

THE **ROLLING STONES** BOOK No. 10

THE
ROLLING STONES
BOOK No. 10
MONTHLY 10th MARCH 1965



THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

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

No. 10 MAR. 1965

Edited by CHARLIE WATTS

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EDITORIAL

Hello!

As far as I am concerned, the sooner they build a plane which can fly to America or Australia in half an hour so much the better. I'll tell you one thing 'though—it's just about the only time you'll get the five of us sitting in five seats for more than five minutes at a time!

I think it would also be a good idea if every plane had a room where one could play records. It certainly would be a better way of passing the time.

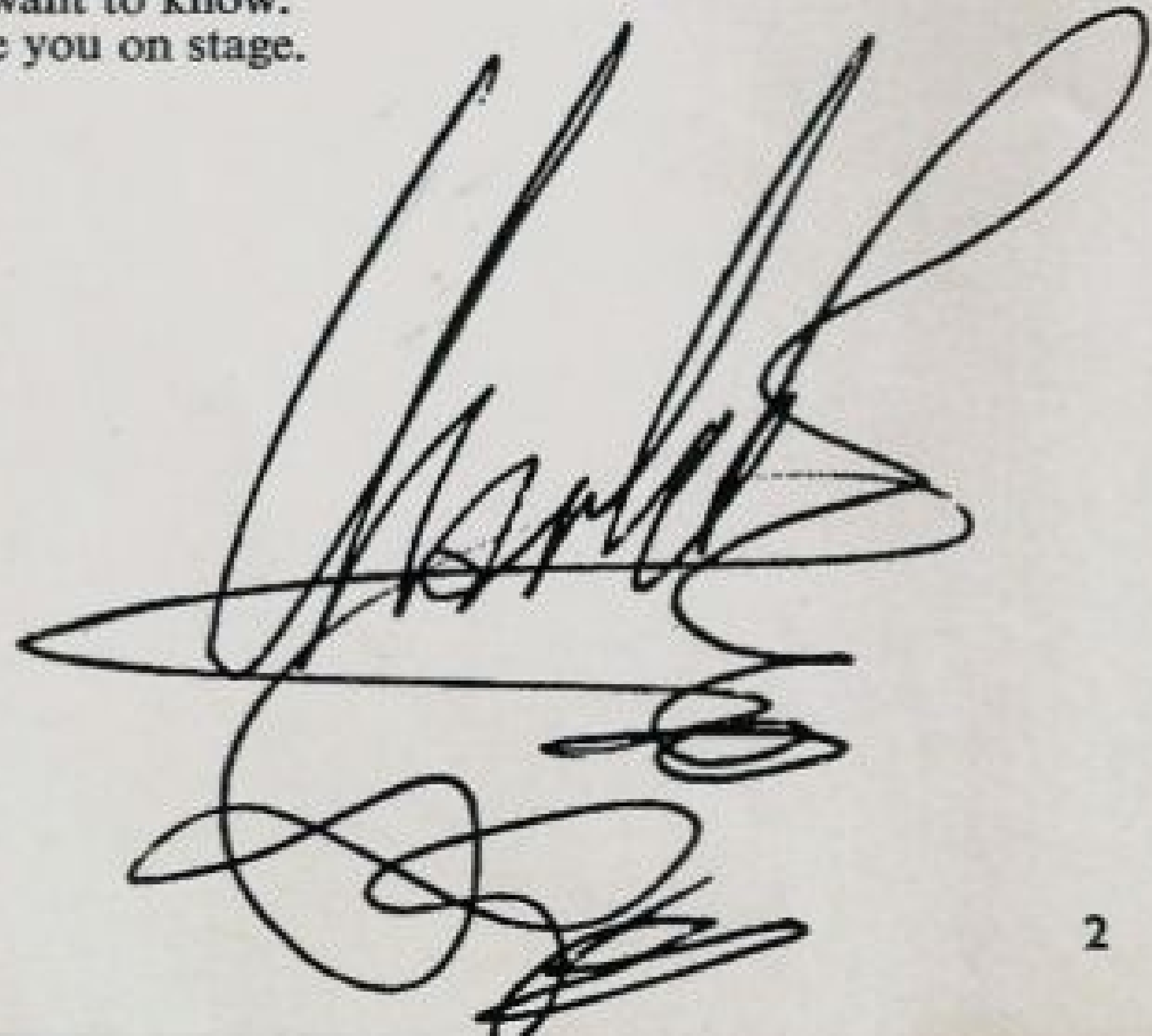
It's great to be home—that goes for all of us, and especially to be touring round England again. I'll say one thing for the dressing rooms in most British theatres . . . they're smaller!

You're always writing to us saying nice things, so I'd like to thank you for a change for putting our second album into the No. 1 spot and keeping it there until we got home.

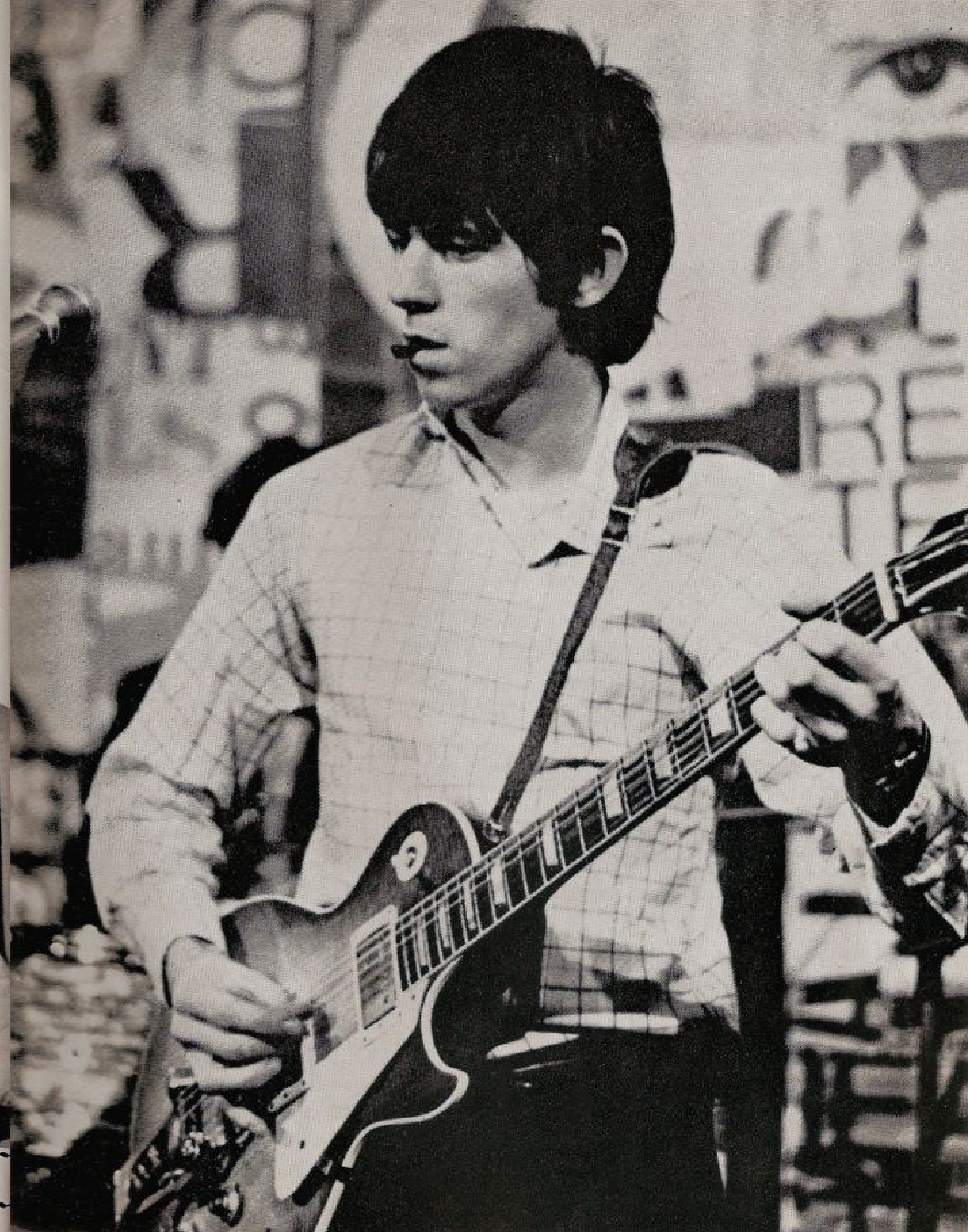
A lot of people have asked me why I wrote a book on Charlie "Yardbird" Parker. Well, I wrote and illustrated "Ode To A Highflying Bird" because I've always been a great admirer of Parker's music. I think he developed a new style of playing, which definitely has had a big effect on our type of music, and because I wanted to give him some kind of tribute for what he gave to the world.

We get thousands of letters all the time asking us questions about all sorts of things and the "Stones Answer" feature in this issue is a sort of brief question-and-answer bit, which I hope will cover a few of the things you want to know.

See you on stage.




Keith always carries along a spare plectrum—usually in his mouth!



Rolling Stones

NEWS

BRIAN HUNTS FOR NEW FLAT

Before Brian left for their Far Eastern Tour he asked the Stones' manager, Eric Easton, to look for a suitable Central London flat for him. Eric Easton did find one near Marble Arch but someone else took it before Brian returned. He'll probably end up sleeping in Mick and Keith's Hampstead flat until he finds something suitable.

SECURITY MEN COULDN'T TAKE IT

Three private security men guarded the Stones party during their tour of New Zealand. But, one by one they had to retire. The first one went when a police dog bit him in Christchurch. The second got his arm jammed in a door and the third found he wasn't able to control the fans by himself.



Charlie on the bridge of a boat in Sydney harbour



On stage in the Manufacturers Auditorium, Sydney

DEMAND FOR FOREIGN DISCS

A considerable demand has built up for copies of Stones' singles, E.Ps and L.Ps issued in America and on the Continent. One importer has managed to get hold of some and they are already on sale in the London area.

Many Stones' fans have requested that the same records should be issued in every country at the same time. It does seem a bit unfair if fans in one country are unable to buy a recording which is already on sale in another.

NO CHANGE

The Stones' recording contract with the Decca Record Company ends in May this year, but it is very unlikely that they will change labels. They expect to settle the terms of the new contract with Decca before the end of March.

I want to thank everyone who sent birthday cards and presents to me last month—I really do get a big kick out of opening them all and I want the senders to realise that I do appreciate all the trouble they went to.

*See you on tour,
Brian.*

DIFFERENT ROUTES

At the end of their Far Eastern Tour the Stones split up and returned to England by different routes.

Charlie was met by his wife in Los Angeles and then flew with her to Florida for a short holiday.

Mick, Bill and Mike Dorsey flew back direct to London.

Stu, Keith and Andy flew to New York to talk to executives of record companies after which Stu flew to London and Keith and Andy went on to Paris, where Andy met his wife Sheila.

Brian stayed in Hollywood with Joe E. Page, former guitarist with the Everley Brothers, and didn't return to London until 25th February.



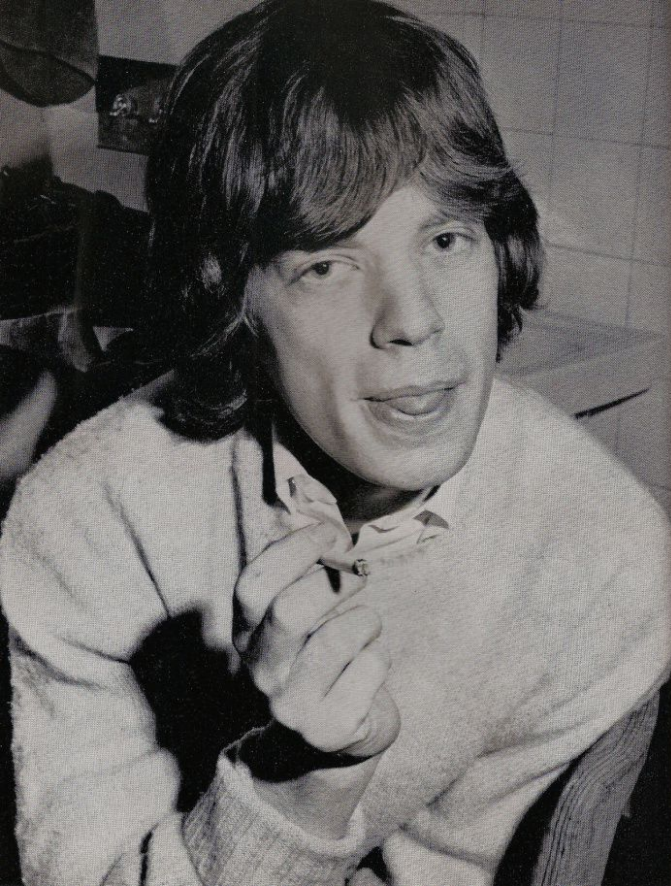
Charlie, Bill, Brian and Mick find its very cold back in England after their Far Eastern Tour

DRAW A STONE Competition

The entries have been pouring in for this competition but you can still enter providing your drawing reaches Beat Publications, 244 Edgware Road, London, W.2, by 20th March.



The Stones pictured against a background of Sydney



THE STONES ANSWER



*Mick, Keith, Bill,
Brian and Charlie
say what they think
and feel on many
differing subjects
from Marriage to
Australian journalists!*

KEITH Answers ...

Marriage? Don't believe in it!
Future? Know something? I never even think about it. Today's what counts.

America? Their way of thinking can be as antiquated as our standard of living.

Touring? Tiring.

Stones' new LP? Instrumentally, I think it's much more advanced. Also the range of songs is much greater. And I can promise there's an even wider range to come in the future.

Cars? I like them comfortable, well-upholstered. But most important: there's got to be a record-player installed.

Girls? Mmm!

Pet current hate? Some of the neighbours who live near the place I share with Mick. They've got some VERY funny habits but it's them who stare at us. We have to creep in and out of our place.

Ambitions? Things are fine now. But I want to keep on writing songs with Mick. It's a good partnership, I think—we never seem short of ideas.

American R and B stars in Britain? No, they don't make it big over here. I reckon there are three reasons why they don't click with the British teenager fans. One, they're old; two, they're black; three, they're ugly. This image bit is very important—though I must say it doesn't matter to us. But the Americans have helped get things going over here . . . their influence is big if their popularity isn't.

MICK Answers...

Anything you're looking forward to? Yes, making that film we've waited so long to start. It's going to be very important to us and also it'll make a change.

Marriage? It's all right for those who wash!

Fans? Silly question, isn't it? I mean, without fans... well, we're dead. 'Course I like them—only wish I could spend more time meeting them—the real ones that is!

Clothes? I'm now going grey. No, not the hair. But I'm getting grey suits, grey checks and slacks. Still, these things don't last long. I'll probably be going green next.

Ambition? To keep up with the song-writing. Recent ones from Keith and I that others are recording... "Each and Every Day of the Year," Quincy Jones and Sarah Vaughan—and "I'd Much Rather Be With The Girls," by Donna Lynn and some other cover versions.

Pet dislike? Same as Keith, I think. One or two of those neighbours near home in Hampstead. SOME people can be a big drag.

Rudeness at Press receptions? You mean in Australia! Well, THEY were rude to us, so how would you react in the same situation. We don't start these things, but we don't mind carrying them on. It was all exaggerated though.



CHARLIE Answers...

Government? I hope they'll do more for everyone. It's about all you can ask.

America? It's still big.

Girls? Great.

Marriage? It's too late for me to argue about it with anyone! No, seriously, it's fine. A well-trying institution.

Future? I think I'd like to try my hand at writing more books. I enjoyed doing the one on Charlie Parker and I've got three more up my sleeve. Trouble is finding enough time to get down to actually writing them.

Cars? My own taste is for the big old ones, or the brand-new sports jobs. Life'd be very tricky if I didn't have a car.

Regrets? Some of those stupid rumours put round about the Stones. Like some people try to say we're going to split up. It's silly—and there's so much of it going on that it's become one big bore to us. Pity the rumour-mongers haven't got something better to do with their time.

Fans? I'd like to get 'em all queued up and then thank them all for everything they've done to help the Stones. You get a marvellous feeling when you know that things are appreciated.

Money? Very useful stuff to have. 'Course, we married men have extra responsibilities! Actually, the more you earn, the less you seem to handle.

Australia? Marvellous place!

BRIAN Answers...

The Government? One always finishes up with the lesser of two evils. Really, I'm an anarchist.

America? They're enjoying a standard of living that we'll probably get in fifty years.

Touring? I like it—but after a few weeks I reckon it's nice to stop.

Future records? Want to go on as we have so far—it's the right way, with plenty of variety.

Cars? I've gone overboard for American models. Out of this world. They look so great.

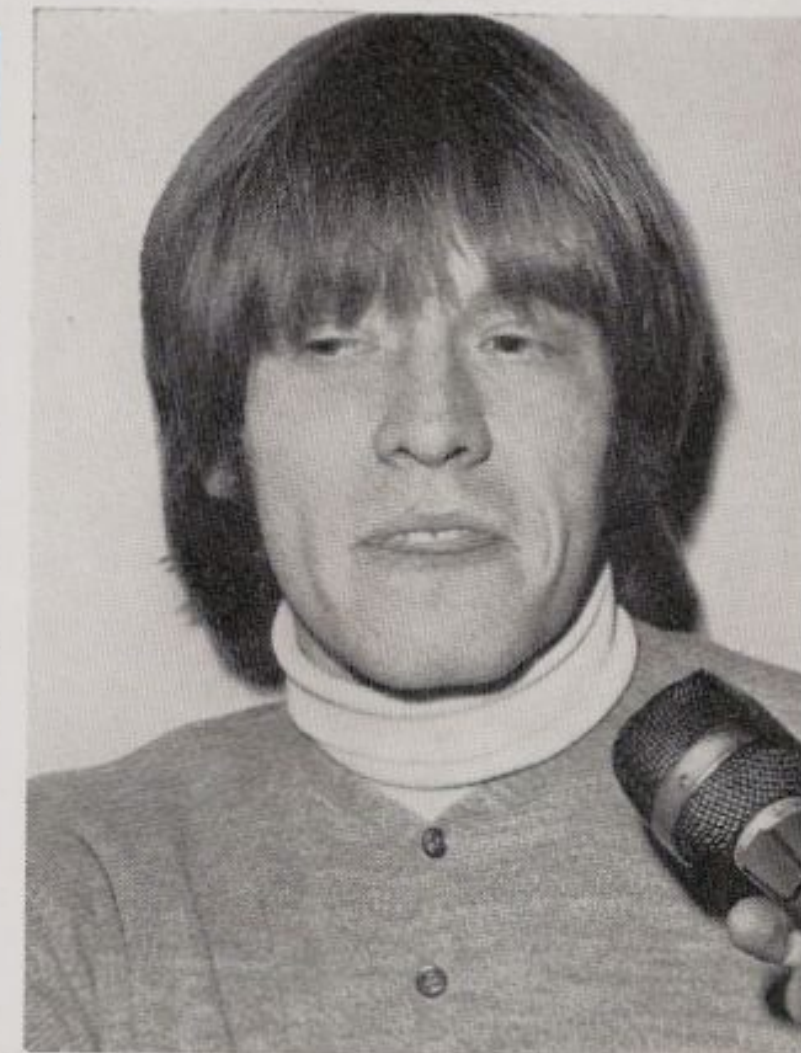
Extra future career? I'd like to record other people.

Fans? There you are—I love meeting 'em and writing to 'em. That's not just a line!

Marriage? Sorry, not sure what the word means!

Colour prejudice? Makes me sick. We've travelled a lot in the past year or so and some of the things I've seen has made me realize what a big problem it is. You've got to experience it to know what it's all about.

Australian journalists? Most of them were great, but one or two had a go at us—and we did our best to get our own back. But there was a whole lot of distorted stuff written about us; about us spending all our time at parties. It wasn't true, but it's hard to get your own side of these things across.



BILL Answers...

Pop music today? Honestly, I think there is the best selection of material in years.

Show business glamour? Doesn't worry me. Not all those parties and scenes. I like being at home. 'Course, the money comes in useful!

Girls? We married men don't answer questions like that. Just say I don't disapprove of them.

Dressing rooms? If they get any smaller, we'll have to leave our guitars and cigarettes outside.

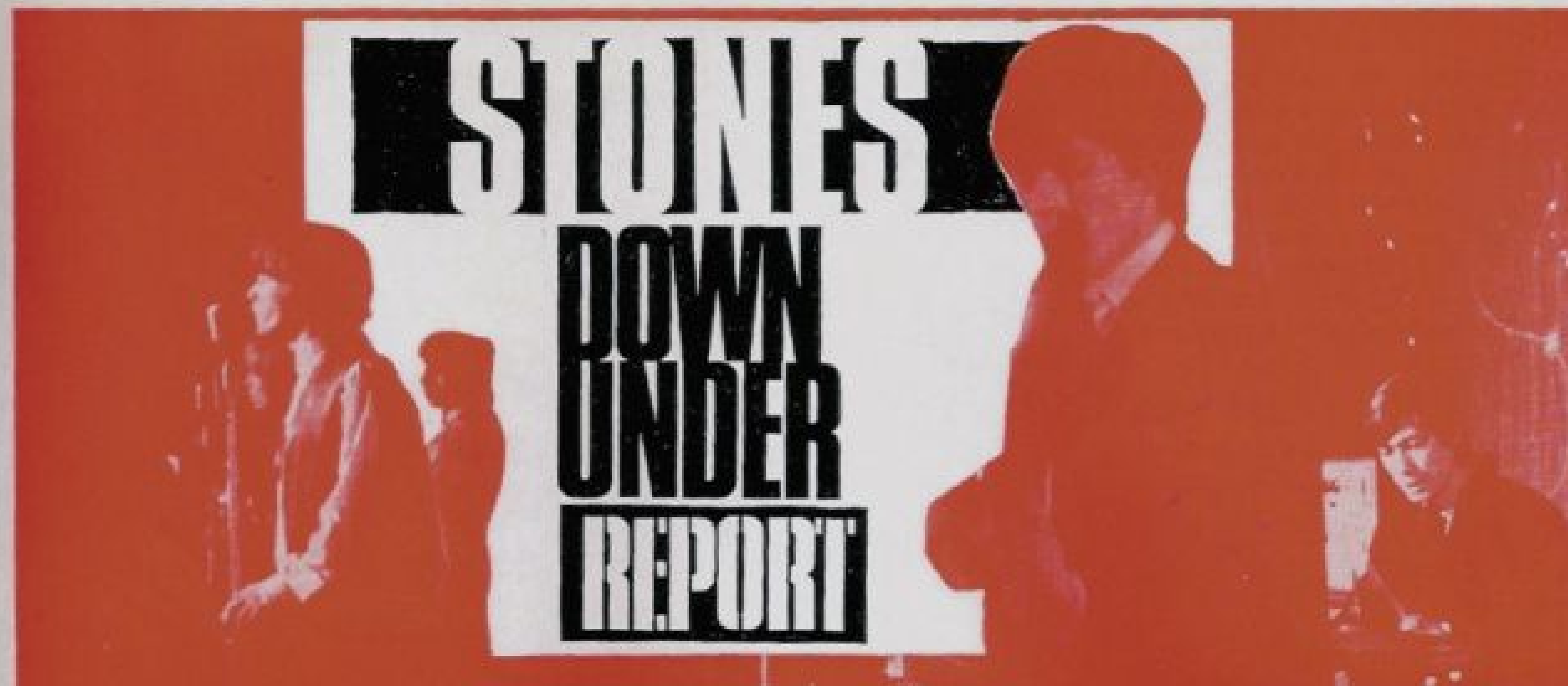
Australia? Good. The audiences are much more with it than we'd expected.

Off-stage interests? Watching my son's hair grow as long as mine is.

Regrets? None really. But I wish people would stop making up stories about us just for the sake of getting controversy going. It's not fair—and it's pretty difficult for us to say anything in our own defence.

Fans? Do me a favour! The fans are tremendously important to us. We really appreciate the gifts and the letters. I even get a lot for my family at home.

America? So advanced, specially when it comes to music. There are great, marvellous, musicians and singers over there just working night after night in small clubs. Ridiculous. If they came over to Britain they'd probably be top of the bill. Big standard of living all round in the States.



Every time we fly out from London Airport on the start of a new tour it's like opening the door and entering a completely different world. Our Far Eastern trip was definitely the most fantastic ever. Join us as we take you on a day by day account through all the incidents that packed into those thirty days.

Sunday, January 17th

We, or to give the complete list, Mick, Keith, Bill, Charlie, Brian, Andy, Stu, and road manager Mike Dorsey all climbed into a jet at London Airport. Excess baggage charges for all our guitars, amps, etc., cost \$230.00. Mick always seems to have the most luggage—probably because he's such a bad suitcase-packer—and Charlie and Bill the least. Usual flight scene, autographs for the pilot's daughter and any other passenger that wants 'em, Cokes for Brian and so on. Arrived Los Angeles 3.30 p.m.

Monday, 18th

Everyone piled into taxis for a shopping spree at the City's top clothes shops, Beau Gentry's and Devos's. Did a round of the clubs in the evening.

Tuesday, 19th

Caught early plane for eighteen-hour trip to Sydney via Honolulu and Fiji. All the police in Fiji wear kilts... it's an odd sight seeing those tough guys in skirts... but you don't argue with them!

◀ *Brian and Charlie taking advantage of a good old Australian sun!*

Thursday, 21st

As Brian pointed out in his letter in last month's Rolling Stones Book, we lost a day on the trip from America to Australia so we got to Sydney Airport on Thursday. We were expecting boiling heat but when we got off the plane we found that the sky was overcast. "Where're all those bent and twisted railway lines they keep telling us about?" asked Mick. About 3,000 fans gave us a marvellous welcome. First impression... this is going to surprise you—one of the most beautiful places on earth! Usual Press and T.V. reception at the Airport. Stayed at the Cheveron Hilton Hotel. Had whole floor to ourselves with a fantastic view over Sydney Harbour. There always seemed to be a huge crowd outside the hotel. We never seem to be able to use the main entrance of any hotel these days—it was the same in Sydney, had to go in and out of the laundry entrance (no cracks from you)! We met members of the Australian Fan Club who gave us solid gold replicas of their country which were beautifully made. They're some of the best presents we've ever had.

Friday, 22nd

A good day. Loads of Press boys in the hotel corridors, with cameramen popping out of the bathrooms. Our promoter, Harry Miller, took us to a wonderful house owned by the godmother of his daughter, a Mrs. Israel, for a bit of quiet. The house backed on to Sydney Harbour and had marvellous lawns, gardens and even a private beach. One thing we found out very soon; Australia is THE country for sport. No matter who you are, once you're there you pretty soon find yourself swimming, boating—the lot.

That story in the papers about some boys trying to tip our boat into the water in Sydney Harbour didn't really happen. There were so many Press guys around that we agreed to mock up a water fight so they could get some good pictures.

Did our first two shows at the Manufacturers' Auditorium in Sydney that night. Both had capacity audiences of 5,200. Programme stayed pretty much the same through the tour. We opened with "Not Fade Away", then went on with "Walking The Dog", "Under the



Brian, Keith and Charlie on a boat in Melbourne harbour

Boardwalk", "Little Red Rooster" (with Charlie doing his introduction bit), "Around And Around", "Heart of Stone", and "Time Is On My Side" and finished with "It's All Over Now".

By the way, we were very pleased that Roy Orbison was on the same bill with us, but unfortunately he couldn't appear for either of the shows on the first night as he had laryngitis.

Saturday, 23rd

Up pretty early (well all right... 11.0 a.m.!) read the morning papers. Surprise! Surprise! The Press liked us and gave the show very good reviews. Went for a trip round the Harbour in the afternoon then back to Mrs. Israel's for a swim. She's a really great person and we owe her a lot for looking after us in Sydney. Did three more shows that evening.

Sunday, 24th

Took off for Brisbane, which is about 500 miles up the coast from Sydney. They've got the most fantastic beaches in Australia. Not a bit like Brighton. Miles and miles of white sand with about one person every hundred miles. You'd be a bit stuck if you wanted to get a light for a fag on one of those.

Stayed at Lennon's Hotel (no relation to John Beatle). Great place. Had the evening off. No show.

Monday, 25th

Everybody tearing around trying to find clean clothes so we had a bit of a sort out. Got Mike to fix things up clotheswise. Later on two Press and Television interviews. Did two performances that night at 6.0 p.m. and 8.45 p.m. (they always seem to be at that time everywhere you go in Australia and New Zealand), and that last show was one of the wildest we've ever seen. The fans were literally attacking the stage time and time again. Unbelievable if one hadn't seen it!

Tuesday, 26th

We hired two cars and drove about fifty miles up the coast to a place called Paradise Island. It's a surfers, paradise with another branch of Lennon's Hotel (they seem to get everywhere) suitably placed to provide eats and drinks. Beautiful beach with golden sands but only three people on it. Everyone spent the afternoon catching up on their suntans. Left about 4.30 p.m. but only got a short way when our first car was hit by another one driven by a local Australian surfer. Great exchange of swearing followed, but we all eventually made it back to Brisbane in time for two shows.

Wednesday, 27th

Back to Sydney again and the Cheveron Hilton, followed by two more shows. In the afternoon went down to Mrs. Israel's for a swim—beginning to sound like a load of fishes, aren't we?

Thursday, 28th

Flew out of Sydney and on to the next tour town, Melbourne. Police had decided to stop all demonstrations at the Airport by banning everyone from it. But about 1,000 fans managed to squeeze through the gaps to welcome us in. Police then gave us an escort to the John Batman Motor Inn—their slogan: "Where people matter most". Very new place, looked rather like the Columbia Cinema in London. Tour organiser, Harry Miller, came up trumps again and introduced us to a Mr. and Mrs. Ham, a local lawyer who invited us down to his house to make use of his swimming pool. Did a couple of shows at the Palais Theatre.

Friday, 29th

Lazed around at the Hams. More shows in the evening.

Saturday, 30th

Met Neville Wragg, programme manager of local radio station 3KZ. Their top D.J., Stan Rofe, is a great guy and has been giving our discs all the plugs on his programmes. Around this time we had to start using armoured vehicles to get in and out of theatres. Despite the fact that we hired a private security force to take care of us. All the same, Brian had two jackets torn to ribbons and Keith lost a pocket on one of his.

Sunday, 31st

Time had come to take off for New Zealand. We left Melbourne at 12.30 p.m. and arrived at Christchurch in

New Zealand at 6.40 p.m. We flew on Teal Airlines. Everyone who flies with them gets a lucky charm. Mick's going to give his to the writer of the best letter in the next edition of The Rolling Stones Book.

New Zealand is very different from Australia. All the hotels expect you to wear a tie and jacket for every meal and the normal breakfast time is 7.30 a.m. to 8.0 a.m. Lunch 12.30 to 1.00 and dinner 7.30 to 8.00 in the evening. If we stayed in hotels like that for very long, we'd starve to death!

Monday, February 1st

Spent all the day on the beach and in the evening did two shows at the Theatre Royal.

Tuesday, 2nd

Invercargill. Booked into the Grand Hotel and played two concerts at the Civic Theatre.

Wednesday, 3rd

Took the plane to Dunedin, which is the most southern town in New Zealand and also the nearest to the South Pole. It only has one main street, and our tour was the biggest show they've ever had in their local Town Hall. People must have come from miles around. The reception was a bit chilly at the start but by the last curtain it had turned into quite a mild rave.

Thursday, 4th

Flew to Auckland. Biggest city in New Zealand. Arrived very late and as happened in several other

Brian, Keith and Mick have a tumble in Sydney



places, the hotel refused to let us in, saying that they were afraid that the fans might break the place up.

Friday, 5th

Everyone went to have a dip in the famous Hot Springs. These are natural pools in the rock fed by water which is heated deep down in the earth. It's just like having a hot bath in the open! Very good for bones and muscles! Bill went off to Rotorua to have a look at the mud baths. Later on in the day we went horse riding.

Saturday, 6th

Played three shows at the Town Hall in Auckland and spent the following day doing nothing.

Monday, 8th

Flew to Wellington. They've got one of those airports where both ends of the runway go straight into the sea. We were all a bit worried about the plane as we heard the brakes squeaking when we took off. After the pilot made a successful landing and brought the plane to a halt without plunging into the sea we all gave a big cheer.

Should have stayed at the Midland Hotel but once again they refused to have us, so we flew back to Christchurch where the owner of "The Black Cat Restaurant" opened up his place at 2.0 in the morning and gave us steaks all round.

Tuesday, 9th

Flew back to Australia—Melbourne, and the John Batman Motor Inn—it was a bit like coming home, everyone was pleased to see us again. Mr. and Mrs. Ham threw a big barbecue party for us with steak, sausages, chops all cooked on an open grill after being coated with sugar and doused in red wine! Marvellous! Went on to the early hours of the morning.

Wednesday, 10th

Appeared in two shows at the Palais Theatre in the evening which had been fixed up after we'd appeared there on 30th. Despite the short notice, all the tickets had been sold by the time the curtain went up.

Thursday, 11th

Arrived at Adelaide at 10.05, booked into the Akabar Motel and did two shows at the Centennial Hall.

Friday, 12th

Should have stayed on in Adelaide but we decided to take off for Perth to get the 4½ hour journey over as quickly as possible. When we got there, booked into the Adelphi Hotel and drove down to the beach for a swim.

Saturday, 13th

Perth seemed to be very like California. Everything very clean, very healthy and there's a beautiful shopping centre. Did two shows at the Capitol Theatre.

Break for lunch with Roy Orbison in Melbourne TV Studios



The five Stones relax before going on stage in Sydney

Sunday, 14th

Day off. Hired two cars and drove 30 miles up the coast to find a good beach. Found one miles from anywhere. Then two young kids appeared and within an hour they'd produced a crowd of eighteen. No idea where they came from.

Monday, 15th

Left Perth at 3.25 and arrived in Singapore. It was dark when we got there but the heat hit you as soon as you got off the plane. Big reception crowd of European, Chinese and Malayan teenagers. Drove to Singapura Hotel and one of the oddest Press conferences you've ever seen! In that part of the world you must never get mad or shout at anyone otherwise you "loose face"! All the Chinese reporters sat there terribly politely and asked us very clever questions. We did our best to answer and as far as we can remember no one "lost face"!

Tuesday, 16th

Invited to lunch by High Commissioner of Singapore. Everyone wore their best gear. We were driven to Government House to meet the High Commissioner and his family. Nobody said anything rude for at least 2½ hours! Exotic meal with hundreds of Chinese dishes. They even had a pet parrot that agreed to stand on everyone's hand to have his photo taken. Later on, we were shown over the beautiful gardens.

After leaving we drove to the Chinese quarter to go

shopping. Everyone bought lots of stuff. That day happened to be a Chinese festival and on the way to the theatre in the evening everyone seemed to be letting off crackers on the street corners. Both our concerts were played to the background of bangs from all over the city. Every type of security bloke was there at the concert to keep the audience in check—military police, special security, naval police and even the women's Royal Air Force police. Promoter Freddie Yu told us that ours was the wildest concert they'd ever seen in Singapore.

Wednesday, 17th—Thursday, 18th

This was one of the longest days we've ever known. In fact, it was two days long because we flew over the Date-Line again and regained the day we lost when we flew from Los Angeles to Sydney. Our jet went via Tokyo and Honolulu and when we finally landed in Los Angeles we stayed at the Ambassador Hotel. Top stars seem to walk in and out of this hotel all day long. We passed Lorne Greene of Bonanza and James Garner in the foyer when we arrived. The 17th, by the way, was Mike Dorsey's birthday and we gave him a cigarette case and lighter both covered in crocodile skin so that he would remember the longest birthday he's ever had!

We'll always remember our first Far Eastern Tour for its fantastic variety and for giving us our first glimpse of so many different lands. Looks like we'll be seeing them again very soon, because promoter Harry Miller wants us back again in the Autumn.





ROLLING STONES Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

Elizabeth Nichols (aged 12) The King's School, 9 Huntington Place, Tynemouth, Northumberland, wants p.p. in Ireland, America or Canada.

Simone Hochet (aged 15) Bourg de Reffuveille, Manche, France, wants p.p. England.

Marilyn Parker (aged 17) 18 Tomswood Court, Mossford Lane, Hainault, Ilford, Essex, wants p.p. anywhere.

Manfred Otte (aged 16) Hamburg-Harburg, Schuttstrabe 27, Germany, wants p.p. in London.

Jennifer Wilson, 114 Gorleston Road, Warstock, Birmingham 14, wants p.p. anywhere.

Peggy Schibi (aged 17) 49 Malded Avenue, Lynbrook, New York, U.S.A., wants p.p. anywhere.

Steve Williams (aged 16) 58 Grove Avenue, Sheffield 6, Yorkshire, wants p.p. in Bergen, Norway.

Kenneth Fairbairn (aged 18) 27 Clermiston Green, Barnton Edinburgh 4, wants p.p. in Finland, Sweden, Australia or New Zealand.

Kathleen McKinney (aged 16) 32 Regent Street, Belfast 13, N. Ireland, wants p.p. anywhere.

Susan Paules (aged 14) 16945 Livorno Drive, Pacific Palisades, California, U.S.A., wants p.p. in England.

Carol Stevenson (aged 15) 254 Turney Road, Dulwich Village, London, S.E.21, wants p.p. anywhere.

Mircille Tige (aged 16) 46 Avenue de Stalingrad, Argenteuil (set O), France, wants p.p. in England.

Joy Price (aged 14) 46 Battersea Road, Easton, Bristol 5, wants p.p. anywhere.

Patricia Hoppins (aged 16) 12-1 Angela Place, Paterson 2, New Jersey 07502, U.S.A., wants p.p. in England.

Christine Aspinall (aged 12) 78 Martland Mill Lane, Wigan, Lancs, wants p.p. in France, New Zealand, Denmark.

Ellen Steinis (aged 15) 11201 Liberty Avenue, Richmond Hill, New York 11419, U.S.A., wants p.p. in England.

Jacqueline Evans (aged 15) 94 Shaw Street, Larkhall, Lanarkshire, Scotland, wants p.p. in America or Canada.

Lynne Damaty (aged 15) 338-6 Ryerson Avenue, Paterson 2, New Jersey 07502, U.S.A., wants p.p. in England.

Janusz Oronski (aged 17) Bytom, Solskiego Street 2, Poland, wants p.p. in England.

Diana Stenner (aged 15) Jubilee House, South Molton Road, Nr. Umlerleigh, Devon, wants p.p. in London, America or Australia.

Sheila Bramlett (aged 17) 1574 Oak Royal Drive, Concord, California 94521, U.S.A., wants p.p. in England.

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244, Edgware Road, London, W.2.





Hi there!

It's hard to believe that the last time I was writing this page the boys were thousands of miles away on the other side of the world. The first time they came into the Fan Club office after their return I asked them if they were getting tired of all those long tours abroad. 'No, never', they all chorused back at me. 'We don't like the plane journeys', explained Mick, 'but I don't think we'll ever get tired of personal appearances and right now we're all looking forward to our next tour of England'.



I also tried to give all Brian's cards, letters and presents to him. But it was impossible, because there were so many from all over the world. He asked me to keep them in the office so that he could go through some more of them every time he comes in.

Whenever we run a competition in the Rolling Stones Book we certainly give the postmen a heck of a problem. Your entries for the 'Draw A Stone Competition' have been coming in to Beat Publications by the sackful and I have never seen such an assortment of shapes and sizes. Most of them are very good too- it's going to be a difficult job for the boys to pick the three winners.

A lot of Fan Club members have written asking for the addresses of Rolling Stones Fan Clubs overseas. Several more have been added since we printed the last list so I'm going to print another bang-up-to-date one in the next issue.

Lots of luck and I hope you've all managed to get hold of a good seat to see the boys during their present tour.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith



R DISC **THE STONES SPECIAL** 180,000 advance for Stones EP ongra
 anks **THE STONES' STORY** TH RO ST
 tones **ROLLING STONES STONES ALMOST THERE** Stones

We left the Stones last month performing wild dances of joy at the news that they were going to tour with Bo Diddley, long-time idol of the fivesome . . . they had always featured his numbers very strongly in their stage act.

Chapter Twenty-five
Andrew attacks.

In between the jigs of joy, the Stones were having pictures taken for publicity purposes—and the purposeful Andrew Oldham was rushing round the newspaper offices trying to get the hair-laden images reproduced in new columns. "Come On" had provided a taste of Stone-age music; now the writers wanted to know what made the boys tick deep down inside.

Andrew laid it on pretty thick. He told anecdotes about the boys, about their musical way-outness, about their determination to wear any old clothes rather than the usual mohair suits, about the theory that the day they started using after-shave lotion they'd be finished.

Word got round fast about "those crazy Rolling Stones." They were tagged "rebels", which suited the fans fine. The fans were fed up with the holier-than-thou, well-scrubbed, boy-next-door look of so many popsters. It was obvious that the Stones couldn't care less about the usual pop routine—and that gave them an air of not really knowing what was going to happen next.

◀ *Keith and road manager, Ian Stewart chat backstage after a show.*

[Continued from previous issue]

Result: the fans were very anxious to get tickets for the boys on tour.

Eric Easton was interviewed. He said: "It's lucky I'm a quiet sort of character, otherwise I'd probably be driven round the bend by them. I mean, I can't remember five such unusual characters banding together. You couldn't invent them. They've got this weird sense of humour, full of mickey-taking and it's absolutely impossible to predict how they'll behave in any particular circumstance."

Chapter Twenty-six
The Stones shake everyone by not conforming.

So the controversy continued and grew. British pop music had never known anything like it. There were the Beatles, with their Liverpudlian attitude to the business but at least they went through the motions of conforming to usual stage and television requirements. They'd had special suits designed for them, their hair-styles were uniformly presented, they were fairly disciplined in the recording studios—a hark-back to their long hours playing in German clubs.

But the Stone's simply turned up at a theatre and went on stage wearing their ordinary day-time clothes. They seemed to have no idea what they were going to play, having finished their shambling amble through the back-stage corridors. But when they DID start playing, the atmosphere became electric.

Half the audiences hadn't heard before the numbers featured by the Stones—with the exception of "Come On". The Stones weren't in a mood to go all commercial now they'd got big audiences in big theatres. They'd been pioneers all the way through their career and,

money apart, their main interest was getting more people to dig their rather specialist sort of rhythm 'n' blues.

That tour with Bo was a good one. Five Stone-white faces lurked in the wings for each performance of Mr. Diddley and his entourage. Bo was a living legend to the boys. They felt they were witnessing a slice of music history—and they determined not to miss a moment of it.

Chapter Twenty-seven

A helping hand from their biggest rivals.

And meanwhile Andrew Oldham carried on his rounds of the newspaper offices. Getting, by the way, a helping hand from . . . the Beatles themselves. The Liverpool lads had seen the Stones in full, fiery action at Richmond and had unselfishly started pushing the message round about how good the group was.

This Beatle support was regarded in the business as being very strange indeed. After all, there was a basic similarity in the musical styles of the two groups. Helping hands are not

all that frequent in pop music—rather is it a dog-eat-dog sort of business. Probably it was that way-outness of the Stones that registered so strongly with Paul, John, George and Ringo.

The Stones' "image" was of mad musicians who weren't necessarily in the teen-idol category. They didn't flannel their way into the usual starry-eyed department so they were, in fact, Beatle-type people. Though the Beatles were performing mostly their own material, they spent their off-duty hours listening to the same sort of music as the Stones were purveying and talking about.

So happened, then, that the Beatles actually did the Stones the biggest favour yet. Messrs. Lennon and McCartney gave the Stones a brand-new number, "I Wanna Be Your Man"—a vital disc for the Stones because of its follow-up position behind "Come On." Listen to Brian Jones: "We'd toyed with the idea of writing our own follow-up but things were happening so fast we just didn't have time. We had to get a disc out quickly and, even more

Charlie gets a view of his mates which fans don't usually see—from the back.



Mick and Brian pictured in Melbourne laughing at the antics of a photographer.

important, it had to be a better one than 'Come On'—which we didn't think was anywhere near the best we could do".

Chapter Twenty-eight

They discover that atmosphere is all-important to their recordings.

Stones are difficult characters to record. It's no good booking a studio for an early hour in the day because they'll mope around, bleary-eyed, and never get anything worthwhile on tape. The best way is to book a studio, or even build a special one, and then install the Stones until precisely the right mood comes on them.

Mick explains: "We like the atmosphere of a live performance and it's difficult to get that sort of reaction in a recording studio. You know, you sort of look round at the walls and the walls don't do anything to help! It's all down to Charlie Watts stuffing himself with apple pies to give himself enough energy to bash those drums."

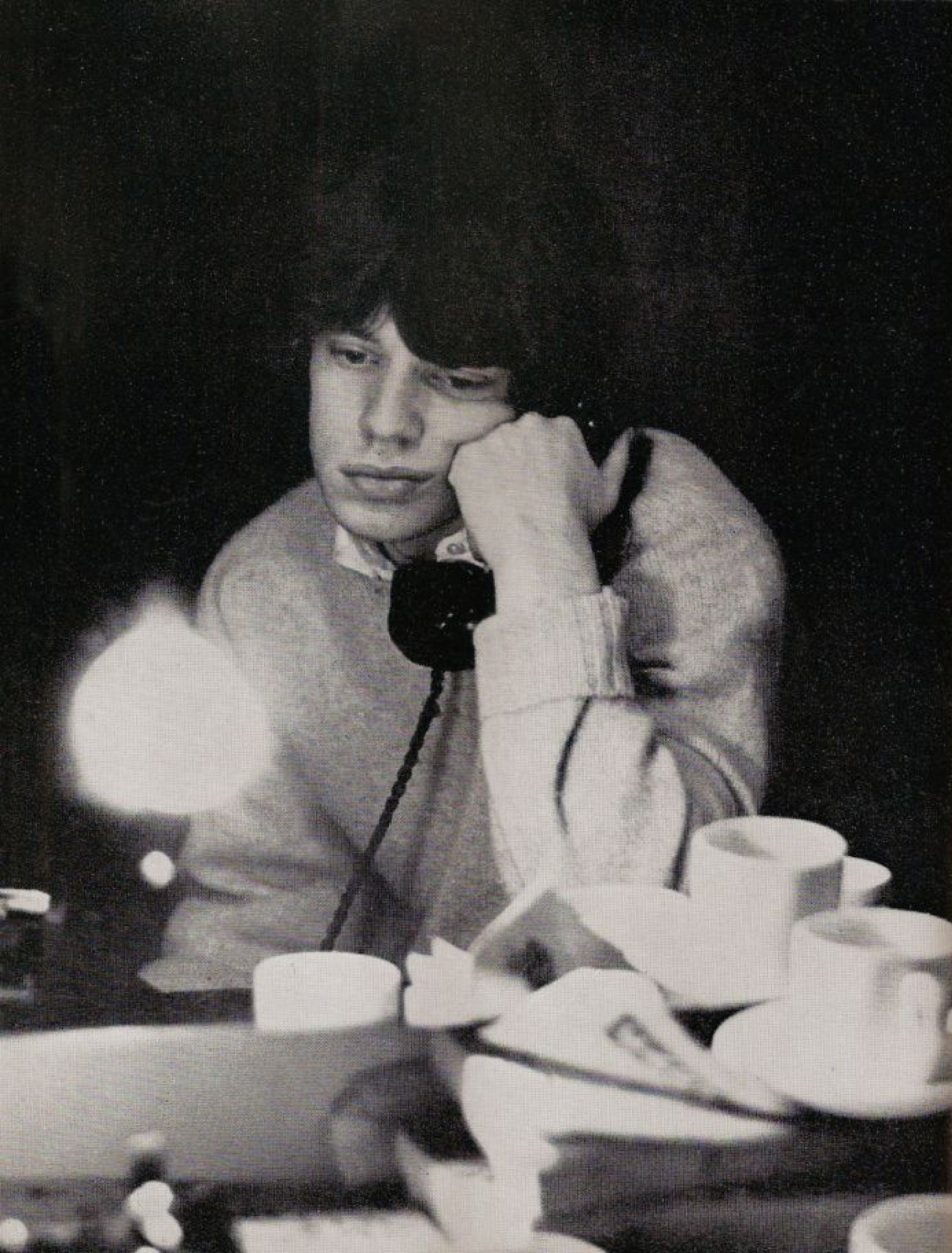
Anyway, the Stones now had a new number

to record. A Beatle number. Which was something else to make the boys high up in the controversy stakes.

The people who try to create great enmity between the different groups should have been at a meeting in the Ken Colyer Club in London's West End. Andrew Oldham had met John Lennon and Paul McCartney and talked over the song and then taken the Beatles into the club. They talked for a while. John and Paul, in rare good spirits, hummed over the number—actually it hadn't even been fully completed.

Said Mick Jagger: "It's a great number. Just what we want. And wait till THIS story hit the newspapers. It'll put the kybosh on the people who say we're climbing on the Beatles band-waggon."

Messrs. John and Paul hurried away to write the middle eight of the song. It took 'em just a few minutes. Meanwhile, the Stones worked over the bit that HAD been completed. Incidentally, Andrew Oldham wasn't there for this session—he'd galloped off to the South of



France for a break "away from it all" after the hectic schedule he'd kept up trying to publicise the Stones.

Chapter Twenty-nine

They become more confident.

So it was Eric Easton who went along to the Kingsway Studios and took charge. One thing surprised him. "The boys seemed to be getting the right approach to recording by now," he said. "They were happier, somehow. I'm not saying it was a straightforward session—nothing involving the Stones could possibly be that. There was all the usual kidding around and they managed to do a very good job indeed on sending me up. But that apart, it was the confidence of the boys that pleased me a lot."

Why so confident? Simply because, at long last, they felt that things were starting to happen for them. They'd gone through months of earning little, doing little, hoping for little. Then came "Come On" and at least a sampling of success. The tour—well, that made them realise that they had something to offer to audiences AWAY from the little clubs in the London area.

Not that the Stones were getting big-headed. They had much too much common sense for that. Anyway, they'd sampled enough disappointment to scupper any lesser group.

The Disc came out, to a flurry of excitement, in the first week of November and the critics, this time round, really did sit up and take notice. It's difficult to know whether this was because the Stones were considered so popular, even then—or because the song was written by the Golden Touch partnership of Lennon and McCartney.

But more pictures appeared of the Stones. And the real controversy started. The "squarer" type of writers suggested that it was a very bad thing for the fans of Britain to be fed a diet of music from "long-haired beatniks".

Said Mick: "It's all a lot of rubbish. We're not just going all out for getting all the gimmicks. We are what we are. We wear our hair this

◀ *Mick always tries to answer phone calls from his fans.*

way simply because that's the way we want it. People who don't like it don't have to look at us. But we're not changing just because we're suddenly having pictures taken all the time".

Another slice of controversy hit the headlines! The Stones weren't doing it deliberately . . . it just seemed that everyone wanted to talk or write about them. What's more they'd turned up just at the right time—when the pop music scene generally was fading a trifle after the immediate initial impact of the Beatles.

But as "I Wanna Be Your Man" was reviewed favourably, the time had come for the Stones to wander rather further afield on personal appearances. Like doing the big ballroom dates. This suggestion put them in fear and trembling . . . an unusual state for a Stone. They knew they could hold a crowd in a small club, or from the isolated state of a stage.

A ballroom, though, was a different matter. There, they'd find crowds literally breathing down their necks. And it could prove a time for mickey-taking.

Next Month: What happened to the Stones when they came face to face with the ballroom dancers.

If you have been unable to
obtain a copy of Charlie's book

*Ode to a
highflying
Bird.*

from your local newsagent or
bookseller—

YOU CAN GET IT DIRECT

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BEAT PUBLICATIONS LTD.,
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ANSWERED THIS MONTH BY CHARLIE

BEST WISHES

Dear "Stones",

I would like to wish Brian a very happy birthday. Did you realise that had he been born one day later, he would only have a birthday every four years—that would make him just over five!

Though I've never seen you performing live, I met you in person when you were here last July. You came again on January 6th, but I was unable to see you. However, my Father, who is a policeman spoke to Brian and gave him a message from me at the railway station in Belfast, just before you left for Dublin. Tell Brian that Daddy is now a keen fan because of his chat with him, so that's one grown-up who is on your side!

Charlie answers: A policeman for a fan! I don't believe it.

ANOTHER RUMOUR

I read somewhere that Brian had bought a disused church, Is this true? If so what is he doing with it?

I am a great admirer of the Stones and their music. My friend and I read the paperback "Our Own Story" and we think even more of the Stones. "You Better Move On" makes us cry. The group is just wonderful—can't think of words to describe it 'cos it's all been said.

Love and Best Wishes
Ruth Carswell

P.S. Have discovered Charlie's birthday is the same date as mine.

DEAR MR. JAGGER

My name is Càstalia and I am the girl who interviewed you at the Akabar Hotel in Adelaide. Remember me?

I am writing to thank you properly for letting me interview you and to tell you that although I am not an official reporter I do work occasionally for our University newspaper and they are going to print my article dealing with your press conference and our private interview.

I was wondering if you would do a favour for both my sister and myself, you see, when we were looking for your room, we burst in rather unceremoniously on Charlie Watts, who was trying to sleep, and instead of scooting off and letting the poor boy sleep we stood around rather lost, saying such silly things as:

"Good heavens, it's Charlie!"
"Yes, it's Charlie, I think he's asleep"
"Do you think we could interview him?"
"Not if he's asleep".

In the end we asked where to find Brian Jones and he told us, but the main thing is, we quite forget to apologise for intruding on him, so I was wondering if you would do it for us, just say we're very sorry for interrupting him, because you see, both my sister and I would be too embarrassed to write to him ourselves. Thank you very much.

Yours Sincerely,
Càstalia Di Fazio

Charlie answers: That's O.K. Càstalia (how did you get that name) but it wouldn't have been any good trying to interview me I was too tired.

THANKS

Tuesday you will have landed 12,000 miles away leaving behind memories of an unforgettable tour at least to the Fans; some, only outside fans, but many, like myself, genuine fans. Fans who won't forget the shocking press conference when you were ridiculed to the extent of rudeness on your part; the strict security measures which allowed us only a glimpse of you once a day; and the struggle with parents to be allowed to even see you.

It is on behalf of these such Fans that I am writing, maybe you will loose precious time reading it but at least I have the feeling that it is within reading distance and you might know how much we like you.

I want to thank you Brian for your interest in your fans. Thank you also for your coke bottle and the time you spoke to us from the window.

Please thank Bill for the hours he spent talking to me and other fans who stood under his window. I'm only sorry that the Police came with the appearance of about forty screaming girls. This was also the source of your disappearance.

Thank Andrew for his friendliness as you left for the airport. Thank Keith for his beautiful smiles when we attracted his attention during the show. (6.00 show Friday night — 12th Feb.). I'd like to thank Mick for something but I can't think of anything except the show and his appearances on the balcony of the motel.

Something I thought was unfair was the way your plane was taxied to the bus where you took about 5 steps on the ground. There was no real reason why you couldn't have left from the correct place. That was the reason you had no reception at the airport, what was the use of missing school—risking expulsion to go to the airport and see your legs if we were lucky?

On Saturday we had planned to give you a decent send-off at least—but again it was of no avail.

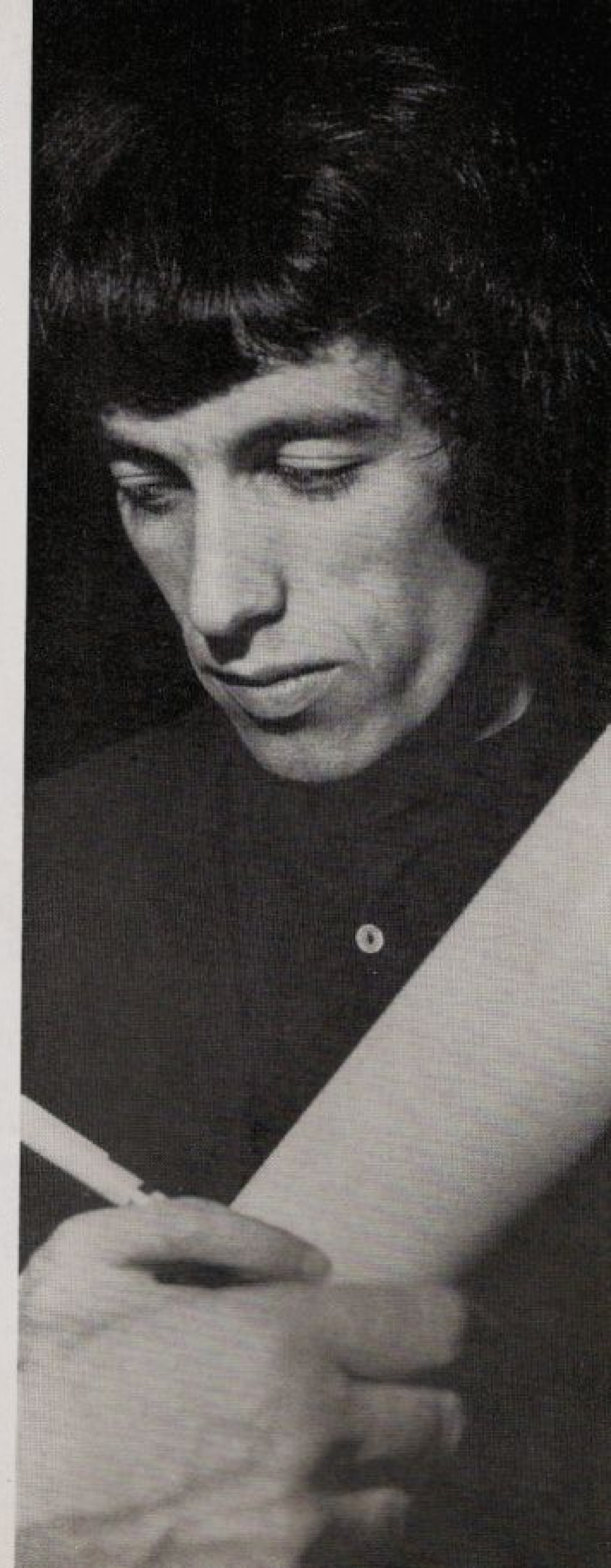
To end my letter I have decided that you are all mighty people who are genuinely interested in your fans, especially you—Brian and Bill.

Though Adelaide may never see you again thank you —

Brian; Bill; Charlie; Keith; and Mick
for your fantastic Adelaide shows
yours sincerely

(please do take care of yourselves as we would like to see you again)

Megan Hart,
Trinity Crescent,
Salisbury, North,
S. Australia.





Wherever the Stones go there's sure to be someone under the nearest window—and Bill can never resist having a look for himself.

The **ROLLING STONES** Book
No. 11 *Edited by MICK JAGGER*

will be published on **APRIL 10th**
*Don't forget to order your copy **NOW***

◀ *Brian and Charlie on the eve of their departure for the Far Eastern Tour, practising for some horse-riding they planned to do there—and did! Pics of them on horseback in the next issue.*