

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

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12th FEBRUARY 1966

Fabulous

VALENTINE SPECIAL

11 KING SIZE COLOUR PIN-UPS



HERMAN • GENE PITNEY • TOMMY QUICKLY • PAUL • GEORGE CHAKIRIS
D BERRY • ROY ORBISON • SIMON SCOTT • MARIANNE • MICK JAGGER



HEY THERE!

If you've been getting your copy of FAB for the last three weeks, today's the day when you complete your super, poster-sized colour pic of those dishy Beatles. How do you like the finished result? Not bad, eh--particularly for Valentine week, as I guess most of us would put the Beatles as No. 1 on our list of those-from-whom-we-would-most-like-to-receive-a-Valentine!

Pause for breath after that.

Anyway, in a few weeks' time (and before I get moaning letters from the opposition!) we're running enormous pictures of The Stones for five weeks until you get an even bigger poster-pin-up of them. How's that for service then, eh?

Until then--hope you get lots of lovely Valentines' yourself. No, here in the office, has already had about a dozen. No-one's sent me one. I'm sick!:

Ah, well! That's life.

Love, The Ed.

COLOUR CONTENTS:
LULU AND A LUVVER
photographer DAVID STEEN
HERMAN
photographer FRIMA ADAMS
ROY ORBISON
photographer NICHOLAS WRIGHT
GENE PITNEY
photographer BILL FRANCES
TOMMY QUICKLY
photographer BILL FRANCES
PAUL MCCARTNEY
photographer BILL FRANCES
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
photographer TERRY O'NEILL
SIMON SCOTT
photographer DAVID STEEN
DAVE BERRY
photographer FRIMA ADAMS
GEORGE CHAKIRIS
starring in *The High Bright Sun*.
MICK JAGGER
photographer MICHAEL DARLINO

Hi Fab!



SYLVIA TAKES OVER THE GOSSIP THIS WEEK

I've met George Chakiris. Yes, I know I've met a lot of other poppis as well, most of them famous and dishy. But the moment I saw Gorgious George in *West Side Story*, I said to myself: "Sylvia, that is definitely the boy you'd choose for your Valentine."

Not long after that, we met and boy! He turned out to be even dishier than I'd expected. Softly spoken, wearing horn rimmed glasses (don't you love men in glasses?) shyly serious, he talked to me about dancing in general and the ballet in particular. He loves the ballet. Most of all, he loves the dancing of Russian ballerina Maya Plisetskaya. I promptly discovered an interest in Russian ballerinas I didn't know I'd had before.

That's the effect George Chakiris has on you. I must send him a nice big Valentine card. Probably it'll only be one of thousands he'll receive, but you never know your luck. He might like mine best.

I'm not sending Paul McCartney a Valentine, though, not because I'm gone off him, but I happen to know he won't be sending me one, not even for the love. I console myself with the thought that no-one else will receive one from him either, not



even that red-haired young lady who has the rest of us going green. Paul, you see, just doesn't send Valentine cards.

Well, I suppose he had to have one fault, didn't he?

Now Tommy Quickly's different. He does send Valentine cards. Funny ones.

"I like them better than the sentimental type," he explains. "The hearts and flowers stuff isn't really my style."

But he reckons that Arthur sends far more cards than he does. And who might Arthur be?

"My toy dog," Tommy told me, and so solemnly that I almost began to believe a toy can send Valentine cards.

"I wouldn't mind that so much," Tommy continued, "but he sends his Valentine cards to the most awful people."

If I were Arthur I'd strongly object to my Valentines being called "awful" people.

But even if Tommy doesn't go for the romantic stuff, Simon Scott does. Still, Simon looks so romantic himself, it's only to be expected, isn't it? "The Valentines I send," Simon said, "will definitely



be the romantic kind. And," he continued, "if I could choose anyone in the world to be my Valentine, I'd choose Hayley Mills."

"Why?" I demanded, planning a "Down with Hayley" campaign.

"Because of her blonde hair," he sighed, going quite goo-goo. "It's really beautiful."

I wonder if I can afford a blonde wig?

Hayley gets a vote from Aaron Williams of The Merseybeats, too. Definitely I must start a "Down with Hayley" campaign. The other Merseybeats, however, have widely differing tastes. Tony Crane's "Girl I'd most like for my Valentine" choice is French actress Mylene Demongeot. Billy Kinaley, who replaced Johnny Gustafson in the group, plumps for Patti Boyd. (Wonder what George Harrison thinks of that?) John Banks goes for a model too, but his choice is Jean Shrimpton.

None of the boys like romantic Valentines. "All these velvet hearts and cupids--ugh!" John shuddered. "I hate 'em."

But they all like sending Valentine cards; the funny toy Valentine cards that is. "During my last three years at school, it

Next week FABULOUS really gets cracking with

something bump-a-wos to do



and you can learn the gear on underwater sports
with THE HOLLIES (who visit some low dives) . . .

Ice skating with THE FOURMOST, THE FOUR PENNIES,
CLIFF BENNETT, MOJOS, LONG JOHN BALDRY, KINKS,
SANDIE SHAW, ADRIENNE POSTER etc. and hostess
JULIE GRANT . . . the know-how on Fan Clubs—specially
THE BEATLES . . . hairstyles (a “fun” idea we’ll keep secret
till next week) . . . and what’s cooking with
THE MOODY BLUES . . . and the latest lowdown on
BILLY FURY . . . so get going right away, order your next
FAB—on sale, next Monday, Price 1 Shilling . . .

REMEMBER, you will also get FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS of:

THE BEATLES
KINKS
MOODY BLUES



HOLLIES
MANFRED MANN
GEORGIE FAME



BILLY FURY
JULIE GRANT
ERIC BURDON

was the big thing to send Valentines to the girls in the class,” Tony reminisced. “We always sent funny ones. I first received a Valentine when I was about eight. It was a big one, one of those sloppy ones. It was a big joke for years at home.”

Billy was also eight when he received his first Valentine.

“It was from the little American girl who was staying just across the street from us. Yes, it was a romantic one, a great big one.”

John waited a few years before he started on the Valentine bit.

“I didn’t receive my first one till I was 11,” he mourned. “It was from a girl called Barbara, and I sent her one, too. She lived over the road from me. Funny thing was, we both picked out the same card.”

Aaron sent his first Valentine when he was ten. It was to the girl next door.

“I was madly in love with her,” he sighed. Of course. The Merseybeats now receive hundreds of Valentines and love every one of ‘em. In fact, they just love Valentine’s day.

“You never know what to expect,” says Aaron. I do. Nothing.



Inside it was warm, dry and cosy. Outside it was raining cats and dogs, and there were six inches of mud underfoot. Nobody in their right minds would go out on a day like this, said the FAB staff, settling themselves down smugly to spend lunch hour in the office. Then it happened.

"Go and take Herman out to lunch," said the Ed. And just before Valentine's Day, too. What a break.

Hair straggling limply past my ears and mud splashing up the back of last year's knee-length boots, I arrived at the restaurant where a couple of quick telephone calls had arranged for me to meet Herman.

After ten minutes of the waiter giving rather pointed glances at the empty seat opposite me, Herman arrived on the scene, dripping wet, rosy-cheeked, and face split in two with that famous ear-to-ear grin only Herman can produce.

He looked very healthy.

"Hello. How are you? Nice to see you again. Sorry I'm late. I overslept. Then I decided to walk. Great weather isn't it? I love walking in the rain. Don't you?" All in one breath.

"Yes," I agreed. "It was great weather—just right for a walk." Well, in the face of all that enthusiasm, what else *could* I say?

Even the starchily-faced waiter unbent a little when he received the full force of That Smile. Or was it the order? Herman wanted a large, large steak—with all the trimmings. (Herman likes everything big.) Herman wouldn't drink anything, but Herman would smoke, and boy, does Herman talk! An interview with Herman ends up with *you* being interviewed by him!

"Do you like your job? Don't you get tired of meeting the same sort of people, asking the same questions? Have you seen so-and-so's film? What do you think of so-and-so's latest disc?" But after about the one-hundredth question and sixth coke, I managed to turn the tables on Herman.

Did he like America? "Great... fabulous... so big,

you know. Course, I didn't have much time for sight-seeing, but we're going back again in the early spring, so perhaps I'll see a bit more then."

Did he ever wish he were back at school? He didn't.

"I didn't like school. Everybody divided themselves up into cliques and my crowd always got the blame for anything that happened... The greatest moment of my life (until I got into this business, of course) was when school and I parted company."

Herman was getting quite carried away.

I decided perhaps we had better change the subject. A happier topic for him was his Christmas panto.

"It was great... a knockout. Fantastic scenery and the audiences were wonderful. Oh, and it was great to see so many Old Age Pensioners there having a good time." He paused for breath—the first time for a solid ten minutes.

A youngster obviously waiting for a chance to butt in came over.

"Scuse me. Are you Herman?" Herman said he was.

"Great," said the lad, "I've won my bet!"

Herman, with his wide smile, informed the youngster he wanted 10 per cent of the bet.

Two minutes later the boy was back to present Herman with sixpence, which was duly pocketed with thanks.

"Have to be careful about that, you know," he told me earnestly. "People asking me who I am, I mean. In Portsmouth, a big sailor came up and asked me if I was Herman. And when I said yes, he belted me one!"

Herman made a hasty grab at his coke bottle.

"I'm going to buy a car," he confided. "Did you see *Goldfinger*? I'd love one like Bond's—an Aston Martin with all the gadgets. Grrreat!"

Everything as far as Herman is concerned is *grrreat*—or fabulous—or a knock-out. And nothing—no *nothing*—is a drag to the chirpy 17-year-old from Manchester.

LUNCH WITH

HERMAN



Manchester, incidentally, is also *grrreat*, Herman says. He's not so keen on London. But Carnaby Street is fabulous. So is America, Steve McQueen. *The Great Escape*, flying, Dave Berry's stage act, Dusty Springfield and GIRLS. At which point Herman's already lit-up blue eyes lit up still more as two of the last-mentioned—blonde, fluffy "twinkle-type" mods walked past.

Outside again and it was still raining.

"Take a taxi?" asked Herman.

"Oh no. I'm going to walk" (enthusiastically). "This weather is great!"

One last, ear-splitting grin and he was off, bouncing down the road to the tune of "It is. It isn't" from the passers-by. Last I saw of him, he was being trailed by half a dozen of the "twinkle-types" he likes best—and obviously enjoying every minute of it.

"The Ed won't like it—me turning baby-snatcher," I told myself, dragging back through the mud to Fleetway House, feeling exhausted and rather jaded.

I was 19 last month!

CHRISTINE OSBOURNE

OR HOW TO TURN
BABY-SNATCHER
IN ONE EASY LESSON



Fab

A FAB NIGHT OUT

Hey...are you coming?

Hope so for this is your opportunity to meet some of your fave raves in the livin' breathin' flesh—they'll be coming to our FAB NIGHTS OUT. And here's FAB'S Sheena Mackay with more news about the Fab Nights OF 1965, so get out your new diaries....

where and when

We've asked absolutely everyone in posters to be our guests, so watch the posters outside the Top Rank Ballrooms in each town to see who's gonna be there on THE NIGHT. You'll see the Fab Gang, too. Now here are the where 'n when dates:

NEWCASTLE, Wednesday, 10th February [Top Rank Dancing].

CARDIFF, Monday, 15th February [Top Rank Cardiff Suite].

BRIGHTON, Tuesday, 16th February [Regent Ballroom].

HANLEY, Staffs, Friday, 19th February [Top Rank Hanley Suite].

PRESTON, Monday, 22nd February [Top Rank Dancing].

DONCASTER, Friday, 26th February [Top Rank Suite].

The London date hasn't been fixed yet but it will be the grand climax with world famous stars to fit the occasion—a real knockout.

where they are

At **NEWCASTLE** we will definitely have **STU JAMES** and **THE MDJOS** to meet you and sign autographs.

In **CARDIFF** we have **DAVID GELL** as special deejay.

BRIGHTON will see **MANFRED MANN** and **THE MARK LEAMAN FIVE**, deejay **DON WARDELL**, **SANDIE SHAW** and **SIMON SCOTT**.

At **HANLEY**, **JULIE GRANT**, **GEORGE E. WASHINGTON** and **THE CONGRESSMEN** (who will actually play for you as a special treat), **KEITH POWELL** and **THE VALETS**, **THE DENNISON**s and deejay **TONY HALL**, **THE MERSEBEATS**, **THE APPLE JACKS**, **ELKIE BROOKS** and **Cavern Club** deejay **BOB WOOLER** will all be at **PRESTON**.

And remember, we're still juggling with dates—there are masses of other top posters still to be named for the dates.

win

We've lots of FAB prizes up our sleeves, including cameras, watches, handbags, dresses, etc., as well as the chance to have YOUR picture taken with the stars AND printed on the spot! AND six free holidays which Pontin's Holiday Camps have kindly donated.

SO COME ON, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR!

tickets and proceeds

Your ticket to FAB NIGHTS OUT will cost you only 5s. All the proceeds will go to a wonderful charity run by The Variety Club of Great Britain. They will provide a Sunshine Bus with your money to take needy children to the seaside and countryside for holidays. We know you'll all be pleased to know the money will be so well spent.

More news next week. See you on THE night.

Love, Sheena.



Roy's birthday — Claudette feeds her chocolate cake to John Lennon with Ringo; Roy and Roy junior looking

ROY'S pretty woman

HE doesn't look much like the general idea of anyone's Valentine. In fact, he doesn't even look much like what he is—



an extremely successful pop singer. But the wistful romantic singing voice of Roy Orbison has made him the favourite Valentine of thousands of girls in general, and one girl in particular—his wife, Claudette.

Claudette Orbison is a very beautiful woman. Ask any of the British groups who met Roy during his visit to this country last April.

Claudette came with him and was seen sitting around at the theatre where he was rehearsing. Several members of British groups noticed her, and the question went round—"Who's the fabulous brunette?" Then they found the answer to the question. Boy, you've never seen so many glum faces.

"Some men have all the luck," grumbled one top British popstar.

So do some women—notably Claudette Orbison. For even though Roy isn't exactly tall, dark and handsome, he's still the kind of man a lot of girls wouldn't mind hanging around draughty backstage dressing rooms for.

Roy's considerate you see. Claudette never has to worry about lugging heavy groceries around by herself. Roy really enjoys going shopping with her.

He likes the home life, too. When he gets the chance to indulge in it between tours.

Home for the Orbisons is a house on the shores of Lake Hickory, near Nashville, Tennessee. They also have a home at Huston, Texas. But Nashville is where they spend most of their time. And who wouldn't? Even though it is on the shores of a lake, they don't have to go out to go swimming. They have a pool of their own

—in the drawing room. They also have an atomic oven that bakes potatoes in six seconds flat.

It isn't, however, these material things that make Roy Orbison say, "I'm a very lucky man." To him, the real causes of happiness are Claudette and their two sons Roy Duane, who's nearly six and little Tony 2½.

Things weren't always this good for Roy and Claudette. During their first year of marriage, they were really hard up. Roy was earning only twenty-four dollars (roughly £8) a week and they lived in a shack at a place called Wink, in Texas. Roy took his one and only non-showbiz job to help things out. For three weeks he spent his working hours cutting metal and loading it on to trucks. He also wrote songs, dozens of 'em, until at last he came up with *Only the Lonely*. After that, things looked up and they've gone on looking up. Yet even in those poor, rough days, things were good in many ways.

"We were very happy," says Roy "even though it was tough."

But even though things didn't go too well for awhile, Roy would never go into a profession outside show business.

He first came into the business when he was eight and, although his musical education was restricted to high school courses only, he's still an accomplished guitarist, as well as a highly thought-of composer. His singing—well, if you don't know about Roy Orbison's singing, you just haven't been listening.

Claudette knows all about Roy's singing. She knows all about his song writing, too, even though he does shut himself away when he's composing. He wrote a song for the Everly Brothers once, called —yep—Claudette. A very lovely song it was, too. But then, she's a very lovely woman.

I bet she'll send Roy Orbison a Valentine.

SYLVIA STEPHEN



Fab the

On the right: Baby John Lennon

Below: Cynthia with her one and only Valentine.



THE SECRET HEART OF cynthia lennon

IN TRIBUTE TO CYNTHIA LENNON, TO
HER SON... TO THEIR LOVE FOR JOHN

SHE sits alone, cool, blonde and poised in a hotel palm-court lounge, in an airport reception hall or in the loneliness of a locked hotel room.

She thinks only of him as she waits while the fans scream and weep outside as he departs or arrives to riot-style ovations.

She thinks only of him as thousands of running and jumping teenagers cry "John, John, Oh, John!"

She thinks of him... and when he has finally gone and the roar dies away to a murmur... she thinks of the child. Of John Charles Julian. And of what one day she will tell him about his famous father.

John Winston Lennon.
Of the Beatles.

Whom she loves. So much.

It will take humour to explain John to his son. Humour to tell him the truth, just as it happened—that his father whose school reports were all much of the same—"could do better if he tried harder" went on to become not only the biggest success ever in his own country but how he also took the American pop industry by its ears.

It will take humour to explain all this. This Cynthia Lennon, 21, knows.

But she has learned about humour. From him—from her beloved John.

THAT day when she ceased to be Cynthia Powell, John put it into his weird words:

"It is a red lettuce day, with you in your waddy drag... people tying boots and rice-budda on the car and you smiling the smile of someone who's seen a few laughs."

And she will tell her son how John, at fourteen, could have worked hard at his lessons and become an architect. But that if he had Liverpool would have lost its great pride and joy.

For The Beatles—were his idea. Right from the start.

She will tell how John, the school-boy, led for some thirteen years a life of almost uninterrupted happiness. How he liked life, hated most of his schoolwork, but enjoyed trying to draw.

How his mother, knowing his love of music, helped him in those early days by teaching him how to strum away on a banjo. Until tragedy struck soon before his fourteenth birthday. And she died suddenly, in a car crash. Just as her father, too, had died, though not in a crash.

And of how John and Paul and George struggled in the early days. How she first watched The Beatles, sitting in the back row of a hut at the Aintree Institute, Liverpool. Of the trips she couldn't go on. In the battered Beatle minibus from Harwich to the Hook of Holland, then to Hamburg.

SHE will tell her son, unashamedly, of his father's love for her—of how their love has always been such a wondrous and beautiful thing from the very beginning, when they met at the Liverpool College of Art.

About how, that lovely spring night—very suddenly—he proposed to her.

"Without you by my side I'll be nothing. And quite miserable..."

And when, eventually, they asked him "Are you married?" he never denied it at all.

He said: "It is just that nobody ever asked me about it till now. My wife Cynthia and I fell in love. It's as simple as that."

When the news came out there were some who thought that would be the end



of The Beatles. But they were wrong. So wrong.

For there were hundreds and hundreds of letters all saying: "It doesn't matter to us. We love you—and we'd like to send you a present for baby Julian."

Wherever he is, whatever he is doing, he is thinking of her. Her looks, the clothes he helps to choose for her, and the black leather cap he wears that she, too, sometimes wears. Even her cooking. Everything about her. Always.

And she will tell how he wrote his very first song *I Lost My Little Girl* when he was a thousand miles away. Thinking of her. And lonely for her.

Because destiny brought them together before it happened. He married her before the fans began to worship him almost beyond belief.

And he hasn't changed his mind about her since.

She thinks as she sits alone, waiting to hear his smoky voice, with its warm dark-brown tonal quality, of the fleeting and little ways which are the moments of their trust love together.

Love! This is the keyword to John's life. She knows the key belongs to her.

"When I'm home everything seems to be right."

Because it reminds him of her. He knows as he walks among the roaring fans that she is somewhere, a long way away perhaps, but waiting for him.

And thinking of him.

And in the lonely hotel rooms he is thinking of her.

"When I'm home everything seems to be right."





Fab | Since 1978



It took me a week to get Gene Pitney. A whole week of driving our switchboard girl slowly round the bend. A whole week of hearing people say "Sorry, he's not here"—"Sorry, he's gone out"—"Sorry, he's sleeping." But at last the familiar, breathlessly fast Connecticut accent drawled "Hello" down the phone at me.

I'd caught Gene Pitney.

TELEDATE



**SYLVIA STEPHEN
TALKING TO**

GENE PITNEY

SYLVIA: Gene, it's Sylvia of FAB.
GENE: Well, hi there!

SYLVIA: I've been trying to get you for a week.
GENE: Gee I'm sorry. But I'm afraid we've been moving around just lately.

SYLVIA: So I've gathered. I want to do a Teledate with you. Okay if we do it now?
GENE: Sure. Shoot.

SYLVIA: Great. I gather you used to do a bit of tobacco picking.

GENE: That's right. I used to do it during vacations from school. It was a great experience. Gave me my first contact with the world outside Rockville, because the other tobacco pickers came from all over—Jamaica and places like that. I was able to talk to 'em and get to know about their lives. I earned about \$0 to \$0 dollars a week. What's that in English money—about £20 or so?

SYLVIA: About that. That wasn't bad pay, was it?
GENE (laughing): No. It came in very useful.

SYLVIA: I didn't know that tobacco grew in Connecticut.

GENE: Neither do most people, but it does. Two different kinds as well.

SYLVIA: Every day we learn something new Rockville is where you live isn't it, Gene?

GENE: That's right. We have a house that's been in our family for a hundred years or so. It stands on a hill.

SYLVIA: Very nice. Is it a big house?
GENE: It has let me see—one, two, three, five, seven—yes, seven rooms.

SYLVIA: Do your brothers and sisters live there, too?

GENE: My younger brother and sister do, but my older brother and sister are married and have homes of their own now. I have another home, too. I rent a little place by a lake. But I don't have much time at either home. I'm travelling around so much I've practically grown my own wings. Do you know I have commitments in seven different countries this year?

SYLVIA: That's a lot of travelling.
GENE: It sure is. Fortunately I get a big

kick out of travelling. I enjoy it very much.

SYLVIA: Do you read on long journeys?
GENE: Actually I'm not very well read at all, which causes me a lot of regret. During my last tour in England, Marianne Faithfull introduced me to Lawrence Durrell's books and I was very grateful. They're great.

SYLVIA: You can say that again. What do you do when you're not working, Gene? What are your hobbies? Any good at "Do it Yourself" type things?
GENE (indignantly): One question at a time, please! I am quite good at mechanical things. But I'm hopeless at carpentry. I'm strictly a thumb hitter.

SYLVIA: That's good.
GENE (surprised): What's good about it?

SYLVIA: It gives us something in common. Do you like the pictures—I mean movies, Gene?
GENE: Yeah, very much, when I have time. I'm afraid I'm not very critical though. If a film's halfway good I'll be content with it.

SYLVIA: Are you planning to do any acting yourself?

GENE: I'm doing some dramatic TV this year.

SYLVIA: Great. I look forward to seeing you as an actor. Have you had any acting training?

GENE: No, but the work I've been doing over the last couple of years is training enough. I wouldn't have been any good as an actor when I first started singing. I was too stiff. But now I've learned to let myself go in front of an audience, and I think once you've learned to do that you're okay. Sylvia, I hate to cut this short when you've been trying for a whole week to get me. But I have to catch a plane and if I don't go now, I won't make it.

SYLVIA: But you said you've grown your own wings.

GENE (solemnly): Yes, but they're not very strong yet. They won't take me on very long journeys.

SYLVIA (ginning): Okay, Gene. See you next time you're in England.

GENE: You bet. 'Bye now. Thanks for calling.

Now FAB's switchboard girl can relax again; for a while.







THE first time I met Marianne Faithfull was in a darkened recording studio at an hour close to midnight. She was standing behind a screen, clutching the lyrics of *Greenwich*, which she was waiting to record. Only her face was visible, softly lit by a single studio light. She was very nervous. Then she began to sing "Alas my love, you do me wrong. . . ." Visitors held their breath and you could have heard a pin drop. Marianne was close to tears herself and I was fighting back a choking sensation in my throat. She looked so serene and wistful. Just the sort of girl to whom any boy would gladly give his heart.

Marianne has a peaceful quality about her. She might be in a tearing hurry, but she always gives the impression of being unruffled and unfurried. She manages to convey this feeling of tranquility to those around her.

You can feel her presence in a room. I have been at parties when Marianne has walked in. The effect has been quite astounding. A wave of silence will swiftly sweep over the noisy crowd, starting at the door and spreading throughout the room. People will turn their heads as Marianne stands there, radiant and smiling. Then the noise will start up again.

Any girl who has this hypnotic effect, surely deserves the adoration she commands.

Marianne has the same sort of effect when she appears before an audience. One-night stands aren't, as you know, the most peaceful of gatherings. There is frequently a great deal of noise. Marianne Faithfull has something about her which quiets a noisy audience—without even saying a word.

I WATCHED her on stage not so long ago. Girls were screaming and Marianne was greeted with some boos and cat-calls. She had hardly sung a note before there was complete quiet.

*why I would
 send a valentine
 to Marianne
 Faithfull*

by
MICHAEL ALDRED



Throughout her act, what had been near to a riot was now a sea of listening faces. Her singing is folksy, honest and straightforward. Much like Miss Faithfull herself. She just sits and sings to a simple guitar accompaniment. And her fans love her. Especially the boys, who sit and reflect how nice it would be to have a girlfriend like Marianne Faithfull.

As Tears Go By was a hit for Marianne throughout the world. One performance of it that I shall never forget was Southern TV's "Disc-wizz." The show's director, Mike Mansfield, is a very way ahead man. His set for "Tears" fell nothing short of being brilliant. Marianne was curled up in an armchair, facing a window and gently caressing a kitten. Simulated rain fell against the mock window.

THERE was one shot in particular I remember: Marianne's reflection in the panes of glass. It may not sound much on paper, but for everyone in the studio, watching the television monitors, it was stunning. And no-one was more full of praise afterwards than Marianne herself. But that's typical of her nature.

She always has a kind word and a ready smile at hand. She never fails to make a stranger feel at ease. I heard her described as "Charm in human form." Very poetical! She's not one of these frilly, bouncy girls either. And that's just great by me! She has real strength of character, too, with very determined ideas about life and her career. And you only have to look at her to see why any aspiring guy would like her to be his girlfriend.

In fact, Marianne Faithfull is just the sort of girl for whom Valentines were made. Marianne, you can have my heart any day!







When next they met, Simon apologized and explained what had happened. He must have sounded very genuinely sorry because she believed him and forgave him.

Love at first sight?

"It just doesn't happen these days," says Simon. "You've got to know what a person's like before you can love them. It's something which has to grow out of companionship."

I asked Simon to let me in on what ladies boys shoot.

"Well, if a boy sees a girl sitting all alone, he will often go up and be friendly. A boy can chat her up all too easily—and drop her flat when the evening's through."

But it is not always the boy who leads the girl up the garden. Simon Scott says it can be the other way about. He was once taken in by a girl who didn't mean a word of what she said. Anyway, he said it taught him to be wary for the future.

Presents, according to Simon, are a boy's way of trying to cement a friendship. If a boy is fond of a girl and wants to be sure of her he will buy her things which he hopes she will like and treasure. If she takes them willingly and happily, he'll assume that she is fond of him and wants to keep him to herself. If she isn't all that keen, she'll probably be a bit embarrassed. She ought gently to put him off buying her things in the future.

It's just not fair for a girl to take what she can get in the way of gifts when she doesn't care a hoot for the giver.

Simon feels that girls sometimes get married for the security. He doesn't blame them for this but he, personally, thinks that nothing short of real love is a proper basis for marriage.

He doesn't go for holding hands and kissing indiscriminately. He thinks it is much wiser to keep your feelings safe for someone special. **Don't waste your affection on someone who doesn't appreciate it, is his maxim.** You'll gradually find out if you and your date are suited or not. "What is love? Something you can't describe."

Look for a boy who looks after you. The one who treats you as if you are someone very dear to him. Who, when he takes you to a party, doesn't immediately leave you and go flirting with other girls in the room.

Simon is marvellous to be with. He's terribly handsome, a real treat, amusing and wonderfully polite and thoughtful. But he is not a flirt. He's saving all his love for the girl when he meets the right girl.

Lucky her!

BETTY HALE

*don't
throw
your
love
away*

WHEN Simon Scott first came to London from Darjeeling, India, a couple of years ago he was a bit surprised by the way people smooch and cuddle in public. It wasn't done where he came from. And he still feels that love is something to be respected and valued.

Simon says, if you don't want to be hurt by romance, go carefully and take all the warning signs to heart. Don't fall for the lines that every gay romancer tries to shoot. Don't try to fall in love. Love will come your way—and when it does you'll know that this is it!

If he looks you straight in the eye and says, "Darling, you're so beautiful. I love you," in a rich, sexy voice, warning bells should ring. All your guards should go up. Don't trust him. This is Simon's advice. The sincere boy, according to Simon, will stammer when he tells you he's fallen for you. He'll feel it all so deeply

he'll have great difficulty in putting it into words. It may not sound so smooth, but he'll mean every word of it as he says, "I-I-I I-I-I-ove y-y-y-ou, v-v-e-r-y m-m-m-m-uch. P-p-lease b-b-be my s-s-ready."

Suppose the boy you're currently dating doesn't turn up at the appointed time? Don't believe just any old excuse, says Simon, even if the boy is the dishiest on the scene. But if he's genuinely apologetic, let bygones be bygones.

Simon told me that once he missed a train when he was going to meet a girl friend. It was a Bank Holiday and there wasn't another that evening. It was a twelve-mile journey—too far to walk. So he phoned the station master at the place where the young lady was meeting him. But somehow the message didn't get through to her and she waited for him from 5 until 8 p.m. (Who wouldn't for someone as gorgeous as Mr. Scott?)



"If her love comes your way, you'll know all about it."



"Don't trust everyone on sight."



Simon is marvellous to be with—but he's not a flirt.



"Love is something you can't describe"



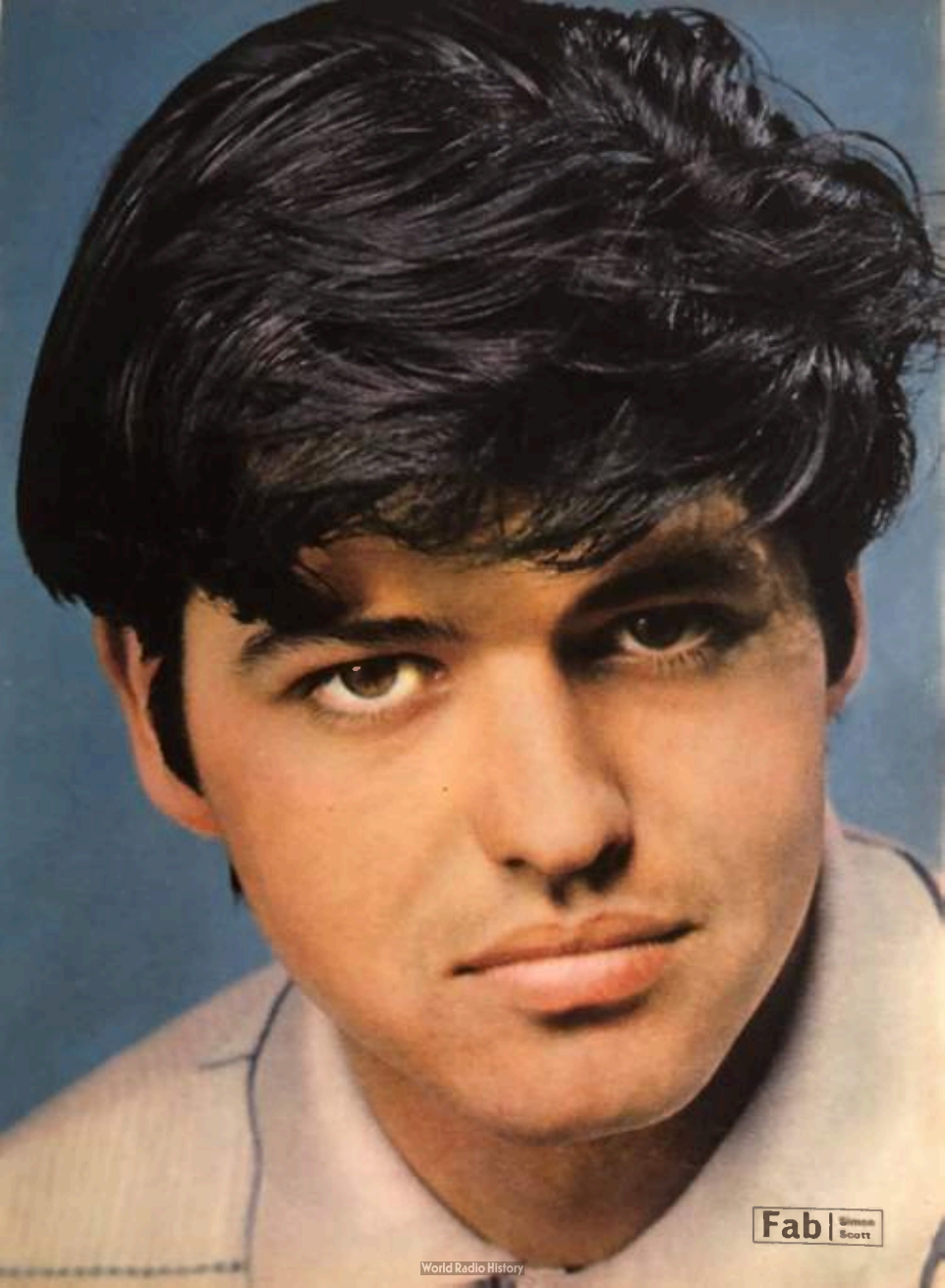
"A sincere boy will stammer when he tells you he loves you."



"These days, love at first sight just doesn't happen."



"Real love is the only proper basis for happy marriage."



Fab | Simon
Scott



Fab 1960s
1970s



DAVE ← be my valentine →

I REMEMBER when Dave Berry visited me in the cupboard which the Editor keeps telling me is an office. He brought The Cruisers with him, and if you've ever seen a cupboard full of hefty males, you'll know what my office (huh!) looked like that afternoon.

When Sheena opened the door to ask me something, she couldn't even see me.

Well, pretty soon I gave up caring that I couldn't breathe and had to sit on the floor because Dave had plucked the chair. Did I mind sitting on the floor? No—I did not, for Dave is a charmer, just the kind of boy I'd choose for my Valentine.

He's a high spirited charmer—I went for a walk with him once and spent the entire trip doubled up with laughter at the cracks he kept throwing out at astonished passers-by. He's also a kind charmer, a thoughtful charmer; basically a serious charmer. He reads a lot—J. D. Salinger and books about the East and Eastern religions.

Gay, laughing boys who are always cracking jokes and fooling around are great, especially at parties. But they do get a bit tiring after a while. Sometimes a girl wants to be quiet and serious, listen to a boy talk. Dave Berry's worth listening to.

He's a relaxed boy, Dave. He believes in taking holidays, lots of 'em. Last year he had three.

"A lot of people in this profession haven't had a holiday in over a year.

That's ridiculous. That way you'll knock yourself out," he says.

That's my boy. After all, what's the use of having a dreamboat for a Valentine if he's too tired out from overwork to appreciate you?

He describes himself as a country boy, born in a village called Woodhouse, which is near Sheffield. Me, I just love country boys; especially if they're from around Sheffield.

I just love tall boys, too, and Dave's that all right; six feet and three quarters of an inch in his socks. And he's blunt. They say Northerners always are.

"I didn't like *The Crying Game*," he'll tell you frankly. "It wasn't my style at all. Rock's my kind of music. When *The Crying Game* went into the charts I liked it a little better, and now I've heard it a few times, it's grown on me a bit."

He still reckoned, though, that he'd follow up *The Crying Game* with a real, way out rocker. But he didn't.

That's another thing with Dave. You can never be sure what he's going to do next. I know what I'm going to do next, though.

Nominate Dave Berry my Mr. Valentine for 1985.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

Clearasil ends embarrassment



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Jerry Ashley
of Sokholt

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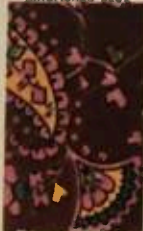
These colours are as near as possible to the actual colour of the garment.



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Illustration
KINGFISHER BLUE

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TAB 8

"I know where I'm going"

BOBBY JAMESON is new to the pop scene but come next Valentine's day he could receive thousands of cards from lovin' fans. What kind of character is he? FAB'S SYLVIA tells all...

HE looks a bit like George Harrison. He has his hair cut by Vidal Sassoon. He's nineteen, American and frighteningly self-confident. He writes. He draws. He sings. He composes. He's six feet tall, hazel eyed, light brown haired. He weighs 10 stone 10 pounds. And he talks. He talks a lot about a lot of things but mostly about Bobby Jameson. That's him—Robert Parker Jameson, born 20th April, 1945 in Illinois.

"I left home for the first time when I was thirteen or fourteen. I went back. I left again and went back again. This went on for a while. My family said I was a drifter, a no-good. I told them I know what I want outta life. They said you can't always have what you want. I said you can if you work for it. I'm working for it. I'll get it."

One tight broussed leg crosses over the other. The black-gloved right hand brushes his forehead. He reckons he'll always wear that one black glove as a reminder that he has a purpose in life. When FAB arrived at his Belgravia flat, he wasn't wearing it. He'd just got up. He put it on soon after we turned up.

"Pop singing is the first step on the way to other things: acting, writing, producing. I write a lot. I write mostly at night. I've only written one thing in daylight. Rain affects my writing. I write differently when it's raining to the way I write when it isn't."

He rises and strides to a big, round table that stands just behind the cream-painted door. From among a pile of papers he yanks a foolscap sized, blue-covered sketching pad and opens it. It's crammed with strong lined black sketches, jotted down thoughts and carefully printed poems.

"None of these things took me more than fifteen minutes. Some of them are good. Some are rotten. I have books full of things like this. I'm going to collect up the best and put them all in one book. I'll have it published."

The poems are serious, thoughtful, even depressed. But original. And sometimes badly spelled. They're signed, like the drawings, simply "Jameson."

The book is replaced. He stands, legs apart, hands stuck into the waistband of his trousers, teetering deliberately backwards and forwards on his Cuban heels, in the middle of the floor.

"I don't want an image projected of myself that's wrong, that isn't me. So many artists have suffered from that. Jameson Dean didn't. Jameson Dean was himself, on screen and off. If he'd lived, he'd have been the greatest."

Back to the cozy cushion-filled armchair. It doesn't seem to fit him. He sips a black coffee. His manager, press agent and FAB drink tea.

"I went to a deb party soon after I arrived here. That was quaint. Like England. I like a lot of English things. I like Jameson. But naturally I'll be glad to go home. I came here for many reasons, one of them being that Andrew Oldham, manager of The Rolling Stones, invited me."

"I know a lot of Americans who are living here. P. J. Proby's a good friend of mine."

A sigh, a glance up at the huge crystal chandelier that dangles from the ceiling. A slight grin.

"Isn't that chandelier something?"
Isn't Bobby Jameson something?



● A VERY heavy letter from four of FAB'S readers was put on my desk one morning recently. Inside was a very short note and seventeen sheets of paper covered with the word "please," written thousands—maybe millions! I didn't count—of times.

What were they begging for? To meet the daisy Swinging Blue Jeans and give them each a Valentine!

Please, please, please, they wrote, could they meet the most gorgeous, wonderful, fantabulous, handsome, dreamy, girly, crisp, marvellous, the greatest group ever—Ray, Ralph, Les and Norman. Then followed the lines and lines of tightly, desperately written pleas.

Well, normally we simply can't arrange for all of you to meet your favourites—but the sheer effort that had gone into this one, melted our hearts.

I rang the Blue Jeans' manager at once. Yes—the boys would meet these faithful fans.

At ten o'clock the next Sunday morning I met Linda, Hilary, Christine and June outside Fleetway, home of FAB. It was pretty cold. I rang the bell and the caretaker let us into the waiting room. (Our offices are closed at the weekend.) Fiona, FAB's photographer, arrived and the girls sat on the edge of their chairs a bit nervously.

Time ticked on and I became slightly worried. Suppose the boys had had a laydown on their drive from the north and weren't going to make it? How could I disappoint these four keen fans who were holding their Valentine cards at the ready?

At 10.15 John, The Blue Jeans' manager, arrived with his baby daughter in a push chair. He stood on the steps looking up and down the empty street.

"When they come, what will we say to them?" Linda asked, back in the waiting room. "What will they be like when we actually come face to face?"

"They're even nicer than their pix. You'll fall for them all over again," I said. (I'm a terrific jeans fan myself.) But I could understand the girls' fears. It is pretty formidable meeting the boys you've dreamed of for so long.

At twenty past ten the Jeans arrived in their estate car with Ray at the wheel. They were in very high spirits. After the first flurry of introductions, Fiona squeezed into their car and the girls packed into my Mini and we drove off to the Ed's house where there's always a warm welcome. Literally!

As usual, we were greeted by Unily's dog, Fred.

The Blue Jeans sunk themselves into choc cake and cups of coffee and the girls shyly hovered in the background, watching the boys very intently. Gradually Linda and Co. became bold enough to present the S.B.J.'s with their Valentines. The boys seemed delighted.

By now the girls were sitting next to the boys—except Ray, who sat alone on a sofa talking to Fred. (Fred, the Ed's dog, it scotoriously sops, fondly and not particularly obedient. FAB staff love him, but sacrifice a pair of nylons every time they meet him.) Ray had found a friend.

"Wah! I could have a bound like this. But I can't when I'm travelling around so much." Fred sat waltzily by his side and didn't move a muscle. Never

seen him so good. Ray must have a special power over dogs.

At half past twelve the boys began on a buffet lunch provided by Unily. The girls were quite chatty now and things were swinging. But eventually it was time for Linda and her friends to go home for their lunch.

"Could we kiss the Jeans goodbye?" they whispered.

"Come on then, give us a kiss." Ralph held out his arms so wide that the girls, suddenly fazed with their dream come true, backed away shyly. The boys made a grab. Ray picked up his partner and Fiona snapped away.

After a few more shots and one or two tiny pecked kisses, the girls were back in my mini—a giggling, excited four-way, so ecstatic and bubbling over, so full of what they were going to tell their friends. Then, breathlessly they began to say thank-you until I dropped them off at the station to catch their train home.

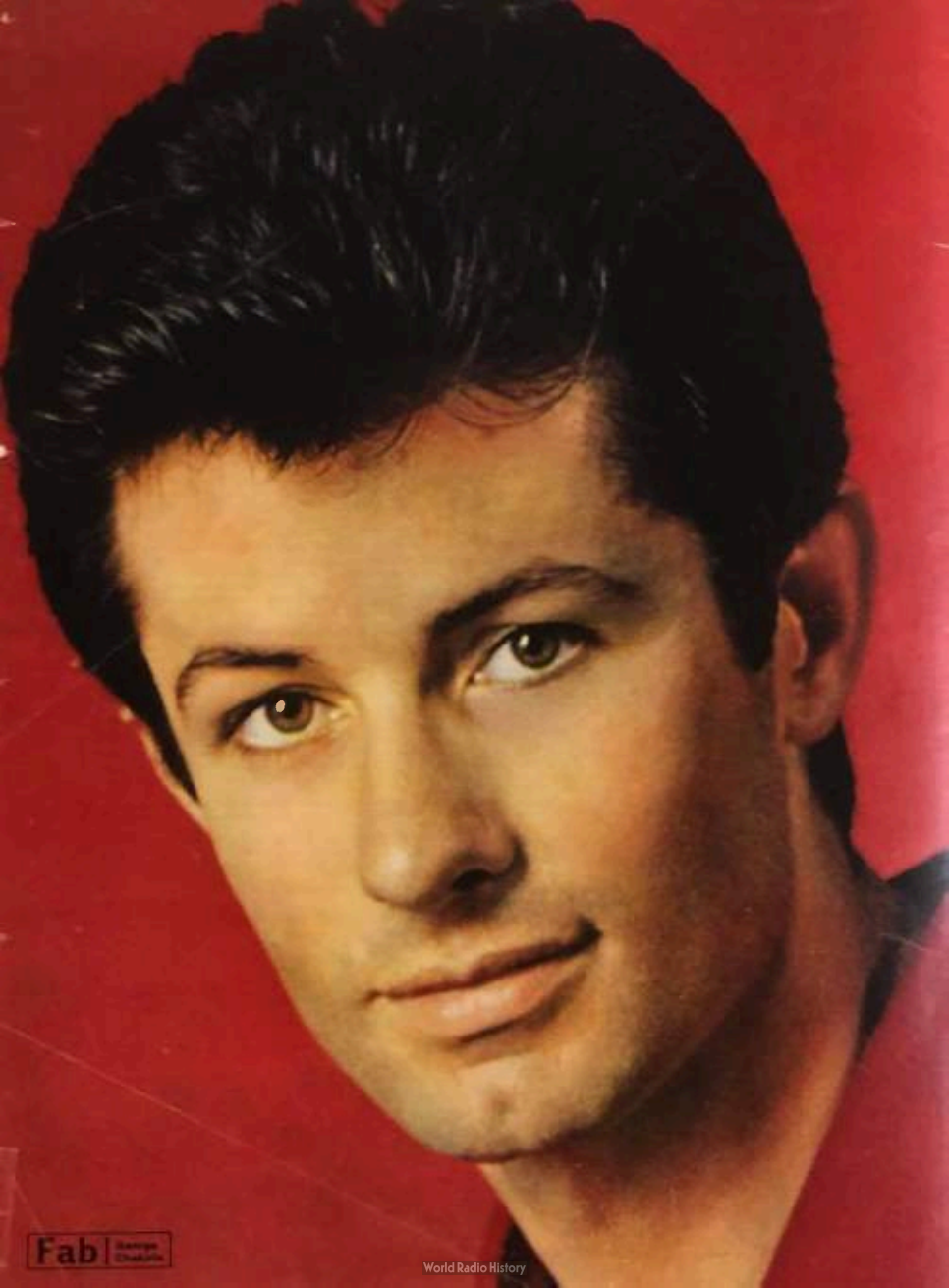
Oh, what a beautiful morning!

BETTY HALE

ST. VALENTINE for the ♥ SWINGING BLUE JEANS



Four FAB readers presented their Valentines to the S.B.J. The boys seemed delighted.



Fab | Image
Credit

TONY HALL'S



LETTER BOX

That star deejay and whizz at pop info, TONY HALL, is back again answering your letters (with the help of FAB'S Mo)—over to TONY....

Hi! Boy, it's a bit chilly these days, isn't it? But thank goodness your letters (and even a few Valentines) are keeping Maureen and me warm straight through them every week....

BEATLES HIDEAWAY

Susan James of Glasgow raises an interesting point: "I have often wondered what it would feel like to be a Beatle. But do they ever manage to get any time away from their fans?" Well, sure, all I can say is that it's better now than it was, mainly because of some house buying.

George and John have both bought houses in Surrey. George has a wall all the way round his, so no one can see inside the garden. (If you could—in the summer, anyway—you'd probably see George doing some gardening with some super new gadgets he's just bought!) And John's house is hidden away on a huge estate. It's a beautiful house—anyway the outside is. The inside will be, too. When all the masses of alterations are finished—and the builders have been at it for six months already!



Ringo's the only one who doesn't get real privacy, because he's still in a London flat (at the time of writing). So Ringo's in the market for a house as well.

George and Ringo used to live opposite me a year ago. And I really felt sorry for them. Every time they left the house, they had to do a James Bond to get through the crowds.

I'll never forget the night it cost George ten bob to cross the road to get to my place to dig some new discs. First, he ordered a radio cab. When it drew up outside, the special Beatles commissioners held him light through the fans, who chased it down the street and round the corner. He went round the block and returned. But they recognised the taxi, even though George crouched on the floor.

So off the taxi drove again. George had to go to Tottenham Court Road before he changed taxi and snaked back to my place from the opposite end of the street. I had to wait in the dark with the door open to smuggle him safely in.

Ah, those were the days!

TWINKLE TWINKLE

John Harvey of Hull, wants some gen about Twinkle.

Well, I'm biased about her, John, 'cos she digs cats, like me. Except that she's got 12 and I've only got two. Anyway, Twinkle is quite a girl. When her record *Tory* (which she wrote herself) was released, she didn't give a hoot that some critics and deejays didn't like it. She did. And she hoped that girls and boys of her own age would—and would understand.



Adults moaned about her writing a "death" song—"Don't be soft," she said. "It's just a song about a girl in love with a boy who gets killed—and how I imagine she'd feel."

Twinkle is very much a rebel. A definite individualist. She already owned all the things most successful pop singers buy for themselves, before she made a record. But, just because she's got a well-off dad, it doesn't mean she expects everything for nothing. She works extremely hard and believes in earning every penny the hard way.

ZOMBIE FAN

Foxx and Clarabelle of High Wycombe, Bucks, say: "Please tell us EVERYTHING about Colin Blunstone of The Zombies!"

Everything? Well, girls, his other Christian names are Edward and Michael. He's 6 ft tall, 19, weighs 11 stone 12 pounds, has brown eyes, black hair. He likes to wear casual clothes, drink rum and blackcurrant juice and digs fast cars. He owns a Lotus. Dan, which is pretty nippy, likes sun and the sea. (Roll on, Summer!) And, girls, if you ever get the chance to look for him, learn how to roast beef and lamb—and have plenty of cheese in the house.

Incidentally, Maureen, which is your favourite Zombie?

Maureen? I like all The Zombies. They are all very nice boys and extremely clever. (I'm not just being nice about them. I mean it!)... Fact is, with all their brains and things I am always left completely in the dust when conversation begins. Never mind, they do sit down to my level at times, so I am not completely left out.

Well, got to go. But keep those questions coming. Just send them to TONY HALL'S LETTER BOX, FABULOUS, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. See you next FAB-day.

in RECORD time

THE problem facing Manchester-born, 20-year-old Patrick Dane was: should he become an economist or a pop singer?

Trouble was that he was a star pupil at London's Regent Street Polytechnic—but also making a success singing with a group called The Quiet Five in beat clubs in the evenings.

After nearly three years of combining the two—and losing a lot of sleep in the meantime—Patrick realised that if he was going to University to take a degree he would have to give up pop.

His mind was more or less made up for him when Luxembourg disc jockeys Ray Orchard and Shaw Taylor heard him sing at a party and were so impressed that they offered to become his joint managers.

Result is that Patrick makes his disc debut on the Columbia label singing a catchy ditty called *In My Baby's Eyes*—and my verdict is that he had made the right decision.

Says Patrick: "Ever since all this happened to me I've been too busy to think about having any regrets."

BEST OF THE REST

● Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas who have been waiting for the right number to come along before making another disc, have finally found one: *It's Gotta Last Forever*, a romantic beat ballad written by Kenny Lynch. It's hit material (Parlophone).

● From the current crop of new discs by the girls I recommend *The Way You Do The Things You Do* by the vastly underrated Elkie Brooks (Decca), *Thanks A Lot*, a number full of teen-appeal by Brenda Lee (Brunswick), *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood*, an electrifying performance by Nina Simone (Phillips) and *Wild One*, bound to be a chart entry for Martha and The Vandellas (Stateside).

● *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood* has also been recorded by The Animals and although I prefer the Simone version, I reckon this is the one that could be a hit (Columbia).

● Sam Cooke, who came to a rather sticky end a few weeks back, shows what a talented performer he was with a rocking *Shake* (RCA Victor).

● On the ballad front I like Adam Faith's *Stop Feeling Sorry For Yourself* (Parlophone) and *She's The One For Me* by Tammy St. John (Pye).

● And on long play try *Bewitched* by Jack Jones, the boy who Frank Sinatra tipped as "the next major singer in show business." He wraps up a dozen melodic numbers including *The Mood I'm In*, *I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face* and his own hit single, *Lollipops And Ribbons* (London).

KEN BOW



Fabi