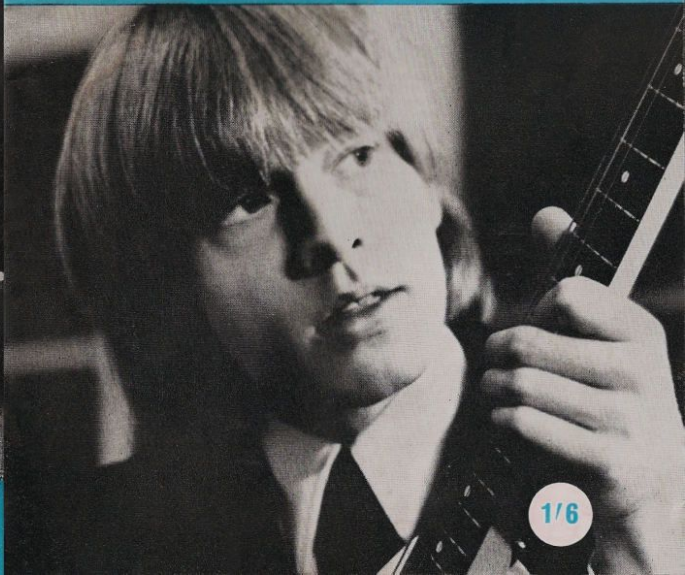




THE
ROLLING
STONES No. **8**
MONTHLY BOOK 10th JANUARY 1965



THE ROLLING STONES BOOK No. **8**

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THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

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

No. 8 JAN. 1965

Edited by KEITH RICHARD

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EDITORIAL

Hello!

I want to start off by thanking everyone who remembered my 20th birthday. I have got their cards and presents all over my flat. In fact, I spent several days during the Christmas and New Year period sorting them all out. I think I've got enough initialled handkerchiefs to last me through all of 1965 at least—even with half a dozen heavy colds!

By the way, it was my 20th—not my 21st birthday. A lot of people got my date of birth wrong, because a sheet was printed with the incorrect date about a year ago, and it seems to have gone all over the place. Just to answer all those who have written to me about it: NO, I am not 21 this year and YES I am the youngest Stone.

Several of us have been working on new songs during the past few weeks. Apart from Mick and I, both Bill and Brian are starting to take songwriting seriously. Bill has already had a few numbers recorded and he tells me that one of them is being released in January.

A lot of people have asked me about our releases in 1965. It's impossible to say exactly what we will be doing months in advance. We always seem to leave it until after we have recorded several numbers till we decide whether something is good enough or not to be released as a single or on an L.P. I hope that you are all going to like the numbers that we have chosen for our second album which is being released in a few days time—after all—you're the ones we do it for.

Once again thanks for all the presents. See you again soon.



Keith Richards



Rolling Stones

NEWS

'65 PLANS

Stones' manager, Eric Easton, reports that the boys will probably be doing a March tour of the British Isles followed by visits to several Continental countries including France, Germany and Scandinavia during late March or early April.

Arrangements have been made for a third tour of the U.S., starting around mid-April, which will last for approximately three weeks.

TWO 'SHINDIGS'

The Stones recorded two shows for the American Beat Show, "Shindig," at the Halliford Studios, Shepperton, on December 15. No dates have been stated as to when the show will be transmitted in the States. There are no plans at present to show them on British Television.

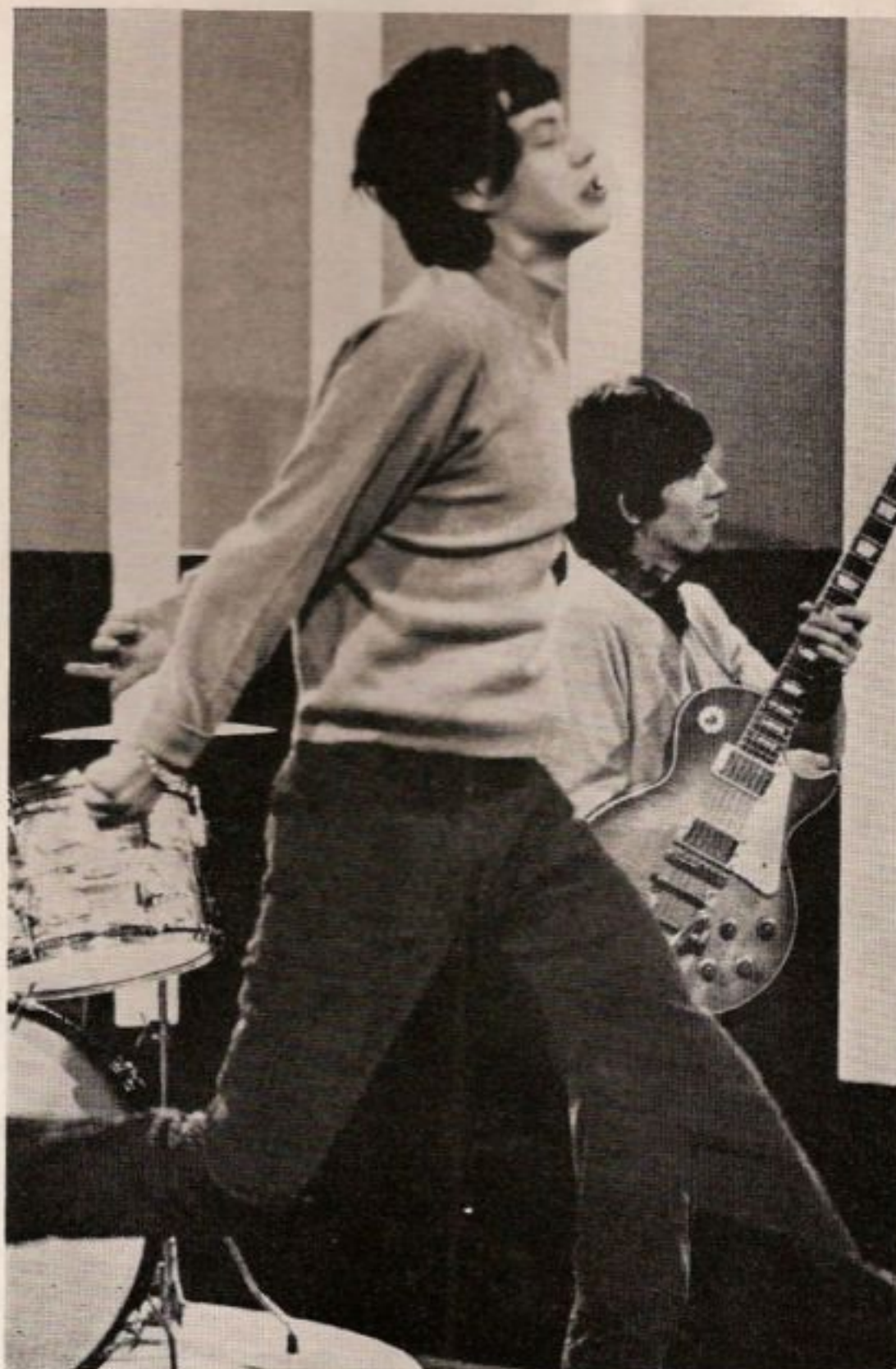
JANUARY DATES

When the boys return from their short three-day Irish Tour they will be doing a Sunday concert at the Commodore in Hammersmith on January 10.

On January 11 and 12 they will be in the recording studio working on new titles and a special recording session has been arranged for January 13 when they will tape an insert for "Thank Your Lucky Stars". The recording will be transmitted on Saturday, January 30. A "Ready, Steady, Go" appearance has been pencilled in for January 15.

MICK ON EAMONN ANDREWS' SHOW—A.T.V.

Mick is booked to appear on the controversial, late-night Eamonn Andrews' Show. Should be quite interesting, depending upon the other stars appearing with him. Will they hit it off with Mick, or vice-versa?



Mick takes a leap in middle of a number on 'Lucky Stars'.



What are those policemen doing? Keeping the fans back or getting autographs themselves!

MICK AND BRIAN IN PARIS

Both Mick and Brian visited Paris one weekend in December. Brian ended up at a party which was given by the Animals to celebrate their appearance at the Olympia Theatre.

BILL'S FIRST RELEASE

Bill has been working hard on some ideas recently and the first release of one of his songs is scheduled for January 29. It is a number called "Stop Running Around", and has been recorded by the Cheynes on the Columbia label.

There is also a strong possibility that the Nashville Teens will record another of his numbers.

OWN RECORDING SET-UP

Brian has decided to set up his own recording outfit to work on some new ideas that he has. He has written several songs and feels that it is a good idea for him to record them himself.

KEITH'S DOG

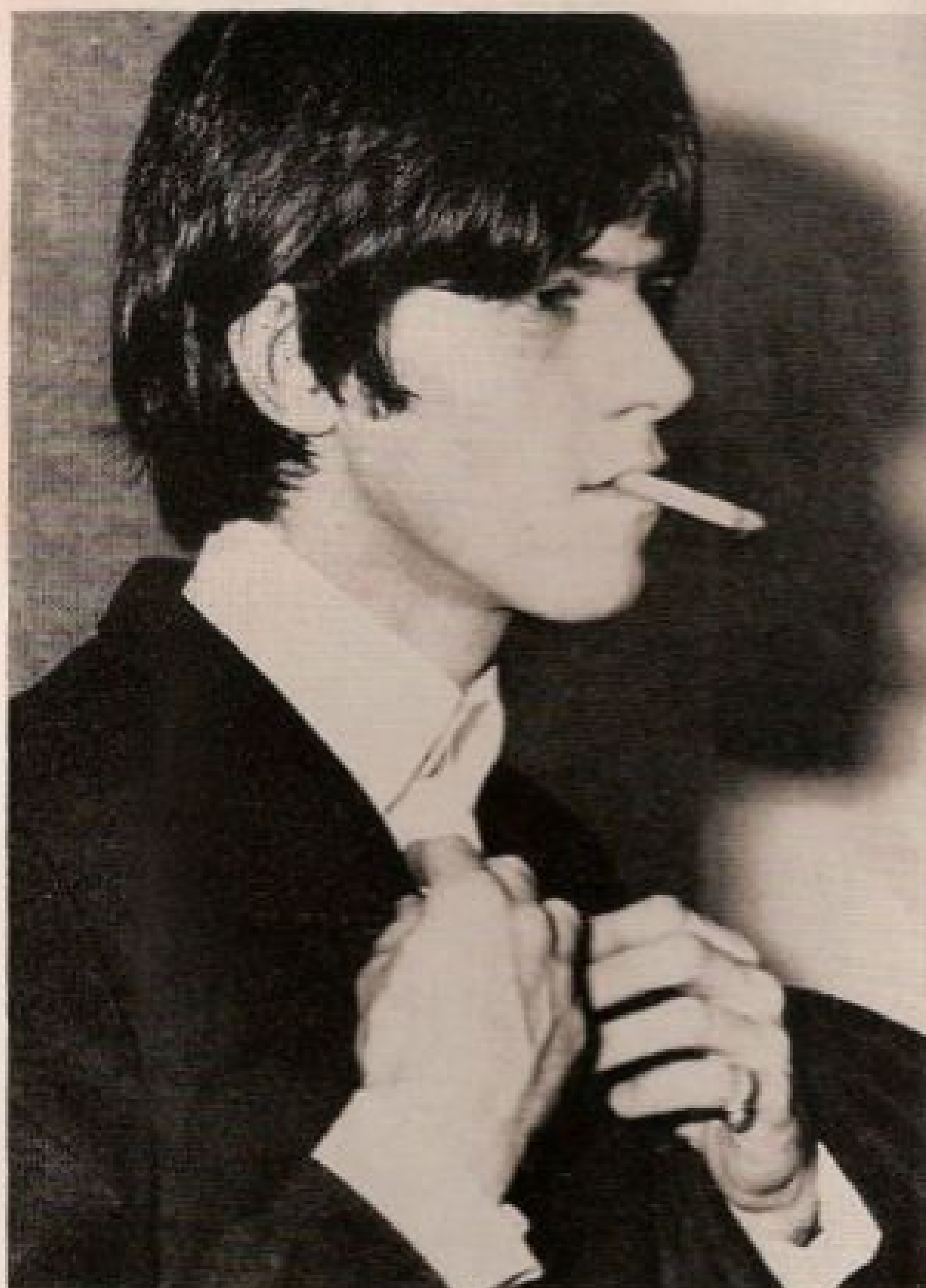
Keith was given a little black puppy while the Stones were on tour in America, which he has brought back to England with him. It is a tiny hound-dog only about seven inches long and five inches high, which he's christened Runty. He's been told that it's liable to be about three feet tall when it's fully grown!



Odd-face from Keith



Keith joins Pet Clark and her sister in the T.V. Studio Canteen. D. J. Muriel Young rushed round the other side to serve them.



DRESSING ROOM DISCUSSION

... Keith and Bill engage in a bit of jacket re-designing—it should be interesting to see what the result looks like!



'65 PROFILE

Mick Jagger

* * * * *

England wouldn't be England without the Stones, somebody once said. And although we strongly suspect that someone was Mick Jagger, we have to admit that we do rather tend to agree. But just think—only eighteen months back and few people had even heard of the Rolling Stones apart from the ever-faithfuls at the Richmond Crawdaddy.

Vastly Different

Back in the Good Old Days, as they say in all the best books, the Stones were vastly different—both in appearance, way of life, and even slightly in character. Take Mick, for example (you've got to take him anyway, seeing as it's him this article is about!) Now thinking back to 1963, we can remember a certain Mr. Jagger flipping over a black leather outfit—black leather jacket, black leather waistcoat—the lot! Today, we can't imagine him even looking at it, let alone wearing it, but in those days it was an all-black Mick Jagger, and a very pleased-with, and proud-of-himself looking Mick, too.

From this, you will gather that even when Mick was non money-laden, clothes were pretty important to him. Hard to imagine, that although the lean times were over and fish and chips was no longer a once-weekly treat, the Stones were still just another group. That was the Oldham heyday, of course, when Andrew was busy telling everybody who hadn't already been told, or who didn't believe it, that the Stones were going to be big, big, BIG.

by
**Christine
Osbourne**

Grateful

And how grateful the Stones were to him. They were grateful to everybody for anything. Nowadays, of course, they can't help but take publicity for granted—except when something false is printed. Then they get angry. All the Stones, particularly Mick, don't like their fans to be given wrong ideas of them.

Personality-wise, Mick hasn't changed so very much, but he is much more self-confident now, and not nearly so shy—although there is just a trace of shyness there still.

Okay, so that was the Mick of 1963, and we know everything there is to know about Mick Jagger 1964 style. But what about the 1965 Mick? What differences will there be in the Jagger image one year from now?

For a start, what about hair length? Well, a year ago, it was not exactly short, but certainly not as long as now. And this time next year...? Shorter or the same length, we guess. But no longer—unless he's thinking of joining the Hullabalooos, that is!

And talking about joining another group, since Mick did so well personally in the polls this year, the talk is starting. Is Mick starting out on his own? Well, Mick says rubbish—and that's good enough for us. He'll certainly be very busy during the coming year. Mick isn't fond of travelling, especially on long tours when it means leaving his girl friends alone in town for weeks at a time! So appearances might not be quite so many but there's still a long list being lined up.

Rumours

Touring is pretty hard on the health, too, so taking it easier in future is a good thing, as long as it doesn't start up any more of the "Mick's got leukemia", "Brian's only got six months to live" nonsense. Where do these



rumours come from anyway? But to ease your mind, Mick says nobody's thinking of kicking the bucket yet, and providing he manages to keep Charlie and Keith apart, all five Stones should still be around this time next year!

Being serious again, we think next year will bring even more results from the song-writing pens of Messrs. Jagger and Richard. Their first film will be complete, and who knows, if it goes well, could be they'll be working on numbers for a second this time next year. And then, of course, Mick has aspirations towards writing a musical.

Footwork

For some months past, the current dance craze could be traced back to Mick's fantastic foot work, on stage. But in a year, partly because Mick won't be seen "performing" so much, and partly because the Mods

will have gone through a few hundred more dance revolutions, this will be a thing of the past.

But whether Mick will change his footwork on stage, we don't know. Probably it depends on whether he changes his style of singing or not. A complete change is unlikely, but variations are already appearing. But don't expect any ballads from Mick yet!

As for change of dress, well that's going to go with change of fashion, of course, which will probably be as drastic as the difference in the clothes Mick wears now, to the kinky leather bit back in '63. Nineteen hundred and sixty-four has been the year for teenagers to tend to copy Mick's mode of dress—hence all the way-out styles we've noticed floating round. But 1965 will not be the same, probably because Mick will be the prime mover behind some big new—and very different—fashion trend.

ROLLING STONES Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

Jeannette Woodfield (aged 16) 26 Coniston Ave., St. Annes, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs., wants p.p. Australia, Canada, America.

Brenda Taylor, 4 Leigh Street, Hyde, Cheshire, wants p.p. America.

Kathleen Hartland (age 12) 87 Gravelly Lane, Erdington, Birmingham 23, wants p.p. France.

Suzanne Liao (age 16) 72-C Norfolk Road, Singapore 8, wants p.p. England.

Christine Coleman (age 16) 42 Guild Road, Charlton, London, S.E.7, wants p.p. France, America, Italy.

Lynn Phillips (age 14) 37 All-Hallows Road, Easton, Bristol 5, wants p.p. anywhere.

Angela Wilford (age 16) 2 Elizabeth Road, Flecking, Leicester, wants p.p. America, Norway, New Zealand.

Arienne den Heyer (age 16) Wieringsestraat 504, The Hague, Holland, wants p.p. London.

Jean Gemmell (age 16) 10 Ancaster Road, Bourne, Lincs., wants p.p. Sweden.

Sylvia Winchester (age 12) 445 Carmunnock Road, Castlemilk, Glasgow, S.5, Scotland, wants p.p. Canada, France, New Zealand.

Susan Jones (age 16) Inglemoor, Halstead Drive, Menston, Nr. Ilkley, Yorkshire, wants p.p. America.

Doreen Rainbow (age 16) The Laurels, Broadway, Nr. Bath, Somerset, wants p.p. Australia.

Patricia Ann Worden (age 15) 3 Whins' Ave., Farnworth, Bolton, Lancs., wants p.p. New Zealand, Norway, Canada, America.

Maureen Clegg (age 16) 62 Devona Ave., Marton, Blackpool, Lancs., wants p.p. anywhere.

Edythe Chandler, 7300 Stella Link, Houston 25, Texas 77025, USA, wants p.p. England.

Margaret Taylor (age 17) 40 Brandsby Road, Chessington, Surrey, wants p.p. Scotland, Ireland.

Akiko Sakurai (age 15) 547-3 Matsumi, Chone, Kanagawa, Yokohama City, Japan, wants p.p. Cheltenham.

Jennifer Payne (age 15) 6 Osborne Road, Egham, Surrey, wants p.p. America, Australia, France, Norway, Sweden.

Adele Parker (age 17) 29 Washington Ave., Easton, Bristol 5, wants p.p. America, Australia, Canada.

William Hendnck (age 15) 2 Ellesmere Grove, Wallasey, Cheshire, wants p.p. France, America.

Daryl Barber, 68 Hall Lane, Farnworth, Bolton, Lancs., wants p.p. America, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Canada.

Eileen Chuter, 8 Princes Park, Rainham, Essex, wants p.p. France.

Linda Harris (age 15) 215 Springfield Road, Walmley, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, wants p.p. Denmark, Sweden, America.



FIVE STONES GET READY TO ROLL



Ode to a Highflying Bird

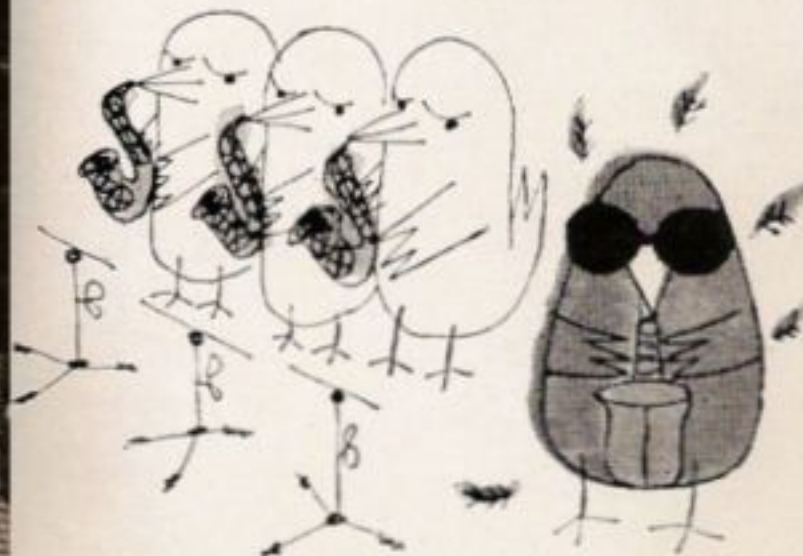
A new book by Charlie Watts reviewed here by Pete Goodman

Once upon a time there was a jazz musician whose name was Charles Christopher Parker, but who grew to stardom called simply "Bird". He played wonderful alto and tenor saxophone music, was way ahead of his time in his jazz ideas and was revered by musicians all over the world. But Bird was destined to die early . . . he was only 35 when he died in 1955.

And once upon a time there was a jazz-mad drummer, living and working in London. He studied the music of Bird. This drummer's names was also Charles . . . well, Charlie. Charlie Watts, who was destined to join the Rolling Stones and become one of the best-known drummers in the whole world.

Charlie-Boy Watts is now a full-time musician but for a long time he earned his living as a commercial artist, working in a West End of London agency. There he developed his talents for drawing, for caricatures . . . and he also developed a wry sort of sense of humour.

Now Charlie Watts has produced a blend of his artistic ability, his enthusiasm for the music of Bird and his own highly individual style of telling a story. A book, now out and published by Beat Publications Ltd.



He blew from his heart.

FANTASY-STYLED

It's a fantasy-styled book. He tells how the original Mr. and Mrs. Bird made a nest in Kansas City and soon afterwards Mrs. Bird presented Mr. Bird with one "Spotty-shelled egg". On August 29, 1920, a little Bird cracked his way through the shell . . . Charlie Watts illustrates him as wearing the dark glasses that later were to be a trademark of Bird Parker, shielding his eyes from the glare of the spotlight as he blew his saxophones.

But Bird's life was to be interrupted by ailments and illnesses. Charlie Watts traces these setbacks with delicacy and tact . . . "rejected, brought down, Bird sought an outlet. He found it in bad seeds and rye drinks". This was the basis of the essential tragedy of Bird. His life, though fully creative in a jazz sense, became almost an act of self-destruction.

"Poor Charlie, Blue Bird . . . it was for sure that Charlie flew too high for most of them."

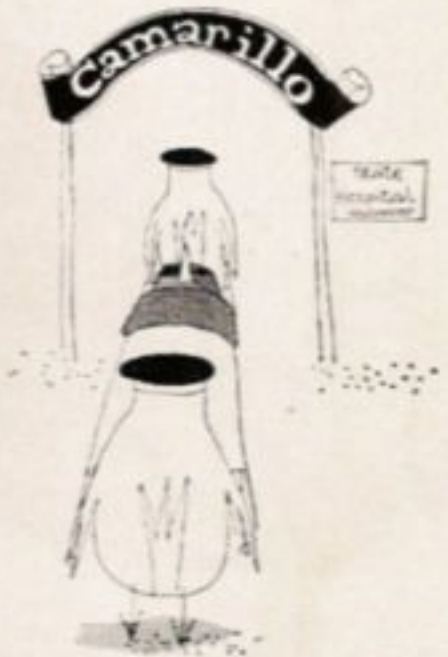
With that excellent economy of story-telling, Charlie Watts makes his point. His book, totally original in conception looks at first sight

to be simply a fairy-story. The hard, cold facts of a jazzman's triumphs and downfalls are traced mostly via cartoon-type drawings, coloured brown. Bird is drawn AS a "bird", a bird clutching a saxophone, shoulders hunched so that body blends into head, eyes unseen through the jet-black shades.

One of Charlie's cartoons of 'The Bird' in action.

It's a finely acceptable interpretation. Maybe Rolling Stones' fans won't be necessarily familiar with the music of Charlie Bird Parker. But they'll certainly get an insight

Bird became ill many times through this bad and fatal habit.



The Bird's downfall is summed up in a beautiful piece of understatement.

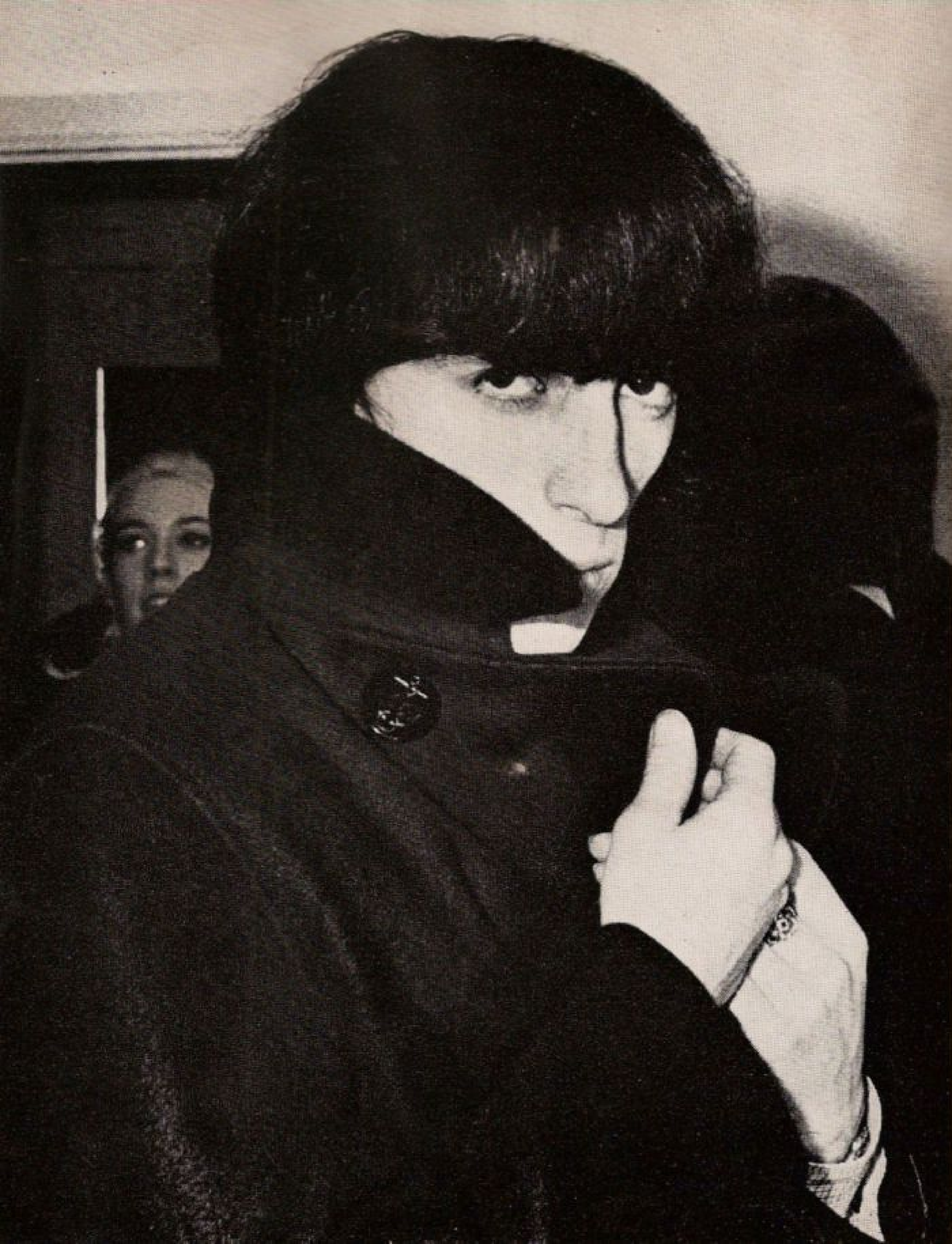
into some perhaps unsuspected non-drumming talents of Charlie Watts. Charlie's own tastes started deep in modern jazz—were nurtured on a diet of such as Parker and Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie. Later he was to swing more towards rhythm 'n' blues with his work with the pioneering Alexis Korner band in London. And now he has found time in his career as a leader of British R and B to remember, and talk about, a musician who originally fired Charlie-Boy's ambitions in music.

Certainly the book is unusual, entertaining, fantastic in the sense that it IS a fantasy.

And, of course, it'll sell. This story by one "Charlie" about a late, great Charlie has the Rolling Stone magic-touch on it.

PETE GOODMAN





This
impression
of
BILL WYMAN
was
drawn
specially
by
KEITH RICHARD

This is the STONES' OWN PAPERBACK

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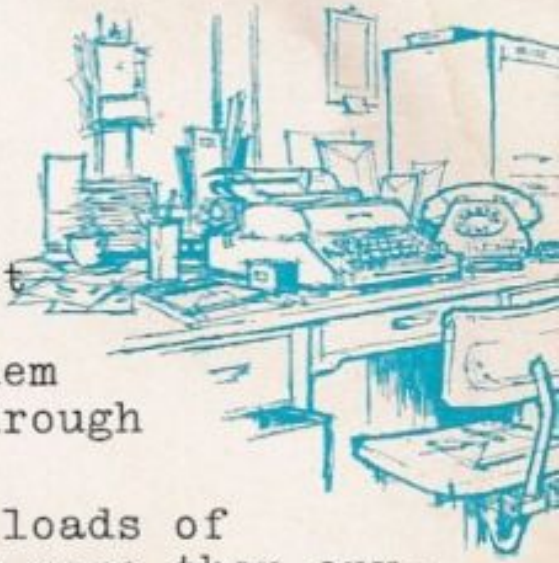
244, Edgware Road, London, W.2



THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB

Hi there!

Your mail has been pouring in to the the Fan Club during the last few weeks. Lots of cards and presents turned up for Keith's birthday on December 18th. Apart from all the birthday cards he got tons of scarves, gonks, hats, shirts, cuff links and handkerchiefs. I sent them all on to him, so that he could sort through them at his leisure.



Mixed-up with all Keith's stuff were loads of Christmas cards. What amazed the Stones more than anything else, was that so many of them had been drawn by the senders. They really were knocked out by the trouble you had taken, and asked me to thank you all very sincerely indeed.

The boys' second L.P. is released this month and I know that everyone will make sure it is an even bigger success than their first one. I think its absolutely fabulous, but you listen to it yourself and let me know what you think.

Please notice that the Fan Club has changed its home. Our new address is at the bottom of this page next to my name. I have one very important request to make. I would be very grateful if you would NOT visit the Fan Club for a few weeks until we've sorted ourselves out. As I have mentioned before, we get a tremendous quantity of mail every day and I am sure I don't have to tell you what a mess we'll be in at least for the first month or so.

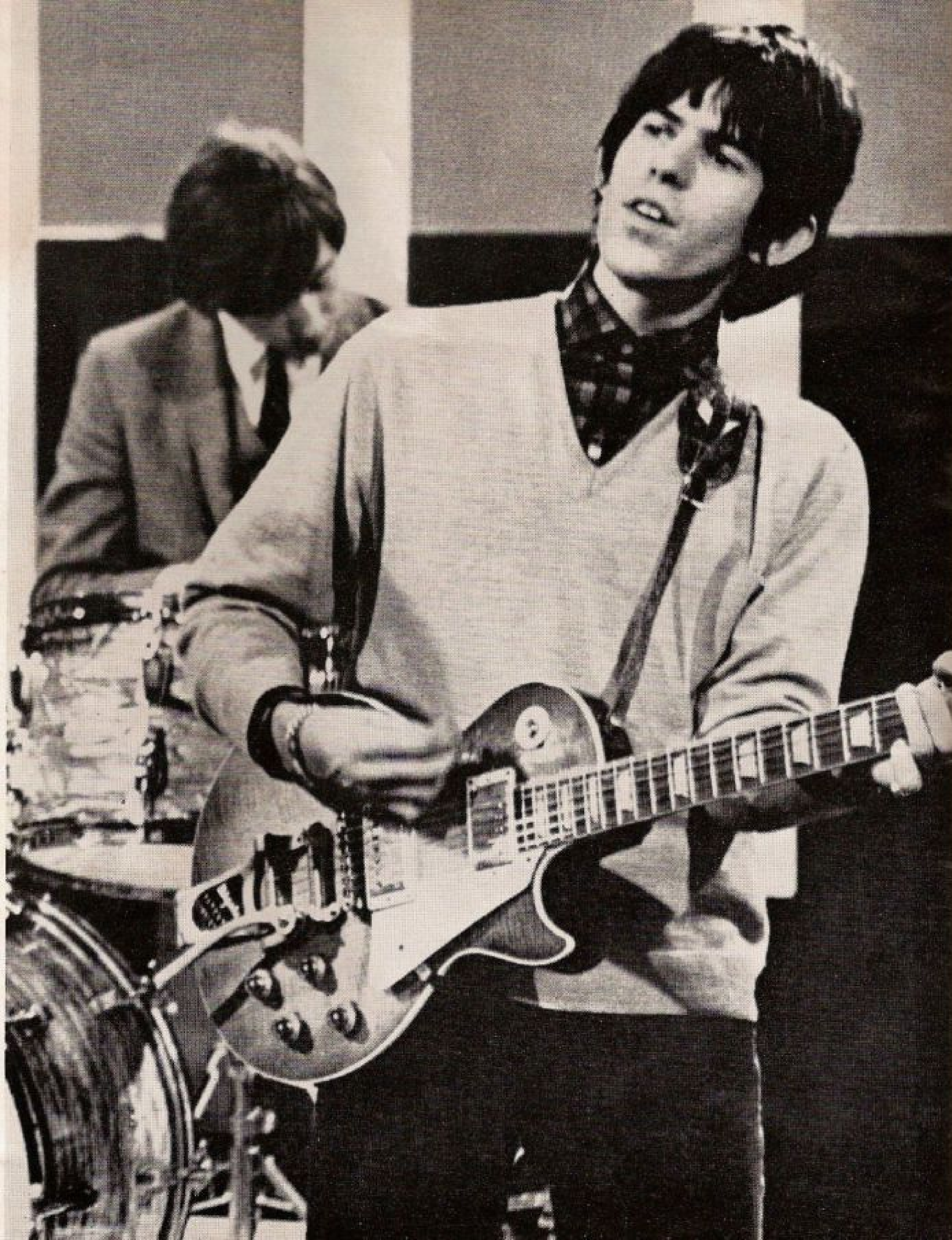
The biggest gonk ever turned up last week. It was sent by Pam and June of Hayes. The Stones did as they asked and sent it to a children's hospital for Christmas. But not before they'd kept it for a few days.

See you in No. 9.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith

1, Little Argyll Street, London, W.1. Secretary: ANNABELLE SMITH



ND LIFE WITH THE **STONES SPECIAL** 180,000 advance ongr
ER DISC for Stones EP
anks **THE STONES' STORY** TH
tones
ROLLING STONES STONES ALMOST THERE
Stones

[Continued from previous issue]

Charlie Watts, then, finally agreed to join up with the other Stones . . . decided that he'd give up the money he was earning to join a bunch of characters who didn't seem to know what money looked like. His friends in the business were sure that he had made an error of judgement that he'd regret. But the rehearsals carried on, working Charlie into the Stones' unique scheme of things.

Very slowly, the Stones got more work coming in. Their attitude to the business side of their music was pretty grim. They didn't know much about percentages, commission or anything remotely to do with management. They just wrote letters to promoters, offered their services . . . and were knocked out if anybody even bothered to reply, let alone say there actually was a job going.

But musically all was well. Mick recalls: "The addition of Charlie was just what we needed. He got the right sort of driving beat going behind . . . sort of urged us on to whip up a real storm. This was vital to us. We had to be kinda battered on to get the best out of us—anyway, anybody'll tell you how important it is to have the right beat laid down.

"Then we were also getting this big reaction from the fans as we got on into 1963. No, I'm not saying we were packing 'em in. Attendances were still very, very small—but the main thing was that we were getting THROUGH to them. We knew, round this period, that we really were on the right lines. O.K., so maybe there would only be 80 people in if we went to a club

like at Ealing. If they all went mad, we felt that we'd scored a triumph."

The real triumphs of these pre-recording days, however, were not really so far away. What the Stones really needed, now that they'd sorted out all their personnel problems, was to find a little club somewhere where they could become the resident group and build up their own following. More and more clubs were going over to rhythm 'n' blues, so it was a matter of keeping an ear to the ground to find out if a resident group was thinking of making a move.

Their respective heads of hair were certainly moving! The thatches got longer and longer and their attitude of refusing to conform was becoming a talking-point round the business. In truth, their attitude as a group was also making them distinctly disliked by some of the old hands on the jazz scene.

In a way, this was understandable. For a start, a lot of noses were put out of joint as the trad scene faded away and a new crop of R and B-sters came in to corner the market, earn the money, gobble up the headlines. When one loses a rich vein of loot, one naturally gets upset with those who take over.

But the Stones were not, at top level, taken seriously for their music, either. Their knockers concentrated on the hair and the so-casual, so-careless appearance . . . couldn't be bothered to listen, properly, to the sort of music the boys were pioneering now in Britain.

This antagonism was here, there and everywhere. The boys couldn't ignore it. So they decided to fight it whenever they could. Which made them even more non-conformist, even less anxious to behave and dress as everyone else in the music world had done for years and years.



Chapter Eighteen

They finally persuade someone to give them a permanent booking.

That chance of a residency wasn't actually too far away. There was a club in Richmond, Surrey, a Thames-side residential town, which had exactly the right atmosphere for staging Stones' music. Several of the Stones had visited the premises at the back of a large public-house, the Station Hotel.

Quite a few of the newer R and B groups had played there to fair attendances. The man who ran the club was one Gorgio Gomelsky, who wore a beard and spoke with a pronounced accent. Gorgio had plans for the establishment though he realised it would be a long, slow process building up a really big following for the bluesy-type music he admired so much.

Groups like the Dave Wood Rhythm 'n' Blues Band showed signs of making it all pay off. And, sure enough, luck did begin to operate in the Stones' favour . . . after months and months of wondering when, precisely, the final axe would fall on their efforts to make the grade.

The boys met for a chat one evening—the evenings were getting longer as Spring moved in on Winter. There was a rumour that the Dave Wood aggregation would be leaving soon. Said Keith: "We can't let this opportunity maybe slip away. We've got to get on to the guv'nor and get our names in quickly." They talked some more and decided that Mick was the ideal man to make the first approach to Gorgio Gomelsky.

Mick accepted the duty. And he'd only been on the phone a few moments when he felt like leaping up and down in sheer delight. Yes, the rumour WAS true—the resident group was going to be resident no more. Yes, Gorgio WAS looking for a new group to keep up the club's reputation for producing the real wild sort of R and B. Yes, it was really all a coincidence but he WAS going to ring Mick Jagger and offer the Stones the job.

The boys were to become the main attraction at the club. There'd be advertising and publicity, if possible, but it was up to them to make a success of the booking. So they went on a percentage deal—fifty per cent of the takings, which meant the more people they pulled in,

the more money they'd earn. Fair enough, thought the Stones. But the only guarantee they were given was a one pound note per man—that'd be their pay if they failed to deliver the goods and prove a big attraction. It was a start, though.

Bill worried a little. "If we don't click there," he said, "it'll cost us most of our wages to even get to the hall, specially as we're bound to want something to eat in the intervals." But the Stones felt this was the challenge they'd wanted for a long time. A prolonged stay in one place, with the chance to build up their own sort of atmosphere.

Immediately, they settled down to a quick rehearsal, realising that they would need a pretty big repertoire to cope with a residency engagement.

That first day at the club was an eye-opener. . . .

Chapter Nineteen

The crowds pack the Station Hotel and the Stones go on film.

There was a solid core of fans waiting for the Stones to arrive—mostly a leftover following from earlier sessions at the Station Hotel. The boys launched into their opening numbers and soon the atmosphere of excitement was something you could almost see, let alone feel.

The evening went on, amid roars of approval from the fans, as R and B stylings fairly bounced off the walls. Outside, Gorgio was counting the takings. Mid-way, he was sure he'd made the right decision. By the finish, he was delighted. All that excitement in the hall . . . and enough money outside to give the boys an extra ten shillings a head for their efforts.

Small money, yes! Positively puny compared with the loot the Stones can earn in a single performance today. But a sign that the club was on to a good thing. The boys wandered off home that evening tired, but very happy.

Next time in, things swung even more. There were about 90 extra fans inside and an even bigger pay-packet waiting for the boys. It went on like that—each visit getting better, until one of the local papers took up the story of the high-jinks going on in that back-room of a pub in Richmond . . . staid and stolid old Richmond.

There were queues forming early, every time the Stones went to the hall. Special dance-

routines were devised by the fans . . . they had to be special because, soon, there wasn't room to swing a cat, let alone a partner. Strange dances, almost like rituals . . . jogging, moving, arm-waving, shoulder-wagging.

The Stones became individual performers. Their autographs were sought. They became very friendly with the fans, usually joining them for drinks in the intervals. Stone-mania was building . . . even if it was in only one small part of the country. None of the musical papers took notice at this time—probably because there was too much happening in a town called Liverpool!

Gorgio was managing the group around this time—and decided to do his level best to get them the recognition they deserved. They played HIS sort of music, a brand of performance that he knew was hugely successful in the States. What's more, his club was becoming, fast, a Mecca for fans. He had every reason to congratulate himself on getting the Stones in as resident attraction.

But boosting the name of the Stones wasn't the easiest thing. Journalists were sceptical of the constant arrival of new names among the group-contenders . . . and anyway, the Stones had not had a single record released. The Hit Parade was what counted, no matter how big the talent concerned might be.

Gorgio hit on an idea. He was so knocked out by the atmosphere in his club that he decided to try and capture it on film. He was, is, an expert film producer and director, and was specially interested in the transference of music to the screen. He figured that there was too much bad feeling about jazz and R and B—and too much phoneyess in filming it for the benefit of the big proportion of the public.

He took his cameras down to Richmond and started work on a short documentary about the Stones. He wanted EVERYTHING included. The sweat, the excitement, the music, the strangely off-beat characters of each individual Stones. He felt this would whip up the interest in the group. This would be as good as a hit record in getting the boys across to the people who mattered . . . the bookers, the journalists.

So Gorgio started inviting writers down to the club to see, for themselves, what was going on. "Don't believe me, because I'm obviously biased," he said. "Just come down and sample it all for yourselves. And, one by one, the writers

DID go down, mostly believing it couldn't be as good as Gorgio suggested.

And two other characters went along, too. Two men, the young Andrew Oldham and the experienced Eric Easton. Big things were to happen as a result of THEIR trek to Surrey.

Chapter Twenty

Andrew Oldham and Eric Easton take a look at the Stones.

Andrew Oldham was an extrovert character who was actually feeling his way in show

business. He'd dabbled in publicity, including getting loads of space for the Beatles . . . and he'd also shown his bites from the show-biz bug in his own efforts to get launched as a singer or compere or comedian.

Andy's main difficulty was that he found his duties with the Beatles were taking up too much time. He had a hatred of getting into any one single rut, so he decided to get away and have a few weeks of thought about precisely what he wanted to do in the business. Which is a nice way of saying that Andrew wasn't actually working.

However, he had met up with Eric Easton, a highly experienced agent who had also been a first-rate organist. Eric was leasing part of his office to Andrew and the two were already proving a useful mixture of age and youth; inexperience and experience.

They went, then, to the Station Hotel . . . acting on advice given them by a journalist. Andrew was "with it" on the pop scene . . . but Eric admits now that he felt a "bit square" when faced with the queues of Stones' fans wearing way-out outfits, chanting strange

chants and obviously completely uninhibited in the way they supported the group.

Said Eric, after he'd sampled the Stones' brand of fiery music: "This really is something different. This is the sort of music and performance that could storm the country. It's going to be difficult to get this sort of music across on records, and to be honest I'm not too sure exactly what sort of music it IS."

Andrew and Eric and several of the Stones talked long into that night. They talked, specially, about the Beatles and the way the Liverpoolians had crashed into chart status. The important thing was that the Stones had to be presented on different lines, with their own way-out personalities exploited to the full. There was no point, Andy and Eric decided, in trying anything like a copy of an existing trend.

The strength of the Stones was in themselves, in other words—something that has been endorsed by the millions of "Rolling" fans throughout the world.

Next Month: That debut record . . . and the first national signs of Stone-sensation!





ANSWERED THIS MONTH BY KEITH MORE LETTERS

I am a great admirer of your Rolling Stones Monthly book, I especially like the full page pin ups of them, but I see you have stopped printing the drawings in the centre page, I do hope this is not permanent, as I am a budding artist myself, and I like to see other peoples versions of the Stones. I think it would be a good idea if you start a centre page for readers to send in their drawings of the Stones, I'm sure they would get a great kick out of seeing their own drawings published. What do you think?

Yours faithfully,

Miss Gillian Waldron.

P.S. I have enclosed a drawing I did of Mick, I would be very pleased if you would publish it.

Keith answers:—

Here is the drawing that Gillian sent. I think it's very good.



EXHAUSTED

I like your music, I think you are all very good instrumentalists: I like you all very much because you seem to work so hard and bring so much happiness to your fans—you seem to give so much of yourselves at times you all look exhausted, but you don't let it affect your performance one little bit. You deserve your success and I hope you will have the devotion of your fans for a long time to come. Don't alter yourselves one little bit, you're alright!

My best wishes to you all,

Frances G. Griffin.

Keith answers:—

Thanks for your letter, Frances. If we weren't exhausted after a performance we'd all feel we hadn't done a good show.

SPIKE'S NAME

This isn't going to be a very long letter, I just want to know why Spike is called Spike, and what is his real name?

Lots and lots of luv
from Kleo Bladwin.

P.S. Happy Christmas.

Keith answers:—

Because he's got one tooth which looks just like a spike.

DILIJT

Thanks very much for sending the other Stones monthlies I now have them all.

Have just seen a bit in No. 5 about the 'Stones in Hull' film—well I saw it *wow* and mmmmmmmmm!!!! Stone-of-the-month you are DILIJT, all of you, I could kick myself 3 times over for having missed you at Plymouth, please come down again. By the way dilijt is pronounced "dyli" and means fab, gear, wonderful, marvellous, great, wild crazy, cool, hep, fantastic, terrific, the most, a rave, a scream, a knockout wow, the *greatest* and the *best* in every way, i.e., *YOU*.

Thanks again Beat-pub for the books, all my love to all you Stones.

Patricia Beavan.

MET BILL

Just had to write and say how much we enjoyed your show at the Fairfield Halls on Friday, it was terrific. Hope it won't be too long before we have the chance of seeing you again.

Also we would like to say how pleasant it was to meet Bill a couple of weeks ago. I don't suppose he remembers us (Diane did when we saw her at Fairfield's) but we met him at Wallington Public Halls, when Jimmy Reed was on. We only talked to him for a couple of minutes, and he signed our autograph books. Trouble was, although we've thought of hundreds of things to say since, at the time we were tongue-tied.

By the way, we think Little Red Rooster is great, and looking forward to the next LP.

Hope Brian's better,

Love and stuff,

Two (old) Fans,
Gina (18)
Jan (20)

P.S. We saw Bill again last night, at the Croydon Crawdaddy Club, hope he comes again!

BINDERS

Dear Sirs,

Concerning the Rolling Stones Monthly Book. I have five girl correspondents in the States who would like copies of the Stones books. Are all the back copies available? And if so, is there a Binder coming out soon? I understand that you would be able to send them direct to America.

Please send me prices and if you have back copies and Binders available, then I could forward you remittance and you could send direct.

I. P. Coleman.

We can send the Rolling Stones Book to your friends in America, every month. The cost is £1. 5s. for a year's subscription. Back copies ARE available—cost 1/9d. each—but sometimes there is a delay in obtaining certain editions. There is NO binder for the Rolling Stones Book at present.





The **ROLLING STONES** Book
No. 9

Edited by BILL WYMAN

will be published on **FEBRUARY 10th**

*Don't forget to order your copy **NOW!***