



## The faces way out

Words by MAVIS DAVIDSON

Pictures by CHRIS BARHAM

IN THE RITUAL of Mod land, it is the Faces who set the trends. In clothes and in the dances.

A Face can be a name. Face-names such as Patrick Kerr and Theresa Confrey, dancers in the TV show "Ready, Steady, Go!"

But as often, a Face is just a Face. Copied, envied, and anonymous. Someone in the crowd yet not of the crowd. The uncommon denominator.

They are a Face because they were first, either with a new fashion, or with a new dance.

Colin Marriott, an 18-year-old London mathematics student, is a Face. Honoured as the Mod who led the way in the wearing of white pinstripes.

At the Scene, London's top Mod club, Colin is a boy who is watched. An idol not only because of his dress, but because he can do the heel movement in the Face Twist.

**Patrick Kerr and Theresa Confrey... Two Faces who set the trend. Two Faces with names**

The Scene is a black-walled Temple of the Mods. It has 7,000 members, and crowds 600 of them in every night.

"Most Mod fads start here," 22-year-old Patrick Kerr told me.

The Face Twist is the latest. It has a hand movement somewhere between a High Noon gun-draw and a Hula dance.

Oddly, the Scene is reviving the long-dead rock 'n' roll records of Bill Haley.

Ann Merrington, 17-year-old telephonist, told me: "The pop papers said Bill Haley would never come to life again."

"But his beat suits our Face Twist. So it just proves they were wrong."

Ann is a Face. "I was one of the originators of the Face Twist. Now it is catching on."

I have to find new variations to keep ahead."

The Twist proper is dead. But the Pony, the Bounce and the Mashed Potato still live—new steps added and old ones adapted.

Mods at the Scene dance in groups. The sex ratio is not a factor. If they are evenly divided it is simply an accident.

Boy does not go to meet girl, but to dance. A girl may look wonderful, but if she isn't way out she's a wall-flower.

Both the Mod male and

the Mod miss use deodorants and colognes. They also like to bath daily.

The girls wear Miss Dior perfumes, no lipstick, lots of brown eye-shadow and false eyelashes.

Mod hats—the hair short with a high crown—are in.

But clothes come second at the Scene. Under the soft lights and in between the soft drinks, it is the dance and not the dress which identifies the Mod.

It is, indeed, possible to be a Mod dancing and a square

in the street. Possible, but unlikely. In the compulsive world of the Mod, to be a part-time Mod is to have missed the entire message.

Thus the white silk scarves which are now appearing in the Scene. They are, I am informed, a sensation.

Thus 17-year-old Patrick Martin. He somehow manages these knee-bend arm-swing dances while wearing a black evening cape with white silk lining.

The cape is, he admitted, very old. "But it helps to supplement the budget; if you can provide the odd gimmick free."

"Anyway, you never know, it might catch on."

It just might at that. In the land of Mod anything is possible.

**THE MODS**



DAY TWO



Dancing is not boy-meets-girl in Modland. They dance in groups... or even alone.

TOMORROW

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