

ReVolution (Volution : spiral turns, complete change)

Obviously the Beatles song about Revolution sprang to mind the day Claudette pushed opened the door of the old record shop. Entering, she was assailed by music and chatter; this was where she wanted to be.

Early 1960s had come in with a bang----- and had followed an amazing path. Records, Pop music vying with the old songs of crooners, no huge orchestras but guitars, mouth organs, drums!

Perhaps I could become a Pop star like Lulu mused Claudette, browsing through the records. But what to choose? Beatles LPs, the 45 singles..... sold out. Maybe Cliff, no too cheesy. The Stones?

The shop was a mishmash of styles. Books lay on top of dusty shelves, 45 rps records jammed in small boxes, so tightly packed you had to take some out, set them to one side, before rummaging through them all.

Large photos of Pop stars stared out from paint splattered walls.

'My best friend, you know, the artist, Hockney darling. He's been experimenting with colour on these walls. Saves me redecorating. Do you like it?' This was the introduction said by Fred, the owner, every time anyone remarked on the spiral turns and twists of psychedelic colour.

The whole shop was lit with huge spotlights, carefully placed to show the owner's pride and joy..... a juke box. A sixpence put in carefully (it often jammed) gave you the choice of three songs; but they only could be chosen one after the other; missing a record that you didn't want or like couldn't happen.

Claudette had saved two sixpences to use in the juke box. Whilst waiting her turn (always a queue) she glanced at the box of new LPs. A beach Boys LP stared back at her, but she quickly dismissed the idea. She would have to wait for the new stock, and hope the LPS she wanted would be amongst them.

Claudette was dressed in the latest fashion--- a Mary Quant mini dress in deep navy with a vivid green deep V around the neck; the latest stockings called tights in a lacy white pattern topped off with white knee high boots.

At last, it was her turn for the juke box. Carefully scrutinising the records she saw the next one was 'I'm a Believer', the Monkees, then 'Walk on By' Dione Warwick, but she couldn't quite make out the last one. Looking at the list of records on the juke box was hopeless; they had long been scratched off, making everyone guess the last record.

Sighing, Claudette pushed her sixpence in and the music started; 'I'm a Believer'. So far, so good she thought. But halfway through, the revs began to speed up, making the Monkees sound like the Chipmunks. The spiral turns went faster and faster, the record stopped with a screech and then.....nothing. Oh no. It was the gripper arm,

again. Fred dashed over, unplugged the juke box which gave a small spark and a sigh.

'Sorry folks! Juke box needs fixing. Claudette darling, that was your sixpence wasn't it? Here you are. See you when it's all fixed.' So with that, Claudette nearly crying, was ushered out of the shop with all the others, the door being firmly shut behind them.

'Don't worry,' said one of the boys from the shop.' It's Saturday. It's Juke Box Jury with David Jacobs later on. You can watch that. Lulu is on the panel tonight.'

Claudette smiled as she walked home.

Liz Crossingham