

WORLD'S POP STARS IN COLOUR COLOUR COLOUR

Australia 1/6 - New Zealand 1/3 - South Africa 15 cents
Singapore 1/6 - East Africa 1/60 cents - West Africa 1/6
Swamp 1/6 - 1/25 cent coin - Nigeria 4/1.50



3rd OCTOBER 1964

Fabulous

SHAKING LONDON TOWN

8 KING SIZE FULL COLOUR PIN-UPS

FREE INSIDE Locket size stick-on pix of these
20 TOP POP STARS

SUPER LOCKET OFFER ONLY 4s 9d



IT'S FAB

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT

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SORRY, EVERYONE. Please accept the apologies of the entire Fab Gang for the fact that this week there are only eight Fab King-sized Pin-ups. The reason is because of problems and difficulties beyond our control. PLEASE FORGIVE US.

STARGAZING WITH JOHN LEYTON



Libre subjects have a natural charm but are subject to moodiness. Financial gains are indicated for the future but this year and the future is bright.



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). A fateful time—you must face up to a personal problem.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Discretion is wise where a friend's worry is concerned.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Be patient.



ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20). Sentimental times revived when you run into an old friend.



TAURUS (April 21—May 20). Beware of listening to gossip and you won't brood so much.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). Outlook for you is brighter and a surprise social outing is likely.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Friendlier footing established with someone you are attracted by.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Have more confidence—you are due for a big break. Correspondence good.



VIRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). An in-between time—try to concentrate more on working matters.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Possessiveness over someone won't give you any satisfaction—relax.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Something will crop up to mess this week sparkle with fun.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Take your time over deciding matters of great importance.

HEY THERE!

It occurs to me that since we've been positively bombarding you with lovely free gifts for the last three weeks, there is a distinct possibility that FAB may have acquired a few new readers.

So, this week, for the benefit of those who aren't way-back FAB devotees - meet the Gang. The Gang, let me say, are what I laughingly call my Staff: Talented? Undoubtedly. Nice? Certainly. Bonkers? Definitely. And with the best-line-in-excuses-for-getting-out-of-the-office-interviewing-the-stars-instead-of-sitting-at-their-typewriters-writing-about-'em.

Anyway, there's Keith. The only boy. Imagine your maddening big brother. That's Keith! There's our new baby, Maureen. She's 17 and a walking mine of information. Sheena, our ex-baby-she's now 20, and a writer around the place. Sylvia, the cheerful one, June who's potty about The Stones, both writers. Margaret, in charge of pictures (and the rest of us all, I sometimes think!) and Betty and Brenda, our backroom girls. Plus Fiona, our gal photographer.

They're a great Gang, and you'll be meeting them through FAB every week. See you, THE ED.

Hi-fab!

Over to Keith with London Town Gossip

Sounds Incorporated became Sounds Separated during a recent safari to London's large musical store, Sound City. Wes Hunter their bass guitarist was the one with directions on how to find the shop and he massed the others outside Waterloo Station and looked for a suitable bus. Spotting the one they wanted at some traffic lights, Wes sprang ahead and reached it just as the lights changed. Away went Wes with the other Sounds stranded on the pavement.

Not knowing what to do, the remaining members quickly hopped on board the next bus and hoped it would follow Wes.

Organist Barrie Cameron jumped off at the next bus stop and raced alongside the bus he thought Wes had boarded. The passengers were more than surprised to hear Barrie calling: 'Wes! Where are you?'

Eventually all The Sounds reached the store with the exception of their "guide" Wes Hunter. He arrived, perspiring, half-an-hour after everyone else. The bus he had jumped turned out to be a private one which was taking a party on a tour of London.

Currently on the road with The Billy J. Kramer package show are The Nashville Teens. They have the distinction of being the only group to get pulled up by the police on suspicion of having stolen their own van.

It happened when the boys parked their van in London's Soho area and went off their separate ways. They agreed to meet at the van at 11.30 p.m.

Everyone turned up except for Ray Phillips, who had the car keys.

The boys were busy trying to break their way into the van when a policeman arrived. While the boys tried to explain that the van belonged to them, Ray returned, slipped into the van, and slid back the door.

"Are you going to stand there all night?" he called.

The Teen's reply is not on record.

Smile please from the Nashville Teens.



Eric Burdon, lead singer with The Animals has one rave place which he always visits while in town. "I try to drop in at The Flamingo Club in Wardour Street," says Eric. "Particularly if they have a late night R and B session. The Americans down there really appreciate good music. It makes a fabulous atmosphere."



Top line left to right:
Bill Wyman
Brian Auger
Mick Jagger
Paul McCartney
Johnny Gustafson

2nd line left to right:
John Banks
Keith Richards
Gene Pitney
Charlie Watts
John Lennon

3rd line left to right:
Brian Jones
George Harrison
Mika Smith
Dave Clark
P. J. Proby

4th line left to right:
Tony Crane
Ringo Starr
Ava Williams
Cliff Richard
Billy J. Kramer

A busy month ahead for Cliff Richard. He is recording an album for the Italian market and singing all the songs in Italian! He is also busy rehearsing new dance routines for his role as Aladdin, which opens at The London Palladium later this year. The Shadows are writing all the music for the show. Arthur Askey will also star. With dancer-actress Una Stubbs, it's a show to make sure of seeing.

Once upon a time, many years B.B. (Before Beatles) there was a struggling football team in London's Tottenham. They were trying to raise enough money for the team to visit Holland to play a Dutch side.

Their star right-half, one Dave Clark, decided on a big publicity boost around Town. It was just before The General Election and Dave and The Five toured the area with loudspeakers telling the youngsters that although they didn't have a vote they could come and support their local club by attending their dance. Dave and the boys promptly got a visit from the police. A 34-year-old City Law forbids public advertising.

Things turned out for the best. Although they were given a 55 fine, the dance was a success. They raised the money for the trip abroad and beat the Dutch side at football. Everyone lived *Glad All Over* ever after.

We gave a tea party for Cilla Black so that some of her FAB fans could meet her. Everyone enjoyed themselves and Cilla told us this amusing story.

It seems that Cilla, her road manager Bobby Willis and Billy Hatton of The Fourmost were en route to London after filming in the North. Unfortunately, Billy's car broke down on the M1.

There was Cilla, who hadn't had time to change, dressed for her film part, very glam, having to thumb a lift. The boys reckoned she stood more chance than they did! They were right, a car drew up, and a very down-to-earth North country type looked up enquiringly at Cilla.



Cilla chatting to some of her FAB fans.

"I'm Cilla Black," said she. The man looked quite blank. "So?" he said. At this point, Bobby took over. "This is Miss Black," he explained, "and she's due to appear at the London Palladium tonight." "What's the London Palladium?" Taken rather aback, the three explained and the driver tried to look as if he understood the urgency and agreed to give the gang a lift. Curtain up time at the Palladium seemed very near as they approached Central London. At last, the driver let them out of the car. "Can't take you any farther," he said, only three minutes walk from the Palladium. "I don't know the place." Cilla isn't known by all the population. But she's making headway!

it's Wild! Man, Wild!

when FAB goes
RHYTHM AND BLUES

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK



NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

with **LONG JOHN BALDRY** who spends a 1-0-n-g weekend with **MICHAEL ALDRED** of **READY, STEADY, GO!**

DAVE BERRY chattin' up **CHUCK BERRY**
P. J. PROBY cutting a disc
JOHN (Mr. Blues himself) **LEE HOOKER**
Count down on **THE HIGH NUMBERS**

MICK JAGGER's brother **CHRIS** with a new angle on the singing Stone and **HEAD BEATLE JOHN** gets birthday greetings from FAB and hear what happens when **THE ANIMALS ARE ON WHEELS**
So make for the bookstalls
FAB has blues-iest **NUMBER YET.**
ON SALE NEXT MONDAY, ONE SHILLING.

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

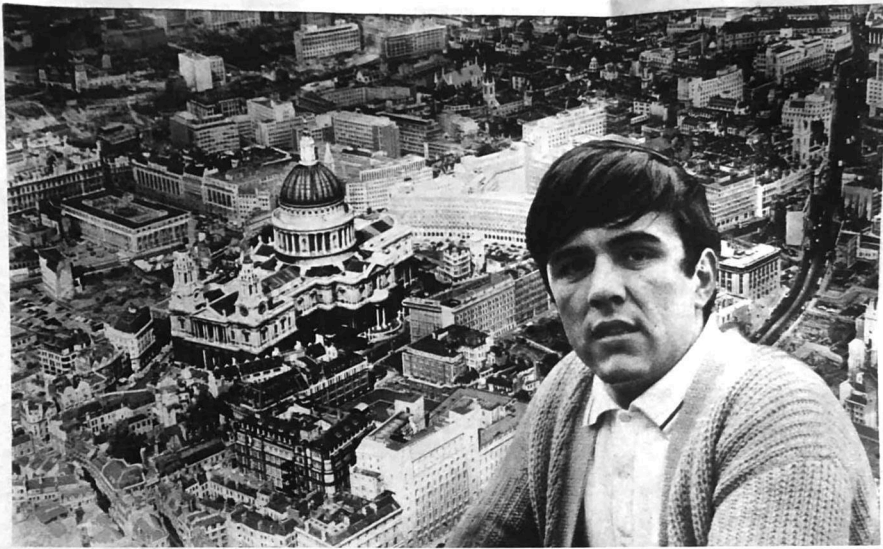


NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK



NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK





COCKNEY and PROUD of IT that's DAVE CLARK

DAVE Clark has travelled the world. Seen New York, Cannes; inspected beauty spots across four Continents. But if he isn't pounding out the big beat, you can hear him softly singing that square old music-hall song: *Maybe It's Because I'm a Londoner... that I love London so*.

Love it? He adores it, worships it. Loves the very smell of it. But let Dave himself do the talking...

"We live now in the same little house in Tottenham, North London—the same place I was born. It's been the centre of my life all the time. To move away, even to a big house in the country, would be a terrible wrench.

"Course, when I was just a nipper I never thought that one day the outside walls of the house would be chalked and lipsticked with messages from fans!

"We used to have our own little gang. No name for it, just a bunch of kids who liked to play around together. Like kicking a tennis ball around the Tottenham streets... at least until a policeman turned up.

"The atmosphere of those days never changes, you know. I'm a Cockney and proud of it... Proud because Cockneys like to help each other and do each other good turns. They don't blow hot, then cold. Mates from childhood stay mates right through life.

"No, we weren't tearaways as kids. Sport was what interested us—that and catching an Underground train up to the West End and then just walking and watching—walking until our feet felt as if they would drop off. There are so many different moods to London. Even now, I like taking my dog, Butch, out for a long walk through the streets. Just watching the people, soaking up the hustle and bustle.

"There was a park, Downhill's, near our home and that's where we spent our spare time. I remember once we kicked a ball through a pavilion window. It was pretty dark at the time and we shouldn't have been in the park. Anyway, one of the park-keepers

chased us. We got away... at first! Then we fell over some low railings and the park-keeper fell on top of us. Boy, were we scared....

"A little shop, just by the park. Remember it well 'cos I spent a fortune there on ice lollies. I suppose I was really a little tycoon, compared with the other kids. I got half-a-crown pocket money a week and, by the time I was thirteen, had other business interests. I'd clean cars parked in the street outside my home. I also had an early-morning paper round.

"And I used to cadge a lift to Potters Bar golf course and work as a caddy. If my 'Client' lost, he'd give me ten bob. If he won, it was worth a Quid!

"**WE** were just an ordinary family. Life sometimes was a struggle. But if you haven't got much money, you appreciate the bit you do have. Honestly, if I had the choice of being rich 'n' miserable, or poor 'n' happy—I'd go for poverty every time. That's what being a Cockney has taught me. Folk in our part of London smile and joke through life, whether they've got thick wallets or not.

"Whatever you want to do, it's there in London. One thing I miss now is just getting on a bus and staying on it as long as I can. But you get a couple of hit records and suddenly it's difficult to travel in public transport. You feel a bit embarrassed, having people stare at you.

"And one thing's for sure. There's nothing anywhere in the world like the atmosphere at Tottenham when Spurs have got a big match on. I started going there when I was about seven—into the boy's enclosure. I had to kid them a bit, because you were supposed to be ten before you could go in.

"There's something about London girls, too—something that you don't find, wherever else you travel. They've got this spirit about them. Good-looking, and well-dressed, but a sort of friendliness, too.

"People moan about the fog and the bad weather

in London. Well, I've basked in the sun in the South of France and been absolutely knocked out when I got back, flying through a foggy haze round London airport. But it helps make it FEEL like home!

"Say I'm flying back from overseas. I feel kinda good inside when we get near the coastline, but I still feel ridiculously sentimental when I see the multi-coloured lights round London airport. I think to myself: that's the place where I started life. That's where my mates are. That's home....

"I live in the built-up areas of Tottenham, but I can still get out in the countryside of Epping Forest in just a few minutes. I can look at trees, towering high, and remember the days when I used to go camping with my pals, building tents among the trees.

"I thought I was Tarzan, swinging about from branch to branch. Now I could do that, even now, anywhere in the world. But it wouldn't be the same unless I was just a quick bus ride from Tottenham.

"**DOES** all this sound sincere? I hope so. The truth is that I'm London mad. You can keep the slickness, the modern bits, of other cities. Home is where the heart is, they say. And my heart is there right bang in the middle of London, where the Cockneys couldn't care less what anybody else thinks just so long as they're having a ball.

"London is full of memories. Specially of the times when I didn't have any ambitions or hopes about being a show business character. It's where my roots are.

"London, I reckon, belongs to me. And I certainly belong to London."

Dave ambled off to keep a date with a photographer. He nimbly dodged a stream of traffic, side-stepped into a stream of pedestrians.

And he was whistling that old song which goes: *Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner... that I love London so*.

MARK DAY

I FOUGHT my way past the body of Napoleon lying in state, having already paid my respects to Nelson dying at Trafalgar, turned my head away from Mary, Queen of Scots, being executed and stumbled out on to the landing.

"Phew!" I took a deep breath before plunging into the fray again.

It was easy to see which way I had to go now. A long, long queue, mostly of teenagers, was winding its slow way into the big hall ahead of me.

One of the nice things about being Sylvia Stephen of FAB is that you don't have to put yourself on the end of long queues. You just show your Press card and bounce in. I duly waved my Press card and did just that. And there were The Beatles. At least, there were four wax models of The Beatles.

Because, of course, I was at Madame Tussaud's famous Waxworks in London's Baker Street, and The Beatles are the latest in a long line of celebrities to find themselves immortalised in this hall of fame and notoriety.

"The suits the models are wearing were actually made by the boys' own tailor, Dougie Millings," Jim Calvey, Tussaud's Press agent, whispered in my ear.

"Mmm," I mused, gazing at a broadly grinning Ringo. I'm taking it in turns to have a crush on each Beatle, and Ringo is currently top of my Hit Parade.

"It took three months to make the models," Jim volunteered.

"Mmm," I said again, still gazing at a waxy Ringo.

"No one seems to like Paul," Jim added thoughtfully. "Mmm—huh?" I gasped, coming out of the trance at last.

"Oh I don't mean no-one likes Paul as a person. But few people think that his model is as good as the other three."

I turned my attention to Paul and had to admit that I didn't think it quite so good either. But let's face it, even the skilled model makers at Tussauds must have found it difficult to catch that wide-eyed McCartney look.

"You know the boys personally, don't you? Which one do you think is best?"

"Ringo," I said immediately, then realised that I was actually being asked which model I thought was best. I stood on tip-toe so that I could see better over the heads of the crowd and decided that George's model looked the most lifelike.

"You've caught that high-cheekboned, sensitive look," I said, waxing (ouch) so poetical that George himself would have died laughing if he'd heard me.

I was eventually persuaded that I'd spent quite long enough gazing at wax Beatles and Jim led me off to look at the other models they have of pop singers. So far, there are only two—Frankie Vaughan and Tommy Steele. Both models are remarkably life-like, and they stand, in the same hall as The Beatles, in the middle of a group of stage and screen celebrities that includes Sir Laurence Olivier, Peter Sellers and Bob Hope.

"We want to build up our collection of models of pop

singers," Jim told me. "We'd like to have a section devoted completely to pop music. Trouble is, it's so difficult to arrange the appointments with them that we need to get their measurements, colouring and so on."

"You don't have to tell me that," I laughed. "I spend half my life chasing them."

"Yes, they certainly lead busy lives," he agreed. "With The Beatles, we were surprisingly lucky. We were able to get all we needed in one go. We went down to the set of *A Hard Day's Night*. The boys couldn't have been more co-operative. And they came down here to unveil the models."

I remembered that I'd been with the boys when they'd been asked if they'd go to Tussauds for the unveiling ceremony.

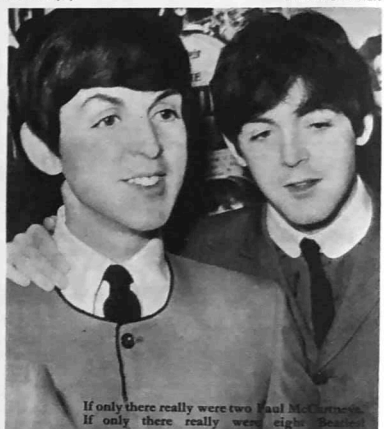
"Sure," I'd chorused, and John had added, grinning: "Should be a laugh."

He was right, of course. It was a laugh. Things usually are a laugh when The Beatles are around.

The next star Tussauds are aiming for is Cliff. It's proving a little difficult, as Cliff has the same problem as everyone in pop but—finding time to fit everything in.

But it seems quite likely that, in the not-too-far-distant future, I'll again turn my head away from Mary Queen of Scots being executed, fight my way past the body of Napoleon lying in state, pay my respects to Nelson dying at Trafalgar and stumble into the presence of Cliff Richard.

In wax, of course. SYLVIA STEPHEN



THE BEATLES ON



Fab The Beatles



VICKI WICKHAM'S

POP guide TO LONDON

If you live in London or just come visiting—here's where to find the stars.



POP to follow the boys down **STREET** (near **STREET**) the way for Top Gear. All the groups shop here. **HOLLING STONE**, **CLARK FIVE**, **BLUE JEANS**, **WOLFE**, **THE KENNY** in 'Mod Nale' for with it. **Figgs**.



BACK in **LONDON**, **KERRY** AND THE **FACEMAKERS** always stay at the **PRESIDENT HOTEL**, **RUSSELL SQUARE** - or **real smart**, **THE EVERLY BROTHERS** and **ROY ORBISON** at **THE MATFRAIN**.



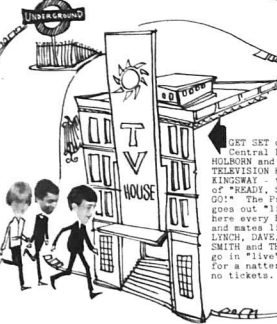
ENTHUSIASTS take a No. 171 bus to **PHILIP LANE**, **TOTTENHAM** - **DAVE CLARK** lives here with Mum and Dad.



SHUFFLE down **PONT STREET** to follow the **SEARCHERS** home: eyes right along **THE BARKS COURT ROAD** for **MILLIE** with puppy "Henry" in tow.

TUNE into **MARBLE ARCH** for disc sound. **THE FOUR PENNIES** or **THE MERSEYBEATS** park their vans outside **Phillips Records** in **STARBUCK PLACE** when they're in town to record. Or at **Pye Records** in **GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE** spy on **THE SEARCHERS** and **TOMMY QUICKLY**.

POP magazines? **FLEETWAY HOUSE**, **PARKINSON ST.** - that's "Fab's" notorious home. Constant flow of pop stars here. **THE HOLLIES** say the tea's nearly as good as ours!



GET SET on the Central line to **HOLBORN** and **TELEVISION HOUSE**, **KINGWAY** - the den of "READY, STEADY, GO!" The Programs goes out "live" from here every Friday - and mates like **KENNY LYNCH**, **DAVE**, **MIKE SMITH** and **THE STONES** go in "live" daily for a matter! Sorry no tickets.



WRITE in advance to the **BBC** for tickets to **EAST BEAT**, recorded **Monday** evenings, and **POP INN** Tuesday lunchtime. Both at **The Paris Studio**, **LOWES REGENT STREET**. **DAVE BEHN** says he doesn't drink tea but likes their coffee!



MUSIC classes in **Whitehouse** "Dance Party" and "Specta Parties" recorded at **SMI HOUSE**, **MANTON SQUARE**, **SMITHFIELD**. **MO YOUNG** introduced guests **MANFRED MANN**, **ALAN PATE**, **BILLY J. KRAMES** and all.

END or start it all at **LONDON AIRPORT**. **Bus** coach fare from **CROMWELL ROAD TERMINAL** - then coffee at the Airport and watch the stars come and go. **Northshore arrivals** **ADAM** and **LITTLE RYA**.



EARLY morning waiting outside at the **BARRY ROOM**, **KENSINGTON PALACE HOTEL**. Breakfast menu from midnight to 9 a.m. costs 10s. 6d. and the **MOJOS**, **NATHY KERRY**, **BEATLES** all regulars.



OUT of townish **THE BALT HI** in **STRAVINSKY**. Terrific records especially Friday evening sessions. Skate first, change, then dance upstairs. **HOLLAYTES** regulars here with **SANDIE SHAW**.



Cella Black
AND
THE FOURMOST



Autograph hunt up the road at "The London Palladium." Catch CELLA BLACK and THE FOURMOST at the Stage Door around 5.30 p.m. on their way in for the first house



BAND next door, their manager, Brian Epstein's offices and, as if you didn't know, he looks after THE BEATLES. Their Fan Club is run from 13 Monmouth Street, London, W.1.



35 CURSON STREET usually has THE ANIMALS' vast American car parked outside. THE WASHINGTON TEENS, HANFRED MANF even CHUCK BERRY, USUDA LES and LITTLE RICHARD all work from here - hang around.



TWO MINUTES away - "Soloists" in CHARING CROSS ROAD for all pop magazines and papers. DUSTY buys her smooch supply of Film Magazines here - she's addicted!

ROUND the corner "The Solo Record Shop." Drool over vast selections of records, particularly by French import FRANCOISE HARDY, and DIANNE WARWICK. Visiting Americans GENE PITNEY and the knock-out couple CHARLIE AND INEZ. FORD INEZ straight here.



SOUND CITY in SHAPPESSHURY AVENUE - huge musical equipment shop. Has everything, including BEATLE GEORGE buying a new plectrum, or DAVE CLARK and GENE CHIEFTS advising THE KINKS on drum kits.



CLIFF RICHARD visits his manager at 17 SAVILE ROW (back to REGENT STREET). If you see someone who looks like him but with glasses - Don't be put off, it is CLIFF!



NEXT . . . to the Barbours . . . you're joking! Move on to the girls. VIDAL SASSOON, BOND STREET pioneered the fringe, short back and long-sided look. Flash, lush and expensive, but you'll get a superb cut and sit next to DUSTY, MILIK or CELLA. Perhaps Mum will treat you!



STILL with the girls. CATHY MCGOWAN is the expert on fashion and I should know!



SHOP with CATHY, FRANCOISE HARDY and LULU at Penwicks (BOND STREET), Woollands 21 Shop (KNIGHTS-BRIDGES) or Fallis Shops (OXFORD STREET) - all reasonable prices - but don't go mad!



AND a stone's throw away (sorry) by tube to RICHMOND and THE CREW DADDY CLUB where THE STONES started and where the fabulous YARDBIRDS now play every Sunday evening. It's 5s. to get in - but go early - it gets very crowded.

TWO MINUTES outside The London School of Economics - NICK JAGGER used to tread the steps.



STYLISTS rave at THE SCENE CLUB, HAM YARD. THE ANIMALS were discovered here and ELIE BROOKS used to sing with them. Open up to 2 a.m. plus - hotter than hot!



BOB HARR rates THE Wimpy Bar, but FREDDIE reviews THE Egg and Bacon upstairs at THE COVENTRY STREET, LIONS CORNER HOUSE. Or up a peg or so, THE POLICE VETS in PRINCE STREET, SOHO. You'll need two quid for two people - and go downstairs.

and an allowance from Dad for THE AD-LIB (LEICESTER PLACE). P. J. PROBY "lives" here, THE BEATLES take their girl friends and it's definitely THE place to go.



If you dig R & S, stand in MARQUEE STREET between THE PLIMING and THE MARQUEE CLUB for stereophonic sound. GEORGIK FANE plays at the PLIMING all night, cheered on by fans - MARQUEE - dinky LONG JOHN BALDOL. Both always knockouts!

CHUCK BERRY to BOBBY SHAPTO - that's BEAT CITY in DEAN STREET. New, but already has vast following - costs 5s.



JEAN



City of Westminster
PARK LANE
W.1

yours
faithfully

FAB's Keith says sad and simple folk songs are MARIANNE FAITHFULL's style—the girl with a natural flair...



Richard Anthony



WHO would you pick for the title "London's most popular visitor from Paris"? Richard Anthony? That's my bet. Mr. Nice Guy of top Paris pop, a darkly handsome singer with only a trace of a French accent when he talks English at his usual breakneck speed.

Richard—you pronounce it "Reechar"—and you never shorten it to "Dick"—peered out at the panoramic view of London from his suite in the skyscraper Hilton Hotel, in Park Lane.

He said: "I love this country. I adore the people. But then you must remember that my mother is English. And, well... I'm just a big mix-up really. I was born in Cairo, brought up in the Argentine early on. Then I came to Brighton to be educated."

"But I was reluctant to visit Britain when my records started selling—and the reason was that I honestly believed you had many singers better than I was. I didn't want to push myself on the public here."

"But I had different reasons for the way I avoided publicity back home in France. You see, I wanted to protect my wife and two children from having their lives made difficult by publicity. People think it strange for a pop singer to be so openly proud of his family."

"Well, I tell you this. I get many, many letters from fans. So does my wife. They ask about the children, and they send presents for their birthdays. All this gives me a tremendously warm feeling... I believe it does not matter if a singer is married, just so long as he plays it along honestly with his fans..."

He's amusing too—which is another reason for him getting the title. He explains: "I was once a law student. My father thought I was incapable of making money. Well, I wanted to prove to him that he was wrong. So I went out selling refrigerators. But I wanted to sing, too—I used to hold private

jam-sessions to rock 'n' roll records. "So I figured I could make more money singing. I dubbed my voice on to Paul Anka's recording of *Tell Me That You Love Me*. And I took my way into a recording manager's office, on the pretence that his wife had rung me and asked me to show him some books on new refrigerators."

"This poor man, he must have been scared of his wife. He let me in without so much as a squeak. Then I told him I had a record, a test disc, made by a friend of mine. He quite liked it, asked my 'friend' to come along for an audition. Then I had to tell him the truth."

Anyway that led to a recording contract. Richard's bluff paid off.

But he's still modest, this fave French export. And he refuses to be parted from his family for long. He goes out on two big tours each year, but spends a fortune telephoning his wife and each child every single day he's away. "We have this wonderful home, very near to Paris," he said. "It's a seventeenth century place, converted with every modern convenience. It used to be a priory and when I get back home there, I feel real peace and contentment."

"I just slop about in the gardens, wearing my oldest clothes, and I wonder to myself just how it is that one guy can be so lucky. Don't misunderstand me—I love to sing to audiences. But I have to have these two completely separate sides to my life."

That's what makes Richard Anthony one of the sincerest pop stars in the business.

Our favourite French import? Sure. But the reason he came here for his first London recording session, back in mid-1963, was in "exchange" for Cliff Richard, who'd out discs in Paris. Now this sort of lease-land can't be bad for fans either side of the English Channel. Specially Richard Anthony ones.

PAUL FRY

HAVING met Françoise Hardy only a few weeks ago at the *Ready, Steady, Go* studios, I couldn't help being struck by the similarity between her and the little 17-year-old blonde, Marianne Faithfull.

They both sing sad songs with a simple folksy style. They both have the same shy, wistful almost wail-like appeal about them. They both have a dramatic, "all alone" quality about their voices which commands sympathy and attention.

Down at *Ready, Steady, Go* again I was about to discover just how much of "the little girl lost" was in the "real" Marianne Faithfull. First of all we had to find a quiet place in which to talk so Marianne led the way backstage. We wandered around for about five minutes before I began to suspect the reason.

"I can't find my way back to my dressing room," she sighed.

I gave her the benefit of my countless hours spent backstage looking for artists to interview. We soon located her dressing room and once inside she picked up a brush and began to attack a length of blonde hair which had rebelliously decided to curl. Back on the studio floor *The Animals* were launching into their epic, "House of the Rising Sun."

"Do you like that kind of music?"

"Yes," she said, rather uncertainly. "More of a Mick Jagger and Keith Richard fan?" I suggested. They were the composers of her hit record.

She avoided my eyes and glanced quickly at the door as if to make sure no Stone was rolling in.

"Actually I'm a Beatles fan," she

confessed. "R & B is all right, but I could never sing it."

Marianne's kind of music is the kind that Bob Dylan sings. Since the age of 11, when the first began to sing folk songs with her friend, Sally, in the convent at Reading, she has been in love with the simple earthy music.

Her first ambition in life is to become a successful actress. She has just completed a very favourable screen test with Romulus films.

"I acted out a scene from *Term of Trial*. That marvellous film which starred Sir Laurence Olivier," she said.

She has just seen two very controversial films, one by the Swedish director, Ingmar Bergmann, called *The Silence*, and another called *The Pumpkin Eater*, directed by James Woolf, who gave her the film test.

"Both films are very sad and very human," she said. "I like a film which says something about life."

Other things she likes include: Marlon Brando, long evening dresses, the ballet and poetry.

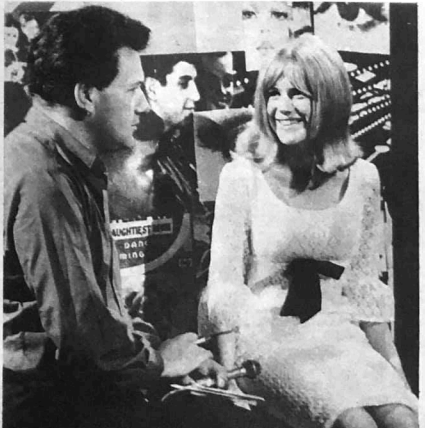
Surveying her finger tips rather shyly she also admitted to being very fond of Shakespeare.

"Not very mad, is it?" she whispered. "But I'd love to put some of his poetry to music and sing it. I shook her cool white hand and assured the large blue eyes that if she recorded "To Be Or Not To Be" I would buy several copies.

It's all go—this interviewing lark. Françoise Hardy the week before. Marianne Faithfull this week. Next week Dusty Springfield.

Hey, ho—it's a shame to take the money really.

Marianne with *Ready, Steady, Go!* compere, Keith Fordyce





Fab Brian Auger and
The Tremeloes



Fab Nashville Teens



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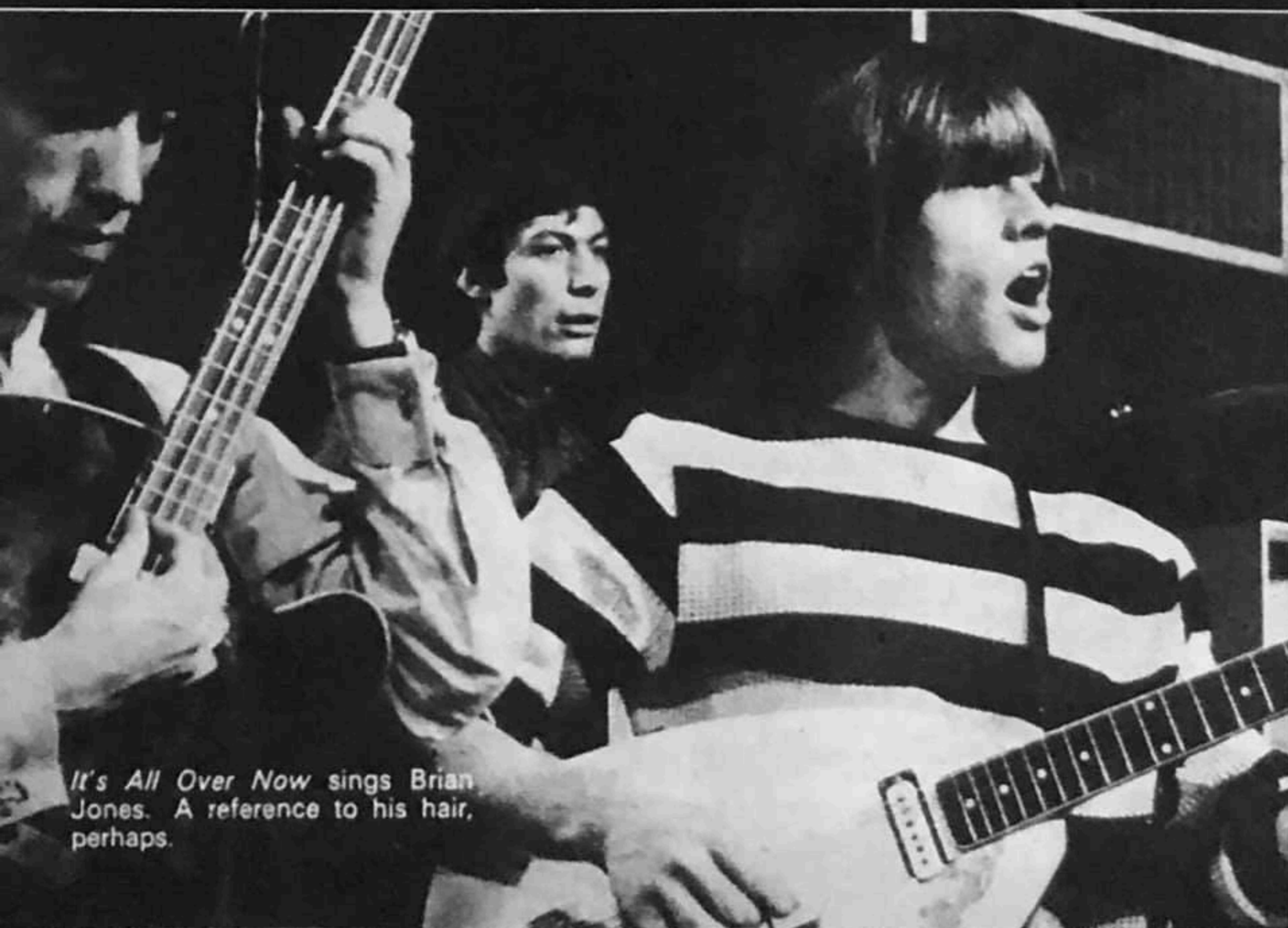


Mick Jagger—he danced with Cathy McGowan and fans heard wedding bells!

WOW!



Keith Richards—given to staring matches with photographers.



It's All Over Now sings Brian Jones. A reference to his hair, perhaps.

FRIDAY morning—*Ready, Steady, Go!* day. I'm late again, so take a taxi to work to try to redeem myself. At Television House I say good-morning to the girls at Reception, and greet the Security men. "Who's on today?" they ask. "The Stones," I grin.

Their faces fall (could be they're picturing fans trying to worm their way into the building all day; fans, autograph book deep, blocking all the entrances).

It's a busy morning with last minute details to complete and sort out and then—Bingo!—it's 1.30 p.m. and we're due on the floor for rehearsals.

Bump into Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman in the lift on their way to the canteen.

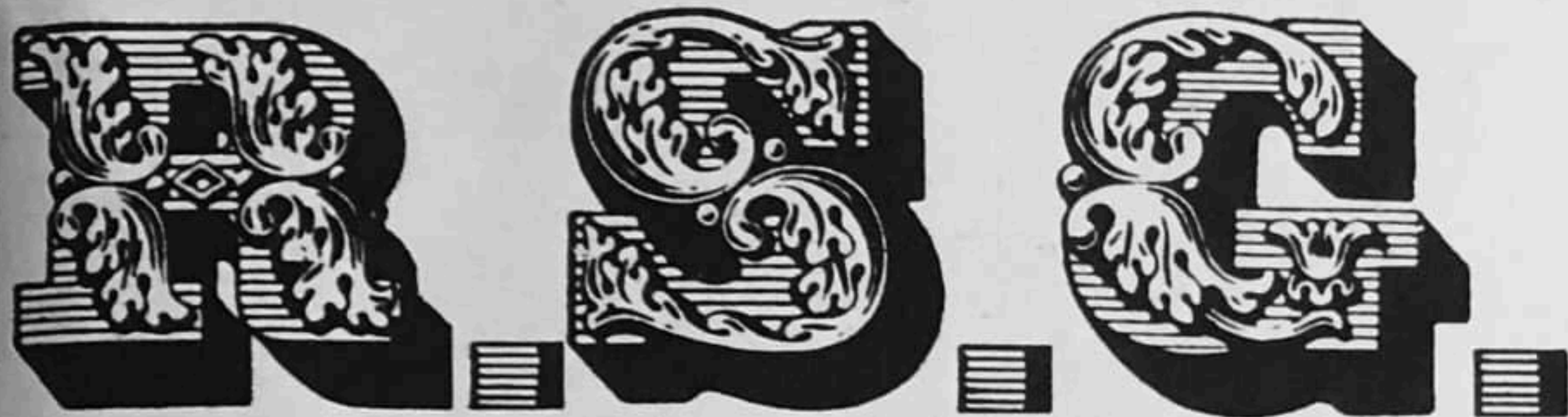
Charlie yawns, then grins. "Hope there's something good. I'm starving, as ever."

"Hi Vicki"—a mop of pale hair with a guitar in its hand and a beautiful deep vented sports jacket ambles by, disguised as Brian Jones. "When are we on?"

"You're doing the Amateur Disc Jockey spot with Bill," I tell him. "What about choosing a record?"

Brian chews his thumb for a few minutes. "I know a knockout. *Rag Doll* by The Four Seasons. It was

IT'S THE STONES ON



The tame one of those wild wild Stones—gentle Bill Wyman.

Brian is a very willing autograph-giver. His signature looks like Brown Jam.

Charlie. Watts the big joke then?

No. 1 in America when we were there. Or, what about The Beach Boys? We met them over there! All went to a party—wow! I hope they come over." He chews his thumb again. "Did we tell you Phil Spector came to our recording session in Chicago? You know Ronnie, The Ronettes' head singer? Well, Phil's recorded her solo and she's got her own record out. Calls herself Veronica."

We ramble on. "Could have the Ronettes new record? Good sound. Muddy Waters and Chuck Berry dropped into see us. Nobody but us took any notice of them. We were knocked out."

Then Bill and Cathy (McGowan) join us.

"Didn't fancy anything to eat. I've left Charlie stuffing himself," says Bill. Keith's coming down the stairs looking very furtive. "I've borrowed Mick's sweater," he says. "Is he here?"

We wander into the studio, talking records. There is a flurry of stripes, and Mick shuffles in and flops on to the rostrum.

"I'm sorry I'm late. Only just got up. I'm starving. Where's Charlie?"

The director calls the boys for a run through. Charlie appears from nowhere. They start—all peering into

the two monitors in front of them and pulling inane faces every time they are on close-up.

"You look luvverly, dear," says Bill to Brian. He's completely submerged in hair, don't know how he knows it's him!

Who says The Stones don't wash?

Mick's jersey has white and blue stripes and is immaculately clean. It still has the creases where the sleeves have been ironed. Brian has a wild shirt on with a vast curved collar—starched and clean. All their hair is untidy but shines.

Cathy's running through her interview with Mick. There have been rumours about Cathy and Mick getting married—all because they danced together on R.S.G.

"I've had thousands of letters in, Cath, 'cos of that," Mick says. "I'm not going to marry anyone yet awhile. Anyway, nobody would marry me if they saw me first thing in the morning."

"Oh, luv, do you think I could have just a couple of tickets for tonight?" he adds. "I did ask ages ago." Typical of Mick—but who could say no!

Bill's sitting in a corner, staring ahead and strumming on his guitar. Mick starts humming a tuneless

tune. Charlie and Brian wander off for some tea. Keith's trying to out-stare a photographer—Keith won.

Then it all starts to happen. The final run-through is over, the other artists have gone off to change. The Rolling Stones just wear whatever they got up in—saves a lot of time. We go upstairs for a quick drink. The fans are gathering, the dancers and audience trickle through into the studio, tickets are being checked and double checked. The doors are firmly closed and we're on the air.

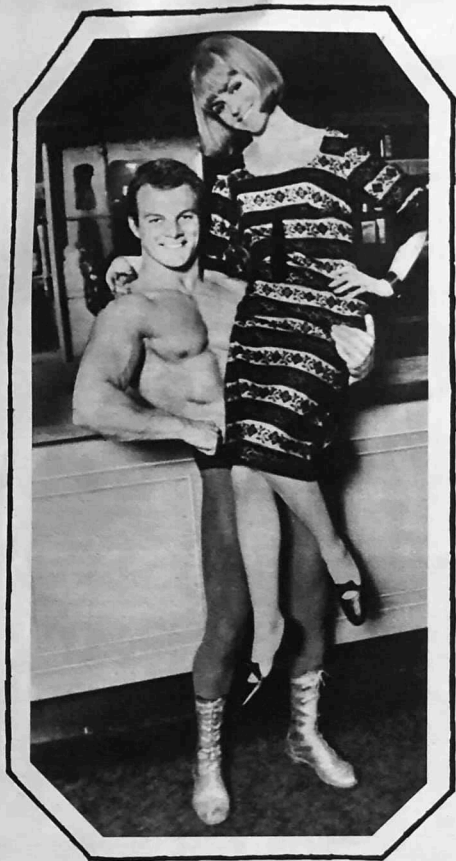
Cameras nudge their way through the milling dancers. Groups appear, sing and join the dancers. Then The Stones come on. Everyone goes berserk Cheers, screams, clapping—they go into action and the studio reels.

Long after it's all over there are still hundreds of teenagers waiting around Television House for the boys to come out.

"We want The Stones," they chant.

I walk through the Reception Hall and ruefully smile at the Security man. He gives me an "I told you so" look as I walk down Kingsway with sounds of "We love Mick" ringing in my ears.

VICKI WICKHAM



What a hold-up! Great Grandmamma would have fifty fits—for Emma's black and white lace dress is perfect foil for Mr. Superman—he thinks it's worth every penny! Dress by Shubette, £A 2s. 6d. Wide Peuter bangle by Cado, 23s.



Hey! Get bashful Jim—he just can't believe his eyes! But that's just the way Emma planned it in her dinky Sambo Dollyrocker. Playing it old tyme, Emma's granny green striped dress is made in rayon, and it has that soft cuddly woolen look, price £A 14s. 6d. Emma's shoes are by Mansfield, and they have super stack heels with saucy tie-over fronts, 59s. 11d.

TOAST OF THE TOWN

IN London it's New... New... New to go Edwardian—fashionwise. No wonder great granny loved her lacey dress with its pretty frills and tight hobble skirt... it looked so feminine. We bet that you'll love the Edwardian Look too, so here's what to look for when you go out on the Town.

IN is the slim, shifty line, and back in a big way are high waists. Sleeves are straight down, fluting out at the cuffs, or they fall gracefully to elbow length, ending in a deep ruffle or lace frill. It's the Naughty Ninety Look all over again, only modified into the gentle, more swinging shape of 1964. Materials are



Just look WHO's doing a spot of serious bird chatting? But Fedora's a Plain Miss No Nonsense, and how is she to know he's not just playing the clown? Fedora's dress with the Paisley look is by Shubette, made in wool, it costs £A 19s. 11d., black leather sling-backs by Manfield, 59s. 11d.



Champagne Charlie is his name—and she's the Toast of the Town, that's why she calls the tune in her buttons and bow Sambo Dollyrocker. Still with the Paisley look, Fedora's dress is in pink, blue or brown, and costs 4½ gns. The blue suede shoes with side buckle cost 59s. 11d., by Manfield

soft and clinging. Look out for the demure miss dress with its lace curtain trimmings, in pale pastel shades. He'll just love you in a delicate blue. Did you know it's a boy's favourite colour? Or ring the changes with the super old fashioned granny prints and Paisleys in the darker colours, like browns, deep greens and plum. Other pointers of the Edwardian trend are short, puffed out sleeves and buttons and bows galore. Have you noticed how lots of Mod dresses have about five or six buttons sewn on a deep cuff? Great granny made a great thing of wearing Broderie Anglaise for a special occasion, and her favourite colour combination was black

and white. This striking combo is just as effective to-day. As for lace, it's still tops with London's smart dollies. The clothes we've chosen this week have all the air of Edwardian grace and femininity. They are super gear for an evening out on the Town, or Fab for wearing in the daytime. What is more, they are all so easy to pack—just right for a weekend spree. Simply fold your dress in half at the waist—place a sheet of tissue paper in between, then fold the sleeves under the bodice. Just as great granny used to wear a bright bauble in her swish pompadour hair for prettiness, Fab headgear for our model shown in pic 4, is this brooch by Corocraft. Prices range

from 21s. Have fun and try this idea out for yourself, then you'll look every inch the Edwardian miss. Have fun with your bangles and brooches. Now's the time to go in for them in a big way. Corocraft do a whole new exciting range of Edwardian-style jewellery at realistic prices. Just keep an eye open at your local store.

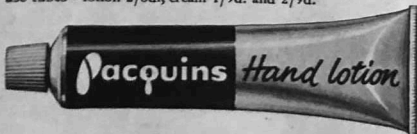
Photographed at Fielding's Music Hall Review, in Leicester Place, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, with some of the zany Edwardian cast by about town photographer, Marc Dimac. By Fashion Ed GILL

WHO'S A 10-SECOND SMOOTHIE?



The girl with the Pacquins! Count to 10. That's how long it takes to smooth dreamy, perfumed Pacquins new lotion into your hands. Even girls who haven't time for hand preparations have flipped for the fabulous Pacquins 10-second beauty plan. Pacquins isn't sticky—it's cool, soothing lotion and dries in a flash. Be a 10-second smoothie every day—and get the boys eating out of your pretty little hands!

PACQUINS LOTION. In handbag size uncrushable easy-to-use tubes—lotion 2/6d., cream 1/9d. and 2/9d.



—the 10-second beauty care for pretty hands

Lies to David Jacobs' Star-Time sponsored by Pacquins on Radio Luxembourg 9.15 Thursday

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Jenny Ashlay
of Solihull

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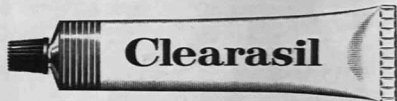


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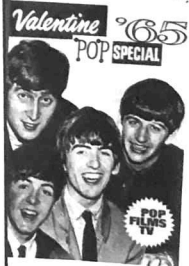
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Fab's June meets

P. J. PROBY

NEW LONDONER

Things, I was told, would start swinging around seven. The chimes were just belting out when I swung open the black wrought-iron gate, pushed a bell that actually worked and found myself admitted with great ceremony into the elegant mews house where P. J. Proby nightly holds court.

The King was wrapped in white jeans, a white sweater and a white-welcoming smile. Draped on Regency-styled couches around P. J. (who seems to be called P. J. by the men and Jimmy by the girls) were several handmaidens and Nanchens, whose main function was to answer an ever-ringing telephone.

It seemed ridiculous to ask him how he was settling down in London.

Yet when he first invaded Britain, the future hovered in a big uncertain cloud over P. J.'s pony-tailed head. He had an agent, a manager and a publicist, and nothing to do all day but sit alone in his hotel room and think. He thought so hard that he fired all three of them and became his own handler.

I found him one day sitting outside his hotel while the hotel manager (in the act of firing P. J. Proby) packed his bags upstairs. Finding a new pad was no small problem. One woman who had a flat to let took one look at him, screamed, and slammed the door in his face.

P. J. laughed it all off. Now he's really laughing. In a 50-guineas-a-week mews home. He lives with his personal drummer Gary Leeds (the original all-American boy) and with A. Character called Kim Fowley who is the proud producer of an American hit record called *Poosies and Toodles* and is also a published poet, composer and dancer. (All 6 ft. 7½ in. of him.)

The other member of the household three,

his plump little self into my arms and immediately went to sleep. He's a minute off-white bundle with black smudges and a defiant sort of tail, and he answers to Marmaduke Pussymouth Proby (no less). A girl fan left him in a box on the door-step.

Jimmy is faintly disturbed because his bath-water keeps running cold. But apart from that, he has few complaints. However, he thinks we're all underpaid in Britain and that we take too many holidays.

"I've never been to a country where people take so many holidays. Every time I want to do business with someone I'm told that he's taking his vacation. How do you ever get anything done?"

That's a very good question. In order to get things done, P. J. rises early. Early for him. Around eleven a.m.

Since he arrived, he hasn't had time for much sightseeing. He doesn't like to be shown around. He prefers discovering things for himself, even when other people have discovered them first. His most recent discovery was the Tower of London.

He has seen enough of London now to recognise a hearse when he sees one (he used to try to hire them, thinking they were taxis) and he thinks we have too many demon drivers on the loose. Nevertheless, he's saving up for a Rolls-Royce. ("Not one of those little silver ones. The one that's only an inch short of a bus.")

Other items on his shopping list include a penthouse and/or a castle, and a ransom cab and/or "one of those coaches the Queen drives around in". He could also use a secretary to help him answer his fanmail. There's a box full of letters in nearly every room of the house. Not surprisingly, he considers that the fans here "can't be beat."

"Nowhere in the world can they be beat. I love the screaming and all. In America they don't scream any more, except for The Beatles. But I don't date fans. If I can't date them all, I won't date any."

Just then the new Londoner looked very, very American.

SOUND-ING OFF!

in Shaftesbury Avenue
London W.1

THE unknown group were in dead trouble. Their sound equipment had gone wrong and they hadn't a clue what to do about it. Worriedly, and hopefully, they told a friend about it.

"Go and see Bob Adams," they were advised. "He'll sort it out for you."

They didn't know Bob Adams. But they went to see him. And he did sort the trouble out for them.

"That was over four years ago," Bob told me, "and I've been sorting out their problems for them ever since."

The name of the group? Sounds Incorporated. And just who is Bob Adams? He's the manager of the biggest guitar centre in the world, a £50,000 lair of beat and pop in London's Soho called Sound City.

Of course, Sound City didn't exist when Sounds Inc. first brought their problems to Bob. There was a shop there, sure; a tiny little place just off Shaftesbury Avenue in Rupert Street. Now it's a huge super-market of guitars and drum kits, the place everyone who's anyone—including That Group from Liverpool—goes to look over the beat gear. The guitars range from simple little jobs that cost a fiver to a Gretsch White Falcon, which, at £800, is the most expensive guitar in the world.

To the Sounds, however, Sound City (no, it wasn't named after them and nor were they named after it) is more than just a place where they can buy guitars. They drop things in there to be looked after while they dash off to keep an appointment. They change their clothes there if they haven't time to get home to change. Sometimes they just drop in for a chat with Bob and, incidentally, with the pretty girls who work there.

"Very fond of doing that, they are," Bob laughed.

Good humouredly, he grumbled that sometimes he thinks the boys look on him as a sort of nurse. But I got the impression that he doesn't mind that in the least. I asked Bob if the groups who buy their equipment at Sound City have a nickname for him.

"They usually call me Uncle Bob," he said, "and I suppose that just about sums up our relationship." I suggest it does.

LUCKY UNCLE BOB.

SYLVIA STEPHEN

Sounds Incorporated drop in at their favourite guitar shop, Sound City, the place to find pop stars in London





Fables