

BRITAIN'S MOST INFLUENTIAL YOUNG MAGAZINE

rave

JUNE 2s6d

1967



MONKEE EXCLUSIVE!
Micky Dolenz Questionnaire
and colour pin-up
Davy Jones answers
YOUR questions!
RACY STRIPES! That's the
fashion message inside!



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RULES:

1. This competition is open to all purchasers of Body Mist resident in the UK or the Channel Islands except employees, or families, of Beecham Group Ltd., or any company associated with the competition.
2. All entries must be received by the closing date of 28th July, 1967.
3. Judging will be carried out by an independent panel of judges whose decision will be final.
4. Prizes will be awarded on the degree of skill and judgment used.

5. In the event of a tie, prizes will be awarded on the aptness and originality of the completed phrase.
6. All reasonable travelling expenses of winners will be paid.
7. All winners will be notified by post. A list of winners will be available from the competition address.
8. No entries will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into.
9. Proof of postage will not be accepted as proof of delivery.



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ENTRY FORM

These are the four occasions:

A. Rave-up party

B. Summer barbecue

C. Shopping (don't forget the Body Mist!)

D. The Swinging nightclub

Complete the following sentence.

I go for Body Mist deodorant because

I have purchased Body Mist in accordance with Rule 1 of this competition.
Post to: Body Mist Competition, Box 27, Brentford, Middlesex.

Complete this form
(BLOCK CAPITALS, PLEASE)

NAME

ADDRESS

WE'RE WHAT'S HAPPENING! ARE YOU?

Good. We thought so. And we're here to help you get the most out of life. If there's anything we can help you with, why not write to us at the address at the bottom of the page.

Hi Fans,

Everyone here at RAVE is getting pretty excited about the Monkees' visit, 'cause it's not long to go now! Inside we send the boys a very special welcome telegram from ravers everywhere.

It'll be holiday time soon, too, and that means lots of fun for ravers! We're raving round the world this summer.

Read our raver's Guide to America inside! Next month we'll be in Spain! Look forward to seeing you then.

Stay raving!

The Editor

RAVE OF THE MONTH!
We think a new range of wall-papers for ravers called The Rave Collection deserves to be this month's Rave Of The Month. There are some really way-out designs! Read more about them in Today's Raves.

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Rave - Tower House - Southampton Street
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... but she stopped worrying when she sent NuDerm to those trouble spots

This is NuDerm

Clear Cleansing Medicated Gel for Acne and Pimples



It costs only 3/7

From all branches of





MONKEEGRAM

It's a message you send people you really care about. And we know that ravers everywhere will want to join with RAVE in wishing the Monkees the very best of success on their forthcoming tour. For full details of what it's going to be like and what Monkee mania really is, flip over.

TO THE MONKEES VERY BEST

rave



RAVERS EVERYWHERE

MONKEE SPECIAL!

For all ravers who are going to THAT fantastic show at Wembley—this is what to expect!

■ Going to the Monkee concerts at Wembley? You probably can't wait to find out what their act is going to be like. Officials are keeping pretty quiet about it, and it seems no-one even knows what songs they're going to sing.

RAVE's been doing a bit of speculating and we think that the Monkees will probably be on stage for at least a full hour, and that they'll sing most of the numbers from their latest album "More Of The Monkees", as well as tracks from

their first, "The Monkees".

Usually some time during their act, Micky, Mike and Davy go off-stage, while Peter sings a couple of folk numbers or some of his own compositions. Then on comes Mike, performing in his favourite country style. Davy does a couple of songs, usually one by Tony Newley, and then Micky explodes onto the stage doing a James Brown impression and generally looning around!

The act usually finishes up with the boys singing their latest hits.

Don't worry about not being able to hear anything above the screams. The Monkees' massive amps have been fitted for the concerts, so you won't miss a note!

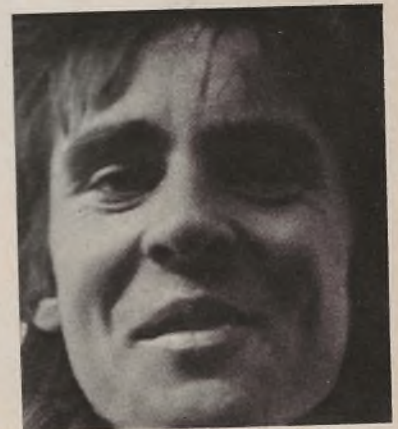
Also, thanks to British Rail from all ravers for those special Monkee trains!



MONKEE EXCLUSIVE!

Have YOU won a phone call from Davy Jones? Here's the result of our competition that you've all been waiting for!

Help! Our "Win A Phone Call From Davy Jones" competition, which was featured in March RAVE, brought so many thousands of entries that we're only just recovering from them all! The lucky winner is seventeen year old Pamela Harrison of The Village Hall Stores, Headley, Epsom, Surrey. The entry that won her the prize was "WOULD YOU WEAR SWEDISH STRING VESTS IN THE BATH?" Read about Pam's call from Davy in a future issue of RAVE!



MONKEE EXCLUSIVE!

Davy Jones answers your questions

Because we had so many entries for our "Phone Call" competition, we asked Davy, as a special favour to RAVE readers, to answer some of your questions personally through RAVE. Luckily, he agreed. And here they are! Perhaps your question is among them. If not, and you'd like a personal answer from Davy through RAVE, write to **DAVY JONES**, c/o RAVE, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.

Davy will be answering more of your questions in next month's RAVE!

Is it true you're leaving the Monkees?

DAVY: What! No it's not, unless Peter, Micky and Mike have given me the sack! I will be with the Monkees for as long as they are together.

What was your first impression of Micky, Mike and Peter?

DAVY: I thought "what a set of nuts"! And we all got on fine—I guess we have a similar sense of humour.

Where did you get your seven-foot circular bed?

DAVY: From a seven-foot circular bed shop!

Is it true you have to go into the army?

DAVY: Nothing has been decided yet. I haven't even received my draft papers, so don't get worried. If I am called up, the authorities may defer my entry indefinitely

because my Dad is dependent on me.

What's that thing jutting out of the Monkeemobile's bonnet?

DAVY: That's the engine!

Which one of your fellow Monkees do you prefer?

DAVY: I like them all, no favourites at all.

Do you like American girls better than English?

DAVY: Not really. I like girls. I accept each girl on her merits as an individual.

Do you like pink and blue striped or grey elephants?

DAVY: Lime green elephants with red spots are groovy, they're my favourite.

What is your idea of an ideal happy family?

DAVY: My own. Mum, Dad,



my sisters and I were always very happy even though we were poor, and when Mum died Dad had us to look after him.

Which secondary school did you go to?

DAVY: Varna Secondary Modern at Higher Openshaw.

How do you like being the smallest Monkee?

DAVY: I may be the smallest

but I'm earning as much as the rest, which means I'm worth more per inch!

Are there times when you regret being a Monkee?

DAVY: Only when I can't get home to see my father very often, and when I do we can't be alone together because of all the fans at the door. Most of the time I love being a Monkee—it's just that it's difficult to have a private life.

MONKEE SPECIAL!



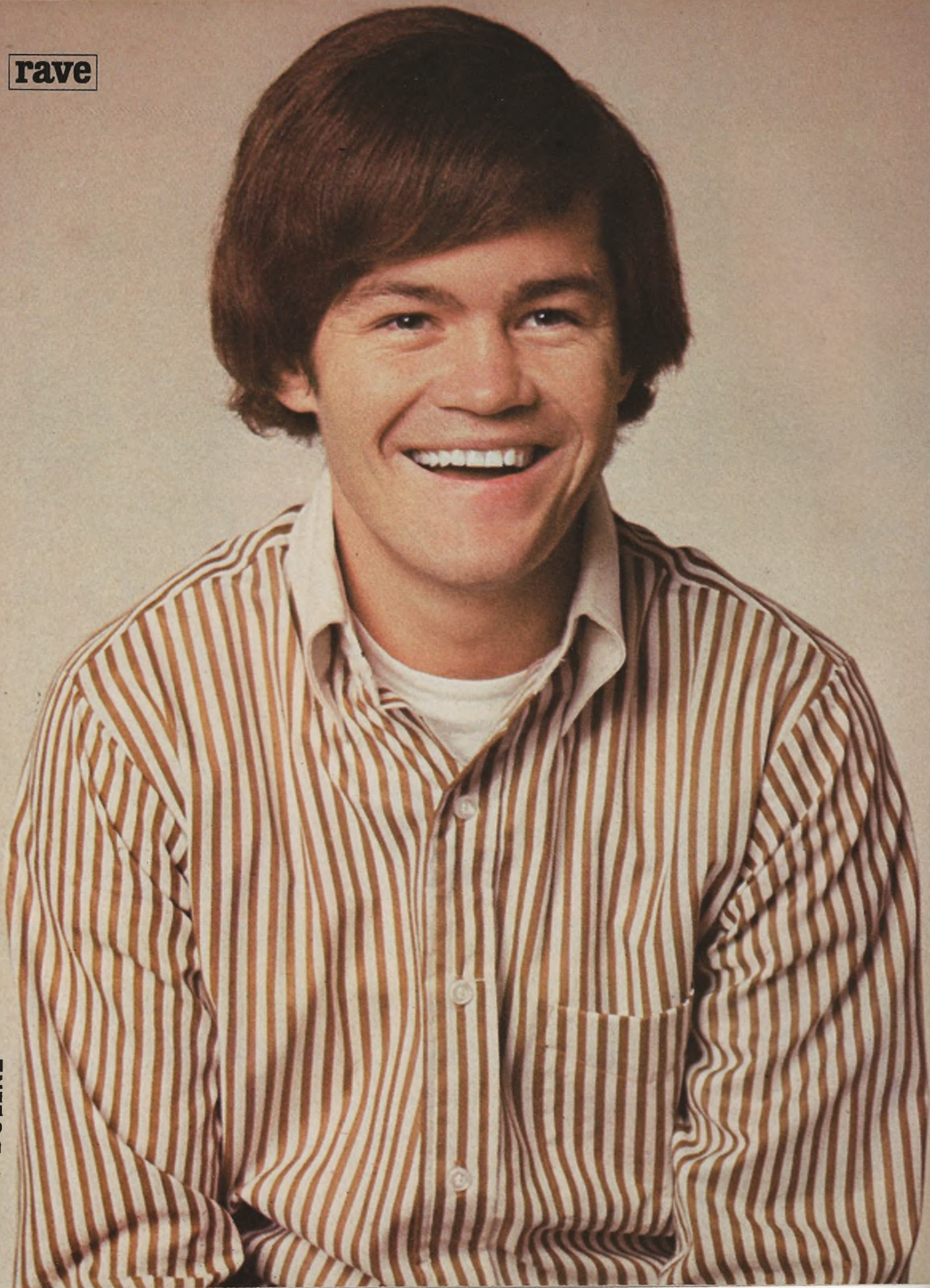
Monkee Man Jeremy Pascall joins RAVE!

Great news for Monkee lovers! Jeremy Pascall (left), the man who knows the Monkees better than anyone else, has joined RAVE! For up-to-date news of the foursome, and the inside stories on their lives, join him in RAVE every month! On the right are more facts you DIDN'T know about Davy Jones!

DID YOU KNOW . . .

- That "The Monkees" show was originally written for Davy, with him playing all four parts!
- That Davy sat in on the auditions for Peter and Mike.
- That Davy nearly dropped from the Monkees **BECAUSE** he is English.
- That Davy is writing songs with old friend Charlie Rocket.
- That Davy dearly wanted to play the Artful Dodger in the film version of "Oliver!"
- That Davy feels bad about the re-release of his old records.
- That Davy's company may soon put out Monkee home movies.

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MICKY DOLENZ

Exclusively for RAVE, Micky Dolenz has filled in Marcel Proust's famous questionnaire, that exposes a person's true inner character through their answers to selected questions. And here it is! RAVE was the first to try out the questionnaire on the Beatles, the Stones and the Walker Brothers—with amazing results!

* Marcel Proust is a famous French author and poet who died at the beginning of the century. His questionnaires became famous for their ability to search and expose true character.

- 1 What is, for you, the height of misery? *6 feet 2 in*
- 2 Where would you like to live? *PUERTO RICO*
- 3 What is your idea of happiness? *BLUE*
- 4 What mistake do you disregard most frequently? *NO FLZC PRO*
- 5 Who is your favourite personality in history? *74*
- 6 Who are your favourite heroines in real life? *75*
- 7 Who is your favourite musician? *GREEN*
- 8 What quality do you like most in a woman? *2 arms*
- 9 What quality do you prefer in a man? *?*
- 10 What is your most admirable virtue? *76*
- 11 What is your favourite occupation? *5th amendment*
- 12 Who would you like to have been? *MANNY KATES*
- 13 What is the main feature of your character? *A 2 HOUR SPECIAL ON WARREN BEATTY AMERICA PRODUCTION IN WASH DC.*
- 14 What qualities do you appreciate most in a friend? *[scribble]*
- 15 What is the main fault in your character? *SIN ANDREAS*
- 16 What is the greatest misfortune that could happen to you? *DINE*
- 17 What would you like to be? *77*
- 18 What is your favourite colour? *78*
- 19 What is your favourite flower? *79*
- 20 What is your favourite bird? *60*
- 21 Who are your favourite heroes in real life? *SUPERMANN KATES*
- 22 What are your favourite names? *FRED, JOE, SALLY, BETTY*
- 23 Who do you hate most? *THIS IS A VERY STUPID QUESTION.*
- 24 What historical character do you despise most? *WHOEVER WROTE THIS QUESTION IS SICK!!!!*
- 25 What military event do you admire most? *REFER TO # 23*
- 26 What reform do you admire most? *TREATY*
- 27 What natural gift would you like to have? *72, 73 REFER TO # 5*
- 28 How would you like to die? *THIS ONE IS SICKER THAN # 23 OR 24*
- 29 What is the present state of your mind? *14,009,326,402,333,400 FEET*
- 30 What is your motto? *HE WHO SPEAKS DOESN'T KNOW
HE WHO KNOWS DOESN'T SPEAK*

MONKEE REVEALED!



MICKY DOLENZ: What his questionnaire reveals about him

■ A curious person with two distinct aspects to his character—a sunny side, and a more sombre, anxious side. He has a great appetite for life, a good deal of artistic talent, is dynamic and loves to confuse people who interview him. On the other hand he tries to suppress some aspects of his character—his sensitivity, his creativity and poetic soul. This is a side of

his character which seems to worry him. He is an ideas man with a sound judgement and good, down - to - earth common sense. His moods are changeable, but more often gay than sad and he is extremely sensitive. He is good-hearted but tends to shun stability and things that last too long. He is ideally suited to the world of show business.

What is strong in his character: He is intelligent, quick on the uptake and has a good imagination. He is enthusiastic, has a sense of fantasy and intellectual and artistic aptitudes. He is a frank person who is proud. **What is weak in his character:** He lacks concentration, tends to exaggerate and lacks follow-through with his ideas. He lacks self

control and is inclined to be indecisive. He worries, is not content with his situation in life and is distrusting.

Conclusions: Micky Dolenz is a person of contrasts. On the one hand a merry jester with a sense of farce. And on the other hand the dreamer, the poet, the sensitive lover.

Next month: another Monkee revealed!

Miners has it:

The big new lashy look
you brush on automatically.

(How else do you sort out
lashes one by one?)

Comes two ways, this lashy look.

One's called Lash-on.

Has fibres. Makes every lash longer.

Darker. Flutterier.

Other's called Autobrush.

Gives a more natural dark
separated look.

Both are for you.

At your kind of price.

Lash-on 4/9. Refills 2/11.

Autobrush 3/9. Refills 2/4.

Miners has it all.
For eyes. Lips. Hair. Nails.
All the new things.
Always.



miners **m** THE SHAKE-UP IN MAKE-UP

Zip! Zip! Zip! And one outfit goes into two—or three! It's the latest fun fashion idea. Here's RAVE girl Lee's selection of zip gear!

ZIPPER-DEE-DOO-DAH!



■ **Above left:** a bloomer dress that zips into a bermuda suit that zips into a trouser suit! Or you can wear the trousers long and the top short. It's in wild silk in blue, green or sugar pink, and costs £12 19s. 6d.

■ **Above right:** zip-in-half trouser suit in linen in every colour imaginable! The jerkin and the trousers both zip in half, so you can interchange the colours as much as you like! Jerkin, 89s. 11d., trousers, £6 10s.

■ **Left:** at the flick of a zip, you can interchange the collar and sleeves of this super dress, or you can detach them altogether and wear it as a pinafore! Two collars and two pairs of sleeves with each dress! Price £6 19s. 6d.

All these garments are from the "Zip Gear" range at Barok Boutique, 170 Earls Court Road, London, S.W.5. Post, 3s.



SEEN
ANY
GOOD
FILMS
LATELY?



A selection of the new films that will be coming your way soon, reviewed by RAVE's film critic, Lucy Abelson

This month the film industry has hit the trail and come up with four great westerns, all worth seeing, with great scenery and great stars. First-rate Saturday night entertainment, and lots of boyfriend appeal!

The Professionals

Stars: *Claudia Cardinale, Jack Palance, Burt Lancaster*

■ Jack Palance plays Raza, a Mexican brigand who kidnaps Maria Grant (Claudia Cardinale). Her big-timer husband hires four soldiers to go and retrieve her!

The "professionals" are Burt Lancaster as Dolworth, the demolition expert and an attractive womaniser too; Fardan (Lee Marvin), an army veteran who plans the strategies; Ehrengard (Robert Ryan), who's good with horses, and Jake (Woody Strode), an expert tracker who's useful with a bow and arrow.

RAVE AT THE FLICKS

With great skill and courage they manage to cross the raging desert to rescue Maria and beat off the attacks of Raza's brigands (although the brigands always outnumber them). There's excitement, and amusement too because the script is so witty.

Hombre

Star: *Paul Newman*

■ A real "think" movie. It's set in Arizona in the mid 1880's, when the whites have just taken over Apache country. Wagon trains have started, and this story tells of the journey across Arizona of some white people and half-white, half-Apache John Russell (Paul Newman).

At first Russell is treated as an outcast and not allowed to ride in the carriage, but later, when the inevitable hold-up comes, everyone turns to him as the most competent person to lead them on.

Then the action starts! John Russell shows the unwilling band the way across the desert, while the gangsters try to get a bag of gold from them. And a silent love-but-no-kissing relationship grows up between Russell and Jessie Brown, the

Paul Newman: an outcast



housekeeper of a house Russell has inherited.

The characters are quite intriguing and there's a lot of suspense—but the ending comes suddenly and sadly, leaving you in a sober mood.

El Dorado

Stars: *Robert Mitchum, John Wayne*

■ A funny, happy-go-lucky western where the goodies win through despite the credible odds against them.

Robert Mitchum plays the sheriff of El Dorado and the fastest drunk with a gun in the West. John Wayne plays Cole Thornton, the quickest shot with a pistol and a left half. They happen to be friends otherwise Cole Thornton wouldn't have been so fussy which side he was on. The "other side" is Bart Jason's gang, who are terrorising a local settler, Macdonald, and his family.

Unwittingly, Cole Thornton kills Macdonald's youngest son. Macdonald accepts Cole's explanation, but his daughter Joey doesn't. She ambushes Cole and shoots him in the back. Although he recovers, from time to time his left leg goes dead on him.

He rides away to forget everything, but bumps into trouble-shooter "Mississippi" (James Cann). The two ride on together but on hearing that the sheriff has been taken to the bottle after love troubles, they return to El Dorado.

With the help of Bull (Arthur Hunnicutt), the sheriff's bugle-playing deputy who gets an itchy neck at the slightest hint of injun-trouble, they resuscitate the sheriff and get him to arrest Bart Jason. Then the great fight starts as the gunners try to rescue their chief.

There's quite a lot of blood and thunder but the film doesn't prey too much on the seamy side of death, because after Cole Thornton and the sheriff are dead, the timers who don't take the Western mystique too seriously.

A Fistful Of Dollars

Star: *Clint Eastwood*

■ Clint Eastwood plays an anonymous stranger who goes to San Miguel on the Mexican border, where he finds two gangs. He plays one off against the other, restores a stolen wife to her husband and cleans up the town. All done, he rides away.

Privilege

Stars: *Paul Jones, Jean Shrimpton*

■ Pop fans, this film is aimed at you. It says, through the story of Steve Shrimpton (played by Paul Jones), that a pop star can become too powerful because of his popularity. Steve becomes a religious and political symbol, used by the State to direct people's emotions into harmful causes, and by the Church to attract people back to the faith.

In some ways the film is very good. It certainly succeeds in making you think. Peter Watkins, the director, has made



Paul Jones: a powerful star

rather like a horror-documentary with very effective use of crowds, processions, ceremony and uniforms. Also, the supporting characters in the film, such as Steve's manager and the merchant banker are well-drawn and convincing, and in places even amusing.

Because one only sees one side of the characters the film goes on too long. You'll get bored with Stephen Shorter and by the end you won't feel sympathetic enough to want to know what happens to him. Even the love scenes with Vanessa Ritchie (Jean Shrimpton), the artist commissioned to paint him, fall rather flat because neither of the characters are at all convincing.

Jean Shrimpton acts quite well but I couldn't help being aware, from her undisguised hairstyle and way of dressing, that she was "The Shrimp", so I couldn't take her part seriously.

The audience is told that everyone in the world is either extremely wicked or extremely foolish. In short, "Privilege" is a film that is solely negative. It is also in parts very sick.

I found the film distasteful, not particularly well-acted and the theme, old hat. If you want an evening's thinking go and see it. If you want entertainment, steer clear!

The Game Is Over

Stars: Michel Piccoli, Jane Fonda, Peter McEnery

■ This is a well-acted, extremely sophisticated film. It tells the story of Renee (Jane Fonda), who is married to a rich industrial promoter called Alexandre Saccard (Michel Piccoli), but falls in love with his son by a former marriage, Maxime played by Peter McEnery.

Maxime is full of fun, carefree and attractive. It's not long before he becomes Renee's lover. For a short time they are blissfully happy, but Renee becomes dissatisfied with being Maxime's lover; she wants to marry him.

Then Alexandre discovers their relationship, and he refuses to grant Renee a divorce with enough money to support Maxime, who is only a student. Alexandre then asks Maxime to marry Anne Sernet (Tina Marquand), which would be advantageous business-wise. Maxime is torn between love and poverty with Renee, who doesn't look as though she'd be easy to live with, and continued luxury with an okay family life. So it's a sad ending; Alexandre feels betrayed, Maxime is engaged to a girl he doesn't really love and Renee is desolate.

All the same, this film is worth seeing. The acting and the screenplay are marvellous. Some of the photography



Peter McEnery: full of fun



Underwater battle for Elvis

is done by reflections in mirrors or water and the scenery is marvellous. Although the story is deep rather than mysterious it does grip you. But you come out wondering if anything, family-wise, works!

Easy Come, Easy Go

Stars: Elvis Presley, Dodie Marshall

■ This film has all the ingredients for all-round amusement; love interest, buried treasure and Elvis playing his guitar. He plays a naval lieutenant who discovers treasure, but Gil Carey, played by Skip Ward, tries to steal it from him. He actually succeeds and to recover it Elvis has a fierce underwater battle.

There's not a lot of story to the film, but it's quite entertaining, because there are so many different incidents like the time Ted Jackson (Elvis), runs across a gathering of young bohemians occupied in a yoga session, conducted by Madame Neherina, an Indian in sari and heavy green eye make-up.

All round? It's a cheerful film but more for girls than boys, so don't make it date-time entertainment. Go with a girl friend when you're feeling a bit down and you'll come out laughing.

FILM CHAT

Gossip about people and happenings in the film world

■ Watch out for Laurie Leigh. She's now playing a cheeky secretary cum-tea girl in "Vacant Lot", A.B.C. television's new series. She was once a secretary herself—to Bob Hope.

■ Listen hard to the theme music when you go to see "Privilege". It was partly composed by Mike Leander, who's also composed

the theme music for the latest, greatest farce around, "The Jokers", a melody you should hear quite a bit of in the near future because it's been recorded by Peter and Gordon.

■ Hayley Mills is in revolt again about her child-star image. "In my last film 'The Family Way' I had an adult part and everybody seemed horrified to see my nude back view. If people are so offended by the sight of somebody's nude back view that they have to call it 'derriere', the whole thing becomes unwholesome and, quite frankly, what's unwholesome about bodies?

Everybody has one!"

Anyway, Hayley has another adult part in her next film, "Pretty Polly". Polly also wants to be grown-up and she proves she is when she meets a handsome Eurasian lover in Singapore!

■ Peter Hall, who is directing the new film "Work Is A Four Letter Word", suddenly wanted a caricature of David Warner, who is appearing in the film, for the background of a scene. Helen Thomas, one of the set decorators, offered hesitantly to have a go, and in one hour flat came up with the sketch on the right. Peter Hall was thrilled!



David Warner

Fans make success for a pop star—more than money, more than influence, more than talent. But what are fans? Why do they remain so devoted to their idols, year after year? What is it that turns their admiration into worship? RAVE's Dawn James talks to some worshippers, and tries to find the answers.

Fans—there are still hundreds of thousands of them that give all their money, their time, their thoughts—their whole lives to their idols. They are the worshippers of the few top pop people; the Beatles, the Small Faces, the Stones, the Walkers, the Monkees and Elvis.

Their demands are met by the fan club secretaries, who are responsible for keeping the fans up to date, for answering their letters, and making them feel there is a link between fan and hero. From membership of the fan clubs, the worshipper enjoys the friendship of people who have one thing in common—the love of their idol. For the ardent follower, life evolves round their hero. All thoughts are centred on him, most of their money is spent on him, and conversations revolve around him. Exams, jobs, other interests are all forgotten. The bedroom of the devout worshipper is covered with pictures of the worshipped star. On waking he is the first thing seen. The fan's whole mind is obsessed. Her days pass in happy dedication, drooling over an old shoe she managed to swipe from his foot as he tumbled into a car, or an autograph he signed with his own hand. There is a desperate desire to get close to the idol. Even a piece of old clothing, or paper he touched to write on, is enough.

Beatle Fan Club secretary Freda Kelly has dealt with all kinds of fans, and never ceases to be amazed at their devotion.

"There was a woman, Mary Dunn, from Australia," Freda said. "She was about forty years old. She worked with three friends in the post office, and had done so for twenty years. Then she heard a record of the Beatles, and she and her three friends saved up nine months of their holiday to come to England. They stayed in London in the hope of seeing the boys. Then they went up to Liverpool, and spent a week looking at the Cavern, and the places the boys had played in before they were famous. Then they got to know the Beatles' parents, and were invited to tea. It was wonderful to see how thrilled they were. One day Mary Dunn came

into the office. I had a pile of John Lennon photos on the window ledge. Usually she said hallo, but that afternoon she ignored me, flew to the ledge, picked up a picture of John and kissed it passionately, saying, 'I love him so'. She really meant it. They have gone back to Australia now. They never did meet the boys."

The link between the fans and the fan clubs is strong. Freda recalls a Japanese girl who went to America so that she might see the Beatles.

Not only Beatle fans are so devout. A Small Faces' fan was suffering from a chill when the group appeared in Tooting. She was ordered to bed by her doctor, but climbed out of the bedroom window and went to the concert. There she collapsed. They took her to hospital with pneumonia. But she said it was worth it just to hear one number.

Who has the most dedicated fans? Here are the facts about the worshippers—and the worshipped:



the worshi



ippers



The Stones' fans

■ **Lindsey Boyd:** a fan since May 1963. Has seen nineteen live Stones' performances, has been in audiences on Ready Steady Go, the Palladium Show and Juke Box Jury.

She goes for tickets and usually gets front row seats. She cannot go to shows more than twenty miles out of London because of school. She used to go to shows in clothes with the embroidered names of Mick,

Charlie, Keith, Brian and Bill on them. Now she has outgrown that stage. About photos she says, "At school there is an exchange mart and between us we get every pop publication there is. I have every photo of the Stones that has been published. My bedroom walls are covered!" She has spoken to each Stone.

"At first I asked for autographs, but it was boring for them, so now I just speak.

"Last year I went to Mick's mews

flat hoping to see him. I put my head in the hall and someone shouted, 'Gerroutofit!' I ran. Then John Lennon appeared with Mick. It was a Lennon joke! I have half a fag of Keith's, and a piece of his chewed gum. Also a threepenny piece of Mick's.

"I have all their English records. I spend every penny on the Stones."

■ Marilyn Fine, sixteen years old:

"Three years ago I was mad on them, but I've got to know them through hanging about wherever they happen to be. I'm very fond of Mick."

She had a vast collection of photos but she gave most away. She had some Coke bottles and a cigarette stub but she gave them to less mature fans. She still keeps the shirt belonging to Mick.

Marilyn has met the boys many times, and Keith and Mick even know her name. This is one of the worshipper's greatest ambitions.

"Once I waited from eight in the morning till one in the afternoon in the freezing snow," she said. "I fainted, but I wouldn't give up. Charlie and his wife saw me on the ground, and told me where I could get a good view of the Stones outside their office. I went there."

Marilyn has spoken often to Brian Jones. "Me and my friend Babs go to Brian's house and do shopping for his girlfriend Anita. Brian kissed Babs at London Airport recently."

■ **Jenny Knowl, fifteen:** *not* a fan club member. Has 1,000 pictures of the Stones, has seen seventeen live shows, and all TV. performances. She has a shoe of Mick Jagger's, a piece of Charlie's shirt, and a pen given to her by Keith. She has every record they have issued.

"I don't belong to the fan club because I'm shy of joining," she said. "I like to worship them privately. I never talk to other fans. I feel the Stones belong only to me."

The Small Faces' fans

■ **Lynda Philips and Margaret Reading, both fifteen:** between them they have one hundred pin-up photos. They have seen five live performances, including Top Of The Pops.

"We waited hours to see Plonk move houses," they said. "We skipped school all day. We often ring Pauline, the fan club secretary. Once she didn't tell us, but she put Stevie on the line, and we were saying, 'We love Stevie, he's so handsome', not knowing we were talking to him!"

Lynda had a holiday job, but she ●●●



"We had a letter to go to court because we skipped school to see the Faces"

- lost it because she stayed away too often seeing the Faces.

"We had a letter to go to court because we skipped school. I've got to take eight G.C.E's, but all I study is the Faces! I want to be a fan club secretary when I leave school."

On Steve's birthday they spent £2 10s. on two hundred cigarettes for him.

They save up for tickets and records. When a new L.P. comes out they take part-time jobs to raise money.

Hilary Tonks and Jean Miller, both fifteen: they have 660 pictures each, twelve big photos on the bedroom walls. Souvenirs. Jean had a kiss from Stevie Marriott (and she didn't wash for two weeks afterwards!) Hilary won his shirt in a fan club competition.

They have seen the Small Faces on stage ten times.

They say they don't miss school to see the Faces in case they give the group a bad name.

"I'd marry Plonk or Kenny or Mac, but not because they are famous, but for themselves," Hilary said.

They like the boys to be happy and have girlfriends, and are pleased about Genevieve and Plonk, but they disapproved of Chrissie Shrimpton.

The Beatles' fans

■ **Christine Pond, seventeen:** first saw the Beatles in March, 1964 outside R.S.G. "I was wearing a sweater with their names on it that I'd embroidered in needlework at school. I skipped school early that day. When I saw Paul I had to let him know that I loved him. Tears were streaming down my face and I yelled, 'Paul, I love you', and just for a split second our eyes met."

Chris joined the Beatles' fan club, but had to wait eight months for membership. She covered her bedroom walls in Beatle photos and wrote 'Beatles' all over her school books.

She now has 9,787 pictures and souvenirs. She has seen them three times on stage. Once she paid £1 for a ticket.

She went to the airport when they left for the Bahamas, and has been on two other occasions. Once she spent £1 10s. in fares alone! She was waiting in the road at the premiere of "Help".

"Several Sundays I sat outside Jane Asher's house in case Paul went in or out.

"I was dating a boy once who didn't like the Beatles. He said in the end it was them or him. I chose them."

■ **Mary Watson, fifteen:** she first saw the Beatles when she was ten years old. "In my heart I knew that in



"I had a boyfriend once who said 'It's the Beatles or me'. I chose the Beatles"

the years to come they would mean something to me. Now I'm in love with every adorable one of them."

She has 296 pictures of the boys on her bedroom walls.

"I used to have long hair, but at the beginning of the year I had it cut off into a Beatle mop, and I even comb my fringe the same way as Paul. I sit like him, and I've taught myself to do most things left-handed as he does."

■ **June Leavesley, fourteen:** has 5,000 photos of the Beatles, a piece of Paul's shirt, a piece of George's jacket and the Beatles' real autographs. She saw them live in 1964 and 1965. She spends 10s. a month on magazines and comics with Beatle pictures in them. She has all their singles and albums.

"I dream all the time of marrying them. I love them so much."



"I'm saving to go to Hollywood to see the Monkees. I might marry one"

The Monkees' fans

■ **Judy Baker, eighteen:** has been a Monkee fan since the TV. series started. When the Monkees visited England she went to the hotel where they were staying.

"I waited outside all night. At seven in the morning I crept in. I ran along the passages to their room, (someone had told me the room number the night before). Mama Cass opened the door and yelled loudly. I was scared. A man came and I was seen out."

She has 108 pictures of the Monkees, many from American magazines that she has had sent over. She has applied for fan club membership, but so far has received no reply.

■ **Ann Savingham, fifteen:** has ninety-four pictures of the Monkees. She has taken a job in a laundry at weekends to save up for a trip to Hollywood to see them. She has to miss the TV. show because of this.

"It is terrible, but what else can I do? I must go to Hollywood. I feel sure we will get on well and I might marry one." She has a radio which



she listens to whenever possible in the hope of hearing the Monkees.

■ **Veronica Kade, twelve:** "I love all the Monkees. I bought their single and I'm saving for the LP."

Veronica went to London to see the two visiting Monkees. "I waited outside the hotel but I never saw them."

The Walker Brothers' fans

Janet Hill, fifteen: has 318 photos, two tickets to Walker concerts, a yellow hat with 'Walkers' on it, and three posters of Scott.

"I love all the boys, but I love Scott the best. I don't know if I'd marry one. I think I would be satisfied just to have them as friends."

Janet says that when she is coming home from a stage show, she talks to other fans and they get on well.

"We are suddenly united because we have the Walkers in common."



"Scott and Gary had a jeep once. We fans tore it to pieces for souvenirs"

■ **Sandra Macfarlane:** has twelve real photos of the Walkers and seventy pictures. She has many souvenirs as she goes to the fan club office often.

"When Scott and Gary lived at Aston Lodge they had a jeep which we fans tore to pieces to get souvenirs. A little while ago I followed them to a recording session and a cigarette box fell out of John's pocket and I kept it."

She has seen seven live performances. At one, Sandra had an upsetting experience.

"In front of me there were tall girls standing up. So I stood on the chair. They did too. So I stood on the back and so did they. I fell off and knocked myself out. I don't know if they did too!"

Sandra goes to John's house often. "Recently we went there at eleven in the morning and by the afternoon it was raining and he hadn't shown up. I shouted, 'If you don't come down here I will kick your car.' He came down and was he mad! But I saw him."

Elvis Presley's fans

Ellen Macarthur, nineteen: has been an Elvis fan since 1959. She saw "Jailhouse Rock" so many times she can recite the entire script by heart.

She has every Elvis record possible to obtain in Britain. She is president of Elvis's Scottish fan club. "I worry over Elvis like a close friend," she said. "Everyone said I would grow out of it, but I've grown into it."

"I have a pile of large bricks and pebbles from Elvis's driveway, leaves from the driveway trees, pictures and postcards and a book of records."

Ellen also has about 15,000 pictures of Elvis.

She and hundreds like her spend their life savings on a visit to America because they know Elvis is unlikely to visit them in Britain.



"I have a pile of large bricks and pebbles from Elvis's driveway and leaves from his trees"

She has seen Elvis's twenty-two films, including "California Holiday" a total of 219 times!

■ **So who has the most faithful fans? It is impossible to say. Each worshipper, in her own way, is entirely dedicated to her star. Elvis has older fans, the Beatles and the Stones have long-standing fans, the Walkers attract a mixture, whereas the Faces and the Monkees appeal mostly to younger people. But the real fan is forever thinking of her hero, and loving his image. She has little time for boyfriends, unless they too like the star. She cares for the protection of the star, except against herself.**

Love goes deep. The mind of the worshipper is completely involved with her star. She dreams of him, thinks of him, works to save money for him. Anyone able to claim so much love from a complete stranger is lucky indeed.



HAIR

■ Is your hair still suffering from the effects of winter? For hair that's lacking in body, dry from over-bleaching or generally looking worn out, a good conditioner is a must before taking to the beach. Give your hair a treatment every week for a month before your holiday to get results. Natural substances such as lemon for blondes and vinegar for brunettes, used in the final rinsing water, produce very soft, manageable hair. For lack of body use beer as a setting lotion.

Lashes and brows need attention too. Will yours stand up to a first ducking without being reduced to straight stalks of fine, fairish hair surrounded by black smudges? A trick for girls with fair lashes that won't hold darker mascara when swimming is to dye them. Ciloreal, 5s. 11d., is a new, simple-to-use eyelash colourant that is permanent and lasts as long as a single hair in lashes or brows (about six weeks).

Nothing looks worse on the beach than fuzz! Remove it! Use any of the popular makes of cream or a ladies shaving razor, or, if you prefer, bleach them. Inecto Creme Hair Lightener, 3s. 9d., mixed with twenty volumes of peroxide left on for about fifteen minutes will do the trick, and will soften any bristles left by shaving too.

SKIN

■ Neglected skin develops a mottled look and dry patches, so give it a thorough overhaul for the summer. Get rid of hard skin with regular treatments of body lotion. Easier than this are the new bath oils which are simply luxurious; just lay back in a warm bath and soak it away! Coty have a new one in Imprévu or l'Aimant perfume, 22s. 9d. and 18s. 3d. respectively. They last for ages because you only

COOL IT, BABY!

... says RAVE beauty girl, Samantha

Ready for the beach, ravers? Here are some last minute tips that every rave girl must read on how to look beautiful this summer!

need two capfuls for each bath. Another excellent product is Badedas. It replaces soap and shampoo and so makes a very useful holiday product. Prices range from 2s. to 91s. 3d.

Body lotion should be the substitute for talc for anyone with dry skin, especially after a bath. Nulon hand cream, 4s. 1d. for a large size, is cheap enough to use all over. Coty have a new body lotion called Frosted Velvet which has an alcohol content that produces a very cool feeling as well as being an excellent moisturiser. Prices are 30s. (Imprévu) and 24s. (l'Aimant).

If you are troubled by an oily back, Clearasil Afterwash, 5s. 3d., is excellent for blemishes of any sort. Just apply after washing for extra cleansing, and if necessary leave a new film to work overnight.

For a quick cleanse and cooling on the beach, keep a bottle of cleansing cold cream or a pack of Quickies with you. For hard skin on legs and feet, a Scholl callous file is invaluable. Price 5s. If you are lucky enough to be near a Scholl salon, treat yourself to a beauty treatment for legs and feet. It's only 21s., and is really relaxing.

NAILS

■ For girls who prefer not to wear nail polish, Mary Quant has a new kit especially for you. It consists of a white pencil to keep nail tips white, cream to massage in the nail base and a super buffer to stimulate the nail, all in a cute pack for 15s. 9d.

For a faint pearl effect on nails, Woltz Italiana have a new Super Brilliant pearl enamel with a deeper sheen in soft pastel colours, price 7s. 6d. And don't forget toe nails!

FRESHNESS

■ You'll never be fully confident on the beach without the help of a good anti-perspirant or deodorant. Linc-o-lin's anti-perspirant and body spray deodorant are both good value at 4s. 11d. Try Max Factor's all-in-one roll-on at 5s. 3d., or the new refreshing lemon fragrance Body Mist deodorant at 3s. 8d. Gain extra confidence by using products such as Femfresh and Bidex, that cleanse and deodorise the outer vaginal area. Femfresh has a sachet of pre-moistened tissues packed in a wallet of four for 1s. 9d. or in spray form at 6s. 10d. Bidex, 9s. 8d., has a super perfume that lasts and lasts.

■ Now you're all set for the beach! You can go out and have fun, knowing that you look great!

The stretch towelling top and shorts shown here are by Etam, 49s. 11d. Sunglasses by Correna



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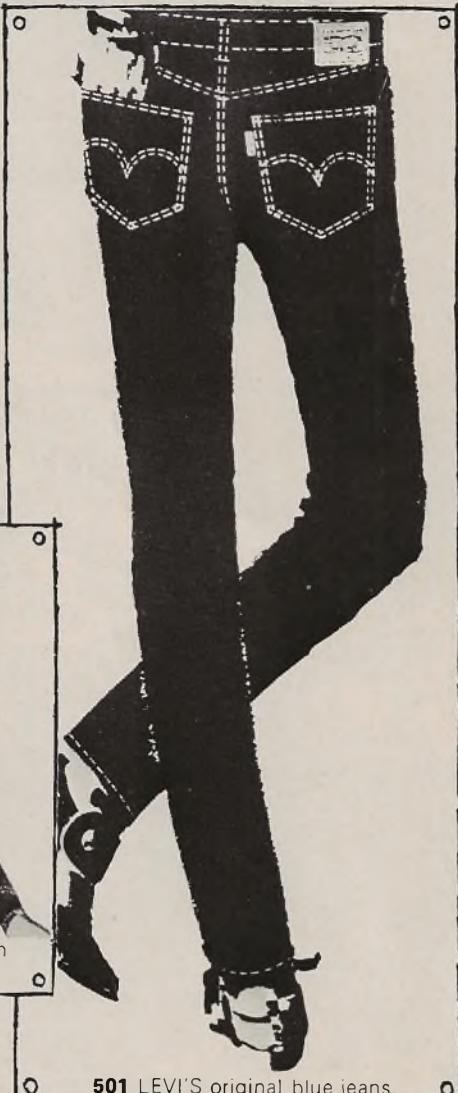
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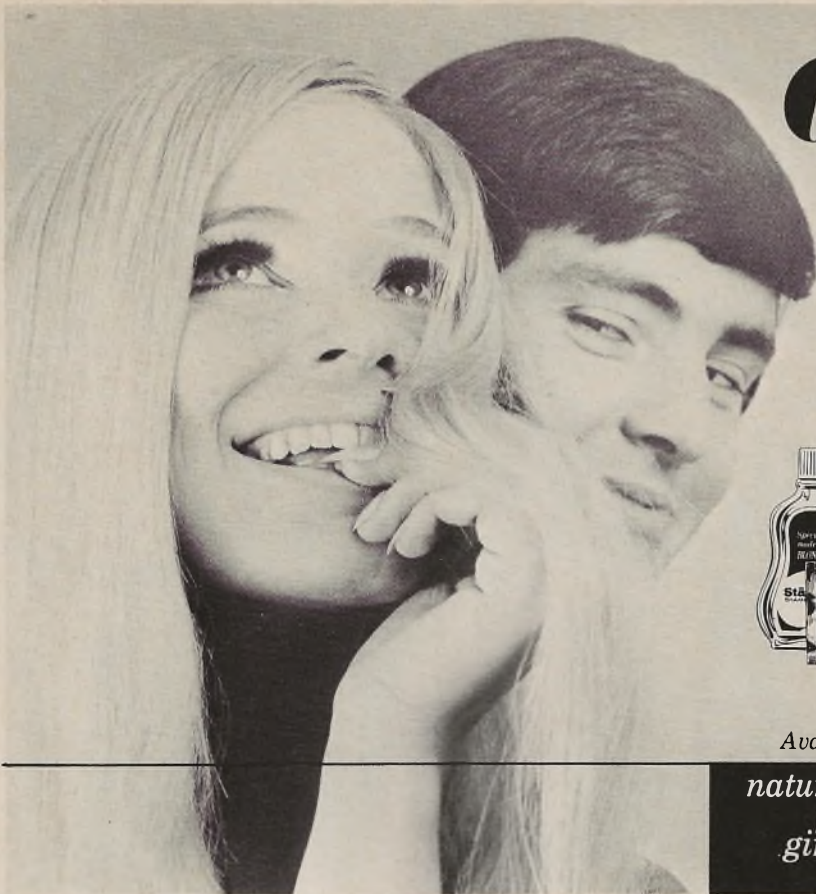


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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



GRAPY SAYS...

A personal opinion on pop from top writer Maureen O'Grady

■ Amazing how many people are copying Jimi Hendrix's hairstyle these days. Although Jimi himself is said to have styled his hair on Bob Dylan, it is Jimi who has started the revival of the backcombed hair. Gary Leeds has tried it. So has Roy Wood of the Move, Eric Clapton of the Cream, and of course Noel and Mitch of the Experience. Even Just Dennis here at RAVE has. Dennis tells me that to achieve this effect, you either have your hair permed, wrap round pipe cleaners, or do as he does, just leave it, for a really wild effect! Clubs where this hairstyle can be seen quite a bit is at the U.F.O. or the Round House in London. Whether it's the kind of hairstyle you keep forever or just a passing fancy, at least it keeps the world smiling!

■ I came out of the cinema after seeing the Paul Jones film "Privilege", thinking that the story itself isn't so unbelievable, and that some of the characters in it could easily be picked out of the real pop world. Cliff Richard immediately comes to mind as the real life Steven Shorter. Cliff's reasons for pursuing religion



Jimi Hendrix



Eric Clapton



Gary Leeds



Roy Wood



Noel Redding

are purely sincere ones, and not like in the film, for commercial and financial reasons. Cliff, who is in fact renouncing his very lucrative position in pop, will change his name to Cliff Webb. Obviously Cliff is using his popularity to help strengthen the shaky position religion finds itself in today, as did Steven Shorter in "Privilege". Cliff found God in the pop world, a life loaded with temptations. There's a message there somewhere for us all, though perhaps he could help his cause more, and keep his fans happier by staying in the limelight as a pop star. Everything Cliff does these

days is for a good cause, but would his words mean so much if he wasn't Cliff?

■ More news on the pop front is that Viv Prince, ex-drummer with the Pretty Things, is to join ex-Moody Blues' singer Denny Laine's backing group. A strange combination of talent you might think, and you'd be right! Viv has been wandering rather aimlessly on the scene since leaving the Pretty Things, trying his hand at almost everything—club host, publicist, agent, manager, and I'm glad to see he's found a niche. By the way, Denny's "Say You Don't Mind" should have been a hit.

■ An Australian group, the Bee Gees, have been getting a fair amount of publicity with their disc "New York Mining Disaster, 1941". After a string of No. 1's in Australia, and having pushed the Easybeats from the No. 1 group position, they've decided to try their luck in England. Under the wings of Brian Epstein they should fare well, even though they have been slightly criticised for being reminiscent of the Beatles. Apart from the singers sounding like John and Paul, their talent appears to be their very own. In the Bee Gees are three brothers—Robin and Maurice Gibbs are eighteen year old twins and brother Barry is twenty. Fourth member is Colin Peterson. They claim to have been recording long before the Beatles and appeared on TV. before they did. Anyway, watch out for them.

The Bee Gees: l. to r. Colin Peterson, Barry Gibbs and twins Robin and Maurice Gibbs.





RAVERSSCOPE

Horoscope predictions for ravers by world-famous astrologer, Merlin

ALL ABOUT MISS GEMINI

She's attractive, flirtatious, has lots of boyfriends, and can be in love with more than one at a time! Miss Gemini is fun to be with, makes friends wherever she goes, likes her pals to be lively. In her work Miss Gemini needs variety and a changing scene—a routine job is out. She's a born traveller, loves meeting people and adores a natter, so a job that keeps her on the move would be ideal.

STARRED FOR SUCCESS

Have a hair-do, buy yourself some new make-up and clothes, *Miss Leo*. With a little effort and charm you can have your boyfriend exactly where you want him! *Miss Cancer*, organise travel, go ahead with changes you have in mind. The more varied your activities the more you'll enjoy yourself. For *Miss Virgo* career prospects are bright—both during this month and in the future.



STARCAST

Predictions for the stars

CILLA BLACK

Birthdate: 27th May 1943

Nancy Sinatra and Tom Jones are two Gemini subjects who have achieved fame and fortune in the world of entertainment. Cilla is of course another. As a Gemini subject, the medium of television holds the most promising possibilities for her. Cilla's horoscope shows the Sun in conjunction with Uranus. More than most Gemini's, she has an inventive mind and an individualistic personality.

PAUL McCARTNEY

Birthdate: 18th June 1942

Paul's horoscope shows the Sun in Gemini in conjunction with Jupiter, the Moon in Leo. This means he's an ideas man, imaginative and versatile, a born showman, generous, warm-hearted and a real optimist. Paul will have a big hand in keeping the Beatles moving with the times. He thinks ahead and likes to experiment. Yet, at the moment, he's probably thinking more of his personal future than of the group. Expect an important announcement soon involving him, and his plans for the future.

MISS GEMINI YOUR YEAR AHEAD

A happy and tranquil phase in your life between now and August will be followed by a "difficult" period which lasts until Christmas. Your plans will be put out of gear by the problems of a close companion; unexpected happenings catch you unawares; minor quarrels develop with your boyfriend. The picture changes in the spring of 1968, when the tide of fortune will turn in your favour. Mid-1968 will bring a new circle of friends, money luck and an exciting romance.

GEMINI AS A BOYFRIEND

He'll be restless, talkative, witty—never a bore. Don't expect to be the only one in his life, for he'll have a variety of interests and this includes people! Mr. Gemini likes to be out and about—is not too keen on sit-at-home evenings, although he'll enjoy a disc-party. He'll be a marvellous salesman, could easily have exceptional talent for writing or lecturing. Sooner or later he'll want to travel or live abroad. Mr. Gemini won't hold on to money. He is more interested in enjoying life! Aquarius and Libra girls will have an "affinity" with him—will understand him.



A PERSONAL FORECAST FOR YOU

Gemini

(May 22-June 21)

Romance Your boyfriend is ready to make a fuss of you.

Money In planning your budget, remember that the first half of 1967 is more fortunate for you.

Fun Social life under favourable stars. Happy outings.

Cancer

(June 22-July 23)

Romance Someone you meet this month will play an important role in your life.

Money Watch your purse around the 12th. The 7th or 28th more fortunate for money matters.

Fun Travel is starred—will lead to quite lengthy trips later in the year.

Leo

(July 24-August 23)

Romance At least one person will go out of their way to give you a good time.

Money You can chance your luck moneywise from the 6th onwards.

Fun Pleasure and fun all around—lots of invitations—affectionate companions.

Virgo

(August 24-September 23)

Romance Accept invitations. There'll be lots of them!

Money There's a possibility of some sort of change round at work which helps you financially.

Fun Travel indications are strong—a journey may be made at short notice.

Libra

(September 24-October 23)

Romance You'll be meeting people from overseas. People you know well will be on the move.

Money Papers you sign will have a bearing on your financial future.

Fun The 17th is excellent for a party. See that you don't overdo the dashing around.

Scorpio

(October 24-November 22)

Romance Happy occasions, exciting outings are promised from the 6th onwards.

Money A pleasing surprise, connected with cash matters, comes your way through relatives.

Fun Your life takes a distinct upturn between now and the end of 1967.

Sagittarius

(November 23-December 22)

Romance Lovers' disagreements around the 12th. Take no notice of your boyfriend's attitude.

Money Cash comes to hand for efforts made in the past.

Fun A lively time. Invitations from your boyfriend's family.

Capricorn

(December 23-January 20)

Romance You could be taken for a ride by a talkative, highly-strung person. Watch it!

Money Cash will be a bit tight. The absence of a workmate puts more work on your shoulders.

Fun A family get-together around the 17th turns out successfully.

Aquarius

(January 21-February 19)

Romance A temporary parting from someone you're fond of. Accept invitations from other sources.

Money You'll be hard up this month. Possibility of a showdown over money.

Fun Get out into the fresh air as much as possible.

Pisces

(February 20-March 21)

Romance Good time for getting to know people better. Expect the unexpected, socially.

Money Financial matters neither good nor bad; watch your spending though.

Fun Invite your special pals in for an evening with the record player.

Aries

(March 22-April 20)

Romance An old boyfriend turns up again at the beginning of the month.

Money You may have to help one of the family who's a bit hard up!

Fun An affectionate, companionable phase between the 1st and 7th. Enjoy it while it lasts!

Taurus

(April 21-May 21)

Romance Keep your sweetheart happy between the 9th and 15th—don't cancel arrangements.

Money If buying, do so on the 9th or 17th. A form of regular saving will appeal to you, mid-month.

Fun You'll be active mentally—if not physically. Social life quiet.

Ronny

THE DIARY OF A RAVE GIRL



“He pressed me close to him, his great, groping fat hands wriggling down my back.”

Ronny's flatmate Jan is slowly recovering from her terrible experience with LSD. The pair get a scare when it looks as though Jan's parents might discover the accident. And in the flat, the new girl provides another problem . . .

Thursday

■ Even now Jan isn't quite right—a whole month after that horrible man slipped LSD into her drink at that party. She was in bed for three days and she'd be OK for a bit, then she'd start seeing things and crying. Her parents were the trickiest. They rang up and wanted to speak to her, and we had to say first she was out, and then that she'd got flu—and then of course her Mum wanted to come round and see her. We had to get Jan on the telephone in one of her better moods to lie like mad and say she was quite all right and getting up that afternoon.

We just couldn't risk her Mother coming round and Jan getting a paranoid fit in the middle of chewing at a bunch of grapes.

She is a lot better. But she says she still sees cracks in walls and thinks they are going to fall in on her. Lou stayed with us for a week, which was sweet of him. He just stuck around being nice, making cups of coffee and watching the telly.

"Don't ever take it," Jan said to me. "It's terrible. I can't describe it—it's as if you're going completely mad and insane. You see these horrible things—it's like an awful nightmare only you never wake up and you think it's real."

Not that she has to warn me. It's all I'll do to take an aspirin now. The frightening thing was that when she was under the influence of LSD she changed completely. I mean she just wasn't Jan any more. She was mad.

Dr. Summers was marvelous. He came round every day and checked on her. It was so lucky I was working for him—because if I hadn't known him, I'm sure he would have packed her off to a hospital and her parents would have been told. I mean who would believe she was slipped it? They'd have thought at once that Prince of Wales Drive was a drug den, that I was a pusher, and that we spent

every evening having purple hearts for supper, and going to bed after a quick reefer and a steaming cup of LSD. Little knowing it's one can of warm beer between three of us, if we're lucky!

Saturday

Got a girl for our room. In the morning we went shopping and Jan and I bought a load of African print dresses and Lennox says I look more like a Negro than him.

We slogged around Oxford Street in the sun, feeling iller and iller. You get to a point where you just run into a shop, don't look at the clothes, seize up five things, dash into a fitting room, struggle out of them and flog on to the next shop.

I'd had it when an assistant came into the fitting room with me. For a start my underwear wasn't up to scratch—and she started trying to sell this dress to me.

"Suits you beautifully, looks lovely on you, you've got the face for it, it's only a figure like yours that could carry it off, it's the new thing from Paris," she said, smiling, and pulling and tugging. Then, when I said no, she snatched it off me and flounced out of the room without speaking.

After shopping we rushed back to see this girl. She is called Sonya, and she's not ideal, but she does just want the room till the summer. She wanted to move in that afternoon, so we thought it'd be better to take her than hang around any longer.

She's blonde and Jan thinks she's too pretty for comfort. But as long as George isn't around to fancy her I don't care. The only thing about her is that she leaves her awful frilly panties in the bathroom to dry and leaves a sickening pong of sickly scent wherever she goes. Also she has a little Yorkshire terrier called Mr. Dog, which is a bit twee. Jan says dogs ought to be called proper doggie names like Rover or Spottie or Towser. Mr. Dog is a bit off. Still, it's quite amiable and

lives in a basket in the kitchen and hasn't made a mess of our carpet yet.

Sonya's about twenty-five and says she works as a discotheque girl in a West End club. Lucky thing.

Lou may be going back to the States soon, which is sad. Jan has been looking a bit gloomy. George hasn't written yet, and somehow I don't think he ever will. Every morning I amaze Jan by leaping out of bed at the crack of dawn, speeding downstairs in my dressing gown and coming back all low and tired. I must say I do think he might have written a postcard at least—or even phoned. It's not terribly expensive from Birmingham, just for a few minutes. Perhaps he's met some horrible Birmingham girl.

Friday

When Sonya asked us to drop down at the club one day we thought it would be a raving discotheque, like the Speakeasy or somewhere. So we stuck on our African prints and white tights and got a bus to Soho. At the door we said we were friends of Sonya's and then realised why we'd got such odd looks. It was sort of pseudo-posh, all decorated in pink satin and black leather with gold lights and ancient people. They were just a load of baldie oldies in dinner jackets, staggering around with their secretaries to Frank Sinatra records.

Terrible! Jan wanted to leave at once, but I felt it was rude and that we ought to stay just for half an hour. So we sat down at a table feeling complete nuts, and ordered two Cokes (ordinary drinks were about a quid each) and just sat trying to look as if we always spent our evenings sipping Cokes together in posh clubs.

We finished the Cokes and were just about to ease out surreptitiously when Sonya came over wearing a sort of silver dress, that was about the size of a shrunken tea-towel, and hanging on the arm of a terrible old Frenchman called Pierre. He looked about a hundred years old, very fat and bald and awful, smelt of garlic, had great thick rings on his fingers and worked in Export Wool or

something draggy.

"This is Pierre, darlings," gushed Sonya. "Do look after him while I put on another record."

Well, he was awful. I mean conversation got a bit sparse once we'd got over the "Ahah, how lucky I am to be in the company of two such delightful jeunes filles" and Jan had said "Eh, jeunes filles? What are you on about?" and I'd kicked her! He ordered champagne for us and finally Sonya came over and started hugging him. How she could bear to touch him I don't know.

He asked us all to dance in turn and pressed me close to him, his great, groping fat hands wriggling down my back. Jan got a quick number and put him to shame by doing a very cool discotheque dance, leaving him stumbling about on his own, kicking his feet and tripping up as he tried to imitate her.

There's something awfully sad and horrible about old men trying to get off with young birds. He may have been all right when he was young and thin, too.

Round about midnight he said he'd drive us home, and of course we had to invite him up. We left him and Sonya in the drawing-room when we went to bed.

What we *didn't* expect was to find him just leaving next morning!

We were horrified! "Sonya must go!" said Jan. "But it's tricky. She is paying for her own room."

"Oh come on, she'll be having all-night parties there next."

We were so busy discussing whether to get rid of Sonya or not that I didn't take my usual hysterical trip down to the post. It always happens. If you wait around in the evening for a phone call, no-one rings except your ancient auntie—and the minute you go out for some cigarettes, the guy rings. Same with letters. The one morning I didn't expect it, I found this postcard of Birmingham on the table with a great cross on the red of a traffic light. It was addressed to Jan. "Birmingham's pretty grotty. X marks the spot. My pad, as you might have guessed. Love, and tell R. I'll write.—G."

So that's one thing to look forward to, to make up for the problem of what to do with Sonya.

CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

To his fans, Dave is sexy. In an interview with RAVE's Dawn James he reveals a new, serious side of himself.

Rings on hands reach toward a sea of faces. A face—masculine, not soft or fair, but nice and straight-forward. A voice—high-pitched, tuneful, spitting out a song flying up the Charts. A boy called Dave Dee, associated with others, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich. A very sexy image, quite realistic. Twisted hippy trousers in a sort of 'come hither' gesture. An audience screaming. Lights did things to his image, which did things to the audience. I wondered what lay beneath the pop star up there beyond us all.

The stage went dark. Applause. Feet flying along a stone corridor. Naked light bulb at the end. Hot room opening before us.

Country Boy

"I'm sweating," said the star. I followed him into the room. His hair is deep red brown, and his hands are neat and square. He looks Carnaby Street, but his accent tells you he is really made of haystacks and cornfields, and soft summer rain that falls from a clean sky over Salisbury.

He didn't know about life in the city before he became a pop king.

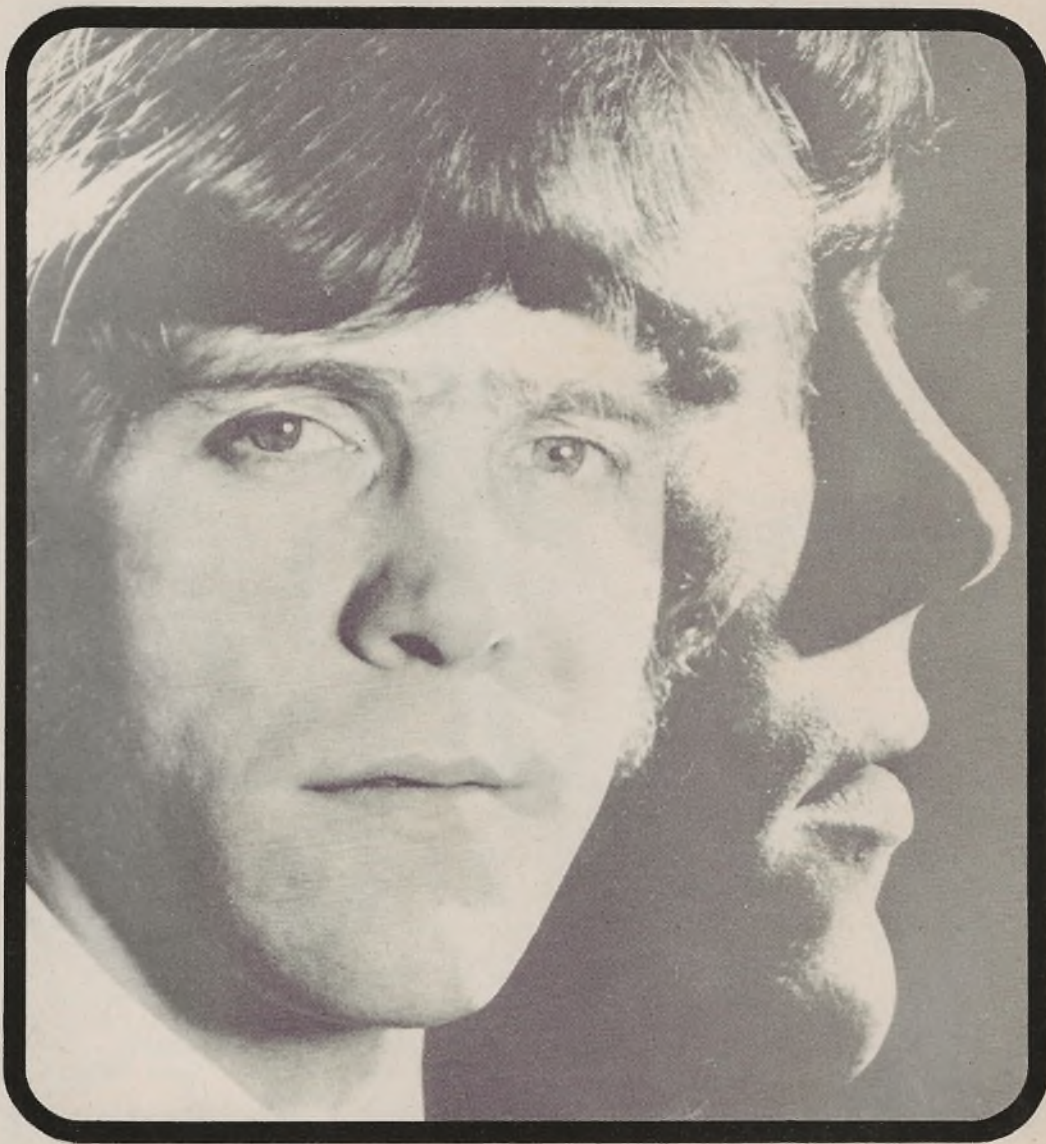
"I didn't know a lot of things," he said plainly. "We only ever played the local dance halls and that. We talked about making the big-time, and we thought we knew about the other life. We used to chatter on about it as though it were familiar. But we knew nothing." Dave Dee has had over a year in it now, does he know more?

"Sure, we've seen what success can do. Good and bad. It can make a man of some, but ruin others. We were scared of being ruined at one time."

He is part of a group and used to talking for a group. I asked him to talk just for himself, as for once the others didn't matter. He looked

SEXY? SERIOUS?

the two sides of DAVE DEE



puzzled, almost unbelieving.

"O.K." he said, thoughtfully.

"I used to be scared of getting big-headed with success. The idea haunted me. I went round asking people to stop me if I did. Then I had a few hits and started feeling great, and when people tried to warn me I didn't like it. I've got over that stage now,

thank goodness."

He was silent for a while.

"Mind you, success changes you. You learn because you want to improve. I don't agree with staying just the same. I think if you don't let your standards go up, you are throwing away your success. I don't think it matters if you go a bit flash. I enjoy going to the best places, buy-

ing the best suits, eating as many steaks as I like."

A serious light switched on in his eyes.

"Of course, I could live happily without all this," he gestured about him at the room and the crowd beyond. "I like it, but I don't depend on it. I've taught myself to be ready to live without it. Materially, I'd never be broke

again. I've invested safely. It used to worry me, getting a lot of money and not putting it to work for me. Since I have, I feel less dependent on my career. I didn't want to have to hang on and become its slave.

One of the reasons he didn't want to become a slave of his pop career is because that career matters. He feels that if he is forever dependent on hit records, he would never be able to enlarge his scope, or try new and daring material. He plans his career carefully with the aid of managers Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley.

"I'd like to promote the group steadily all over the world," he said. "It's better to build slowly. At the moment we are working out a cabaret act, but I still want to do ballroom dates and stage work. That way we'll discover what we're best suited to.

"I'm not an easy person to help, because though I listen to advice, I always make up my own mind in the end. It's hard to give advice, because no-one can put themselves in someone else's place, and the people who advise you just

everyone, but me, I call it stupid. I don't care so much if people trick me into friendship, which they really want because I'm in the Charts, but if a bird tricked me into love, well that would choke me right off."

He isn't the worrying kind. He gets most pleasure in life from achievements.

"I like to start at the bottom and build up steadily. As I did in pop. If I have a problem I like to solve it myself. I like the scene I have with my fans. It sounds corny praising fans, but they send me presents and letters and I feel great when I think about them.

No Privacy

"I've done my share of grumbling over fans, when they tear a favourite shirt from my back, or invade my hotel room. I shout with the rest of the group. Success has taken away all privacy. But that is the price we have to pay."

He sounded so sensible and looked so extrovert and sexy that I asked if his parents had taught him such sense.

"I can't understand why the sordid side of show business is always glamorised. There's nothing clever in drugging yourself"

don't have to stand up and carry off the act, as I do."

With Dave Dee, talk continuously steers towards work and pop.

"I'm always like this. I never intended it to happen, but I live my career twenty-four hours a day."

It does take over your life while you are involved in it. But it would be possible to become uninvolved and leave it altogether."

Is there a frantic blonde or a benign brunette lurking in the private shadows of his spotlight world?

"No," he said, and looked a bit worried. "It's best if you had a girl before all this happened as Mick did," he said. "Afterwards, like me now, you can't be sure why the girls want you." He shrugged. "Sure, call it gallant to trust

"They are sane people," he said. "I was an only child but was never spoilt. We didn't have much money and I had to work for everything I wanted."

Dave doesn't own a car. "I don't find the need for one." He doesn't dabble in drugs. "I don't need drugs. What good would they do me?" He cannot understand why the sordid side of show business is glamorised. "There is nothing clever or romantic in drugging yourself, or continually getting drunk, or having orgies all the time."

Will he dedicate his life to pop?

"No. When I outgrow pop, or pop outgrows me, I shall start another career from the bottom and build up all over again. I'll do that all my life That is what I like."

BE A DOLLY BIRD



For summer dolly's, a super dress and coat in this seasons pretty cotton print. Fab zip front on the coat, and great cut-away shoulders on the dress. To set the outfit off perfectly, is a super matching bag, with long or short handles. The price is unbelievable! Only 75/- for the dress and coat, and 19/6 for the bag. Get up and go. This is too good a chance to miss.

Price for dress and coat

Only 75/- Made from cotton print

Comes in sizes: Hips 34" - 42" Bust 32" - 40"

And colours: Lime Green, Pink, Blue, Yellow, Orange

Price for bag 19/6

Plus 3/- P. & P.

Dual Handles - long or short Double Sided.

In colours: Lime Green, Pink, Blue, Yellow, Orange, Black

Money refunded if not satisfied

I enclose P.O./Cheque for £ s. d.

Please send me dress and coat

Dress, coat and bag

Bag

Tick article required

Bust size Hip size

1st colour choice 2nd colour choice

Name

Address

Dolly Bird Boutique, 272, Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, London N.4.

R.I.

RACY STRIPES!!

ESPECIALLY FOR GETAWAY GIRLS!



Getaway girls are really going to leave the crowd standing this summer.

They'll be wearing some of the raciest gear around. Stripes, stripes, stripes! Whizzing everywhere! So get into the right gear with RAVE. Here's fashion girl Lee's selection of racy stripes—winners in any company!

Above and left: ride lively in an all cotton outfit by Dorothy Perkins; skirt and blouse with striped jacket and kipper tie, 85s. 11d.

Far left: a match for any fast car—wild wide stripes in lemon and turquoise for a suit by Simon Jeffrey, 6 gns.

Right: race away in this zipper shirt dress in jersey by Marlborough, £4 19s. 11d. Teamed with orange and yellow shoes, 89s. 11d. The lime, turquoise and shocking pink striped knitted dress is by Marlborough, 79s. 11d. Pink patent shoes, 79s. 11d.





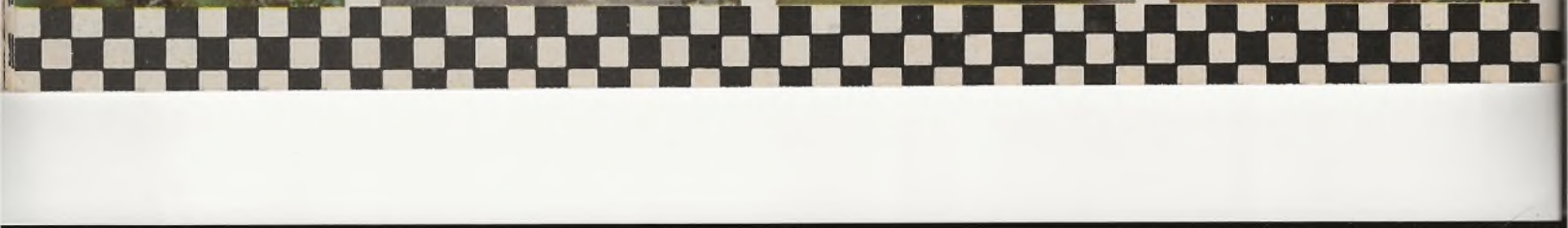


Far left: a winner on anyone's race card—a pant dress from Art Galore, 6 Leapale Road, Guildford, Surrey. Price 4 gns. The jersey dress with striped sleeves and scarf is by Simon Jeffrey, 5½ gns.

Left: you may not be mechanically-minded, but you'll definitely feel man-minded in this horizontally-striped vest dress by Polly Peck, £8 16s. 6d.

Above: move out in a fab diagonal striped Tricel jersey dress with draw-string neckline, by Etam, in multi-colours, 49s. 11d. The super, slinky pink and orange culotte dress in vest style Tricel jersey is by Neatawear, 89s. 11d.







Separates—the fashion formula! This skinny yellow sweater (above left) is by Lewis Separates, 26s. 11d. Deck-chair-striped canvas skirt by John Marks, 49s. 11d. Shoes in lime green, 89s. 11d.

Get away fast in an all-in-one striped pink cotton culotte outfit by Lenbry, (above right). Price approx. 3 gns. Shocking pink and toning cerise leather shoes, 99s. 11d.

On the right track—a fab halter dress (right) from John Marks, 4½ gns.

All sunglasses by Correna
Jaguar E-type 4.2, approx.
retail price £1,967

All shoes by Ronald Keith
Hot orange Lotus Elan from the
London Sports Car Centre,
Edgware, Middlesex.
Approx. retail price, £1,650

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
P. L. JAMES**



RAVE IN AMERICA

An all-happening raver's guide to New York. What's on, what happens, what the crazes are! Join RAVE "Swinger" competition winner, Pauline Hutchinson, as she jets across the Atlantic as the guest of Polaroid (UK) Ltd., Paramount Pictures and RAVE, and tells you all about the crazy American scene!

Pauline Hutchinson had never been to a dance, never seen the inside of a night club or elegant restaurant, never tasted champagne, and had never had enough money to buy clothes—that is until she won RAVE's "Swinger" Competition, with the prize of a terrific New York weekend as the guest of Polaroid and Paramount Pictures.

She celebrated her eighteenth birthday three days before she left for New York, and what a birthday

present from RAVE her wild weekend was!

Pauline's first reaction to Kennedy Airport was one of quiet awe. The ride into New York City was spent pointing out landmarks such as the old New York World's Fair, Shea Stadium (home of the Mets Baseball Team and the Beatles' concerts) and the fabulous Manhattan skyline, which never fails to excite even old New Yorkers.

■ But this was only the beginning. There was still a long evening and a whole weekend of excitement ahead of her! Her first night in New York was to start with her meeting Dave Clark at Epic Records, where he had arranged a screening of "The Dave Clark Five Hits In Action".

Dave was late, and was with a party of record executives when he arrived. But it didn't matter. He signed photographs, autographs, posed for Pauline to take pictures with her super "Swinger" camera, which was part of her prize, and then held her hand for shots of them both.

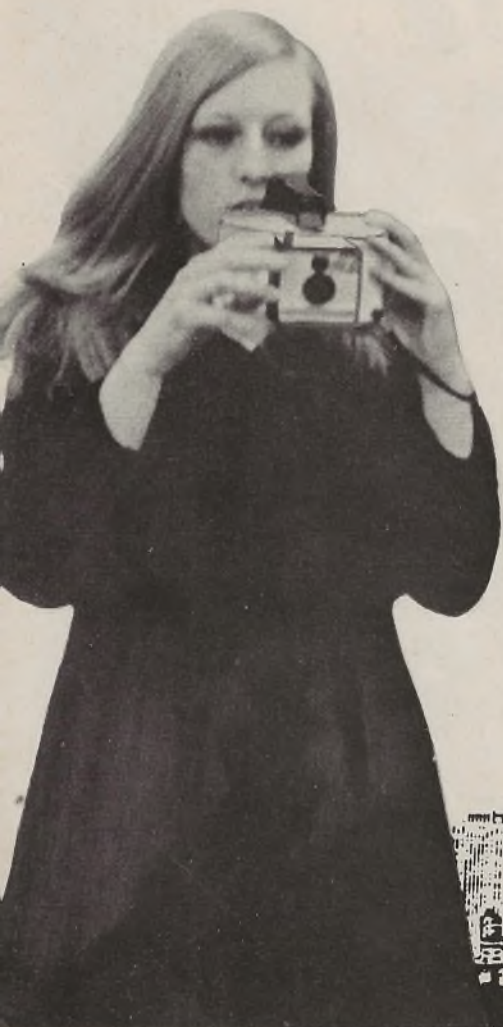
After her meeting with Dave Clark Pauline was on cloud nine! This high spirit was added to considerably when, less than an hour later, she was being

toasted with the best French champagne as a surprise special guest at a birthday party for Premier Talent Associates' President, Frank Barsalona. Frank didn't know about the party either, and when he found out he insisted it be turned over to Pauline! The Who's manager, Chris Stamp, was there too.

■ By the time Pauline left Premier's office it was midnight British time, but she showed no signs of tiredness. Just as well—she had dinner and a theatre visit ahead of her as the guest of Paramount. They had lined up a trip to Greenwich Village to see New York's block-buster musical, "Man Of La Mancha", which is the story of Don Quixote. She'd never been to a London show, let alone one off Broadway!

First stop was a plush French restaurant called Le Bijou, where Pauline had a martini that rested very well with the champagne. The theatre was great, and Pauline loved every minute.

Sleep? Certainly not. Alone at last in her hotel, with just a vast view of Central Park, Pauline took advantage of the silence to watch the night. She finally fell asleep about 6 a.m., but was up an hour and a half later, readying herself for her first visit to a hairdresser—the salon of John Fonda.



RICA!

■ That's when the transformation came about! Dreading what Mr. Fonda—who had specially visited his New York salon in order to style her hair—was going to do, Pauline sat stiffly while he set her up. There were a few cries while he tugged, and a lot of impatience as she sat it out under the dryer, but the result was stunning. Her hair was brushed smoothly off her face and caught up at the back with apple green cord, leaving just two side pieces hanging down in a soft semi-curl.



All smiles after a new hair-do

■ Next on the agenda was a trip to the Paraphernalia store in the Village, stopping en route at Rockefeller Center and the NBC building.

She spent an exciting afternoon shopping in the Village. After a short drive round some of the more famous Village streets, she stopped at La Groceria, a sort of provincial Italian restaurant, for lunch. Sitting by the window, Pauline was fascinated by some of the Village types she saw walking around! During the course of lunch (an Italian shrimp casserole) she was serenaded by violin players.

After the restaurant she made a beeline for Paraphernalia, with \$50 in her pocket given to her by Paramount. She was just bursting to spend it on something marvellously extravagant. She didn't go straight to Paraphernalia because there was a fascinating little poster store on the way, and she stopped to rummage through blow-ups of the Monkees, Paul Newman, Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones.

At a drugstore in the Village



Her first night in New York—and Pauline meets Dave Clark



Pauline at Paraphernalia

Pauline bought a whole load of skin creams, and she visited a green-grocer and a florist before crossing the street.

Reaching Paraphernalia, Pauline studied the windows for a moment before going in. Right next door, at Countdown, another mod boutique, she flipped over a check mini-skirt, but didn't like the silk blouse that topped it. In Paraphernalia, she wandered around the front of the store, which is empty except for a huge platform with models and accessories, and then gingerly walked to the back, where a confusion of racks confronted her.

Pauline's size ten figure looked great in everything—from a crazy-printed wool dress to a silver mini-top with sequined shorts. "I think I look terrible," she said.

Dresses, dresses and more dresses! Pauline couldn't make up her mind which she wanted. A quick check with the store got her a discount, and she settled on a yellow, orange and pink wool print dress with shoe-string straps, which cost her a little over \$30.

After shopping at another boutique Dorell Casuals, she headed back uptown to see Murray the K's "Music In The Fifth Dimension" at the RKO Theatre on 58th Street.

Cotton dress in acid yellow by Neatawear. The flowers decorating the midriff are fluorescent—great for New York discotheques. Price 49s. 11d. Also available by post from Neatawear's postal service, 12-14 Clipstone Street, London, W.1.

WHAT TO WEAR IN AMERICA

(or dreaming about
going to America!)

In the land of bright lights and tall skyscrapers, where the pace really gets hot, wise British ravers wear simple, cool, swinging dresses like these RAVE has chosen!



For real swinging Britishers who want to show America what's what—a bermuda outfit in jersey. By Simon Ellis, price approx. 7 gns.



3
Watch those smooth American heads turn when you're wearing this slinky, sightseeing Ban-Lon dress in wild peacock print by Roberta Roma, price 8½ gns.



■ "I've never been to a pop show before," Pauline said, "but I can't miss this one because Wilson Pickett's on the bill, and I'll probably never get another chance to see him."

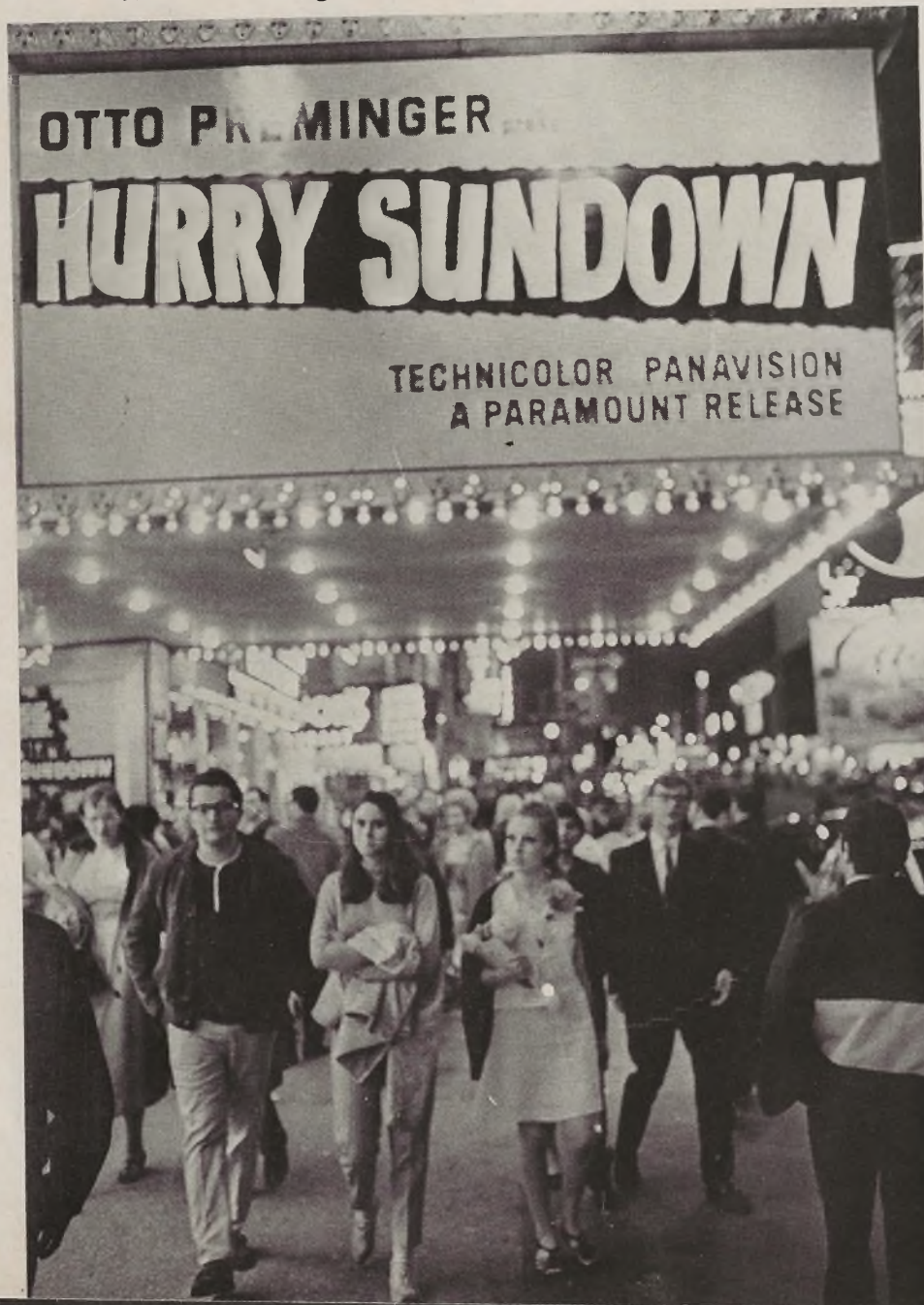
She wasn't going to see him—yet. Pauline didn't go to *see* the show, but to *meet* everyone in it! The rest of the afternoon went quickly, in the backstage flurry that pervades every pop show. Pauline met the Who, the Cream, Mitch Ryder, the Vagrants, Murray the K—and Wilson Pickett! The Cream's Eric Clapton gave her a terrific peacock feather, which she carried around with her all the rest of the day, remarking "I love the colours and the feel. It's so soft." Ginger Baker asked when she was going home, and was disappointed to learn that it would be so soon. Mitch Ryder

told her about his proposed trip to London, and she fell in love with Roger Daltry: "He's ever so friendly, not like a star at all." Pauline also chatted with Keith Moon, and she was pretty well speechless when Wilson Pickett sought her out to say 'hi'.

Then she met Murray the K. She didn't know he was responsible for the Beatles' break-through in the States, but she was thrilled when he instructed all theatre personnel to let her have the run of the place, and signed a pass so that she could come in and out whenever she liked for the rest of the day.

"I'd like to see the show," said Pauline. Her evening was hastily re-arranged to catch the 8.15 performance at the theatre.

New York at night: newest Paramount movie showing



Pauline meets Roger Daltry

■ Leaving Murray's show, Pauline picked up her birthday mate Frank Barsalona, who told her that if he'd known she was coming he'd have had every one of his groups in town to take her out! But he proceeded to do the next best thing and accompanied her himself on a discotheque tour. For this Pauline was wheeled about in a rather lush Cadillac limousine, and lived it up at the Cheetah, the city's first psychedelic club. She would have stayed forever, but it got too hot to breathe there!

Leaving the Cheetah, it was cooling off time, so while dashing around the street for ice cream sodas, Pauline and the RAVE crew made a stop at a candy store where she chose a smooth, yellow fur cat which she immediately named Raver, and which never left her possession.

At 2.30 a.m. it was time for food. Pauline had a turkey sandwich at Tower East, an all-night restaurant—very posh.

■ Sunday dawned bright and clear, and Pauline went for a walk in Central Park, before being taken to the very hip Ginger Man restaurant on the West Side for brunch. She arrived at the same time as the Royal Shakespeare Company, who were celebrating a cast party for "The Homecoming", in which they star on Broadway.

Later she went on an exciting trip on the Staten Island Ferry, past the Statue of Liberty, where her "Swinger" camera went into overtime use, and on a tour of Wagner College in Staten Island.

Pauline was driven back from Staten Island via the new Verrazano Bridge, across the East River, and the second largest suspension bridge in the world. She came back to Manhattan through the Lower East side open air street market and up the East River Drive, stopping briefly at a RAVE staffer's apartment to freshen up for her drive out to the airport and return flight to London.



Raving—New York style—at the Cheetah discotheque

■ The whirlwind weekend was almost over, except for the last two hours. Pauline expressed her thanks and grew enthusiastic as she talked of plans that might bring her back. On the way out to the airport, she finally gave in to her tiredness and said she hoped to sleep on the plane, and that if she did, when she woke up she'd think it was really all a dream.

After checking in her baggage and taking more photographs, her departure was announced by BOAC. We said goodbye at the final gate—Pauline Hutchinson tired, sleepy, a little upset, but with a careful of memories and RAVE, with honest to goodness tears in our eyes at having had such a great time with a real life Cinderella.

WHAT AMERICAN RAVERS DO!

New York is where the ravers go in America!

■ It raves from end to end, from the East Village (formerly a near slum and now the 'new Bohemia') through Greenwich Village proper and up to the elegant upper east side.

Discos are open to everyone, but they're really like youth clubs, 'in' spots where all the ravers gather. The 'in' places are continually changing. Word gets round quickly, and the trend-followers come running.

The girls usually come in groups and pay their own way, as do the boys. Everyone drinks beer, whisky if they can afford it.

WHERE TO GO

■ In the East Village, where artists, writers and other assorted Bohemian types live and work in old stores and attics, the places to go are THE DOM (a former Polish meeting hall) and THE FIVE SPOT, both in St. Mark's Place.

In Greenwich Village, THE BITTER END and THE NIGHT OWL CLUB are the two most popular "in" places. Travelling further uptown, ARTHUR, owned by Sybil Burton Christopher (former wife of Richard Burton), is the chic spot for ravers.

Very "in" with students and young executives are P. J. CLARK and TOBO'S. They both specialise in good food and drink, both have a juke

box, and Tobo's has live entertainment, usually folksy.

Scattered throughout upper Manhattan are lots of rave spots; GINZA, an Oriental disco with live dancers, WAGON WHEEL, HARLOW'S ('thirties mood), GOOGIES and EIGHTH WONDER.

CLAY COLE'S DISCOTEK, THE PHONE BOOTH and THE SCENE are typical New York discos. Clay Cole's is a converted restaurant. The Phone Booth is the old Blue Angel, which was almost exactly like the Blue Angel in London. The Scene is in a cellar, popular with folk singers.

There are plenty of places other than clubs and discotheques where ravers can meet ravers. SERENDIPITY for lunch, perhaps. It's a very "camp" country store with wooden Indians, Tiffany lamp shades, junk and valuables, all packed in together. Among the snacks and meals on the menu are foot-long hot dogs and foot-high ice cream concoctions. After the movies ravers go to THE SMOKE HOUSE, a delicatessen, or to PAM PAM, a coffee house for young people.

Discotheques

THE DOM 23 St. Mark's Place
THE FIVE SPOT 2 St. Mark's Place
THE BITTER END 147 Bleeker Street
THE NIGHT OWL 118 West 3rd Street
ARTHUR between 3rd and Lexington

GINZA 58th between Park and Madison
WAGON WHEEL 114 West 45th Street
HARLOW'S between 3rd and 2nd.
EIGHTH WONDER 33 West 8th Street
CLAY COLE'S between 2nd and 1st.
THE PHONE BOOTH 55th between Lexington and 3rd.
THE SCENE 46th at Eight Avenue
GOOGIES 237 Sullivan Street

Eaters

SERENDIPITY between 2nd and 3rd.
SMOKE HOUSE 57th on Third Avenue
PAM PAM 986 Second Avenue

FASHION-WISE

■ On a clothes-hunting kick, TAPEMEASURE, ETCETERA and BIGI BOUTIQUE are the places where ravers find young, way-out clothes and young, way-out people. They're very much in the PARAPHERNALIA class, but most of the clothes are within the working girl's salary. Bigi Boutique is housed in the exclusive Bergdorf Goodman store. Ravers on a tight budget shop at the THRIFT SHOP or at the second hand shops lining Lexington Avenue.

The summer fashions are simple yet stunning, cut in super fabrics and really colourful. Betsey Johnson's tree dress is about the only semi-fitted dress on the scene. All the rest are free, flowing and tent-like.

Paper dresses are really sophisticated, with high, ruffled streamers from top to bottom.

Boutiques

TAPEMEASURE Lexington Avenue at 57th.
ETCETERA Fifth Avenue at 38th.
BIGI Fifth Avenue on Central Park
PARAPHERNALIA 56th on 2nd Avenue
THRIFT SHOP 1319 Third Avenue

THE POP SCENE

■ Young Americans are still raving over old favourites—Eric Burdon and the Animals (fantastically popular on the college circuits), Herman's Hermits, the Yardbirds, Beach Boys, Beatles, Stones and so on and on! But the sound explosion called psychedelia has brought a new wave of way-out groups with real talent. The Jefferson Airplane, the Peanut Butter Conspiracy—their sounds are on the American ravers' scene to stay!

The revolution started with a disc called "We Ain't Got Nothing Yet" by the Blues Magoos. It was a weird frenzy of wild sounds—an experiment with music just to see how far they could go! The story has been carried on with groups like the Blues Project, the Electric Prunes, the Doors and the Sopwith Camel.

If you've got any doubts about who to rave over when your raving in America, just say you ADORE the Monkees! Everyone's still crazy on them there!



BEATLEXCLUSIVE!

Some more hairy Beatle portraits to add to those in last month's RAVE.





most exciting pop features under the sun!

- 5 Big New MONKEES Colour Pin-ups
- Have the BEATLES gone too far?
- STONES Too Late — to Reform
- SANDIE SHAW — My Kind of Looks
- Long Range Fortune-Cast for Stars and You
- Colour pics of Beatles, Walkers, Cat Stevens, Engelbert Humperdinck. Special features on Monkees, 9 big pages! Beach Boys, Cliff, Elvis, Tom and Paul Jones.

SUMMER EXTRA SPECIAL
OUT NOW | THREE SHILLINGS



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You needn't have G.C.E. to become a nurse with the Q.A.'s. You simply need to be practical, to have a true liking for people and a desire to nurse them back to health.

You could join the Pupil Nurse course and train for your State Enrolled Nurse's Certificate (S.E.N.). Training is based on the practical side—daily work with patients and doctors—the real business of nursing. There's very little text book learning, theory or paper work. And in the Q.A.'s you actually travel while you train. You could go to Germany, Cyprus, Singapore or Hong Kong. Your S.E.N. Certificate would help you to get a good job in civilian nursing later on.

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Applicants must be resident in the U.K.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS



■ **The Rave Collection:** that's the name of a new John Line range of wallpapers designed especially for ravers! Prices range from 8s. 6d. a roll to £1, and some designs are washable. If you can persuade your parents to let you re-decorate your bedroom, there are lots of exciting prints to choose from, such as mock leopard and python skins, or dancers! Available from most good wallpaper shops.



Way-out keyfobs: new rave from France

■ You may be able to get away with carrying your keys on a tatty piece of string in England—but in France you can't! Smart keyfobs, called the Rage of France, are coming to England! They cost 5s. each and come in different designs with hearts, eyes, coins, or even lucky and unlucky numbers on them.

■ The most shady raves of the season are parasols! You can get them in deckchair stripes or calico prints from a firm called Vasa. They cost between four and five pounds. Too much? If you're clever you'll ferret around the junk markets and find a Victorian one at possibly half the price!

■ You can't afford *not* to buy Mary Quant's Leg Shapers! It's a make-up that covers all your veins, bruises, marks and everything else unsightly. The finished job is absolutely waterproof, so you can get drenched in the rain or go for a swim. Price 25s.

TODAY'S RAVES

Rave ideas, rave places, this is where we tell you about them first!

■ **Mini-mania** is not over yet! These ultra-mini stretch sweaters are great for raving in clubs and discotheques and on the beach. They are made by Donbros. A plain version costs around 21s. 11d. and comes in eight vivid colours. A striped version comes in six two-colour ways, and costs 23s. 11d.

■ Perhaps it's because some people won't be going on continental holidays this summer, but brown legs are out! This summer everyone will be wearing coloured stockings. Blue legs will go with blue dresses and pink legs with pink dresses. Sunarama stockings cost 6s. 11d. a pair, and if you want tights get coloured hipsters by Pex, 12s. 11d.

■ If the one thing that puts you off buying make-up is the price, you'll welcome the Babydoll range of cosmetics. Nothing much more than five shillings, even the lash-lengthening mascara.

The range is available now at most branches of Woolworths.



Mini sweaters: for beach or disco

■ **Okay folks!** So you know that those big floppy felt Garbo hats are 'in' for girls, but don't think fashion stops there. They are in for men too!

■ Great news for hotel haters. A new bureau has been started to provide holiday-makers with lists of furnished houses, flats, cottages, caravans and anything else you can live in at the seaside or in the country. It's

called Holiday Hire and the address is 24 Cranbourn Street, London W.C.2.

■ Everyone is 'sneaking proper' these days. So now the aim of the great language people is to stop it. Take Afferbeck Launder, professor of strine studies and the University of Sinny—(well actually he's artist and graphic designer Alistair Morrison). He's written a book called "Nose Tone Unturned" which is entirely in praise of different dialects. The book costs 5s. at W. H. Smith's.

Postscript for cravers!

■ Want three hundred marriage proposals? Nineteen year old Elizabeth Freedman got them after she offered herself in marriage to escape from the Pennsylvania University dormitory she shares with 150 girls! She dropped the idea after examining some of the photographs men sent her!



Part of the Babydoll range of cosmetics

Quite an experience!



Alan Freeman meets Jimi Hendrix for a RAVE Heart-to-Heart interview



I didn't recognise the elegant uniform. No wonder.

"Royal Army Veterinary Corps," said Jimi Hendrix, proudly flicking a bit of lint off his tunic sleeve. "Eighteen ninety-eight, I believe. Very good year for uniforms."

On Jimi it looked . . . well, interesting. Especially with a flowery shirt and a wispy scarf in his favourite red-purple.

As it happens, James Maurice Hendrix is one of the few younger people in pop who actually wore uniform as a serving soldier—the jump kit of the famous Screaming Eagles airborne division in the U.S. Army.

"I was bored at sixteen after I left school, and there wasn't a lot doing in a town like Seattle, Washington. The legal age for joining was seventeen, so I stuck a year on and got in the army! And you know what? It was even more boring than being outside.

"They tried to make us tough. So we had to sleep in mud."

I asked, "What for?"

Jimi shrugged. "To see if we could sleep in mud, I guess. We did push-ups in minus zero degrees. And we did jumping out of planes. That was about the best bit. But it scared me."

AN EXPERIENCE

He lit a cigarette and leaned back in the chair. It was a clear, sunny afternoon. Jimi stretched luxuriously, appreciating the leisurely atmosphere like a person who has tried living the hard way and knows which he prefers.

"The other night I was about half a block away from the Cromwellian Club, wearing this gear," he said. "Up comes this wagon with a blue light flashing and about five or six policemen jump out at me. They look into my face real close and severely and gather around. Then one of them points to my jacket and says, 'That's British, isn't it?'"

"So I said, 'Yeah, I think it is'. And they frowned and all that bit and they said, 'You're not supposed to be wearing that. Men fought and died in that uniform'.

"The guy's eyes were so bad he couldn't read the little print on the badges. So I said, 'What, in the Veterinary Corps, 1898? Anyway, I like uniforms. I wore one long enough in the United States Army'.

"They said, 'What? What?"



"I never saw one guy wreck so many theories!"
Alan said to Jimi

You trying to get smart with us? Show us your passport'. So we did all that bit too. I had to convince them that my accent was really American. Then they asked what group I was with and I said the Experience. So they made fun of that as well and made cracks about roving minstrels. After they made a few more funnies, and when they'd finally got their kicks they said they didn't want to see me with the gear on any more, and they let me go.

"Just as I was walking away, one of them said, 'Hey, you said you're in the Experience. What are you experiencing?'"

"I said, 'Harassment!' And took off as quick as I could."

ODD GEAR

"While we're on the subject of clothes" I said. "Explain one thing. According to the wise-heads, the craze for uniforms is supposed to show a masculine reaction to the kind of feminine influence that's been getting into male gear. But here you are with a military jacket and a flowered shirt and a dolly scarf. I never saw one guy who could wreck everybody's theories with one lot of clothes, like you do!"

Jimi roared with laughter, throwing back his mound of hair. "I'll tell you, Alan. I guess I had to conform so long in what other people wanted me to wear that now I just please myself.

"Pretty soon I wanted to get out of the army. One day I got

my ankle caught in the sky-hook just as I was going to jump, and I broke it. I told them I'd hurt my back too. Every time they examined me I groaned, so they finally believed me and I got out."

He stroked the strings of his guitar, thinking back. "I messed about on guitar while I was in the service. Played occasional gigs out of town. Anyway, my discharge came through, and one morning I found myself standing outside the gate of Fort Campbell on the Tennessee-Kentucky border with my little duffel bag and three or four hundred dollars in my pocket.

"I was going to go back to Seattle, which was a long way away, but there was this girl there I was kinda hung up on. Then I thought I'd just look in at Clarksville, which was near; stay there that night and go home next morning. That's what I did—looked in at Clarksville.

"I went in this jazz joint and had a drink. I liked it and I stayed. People tell me I get foolish good-natured sometimes. Anyway, I guess I felt real benevolent that day. I must have been handing out bills to anyone who asked me!

"I came out of that place with sixteen dollars left! And it takes a lot more than that to get from Tennessee to Seattle! So no going home, 'cos it's like two thousand miles."

He chuckled again. "Two thousand miles. I thought first I'd call long-distance and ask

my father to send me some money to get me out of there—he's a garden designer and he does all right. But I could guess what he'd say if I told him I'd lost nearly four hundred dollars in just one day. Nope. That was out.

"All I can do, I thought, is get a guitar and try to find work here. Nashville was only twenty miles away—you know, big music scene. There had to be something doing there.

"Then I remembered that just before I left the army I'd sold a guitar to a cat in my unit. So I went back to Fort Campbell and slept there on the sly that night. I found the guy and told him I just had to borrow the guitar back.

"I got in with this one-horse music agency. They used to come up on stage in the middle of a number, while we were playing, and slip the money for the gig into our pockets. They knew we couldn't knock off to count it just then. By the time the number was over and I got a chance to look in the envelope it'd be maybe two dollars. Used to have to sleep in a big housing estate they were building around there. No roofs and sometimes they hadn't put floors in yet. That was wild!"

Jimi put the guitar down and lit a cigarette.

IN NASHVILLE

"What were you doing besides the gigs?" I said. "Nashville used to be a pretty funny scene, with all those slick managers trying to sign up hillbilly singers who'd never been in a big town before."

He nodded. "Wasn't all that different when I was there. But when you learned the scene you knew it was like a game—you know, like one big put-on all the way. Everybody trying to take everyone else. Once you knew how to watch out for yourself it could be a lot of laughs.

"Every Sunday afternoon we used to go down town and watch the race riots. Take a picnic basket because they wouldn't serve us in the restaurants. One group would stand on one side of the street and the rest on the other side. They'd shout names and talk about each other's mothers. That'd go on for a couple of hours and then we'd all go home. Sometimes, if there was a good movie on that Sunday there wouldn't be any race riot."

He smoothed down his uniform jacket affectionately. ●●●



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"You were asking me about why I go for way-out gear, right? Well, it wasn't just the army. I had to conform when I was playing in groups too. The so-called grooming bit. You know, mohair suits. Alan, how I hate mohair suits! I was playing with the Isley Brothers and we had white mohair suits, patent leather shoes and patent leather hair-dos. We weren't allowed to go on stage looking casual. If our shoelaces were two different types we'd get fined five dollars. Oh, man, did I get tired of that!"

MUSIC SCENE

"Well, I went on thinking soon as I got a bit saved up I'd head off home to Seattle. But as time went on I got more interested in the music scene, and I thought less and less about going back. In the end I never did see home again. Five years or more now I've been away."

After playing here and there a while longer with the Isley group, Jimi found himself back in Nashville. A big tour came through, headed by Sam Cooke, Jackie Wilson and B. B. King. Jimi joined the show, travelled with them across the States, and learnt plenty about music.

"I'd have learnt more if they'd let Sam finish his act," he said. "But they were always on their feet and cheering at the end, and I never heard him do the last bit."

One day in Kansas City the misfortune that hits all touring musicians sooner or later descended on jumping Jimi Hendrix. He missed the tour coach and was stranded without a penny. A showgirl and her friend helped him, and soon he was able to make his way to the even deeper South—to the city of Atlanta, Georgia.

HIPPY GEAR

That dynamic pocket dictator of rock, Little Richard, made room in his show for Jimi. And once again he was living on wheels, two shows a night, pull out and head for the next town. But there too the Hendrix eye for hippy gear led to bother.

"Little Richard didn't want anybody to look better than him," he said. "I was the best of friends with Glyn Willings, another guy in the band, and we used to buy the same kind of stuff, and wear it on stage. "After the show one night

Little Richard said, 'Brothers, we've got to have a meeting. I am Little Richard and I am the king of rock 'n' rhythm and I am the one who's going to look pretty on stage. Glyn and Jimi, will you please turn in those shirts or else you will have to suffer the consequences of a fine'.

"He had another meeting over my hairstyle. I said I wasn't going to cut my hair for anybody. Little Richard said, 'Uh, what is this loud outburst? That will be a five dollar fine for you'. Everybody on the whole tour was brain-washed."

But tours end, and spells of work alternated with weeks when Jimi and his friends nearly starved in New York. "We'd get a gig about once every twelfth of never," he said. "We even tried eating orange peel and tomato paste. Sleeping outside them tall tenements was hell. Rats running all across your chest, cockroaches stealing your last candy bar out of your pocket."

A BREAK

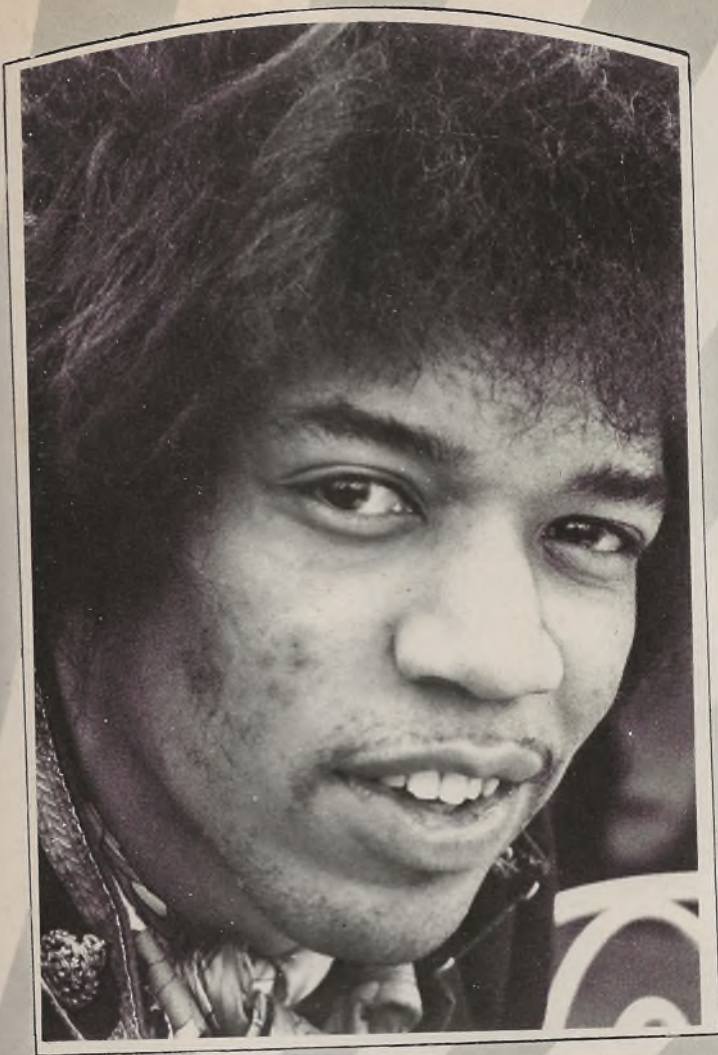
Then, one warm autumn evening last year, when Jimi had landed a solo job with a backing band in Greenwich Village, his chance came at last. Chas Chandler, late of the Animals, and manager Mike Jeffery met him. They said, "Why not come to England?"

Jimi flew to London with Chas—and ran into a six-hour argument with immigration officials. "They didn't want to let me in," he said. "They carried on like I was going to make all the money in England and take it back to the States."

Jimi's Publicist who had

"Sleeping outside those tenements was hell!"





His chance came when he met ex-Animal Chas Chandler and came to England

come to the airport to meet the pair, got involved in the argument. He was amazed when the officials threatened to deport him too, seeing that he's British! Eventually, he managed to get Jimi admitted to our shores of dazzling opportunity on the grounds that Jimi, as the writer of several songs, had come to Britain, among other reasons, to collect royalties owing to him!

SUCCESS!

Another hundred Hendrix songs are lying around in various American hotels that Jimi was thrown out of when he couldn't find the money for his bill. He'd be glad to have them now. For, three days after London drummer Mitch Mitchell and Folkestone bass guitarist Noel Redding signed with Jimi to launch the Experience, the group were playing the Paris Olympia with Johnny Halliday. Never did a new group explode so fast into

international acclaim—which was clinched in this country when Brian Epstein called them "the greatest talent to come along since the Rolling Stones".

LOST SONGS

Top groups need top numbers, and Jimi has an uneasy feeling that there could be a few world winners among the papers left in those cheap, cramped little hotels—if they haven't been hurled in the dustbin.

Jimi crunched out his cigarette and stood up in the full glory of his Veterinary Corps regimentals. Tucking his guitar under his arm, he shook hands.

As long as there are guitars, I thought, there will always be other, better songs to be picked out and composed on them. And as long as Jimi has his guitar, there'll be no more sleeping in the mud!

Till next month, pop-pickers—stay bright!

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... and the
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 and playing

... takes a look at becoming a film extra

ARE YOU JUST A FACE IN THE CROWD?—

... then there may be a chance of stardom for you!

■ Have you ever wondered who makes up the crowd scenes in films. Take the mob scenes in the film "Privilege": surely they can't be real policemen and real screaming fans!

You're right! They're film extras, most of whom are members of the Film Artists' Association, the crowd artists' union whose members might one day be asked to be policemen or soldiers and the next delinquents.

If you don't think it looks difficult then perhaps it's a job you'd like to do.

There's a lot of luck in getting a job as a film extra and though you don't *have* to be trained, you do have to be professional.

First Step

First you have to join the Film Artists' Association at 61 Marloes Road, London, W.8., which means filling in an entry form stating your name, age, address and acting experience. You also must be proposed and seconded. Application forms go before a selection committee every three or four months and if you're selected there's a six month probationary period.

You have to pay five guineas to enter and five pounds a year subscription. The Association is inundated with people wanting to join, and they say you stand a better chance of acceptance if you're young. They have enough older people on their books already. However you cannot join if you're still at school or under sixteen.

Once you've joined, you have to register with the film extras' own agency, Central Casting Ltd., 21 Poland Street, London, W.1., for which you pay a nominal fee of 2s. 6d.

All the film production companies filming at Shepperton, Pinewood, Twickenham, Elstree, M.G.M., and other studios within a fifty-five mile radius of Charing Cross contact Central Casting when they need extras.

Calls come flooding through to the agency saying what sort of extras will be wanted for the next day. Before now the agency has been asked for forty pregnant women, a man with a wooden leg and two women willing and able to stand on their heads all day!

Naturally anyone interviewed by the

agency has to have a very comprehensive form filled in stating all the weird things they can do. A record is kept not only of your height, waist, hips and weight, but also your eyes, hands, legs, face, inside leg and inside sleeve. You must also say whether you can do all-in wrestling or judo, play golf or billiards, fence or cycle!

Then there are your special accomplishments. You are a more valuable extra if you can speak other dialects, play a strange musical instrument or do some stunt like crashing a car or falling off a horse!

As well as this, you should be able to provide your own clothes. You might be asked to turn up in anything from tweeds, a tailor-made suit or bikini, to a fur or a riding outfit!

Rates of pay are four pounds ten shillings a day. It may sound a lot, but you don't get that many days work. The general manager of Central Casting worked out that last year men earned an average of £159 and women £93 (although some earn considerably more if they are standing in for a star). He emphasised that professional behaviour, such as being reliable about turning up, was one of the main considerations when choosing extras.

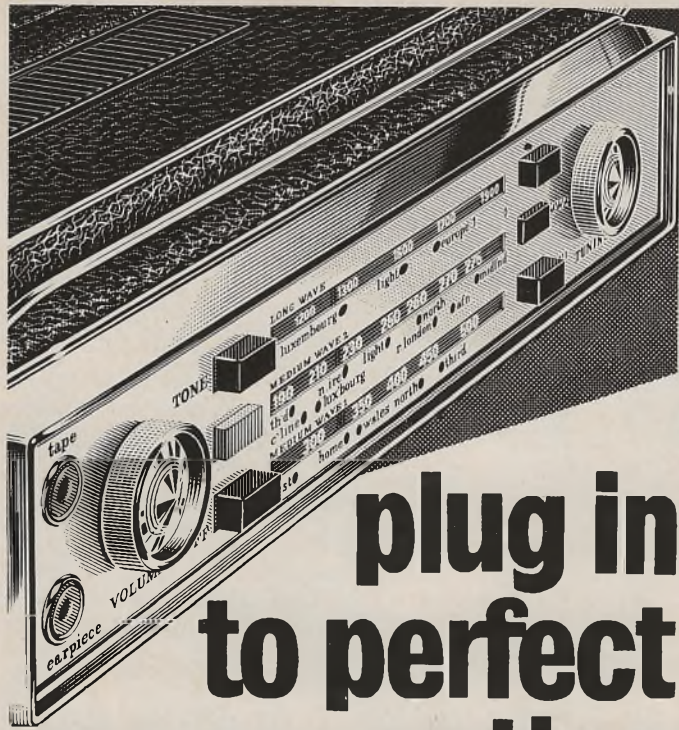
Unwilling

Being professional might even mean putting your appearance in the film before your own personal appearance. The general manager told me that he had several long-haired youths on his books, all rather unwilling to cut their hair to become policemen or soldiers, the extras most frequently needed.

There's no doubt that although this is a job demanding lots of attention, it's a part time job. You could be spotted for a star, but it doesn't happen very often. Still keen? Remember you won't be paid very much and you've got to be keen and reliable. All the same, if you're prepared for the hardships, the rewards are fantastic. After all, no-one's going to sniff at the possibility of acting in the wake of their favourite star!



Film extras in a crowd scene from the film "Privilege"

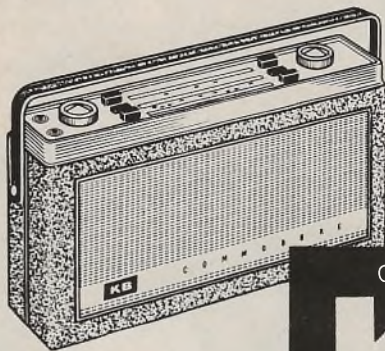


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MEDIUM TUBE 2/10
LARGE TUBE 3/10
NEW GIANT
ECONOMY TUBE 5/11



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rave's whether chart

Your favourite stars review their own new discs and tell you whether or not they think they'll make the Charts!

MARC BOLAN OF JOHN'S CHILDREN reviews "DESDEMONA"

"I wrote this one myself, and it took me twenty-five seconds! The story's about a girl called Desdemona, a rich girl, and a fellow who works by the River Swine, all rather complicated and difficult to explain. I would say it's rather slow and moody. The chorus swings. We're hoping it will do very well anyway."



Tony Hicks

TONY HICKS OF THE HOLLIES reviews "CARRIE-ANN"

"This is an all-Hollies composition, and we think our most exciting and different yet. The story line is about a girl, Carrie-Ann, and a fellow saying everybody else seems to get you, why not me? One line goes 'When you were the monitor at school, I was the janitor' and the chorus goes—'Hey Carrie-Ann, what's your game? Can anybody play?' Another interesting thing is that Allan sings the first verse, I sing the second and Graham the third, with Graham

also doing the chorus—treble tracked! And, even more—in the middle eight it breaks into an instrumental. It sounds like a Trinidad steel band, but really it's Bobby and Bernie! I think everyone's going to like it. We love it, and I think it has a strong chance as a number one."

THE PROCOL HARUM review "A WHITER SHADE OF PALE"

"Words have so many shades of meaning that it seems impossible for one human being to let another know how he feels by using them. Their meaning changes with the tone of the voice or mood of the moment. They merge and blend, kaleidoscope and disintegrate until fantasy and reality merge and interchange. How do we know which is real and unreal? For it is the unreal that really does possess our thoughts and control our reality. Beyond the limit of our reality there lies this world of half-truths, fantasy and regrets—'A Whiter Shade of Pale'."

PETE STAPLES reviews "NIGHT OF THE LONG GRASS"

"We were going to issue 'My Lady' which has now been withdrawn and switched for this one. You see, we'd been doing a lot of recording and needed a new single. 'My Lady' was the best we had, but we were not very keen on it. Then Reg came up with this new one and we all feel it is much better."

It's a typical Reg Presley sexy song, but not with bad words or anything. The words are sexy, but take them as you want to! It could be one of our biggest."

TONY CRANE OF THE MERSEYS reviews

"LOVING LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE"
"This was written by David and Jonathan, and it's the story of a boy singing about another boy, both competing for the same girl. It's a beat number. Billy and I do all the singing—no solo bits. I wrote the flipside, 'Change Of Heart.'"

JIMI HENDRIX reviews "ARE YOU EXPERIENCED?" LP

"This is a very personal album, just like all our singles. Luckily they also seem to be commercial! Nine of the tracks were put together in the studio. I guess you could call it an ad lib LP because we did so much on the spot. 'Foxy Lady' we messed about with a couple of times and we were bouncing stuff around in our minds, because if you get a good idea you've got to put it down right away. We just went in and said let's see what happens. Maybe some of the stuff is far ahead. I don't know, but I believe the public can still understand it. We don't compromise. I'm very happy with it but already I can hardly wait for something else!"

GORDON WALLER OF PETER & GORDON reviews

"THE JOKERS"
"This song was written by Mike Leander, and is played in the film 'The Jokers'. It's a rock song, and we used a lot of session men to get this big rock 'n' roll effect. We also used a melatron—one of those pianos that has keys to play different instruments. It did have a very good story line, but it was a bit naughty, so we had to change the words! I'm very pleased with the record and definitely think it will be No. 1 for a month! I am doing a solo record, but this is purely for the American market. Peter and I haven't split up."



Gordon Waller

LITTLE STEVIE OF THE EASYBEATS reviews

"HEAVEN AND HELL"
"This one was written by George Young and Harry Vanda of the group, and was produced by us in association with Glenn Jones. I think it's a good record and the vocals and treble guitar come over extremely well. I suppose it has the flavour of 'Friday On My Mind' about it, so we hope it will also do big things for us!"

TOP 20

BEST-SELLING DISCS OF '67

This is our Chart survey, compiled from the *New Musical Express Charts*, to find the top songs of the year. One hundred points are given to a record reaching the No. 1 spot, 95 to No. 2 and so on.

TOP TWENTY SONG LIST FOR WEEK ENDED 13TH MAY

(1) 1. Engelbert Humperdinck	1190
Release Me	
(2) 2. The Monkees	845
I'm A Believer	
(3) 3. Petula Clark	810
This Is My Song	
(19) 4. Sandie Shaw	720
Puppet On A String	
(1) 5. Frank & Nancy Sinatra	675
Somethin' Stupid	
(4) 6. Vince Hill	630
Edelweiss	
(5) 7. The Beatles	575
Penny Lane	
(6) 8. Tom Jones	540
Green, Green Grass Of Home	
(12) 8. Harry Secombe	540
This Is My Song	
(7) 10. Cat Stevens	505
Matthew & Son	
(8) 11. The Stones	485
Let's Spend The Night Together	
(—) 12. The Monkees	480
A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit You	
(9) 13. The Tremeloes	475
Here Comes My Baby	
(10) 14. The Hollies	425
On A Carousel	
(11) 15. The Move	415
Night Of Fear	
(—) 15. Manfred Mann	415
Ha! Ha! Said The Clown	
(18) 17. Alan Price Set	400
Simon Smith	
(13) 18. The Who	380
Happy Jack	
(13) 18. The Royal Guardsmen	380
Snoopy v. The Red Baron	
(—) 20. Whistling Jack Smith	370
I Was Kaiser Bill's Batman	

Bracketed figures show last month's position.

ARE YOU A SLAVE TO YOUR BOYFRIEND?



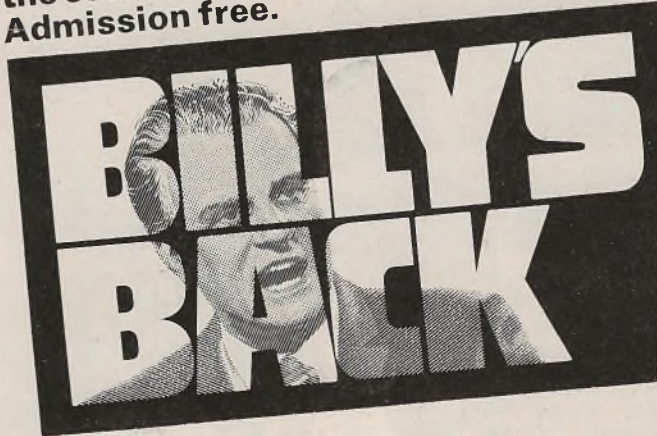
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 The special 'Anadin' formula gets straight to the root of the trouble, by soothing nerves and relaxing the tautness as well as relieving pain. 'Anadin' helps you to throw off depression too—leaves you calm, cheerful, relaxed. Always insist on 'Anadin' tablets.

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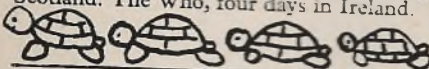
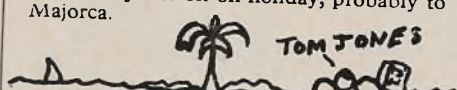
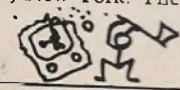
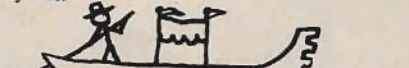
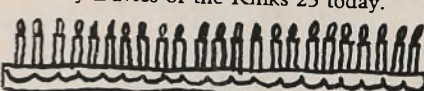

Damaskin LEG MAKE UP will give your legs a golden glamour-tan just as deep or as light as you wish. It lasts for days and is **rainproof**—definitely doesn't streak, spot or run! Yet soap and water remove it in a jiffy! Lovely for arms and face, too. Going without stockings really is a "golden opportunity" to look your very best with the help of **Damaskin LEG MAKE UP**. Chemists sell it at only 3/2—but do insist on **Damaskin**, the **rainproof LEG MAKE UP**.

DODO'S POP DATEBOOK

THIRTY DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A POP LOVER

WHO
WHEN
WHERE
IN
JUNE



<p>1. The 'Happy Together' Turtles due in today for fifteen days. Cat Stevens touring Scotland. The Who, four days in Ireland.</p> 	<p>12. Trogg Reg Presley's birthday today! The Who at Christ's College, Cambridge.</p>	<p>23. Adam Faith 27 today.</p>
<p>2. Charlie Watts 26 today. Ken Dodd opens up in summer season at London Palladium. Chiffons—California Ballroom, Dunstable.</p>	<p>13. Tom Jones off on holiday, probably to Majorca.</p> 	<p>24. Jeff Beck 23 today. Millicent Martin at Blackpool Opera House for summer season.</p>
<p>3. Mike Clarke of the Byrds 23 today. Engelbert flies to Brussels for two concerts. Bee Gees off to the States.</p>	<p>14. Rod Argent of the Zombies 22 today. Sandie Shaw off for three days in Czechoslovakia.</p>	<p>25. Sandie Shaw and Mark Wynter at Blackpool Opera House. Chiffons at the Saville Theatre. Julie Felix—Portsmouth Guildhall.</p>
<p>4. Gordon Waller 22 today and Cliff Bennett 27. Tom Jones plays one week—Castaways Club, Birmingham. Whistling Jack Smith and Quiet Five—Nelson Imperial.</p>	<p>15. Barron Anthony 27 today. Tomorrow—Monterey Pop Festival for three days—Who, Donovan, Beach Boys, Mamas & Papas, Simon & Garfunkel, Byrds, Jimi Hendrix, Jefferson Airplane.</p>	<p>26. Georgie Fame 24 today. Move topping the bill this week at the Paris Olympia.</p>
<p>5. James Brown plays one week at the Apollo Theatre, New York. The Move off to the States.</p> 	<p>16. John Rostill 25 today. The Who—University of Sussex.</p>	<p>27. Bruce Johnston of the Beach Boys 23 today.</p>
<p>6. Levi Stubbs and Lawrence Payton of the Four Tops both 31 today.</p>	<p>17. Cat Stevens in Belgium. Kathy Kirby in summer season at Blackpool Winter Gardens. Bachelors at Scarborough Futurist.</p>	<p>28. Sandie Shaw at Venice Festival till July 1st.</p> 
<p>7. Tom Jones 27 today. Denny Laine in concert in Paris today and tomorrow.</p>	<p>18. Paul McCartney 25 today. Freddie and the Dreamers at Bournemouth Pavilion. Shirley Bassey guest on 'Secombe & Friends' TV. show.</p>	<p>29. Monkees at Wembley tonight for one performance! Tomorrow starts the Newport Jazz Festival—Count Basie, Nina Simone, Sarah Vaughan, Dave Brubeck.</p>
<p>8. Nancy Sinatra 27 today. Troggs three weeks in Scandinavia.</p>	<p>19. Vince Hill and Engelbert on 'Des O'Connor Show' tonight. Ryan Twins in cabaret this week—Sheffield Cavendish. Hank Locklin here.</p>	<p>30. Monkees at Wembley—two performances! Florence of the Supremes 24 today.</p>
<p>9. Billy Hatton of the Fourmost 26 today. Hollies off on tour of Yugoslavia. Sandie Shaw three days in Sweden.</p>	<p>20. Brian Wilson 25 today. Engelbert all this week at Batley Variety Club. Julie Felix at Bristol Colston Hall.</p>	<p>NOTES:</p>
<p>10. Eric and the Animals in Italy. Summer seasons: Val Doonican, twelve weeks at Great Yarmouth; Frank Ifield, Barron Knights and Jimmy Tarbuck—ABC Blackpool. The Who—Douglas Palace.</p>	<p>21. Ray Davies of the Kinks 23 today.</p> 	<p>John Lennon's film</p>
<p>11. New Spencer Davis Group in Scandinavia. Whistling Jack Smith—Manchester Top Ten Club. Julie Felix—Bournemouth Winter Gardens. Tremeloes possibly off to the States for six weeks.</p>	<p>22. Peter Asher 23 today. Joan Baez expected here this month.</p>	<p>"How I Won The War" premiered soon</p> 

He's the rave boy who knows more about girls than they do about themselves! He's here every month to talk about you, from a boy's point of view, and to show you some rave fashion ideas for your boyfriend—and you!

HALLO AGAIN! You know, it's funny, but some fellas are born losers as far as girls are concerned. They just don't seem to have the knack of attracting them. Take Mickey Dunne, who's the main character in the television series of the same name. Everything *doesn't* happen to Mickey. As Dinsdale Landon, who plays the part, said, "He always aims that bit too high".

In an episode this month, he tries to pick up a model, Sasha.

■ Success gear is the theme of the clothes I've chosen to show you this month. Guaranteed to make your boyfriend the centre of attention is this fantastic, Hendrix-style sleeveless waistcoat. It's in dark blue suede with richly embroidered motifs, and is lined in Mongolian lamb, price 17gns. The silky satin shirt with white collar and cuffs comes in black, orange, gold or turquoise, and costs £3 9s. 6d., and the white trousers, £2 19s. 6d. All from Mister Carnaby, 22 Fouberts Place, Carnaby Street, London, W.1. Sunglasses, 19s. 6d., and wide white belt, 10s. 6d., both from Gentry Male, 23 New Row, London, W.C.2. Stripy shoes by Character, 39s. 11d.

JOHNNY RAVE



She's not very keen because he's without a job. When he gets one, he hasn't got time to see her! That's Mickey's luck!

Incidentally Judy Geeson, who plays Sasha, is a rave bird. The sort of girl all of you would want to be. She's slightly built with blonde hair and a fringe. And she's a success. Since her part in the television series "The Newcomers", she's taken a lead part in the film "To Sir With Love", and has started filming "Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush", which has an all-young cast.

Going back to losers again, I received two letters the other day which almost made me cry. One sighed: "I'm so miserable. No-one seems to like me and no-one ever takes me out. I sit at home on Saturday nights when all my girl friends are going to parties or out with their boyfriends. I know I'm a bit weighty, but does that mean I'm doomed to unpopularity for ever?"

The letter went on for another four pages, so I guessed without seeing her that that's the reason why folks don't go round with her. She's a bit of a nagger. No-one wants the company of a non-

smiler, unless she's a fantastic-looking mystery bird. This'll sound brutal Fanny (that's her name), but you've got to pull yourself out of the misery rut you've got in. Get a job on Saturday mornings in a busy store. It'll help you run a bit of that weight off, and you'll have some extra pocket money to buy super new clobber with. Look up your old girl friends again, and get interested in what they're doing. It'll help you to forget yourself a bit. Get keen on something—pop, films, travel, anything you like. Then save hard to enjoy it, and seek out the company of other enthusiasts. Your local library will have a list of all the clubs you can join.

The other letter I had came from a girl who wasn't an all-time loser, but a loser-out. She goes around with her twin brothers, who are a year older than her, and their friends. The group's really groovy, but they treat her like a kid sister. She just doesn't seem to be able to assert herself as a girl. Anyway, when I looked at Sandy's photo I knew what was wrong. She wears the wrong clothes; polo neck sweaters and jeans are tom-boy gear. Try to save up for a jazzy trouser suit Sandy, or else a dolly dress and kinky shoes. I'm crazy about birds in pink suede sandals at the moment.

Keep out of the way of your brothers' crowd. When they start to miss you, they might also start to realise that you're a girl!

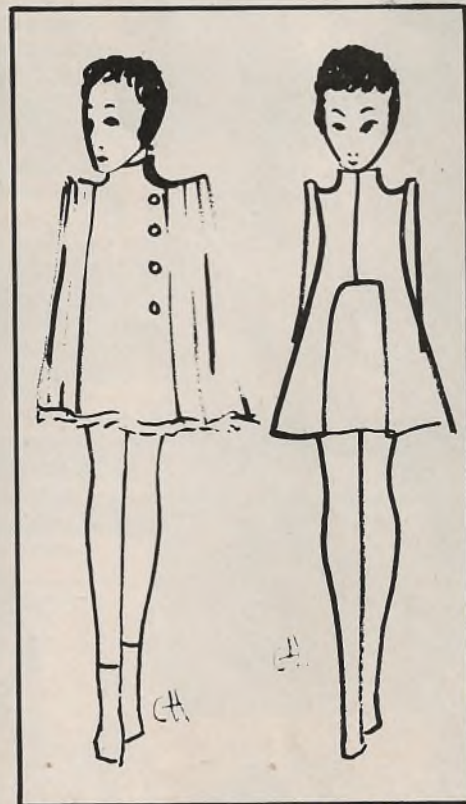
■ Girls! Latest news! You'll definitely be able to buy Cat Stevens-designed clothes some time in the summer! He's come up with some interesting fashion ideas, and a London fashion house will be bringing out a limited range to see if you like them. Cat has always worn gear of his own design on stage, and decided some of it would look terrific on girls.

"I started asking the girls I know what they like to wear, and the emphasis seemed to be on clothes that are feminine but still practical," said Cat.

The two designs Cat has sketched here, exclusively for RAVE, are a cape and a super new idea; a cut-away coat! The cape is high-collared, and falls into deep pleats. "Great for the winter," said Cat. The dolly coat is high-buttoned with puffed shoulders and a concealed zip.

Good luck Cat! We'll look forward to seeing all the birds wearing Cat clothes. "My ideal dream," he said, "is to see a girl walking along wearing my clothes, humming one of my tunes, and with one of my albums under her arm. Perfect!"

CAT GEAR



■ Write to Johnny Rave about anything, especially if you have a boyfriend problem that you'd like him to help you with. The address is RAVE, Tower House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.2.



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RAVER'S U.S. CABLE

More happenings on the Stateside rave scene!

■ We're just getting over Twiggy, cockney accent and all. The city was cursed with sleet when she arrived, and she didn't have the right clothes for the weather. But all turned out well, and Twig went off happily on her six week tour of the United States, which included a guest shot on "The Dean Martin Show". Twiggy has cut some sides which will come out on Capitol. Everyone in the record industry hoped she'd show up for the Who's bumper bash, but she couldn't make it.

■ Talking of the Who, they were the absolute sensation of Murray the K's Easter Show, with their smoke bombs and smashing of equipment. The Who will be returning here in July, to go out on the road with Herman's Hermits on a fifty-five day concert tour. A third act on that show will probably be the Blues Magoos, who are now completely up from the underground and concentrating on their best-selling album titled "My Electric Comic Book", which is not, as its title suggests,

at all psychedelic. In fact, it's darn good listening!

■ The Monkees will hit New York for three dates in July at Forest Hills, which, if it's a sell-out, will gross \$300,000. We can all breathe a sigh of relief now—their series has been extended for another eighteen months, which will keep them off the personal appearance circuit all the winter.

■ The future of the Mamas and Papas may be in doubt. They've all been keeping pretty quiet about future plans. The only certain thing is that they intend to go on recording. . . . The Young Rascals are planning another trip overseas, this time for six weeks . . . Huge pop festival, the first of its kind, being staged in Monterey, California, this month. Two of the sponsors are Brian Wilson and Paul McCartney. There'll be loads of big name talent there . . . Paul Jones' movie "Privilege", is quite frightening, but it's a great first attempt.

That's all for now. See you next month!

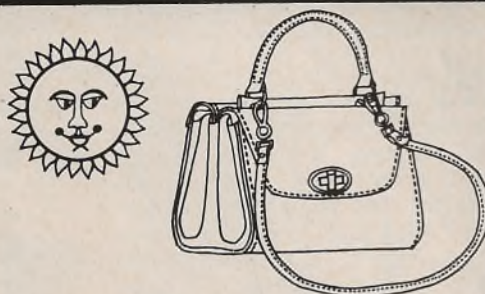
Jackie

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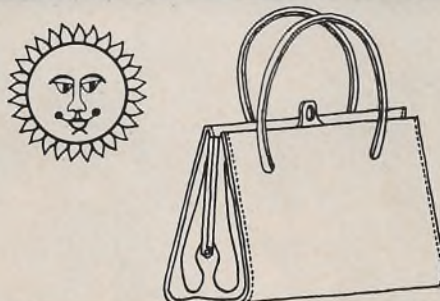
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This is where it's at

RAVE man Mike Grant with news and gossip from around the pop scene

■ The Move's first album, called "Move Mass" and due out soon, contains some really weird tracks. All the titles and tracks aren't fixed definitely, but there'll be one called "Kilroy Was Here", and another provisionally titled "Roy Wood's Toytown Band", which features the group playing toy instruments. There's a very un-Garland like version of "Zing Go The Strings Of My Heart" and "Walk Upon The Water", which tells us not to drive and drink.

■ Groups have always had problems of one sort or another, but one particular problem that the Herd had was with the words of their song "I Can Fly". Everybody said it was about drugs, but the Herd say it's not, it's a Freudian love song. On "Juke Box Jury", Ray Davies said, "It should be banned," and Pete Murray said, "Is it anything to do with B.E.A.?" Pete Frampton of the Herd says, "Younger fans buy records and listen to the words afterwards, but the older ones always want to try and make them out to

be controversial. Anyway, the record is selling very well, thank you!

■ Where does Scott Engel go now? His tour with the Walker Brothers over, Scott talked briefly but determinedly to me about his future plans.

"Composing has now become as important to me as singing, and I must do the two things together," said Scott. "I have two numbers by Michel LeGrand in the can and I want to interpret some of the great work of artistes like Edith Piaf.

"I promise you one thing—the sounds and songs that I have in mind will be completely original. I'm working on an entirely new musical concept. I hope the time may come soon when I can do something in the Albert Hall with a full orchestra."

■ Lulu informs me that she is really looking forward to meeting Davy Jones when she performs at the Monkees' concerts.

"I think people underrate Davy," said



Lulu: Monkee admirer

Lulu. "He's obviously a very shrewd boy and he's been in the entertainment business long enough to know what he's doing.

"When I read in the papers that the other three wanted to split with their recording manager and Davy did not, I thought then he knows where it's at. Where would the Beatles be without a George Martin."

■ The Tremeloes have leapt straight up the Charts with "Silence is Golden" and "Here Comes My Baby", and are now planning a possible Stateside trip in July. But they won't be deserting us. "Now we've made the comeback here" said Chip Hawkes "we're going to concentrate on England. It's still a wonderful feeling to be a big hit in your own country rather than anywhere else in the world."

■ Ex-Yardbirds' guitarist Jeff Beck made an effective dent in the hit parade with "Hi Ho Silver Lining", but in pop circles the flip-side, which was his interpretation of Ravel's "Bolero", attracted even more attention. Jimi Hendrix rated it the most exciting guitar work he had heard in Britain.

"I'm absolutely delighted Jimi should think that," said Jeff. "'Bolero' is really the kind of work I'm trying to get over to people. I'm also working on a guitar concerto which is to take up the first side of my first L.P.

"Coincidence here that just three months ago I was in 'Flanagans' restaurant with Brian Jones and he remarked upon the fantastic rhythms being played on a number coming through a 'Muzak' speaker. That was Ravel's 'Bolero'!"



The Tremeloes: "It's great to be a hit in England"

■ Ever wondered what a Beatles recording session is like these days? Well, here is an eye witness account of the scene during that mammoth session which included Mike Nesmith, Mick Jagger, Donovan and Klaus Voormann during a take on "In A Day In The Life Of".

"There was a forty piece orchestra in evening dress being conducted by George Martin wearing a huge false nose. The members of the orchestra were also given false moustaches, wigs and teeth. A tap projected out of the side of a double bass. Crazy Foam was produced and liberally distributed. Coloured patterns were projected onto the white shirt fronts of the musicians and the whole scene was being filmed by anyone who could operate a movie camera. Paul McCartney is estimated to have spent £10,000 filming the album being made!"

■ Alan Price describes the final flight which broke the Animals' back—the last time he boarded a plane.

"We were flying up to Manchester where 'Top Of The Pops' was being transmitted from in those days," recalled Alan. "The plane was a De Havilland Comet—we came down from the clouds at Manchester, and there was lightning, sleet bouncing off the wings and the most terrifying buffeting shook the plane. We hit the runway and a tremendous cross-wind took the plane—we bumped and went straight up again. Next thing I knew we were in Glasgow! That was enough for me—I'd finished with flying."

Quote of the Month

"I saw him sitting there posing in those photographs, looking all pretty with his velvets and silks and his lacquered fingernails and I thought—'damme'—then I met him, and he was the nicest person I've ever met. I couldn't believe it! He is so nice."

Jimi Hendrix on Donovan

■ Noel Redding, bass guitarist with the Jimi Hendrix Experience, was pursued the length of Luton High Street recently by a pack of devoted fans, until finally he found himself surrounded and began signing pieces of paper frantically.

Paper ran out and the fans were clamouring for more, so he whipped out a pound note, signed it a dozen times, tore it up into strips and threw it into the air—then ran for cover. Now that is **DESPERATION!**

■ It's the new, streamlined, smooth-haired Tom Jones folks, and if you want to know how Tom got that long, lean and hungry look, the answer is a very special diet. He was advised to substitute cigars for cigarettes, drink champagne instead of beer and cut out potatoes. Nice if you can afford it!

■ Pete Townshend receives a good many requests from fans who want one of his smashed up guitars. Where do all the broken guitars go seemed a fair question to put to the man himself.

"What people don't realise is that as soon as I've thrown one across the stage the fans nip up and help themselves," Pete informed me. "Some of the instruments we repair and use again."

"We had a road manager called Gordon some months ago who collected about twelve smashed guitars together and was going to piece together working portions and make a couple of whole guitars. We haven't seen him since!"

Oh Gordon! Where are you?



Townshend: the smasher!



THE INFORMER

■ Lulu was right. The best thing in "Privilege" is Mark London who plays Paul Jones' publicist.

■ Reg Presley raving about Paul Newman's cowboy film—"Hombre".

■ Pete Townshend has some interesting views on advertising.

■ John Lennon seen entering EMI studios in full Chinese dress and carrying a hand-bag!

■ Scott Engel saddened by Frank Sinatra's TV. "debacle" with Nancy.

■ Mitch Mitchell, drummer with the Jimi Hendrix Experience, bought a £50 fur jacket plus a life subscription to the anti-blood sports' league!

■ American eye witness reports that it was not so much a smack in the face for Buddy from Dusty as a teapot on the head!

■ Brian Jones and Anita Pallenberg now not so close.

■ Jayne Mansfield certainly showed the pop world one or two things while she was here!

■ Who let the Beatles' tape out of the bag in the U.S. before Capitol released the album?

■ How now Cathy McGowan?

■ Ray Davies played more football matches than bookings with the Kinks in '67!

■ Jimi Hendrix a Donovan convert.

■ Manfred Tom McGuinness interested to know whether the fact that he is getting fatter will get him any publicity.

■ When the Moon is full he goes looking for Simon Dee with his axe.

■ One up for RAVE! A group called the Raves has turned up in the States. They've got a record out called "Mr. Mann".

■ Jimi Hendrix and Walkers' fan club secretary Carol are just good sparring partners.

■ Gordon Waller and John Maus considering launching a club on board a boat.

■ Keith Moon sold his Bentley to Roger Daltry.

■ Graham Nash and Gary Leeds working on a composition for the Leeds' next single.

■ John Maus and Engelbert Humperdinck chess opponents.

■ Elvis's wedding no surprise to his friends!

Sorry!

The Fylde Coast Jazzmen would like us to point out that their Trad Jazz Club is on Thursdays at the Victoria Hotel, Cleveleys, near Blackpool, not at the Raikes Hall Hotel, as stated in April RAVE.

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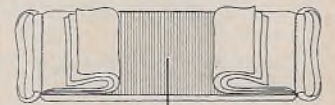
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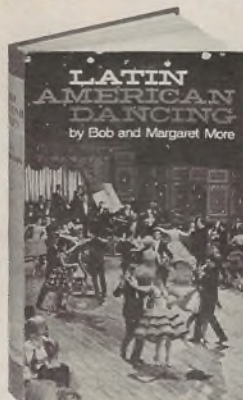
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Penny is a raver with very little cash, so she makes her own dresses and really cuts a dash!

PENNY'S STALL



■ Towelling is THE fabric this summer—but towelling gear can be expensive to buy, and if you're like me, you never have much spare cash! So I've designed this towelling dress in jungle-print fabric that you can make up yourself for as little as 25s!

YOU'LL NEED

Two yards of 36" wide fabric (slightly more if you're matching stripes or other patterns), a 7" zip, 2½ yards of bias binding, one reel of cotton and one hook and eye. I used a print material by Vantona, 9s. 11d. a yard.

TO MAKE

Cut out paper pattern from squared or brown paper from the diagram A below. Place pattern on material as in diagram B and cut out. Seam centre back to within 7" of waist. Fit in zip. Join side seams. Neaten waist to neck edges with bias binding. Press. Put two rows of gathering stitches, that is running stitches, across neck edge and gather up to 7" wide. Take neck band and with right sides together sew up, leaving a 7" gap in the centre. Turn right side out and press. Tack gathered neck edge of band to one open side, right sides facing, and sew together. Turn band edge over gathering and turn under ¾" seam allowance. Hem to inside of dress and neaten either end. Take up hem to required length. Neaten zip with hook and eye.

DIAGRAM B

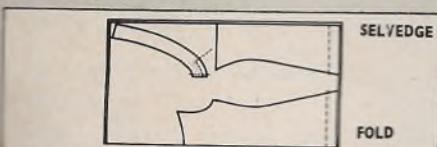
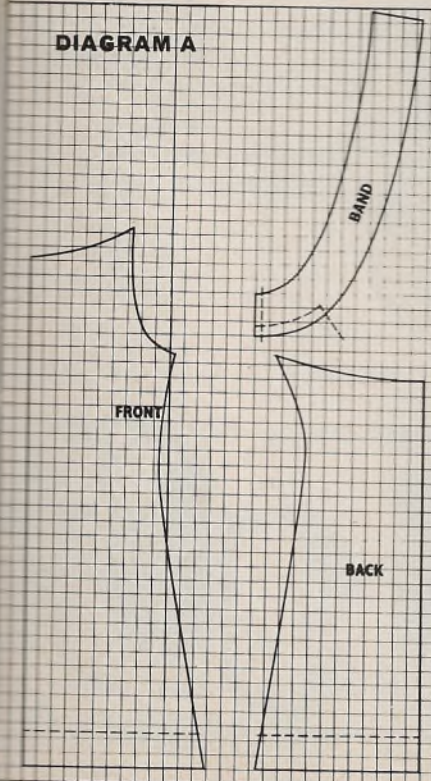


DIAGRAM A



Scale: one square = one inch

Make this fabulous dress for only 25s.!



How to be beautiful



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model girl

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June Issue Out Now 2/6.

YOU'RE TELLING US!



Air your views in this column. Comments, suggestions, complaints, write to us about anything that interests you!

Beautiful Scott

May I take the chance to say how absolutely fantastic the Walkers' L.P. "Images" is. Scott was completely right when he said in April RAVE that you have to sit and listen to appreciate it fully. The songs are beautiful, especially his solo, "Once Upon A Summertime". This L.P. must be given much more publicity to young people like myself who will never know what beautiful songs they are missing. It is an experience just listening to Scott's talented voice. I have never heard such a marvellous production. — **Jane Durrad, Rosslyn Road, Billericay, Essex.**

Mick and Marianne—Wrong

I feel I have a duty to write and object. Never before have I seen two whole pages so obviously condoning immorality and promiscuity as with your Jagger/Faithfull article. Surely the sordid private lives of two irresponsible exhibitionists is something that should be used as an example of what reasonable people would hope to avoid. Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull seem to have been lucky so far. But how many of your readers, after seeing this article, will feel they can behave like this? Many of them will not be so lucky and more unwanted babies will be born. Will

you then write an article on adoption?

If your magazine carries any weight at all, surely you should do something to try to stop rather than encourage wholesale immorality.

No doubt in your reply you will try to shelve all responsibility by saying you do not necessarily suggest this type of behaviour should be followed by fans of these two twilight people, but you must be aware that many young, weaker readers will consider it adult and with-it to be similarly promiscuous.—**Roslyn T. Hodgins, Leather-bottle Hill, Ingatestone, Essex.**

We feel it is our duty to reflect the whole of the pop scene, not just one side of it, and believe that most of our readers are mature-minded enough to understand this, and to form their own balanced opinions on what we write. For those who still feel genuinely offended, our apologies.—**THE EDITOR.**

False Alarm

What was all that about the Troggs then?

Chris Britton was leaving because he was fed up with the way he was treated. Then we hear he's staying! Surely the Troggs are not all that hard up for publicity! —**Wendy Saunders, Leeds 6.**

We wondered the same thing!

Thanks, Mac!

Thanks a lot Mac McLagen for saying those great things about the Who. I think they are one of the best groups on the pop scene. It's great to know you support them.—**Therese Mosley, Birmingham 27.**

An Old Rave

I have just found an old RAVE, and failed to see how Mike Grant could describe "Freak Out" by the Mothers of Invention as dangerous nonsense. The Mothers are strange, I doubt that even Frank Zappa would dispute that. But dangerous? Never!

There are two keys to the enjoyment and understanding of the Mothers' music: a good knowledge of early pop, and a keen ear. You can't read a paper or talk with friends while listening and expect to hear anything about anything—all you will hear is noise. But concentrate, and all sorts of things start to happen. None of them dangerous. What I call dangerous nonsense is the Move destroying a car on stage with a couple of strippers in the foreground. That's nothing to do with music.

Listen to the Mothers. They have something to say!—**Philip D. Brown, President, Late Gothic Enterprises, San Rafael, California, U.S.A.**



The Mothers of Invention: listen to them. They've something to say

PEN-PALS

Special service for ravers! Make friends all over the world through this column!

Linda Holland, 17 Keppel Road, East Ham, London, E.6. Age 19: Wants boy or girl pen pals from all countries. Likes Manfred, Walkers and Who.
Sayumi Komiya, 2 Chome 41-2-4 Ayase, Adachi-Ku, Tokyo, Japan. Age 16: Loves Beatles, Stones, Troggs, Kinks, Small Faces, Who. Wants pen pal from London or New York.
Susan Duffy, 30 Bridget Street, Rugby, Warwickshire. Age 16: Wants boy and girl pen pals from America, especially California. Loves Monkees, Beatles.

Maureen Bailey, 1 Coldharbour Cotts, The Cross, Ticehurst, Sussex. Age 19: Wants girl pen pal. Likes Monkees, Troggs, Move, Faces.
Bibbi Erikson, Lada 227, Alno, Sundsvall, Sweden. Age 16: Wants boy and girl pen pals from English-speaking countries.
Micki Friedman, 1902 Cortel-you Road, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. Age 19: Wants to write to boy with long hair from England. Must be mod.
Marianne Menkadjija, Ivo Lola Ribar 37a, Skopje, Yugo-

slavia. Age 22: Wants to write to girls of her own age in England.
Prisca Nyambe, Roma Girls Secondary School, P.O. Box 437, Lusaka, Zambia. Age 16: Wants a boy or girl pen pal in this country.



WE'RE TELLING YOU!



RAVE's a mine of information when it comes to pop. If you want to know anything about anybody, write to We're Telling You Department!

I thought Sam and Dave were fantastic on the Stax tour. Is there any chance of seeing them again soon?—**Martin Brown, Watford, Herts.**
Sam is returning in September.

I think "Happy Together" is a beautiful song, but could you tell me something about the Turtles?—**Sandra Worth, Shrewsbury, Salop.**
The group is from California, and was formed in 1965. The line-up is Mark Volman on clarinet, sax, drums and harmonica; Chip Douglas on guitar, bass and harmonica; Howard Kaylan on sax, clarinet and harmonica; Jim Tucker on guitar and harmonica; Al Nichol on guitar, piano, organ, bass, trumpet and harpsichord, and finally John Barbata on drums! Their first big hits, "It Ain't Me Babe" and "You Baby", established them as big names in the States, smashing attendance records wherever they played.

Could you tell me please what colour the Monkeemobile is?—**Julie Caine, Liphook, Hants.**
It's burgundy, Julie!

Please could you tell me the birthdays of the Pink Floyd?—**Caroline Parker, Wembley, Middx.**
Sid Barrett, January 6th, 1946. Nick Mason, January 27th, 1945. Rick Wright, July 28th, 1945 and Roger Waters, September 6th, 1944.

I have heard that Scott Engel has discovered a promising new singing star called Nicky James, and that he is managing the recording on Nicky's first disc. If it's true, info. on Nicky please.—**Gloria Williamson, Loughborough, Leicestershire.**

You're right, Gloria. Nicky comes from Tipton, Staffordshire, where he was born on 2nd April, 1943. He started singing as a member of Denny Laine's group, the Diplomats, later became founder member of the Moody Blues, and then sang with a group called the Daltons, of which two members were Roy Wood and Bev Beverley, who are now with the Move.

Scott decided to record Nicky as a soloist.

The result of Nicky's first recording session, at Phillips, is a disc called "I Need To Be Needed". It was released in April.

REMEMBER, if you want a personal reply from RAVE, you must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Scott with his discovery Nicky James: his first disc is out now

BOYS- AND GIRLS -LOST AND FOUND

If you've lost old boy or girl friends, write to RAVE and tell us all about them. We'll try to find them for you. Remember to send in, if possible, a photograph of the person you are looking for.

■ **Wanted:** Richard Sanders, nicknamed Sandy, from Putney. Description: 18, about 5 ft. 4 in. tall, medium build, black mod cut hair, long sideboards, brown eyes. Born in Gibraltar, but has lived most of his life in England. I met him in Eastbourne. He rode a Lambretta scooter 126 LPF, and was with his friends, Russ, Beau and John. If anyone knows Sandy's address or where he is likely to be on any Saturday, please write to me care of RAVE.—**Hilary Francis, Cambridge.**

■ **Lost**—two gorgeous men! One tall with longish, shiny red hair. Looked a bit like Dave Dee. The other, not so tall, with short, ash blond hair. Wearing three-quarter navy leather coat. They were on the 6.40 train from Kings Cross on 13th January. Got off at Potters Bar. They read our RAVE over our shoulders. We were wearing a maroon suit and checked trouser suit. Please will you write to Ann and Louise, care of RAVE.—**Ann, Hitchin, Herts.**

■ **Lost**—one Blackburn Rovers' supporter with a beard. He was at the match on 18th March at Norwich. He was wearing a donkey jacket and a blue, woollen shirt. I was the girl with dark hair and a green and white scarf who he smiled at during the match and talked to afterwards. Please try to find him and ask him to contact me, through RAVE, because I'd like to see him again. My name is Gogo, I don't know his.—**Gogo, Brundall, Norwich.**

■ **Please** could you help me find a boy I met in Carnaby Street outside Tre-camp. I was the girl who sheltered under his umbrella. We went into the pub behind Liberty's and chatted till the rain stopped. He is eighteen or nineteen, and is called Pete (Rowen?) and his mate is Jem, with blond hair. He comes from around Peterborough. Pete is about 5 ft. 9 in., short, mod hair style with sideboards and a blond patch in his dark brown hair. I was wearing an orange mini-skirt and a purple, ribbed sweater.—**Isobella Turner, Leicester.**

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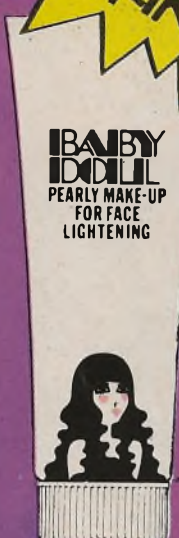
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LLOYD ALEXANDER

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A GAY YOUNG MAN

After the fiasco in Ireland, Lloyd has just managed to hold on to his job at Impact Public Relations. His latest undertaking, as a publicity man to a pop star, promises to be as nerve-racking as the last!

"If you can explain," I said to Bram Simmerwell, "why a pop singer like Simon Brent needs the services of Impact Public Relations, I shall be delighted to award you an 'A' level in ingenuity!"

"Never mind," he replied. "We have a contract and you are required to go on the Brent tour and feed stories to the local papers. I can't think why you're complaining — Brent makes news all on his own. You won't even have to wind up your tiny mind."

So the next day Sue, my assistant, and I motored up to Nottingham to join Simon Brent, who was installed in a suite at the best hotel in town. He turned out to be quite a nice chap.

I had to admit that he had a certain something—you could see why the girls went potty over him. There was a sort of striking collision in his face between innocence in need of protection and dissoluteness in need of correction. An irresistible combination for birds, I thought.

"He's been through eight years of life in eight months of big-time," I whispered to Sue.

"Are you from Impact?" said Don Long, the manager who'd swiftly converted Ron Scroggins, an Ilford plasterer's mate, into Simon Brent, teenage idol with two golden discs and a 25,000-strong fan club.

"Yes—and to be honest, I don't really know why I'm here," I replied.

"I'll tell you," said Don. "There are half a dozen Pressmen in the conference room wanting to know everything from why Simon doesn't get his mum and dad out of their prefab in Ilford to his views on Britain and the Common Market. Go and handle them—and tell them there'll be a Press conference at six o'clock where they can all get stoned and forget what they've come for."

At various times throughout the day fans had tried all kinds of tricks to get

in. We'd had a thirteen year old "journalist from Fleet Street", a fourteen year old who'd insisted she was Brent's wife, and then returned five minutes later wearing glasses to explain that she was really Brent's sister. We'd even had a fifteen year old in a borrowed nurse's uniform who announced that she'd had an urgent summons to Room 413 (how she knew the number I'll never know). But she rather spoiled it all by dropping her autograph book at the critical moment.

After the Press conference, which Brent handled with wily dexterity, came the job of getting him out of the hotel to the theatre.

We sneaked out the back way of the hotel, only to find it was more thronged with dollies than the front—and they were all crowding around the huge American limousine that was to take their idol to the theatre.

Quick change of plans, and Brent, with a false moustache and glasses, exited through the front door into a small green van, while I went out the back exit, wearing Brent's crimson cloak and accompanied by two bodyguards and the chauffeur. Don Long had decided that I could pass for Brent in the gathering dusk.

In fact I almost passed out for him! Girls arrived from all compass points. They were

hanging round my neck, pulling out my hair, snatching at buttons, planting kisses all over me. The bodyguards did their best—but it was hopeless. I lost my balance and collapsed under a writhing mass of fanatical dollies.

Somehow the bodyguards extricated me from the seething latticework of limbs and I tumbled into the car. It was only when we started moving off that I realised I had three dollies for company—somehow they'd wormed their way in.

"Hey, this isn't Simon Brent," said a curvy blonde.

"The rotten devils," said a slim brunette, whose hipsters were in imminent danger of becoming thighsters.

And the third girl released her stranglehold on my neck and said, "Hey, who are you?"

"I might ask the same question of you," I said, tucking my shirt back into my trousers.

It didn't take Sally, Marion and Jo long to work out that even if I wasn't Simon Brent, I was obviously connected with him and could get them backstage to see their idol.

I've never been through a more hair-raising ten minutes in my life. The dollies swarmed all over me, wheedling, pleading, coaxing, begging. I was being comprehensively necked. It was what you might call an all-embracing situation.

By the time we got to the stage door I was smothered in lipstick and my hair was doing a Ken Dodd.

"Sorry," I said firmly for the

nineteenth time. "No girls backstage." I slipped through the door and the stage-door-man kept the three girls out with a magnificent show of strength. But inside it was worse. Girls were appearing from all directions—some climbed up to the roof and got in through skylights. Others came through the wings from the front of the theatre. As soon as one lot were rounded up and put into the street, another lot appeared.

I snatched off the Brent cloak and went to help evacuation operations. Just then a voice shrieked, "There he is!" and to my astonishment I saw Sally, Marion and Jo bearing down on me. Somehow they'd found their way backstage and that shout brought dollies from all sides. One look as that crazed mini-skirted mob descended on me and I knew what to do. Run like hell! Up and down stairs, in and out of dressing rooms, through the orchestra pit, threading my way through scenery. It was chaotic! Being mistaken for Brent twice in one day was too much.

They got me in the end and once again I collapsed under an avalanche of frantic fans who systematically snatched souvenirs. When it finally percolated through that I wasn't Brent, the mob subsided and I was left there counting my limbs and trying to restore some sort of order to my ragged clothes.

I dragged myself to a quiet corner of the theatre and saw Sue coming towards me.

"What on earth happened?"

"I was a decoy for Simon Brent," I explained bitterly. "He went on ahead and they gave me his cloak and took me in his limousine. I'm ruined for life . . ."

Sue gave me a consoling kiss, said a few sympathetic words and then whispered, "Do you mean Simon's here at the theatre already?"

I nodded.

"Be a darling, Lloyd, and take me to his dressing room—I *must* get his autograph."

"Oh, no—not you, too!" I screamed, and walked away slowly, muttering.



"Girls arrived from all compass points!"

Sammy's Mix'n'Match

designed for summer by
SAMANTHA JUSTE

CUT OUT AND READY TO SEW

Samantha says she'll be very surprised if you don't want all the items in her sizzling Mix'n'Match set. However, for the girl who happens to be on a *very* tight budget, we've put in the matching Coolie Top, the matching Skirt and the matching Skinny Sweater as optional extras to the Trousersuit.

The jacket buttonholes are already worked for you and the other sewing can be done terribly quickly and easily — but the big thing about this outfit is the price: only 126/- (post free) for the Trousersuit plus the Coolie Top plus the Skirt plus the ready-to-wear Skinny Sweater! Just about half what the made-up outfit would cost in a shop — even if you could find one that's anything like so exciting.

You can have your Mix'n'Match set either in the dominantly orange colour that Sammy's wearing or in the mainly lilac print illustrated below. This lovely, woven-in-Ireland fabric with its crisp, linen texture is both crease-shedding and washable.

SKIRT only 20/- ALL SIZES **COOLIE TOP** only 30/- ALL SIZES



Generous seams throughout. Ample hem allowances made for maximum height variations. Hip sizes are 2" larger than bust. Bust sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 (all one price).

These colours in this illustration are as close as colour printing allows.



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LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT FROM THE PINK FLOYD!

The Pink Floyd were just another group—until they discovered that light plus sound equalled entertainment. Here they entertain RAVE's pop writer Maureen O'Grady!

■ Roger Waters, Nick Mason, Rick Wright and Sid Barrett are the Pink Floyd.

They have been described as one of our most futuristic groups. They say their act is basically the same as the Move's, but with less aggression. They say they used flashing coloured lights on stage first. Not that the Pink Floyd are against aggression. They talked rather fondly of the Move smashing up television sets on stage, and the Who smashing up guitars and amps. The Pink Floyd think it's a great idea because these two groups are doing things that the audience would love to do if they had half a chance! They think that most of their audiences are aware that the sets are broken and useless anyway, and the amps and guitars valueless. But that doesn't matter. That's not the point. The point about the Pink Floyd they say, is that they want to be visual and fun! In talking, they use the word 'cat' to describe anyone who walks around on two legs, and they like to see people 'flip their minds' when listening to and watching their performances. But, strangely enough, with the Floyd, music isn't the important thing.

Said Roger, with blue tinted glasses perched on the end of his nose, "For us, the most important thing is to be visual, and for the cats watching us to have fun. This is all we want. We get very upset if people get bored when we're only half-way through smashing the second set. Then all of a sudden they hear 'Arnold Layne' and they flip all over again. It's sad when an audience isn't always with you."

Mixed Reaction

"At the UFO Club in London, the people there are so blasé that they are bored to death with 'Arnold Layne' because it's become a pop song. Yet in other clubs this song is the only song of ours they know and enjoy. Some don't like the song because they think it's a smutty idea for a man to run around pinching clothes from washing lines. But we think it's fun!"

Some audience boredom stems from

the fact that the Floyd only use their own material. "A lot of people like to hear songs they've never heard before," said Nick, "but some find it rather boring not to be able to recognise anything. We're not a sexy group. We don't go cavorting across the stage! Even our fans don't think of us as sexy except on one occasion in Belfast, where they were all wild ravers! Usually girls come up to us after we've played and shyly and politely talk to us. We never get mobbed or anything like that!" Nick wasn't quite sure whether that was a good or bad thing, but then decided he wouldn't like to be torn to bits anyway. "Now take three of the biggest crowd-pullers in the country—Geno Washington, Herbie Goins and the Cream—they're good music, visual and fun. They sell themselves without sex. That's good."

Light Music

The Floyd like their audiences to be appreciative but lively, as it was when they first started playing at the Round House in London.

"With us," said Roger, "it depends on the club's atmosphere to start with as to how we go down. Our music is light and sound. We don't want any particular image. Our managers said we should find one, it's important, they said, but we're not prepared to be pigeon-holed like other groups. Two years ago we were a blues group, but then we suddenly stopped playing ordinary music and started improvising around single chords. This gave us a lot more musical freedom."

The best reaction so far to the Floyd's lights and sounds was in Belfast.

"The kind of place" said Rick, "where if they don't like you, they let you know in no uncertain manner. We were worried about Belfast, but they really rave over there. We were completely knocked out and stunned at the reaction. We just never know where we are going to go down well. Some places up North flip over us, while others are cold for no apparent reason. Pete Townshend of the Who was telling me that they are only just breaking through with their music up North, after all these years, so we're not too worried!"

Until February of this year the Floyd were all studying. Two were students of architecture, one studied painting and design, and one music. But after two

years of playing together and gradually finding a demand for their sounds and lights, studying was pushed to one side. They don't and won't live together, but musically they are as one. Talk about money, and they just shyly shrug their shoulders.

"We don't get all that much money now because our earnings are split six ways—us four and our two managers. We buy all our own equipment, not to mention hire purchase payments, so our present wage is quite small. But 'Arnold Layne' should bring in a few pounds," Nick grinned. "In fact we really didn't want 'Arnold Layne' to be our first single. We were asked to record six numbers, pick out the best two, then find a recording company that would accept them. We recorded the first two, and they were snatched away and we were told, that's it! All the recording companies wanted the disc, so it was just a case of holding out for the biggest offer. But by the time 'Arnold Layne' was released, we had already progressed and changed our ideas about what a good hit record should be. We tried to stop it being released, but we couldn't. Still, it doesn't matter now."

The other songs they write are rarely love songs. They do write sort of love songs, but about things other than 'boy meets girl and falls in love'. They're already half-way through their first L.P. now and they think it will really make an impact and show everyone what they're about.

Uncertain

The life they now lead seems a little foreign to them, and they are a little uncertain about the extra activities of a pop group such as interviews and photo sessions.

Apart from not wanting an image and not having any definite ambitions, the only thing the Pink Floyd would like is a No. 1 in the Charts. "It would be nice to know that we are pleasing many people instead of just a few" they say. "We haven't even got a typical fan—they could be twelve or forty-two, and that's very strange. Money would be nice, but it's not everything. The thing is, we have this horror of boring our fans, and if we really thought we were just playing for our own pleasure and amusement, we would all stay at home."

Somehow, I can't see that happening!

rave



THE PINK FLOYD



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