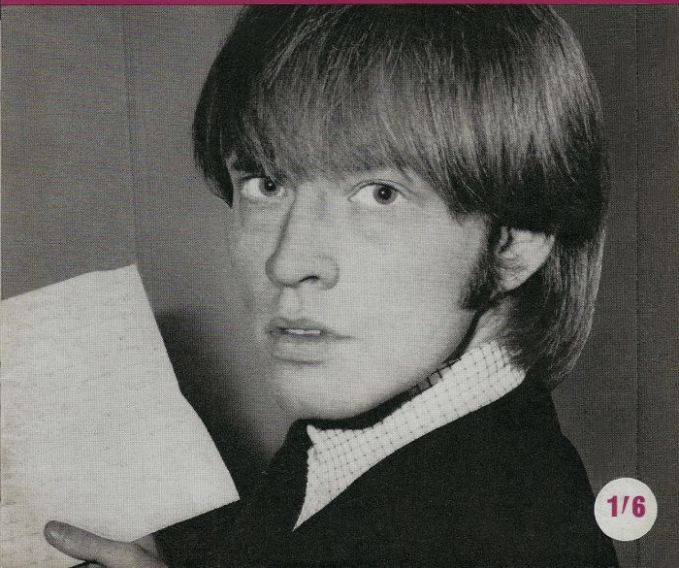




THE ROLLING STONES

No. 5
MONTHLY **BOOK** 10th OCTOBER 1964



THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES BOOK
EDITED BY THE STONES FOR THEIR FANS

No. 5 OCT. 1964

Edited by CHARLIE WATTS

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EDITORIAL

Hello!

Here I am—last again! Do I mind? No, of course not. That's a drummer's life. On stage everyone else is up front—you stay behind; they stand up—you sit down; they move around—you've got to stay in one place; and when it's all over they can walk off with their instruments, but the poor old drummer has to pack his away in boxes before he's finished. Thank goodness I've got Stew to help me these days! But all those things never worry me. The only thing that does is whether or not we're getting across during a performance. A lot of the time I can hardly hear a thing that is going on. Not that I want everyone to keep quiet. In fact, don't stop doing anything you want to during our performances.

Some reporters make out that I don't talk much. Maybe it's true some of the time, but then I reckon I can leave the talking to a lot of other people who do it better than I can.

Bill got a lot of replies to his request for poems in his issue and he's asked me to print a couple this month. I've put them in the Stones Post—O.K., Bill?

It's back to the States for us on 24th October. There was a lot of rubbish talked about our last American tour, mainly because people got their impressions from just one or two dates and didn't come with us throughout the whole tour. I just hope the reporters get it right this time. We'll be telling you about it when we get back in our book. And while we're on the subject of the States I thought you might be interested to see a letter from an American fan that turned up the other day. I think she explains everything very well. It's on page 9.

That's me lot and it's back to Mick next month. So long for now and best of luck.

Yours,

Charlie Foxx and Bill have a
"coke" and a talk in the Stones'
dressing room.



Rolling Stones

NEWS

GERMANY, BELGIUM AND FRANCE

THE Stones are certainly getting "around and around" in Europe before they leave for their American tour on October 23rd. They are booked to record a T.V. show in Berlin on October 16th and 17th and the very next day they fly to Brussels to record another for Belgium T.V.

October 19th will find them in Paris rehearsing for their appearance in the famous Olympia Music Hall. They'll also be making a special colour film for the Continental Scopitone Juke Box firm during the day.

AMERICAN TOUR

AT the time of going to press, the venue for the Stones' second American Tour was as follows:

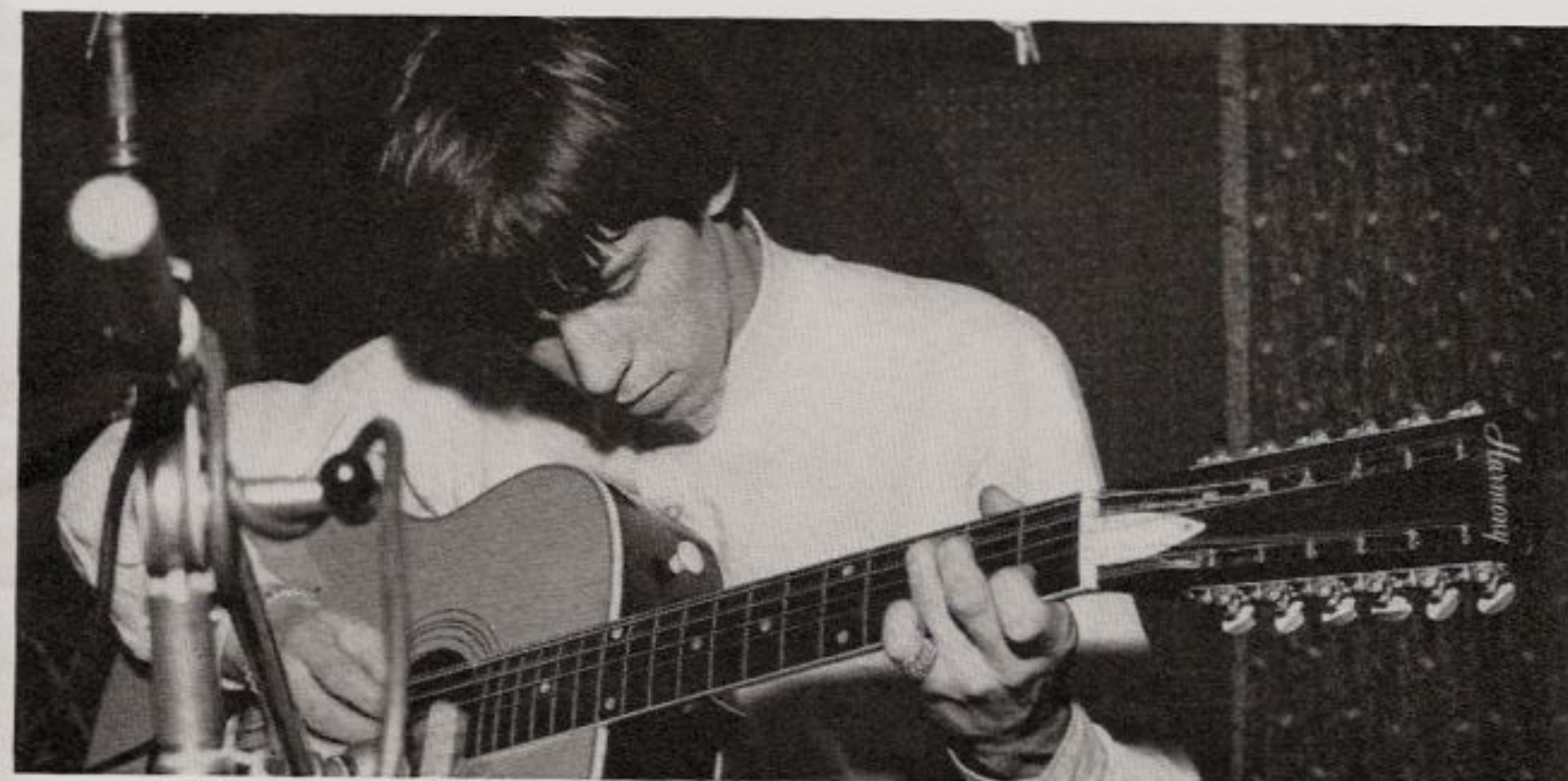
OCTOBER

- 23 Fly out from London Airport
- 24 Paramount Theatre, New York
- 25 Ed Sullivan Show
- 26 Fly to West Coast and appear in Sacramento
- 27 Day off
- 28-29 Filming by new Electrovision process in a type of "Thank Your Lucky Stars" show. Also scheduled to play in the programme with the boys are Gerry and The Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, The Beach Boys and The Four Seasons
- 30 Oakland, San Francisco
- 31 San Bernadino

NOVEMBER

- 1-2 Recording of new American T.V. pop show "Shindig"—produced by Jack Good
- 3 Cleveland, Ohio
- 4 Providence, Rhode Island
- 5-10 Holiday in New York
- 11 Milwaukee
- 12 Kingston, Ontario
- 13 Detroit
- 14 Toronto
- 15 Chicago
- 16 Return home

Keith Richard is *The Player of the Month* in the October Issue of *Beat Instrumental* magazine which is on sale now.



Keith tunes up his 12-string harmony guitar before one of their recent recording sessions.

APPEARANCE AT HULL CINEMA FILMED IN COLOUR

THE visit of the Stones' Autumn Package Tour to the A.B.C. in Hull was the first live show ever to be held in that cinema.

Lots of "big-wigs" were present from the Associated British Picture Corporation for this special occasion, together with a full camera team from A.B.C. Pathe. The A.B.C. chiefs were so impressed by the fantastic reception to the Stones' performance that they immediately arranged for the camera team to film the boys in action.

The resulting twelve-minute film is reported to be more "action packed" than the first Beatles' colour "shortie". It is being released all over the world.

NEW SINGLE AND L.P.

THE results of the many long hours that the Stones have spent in the recording studios are starting to be released at last.

When I asked Mick how many titles they had completed he said, "We must have done about 79, but quite a lot of them are not good enough to issue". A new Stones' single is now definitely scheduled for release on Friday, November 13th—as far as the Stones and Decca are concerned it's going to be a "Lucky Day"!

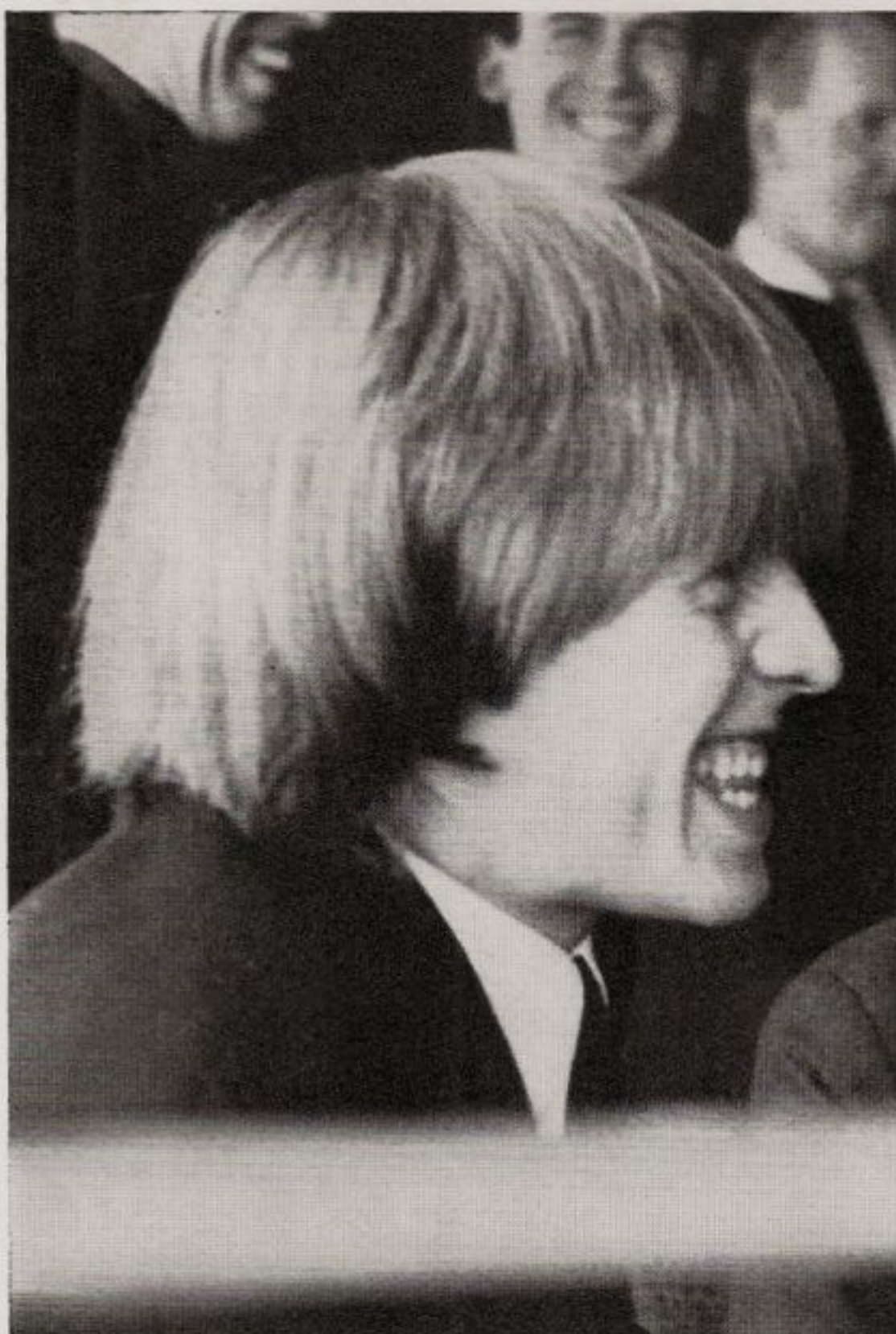
A new L.P. is lined up for release three weeks before Christmas.

FILM DEAL READY

ERIC EASTON reports that the Stones will appear in a film next year, but he is not going to give the "go ahead" until the right script is found. A top writer is working hard right now and I can tell you that he has been responsible for several successful British comedies during the past five years.



"Hey, watch out!" yelled Mick and Charlie rammed his thumb on top of the Coke bottle just in time to stop the contents spurting out all over the dressing room. There is always a crate of Cokes in the Stones' room when they are on tour.



Brian having a good laugh at the antics of Keith and Bill, who were giving their version of a couple of middle-aged duetists with Bill on piano.





A LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN FAN

*I*n your mag of 10th July, Peter Jones was a bit unfair to the Rolling Stones Fans of America. Actually, if your trip was a let-down at all, it was the promoters' fault. Please, before you clunk me on the head, let me explain Why.

To begin with, you should only have visited New York during your first trip to the States (possibly Chicago, too). The reason for this is that the West Coast is on a "Surfin', Swim, Beach Boy" kick which even the BEATLES cannot get rid of entirely. The Midwest (and by this I mean places like Omaha and Kansas City) is very bourgeois and square with the accent on the square, when it comes to R & B. I know, because I used to live there.

The Hollywood Palace Show is the one show you should have avoided like the plague!!! Tourists from all over the Midwest go there to see variety acts like dancing elephants. Not only that, but midwesterners resent anything that is in the least bit different from a country fair-type show. I am very sorry that DEAN MARTIN acted such a DUDE . . . (dude means about the equivalent of a complete ass).

New York is always on the look-out for new sounds. The west coast has its surfin' music—we have our R & B sounds. (You don't hear much about Bo Diddley and Little Richard in Omaha, Nebraska, do you????)

Also you are unfair to your devoted fans in NYC. My friend, Marilyn Teeter (I'm sure you must have heard of her because you've sent her about five autographed pictures) and I dug you the first time we heard you on Murray the K's tapes he brought back from England. I've known about you for almost a year now because I have friends in England who have sent me your articles and records.

Marilyn and I have worked very hard for you over here. We belong to Annette Florance's fan club and we know her quite well. Marilyn is now the Kansas State Chairman (she has to move back there) for your club and I am her New York representative for any meetings I may have with you and Annette.

I have been fortunate enough to meet Charlie and have talked to him on the phone (with Marilyn) for almost 20 minutes at the Park-Sheraton Hotel, the night of your Carnegie Hall performance. We also talked to Mick on the telephone just before you left on the 21st of June.

So, you see, you've got at least two devoted fans here in the U.S. We love all and will remain faithful even through this.

Yours truly,
Rachele Bennett.

691 Plainview Rd, Bethsage, N. York, N.Y.



BACKSTAGE WITH THE STONES

by Peter Tate

COME with me and meet the Stones backstage. Where? Well, it doesn't really matter. The following scene is typical of any night in a Stones' tour.

Just open the door and walk into their dressing room. At first glance they certainly don't look worth a million quid apiece. Bill Wyman is wading happily through a paper packet of chicken and chips. Keith Richard is showing off his new Russian ornamental dagger, bought hours before in an antique shop outside Cardiff. Charlie Watts is away in one corner, making a pressman work.

And Brian Jones and Mick Jagger are wandering, from dressing room to dressing room, but never more than an arm's length away from the 'Pepsies'.

Comparatively speaking, it's been a quiet night for the Rolling Stones.

The trouble was outside. An usherette had been punched and slapped by a man who turned up too late for the performance. A girl who jumped onto the bonnet of the Stones' car had been treated in hospital for a cut hand. There were still bloodstains on the car window...

But tonight, there would be no pay out on the strength of the insurance policies worth £5,000,000 which cover the Stones against the rigours of violent worship.

Charlie's gashed cheek, caused by a flung memento, isn't sufficiently serious for a claim.

The Stones don't know the size of the premiums. But it is possible, they concede, that the premiums go up with every torn shirt and every close escape.

A million pounds per Stone is a tidy way of looking at it. The zany Wyman humour makes for doubt. "I'm smaller than the others," he insists right through the conversation. "I'm only worth £750,000."

But it is unlikely the insurance men work in square inches—which are the squarest thing about the Stones.

"We are covered while we are working and travelling for just about everything," says Keith, "with the possible exception of earthquakes."

"Don't tell him that," interrupted Bill. "He might start one..."

The Stones won't stay long on maudlin subjects. To boys caring little how much they are worth alive... talking of how much they are worth dead is so much hot air.

ANTIQUES, PISTOLS, KNIVES AND BIRDS

Brian bought a Regency wash-bowl today," says Bill. They chuckle at the recollection.

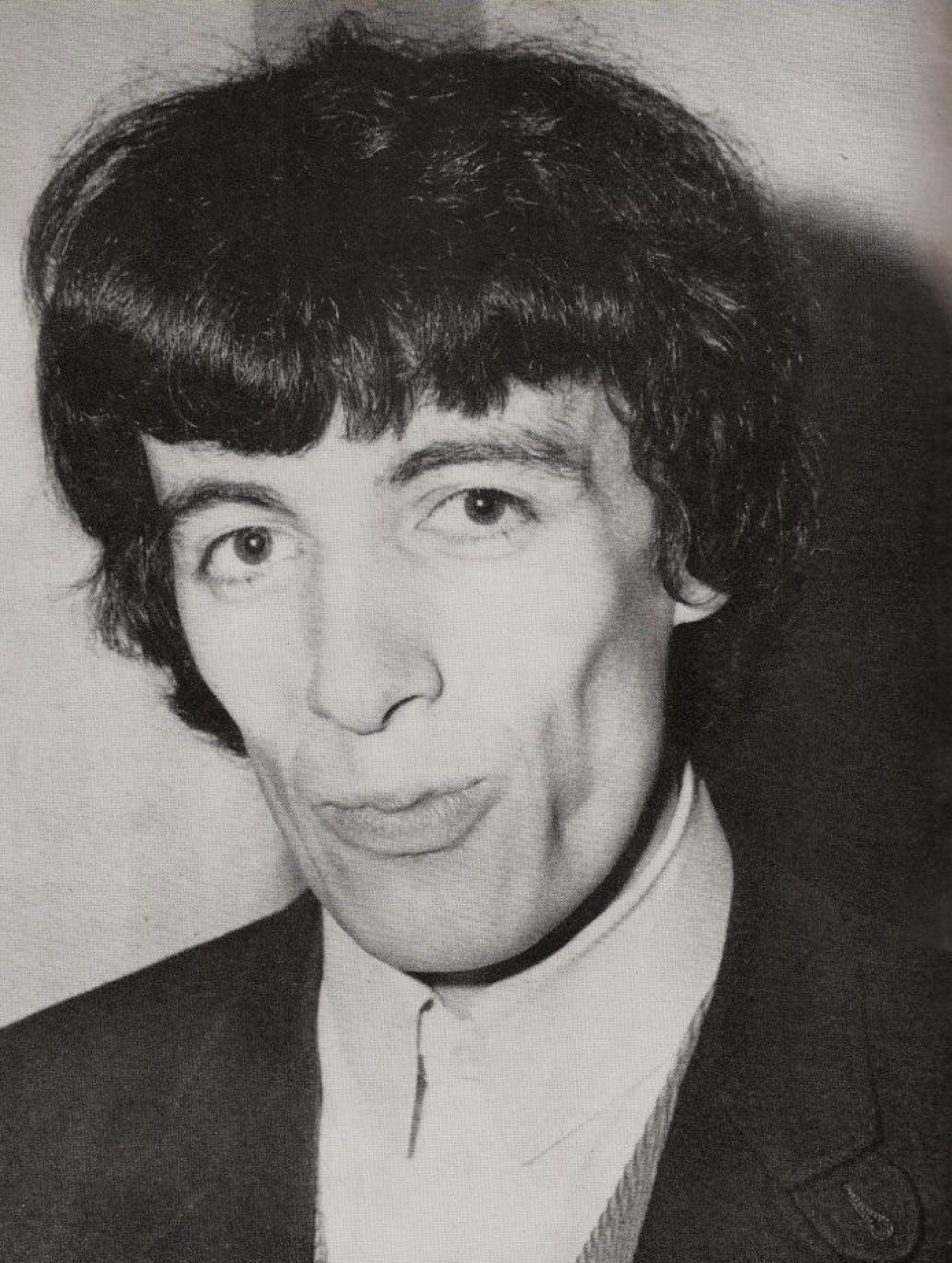
"About that size," he added. He spreads his arms wide. "The biggest thing we've ever bought. He's going to have to send it home."

The country's five most popular long-hairs decided with characteristic spontaneity six weeks ago to start collecting antiques. They describe their expenditure so far loosely as "a few hundred quid".

Charlie likes pistols—the brace he bought a couple of weeks ago cost just under £100. This is the Stones' most expensive purchase of their new hobby so far.

Continued on page 27





about Bill

by Chad Christian

William Wyman was born on October 24, 1941, in Lewisham, South London. He comes under the sign of Scorpio—beginning October 23, ending November 21. As Bill has a birthday coming up soon let's find out what kind of things he can expect life to bring him and what kind of a bloke he is, in fact.

Character

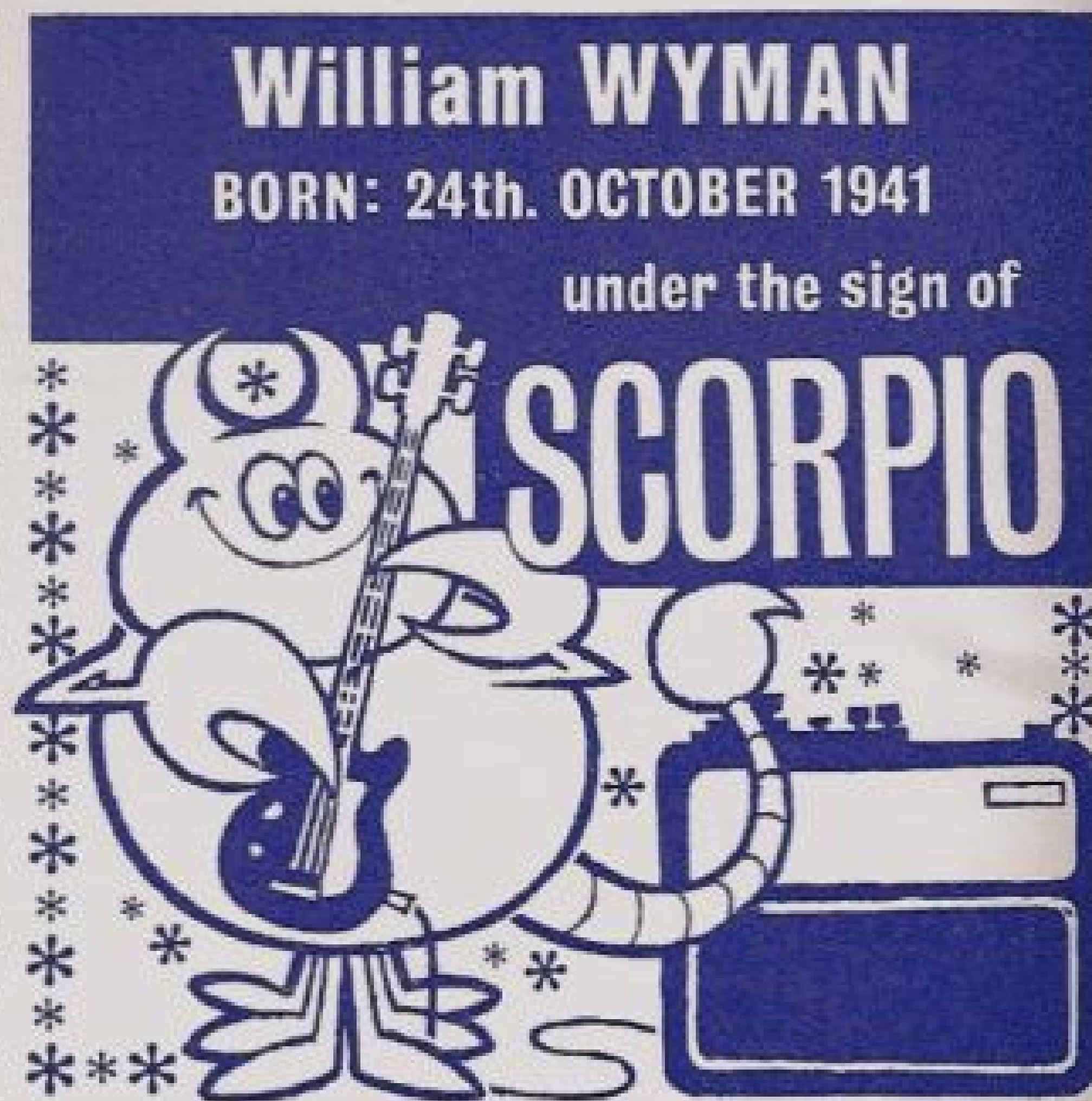
Scorpio is represented by two symbols—the Scorpion and the Eagle so people born under this sign usually have extra strong characters. They know what they want and they usually get it; the things they want may be good or bad depending on the tip of the scales at birth. There is no middle way for them—it's all or nothing, black or white. Bill, I would say, is something of a Cavalier at heart, strong-minded but, at the same time, kind-hearted. That distinct nose shows a determination to live the way he wants to—no matter what others may say. A bit of a rebel, he's always prepared to fight for the things he believes in. As many have noticed, Bill bears a marked resemblance to Charles I and if he had lived in the age of the Civil War between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads he would, undoubtedly, have been on the King's side. But, at the same time, the eyes show humanity—he is definitely one who would try and help people, even at considerable cost to himself.

Anonymous Fan Letters

One incident that sticks out very clearly in my mind illustrates this. When I first met him I asked him what was the nicest fan letter he had ever received. It was, he told me, one of a series he had been getting from a girl in London—always anonymous, never with an address given—who used to pour out her heart to him and generally recount her life as it was lived. This girl seems to have been very poor, often hungry, struggling in fact to earn a living. Bill was her idol, she had always wanted to meet him but she had never had the courage to come forward and make herself known. So she spoke to him instead through her letters, telling him things, no doubt, she would never have dared, if they had been face to face. Bill told me how moved he had been by these letters and how he would like to get in touch with her. If she sees this perhaps next time she may leave an address. I don't know—I only know it was refreshing to realise that pop singers, some of them anyway, some like Bill, *do* care about their fans.

Of course, this shows us at once that Scorpions are very emotional people, ruled rather by their senses than by their intellect. Often this gives them a gift for description, they enjoy all means of self-expression. Music, rhythm would therefore come easily to Bill. Because of his susceptibility to emotion he should however be careful with whom he becomes involved. He can be swayed by those he admires, those of importance and who wield influence. Scorpions always believe the best of people—this can sometimes put them at a disadvantage. As far as the Stones are concerned Bill would probably be the peacemaker if any quarrel broke out.

The two symbols—the Scorpion and the Eagle—reveal the clash of a dual personality. One half of Bill admires and upholds convention and order but there is another, wilder side that resents authority and restraint. This latter would inveigle him into joining the nonconformist, individualistic Stones. Bill is a thinker. His eyes reveal this straight away. He is probably a very good surface judge of character—most Scorpions are.



Luck and Money

As befitting the split symbols Scorpions usually have both good and bad luck equally divided. Often their years of hardship take place early on in life. Later on their ambition and will-power seem to lead them to success and fame.

Bill is born in the "House Of The 6" i.e. from September 21 to October 27. All shades of blue are beneficial to him and turquoise and emeralds are his lucky stones.

The type of Girl he is attracted to

Well, Bill was attracted to Diane, the girl he met at a local dance. They now have a son, Stephen, and live in Sydenham. In their home lives Scorpion men are inclined to be the rulers but they rule by tact and tolerance rather than by dictatorship so their women abide and are happy under their ruling. Scorpio people bring out the best in the opposite sex; they have enormous vitality and physical attraction.

As far as other friendships are concerned Bill should find happiness and security with those born in his own period or between June 21 and July 22 i.e. Cancerians, also Pisces people and those born under the sign of Taurus—February 19 to March 20 and April 20 to May 20 respectively.

To sum up. Scorpions make friends easily (and any of you who have met Bill will know this for yourself). So while Mick is the wildest, Charlie the best comic, Brian perhaps the intense one, Keith the undoubted glamour boy of the five, Bill is the friendly Stone. He is the one people turn to when they are in trouble, the one—as you have seen—the fans would like to talk to.





Charlie Watts





THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB

Hi there!

How did you like the competition in the last issue? It wasn't easy to guess how many miles Stew's van would travel between those ten dates on the Stones' tour, was it? I know, because I had a 'go' myself--not to win a prize because I can't enter for a competition--but just to see how near I could get to the correct answer.



I want to introduce you to two other girls who play just as big a part in the running of the Stones' Fan Club as I do, they are Shirley Arnold, who helps me to run the English club and Helen Parker, who handles all our foreign mail. Both of them know just as much as I do about the Stones, so, if I'm not available when you phone, always ask for one of them.

The boys have had several days in London during the past few weeks and they've made a regular habit of popping into the office to see what's going on. They usually end up sitting on our desks reading through your letters. One thing they did ask me to pass on to you, and that was their very grateful thanks for putting their latest E.P. into the big sellers.

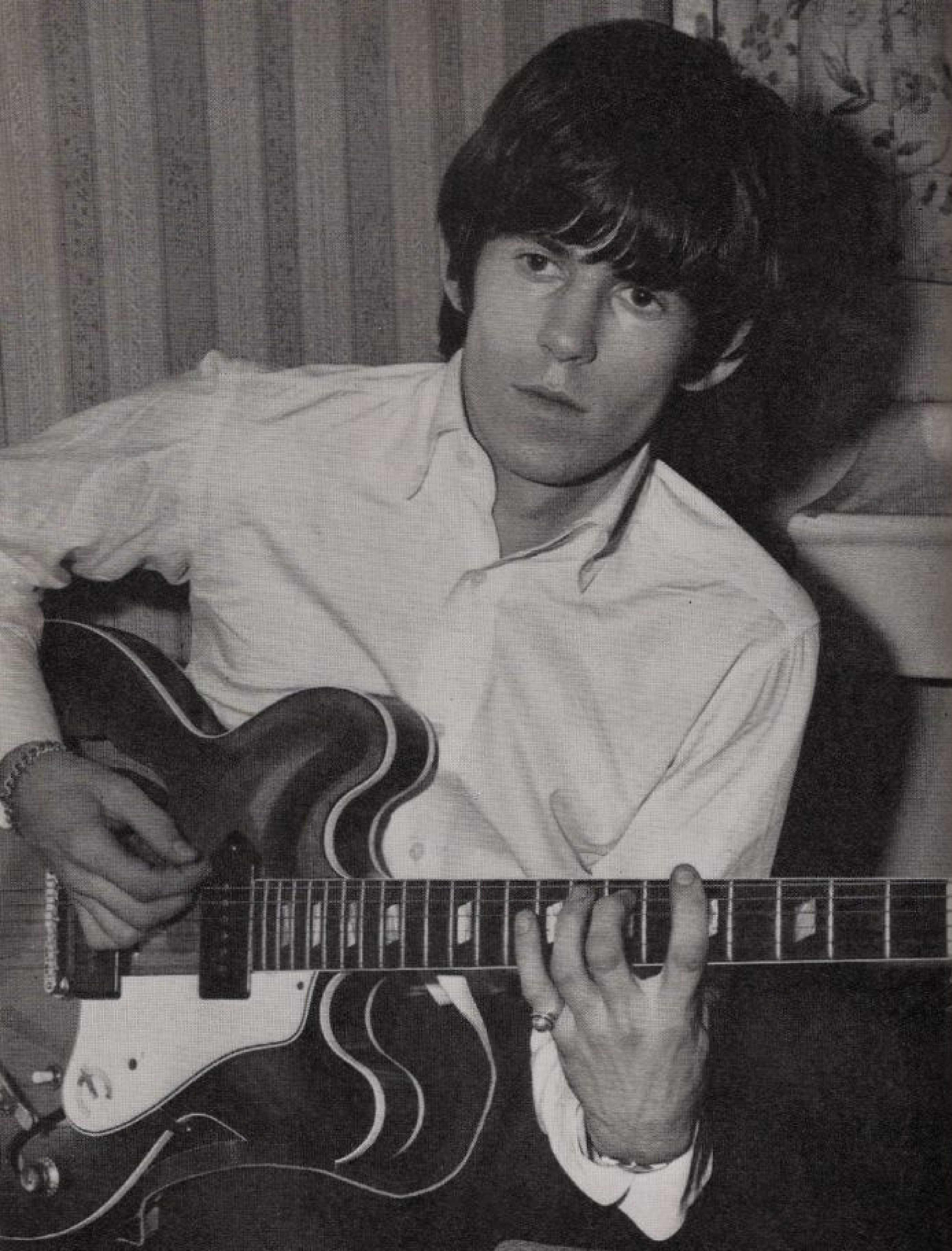
I hope all of you have managed to see the boys during their tour. As usual they've been under fire from a lot of 'fuddie-duddies' who disagree with something they've done. One organisation even objected to Mick Jagger moving about on stage during a Sunday concert--apparently he should have been quiet and solemn through all his numbers. What will they want next?

Lots of subscriptions are due about now, so don't forget to send in your old cards together with a 5/- P.O. and we'll send a new one by return.

Lots of luck. See you in No. 6.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith



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ROLLING STONES STONES ALMOST THERE Stones

[Continued from previous issue]

Where were we in the Stones, story before we were rudely interrupted by the passing of a month? We'd established that Mick knew Keith and they both shared an interest in R and B of the more way-out American artists. Bill had "languished" his way through Beckenham Grammar School, nursing an ambition to form a group. Brian had nurtured an interest in music through his piano-teaching mum.

Chapter Five

Enter drummer Charlie liking art but hating gym classes.

Which leaves Charlie. The drummer-boy's school career went through Tyers Croft Secondary Modern School, then on to Harrow Art School. Subjects that he did well in were history, art and handwriting, though he little guessed then that his handwriting samples would be sought by millions of fans.

He says now: "I suppose I wasn't bad at football, though I never really got all that interested. But what I hated were the gym classes. All that drag about getting changed and leaping about and running and jumping. I mean it just didn't get you anywhere."

"I certainly can't claim that I came from a musical family. My dad was a lorry driver for British Railways and I reckon the only instrument any of them could play at home was a gramophone!"

Obviously that didn't deter the amusing but

quiet Charlie-boy—he often signs his name as just that, leaving off the Watts' bit.

He goes on: "I had a pretty standard childhood. I enjoyed myself, got up to the usual boyish pranks. Fell tremendous heights from trees and didn't seem to hurt myself. All that sort of thing."

Chapter Six

Charlie gets his first drum-kit. Cost? About £12.

"I was just a teenager when I first got interested in drums. My first kit was made up of bits and pieces. Dad bought it for me and I suppose it cost about £12. Can't remember anything that gave me greater pleasure and I must say that the neighbours were great about the noise I kicked up. They had a sort of tolerant understanding . . . 'boys WILL be boys' kind of thing!"

"I don't think I ever wanted to play any other instrument instead of the drums. I marvel sometimes even now at the way guitarists can get such tricky little phrases by just quietly using their fingers, but drums are for me. Someone like Max Roach . . . well, he's a real idol of mine. Maybe only another drummer can understand exactly what he is doing and how well he does it. But I can listen to a brilliant drummer for hours on end."

Charlie is known as the Beau Brummel of the Stones. Even as a kid he liked to be smartly dressed. "My dad bought me suits and I wore them as smartly as I could. A kind of Little Lord Fauntleroy, I suppose. But I do remember that I didn't like jeans and sweaters in those days. I thought they looked untidy and didn't feel somehow as good as I did in my little suits with the baggy trousers."



Charlie Foxx demonstrates one of his show-stopping movements to an admiring Keith and Spike

Chapter Seven

The future Rolling Stones play records and start to develop their individual musical likes and dislikes.

So the Five Rolling Stones were developing. Their brains were being stretched by their school work. Their musical appreciation was being developed by listening to the radio at all hours of the day, and by playing records whenever they could into the early hours of the morning.

None of them really knew what would happen in later life. Relations would ask them what they wanted to be . . . and the usual reply was a grimace, a shrug of the shoulders, a noncommittal grunt. But the basis of the talents that came together to make the Rolling Stones were slowly coming to the surface.

Another top character on the current beat scene knew a couple of the Stones well in those early, formative days. His name: Dick Taylor,

now lead guitar of the Pretty Things. Dick languished in an arm chair at the Club 100 in London's Oxford Street and said: "I first knew old Mick at Dartford Grammar School when we were both eleven years old. I got to know Keith Richard at Sidcup Art School about four years later.

"Always remember those first months with Mick. He had short hair and a positive hatred for the school uniform. Sometimes he came round to my house and we'd have a session on guitar—and if I tell you we were pretty amateurish, well that's probably being kind to the sort of noises we made. One thing about Mick: he was always mad about music.

"But Keith had pretty long hair when I first met him and he was always telling people how crazy he was about rhythm 'n' blues. Even at fifteen he could play all Chuck Berry's solos. His first guitar was a Spanish Rosetti. It cost about ten quid and he bought on hire purchase. His amplifier was obviously home-made.

"Neither of them liked games at school. I can

vouch for that. Keith managed to skive off them mostly, but poor old Mick had a dad who was a physical training instructor, he more or less HAD to join in. But mention Rugby football to Mick and you can actually see him wince."

Chapter Eight

How Mick might have got his different sounding voice.

"Ever wondered how Mick got that strange voice of his? Well, one day in PT he accidentally bit the end off his tongue and he couldn't speak for days. It must have affected him—I bet it's the reason for his voice.

"Once I went round to Mick's house and found him doing exercises with dumb-bells. That shook me—even Mick looked a bit embarrassed about it. But I think that sort of work-out helped him put on a few muscles."

Dick, a talkative character with a very deep liking for all the Stones, went on. "Nowadays the Stones set fashions in the clothes world. In those old school-days I remember that Keith always wore the same gear, consisting of ancient

denim drainpipes, a jean-jacket and a mauve-striped shirt. I am sure it was a sign of things to come. Mick more or less dressed the same as he does today, though of course he can now afford to go out and buy whatever he likes.

"Oh, yeah! I remember Mick coming round to my house to practise harmonica. You should have heard the neighbours complain. Honestly, he was diabolical in those days! It was just a long, terrible wailing sound—and I mean 'wailing' in the worst sense.

"People ask me if the Stones have changed much from the early days. I don't think they've changed really at all. I mean, they certainly haven't got better! And I don't think they could possibly have got worse."

So there it was. Charlie and his drum kit. Keith and his guitar and one-finger piano. Bill and his bass guitar and piano experiments. Mick and his maracas and "wailing" harmonica. Brian and his enthusiasm for guitar, clarinet, piano and harmonica.

But on to the formation of the music-making group which was to send big-selling hit discs spinning round the world.

Time for a quick drink or cuppa before leaving for the theatre





Chapter Nine

Mick takes the plunge—and dies a death.

Keith and Mick went to see Alexis Korner's R and B group. Says Mick: "He was the first of his kind in this country. He knew the 'feel' of R and B and for us this was fantastic, just standing there and hearing some of the numbers we'd previously picked up only on records. He could have played non-stop for a week and we wouldn't have even thought of leaving the hall."

Mick felt a "sort of itch" to get up and sing, but held back when it came to really taking the plunge. He remembers singing "It Doesn't Matter Any More", the Buddy Holly song, at Dartford Church Hall, when he was sixteen. He also remembers dying a death with it. "Enough to put anyone off", he said.

It was the summer of 1962. Brian had been working with a jazz band at Cheltenham, playing all over the West Country with it. His first guitar was a toy Spanish one which cost about three quid, then he had a Gibson Cromwell Acoustic, then a Hofner Committee. His first amplifier was a little green Elpico—"I thought it was marvellous".

Brian eventually turned to R and B and decided to move to London. He formed his

own group which played at an Ealing club every Tuesday evening. He had fans. Mick and Keith among them—though they'd primarily gone to see Alexis Korner. Keith was already building a name for himself in R and B circles in the Home counties—and he'd also sat in with Alexis Korner.

And there was Charlie. Charlie was drumming with Alexis—his first BBC recording was made with the band. At 19, Charlie had also played with the Don Byas band in Denmark.

So on several steamy-hot summer evenings in 1962, at least FOUR Rolling Stones-to-be were together in that Ealing club.

And Dick Taylor played bass guitar with Brian's group. Naturally, it wasn't long before they met up.

"We got on well from the start", says Brian. "Mainly, I suppose, because we all shared the same views on music. R and B material at that time just wasn't particularly popular, so we felt in a minority."

Their friendship ripened. It grew to such an extent that Brian, Mick and Keith eventually took a flat together—mainly so that they could talk music right through the night.

A flat? "More like a box-room", says Mick. It was in Chelsea, but that name was the only fashionable thing about it.

Next month—Life in Chelsea and work problems.

BACKSTAGE WITH THE STONES

(Continued from page 11)

Keith likes Knives—an interest shared by Brian of the wash-basin.

Bill likes antique "birds"—he says—and old gramophone records.

A couple of weeks ago—everything happened "a couple of weeks ago" to the Rolling Stones—an old cinema closed down in the Midlands.

Among the resulting flotsam were a number of old records—Murray and Mack, Gert and Daisy—and Bill had a friend who had a friend.... Scoop for Wyman.

Antiques aside, the Stones are seizing every opportunity of anonymity to rush around using up yards of film in the identical Russian movie cameras which were presented to them at the start of their latest tour.

"None of us know how good we are yet,"

Keith says. "We're just taking shots of everything in the hope that something will come out. If we're that good, maybe we'll make a film."

Latest location was Tintern Abbey, on the banks of the River Wye, which flows from Gloucestershire across the border into Wales. Then, there was a minor stately home, again in the Wye Valley.

Outside, there is hardly a break between the screams. It's time for their second show. Brian and Mick return. They check their equipment quickly then go down the iron steps and onto the stage.

The crowds go mad, but don't try to rush the stage.

Immediately the show is over, they rush off, dive through the side door and into a Black Maria before anyone can move.

Another Stones night is over!



STONES

POST

WHO WAS THAT WITH BRIAN?

I don't know whether I'm writing to the correct address or not, but could you please tell me who it is with Brian Jones on Page 25 of the Rolling Stones Book No. 4. It looks like Mick but I'm sure it can't be. I know what a busy job anyone connected with the Stones has, but could you write and tell me the answer.

We were going to visit your offices while on holiday in London, but on our way we met Keith Richard and we forgot all about it. If any of the Stones read this letter—XXXXX, and tell them I joined their fan club yonks ago.

Please reply,
Luv Liz.

Charlie answers:—

No, that's not Mick with Brian, it's Spike, who helps Stew with the road managing.

TRIBUTE TO RHYTHM AND BLUES

Rhythm pounding, blood racing,
Foot stomping, reeling to head shaking, sweat making.
Body tenses, exploding into ecstatic movements lost in
long ago voodoos, born from the agonies of
Negro tears,
Soul throbbing, raucous music, echoing in my brain.

Lost in time, suspended from reality.
Twilight world, happiness
Drum sticks blur; dissolve into emptiness,
Guitar strings vibrate chords, whispers of the wild
untameable sea.
Harmonica wails, misery blending to unbearable pain.
I love, I love.
Until my heart begs for silence
I cry, I cry for more.

Barbara Coot.

OVERSEAS READER

Dear Sirs,

A couple of days ago my English pen-pal sent me *The Rolling Stones Book No. 3*. Although I'm Dutch I'm a fanatic Stones' fan. That's why I should like to have the *Stones Books* 1, 2 and 4 as well.

Can you please give me the address of an agency or a shop in Holland where I can order the *Stones Books*?

Otherwise, if the Books are not for sale in Holland, can you please send them to me? I'll pay for them by International Money Order.

Tony Heuvelmans.

Overseas readers can obtain copies of *The Rolling Stones Book* direct from the publishers. The cost is £1.1s. for a year's subscription or 10/6d. for six months. Just enclose an International Money Order in payment for whatever period you want to Beat Publications Ltd., 244 Edgware Rd., London, W.2.

QUESTION TIME

No. 4 is the TOPS. It's the Best of the Monthlies so far. I'm tickled by the Stones' opinions (especially Mick's) on the 11 Topics. Is Chad Christian the person who wrote "Please, Little Girl" for Heinz? Could you print a full-length pic of Annabelle? Thanks for the pix of Spike (Oo! he's fab!) and Stew.

One of the things I like best about the Monthly, is that the number of pix (full page ones) of the Boys is fairly equal.

Just for the record the score for the 1st four monthlies is: Mick, 14 pics; Keith, 15 pics; Bill, 15 pics; Brian, 12 pics; Charlie, 13 pics. That's only if my adding up is right. Probably isn't.

The articles by the Boys are great.

I disagree with Bill on one point. 'Cos I think and believe Wales to be much better than England. But then, Bill is English, and I'm half-English, half-Welsh, more Welsh than English. I'm only English 'cos I was born in England.

Is there going to be a binder for the Monthlies?

Love to everybody,
Babs.
XXXXXXXXXX

Charlie answers:—

Yes, it's the same Chad Christian, Babs. Don't take any notice of what Bill says about Wales, he was only having Chad on. Yes, there will be a binder soon.

THANK YOU, STONES

Dear Mick and Boys,

Just a line to thank you very much for coming right down to Colchester last Tuesday, 8th September!! I vowed that I would *not* scream—I wanted to hear you so much!—but when I saw you I helped "raise the roof" because you gave such a wonderful performance. Nothing quite so spectacular has ever happened round this way for some time now, but this sure made up for it.

Hoping to see you again some time soon down our way.

Lots of love,
Julie Butcher.
XXX

P.S. Sorry about the writing but I'm still recovering from your visit!

Charlie answers:—

We don't care what you do Julie as long as you enjoy the show.

WHO'S THE ARTIST

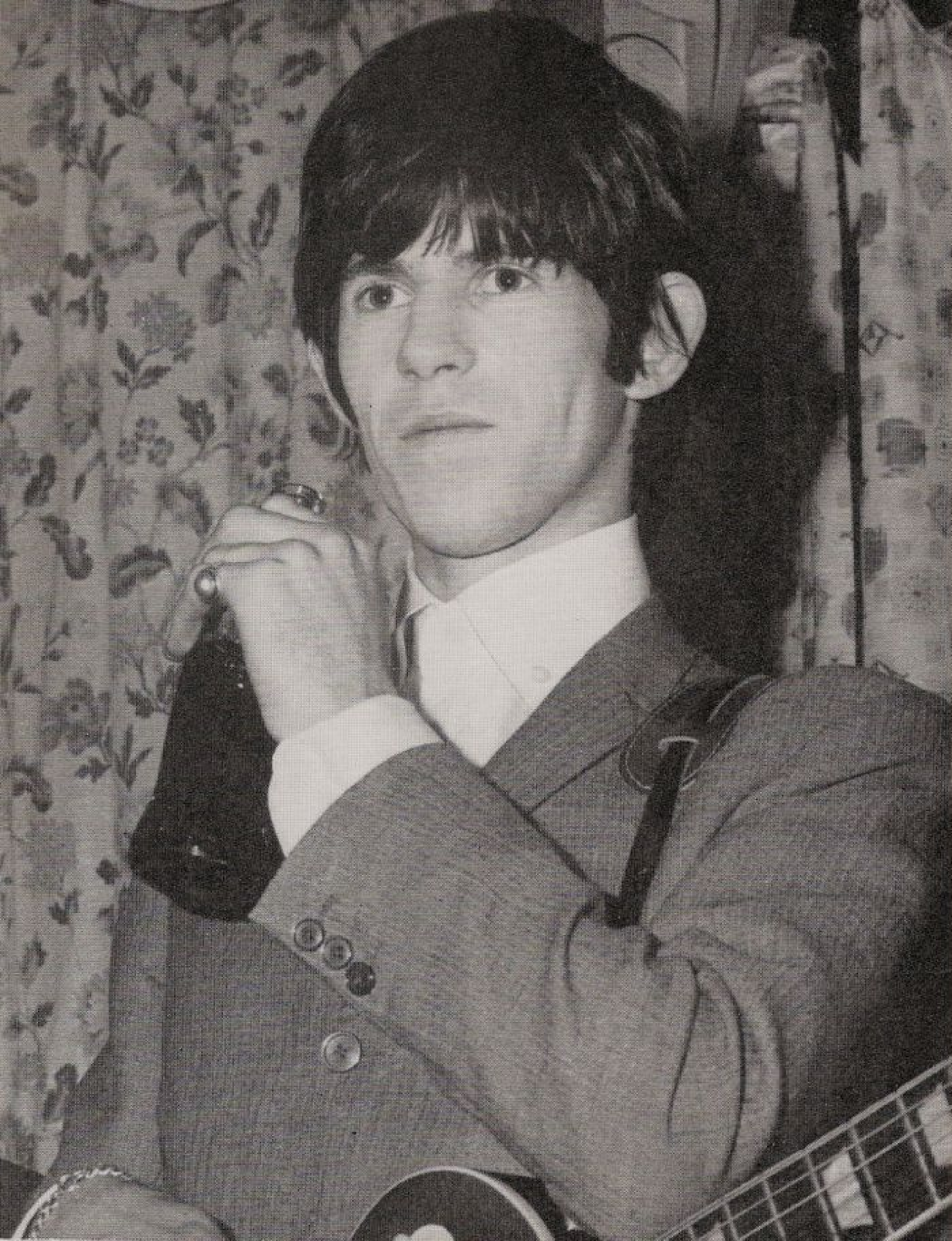
As you are editing next month's *Rolling Stones* book, please could you tell me who sketches those fab pics of the month's editor. Is it "Keith"?

Yours for ever,
Kathy.

Charlie answers:—

No, it's not Keith, Kathy, it's a guy called Mike Leslie.





"MENTAL DISMEMBERMENT"

I've got no feet
I left them by the roadside, resting
I've got no legs
I left them in the mountains, wandering.

My eyes aren't in my head,
They're in my dreams watching
My ears aren't in my head,
They're by the sea, listening.

I left my hand holding another,
Many months ago,
My arms embrace a memory,
A Christmas, without snow.

Nothing,
Nothing only me, thinking,
No heart,
My heart in my pen, writing.

When my pen has finished writing
I'll have no heart,
I alone will creep through time,
Longing for entirety,
Wishing I were one.

Christine Langhurst.

HAIR WASHES

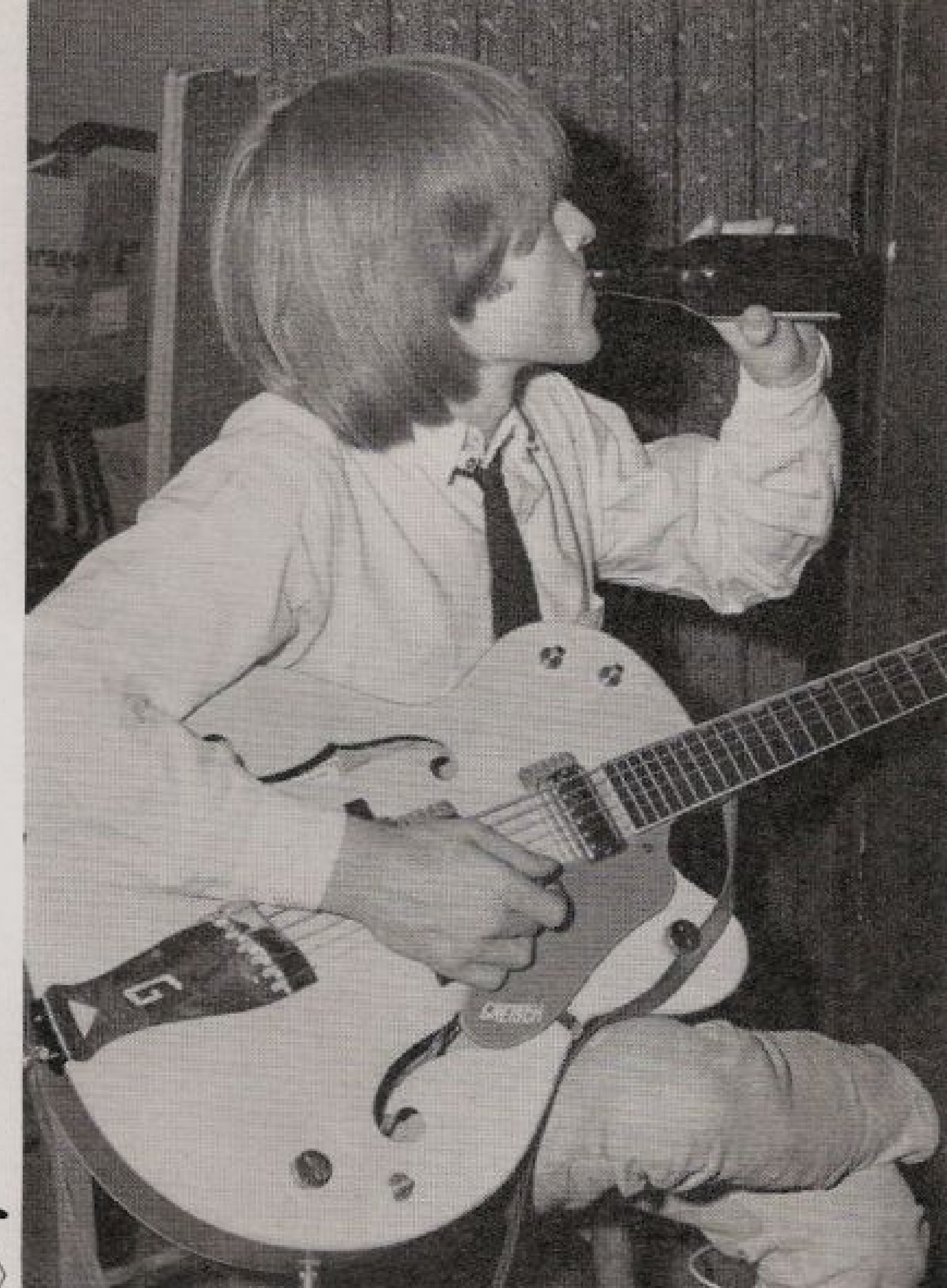
Please help me. I try to tell my Mum
that you *do* wash and comb your hair but
she just won't listen to me. Please help
me, try and convince her.

Love and lots of kisses,
Sue.

Charlie answers:—

Course we have to wash it Sue, what
makes your Mum think we don't?

~~~~~  
It's thirsty work for Stones on tour  
and Keith and Brian both needed that  
cool drink after coming off stage.  
~~~~~



The **ROLLING STONES** Book No. 6

Edited by **MICK JAGGER**

will be published on **NOVEMBER 10th**

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