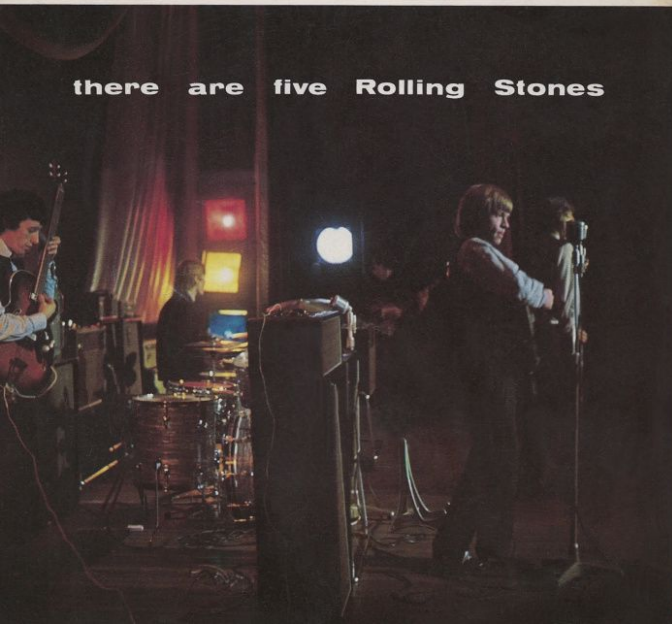




# THE **ROLLING STONES** BOOK



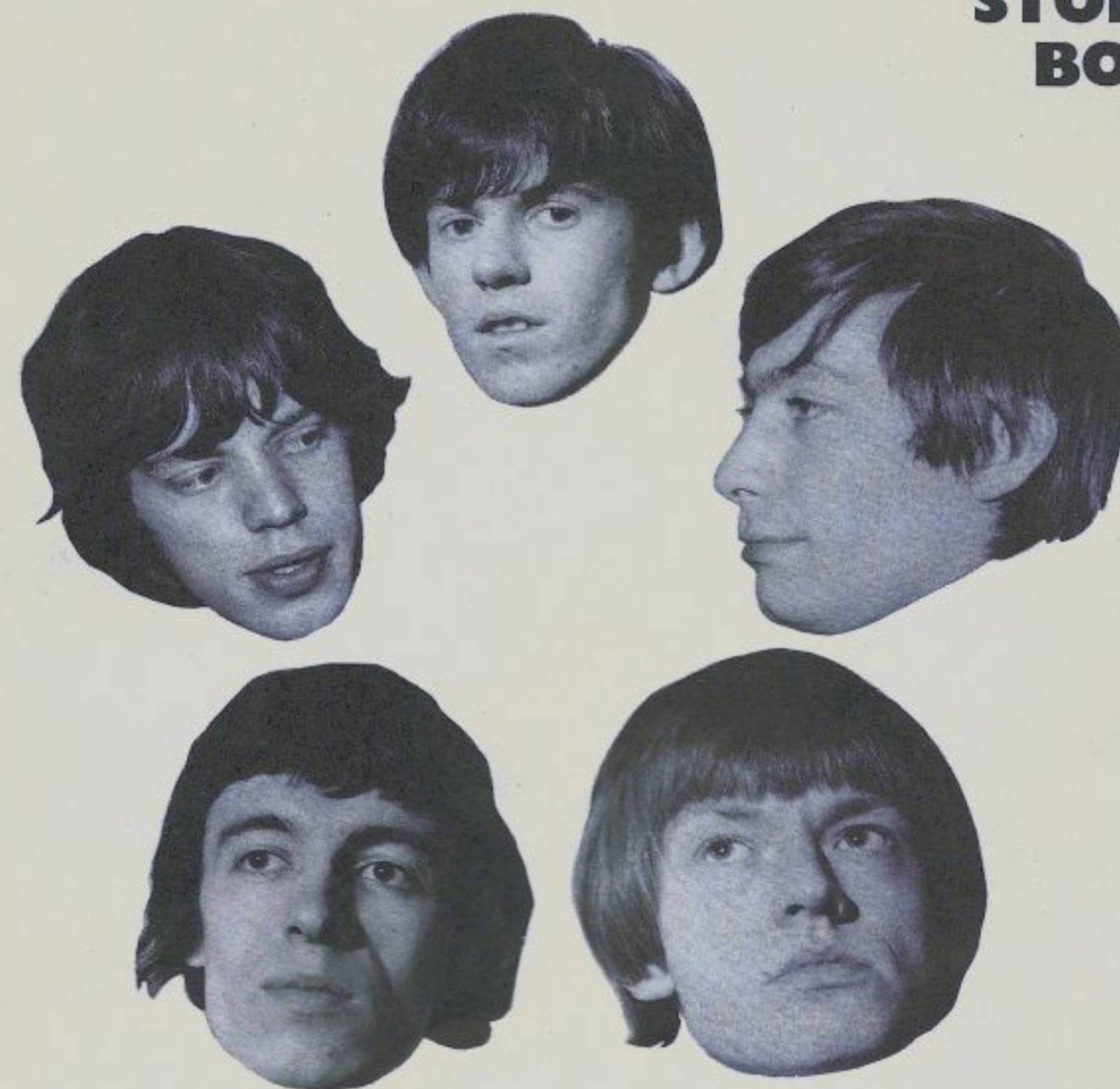
there are five Rolling Stones



EXCLUSIVE PIX-PROFILES-STORY-FEATURES-FAN CLUB

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**THE  
ROLLING  
STONES  
BOOK**



**A COMPLETE INTRODUCTION  
TO BRITAIN'S R & B KINGS**





**THE  
ROLLING  
STONES  
BOOK**

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# Introduction by **THE ROLLING STONES**

**H<sup>I</sup>, THERE!**

We've got something that we've just got to say! It's simply that we're knocked out to have this book all about ourselves—and to add that it's one of the biggest thrills we've had in what's certainly been a fantastic year.

People keep asking us what we think about the fans. You know the sort of thing—"Do you boys ever get fed up with being asked for autographs?" or "Do you ever want to be left alone?" Well, we'd like to tell you that we love the life and we love the fans. And if that sounds corny . . . well, it's none the less true.

But seriously, the music business is a great business to be in. Once or twice, we've been a bit frightened . . . like when about a thousand people rushed the rostrum at the Empire Pool, Wembley. Keith was upended and nearly lost his guitar. Charlie was pulled away from his drums. But it was the warmth, the enthusiasm, of everybody that got through to us. Even if we did think we were going to be torn to pieces, we still loved every minute of it—because it showed that we had a lot of people who were behind us all the way.

In this book, you'll read about how our show business career developed. You'll read about how some people in particular have helped us a great deal. You'll read the *INSIDE* story of all of us individually . . . though, of course, we'd have a lot more to say about each other if only the censor would let us!

Honestly, it's a wonderful feeling!

But it's rhythm 'n' blues that's responsible. Like on our LP—well, we enjoyed every minute of making it. It wasn't work to us . . . it was a session of sheer pleasure! We knew the sort of sound we wanted to achieve and built up everything from there. Sometimes we don't like the records we make . . . and it does us a power of good to know that the fans *DO* dig!

Sometimes it *IS* hard work. But we love it all. Hey . . . hang on, a minute! The way we're talking now, it looks like we should be paying *YOU* for listening to us.

Seriously, all of us hope that you enjoy the book. We've enjoyed helping collaborate so that we've got the facts and the figures just right. Incidentally, we're also writing regularly in our own *Monthly Magazine*, where we try and answer your queries as fully as possible.

We've had an almost unbelievable year in which so much has happened we just can't even now let it all register properly. We're glad you've joined us in our efforts to get our sort of music across. And we're not kidding ourselves that any of it would have been possible without your support.

Sometimes we look into the future and we get scared all over again. But then we remember the wonderful fans we've found during the past year.

Best of luck to all of you . . .

*mick*

*keith*

*charlie*

*brian*

*bill*



# MICK JAGGER



**M**ICHAEL PHILIP JAGGER soon dropped the formal sound of his full name and became "Mick" to all and sundry. He looks easily the tallest of the Stones, but at 5 ft. 10 in. is actually just the same size as Keith Richard height-wise, though he's the heaviest by around five pounds.

The spotlight usually falls first on Mick. Lead singer and harmonica player, Mick has his fair share of mannerisms. The curved smile, the big mop of uncontrollable hair, the gesticulating hands—everything seems to move when Mick gets into full flight on a song.

He was born in Dartford, Kent, and his parents' names are Joe and Eva. Mick went to Dartford Grammar School where, despite the attitude of some of his old masters, he has become very much the school hero. From there, he went on to the London School of Economics, taking high-domed lessons in high-domed subjects.

His harmonica-playing is one of the most exciting parts of British beat music. But he says, quietly and with no sort of big-time stress: "I wasn't taught how to play. Just picked it up. It's a matter of feeling the music, you know. It's not like it is with Larry Adler, for instance. Technique is important to him. But for blokes interested in our sort of music, the harmonica is a vitally important means of expression. I just kind of wail into it."

From the earliest days of the Rolling Stones, Mick has had enormous faith in the group. Says his biggest break in life so far—a fantastically successful life—was meeting up with the rest of the group. He'll rave for hours about Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed and Bo Diddley—and still can't get over meeting Bo for the first time.

His eyes are a particularly piercing shade of blue. Innocent almost, even when he indulges in a highly complicated sort of mickey-taking. For Mick, though one of the kindest characters in the business, is quite capable of "sending up" somebody for minutes on end without the victim having the foggiest idea what's going on.

Mick—birth-date July 26, 1944—is a very ambitious sort of cove. He admits it. He says: "I want to be a success, and I specially want the Stones to be internationally accepted. But it's got to be a compromise success to be really what I want. That is I want the financial rewards but I don't want to chuck overboard the artistic sort of things. That's why, sometimes, I seem abrupt. It isn't anything more than a sudden fear, a sudden pang, about the career side of things. If somebody gives me the impression they think we're a gang of freaks . . . well, I suppose I can be very nasty indeed."

He drinks orange juice, has a taste for continental foods . . . and is most comfortable in casual clothes. Says: "I'm a happy sort of geyser, but people are always asking me what things I most dislike. Well, all right then—I can't stand those transport cafes that we so often find ourselves in when on tour. And intolerant people give me a creepy, crawly feeling right up my spine. But generally, I guess you could say that my main philosophy is to enjoy myself . . . and do the best I can for the fans who come in to see us work."

Music, though, is Mick's whole life. Any girl he may eventually marry is going to have to want the record-playing routine most hours of the day. "And I won't be playing our records," he says. "I'm so seldom really satisfied with our own work."





# A SHORT STORY OF THE ROLLING

**I**N JUST a few incident-packed months, the fabulous Rolling Stones have leapt over dozens of longer-established groups to become one of the biggest, brightest attractions in the business.

And they've done it despite coping a lot of criticism from fuddy-duddies who don't like the way they've grown their hair—or the way they dress. And they've done it because they knew what sort of music they liked, stuck to it, studied it—and had faith in themselves even when most of 'em

could barely afford a tin of baked beans for supper.

It's a great, fast-moving story. Brian Jones, Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts can laugh about the hard times now... but they don't mind admitting there WERE times when they'd cheerfully have chucked it all in and gone into a 9-5 sort of job. Which would have been a terrible loss to the thousands of fans who rate the Stones as 1964's top group.

For me, the Stones first existed on a May day in 1963. Film producer Georgio Komelsky had telephoned and said: "Rhythm 'n'

blues is the next big thing in this country. And the Rolling Stones are the boys to lead the way. Never heard of them? Right—come down to Richmond, in

*by Peter Jones*

Surrey, on Sunday. I'm filming the boys in a sequence. I promise you that you won't find it a wasted journey. And if you like them, well... maybe you can help. They're getting fed up because they can't get a recording contract."

A drag! Sunday morning! But I went. And I was sold on the Rolling Stones inside ten minutes of hearing the way they whipped up the enthusiasm—even from an audience which were really just "film extras" for the morning. They were wild. Really wild! And they swung like nobody's business.

I stayed as long as I could. Then I spread the word about the fabulous sounds the Stones had made. And... Ah, but before we go FORWARD, we should go back a little first!

The Stones made their first appearance in July, 1962, at the Marquee Club in London's West End. It was a one-shot trip, though they did well—for they didn't return until September that year. They also worked sometimes at Ealing, in a rhythm club way out there on the London Underground Central Line. Recalls Mick Jagger: "Those really were hard times. We didn't have the same line-up we have today, but one thing was certain: NOBODY wanted to know about us. Seemed that a lot of promoters had no faith in us. And it also seemed that a lot of people didn't know what on earth we were trying to do.

"Rhythm 'n' Blues was OUR

Three Stones go rolling down London's Charing Cross Road during a break from the recording studio.

6

# STONES

music. Sometimes we couldn't even force ourselves to go out and work. We'd get up in the mornings and put on some Muddy Waters, or Chuck Berry, or Jimmy Reed records and... well, we just couldn't stop playing them.

"There really was no sort of breakthrough in those days. We did the Flamingo a few times before Christmas that year. And we went to Windsor, then to Richmond. It was the Station Hotel at Richmond—and I remember we got seven quid the first time in.

"Luckily for us, there was a big increase in the customers. It went up from about 15 to over a hundred in very quick time—so, just for a change, we felt we DID have something to offer the fans."

The first date at the Marquee—it came about through Alexis Korner, pioneering leader of the R & B scene in Britain. Current Stone Charlie Watts was playing drums with the Korner group.

Keith Richard and Mick Jagger had been together, as mates, even before those days. They'd rehearsed in back-rooms at their homes in Dartford, Kent. One evening they'd gone to watch Alexis Korner "because he was the first one of his kind." The seed was sown...

For a while, Mick earned some money by singing with Alexis, while Keith and Brian Jones, a "new mate," talked over starting a group. They had plenty of ideas! Dick Taylor, now with the Pretty Things, was on bass when the group eventually started. On drums, then, was Tony Chapman—and Ian Stewart, now the group's road manager, was on piano (and maraccas, from time to time).

So there were SIX Rolling Stones in those days.

They took what jobs they could. Brian Jones has recalled: "Keith and I, sharing a flat, used to have to 'nick' food from friends, just to keep going. It was a matter of dedication, though I hope that doesn't sound corny. We wanted only music—our sort of music. It just didn't seem worth our while to waste time on ordinary work... though that's not to say we were layabouts."

Back, then, to the day I went to Richmond. That was "home"



A reporter chats with Brian while Charlie argues drum beats with Jet Harris during their recent tour.

for the Stones. Often the crowds trying to get in would spill over the pavements. Local papers took notice of the strangely-dressed, so-casual lads who whipped up such a storm over the Thames-side town every week.

I talked to Andrew Loog Oldham, a show business publicist, who until a few days before had been handling the Press side of the then reasonably established Beatles. He promised to see the Stones. If he liked them, he agreed to help. He had the right set-up. For Andrew was renting an office from agent Eric Easton, who handled stars like Brian Matthew and Julie Grant—and Eric and Andrew wanted to find somebody else to manage, publicise, make records with, and act as agents for...

The Stones were the answer. Let Andrew Oldham take up the story of the Stones' staggering successes. "What impressed me

was their enormous sense of rhythm and style—and the way they communicated with the audience. They just played... and whipped up so much enthusiasm I was frankly knocked out. This, I knew instinctively, was the right group to boost. So Eric Easton and I worked on it—Eric with his experience and me with a sort of youthful interest.

"We made 'Come On' on May 21. That was their first single. It was made privately in the Olympic Studios in London. On June 7, we'd sold the tape to Decca and the disc was released. For three weeks, it did nothing. But one musical paper (the *Record Mirror*) had enthused about the boys, so we had to simply hope things'd change. And for fifteen weeks that disc hovered around in the charts from thirty to about eighteen. Flip side had been the Willie Dixon number 'I Wanna Be Loved.'

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"It was a start—even if it hadn't set the business alight.

"That disc lasted all summer. By September, the boys were out touring with the Everly Brothers and Bo Diddley—and Bo was an idol of theirs. Anyway, I went to a Variety Club luncheon in London and left with John Lennon and Paul McCartney, of the Beatles. They'd seen the Stones—and liked them. What's more, they had this song, 'I Wanna Be Your Man,' which they thought would suit the Stones.

"We shared a taxi up the Charing Cross Road. John and Paul came into the recording studios, taught the Stones the right chords—and Eric Easton made the record. The 'B' side was 'Stoned,' written by all the Stones . . . and featured Ian Stewart on piano. The Beatles song got to number nine. But the disc was criticised for having 'distorted excitement.' Didn't matter. The Stones were on the way."

They were indeed! Next step was when Eric Easton produced an EP, featuring "You'd Better Move On," "Bye Bye Johnnie," "Poison Ivy" and "Money." It

should have been released before Christmas . . . but didn't come out until January. Then, as the whole of Britain became Rolling Stone-conscious, it leaped into the single charts at Number 15. And stayed there.

By February this year, the incredible Stones had started recording their first long-player. First tracks were "Mona," "Carol," "Route 66." At this time, Mick, Keith and Andrew Oldham were sharing a flat. They went through stacks of old records—and came across "Not Fade Away." It was first cut for an LP session . . . but the tempo was too fast.

So they did it again. The session started at 5 p.m. Top American recording "guy'nor," Phil Spector, came in and played maracas. Gene Pitney, chart-hogging American singer, appeared and played piano. . . . And "Not Fade Away" proved just right for the next single release.

And furthermore Mick and Phil Spector vanished for a few moments—then appeared with a startlingly quickly written "Little

By Little" to go out as the "B" side. The Hollies, too, turned up before that session was over. Everybody joined in. . . .

With only three singles, one EP, one LP, the Stones have established themselves . . . and stayed, simply, THEMSELVES. They've become scream-raisers extraordinaire; roof - demolitionists Class One.

Music is the one thing that holds their interest all the way. They'd honestly live now on baked beans (if they could afford them) rather than simply play the sort of material those fuddy-duddies think they SHOULD play.

Where next for the Stones? Films—for sure. America—equally certain. And the rest of the world.

The sky's the limit.

People who live in glass-houses shouldn't throw stones. People who live in glass-houses shouldn't play the Stones' music. Because it's violent enough, and exciting enough, to splinter any pane of glass in sight.

As I was saying, it's a truly fantastic success story. . . .



Here's Phil Spector—a great mate of the boys, who played maracas on "Not Fade Away."

The boys pause for a quick pic in front of the Albert Memorial on a windy day.



## ROLLING STONES HITS

45 COME ON

DECCA F.11675

45 I WANNA BE YOUR MAN

DECCA F.11764

45 NOT FADE AWAY

DECCA F.11845

EP STONES

DECCA DFE.8560

LP

DECCA L.K.4605

c/w I WANNA BE LOVED

c/w STONED

c/w LITTLE BY LITTLE

YOU'D BETTER MOVE ON: POISON IVY:  
BYE-BYE JOHNNY: MONEY.

ROUTE 66: I JUST WANNA MAKE LOVE  
TO YOU: HONEST I DO: MONA: NOW  
I'VE GOT A WITNESS: I'M A KING BEE:  
LITTLE BY LITTLE: CAROL: TELL ME:  
YOU CAN MAKE IT IF YOU TRY: CAN  
I GET A WITNESS: WALKIN' THE DOG.



# KEITH RICHARD

## PROFILE

**K**EITH RICHARD was born on December 18, 1943, with something he no longer has—that is the "s" which originally was on the end of his surname.

His black hair hangs low, all round his head. His brown eyes reflect the aforementioned sensitivity and he usually talks quietly, but with enthusiasm, whatever the subject. This guitar-star with the highly developed style has another string to his bow. For after leaving Dartford Technical School, he went on to Sidcup Art School, in Kent, and soon was earning rave reports from the instructors for his artistic abilities.

Keith has a big collection of his drawings and paintings and is thinking of giving in to some of the requests he's had to publish them. So . . . a Rolling Stone could be cropping up in some of the high-class arty type of papers soon.

Keith's parents' names are Doris and Bert and he is the only child. So perhaps it's only natural that his mum and dad took particular pride in the way he took to guitar and the way he could pick out simple melodies within a few hours of getting his own instrument. And he got some of his off-beat sense of humour, for sure, from his parents.

For Keith may not talk as much as some of his group-mates . . . but he comes up with a fast reply to some questions. Ask him what he did before he joined the Stones and he'll reply: "I was a high-class, very talented, layabout." Says he doesn't like "cross-eyes," or "two-faced people."

He claims, dead-pan, that his first film appearance was in the "Sheik of Araby" movie with Rudolph Valentino. But that reflects his enthusiasm for movies, specially the off-beat ones. He nominates Paul Newman and Sophia Loren as his favourite stars, also mentioning "Jinx" as if everybody in the world knows who Jinx is!

On the music side, Keith is resolutely on the R & B kick. Like the other Stones, he goes for Chuck Berry and has a lot of his records. Muddy Waters, too, is high on his list. "But I also like the girlie groups—like the Shirelles and the Crystals," he says. "If I have to give different categories for the music I go for, I suppose it would be a R & B first, then pop, then Country 'n' Western. But anything that is good is all right by me. I'll just say this: the Flintstones are one of the best groups I've heard in Britain—and they deserve to do a lot of big things in the future."

Has the Stones' successes really changed his way of life? "Oh, sure," he says, "in a lot of different ways. Actually I'm another orange juice fan, but nowadays I can take a few more vodkas mixed in tomato juice—you know, Bloody Marys—than I could afford in the early days. Chicken has always been my favourite food and I still like to stop off on tour and have a goodly portion of barbecued hen."

Keith dresses expensively now, but usually in the range of leather or dark suits, or stylish casual clothes. He digs: boats, high-heel boots and, of course, girls. . . .

Dedicated, good-looking, sincere—that's Keith. And in love with his guitar!





# BACKSTAGE MOMENTS



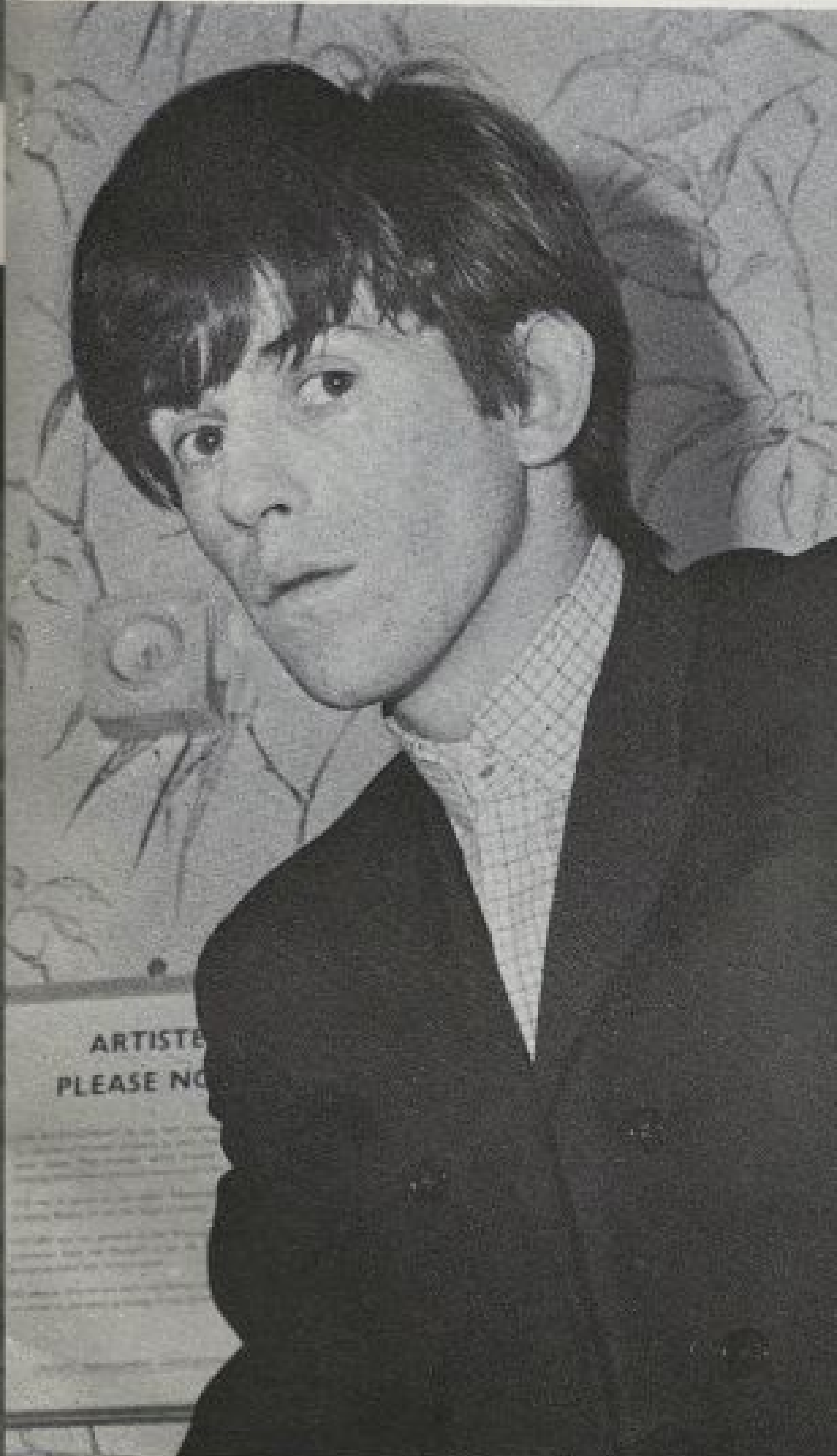
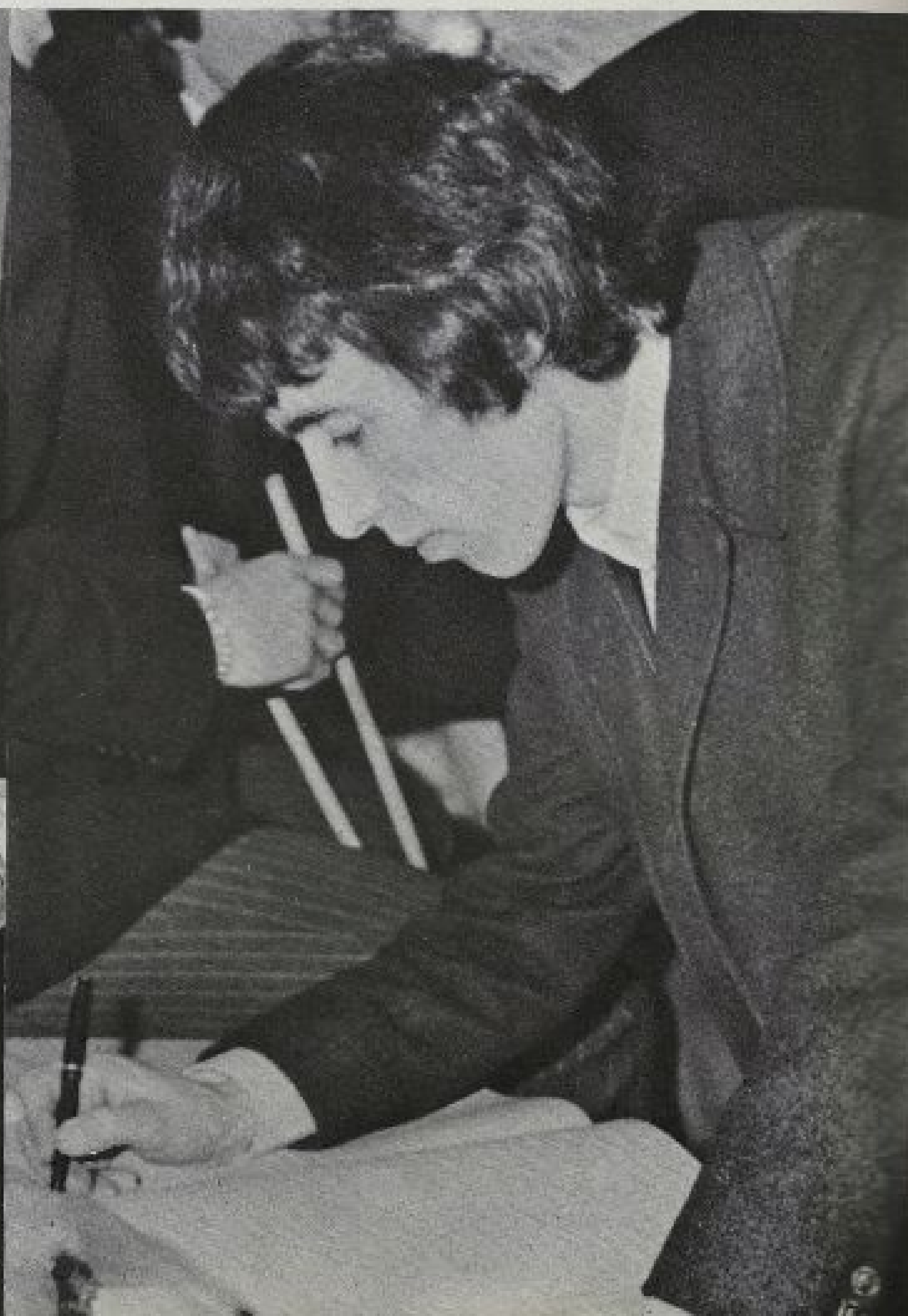
*A rare smile from M.J. as he cools off after a real hot show.*

*Brian has a bit of fun just before the curtain goes up.*

*"You won't catch me putting on one of those shiny suits before every performance," says Keith. "It doesn't go with real R & B."*

*Charlie never stops searching for new rhythms.*

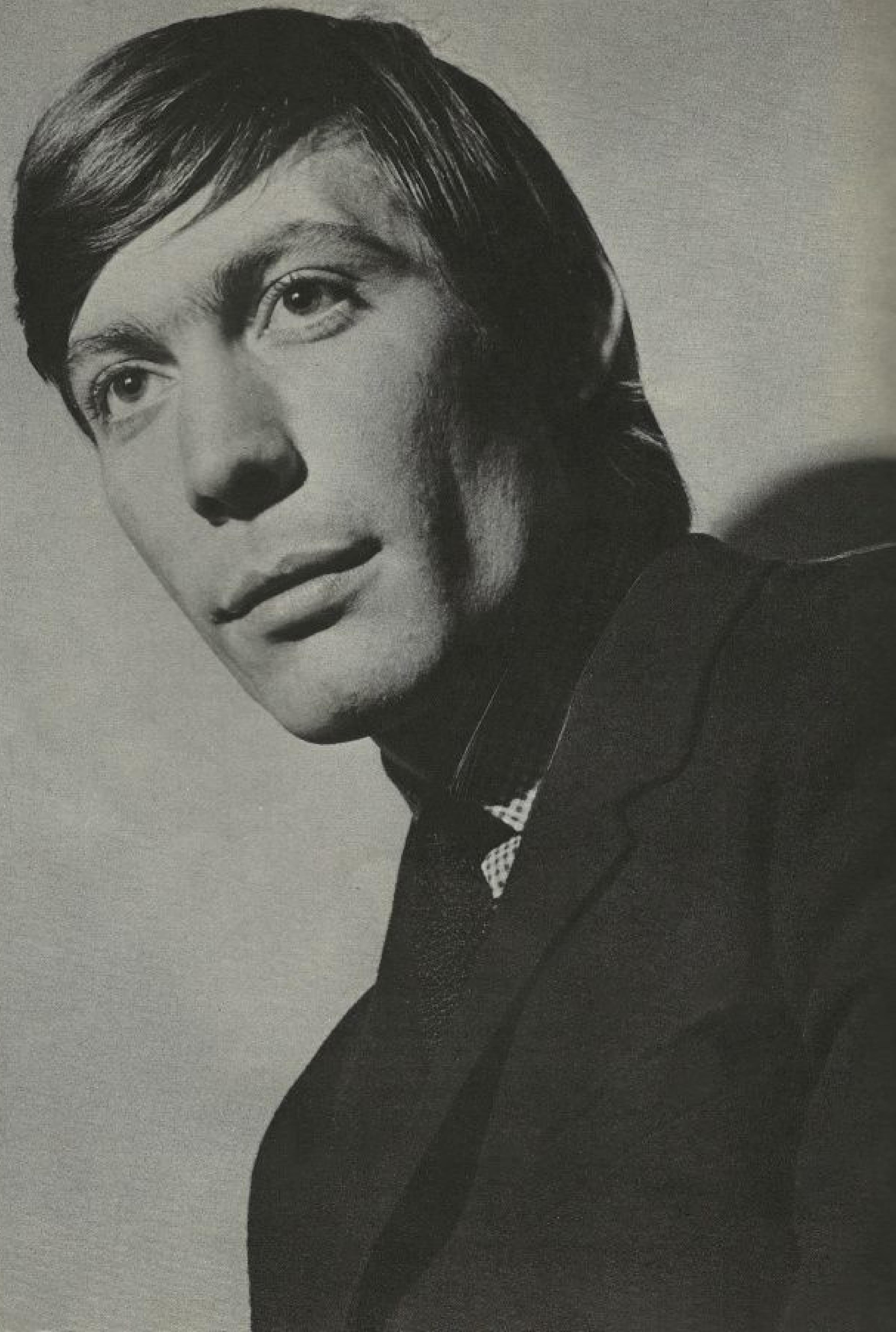
*Bill Wyman takes advantage of a few peaceful moments to catch up on some autograph signing.*





# CHARLIE WATTS

PROFILE



**C**HARLES ROBERT WATTS is "Charlie Boy" to most of his mates. Now famed drummer with the Rolling Stones, he first started appearing in public with the Alexis Korner group, meeting up with the other Stones at the Marquee Club in London's West End. And it needs only a glance at Charlie to know that he is the Beau Brummel of the outfit . . . the snappy dresser, the one who actually wears smart-cut suitings.

If the drumming business ever folded for Charlie Boy, he'd still carve out a good living and plenty of money as a graphic designer. That's what he did before he went into the beat business—and he picked up most of his talent at Harrow Art College. Prior to that he was educated at Tylers Croft school. At present, he lives in Wembley, Middlesex, though he never spends any time at the international football ground there. Much too busy, he explains, laying down the basic beat for the Stones.

Charlie has rather less hair than the other Rolling Stones. His thatch is brown in colour, and the fringe lolls casually over deep blue eyes. His face is rather angular, with a strong and firm jaw-line. He's very photogenic. In fact, the Stones' co-manager Andrew Oldham says: "If the group scene faded away, I think Charlie could do well in the movie industry. I see him as the Steve McQueen type. Of course, he hasn't done any acting as yet, but he has got that natural sort of talent. I'm sure of that."

Charlie, born on June 2, 1941, in London, is 5 ft. 8 in. tall and weight cards show him to be 10 stone exactly. As a man of few words, you can't expect him to answer questions with more than the odd syllable.

You ask him what is his taste in clothes. He says: "I like them right." In fact, he goes for highly-priced American and Continental suits, sometimes in pinstripe and pinhead material. Ask what was his musical education and he says simply: "A good one." Ask him what is his favourite food, and he says: "Good food." Ask him his tastes in music and he says: "Good." Which is O.K.—though it makes it difficult to find out the real Watts-on behind Charlie Boy's bland, expressive face.

But it's on the subject of his favourite "likes" that Charlie Watts really lets go. "I like girls, clothes . . . and myself," he says. But that last bit is just something else you don't want to take seriously about this slow-grinning, but happy, individual.

The main artists that Charlie talks about are Bo Diddley, Muddy Waters, Sammy Davis Jnr., Buddy Greco—he also throws in the canvas-type artist Pablo Picasso for good measure. But ask him about British singers and he'll rave about Mick Jagger—and that's not just because they happen to be in the same group. Says Charlie: "Mick really goes some on stage shows. And the audience reaction he's had at some of our shows has been really fantastic."

In fact, some of Charlie's drumming has been described as "fantastic" by other musicians, for he pushes the group along like crazy. Trouble with being a drummer is that you're usually placed in the background, tucked away behind the guitar line-up—but Charlie Boy always manages to make himself heard. And, usually, SEEN.

On the other hand, Charlie is different from the others in that he says there is genuinely **NOTHING** that he really dislikes. He just takes life, good or bad, exactly as he finds it.









# BRIAN JONES



**B**RIAN JONES has greeny-blue eyes that are sometimes sleepy—but sometimes switch on and peer right through you. But they're eyes that can be full of humour, too . . . eyes that meet the most direct of questions with a complete look of honesty and understanding. When he smiles, his whole face lights up; but when he feels depressed he registers the maximum of doom.

He's 5 ft. 8 in. tall and there is 10 stone 1 lb. distributed around his broad-shouldered frame. When he talks—and he loves to talk about the Rolling Stones or about rhythm 'n' blues—he stands easily, balanced evenly, and he talks with great animation. Brian believes intensely in the music the group plays . . . and in the way they perform. "We're not interested in trying to copy anybody else," he says, "and I hope we never will be."

Brian is immensely likeable. He's also a thoroughly dedicated musician. He talks about the cut-price guitars he once had to make do with—and is obviously truly grateful that he can now afford to buy the most expensive instrument in the store. But his harmonica is a 10s. 9d. model and though he owns several, he scorns the more expensive ones. And he says: "I love SOUNDS. I like to experiment. I think that is the real reason why I really prefer harmonica to guitar. I can wail on harmonica. I can get nearer the true blues . . ."

Brian was born in Cheltenham, on February 22, 1944. His father, Lewis Jones, was a headmaster, now retired, and his mother, Louisa, was never reluctant to encourage Brian from going out for a career in music.

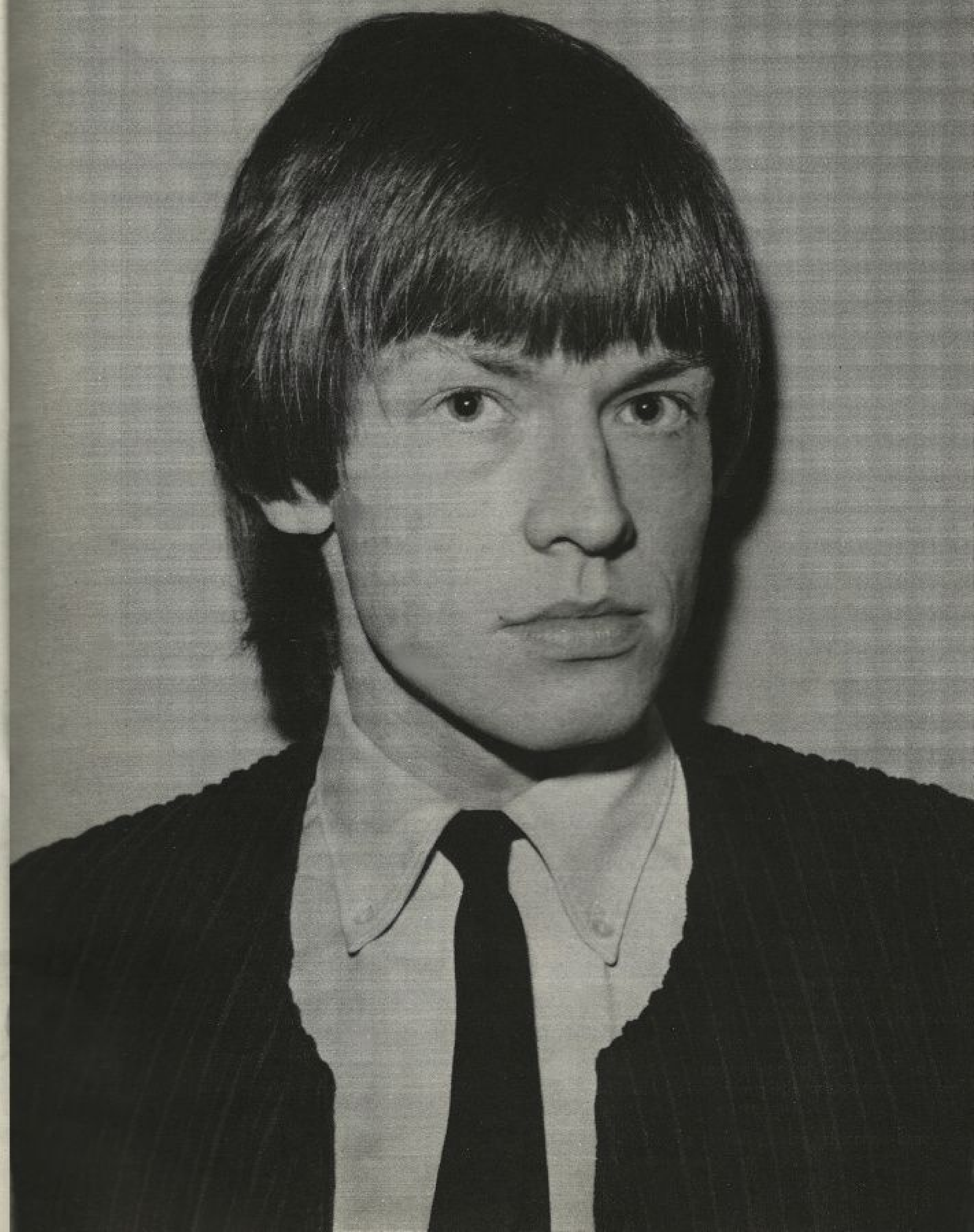
He says: "I was educated at Cheltenham Grammar School, where I wasn't really all that much of a flop at my studies. But I realised that making music simply had to be a major part of my life. Now I play harmonica and guitar—but I taught myself. It was just a labour of love. It wasn't until I was 18 that I really got started in show business . . . and I'll always remember that my first appearance was at the Marquee, in Oxford Street, just one of many music and beat clubs in the West End of London.

"Fact is that the really great rhythm 'n' blues stars all affected me—made me want to listen to them all the time, even to the extent of not worrying much about any other work. People like Jimmy Reed, Bo Diddley, or in a different field Johnny Cash. These are the sort of stars I can listen to all day and not get even slightly bored.

"I like Willie Dixon, too, for his song-writing efforts. But then I also go for Paul McCartney and John Lennon, because there's a freshness and originality about their work. Come to that, I also go for Bach. Every time I say that, people think I'm taking the mickey. But it's quite possible to like a wide variety of musical things. About the only one I don't dig . . . well, brass bands. That sort of sound does nothing to me. But on the professional side, I'm interested in the Stones doing well in the States—and also I want the group to have an undisputed Number One in the British charts."

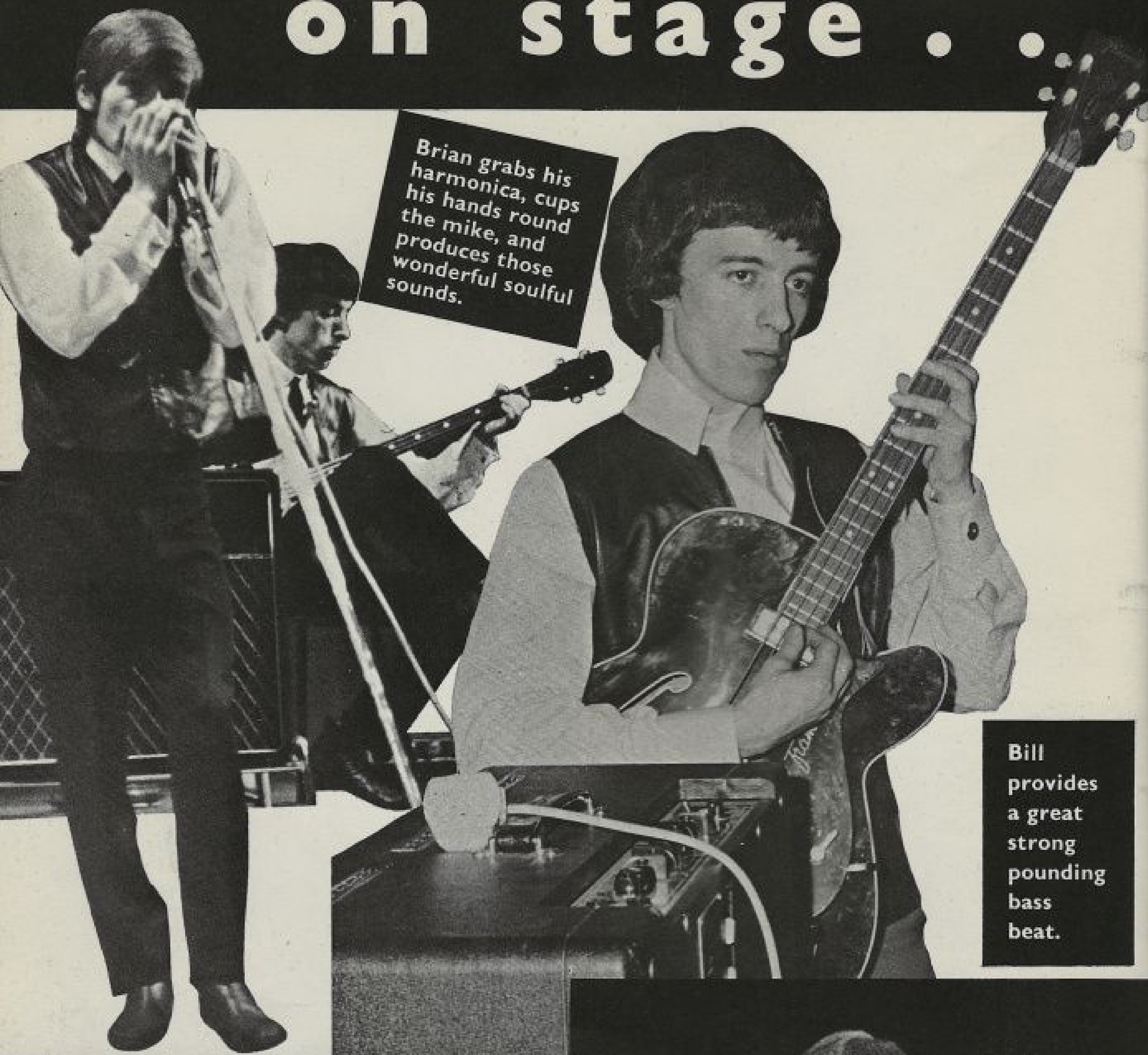
Brian eats steaks by the dozen, has a taste in drinks that varies from iced milk to whisky-with-ice, and back again. Has "a thing" about travelling on public transport . . . and in fact believes in hiring different cars—sometimes a different one each week. The rest of the time he spends just worrying about the music business—and specially about what the Stones are next going to do.

**A thinker, Brian Jones. But also a darned nice person. A swinging sort of guy.**





# on stage . . .



Brian grabs his harmonica, cups his hands round the mike, and produces those wonderful soulful sounds.

Bill provides a great strong pounding bass beat.



Mick leads the vocalising with a stern-faced Charlie on drums behind.

Lead guitarist, Keith, gives tremendous vitality and great playing to their act.

Stixman, Charlie, beating out that hard solid rhythm in his position behind the other boys.







# The **ROLLING STONES** *Fan Club*

93-97 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

HELLO!

If you are already a member of The Official Rolling Stones Fan Club you will know all about us. But, if you aren't, and would like to know what we do and how to join, I'll give you full details in a minute.

First of all I would like to say what a great thrill it is for me to be secretary to the Rolling Stones. They are completely unpredictable and I never know what they are going to get up to next. But, I adore working for them.

The Fan Club has increased at a fantastic rate during the last few months and the mail really comes pouring into the office these days. It's my job, also, to make sure that your letters reach the boys. So, as soon as the postman turns up I start sorting them into separate piles; one for each of the Stones and a general one if the writer hasn't addressed his or her letter to one of the boys individually. That's one thing that all the Stones insist upon - getting their mail. It just isn't possible for them to answer many letters these days - they just can't find the time - but every one is read.

What does the Fan Club do? Well, as soon as you have joined you receive a membership card, a signed photo and full biographical details of each Stone listing their likes and dislikes, birthdays, hobbies and lots of other information. Every twelve weeks, or so, I send a newsletter to each member, which gives full details of their forthcoming engagements, latest activities and other bits of personal news about the boys. We also do our best to get autographs but sometimes this is a little difficult. It's a bit dangerous sending your precious books all over the country to the various theatres where the boys are appearing because they may get lost. So, we always ask that you send us single pages which are so much easier to send or take to them.

I'm also writing a letter on the Fan Club page of every edition of the Rolling Stones Monthly Magazine. So, I hope that I'll be keeping in regular touch with you that way as well.

To join, all you have to do is to drop me a note at the address above, together with a stamped addressed envelope. And if you want to send a letter to one of the boys don't forget to mark his name clearly on the front and also put c/o Annabelle Smith. That makes it much easier for me to pass it on.

Bye for now,

*Annabelle Smith*

Secretary, Rolling Stones Fan Club.



# BILL WYMAN

## PROFILE

**B**ILL WYMAN has a very unusual face—and that's saying something when he is one of the fabulous Stones. Just add a big hat and he could easily be a Cavalier from the 16th century. Bass guitarist with the group, Bill was born on October 24, 1941, in Lewisham, south of the River Thames but still in the London area.

He lives now in Penge, but went to school at Beckenham Grammar. For a while, he studied piano and became pretty good at the old keyboard. Now bass guitar is more than enough for him—and there's a good chance that one day he'll become a very good session man, producing the high-paid but anonymous background sounds to hit records.

Bill's green-brown eyes suddenly come alight with enthusiasm as he remembers how things have changed since the really early days. "Maybe we all knew we'd do O.K. in the end," he said. "But a lot of the time it seemed that the cards were stacked against us." Bill joined the Stones after the nucleus had been set up—but his first public appearance was at the Marquee, with a show at the Royal Albert Hall probably his first really important engagement.

Bill may be quiet, compared with SOME of the Rolling Stones, but he's also regarded as a bit of a "deep 'un" by the others because of his interest in astronomy. This isn't just a matter of reading a horoscope in the daily paper for Bill—he follows it through and studies the subject. Also, he's very keen on poetry. Not to mention cashew nuts . . . and girls. But then ALL the Rolling Stones like girls!

He comes from a big family, does Bill. Apart from mum and dad, William and Kathleen Wyman, there's brothers John and Paul and sisters Judy and Anne. He says: "That little lot is a useful group to have rooting for you in an audience." And the family agree that they're very, very proud of Bill and the way he fought through to make show business HIS business.

Bill, 5 ft. 8 in. tall and weighing just ten stone, puts his personal ambition high. He wants to top the Hit Parade three times—with the Stones, of course! And he adds: "Though we're all so keen on R & B, I must say that the music of Cole Porter really interests me a lot."

Once upon a time, it seemed that Bill would make his career in engineering. He'd started at this sort of work before making his debut in show business at the age of 21—rather later than the other Rolling Stones. He says: "I'm so keen on music now, that I think it'd break my heart if I had to go back to any other sort of work."

Bill, who prefers orange squash to most other drinks, nominates escalops, scampi and pork chops as his favourite foods. "But then I'll eat most things, not necessarily at set times, but just when I'm hungry," he says.

Bill has built up a tremendous fan-following for his personality, his drive and his skilled musicianship. And he enjoys every minute of it. Of the new-found stardom, he says simply: "Nowadays there doesn't seem to be much time for sleep. Not enough, anyway. And, of course, it isn't very easy to just go out and wander about the streets, because either the fans recognise you and hold things up . . . or somebody shouts out something rude! Still, we don't care about that. It's the music that matters. Plus, of course, the importance of pleasing the fans."

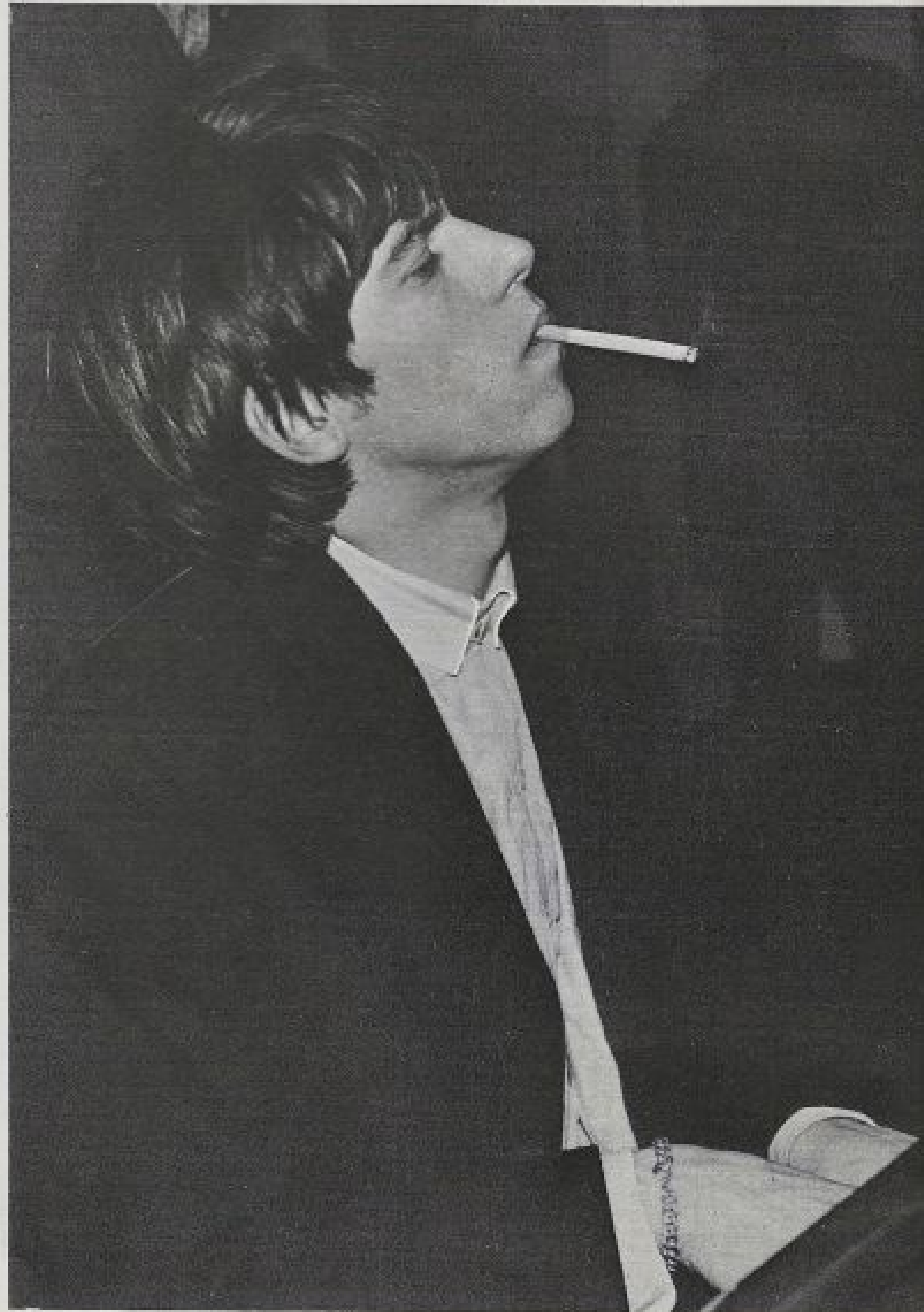




... in the **RECORDING STUDIOS**

*Stones make their first LP*

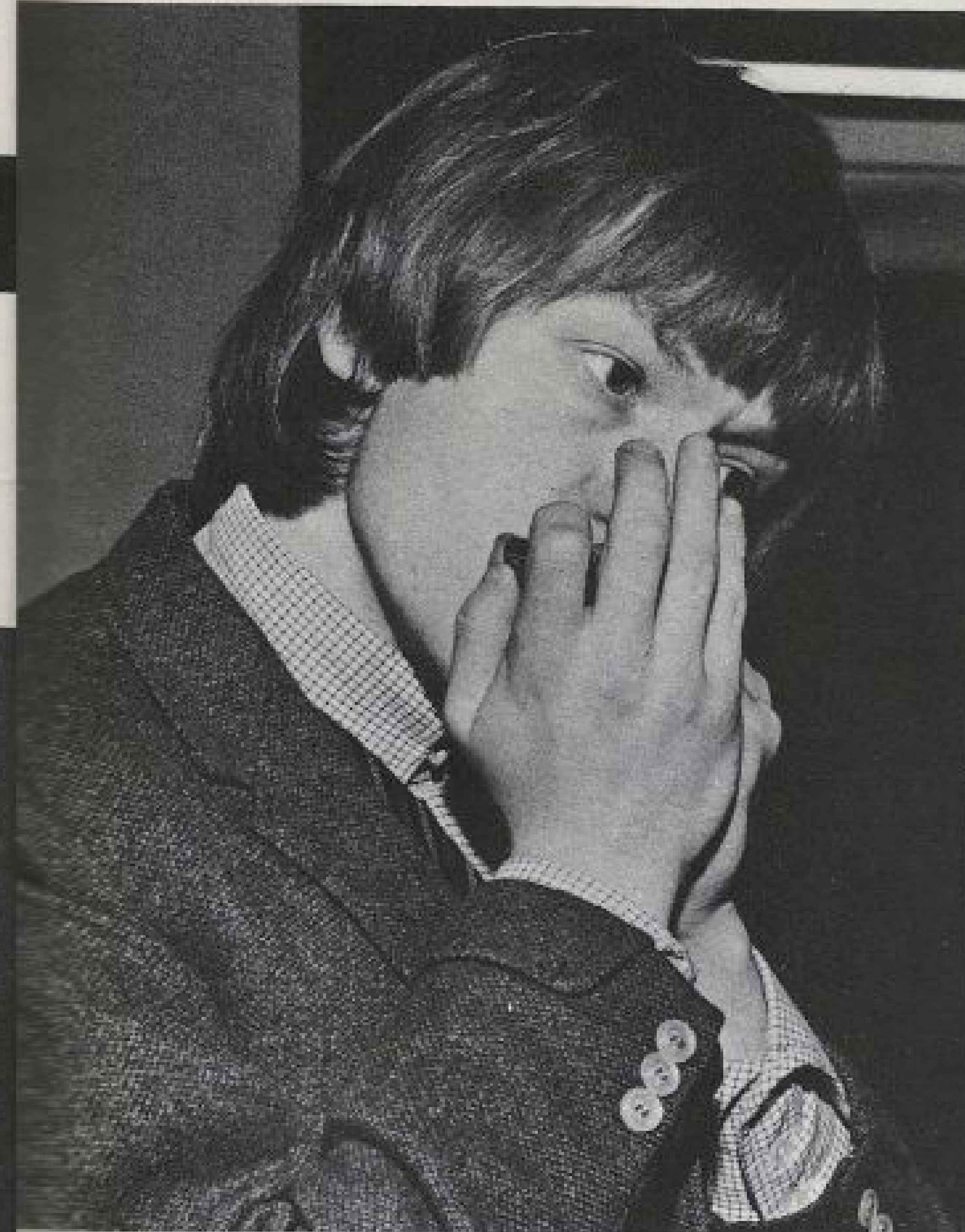
← *Bill gets ready for a marathon session.*



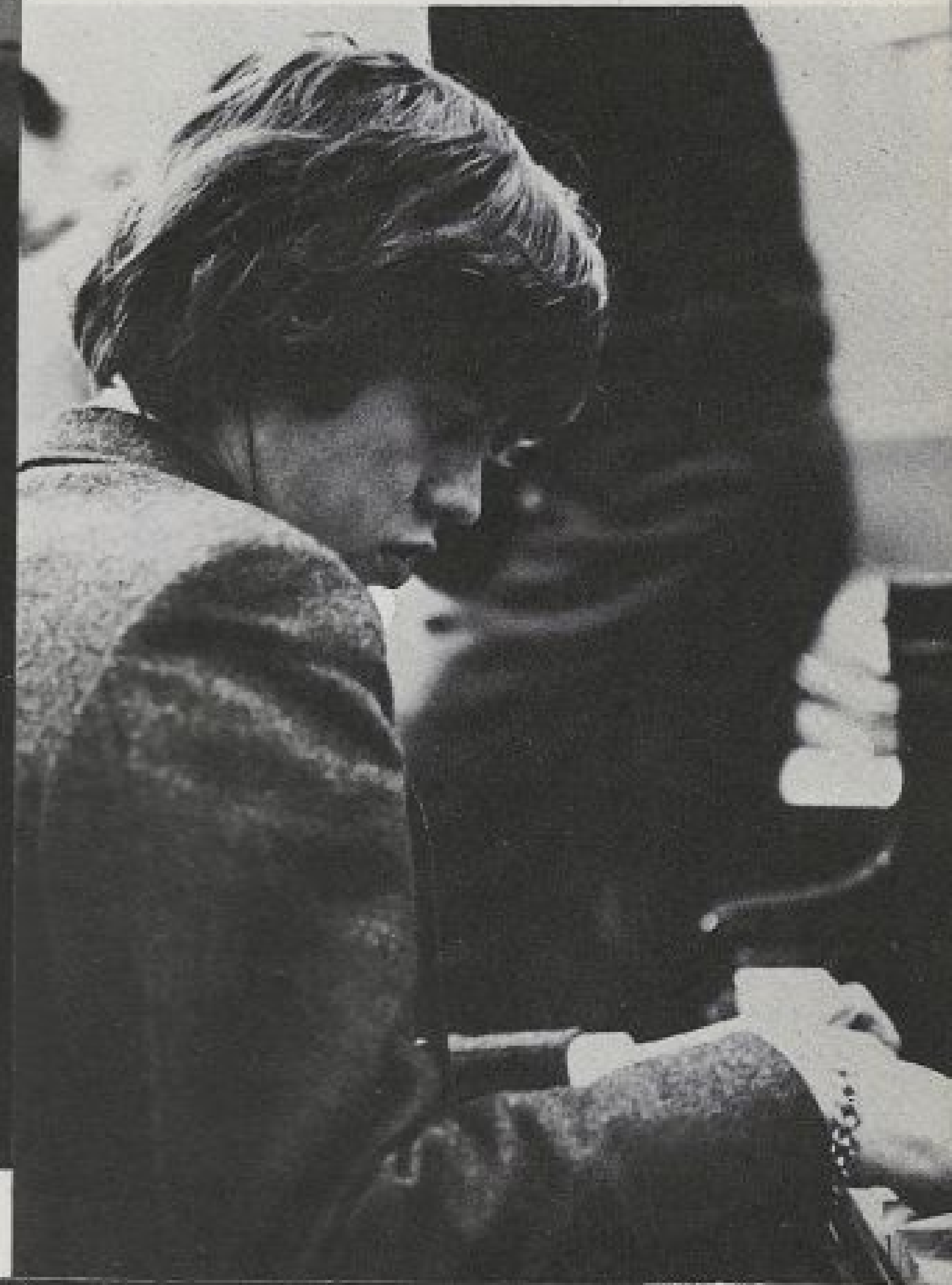
↑ *Keith runs over a number on the piano—just once more.*

**BEFORE THEY START**

↓ *With Mick on the piano.*



↑ *Brian searches for the right sound.*

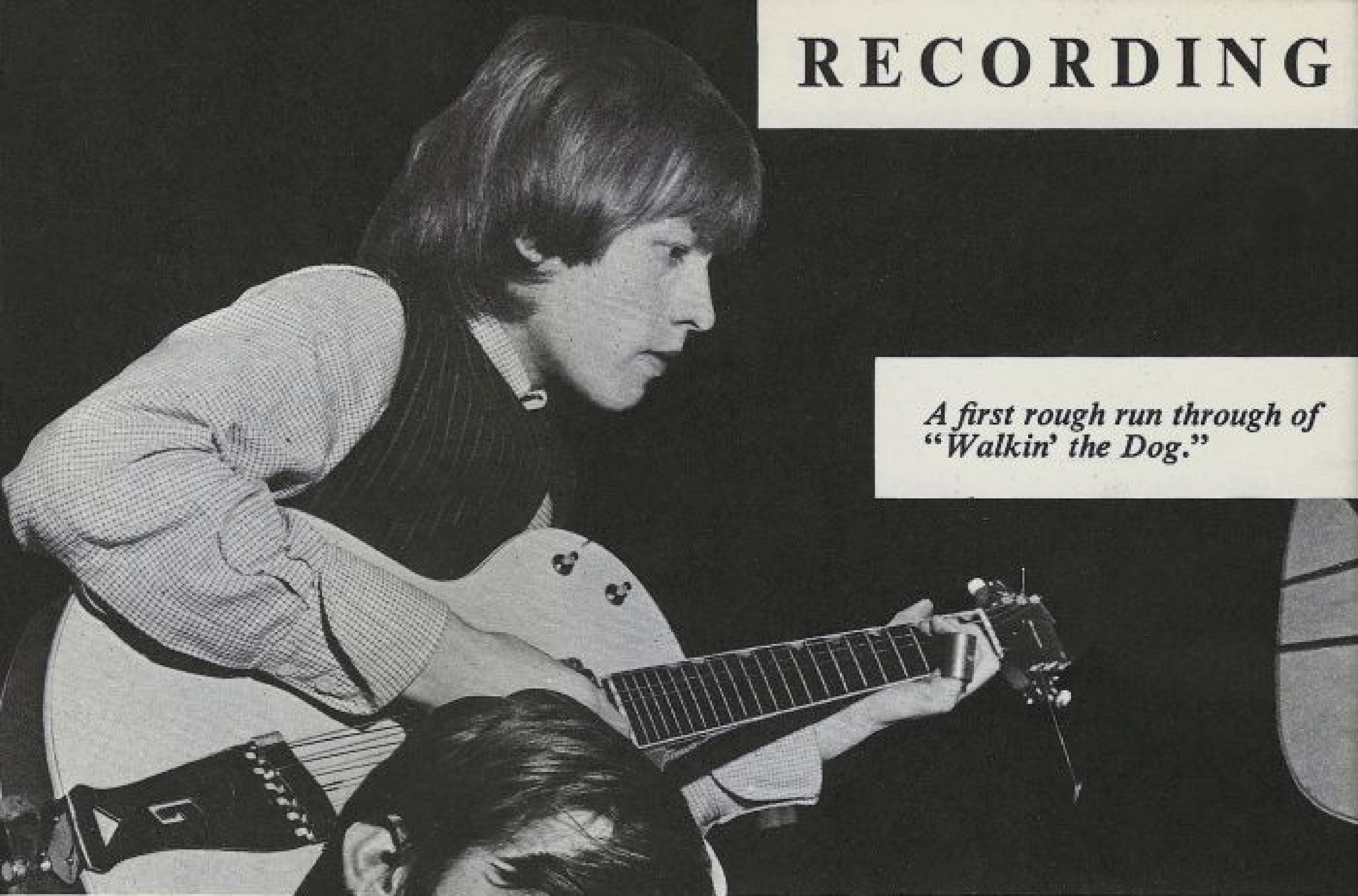


← *While Charlie adjusts his drum kit.*

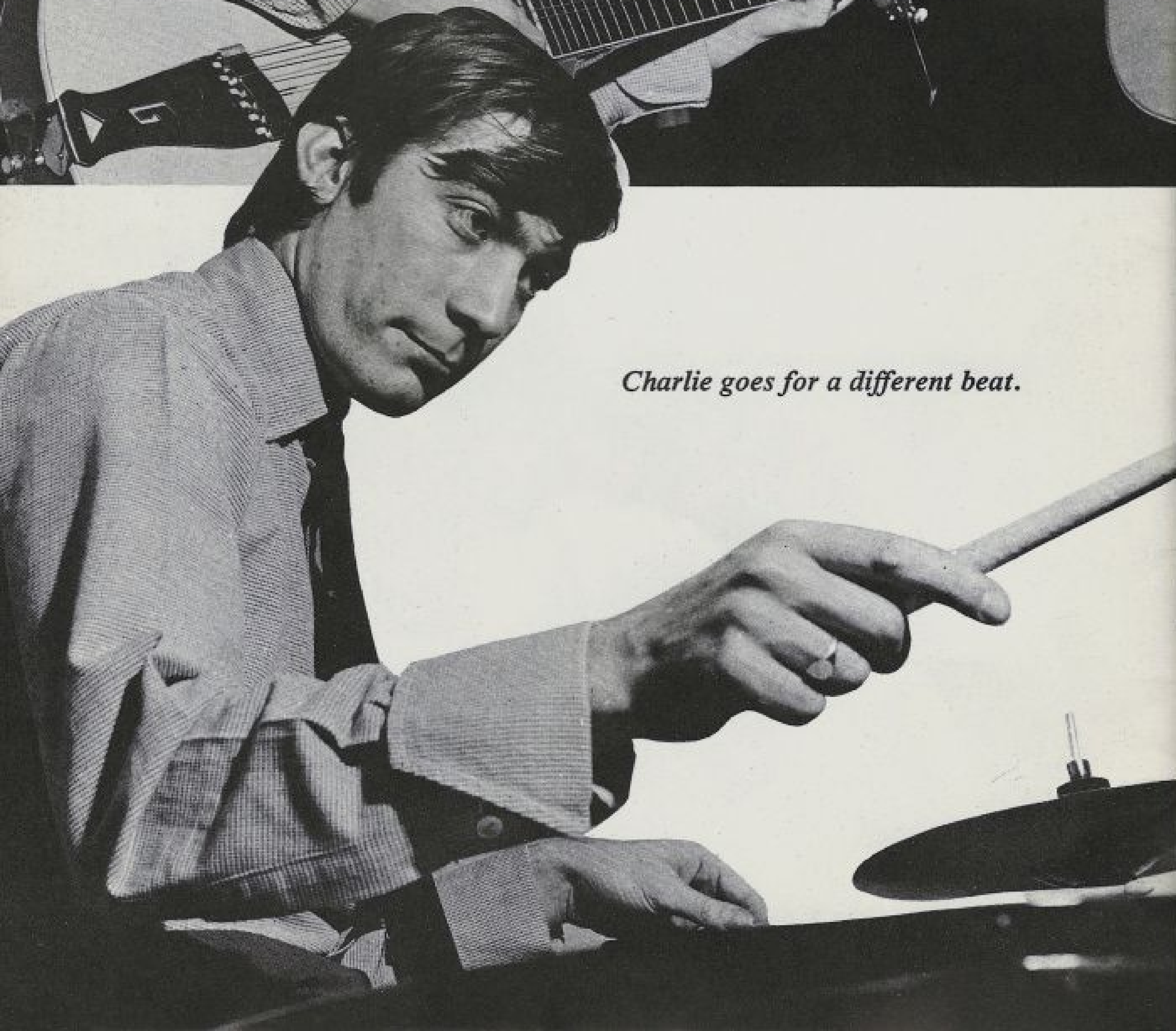




# RECORDING



*A first rough run through of "Walkin' the Dog."*

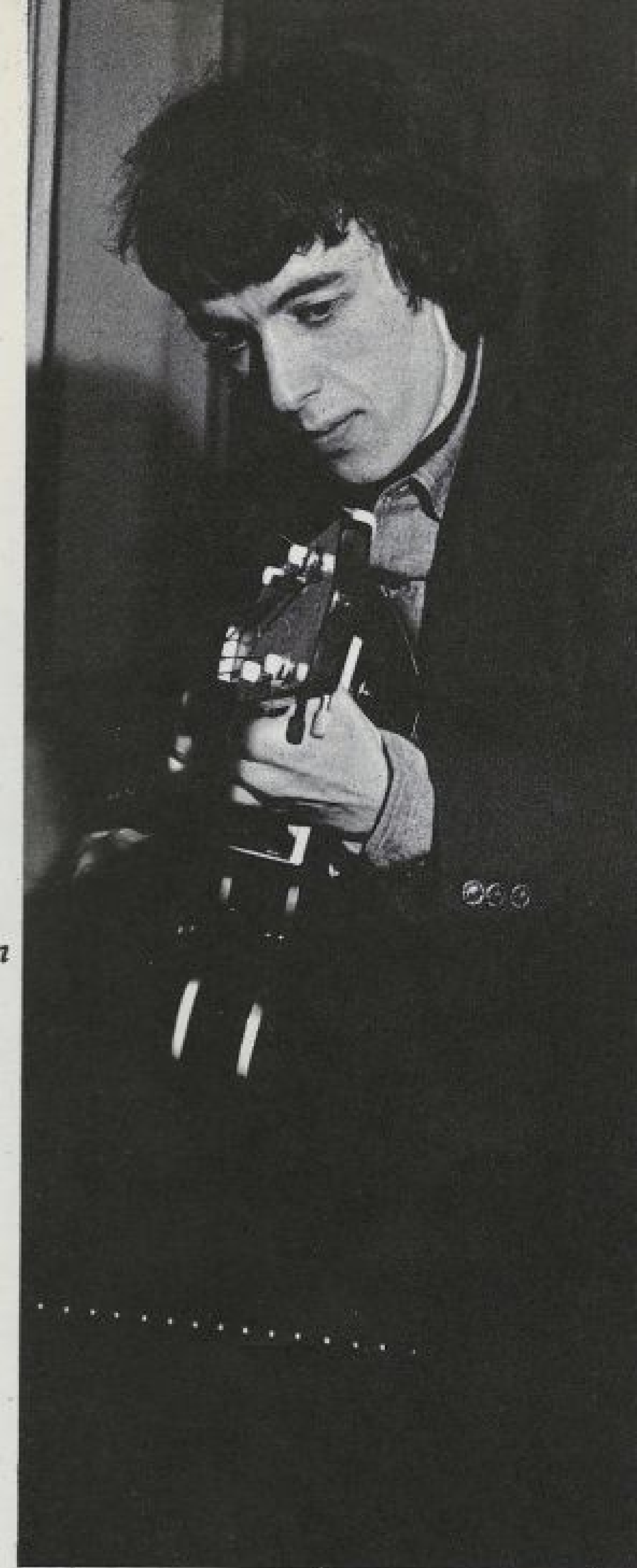


*Charlie goes for a different beat.*



*"I think we've almost got it," says Mick.*

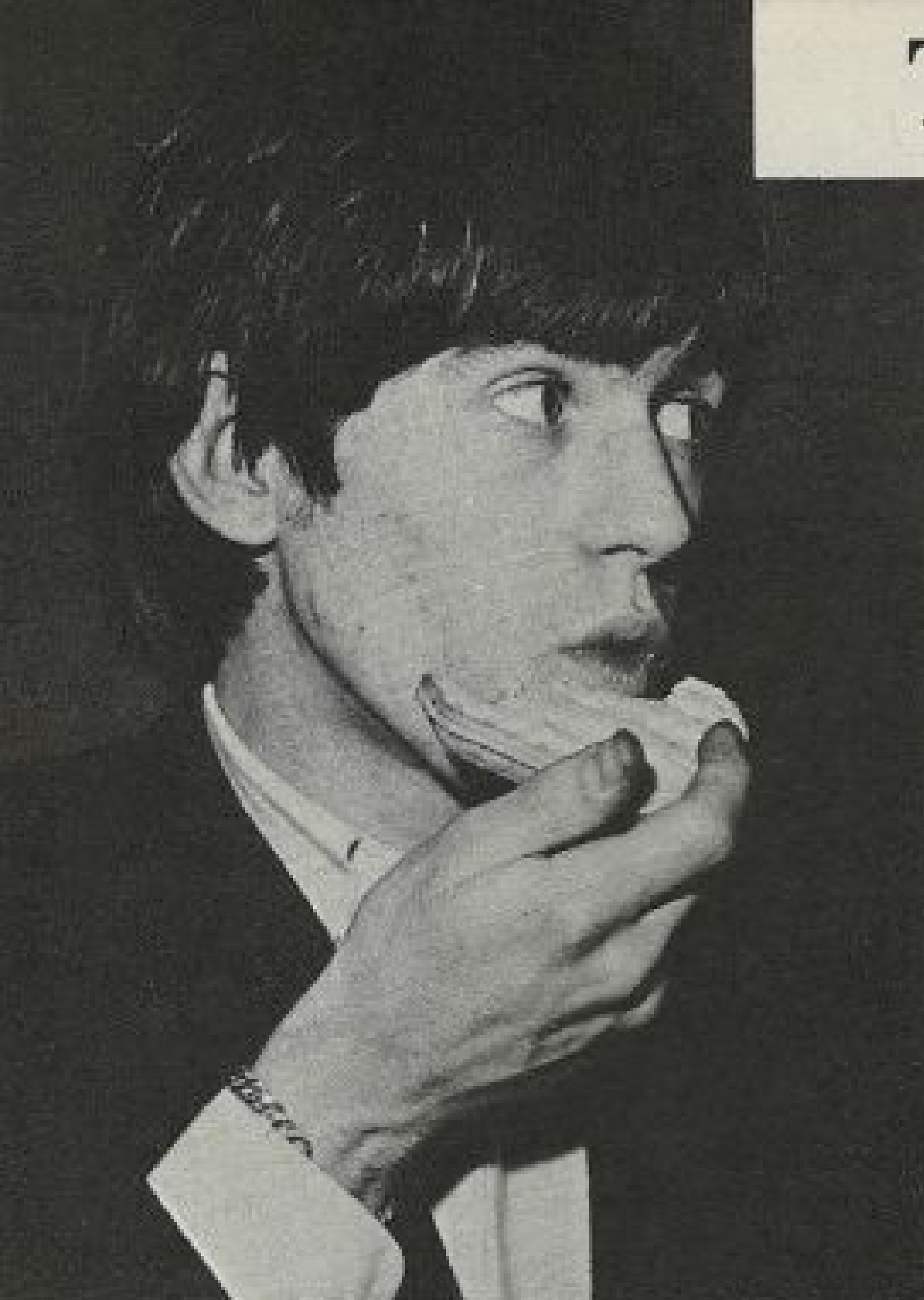
*Bill shows tremendous concentration on the next take.*



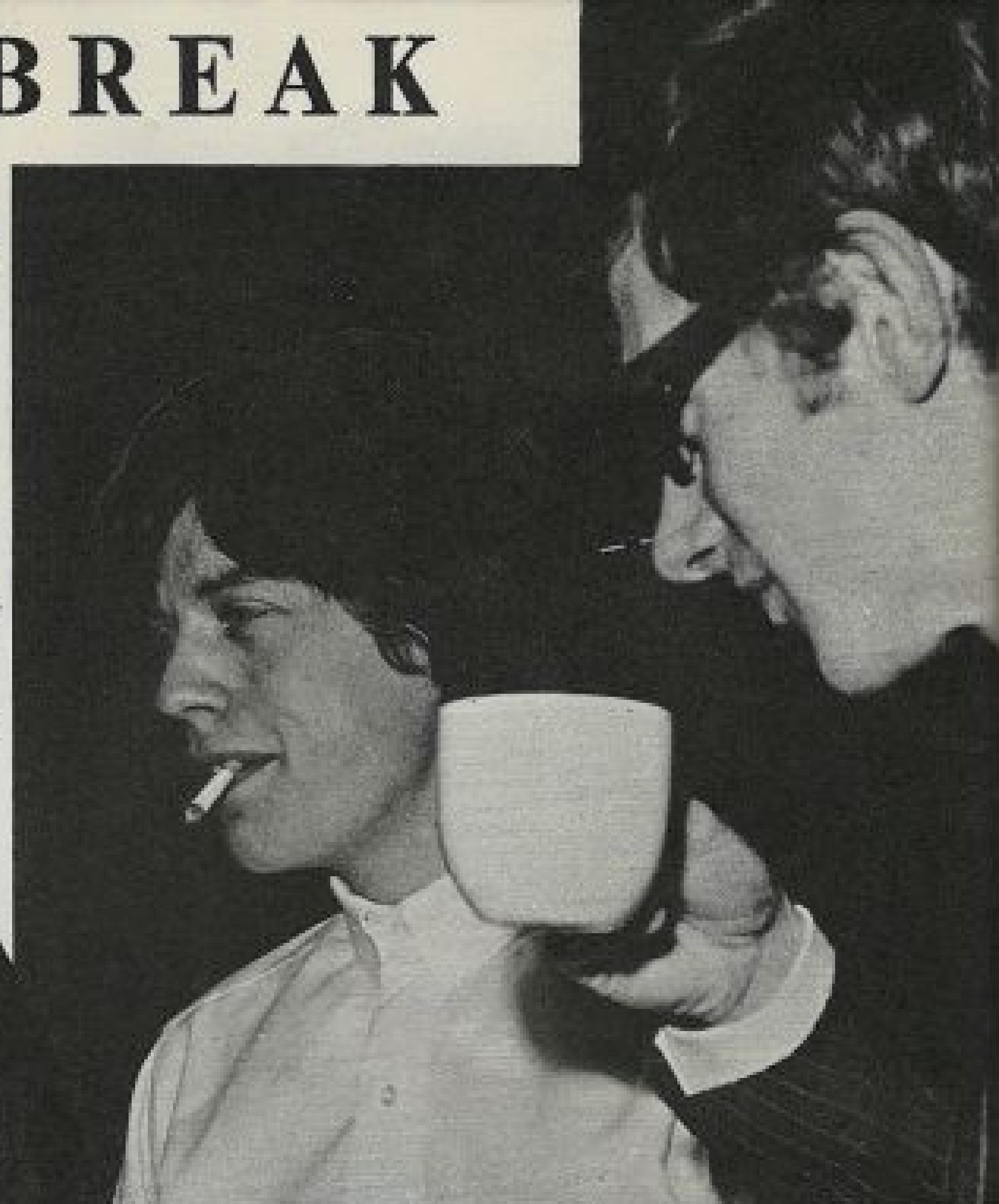
*Keith puts everything into the final recording.*



# TEA BREAK



*Mick and producer, Andrew Loog Oldham, look pretty pleased at the way things are going.*



*"I needed this," says Keith when they break for a rest. "I'm starving."*



*"Nothing like a 'cuppa'," says Bill.*

*"It's O.K., I've stirred yours," Brian tells Charlie.*



**EVERYONE  
LISTENS  
TO THE  
PLAYBACK.  
WILL IT  
BE O.K.?**





FIVE ROLLING  
STONES GIVE  
THE ANSWER.  
THEIR FIRST  
LP IS ON TAPE

