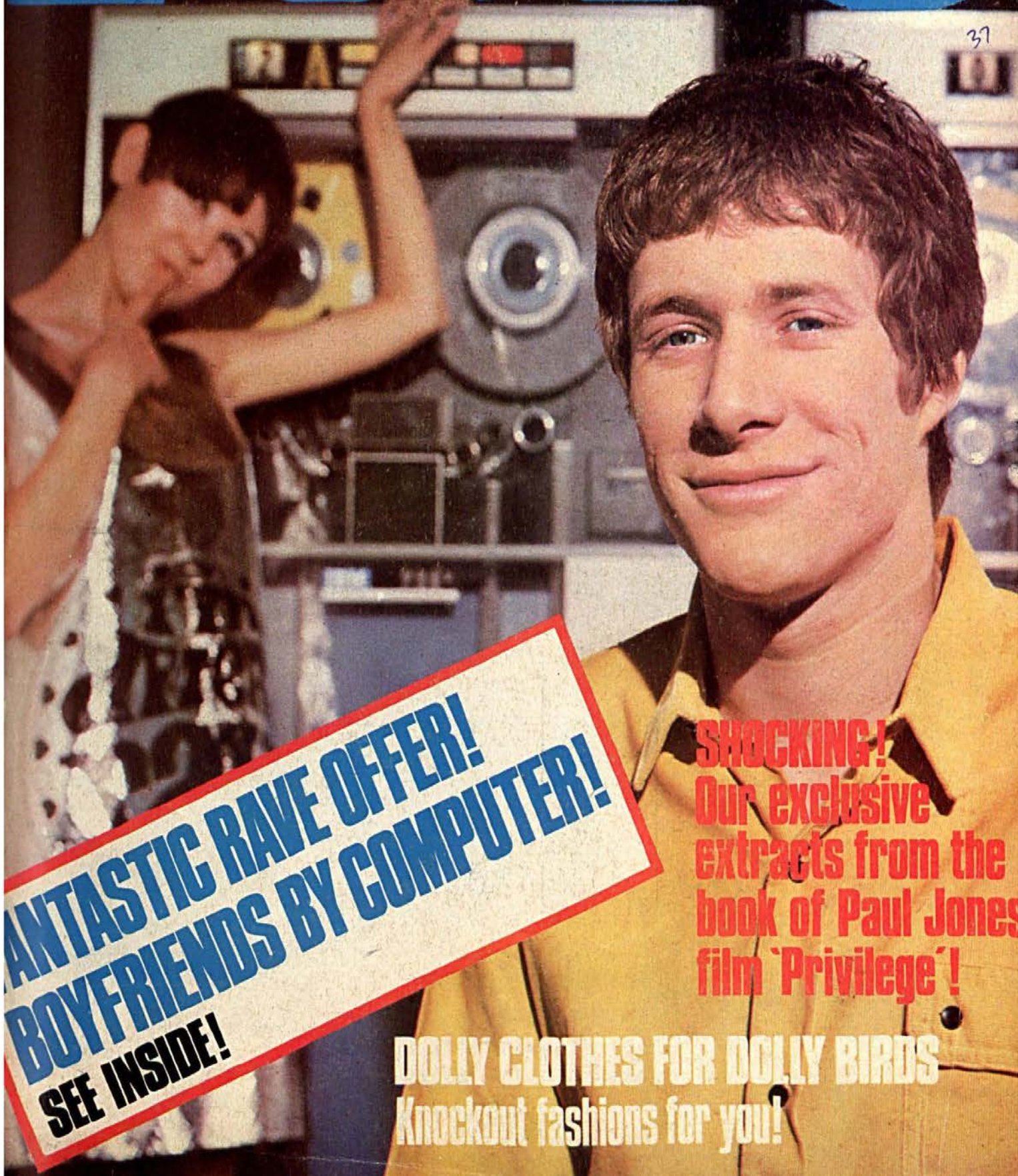


Travel

FEBRUARY 2s 6d



**FANTASTIC RAVE OFFER!
BOYFRIENDS BY COMPUTER!
SEE INSIDE!**

SHOCKING!
Our exclusive
extracts from the
book of Paul Jones
film 'Privilege'!

DOLLY CLOTHES FOR DOLLY BIRDS
Knockout fashions for you!

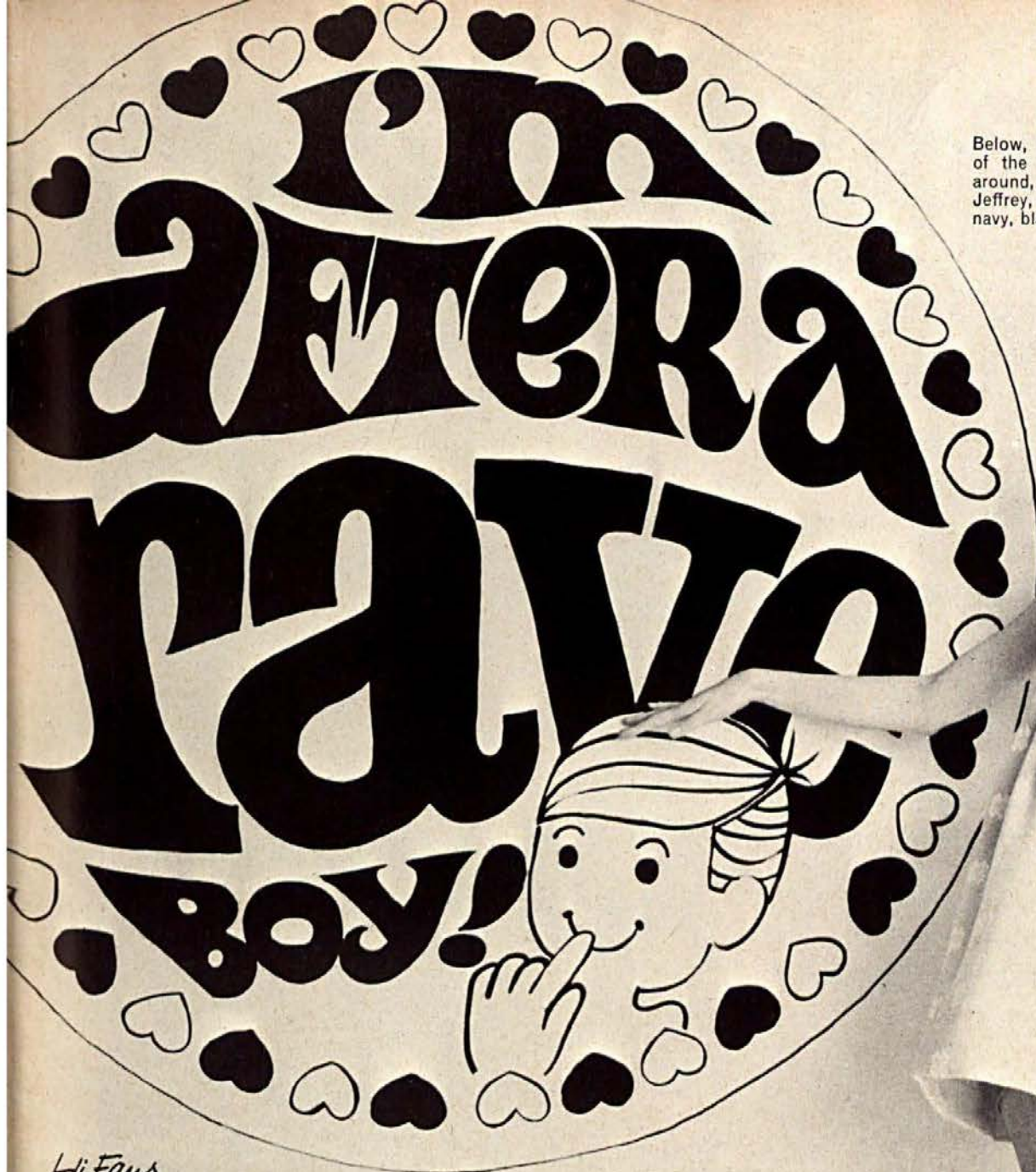


MORE

**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?



Below, it's Joan again in one of the prettiest dolly dresses around, in pink voile by Simon Jeffrey, price £5 19s. 6d. Also in navy, black and turquoise.

*Hi Fans
Remember our fantastic
stick-anywhere RAVE GIRL
stickers? Well - great news - we've
got some more! They're
fantastic "I'm after a RAVE
BOY" stickers, similar to the one
pictured above! Ask for them
at your local newsagent's
now!*

*Have fun too, finding
your ideal Boyfriend By
Computer. It's the most
marvellous thing ever and
as usual - it's another
RAVE exclusive. Find out
more on Page 14.
Have fun, stay saving!*

The Editor.

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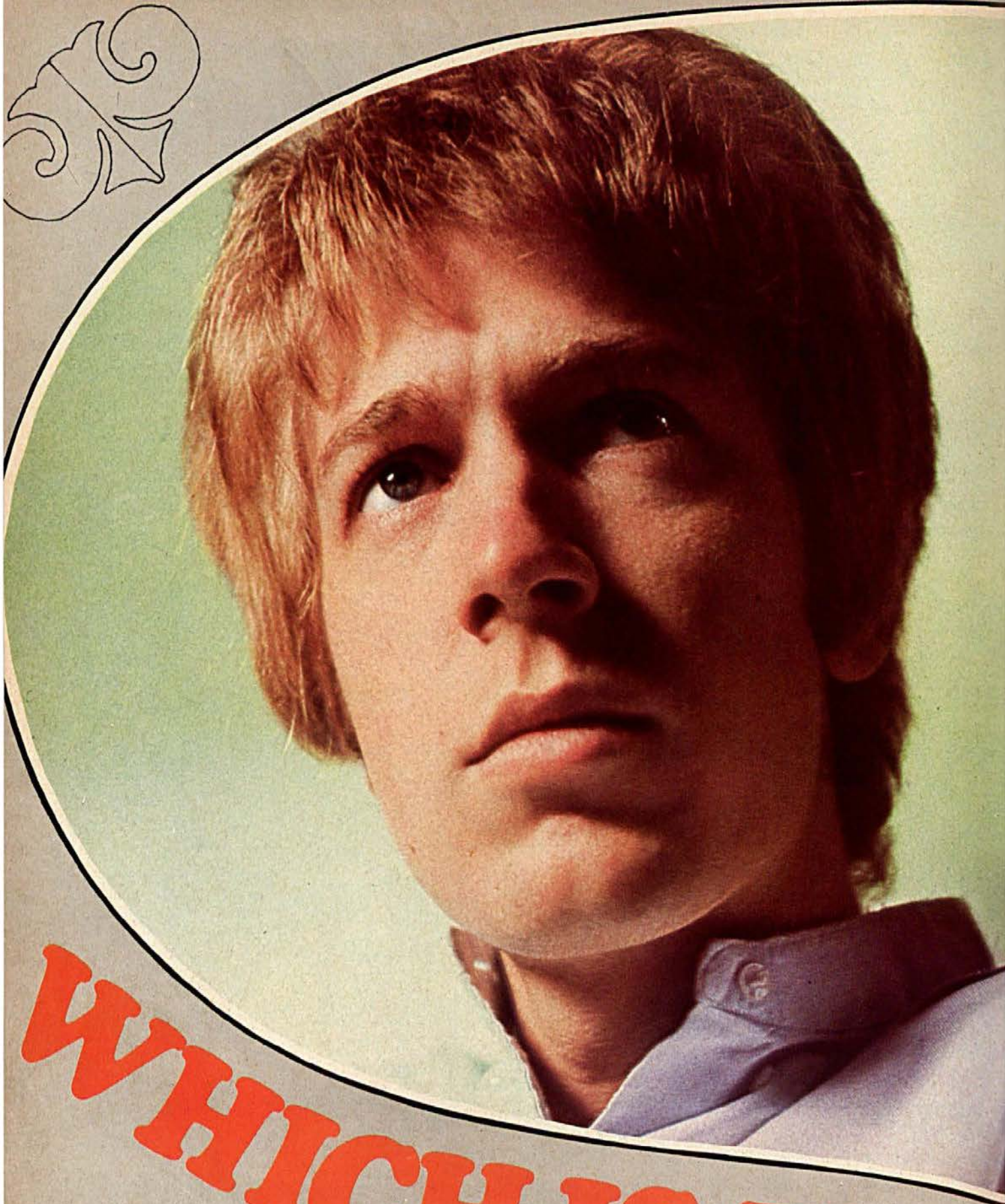
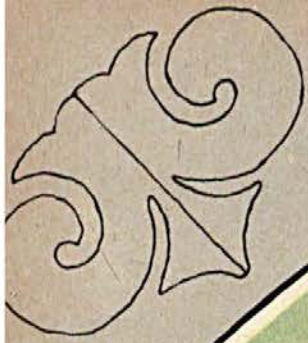
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OUR COVER

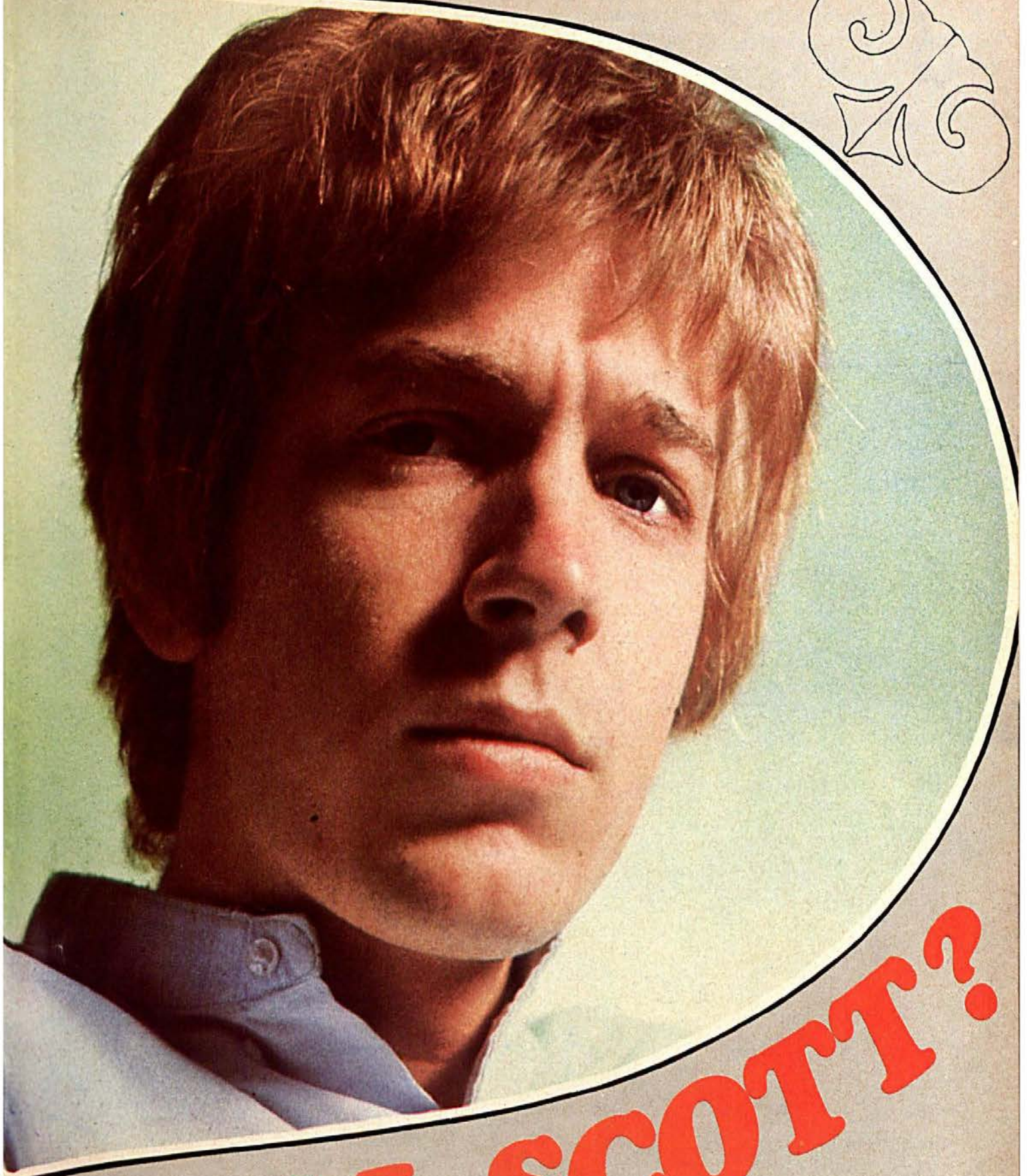
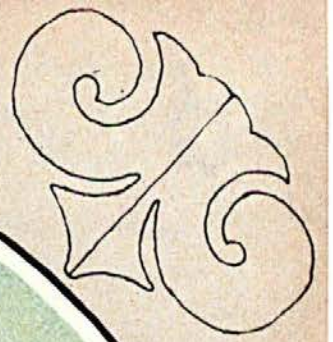
With Paul Jones is RAVE Girl Joan in a paper dress by Ivan Gourjon, price approx. 20s. Behind her, the RAVE computer that will find you your ideal type of boyfriend.





WHICH IS THE





REAL SCOTT?

RAVE'S MIKE GRANT FINDS OUT

The real Scott Walker is still a mystery to everyone but himself. Thousands of words have been written about him, but they just add up to an unfinished jigsaw. Here's one more piece to add to the puzzle.

There has been, for your enjoyment, Scott Walker the Loner—Scott Walker the Aesthete—Scott Walker the Recluse—Scott Walker the Face—Scott Walker the Neurotic—Scott Walker the Misunderstood—Scott Walker the Hell Raiser—Scott Walker the Thinker—Scott Walker the Anguished and Scott Walker the Idol.

Should anyone happen upon an apartment off Regents Park, London, where the curtains are drawn and the light is on at mid-day, it's possible they might stumble upon Scott Engel the Person. It is impossible for any writer to honestly wrap up a personality in a few hundred words, slap him on the counter and stick a label round his neck giving his type.

Scott is a small proportion of what pop writers have written—a large proportion of what they have not. He is a goodly mixture of good and bad, modesty and conceit, sadness and happiness which go to make up most real people. He tries almost desperately to be honest with himself.

"Scott Walker the pin-up face just doesn't exist," he told me. "The face being shown on millions of TV. screens with make-up and make-believe doesn't exist either. You know me—now look at me—do I look like a teenage idol?"



Scott: he needs to be alone

Like a true journalist I lied and answered "No".

"Sometimes" he said, "I get a mental picture of myself coming out of a sweet shop and someone will recognise me and I know just what they are thinking. They're thinking, 'Is THAT Scott Walker?'—because that's exactly what I would think."

As often as you find Scott screwed-up, tortoise-like in his shell in his room, alone with the stereo, you will find him seeking the sympathetic company of people like Jonathan King or his publicist Brian Sommerville. Scott's 'loneliness' is a mental thing. He needs to be alone to think out his life—to work on his music, and this detachment is out of choice not compulsion.

Pressures

"I get the fans on the doorbell all night long," said Scott. "I tell them to go away and see the Small Faces. I'm not who they think I am. They say that they love me and I say 'If you loved me you would not bug me!' I never asked for adulation—I don't need it. I would prefer respect for my person and my work."

Like a number of other creative talents in the pop business, Scott does not wear the pressures of the pop scene well. Ray Davies, John Lennon, Mick Jagger and Pete Townshend all react violently against the battering their senses receive from being constantly under the microscope of public appraisal. To Scott, his music, and now more especially his composing, is a means to express himself, and it is when he feels that he is not communicating anything worthwhile that he becomes nervy and depressed.

"The real satisfaction in writing something you believe in," he said "is when someone writes or says to you that they have got something personal out of a lyric. If I can reach people with what I write, if I can just get through to a few, then I'll be happy."

The difficulty with having a public image and a private one is that sooner or later the two begin to merge, and if an artist is not careful he finds himself in a kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde situation, where the make-believe man begins to take over from the real one.

"All these beautiful pictures that are taken of me and the image built up by clever journalists and photographers means I have to try and live up to them at least in public!



Music is expression

"Time is really all important," said Scott, "but I only get fragments of time. Just as I'm beginning to readjust myself I get pulled away for some kind of a gig. You can't write under those conditions."

To depict Scott as an entirely serious morose-machine would be another gross exaggeration. Although basically of a serious frame of mind he has not lost the ability to have a good laugh. Jonathan King's egotistical character contrasts to his own introvert personality, and is a constant source of relief when the melancholy fit falls. Gary Leeds' wise-cracking good humour is another antidote. I have on one occasion seen him moved to tears—of laughter—by Tom Jones's hip-swivelling routine on TV., but that is another story.

One of Scott's biggest problems is finding a sympathetic personality within the group, for neither Gary's good-humoured vitality nor John's conversational logic vie with his capricious intellect. John has already described him as 'a pain in the neck but a great talent' and Gary has the good sense to remove himself from the scene when 'Scott goes ape', as he describes his occasional outbursts.

"One of the reasons that we don't do interviews together is because there are such conflicting opinions between the three of us," said Scott. "I can't get on John's scene and he can't see mine. The only person adaptable enough to contain an interview with all three of us present is Gary."

The Future

The present lapse in the Walkers' public appearances in this country may give Scott the time to pull his mind together. In Scott Engel, showbusiness has a young talent of such enormous potential and wide appeal that he could become the kind of solo giant comparable in popularity with Elvis.

This is what could be in the future for Scott—he could also fall flat on his face into obscurity. The test will be whether someone, or Scott himself, can contain and control such mercurial talent. Only one person really knows Scott Walker the Person. And that person is Scott Walker. When he feels like it he'll tell the full story. And you can be sure that when that time comes, you'll read it first in RAVE.

MIKE GRANT

"I never asked for adulation"



Young, talented, appealing—will Scott become a giant like Elvis?

rave



THE NEW LOOK: SOFT & FEMININE

It's time to push your feminine charm forward . . . softly. Time to make your presence felt . . . strongly. You're a girl and pleased about it, so support the trend back to prettiness. Our beauty girl Lee called on well-known hairdresser Barry Kibble and Max Factor beautician John Hartley to ask for their impressions of the new beauty look. Here it is—exclusively for RAVE girls—the soft and feminine look!

Colour plays a special part in any girl's wardrobe so exploit it—on your eyes for instance. All your favourite beauty makes have at least one super colour eye shadow in their range, but everyone seems to have stuck religiously to one particular favourite—usually a not-very-imaginative grey or brown! We at RAVE decided it was time for a change and Max Factor agreed with us.



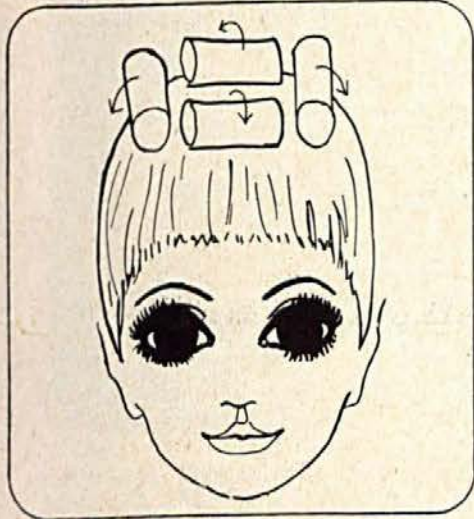
1. Firstly the eyebrows were arched with brown eyebrow pencil. Then the lid was covered with Ultralucet Highlight plus Blue Mist for soft blue with a hint of silver.



2. Blue eye pencil lined the eye, and false lashes were pencilled in on the bottom lids. RAVE model Kathy also used dark brown pencil over the blue for depth.



3. The lips were given the "full" treatment with Max Factor's "Crushed Coral" with "Peach Meringue" frosting underneath to give a frosted look to the final effect.



1. We asked Barry to transform a "butch" style into a feminine look without using switches, and this is how he did it—with just four rollers!



2. After removing the rollers the hair was brushed from the crown and lifted to give the appearance of bounce. This made the style a lot prettier.



3. Taking the style a stage further, the bunches of hair were flicked into curls. We think the finished look is very pretty, but we'd love to have your comments.

PRODUCTS USED: Ultralucet Highlight with Blue Mist powder eye shadow, mixed to give silver shadow, 9s. 7d. and 5s. 7d. Blue and brown eye pencils, 3s. 6d. each. Fashion lashes, 18s. 6d. Blue cake mascara, 3s. "Peach Meringue" frosting and "Crushed Coral" lipsticks, 5s. 10d. each. All products by Max Factor.

A BEAUTY HAPPENING BY LEE

Funny Valentines

Given by RAVE's Dawn James

To a selection of pop people special enough to receive a RAVE Valentine Card!



■ The most obvious little blue-eyed boy to send a pop Valentine to must be Herman. He gets one for appearing to be the same sweet fellow who toddled off to America with a funny grin and a few George Formby songs, and made a million dollars.

When he heard he was getting a Valentine card he said, "Heck, I hope it's a pretty one with lovers' knots and a blue bow."



■ Dave Dee must be listed because "Hold Tight" and "Save Me" were

great records and Dave has star quality.

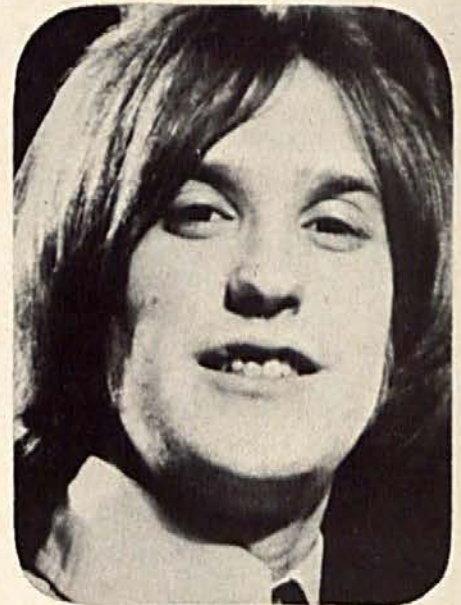
"We got some Valentine cards well in advance when we visited Germany" Dave said. "We are very big over there. I get my clothes ripped to pieces every time I do a show!" Dave, who specialises in flash gear, finds his trips rather expensive!



■ Manfred Mann gets a Valentine too. Rather a pretty one with congratulations on it because their lineup is now terrific, (Mike Hugg, Klaus Voorman, Mike d'Abo, Tom McGuinness and Manfred Mann). They always *were* good, but somehow they are rather more with-it nowadays. The clothes they are wearing are great; satin shirts and velvet jackets, and the numbers they are recording are tremendous. Also Mike Hugg is writing some splendid material. It always was a thing with Mike, the writing bit. He used to mention it in interviews. "I want to write more songs" he'd say, and no-one really cared. But now with songs like "The Morning After The Party"—British flip side to "Semi-Detached", and "Each And Every Day" released in the States only, and the songs on the new L.P., he has been a credit to the group.



■ The Cream get a combined card—Eric, Ginger and Jack, for proving that if you love your music and believe in it, and have the guts to stick it out, and out, and out, you make it in the end! "I Feel Free" made it (it was written partly by Jack), and the Cream now have soul and money well deserved.



■ The Kinks get a Valentine because Ray is writing 1967 music, (he was writing it in 1966), and the Kinks ride many storms without batting an eyelid. When they fought on stage that time, they shouted back at their critics, "Mind your own business, it's private". Private? On stage? I admired their cheek. When Pete Quaife

left they hadn't a clue if he would return. They said so. They took on a new member. Then Pete did return. "So what?" they yelled. "It is our affair."

Now they refuse to talk to the British magazine press at all.

"We prefer the continentals" they said. What gorgeous cheek again. Lovely Kinks, just go on recording Ray Davies songs, and we will tolerate anything.



■ The most enormous Valentine will go to Paul Jones with love and rather a large helping of awe, because Paul is a proven bloke—he has made it, he has arrived. Bring out the trumpets and all that jazz! Actually, there isn't too much jazz about his arrival. It was his leaving Manfred that caused the stir. He gets a Valentine for the way he rode the first few solo months, without shouting his mouth off. (A thing he must have found awfully hard.)

It isn't just the fact that "High Time" got to Number 5, and that his latest record, "I've Been A Bad, Bad Boy" is great, that makes him a star. Now he is a bit more gentle, with a saucy smile on Juke Box Jury, and a surprisingly new voice on his new L.P., "My Way".

Paul is the pinnacle of Pop Princes for me: sexy, cheeky, very intelligent without being deliberately blinding about it, and a one-woman man. What more can you ask for?



■ Zoot Money gets a big, ugly Valentine, with a little man in the middle who pulls a face as you open the card. Zoot is the original gas-of-a-bloke, quite potty and lovely with it. Whenever I've seen him he has been crawling over the tables at the Cromwellian Club, shouting delirious nonsense. He sang "Big Time Operator" but he is not at all. He is level-headed and never forgets an old friend, and will never be big time, despite having been on the scene for years. That's why he gets a card.



■ When you think of Valentine cards, you call to mind your special Mr. Wonderful. You might think that there are so many in Pop it is hard to choose, but not at all. Cliff Richard is my Mr. Wonderful. He recently won a special award for being a credit to show business.

"I'm sure one day I'll wake up and know I've got to leave show business and teach Christianity" he told me once. "I want to, but I must wait. You can want a thing badly and pray for

guidance and have to wait for an answer for a long time." Of course, with an image like Cliff's, people get suspicious.

"I bet he isn't all he's built up to be" you think, or "I bet he's so nice he's a goody-goody."

Then you meet him and he is polite and makes you talk about yourself instead of him talking about himself, and you go to a party with him and he is far from being a goody-goody. In fact, he's rather flash at times. He drives an E-Type car. "I'm rather a speed merchant" he said.



■ Geno Washington is another wonderful joker. He greets you with things like, "Hi, babe, crazy to meet you. Let's have a ball." His stage act is dynamic and he well deserves a Valentine card.



■ The fabulous Small Faces get a special card for their great musical improvement over the last year or so, and for having as lead singer, Steve Marriott, a sensible bloke who has literally grown-up in the public eye, and become not only one of our best songwriters, but one of our most serious citizens. Steve is a thinker. "I've often wondered where we go to when we die. Now I think we go back to the earth, to being the bark of a tree or a blade of grass. That is why we sometimes feel like throwing ourselves face down onto wet grass, or gasping for breath. We are trying to get back to nature. It takes a lot of thinking about, I don't know enough about it yet. If anything really worries me it is this business of where we came from."

This is where it's at

RAVE man Mike Grant's news, views and gossip on your favourite pop people.

POP POLL

Worst Pop Person—male:

Napoleon XIV for making "They're Coming To Take Me Away".

Worst Pop Person—female:

Mrs. Miller for ever having opened her mouth at all!

Worst Group:

The Mothers of Invention for cutting the most dangerous nonsense on their Freak-Out LP.

Worst Interviewee:

Bob Dylan for his patronising attitude towards the Press.

Worst Publicist:

No special case, but all those who cannot yet distinguish between a news item and an anecdote.

■ There never was a pop person more obviously marked for enjoying life than Donovan, and he fills his future with travelling—Greece, Mexico, America—and his spare moments cramming the thoughts of others into his mind. In his bookcase at present are all kinds of literature on marine biology.

"So many people are looking out to the stars to discover new things," said Don. "I can foresee what will happen there—we're going to land on the moon and then on the planets—it's all predetermined.

"I'm more interested now in inner space. You go a few miles down into our seas and no-one knows what they will find. Unbelievable forms of life that we know nothing about, right under our noses. In a few years time I intend to go on expeditions of my own—deep sea diving. Seas have always fascinated me.

"When we were in Mexico we used to take a little boat out and at night you could dip your oar or hand in the water and it would sparkle like diamonds. Millions of little creatures shining like stars in the water as it was broken or disturbed."

Also on Don's schedule at present are six children's TV. programmes for which he is thinking up new ideas, and a few weeks' appearance at the Old Vic—where he will play some of Shakespeare's sonnets to his own guitar interpretations in the play "As You Like It".

■ To make the Top Ten with a first record is quite a happening! And the group that has made it? The Move, from Birmingham, with their disc "Night Of Fear". On stage they

usually smash up a few television sets for good measure, and I heard they also had a couple of strippers up there with them while they were chopping up a big American car.

"The audiences these days love destruction" they say! Incidentally, Move man Roy Wood wrote "Night Of Fear".

NEW TO YOU

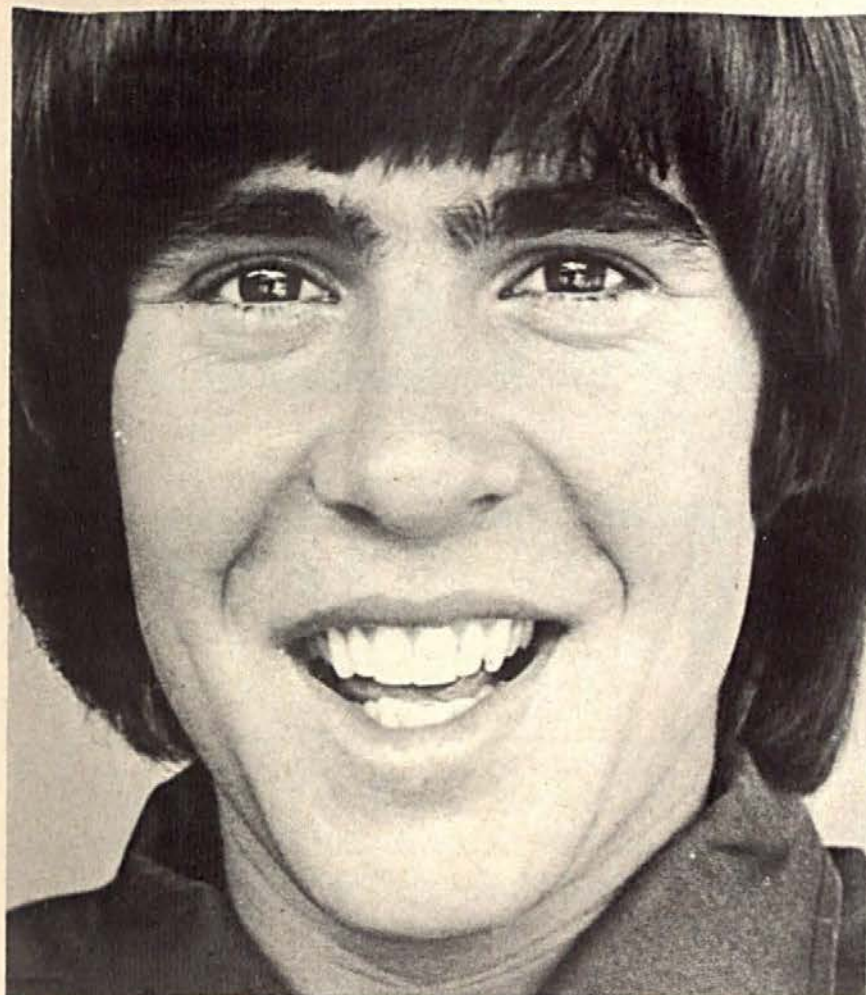
■ A name to watch out for is the Loot—a five-man Andoverian group recently signed by Troggs' manager Larry Page. Already with their first disc, "Baby", released on January 20, they are out to emulate the success of their fellow townsmen. Guitarist Dave Wright was formerly a member of the original Troggs.

■ Things have been stirring down in the Scout Hut behind Mick Avory's house in West Molesey. The Kinks have been in session—working up new material for their stage act. I dropped in on Mick for a cup of tea recently and he was able to tear himself away from an oil painting of a small Parisian scene he is doing to give me a progress report.

"We've got two new Bob Dylan



The Move, l. to r: Trevor Burton, Bev Bevan, Chris Kefford, Carl Wayne and Roy Wood



Davy Jones of the Monkees: something NEW in pop!

numbers in the act—'You Go Your Way' and 'Absolutely Sweet Marie,'" he told me. "We've cut the smaller venues and clubs right out of our schedule now and we're just playing the really big towns and dates abroad. With a tour abroad about every two months we can clear the same money we're getting by tearing up and down the country from John O' Groats to Lands End—we've had that scene. We're looking for different things to do."

Let's hope they find them so that we can see them—we see far too little of this talented group.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

RONNIE BOND OF THE TROGGS

"The secret of a good pop singer these days is being able to project the voice off the record and get inside someone's head. Reg can do it—so can Jagger and Tina Turner."

■ Spencer Davis, who spent nearly two years at Berlin University, recounted a story for me of one of the lighter aspects during the building of that infamous Wall.

"As you may remember the Berlin Wall went up virtually overnight in 1962," said Spence. "I had a friend who was living

right on the border, just outside the University. He had just bought himself a new tool shed—when he woke up on the morning of August 13th and looked out into his back garden he discovered the Wall had been built right through the garden cutting it in half! He had a house in the Western sector and a tool shed in the East!"

.....

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

■ Now that the Monkees have shown us that you can do something new with pop presentation, how about some enterprising British company signing Dick Lester, to put Britain back in the picture with one of our own groups, or is American initiative going to triumph once more over British originality?

.....

■ Fats Domino has never managed to capture, in Britain, the huge following he receives in the U.S., where his albums crash regularly into the million sellers, but his career looks like receiving a shot in the arm this year when he tops the London Saville Theatre concert on March 27. One of Domino's biggest hits, "Blueberry Hill" is included on the new Walker Brothers' LP "Images".



THE INFORMER

■ Mike "Woolhat" Nesmith, the only married Monkee, has a young son, Christian.

■ Astrologer Maurice Woodruff predicts that this year Paul McCartney will marry and the name of the girl will be a surprise!

■ After their break-up, Mick Jagger seen around town with Marianne Faithfull and Chrissie Shrimpton seen around with old friend Georgie Bean.

■ Graham Nash and Gary Leeds evicted from their flat the day after Maureen O'Grady's RAVE interview!

■ New singer and guitarist Jimi Hendrix impressed John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Graham Nash, Gary Leeds and Bill Wyman at London's Blaises Club recently.

■ Beach Boy Mike Love now a daddy!

■ The Move say that they hate their "Night Of Fear" record!

■ Paul Revere and the Raiders named top American group in polls recently.

Lead singer Mark Lindsay came second to Dylan in the U.S. solo chart, and third to McCartney and Lennon in the International section!

■ Mike Leander to produce the first LP for actress Julie Christie.

■ Why does Cream member Ginger Baker throw discs at publicist Ray Williams?

■ Donovan's friend Gipsy Dave a baked bean connoisseur.

■ Has Chris Andrews burnt himself out?

■ Trogg Pete Staples has written a hit song for someone with "Oh No!"

■ Davy Jones of the Monkees a horse-racing gambler.

■ Good to see Jim Reeves, Val Doonican, Frank Ifield and the Bachelors in the Top Twenty wasn't it?

■ Scott Engel's move from monastery to Playboy Club was good going!

■ Trogg Chris Britton converted Tim Hardin enthusiast.

■ Is that a "muffstache" in the Spencer Davis group?

■ Andrew Oldham's new office a kind of magic cave.

■ Kink Mick Avory contemplating painting holiday in Sardinia.

■ London's Bag o' Nails Club becoming a veritable Hall of "Fame"!

A FABULOUS OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU!

**A RAVE
EXCLUSIVE**

A Boyfriend By Computer!



■ At last, RAVE's got the answer to the boyfriend problem! We've enlisted the aid of a computer to work out the ideal type of boy for YOU!

If you haven't already got a boyfriend, the RAVE computer will work out the ideal type of boy for you. If you already have a boyfriend, then think of the fun finding out whether he really is your type!

How can you get in on this fabulous opportunity? Simply fill in both pages of the questionnaire opposite, which has been specially worked out by a well-known psychologist, enclose a postal order or cheque for 2/6, crossed and made payable to George Newnes Ltd, and send to: RAVE, BOYS BY COMPUTER, 136 Long Acre, London, WC 99.

■ Please remember that all questions must be answered, and answered honestly! You will receive your computerised boyfriend not later than two weeks after receipt of your questionnaire. But hurry, do it now, this fantastic offer is open for one issue only and no questionnaires received after February 28th can be accepted.

YOUR ENTRY FORM

PLEASE LEAVE THIS BOX BLANK

Although it may often be a boy's looks that first interests you in him, it is just as important that he should be the sort of person you can get on with.

What should you be looking for in a boyfriend? What sort of person should he be?

Complete the questionnaire which is printed below and send it to RAVE and we will find your ideal boyfriend.

Your answers will be fed into a computer and the computer will print out a description of the sort of person most suited to you.

Answer *all* the questions, and be sure to answer honestly.

NAME: MISS:

ADDRESS:

.....

.....

Age: (Put a tick in the appropriate box)

14 years old and under

8/1

15-17 years old

8/2

18-21 years old

8/3

Over 21 years old

8/4

Spare time interests:

Below is a list of things which you might do in your spare time. Which *one* of these do you get most enjoyment from. (Choose one only and put a tick in the appropriate box.)

Reading a book

9/1

Going to a party

9/2

Watching television

9/3

Going to a dance

9/4

Going for a walk by myself

9/5

Going to a bowling alley

9/6

Below are a list of statements which were made by a number of people recently. Read each one and then decide quickly—without thinking about it for very long—whether you agree or disagree with the statement. Make a decision about each statement and put a tick in the appropriate box.

Agree Disagree

I don't like people watching me when I'm dancing.

11

I like wearing way-out clothes so that people notice me.

12

I usually keep in the background on social occasions.

13

I enjoy playing practical jokes on people.

14

I spend a lot of time day-dreaming.

15

I think my friends would describe me as a lively person.

16

I find it easy to let myself go and have a good time at a party.

17

Below are the names of four male pop singers. Which *one* of these four do you feel comes closest as a person to the sort of boyfriend you would really like?

(Choose one only, and put a tick in the appropriate box.)

(a) Donovan

18/1

(b) Cliff Richard

18/2

CUT HERE



(c) Mick Jagger

18/3

(d) Dennis Wilson

18/4

Below are the names of four female pop stars. Which *one* of these four do you feel is most like yourself as a person?

(Choose one only, and put a tick in the appropriate box.)

(a) Lulu

19/1

(b) Marianne Faithfull

19/2

(c) Cher

19/3

(d) Sandie Shaw

19/4

Below is a list of statements. Read each one carefully and then decide quickly—without thinking about it for very long—whether you agree or disagree with the statement.

(Answer each question, putting a tick in the appropriate box.)

Agree Disagree

I feel that my personality changes every time I change my clothes.

20

I prefer to go out with a mixed group of friends rather than going out with just one boy alone.

21

I usually only send *one* Valentine card.

22

I think that having a good husband, a nice house, and a family is the most important thing to look forward to.

23

I think everyone feels jealous at times, but some people just won't admit it.

24

I can never decide which one of my friends I like best.

25

I would never go on a blind date.

26

(Tick which one applies most to you.)

When a boyfriend takes me out,

A I prefer *him* to decide where we will go.

B I prefer to decide where we will go *myself*.

When I am in a group of people,

A I usually talk more than most of the others.

B I usually talk less than most of the others.

A I usually go with my friends to help them to choose their clothes.

B I very rarely help other people to choose their clothes.

A I often take the advice of the salesgirl when I am buying clothes.

B I always buy the clothes that I like even when I am told that they don't suit me.

If someone pushes in front of me in a queue,

A I usually say nothing and let them stay where they are.

B I usually complain.

A I think very often a good argument can clear the air.

B I prefer to avoid an argument if it's at all possible.

A I enjoy taking part in any sort of competition.

B I don't enjoy competing against anyone.

Below are the names of three film stars. If you were choosing a boyfriend and he had to have the same personality as one of these three, which one would you prefer him to be like? (Choose one only, and put a tick in the appropriate box.)

(a) Sean Connery

34/1

(b) Dudley Moore

34/2

(c) David McCallum

34/3

In each part of this question there are two alternatives, **A** and **B**. Read each one and then decide which of the two applies to you personally.

CUT HERE

To charm your favourite rave boy, to be the centre of attention at a swinging party, to get that fabulous job, a rave girl needs one thing—confidence! RAVE describes three typical situations where you need confidence—and tells you how to get it!

You go for an interview for a fabulous job—and the girl sitting so calmly in the next chair while you both wait to go in to see the boss is the one who gets it.

You're invited to a party where you don't know a soul—and while you sit miserably in the corner, another girl, no better-looking than you are, and just as much a stranger to the crowd, is soon the centre of a gay, chattering group.

You're taken out to dinner by a new boyfriend, to a fashionable restaurant, and one glance at the menu and the supercilious waiter, and you feel like a twit—while the girl at the next table sits relaxed and happy.

What have these other girls got that you haven't? The answer is confidence. Can you get it? Yes!

You start by looking at other people—especially the confident ones. And you don't just look at the surface. Look behind the show they are putting up, and see what sort of people they really are.

Take the girl waiting to be interviewed with you for that fabulous job. What is she really like? Well, she's no cleverer than you, no better qualified. If she were, she'd be aiming for an even more fabulous job, wouldn't she? The fact that she is competing with you means that she's no better than you.

Tell yourself you're as good at any job as she is, and when you both go in for your interview, you really will be level. If she *does* get the job instead of you—well, never mind. At least you didn't ruin your own chances by being tongue-tied and terrified. You'll know that next time, you'll get the job you apply for, because you've learned how to be confident.

And that girl at the party. How can you gain her ability to talk to complete strangers so easily? How can you convince people you're as interesting as she is?

Relax

You won't do it sitting in that corner. Anyone who sees you skulking there is going to dismiss you out of hand. If you sit feeling dull, you'll look dull. You've got to stand up, walk up to someone who looks fun to talk to, and say "Hello! I'm me. Who are you?"

Easier said than done? Not at all. You take people at their face value—so does everyone else. Put on a show of being relaxed, gay, unembarrassed, and you will be just that. Strangers will look at

you and think—she's fun. She's used to being with strangers. She'll be interesting to talk to.

But I'm not, you may argue. I never know what to talk about to strangers. The answer here is that you don't in fact have to talk at all to be considered a good conversationalist. You've just got to be able to listen. Take that conversation you started by introducing yourself to a stranger. You've told him your name, and he's told you his. Where do you go from there? Easy. Tell him what your job is, and ask him what he does. Nine times out of ten, he'll launch himself into a spirited account of himself. All you've got to do is ask obvious questions about himself whenever he stops for breath—and he'll think you're the most fascinating girl he's ever met. What's more, he'll

probably start asking you questions when he's answered all yours, and answering questions is easy. You're home and dry—because you had enough confidence to start. You didn't need much, did you?

Hilarious

But if you think you won't even be able to dredge up that much confidence, there is another trick you can try. Someone in a novel once described it, and it works every time. Look around the room at all these people—do they look sophisticated, intelligent, all the things you'd like to be? Fine. Now, imagine them taking a bath, in one of those old-fashioned tin affairs in which people have to sit all scrunched up, their knees knocking their ears. The effect you'll create in your own mind will be hilarious. You won't be a bit scared of any of them after that.

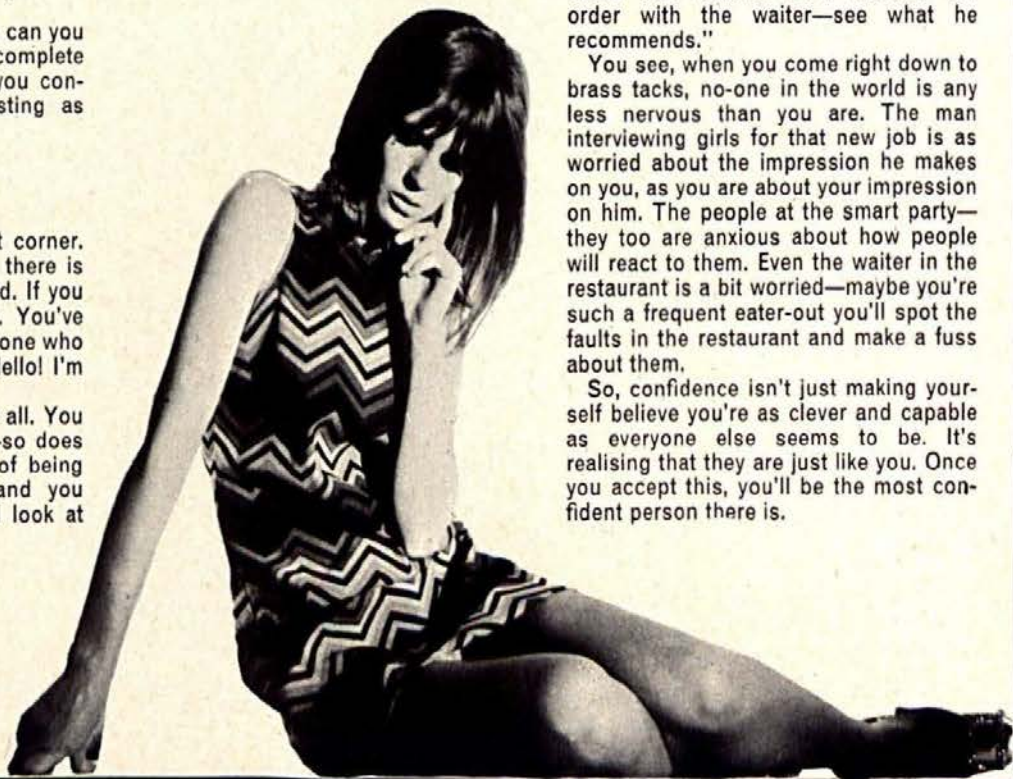
All right, someone will argue. You can get away with this at a party, or applying for a job. But if you're faced with an incomprehensible menu, no amount of self-confidence will help you order a meal, will it? Of course it will. A girl really has it made in this situation. All she does is smile sweetly at her boyfriend, and say "Please—order for me. I love to be surprised."

If he really knows his way around, he'll be charmed. He'll feel you are a girl really worth taking out. You've deferred to his better judgment, and nothing makes a man feel better than that. If, however, he's as puzzled as you are by the menu, he's got to use some confidence tricks himself. He's got to be able to say "I haven't eaten here before. We'll discuss our order with the waiter—see what he recommends."

You see, when you come right down to brass tacks, no-one in the world is any less nervous than you are. The man interviewing girls for that new job is as worried about the impression he makes on you, as you are about your impression on him. The people at the smart party—they too are anxious about how people will react to them. Even the waiter in the restaurant is a bit worried—maybe you're such a frequent eater-out you'll spot the faults in the restaurant and make a fuss about them.

So, confidence isn't just making yourself believe you're as clever and capable as everyone else seems to be. It's realising that they are just like you. Once you accept this, you'll be the most confident person there is.

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK



RAVER'S U.S. CABLE

RAVE's Jackie Harlow keeps you in touch with happenings in the States.

■ With all the interest here in silver, gold and metallic materials, some smart raver has jumped in on the bandwagon and introduced a line of tinfoil dresses, terribly attractive, outrageously chic and almost entirely without cost—a long straight gown can be had for \$6.00! (about £2). The idea, of course, is to wear them without worry, crumple them up and throw them in the wastebasket after the event. If these dresses weren't taken seriously at first, they've certainly caught on now, especially since a couple of young jet setters were seen in them for one of those splendid gala nights!

Obviously the paper is reinforced to allow movement

without tear—but not too much of it. However, some of my friends have informed me that they're stronger than you think, and they've been able to wear a dress more than once.

■ Gene Pitney is going to make his first movie in Italy next month, but he won't be starring in it! Instead he will produce a 90 minute feature based on one of the two titles he sang in the San Remo Festival. After that, it's just possible he'll go out on the road here with Roy Orbison . . . The Beach Boys have cancelled plans to visit the Far East this year, and instead will play dates in the South, opening in Florida this month. They will return to London in the Spring . . . Sonny and Cher have gone into merchandising in a big way. In addition to Sonny and Cher clothes there are now plans for a complete cosmetic line and accessories for young

people, and miniature Sonny and Cher cars, like the specially-built Mustangs they used in "Good Times" . . . Don't have to tell you that the Monkees' second disc, "I'm A Believer" hit a million sale here within two weeks of release . . . they really are becoming the most attractive of new propositions . . . Herman's Hermits have been offered a five month summer stock tour for "Half A Sixpence", with Herman playing the role of Kipps . . . Regretfully, it looks as if they'll turn it down in favour of another summer tour . . . Plans are being made for Eric Burdon to return for a college tour next month with the new Animals, and Mitch Ryder is in the middle of forming a ten-piece review . . . There's talk that Otis Redding and Sam and Dave are in line for British visits.

Jackie

If you've always dreamed of being a nurse ... here's the simple answer

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QA'S



THE FAMILY CAT

His Swedish mother wanted him to be a famous artist like her uncle. His Egyptian-cum-Greek father wanted him to work in his restaurant business. But instead, Steve Adams became Cat Stevens, and now everyone's happy!

Cat's interest in music started about two years ago. "I was very interested in folk music," he said. "It was different then to have a guitar and play in a pub. I found it all very interesting, but I didn't really fit in with folk. I was too commercial, and that was when I went on to the pop stuff.

"I was at school at the time, and then went on to art school. I was going to become a cartoon artist. I had heard this could bring in steady money. But really I was stuck on music. This made my mother very sad of course.

"In fact, at this stage no-one in my family had any faith in me at all! But I've always found that I fight better when I'm in a corner, and the lack of faith only drove me on."

Cat is seventeen now, with shiny black hair, and dark, smiling eyes. Obviously his family ties are strong, and Cat considers his first big break was when his father bought him a £50 guitar. "My dad loves seeing me on television, and goes around telling all his friends. I love television myself, I think it's the greatest medium for any entertainer."

Beginner's Luck

"When I was at art school, I would come home in the evenings and help out in my father's restaurant. It's a restaurant with a snack bar upstairs, in New Oxford Street, London, called the Moulin Rouge. I used to love doing the cooking, except when people asked for Shish Kebab. I hated doing those, they were all fiddly bits of meat that had to be chopped up and put on a skewer. I loved the people who asked for lovely simple hamburgers! This was my first taste of real work."

Cat believes that most people thought "I Love My Dog" was just beginner's luck, and that "Matthew and Son" was another fluke, but Cat intends to become a big name in '67.

He studies the pop Charts, because he thinks it would be silly to ignore them. He forecasts big bands and solo singers to be on the way in, and only groups with exceptional characters to

Cat Stevens is very much a family man. Success hasn't sent him searching for anything more than pleasing his parents and making his mum happy. A strange pop happening, you may say, as RAVE's Maureen O'Grady found out when she interviewed the family Cat!



Cat—cooking for dad!

survive or break through.

"My success all happened when I played Mike Hurst (ex-Springfield member) some of the songs I'd written. He immediately wanted to record 'Dog' and that was it. I've written about fifty songs now, and they'll be on an L.P. soon, which will be very exciting. A sound is nothing without a good song, and you can get fairly good songs anywhere and add sound to them, but it's not the same.

"I wrote a song yesterday. I found a few nice chords on the piano and it was an immediate tune. I always used to write with a guitar before, but I get more new ideas from the piano, which I can't play properly. I'll try a violin next."

Among the people interested in recording Cat's songs are Paul and Barry Ryan, Lulu, Peter and Gordon, and Manfred.

Which is more important to Cat, singing or writing? "Well, I just think about me. Whatever is in my best interests, that's the important thing."

All the family are now proud of their Cat. They didn't think he could do it, but he has. Cat still lives at home with his family and doesn't intend to move.

For a pop star to get one hit record and go out completely on his own, he thinks is unwise. On the strength of only one record it would be easy to start living beyond one's means, and then get rapidly into debt.

Since turning into a professional pop singer, Cat has made television appearances and done ballroom dates, but he's never too far away from home.

A recent big break for him was the "Fame in '67" show at the Saville Theatre, London. It was a great experience for Cat to appear there, using Georgie Fame's backing group, and even before the hard-to-please London audiences he went down very well, and was warmly received.

After "Dog" became a hit, Cat's father relented and got him a dog, something Cat's always wanted to have. The dog's name is Peppi, and Cat says: "It's funny, but since I've had that dog, everything in that song is coming true for me.

"I want to be very big in '67—not get a No. 1, because that would frighten me. I don't want to jump before I can walk. That's why I live at home. I want to keep my two feet on the ground and not get any big ideas that might not work out."

LESLEY GARNER AT THE

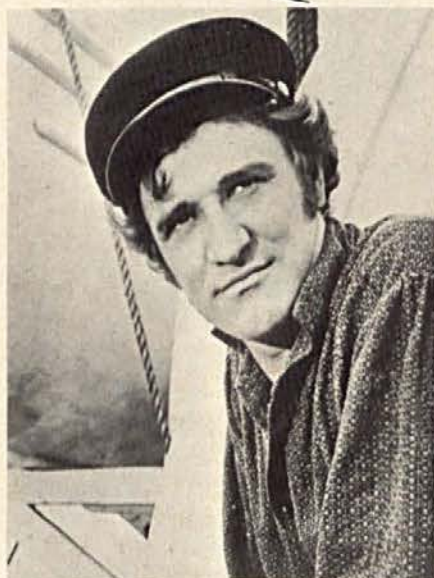
gossip gossip gossip

Take a look around filmland with RAVE girl Lesley, for behind-the-scenes chat on new films, new stars and other raveable happenings in the screen world!

■ Keep an eye open for a very raveable actor, *Julian Mateos*, who livened up the "Return Of The Seven", by just looking gorgeous! He's appearing in "10.30 p.m. Summer" with Merlina Mercuri, at the beginning of this month, and with looks like his, ought to prove a big attraction. In this film, this twenty-seven year old Portuguese actor plays a peasant who kills his wife and her lover and then, after an attempted escape, shoots himself. A very unhappy ending!



Terence Stamp: raveable



Richard Harris: The whaler in "Hawaii"

■ Films to look forward to this year include John Schlesinger's "Far From The Madding Crowd", starring Julie Christie, and raveables *Terence Stamp*, *Alan Bates* and *Peter Finch*. Set in rural Dorset, the story concerns a girl, Bathsheba (Julie Christie), and her love for two men. With three male stars like that and the director who made "Darling", the film is sure to be a big success.

■ *Albert Finney* has turned director for his next film "Charlie Bubbles", a comedy about a very successful

writer who has problems in his private life. He has formed his own film company with comedy actor Michael Medwin, and while Medwin produces, Albert Finney acts and directs. "I want to be totally involved in everything I do. Acting by itself is not enough," says Albert. His co-star is Liza Minelli, daughter of Judy Garland. "I saw lots of American girls both in London and New York," Albert said, "but Liza has just the right effervescent quality for the part." The film ends with Albert Finney disappearing in a balloon!



Alan Bates: sure success in "Madding Crowd"

RAVE girl Lesley Garner brings you previews of all the new films!

HAWAII

STARS: JULIE ANDREWS, MAX VON SYDOW, RICHARD HARRIS

This is that rare thing, an epic which isn't too big for its own good. Max von Sydow plays a cold comfort, religious zealot, carrying Christianity, in the form of hell fire and God's revenge, to a community of Hawaiians, headed by Jocelyne La Garde as their queen. They are clearly much happier without it! In the steps of the missionaries come disease and unhappiness. Julie Andrews plays Max Von Sydow's gentle wife and Richard Harris the whaler she has always been in love with and who loves her. The Hawaiian islanders themselves give marvellous performances, especially the massive Jocelyne La Garde. But the film really belongs



Caine: a reluctant spy in "Funeral In Berlin"

to Max Von Sydow as the unforgiving missionary.

FUNERAL IN BERLIN

STARS: MICHAEL CAINE, EVA RENZI

Taken from the best seller by Len Deighton, this is the long-awaited follow-up to "The Ipcress File", and every bit as good. Michael Caine plays Harry Palmer, the reluctant spy, who is sent to Berlin to negotiate with an important Russian general, who wishes to cross the Wall and defect. Palmer doubts his sincerity, but the escape is organised in the form of a funeral, and confused by further complications of double espionage and false identity. Michael Caine makes Harry Palmer harder and more insubordinate than the first film. Well worth seeing.

MURDERER'S ROW

STARS: DEAN MARTIN, ANN MARGRET

This spy film, the first of three out this

FLICKS

■ The real star of the next James Bond film, "You Only Live Twice", (due for release in May), is a huge £350,000 volcano, the hideout of SPECTRE's No. 1, Ernst Blofeld. It's so enormous that a helicopter can fly around inside, and when the roof slides back, it reveals a rocket base and matching rocket, a helicopter platform, monorail and a whole maze of offices and tunnels. It's based on a real volcano, Mt. Shinmoe in Japan, where a large part of the film was made.

■ Talking of Bond, "Casino Royale", the all-star cast comedy send-up, with several Bonds in it, promises to be a real scream. Producer Charles K. Feldman describes it as his own personal nightmare—"an extravaganza with multiple stars, multiple directors and multiple Bonds!" There are five different directors and the stars in-



Sean Connery: real Bond



Crawford: practical joker

clude Ursula Andress, Peter Sellers, and David Niven.

The producer of the Sean Connery "Bond" films, Harry Saltzman, is starting work on another huge project, the filming of the Battle of Britain, again with an international star cast (what film hasn't got a star cast these days?). He hopes to have it ready in time for a premiere on September 15, 1968, because that's not only Battle of Britain day, but also the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Air Force.

■ Also due out soon, "The Jokers", directed by Michael Winner and starring *Oliver Reed* and *Michael Crawford*. Seems that Michael Crawford got so involved in the spirit of the title that he staged a series of practical jokes himself, including putting sneezing powder on the mouthpiece of the director's loud hailer! That's one of those things you

won't see on the screen, but as the film is about a plot to steal the Crown Jewels, you can be certain of enough excitement.

■ "Camelot", taken from the hit musical of the same name, about the court of King Arthur, stars Vanessa Redgrave as Queen Guinevere and Richard Harris as King Arthur, and also *David Hemmings*, another very attractive young actor who has just finished making "The Blow Up" with Vanessa Redgrave—Antonioni's film about a young, hip photographer in Swinging London. David is twenty-four with blond hair and blue eyes and no plans for settling down in the near future. "It's bad to get involved with women," he says, "because a man should govern and be the strength behind a woman." Married at nineteen and divorced at twenty-five, he's concentrating on his career!



Hemmings: settling down

month, is the smoothest and most professional. Dean Martin plays secret agent Matt Helm (remember "The Silencers"?) who escapes the dreadful deaths dealt out to his colleagues, and with the enemy believing him dead, is sent to track down a missing U.S. scientist before the enemy make him disclose the secret of his hello beam and its enormous destructive power. The film takes place in the hot Mediterranean sunshine and stars a gun with delayed shooting action! Dean Martin's particular brand of humour turns this film into really entertaining escapism.

THE SPY WITH THE GREEN HAT
STARS: ROBERT VAUGHN,
DAVID McCALLUM

The plot of an UNCLE film never seems to matter too much. In this one, Napoleon nearly gets forced into marriage with a beautiful Sicilian girl who has sheltered him from THRUSH by hiding him under her bed. Wouldn't be so bad if her uncles weren't all ex-Chicago gangsters



The men from UNCLE: stars of new spy film

and members of the Mafia! But Napoleon escapes in time (of course) to prevent THRUSH agents from turning Greenland into a tropical paradise! It is only fair to save RAVE readers from possible disappointment by pointing out that there is no sign of any Spy in any Green Hat until the very last reel of the film, but the sight of Ilya and Napoleon in colour ought to make up for that.

PENELOPE
STARS: NATALIE WOOD, IAN BANNEN,
PETER FALK

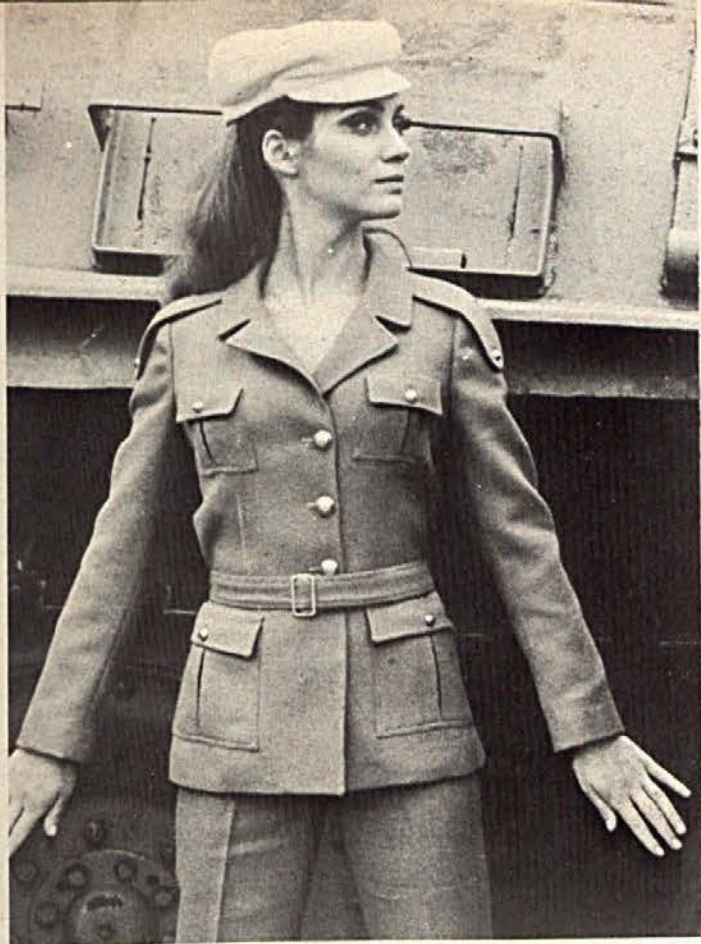
Natalie Wood plays the gorgeous, neglected wife of a bank president (Ian Bannen) who compensates herself for his lack of attention by robbing his bank of a few thousand dollars, disguised as an old lady! This glossy film is entertaining and made funny by super performances from Lilia Kedrova and Lou Jacobi as the crooked owners of a dress shop. Natalie Wood flits prettily from disguise to disguise.

BATTLE DRESS

Fall in. It's parade time. And though the feminine look is with us, favourers of the military look aren't going to be beaten without a battle—in uniform, of course! Last year in Paris, French ready-to-wear dress designers drew their inspiration for this spring/summer season from military costumes from both sides of the Channel. Feminine recruits are now likely to be dressed in revamped versions of Royal Navy uniforms, frogged officers' coats from the last century and carefully tailored infantry dress.

Although it would seem that all the attention to military gear is being paid in France, London is having its own uprising! Every weekend the Portobello Road throbs with ravers rooting through piles of authentic military uniforms, and boutiques have found that these old-style coats and jackets make great window displays. As yet, the military style has been very definitely a male fashion, as the really old and interesting uniforms were for males, but the manufacturers of 'now' fashions aren't far behind with the feminine follow-up. **LEE**





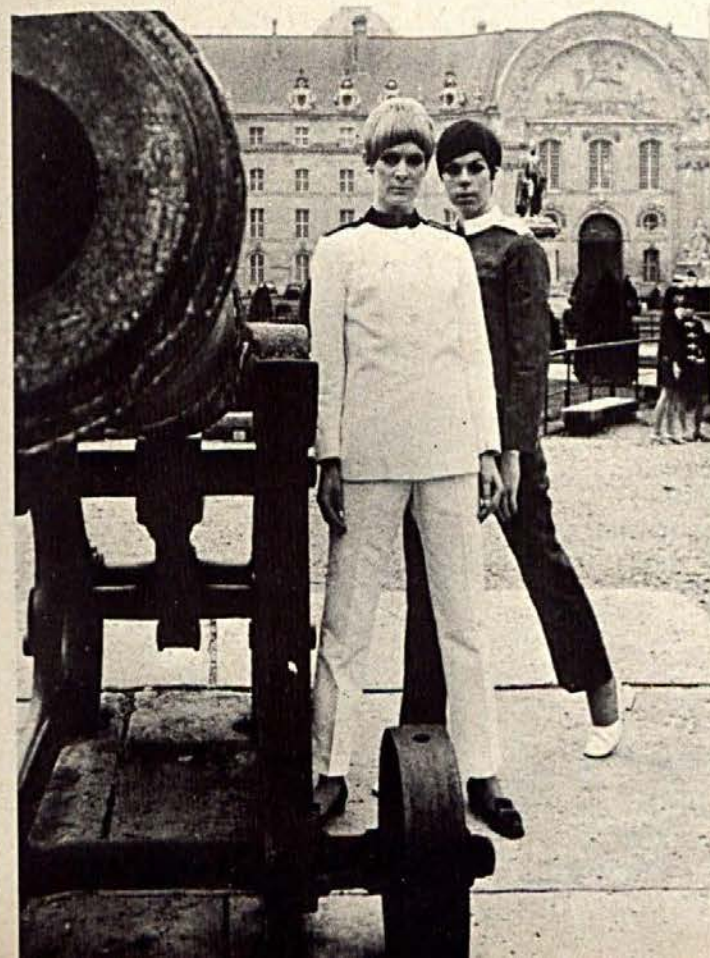
ABOVE: Completely military, in a battle dress not unlike our own soldiers wear, for a trouser suit with all the trimmings of pockets and brass buttons.

BELOW: These two trouser suits have borrowed the high-collared look from midshipmen's uniforms.



ABOVE: This girl went military in a matching skirt and jacket with the addition of a high collar and bright facing, like that of 18th century uniforms.

BELOW: French soldiers of today wear uniforms not very different from this belted suit and matching cap.



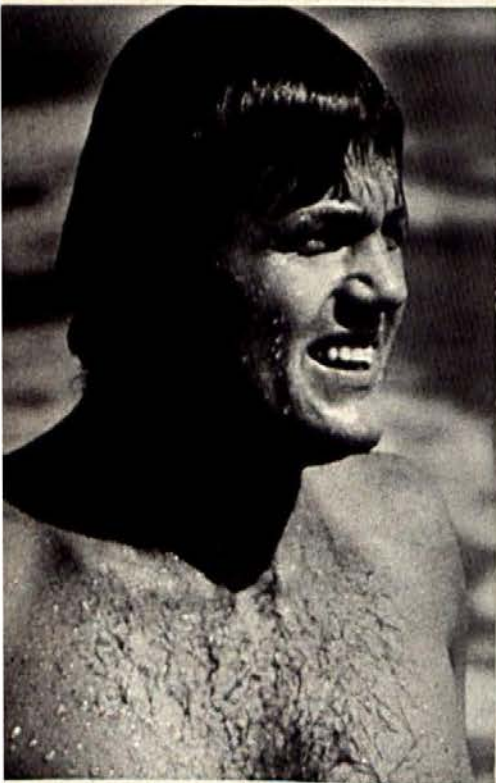
■ For the Beach Boys, '67 should be the year of new sounds. In '66 they toppled the Beatles in a popularity poll. They swept back into favour with a succession of hits, proving that the record is the thing—"God Only Knows" and "Good Vibrations" were the culminations of weeks of hard work in the recording studios using the most up-to-date techniques and the brilliant imagination of Brian Wilson. When the Beach Boys left Britain earlier this year they left behind them the confirmation that they are not purely figments of Brian's mind, and proved to audiences that as a beat-close-harmony group they are without equal. They also left us with a few words about the shapes of things to come.

TV. FILM

■ Al Jardine is the man described by publicist Derek Taylor as "a lovely man—absolutely no trouble". He is the man who I offered small consolation to over his thinning hair by saying, "that all intelligent men went bald," and got the snappy reply, "I'd rather stay stupid, have hair and make money!"

Al gave me some news about a TV. film we are yet to see.

"Brian has always had this big thing about fire-engines so it was inevitable we'd wind up in a fire station. The film shows us all asleep as firemen in the station.



Bruce: wrote song

BEACH BOYS NEWS SPECIAL

America's most futuristic group talks to RAVE's Mike Grant about the sounds to come!

The alarm goes and there's a great shot of Brian sliding up the pole! Then we pursue the engine along the street in various stages of undress and the fun really starts."

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE

■ Carl is the benign Beach Boy with the soft smile and deceptively slow speech which belies the whirling mind behind the face.

"At present our influences are of a religious nature," he said. "Not any specific religion but an idea based upon that of Universal Consciousness. The concept of spreading goodwill, good thoughts and happiness is nothing new. It is an idea which religious teachers and philosophers have been handing down for centuries, but it is also our hope. The ideas are there in 'God Only Knows', 'Good Vibrations', 'Heroes and Villains' and it is why the new LP is called 'Smile'.

"The spiritual concept of happiness and doing good to others is extremely important to the lyric of our songs, and the religious element of some of the better church music is also contained within some of our new work."

FREAK-OUT SCENE

■ Mike Love is the Beach man with the deep brown voice and the rusty beard—not so much a lead singer, more an entertainer, and he sees his own future and that of the group developing into much wider appeal.

"We originally intended to bring an orchestra with us on the visit in '66, but when we heard that the concerts were sold out in three days we figured the screamers had moved in and that meant no-one wanted to listen. We know now that we were wrong, and next time we hope to bring the strings and brass.

The introduction of some girl singers has been discussed and the possibility of doing comedy routines is not as remote as you might think.

"As far as lyrics are concerned you can put me down as saying I'm a stickler for words. More seriously you might say that we like to communicate. This incomprehensible Freak-Out scene is not for me. Brian went to a session in the States with this guy called Vandyke Parks and he claimed his ears were still ringing after seven days!"

CLOSE TO BROTHER

■ Dennis Wilson is the extraordinary combination of a man who hates to be hurried anywhere and refuses to sit still for five minutes at a time. In addition to carrying the "screamage" potential in the group, he is also the closest to brother Brian's own musical ideals and in addition to playing drums, composes his own numbers on the piano. He always emphasises the fusion, in their work, of pop and classical music.

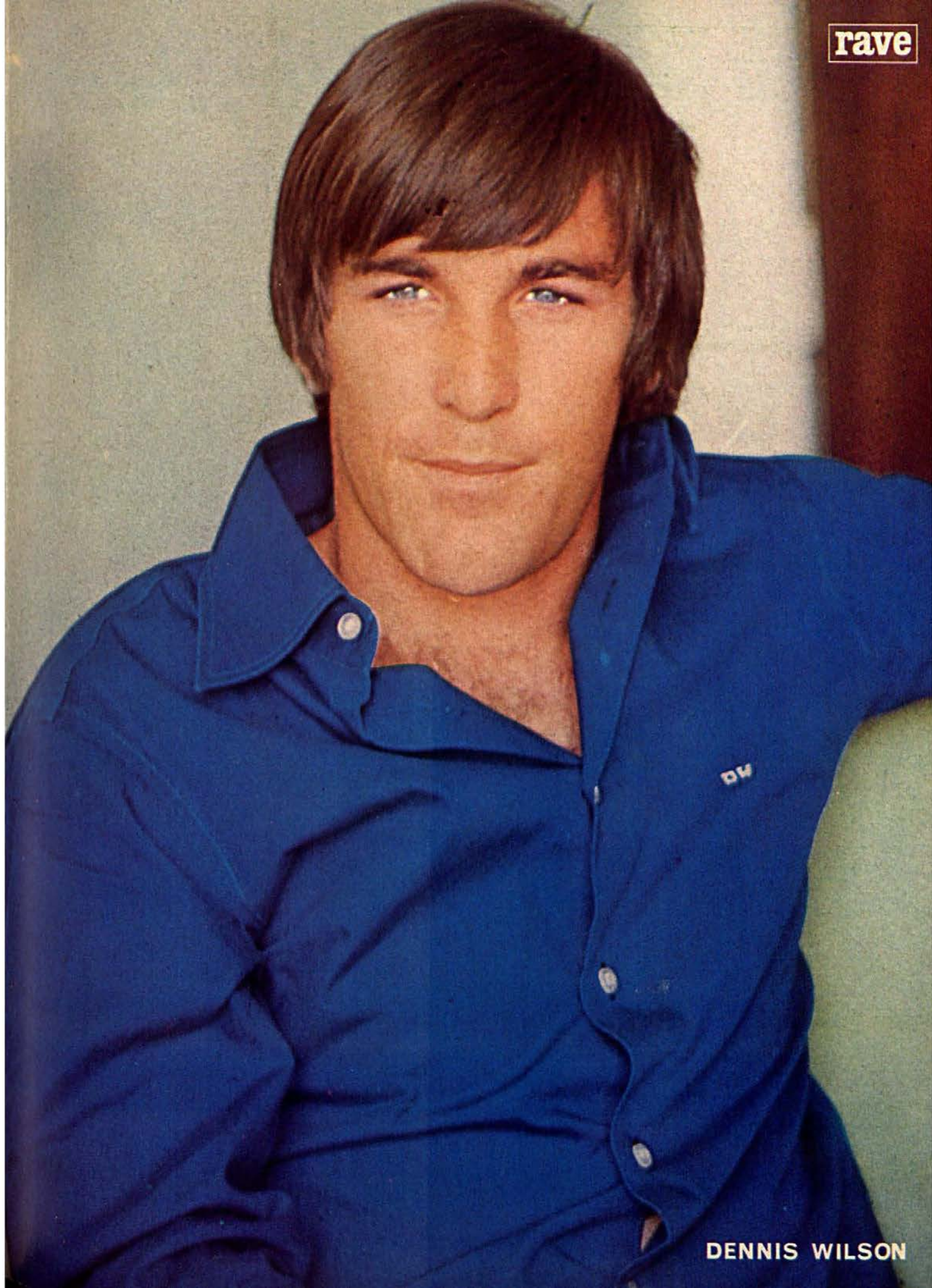
FRIENDS

■ Bruce Johnston made friends with English pop star Graham Bonney while on tour together in Germany and that is why Bruce wrote and helped arrange "Thank You Baby" for him.

"I think Graham is a very underrated artist," said Bruce. "I've seen him work in Germany where he is very big, and he handles his success well. There is no conceit about him."

■ The Beach Boys hope to return to Britain in May, and we can be certain of one thing when they do—they'll bring all that's futuristic in pop music '67. For progress and sincerity are their two catchwords.

rave



DENNIS WILSON

Feeling in a rut, Ronny changes her job, and then begins to wonder if she has done the right thing. At home, her so-far platonic relationship with George becomes less platonic and more embarrassing . . .

MONDAY

I'm fed up with my job. I went in today, sat down at my desk and got myself into a real mood. I just stared out of the window over the City, and thought if I saw St. Paul's sticking up there one more day I would scream.

It's all the same. Day after day Mr. Collins flaps around in the same grotty old suit, Anne goes on and on about the same dreary old boyfriend, Pamela picks her nails, Sheila drones on about her fiancée and how they're saving up to buy a house . . . I suddenly felt like some awful beatnik. I just wanted to throw my typewriter at them all, scream four-letter words, and emigrate to California or something!

I mean they're nice, but they're all such a drag. And I suddenly thought how awful it would be if I ended up in that same old firm still banging away when I was forty, one of those wretched bitter office spinsters who organise the office like a concentration camp.

I really must leave. It's ridiculous, as George says, to spend my time wishing I was doing something and not doing it. I mean, that's a *real* waste of time.

In the evening I had a long talk with Jan. We put on a load of old records, cooked baked beans, got into our nightdresses at 8 o'clock and I started knitting my new long woollen evening dress. I saw a super picture of Brigitte Bardot in one—the only thing is it'll be midsummer before I've finished.

"You must leave," said Jan. "You've got enough experience now to get another job, and you can't stick in a pool any longer. You'll turn into a Dead Mind." Which is the last thing I want to turn into.

"You're in a rut," she said, relentlessly. "You must get a new job, and . . ." "And a boyfriend," I said. She's always on about me not going out with anyone steadily and bombing around with loads of

Ronny

THE DIARY OF A RAVE GIRL



"We'll make a bargain," said George. "I'll find you a beautiful boyfriend if you find me a beautiful girlfriend."

different people. Last week I went out with four boys on different nights and Jan and Lou got quite disapproving. People get like that when they're going steady.

"Now, Ronny, we've got to get you fixed up with someone. There must be *someone* you fancy?"

Well, I didn't know what to say. I mean how could I tell her I was crazy about her brother? But if I didn't tell someone except this wretched diary, I thought I'd pop. So I said: "Well, I have this huge crush on someone, and I feel so miserable I don't know what to do."

"Who?" Jan looked interested.

"Oh, just this sort of, well, person . . . at work," I said, inventing like mad. "He's called . . . er . . . Geoffrey . . . and he's absolutely sweet. But he will treat me like a sister, and he won't take me out or think of me seriously."

Jan sighed. "Tricky. How about making up a foursome and asking him along? That's an idea," she said enthusiastically. "Why don't you bring him along on Saturday to this psychedelic evening thing in Hampstead? If Lou can't make it, I'll go with George."

"Oh, no," I said hastily, slipping all the stitches in my knitting. "That's an awful idea. I'm sure he'd see through that."

"No need to get cross," Jan shrugged her shoulders. "Only trying to help."

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's just that it's so tricky . . . I mean it's not as easy as . . . oh, hell, I wish I'd never told you. It's nothing really."

It took me about half an hour to calm her down, and stop all her genius schemes for trapping "Geoffrey". Ronny, you just shouldn't open your big mouth.

WEDNESDAY

Finally decided, after a couple more weeks of nail-biting and banging my head against walls, to see the personnel officer about my job.

She's one of those nice, efficient women, full of energy, no make-up and brown tweeds. And instead of being all disapproving she gave me a cup of tea and said she saw my point of view and though of course I was an excellent secretary (Ronny simpers politely into her saucer), from my point of view it was a dead-end job.

"Why don't you try tem-

porary work for a time?" she suggested. "Then you would be able to see all sorts of jobs and offices and get the lay of the land." Which is a very good idea.

Funny how nice she was. One thing I have learnt this year is to always ask for advice. People are knocked out at being asked, and you don't have to take the advice anyway. And sometimes someone comes up with a brilliant scheme.

SATURDAY

George came into my room this morning to give me a pep talk. I'd decided to go round agencies, but got cold feet at the last minute, and started giving my room a turn-out instead.

"What's all this?" said George grimly. "I thought you were going job-hunting?"

"Well, I just feel so nervous," I said. "Maybe it's a bit of a rash move anyway. I mean, why should an agency want me?"

"Now look," he said, sitting on my bed, and thumping it with his fist. "Just remember they're all idiots. If they weren't idiots they wouldn't be in crummy agencies, would they? And remember they want you more than you want them. You're their bread and butter. No Ronnys, no agencies, right? Get your coat on and I'll come with you."

I couldn't resist an offer like that. So while George waited in the streets or the reception halls, I marched into about six agency offices, giving firm handshakes, speaking loud and clear, muttering "George says they're idiots. They need me more than I need them" under my breath.

We finally got to one in Fulham where they seemed really nice and said they could give me work *that afternoon* if I wanted it! At 6s. 6d. an hour! Monte Carlo here I come! I plumped for a job with a doctor starting the beginning of the week after next, which sounded fairly simple. They bowed me out saying, "You don't mind if we call you Ronny, do you? We like to think of all our girls as our friends." Probably hopelessly hypocritical, but nice all the same.

George put his arm through mine on the way home and wound his red scarf round my neck to keep me warm, which was great until he said: "And who's the great Geoffrey Jan tells me about?"

"Geoffrey?" I said. I'd for-

gotten all about my Invention. "Come on, you can tell brother George," said George. Brother George, I mean! I practically cried.

"Geoffrey is a drag," I said in a flash of genius. "I went out with him the other day and the scales fell from my eyes. He's boring, spotty, elderly and hopeless."

"Good," said George. "You must never trust people I haven't personally vetted. I know," he added. "We'll make a bargain. I'll find you a beautiful boyfriend if you find me a beautiful girlfriend."

I give up.

FRIDAY

My last day at work! And everyone was so nice I almost didn't want to leave. Peter said: "Oh dear, how can I face this dump without you?" Pamela hugged me in the corridor saying: "We'll really miss you, Ronny." And even Mr. Collins gave me a fatherly pat and said: "We'll miss your smiling face and crazy schemes around the office, Ronny!" Crazy schemes indeed! Funny how people are only really nice to you when you're leaving somewhere.

It was like the last day of term at school. No-one would let me do anything and bought me magazines to read, and gave me the nice unchipped cup for tea.

As I looked out of the window at St. Paul's I wondered if I mightn't miss that too. And I felt almost fond of my old typewriter as I put on its green plastic hood for the last time. Just as I was saying goodbye to my little potted plant I had on the window-sill to brighten things up a bit, the girls came up with a parcel. They all stood around while I opened it. It was a bottle of scent which must have been terribly expensive, and they'd got one of those funny cards with it, with all their names signed on it. Suddenly I felt sad. They were so nice and friendly.

And when I'd gone down in the lift for the last time, and Ben on the door had said: "Don't forget us, love. Good luck." I felt almost lonely as I went into the dark, foggy night, leaving the big dark building in the City behind me, with its friendly lights and welcoming entrance. It was as if I'd suddenly lost all my identity and I was completely alone. I clutched my bottle of scent . . . and wondered if I'd done the right thing.

MORE MONKEE BUSINESS

Here's raver Maureen O'Grady with more facts on America's overnight successes, and now Britain's favourites—the Monkees.

Last month Hollywood writer Derek Taylor told you about the current hottest property in the States, the Monkees. Now, I can tell you about one of them first hand, for English Monkee Davy Jones recently paid a surprise visit here to see his family and go to his sister's wedding, and I was lucky enough to receive an invitation to a breakfast reception held in his honour!

Twenty-one year old Davy, now resident in the States, first went over to America with the show "Oliver" and then "Pickwick". In between this last show and "The Monkees" he appeared on several TV. shows like "Ben Casey" and got two discs into the American charts—"What Are We Going To Do?" and "The Girl From Chelsea". David signed for "The Monkees" series, whereas the rest of the group—Micky Dolenz, Peter Tork and Mike Nesmith were picked as Monkees out of five hundred applicants after answering a newspaper ad. requesting "four insane boys aged 17-21 required for acting roles in new TV. series."

No-one could have guessed at the time just how popular the Monkees would become.

It was only after the fourth episode of the show that the Monkees became the biggest happening in pop America, with a guaranteed thirty million viewers.

Davy told me, "On the show we sing two songs every week, and play the part of a pop group. One week we might be in a Western with gunfighting, next week we might get involved with bank robbers, then it might be the Mafia. It could be anything. As well as the TV. show we've just started personal appearances. Our first one was in Hawaii and we played for one hour and ten minutes, whereas most groups only play for about twenty-five minutes! Apart from singing together as a group, we also sing with different backing groups. For instance, I'd sing a Tony Newley-type number, while Micky, Mike and Pete do Motown, Bo Diddley and folk stuff. We've got quite a variety of music between us."

Coming from Manchester Davy has the usual Mancunian personality, friendly and humorous. He's short and cute, with hair that flicks up as it touches his shoulders. "It usually curls under" he said. "I'm glad that the customs man didn't open my bag, I had four hair rollers on the top! I'm called

Hayley Mills at the studio!"

Apparently very long hair for boys is still 'in' in Hollywood, especially if it's bleached!

Davy said the Monkees get upset about one thing—the rumour that they don't play their own instruments. "Someone's going to be in for a shock when we start our big tour in America" he said. "How do they think we're going to get by if we only pretend to play? They're mad!"

On the record scene, the Monkees have chalked up one phenomenal success after another. Their first L.P. "Meet the Monkees" sold three million, five hundred thousand copies after only two months on sale and all their singles have reached the top of the U.S. Charts.

"Most shops in America are out of stock of our singles as a matter of fact," said Davy.

Thrilled

It looks as if the same thing might happen here in Britain!

Davy says that one of the reasons why the Monkees are so big in America is that English artistes in the States are spoiling things for themselves. "Herman especially" he said. "He has had about five singles out at the same time over there—it's madness. At the most we have only three singles in the U.S. charts at the one time—I'm a Believer', 'Stepping Stone' and 'Last Train To Clarksville', and I think that three is enough. We don't want to over-expose ourselves.

"We're thrilled with our success here. We thought the series had a good chance. I'm sure everyone's sick of programmes like 'Juke Box Jury' and 'Top of the Pops'."

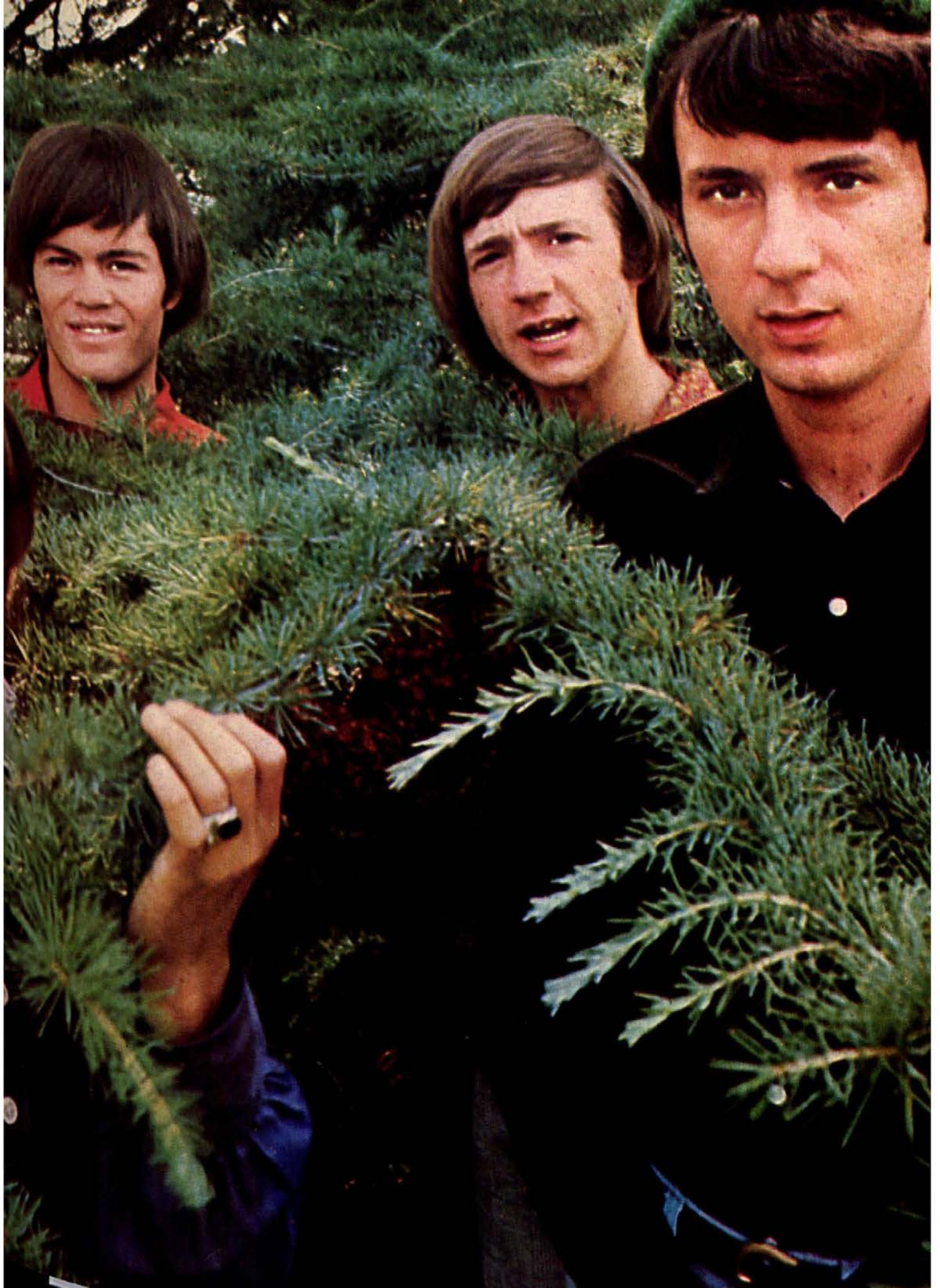
The life of a Monkee isn't all thrills. They're up at seven in the morning, working till seven at night, five days a week. "With my spare time, which isn't much, I like driving my motorbike down to the beach, do a bit of swimming and bowling."

In America the Monkees' story is the Beatles' story all over again. They have set off fads like Monkee clothes, Monkee belts, Monkee bubble gum. But comparing the Monkees to the Beatles led Davy to say, "We didn't intend to sound like them. We just wanted to sound commercial!"

Well, they've certainly done that!



The Monkees: l. to r. Davy Jones, Micky Dolenz, Peter Tork and Mike Nesmith



**A RAVE
EXCLUSIVE!**

DOLLY CLOTHES FOR DOLLY BIRDS



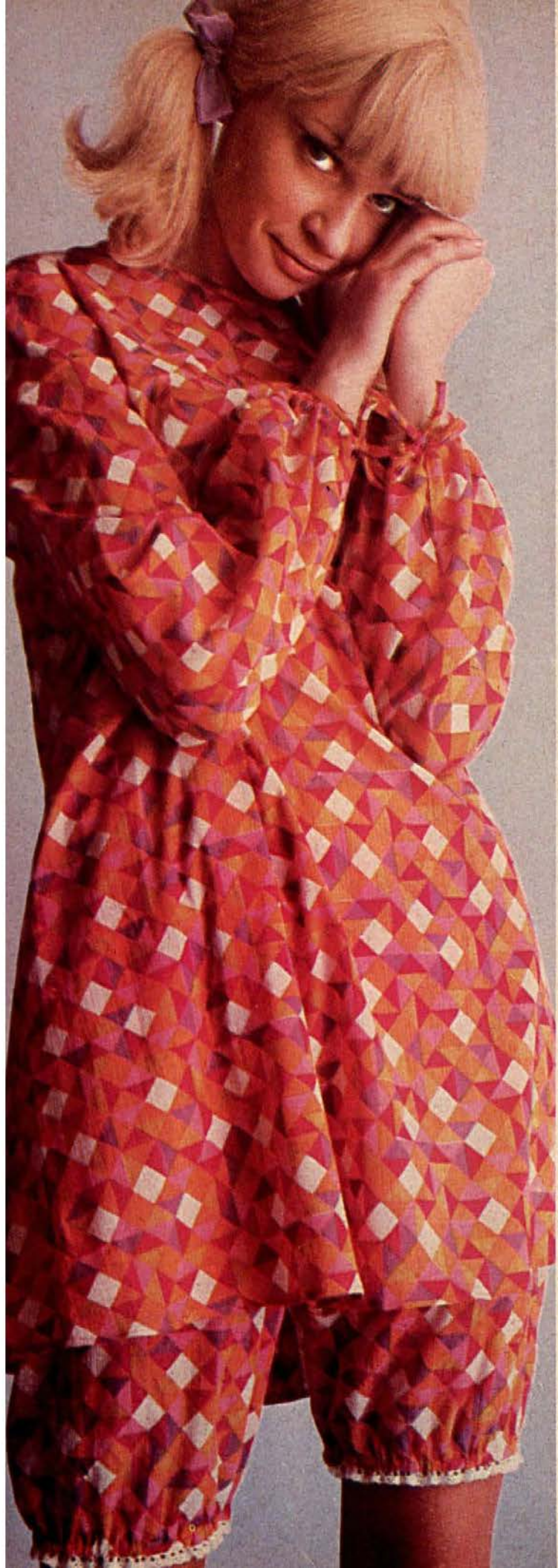
Girls are back in fashion—hooray! And that means so are frills, plaits, pastel prints and puff sleeves. And to prove that feminine charm and demure dollies can overcome the 'butch' look, RAVE fashion girl, Lee, has lined up a selection of super Spring clothes guaranteed to turn any girl into a dolly bird!

A dolly twosome. **Far left:** Miss Polly dress in a Victoriana style in pale blue and white Tricel, price £4 17s. 6d. **Left:** smock-type Dacron dress by Simon Massey, price 89s. 11d. Shoes by Gaby, 79s. 11d.



Right: little girl look with puff sleeves and a high waist in lilac cotton with white spots and stripes, in a style from Polly Peck, price 5 gns.





Far left: cute knicker-dress in harlequin print from Simon Ellis, 8½ gns. For shorter than short dresses—knickers are 'in'!



Right: soft, feminine twin sets with pastel trim by Neatawear, price 5 gns. White set with lilac and lime or lemon and pink striped edging, plus a pleated skirt, by Neatawear, price 59s. 11d. Lime green gathered mini skirt by Max Theodore, price 39s. 11d. Strappy shoes in lime or pink, by Lennards, price 55s. 11d.



Left: a pastel floral print in a truly baby doll style. By Lee Cecil, price 7 gns.





Left: the dolly dress that raged through the London discotheques. This hand-made, fully lined crocheted dress in white wool has been designed exclusively for RAVE readers at the special price of 12 gns. (20 gns. or over in the shops!). Designed by Audrey, it is available from James Sutherland and Associates, 55 Park Lane, London, W.1. Please state colour—black, white, green, turquoise, yellow or rose, and size—10, 12 or 14.



Two swinging tent coats by Simon Howard. **Far right:** in a curly dolly fabric, ratinée, in lilac, price 14 gns. **Right:** in apple green wool with a high yoke and buttoning, price 11½ gns.

Dolls from a selection at the Chanelle Gift Shop, 33 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3. All hair pieces with kooky coloured streaks by Tovar.





FASHION NOTES BY LEE PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. L. JAMES

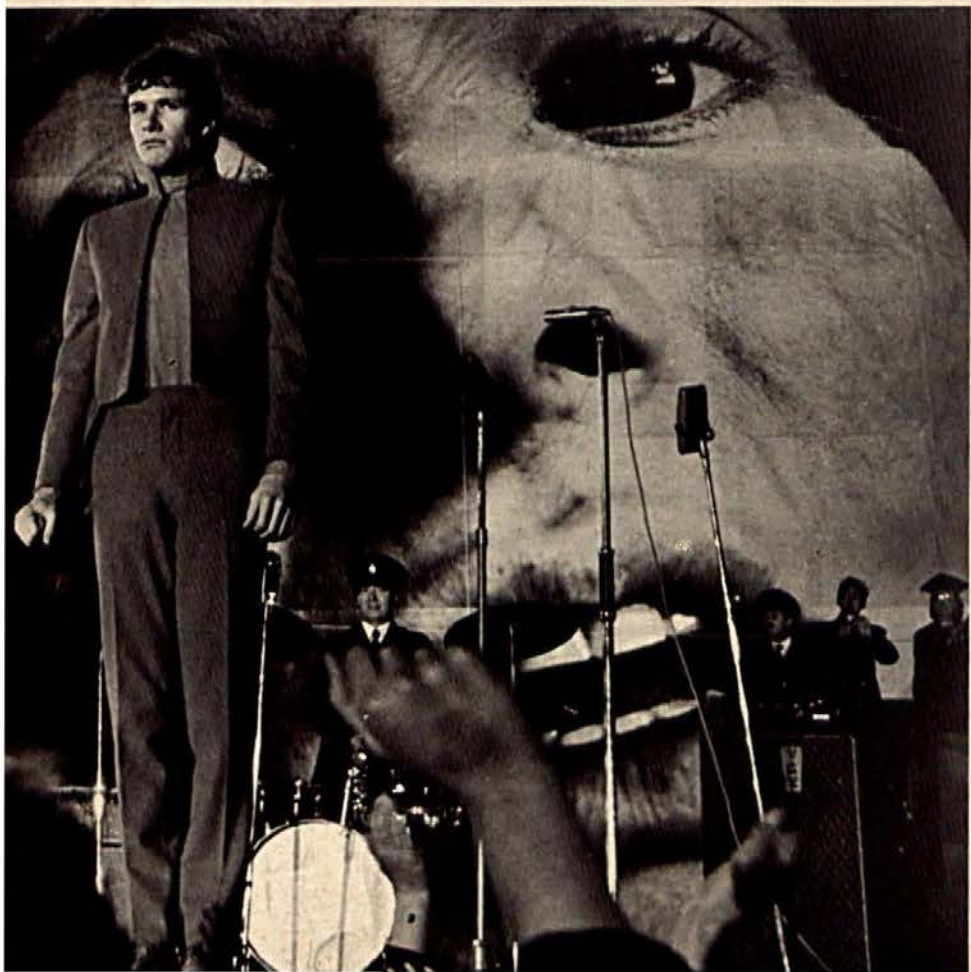
THIS IS IT - THE STORY NO POP FAN DARE NOT READ!

PRIVILEGE

**A RAVE
EXCLUSIVE!**

"Privilege", a film starring Paul Jones and model Jean Shrimpton, promises to be the most startling portrayal of the pop world ever shown. Here, RAVE's Maureen O'Grady tells you the story of the book and includes exclusive extracts from the novel of the same name by John Burke. Read it.

Although "Privilege" may shock and surprise you, the astonishing thing is that—if you believed in The Beatles—then you have to believe that this *could* happen. The film is set about ten years in the future, and is the story of Steven Shorter, the biggest pop idol in the world. He's a star who reaches ten times the acclaim of the Beatles and yet, in the end, rejects it all for a life of his own, with Vanessa, a young artist who first met Steven when she was commissioned to paint the idol's portrait. With her help, Steven realises that the life he is leading is false, nothing, not really him. But as with all idols, the higher they rise, the harder they fall. . . .



The story starts with a pre-concert reception held in honour of Steven Shorter's first concert in England after a victorious tour of America. At the reception is Vanessa, a young and successful artist who has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the idol. She sits bewildered amongst strange people. One by one she picks out the men in Steven's entourage: Julie Jordan, a top man in the publishing business—'Uncle Julie' to Steve; Martin Crossley, the Personal Manager to the star; Alvin Kirsch, his Public Relations Executive; and then, as she moves through the crowd, she catches her first glimpse of Steven Shorter, sullen-faced, pouting. That is the face she has to paint, the *real* Steven Shorter.

Today is Steve's great day in Birmingham—and for twenty-four hours it is to be known as the Privilege City. Birmingham has won the national competition for the honour of Steven's welcome home. Half the city is out to greet him, and half the population of Britain has sat up that night. The day is made a national holiday with all shops, banks and schools closed all over the country, licensing hours are extended. The fans have been starved of Steven's presence in this country, and it is feeding time again. Once he needed just one policeman to arrest him, now he needs the entire force to protect him from his loving fans. In the three years he has been an idol he has won 31 Golden discs, declined a knighthood, received over 1½ million proposals of marriage and his fans total the population of Communist China! The concert that night is a sell-out. Steve is home.

Vanessa settles down in her seat in the theatre, curious to see what the great Steven Shorter is like in action. The lights dim in the auditorium, slowly the curtains lift to reveal—a huge cage . . .

Left: On the "Privilege" film set—Steven Shorter (played by Paul Jones) stands before his seething audience

The book of the film "Privilege", by John Burke, is published by Pan Books on 3rd March, 1967, price 3s. 6d.

rave

PAUL JONES

• **THE SHOW** — an exclusive extract from the novel by John Burke

● **TWO WARDERS** in uniform came into the cramped dressing-room where Steven Shorter was waiting, placed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and snapped them shut. His colleague flung a jacket over Steve's head.

'All ready?'

Steve nodded. The warders took him by the arms and led him along the corridor.

Not another word was said. The only sound was the dull, expectant murmur from the waiting audience in the body of the hall.

They shoved Steve to the edge of the gallery and threw him down on to the stage below.

The spotlight slammed on him. The audience exploded into a mass of waving arms. The darkness was punctured by hundreds of exploding flashbulbs.

Beating through the howl of welcome came the opening bars of Steve's greatest number. Well . . . his greatest number this season, this month—the greatest since his return.

Steve pushed himself to his feet. One of the warders, leaping down beside him, pulled the jacket from over his head. Then, as though in a trance, Steve was pushed across the stage by a hand in the small of his back.

There was a cage waiting for him. One of the warders opened the gate, still keeping one hand ready for Steve, and then the two of them got a good grip and threw him in. The music stopped for a split second to allow full value to the jangle of keys in the lock.

Steve, staggering, fell against one corner of the cage. The audience was deathly silent.

A heavy chord seemed to strike Steve in the small of the back, so that he turned and bashed his handcuffed arms against the steel bars of the cage. It hurt. It hurt every living soul in the audience.

'No . . .'

It was a whisper, a hiss of pain from girls with tears in their eyes.

The boys in the audience pounded their fists into their palms. The girls thrust knuckles into their mouths and chewed them.

Steve hammered his head once more against the bars, and slumped to his knees. Then he struggled up with his mouth slackly open and blood running down his face. And he sang.

**'I see it all before me;
My path's a restless wander.
My days and nights are torment,
A world of misery.
The bonds of retribution
Now laid so carefully —
I cannot shed my pain so easily
. . .'**

He held up his shackled wrists and thrust them towards the audience.

**'No look, my spirit's broken.
Look, no will to live,
Look, my body's aching.**



Steven Shorter (Paul) plays one of the most shocking scenes in the film

**Look, my hands are tied.
Look, I need my freedom:
Look, no, not sympathy.
Look, you needn't love me —
Just set me free, set me free, set
me free . . .'**

Steve's arms strained in supplication. As the music throbbed in a rising dirge, the audience hoarsely chanted back:

'Free! . . . Free . . . free . . . free!'

The whole point of the act, as Alvin had brightly explained when they devised it some time ago, was that each time an audience came, they expected to see Steve free. Of course they were never allowed to. Which was why they came again.

Girls screamed. A group of boys formed up and made a savage attack on the stage.

Steve was dragged away. The warders hustled him into a corner of the corridor and unlocked the handcuffs. A dresser came forward with a towel. Steve spat. Blood seeped from a corner of his mouth, and his wrists were red and raw.

Martin Crossley appeared. He was suave and unruffled. In the background Alvin Kirsch was crying 'Wasn't that the greatest — was that, or was it not, just sensational . . . just sensational?' but Crossley was calm. He had been in charge of Steve for a long time

now and his excitement was a civilised excitement—or, rather, gratification. Things had worked out as he had planned, and that was gratifying.

He looked down at Steve, making sure he was still in working order.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

■ At the celebration party after the show, everyone is happy.

Vanessa looks over at Steve. Abruptly he stares back and she smiles at him. He comes over and, surprisingly, asks Vanessa to dance.

After their second dance together, Alvin Kirsch appears, insisting that Steve circulate with the rest of the guests and suggesting what a thrill it would be to stroll through the Dream Palace.

These Steve-orientated Palaces are in all the big cities. A Steve Shorter hit plays every hour on the hour and nearly every garment and article on each floor has a Steve Shorter publicity tag or photo attached to it. Even the Christmas stickers Steve sponsored the year before brought in a million pounds. "He gives himself away. Always giving—that's Steve," says Alvin. But what does anyone do for Steve, Vanessa thinks to herself.

The first three attempts at the portrait were failures so Vanessa just follows Steve around, trying to get the odd sketch.

She goes with Steve and his backing group, The Runner Beans, to a recording session. She doesn't think there will be many people there, but there are, as always. It gets to the point where she tells Martin Crossley that the portrait can only be painted on *her* terms, when and where she wants, and Steve agrees with her. He promises he will come to her studio.

When he does, the thought of making love to Steve hits Vanessa as she stares at the divan in the studio. What would it be like? In that closeness, would she discover what the real Steven Shorter is like, who he really is beneath the image. He notices. But, since she isn't sure of how he feels towards her, she carries on with her painting, trying desperately still to capture the real Steven Shorter on canvas.

Meanwhile, although Steven Shorter Enterprises thrive, they have nevertheless reached commercial saturation point. The men behind him have a brainwave. Why not make Steven Shorter *repent*? Make him say he is sorry for all he has done—for his fantastic fame, his domination of his fans, the commercialisation. Why not let him announce he will conform? The youth of Britain will be purified through Steve! Steve will win through once again to even *greater* fame!

His entourage finally agree that his new image should be contracted to the combined Churches of Britain. Clergy need an audience, and they must seek a big name for the top of the bill to get the people coming back into the churches. It is Steve, and he has the image to launch the magnificent Christian Crusade Week. Even the Prime Minister promises to attend.

Steve's new L.P.'s are planned. They are to be titled, Steve Shorter sings to God, Steve Shorter's Favourite Hymns, On your Knees with Steve.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

STEVE'S CRUSADE — an exclusive extract from the novel

●● A salvo of guns thundered into the night. There was another overwhelming drum roll, and the marching and counter-marching began again. The lights picked out one contingent after another: the Boy Scouts and the Boys' Brigade, the British Legion, Girl Guides, all swinging their arms and shaking the arena with the tread of their feet. Flags dipped as they passed the rostrum, where the Bishop of Essex smiled and went on smiling, smiling.

Banners were carried high. 'REPENT', said one. 'IS YOUR SOUL AT SEA?' asked another.

The sturdier marchers were marshalled around the edges of the arena, while down

the centre came a straggling flotilla of cripples in wheelchairs. With their guarding nurses and attendants they moved slowly towards a specially roped-off area close to the dais.

The bands and the drums clashed in a last exhilarating discord. Some watching deity seemed to take a deep breath, and all at once the loudspeakers began to shout forth the 'Hallelujah Chorus'.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

■ The Bishops and the speaker, Jeremy Tate, take their places. Jeremy Tate begins his sermon, telling the audience that the message is . . . I WILL CONFORM. This is what Steve is about to preach to them all.

FORGIVE US ALL—an exclusive extract from the novel

●● There was a roar of applause. Jeremy Tate raised his arms and said: 'And now — who do you want to see? Who do you want to listen to? Who can persuade you . . . ?'

He was drowned by the jubilation.

'Steve . . .'

There was a clear pathway down the centre of the arena. Steve Shorter stepped into it from the far end and walked slowly towards the dais. The howl that greeted him wavered, was broken by shocked exclamations, and then rose even more deliriously than at first. Steve was free. He was dressed

Continued on page 42 ● ● ●



Steven with Vanessa (Jean Shrimpton), the girl who changes his life



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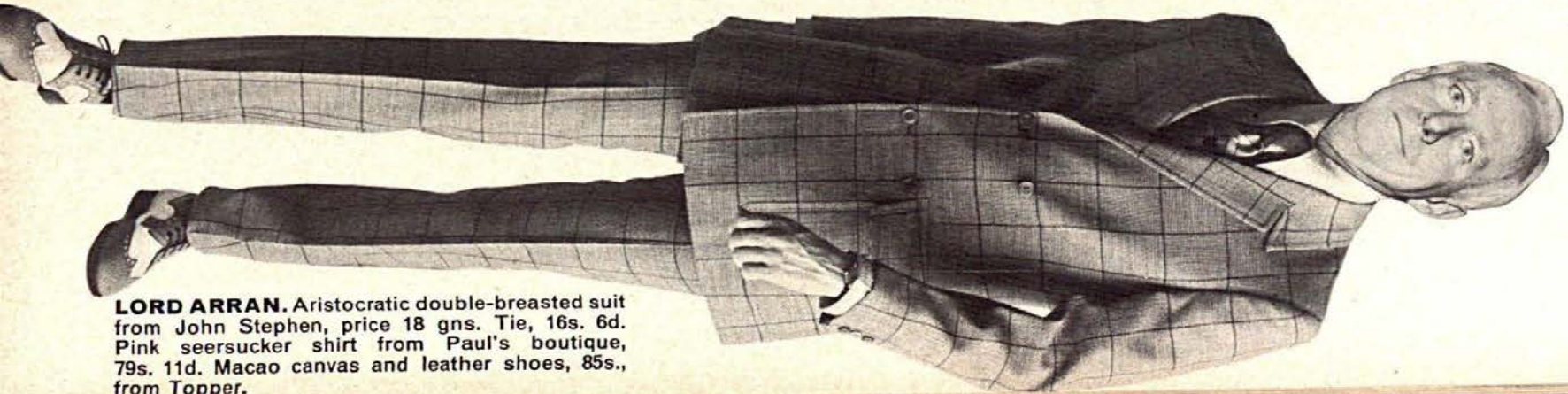
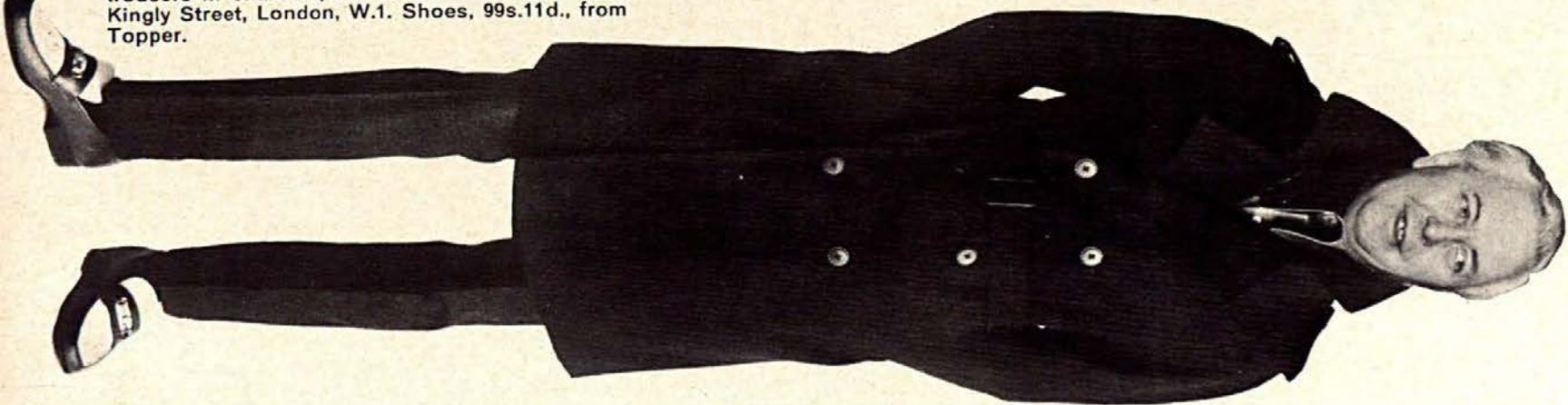
A NEW SLANT ON BOYS' FASHION!

Funny how many Top People are behind the times when it comes to clothes—although they're quite happy to comment on other people's taste! To brighten up their ideas, I've dressed three well-known public figures in some of the latest rave gear. Even if they never reach Westminster, they'll be all over Carnaby St!

GEORGE BROWN. He'd look great in this gear! Shirt, £5 19s. 6d. Cape and topcoat for spying! Coat, £9 19s. 6d, cape, £2. 19s. 6d. Trousers, £3 19s. 6d. All from Take Six, Wardour Street, London, W.1. Shoes, 69s. 11d., from Topper.



HAROLD WILSON. Prime ministerial shirt in purple satin with super puffed sleeves, £2 15s. Black trench coat, £17 17s. 6d. Wool hessian trousers in charcoal, £4 9s. All from Adam W.1, Kingly Street, London, W.1. Shoes, 99s.11d., from Topper.



LORD ARRAN. Aristocratic double-breasted suit from John Stephen, price 18 gns. Tie, 16s. 6d. Pink seersucker shirt from Paul's boutique, 79s. 11d. Macao canvas and leather shoes, 85s., from Topper.

PRIVILEGE—continued from page 39

in dazzling scarlet and as he walked he held up his hands, the wrists free, the handcuffs gone.

'Steve . . . Steve.'

The Bishops waited for him reverently. Jeremy Tate held out his arms in greeting.

Cameras pointed up from below the rostrum, and bulbs exploded.

Steve put up his arm to shield his face. Vanessa had thought he would be used to this by now, but each stab of light, each roar of the crowd, seemed to be hitting him like a separate, jabbing blow.

The Bishops retreated. Steve was alone before the microphone.

The music inexorably began.

He began to sing.

He started with such restraint that Vanessa did not recognise the number. Then she and a thousand others knew, but were still bewildered.

It was 'Free Me'. But not the 'Free Me' they had known.

**'I see it all before me;
My past a restless wander,
An evil heart within me,
An evil hand to hold.
But in my hour of darkness
A sun began to shine;
A sweeping spirit moved me,
A shining light was mine . . .**

**Oh Father, Father
Your Children call,
Descend among us—
Forgive us all.'**

It was finished. Steve sagged, the song and torment done. There was no beating of hands against bars, no fighting warders. This time there was sobbing—true sadness, real tears, a real sense of awe in the stadium.

Steve came down from the dais.

The crowd in the stadium moaned and began to cry and wail and shout messages into the sky—fragments of half-forgotten hymns, prayers once memorised as gibberish and now acquiring terrible new meaning.

It was estimated later that 17,500 men, women and children had given themselves to God. More than half of them begged that Steven Shorter should act as their intermediary from now on, today and tomorrow and for ever and ever.

18,432 seats were damaged.

An estimated thirty-four crippled or invalid people underwent what could only be described as a miraculous cure.

The gate money was believed to exceed £135,000.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

■ Shortly after this fantastic night, Steve visits Vanessa again at the studio. It is here she realises at last she loves him.

She begs him to stop all this Steven Shorter myth, to leave it and get out. She kneels by his side. She begs him not to go on with his life the way it is—to escape . . .

She touches his scarred shoulders, remnants from his old stage act, throwing himself against the bars of the cage. He seizes her in his arms and makes love to her silently and savagely.

Lying close to Steve, she remembers that, once before, she said she would never fall in love. Steve says "What if I wanted to marry you?" She fumbles for words, says it wouldn't work, she is a private person. She couldn't stand all the photographers everywhere, personal questions being asked. It would all be hopeless she tells him, she'd have to get in the queue, or ask Martin Crossley's permission to jump the queue.

A few days later a big presentation is planned for Steve. It's going to be a surprise.

The Bishops, promoters and exploiters, all the top names in the business are there. He is to be presented with a platinum statuette that plays 'Ave Maria'. To great applause it is handed to Steven. He stands there holding the statuette—silent Vanessa watches, worried, not another manufactured scene she hopes.

At last Steven Shorter speaks . . .



A dramatic moment in the film. Steven Shorter (Paul Jones) attempts to reform the young generation he has devastated



Steve—and his image

“Five years ago I... I was in Borstal, Rodney House. They... teach you there. Teach you to listen. And do what you're told.”

Julie Jordan was smiling. Alvin Kirsch was smiling. The Bishop of Essex nodded gravely. He was all in favour of the purgative beauty of confession. They hadn't expected Steve to begin his speech quite like this, but they were sure he had something of great significance to say.

“I listened,” said Steve. “I... did what I was told. And since I've been out, I haven't changed.”

“I... I'm not different,” he said wonderingly. “But you all worship me. I can't stop you. You worship me as though... as though I were some sort of God. But I'm not, I'm Steve Shorter. Just me. I've got two arms, two legs and a head, just like anyone else. And yet you worship me.” He held out the platinum statuette and shook it as though

to shake some final truth out of it. “What d'you think you're doing? What are you doing to me? I... I hate you all!”

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

■ The evening papers were filled with the news. Radio and TV. churn out news bulletins. Reporters are taking snap-judgement polls in the street, receiving such remarks as, “I think he is trying to blame us for something, but I didn't get half of what he said. He's like all stars, if you ask me—getting too big for his boots.”

On the whole, Steven Shorter's public don't take his speech too kindly. Vanessa tells Martin Crossley that it is obvious it was all getting too much for him. The only solution Martin can think of is for Steve to apologise. He gets in touch with the TV. Controller, telling him that Steven Shorter will be making an announcement, everyone must watch and listen to it. Yes, he'll definitely be there. Martin is sure he can talk Steve round.

A crowd is gathering outside in the street. Vanessa and Martin go in to Steve, where Alvin is already trying to persuade Steve to apologise. Martin tells him of the TV. hook-up in an hour. Martin tells him what he wants Steve to say, but Steve already knows what he is going to say. Steve is sorry, but he means it, he does hate them. It isn't their fault, he just hates the whole racket.

Steve holds out his hand to Vanessa. She feels she has to stand by him. She believes in him, loves him and now there is a chance for them to be happy. Now she has to realise that he isn't Steven Shorter, she is faced with the responsibility of knowing the real Steve.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

AMEN—an exclusive extract from the novel

“Well, we learn from our mistakes. And they don't come much bigger than that one. Any more Steven Shorters come along, we know just what to watch out for.”

Maybe we cut out the Bishops and that gang next time. That holier-than-thou image doesn't work so well, so maybe we find the right boy, the nice level-headed boy who knows how to behave and how to be grateful, and we make him a kind of humanist idol. Someone with social consciousness or something—nothing to do with politics, of course.

Not that you can blame the Bishops and their boys. Steve Shorter gave them a nasty knock. “We can't accept the view of anyone who preaches hate”, as the Bishop of Essex said. “Most distressing. He said, “I hate you”, and that will never do. We preach the doctrines of love.” So they're all off on a new kick, trying hard to forget Steve Shorter and every word he ever uttered.

That goes for us, too.

Andrew Butler put it pretty well when he announced that he couldn't continue to be associated with Steven Shorter Enterprises. The first one to back out, actually—smoothly and very fast. His duty, he said, was to his investors, and Steve was no longer a good investment from anyone's point of view. We're not just talking of money, of course: Julie Jordan has said often enough, goodness knows, that you can't reduce everything to terms of money. Steve, you might say, isn't a good investment for anyone from any point of view. Not a good moral investment, if you want it laid on the line.

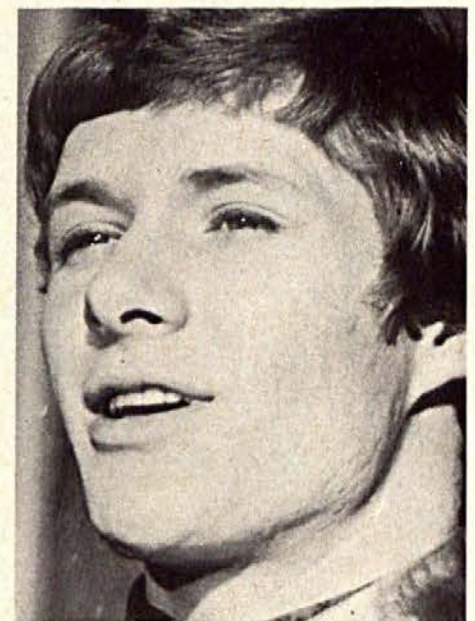
Perhaps, as Andrew says, there'll come a time when it'll be possible to mention Steve Shorter again. We don't know what's happening to him now and it's better that we shouldn't know. We've got enough to worry about. One thing is for sure: he won't ever make a comeback. Not while he's alive. After he's dead there may be a vogue, the way there is in these things—a sort of nostalgia. We'll hold on to the copyrights and hope that maybe one day, when all is forgotten and forgiven, there may be a little bit in it for all of us.

He could have been such a terrific boy. We did our best for him. Maybe now he knows what he has lost. We really wanted him to turn out good.

But in this game you don't give up. There's always somebody else coming along. If there's a big gap like that, it's got to be filled. We have a few ideas right now and we're working on them. And you'll find out in good time. Oh, you'll find out—never fear, we'll let you know when there's something worth knowing, when it's all well and truly packaged.

Like the man said, there are two nations. Us and you. A few of us who dish it out and a lot of you who love to take whatever we dish out. It's our duty, and we won't let you down.

Fear not. All will be well.



Who is the real Steve?

RAVING REPORTS

A rave look at the general scene!

■ Not everybody in Spain is content with their own Beatle, El Cordobes. Fifteen year old Ofelia Estecha is a raving English Beatles fan and also a very good painter, which is why four of the paintings in her recent exhibition in London — her fourteenth international one-woman show — were portraits of the Beatles. The one thing about coming to London that excited Ofelia most was the hope that she might be able to present her pictures to the Beatles in person. But as we British Beatles fans know, they're not that easy to get in touch with, and when Ofelia returned to Spain she still hadn't met them, and was very, very disappointed. A great pity, because the pictures are really good.

■ Signed, sealed and delivered in a tin. Open it up and it's as fresh as the day you bought it.



Spanish Beatle fan Ofelia Estecha with her portraits of the Fab Four

Stack it on a shelf for easy storage in your wardrobe. Wardrobe?

Oh yes, we forgot to tell you. It's not peaches or coffee or even peanuts we're talking about . . . it's a dress! The latest crazy fashion idea from the States, where almost everything comes out of a can, is Le Canned Dress. Only the size

of a one pound coffee tin, Le Canned Dress costs twenty-five dollars (about £8) and comes in a choice of three styles and six different colour combinations. So when you're feeling fashion hungry, just open a can!

Question: When is a mini skirt no longer a mini skirt?

Answer: When it is a light!

And that's not as unfunny as you might think. One girl has come up with a solution for her cast off mini skirt and turned it into a lampshade! Just when she thought it was time to throw it out, she hit on a bright idea, hung it over a lampshade frame, tightened the belt and there it was . . . the latest in interior design! Makes you wonder what could be done with knickers, doesn't it?

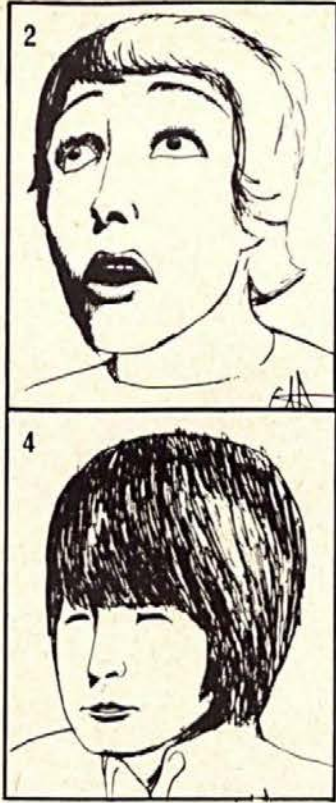
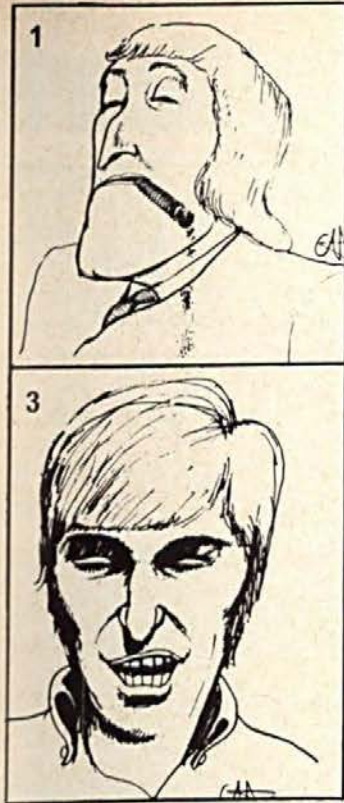
■ The French have a way with fashion, as everyone knows, but we'd really like to see their latest fashion idea copied over here. It's not so much the clothes, more the way they are presented. "Dim, Dam, Dom"

is the most way-out French television show you could imagine . . . and the most way-out fashion show! Girls model fur coats by swinging from tree to tree in a jungle; persian cats play with thousands of pounds worth of jewellery; girls in underwear and nightdresses fling themselves into the arms of statues of famous men. Now that Ready, Steady, Go has disappeared, an idea like this is just the thing to liven up television for ravers. How about it TV. companies?

■ How would you like to chat on the telephone to that fabulous Monkee Davy Jones? March RAVE is offering you this exclusive opportunity to talk to the most raveable member of the group that's knocking everyone out on both sides of the Atlantic! And that's not the only rave happening you'll find in the next issue of RAVE. There are colour pics of the Monkees, the Troggs and Scott Walker, a feature on the Carnaby Street of Paris, and lots, lots more!



Latest rave—the mini skirt lampshade



Pop stars drawn by Cat Stevens. Who are they?

■ Talented Cat Stevens, who sings, plays guitar and writes his own songs, has one more ace up his sleeve. Remember that he went to art school? Well, above are four of his lightning impressions of well-known pop personalities for you to identify. They're such clever likenesses that it shouldn't be too hard, so there are no clues! Answers are at the bottom of the page.

■ Watch out for the Jimi Hendrix Experience. They're a new group to hit the club scene, and if you've never heard of them (him, it) then let Jimi tell you all about it himself.

"I was born in Seattle, Washington, U.S.A. on November 27th, 1945, at the age of zero. Started a band with a fellow who played funky funky bass. We played all through the south and had a

Jimi Hendrix: wild!



home gig in Nashville. Man, I got bored stiff playing in one area too long, so copped a ride to the "big apple"—New York City. One of the Isley Brothers saw me play and said he had a job. Sleeping outside between them tall tenements was hell—rats running across your chest, cockroaches stealing your last candybar from your very pockets." So he took the job. The first of many playing for big names like Solomon Burke, Ike and Tina Turner, Little Richard and B. B. King, who he claims has influenced his guitar playing if anyone has.

"Man, I had these ideas and sounds in my brain, and playing other people's music *all the time* was hurting me. A little English friend helped me and persuaded Chas Chandler of the Animals to come down where we were gigging and give an ear. We came here to England and all we have to do is Create Create music and our own personal sound."

Jimi is a wild player to watch on stage . . . he plays guitar with his hands, his feet and his teeth! What's more, he can play two guitars at once! They are calling him the negro Bob Dylan round the clubs, so keep listening for his "personal sound" with his latest record, "Hey Joe".

Answers: 1. Jimmy Saville. 2. Mike d'Abco. 3. George Fame. 4. Brian Wilson.



"Sorry you can't come away with us. You should be an S.E.N. like me — have some time off once in a while!"

"Well—maybe. But how about your pay?"

"I bet I make more than you do in that dim office. Even in training, I was paid!"

"You're probably right—but how do you stand the discipline?"

"Discipline? Your miles out of date! I'm a qualified nurse, 1967 style. We only have ordinary common sense rules!"

"But I don't think I'd be accepted. No G.C.E.s for one thing."


"Not needed, either! It's mainly practical work. Just good sense and the wonderful free training — that makes the difference. You can choose to do it in a General hospital or a Psychiatric one. Two fab. years!"

"I have to admit I've been envying you. My job is dull—and you always look so happy!"

"I am. It's a fascinating life being a State Enrolled Nurse. And I do get around!"

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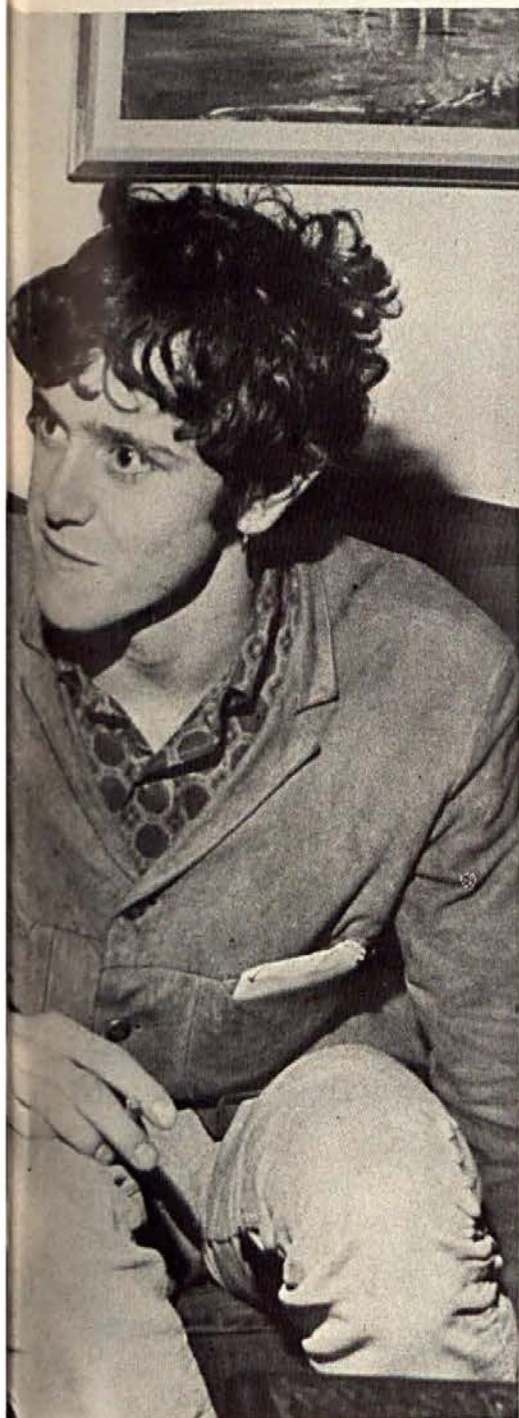
AGE _____

Alan Freeman in an exclusive Heart-to- THE NEW DONOVAN A MELLOW FEEL



RAVE's Alan Freeman chats over coffee in his London flat to the new Donovan: more confident, more inspired

Heart with VAN. LOW



More swinging

The Donovan of '67 is a changed star from the one we once knew. A big, new, confident sound has replaced that frail voice and lonely, strumming guitar. And the coming release of his new disc "Mellow Yellow" should prove that Donovan is, at last, a mellow fellow!

It was just over a year since Donovan had sat where he was sitting now, his slender figure hunched forward as he talked. In that time a lot had happened and a lot had changed. There had been suffering and there had been success. But most of all there had come maturity and the iron determination that marks off the real artist from the strike-it-lucky kind.

This was the new Donovan, his mistakes behind him and never to be repeated, in full control at last of his own ideas and his own career. He had always been worth listening to for the vivid, colourful freshness of his conversation. But now, with the original shyness and hesitancy gone from his manner, it was really a kick to switch on one of the most fluent minds on the music scene today and to hear Don open up with total frankness.

"It's no good trying to catch the wind", he had said and sung in the early days. And that's one belief of his that hasn't altered. "As I go on," he said, "the more I look to the future. The past disappears, except for the real and intense things."

Don made certain he would not spoil the wonderful chance that so many pop people get all the time but hardly ever seem to use—the chance of seeing the world. Not in an exhausting rush of dates and schedules, hotels and airports that hurl you halfway across the world, but prevent you from enjoying it. That was no good for Donovan and his loyal friend Gypsy Dave. They wanted to give the experience the time it deserved, to taste the genuine flavour of far-away countries coolly and completely.

"I went to America and worked there for a while," Don said. "Then I went on to Mexico and spent some time down there. Then I went on to Greece. I was able to concentrate on writing without the pressure of having to get records ready for fixed release dates. I was able to think and work in freedom."

The Trip

"First I worked in California at The Trip. That's the big place on Sunset Strip. It's turned into a Tamla-Motown scene now, but before it used to have Dylan, the Lovin' Spoonful and the English-influenced groups. We put on a show there that blew a lot of people's minds. Opening night was great. When I came off after one of my sets I realised that Anthony Newley had been sitting there digging me. For me that was a highlight, because I dig *him* so much.

"After The Trip I went down to Mexico, to this white sand beach and the steaming jungle behind it. Beautiful. I stayed there, a retired writer in the sun. It was as if the twentieth-century had never been. I'd flown into the sixteenth century, with Spanish ships bobbing in the bay, grass huts, scorpions, all the sounds of the

jungle, and best of all, no crowds"

"There was Gyp and I, my manager Ashley Kovacs and his wife. Just the four of us at first, then later on music people we knew in California and New York would come down. The year went.

"Next I ended up in Greece, on an island in the Aegean. I rented a stone dwelling on the mountain-side. The windows were just holes looking down on the valleys. I bought a donkey, and we used the donkey to get up and down the mountain. We had good times there too. Very good times. I still have the house, but whether I'll renew the lease I don't know. I went there to find something and Greece didn't have it. It was flooded with tourists, the sea was traversed with pleasure ships and the whole feel was lost.

"I came back to London, and just about then all my business things were coming to their inevitable end."

No Control

I got some coffee for us, and said, "I heard around that a lot of people were doing well out of you."

Don nodded ruefully. "You heard right, Alan. They were into me pretty deep. The trouble was that I was always a bit removed from the pop scene, coming on as a folk singer. I never wanted to make that scene really, just wanted to make music in it. All I wanted was enough money to let me do my own things my own way. But then I found that you can't do anything you want to do unless you control it all yourself. Otherwise you don't have a say in the product or the business.

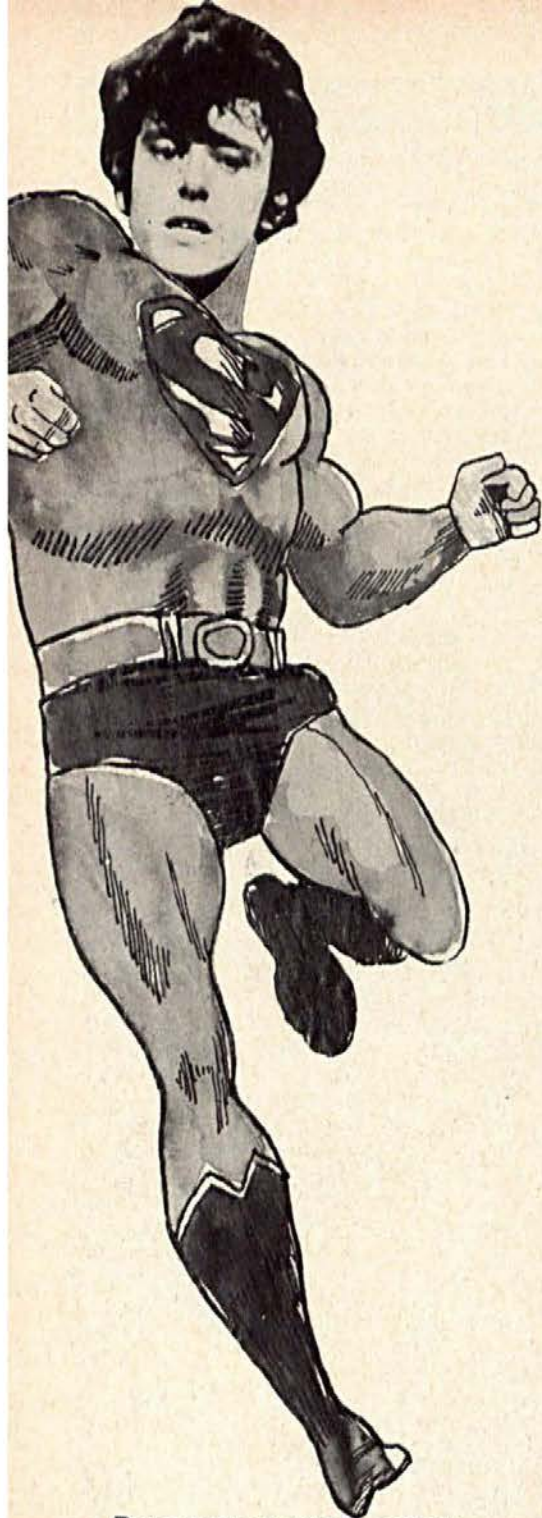
"There were times when Gyp and I said, 'Okay, let's leave it. Let's go—Istanbul, India, it doesn't matter. They can have it'.

"Then I thought: 'No, there's something here I want to do first'. So I stayed, and I got it written into my contracts that I would have control over artistic things and money as well. It's all worked out well.

"It takes care of the packaging of Donovan the pop singer, but it also lets me move about in other fields, like children's records, which I'm interested in. I want to sing not only to the young of this generation, but also to *their* children—the two year olds and three year olds of the mod marriages. I want to sing to them about truth and love, so that they don't get stunted by Batman.

"I'm free now of all those business things that hung me up, so now I can involve myself with doing the art side. It's a shame that a writer has to halve his earnings with other people, but I couldn't revolutionise that. Anyhow, I've done something to improve it. What I've got now is good for me."

I asked Don how he organises the work of writing, composing and transforming ● ●



Donovan: a pop superman

- his ideas into records as well as turning out a steady stream of poems.

"I could put over my ideas for songs but I couldn't write the dots for music. So I started to work with John Cameron, the harpsichordist and pianist on my records. That turned out great, because he can write, not just arrange, for songs. He can paint under every word. John's not like me at all. He's a beer-drinking bloke from the Royal College of Music. But we move together like glove and hand. Everything I do I play to him on guitar and tape. We don't have to categorise. He knows when the thing should have a Mose Allison feel or an MJQ jazz feel or a classical feel.

"I've never recorded much of other people's work, except at the beginning when I did some things by friends just to get them some money. I can interpret

another man's work, but the person I can get nearest is me. I write so much these days that I'm always ahead. I always have more songs than I can put on LPs."

Don opened a packet he had brought with him. "By the way, Alan, I wanted you to hear a couple of these—some new pieces I've done for an album." He handed me several test discs in their plain white sleeves. "Don't be too critical about the sound, because they're just rough mixes."

Jazz Influence

I slipped them on the hi-fi and we listened. The most noticeable aspect of Donovan's latest work is the greater note of confidence that runs through it. Gone is the frail and plaintive little-guy-against-big-world feeling that he used to inspire on stage and disc alike. The backings were bigger and fuller. Even the voice and guitar numbers had far more body and depth. And he swings more now, with a slight but evident jazz influence. But the lyrics and the ideas and the images of the songs still preserved the strikingly original light and shade of true poetry. Here and there you can catch traces of the protest outlook, though Donovan's personal type of protest never depended on moans and complaints. Instead of taking the easy way out and putting down the over-familiar targets, he has usually tried to make his dissatisfaction positive, assertive and creative.

To me, at any rate, a Donovan song has generally been a concept that said yes instead of no . . . a skilful, gentle formula that got its results by more or less saying: Okay, if this or that bugs you, dig whatever charms and delights you. It's easier than you think. But I suppose it's no use picking a poem apart to see why it appeals to you—when you're purring in the sunshine who cares that it's made up of indigo and ultra-violet and how's-your-father?

"It's like a record itself," said Donovan. "I don't know a lot about how a record works, but I dig it. You can say it's just a way of putting music on a flat surface, a round piece of a twentieth-century substance.

"But it's a lot more than that. It's a marvellous thing, a perfect thing. I would say that the response to a new record is the equivalent of the days when a generation used to await the coming of a new book by a popular author. It's the right form for this time. We need a condensed form because life is lived fast now. So Paul McCartney writes the equivalent of a novel in two minutes forty-five, called 'Eleanor Rigby'.

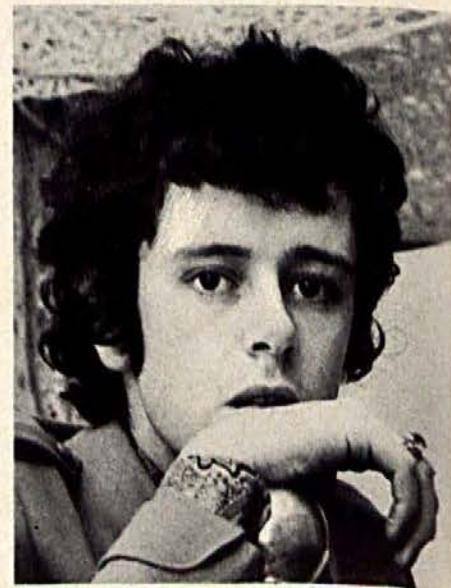
"Our generation has less time. So the time for peaceful thoughts is, say, ten minutes whereas it used to be three hours. Therefore they want to grasp at the essence, the reality, without wading through all the guff to get there.

"People talk about 'pop music'. I call it the most important communication of today, because it's *listened* to. They extract the feeling from it. And there's only one subject really. It's truth, compassion, softness. I'm very pleased and excited to be part of a movement like that. But we're working under the eyes of a world that doesn't completely understand. Only the young eyes understand



"I don't criticise now"

that there is a change. And in that change is this movement that began six or seven years ago. Now pop music has matured, and the writers have matured, the ones like McCartney, Lennon, Sebastian, Townshend and Dylan (if he comes back). The movement is made up of lots of freak strains, different strains. Some will be nearer the essence and some farther away. But we're all in it together, doing the same thing. And that's why, although I was rebelling and putting down everyone else's work two years ago, I don't criticise anyone today. I'm thinking of all the young people in the world who are



"Understanding is living"

going through this change or helping to make it."

At that moment in the conversation the evening papers came through the letter-box, with their glum tidings of Vietnam and the latest jailbreak. Don shrugged.

"They try to make their news so important, so intense, when we know it's rubbish, just a bit of paper, the blues of the world moaning about their goofs. But when somebody young writes to you from Sweden or Germany or America about a song they've heard and say, 'Yes that's feeling' . . . that's when you start to understand how much love there is and how much love is wanted. That understanding is the beginning of living.

"The good things of life are lying there asleep under a thin layer of the draggy things. Just by cutting that layer, anyone can find out the same things I found out. And personally I'm very happy now, more at peace than I have ever been."

Law Scene

Sensing that I was circling as tactfully as I could towards a painful question, Donovan beat me to it with extraordinary frankness. "I think I know what you were wanting to ask, Alan. That scene with the Law, right?"

I nodded.

"Well," he said, "first of all I had to go through all this humdrum thing about business and my earnings. I wanted to get what I should have been getting. So I had to hire lawyers to explain my side. It went on for a long time. It stopped me from working as I wanted to work. I was annoyed and depressed, very depressed, and I had this drug scene. It all seemed as if it was going to cripple me in music, and I was scared. But I held on and followed it through and I was able to begin again.

"I was very lucky. Nobody gets two chances and wins on the second one. I believe that that year was meant to be a year of maturing for me. I had thought at the time that some force was out to pull me down, though I probably brought about the circumstances myself. But there was a certain group of people who wanted to take a punch at me, and they did."

"You mean a tip-off?"

"Yes. But it's not worth worrying about now. The wonderful part was the letters I got, even from Iceland, saying 'Best of luck, Don. I hope it's all over for you soon so you can start again'. There was abuse too, but then I got other letters afterwards, saying, 'I'm sorry I wrote like that. Now that I've thought about it, I didn't really mean it'. I never wanted to disgust society—I wanted to do everything I could to enhance it. I was lucky that so many people seemed to understand that and stood by me."

I asked Don what lay ahead on his new road.

He said, "I think the next word is going to be philosorock. I've been talking about that a lot lately. Sung poetry, with the matured writers as the exponents of it. I see everything merging into one great scene, the young scene. It'll take in everything we think of as separate now—pop

and classical songs, dancing, films, dramatics. I've got artists drawing for me. I'm writing operatic things, but we're not going to think of it as drawing or opera. It'll be just the pop scene, the new scene. There's a big mixing coming."

Surfacing from this busy vision, I remembered my courtesies as a host and said, "Is there anything I can mix you before we break up?"

"If it's all the same to you," said Donovan unpoetically, "I'll settle for a cheese sandwich."

I made one for each of us and we sat there with our feet up, munching and

listening to people singing and changing the world and freaking-out and rebelling, and bringing up mod families and digging the essence and generally contributing to the universal scene of scenes. But somehow I got the feeling that Donovan was hearing more than I was in some of today's records.

A great deal more. Still, it's a novelty to talk to somebody in these times who believes that the goodies are certain to win. According to the draggy headlines in the evening papers they were for the moment having as tough a time as ever.

All the same . . . stay bright!



And the future? "There's a whole scene coming" says Don



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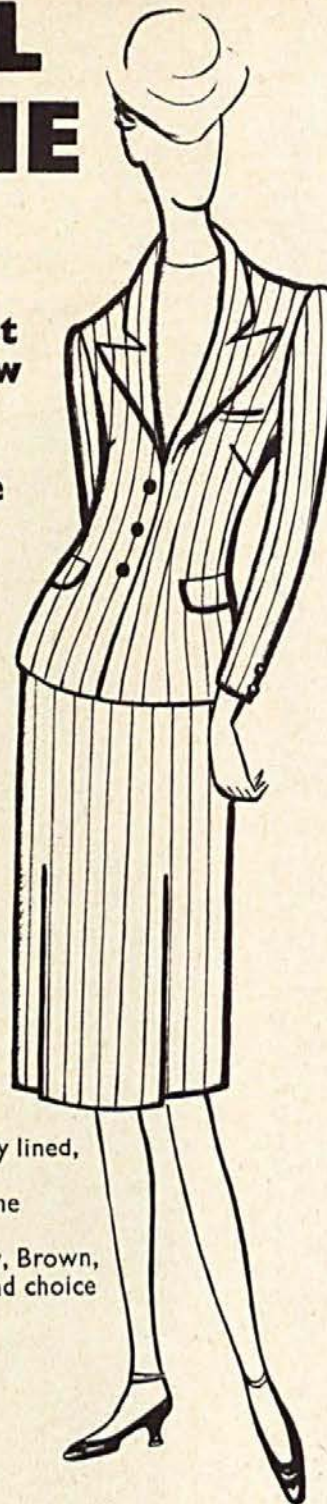
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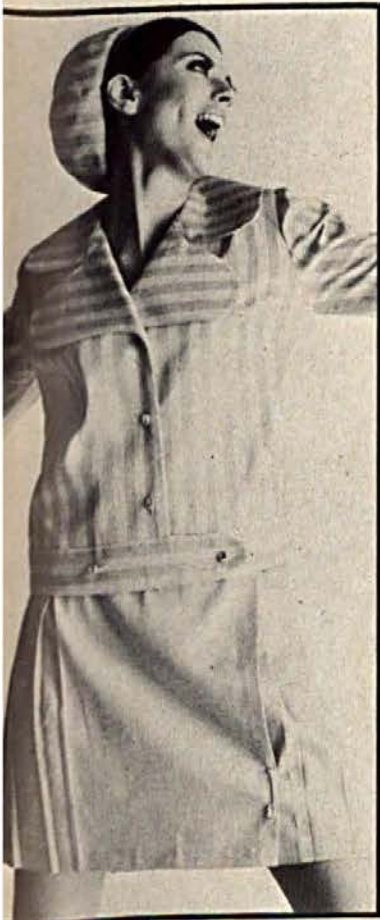
R.A.(2)

TODAY'S RAVES

■ The new shape for spring and summer is stiff-necked and Victorian. Square necks and puffed sleeves with high, square shoulders, but very short skirts make up the dress which is demure and baby doll at the top, but ends abruptly at mid-thigh. All sorts of citrus colours for this look—lime, orange and lemon. As for suits and spring coats, Alexon have some gorgeous tailored clothes, very elegant, heavy seams and a young, geometrical look. Average price for a coat, 10 gns.

■ Latest fabric for shirts is wool jersey, in very plain colours and a classic style, only close-fitting and tailored. Looks great worn under a mini-pullover or with a tie of the same fabric as your skirt.

■ Kilts are still in, but the swirl of the tartan has vanished back to Scotland. All sorts of variations are in the shops, such as kilt dresses or kilt suits, like this one from Jon Adam at 5½ gns. Kilts pure and simple are coming in the maddest fabrics, floral prints and wild-coloured stripes, so keep an eye open for Travers Tempo kilts in bright, flowered prints at £2 12s. 6d. They make for a really swinging spring!



New: the kilt suit



A conchilla scarf

■ Warmest thing around anybody's neck this winter is a scarf in conchilla, not a new sort of animal that nobody's ever heard of, but thick stripes of coney and chinchilla. The one above costs 7 gns. at the Three Seasons Boutique, South Molton St., London, W.1. but why not make your own from the hem of the second-hand fur coat you've just shortened?

■ Billy Walker, the blond boxer, has joined the ranks of the discotheque owners with his own new club in Forest Gate, London, E.7, called The Upper Cut. All the top names have been booked into this club, so don't miss it! There's no membership, and entrance fees range from only 6s.!

■ Legs go luminous! Thanks to a knock-out new range of stockings in rainbow crêpe colours such as mango, lime, primrose, lilac and pretty pink, legs stay in the lime-(no joke intended) light in 1967. Team with the latest line in shoes: plain, flattering shapes in bright, electric colours. Medway, Biba, and Galeries Lafayette stock shelves full of gorgeous shoes in every butterfly colour imaginable. The shoes are quite expensive, average price £5, but the

stockings, by Sunarama, at 6s. 11d., are cheap and very cheerful. Try wearing a different colour on each leg!

■ Penny plain and tuppence coloured for underwear this year. Only the coloured bit is up to you. Buy very plain, white cotton underwear and dye it in bright, hard colours like scarlet and emerald. Frills and fancies are out, just as they are for coats and dresses, so look out for strong lines and strong colours, and if the colours aren't strong enough for you, dye your own!

■ UFO is the latest and most way-out club to hit the London scene. UFO, short for Unidentified Flying Object, has the Pink Floyd as resident group, so—can't be bad. But UFO has much more to offer than music. The programme each Friday night includes Andy Warhol films, flashing lights, weird effects, dancing girls and fashion shows. It all happens at 31, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1. Entrance is 10s. for members, 15s. for non-members.

■ If your hair has ever turned green when you tinted it, then a useful address to remember is Richard Conway's Ginger Group salon in Raphael St., London, S.W.7. They have a Put It Right Room where they will tell you, free of charge, where you went wrong, or, if you've lost your nerve completely, put it right for you!

■ Another way-out idea is the zippy dress. It undoes up and down, sideways and inside out! A very dangerous proposition! It's bad enough when one zip goes, but sixty! Lots of potential for a fly-away effect with bits unzipped. From Miss Selfridge, 13 gns.

■ Great idea for cheapness is a draw-your-own dress! Make up your own mini shift in plain cotton, and then cover it with your own crazy designs

using a Spirograph, a toy that draws thousands of patterns. You can buy a Spirograph at most toy shops, price 35s.

■ Another new club is to open in the heart of London—Sete E Meio, 5 Whitehorse Street, W.1. The design of the club is Edwardian, and the music is way-out! The club has its own restaurant, and the "guinea dinner" includes the club entrance if you go before nine. Membership costs three guineas a year and the entrance is ten shillings for members and guests. Entrance is half price after two-thirty!

The 'zippy' dress



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I've Been A Bad, Bad Boy—Paul Jones.

■ Written by Mike Leander and Mark London, the song is from Paul's new film "Privilege". "I've Been A Bad, Bad Boy" is very catchy and pleasant to listen to. Much more tuneful than "High Time". Deserves to be a bigger hit too. The flip, "Sonny Boy Williamson", written by Paul, is loaded with a wailing harmonica and is more like the Paul of the Manfred Mann days, but not quite so wonderful.

Let's Spend The Night Together / Ruby Tuesday—Stones

■ Both Keith and Mick compositions, produced by Andrew Oldham. Both are 'A' sides, but "Let's Spend The Night Together" is getting the plugs. It's wild, driving, with great vocal harmonising by Keith, Brian and Bill. Obviously an all-out effort to put the Stones back as a No. 1 Chart group after their "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby" didn't quite make the top. "Ruby Tuesday" opens with flutes, cello and piano, and is all about Ruby, the girl who changes with every new day. A Stones love lament. Our favourite is "Let's Spend The Night Together", what's yours?

Standing In The Shadow Of Love—Four Tops

■ Although another big hit for the Four Tops, definitely not as big as "Reach

the Whether chart

This is where we review the discs that make the Charts, and tell you whether or not we rate them!



Mindbenders Ric (left), Eric and Bob

Out, I'll Be There". That was a song in a million! It has the same driving formula as "Reach Out", the same tempo, but not their best. As the Tops are touring here it can't fail to be a big one, though.

Baby What I Mean—The Drifters

■ The Drifters are still going strong judging by their latest. Although the line-up changes from time to time the fabulous sound

is still there. This has a driving sound with a fast beat, but not quite outstanding enough to make it.

I Want Her, She Wants Me—Mindbenders

■ Written by Rod Argent of the Zombies, "I Want Her, She Wants Me" is actually happy and sounds very much like the Kinks in places. The song chugs along and the best part is the chorus. The flip, written

by Eric Stewart, "The Morning After", has a faster tempo, but isn't really outstanding.

Try A Little Tenderness—Otis Redding

■ Otis Redding, who usually likes to write his own hits, has delved back into the archives of hits gone by and come up with this old standard. A definite hit, full of soul and impact but slow tempo. The 'B' side "Sick Y'All", written by Redding, is up-tempo but pretty ordinary.

The Girl That Stood Beside Me—Bobby Darin

■ Another hit for Darin, but only just. The magic of "Carpenter" is not quite there, but he keeps up the jangly, folk-popsound well. And believe it or not, bagpipes appear on the Darin scene! The flip, "Reason To Believe", is a Tim Hardin song, and is more in the hit vein.

Can You Help Me—The Knickerbockers

■ The Knickerbockers are a fairly big group in the States and should get plenty of plugs here. The record moves and doesn't have any draggy bits in the middle. Although the singer sounds coloured; they are in fact a white group. If this one isn't a hit, it will cause enough interest to make the next one big.

On the flipside is "Please Don't Love Him"—quite fair.



Four Tops back again! L to r: Renaldo Benson, Levi Stubbs, Abdul Fakir and Lawrence Payton



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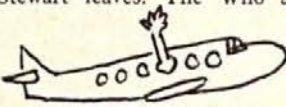


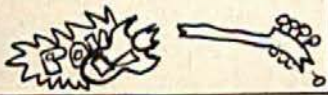
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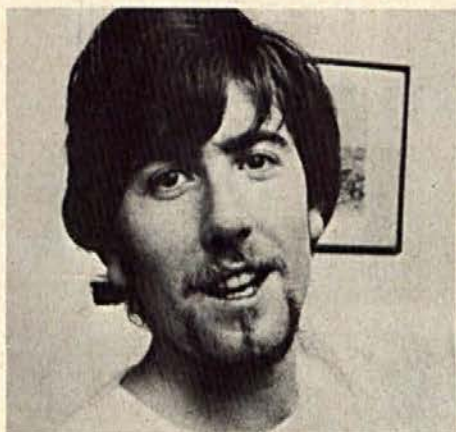
FEBRUARY - where it's at!

TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A POP LOVER

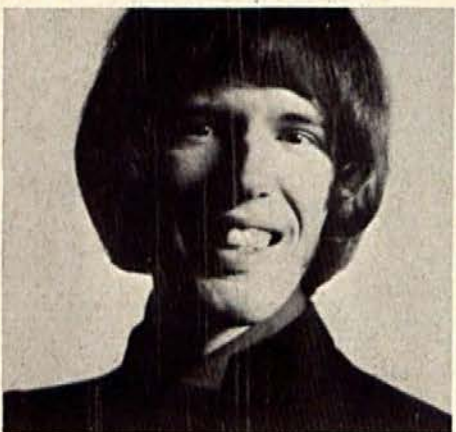


<p>1. The great Four Tops at Glasgow Odeon. Don Everly is 30 today. Lulu in panto at Wimbledon in "Babes in the Wood" till 4th.</p>	<p>11. Ringo's wedding anniversary today—two happily married years with Maureen. Congratulations!</p>	<p>21. New Proby E.P. out now, "Proby Again", and we may possibly be getting a personal appearance THIS month from Jim. Gene Pitney/Troggs—Wolverhampton Gaumont.</p>
<p>2. Four Tops at Sheffield City Hall. Graham Nash of the Hollies 25 today. Eric and the new Animals currently touring Italy. Donovan in Cannes for "International Gala Festival".</p>	<p>12. Billy Stewart leaves. The Who at Wembley.</p> 	<p>22. Chuck Berry at Stevenage Locarno and at London's Scotch Club. Gene Pitney/Troggs—Lincoln ABC.</p>
<p>3. Four Tops at Manchester Odeon. Val Doonican 38 today, Eric Haydock 24, Dave Davies 20. Merseys at Leeds.</p>	<p>13. Eric and the Animals to do 5-week tour of American colleges this month.</p>	<p>23. Tommy Moeller is 22 today. Chuck Berry playing at Streatham Locarno. Gene Pitney/Troggs—Hull ABC.</p> <p><i>Streatham tonight.</i></p>
<p>4. Troggs in France till 12th. Four Tops at Birmingham Odeon. Last night of the Dusty, Ryan Twins panto "Old King Cole" at Liverpool Empire. Ex-Animal John Steel 26 today.</p>	<p>14. St. Valentine's day—don't forget to get cards posted!</p>	<p>24. Gene Pitney/Troggs—Newcastle City Hall. Paul Jones 25 today. Duane Eddy at Manchester's Princess and Domino clubs. Chuck Berry at Durham and Newcastle Universities. The Who at Kirkcaldy.</p>
<p>5. Four Tops at Leicester de Montfort. Creation in Holland for 3-days of TV. work. The Cream and Billy Stewart at the Saville Theatre</p>	<p>15. Mick Avory of the Kinks 23 today. The Supremes are hoping to be here some time this month.</p>	<p>25. George Harrison 24 today, happy birthday George! Chuck Berry at Sussex University, Duane Eddy at Liverpool University. Sandie Shaw on TV. The Who at Perth. Pitney tour—Blackpool ABC.</p>
<p>6. Last day of Fats Domino stay. Dave Berry 26 today.</p> <p><i>Happy Birthday Dave.</i></p>	<p>16. Clive Lea of the Rockin' Berries 25 today, and so is Sonny Bono!</p> 	<p>26. Sandie Shaw 20 today. Duane Eddy at Birmingham Plaza. Edwin Starr and Garnett Mimms at the Saville Theatre. Pitney tour—Leicester de Montfort.</p>
<p>7. "Good Times" film expected to be released this month and Sonny and Cher will be coming over for a few days too!</p>	<p>17. Garnett Mimms and Chuck Berry arrive today—Chuck plays the Princess and Domino Clubs in Manchester. Gene Pitney is 27 today. Gene Pitney/Troggs tour—Finsbury Park Astoria.</p>	<p>27. Donovan off on a 32-day tour—to America, Hawaii, Australia and New Zealand! The Who in Glasgow.</p>
<p>8. Bournemouth group the Bunch playing at London's Playboy Club till 11th.</p>	<p>18. New Vaudeville Band arrives in U.S. for 1-month of touring. Chuck Berry at Manchester University. Gene Pitney/Troggs—Birmingham Odeon.</p>	<p>28. Brian Jones is 24 today. Happy birthday Brian! Pitney tour—Chester ABC.</p>
<p>9. Nicky Crouch of the Mojos 24 today. The Who at Coventry.</p>	<p>19. Chuck Berry stars at the Saville Theatre, London. Just Dennis 21 today. Gene Pitney/Troggs—Liverpool Empire.</p>	<p>NOTES</p> <p><i>Mamas & Papas here this month.</i></p> 
<p>10. The Who at Grimsby.</p> 	<p>20. Chuck Berry at Wolverhampton Queens. The Who at Cardiff. Gene Pitney/Troggs—Gloucester ABC.</p>	

FUN AND GAMES WITH



THE NASH



AND LEEDS

When two pop characters like Gary Leeds of the Walker Brothers and Graham Nash of the Hollies happen to be under the same roof, there is always fun and games! The evening they invited RAVE's Maureen O'Grady to their London flat was no exception! Accept our invitation to drop in on their conversation.

Graham Nash of the Hollies is a young man who knows where he's going and what he wants.

He invited me up recently to the flat he shares with Gary Leeds of the Walker Brothers, to talk about the great change in the Hollies over the past few months. Graham and Gary entered the flat carrying a large object on a tripod. "This machine can pick up any conversation or noise up to a mile away" they said excitedly, and while Graham sat down, Gary set up the machine.

"In the last six months the Hollies have changed" Graham said. "The reason why is that one day we looked at our bank balances and found that through bad handling we had lost £12,000, the equivalent of two years' money! Now we make our own decisions and are never going to rely on other people again. If we make mistakes we'll only have ourselves to blame, but that's how we want it."

We were interrupted by Gary stepping over the table looking for a plug and screwdriver to wire up his new "toy".

"How are you doing man?" asked Graham.

"Fine, won't be long now!" Gary replied eagerly.

"Musically we are trying to progress all the time," continued Graham, "but only so far. We want to take the fans with us. Take a group like the Yardbirds, now they went too far ahead of the kids and left them behind. We realised we weren't moving quickly enough, but now we've speeded up.

"We looked at the top of the Charts, at people like Dave Dee and the Troggs, and found that they were a new generation of pop, and that we could either fall behind them or lead them. I'm convinced the recording career of the Hollies has just started. We want to take pop forward, yet keep it pop. The group's songwriting is certainly better than it's ever been. I don't think the Hollies have ever released a record that they haven't thought was the best thing they've ever done at that time."

One of the drawbacks that Graham once considered the group had, was that it was very domesticated. "Allan was always rushing home to his wife and baby, and Bobby and Bernie were always going home up North to their families. Tony lives in London, but we never see one another socially. Here in London I do what I like. I have no domestic ties."

Suddenly Gary came back into the room to tell us, "Hey, guess what, I've just picked up a conversation between a

reporter and a Hollie!" and amidst boos, beat a hasty retreat to his machine.

"Because of all this domesticity in the group it was holding us back," said Graham. "I felt we should all be in London to be nearer the scene, to know what's happening first. But now it has turned to our advantage. If you move forward too fast you can't take everyone with you. We still think of our fans, wondering if a fan, say in Burnley, will like the disc, whether it will appeal, will she be able to identify herself with the music?"

Graham still considers a full house an achievement. Recently at a Hollies concert in a big hall in Sweden, the place was packed to the doors. "In my opinion the kids at these concerts can do what they like. After all, they can hear you on records so they're not there to listen to you. They can do that any time. At concerts, all they want is to see and touch you."

A pause in our conversation was broken by the voice, booming across the room, of a cab driver somewhere in the vicinity of Marble Arch, looking for a fare.

"Hey, you've done it Leeds—you skinny pop star you!" shouted Graham at the triumphant Leeds.

"Yeah! Haven't finished though. Haven't got the right plug!"

Obviously Graham finds it fun living with Gary and there are never any problems about keeping musical secrets from one another, despite being in rival groups.

"Well, Gary never has any musical say in what the Walkers do anyway," Graham explained, and Gary nodded agreement, his nose buried in a box of wires. "But soon we'll have to move from here. The fans have discovered us! It's all Leeds' fault. They're always after him, they don't bother much with me!"

The Hollies are a consistent group, and with their new disc "Carousel", they have almost completed the full circle in the pop world.

Although the group is progressing, Graham would like personal success as well.

"The Hollies are a pure pop group and don't want to be anything else," he said. "I want to be *the* Graham Nash, and be known because of myself."

Graham had scarcely finished talking when another mysterious voice boomed from the machine and Graham rushed to listen.

I said goodbye, and left the room wondering what would happen if Graham and Gary and that machine ever decided to form their own group!

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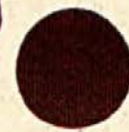
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This is where you air YOUR views about us, or yourselves, or anything on the rave scene!

Thanks very much for the story on John Lennon and the film. John is my biggest favourite—even as a military idiot! We also have a military idiot. His name is Joseph Schweik. He's a soldier from the First World War, and he is a pop star in Czech literature as John is in the English pop scene. Good luck with the film, John! —**Jiri Hladik, Jablonskeho 43, Plzen V, Czechoslovakia.**

John—as a military idiot!



Although I understand Irene Dunford's annoyance with fans who worry her and her friend Scott Walker (December RAVE), I think she is being rather unfair.

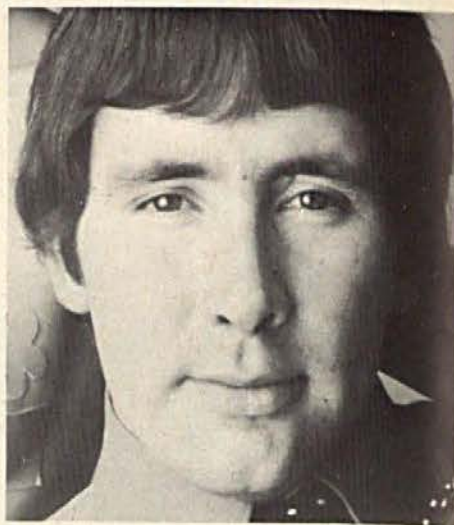
If I saw Scott in the street, with or without a girl, I'd look—maybe even stare. Irene should have a little more patience and realize that Scott's fans put him where he is.—**V. E. Todhunter, Lower Tranmere, Birkenhead.**

I hope everyone, everywhere who has ever run down the Troggs, (including Jonathan King and reader E. Tarrant in the columns of RAVE), will have changed their opinions after hearing "Any Way That You Want Me"!—**Yours Troggfully, Sue Hayes, Orrets Meadow Road, Woodchurch, Cheshire.**

Thank you for that marvellous article on "The Stones—As They Are"—(December RAVE). Perhaps now, more people will realise what a genuine and honest person Mick is, and not be so quick to run him down.—**Jean Markovitz, Chicago, Illinois.**

Thanks for that attractive feature on trouser suits (January RAVE). As you say, they are really becoming established on the fashion scene for people of all ages. And a good thing too!—**J. E. Johnson, St. Helens, Lancs.**

Everyone knows that RAVE is the most go-ahead young magazine about, but the January cover just proved it! Well done



Reg Presley: fan is angry

RAVE for going out of your way to be DIFFERENT!!—**Doug Richards, Winchester.**

RAVE's January cover was the sort you either love or hate. And I hated it! Especially as I'm a fan of Reg Presley! —**Katy Matthews, Sheffield, Yorks.**

What fantastically grotesque pics of John Lennon in January RAVE! He doesn't seem to care what he looks like, which seems like a sign of real success. A change from pin-up shots, anyway!—**Karol Beech, Hayes, Middx.**

BOYS - AND GIRLS - LOST AND FOUND

Lost touch with old boy or girl friends? Write to RAVE and tell us all about them. We'll try and find them for you!

■ Found: One mod boy named Danny. Description: 5 ft. 7 in. tall, long, brown hair and brown eyes. He is very cute and fond of wearing a blue and white striped pullover. He plays organ in the group, the Half-A-Dozen. Somebody, please contact RAVE and claim him, as he's breaking too many hearts. Very urgent.—**Chrissie Stuart, Hauppauge, New York, U.S.A.**

■ Lost: Boy called Paul Paris Boone (no relation to Steve, Charlie, Daniel or Pat). Last seen in Trafalgar Square, London. Description: Dark, shoulder-length hair which he is growing down to his feet! Message: Write to me, you impetuous fool.—**Vicki Graham, 372 Knickerbocker, Wood of Engel, New Jersey, U.S.A.**

■ Wanted desperately. Boy called Martin. Last seen wearing blue jeans with white jacket. He is about sixteen with short, blond hair, and lives at Reigate, Surrey. He works Saturdays and Sundays at Gatwick Airport, sweeping up in the passengers' lounge. We are the girls that chatted to him on the stairs and offered him a cigarette.—**Lynne and Janette, Wills Crescent, Hounslow, Middx.**

■ Please could you help us find two fab-looking boys called Pete and Dai. They live in Stoke-on-Trent. Pete is about 5 ft. 9 in., and Dai about 5 ft. 6 in. Both have dark brown hair. We met them at Butlin's Pwllheli Camp. Pete had on check trousers and jacket, and Dai a black corduroy jacket and white jeans. If any of their friends see this, please tell them to write to:—**Ann Jones and Rita Morgan, Carmarthen, South Wales.**

■ Please could you help me contact a

boy I used to write to. His name is Wolfgang Hildebrand and he lives in or near Bielefeld, Western Germany. I have mislaid his address but would very much like to correspond with him again. If any of his friends should see this will they please ask him to write to me as soon as possible.—**Linda Castle, Brighton 6, Sussex.**

■ Lost: boy named Michael Alfred Kellaway, living somewhere in Surrey. Age 16-17. Last seen in Bruggen in Germany in the earlier part of August '66. He was there with the A.T.C. Any friends of his that read this, please inform him.—**Janet Amos, Wittering, Peterborough.**

If you want to reply to anyone here, write to RAVE, Boys and Girls Lost and Found Department, and we'll forward your letter.

AND WE'RE TELLING YOU!

If you've got any questions to ask, write to RAVE, We're Telling You. We've got the answers!

Fans, please note the following change of address for the Official Rolling Stones Fan Club of Ireland!
Liz Robinson, 57b Enler Park Central, Ballybeen, Dundonald, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Please could you give me the British fan club address for the Everly Brothers? — **Carole Plymouth, Bromley, Kent.**
The British and Commonwealth Everlys' F.C. is now the only official club for the boys in the world. The address is: Everly Brothers International, 1 Avenue Road, Teddington, Middx.

I have been unable to get hold of a RAVE diary. Please could you let me know where I can get one.—**M. Hancock, Northampton.**
RAVE diaries are available at all good newsagents or booksellers.

Please could you let me have the fan club address and birthday of David



Garrick I'm an avid fan of his.—**Werner Schneider, Ziegelhoehe 45, Basle, Switzerland.**
David's birthday is the 12th September, and his fan club address is: 22 Kingly Street, London, W.1.

Please could you print the fan club address for Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich as I think they're fabulous.—**Pat Houston, Islington, London, N.1.**
The address is: Suite 10, 115-121 Finchley Road, London, N.W.3.

Do I share my birthday of May 24 with anyone famous?—**Penny Jones, Newport, Mon.**
Yes you do, Bob Dylan, born 1941.

Please can you help me. I would like to write to the actor David Buck. Do you have an address for him?—**Susan Weldon, Guildford, Surrey.**
David's fan club secretary is Janey McBride, and his postal address is: BM/David, London, W.C.1.

Could you please tell me how old Herman is and the address of his fan club.—**Sissel Schanche, Oslo, Norway.**
Herman will be 20 on November 5th, and his fan club address is: c/o John Wright, 67 Cromwell Grove, Levenshulme, Liverpool, 19.

I hear the Mamas and Papas have a new album out. Please could you give me the title and the names of the tracks? I think they're great!—**Peter Evans, Maidstone, Kent.**
The L.P. is called "Cass John Michelle Denny" and the tracks are:—Side One—No Salt On Her Tail; Trip, Stumble and Fall; Dancing Bear; Words Of Love; My Heart Stood Still; Dancing In The Street; Side Two— I Saw Her Again; Strange Young Girls; I Can't Wait; Even If I Could; That Kind Of Girl; Once Was A Time I Thought.

Where can I contact Cat Stevens?—**M. Campbell, Hornchurch, Essex.**
You can write to Cat c/o Smash Productions Ltd., 26 Kingly St., London, W.1.



Dave Dee: "fabulous"

PEN-PALS

Make friends with ravers all over the world. Here are some who want to write to you.

Catherine Constance, P.O. Box 264, Kuala Belait, Brunei. Age 16: Likes Seekers, Donovan, Cilla, Mamas & Papas. Wants pen pals all over the world.

Pavel Cerny, Brigadnicka 1277, Nymburk, Czechoslovakia. Age 19: Likes Beach Boys, Beatles, Spoonful, Supremes, Troggs. Wants pen pals from everywhere.
25978759 Gunner Pete Kennedy, 'E' Troop, 97 FD BTY, 4th FD Regt. R.A., BFPO 50. Age 19: Likes pop and art. Would like American girl pen pal.

Bill Starr, c/o Admin. Flight, RAF Steamer Point, Aden, BFPO 69. Age 18: Stationed in Aden. Would like girl pen pals.

Blanka Mladkova, Pod lipami 47, Praha 3, Czechoslovakia. Age 16: Would like to find girl of own age in English-speaking country. Likes pop music.

Jozef Balazs, Basco Bela u 23, Eger, Hungary. Wants English and Scandinavian pen pals, to write in English. Likes dancing, Troggs, Who, Stones, Small Faces.

Claude Pierrard, ORTF Television, B.P. 312, Reims 51, France. Young TV. announcer with own show, wants pen pals from all over the world, especially England, to send out to his tele-viewers.

Peter Steinberg, 465 Gelsenkirchen, Kalernergerstr. 40, West Germany. Age 16: Wants boy penpal from Japan. Likes Walkers, Los Bravos and Stones.

Angela Chang, 4 Enman Avenue, Kingston 8, Jamaica, West Indies. Age 16: Wants boy or girl penpal from anywhere. Likes records, swimming and dancing.

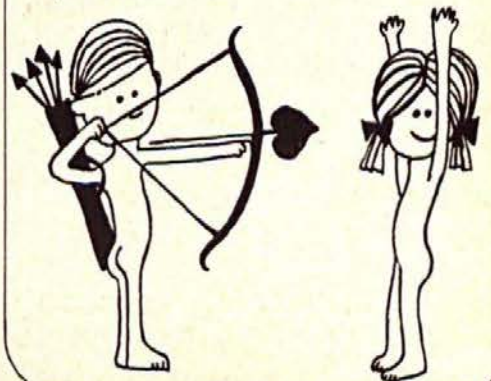
Reljic Ljiljana, ul. Brsjacks 11, Beograd, Yugoslavia. Age 16: Likes Sinatra, Dylan, Sonny and Cher, Beatles, Petula. Wants pen pals from England, preferably London.

Maxine Adele Cameron, 15 Virgil Street, Oamaru, South Island, New Zealand. Age 16: Wants boy penpal, aged 17-20, from Devon, Sweden, Italy. Likes surfing, fast cars, soccer, dancing, Beach Boys, Dave Clark 5.

Kazuya Shimoda, 1475 Kokubu Ezumimachi, Kumamoto City, Kumamoto, Japan. Age 18: Wants girl or boy pen pal from England. Loves Eric Burdon and the Animals.

Yousef Razavi, Bhar, 634/10, Abadan, Iran. Age 18: Wants pen pals from England. Has studied English for five years.

Anne Crawford, 69 Cherwell Grove, South Ockendon, Essex. Walker Brother fan. Would like to correspond with pen pals abroad.



60
VALENTINE'S DAY SPECIAL

PINK

**to
make
'em
wink!**

There's nothing like a girl to turn a boy's head, especially when he's looking for someone to send that special Valentine to. And the way to turn every boy's head is — to wear PINK!

Pink is the colour to be seen in — so whether it's quiet, 'baby' pink or screaming 'shocking' pink, wear it, and the winks will be for you!

Pink's pretty, feminine, flattering. It stands out in a dreary crowd. Everyone notices the girl in pink! So make the boys wink this year — be everybody's favourite Valentine — show 'em some pink!



**FASHION NOTES
BY TRILBY LANE**

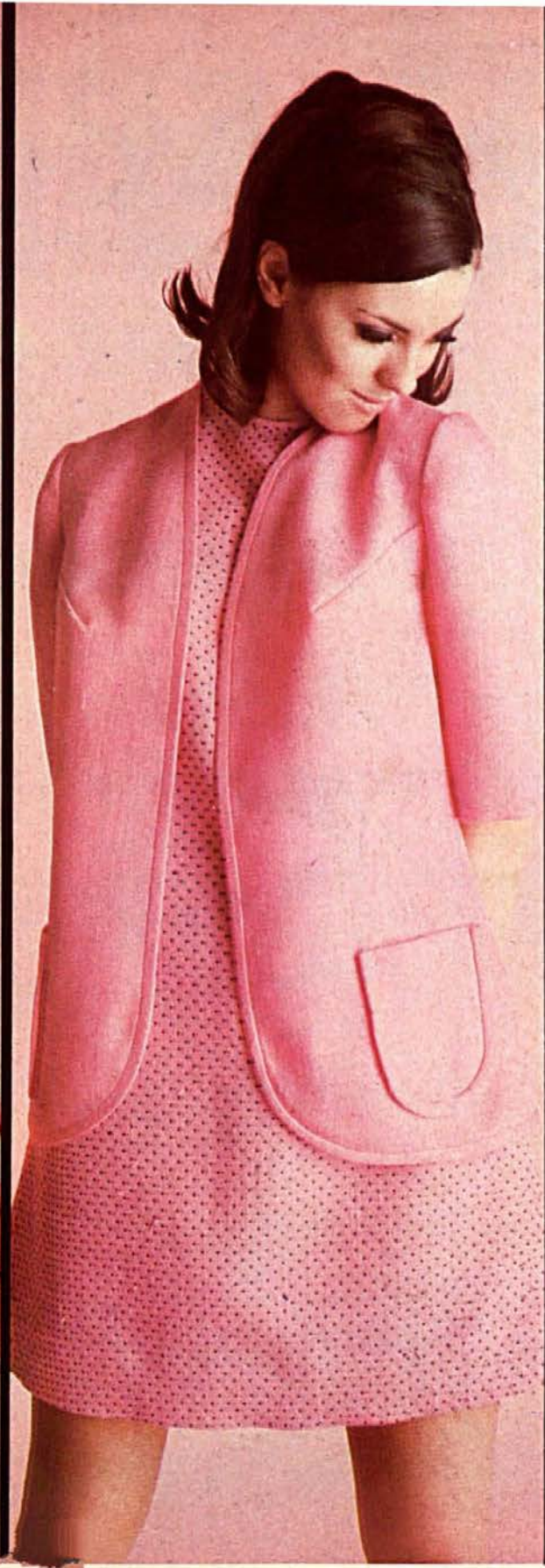
**PHOTOGRAPHS
BY P. L. JAMES**

♥ Attract his attention in this denim and check co-ordinate outfit by Max Gordon, pants 37s. 6d., shirt 34s. 6d. In pink, yellow, green, orange.

♥ He won't be able to resist you in this dusty pink sleeveless dress with big collar, by Hilary Floyd, price 6 gns. The super pink hat is from Sloopy's boutique, price 39s. 6d.



Look cute in a baby pink dress with a band of smocking just above the waist. This little dress in a pretty print will not crease. From Neatawear, price 5 gns.



Play it cool in a linen spotted dress with bright pink, short-sleeved jacket to match. From Sloopy's, 391 Lewisham High Street, London, S.E.13. Also available by post. Price 5 gns.



He's winking! So return the compliment! The dress is in super shocking pink with acid green trims and long, tight sleeves, by Hilary Floyd, price 8½ gns.

LLOYD ALEXANDER

The continuing story of a gay young man with girls on his mind!

One of Lloyd's first tasks as a public relations man is to promote the singing career of a beautiful but rather dumb dolly called Daisy. Everything's going fine until Daisy's dad appears on the scene. . . .

So far Impact Public Relations has made a bigger impact on me than I have on it. I always thought relations were funny—but public relations are really something else!

I also thought I knew something about publicity stunts and gimmicks, but in this firm even the gimmicks have gimmicks!

And if you thought only airlines, government departments and big hotels had public relations people working for them . . . where have you been?

We've run campaigns on footballers, machine oil, Pontefract cakes and head-hunting holidays in New Guinea.

Bram Simmerwell, the brains behind Impact, has got more angles than a geometry text book! He has a sports car painted black on one side and white on the other. Says it's not only distinctive, but also confuses witnesses!

No Invitation

Last week a pop group we handle got back from a fantastically successful tour of some East European country. This country's London embassy was throwing a big party for their Minister of Culture, who was visiting London. He'd been full of praise for the group and everybody thought the boys would be invited to the party. But—no invitation.

So I said to Bram, "I'm going to phone the embassy's press officer and ask about an invitation for Mike Martyn and the Marauders."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he snapped. "It's a much better story if they don't get an invitation. 'Embassy shuns top pop group'. We'll get Mike to send a note to this Minister of Culture to say he's welcome at his pad any time. He might even accept—just to save face. And just think of the pictures! We'll get a few birds down at Mike's pad and . . ."

And that's the way it works!

Meanwhile I had to grapple with the problem of getting national fame in one week for a north country pop singer called Daisy Tuckett, who apparently had a tremendous following in Heckmondwyke or Droylsden or somewhere. I'd heard a demo record and she really didn't have a bad voice. But *Daisy Tuckett?* Joking.

No joking when I saw her, though. She came into the office with her manager, a fast-talking Lancashire chap of about

forty, who'd given up his fish and chip shop to manage Daisy after she'd knocked them all out at the working men's club.

'Arry Oldshaw was his name. But I wasn't looking at *him*, was I?

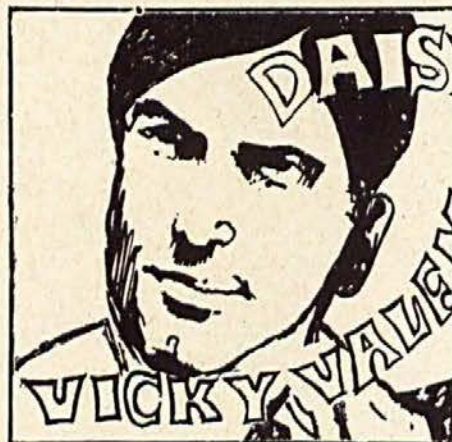
Daisy was just seventeen and could have been a rave model, and I could see that she would knock them all out at *any* club, even if she never opened her mouth.

"First of all," I said, "we must do something about that name."

It took a good hour and a half to get "Vicky" accepted. And another hour to follow it with "Valentine". They finally agreed—though 'Arry had mild reservations.

"Ah'm sure that name's been used before, soomhow," he said.

Anyway, I planned to get this songwriter to write a special song about cupid



and get Vicky to record it for release on Valentine's Day, February 14.

On the same day we'd break the story of Daisy's—sorry—Vicky's engagement to top pop star Mike Martyn.

The Marauders backed Vicky on the song and she really did a wonderful job.

As soon as "I'm Your Cupid Doll" was on acetate, I whipped a copy round to a TV producer friend, and after one listen he agreed to have Vicky on the Valentine's Day transmission of "Pop-a-rama".

This was really a big break—but I was still having trouble persuading Vicky to go along with the engagement bit.

"Look," I said. "I'll write to your dad and explain that it's all a joke. Be reasonable, Vicky. . . ."

"Daisy," she said primly. "Anyway, me dad'll go mad!"

"But it's for your career, Daisy. In a few months your dad will be able to retire—you can buy him a new house in Blackpool, a car, and. . . ."

Daisy finally agreed to go through with it after she'd got a formal letter from Impact P.R. explaining that the engagement was not to be taken seriously.

Phew!

But it worked beautifully. I tipped off all the papers and they came along and really did us proud. Loads of pictures of Vicky with her pop singer Valentine's Day fiancé, Mike—plenty of plugs for "I'm Your Cupid Doll" and mentions everywhere that Vicky was appearing on "Pop-a-rama" that night.

Even Vicky looked excited and 'Arry was already owner of the biggest fish and chip shop chain in the country.

Hadn't done *me* any harm either. My name had been quoted in most of the papers as the genius behind the brightest new singing star on the pop scene.

Came the TV rehearsals and the atmosphere was electric—newspapermen, photographers, music paper reporters—it was all beyond my wildest dreams.

The Cyclone

A record company had already signed Vicky to a long-term contract, there was talk of films, modelling work, a post as fashion adviser to a woman's magazine and the creation of a new line of Vicky Valentine cosmetics.

Vicky was half-way through rehearsing "I'm Your Cupid Doll" when the cyclone hit the studio.

A man, all of 6 ft. 6 in. and 15 stone, carved his way through the studio shouting:

"I'm Alf Tuckett. Where's me daughter? Ah, there you are, Daisy. Get that mook off yer face and put yer coat an' 'at on. Your coomin' with me.

"Now, where's that swine Alexandria, or whatever 'e's called?"

I could see myself buried under writs unless I got him out of there. With a sudden chill of horror I remembered I hadn't sent dad the promised letter.

"Look here, Mr Tuckett," I said soothingly, "I can explain everything."

But I didn't get the chance.

THUMP!—and I exited through a large piece of scenery.

THUMP!—and 'Arry went flying in the other direction as he tried to intervene.

Two days later 'Arry came to apologise to me for not pointing out that he hadn't thought to get dad's permission before taking Daisy off to make her fortune in the pop world.

As he left to limp back to Oldham he said, "Thanks, anyway. It was a good idea. Though I still think I've heard that name Vicky Valentine before."

"One thing's certain," I groaned. "You'll never hear it again."

And then I sat down with an ice pack and a bottle of aspirins to try to think of a good explanation for Bram. Got any ideas?

**Read all about the
World's Top Disc Stars
in the
World's Top Selling
Music Weekly**

Get NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS every Friday and keep in touch
with all that's new in the pop world!



NEW FACTS ON FAMILIAR FACES
—AND NEWCOMERS



NEWS ON ALL THAT'S HAPPENING



LATEST PICS OF TOP POP STARS



BEHIND-THE-SCENES GOSSIP FROM
THE ALLEY CAT



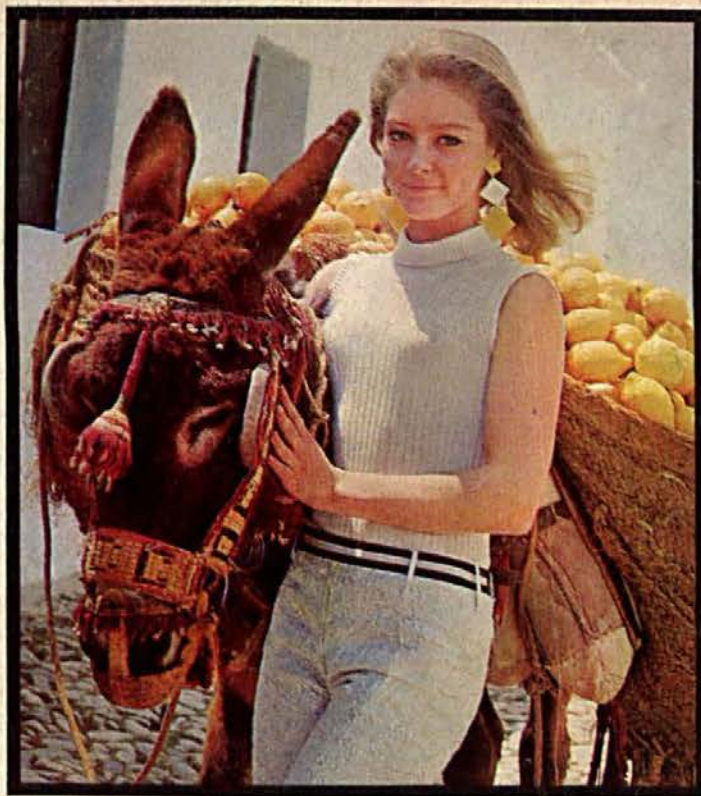
NME TOP THIRTY CHART... BEST-
SELLING POP RECORDS IN U.S...
BEST SELLING L.P.'s IN BRITAIN



ADVANCE NEWS ON THE BIG
NAMES—AND THOSE UP AND COMING



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



it takes a lemon to bring out the sunshine in your hair..

**—so we've squeezed the grease-removing
strength of 14 lemons into
new Vaseline Lemon Shampoo**

It was a squeeze, but we've managed to get the grease-removing strength of 14 luscious lemons into every medium bottle of new Vaseline Lemon Shampoo. It goes right down to your scalp, to lift out dulling grease and reveal, perhaps for the first time, the shimmering silken softness of your hair.



new Vaseline Lemon Shampoo Available in bottles and sachets