off. They were astounded, and a few laughed at first. Then they began to clap, and that was it."

The cost of the ruined instruments appalled The Who's co-managers, Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp, they took some convincing but eventually it was recognised as a 'Who' landmark which would eventually draw the fans and so after several arguments these tactics became part and parcel of the group's performances.

Group Split

"It keeps us continually broke and in a state of mental nervousness," said Pete. "It's cost me over two thousand quid in guitars alone so far. I've had five Rickenbacker twelve-strings, whereas George Harrison's very proud of the fact that he's had one."

Roger said, "They close the music shops in the Charing Cross Road when they see us coming." Not only did the music shops refuse to have anything to do with this new auto-destructive mood but The Who found their welcome in the insurance companies was equally dusty. Originally their instruments were insured against "malicious damage." But when Pete tried to claim for his latest slaughtered guitar the companies said no.

"Then one of them agreed to pay if we could prove I broke it on purpose," he said. "The bloke said it indicated some state of mental deficiency. But the hire-purchase people found out who I was and now we can't get away with it any more."

I asked the boys about the constant reports of trouble and dissension within the group. John smiled quietly. He had said very little all afternoon to compete with Pete's ceaseless gusher of ideas and opinions.

"Do you feel left out?" I said. "Are you the oyster on the rock?"

"No fear," said John. "I'm the anchor of this lot. I'm the solid one in this terrifying organisation."

Pete said, "The truth is that we started as a dead loss group doing normal stuff. I wanted, like a kind of desperation, to try for wilder techniques and wilder statements than what we were doing. This



Pete: chief spokesman as well as ideas man.

led to each of us in the group being split inside himself, half for it and half against it.

"Some of us said, 'The reason people come to hear us is to hear pop entries.' And the others wanted to educate the audiences to accept something a bit farther out, to the point where we were offering them ridiculous stuff."

"We were all coming up with fantastic ideas. Everyone in the group had fabulous propositions, but they all revolved around things which needed money. When we were playing at the Marquee in London we could do anything we liked, but now we've been broken down."

Endless Arguments

"Everything we do is in the context of pop music, even the LP we made. We're getting pop audiences and we're just not the same. Now I think we're up against it. You see, you've got to admit it. Sooner or later, you know you can't go any farther. You've got to admit you can't communicate to other people something you're not sure of yourself."

"We were never sure of what we were doing. We just knew we were blindly going on. So obviously there was bound to be friction among us from time to time."

I asked them how the word got around about the supposed trouble between members of the group, and whether or not they regarded the rumours as valid.

Roger said, "Pete started a lot of it by talking to a bird from a music paper."

Pete put down his drink and protested, "I told her we didn't get on, but she wrote it down that we hated each other."

"It all sort of blew up from there," Roger said. "I don't think we hate each other. We've all got so many different points of view. The group is not a lot of sheep. Sure, we have endless arguments. But we're not kids."

"At least when we argue we listen to one another. But if anybody happens to listen in on us having a barney it's blown up into something big, like the time in Denmark when the press saw us quarrelling over a couple of things. They made it sound as if we were at each other's throats all the time."

"I'll tell you one thing," said Pete. "Any arguments we have always start over ideas. But they don't stop there. Personalities get mixed up in it. It ends up with us criticising the words we use, the drinks we like, the kind of cigarettes we smoke, the way we walk."

Persistence

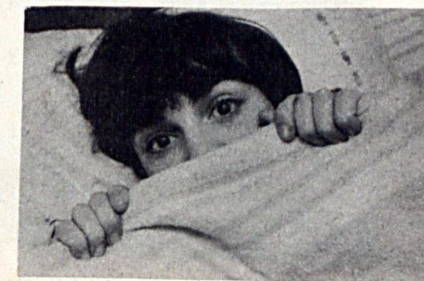
"It was bad about six months ago, but I think we've got past that. It's fine now." John and Roger nodded.

"It doesn't matter in the long run," Pete said. "Eventually we're going to destroy ourselves as a group. It has to happen some time. You can't wrap yourself up in someone else's life twenty-four hours a day for ever."

But for the time being The Who remain as a unified team, to probe who knows what new frontiers of musical space. Strange new instruments and even stranger sounds are already on their way. Now the first launch of unidentified sound has hit the jackpot for the Who will the new generation of sound be acceptable to the new generation in audiences? The groups who are the first to play them will need courage and persistence . . . the same kind of guts that has taken The Who through the storms of bottles and pennies from idiots who wanted pop to stand still for ever.

Till next month, pop-pickers . . . stay bright!

And so to bed. . .



THIS IS WHERE IT'S AT!

The pages that bring you the latest news on the pop scene!



Following my announcement a few weeks ago that Hilton Valentine needed a navigator for his car—you may all stop looking. Hilton wrote his saloon off after a crash near Baldock recently.

"I was going back up to Newcastle to see a horror film," says Hilton, "Suddenly I ran out of road!" Tell that to the Judge.

Four months ago a small, quietly spoken American came up to see me at my office with a copy of his LP on which he has written all the numbers. He was a folk singer. For months after I raved about him and his songs and particularly one track "The Sound Of Silence" which I mentioned to independent record producer Scott Engel amongst others.

SANDIE A FAILURE

Hope for all of us who enter those quiz-competitions labelled "Find Out If You Are A Success" and discover we are morons.

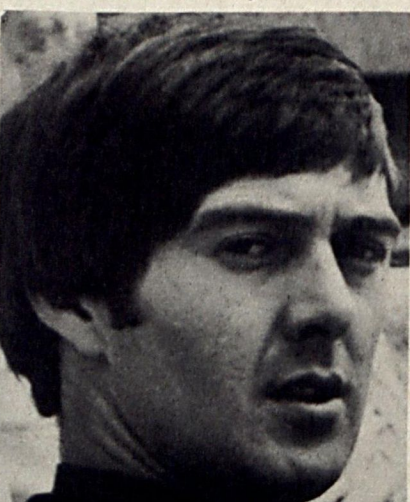
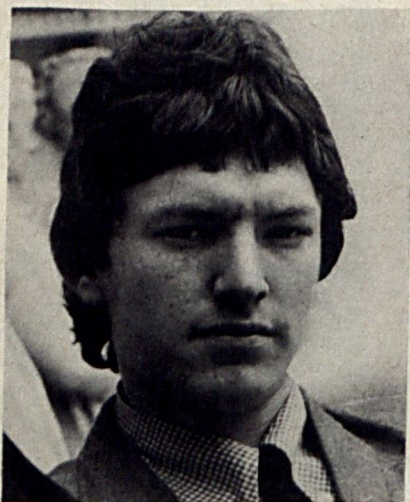
Sandie Shaw entered a newspaper competition titled "Find Out If You Can Be A Cliff or Sandie".

"I scored five points after answering the questions," said Sandie "and the advice was that I shouldn't even sing in my bath!"

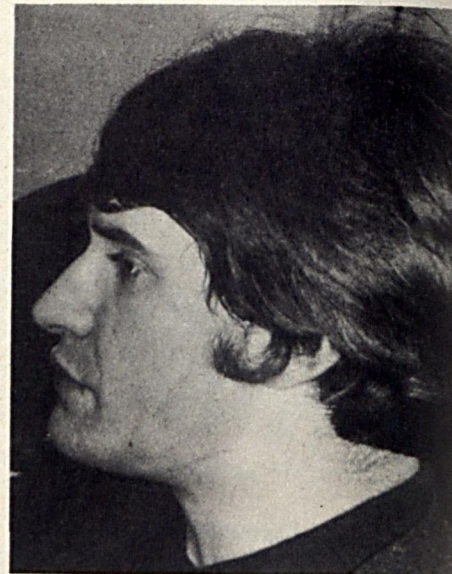
"I have no confidence in myself," Paul Simon told me. "I think everything I do is rubbish when I see or hear it again."

At the end of December Paul flew back to the U.S. after spending six months here in relative obscurity. The reason was that "Sound Of Silence" was number one in the U.S., sung by himself and his friend Garfunkel. Now I can say it. I told you so!

Spencer Davis spent an interesting Christmas on a tug boat! "It was great," enthused Spence phoning me later from his Birmingham home. "The tug has a built in radar system with a radius of 20 miles and I steered by that at night." P.S. Vocalist Stevie Winwood passed his driving test first time over the Christmas holidays.



Spencer Davis (right): An Interesting Christmas. Steve Winwood (above): Passed Test.



KINK TO HELP ELVIS

Ray Davies has written the title tune for Elvis Presley's next film at the request of El's music publishing firm. There has been no confirmation as to whether the composition has been accepted but the film's producer, Joe Pasternack is reported to be delighted with it.

"I'm also doing some experimental work in the pop field," revealed Ray. "Pop music stopped progressing with the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" I want to build upon their achievement.

"At present I'm working on an album with an artist friend which will include narratives in the middle of numbers and introduce full orchestral pieces where the song requires. The numbers are jazz influenced."

Keith Moon of the Who (who carries an axe in his suitcase for emergencies) has been officially banned from compering RSG. Reason was something he said unintentionally to Cathy McGowan on the show.

Manfred Mann is currently working on an instrumental EP of jazz arranged pop songs. The disc is to feature tunes like "Hello Dolly" and drummer Mike Hugg is expected to play vibes on a couple of the tracks. Vocalist Paul Jones is reported to be "delighted" with the idea.

Publicist Ray Williams returned from America where he had been staying with Sonny and Cher, having been kissed by Nancy Sinatra, mobbed at an American football stadium ('cos he is British and has long hair) and married and divorced in 48 hours in Mexico. Now he wants to go back and live there—somehow it figures!

I'm organising a petition to stop Jonathan King wearing his Donovan cap. Give your ten good reasons why Jonathan King should not wear his folk fiasco and write them on bus tickets to reach me c/o RAVE not later than tomorrow. There will be a prize for the most rude answer.

At the Walker Brothers' flat recently I caught a glimpse of the mystery girl in Gary Leeds' life. He extracted a beautiful petite blonde from an adjoining room and introduced us.

"This is Mike," said Gary. "Mike this is Sue."

"Hello Mike," said Sue.

"That's enough," instructed Gary and she vanished again. I can say no more—he might "sue" me. Ugh?



Sonny and Cher have gone all expensive looking. Along with very expensive gold bracelets and rings they now wear very expensive clothes and pay up to three hundred dollars for a pair of white chamois leather trousers!

Chas Chandler seen jigging around the dance floor more often than is usual of late. The reason seems to be dark haired minor singing sensation Ayshea who is the major attraction most nights at the Ship in Wardour St. which is the Animals blasting off place for the clubs.

I can reveal that they are not secretly married, engaged or divorced.

Plans are going ahead for Georgie Fame's first film to begin shooting later this year. The film is titled "Games" and Georgie will write the musical score and appear as himself with the Blueflames. It is a musical about the life and progress of a girl born in 1939.

WALKER'S MOVE

Following Scott and Gary's move from their flat in Chelsea to separate apartments in St. John's Wood, it now seems that John will have to move from his flat in Regents Park because of his dogs.

"My two alsatian bitches are just growing too large," John told me. "Every morning they take my wife Kathy out for her walk and they broke every leather lead that I bought for them. They're so active it's not true—I've got to get a bigger place. I've been looking around in the Reigate area—you haven't seen a vacant castle there have you?"

IN THE PINK?

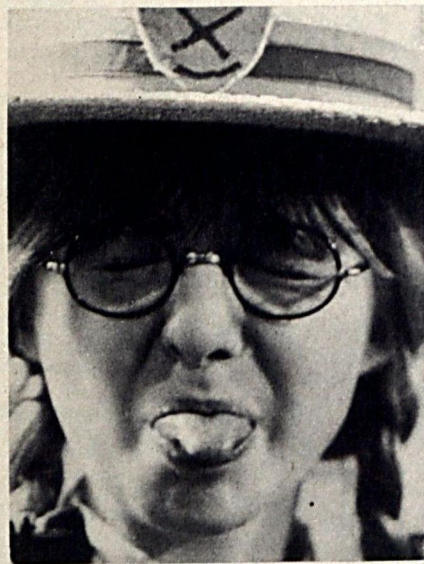
Five boys from Rugby have hit the high spots with their very first record, "Mirror, Mirror", and although people laughed and joked about their name at first—Pinkerton's Assorted Colours—the joke's on them now!

Sam Pinkerton-Kempe, vocalist, and Dave Halland drummer wrote this number, and with the help of their own sound, an electric harp, they're going places but fast! The name of the group comes from Sam being a descendant of Sam Pinkerton, who sailed to America on the Mayflower in 1612, and the fact that the boys have always gone in for a large variety of coloured clothes. The electric harp is pretty original, being the only one in the country!

Sam says, "Ever since we spotted it in an old shop everything's been going our way. The day after we bought it we made 'Mirror, Mirror', and now it's our lucky symbol. That's why we don't like to talk about it too much!"

The group may well be in the pink but their bank balance is soon going to be very much in the red, for they're going to buy an old Rolls Royce (costing about £2,000) to travel around in!

Sam, Dave, and the rest of the boys—Tom Lang, Tony Newman and Barry Bernard—are also planning their very own trip to America. But not on the Mayflower. That's just a bit too slow for these fast movers!

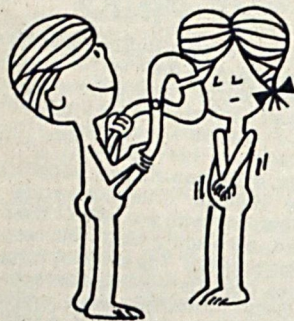


NEW GIRLFRIEND FOR A BEATLE?

No, it's just the same one, Jane Asher, as she appeared in a recent play, 'The Happiest Days of Your Life'.

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT...

It's surprising how much little things can mean... The few words your boyfriend whispers as you're saying "goodnight" can mean so much more than the lovely present he's just bought you. A little kiss can make you forget all your big problems. It's just the same with beauty routines... Often it's the little things that do most for the finished effect. Here are some little things that are important...

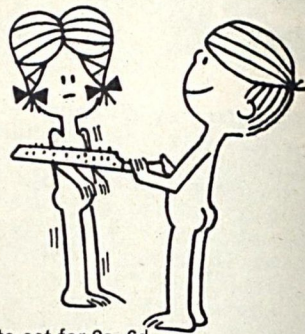


EYEBROWS

Until you've got the knack of plucking your eyebrows it can be painful, but the more you do it the less it hurts. A menthol stick (obtainable from your chemist for a few pence) rubbed over the brows first helps to deaden the pain. Only the stray hairs above and below your brows should be removed—don't try and alter their shape. Use a pair of clean, pointed tweezers and make short sharp plucks. Do this after a bath—you'll find this less painful. Never shave your brows.

MANICURES

Before you start your manicure here's what you'll need. Oily polish remover, an orange stick, an emery board, cuticle remover, cotton wool, nail strengthener or base coat, nail polish. Remove old polish with a pad of cotton wool soaked in oily polish remover. Soak hands in warm soapy water. Massage cuticle oil or cream, Cutex do an excellent one, into cuticles. With a cotton-wool tipped orange stick soaked in cuticle remover gently press back cuticles. File nails with an emery board rather than a metal file—file in light upward strokes, never saw nails. Carefully apply base coat or nail strengthener and leave to dry thoroughly before applying polish. Two coats of nail varnish are best, three if it's the frosted type. Have you tried Op nails yet? Miner's make the complete set for 2s. 6d.



Don't forget to use hand cream—soft hands are pretty and good to hold! If you suffer from breaking or splitting fingernails there are all sorts of products that will completely cure your nails given time... one such product is Mavala, this has to be used every time you manicure. Another good product is Diamond Voss.

UNWANTED HAIR

A surprising number of girls seem to think that it's only necessary to remove superfluous hair in the summer when sleeveless dresses and swimsuits are worn. This is a big mistake for not only does body hair look unsightly but it harbours perspiration and can lead to body odour.

Electrolysis is the most permanent method of ending superfluous hair and is most suitable for people with facial hair. This is an expensive process but if you feel you need it then your doctor is the person to consult.

Waxing was the original form of hair removing and from this method depilatories have developed. There are many good depilatories available today and some of them are suitable for use on the face. Regrowth after this method is softer and slower than after shaving. Excellent depilatories are Nair, Medac and Veet O.

If you prefer to use a razor then give dad's a rest and buy a small ladies' razor. Do be careful to use lots of lather and always dry the razor thoroughly after use to prevent rust.

FACE PACKS

All skins need a regular boost so make a weekly face pack one of your beauty habits. Before you apply a face pack your skin must be perfectly clean so start with a thorough cleanse with cold cream or cleaning lotion. Massage the cream or lotion into your neck as well as your face in light upward strokes with your finger tips.

Remove all the grease from your skin before you apply the mask. If your skin is oily or normal there are a large variety of packs on the market to suit you, examples of these are Christie's Lanolin, Valpac or Innox's White Mask. If you prefer it you can make your own face pack: Fuller's Earth mixed to a paste with an astringent lotion (if your skin is greasy) or a skin tonic (if skin is



normal) makes an efficient mask.

If your skin is very dry all that is needed is a cream face pack consisting of a nourishing cream like Innox's Overnight Cream.

The pack should be left on your skin for fifteen to twenty minutes and during this time you should be completely relaxed so lay on your bed and close your eyes in a warm atmosphere if possible.

After twenty minutes remove the dry paste with warm damp cotton wool or in the case of a pure cream pack, dry cotton wool and pat a little astringent or tonic lotion onto your skin. Before applying your make-up allow your skin to relax for half an hour.

If you suffer from spots and blackheads an excellent pack is Grain Fin by Lancome.

A very good cleansing gel which works much the same as a face pack has just come on the market. It's called Fresh Start and it's made especially for greasy skins, at 4s. 6d. It's an excellent skin protection too!

NIGHT CARE

When you come home late after a date it's a bit of an effort to have to start thinking about skin care and cleansing. But it really is worth the effort in the long run. Sleeping with make-up leads to dull skin and often spots and blackheads. Every night before you go to bed cleanse your skin thoroughly, tone it and then use a little night cream. There are in fact night creams for all types of skin but the more oily your skin is the less cream is needed. It is most important to remove every scrap of make-up from your face before applying night cream, if you fail to do this the stale make-up will cause spots and skin blemishes.

If your skin is dry use a rich greasy cream like Helena Rubinstein's Night Cream, if it's inclined to be oily a light lotion will suit you more—Oil of Ulay is excellent. For a more normal skin try Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

FOOT CARE



Just as you care for your hands care for your feet. This means regular manicures (pedicures) and perfect cleanliness. A very good product for removing dry hard skin is "Pretty Feet". To keep your feet fresh and cool try Dr. Scholl's Foot spray. Always massage feet well after a bath to improve circulation.

TEETH



It's fantastic the number of people (male and female) who'd rather withstand a week's hard labour than pay a twenty minute visit to the dentist. But if you are one of these people I'm afraid you'll just have to learn to put your appearance before a little discomfort every now and again, because there are not many things that ruin your looks and personal freshness as much as bad teeth. Bad teeth get discoloured and cause bad breath so clean them regularly and visit your dentist for a check-up at least every six months. For a once in the while freshener try salt on your toothbrush. But we mean once in a while!

LIPS

To me the word lipstick always conjures up bright reds and flame colours and I'm afraid flame-coloured lipstick just doesn't go with the RAVE look! But don't throw them away just change their look completely with one of the new gloss or frosted lipsticks over the top. Protecting your lips is just as important as protecting your skin, Lypsyl at 1s. 0d. is a very good protection or use lipsticks (especially in the winter to avoid cracked lips) that give a slight colour to your lips or the new Shimmer lipsticks by Goya that give a soft pearly look at 6s. 6d. Brown lipsticks look really great with a colourless pearlised lipstick over the top.



PERFUME

Perfume is a luxury that no lady (young or old) should do without. It's very feminine, adds a touch of mystery and usually has a favourable effect on the opposite sex. Choose your perfume carefully and only test three at a time or your sense of smell gets confused. Apply perfume at all pulse points, or soak a little cotton wool and tuck it in your bra, makes undies smell gorgeous! Some people like to stick to the same perfume but personally I think a change is more fun. My perfume of the moment is Memoire Cherie by Elizabeth Arden—it's great! (Handbag size costs 27s. 6d.)

KNEES

With skirts still a good four inches above them, knees are a pretty important feature at the moment. Keep them soft and smooth by a weekly massage with body or hand lotion. If they're on the plump side bicycling exercises should slim them. If they're knobbly then general leg swinging exercises will help. Ankles also should be kept in trim—make large circles with your foot without moving your leg, this will help enormously.



Worried about any little thing? Then don't worry about it unnecessarily, drop a line to beauty girl Trilby Lane at RAVE, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. And she'll tell you all you want to know.

MY BIRDS AROUND THE WORLD

BY
GENE
PITNEY

SCOOP! Gene Pitney talks to RAVE's Jackie Harlow about some of his international experiences with girls. Read on and see how high English girls come on his list!

Attack is the best form of defence, especially when you're not sure whether your subject is going to fall for the kind of interview in mind.

And even more especially when you get that subject alone in a New York hotel room late at night, and ask him to discuss "Birds Around The World"—or "How to make friends with and influence girls!"

Thus, when RAVE's Editor wired that this was exactly the kind of piece wanted from Gene Pitney, and added that he'd started talking about this fascinating subject when last in London, I revolted!

We all know and love Gene very much, but, after all I reckoned, I'm a bird, and supposing he tried any of his tactics with me?

Taking the bull by the horns, I stumbled across our subject lying flat out on the couch in the living-room of his hotel suite, watching TV.

First hint. Gene was completely surrounded by such magazines as "Time", "Life", "Newsweek", "Look" and the "New York Times." Later, he explained, "Every time I step off the plane at Kennedy airport, the first thing I do is buy as many topical magazines as possible. Then I spend the next two days reading them thoroughly. By being aware of what's going on, I can be at ease with people—even girls."

Why, I enquired politely, did Gene open his mouth to RAVE, and land me in the thick of this?

This will never get into print, but the reply was, "I had one of those three hour lunches with your Editor, and after much el vino I found myself sloshed enough to open up about some of my international experiences.

"I should have realised that when RAVE decides to do something, they'll go to the ends of the earth to work on a hunch . . .

"Here's an example. Not



"English and American girls are very different in their relationships."

knowing that I was to lunch with RAVE on that particular day, I made a lunch-date with a girl friend who I couldn't see at any other time. When I found out about the RAVE lunch-date, I called the hotel doorman, and told him to send up whoever got there first! Luckily, my other lunch-date found out in time, so we cancelled."

Does Gene find it difficult to fit girls into his normally busy schedule?

"Let's put it this way. I love girls. But if I'm tired and someone calls me at 1.30 in the morning, I can turn down the offer of a date.

"English and American girls are different. Not so much in their mannerisms, but in the way they approach relationships with the opposite sex. In America, there's still a terrifically puritanical feeling and when I date, it's almost as if I have to protect the girl I'm with from any emotion, be-

cause she might not know how to deal with a situation.

"In England, I find the exact opposite applies. Girls have a very open attitude towards boy-girl relationships. I never have to put myself in an embarrassing position. I can be frank and straight."

One of Gene's most pleasant bird experiences came on his last trip to New Zealand.

"The owner of the theatre circuit, who also happens to control a magazine called "Playdate", invited me out to spend the day on his private island just outside Auckland.

"We had to go by hydrofoil, which is one of those small boats that take off. There was a pretty blonde girl on board who was standing on deck in a place usually reserved for the crew. Naturally, I went up to talk to her, and from here on the story reads like a romance out of a schoolgirl book. The hydrofoil kept bumping and so I put my arms around her to

protect her. I had to do it again when we got off the boat and into a tugboat which finally took us to the island.

"Lesley—that's her name, was very proud of the island. Her parents owned the general store and restaurant. As soon as we got off the boat she grabbed my hand, very innocently like she wanted me to see her home, and took me to the restaurant. There I met her sister, who's about 21 and a gas! After that, Lesley took me on a complete tour of the island, and in a cunning way, worked it so I'd miss the boat back to Auckland. I had two shows to do that night, and just made them in time via a charter plane."

Gene said it's always a problem overcoming the difference between him as a personality and as a boy when he dates.

"It's different in Europe, but in America I find that girls are ill at ease with me because they won't accept me



"I like to be direct with a girl."

● ● as a date, but only as a name.

"According to the environment of the country I'm in, I sometimes have to make an effort to put a girl at ease.

"I was just thinking about this subject the other day, and discovered two interesting things about myself. First, I think people go for my 'little boy' approach. Secondly, I've made it a habit to feel at home in every different country. When I get off the plane I belong in that country. That's why I won't stay at an American hotel in Rome. If you're downtown and you get lost, it's easy to go back to the Hilton, and find yourself in New York again. But at the Excelsior—that's Italy. Being in Italy, a country I love, gives me the incentive to behave as the Italians do. Same thing in England and France.

"I don't think there's too much of a difference between French and Italian girls. Les femmes Françaises need emotion in a situation, whether it's

for the moment or forever. They have to feel wanted.

"In Italy, the girls have that emotion, but La Mamma stops them from showing it openly. I think that approach is what keeps the Italian men so young."

Why does Gene Pitney think he's so successful with the opposite sex?

"I don't think I am any more than most people. It's just that my experiences have been world wide.

"Unfortunately, stop-offs in different countries can't be used as a criteria for my success.

"But one thing. When I'm with a girl, I like to get her to talk about herself. I also like her to be intelligent enough to have a conversation with me if I'm in the mood for it.

"I don't think I'm a romantic. I go for cosy atmospheres, but like to be direct with a girl.

"There was a situation in Paris, but that's completely unprintable . . .!"

Hello young lovers, and welcome to our special Calendar. We've brought it out especially for you. Whether you're in love with someone special or just in love with the world, we hope our Calendar will come in useful during the next twelve months.

Use it to mark that special date; to remind you of an important month; or just simply to dream through. For there are twelve glorious months ahead for the people whose year begins with February - the month of romance, and though that year may bring a little sadness, the occasional tear, we're sure that this year more than ever will bring you the things you want most. And whatever that may be - a dream come true, a new love, the return of someone dear, or a ring for your finger - we sincerely hope that you find it . . .

WORDS BY DAWN JAMES

calendar for lovers



scott

february

tues	wed	thurs	fri	sat	sun	mon	tues	wed	thurs	fri	sat	sun	mon
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Loneliness. Darkness. Silence. All these things remind us of Scott Walker. He is a cat who walks alone, a thinker. His mind is eager for knowledge on art, music and people. Yet he is unable to get close to the most important one—people. "If I ever find a girl I can get close to I'll marry her," he says. "I'm selfish, and moody, and I demand a lot. When she gives it, I don't give much back, I still shy away and keep my mind secret to her."

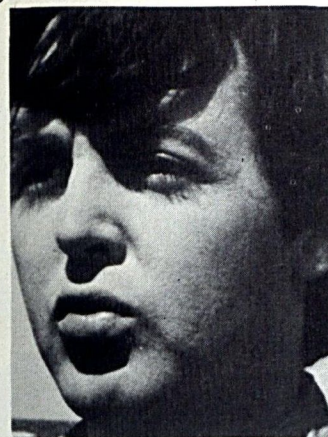


donovan

march

tues	wed	thurs	fri	sat	sun	mon	tues	wed	thurs	fri	sat	sun	mon
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31											

Donovan is a humanist and he will fall in love with a girl who loves people. She will be generous and warm-hearted and love the simple things of life. Don isn't mixed up at all. He works things out, and searches for the truth. He is a romantic, a lover of the sea. His emotions are roused by salt spray, the smell of granite cliffs, rain, wet grass. He is a dreamer whose eyes see beyond the office blocks of a city, the crowds outside a theatre. Don loves many people and one day will find one girl to love forever.



april

fri	sat	sun	mon	tues	wed	thurs
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Paul has the face of an angel, the smile of a mischievous choir boy who has just let a mouse loose during a sermon. He is very nervy, highly-strung, and strong-willed. He needs a girl who is cool, and determined, and can influence him. Paul's mother died when he was young, so he needs a lot of love. The fact that he is a Beatle has affected him very little, but he needs a girl who is someone in her own right, so that he can look up to her. Paul would be inclined to think less of a nobody. He needs consistency, because as a person he is inclined to dither.

For a boy like Paul life is crowded with faces, places, things to remember, songs to write, all which dance before his tired eyes in the evening's twilight. Paul is one of the lads when he's with the lads, but when he's with the right girls he is gentle and considerate and happy being himself. He is basically shy and on his guard. Inside he is not too sure of himself and doesn't mean to hurt.



Paul

may

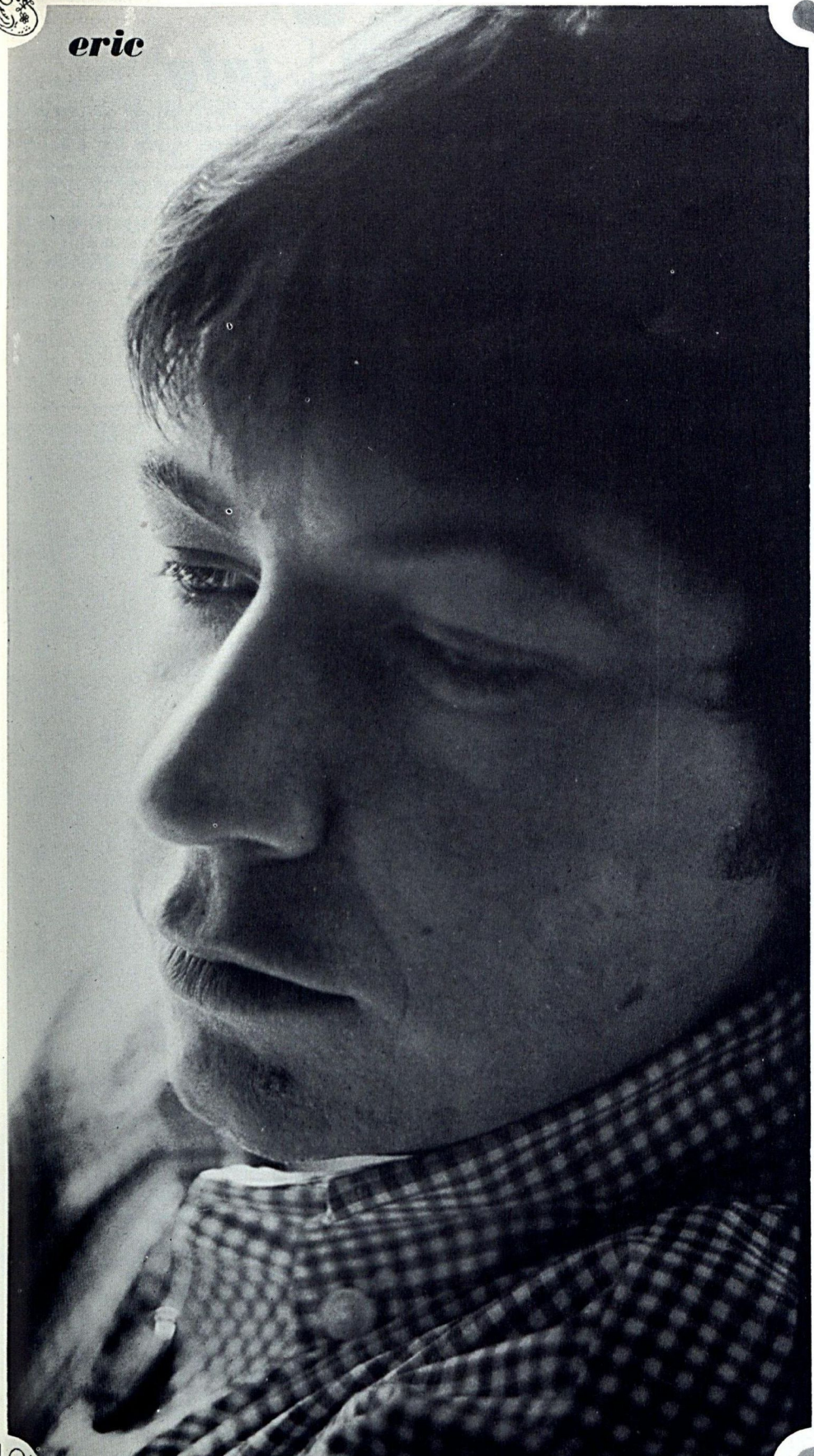
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Cliff is the original boy-next-door. He works hard and worries over his work. He behaves according to a generally accepted moral code. He needs love. He talks of marriage . . . "I want to get married. I worry over people who don't find the right partner. Sometimes fans outside the theatre worry me because they are well over twenty. I feel it wrong that they should be looking to me for something, because I can't give it to them. I can't marry them all, and that is what they need above all else."



cliff

eric



june

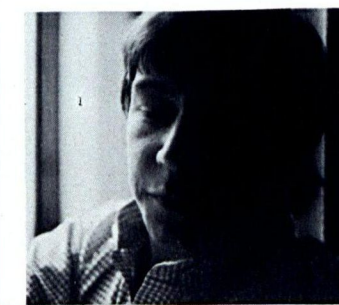
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Eric's kind of man falls for a strong-willed girl who keeps him running after her. He admires strength in others because he is so strong himself. He believes violently in equality of men and fights hate in any form. He looks like lots of other stocky Geordies but he thinks like only Eric Burdon. Eric is generous by nature and worries over those he is really fond of. Beneath the tough surface there is a big, soft heart.

Eric goes for the birds and gladly hugs those who jump onstage. He chuckles merrily at awkward situations. There is a sure strength about him, and a normality that makes it easy to picture him with a wife and kids, even while he is still a sex symbol.

He looks affluent, drives a sports car, dresses in big cuddly sweaters, and smiles big and broadly.

He never seeks publicity. Recently Eric turned down three engagements in one day, but later went secretly to do an Oxfam charity broadcast. Pop doesn't mean a lot to him, except as a means of singing to many people. He isn't impressed by fame. When asked to comment on it he said, "All I want to do is sing, I don't know about this fame thing."

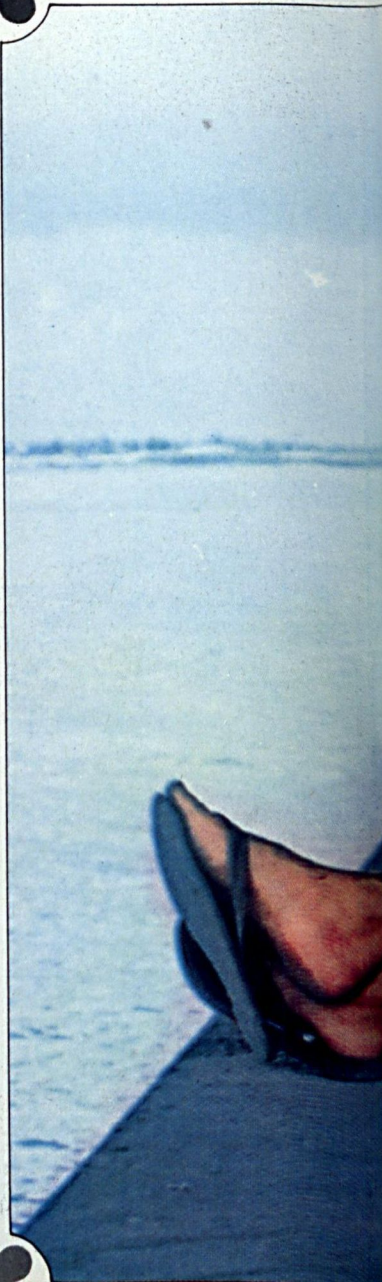




herman

july

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Herman's sense of humour outweighs all other qualities and when it comes to girls, he looks for those who will laugh with him. He needs a girl whose soul is lightly dusted in moon-madness and who will stroll hand-in-hand with him through the dark streets of a city. Herman needs loyalty from those around him. He is easy-going, but that doesn't mean he would settle for a bully of a girl. If he did, he would be unhappy. He is a joker who can be hurt. A friendly boy who can be lonely. But his ability to smile will see him through anything.

Herman tires of girlfriends quickly, and leaves them, though they don't always know. Herman loves freedom, and needs it.

august

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There are strong contradictions in Dave McCallum's character. One side of him is romantic; a man who wanders beside the sea in the middle of the night. The other side tears along a freeway, trying to cut two minutes off the time it takes him to get to work. He is a one-woman man who loves very deeply and stands by his love through all temptation.

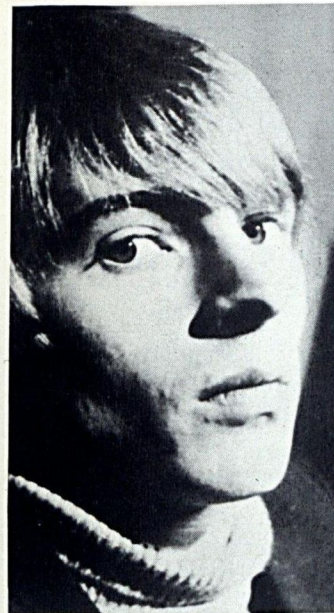


dave

september

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There is an arrogance about this King of Pop which shines in his dark eyes and the swing of his long hair. He is a shouter, a tyrant, yet a servant to his three dogs. He loves the devoted loyalty he gets from the dogs and believes that they are his only true friends. P.J. finds it difficult to trust a girl and when he does she will still have to go on proving she loves him for the rest of their life together. For, beneath his self-adoration, Proby needs someone else's love and reassurance.



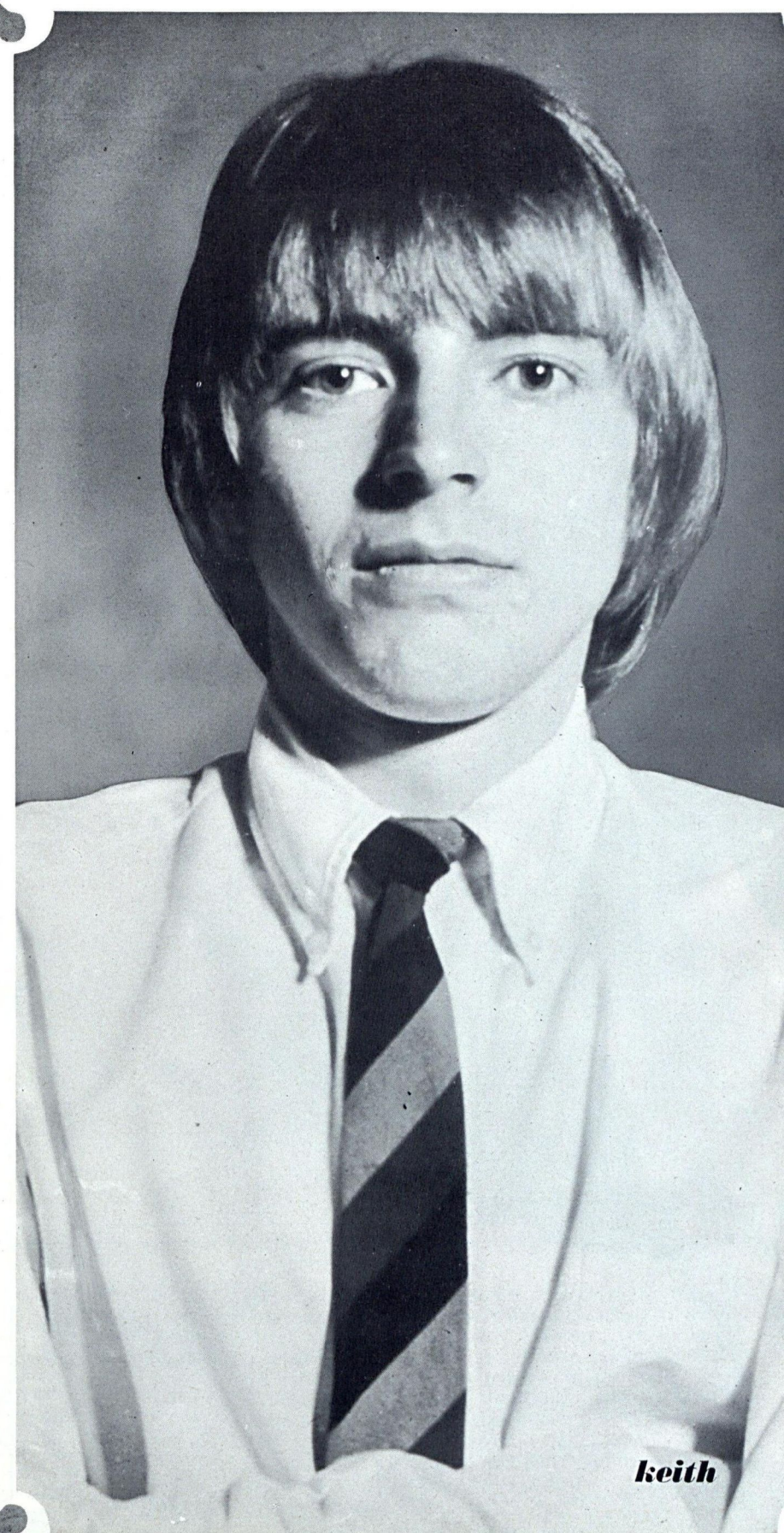
Moonlight on water. Pale sun creeping over a black horizon. Piercing blue eyes. Love. Keith Relf is a romantic, who needs a kind girl. He will always be boss in his own home, but he won't be a hard one. Keith is a lonely soul, looking for a partner. He doesn't need money or fame so much as beauty around him.

He is trusting. He talks freely to those he likes. He gets hungry often, and likes to eat sandwiches and pork pies during night train journeys. He likes reading curled up in a big arm-chair and evenings spent quietly in the company of a close and easy acquaintance.

He will never be completely happy because there is so much emotion in his soul. He doesn't like making decisions on his own, and it will be hard to get him to the altar.

october

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Keith



mick

november

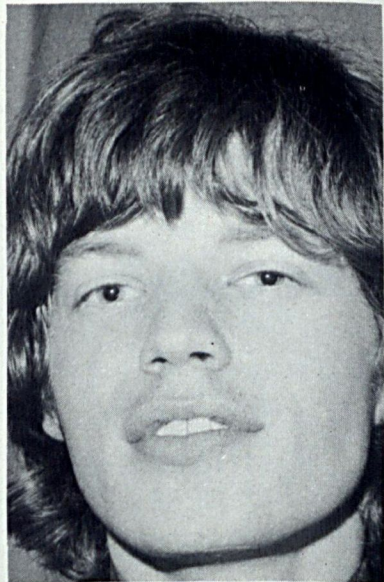
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Mick has soft blue eyes and a heart to match. He shouts a lot yet means it little. Mick is the kind of boy who loves one girl above all others and suffers because of it. He cannot switch off his love. He needs affection. He likes people to be sure of what they want. He is every bit an artist, and when he is working he is often temperamental.

Mick gets very depressed when he has to mark time, long waits in a TV studio can sometimes affect his performance. During live performances in theatres he gets consolation from the audience's reaction, and snaps out of the depression once onstage.

He doesn't sulk in public, and getting him away from his own company is a good way to cheer him up.

His life is crowded and he needs comfort and peace. He likes the idea of freedom, though what he really needs most is security.



sandie

december

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The brown hair sweeps in a curve towards the well-shaped chin. The blue eyes flash. "Don't start flattering me," say the delicate lips, "I like the truth." The girl, Sandie, is an honest person who seeks honesty in others. She warms to people who are truthful.

The kind of boy for a girl like Sandie should be sharp and strong-willed and rather brainy. Sandie has an artistic temperament, and being so attractive is used to getting her own way, yet, inwardly she admits, she craves for a man who will bully her.



paul

january

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Paul Jones is a joker who can be serious. He married very young, and has two children. He isn't scared of making decisions, or taking responsibilities. He likes money and works hard to get it. He doesn't spend it readily, and is satisfied with limited material things.

"Hello daddy, what fab gear, man . . ." he'll bite at someone trying to be hip. "I dislike false people, that's why. Why shouldn't I take it out of them?"

He has a big say in what dates the Manfreds take on. He gets the most fan mail, yet often he's the quietest. His quest for truth, his clear understanding of all he deals in, and his little boy smile, all add up to his success, public and personal.

There is a magic that exists between Paul and his audience, which has something to do with his long slender legs and the cheeky grin and the wide eyes. He is basically very friendly to those he trusts. If you stand by him when he needs you, he never forgets it.



the british boom-

The Great British Pop Boom in America has gone on for well over two years. But now, fewer and fewer British discs are getting into the American Hot Hundred. Is this the end of the line for our stars? RAVE'S U.S. agent Jackie Harlow has the answer ...

is it over?



Herman—to change his Yankee cap for a British bowler?

market ripe for White Soul. So far, all we can offer in this department are the Righteous Brothers, with a few new artists on the way up.

The whole British scene has been treated as a trend—a revolutionary one which could have laid the tracks to many new outlets in sound. We said it couldn't last. But it's now over two years, and it still hasn't run itself out completely. Other than the birth of

rock and roll, are there any other forms of pop parade music which have lasted this long?

The success of British records has been the most phenomenal in the industry and life of the Charts. It has been nothing short of sensational. If there are only five records in the Charts, it's still better than having none, or the occasional one. And it must be remembered that now

the sound barrier has been completely smashed, there will always be room for British talent—just as long as it's good or different enough to deserve a placing. No more the flying banners heralding every new release. Instead of all the hoo-ha, there will be automatic Chart placings for the good stuff and no room for the bad.

This state of affairs is typically American. Either you do something all the way or not at all. Perhaps American record buyers weren't discerning enough to separate the good from the bad, or maybe they'd been starved of a new sound for too long but if Britain creates another new sound, America will be here to promote it. Now our two countries are closely allied. Now we have no more problems with "cover jobs". Remember how it used to be in the past? Now we're buying the original sound—sometimes British, sometimes American.

Jay Black, leader of Jay and the Americans, who are the East Coast's answer to the Beach Boys, summed it up by saying, "Too many Americans have invested too much money for the British boom to come to a complete end.

"The Beatles started it, and they're still fantastic. Everything about them. Their songs, their performances, their image and their individual personalities.

"The Beatle influence is everywhere. And even in this country, it still has to be discovered in other British groups. Great British groups like The Moody Blues and The Hollies.

Original Sound

"But these groups are talented, and if they win in this country, it will be their own sound, and not a copy that makes it."

So don't despair. If there's even a week when there are no British records in the Charts, your reign won't be over. You've only just begun to make it, and there are several years of American success ahead yet for the old country!

JACKIE HARLOW

There was a week—not too long ago—when there was only ONE British record in the American Top Twenty. A state of affairs that caused great concern in England, particularly when, the following week, that number only increased to two.

Did this mean the big British Pop Boom in America was over? That from now on British stars in the American Hot Hundred were going to be scarce?

Hold it, fans, no need to turn on the panic button. It doesn't!

The day of the British success is not over. And if it's any consolation, no one over here thinks it ever will be. The mark British pop made was so deep and so cutting, that it's almost as if you've scared America into keeping you as our allies!

Just as Liverpool died in the British Charts, so only the original American successes, with just a few new records, have been repeated.

The Chosen Few

Now we dig talent. Talent such as The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Animals and The Yardbirds. We also dig the cute, like Herman's Hermits. We're crazy about the Dave Clark Five because they're one of the original groups to make it and because they're so good on stage.

Stage acts have become important. Personal appearances here can make or break an artist. But the old slogan still stands ... "You're only as popular as your last hit record" ... unless you happen to be among the chosen few.

The McCoys recently told me "Hang On Sloopy" is what the American scene would have become if it wasn't for the British invasion.

Young agent, Frank Barsalona, who handles a huge percentage of the groups in the current Charts—including Herman, The Animals and The Yardbirds, said that his concert promoters are very wary about taking British acts, even if they've had hit records. This is because of the floods of tours. Barsalona also says that The Beatles, Rolling Stones and Animals have now made the



The long and the short

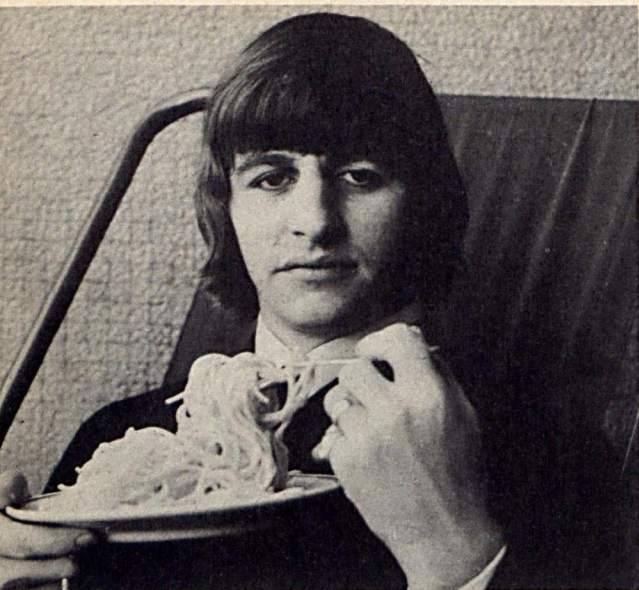
of a lunch-date with the Beatles



The long and the short of this particular Beatles' lunch-date was that the Beatles weren't exactly the world's champion spaghetti eaters! It's not that the four boys didn't like the stuff—they did. It was a question of HOW did they ever get to eat it!! Like their spaghetti, our story begins here and goes on . . .

■ When in Rome, do as the Romans do. That's the old saying—and the Beatles (non-conformists that they are) went along with the idea just for a laugh and a giggle! Every good Roman has his daily spaghetti, just as the Scotsman has his porridge. So, with two days to spend in Rome, John, Paul, George and Ringo decided to have a go at spaghetti eating at a special luncheon in their hotel. This all took place on the Beatles' last European tour. All over the Con-

tinent they went, tasting wine in Spain, delicate dishes in France, so it was only natural really that spaghetti in Italy was to be the next in line. The results rather bewildered the Italian photographer, as you can imagine, with comments like: "Is it dead?" from John, as he inspected a single strand from his plate. "No! One of them just wriggled off my fork!" George replied, looking rather dubiously at his mountainous pile. Ringo, meanwhile, had wound most . . .



of his spaghetti over his fork, and it was now progressing up his arm: "Get back you fools!" he shouted to the advancing white strands. Paul twirled on . . .

John, however, soon decided that the best way to win was to twist the spaghetti round his fork until it was the size of a candyfloss and then take big bites out of it, candyfloss-style—unsuccessfully we might add! His next move was to take a huge handful, hold it above his head—and

just let it all drop, well, most of it anyway, into his mouth. George nodded approval at John's move, "Yeah, John—think you're right—it's quicker by hand! Can't understand how Italians get fat—it'll take me a week to get this lot untangled, let alone eat it!"

Ringo, meanwhile, had been taking spaghetti eating tuition from an Italian girl present at the lunch. She was the President of their Italian fan club, and thought it only fair to help. Her name was Anna Maria

Cecchi, a cousin of Gina Lollobrigida, and naturally enough, an expert on the matter at hand.

Now spurred on to great things, Ringo started eating professionally from his plate and Paul's too—at the same time. A continuous stream of spaghetti going into his mouth.

"Beat that!" said John. They could not, so the other three retired (covered in most of their lunch), leaving Ringo as the champion of the day. A very unusual day in the life of a Beatle.



HOW TO RELIEVE A COLD

- ANADIN**
- Lowers Temperature *
- Relieves Pain Fast *
- Lifts Depression

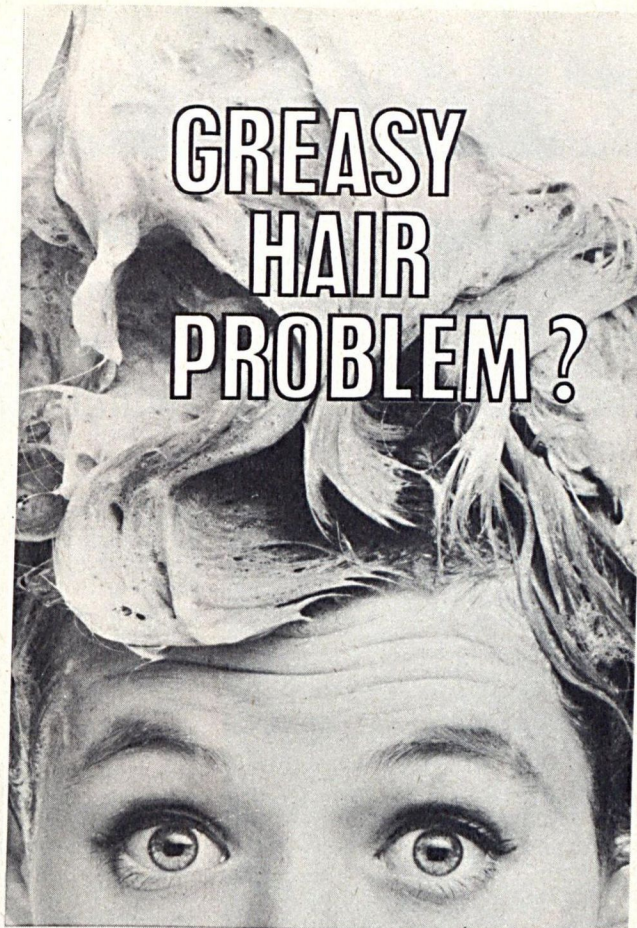
WATCH OUT FOR THE SIGNS A dry throat; sneezing; aching head and limbs; cold shivers; hot sweats; depression. All symptoms of a heavy cold or even a nasty attack of 'flu. You can't avoid colds or 'flu, but you can make yourself feel a great deal better—and soon.

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GREASY HAIR PROBLEM?



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PLAY THE ♀ LOVE GAME

Want to find yourself the perfect boyfriend? Then play the love game — the big new craze sweeping America which finds you your perfect date — computer style!

Once upon a time, there was either the story of the young, handsome Prince, or the one about the beautiful sleeping Princess. (Your choice depends on your sex. . . .)

Remembering, and figuring that I still haven't found my Prince, I received the news of 'Operation Match' with joy. O.M.? It guarantees to find your perfect date—computer style. It's one of those electronic gadgets into which you feed a questionnaire full of facts about yourself and the kind of person you'd like to spend a rainy Sunday afternoon with. The aim being that, if you dig each other enough, it might even stretch through the evening.

After having paid your \$3.00, and completed the forms, you sit back and await your fate, date or mate. 'Match' goes into operation three times a year; so, if you send your form back at the beginning of the season, you have a ghastly wait. Otherwise, it need only take two and a half weeks.

Just my luck. I blew the Fall season, (*Autumn to us. Ed.*) and now have to wait till Spring, and a new batch of willing contestants. But my rough luck didn't deter me from tracking down Mr. Gil Karton, a Harvard Business School graduate, who's in charge of 'East Coast Operation Match'.

Perfect Man

My birdbrain reckoned that he himself could be Mr. Right (something he'd pointed out over the telephone when I called him to fix a meeting), and that I'd better be ready for it.

I even spent \$10.00 on a new pair of eyelashes. One of my sneaky friends told me that Mr. Karton digs chicks with shoulder-length blonde hair, and as a Sassoon cut doesn't make it in that direction, I had to find something else which would distract his attention!

Gil Karton himself willingly subjected his dreams to Operation Match when it began early in '65. He emerged with something like eight blondes (all with shoulder-length hair), and is still dating one of them.

When I questioned him about the others, he replied, "How many blondes can you keep up with in four months?"

Mr. Karton is twenty-seven and very attractive (chemistry, not a computer worked that one out). I mean, he's got charm. He even offered to find me my perfect man within two weeks—if he didn't suit!

So who needs a computer? But I wouldn't have met Gil Karton if it hadn't been for 'Operation Match'. Therefore I figure it's a point in favour of that nice machine.

Allows for Lying

"'Operation Match' was devised by two Harvard undergrads, Vaughn Morrill and Jeff Tarr," said Gil staring dreamily at me across a vodka martini. "They worked out a questionnaire, that would describe the entrant and his/her ideal match, and then fed the whole thing into an IBM computer. The matching male and females were paired off."

Now this supposition has holes. For instance, supposing your ideal mate lives two thousand miles away? Or maybe he lied about himself and has a permanent squint?

"We allow for lying," said Gil. "The new questionnaire is so improved that if a girl says she's very attractive, but says a handsome man is not important, we check the other details on her form and discover one of two things. Either she's an offbeat type to whom looks *really* aren't important, or else she isn't very attractive, because generally looks *would* be important.

"Everyone is inclined to throw what they would be like into the question-

naire. For instance, maybe you'd really like to be an expert reader, and so you say that reading is your best interest, in the hope you might meet someone who shares your hobby." Gil Karton scowled seriously. "The computer doesn't profess to be one hundred per cent correct every time."

What 'Operation Match' does guarantee is that it will come up with at least five contenders for your ideal match list. After that, it's up to the pair of you. Or Cupid, darn it.

'Operation Match' was first tried out among students at famed Harvard University and Cambridge, Massachusetts. By the time the first deadline had been reached last Spring, eight thousand students from one hundred U.S. colleges had sent in their applications. From Vassar (an

all-girl college), four hundred and eighty-three girls sent in their names in the same envelope!

In the summer, 'Match' expanded to other parts of the country, and by Autumn, the number of love-lorn applicants had increased to thirty thousand. The system is particularly popular among college students, and the top age limit is twenty-seven.

"Publicity has helped," said Gil. "In Chicago, there was a front page piece in the Chicago Herald. In Cincinnati, one radio station promoted 'Operation Match' every hour on the hour over a twenty-four hour day seven days a week."

And what of its results? Student Vicky Albright, who was named "Miss Match of 1965", met a Harvard senior and flipped. They date con-

sistently. A couple from Newton, Mass., who met through the machine, wrote to 'Operation Match' and asked if the computer would be best man at their wedding!

Of course, not everyone can be this easily satisfied. One girl who met her perfect match, wrote to headquarters, and while thanking them, asked how she could get over the problem of her date living nine hundred and seventy-five miles away!

In the new questionnaire, they try to match entrants up with people who live fairly close.

Not only is 'Match' a fun dating system—all you really have to do is sit back and wait for the phone to ring—but it has its psychological points. For instance a twenty-five year old stockbroker from New York wrote, "Filling out that questionnaire told me a lot about myself. The self-analysis alone was worth the price . . ."

And it has its fun moments. One student wrote, "No forever relationships in last summer's projects, but send me a Fall application. Hope springs eternal. . . ."

Then there was the girl who said, "It's a great way to get around. How many dates can I get for one hundred dollars?"

No Chemistry

'Operation Match' is not a marriage bureau. Gil Karton says it's really a way of taking the blindness out of blind dates. If you want a tall blond type, or a short brunette, you'll get 'em. If you want a type whose interest is football and beer, you'll get him. If the guys are looking for model types, who are crazy about discothèques, the computer will do its obedient best.

The only thing it doesn't have is chemistry . . . and for me, that's one of the basic things about dating.

Like . . . no, Gil Karton and Jackie Harlow are *not* dating. . . .

Well, like the man said, "Hope springs eternal."

Jackie Harlow

P.S. *Strictly for laughs*, and light-weight romance RAVE hope to be getting a supply of 'Operation Match' questionnaires here in London. Any interested RAVE readers should look out for further news. We'll keep you well posted.



One American couple who were brought together thanks to 'Operation Match'.



Everyone knows love's a tricky game but this looks ridiculous! The 'machine' in the pictures is, in fact, 'Operation Match'. Doesn't look too romantic, does it? But no doubt about its qualities. There were over thirty thousand applicants for dates last year alone!



A STORY ABOUT A STONE



Rolling Stone Brian Jones is thinking about getting married. He said so in a recent interview. But, until a few weeks ago, no girl had been named. In fact Brian had been more than careful not to link his name with anyone.

But then, as if out of Charlie Watts' bass drum, up popped a blonde German bombshell Anita Pallenburg. And for the first time Brian was surprisingly open and frank about his friendship with the 22-year-old model.

"She's the first girl I've met that I've been serious about," he announced. "We're both very fond of each other."

There could not have been a more romantic setting than that of the birthplace of Brian and Anita's friendship—Paris. And no better time in Paris than in June.

The Stones had just completed their hectic tour of Germany. The rest of the boys had come back to Britain but Brian stopped off in Paris for ten days' holiday with his close friends Françoise Hardy and her fiancé Jean-Marie Perier.

Those ten days were a whirl of parties and nightclubs for Brian who has always had a liking for the Paris set. They, on the other hand, quickly adopted him into their circle and in the space of a few days he became very popular.

It was at one of the parties that Brian met Anita—herself a key member of the Paris set. But this was a casual meeting and a few days later Brian returned to London—alone. And during the next few months was seen in the company of a number of different girls.

Come September and Brian was seen about town with another French "in" girl, Zuzu. Like Anita she was blonde and attractive—with an unusual spirit of daring. Her name was splashed across the French Press a few months ago when she persuaded Rudolph Nureyev to do the twist for the first time!

But a few weeks later Zuzu returned to Paris.

Then, one day after Zuzu's departure, Brian received a phone call at his Chelsea mews cottage—from Anita. She had turned up in London to do some photographic modelling.

Brian asked her out and, as Brian put it: "It was then that we started going out seriously. I realised I was getting very fond of her."

The two of them went everywhere together. At first Brian tried to hide any suspicion of romance. But this did not last. Before the Stones left for their six-week American tour he was seen nightly in London discotheques with Anita. Brian doesn't dance and so most of the time they used to just sit talking and drinking, sometimes with friends but more often that not, alone.

Then, just a few days before Brian and the rest of the Stones were due to leave for the States, Anita ran into work permit

difficulties. She was told that she could no longer work in Britain as a model. So she packed her bags, cancelled her contract with her British agent, who returned to her all her pictures, and flew back to Paris.

Brian left for the States and close friends on both sides began to speculate whether absence would make Brian and Anita's love grow stronger or if the "promising friendship" would peter out.

They soon found out.

Daily trans-Atlantic telephone calls took place and within a short time Anita boarded a plane bound for Miami, the current stopping-off point of the tour. After a six day holiday there Anita returned to Paris, hoping to sort out her permit problems.

The Stones continued their tour across America, ending up in Los Angeles at the beginning of December for recording sessions.

Anita flew out to Brian again to meet him after the sessions were completed, this time with Mick Jagger's girlfriend, Chrissie Shrimpton.

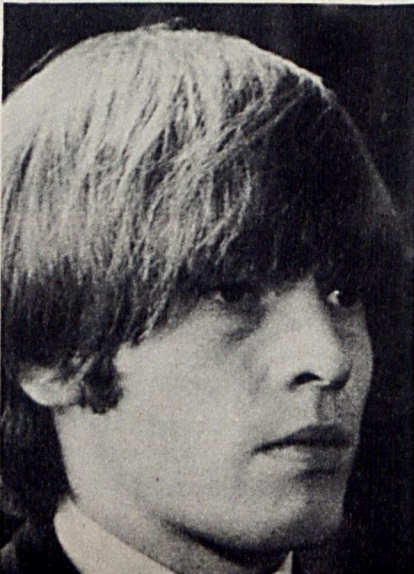
From Los Angeles Brian and Anita went on a three week holiday to South America, returning in time for the group's appearance on Rediffusion's "The New Year Starts Here."

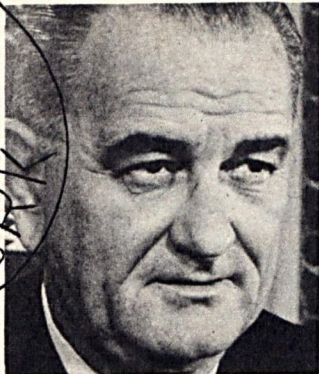
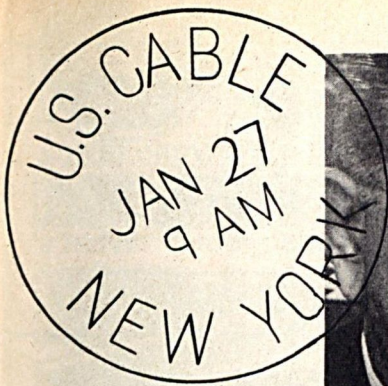
Before she flew off to Los Angeles Anita had said: "We'll either get married soon or not at all."

"I'm very much in love. Brian's a marvellous person."

While they were in America the rumours grew and some people claim that Brian married Anita secretly in Mexico. But Brian is saying nothing and he and Anita are still together in London.

So what will happen? Will Brian marry his Anita? No one knows for sure. Brian can't tell, nor can Anita. Only time can do that. . . .





THE LATEST POP NEWS FROM AMERICA BROUGHT TO YOU EACH MONTH BY THE RAVER, JACKIE HARLOW

Don't know whether I like Dave Clark looking so thin, but his warm personality certainly hasn't changed. With about two minutes to spare before he caught his flight out of New York, he told me that he went mad on a shopping spree in Florida, and bought such expensive items as a topaz ring for his mother and a watch for his brother. "I love America," he said, "But towards the end of every tour, I always get so homesick." The D.C.5 will come back in June or July for another tour, but Dave might fly in by himself for a private visit before then . . .

The Yardbirds 'rave up' scenes are beginning to pay dividends. The boys decided that to fit into just any groove would be a waste of time here, so they tagged everything "Yardbird Rave Up". Now the use of the expression is becoming common language. . . .

We're all taking bets that the new sound trend is going to be *white soul* à la Righteous Brothers. The music is outa sight anyway, but everyone and his brother are jumping on to the bandwagon. People like Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, who had a hit with "Jenny Take A Ride". They come from Detroit, and were raised on the Tamla Motown sound, but to watch and listen to they're like an up-to-date version of Jerry Lee Lewis. Len Barry and Roy Head are another two of a kind who broke through . . .

Elvis Presley movie grosses are now over \$175,000,000 approx £58,500,000 . . . who can beat that . . . New York's famed jazz cellar, The Village Gate, has gone partially discotheque . . . They're now using the downstairs as a go-go room, but still put the big jazz names upstairs at "Top of the Gate", which is also a restaurant . . . The Righteous Brothers are coming East to play Basin Street in June . . .

Bob Dylan has written a book which he's tentatively called "Tarantula". But he says he's thinking of changing the title . . . Beach Boy leader Brian Wilson says that today's composers are writing 'arrangement songs', and that to be most effective, arrangement and song should be inseparable . . . Can't understand it. The Byrds were absolutely great on the Ed Sullivan Show, yet they bombed in England. By the way, Byrds' publicist, Derek Taylor, wrote the liner notes for their current album, "Turn! Turn! Turn!", but Columbia turned them down. All in good fun though. Derek says these just weren't the kind of notes any record company would have put on the back of an album! . . . Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass are planning a European tour this year. Hope you get to see 'em. Herbie's looks alone are enough to knock you out, not to mention that wild sound . . .

Jackie



SHOES FOR YOUNG WOMEN OF TOMORROW

SHANE 36/11 & 39/11 • Black or honey suede/black smooth facing; brown suede/hazel softer; cedar or black smooth side • D. E. fittings • Red, tundra green or blue suede/black smooth; white smooth/black smooth • D fitting • Rubber soles • Sizes 2-8.

Clarks

NEAREST SHOP? WRITE CLARKS, DEPT. HW 27, STREET, SOMERSET—ASK FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET.

TODAY'S RAVES

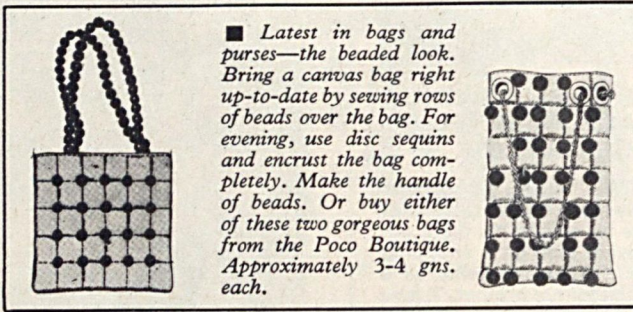
It's the girl's angle on girl's fashion—what's everyone raving about? What's new on the scene? What's in, what's out? What's causing a sensation? Read on and know!

■ Looking for adventure? Then go west young lady—West One, London! Mosey down to Wild West One in D'Arbly Street, London, W.1 It's a new boutique with a cowboy flavour. It's got a log cabin exterior and the changing room decor is great—cells, rifles, posters, wagon wheels, the lot. Super outfits too, like the one Britt, our model is wearing (below). Mock cowhide skirts at 49s. 11d. and a buttoned down apricot coloured shirt, price 35s. The Stetson is by Spider. Boots by Dolcis.

■ Sweater dresses have at last broken away from plain or



Picture by Barry Lategar.



■ Latest in bags and purses—the beaded look. Bring a canvas bag right up-to-date by sewing rows of beads over the bag. For evening, use disc sequins and encrust the bag completely. Make the handle of beads. Or buy either of these two gorgeous bags from the Poco Boutique. Approximately 3-4 gns. each.

cable stitch. Skirts are plain, but the tops are crocheted or smocked, with long or short sleeves. Knitters can make their own by buying a plain or knitted dress pattern for the skirt, and a fancy jumper pattern for the top. Ambitious, but the end result will be worth it.

■ Latest shirts are in fine wool, cream in colour. Worn for evening just by changing your skirt and accessories. You can get them in cream and soft pastel shades, although they are a bit expensive. Get the same effect with a viyella school blouse and either leave it cream or dye it to the shade wanted. No one will know the difference!

■ Stoles are coming in. Must be plain wool, not crocheted, and in dark colours or dyed to match your stockings. Wear with simple suit or coat in matching or contrasting colours. e.g. Navy suit with either navy or maroon stockings and stole.

■ Pattie Boyd, in the company of George of course, looked great at the Scotch Club, with a red fur beret and long red fur scarf tossed over her shoulder, worn with a camel coloured trouser suit. Try it.

■ Another look taking over for the evening—long patchwork and plain wool skirts. Look great worn with skinny halter neck tops, also tops cut like swimming costumes. You can get the same effect with an out-of-date black wool swimming costume.

■ Boots, the long type, are in again for the night cats. Gold and silver leather knee boots are fabulous. Worn with just a plain jumper and skirt, they change the look of an outfit. Get your own by dyeing old boots with gold or silver dye.

■ Another, new, hat design from Spider, coming out soon called Black Mamba. It's a cap, for boys and girls, available from most men's shops and will be priced around 59s 6d. You may have noticed that the Walker Brothers, particularly Gary, are rarely seen without one.

■ To wear with your trousers—Chelsea boots are still the footwear, but now suede is taking over from leather.

■ Shirts and scarves (cravats) are the latest thing to wear with a suit. Greatest is tattersall shirt worn with a polka dot scarf or cravat.

■ For a cheap, way-out watch strap, buy a leather wrist strengthener. Cut two slits the width of your watch and thread the watch with a piece of brown tape, so only the face is visible. An additional idea is to dye the wrist band white with the new shoe dyes on the market.

■ Another idea for watch straps are ribbons. Look great on a man-size watch in black gingham.



■ Fur coats are now the In thing. Short of money? Then go to any market or second hand shop and get one there. Cut it very short, and if possible have it re-lined. Makes a fantastic difference. All kinds of fur are in, especially like the one shown, striped. To make it even more zingy, add a large, plain coloured fur collar to the coat. Hey presto, you've got a great fur coat at a fraction of the price!

A BOY'S ANGLE ON BOYS' FASHION

SHIRT. Knockout shirt this, in black with white collar, white double cuffs, and white buttons. Also comes in other colour schemes! 49s. 6d. from Bernard Hones, 8 Argyll Street, London, W.1.



CUFF-LINKS. Special favourite — matching tie and cuff-links. The polka dot tie is 17s. 6d., the cuff-links (one bold polka dot) are 8s. 6d., and I found these at the John Adam boutique in the Civil Service Stores in the Strand, W.C.2. (Available by post).

BELT. This belt I picked up from a surplus store. It's in wide black leather and costs only 7s. 11d.

TROUSERS. From His Clothes, Carnaby Street. Black and white in a bold check, and slightly flared trouser legs. Two pleated front pockets with flap, one back pocket and wide belt loops. £5 19s. 6d. Available by post from 52/55 Carnaby Street, W.1. Include 3s. for postage.

SHOES. The latest! Flap tongue on the top. Silver punched holes round the sides, laces tie over flap. From Lennards, 59s. 11d.

■ Fabulous new look in trousers — The Courrèges look. Boys as well as girls are now right up-to-date when wearing a thick stripe down the outside seam of the leg. Great with contrasting stripes, e.g. Maroon stripe/camel trousers.

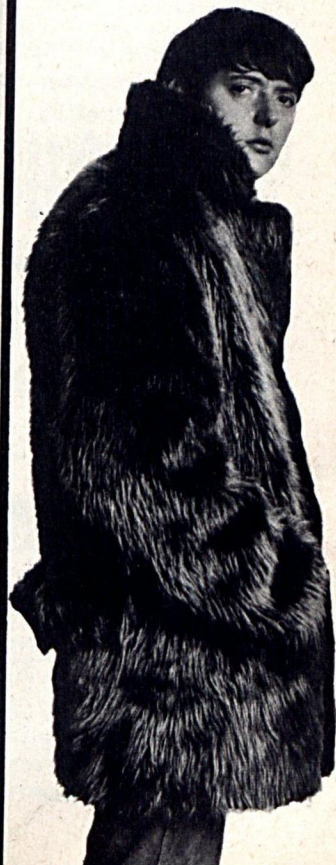
■ It's no longer bad to wear patterned shirts with patterned suits or trousers. An unusual look is checked shirts worn with herringbone suits and trousers. Keep ties plain —knitted or silk.

■ For boys still addicted to caps, the latest look is to match up your cap with a scarf. Great—navy or black coat, with a black/white checked cap, and a matching checked scarf, lined with black.

■ Riding jackets are fantastic. Get yours in a plain material or at the most a small pattern. They are fitted, come longer than normal jackets, and flare out.

■ Gloves are no longer string-backed. They must be leather —the smartest having cut-out backs and knuckles.

Wild fur coat worn by Animal Chas Chandler really caught my fancy! It's a bit pricey—16½ gns., from Woollands, but looks really great.



JUST DENNIS RAVE

Every month, RAVE artist, Dennis, models the new look for boys.

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Stā•blond for blondes

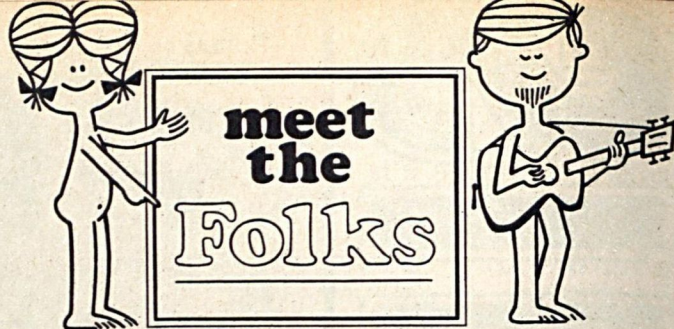
Sta-Blond is the special shampoo formula which restores rich golden tones to all shades of fair hair. Prevents hair from darkening!

Brunitex for brunettes

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



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ED BLANCHE'S BIT ON FOLK STARS

THE 2nd JOAN BAEZ

"There are two superb girl folk singers. Judy Collins is one of them."

That's the opinion of one unknown American critic, and one shared by many American folkniks, for in the States Judy is regarded as second only to Joan Baez.

Like Joan, Judy sings both traditional and contemporary songs. One of her best albums, "Judy Collins No. 3", consists entirely of songs written by Bob Dylan, Bob Gibson, Shel Silverstein and other contemporary city singer-composers. It was on this LP that Judy was accompanied on most of the tracks by a pre-Byrds' Jim McGuinn.

Unlike Joan, Judy is not so deeply committed in Civil Rights and Nuclear Disarmament struggles. But she does fight for free expression. She caused a sensation in America two years ago when she refused to appear on the top television folk show "Hootenanny" because the songs she had been allowed

to sing on her three previous appearances had been heavily censored.

Judy was born in Colorado, where her father was a popular radio personality. Her musical background was classical and she eventually became a concert pianist. But then she went east to New York and Boston when she was nineteen and discovered a whole new world of music—that of the folk singer.

She was soon a regular at the countless coffee houses and folk clubs around Greenwich Village, the folk capital. Here she found something free of the restrictions of classical music, so she took it as her own.

Before long her beautiful alto voice was heard along MacDougal Street, the Village's Broadway, and she was accepted on equal terms with Dylan and the rest from whom she learned.

"Everytime I sing Bob's 'Masters Of War,'" says Judy, "I try to recapture the feel of the kitchen at Gerde's Folk City where he first sang it to me, and the chill I felt that was colder than the aluminium sink I was sitting on."

Although little known in Britain, Judy ranks alongside Bob Dylan, Joan Baez and the other folk greats in the States and Canada, and has notched up an impressive list of appearances, including New York Town Hall—a widely acclaimed performance—Carnegie Hall, Yale University, the Newport Folk Festival and several guest spots at United Nations' Ambassadorial parties.

But perhaps her most impressive performance was her "Judy Collins No. 3" album, which was nominated the Best Folk Recording of 1963 by the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. Not bad for an ex-concert pianist.



Judy: Songs have been censored.

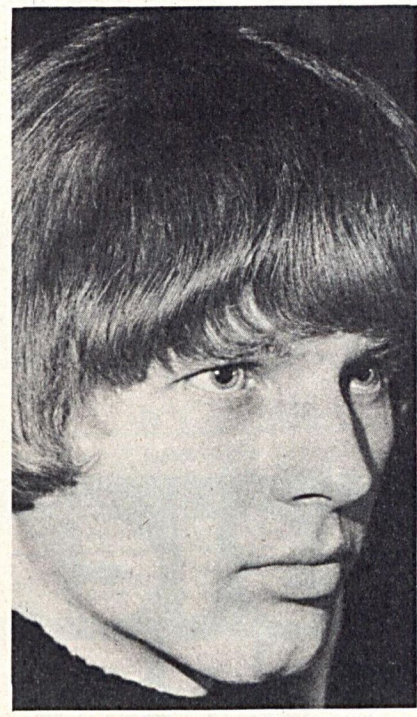
● page 6
 stared back at me from the photo. "That's Scotch and Brandy," John said, beaming with pride. "They are my two dogs. Would you like to know more about them?" About half-an-hour later he stopped talking and waited expectantly. Scotch and Brandy appeared to be very lively dogs. I heard tell of how they flatten visitors and sit on their chests and lick their faces. How they knock over badly-behaved children. How they pull John round Hyde Park, no matter what the weather. "They sound simply splendid," I said, which, of course, went down very well.

John's devotion to his dogs is very much in line with his character, because he is every bit a family man. He loves very deeply and surely. When The Walkers first came to Britain John missed Kathy, then just a girlfriend. One night the Walkers were sitting in their flat talking about the future, and Gary said, "Britain is full of lovely birds." And Scott said, "Yes, I noticed." But John just stared at the floor. "I'll never settle here without her," he said. "I've got to go back and get her." It was after that John flew to America and married Kathy.

"It was very hard keeping it secret," he said. "I wanted everyone to know because I was so proud. Why, the first time I ever saw her I nearly collapsed. I was in a backing group working behind her, you know she used to be a big singer. I don't reckon I played a right note that night. I just gazed in adoration. I've never really noticed another girl since. I have very close family ties," he said, leaning forward. "I

dare not think what my sister is doing without me. I worry over her. My parents and I are very close, too. It's a big drag having to live without them around.

"When I got married my parents and Kathy's parents left for a holiday because the idea of us not being home again upset them so much. They left right after the



" Couldn't settle without Kathy."

reception, and so when Kathy and I caught the plane to Britain there was no one to see us off. It was kinda dead and sad somehow."

Looking across at this six foot tall, handsome, tough-looking boy, I was surprised at some of his views.

I asked him if being so good-looking, and having such a beautiful wife, he was affected greatly by other people's looks. Could he, for instance, love an unattractive girl?

"I couldn't love anyone but Kathy," he said reasonably. "But I am swayed by what people look like. I like tough-looking men, and attractive girls. They don't have to be beautiful. You can't judge someone on their appearance, I know, but it can sway you.

"I am very happy about our success in this country. I don't want to be big in America now. But I do want to go home one day. I've got a dream about where I want to live. It's a place called Laguna. It's a paradise in South California. The houses are built on the side of the hill, looking across the lake, and the streets are bleached white."

"Home is still the United States, John?"

"Yes, because of the people there," he said softly and sadly.

People matter a great deal to John. Like the other Walkers he is unsure of new-found friends, and avoids too much contact with other people in the pop world. But it isn't an attempt to be aloof. John is friendly, and warm-hearted. He has a great sense of humour, and a chuckle that makes people enjoy his jokes. Like the other two, he is a Brother to be proud of.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR BROTHER?

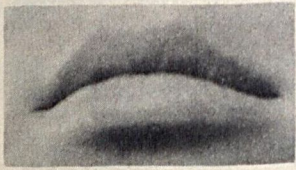
DO YOU KNOW . . .



...whose lips are whose? See left for lips and end of feature for the answer. (No cheating!)



...one of Scott's favourite singers is Mel Torme, and he once backed him for one night in a U.S. night club.



...John Walker was born in New York City, 12th November, 1943.

...Gary was born in Glendale, California, on 3rd September, 1944.

...Scott doesn't like clubs very much. He likes to get away from the limelight when he's not working.

...home in the States, one of John's favourite hobbies was sailing.

...Gary used to accompany P.J. Proby on drums, when

P.J. was known as Jet Powers in the States.

...Scott bought his left-hand drive green jeep from an Army surplus store.

...Scott sometimes wears horn-rimmed glasses (like Cliff's) when he's driving or reading — he's a bit short-sighted.

...John describes his hair as 'dishwater blond'.

...Gary's biggest thrill was playing drums for Elvis Presley, when the singer's drummer fell ill—he played for Elvis for a week.

...John hates getting up before noon, dentists, hair-cuts, and wrinkled shirts.

...Gary holds a pilot's licence, and did at one time intend to join the American Air Force, but

was refused on medical grounds—breaking a cartilage while showing his mother how to do the twist!

...Scott is being asked to write songs by a lot of singers and groups, and spends most of his spare time producing records.

...Scott learned to play double bass at school. Can play drums, guitar, piano and harmonica.

...John married his wife Kathy in the States, on 26th June, 1965.

...Gary likes motorcycles and cutting girls' hair.

...Scott was born in Hamilton, Ohio, on 9th January, 1944.

Lipnote: John's, Gary's then Scott's at the bottom.

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
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CENSORED
FOR RAVE READERS' EYES ONLY

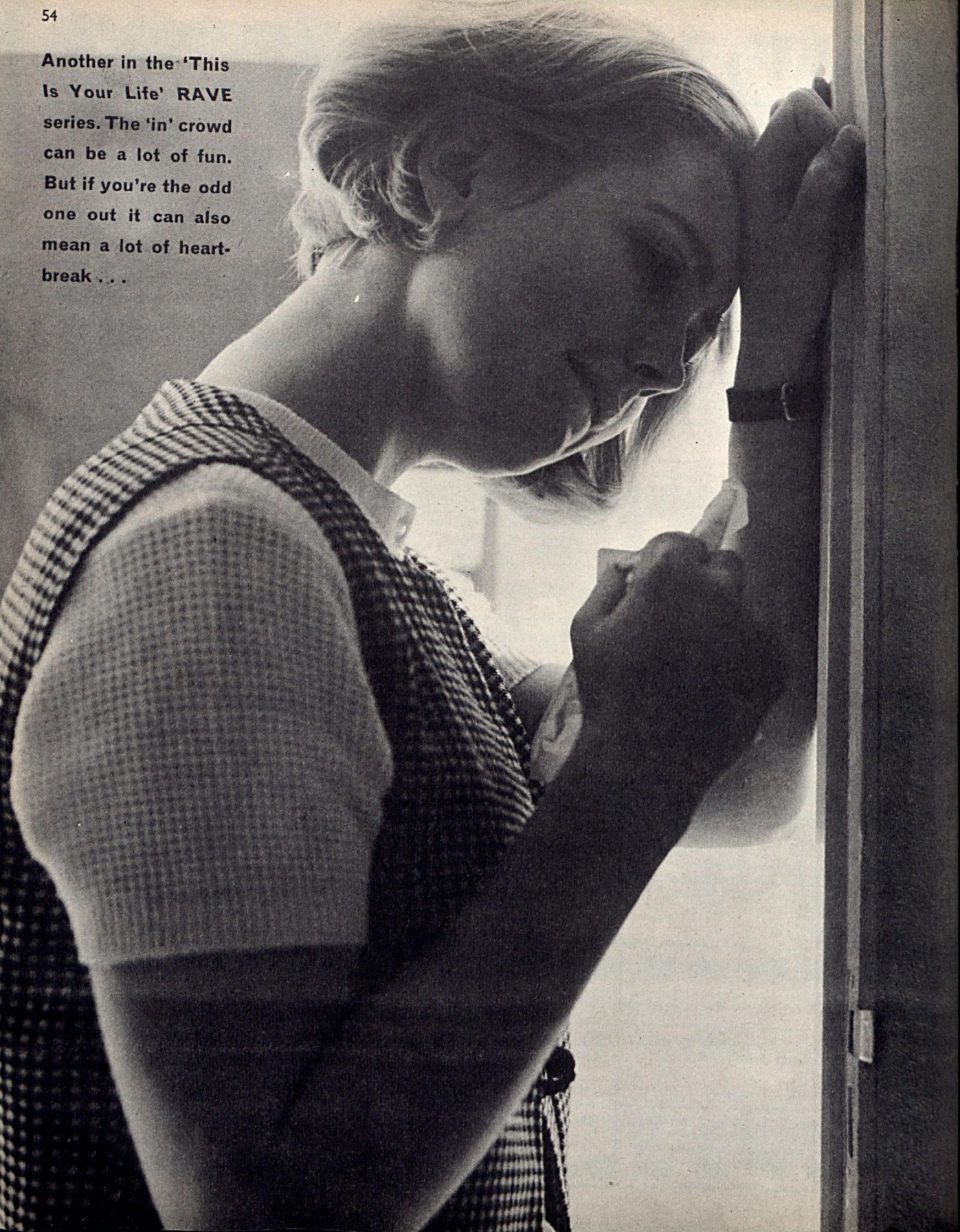
DODD'S POP DIARY

FEBRUARY

twenty-eight days in the life of a pop lover

<p>1. Don Everly 26 today. Sandie Shaw at Mr. Smith's, Manchester, this week. Silkie hoping for U.S. trip after success of "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" in the American Hot Hundred.</p>	<p>12. First night of the Pitney/Barry tour—Ipswich Gaumont. Very unusual to have an out-of-town opening!</p>	<p>23. Singer of Unit 4, Tommy Moeller is 21 today! Gene's tour moves up to Scotland, Glasgow Odeon. Ben E. King at London's Cromwellian Club.</p>
<p>2. Graham Nash 24 today. Happy birthday, Graham! Elvis starts on new film this month—"Always At Midnight"—set at Palm Beach. Dusty begins tour of Irish ballrooms.</p>	<p>13. The tour moves on to Oxford New Theatre. Tomorrow is V-Day!</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>its V-Day folks</i></p>	<p>24. Paul Jones 24 today. Pitney tour moves over to Ireland—Dublin ABC.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Happy birthday Paul.</i></p>
<p>3. Val Doonican 37 and Eric Haydock (Hollies) 23 today. Dave Kink is 19—seems to get younger every year! Seekers begin mammoth tour of Australasia. Fortunes on Top of The Pops.</p>	<p>14. At last (I hope!) James Brown arrives here for a 9-day stay. Keith Potger of the Seekers (married in London to Pam Powley) has second wedding home in Melbourne today, with his family present.</p>	<p>25. Beatle George is 23 today. Gene at Belfast ABC. Animals in their hometown, Newcastle—Mayfair Ballroom.</p>
<p>4. Doris Troy arrives today. John Steele of the Animals 25 today. Talking of the Animals, they're playing in France, Switzerland and Belgium at present.</p>	<p>15. Gene's show at Croydon ABC. Francoise Hardy at the Savoy Hotel till the 21st.</p>	<p>26. Sandie Shaw 19 today. Gene's tour in London—East Ham Granada.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Ninteeeeeeeeeeeeeen today.</i></p>
<p>5. Gene Pitney and Len "1-2-3" Barry should be here about now, ready for their big tour next week.</p>	<p>16. Sonny and Clive Lea of the Berries both 24 today! Pitney tour at Luton ABC.</p>	<p>27. Last night of the tour at Southampton ABC. P. J. Proby in cabaret at Tito's, Stockton for one week.</p>
<p>6. Dave "hands" Berry 25 today. Happy birthday, Dave! Paul and Barry Ryan on America's Ed Sullivan show. Brian Poole at Doncaster La Scala club.</p>	<p>17. Gene's birthday today, and he's 25. Hope you have a great day, Gene! He's playing tonight at Chester.</p>	<p>28. Last date of the month. Brian Jones' birthday—he's 23 today. Happy birthday, Brian!</p>
<p>7. Herman and his Hermits leave Australia today after their big tour. Walker Brothers on tour in Scotland. Moody Blues in Paris.</p>	<p>18. Garnett Mimms arrives today. Pitney tour at Bolton Odeon. Animals at Isleworth, Burrough Road College.</p>	<p>NOTES:</p>
<p>8. Solomon Burke arrives here today for 3 weeks. Cilla Black begins filming TV. spectacular this month.</p> <p>A CAMERA → </p>	<p>19. Gene and Len at Cheltenham Odeon. Animals appearing on 'Lucky Stars'. Brian Poole at Bradford Lyceum all week.</p>	<p><i>Dave, Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich fly to U.S. this month. Must see them off</i></p>
<p>9. Herman and the boys move on to Japan—10 days in Tokyo.</p>	<p>20. Tour moves on to Birmingham Hippodrome.</p>	<p><i>Ringo's Anniversary on the 11th. But what can you buy a millionaire for a present...?</i></p>
<p>10. Mick Avory of the Kinks 22 today. Hollies at Stockton Fiesta all week.</p>	<p>21. Today at Doncaster Gaumont.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Uncle Sid's Got Film</i></p>	<p><i>Tony and McCoy must check on return visit Mumour.</i></p>
<p>11. Special Beatle day—Ringo's first Wedding Anniversary. Animals on the new R.S.G. show and then go on to Battersea College.</p>	<p>22. Dixie Cups here for a 16-day stay.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">DIXIE CUPS. <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/></p>	

Another in the 'This Is Your Life' RAVE series. The 'in' crowd can be a lot of fun. But if you're the odd one out it can also mean a lot of heart-break . . .



OUT OF THE IN CROWD

You walk slowly down the road towards the coffee bar, hugging your coat round you to keep out the freezing Spring frost. You hear the faint purr of engines behind and stop short; yes, "they" are coming.

A moment later they tear past in a flash of chrome and fur; not even remotely aware that you exist.

All evening you'd spent at the local dance hall arguing with your friends, who think you're nuts to keep following the 'in' crowd around. You'd ended up not speaking and spent the last part of the evening alone. You're beginning to realise now that it isn't much good anyway. You stood up "their" end, near the bar, looking lonely in the hope that maybe tonight would be the night when one of them would notice you and invite you to join them. But it didn't happen. You feel as though you know each member like one of your own family. . . . Surely they must have seen you? Yet somehow they've never really acknowledged you. O.K., so they speak to you occasionally. That girl in the maroon trousers borrowed your mascara last week—and one of them, alone in the coffee bar one day, even bought you a Coke. But you can't get it out of your mind that they only talk when there's no one else.

So tonight you'll give it one last chance—you may hate the

thought of forcing yourself on them, but you've hovered in the background too long. . . . You get so depressed that you feel like you could stand in the middle of the coffee bar and scream and scream, "Look at me! Notice me! SPEAK to me!"

Go on, you tell yourself, as you climb the stairs slowly, force a smile on your face for their benefit. . . . They're sitting at their usual table in the corner. You hesitate at the door. They don't seem in a particularly good mood—probably the group at the dance hall wasn't very good tonight.

Still, don't give up now you're here. . . . You go thoughtfully to the counter, and ask for a coffee. Next to you the girl in the maroon trousers is chewing languidly while she waits for her Coke. You smile brightly.

"Hello! Bought any mascara yet?"

"Huh?" She looks up with surprise, then smiles vaguely. "Oh—yeah, thanks."

She picks up her Coke and returns to the corner table. Dope. Why can't you ever think of the right thing to say? Go on . . . ask them if you can sit there! As you get nearer, you hear a giggle from the girl in the maroon trousers: "Watch out, you lot! That little mousey girl's trying to get in with us again!"

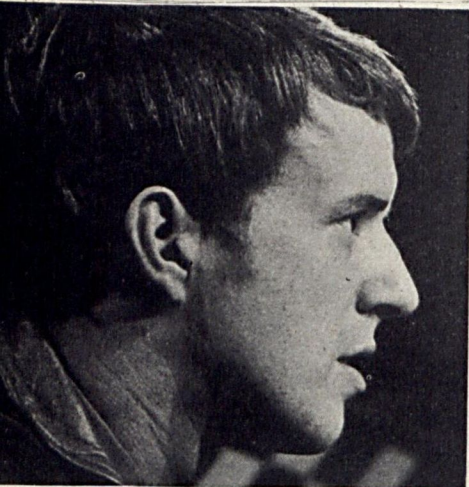
Now they've noticed you, and realise you've heard. Before you know it, you've crashed your cup on to the nearest table and you're walking, running downstairs. They didn't mean to be cruel, you tell yourself as tears and cold air meet . . . It's just that they don't want you intruding, that's all . . .



• • It'll be the early bus home tonight... and then what? Another week of waiting for Saturday night, hoping this week will be different, this week you'll be 'in'? Somehow you know it won't. This is the end. They don't want you. Your old friends don't want you. No one's interested. No one cares. You're just the odd one out.

And now what are you going to do?

WHAT THE STARS SAY



John Steele (Animals)

If I were this girl and definitely wanted to get in with these people, I'd move into a flat, unless things were good at home that is. I'd throw lots of parties, inviting this crowd and lots of other faces too. A party is one thing that few people ever refuse and she could get in with them that way, and make some other new friends too. But, I think these sets of people are very pretentious. They're not really, different they just appear that way. But if your old friends are dragging a bit, then I agree that you should move on.



Dusty Springfield

I find that 'in' people are a bit suspect and most of them are superficial and boring anyway. They wouldn't be that different from your existing friends once you got to know them properly too. Find out this group's real interests, and see if you're hip to the same kind of things, if so, make an approach. The genuine people in this set will find her out and she'll find them out. The girl will make friends that way, without even looking for them. She's trying too hard and it shows. If her old crowd are that boring then it is time to make a move, but going to another town would be taking it too far.



Kenny Jones (Small Faces)

Definitely not. No, I wouldn't bother with these 'in' people at all. 'In' crowds are not worth getting into—these people sound so sick to me. If your old friends are a bit of a drag too, I think the best thing would be to go to another town, where you've got a friend or relative there of about your own age. London would be the ideal place. Somewhere where there's plenty of life, plenty going on. No time to get fed up and bored with anything, although there are some people who could be bored anywhere they go. I think she ought to change her surroundings.



Graham Nash (Hollies)

Personally speaking, if I knew these people didn't really like me from the start, then I wouldn't be bothered with them. But in the case of this girl, and I was really dead set on joining this 'in' group then I would do something to earn their respect, and make them admire you. Trouble is, when you always want something you can't really have, it makes you even more determined. These people would probably be very boring after a while, too. There really isn't a straightforward answer to this problem.

WHAT RAVE SAYS

As Graham Nash so shrewdly says, there is no instant-magic solution to this girl's problem. In spite of the commercials, we've all got to realise that social success isn't something you spray on from a bottle or brush on like toothpaste. If it were, there wouldn't be any lonely people.

But our forecast is that little Miss Leftout is going to be okay. Whether she knows it or not, what she is showing is

the first sign of ambition.

It seems obvious that she's attracted to these 'in' people not for themselves but for what they represent... money, position and style. She's outgrown her own crowd but she still hasn't the experience and confidence to move smoothly into a more sophisticated set.

That'll come, because she has the cheek and initiative to try and talk her way in via the girl at the bar. The brush-off

brought her down, but she'll survive.

Judging by the crack about being mousy, she'd do well to smarten up her appearance. Although it's been repeated countless millions of times, it's still true—people do tend to take you at your own rating. So dress up to it.

It's pretty odd that none of these four stars has mentioned the two most surefire ways of joining a particular group. The first is by getting someone to introduce you, but if you've no time for good manners then you have to expect the snubs.

The second is through work. There's no reason today why

a girl with a head on her shoulders can't move into a brighter job with a modern firm where there's plenty doing on the social side.

Sorry to clash with Kenny and Dusty, but both of them have seen enough of life at the top to know that many 'in' groups are worth getting into.

Listen and learn. With any luck, you'll get many a thrill out of life. But none of them will ever come within a mile of the thrill of eating, drinking and wearing the best there is, and knowing that you're the equal of anybody in the room... and you made it on your own ability.

pop pickers pick the tweedy look

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Got anything to tell us, fans? Doesn't matter what—just write. We want to hear from *you*, so drop us a line at RAVE, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

YOU'RE TELLING US



I've heard of split personalities, but your story 1965 Was A Very Funny Year, in the December RAVE, was ridiculous! How could Lulu possibly have been in Manchester's Phonograph Club dancing with Herman, football boots and all at her birthday party, if I myself wished her a happy birthday in the afternoon I saw her perform on the Gene Pitney tour at Plymouth?—**Pat Hooper, 1 Trevecca, Liskeard, Cornwall.**

There's an easy explanation, Pat. Lulu held two birthday parties! She held one on Monday November 1st, in Manchester, because so many of her friends were not able to go to her "real" birthday party on the 3rd in Plymouth!

Your Beatles M.B.E. series was terrific! Please keep up the great coverage of our faves, the Beatles, because, they are great! — **Elaine Hancock, 566 Third Street, Niagara Falls, N.Y., U.S.A.**

There is a petition in the making for the Walker Brothers to re-appear at ballrooms, providing security is increased. If anyone is interested and would

like to help, could they please contact us at the following address, enclosing a s.a.e. for a reply.—**Miss Judy Parker, 15 Grasmere Street, Burnley, Lancs.**

In the December issue of RAVE, you did an article on the Small Faces. Well, I think you went a bit up the creek, as under the picture of Ronnie (Plonk) Laine, you put the name of Kenny Jones and vice versa.

Speaking of the Small Faces, just recently they came to Harlow and during the break, a couple of friends and I managed to break down a door and get into their dressing-room. A couple of blokes tried to push us out but not until we got their autographs. We were amazed how friendly the group were. Truly one of the best out! — **Kate Ford, 78 Parsonage Leys, Harlow, Essex.**

We would like to apologise to all our readers for this mistake and promise never to do such a terrible thing ever again!

What more can my friend and I do to meet the Stones? About eight weeks ago we ran



Kenny . . . we've got it right now!

away from home to meet the Stones. We thumbed up to London on a Wednesday night, and arrived at one in the morning. We walked around all night. Thursday day-time we walked all around London, trying to find the Stones, but didn't succeed. That night we slept in a park. The third day we went to the Marquee club in Wardour Street and met the Boz People. But, that night the police picked us up and that was the end of our Stones hunt. We spent the night in prison and our parents came to get us out at two-thirty the next day. I have seen the Stones in person at the Capitol



Ronnie . . . so sorry for the mistake!

Cardiff—they're fantastic. But do you think we will ever succeed in meeting them?—**Marie Van Tergouw, Porthcawl, Glam., Wales.**

Well, not the way you're carrying on! Pop stars are rarely found just walking around the streets of London waiting to be recognised! Try writing the boys a nice letter, huh?

After recently seeing The Who at the Cavern, may I say on behalf of hundreds of Who fans who went to see them, that they are the most talented group to have ever performed on Merseyside. Their stage

Itching to know something, dying to ask just anyone . . . then write to us and we'll help out. The address is: We're Telling You, RAVE Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

...AND WE'RE TELLING YOU!



Please could you give me some info on the Koobas, the group that toured with the Beatles, I thought they were great!—**Carole Felix, Tooting, S.W. 17.** Well, they're four boys from Liverpool—Roy Morris, 21, on lead guitar and vocals; Stu Leatherwood, 21, on rhythm guitar and vocals; Keith Ellis, 19, on bass and Tony O'Reilly, 18, the drummer. Their latest disc is, "Take Me For A Little While" and is on the Pye Label. They originally spelt their name as the Kubas.

The Walker Brothers have an LP called "Take It Easy With The Walker Brothers". Could you tell me when it's released and what songs are on it?—**Mary Wallace, 4 Hastings Ave., Folkestone St., Hull.** The LP is out now—and the tracks on this dynamic album are:— Make It Easy On Yourself; There Goes My Baby; First Love Never Dies; Dancing In The Street; Lonely Winds; The Girl I Lost In The Rain; Land of 1,000 Dances; You're All Around Me; Love Minus Zero; I Don't Want To Hear It Anymore; Here Comes The Night; Tell The Truth. (Philips BL 7691.)

act left us spellbound for hours, and the dancing of Roger Daltrey and Pete Townshend alone, placed them in a class of their own. Please print this letter as every word is true.—**Diane Houlton, 23 Starfield Street, Liverpool 6.**

I think that I've had a brilliant if rather ambitious idea. We all know how many lonely teens there are knocking around the British Isles, and how wild and desperate almost any teenager gets at times. I suggest that, rather like Good Samaritans or Alcoholics Anon., we form teams to man a twenty-four hour telephone service so that if, at any time, a teenager, reaches the bottom, is feeling depressed, or needs someone detached to talk to, they can. I think that advice should not be given, just a listening ear is enough.

So what do you think?—**Linda Gillespie, 40 Westbourne Terrace, London, W.2.**

What do RAVE readers think?

I'm a great fan of the Animals and Zoot Money. Please could I have their fan club addresses?—**Christine Tanner, Bromley Hill, Kent.**

Animals—The Head Keeper, 39 Gerrard Street, London, W.1.
Zoot—Barbara Martin, 47 Gerrard Street, London, W.1.

Please could I have the American fan club address of the Rolling Stones for my pen pal?—**Myra Lowndes, Edith Grove, S.W.10.**

The Official Rolling Stones Fan Club of America, Sondra Catarasa, Branch President, 31-32 34th Street, Astoria, Long Island 11106. Membership fee is one dollar and you receive a membership card, a signed photo, a fact sheet on each Stone and a newsletter every 12 weeks.

Please could I have the fan club address of those fabulous twins Paul and Barry Ryan? I think their record is fabulous.—**Denise Wright, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs.** Write c/o Pam, 44 Ernest Grove, Beckenham, Kent.

their names but one of them had a red waistcoat and long dark hair. They had a blue Hillman, number 3827 KV.—**Margaretha Berglund, Stockholm, Va, Sweden.**

Help! In July I met a boy called Rob Saunders. He told me he came from Cannington Young Farmers Institute, and lived near Wells, although he really came from London. He is tall, dark haired, eighteen, and is a Rocker. Please find him because I want to see him again. — **Janet, Delma, Moorland, Nr. Bridgwater, Somerset.**

In August we met Chris who lives in Lowestoft and Roger who lives in Bath. We met them while camping at Lowestoft. They are both about seventeen-eighteen with blond hair. Chris has a scooter with number plates 460 KBJ. Please tell them to write. We miss them dearly.—**Sherroll Hathorn, Hayes, Middx.**

PEN PALS

Sheila Gravestock, 12 Chelmsford Court, Chelmsford Road, Southgate, London, N.14. Age 16: Likes swimming, dancing, records. Favourite stars are the Beatles and Gene Pitney. Wants pen pal anywhere.
Diana Rowe, 37 The Drive, Gosforth, Newcastle - on - Tyne, 3. Age 18: Loves pop music, the Hollies and Beatles. Likes driving, water-ski-ing and dancing. Wants to exchange gifts and cards from all over the world.
Doug Nitschke, South Gippisland Highway, Tooradin, Victoria, Australia. Age 16: Wants to write to a girl in England or U.S.A. He has long hair, and likes singing, the Stones, Animals, Byrds and Herman.

Alexander Stefanov, Solun Street 25, B135WNB, Sofia 18, Bulgaria. Age 18: Crazy about the Beatles, Stones, Kinks, Pretty Things, Shadows, Searchers and Who. Wants as many pen friends as possible.

Josef Walter, 7525 Bad Mingolshheim, Rochusstr, 27, Germany. Two seventeen year old German boys want to write to Liverpool girls. We like the Stones, Beatles and Rainbows. Tape exchange possible.

Karyn Katzman, 198 Morris Drive, East Meadow, New York, 11554, U.S.A. Age 16: Wants boy pen pal in Britain. Likes the Stones, Beatles, Byrds, Sonny & Cher. Loves dancing, swingers and Greenwich Village.
Cathy Hagel, 4214 Main Street, Skokie, Illinois, U.S.A. Age 16½: Wants boy pen pal preferably from London or Middlesex.

We hope that you can help us. On returning from our holiday on the Isle of Man on September 9th, we met two boys on the steamer, and would like to get in touch with them.

Their names are Dave and Tony and they came from St. Helens, Lancs. By the way, Dave had a Suzuki motor bike.—**Sue and Barb, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffs.**

Could you please help me find this mad Liverpudlian? Name: Ray Cannon. Alleged address: 35 Berwick Street, The Pool. Met at a dance over here, and wrote for ages while he was at sea, but there is no reply from the above address.



The Koobas: Watch out for them. They're one of our fastest rising young groups.

Anyone who knows him please write and send any info to **Jennie Nicholls, Carrick Fergus, Co. Antrim, Northern Ireland.**

I have lost one boy, name of Laurence Williams of Catford, London. Laurie has dark hair and eyes and is seventeen. Will the finder please return him to Linda who would like a few words with him!—**Linda Rawlings, New**

Cross, London, S.E.14.

■ **Lost:** One lad named Paul from Leeds. Description: Fair haired, last seen wearing a black hat with a red band on it and black clothes. Please contact **Linda Woodhouse, Bramhope, Nr. Leeds.**

■ Please, please help me! During the summer I met a wonderful boy at a Y.M.C.A. camp. His name is Tim Brookes, he is eighteen and

lives in Old Costessey, near Norwich.

If anyone knows him, please ask him why he behaved the way he did when I went to the Y.M.C.A. on Thursday, October 28th.—**Rosalind Hastings, Dereham, Norfolk.** Any boy or girl who wants to reply to this column please write to **RAVE, Lost and Found Department, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2,** and we'll forward your letter on.

THE BRAIN GAME



What price brains? **RAVE** has been speaking to two university men in the pop world—**Jonathan King and Paul Jones,** about university life.

Jonathan sacrificed a life of concerts and tours to go back to Cambridge last October. Paul left Oxford in 1962 after a year, to devote more time to his music. Who was right **Jonathan** for persevering to get his degree or **Paul** for giving it up for his career? **Richard Miller** (who's at Oxford himself) turns **RAVE** reporter and finds out . . .

RAVE: What's the point of going to university?

Jonathan: I went because I wanted the qualification. If you've got a degree you've got a much better chance of finding a job.

Paul: I don't think this is true. Nowadays degrees are so common that it doesn't mean a thing. Any Tom, Dick or Harry can get one. So what's the use of wasting three years when you could be out working and earning money?

Jonathan: That's not the point—going to university gives you

time to decide what you really want to do. Instead of rushing into the first job you're offered, just because the money sounds right. Eventually, you're going to need a degree to get the sort of job which you can now get with four 'O' levels.

Paul: But it's such a waste of time. What you learn is so out-of-date and irrelevant to everyday life. Fancy having to study Anglo-Saxon as I had to do at Oxford. I'd rather work in a factory.

Jonathan: It's your fault—you shouldn't have studied English. You should have done politics, economics or philosophy. No one compels you to study anything you don't want.

RAVE: What can you do with a degree?

Jonathan: Well, you can eat it. **RAVE:** What can you do that's of any value?

Jonathan: For a start you can become a politician. That's my ambition really—to be the next Labour Prime Minister. No, seriously I think it's valuable because you can get much better jobs—more comfortable jobs.

Paul: It hasn't helped me one bit. In fact if I hadn't left Oxford, I would probably never have joined Manfred Mann. Anyway **Jonathan,** why do you need a degree—you're in Show Business now?

Jonathan: Yes, but I don't expect I'll stay in Show Business all my life. It might come in very useful one day.

RAVE: How valuable is university as an education?

Jonathan: I think if you work conscientiously it's of enormous value. Anyone who has the intelligence should go to a university—because it broadens your outlook on life and trains your mind. I shall certainly send my sons there.

Paul: I just don't think it's



worth it. It's square . . . cliques . . . utterly depressing. I can't see how it could have benefited me. I suppose if I'd been more intellectual it could have done.

Jonathan: I don't think you gave Oxford a chance. Basically you couldn't be bothered. You were only interested in your music. . . .

Paul: No, that's not true. Perhaps I expected too much. My band came later—when I got browned off with my work. Oxford simply isn't the place for creative people.

RAVE: How did your Oxford career end?

Paul: I was thrown out. I failed my preliminary exams and so they said: "Well you know, you'll jolly well have to knuckle under and if you don't pass these exams, you're out." I did fail them—so I was out.

Is university worthwhile or is it a drag? **Jonathan** says he's very happy there and that a degree will help him get a good job later on. **Paul** says it's a waste of time and is very glad he left. Clearly the whole question of higher education depends on the individual. If you're clever, it helps to broaden your outlook and trains your mind. And if you're stupid you won't pass the exams. What do you think?

MAJOR ATTRACTION

Cowboys are news again—and one cowboy that's attracted Dodo's eye is handsome Lee Majors. He's her first choice for this month's Raveable.

Step right up, fans, and feast your eyes on the main feature of TV's "The Big Valley"—gorgeous Lee Majors! A fabulous blond young man, weighing twelve and a half stone, and standing no less than six feet high—definitely the major attraction of the series, so far as I'm concerned!

Lee developed that great physique of his while playing football at Indiana and then at Eastern Kentucky Universities in America—graduating as a school-teacher of all things! So there's brain behind that muscle!

Eventually, Lee moved on from his home in Middlesboro, Kentucky, to lively Los Angeles, and that's where he first found a taste for acting.

One of Lee's all-time favourites had been the late James Dean, so he sought out Dean's former agent, Dick Clayton. Clayton then decided to help Lee with his drama training and advised him about the importance of waiting for the right part at the right time.

It wasn't long after that the right part at the right time came along—casting was on for "The Big Valley"—and Lee auditioned—the rest you can guess! Lee easily got the part of Heath and has since become a very prominent star in the series.

We think he's the greatest—we know you do, too—everyone does! Can't all be wrong, can we?

DODO

rave

LEE MAJORS

LLOYD ALEXANDER —

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMOROUS YOUNG MAN

Greco (Juliette) purred from the record-player (it's more than my "O" Level French can manage. But who cares? I get the message!).

Meanwhile, back in my archaic armchair (so *small*. We were—I swear it—*squeezed* together) Joan and I were having a heated exchange. In another language altogether. The Language of . . . Love (I'm studying for my "A" Level).

Suddenly, Joan broke out with: "Lloyd—stop sniffing!"

"Eh?"

"You heard—stop sniffing. You sound like an ant-eater with a cold in the head!"

"Hey, what is this?"

"I always prayed I'd never fall in love with a man who snored."

"I don't—"

"With a respiratory system like yours? You should smoke less—and I wish you'd shave more often."

"What's got into you?"

"I should be blind to your faults, Lloyd—Looking Through The Eyes of Love and all that. Maybe it was just a superficial thing, maybe I don't love you after all . . ."

She sat bolt upright, turning her head away stiffly. A large, full tear balanced in the corner of her eye. Bemused, I put an arm round her.

"Please—leave me alone," she pleaded. "Take me home!"

The drive to her place was hell—not a word was spoken. I'd turned down the idea of giving her a good shake to knock whatever had got into her out of her. It'll pass I thought.

She walked to her door without turning, spun and looked right at me, then the door shut, quickly.

Birds—*impossible!* From the cloud-tops to the verge of breaking up—in five minutes flat!

Back at the flat, I took a look in the mirror—uuugh. S'pose she was right—not exactly from the cover of Men's Style Weekly . . . but not a Wanted poster, either.

Took a crumpled pack of Gauloises from my pocket, lit one, then remembered her words: "You should smoke less . . ." Stuffed it out, put Greco on again. Slumped in the armchair. Got up again. Strode up and down . . .

The clock said it was 1.30 a.m. Should I ring Joan? Decided against it, hauled on my reefer, and went downstairs . . .

Good old Genevieve, M.G.! She's one female who's not completely unpredictable!

I headed for a famous refuge for the sleepless, Covent Garden. Fruit an' Veg.

Parked the car, and ambled mid the shouts and airborne cabbage crates. I've always liked Covent Garden—that rotten-apple smell. Knew a little all-night caff

here, and wound my way, squeezing between giant lorries I prayed wouldn't suddenly reverse, to its steamed-up windows.

It was packed. Got myself a tea and a sausage roll, and managed to squeeze into a pew opposite an enormous porter attacking a . . . was it Shepherd's Pie?

He sniffed.

Then he picked up his tea and made a noise like the Blackwall Tunnel springing a leak.

Another mouthful. Another sniff. A real walrus! I decided to use tactics I'd often successfully tried before.

When he sniffed, I sniffed. Only louder.

"We've got a right twit 'ere," The Walrus mumbled, at last, cracking his emptied



cup down and rising to leave. "A right twit!"

I gazed across the no-man's land of dirty plates. Sobered quick. And thought again about Joan.

An idea came into my head.

"Hullo, Craze magazine. Editorial."

"Mmm—very sexy."

"LLOYD!"

"How would you like to do something different tonight?"

"What, exactly?" Voice cautious. Stalling my overtures.

"Thought we'd kick off in Town, then, well . . . you come along and you'll see."

"I'm not sure—" Intrigued.

"Oh, come on . . ."

"Can you pick me up?"

"On the dot of 7, Ma'am."

"Fine. 'Bye."

"'Bye."

The Flamingo swung like only a coloured club can. We'd been there three hours. Those coloured guys and gals flock here from Brixton and Westbourne Park and everywhere and dance like they were putting their whole soul into it. And can they dance!

At about ten-thirty we climbed out into the chilly night air of Wardour Street.

"Where are you taking me now?" Joan queried.

"Wait and see." I replied.

Barely twenty minutes later we pulled in at the Airport Bowl. Another all-nighters' haunt.

Had to show Joan the ropes—but, finally had to haul her away!

"C'mon—the night's not over yet!"

Covent Garden was really throbbing with life.

"Mmmm—that smell," said Joan. "I like it—it's like orchards."

"How about a coffee and some local fare?"

"Oh, yes—I'm starving," Joan replied.

The caff was packed like a box of lettuces. They're used to outsiders coming to take in the scene here, but with a girl like Joan I had to hang on to my wits.

"Food's a bit crude, but it's filling," I apologised, ordering egg, bacon and tomato twice.

The plan worked like a charm. An oldish chap sat opposite us.

He took a forkful of sausage.

"Sniff."

I sniffed even louder. Joan glared at me. "Wassa joke?" rumbled the guy opposite us. "Come on, wot's so funny? You takin' the mick?"

Soon, a little crowd had gathered.

"Taking advantage of the ol' fella . . ."

"Comin' in 'ere an' takin' liberties . . ."

"Now, listen . . ."

It was too late. I felt a dozen arms grab my shoulders. Next thing I knew I was picking myself off the pavement outside.

"Trust you!" she said. "How COULD you take advantage of that poor old man?"

"I didn't mean any harm. Didn't you hear the way he sniffed? Horrible!"

"So what?"

"Well, I thought you hated people who sniffed . . . You went on at ME the other night."

"Oh, Lloyd! So this was all planned!"

"Well, I'd thought you'd realise I wasn't so bad."

"Do you know why I went off like that?"

"Mmmm?"

"It was Wednesday."

"Wednesday?"

"Yes, Wednesday. Our six months' anniversary."

"Oh, gosh—I clean forgot!"

"Yes, you *did*."

"Well, three days late—Happy Anniversary!" I gave her a bear hug. "C'mon—let's go and celebrate with a drink!"

"A drink. At five a.m.?"

"It just so happens I know a pub near here that's open for the porters . . ."

"Oh, Lloyd, you're so CLEVER!"

Our lips came together. It was great to be back!

See ya!

THAT'S ALL!



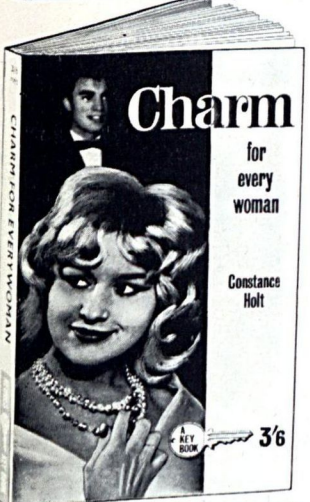
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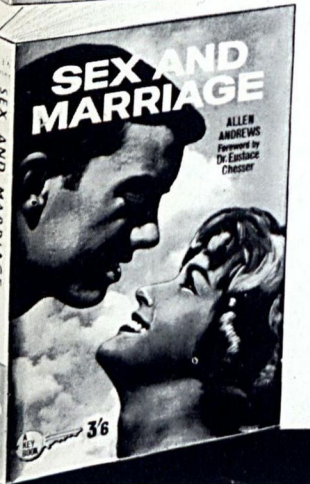
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by Allen Andrews

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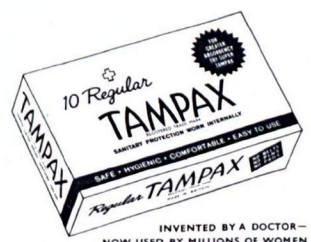
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10. IT'S THE MODERN WAY.

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