

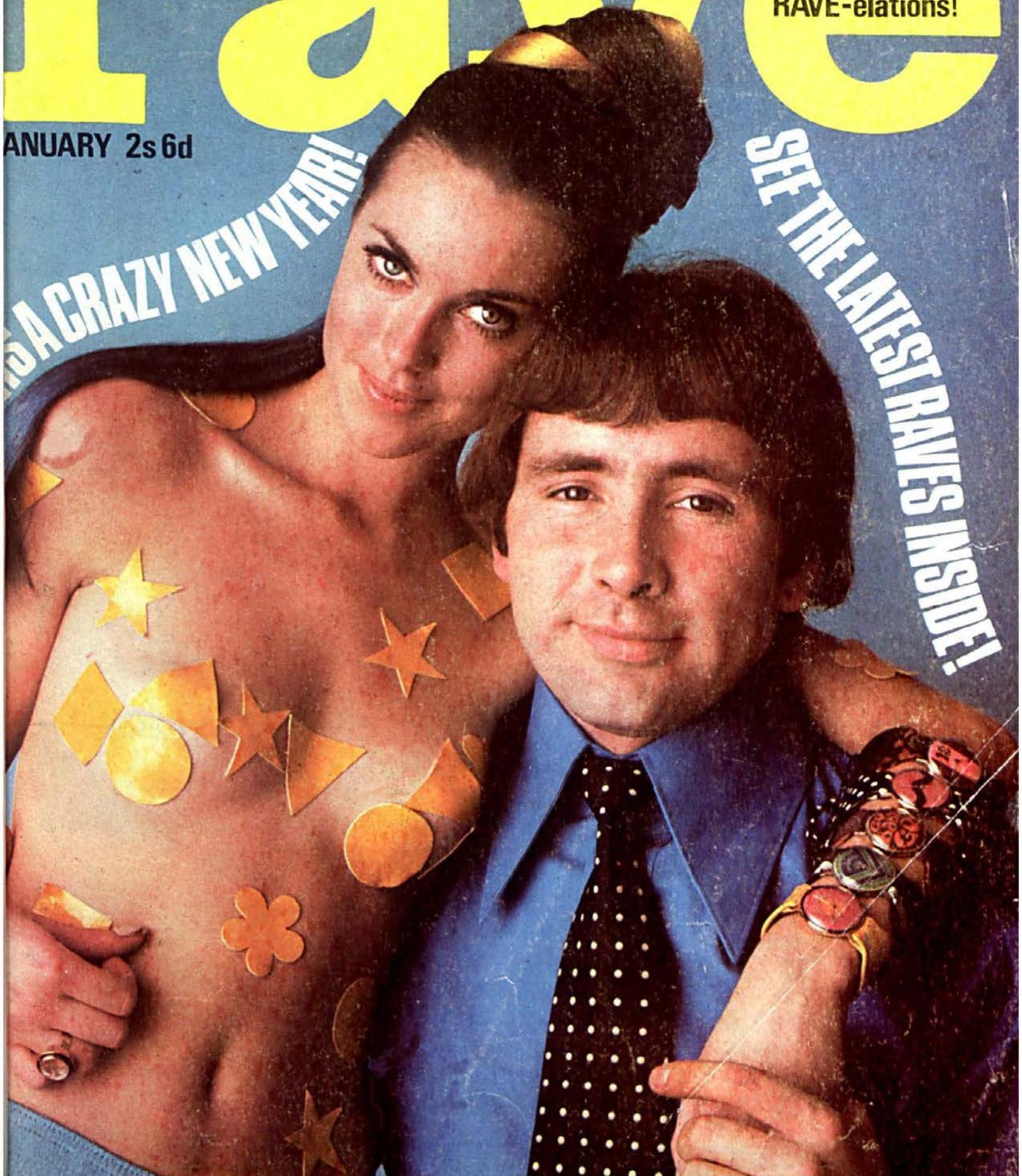
rave

RAVE-elations!

JANUARY 2s 6d

GO A CRAZY NEW YEAR!

SEE THE LATEST RAVES INSIDE!





MORE

**MONEY FOR FUN
IF YOU DON'T SMOKE**

10 Cigarettes a day cost £30 a year or more
15 Cigarettes a day cost £45 a year or more
20 Cigarettes a day cost £60 a year or more

SO WHY SMOKE CIGARETTES AND RISK YOUR HEALTH?



Hi Fans!

Hope you all had a really
loving Christmas! We did - and
now we're looking forward to an all-
happening New Year!

What will happen in 1967? No one
knows for sure, but we at RAVE are
making some bold predictions. To find out
what they are read our RAVE-elations - it
tells you everything that will be happening
on the raver's scene! Which means
that you mustn't miss it! Have fun! Stay
loving!
The Editor

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OUR COVER: RAVE-elations of 1967! Trogg Reg Presley with a model who's wearing a Decal kit of stick-on shapes. Bikini by Jer-sea, watches by Pacesetter, hair-piece by Tovar Tresses.

RAVE

RAVE
TOWER HOUSE
SOUTHAMPTON ST
LONDON · WC2

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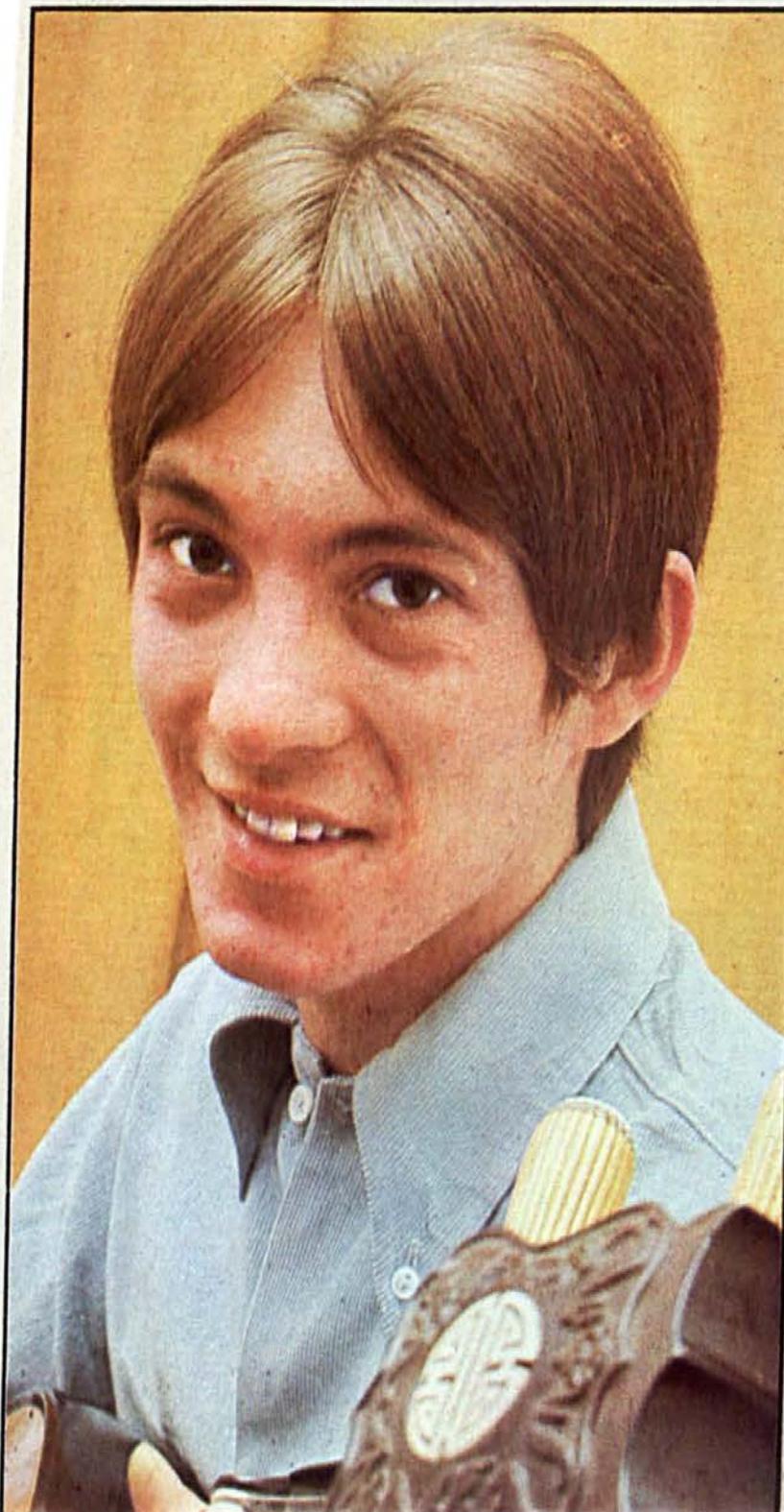


RAVE-ELATIONS!

A
RAVER'S
GUIDE
TO WHAT'S
HAPPENING
IN THE
NEW YEAR



Trouser suit with cap by Mark Russell, 12jgns.



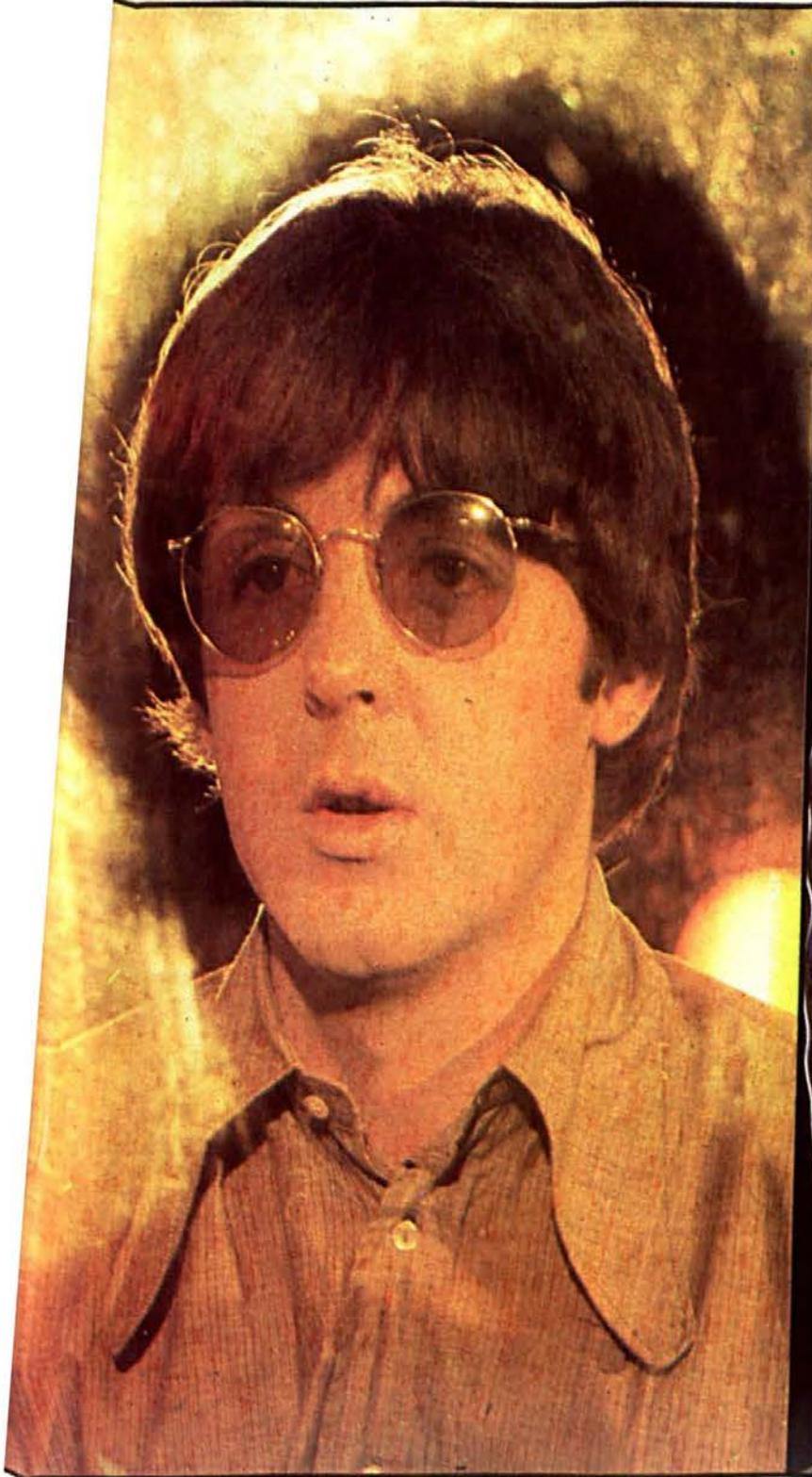
WE PREDICT...

■ That this year Steve Marriott will rise in popularity to the same heights as Scott Walker, if not higher, and with his previous acting experience will go back into films without the rest of the group and be a great success.



WE HOPE...

■ To see more way-out fashion ideas, like our mini-skirt/belt above, to show that people are having fun with fashion. Skirt by Pierre Elegante—not for sale! Shirt by Roberta, £4 19s. 11d. Hat with ear-rings by Edward Mann, 39s. 11d.



WE FEAR...

■ That Paul, out of all the Beatles, will this year become more divorced from the pop world with different ventures than the other three. Expect him to start exploiting talent, other than his own, in the fields of art or music—maybe as an agent.

WE WOULD LOVE...

■ Scott Engel to get himself sorted out in his life and work. We would also love him to lose his moody, lonely image, become less of a pop recluse and so let more of his millions of fans appreciate him and that wonderful voice of his.

WE PREDICT...

- Pirate radio stations *will* be banned in spite of public protest.
- Dennis Wilson will emerge as a song-writing talent to rival his brother Brian.
- Mini-skirts will go even higher with the aid of matching knickers, but will drop to knee level before the end of the year.
- Graham Nash, Eric Burdon, George Harrison, Donovan, Brian Jones and Georgie Fame will all get on well together.
- Jonathan King will be sued for something he says.
- Scott Engel will remain a bachelor.
- A major pop publication (not RAVE!) will fold during the coming year.
- Zoot Money *still* won't find a satisfactory way of holding up his trousers.
- The Yardbirds will fade, unless some drastic changes are made.
- Lots more independent recording labels will spring up.
- Toward the end of '67 there will be a major upheaval in the pop world, resulting in renewed interest due to the intervention of a younger generation.
- Eric Burdon's book will not be published.



Burdon: his book won't appear

- Shoe heels are going to get higher and toes will have a definite round or square shape.
- The Old Folks will realise again that pop is a young person's business and should be run by young people, or at least the young at heart.
- Derek Taylor and Les Perrin will remain the world's top pop publicists.
- The Beach Boys' next record will take six months to record, using six computers, an entire electronics factory and 17 recording studios!
- Psychedelic music and psychedelic happenings won't happen!



A rave — matching knickers! This outfit is by Mary Quant, price 9½ gns.



Orbison: fewer sick songs

WE HOPE...

- More up-and-coming young hairdressers and dress designers will be able to make the scene, just as easily as the now big names who stay rigidly at the top.
- Roy Orbison will think twice about his record releases here, as his last two both got the "sick" vote.
- The girl singers' scene livens up dramatically.
- Records become cheaper.
- The Beatles *will* continue to make British tours for the sake of their faithful fans after they've finished filming. The fans are getting restless.
- The Lovin' Spoonful and the Mamas and Papas will tour here.
- The Singing Postman will record "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport".
- 1967 will produce an entirely new-style disc jockey—one who actually slams lousy records.
- Since everyone's got a fun fur, we have a hard winter!
- The Hollies will get many more No. 1 hits.
- There's something big and sensational to replace RSG—the TV. pop scene is getting very draggy.

RAVE-ELATIONS!



Reg Presley: he'll write hits

WE FEAR...

- Stage performances and record sounds are going to get wider and wider apart, despite live TV. shows.
- Juke Box Jury will go on for ever.
- Cliff will become an evangelist.
- Records won't become cheaper, possibly more expensive.



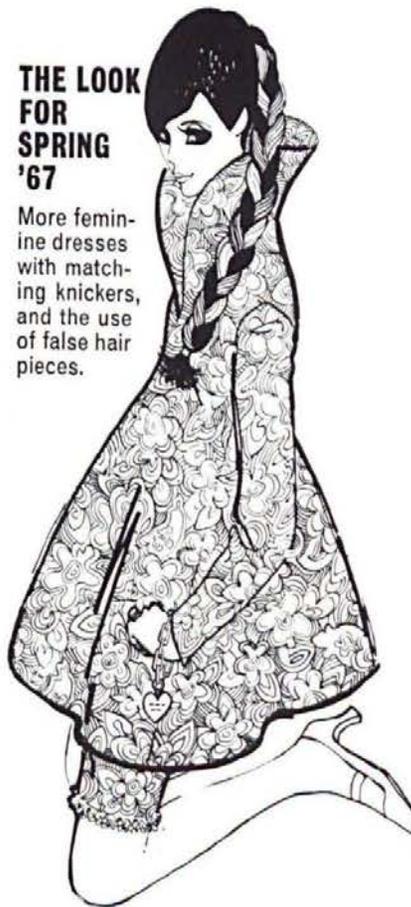
Donovan: he'll re-establish himself despite bad publicity



Cliff: full-time evangelist?

THE LOOK FOR SPRING '67

More feminine dresses with matching knickers, and the use of false hair pieces.



WE PREDICT...

- Donovan will re-establish himself in the face of any adverse publicity.
- Trogg Reg Presley will write hits for other artistes.
- Coats and dresses will swing, tent-wise, in vivid, plain colours.
- A group of four male nurses will record "We're Coming To Put Him Back, Ha-Ha!"
- Brian Sommerville will still be Britain's most publicized publicist.
- There will be another smash hit, Chart-busting Jim Reeves record, (and again in 1968, 1969 and 1970).
- Everything, and we mean everything—clothes, shoes, stockings, bags, gloves, hair and make-up will become more colourful, with super colours like violet, orange, apple green and vivid yellow.
- The Troggs and Small Faces will gain in popularity.
- A much softer, feminine look in fashion will overtake the more butch styles.

RAVE-ELATIONS!

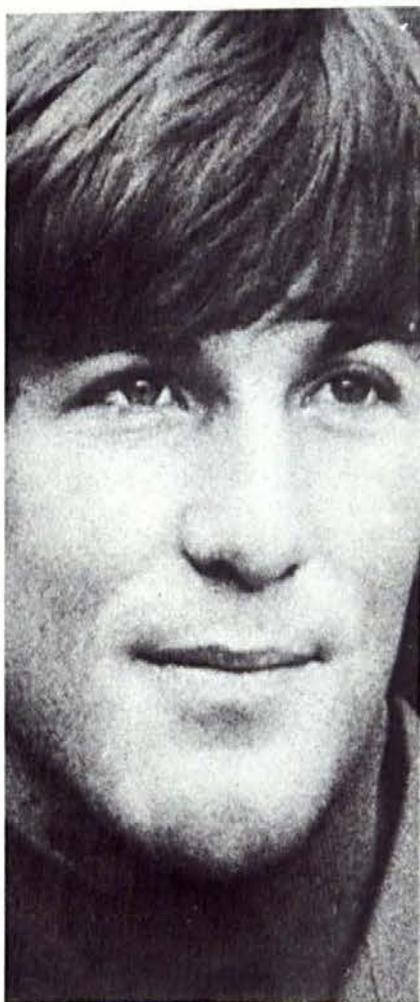


Jagger and Richard: they'll write bigger and better hits



WE HOPE...

- Fewer people will carry their transistor radios everywhere with them.
- Gordon will get on better with Peter!
- Cafe owners will bring their juke boxes up to date more often.
- The better thoughts in religious music will infiltrate into pop music through Brian Wilson's work.



Dennis Wilson: big scream

WE PREDICT...

- Mick Jagger and Keith Richard will write bigger and better hits.
- Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys will be one of the big scream names of the year.
- Elvis still won't come to Britain.
- Group names will become even more fatuous. Watch out for them in styles A, B and C:
 - A. The Norzee Eight, the Pre-Marital Six and the What-the-Hell Four.
 - B. The Mess, the Rot, the Rubbish, the Eczema.
 - C. M. B. Seel and the Congenital Idiots, Red Sales and the Sunsets, Art E. Fishall and the Respirations, Ted Tired and the Exhausteds.
- Cilla Black will become officially engaged to her road manager, Bobby Willis.
- The Rolling Stones' film—even if it's never made—will cause a sensation.
- Wide-brim and cloche hats will be as popular as berets.
- "Freak-out" won't happen.
- This year the Beatles will have a record out that won't get to No. 1.



Gordon—in rusty armour!

■ John Lennon will be allowed to say what he likes, when he likes, wherever he likes.

■ Stick-on shapes and way-out watches will become even more popular.

■ The Hollies stick to their successful formula and don't get too way-out.



Clarke—successful formula



More fun with gimmicks

WE FEAR...

■ John Lennon won't be allowed to say what he likes, when he likes, wherever he likes.

■ A lot of those second-hand clothes will fall to pieces.

■ There will be the usual crop of singers going solo from their groups this year.

■ Some girls will still be wearing 4in.-from-the-hip skirts instead of 4in.-from-the-knee skirts without dieting!

■ Cathy McGowan's new show will be an anti-climax after R.S.G.

■ Keith Moon will continue to smash his drums by popular request!

■ Stevie Winwood will branch away from the Spencer Davis Group.

■ Bob Dylan may continue to fool some of the people some of the time.

■ A group will be formed calling themselves "The Gestapo" dressed in Nazi uniforms.

■ Someone will slam the Small Faces again for no reason.

■ People will still be laughing at, instead of praising, the more original male fashions.



Dave Dee: big breakthrough

WE WOULD LOVE...

■ To see more shows like the Four Tops at the Saville Theatre, London.

■ Dave Dee to achieve his greatest ambition, for the group to make the big breakthrough in America.

■ To see pirate radio stations beat the ban by operating from airships!

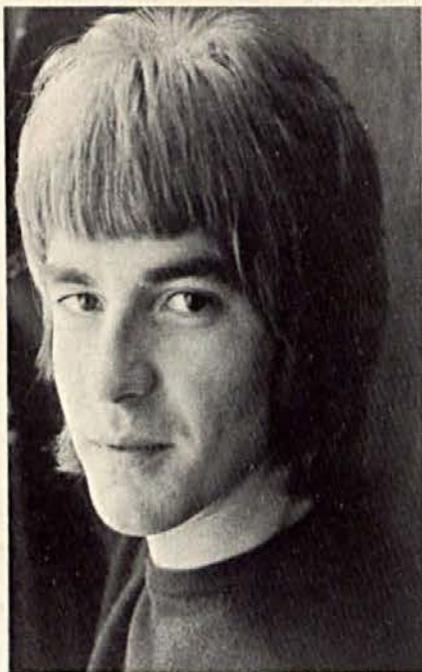


Keith Moon: more smashing

Dress by Travers Tempos, 87s. 6d. Hat with false piece by Edward Mann, 59s. 11d.



Wide-brim hats for '67



More U.S. fame for Garrick

THE LOOK FOR AUTUMN '67



We predict Prussian-style coats will be "in" this autumn, with boots reaching to just under knee level.

WE PREDICT...

- David Garrick will get more popular both here and in America.
- The Eastern look, with super, coloured caftans, rajah trousers and coats, will predominate the evening fashion scene.
- Scott won't go home to America during the six month working break the Walkers have to make.
- The Monkees, hottest thing in U.S. Charts and TV., will zoom into popularity here.
- There will be at least two major pop divorces this year.
- 1967 will be *the* year of the Beach Boys here.
- '67 will be one of the most competitive years in the pop world since that great year of the Merseyside boom. British established groups will have to compete against the invading Americans as well as British newcomers. As a result, the standard of records will be much higher.
- Towelling will be a new "in" fabric for clinging dresses.
- Headlined by the Beach Boys, there will be a wave of American top-liners over here smashing into the British pop market: Young Rascals, Spoonful, Mamas and Papas.
- Ballroom managers will have to see that better safety precautions are taken if they want to get big names to appear in ballrooms.
- Plaits with kooky-coloured streaks will be the great fashion accessory.
- With the success of the Four Tops, the Motown artistes will come right back with a bang.
- Pop marriages will be fairly plentiful in the coming year.
- When the Walker Brothers' first film is made, Scott will emerge as a rave actor.
- The big pop tours of 1967 will be the biggest star-packed shows ever, carrying at least three top pop names, and fewer filling-in groups.
- Soon every other girl in England will have her hair cut very short, and wear a wig or false piece and that non-English ravers will follow the trend.



Dress by Bagatel, 8½gns

The Eastern look for evening

WE WOULD LOVE...

- To see a really soft hair-style catch on.
- To see more boutiques in the big stores, so that everyone can take advantage of the really swinging gear that's coming out now.
- Gene Pitney to find the lost love he's always singing about.
- The Animals to re-unite, at least for a British tour.



Gene: that lost love

RAVE-ELATIONS!



Herman—lives hard and fast!

WE HOPE...

- Scott will straighten out his mind.
- Ray Davies will produce a worthwhile musical.
- Long coats catch on, but not for short girls!
- The Troggs will remain unspoiled.
- Herman will stop living as hard, and as fast.
- Bill Wyman will produce a hit record for one of his groups.
- The Graham Bond Organisation will get a hit.
- RAVE will stay your No. 1 magazine!

Great accessory—streaked hair!



WE PREDICT...

- Carnaby Street will continue to live on past glories.
- Charlie Watts will say even less.
- Paul Jones's film will shock the pop world—and the pop fans.
- If Paul McCartney's film song-writing, which he has been working on recently, is successful, his next venture will be a West End musical.
- The Who will re-emerge as one of the most raved-over groups. They got a bit buried—publicity and fan-wise—in '66 by the Walkers and Small Faces.
- A country outside the British Isles will find a personality to topple the Beatles!
- Some pop groups will worry more about their appearance than their music.
- Pink Floyd will be a name to watch in the New Year.



The Pink Floyd—a name to watch in the New Year

THE NEW YEAR BEAUTY LOOK IS FULL OF EASTERN PROMISE

HOW TO GET THE INDIAN LOOK...

To make a totally Western-looking eye look turned-up, is to draw eye-liner downwards—so extend black eyeliner beyond the eye at the inside and outside, above and below the eye.

To widen the eye, apply white eyeliner between each line at the point where they meet at the inside and outside of the eye.

Today's beauty is definitely feeling the effect of the Indian influence—so RAVE girl Lee has devised a new look—full of Eastern promise! The credit for one idea, however, must go to Pattie Boyd, who, on returning to London after her Indian holiday with husband George, had placed one red Dottie on her forehead! It is a sign of the times that must be followed up! After all, an Indian beauty is Miss World... so follow that!

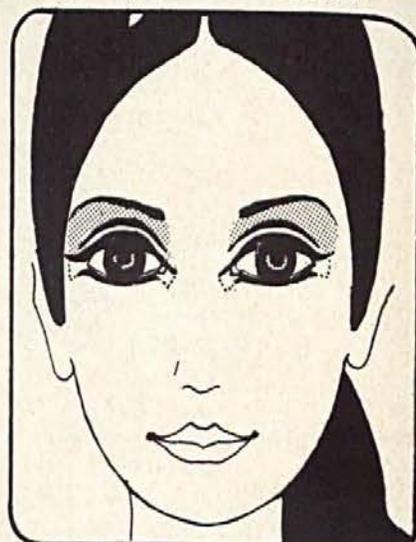
For effect we used silver shadow on the whole eyelid. Slight shading with cinnamon powder eyeshadow along the eye-bone. Finally, gold above that, just under the eyebrow, and a touch of mascara.



We used Mary Quant's Face Shapers over our model's own pale foundation to give a high cheek-boned effect. Use faintly along the bone—too much will distract from the eye make-up.

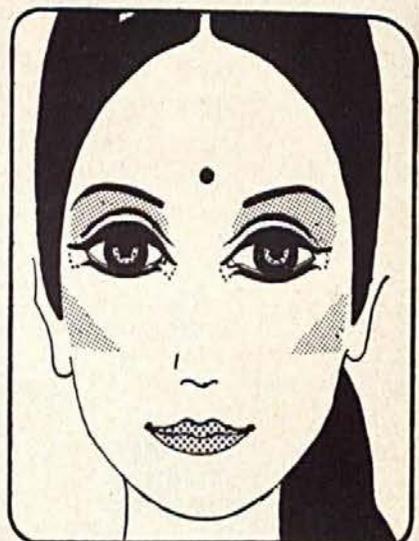
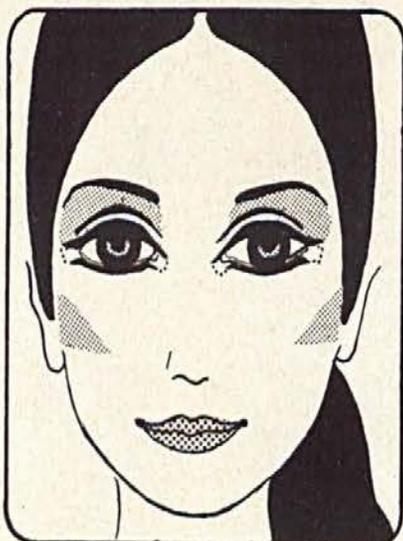


For the Eastern look, lips have to take on a brand new curve. We gave them a bow shape with just a touch of colour to tint the lips. The lipstick is a new shade by Gala called 'Hotly Pink'.



We fixed on a super Dynel plait. Tovar Tresses are blended in to match your own shade of hair, at most big stores.

Don't forget the finishing touch. One red dottie on the forehead.



PRODUCTS USED—Shado-liner in black and white: 5s 1d. Powder eyeshadow in cinnamon: 5s 1d. Eyelight in gold and silver: 7s 7d. Eymatic mascara: 8s 11d. All by Eylure. Mary Quant Face Shapers: 12s 9d. Tovar Tresses: from £6 10s. Dotties: 4s 11d a packet.

A BEAUTY HAPPENING BY LEE



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

When a bird like RAVE's Dawn James takes a close look at Stevie Winwood through the magnifying glass of a personal interview, she is surprised. This singer-organist-heart-throb extraordinary from the Spencer Davis group says he needs nothing and no-one more than just an electric organ. Unbelievable? Read this exclusive story and see for yourself!

It's difficult to analyse someone like Stevie Winwood, who, at eighteen years old, has the attitude of someone ten years his senior, the wealth of someone fifteen years his senior, and the musical ability of someone much more experienced, beyond even the realms of age.

He emerged, however, from his bedroom at three in the afternoon, eyes

closed, hands groping, body draped in a bedspread, heaved himself on to a sofa, and said, "I'm a bit sleepy, got to bed pretty late, been travelling all night again."

There was an emphasis on the 'again'. The Spencer Davis group, in which Stevie is lead vocalist and organist, work hard, and spend a great deal of time travelling, which explains why Spence

and Stevie both have a tremendous fear of their car crashing.

"About the only thing I'm capable of thinking of when I stagger home at five in the morning is that I'm all in one piece," Stevie said, visually awakening. "I'm glad to report that I am at last coming to terms with pop. I don't say I dig the pop scene, but I appreciate what the fans have done for me, for us. I'm very happy." He paused, "You know, really happy, content here, inside where you can't lie to yourself. I've got everything, well, as near to everything, as you can get."

But he has a problem of sorts. He is known as a singer, but he wants to be known as an organist.

"To me I am an organist," he explained. "I have to play, I don't have to sing."

Stevie has been described as singing with soul, but he isn't sure what soul means nowadays.

"It has become a pop word and lost its real meaning. People use it too much. They say I sing with soul. Soul singing means feeling what you sing and not being aware of doing a job. But some nights I don't feel like singing, and then it becomes a job, so I don't sing with soul at all."

There have been rumours that singers like Stevie, who put so much into their performances, take drugs. I asked him if he does.

"No, I don't," he said, "but people always think I do. I used to drink a lot, but I don't even do that now. I don't object to people taking drugs if they are old enough, and want to. It is useless laying down rules for other people to live by. It's like religion, rules in set religions are silly. I have a sort of religion, but I have my own rules and standards. I think, no, I *know*, what I can do and can't do, and I am my own judge."

He was fully awake now and completely relaxed. He's got a strange way of talking, often not finishing sentences, but going off on another track completely. Does he need his particular religion?

"Not altogether. I don't need things much. I don't need a girl friend at all. I've never depended on a girl. I think I need close friends, especially one friend, who knows me better than anyone else in the world, better than even my brother knows me.



"Sometimes singing is just a job to me."

STEVIE WINWOOD



"I don't depend on anyone—not even a girl"

"I think I depend on good relations within the group, so you could say I need them. I couldn't work if things were unpleasant between us."

Would he give up music for anyone or anything?

"No, not in my present state. Playing the organ is everything to me. I've just bought a country cottage, half a mile from the nearest neighbour, in which I've installed an organ. There I am really content, and I play all night sometimes, and feel marvellous the next morning. I need my music or I'd explode. It's not a gag, or a publicity line, it's from deep inside me. People think singing matters to me, but I only sing my best when I am playing good organ."

Stevie sits curled on a sofa, snug in his bedspread, and talks fluently of music, but when you get on to wider topics he closes in on you just a bit, enough to make you wonder if he is unsure of some aspects of life. He says marriage is a workable institution for some, disastrous for

others, and just shakes his head when asked what it is likely to be for him.

He says he doesn't like wars because he doesn't want to die, and if war broke out in this country he would plead insanity.

He is all at once imaginative, and down to earth. When asked what the colours red, black, green and blue mean to him, he says, 'colours'. He doesn't say red is for pain. Red is Sunday. Red is death. Or Black is peace. Black is a large dog running. Blue is liquid. Green is country. Green is Saturday and coffee in the village.

"Heck, I never thought of anything like that," he said, interested but perplexed.

In his spare time this worldly eighteen-year-old dons a pair of boots, a fur hat (to go with that famous fur coat) and plods off to his country cottage. (Sometimes, rather like the Grand Old Duke of York, not with ten thousand men, but a handful of mates, and sometimes alone.)

"When I go there to relax and play, I go alone," Stevie said. "If I want to have

a laugh and a drink with the lads, I take friends with me. I have old furniture in my cottage, and a huge log fire, and I can see over the downs. It's beautiful there, much better than staying in town on my time off.

"There are very few places I want to go in town nowadays. I was clubbing it when all the pop people were sitting in hotel bars. Now whenever I go to a club I meet people involved in pop, and they want to talk business. I find that boring."

It was about five p.m. and time to go. Stevie had a concert somewhere north of Great Yarmouth that evening. A long fast road stretched ahead of him, a night of playing and singing, and another journey at the end of which, he'd drop into bed at five a.m. thankful for lots of things, but most of all that there had been no road accidents.

And a few hours later, lots of Stevie Winwood fans getting up in the morning, in lots of houses all over the country, are equally thankful.



Stevie in that fur coat

"I don't like wars and I don't want to die. If war did break out then I'd plead insanity"

A RAVER'S GUIDE.

WE'VE TOLD GIRLS HOW TO TURN COOL ON BOYS,



"It's all very well reading this advice in RAVE about how to beat off unwelcome masculine advances, but what about us boys besieged by girls we don't fancy. How do we beat *them* off?"

This is an extract from a letter sent to RAVE by a reader after our Big Freeze feature in the November issue.

So, prompted by that letter writer's plea from the heart, we asked RAVE girl Lesley Garner to find out from the blokes in the office how *they* would go about turning down birds.

The result is an amusing, light-hearted, impractical feature. But don't be fooled. There's still a lot of truth in what we say!

SITUATION:

A clinging vine of a girl has just begun to fancy you. She finds out where you are going to be and when you get there she's waiting for you.

SOLUTION by Dennis:

Never go out alone. Always take a friend (preferably a large one). Refuse to leave his side. Tell her that you promised his mother/father/brother/sister/girlfriend not to let him out of your sight. No girl likes being ignored, so she will either get fed up with the pair of you, or her sympathies will be aroused by your helpless friend. His problems are his own!

ALTERNATIVE:

Never go where you've said you will

SITUATION:

You've gone to a party and some girl is throwing herself at you in a state of drunken abandon. She's making a fool of herself and you. What do you do?

SOLUTION by Lloyd Alexander:

Let her get drunker. Everyone knows that beyond a certain point she's a dead loss anyway. This is your aim. Render her incapable and make sure that someone else takes her home. You don't want her to be sick in *your* car.

SITUATION:

Your girlfriend's best friend keeps making obvious advances to you. How do you tell her to get lost?

SOLUTION by Mike Grant:

Tell her to get lost! Slightly less blunt method—tell your girlfriend, then sit back and wait for the bang.

Or, introduce her to the biggest bore you know, and give her the impression that he's very, very rich. By the time she's found out the truth it will be too late. With any luck she'll never speak to you again.

SITUATION:

A girl keeps calling at your house to see you on the slightest pretext. You and your family are fed up with the sight of her.

SOLUTION by Dennis:

Shout "I'm out" very loudly, just as she comes to the door. Bang up and down stairs, drop things and swear loudly, appear at the window, and generally make your presence known. Two minutes after she's gone leave the house whistling loudly.

SITUATION:

If all else has failed and she has actually forced you into asking her out, don't stand her up, you'll only have to do it again.

SOLUTION by Lloyd:

Don't tell her exactly where you're going but give her the impression that you're taking her to a party. She will put on her best dress and spend hours making up. Turn up at her house slightly unshaven and wearing your oldest jeans. Tell her she looks all right but a bit overdressed. Take her to the pub, having first made sure that the rigger crowd will be there

... FOR BOYS!

AND HERE'S THE BOYS' REPLY-HOW TO DISCREETLY LOSE A GIRL!

... they're bound to get drunk, sing obscene songs and slosh beer about. Talk incessantly about rugby, and make sure that you miss the last bus home and have to walk, preferably across a muddy field. Don't kiss her but grip her hand painfully and ask her to the match on Saturday. If she doesn't suddenly remember an urgent appointment, then either you look like Alain Delon, or she looks like Genghis Khan!

SITUATION:

Some small time Bardot has asked you round to her place for the evening. Her parents are out. After dinner she lures you on to the sofa, snuggles up to you, murmurs things in your ear and generally asks for it.

SOLUTION by Mike:

Give it to her. This is a sure-fire method. Guaranteed absolutely fool-proof in times of distress.

The chances are she'll be so shocked she'll never want to see you again (and if she does what are you worried about?)

The beauty of this method is that this is really what she wants you to do, only you do it sooner than she expected. After screaming a few things about trying to take advantage of her, being brutal and insensitive, only after one thing, not respecting her, etc., she will turn you out into the street.

LESLEY GARNER SUMS UP:

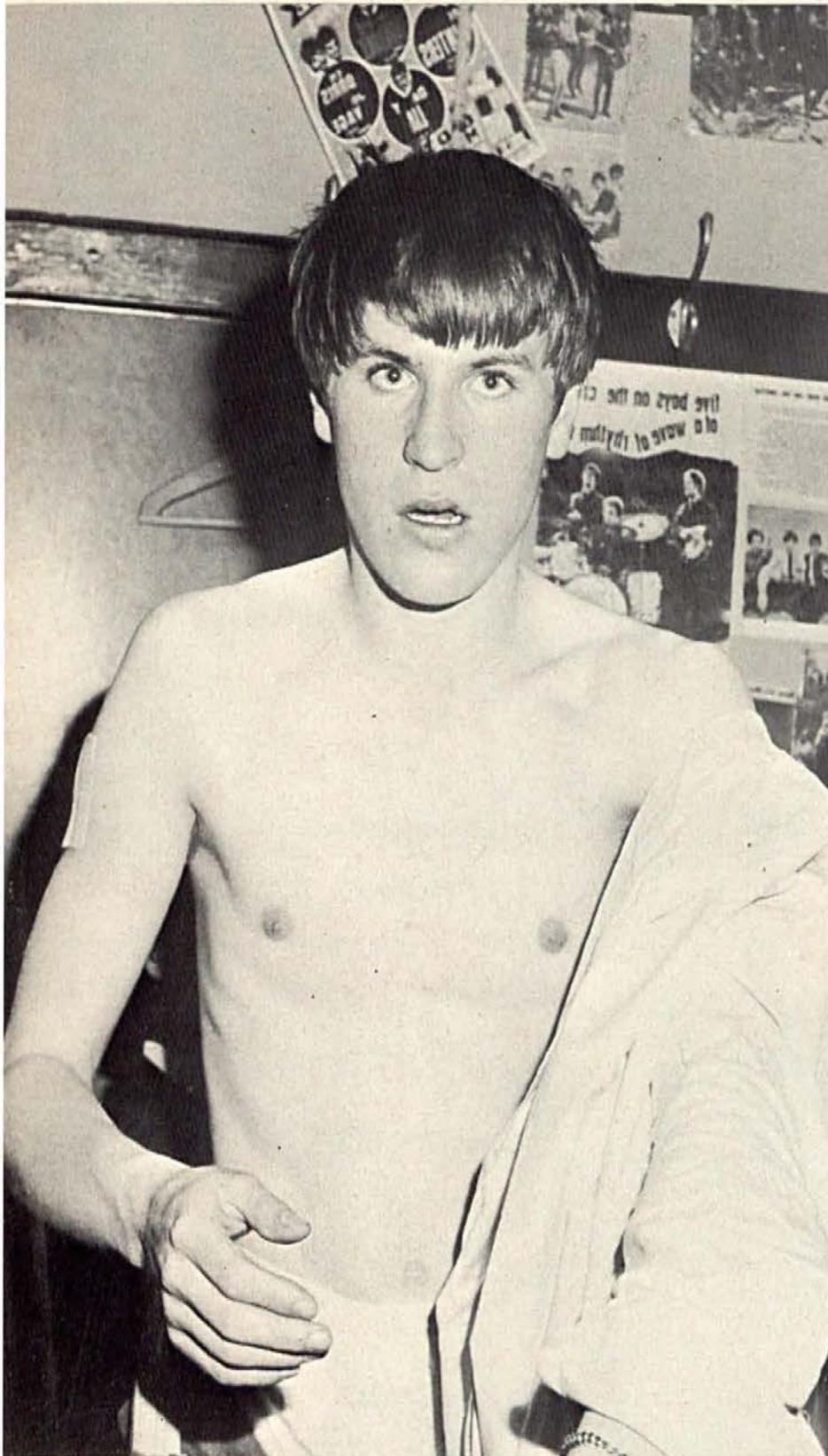
All the methods mentioned work on the valuable principle of using your opponent's own strategy and weight to trap them. Strictly speaking, the only advantage a man has over a girl is his physical strength. When it comes to plans and strategy we've got you every time! So carry on with our sure-fire method and you'll end up with the reputation of being mad, bad and dangerous to know. What more does any man want?



You've had Eric's Burdon, now read

ALAN'S PRICE

The story of a star's lonely fight back to the top



Alan Price in '65: "I was in the middle of a physical breakdown"

In April 1965 Alan Price threw himself from the top of the success ladder in an act of professional suicide which shocked and surprised the pop world.

For the next five months he went through an agonising personal crisis before deciding to make a come-back. It was a tough decision to make. His first experience of world-wide pop celebrity, as a member of the Animals, had played havoc with his nervous system. And now he had formed a group which would inevitably be compared with the Animals, and he knew very well that if he didn't make it there were many who would draw the conclusion that the Animals had carried him, as a passenger, to pop stardom.

But Alan Price has made it to the top again. "Now," he says, "it is just beginning to happen with my group."

Talent

There are not many examples in the pop world of people who have turned their backs on fame and later fought their way back into the spotlight. If Alan Price is one, it is because he has considerable talent as a musician and knows what he wants to do.

But his dramatic come-back was not achieved without an enormous amount of psychological upheaval.

Alan Price is an intelligent, articulate, sensitive, nervous and melancholy individual who has to protect himself from the often savage elements in the pop jungle by burying himself in his music.

"Music is the most important thing in my life," he says. "Everything revolves around that half hour or so on stage."

Alan Price is back on the pop scene now because his desire to express himself musically overwhelms those characteristics of introspection, nervousness and sensitivity which would normally make him the most unlikely person in the world to be a pop idol.

As a child he had a strong family background. "I always used to be a home bird. We had a big family and I was always very reserved. I only started playing for my own amusement and self-expression — I never had an idea at first of making any money at it.

"When we were fifteen we were playing all the Joe Turner stuff, when songs like 'White Sports Coat' were big hits. People used to boo — but we kept at it.

"That was the great thing about the Animals. We all believed in what we were doing from the very beginning. We weren't great musicians,

but our music developed naturally. There was no-one to interfere.

"But once we started making hit records, the thinking stopped. We were five, strong, independent personalities and we refused to accept that things were going wrong.

"Managers and agents came on the scene, but we refused to take their advice. We were so involved that we couldn't really see clearly. We had come up fast, and then levelled out. There should have been films, and we should have been more selective in what we did. I can see all the problems now, but we couldn't when we were in the middle of it.

"The Stones and the Beatles have developed continuously. We stood still. We reached our peak with 'House of the Rising Sun' in August 1964 — and stayed there."

Alan says that a lot happened to the Animals in that period and they couldn't seem to play anything fresh — and then there was Alan's personal horror of travelling, particularly by air.

"Flying cost me so much in nervous energy. I just couldn't surmount the problem. I'd already brought up the subject of leaving the group with Eric, but he'd told me that if I left he'd leave too.

"I was always getting ill with tonsillitis and was in a terribly nervous state. I was drinking a lot, too. I really wanted to pack it all in. But the trouble with a co-operative group is that there are four people depending on you. You have to think about them.

"Maybe if I'd had the chance to take a long rest I might have been alright. But that just wasn't possible at the time. In the end I decided to leave without telling anyone.

Breakdown

"It was a difficult decision because the Animals were not just another group — they were more than that. But I was in the middle of a complete physical and mental breakdown. I just had to get myself together.

"I thought about going into a teacher training college, or becoming a probation officer. I wanted to do something that involved people other than just clerical work.

"In the end I seemed to be running around in ever decreasing circles — so I decided to go back into the music business. People had been writing about me in the music papers and there seemed to be a lot of interest in whether I'd start playing again.

"But this time I was determined to go back in control of the merry-go-round. After I'd got my band together we played our first engagement in the

Club-A-Go-go in Newcastle. I had quite a good following up there and everyone was very nice. But even so, I was terrified.

"Now I've established myself," he says with a slow, sad smile, "I can live with myself a bit more."

Alan is convinced that the break-up of the Animals was a result of his own departure. "It opened up the doors for everyone, and the group just started to fall apart."

Now that Eric Burdon finds himself starting all over again, just as Alan Price did more than a year ago, what advice can Alan offer to his friend?

"First of all, I'd advise Eric to be very spare in his gigs — be selective about where he plays and about the material he uses.

"I know Eric very well. I should think he is as unsure of himself as I am underneath. He drew as much from the Animals as they drew from him. Now he is on his own — and the toughest thing he'll have to face is that his success will always be compared with when he was in the Animals.

"It might be very tough at first. When I started again we kept above the breadline by doing just week-end gigs. I wouldn't let the band work on poorly paid jobs — like £25 a night.

"I wanted the band to be established on a good scene—and I still do.

I'm now trying to adapt jazz to the things I can do — to write arrangements that hold interest. At least I have my own approach."

Finally, is there any prospect of a Price-Burdon reunion?

"People have often asked me this. We were considering working together at one time, but there were management problems. Still, I think we'll get together eventually."

Challenge

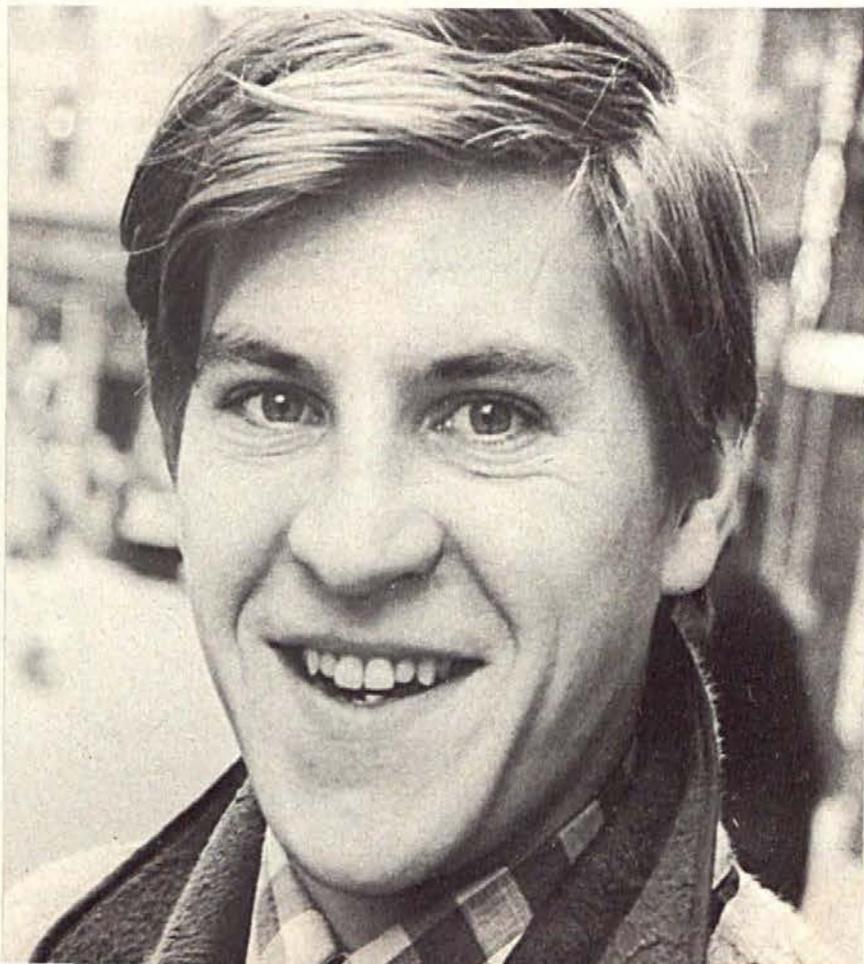
Whatever problems Eric Burdon has to face now that the Animals have disbanded, it is quite certain that the challenge will not be nearly as formidable as that which Alan Price faced.

Eric will not have to compete with the Animals, he is not making a comeback, since he never left the scene, and he has already established himself as a great singer, whereas Alan had to *make* a reputation in that department.

Viewed in this light, the reappearance of Alan Price at the top of the same ladder he leapt off eighteen months ago represents a rare achievement in the pop world. He has triumphed over the personal anxieties which might easily have ruined his career.

Mike Hennessy

... And Price today: his comeback to pop is a rare achievement



This is Where it's at

Here's RAVE's Mike Grant with the latest gossip on your favourite stars!

POP POLL

■ Seeing as everyone else is organising polls, I thought I might run one of my own based upon slightly unusual qualifications—those of character, personality and general friendliness.

Best Pop Person—female:

Sandie Shaw for being herself, natural cockney, good-hearted and unpretentious.

Best group:

The Troggs for being friendly, unaffected and anti-malicious.

Best Pop Person—male:

Eric Burdon for being generally agreeable, honest and sincere.

Best interviewee:

Mick Jagger for his "to hell with everyone" attitude.

Best Publicist:

Derek Taylor for his good manners and friendly personality.

Next month—the "worst" awards

■ Trogg Ronnie Bond appeared solo on Swedish TV. recently when he found himself locked out of the group's hotel, after returning just half an hour after the others. Ronnie's frantic ringings at the bell were ignored and he finally squeezed in through a basement window, after standing on some crates to lever himself up. Poor Ronnie blundered about in the kitchen and basement for three quarters of an hour before he found a way out, and then discovered the other Troggs in the reception hall with two house detectives watching closed circuit television—the programme had been "A Ronnie Bond Breaking and Entering Thriller"!

Quote of the Month from Beach Boy Bruce Johnston.

"There are three types of beautiful women I like—British for variety—Californian for type—Swedish for ever!" Skol!

■ The Kinks as body snatchers in an independently produced film depicting them as undertakers, is one we will never see. Rejected for TV. as being unsuitable for showing, Dave Davies had a few words to say about the rebuff.

"We're sick of going on TV. and just standing there like four dummies, miming to a backing track.

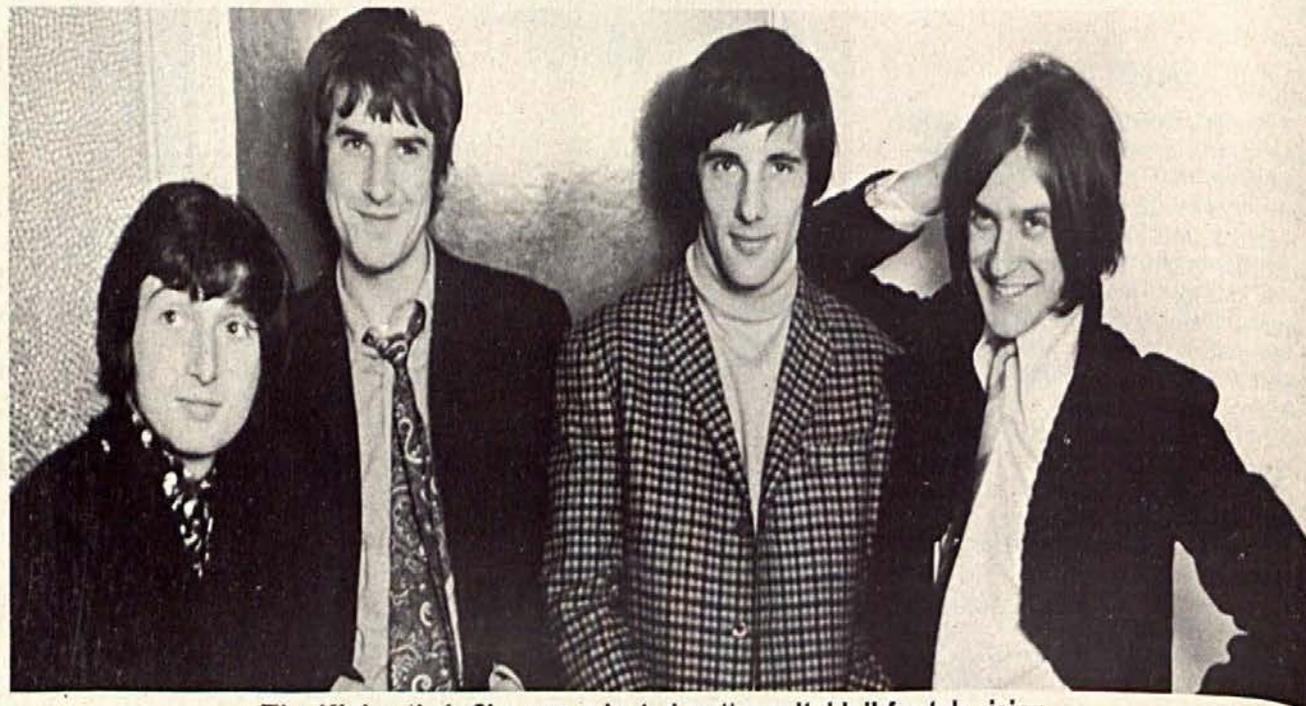
We thought this film was different and amusing. There was nothing sick about it. It had some very funny sequences with Mick Avory dressed up as a boy scout. We're choked that an attempt to do something different should have been rejected."

In the New Year the Kinks play three concerts in Germany and one in Italy.

■ A Manfred Mann instrumental LP is coming your way this month titled "Soul of Mann" (Parlophone). The album includes three unissued tracks, "Spirit Fee", "Tengo Tango" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen". Also interpretations of Sonny and Cher's "I Got You Babe" and the Who's "My Generation".

■ High praise for that up and coming group from Australia—the Easybeats. Dutchman Harry Vanda told me that the group's first few weeks in this country were spent doing the rounds of the clubs, looking for material.

"The first group we heard were the Move," said Harry. "We listened and they were so good that we nearly packed up and went home again. Fortunately not all the groups have such a high standard and we got our confidence back—but they really knocked us out!"



The Kinks: their film was rejected as "unsuitable" for television



Scott: "I'd rather be respected for my singing than raved about as some kind of pin-up idol, which I'm not"

■ Eric 'Bring Back The Rock' Burdon is waging a one-man campaign to bring back the kind of big beat that knocked us out in the days of Haley's Comets, and included in his stage act now are, "Rock Around The Clock", "Jailhouse Rock", "Paint It Black"

■ Two years ago on the West Coast of America there was a brother and sister beat group—"John and Judy"—who specialised in the kind of R & B sounds that were the rage in '64. They had a bass player who sat on a high stool at the back and kept out of the limelight. He never sang until coming to England with John in '65 and then from out of background stepped Scott Engel to take over from their leader—John Maus.

In his new apartment off Regents Park, Scott told me how quite unintentionally he came to take over the limelight from John.

"When we came to England the first record we cut was 'Pretty Girls Everywhere'," said Scott. "That was the original Walker Brothers sound—how we really sound, but it got us nowhere. Then 'Love Her' was recorded and we needed a deep voice—that was

and "Love Me Do".

"Some pop music is just going too pretty," Eric says. "I want to put back the excitement that seems to have disappeared lately."

Another facet of his newly-formed Animals, which now includes Brian Auger's ex-guitarist Vic Briggs, is John Weider doubling on amplified violin. Burdon with strings is a sound to be heard!

■ Once it was surfing and hot rods which inspired the Beach Boys' works but now it's philosophy and religion and both Carl and Dennis Wilson have been at pains to emphasise the point.

"Some people call 'Good Vibrations' complicated," Dennis Wilson told me. "Well it's not—I call it fun. The idea is simple and spiritual. Good thoughts—good ideas. An idea which is as old as time itself. Helps people to enjoy life. This is why we chose 'Smile' as the title for our new LP.

"We just want people to enjoy themselves listening to our music—the fusion of classical and technically modern sounds is unimportant compared with the simple thoughts."

While on tour in Vienna both Carl and Dennis went to a High Mass in one of the churches and sat entranced throughout the service.

"We're not Catholics," said Dennis, "but we appreciated the beauty and honesty of the service."

In addition to the ideas in the lyrics, you'll be hearing a lot more of Church musical influence, in the Beach Boys' pet sounds.

me. I got pushed to the front and our whole image swivelled about when the story of John's marriage broke. After that I took the lead vocal again because we were scared of screwing the image.

"I'm not saying that I would have been content to remain in the background—I would not. My music and singing is a means of expression and I need to progress. I've said it before though, and I'll say it again, I'd far rather be respected for my singing than raved about as some kind of pin-up idol, which I'm not. McCartney is the kind of guy who should make the magazine covers, not me."

Two points to watch out for—keep an ear open for the work Scott is doing on Gregorian chants and watch out for some shock pictures of the group which will make the Beatles' meat pix and the Stones in drag look like handouts!



THE INFORMER

■ Dennis Wilson so impressed by Ringo's order of a black velvet jacket from tailor Duggie Millings that he has requested one for himself.

■ Scott Engel believes that Eric Burdon potentially world's best blues singer and Tom Jones world's worst.

■ Jimmy Hendrix has to be seen to be believed performing the Troggs' "Wild Thing".

■ Which famous record producer wants to record a group called the Nazis?

■ Ray Davies declares that the Rolling Stones represent a period in his life when he was about seventeen.

■ Why do pop artistes persist in saying to journalists—"Now don't print this but..."

■ Ex-Animal Hilton Valentine has recorded Donovan's "Season of the Witch".

■ New Olympic studios in Putney being used by the Rolling Stones and the Troggs.

■ Alan Price should have stuck to his guns about releasing "Just One In My Life" instead of "Willow Weep For Me".

■ Kink Pete Quaife claimed one irate reporter after having painted the back of his car seats black.

■ Dennis Wilson enjoyed flying paper aeroplanes from the twenty-fourth floor of the London Hilton Hotel.

■ Beach Boy Mike Love smokes a tobacco called "Clan", which smells like Christmas pudding, in his pipe.

■ Bruce Welch believes the Beach Boys sound like the Four Freshmen.

■ Bach inspired ditty written by Ray Davies titled "Village Green" for next LP.

■ Harry Vanda of the Easybeats was taught English by fellow member George Young.

■ If they ever do a remake of Viva Zapata it's Muff Winwood for a starring role.

■ America's Young Rascals performances have been watched by, among others, Paul McCartney, Brian Jones, Bill Wyman, Brian Epstein, Eric Burdon, Chas Chandler and Allan Clarke.

Ronny

THE DIARY OF A RAVE GIRL

Ronny, Jan and George spend their first raving Christmas in their new flat! Ronny finds a stocking at the foot of her bed on Christmas morning, but the realisation of who put it there produces a rather awkward situation. Many New Year Resolutions are made but few are kept! . . .



"How about giving me the Christmas present of all time?" said George.

Tuesday

■ I hate shopping for Christmas presents. Honestly, it kills me parting with money for something that isn't for me. Actually, I like buying things for friends, but if I get my cousin a key-ring (that she'll probably just chuck in a drawer) and she gives me a revolving pencil (which I'll never use), the only person who gains is the shop I bought the presents at! And kind and generous as I am ho ho, and though I'm sure he's a good guy, I am not exactly bursting with Christmas spirit for the shop owner!

Of course George insisted we went to see Father Christmas, which was a laugh. All these sweet, pop-eyed kids and George trying to sit on Father Christmas's knee, and Jan and me pulling him off, with the mums hiding their children's eyes in horror.

Along with the presents, we bought some of that spongy tape to seal up the doors with, but though we applied it double thick, it still doesn't stand a chance with our draughts, evil little things that bite through even the thickest gear.

It's been so cold that I've been sleeping in an old vest under my Viyella nightie, which I'm ashamed to say I haven't taken off for three days now. I know it's disgusting, but I think I would be struck rigid if I took it off now!

Boxing Day

First Christmas in the flat. On Christmas morning I woke late, snuggling down into the bedclothes to avoid getting up. When I ventured my nose over the sheets and opened my eyes a crack, I saw a lovely bulgy stocking at the end of my bed! For a minute I thought Father Christmas existed after all, but it was George of course. It was his Christmas present to me, and he'd given one to Jan as well.

It was the nicest stocking I've ever had. A Superman comic, a pair of great, golf-ball silver earrings, a plastic flower, a hyacinth bulb, three black biros, a little chrome picture frame with a pic of Scott Walker inside, and a knitted Shetland beret. I went running into his room to give him a special thank-you kiss.

"Just an excuse to sneak into your bedroom in the

middle of the night, my dear," he said. "Heh heh." He reached out his arms and held my wrists. "How about giving me the Christmas present of all time?" I know he's only joking but you know sometimes I wish he wasn't. Luckily Jan came in then so I didn't have time to start the old blushing and stuttering routine.

After I'd given her a Four Tops LP, she'd given me a false nylon hair-piece that George kept wearing, and I'd given George a Batman annual, I put on the Shetland beret and the earrings to go to mum's. It was so cold I could see my breath in the air, and it was lovely to get into the house, all hot and smelling of stuffing and turkey.

Mum and dad have all the relations round on Christmas Day. The house is decorated with paper chains and the sitting room's packed with these old aunts and uncles and friendless neighbours, all sitting grimly in paper hats and drinking sherry.

Why relations, I don't know. Just because they're related doesn't mean they're nice. Ours are bearable, apart from a couple of cousins who hate each other because they think the other cheated them out of a will. They arrive glaring every year and blow squeakers furiously at each other over the table.

However Uncle Jim (the drinking one) is nice and after lunch we laughed at the jokes from the crackers. "What place is bright and shining and there is no parting there?"—Answer (wait for it); "A bald man's head". It killed us, and what with the drink and stuff, even the auntsies got a bit more warmed-up.

My nicest present was one of those cheap Jap tape-recorders from mum and dad, and a sensible cheque from Uncle Jim. Nastiest was a lemon yellow satin evening bag from an aunt, (you know me, never a night passes when I'm not desperately in need of a lemon yellow silk evening bag!).

Seems a bit mean to criticise one's presents, but I'd far rather have had a ten bob note, or why don't they ask what one wants?

1. Get a better job. I can't go on in a typing pool for ever.
2. Be nicer to people.
3. Get up early enough in the mornings to make-up before I get to work.
4. Stop fancying George. Really. I can't even confide in Jan about him, since he's her brother.
5. Take off my vest, which I have been wearing now for . . . no, I can't admit it even to my diary.

In the evening Lou and Tod dropped in with a funny girl friend of Tod's. They brought a couple of bottles of wine and we had a nice, quiet sort of party. Tod spotted the tape-recorder and we recorded each others' voices. I couldn't speak for two hours afterwards. Everyone else sounded normal—there was just this horrible chirping stranger which was me. And everyone says I sound just like that! I shall have to alter it!

Surprise of the evening was Jan getting off with Lou. Amazing. They were struggling on the sofa till it got almost embarrassing and dear George organised everyone into drawing cartoons of each other for a laugh. They all left around two in the morning, and just as I was snuggling into bed and about to take my vest off under the warm bedclothes, there was a knock on my door and George crept in.

"Am I disturbing you?" he said. "I just wanted to say goodnight. It was good fun, wasn't it?"

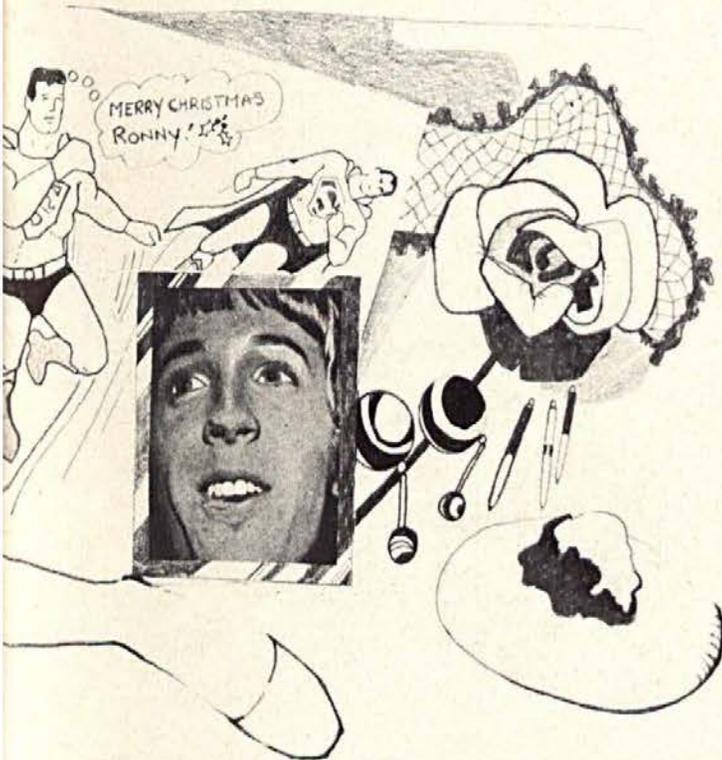
He sat on my bed in his camel dressing gown and we talked till four, with me wishing I didn't have my vest on, and trying to hide it with my nightie, which must have looked like super-modesty.

The resolution not to fancy George was rapidly failing, and by the time he eventually said goodnight and gave me a peck on the cheek, it had melted away completely.

Getting up early was bound to fail, going to sleep that late. And though I really am going to take my vest off tonight, I have come to the sad conclusion that I am a weak-minded, soft-brained idiot.

Three New Year Resolutions broken in eight hours!

I can see that 1967 will just have to be a year devoted to Growing Up and New Experiences. And somehow I don't think I'll have to look very far!



Wednesday

Yesterday I made a list of New Year Resolutions. It read:

Continued next month

The Monkees

-THEY'RE WHAT'S HAPPENING BABY!

An exclusive story by Derek Taylor

The Monkees are coming, so you might as well enjoy them, because that's what you're supposed to do!

There never was a more honest pinch than their dramatised finger-pop of a television series based on a rock'n'roll foursome, fringed, laughing and tumbling through a couple of dozen chapters of contrived accident.

The inspiration, clearly, is the Beatles, and the plot pattern comes directly from the paced excitement of "A Hard Day's Night".

The Monkees' hit single, "Last Train to Clarksville", made number one in the American Charts, and sold a million copies. Their album, simply titled The Monkees, also passed some massively established competitors to top the LP charts. Their new single "I'm A Believer" has also taken off like a rocket in America.

The Monkees themselves are not a group in the Olde Caverne sense. They are not even musicians, though they have become musicianly—which, for the purpose of the television series, is enough.

The people planning the series auditioned hundreds of boys, and by process of elimination selected the four who looked right together, felt right together, sounded right together, and seemed most likely to become Monkees (whatever that term was going to mean).

And the pleasing thing about this calculated piece of chemistry is that it worked! The Monkees are now, like Pinocchio, real live boys. They have passed all the tests, survived the callous scrutiny of the music industry, shrugged off the sneer-jeers of the "real" groups. And if you like escapist entertainment, the Monkees are for you—carefully compounded, perfectly packaged like an individual fruit pie or a TV dinner.

And here they are: David Jones, 20; Micky Dolenz, 21; Mike Nesmith, 22 and Peter Tork, 22. Together they are the Monkees—harmless, happy, hopeful, humorous, home-made to an expensive "Do-It-Yourself Group Kit".

I suppose there are worse ways of putting a rock'n'roll group together. Certainly there are better ways. But what the establishment of the Monkees has really done has been to signpost the end of whatever route the early, explosive Liverpool groups rough-mapped out.

If the Monkees can be "cast" like a soap

opera, then we do indeed live in sophisticated times!

Well anyway, here they are, undoubtedly in for a long, long run on the world's television screens. All the Universe loves rock'n'roll and if you can pick four Monkees out of five hundred potentials, then you can certainly replace one if he should lose his popularity rating.

Who is to say we haven't got a pop Coronation Street or an Archers with amps?

For now, anyway, we have these four, very engaging lads. David Jones is the most obvious favourite and it is nice, though not necessary, that he is also the only British Monkee.

He was in the hit musical "Oliver" as the Artful Dodger, and in "Pickwick" with Harry Secombe. He is tiny and a jockey and very good too. From Manchester, now living in lovely-ugly Los Angeles and becoming rich and cheeky.

Micky Dolenz is very tall and looks like a young boxer does before the crunching gloves have begun to glaze his eyes and brutalise his skin. He wasn't born in a truck ("Who was?" you may well ask), but his father was an actor, and at ten years of age he joined the cast of a series called "Circus Boy" on television. He has also appeared in "Peyton Place" and "Mr. Novak". He is a good Monkee, and I am waiting for him to start worrying about the dangers of being involved in a long-running series which may "type-cast" him.

Reality

Micky was born in Los Angeles, which is one way of learning to live with reality!

Mike Nesmith was born in Dallas, Texas which is another.

He is the Monkee known as "Woolhat", and when he was nineteen he learned the guitar. He became a country and western singer and followed in the steps of Cat Whittington and found his way to Hollywood, where the streets are paved with gold stars bearing the names of some truly appalling people who have become famous there.

"Woolhat" wears one, and it is very much part of the show. He looks right in it, and was probably wearing one before the Beatles ceased to be Silver.

He worked in a very good folk club in

Los Angeles (Ledbetters), where he sang his own material.

Peter Tork may become the fave rave. He comes from Washington DC and has a rough grin which, in its infancy and youth, was practised in Connecticut (where he went to school), in Minnesota (where, at college, he prepared to be a teacher and didn't become one), and in Greenwich Village (where, myth says, everyone is a folk singer, and almost everyone is).

Strangely he was playing at the Troubadour Club at around the same time as Nesmith was at rival Ledbetters, and it is probably helpful (though purely conversational) to point out that it was entirely coincidental that both should end up as Monkees! Neither helped the other in the casting, for they are, like everyone else in American television—bar the network bosses—quite without power.

Thus the Monkees in a capsule.

There are some good things you should know about them. One is that they don't give a monkey's... about public opinion which is in the Great Tradition Of Beatle-Launched Frank Talk.

When an American magazine asked for the standard loves and hates list, Peter Tork said, "I don't keep a list like that at the top of my head." He asked the magazine to print that and they did and it looked fine!

Mike Nesmith, lanky, long sideburned, gave his hates as iron, tips, grommets, set screws and hairspray, and I don't believe he had any help from a publicist on that!

Contempt

In America, the show was powerfully promoted and long in preparation. I don't recall any TV series reaping so substantial and haphazard a harvest of contempt, before anyone had seen it, heard the music, read the script or evaluated the personnel.

We were all in there, at the mass preview, muttering curses, fingers crossed for failure.

Lo and behold. It succeeded!

In lovely colour (write to your MP and ask him why you haven't got colour TV!), beautifully directed, splendidly edited with flair and sharp economy, musically elating, dramatically tight and right, the Monkees made it first episode out.

They pranced through a field of sophisticated corn with so much leaping elan that only the very mean could withhold mental applause.

"Last Train to Clarksville", a very skillfully constructed song, well recorded, moved easily up the Charts, followed by the theme tune "We're the Monkees" and flanked by the million dollar album.

It was clear that nothing at all had been left unguarded. Someone, somewhere, had said: "This is going to make it. We will make it."

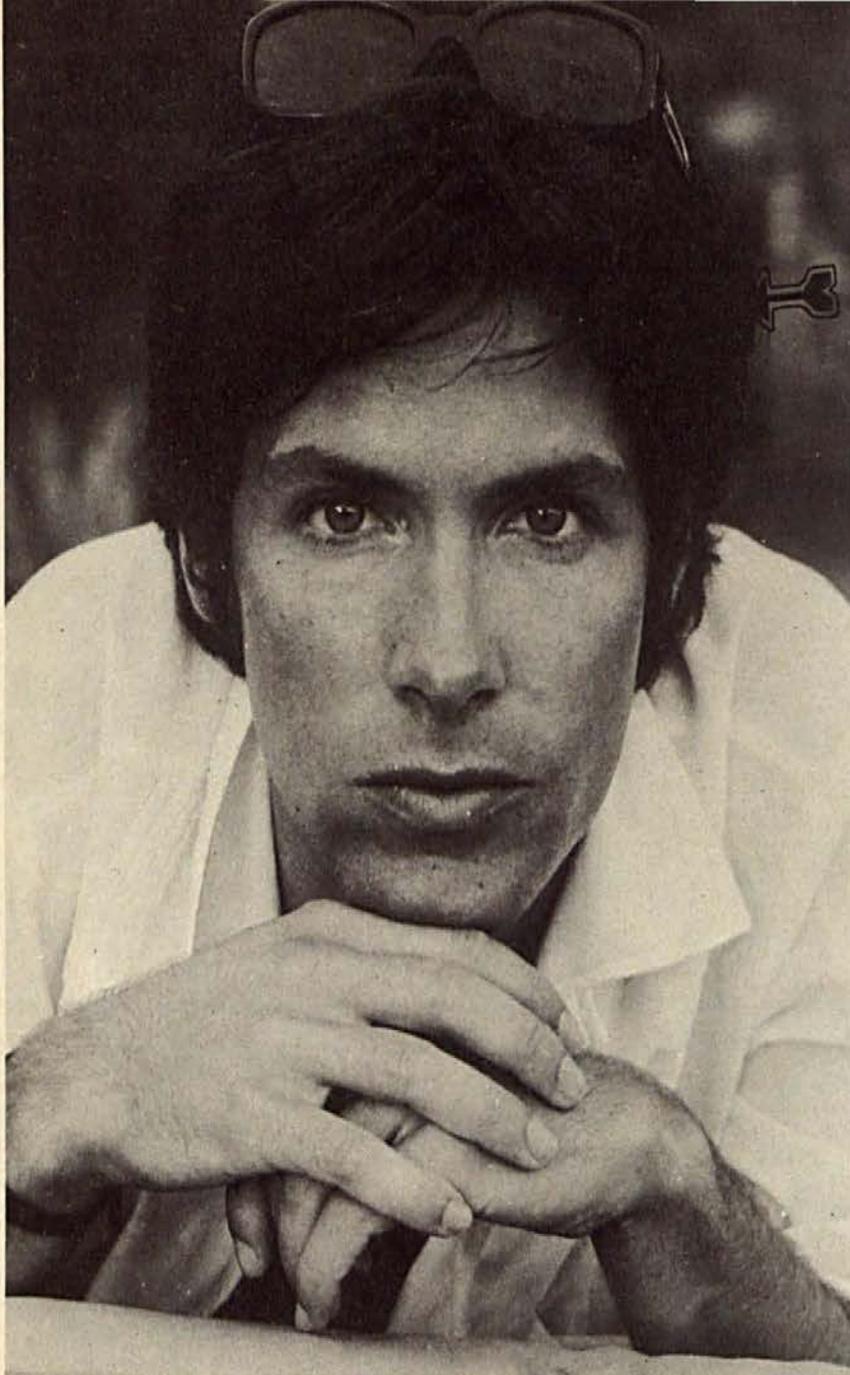
Enjoy the Monkees. They enjoy it.

Watch out for the Monkees in their own thirty-minute television show, scheduled to appear on BBC-1 any moment now!

rave



THE MONKEES



Fave French rave, Olivier Despax: a man of many talents

YES, P

AND THIS IS THE REASON WHY!

Pop singer, actor, writer, musician—Olivier Despax describes himself simply as "an artist—because I do everything". RAVE's Lesley Garner talks to this dishy new French star whose cool talents are setting Paris hearts on fire!

Olivier Despax is a young Frenchman, very talented, charming and extremely good-looking. He is also about to continue on an international scale all the things he has been doing so successfully in France for the past six years—singing, playing the guitar, piano, bass, drums and vibes, writing songs, acting in films . . . and being Olivier Despax. When you ask which of his many talents is most important to him, he replies grandly, "I am an artist. I believe that to be an artist is to do everything."

He talks about himself in a very individual brand of English with an attractive Parisian accent. He's one of those people who talk very intimately to you, as though you are the only person in the room, in which lies his charm.

"I am of a noble family," he explained, when he paid me a visit at RAVE's offices recently. I have a name full of de . . . de . . . so I just call myself Despax. It is easier. Part of my family is English and I was brought up like a little English lord, very polite and correct. But by the

LESLEY GARNER AT THE FLICKS...



Cliff: film swings!

RAVE girl Lesley Garner's film previews.

FINDERS KEEPERS.

(UNITED ARTISTS)
STARS: CLIFF RICHARD AND THE SHADOWS.
VIVIANNE VENTURA.

■ The main pop film this month, and for Cliff fans, the mixture as before—lots of colour, plenty of fabulous songs and dances and a bomb thrown in for good measure! Cliff's problem is that the unexploded bomb, which the Ameri-

cans dropped by mistake, has driven away all the tourists from the little Spanish fishing town where he and the Shadows are supposed to be playing. To bring back the tourists Cliff and the Shadows have to find it. Robert Morley and Peggy Mount, working as two different spies, get involved in a lot of skullduggery. Cliff sings ten great songs and the whole thing swings!

GAMBIT. (UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL)
STARS: MICHAEL CAINE.
SHIRLEY MACLAINE.

■ Another thriller, but no spies this



Michael Caine—thrills

PARIS IS BURNING!

time I was twelve I was fed-up. I felt an irresistible attraction to music, so I learned to play the guitar, both classical and jazz. At seventeen I went to the Conservatoire, the most important music school in France, and at eighteen, I gave a big concert in Paris. They told me I was the first French jazz guitarist."

When he returned to Paris after his National Service in Algeria, Olivier formed his own group, the Gamblers, and waited for his big break to come. It came when he met Brigitte Bardot, taught her to play the guitar and appeared on television with her. That brought him publicity, some of it not so good, but it made his name in France.

Since then he's appeared in several films, taken his version of the Beatles' "And I Love Her" into the French Charts, and has recorded his own songs. He says he is a sort of male Françoise Hardy, so he has acquired the image of being a romantic. I asked him about this image and he got very heated.

"When people say 'romantic' they think of willow trees and dreaming and pink." He said "pink" in tones of the deepest disgust. "Romantic for me is not that. It is something inside of you which means finding a goal and sticking to it. It is fighting, not dreaming and sleeping. Romantic is living. You must be basic, if not you are nothing. I like fundamental things like eating, drinking, loving. I care about sensations."

His philosophy of living for the moment applies to girls as well.

"I love girls," he said, insistently. Life for Olivier Despax at the moment is not so much a game as a ball. He is about to start making his first international film, playing opposite Rod Taylor in "Dark of the Sun".

He hopes to record songs here in England and he is also looking for a flat in London so that he can spend more time here. So we will be seeing a lot more of him.

If excessive charm, good-looks and self-confidence help in building up an international career, then he's got those too.

While I was with him, he had a violent argument with his musical

director over his photographs. *He* wanted lots of close-ups of his face, while *she* wanted long-distance shots against a London background, similar to others she had seen of another French singer.

"They did the right thing to take *his* photographs from a long way off," said Olivier scornfully of the other's photographs.

"For goodness sake," she sighed impatiently, "Everybody knows that *he's* not handsome."

"O.K." said Olivier firmly. "But I am."

With confidence like that he should go far!



"They say I was the first French jazz guitarist"

time, just a huge art theft. Michael Caine plays an English conman who enlists the aid of a beautiful Eurasian girl (Shirley Maclaine) to help him steal a priceless art treasure. Art thefts seem to be very fashionable in films at the moment, and so does Michael Caine, so this one has a lot to offer.

IS PARIS BURNING? (PARAMOUNT)

STARS: KIRK DOUGLAS.
GEORGE CHAKIRIS. ALAIN
DELON. JEAN PAUL BELMON-
DO.

■ This looks like being the biggest film of the new year. It's a vast

film recreation of the end of the German occupation of Paris and its liberation. It took an enormous amount of research, time and energy to make, but didn't really pay off in terms of excitement and realism. A big emotional story.

ONE MILLION YEARS B.C. (WARNER)

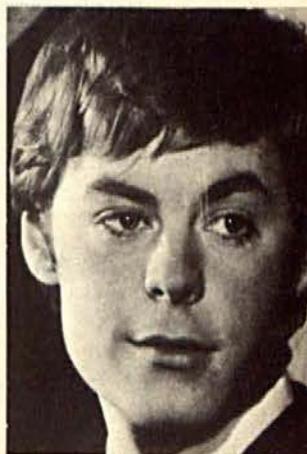
STAR: RAQUEL WELCH.
■ Raquel Welch in one of her rare screen appearances, and to make up for it you see a lot of her. You also get 100 minutes of shaggy cavemen trudging across the desert, of primeval grunts and groans (no dialogue) and a large

number of assorted monsters. The whole film ends in a violent polystyrene earthquake.

THE FAMILY WAY. (BRITISH LION) STARS: HAYLEY MILLS. JOHN MILLS. HYWEL BENNET. MARJORIE RHODES.

■ Paul McCartney wrote this film score. The plot concerns a young couple (Hywel Bennet and Hayley Mills) who have to spend their honeymoon with their parents and can't get round to making love because of it.

More film reviews on page 36.



Bennet: a newcomer

HAPPY NEW GEAR!

NEW DESIGNS ON OLD LINES

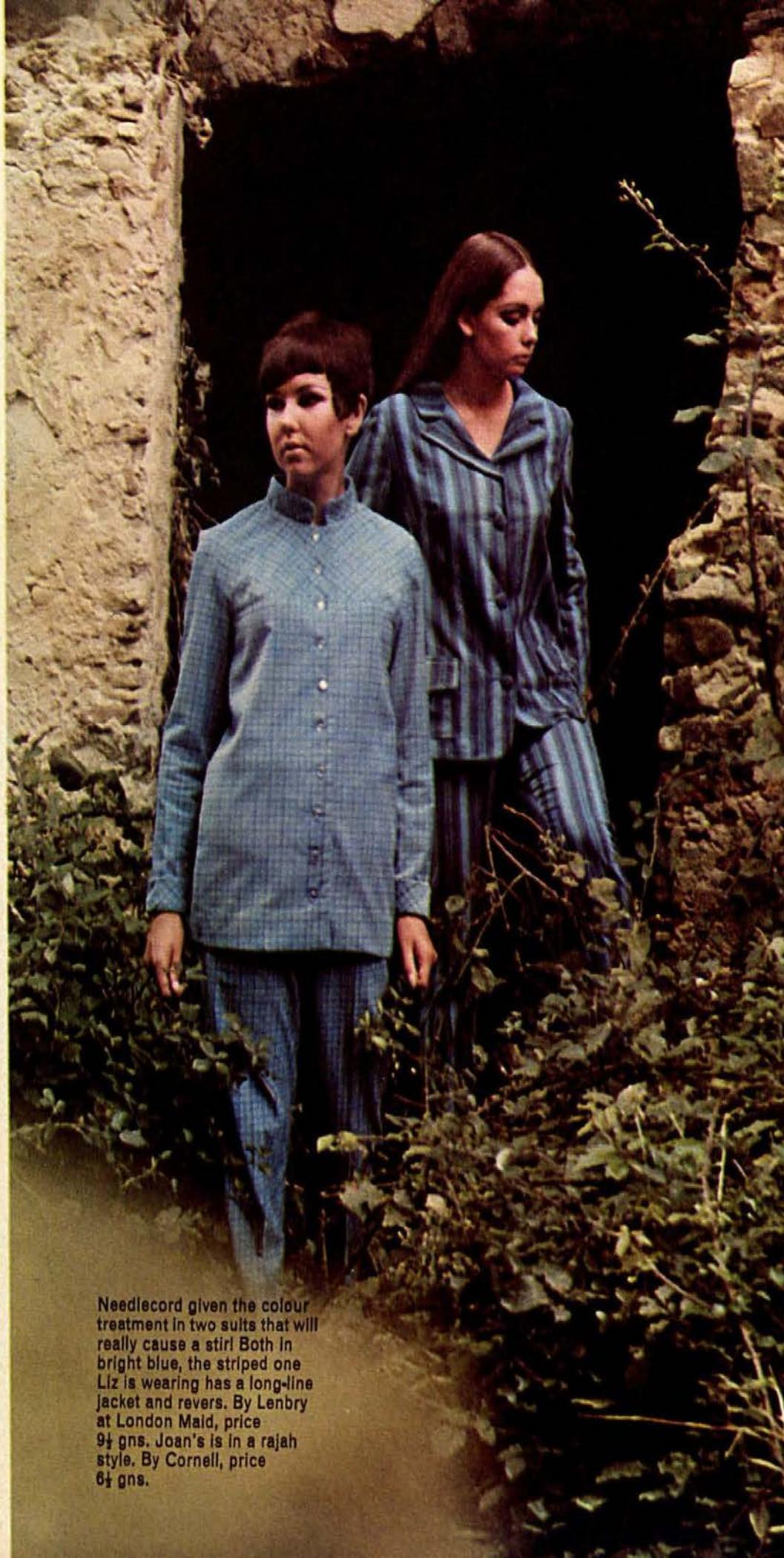
POW! Trousler suits are *big* fashion news! They have been lurking in the fashion background, occasionally surfacing in the form of cat suits or co-ordinates, but they have never had a full-scale launch into everyone's wardrobe, which is what's happening now! The new year designs are madly with-it, easy to wear and for every occasion. So if you don't want to end up looking like Miss 1966 you'd better take a good look at some of the new designs . . . like now!

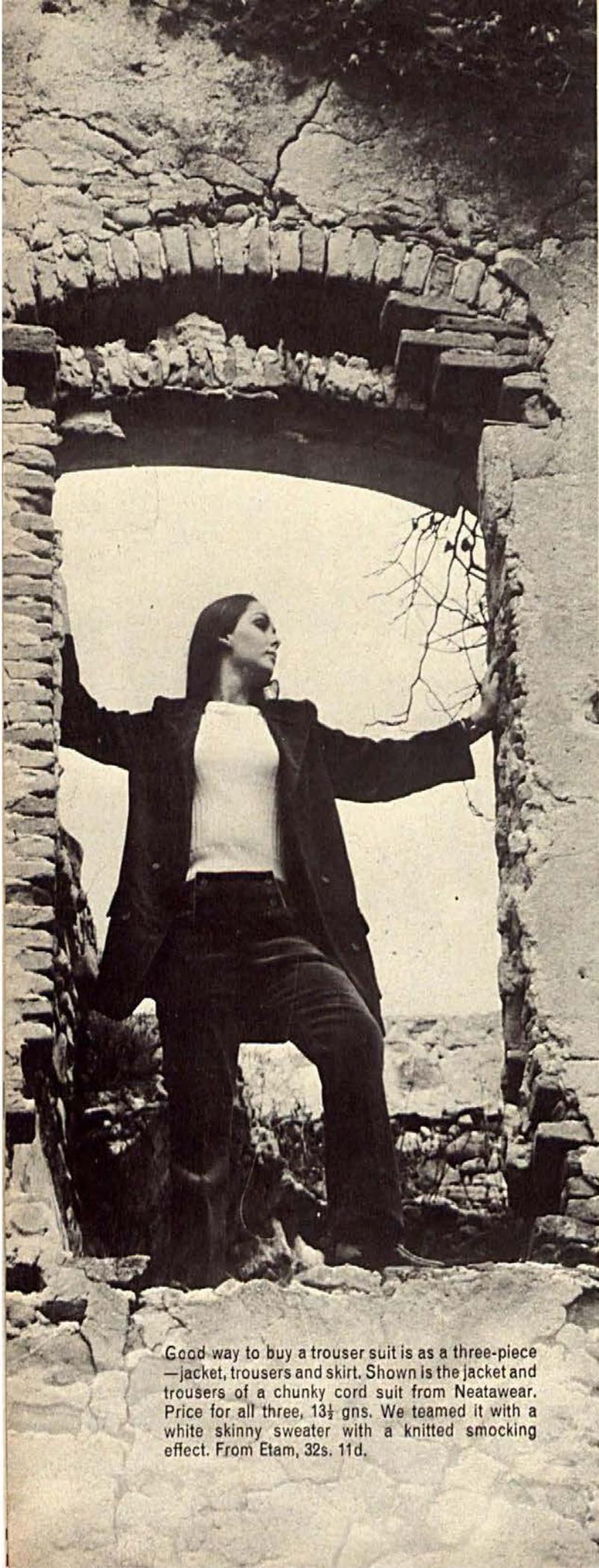


Great new shape—both suits have straight trousers topped with different styled jackets. RAVE girl Joan's red jacket has a frocked effect and also comes in black with white trousers. From Jon Adam, price 13 gns. Liz's trouser suit, in camel only, has a long, slightly-waisted coat that can easily be worn on its own. From Elgee, price 15½ gns. Suede boots by Medway, price 89s. 11d. Black patent boots by Lennards, price 60s., available also in beige or maroon.

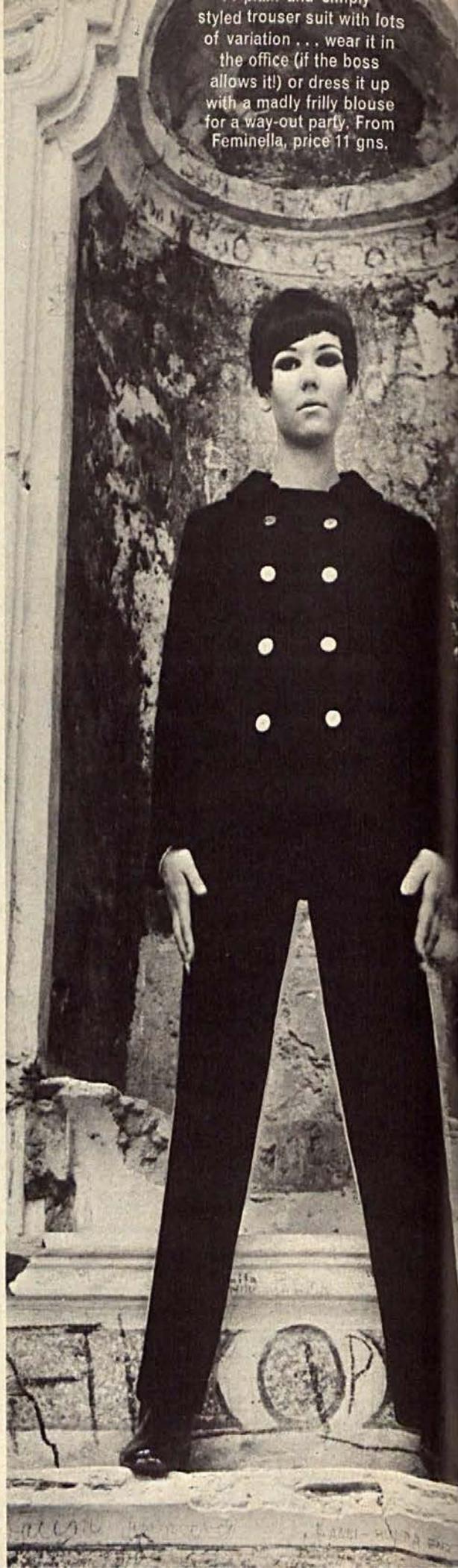


Needlecord given the colour treatment in two suits that will really cause a stir! Both in bright blue, the striped one Liz is wearing has a long-line jacket and revers. By Lenbry at London Maid, price 9½ gns. Joan's is in a rajah style. By Cornell, price 6½ gns.





Good way to buy a trouser suit is as a three-piece —jacket, trousers and skirt. Shown is the jacket and trousers of a chunky cord suit from Neatawear. Price for all three, 13½ gns. We teamed it with a white skinny sweater with a knitted smocking effect. From Etam, 32s. 11d.

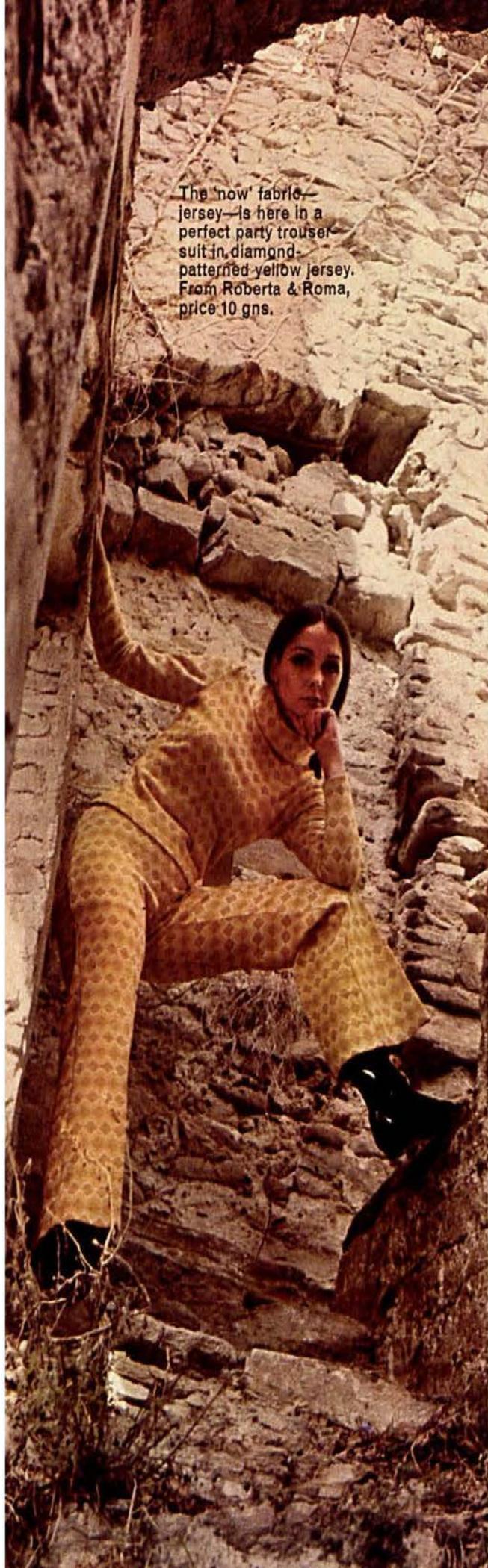


... and a simply styled trouser suit with lots of variation . . . wear it in the office (if the boss allows it!) or dress it up with a madly frilly blouse for a way-out party. From Feminella, price 11 gns.



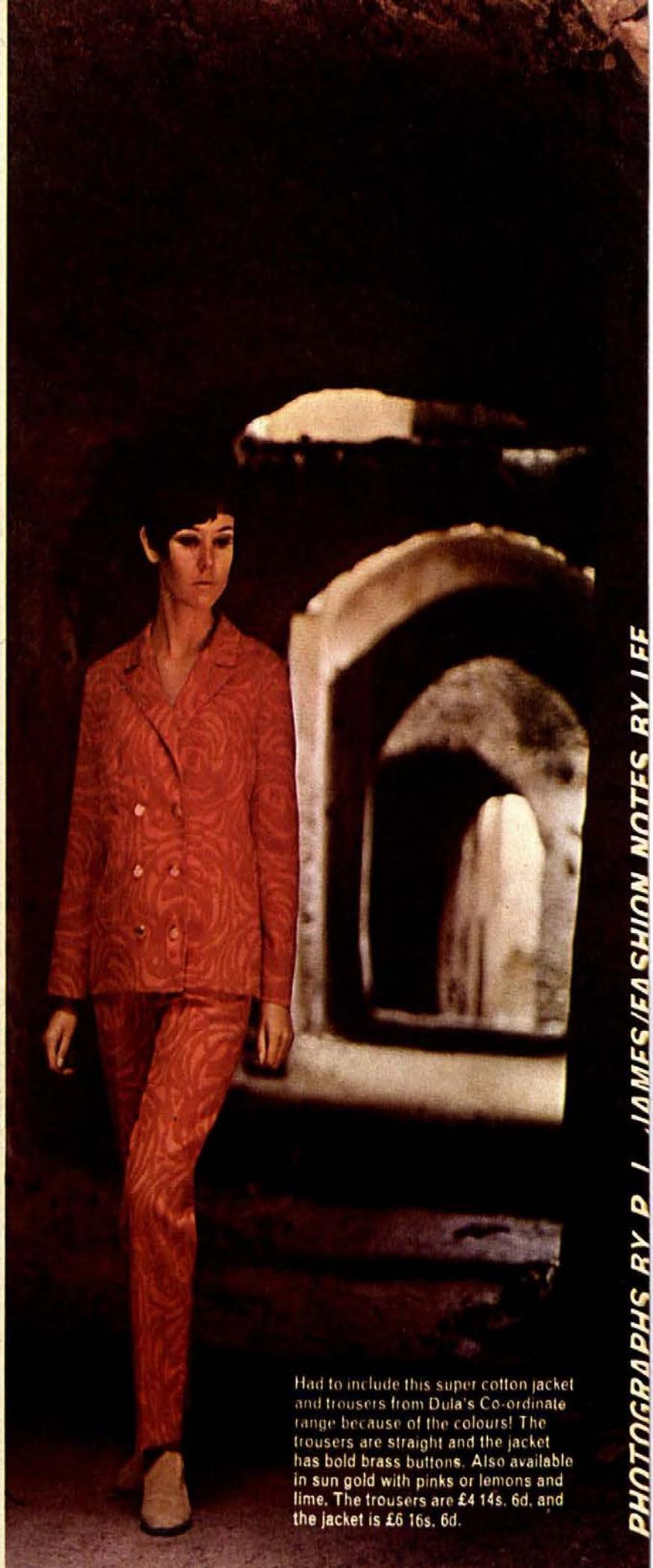
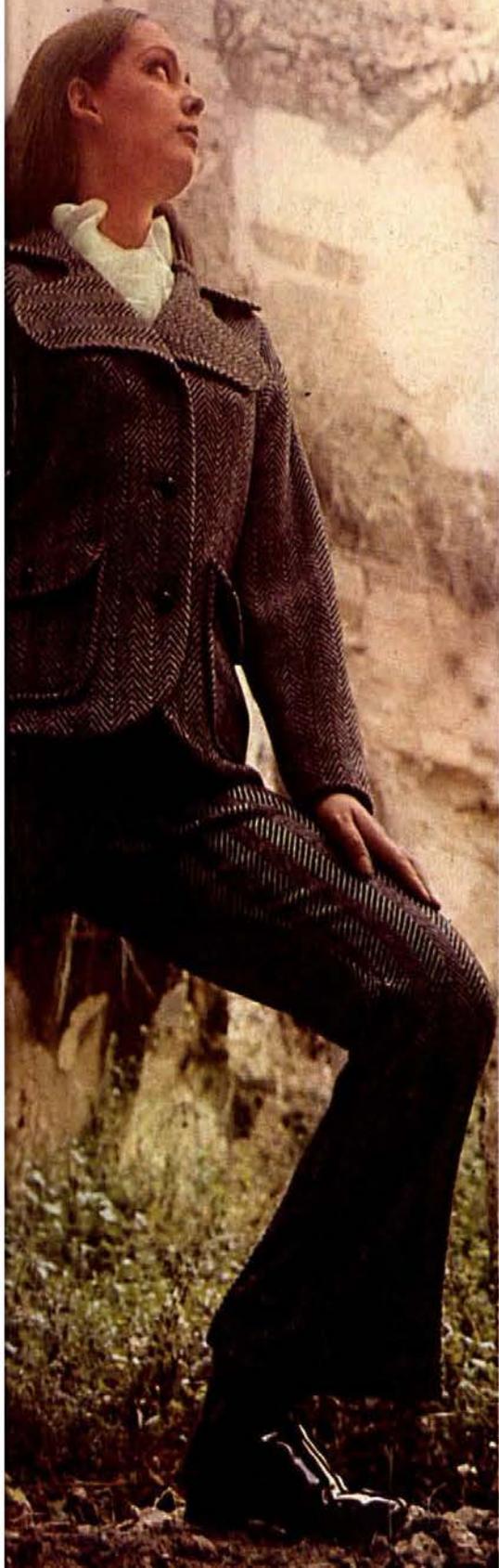
Great effect here in a tweed houndstooth check trouser suit. This one is in gold, green and purple. It has a semi-long-line jacket which is just right for skirt or trousers. Again you can buy all three, for 13 gns., from Neatawear.

The 'now' fabric—
jersey—is here in a
perfect party trouser
suit in diamond-
patterned yellow jersey.
From Roberta & Roma,
price 10 gns.



Two of the best in a herringbone wool that gives a charcoal look to black and white. The first is a way-out suit with large flat lapels. From Jon Adam, price 10 gns.

The second is a more classic small herringbone pattern. By Neatawear, price 9½ gns. Both can be hotted up with really colourful accessories for an even better effect.



Had to include this super cotton jacket and trousers from Dula's Co-ordinate range because of the colours! The trousers are straight and the jacket has bold brass buttons. Also available in sun gold with pinks or lemons and lime. The trousers are £4 14s. 6d. and the jacket is £6 16s. 6d.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. I. JAMES/FASHION NOTES BY LEE

A RAVE EXCLUSIVE!

When Paul Jones entered our offices he was wearing a very handsome racoon coat and a very confident grin. It's a grin he's always had and the look of confidence suits him, as does his racoon coat.

For Paul, who turned solo from the Manfred Mann group earlier this year, has moved from group singer to solo star without any effort whatsoever and with a fantastic amount of success. Just as he always knew he would!

"I was never worried. I knew I could make it alone. The same as when I made my first solo record, 'High Time', I just knew it was a Top Ten certainty." Paul Jones has that knack, lacking in most of us, of believing implicitly in himself.

Paul's new record will be out in February. It's one of the songs he sings in his film "Privilege". In the film, the song, written by Mike Leander, is featured twice. It's given a fast, rocking treatment followed by a slower version. Meanwhile an LP, titled "My Way" is out this month, which features "High Time" and "When My Little Girl Is Smiling", along with three numbers Paul wrote

himself. About the single, judging by the way things are going for him at present, Paul has no doubt that it will be anything less than a Top Five entry in the Charts.

While talking to Paul during filming, he told me at the time that he was planning to learn to read and write music. In fact, he hasn't got round to it yet, although it hasn't stopped him songwriting. Paul also told me then that he would probably never make another film. Since then he's changed his mind. What he wants now is never to appear in another film as a pop star.

"The treatment Peter Watkins, the director, gave the subject of the film, could never be repeated again in quite the same way," said Paul, "but if the right part came along and I thought that it would be good for me, then I'd accept it.

"'Privilege' is due for release around February or March, and I'm quite satisfied with it. I've seen bits of it, and on the whole it's very good. There was only one really bad part I noticed, where I was over-acting, which looked pretty terrible! But on the whole I think it will go down well with the fans. After all, I play a pop star and sing in the film, a character they can identify me with. I think they'll like it!"

After making the film, Paul went straight into the nationwide Hollies tour, his first outing as a solo pop singer.

"It was great being second on the bill. I'd hate to have top

billing. There's really only one way you can go after you hit the top, and that's down. When I walked out on the stage I got the screamers and the ravers, and the feeling was great. I loved it!"

Paul used Peter Jay and the Jaywalkers as his backing group on that tour.

"I was very impressed with them and would like to use them again in the future" he said. "But at the same time, I'm still thinking of getting my own little outfit together. But till then, I'll go on using whoever happens to be on the show. I'm quite sure whoever it is I use, we'll go down just fine, because I only want the best." Paul hinted that around February-March of next year he'll be doing another big cross-country tour.

Paul Jones now only has time to be a pop star, and thinks himself very lucky that he recently managed to snatch a few days holiday in Spain with his wife and children. His writing is temporarily "put-off" after the disappointing way the BBC put over one of his plays, but as he says, this is only "a temporary anti-feeling. It will wear off soon when I get another good idea for a story."

Although Paul's career is moving fantastically fast, he doesn't seem to be in too much of a hurry himself. Perhaps because he knows where he's going anyway, so he's in no rush to get there. The Paul Jones of the moment certainly seems without fears of

THE CONFIDENCE

The difference between big-headedness and confidence, as dem

the future. Without being over-ambitious or pretentious, he possesses that quality of inner certainty that whatever he feels he wants to do, he will do with the greatest of ease and success.

For even with no acting experience or training whatsoever Paul, despite himself, admits that he's going to come over on the screen as "a pretty good actor".

Some people may consider him a bit flash and big-headed! But when Paul talks to you, you realise that he's not. There's a big difference between big-headedness and confidence, as Paul so ably demonstrates. He knows the flash, big-heads just don't survive in the pop world, not for long anyway, and with him you get the feeling that he wants to hang around the business for many years to come.

But what of Paul's future?

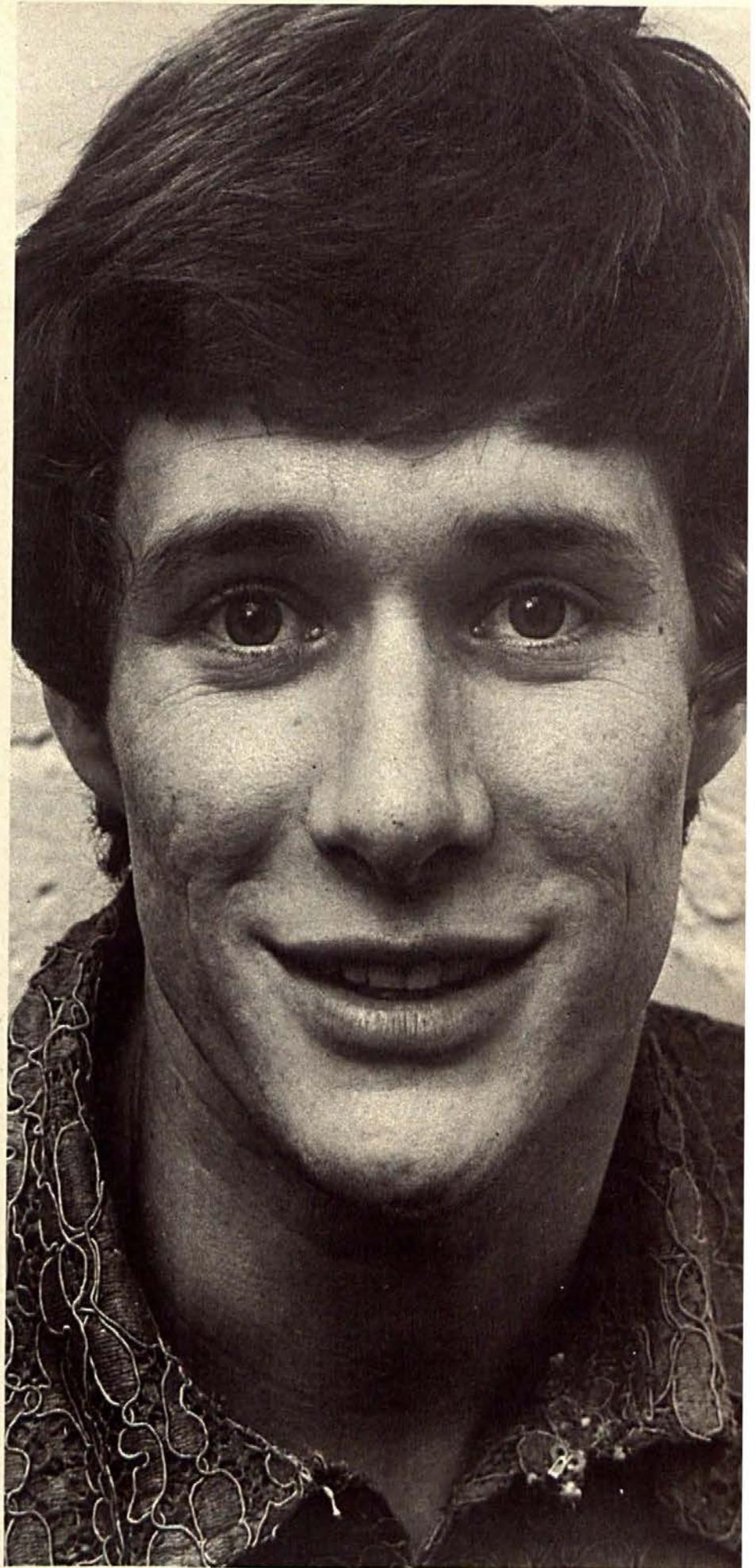
Apart from the record releases and the film, nothing's too positive. He's sure he'll never be another Cliff Richard, always booked up completely a year in advance. It just wouldn't suit Paul's personality to have his life mapped out for him. For he's a person who doesn't like to be tied down.

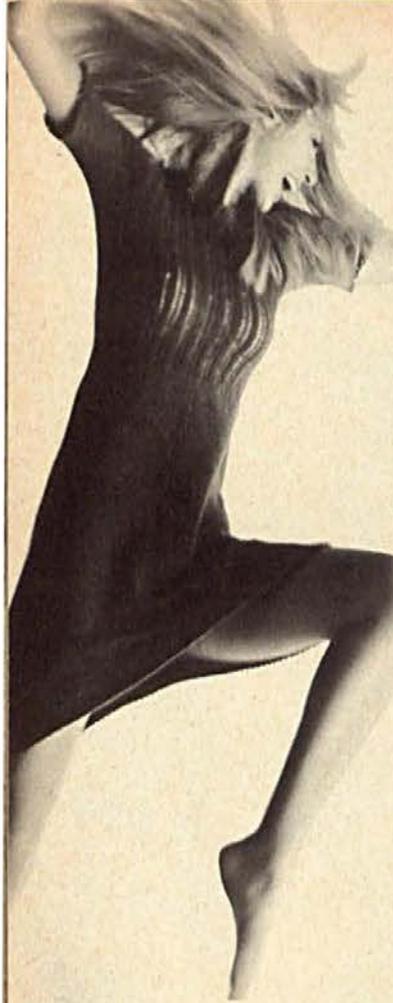
"I like to play life by ear as each day goes by, just doing what I think is good when I come across it. It's always worked out well for me that way," he said confidently. And fortunately for him, Paul's confidence in himself is extremely well-founded.

Maureen O'Grady

CLIFF RICHARD

ated by Paul Jones





THE RAVEN'S U.S. CABLE

Jackie Harlow keeps you in touch with what's happening on the New York ravers' scene!

■ New York's discotheque scene is still jumping! In fact the scene has been so successful that even the Peppermint Lounge has reopened, and is being used as a show-

case for several new groups. Sybil Burton's Arthur club still swings of course, and this month it is to feature a girl group called the Luvs—four chicks who all sound like Otis Redding! Imagine that sound if you can! Clubs elsewhere, such as Ondine's and the Rolling Stone, are still holding their own.

■ Velveteen slack-suits are coming back into fashion and they're very nice too. In crazy, wonderful colours, most of them are worn with very feminine, ruffled collars. Bell-bottoms are completely out. Hipster stovepipes form the line on these new pantsuits, which come in fabulous shades of purple and green, not to mention black, of course. Also in the fashion department, the emergence of ultra-delightful mini chemises.

■ One of the best-ever pop groups on the Ed Sullivan Show—by an English name, that is—was the New Vaudeville Band, whose "Winchester Cathedral" came off just great... Whatever happened to the Byrds? ... Sonny and Cher are due to start work on

their second movie this month... Mike "Woolhat" Nesmith of the Monkees, is married and has a baby boy.

■ It's no longer hip to take LSD trips, be seen at discotheques with a party of young celebrities like Bob Crewe (record producer) or Baby Jane Holzer (millionaire model). To be hip in New York today, you've got to stick your neck out, predict what's going to be happening and make everyone else believe it too. The best way to do this is to pick a little-known personality and rave about him. I don't know yet whether I understand folk singer Phil Ochs, but as RAVE's spokesman over here I'm sticking my own neck out to say that Phil is soon going to be the new idol of the intellectual in-crowd. He already has a nucleus of followers, people who dig what he's doing before he becomes too successful at it! To rave about Phil before he makes it—and he will—is to be the leader of the set!

Jackie

LESLEY GARNER STILL AT THE FLICKS . . .

(continued from page 27)

THE QUILLER MEMORANDUM. (RANK)
STARS: GEORGE SEGAL. ALEC GUINNESS. MAX VON SYDOW. SENTA BERGER.

■ More excitement of the secret agent variety. Twist in this one is that the enemy turn out to be neo-Nazis. If you like George



Segal: thriller role



Robert Vaughn—strange

Segal, and if you enjoyed "The Spy Who Came In From The Cold" and "The Ipcress File", then you'll go for this tightly told, well acted thriller.

THE VENETIAN AFFAIR. (M.G.M.)
STARS: ROBERT VAUGHN. ELKE SOMMER.

■ The Man from Uncle in a straight thriller, in which he stars as an ex-secret agent, now a correspondent for a news service. He follows a story to Venice and gets involved in a very strange affair concerning the blowing up of international conferences. Venice in full colour and Elke Sommer. Can't be bad.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM. (UNITED ARTISTS)

STARS: ZERO MOSTEL. PHIL SILVERS. BUSTER KEATON. MICHAEL CRAWFORD.

■ Directed by Richard Lester, who did both the Beatles' films and



Mike Crawford: funniest

"The Knack", so this one is really wild! Adapted from an ancient Roman farce by Plautus, it's made a very successful Broadway and London musical... lots and lots of gorgeous slaves to look at and three of the funniest men in the business.

NOT WITH MY WIFE YOU DON'T. (WARNER)

STARS: GEORGE C. SCOTT VIRNA LISI. TONY CURTIS.
■ The old eternal triangle with

George C. Scott and Tony Curtis competing for the hand of Virna Lisi. Unfortunately Tony Curtis happens to be married to her, so he's not too pleased to be packed out of the way on an expedition to the arctic, while George C. Scott takes his wife off on a trip to Rome. Tony realises the danger of this situation only just in time, and forsakes his survival course to make a thrilling, low-level flight to Rome, where he arrives in time to avert disaster. But not before George C. Scott (remember him as General Jack D. Ripper in "Dr. Strangelove?") has stolen the show.



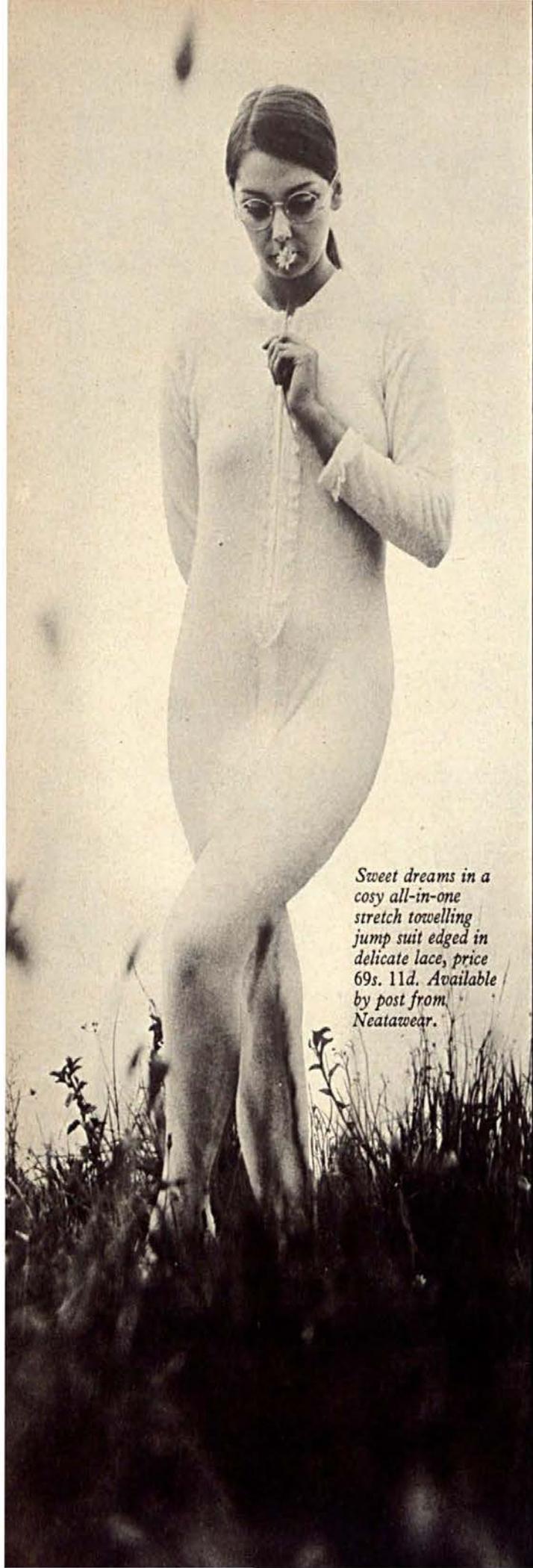
Tony Curtis—too late

nightwear for daydreamers

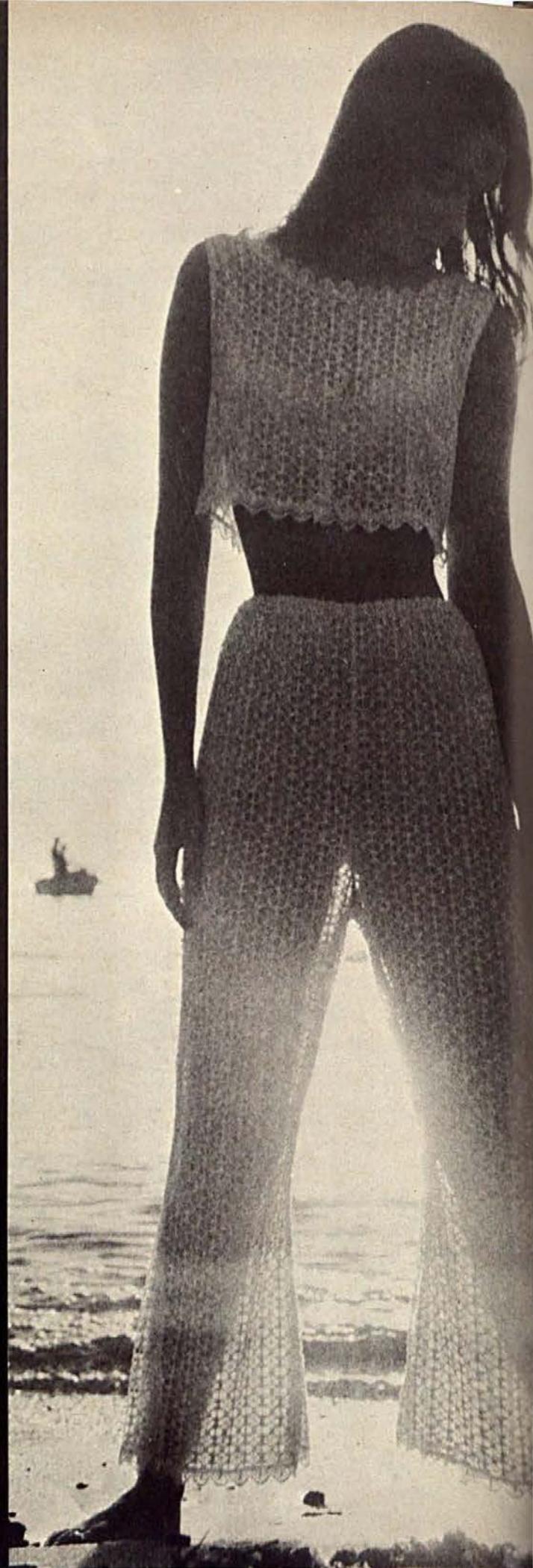


The prettiest nightwear can conjure up the wildest of dreams, as RAVE found out on location with not only the dreamiest, but also the most unusual, nightwear.

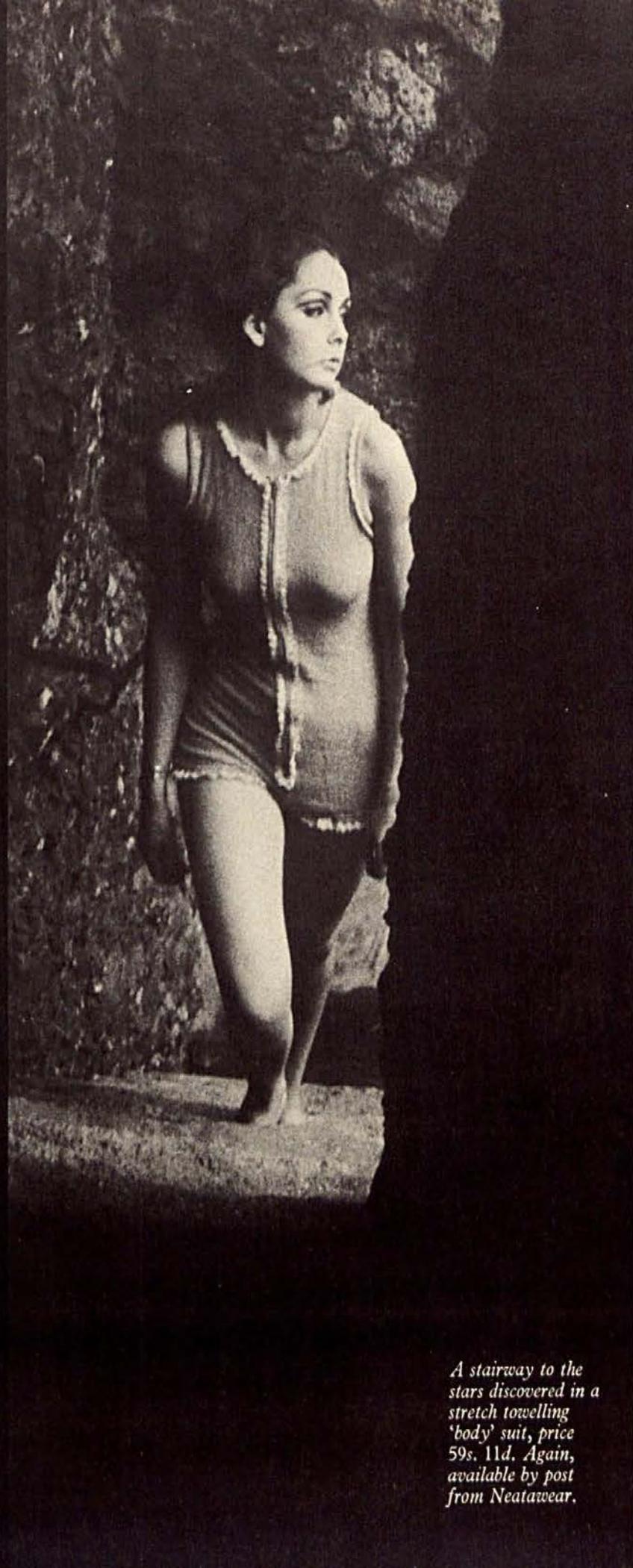
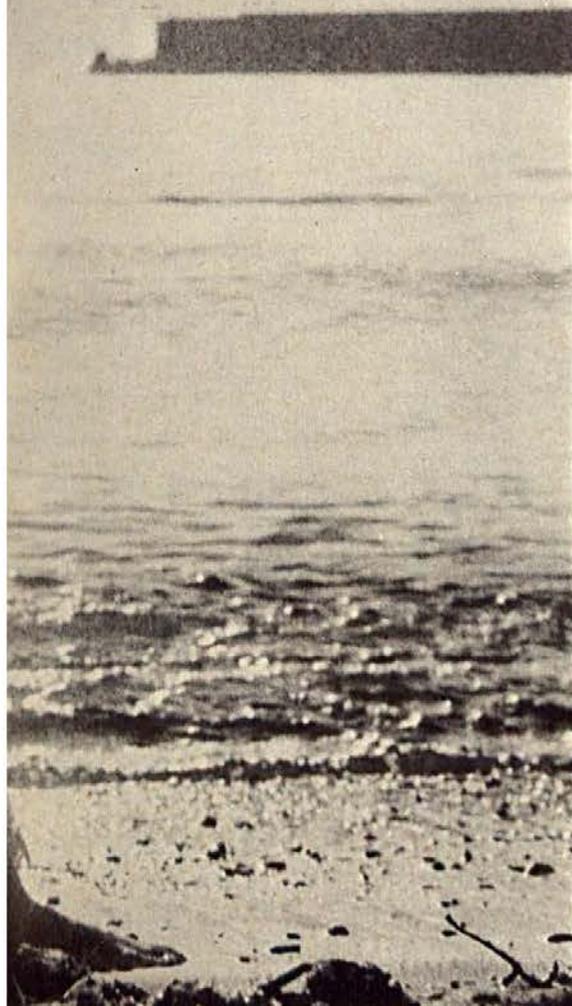
Sleep-walking in a soft, brushed nylon nightie, price 39s. 11d. Available by post from Neatawear, 12-14 Clipstone Street, London, W.1.



*Sweet dreams in a
cosy all-in-one
stretch towelling
jump suit edged in
delicate lace, price
69s. 11d. Available
by post from
Neatawear.*



*These super cotton
lace pyjamas with
midriff top and
bell-bottom trousers
could turn your
night into day, price
79s. 11d. Available
by post from
Neatawear.*



*A stairway to the
stars discovered in a
stretch towelling
'body' suit, price
59s. 11d. Again,
available by post
from Neatawear.*



*A touch of fantasy
for a dream of white
nylon appliquéd with
navy clovers, by
Dorothy Perkins,
price 29s. 11d.*

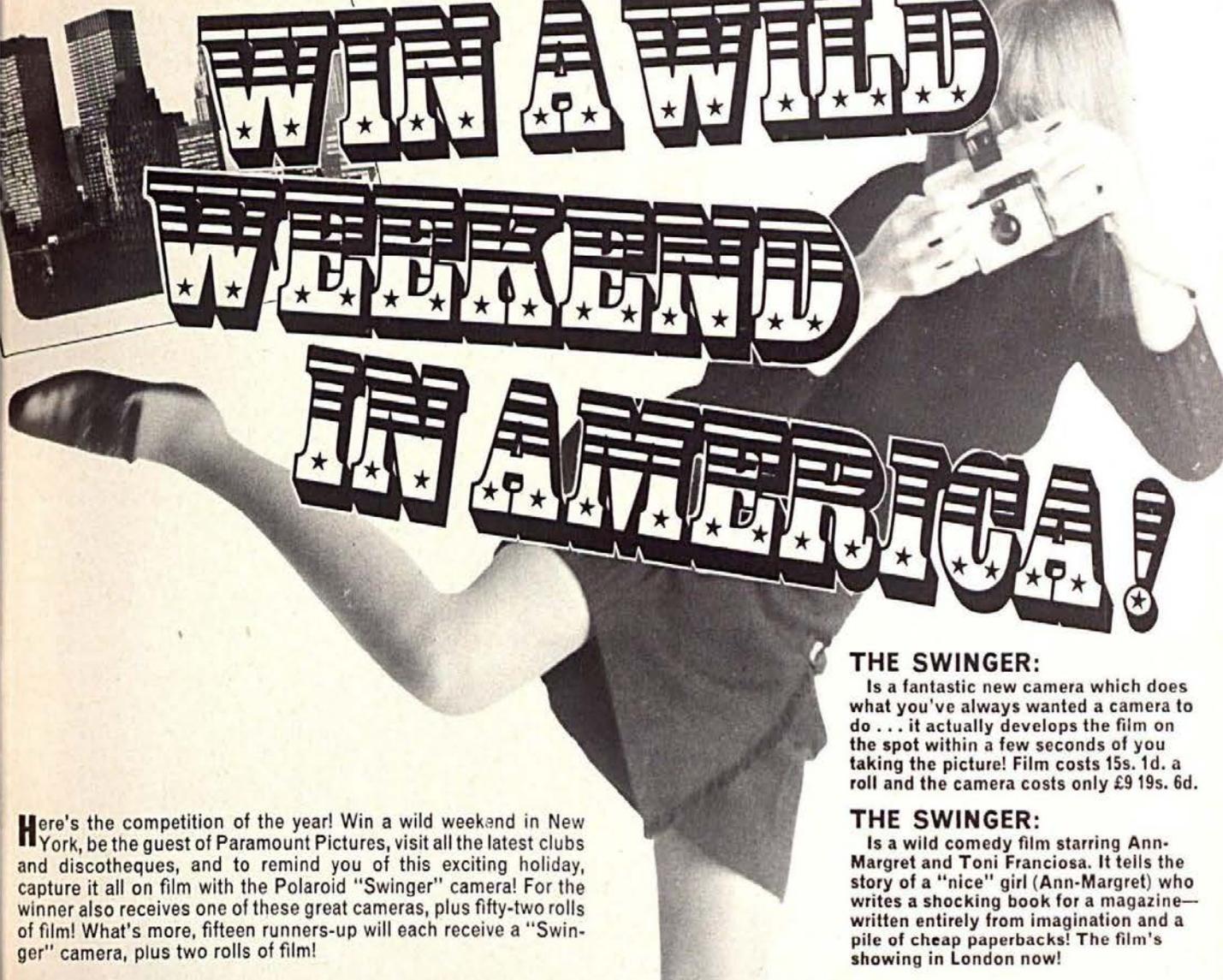


*What a nightie for a
daydream—a beautiful
mini-nightie and
negligée from Dorothy
Perkins, price 89s. 11d.*

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. L. JAMES
FASHION NOTES BY LEE**

YOUR SECOND-AND LAST!-CHANCE TO

WIN A WILD WEEKEND IN AMERICA!



Here's the competition of the year! Win a wild weekend in New York, be the guest of Paramount Pictures, visit all the latest clubs and discotheques, and to remind you of this exciting holiday, capture it all on film with the Polaroid "Swinger" camera! For the winner also receives one of these great cameras, plus fifty-two rolls of film! What's more, fifteen runners-up will each receive a "Swinger" camera, plus two rolls of film!

THE SWINGER:

Is a fantastic new camera which does what you've always wanted a camera to do . . . it actually develops the film on the spot within a few seconds of you taking the picture! Film costs 15s. 1d. a roll and the camera costs only £9 19s. 6d.

THE SWINGER:

Is a wild comedy film starring Ann-Margret and Toni Franciosa. It tells the story of a "nice" girl (Ann-Margret) who writes a shocking book for a magazine—written entirely from imagination and a pile of cheap paperbacks! The film's showing in London now!



All you have to do is list, in order of attraction, the pictures of Ann-Margret (shown above as she appears in the film "The Swinger"). For instance, if you think picture B is the most attractive, put B in the box labelled 1 on the coupon, and so on. You also have to tell us, in not more than 25 words, why you would like to spend a weekend in America. Send your entry to RAVE, Swinger Competition, 136 Long Acre, London, W.C.99. Closing date: February 1st 1967.

RAVE January 1967

SWINGER COMPETITION

NAME: _____ AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

Why I would like to spend a wild weekend in America:
(not more than twenty-five words):

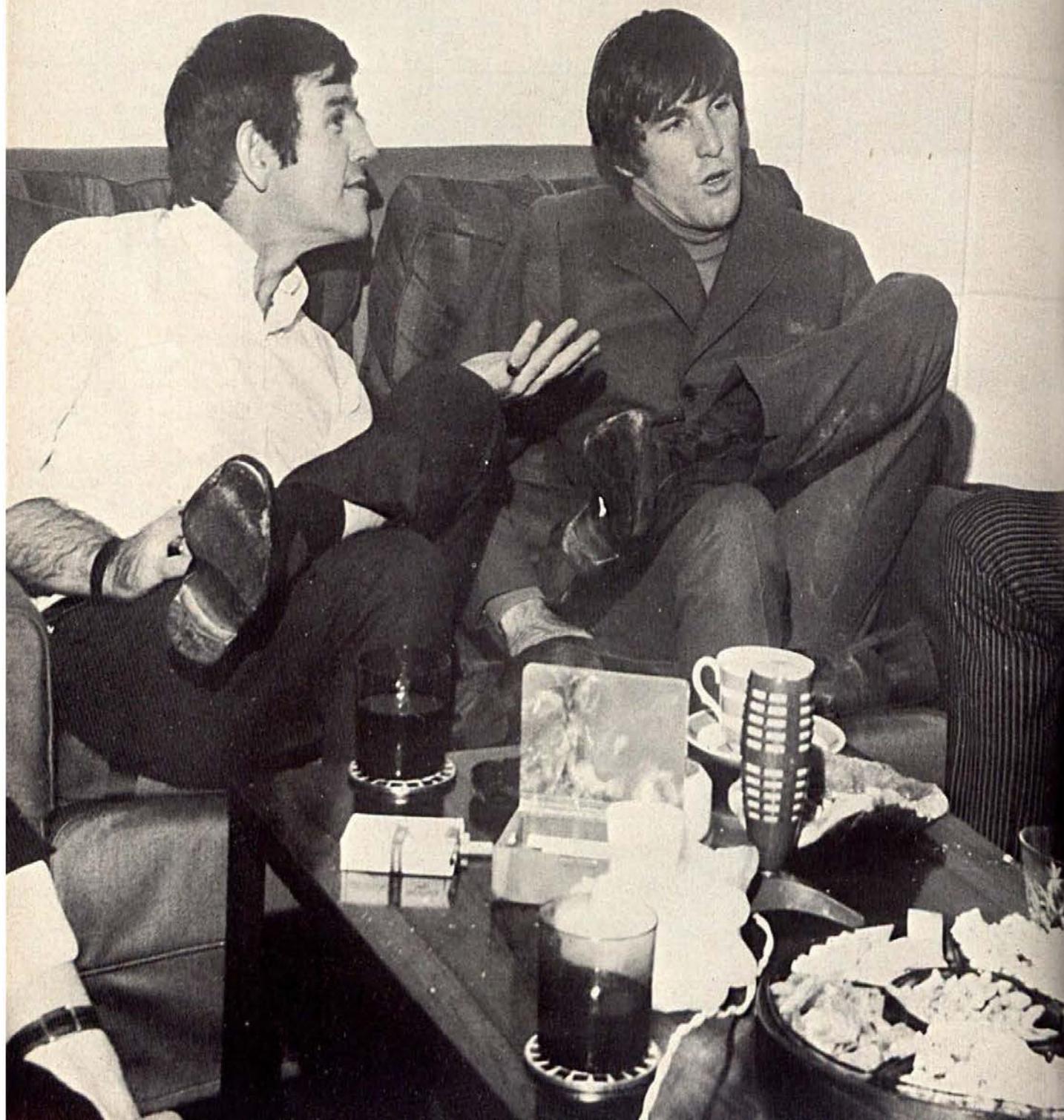
I consider the most attractive pictures, in order, of Ann-Margret are: (for instance, if you think picture B is the most attractive, put B in the box labelled 1, and so on.)

1	2	3	4	5	6
<input type="checkbox"/>					



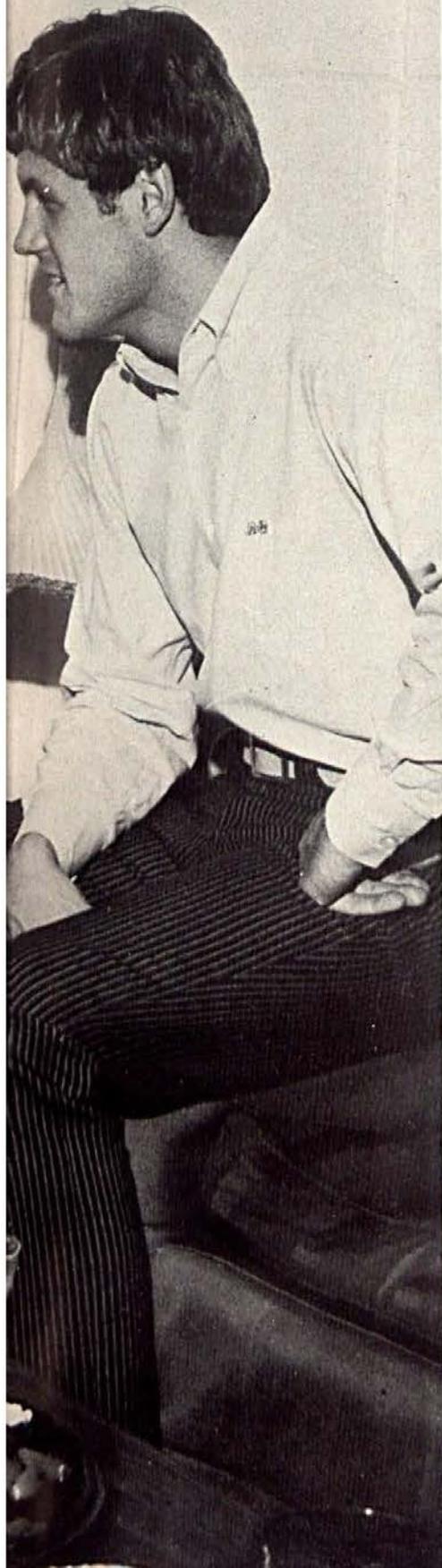
Alan Freeman meets Dennis Wilson and Bruce Johnston, tv

PRIME MINISTERS



of the Beach Boys'

F POP



The Beach Boys are the Prime Ministers of Pop Music in America. And though it's a coincidence that two of their members, Dennis Wilson and Bruce Johnston have surnames similar to both Britain's and America's Prime Ministers, it's no coincidence that they both found themselves in Alan Freeman's penthouse flat discussing the future of pop music.

I was looking down at the rainswept London streets far below my apartment, wishing I was back in Australia, when my secretary put her head around the door and announced that a couple of the Beach Boys were coming up for drinks.

So, since I wouldn't be making the bronzing-at-Bondi scene this season, I settled gratefully for this breath of fresh air from California.

Bruce Johnston arrived first and stretched luxuriously on the sofa with a contented "yeaahh!"

As soon as the Beach Boys arrived in England, they were plunged into the feverish rehearsing and travelling of their British tour routine, leading off with a string of crowded receptions and conferences.

"I just came straight from one," Bruce said. "The people I talked to were fine and asked very intelligent questions about our music. But everyone was sweating. They'd all dressed for dinner. Except me. I dressed for supper. It was like being in a greenhouse. I got out as soon as I could. The others are back at the hotel cooling off."

He took a long pull at his drink. "We were careful at first," he went on. "We thought people might be waiting for us to say something and building it up so that it wouldn't sound too good to English ears. But there wasn't anything like that at all. We found that people were on our side. The Press boys even asked for autographs.

"And when we played our opening concert it was marvellous to have an audience that wanted to listen to the lyrics. They all quietened down and went 'sssh' when we did 'Graduation Day'.

"The scene sure is changing. We expected screamers and a groupy look, but everybody had more of what we'd call in the States a college look. I think it's wild that over here audiences today want to listen, whereas when we were in Germany, I don't think anybody ever heard us. It was just one big, endless scream, scream, scream.

"In Vienna it was the same. Unbelievable. You know how the things on our later albums are more musical, more grown-up. It seems crazy that

when they come into the hall they make so much noise that they can't hear what they've paid to listen to.

"I guess screaming in England has settled down into a nice, conservative kind of activity. It doesn't stop audiences digging the vocal tricks in the slow numbers."

The Beach Boys have been reported as spending up to ninety hours recording "Good Vibrations".

Bruce shook his head. "That's not quite true. Suppose we were painters working on that picture up there." He nodded at the modern portrait above my fireplace. "We might spend a few hours doing the head, a few more on the arms and so on. Well, if we added all the hours up it would seem like a lot of days. But in fact, the work would be spread out.

"It's true that we spent a big part of our time doing the track. I'd say about eighty per cent of it. Vocally, 'Good Vibrations' wasn't that much harder to do than any of the other records, but the track has to be right, the feeling has to be right to get us to do the vocal properly.

Wrong Release

"Actually, 'God Only Knows' was prematurely released," Bruce disclosed. "We planned to release 'Good Vibrations' ahead of it, but Brian was disappointed with his tracks and we weren't ready to do the vocal in time."

Bruce dived across to the piano to illustrate the Beach Boys' follow-up, "Heroes and Villains".

"Tell me about Brian Wilson," I said.

Bruce shrugged. "I look at Brian and I never know what's going to happen." He was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Look, I had better tell you all about the Beach Boys first. That way it'll be easier to understand.

"I've been with the Beach Boys almost two years. I was in college when they were first formed and had their first local hit. New Year's Eve 1962 they played their first professional concert. The Wilsons are all from Hawthorn, which is a suburb about ten miles from Los Angeles."

"I've heard," I said. "A sort of •••"

• • • Wimbledon-on-Sea isn't it?"

"Uh-huh. Well, I became a record manager at CBS and I got to hear the first things the Beach Boys did. I thought they were groovy, but after a year or so all of a sudden their harmony started expanding. I became a big fan.

"I have a fairly decent ear, so I got to know the chords and the parts and everything. One day Brian and the others were to go to New Orleans to start a tour, but he was sick and couldn't go. So Mike Love phoned me to see if I could help find him a stand-in.

"There was only a hour before his plane, and I phoned around everywhere I knew, but I couldn't find anyone. So Mike said, 'Why don't you come instead of Brian?'

"I said, 'Me? But I don't play bass. I play electric piano, and I haven't touched that in three years'.

"Mike said, 'Come on anyway'. So I went down to New Orleans for two weeks, playing at huge concerts to maybe ten thousand people. When I got back to L.A. the Beach Boys asked me again, and that was it. I threw up my record job and I've been with them ever since."

Bruce Disagrees

Bruce talked maturely and realistically about his relationship with the rest of the group. "Let me say this. I don't agree with the Wilsons' personal philosophy. I'm an opportunist and I'm greedy on a sensible level. I take every kind of advantage, which they don't. So does Mike Love. Mike's a lot cooler.

"But the others don't like to hustle. Time means nothing to them. I think, here's something that'll bring another fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, but as often as not they'd rather sit home than do a concert. Some of them have houses up on Beverly Hills."

I said, "With a house in Beverly Hills I might be tempted to sit home myself."

"Okay," Bruce said. "But if they were normal Americans they'd only have two weeks off a year. The rest of the time they'd be making money."

Thinking back, it struck me how miraculously smooth and crisis-free the Beach Boys' ascent has been . . . as steady, certain and well-cushioned as a trip to the top of the world in a golden cable-car. None of the hardship, hunger and struggle for a hearing that the Beatles and other British



Dennis: he looks as if he belongs on a piano stool!

groups endured. The Beach Boys, more than anyone in music today, represent the dawn of a true pop technology, complete with Brian the Brain researching ever-wilder sounds in his laboratory. The Beatles, perhaps, represent the last of the era of groups whose songs start from heart rather than mind.

The Beach Boys have never known failure of any kind. As earners they are second only to the Beatles. As they move in turn to the summit, the long reign of British stars may be ending.

All the same, Bruce said, "I'd swap a lot of the Beach Boys' songs for just one 'Michelle'. If the Beatles hadn't

gone through bad times their songs wouldn't have the life and feeling they have.

"I guess I did a little struggling. Not much, just playing in rough bars and rock-and-roll joints when I was a kid. The rest of us, well, the only struggling they ever did was when they were still at college and carried in their own instruments a few times!

"Don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying the Beach Boys aren't workers. Man, they work real hard. For five years the style has gone on growing and maturing.

"You know what I think? What's going to happen to the Beach Boys is

that one day Brian Wilson will be the only one left. I'm sure that he's going to be like Stravinsky eventually. He's been recognised already for his genius. He won't stay doing what he is. He'll go on to other things."

Brian's status is already legendary. On my last trip to the States I was told about the extraordinary scenes that happen when he turns up at the recording studios in Hollywood. As if by some mysterious signal the beatniks, the scroungers, the hangers-on, the acidheads and the hippy-hippy mob come out of their crevices to surround him.

Brian's Headaches

But he keeps clear of crowds and solemn discussions about music. "He was tired of all the talk and travelling two years ago," an American friend said to me. "Tired of having his head opened up by strangers wanting to know how he got his ideas and his effects. The Beatles' 'Rubber Soul' was what jolted Brian up into the hills, and he's never come down. He gets headaches and sometimes he breaks appointments if he suspects it's going to lead to a meeting of world geniuses. And that's the real Brian Wilson behind the magic aura."

The success of the Beach Boys goes once again to prove that real musicians, whether they play pop, jazz or in the London Philharmonic, are deeply tolerant, respectful and interested in each other's best work. Separate, shut-off little cults and clans are for followers, not for doers.

Just then the phone rang. Dennis, rested after the steamy reception, was on his way over by car. He arrived twenty minutes later.

Uncool Dennis, emotional say-what-I-think Dennis, coming on strong and straight to upset many a well-meaning but pretentious questioner, was guarded and quiet during his first week in England.

"After a few days here," he said, "we all looked at each other and thought, 'Things have changed a lot here. London is *deep*.' I've been to a lot of places—Paris, Munich, all over. When I was in France I felt like I was in the American's Europe. But England is a separate place, very individual, very smart. You have trouble getting ice-cubes here, but other than that it's great."

Bruce said, "You ever seen an Englishman trying to get English beer

in America? Wherever you go, you have to miss something."

Dennis had been sitting down for about two minutes when he was affected by the urge that seems to overtake any Beach Boy who finds himself in the same room as a piano. He got up and went over to it like a plane comes in to land. And he sat there playing and talking as if he belonged on a stool instead of an armchair.

"When you talk to people on the phone back in the States you can't wait to get off. It's really quick. But I was talking for seven hundred dollars yesterday, long-distance. I wish Brian could have made it over for this trip. But when he decides he's going to write, that's it. He stays and writes."

I said, "That's something else that's changing. Two years ago someone who stayed back to work instead of raving it up would have been thought of as a bit draggy. Now he's respected."

Dennis shook his head. "You never hear Brian saying anything is a drag. If something goes wrong he doesn't do the cool bit. He says, 'Wow, what a bringdown!'"

No Sexual Bit

One English friend who worked in Hollywood for a while describes him as a genuine eccentric, as precise as an old lady in keeping his ideas and the creative scene in order.

I asked Dennis why he thought the Beach Boys had created such an explosion on the European scene and built up such a strong impact on intelligent young people the world over.

"I guess," he said, "it was because we were into the music and not into the sexual bit." This probably accounts for complaints by British music paper critics that there was "something missing" in the Beach Boys' stage appearances here. The something was elegantly and rather hypocritically defined as "flame" and "magic". What was meant, of course, was the sexual exploitation of the audiences. It just didn't happen, because the Beach Boys had managed to lift pop music to the point where it didn't need frenzy.

But real sex appeal is by no means out in the States, according to Dennis. "Mick Jagger is still the biggest over there," he said.

By the time the boys got up to go back to their hotel to prepare for the next day's travelling, there was no mistaking that here was one of the

great phenomena of the Sixties in music. The Beach Boys were no longer a neat line-up in surf shirts, but a formative force led by a genuine and adventurous innovator.

Through these young Californians, it looked as though the same kind of breakthrough in taste and professionalism that had pumped new vigour into the theatre and film world was beginning to happen in pop.

Today the in-names in the Hollywood of the record business are not people who have got themselves well known for wearing far-out gear and being seen in the right night spots and discos. Their reputations are based on substance, enterprise and hard work.

Maybe the Beach Boys will cause a lot of rethinking here about the easy, careless and imitative values that have been going into a lot of British groups' work. Maybe it will end the harking-back to other eras, the revivals of the blues, of ancient rock, the confused discontent with one's own times that causes Mods to go around looking like little Victorian grannies or cloaked Edwardian colonels.

The sounds the Beach Boys have produced so far couldn't belong to any period but the Sixties. The originality of their output, and its universal acclaim, show that there is a truly wonderful chance for a group that is happy to stay in its own time-slot and use its opportunities in a modern way.

In fact, pop-pickers, it looks as if the quality bit is at last under way. And that can't be too soon for me.

Till next month. Stay bright!



Bruce: newest Beach Boy

Real antique glasses that fold up and tuck away in your top pocket. From Gentry Male Boutique, 23 New Row, London, W.C.2. Available on request, prices from £2.

Silk handkerchief in purple with white lace edging. A real rave gimmick. Also from Gentry Male. Available by post. Price 10s. 6d.

Tie in printed velvet that will do up in a large knot that looks like a cravat. From Cue, price 30s.

Crazy suit in mauve corduroy with long, two vent jacket and straight-cut trousers. Designed by Robert Simon of Paul's Boutique, 39 and 47 Carnaby Street, London, W.1. Price 15 gns.

Regency style boots with a wide welt round the sole in contrasting leather. From Steve Topper, Carnaby Street, London, W.1. Price 89s. 11d. Also available by post.

Pink, candy-stripe shirt from Cue at Austin Reed, Regent Street, London, W.1. Price £3 5s. Also available by post. Like most shirts from Cue, it has a high collar and is waisted to fit the body.

JUST DENNIS

RAVE artist Dennis reports on the boys' fashion scene.

DENNIS-ISMS

■ You can now get some terrific silver shirts, a wow in the clubs, from Adam W.1, Kingly Street, London, W.1.

■ Boys' fashion has picked up the girls' trend of chain-fronted shoes, only on the boys' shoes, the chains are much heavier.

■ Latest for winter wear is the long, long overcoat. Expensive new, but you can get an ex-Naval one from any surplus store, and remove the braiding. They're double-breasted and look great!

■ Favourite style in jumpers is the crew-neck type worn fairly loose. Must be in pastel colours (lilac, pink, and blue).

■ Important news for all those wearing guards' jackets or contemplating buying one—the law now is that you must remove the decorative buttons and sew on your own plain ones. They're still very much a rave, by the way.

■ Latest look in suits are coat-suits cut in a 'thirties style, with high waist and long vents. There is a concealed button at the waist for a tight fit. Favourite cloth is twilled wool.

■ Denim is the thing for raincoats now. It's specially treated to make it waterproof and is fastened by a large zip, with zipped breast pockets too. Worn usually three-quarter length.

■ The latest in shirts are those which you buy with your suit, with the suit fabric repeated on the collar. Can look really smart.

■ The Small Faces are among many distinguished customers who have visited a swinging hair stylist's near London's Carnaby Street. It's called Apollo Hairdressing at 7 Kingly Street, London, W.1. They offer some really good styles at low prices.

■ Ravers in London are now wearing genuine demob suits! Some three-piece ones are available for £10 each from Mel Wheeler of The 38, 38 Church Street, London, N.W.8. It'll cost you about 30s. extra to have them taken in. The trousers are a bit baggy!

A BOY'S SLANT ON BOYS' FASHION

**"If you don't
make the scene
'cos you've greasy hair
get DEEP
down
to it!"**

says D.J.
DAVE CASH



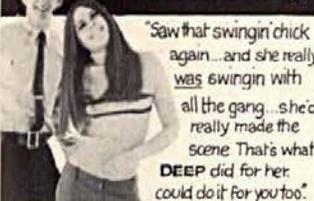
"Saw a chick the other day—real swingin' chick, but her hair was kinda tatty. Asked my date what the problem was—she said it could be greasy hair. Said **DEEP Shampoo** is the answer."

"Lots of kids have this problem. Missing out 'cos their hair never looks right even just after it's been washed. I passed the message on to this girl..."



"...she used **DEEP Shampoo** regularly... the special medication got to work... She found her hair was manageable again... **DEEP** had licked that greasy hair problem."

THE FOLLOWING WEEK



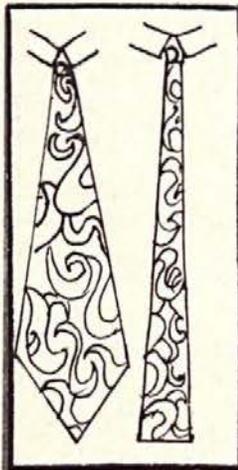
"Saw that swingin' chick again...and she really was swingin' with all the gang...she really made the scene. That's what **DEEP** did for her: could do it for you too."

"Now, how did my date know what **DEEP** does? Simple...she read what's on the sacket: 'You look for **DEEP Shampoo and Soap**...see what these great products can do for your greasy hair and skin problem.'"



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DODO'S DATEBOOK

JANUARY—where it's at!

THIRTY-ONE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A POP LOVER

1. Georgie Fame at Saville Theatre, London, in "Fame In '67", till 9th. Also appearing are Julie Felix, Cat Stevens, the Fourmost and Sounds Inc. Brian Auger and Julie Driscoll 3-weeks in Milan.

2. Fortunes return to Britain from South American Festival in Columbia. Alan Bown Set to Switzerland, near Zermatt for 10-days.

3. Chiffons here for the whole month. Hollies and Herman's Hermits on tour in U.S.A.

4. New Cat Stevens single out soon. Gerry and the Pacemakers in "Aladdin" at Southampton Gaumont till the 15th.

5. Seeker Athol Guy 27 today. Ronnie Scott's Club hopes to have Roland Kirk back this month.

6. General release of Cliff and Shadows' film, "Finders Keepers". New Vaudeville Band touring Scotland for 4-days.

7. New TV. series, "Doddy's Music Box"—with Ken—starts today. Supposed to be on same lines as Thank Your Lucky Stars.

8. Elvis Presley 32 today! Sonny Stitt, alto and tenor sax star, at the Marquee.

9. Another big idol, Scott Engel, is 23 today, happy birthday Scott!

10. Bob Lang of the Mindbenders 20 today. All this week, Paul Jones at the Dolce Vita Club, Newcastle.

11. Magic Lanterns off to Paris to film with Brigitte Bardot!

12. The Move hope to be in Rome for 2-weeks to make TV. film and play 1-week at the Piper's Club. Alan Bown Set now in Belgium.

13. The Who playing in Kirkby tonight, Sonny Stitt at Leeds, and Mary Wells arrives for a 4-week visit.

14. The Bachelors still in panto at Manchester Opera House. Sonny Stitt plays Manchester for 2-days.

15. Donovan gives an afternoon concert at the Royal Albert Hall.

16. Ray Phillips of the Nashville Teens 23 today. Gerry and the Pacemakers for 1-week at the Guildford Odeon — "Aladdin".

17. Dave Ballinger of the Barron Knights 26 today.

18. Pinkerton's Colours and Johnny Hallyday start out on big European tour.

19. Phil Everly 28 today! Cliff and the Shadows still in panto at the London Palladium—"Cinderella".

20. Eric Stewart of the Mindbenders 22 today and Lem Lubin of Unit Four + 2, 23! Junior Walker and the All Stars here for 10-day visit.

21. Long John Baldry 26 today, happy birthday "Cuckoo". Sonny Stitt at the Cue Club, London.

22. For the whole of this month, Dusty Springfield and Paul & Barry Ryan in "Old King Cole", Liverpool Empire.

23. New Walker Brothers single out this month. Cilla Black and Frankie Howerd at the Prince of Wales Theatre in "Way Out In Piccadilly".

24. Who hoping for 2-week trip to Italy at the end of this month.

25. Billy Stewart here in a couple of days, this time staying until February 12th. The Who play at the Orchid Ballroom, Purley.

26. Fats Domino due in for his first visit today, here till February 6th.

27. Nedra Talley of the Ronettes 21 today. The Merseys play at the Top Spot, Ross-on-Wye.

28. Dick Taylor of the Pretty Things 24 today. The Four Tops play at the Royal Albert Hall, and The Merseys are at the Birmingham Plaza and Ritz ballrooms.

29. Mark Wynter 24 and Peter Jay 23 today. The Four Tops play at the Liverpool Empire.

30. Steve Marriott 20 today, and the Four Tops ride on to the Leeds Odeon.

31. The Four Tops play their last concert of this month at Newcastle City Hall. If you haven't caught their great act yet, look out for more dates in the February diary!

NOTES

Happy New Year!



LOOK WHAT HAPPENS TO A RAVE GIRL!



Above: Joan Hinton, photographed at the RAVE studios with her prizes

Look what can happen to you if you're a RAVE Girl! Joan Hinton from Horley, Surrey, who won our RAVE Girl Competition, has now received all her prizes, which included a fashion trip to Italy with RAVE and a course at Cherry Marshall's model school.

We invited her to our photographic studio to photograph her with all her prizes: a super chunky cord coat and dress which she chose from Mary Quant's Bazaar in Knightsbridge; a pair of "ballet shoe" slippers; a pair of buckle front, beige flatties; a pair of elegant, black patent shoes and a fab pair of beige leather boots chosen by her from Clark's Autumn shoe range, a Discatron record player, a vanity case full of Cheseborough-Ponds cosmetics, and a range of Mary Quant's Model Girl make-up.

This picture also marked the end of a terrific session at Vidal Sassoon's (where stylist Joshua styled a complete new RAVE cut for her); a wild week-end in London; a night out with Radio London star D.J., Tony Blackburn, at the Scotch of St. James to see Ben E. King; a trip to Tiles where Joan had a facial at the Face Place and was presented on stage with her vanity case and cosmetics (and had to judge a dance competition into the bargain!); a meeting with the Walker Brothers. Not forgetting the £50 cash!

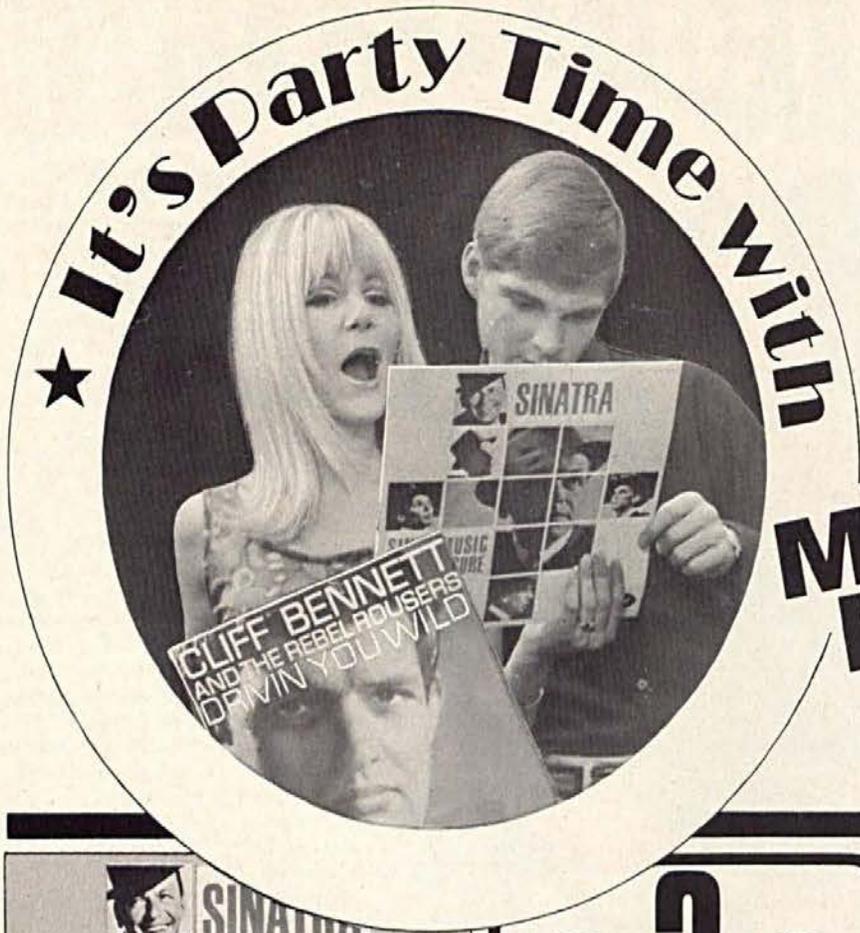
Joan is now looking forward to starting a whole new career as a fashion model. Look out for her in RAVE!



Cash prize! A £50 cheque from Walker Brothers John and Scott

Below: a night out with Radio London D. J. Tony Blackburn



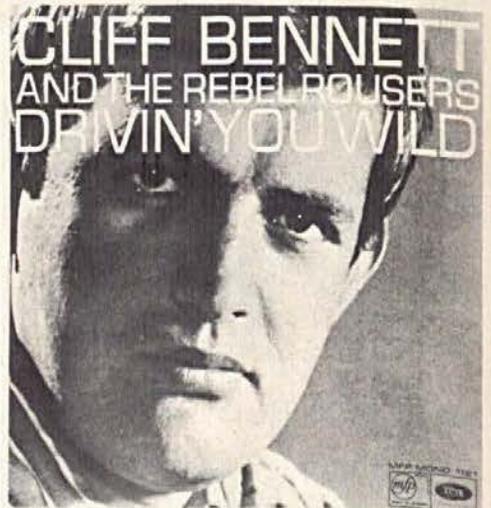


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MUSIC FOR PLEASURE



RAVING REPORTS

A RAVE look at what's happening on the general scene!

■ Great idea that's catching on in Germany is the teenage train . . . that is, a train full of teenagers. German Railways lay on a special train called the Teenage Express, with a number of open cars. For £1 a head you get a special excursion to a favourite holiday spot, on a train that has been converted into a travelling dance hall. Groups and recorded music play for the whole journey, and just in case you haven't had enough dancing by the time you get there, there's usually a special dance arranged at the desti-



Brian: nonsense pose

nation! With drinks and food laid on, and a travelling film show for those who get too tired, the whole scheme has proved a wild success. John o'Groats to Land's End, anyone?

■ Another thing catching on in Germany is Nazi-ism. And it seems unfortunate that controversial Stone, Brian Jones should have picked this particular moment in time to pose for photographs in SS uniform and jack boots. Brian himself says "The sense of it is that there is no sense in it at all!" But we must say, they aren't the best publicity pictures he could have had taken, are they? Ask yourself what you think, or better still, ask your dad.

■ Mick Jagger seems to have the sort of face that people like to paint, but some people paint it more than others. Mrs. Elsa Smith, a French teacher from Dartford, Kent, has painted him more than fifty times, and has even rated a thank-you from the Stones!

■ You've all heard of Rent-a-Crowd? Well, in this raver's age it's getting a bit more specialised. Now if you've got anything to shout about, you can Rent-a-Picket. Rent-a-Picket will hire you a picket line complete with bill boards. (Bearded men extra). How about "Down with Mini Skirts", or "I Hate Tchaikovsky". Or maybe you could picket the girl who stole your boyfriend and thus get him back. It has been done. What a way to get rid of your frustrations and grievances . . . it's not a commercial concern, it's a social service!

■ In America, where they go in for matching dogs to their owners (or is it the other way round?), they've really excelled them-

Win a weekend in America! Here are the rules for entry.

Entries must be written in ink. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. No responsibility can be accepted for coupons lost, mislaid or delayed before or after delivery, nor can coupons in any way mutilated or altered be accepted. Entries received after the closing date, February 1st, 1967, will not be eligible. Employees of the proprietors of RAVE magazine, Paramount Pictures and Polaroid (U.K.) Ltd., or any of their subsidiary or associated companies, and members of employees' families are not eligible. The decision of the judges is final. No correspondence can be entered into.

Judges: Ian Gilmour of Polaroid (U.K.) Ltd., George Sidney, producer-director of the film "The Swinger", and the Editor of RAVE.



Mick: a face to paint

selves. These glasses (below) are supposed to be for watching people. Who are they kidding? The funny thing is that the dog looks so cheerful . . . or is he just putting on a brave face? It must be difficult behind those monster pop glasses. Other variations are ZOOM and SOCK. Though we're inclined to think that a more suitable one for the dog would be WOOF!

■ Next month, don't miss RAVE whatever you do. For, helped by a computer, we will find the ideal boy for you! Tell your friends and place your orders now. Ideal boyfriends next month by computer!



The U.S. rave—
monster pop
glasses



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"I recommend this book—for its humour and for its practical hints on driving from which even a man might benefit."

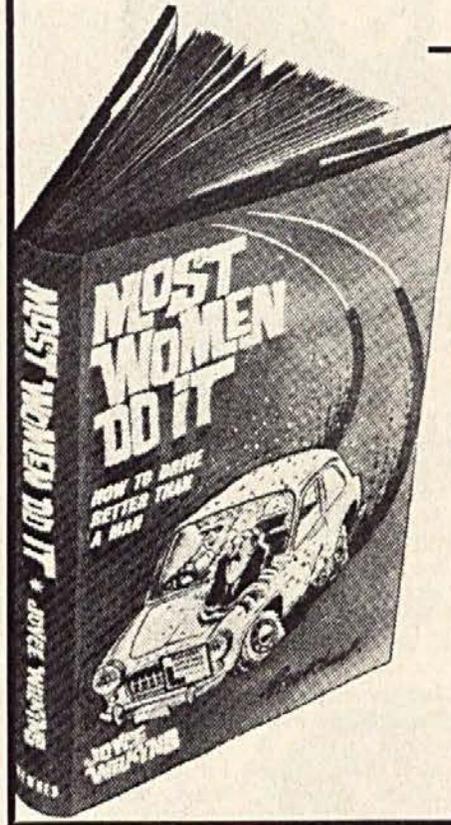
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Any Way That You Want Me. *Troggs*

■ Fantastic release from the Troggs!

It opens very quietly, then along comes Reg and oodles of lovely cello noises and a beat that just nags its way into your brain.

It's completely different from anything the Troggs have done before, being much more 'gentle' and subtle. It's also a no. 1.

Happy Jack. *The Who*

This is a Pete Townshend composition all about a

the Whether chart

This is where we play the new discs that hit the Charts and tell you whether or not we rate them.



Keith Moon: his drum bashing makes a great disc

small man who lives in the sand in the Isle of Man. So work that one out.

Roger Daltry's singing gets plenty of help from a "la-la-la-ing" chorus, and there are shades of the old Who as Keith Moon really gives his drums a bashing in the background. Great disc.

Nicole. *Gary James*

■ Very simple this one, again with lots of cellos zinging up and down in the background. You probably won't hear it much, which is a pity, because it's a record that needs listening to a lot to appreciate its simple beauty. Very reminiscent of "Michelle".

The Star Of The Show. *Zoot Money*

■ Zoot Money sounds drunk on this number, which isn't surprising.

It's sub-titled "The La-La Song" so that if you guess that la-la's are heard a lot in it you'd guess right.

Not outstanding stuff—for Zoot Money anyway.

Sittin' In The Park *Georgie Fame*

■ Written by Billy Stewart of "Secret Love" fame, this was taken off Georgie's recent LP, "Sweet Things".

It's a mid-tempo number, sung superbly by Georgie and has a fabulous big band backing. Should run into the Charts.

Too Many Fish In The Sea. *Young Rascals*

■ The Young Rascals are one of America's 'new-wave' groups—everyone's raving about them. Though we can't see much happening with this old Marvellettes number, we can see them following up the current successes of many Americans in the future.

Mathuw And Son. *Cat Stevens*

■ Lots of brass on this Mike Hurst produced disc. It's got a great rhythm going on it and after you've heard it, it leaves you with

the same kind of feeling that "Reach Out I'll Be There" did.

Sunshine Superman.

Donovan

■ Here's Donovan riding high in the Charts with his long-delayed "Sunshine Superman". Proof of the power of the disc is its immediate return to the Chart after Don's long absence. What with this and "Mellow Yellow" on the way, we're betting that Don won't disappear again for a long time.

Save Me. *Dave Dee etc*

■ Another terrific disc from another group who improve all the time.

A breezy, bouncy, chorus stands out, and it looks like another long stay in the Charts for the lads from Salisbury.

Deadlier Than The Male. *The Walker Brothers*

■ NOT the official Walker Brothers' new single. The record company assure us. It's the title track from the film of the same name, and was written by Scott in conjunction with Johnny Franz. As expected, it sounds like a film record.

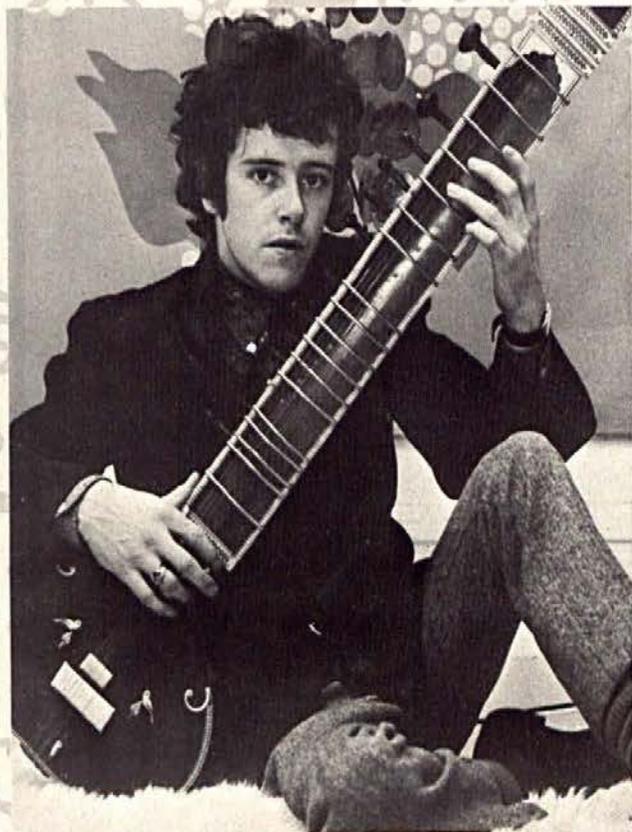
The flip, "Archangel", written by Scott is much more interesting. A big organ opens, giving you the impression you're in a church then comes Scott singing about silence.

I Feel Free. *The Cream*

■ Foot-tapping, hand-clapping, get-the-party-going type release from Eric, Ginger and Jack.

Lyric is all about feeling free, and should be assured of plenty of plays in the clubs.

Donovan: long-delayed disc rides high



TODAY'S RAVES

Here we tell you about rave ideas in the fashion and pop world before they've really happened!

■ Fur and yet more fur! For those who prefer the hard stuff there's a new boutique opened at 125 Fulham Road, London, called Wild Fur You, which sells nothing but second-hand fur coats. Anything in the fox, racoon, skunk range. Because they come from big second-hand fur traders in America, and because they've all been cleaned and renovated to look like new, they're more expensive than the average cast off fur—£12 to £40.

■ Yet another new club has opened up, the Bag O'Nails, at 9 Kingly Street, London, W.1.

Records are played most of the time, with occasional visits from U.S. stars and groups. Membership fee for a year is 3 guineas, and then 10s. entrance fee. Each member is allowed to take in three guests. A very swinging club, licensed, and well worth a visit!

■ *The Incadinc kit dress shimmers, crackles, sparkles, disturbs, creates attention, causes riots, stops traffic, blinds and deafens people. It comes in two pieces, which can be ironed with a very cool iron, and stuck together in five minutes with sticky tape. It's virtually indestructible except to a girl with a sharp pair of scissors and the imagination to see that a hem can be slashed shorter, hearts, flowers, stars, and moons cut in it and presents wrapped in it when she gets fed up with being the centre of attention! Made in a sort of plastic that looks like silver foil, it costs just 16s., from most big London stores, or mail order from Adrian Marchant Ltd., Surbiton Studios, Britannia Road, Surbiton, Surrey.*

■ *The party dress this winter is going to be the petticoat dress. Very skimpy and clinging, worn without a bra. With matching stockings you can avoid that fleshy look that sometimes occurs with nothing dresses. If you can't match your stockings then dye a pair of nylons.*

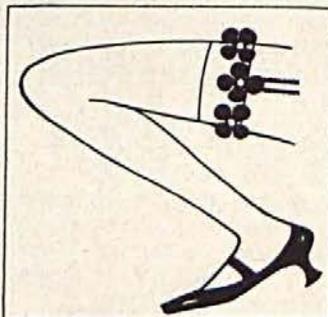
■ John Carr Doughty, who invented the pull-apart sweater dress, has come up with the most striking of sweaters. They're called Identi-knits, and are made in clashing colours and textured wools. But the most noticeable feature is that every sweater has an abstract face worked into the design, hence the name. So if you're sick of your plain mini, skinny sweaters, try something a bit more daring. Identi-knits look great worn with a plain mini skirt. And keep your eyes open for more patterned sweaters—they're on the way back!

■ John Michael's latest venture is a really way-out shop called the "Westerner". All the stock comes from the States and you can buy things like this terrific fringed jacket. If you feel like going west to have a look, you'll find the shop at 469, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

■ The Wellington boot is making a come back! If you've noticed that your fashionable boots let in the snow and slush, then Russell and Bromley have got gorgeous waterproof boots in really bright colours—reds and yellows and blues. What's more they're tough! Another idea—bind the tops of your old boots in bright coloured sticky tape.



The "Westerner" gear



Stockings—raver style

■ Idea for stocking tops—if you still haven't got round to tights. Either buy them with decorated welts, or better still do it yourself by sewing appliqué flowers round the tops—and why not cover your suspenders as well. If they must show, make them decorative. Make sure the stockings aren't too fine though, or they'll just go into holes!



Identi-knits

BOSUN'S WHISTLES ARE IN!

Get with the new sound. Of course, you'll need to get a boat as well . . . and that's where Practical BOAT OWNER can help.

If you're not with it water-wise, take a look at this excitingly different boating monthly. It's the absolute answer for novices—and a marvellous help for more experienced sailors, up-river or out to sea.

Practical BOAT OWNER is new and new in outlook, covering all aspects of sailing and powercraft ownership, do-it-yourself maintenance, and safer, better seamanship.

No. 1 OUT NOW 3/6d.

John Lennon, now appearing in larger than life

BEATLESCOPE

Thanks to his film offer, John is the first Beatle to really branch out on his own. Paul was swift to follow by writing the musical score for Hayley Mill's new film, "The Family Way". George went to India for a while to study the sitar with Ravi Shankar, while Ringo just took advantage of all the peace and quiet, to have a few weeks' holiday.

In fact the big problem for the four boys will be keeping busy. The only definite thing the boys have lined up for '67 is their film, and plans for that aren't moving too quickly. I can foresee that John along with Ringo and Paul could quite easily become big names in the film world, either comedy or straight acting. George I visualise as a very dedicated musician who will probably devote more and more of his time to recording, finding new sounds and putting them on record, causing musical revolutions. Ringo will probably go into a business as a sideline while John and Paul will go on with their song-writing. John possibly will also seriously settle down to writing and perhaps this will bring back his desire to paint.

So you see, when you get to the top you don't necessarily have to come down, you just put the brakes on!

WILL THE BEATLES BREAK UP?

Their old friend, RAVE girl Maureen O'Grady writes . . .

■ The Beatles have been Beatles for about six years now. Since those early days, their scope and talents have been widened and exploited to the fullest as a musical group. We have seen them as clowns in their Christmas show, stars in films, writers of books, and singers and writers of songs. Now the era of the Beatles is moving on. I don't think they will be splitting up, in as much that they won't work together again, but I do think we will be seeing—and hearing—less of them as a group and more of them as individuals.

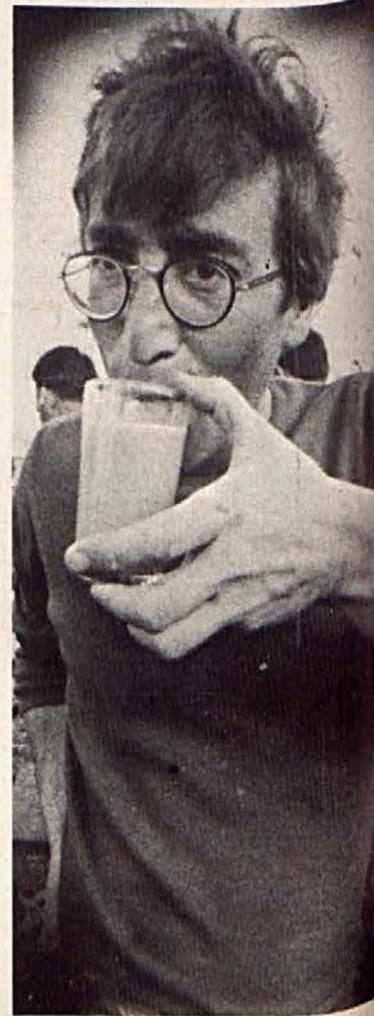
"It's fun. It's hard. It's different . . . but I don't know how it's all going to come out on the screen." That's John Lennon talking about his first solo starring role as Private Gripweed in "How I Won The War". To find out how different, take a look at our exclusive photos.

John Lennon in Spain—crystal gazing into the rosy future, or has the filming got a bit too much for him?





"You want to know how I won the war? It was these 'ere Beatle-crushers mate!"



Above: "Us flying Beatles don't need parachutes!"

Left: "'Ere's me, ready for Arctic patrol"

Right: "Milk mate—that's the stuff to give the troops"

Far Right: "Meet me mate"



JOHN LENNON

YOU'RE TELLING US!

If you've got any comments on the pop or fashion scene, tell us about them! Write to RAVE, You're Telling Us Department.

Thanks for the great November RAVE and especially the pic of Stevie Marriott. I luv him! Please, please don't let Stevie marry anybody, cos I'd die if he did.—Stevie Mills, Willenhall, Staffs.

On reading the quote of the month from Cliff Bennett in the November RAVE, I was disgusted to read his views on Bob Dylan. It is impossible for anyone to say that they like his songs but think the arrangements are a joke. Bob Dylan is one of the greatest singers alive.—An Angry Dylan Fan.

Don't think me a sex maniac or anything, but I liked your write-up on The Big Freeze, (November RAVE). Nevertheless I found it a bit fruitless, because us fellers have our

own methods of combat! Please don't get the wrong impression, I'm really the kind of feller that respects a girl! I still thought the article was dead comical.—Gunner Pete Brighty, 34 LT.A.D. Regt, BFPO 44.

After seeing that Four Tops show in London I don't think I could ever have such a great time at a pop show again. I've never known a whole audience to stand up and start singing, clapping, and dancing—it was marvellous! Thank goodness they're coming back again!—Caroline Marchant, Southend.

Wow! Those Beach Boys are just about the grooviest people in the pop world. I was lucky enough to see them at a live show when they were in England recently. Only trouble is Dennis deliberately hides behind his drums!—Mandy Beecher, Birmingham.

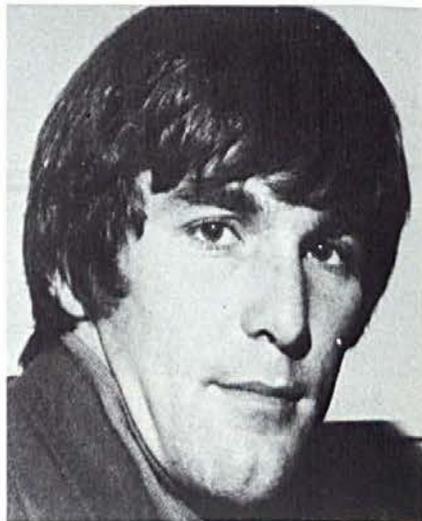
After hearing the four tracks on Scott Engel's E.P., I've come to the conclusion that if the Walkers were to release a single on similar lines they would be higher in the Hit Parade! This isn't treason. I saw them in Sheffield on October 15th and thought they were great—this is just a suggestion.—Christine Drabble, Ekington, Sheffield.

That lucky RAVE Girl, Joan Hinton! It is every rave girl's dream to have all those wonderful prizes RAVE awarded her for winning the competition. Congratulations, Joan, and good luck with the modelling!—Monica Carlton, Maldon, Essex.

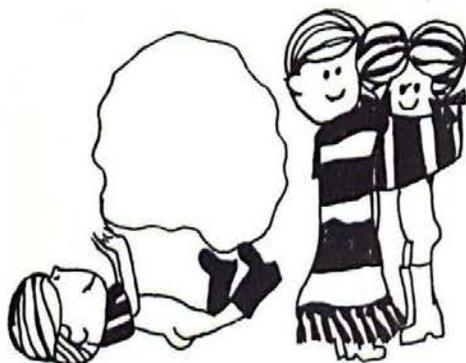
I love reading RAVE and keeping up with all the latest fashions, boys' as well as

girls'. I keep a scrapbook of English fashions, and lots of girls here in Germany ask me to bring back English clothes for them when I visit England. On my next trip I've got to get two dresses and a trouser suit, both featured in RAVE!—Tim Watson, c/o The Band, 11 Hussars (PAO), BFPO 30, Germany.

Congratulations on the very serious and intelligent handling of the article in December RAVE called Sex And You. So much has been written about the subject, most of it just moralizing. Thank goodness someone has written the facts, and left it to US to decide!—Georgina Cuffley, Bromyard, Herts.



Dennis Wilson—hides deliberately



AND WE'RE TELLING YOU!

RAVE knows all about what's happening on the pop scene, so if you've got any questions, write to us!

Please could you tell me the tracks on the new Beatles' LP, titled "Oldies"?—Pat Bishop, Oxford.

Side One: *She Loves You; From Me To You; We Can Work It Out; Help!; Michelle; I Feel Fine; Yellow Submarine;*
Side Two: *Can't Buy Me Love; Bad Boy; Day Tripper; A Hard Day's Night; Ticket To Ride; Paperback Writer; Eleanor Rigby; I Want To Hold Your Hand.*

Who plays the flute on the Manfreds' record "Semi-Detached Suburban Mr. James"?—Denise Stevens, Epsom, Surrey.

It's Klaus Voorman, Denise.

Please would you tell me how to get in touch with Hywel Bennet, as I am madly in love with him. He has been on "Thirteen Against Fate" and "The Wednesday Play".—Janet Hendry, Waterloo, Liverpool 22.

A Hywel Bennet fan club is now established at:— 220 Leicester Road, Wigston Fields, Leicester. Hywel also co-stars with Hayley Mills in the film "The Family Way".

Please could you tell me the birthdates of the Beach Boys?—Julie Parks, Bristol.

Brian Wilson, June 20, 1942.
Dennis Wilson, December 4, 1944.
Mike Love, March 15,

1941. Carl Wilson, December 21, 1946. Al Jardine, September 3, 1942. Bruce Johnston, June 27, 1944.

Could you tell me the tracks on the recent Chris Farlowe LP, called "The Art of Chris Farlowe"?—Joan Morgan, Cheltenham, Glos.

Tracks are:— *What Became of The Broken Hearted; We're Doing Fine; Paint It, Black; Cuttin' In; Open The Door To Your Heart; North South East West; You're So Good For Me; Out Of Time; I'm Free; I've Been Loving You Too Long; Life Is But Nothing; It Was Easier To Hurt Her; Reach Out I'll Be There; Ride On Baby. On Immediate no. IMLP/SP006.*



BOYS-AND GIRLS-LOST AND FOUND

Lost contact with old boy or girl friends? Write and tell us all about them and we'll try and find them for you!



■ Does anyone know Colin? He was in Sweden in August this summer. He and his friend Stewart were working and stayed in Trollhattan. They had a flat on Storgatan. Colin has light hair and blue eyes. He is about eighteen. Stewart is seventeen and has dark hair and brown eyes. Colin looks rather like Tony Hicks. They stayed in Trollhattan for three to four weeks. If anyone knows Colin or Stewart, tell them to contact us or let us know where we can contact them. They live in Leeds.—Berit and Monica Hjelm, Skansgatan 9B, Vanersborg, Sweden.

■ Lost: one boy called Brian or Scotch John, aged 19 with long black hair, brown eyes. Plays mouth organ, and has an Alsatian dog with him called Jet. Was living in Birmingham, used to go to the stage cafe there. His friends are Mod Dave, Billy, Muscles. Believed now to be in the north of Scotland working as a lumberjack. Comes from Inverness, may be there. Please tell him to write to: Diane Chalmers, Glenmaris, Airdrie, Lanarkshire.

■ Hello everybody who went to Holland Park School during those CRAZY years 1959-1964 in classes 1D1-3D1. How would you like to come and re-unite on 1st March '67 outside H.P.S. (Airlie Gardens entrance) at 8 o'clock. It would be really super!—Sue Elliot, Sheila Newman.

■ Lost: Bill O'Gilvie and friend who both live in Buckhaven, Fife. I met them at the Raith Ballroom on a Friday night and I would like to get in touch with them. If anyone knows them please tell them to contact me.—Ann McAlear, Strips of Craigie Road, Dundee, Scotland.

■ Please help me find a boy named Alan, who comes from the North. He is seventeen with long, blond hair, blue eyes and wears a leather jacket. He carries around with him a green sleeping bag which has my name and address on it. He was last seen at Bognor Regis beach opposite the Shoreline Club, with two friends. Tell him to write to Linda, the girl with the black hair. — Linda Mortimer, Bromley, Kent.

■ Recently we met two English girls called Lisa and Francesca, singing at a folk club here in Paris. They told us that they were going back to London and we would very much like to write to them. If anyone knows these beautiful girls would you please tell them that the two boys who seemed to them like the Walker Brothers, want to hear from them very much. We read your magazine every month and enjoy it very much.—Adrian Leclait and Francois Foncart, Rue Marbeau, Paris 16e, France.

■ Please help me to get in touch with Michael, a flamenco dancer I met coming away from the Don Juan Night Club, Malgrat, Spain on September 8th. His car, which he was driving to Barcelona, had broken down. If anyone can get in touch with him, please tell him I'm very sorry I'd been drinking champagne, and thank him for seeing me safely back to my hotel, and helping me to enjoy the last day of my holidays. Please also ask him if he would be so kind as to send me an autographed photo of just himself. — Janet Healey, Ashbrook Avenue, Denton, Nr. Manchester.

■ We are trying to contact four boys who were in Looe, Cornwall between the 20th-27th August. They travelled to Looe each day in a green Mini, registration number EJJH 764B. It had an aerial and four bullet holes in the top left-hand corner of the back window. If anyone sees them tell them to write to us through RAVE. It's very important. Daune and Elaine, Harborne, Birmingham, 17.

■ We would very much like to get in touch with the boy who accompanied us round the State Apartments and the Maze at Hampton Court on 29th October. He came from Barnsley, Yorks, and was spending the day in London on an architectural visit. He was of medium height with brown, wavy hair and was wearing a brown corduroy jacket, dark green trousers and a blue and white striped scarf. We also met some of his mates, and we'd like to write to him and/or his mates. If anyone knowing them reads this, could they please ask them to write to us, care of RAVE.—Sue and Jan, Edmonton, N.18.

If you want to reply to one of the letters here write to RAVE, Boys and Girls Lost and Found Department, and we will forward your letter.

PEN-PALS

Find out how ravers round the world live! Here are some who want to write to YOU!

Bubble and Squeak, 9 Woodlea, Kincardine/Forth, Fife, Scotland. Age 16: Like Stones, Small Faces, Motown. Want male pen pals in British Isles.

Gabriella Tonietti, Viale Val Padanaa 117/B, Rome, Italy. Age 17: Wants to write to boys and girls in Britain of own age or older.

Yvette Hartini, Bloc No.1, Avenue des Poilus, Maeseille 13e, Les Olives, 13, France. Age 16: Wants to write to English boy aged 18-25. Crazy for the Stones and long-haired boys.

Theresa Upton, 10 West Rhondda, Pontyrrhyl, Bridgend, Glam., S. Wales. Age 22: Likes long hair, Walkers, Stones, Dusty. Wants boy or girl pen pal, preferably younger.

Pauline Tennant, 115 Vaux Crescent, Hershaw, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. Age 17: Wants boy or girl pen pal from anywhere. Likes Small Faces, Who, Action, Spencer, Troggs.

Pia-Marja Hantli, Kaivokatu 28 A 10, Naantali, Finland. Age 17: Interested in all kinds of music, writes poems and stories. Wants an English pen pal.

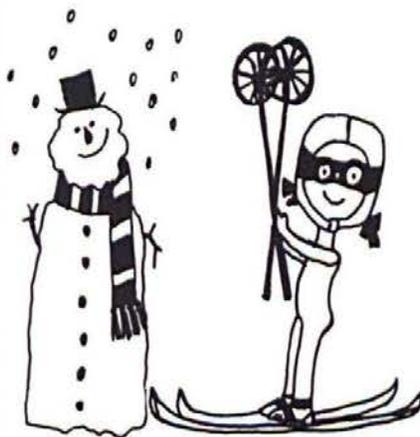
Elizabeth Loudarou, 2 Panagia Issodion, Byron, Athens 505, Greece. Age 19: Wants to write to English boys and girls.

Lilian Lacour, 49 Avenue Lacour, 95 Saint Gratien, France. Age 16: Likes dancing, mini-skirts, Stones, Small Faces, Who, Question Mark, Beatles, Four Tops. Wants boy or girl pen pals from London.

Donna Yaghoobian, 368 South Avenue, Attleboro, Massachusetts, 02703, U.S.A. Wants boy or girl pen pals over 16. All letters answered.

Witold Starecki, Warsaw-77, Ul. Smiala 5/7, m19, Poland. Can write in Russian, German, French, English and Polish. Likes Beatles, Stones, Kinks, Animals, Them.

Leif Axelsson, Jordhammar Odsdal, Stenungsund, Sweden. Age 17: Wants English girl pen pal. Likes Manfred, Georgie, Spencer.



MAMAS AND PAPAS AGAIN

The strain of sudden success tore apart America's most exciting group. Now the Mamas and Papas are together again. Here RAVE tells you how it happened.

A little over eighteen months ago John and Michelle Phillips were emerging from an icy New York winter in their Greenwich Village flat, where the only warmth came from over-heated bill collectors, and cockroaches were friendly enough to be given pet names.

But today, John and Michelle, along with Cass Elliott and Denny Doherty, live in the grand style of the Hollywood Mod Set with millionaire wonderboys like Phil Spector and Lou Adler. We know them as the Mamas and Papas. All their shows are sell-outs. They drive E-type Jaguars and Porsche sports cars, and half a million copies of their second album were sold in advance, a sales record third only to Elvis and the Beatles. 1967 looks as though it's going to be worth a million dollars to the Mamas and Papas, but if it wasn't for John Phillips' credit card, it might never have happened!

Married

John, twenty-five years old, left Naval Academy after his commanding officer stripped him of his guitar!

From there John moved to New York where he met and married Michelle, and it was that cold, grey winter that inspired him to write "California Dreamin'".

Trouble was, nobody was interested in the song, so John and Michelle decided to sort themselves and their ideas out in the much warmer setting of the Caribbean. All they had left from more prosperous times was a credit card, so they set off for the appropriately named St. John's Island, leaving an open invitation to Denny and Cass to join them.

Cass and Denny were old friends, Denny and John knew each other, as all Village musicians do. So when John and Michelle set out with their camping gear and credit card, Denny and Cass didn't think twice about following.

It was on that island that the four first started to sing, all day and often into the night. Soon they came to know each other's voices and styles. Then as they went along they arranged John's music to suit their style. All through that summer John and Denny gathered wood and carried water,

and Cass and Michelle did the cooking, though at the time Cass was eating only a few lettuce leaves a day to lose some of her near 200 pounds in weight! It was from this sort of family environment that they began calling each other 'mama' and 'papa', finally adopting the name for their singing group.

By the end of that summer, John was the acknowledged leader of the group. He knew their sound was honest, original and better than most he had heard. He also knew they had a seven thousand dollar credit card bill they couldn't pay!

They left and wound up in Los Angeles. This is where they got the break.

They ran into an old friend, Barry McGuire, flying high at the time with his "Eve of Destruction" success. McGuire introduced the Mamas and Papas to pop-record millionaire Lou Adler who was stunned by the group.

"Denny was wearing black leather" he says. "The whole group was just not to be believed. I listened to five numbers—I couldn't believe that anything that good had just walked in off the street." Adler was so enthusiastic and impressed that he advanced them five thousand dollars, without them having to sign a

contract. The group now call Adler "the fifth Mama".

By that November "California Dreamin'" was at the top of the Charts, their album made the Top Ten in December, and "Monday, Monday" became so popular that it was re-issued as a single and sold 160,000 copies the first day of release!

Marathon Sessions

From the throes of poverty, the four-some's lives changed with fantastic rapidity. There were daily requests for public appearances, marathon recording sessions, TV appearances and parties that they had to attend. By February 1966 the group had spent 110,000 dollars in advances. Outwardly they still had their 'cool' as they say. They still dressed in the nutty, mod attire they had always worn. But the bond that had kept them together was beginning wear a bit thin.

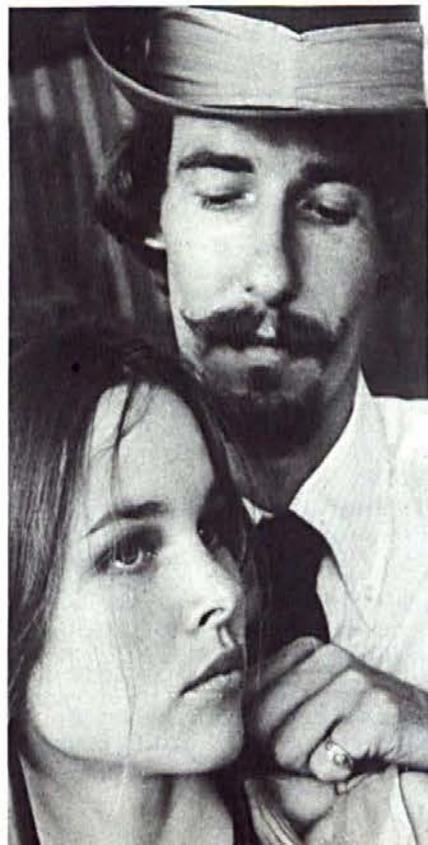
Michelle and John had met in San Francisco when she was seventeen. She returned to New York with him and after a short, successful career as a model decided to leave all that and marry John. The marriage had gone through three winters of financial uncertainty. But now, with prosperity and public attention, it suddenly fell apart. They separated. With Michelle and John continually trading bad feelings, ('bad vibrations'), Cass and Denny agreed that one of them had to go, and without John's music the group couldn't survive. John, Cass and Denny sent Michelle a letter telling her she was out of the group. Then, unable to face her, they came over to London for a break. "When I got the letter I just went home and cried," says Michelle. "I just couldn't believe that they meant it."

Replacement

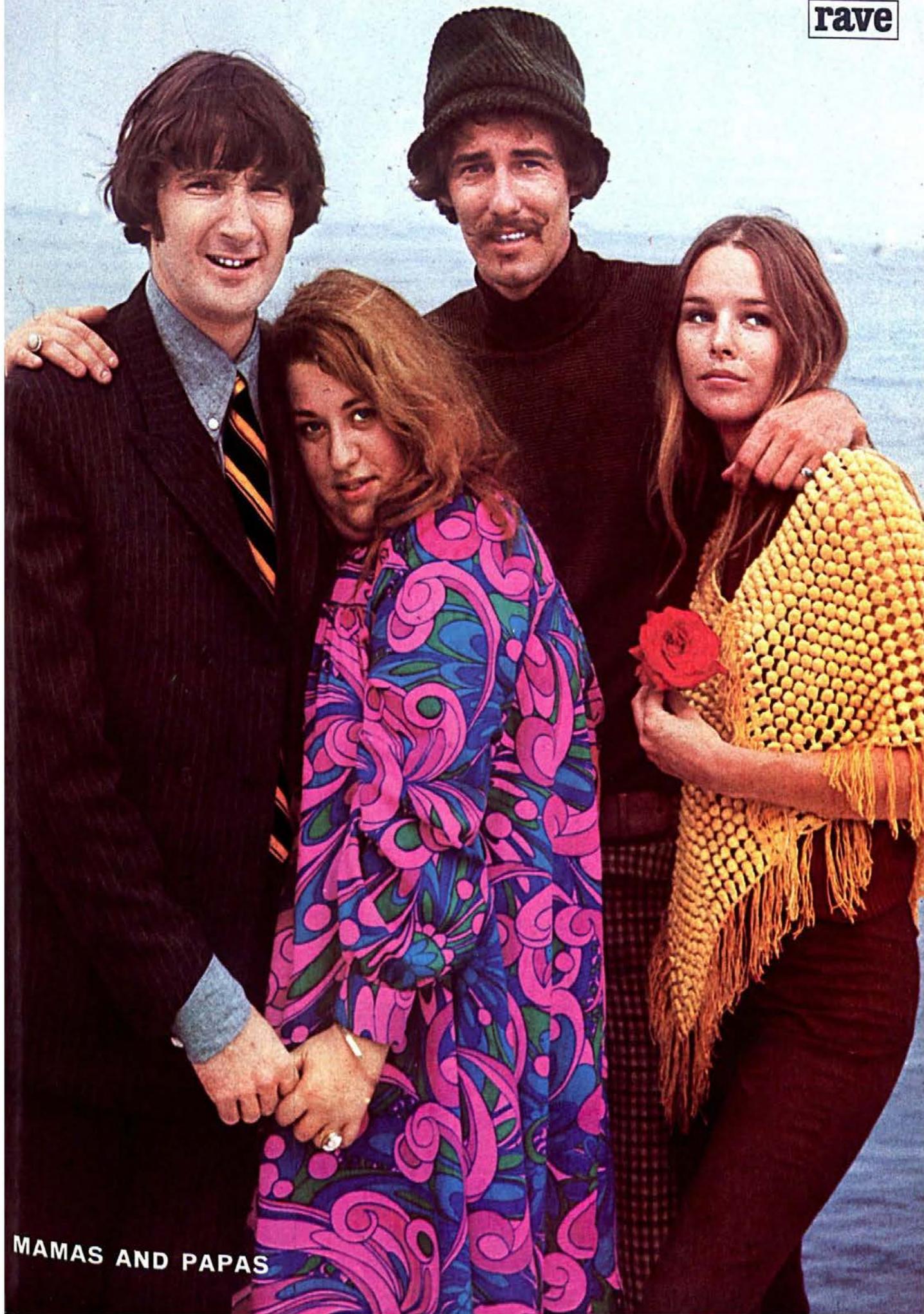
When the three got back to Los Angeles, Adler had found a replacement for Michelle, Jill Gibson—a blond who looked like Michelle. She sang well, and for three months she was the other Mama, but things weren't quite right. "We were all being very stupid," says John. "We made lots of money and went off in different directions. We forgot the most important thing to us all—music."

John and Michelle patched up their marriage. Jill left the group. Michelle returned and the four resumed as before. The Mamas and Papas were together again. And, like all good stories, we hope that they all live happily ever after.

John and Michelle Phillips



rave



MAMAS AND PAPAS

LLOYD ALEXANDER

A gay young man with girls on the brain and his eyes on YOU!

For once Lloyd leaves a swinging party unaccompanied and motors miserably back to London. On the way he becomes involved in a rather dramatic incident, with unexpected results . . .

Somehow I think 1967 is going to be my year. I mean, for a start, I've actually got a job! I knew someone would just have to recognize the L.A. genius in the end.

Well, actually, it was all due to Mark Bennett. If he hadn't had his eye on the same girl as I at that all-night party . . . well, I mean, how else would I have been in Maidenhead at six in the morning? . . . and then it was lucky I had the camera . . .

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

So there was this raving all-night party at this big rambling house near the river at Maidenhead. It was an annual event, thrown by a girl called Sarah. Fortunately Mark Bennett was well in with the Maidenhead in-crowd and as he owed me a favour I demanded that he dropped a word in the right quarters.

So that's how I came to be driving up the gravel path to this immense riverside pad.

I put my distinctly non-aristocratic MG at quarantine distance from the sleek assembly of millionaire-type machinery, and sauntered into the open front door through a porch that was no bigger than Admiralty Arch.

The place wasn't merely swinging—it was erupting and exploding!

I mentally rubbed my hands, made for the bar (where I found Mark) and got introduced to our groovy hostess. Then I surveyed the scene.

Vicky was her name—the bird I picked out, I mean.

You would have thought, wouldn't you, that my dear friend Mark could have been a bit sporting and settled for Tina, or Jacky, or Cheryl, or Sandra or somebody?

Not on your life! All night long I was battling with Mark for the honour of running Vicky home. But in the end he lumbered me. He introduced me to Sarah's mum and I was trapped for half an hour doing the Veleta. Meantime Vicky's curfew time was getting near and my friend Mr. Bennett slipped silently away with her.

So that was how I came to be in Maidenhead at six in the morning.

Driving slowly back to London, I pulled off the road by the river bank to take a short snooze and rubbed my eyes. Not through tiredness—but because there, on the bank, was the most luscious dolly in a bikini.

I picked up the camera on the seat beside me, adjusted the telephoto lens and started recording the superb construction of this dawn-bathing dolly for posterity.

Don't ask me what a nine year old boy was doing walking his spaniel along the river bank at that time in the morning, but there he was. Or, at least, he was one minute. The next second he'd gone—*splash!*



Lloyd: he's always on the scene when anything "interesting" is happening!

Dolly, who'd been towelling herself most fetchingly after a bathe, threw down the towel and dived straight into the freezing Thames. And almost without thinking I clicked the shutter.

I leapt out of the car and raced down to the bank as I heard the kid calling for help. Dolly was swimming strongly towards him while the dog yelped pathetically on the bank.

As the kid was just about to go down for the third time, she grabbed him, turned on her back and brought him safely back to the bank. She had the whole bit—artificial respiration, kiss of life, everything. And there was useless me, clicking away like a man demented with my camera.

Suddenly my party-befogged brain communicated the message that I ought to be doing something. So I ran up to the girl and told her to hang on while I called an ambu-

lance. I roared off to the nearest phone box in the car and did the 999 bit.

Well, it all happened so quickly that it was almost over before I realized what was happening.

The ambulance came and took the boy away—he recovered quickly as it happened—and I sort of stuttered out my admiration to this cool dolly who'd saved his life while I'd been slumped half-awake in the car.

Her name was Eve—most appropriate—and as I drove her home I told her that she'd just demonstrated tremendous courage, something I'd never forget.

She shrugged it off, thanked me for the lift and I drove, still dazed, back to London. It was only when I got to the Hammersmith Flyover that I thought about the pictures I'd taken. And then I thought that that brave girl ought to get some recognition. So I hared off to a newspaper office, told a chainsmoking reporter the story and gave them the spool of film.

Then, like an idiot, I had to admit that I didn't even know the girl's full name. But when the contact prints came up, the reporter knew her.

"That's Eve Malcolm—she's a film starlet and . . . hey! This is great . . . she's just landed her first big role, playing the part of a famous swimmer. These pictures are great. . . . Wait a minute. This isn't a stunt, is it?"

I told him the whole story and, to his credit, he believed it.

They really splashed it the next day and I must say the pictures *did* come out pretty well. The story had everything—pretty girl, little boy, bravery, life saved . . . it was a natural.

That night I got two phone calls. One from Eve Malcolm, thanking me for giving the story to the newspapers but protesting that they'd overdramatized it and that really it was nothing.

The other call was from a guy called Bram Simmerwell—and the conversation went like this:

"Mr Alexander? The paper told me you stunted this story—man it was a sensation—absolutely fantastic!"

"I beg your. . . ."

"I didn't even know you were in the business—but that's the mark of the good publicity man, the client comes first and the PR man preserves his anonymity. Brilliant! What accounts do you have?"

"Accounts? I. . . ."

"Do you know that story is being splashed in papers all over the world. It's a beauty. Listen, name your price . . . I need guys like you."

"Eh?"

I finally came to—and almost before I knew it I was a fully-fledged member of IMPACT PUBLIC RELATIONS. Just tell that to the disbelievers. L.A. is in business again! See yah!

New **EVERY FRIDAY 6^D** Musical Express



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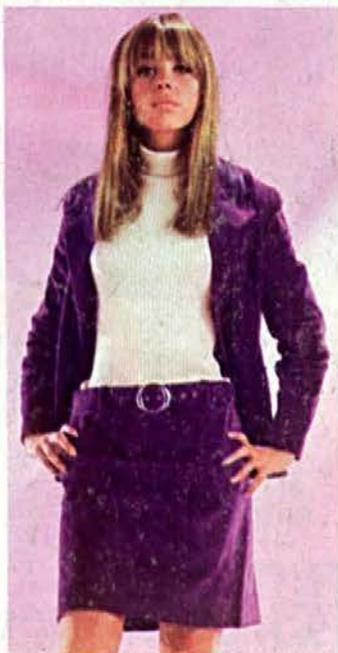
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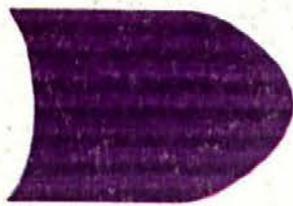
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