



XMAS **THE** **ISSUE**
ROLLING
STONES **No. 19**
MONTHLY **BOOK** 10th DECEMBER 1965

THE ROLLING STONES **BOOK** **No. 19**



THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

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

No. 19 DECEMBER, 1965

Edited by Bill Wyman

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EDITORIAL

Hello !

It's been a fantastic tour, but even so, we'll all be glad when it ends in a few days. I don't think that any of us have ever felt so tired or worn out before. It's not the performances that take it out of you but the travelling between them.

The trouble is, you see, that one side of the States is several hours behind the other, so, whenever you fly across the country you loose track of time. After several trips you don't know whether the meal you are about to eat is breakfast, lunch, or dinner! I know that sitting on a plane doesn't sound tiring but, believe me, it is!

After we play our last date we go into the R.C.A. studios in Hollywood with Andrew and our old mate, Dave Hassinger, to record some new tracks. Mick and Keith have been busy working on ideas whenever they've had a spare moment. But, as usual, none of us have any idea of what our new single will be until we have heard the play-backs.

I am doing a bit of singing myself these days and so I hope that I will be doing some of the vocals during the coming session. Not taking the lead, of course—that's Mick's job—but doing some harmony with Keith.

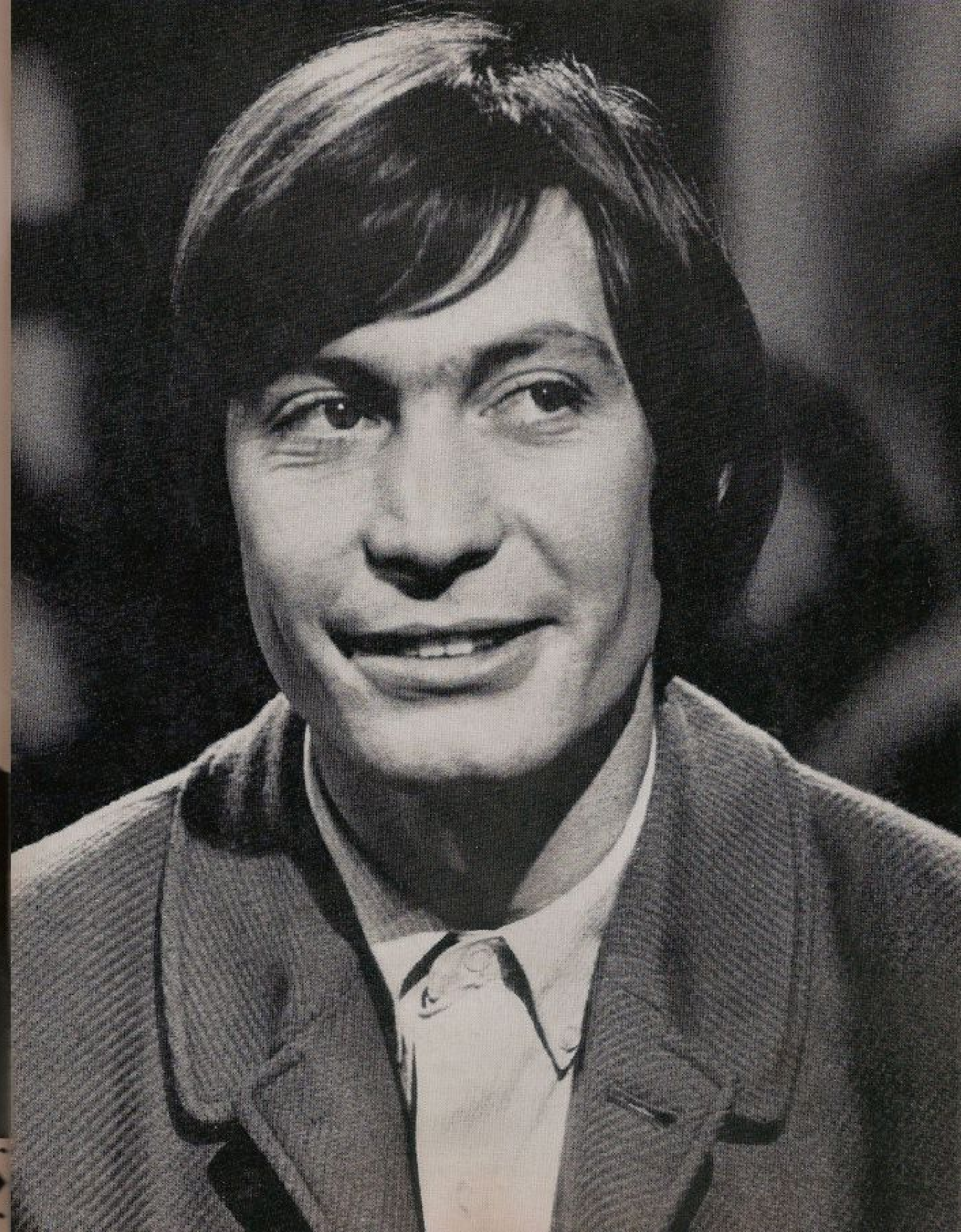
It's been a great year, thanks to all of you, and I would just like to end this editorial by wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, not just from me but also from Mick, Keith, Charlie and Brian.

Lots of Luck

Bill Wyman



What do the fashion fiends think
of Charlie's new curling collar
coat?



Rolling Stones NEWS

FUTURE DATES

All the boys were so tired and worn-out after their fantastically strenuous American Tour that they wanted to have a good rest before taking on any further work. The first tentative date that has been pencilled in, is the New Year's Eve edition of Ready Steady Go. At the time of going to press, January and February were still open for the New Year but there is a possibility that the boys will do a short tour of Britain in either March or April. And negotiations are also in progress for a second far-eastern tour of Australia and New Zealand in the early part of next year.

HOUR FILM

Andrew Oldham flew back from America for a few days in November to work on the editing of the sixty-minute, black and white film of the Stone's last Irish Tour that he produced and Pete Whitehead directed.

"I think it is going to make a big impact," said Andrew, "it's very moody and three Stateside Companies have already asked to show it."

CHRISTMAS VACATIONS

The Stones plan to spread out across the western world when they finish their week recording at the R.C.A. Studios in Hollywood just as this issue comes out.

Bill and Charlie are flying home as they want to spend the two remaining weeks before Christmas getting their new homes in order. Brian said that he would probably stay with Bob Dylan.

Keith was going to spend his weeks off with new business manager Alan Klein on his yacht cruising along the Florida coast. Mick had planned to go down to Acapulco in Mexico but changed his mind and is intending to go to Jamaica instead.



Charlie treads warily as he clutches presents brought back from one of the many foreign countries the Stones have visited. His wife Shirley is behind him.



This was the supply of food and drink in the corner of RCA's Hollywood Studios before the last Stones' recording session started.



We're not giving any prizes to anyone guessing which two of these girls are Keith's cousins.

RECORDING PIX

Most of the shots in this issue, including the one on the front-cover, were taken in the R.C.A. Studios in Hollywood when the boys were recording "Get off of my cloud".

The usual technique is for Charlie, Keith, Brian and Bill to record the backing track until it's absolutely perfect, and then Mick, and who ever else is harmonizing with him, add the voice track.

XMAS AND BIRTHDAY CARDS

Christmas cards and gifts for the Stones are starting to come into the Fan Club mixed up with Keith's birthday cards and gifts. His birthday is, of course, on December 18th but, unfortunately, "Keefy" won't be celebrating in this country.

MICK'S GIFT

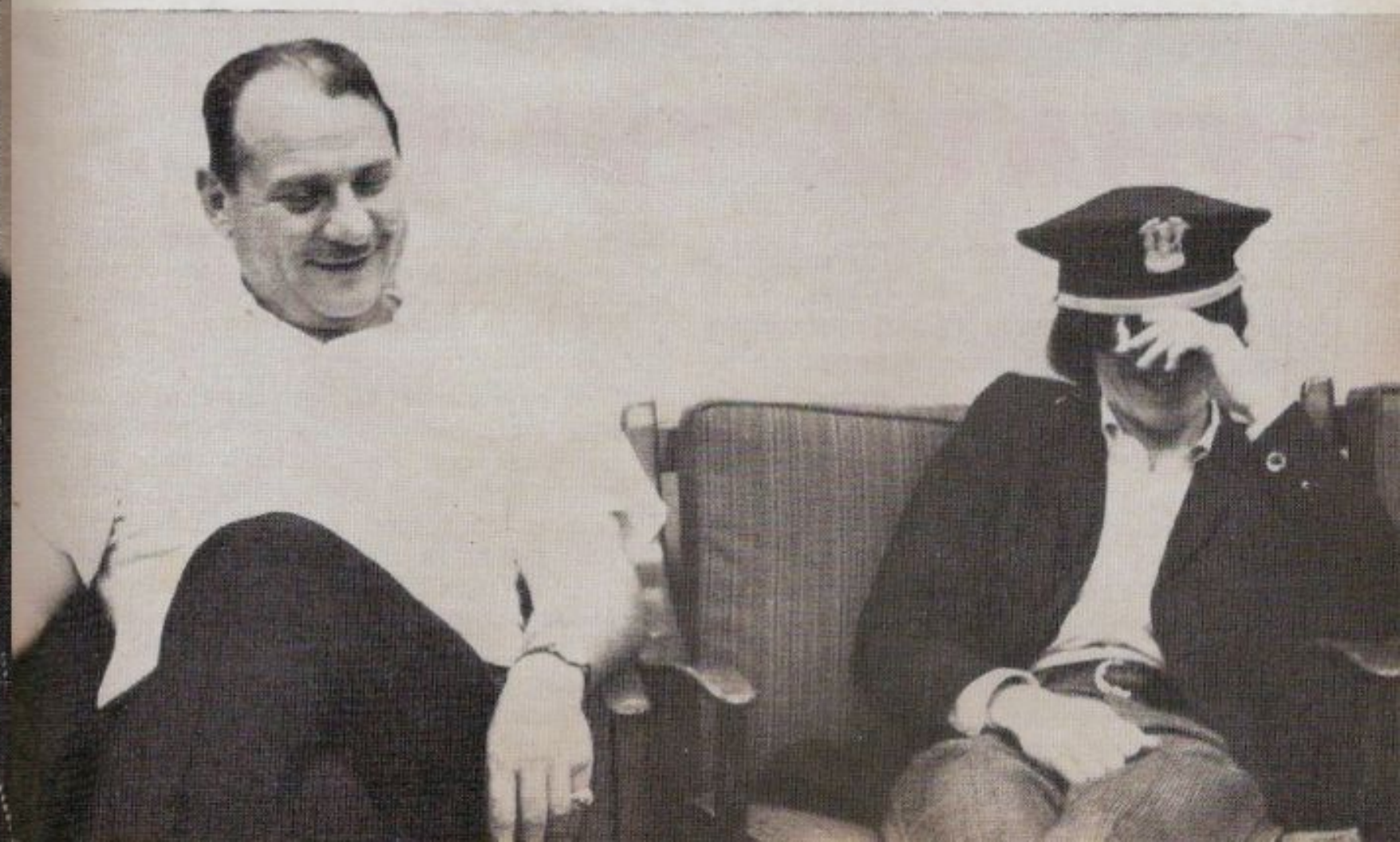
Many famous artistes don't like the idea of other members of their family stepping into the limelight too, but Mick, far from being annoyed by his brother Chris's recent success, is helping him all he can by giving him any information he needs. Mick is also giving him a wonderful Christmas present, a grey Mini-Cooper.



Brian wearing one of his fab striped jumpers.



Here's one American policeman who could take a joke.





WHAT A YEAR! *By Kevin Swift*

It has been a tremendous, great, bigger than big, whopper of a year for the Stones! What have they done? It would be more sensible to ask, "What haven't they done?"

They finished 1964 with a very successful American tour and a high flyin' "Little Red Rooster". In came the new year and they were off again, this time heading in a Far Easterly direction.

They hadn't been to New Zealand and Australia before. How would the Downunders react? The answer came with screams and scenes.

It was a very fitting opening to a year in which the Stones have travelled the face of the

earth bringing their music to the masses. They've been to America, Canada, the Far East, France, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries.

RECORDS

The Home scene? You can answer that one. You have made the Stones' tours memorable events, and you haven't exactly been unco-operative as far as record sales are concerned. Their first '65 record was "The Last Time". To follow came that historic, yes, historic E.P. "Got Live If You Want It". This turned out to be an eye opener. Stones' followers bought it as if it was a single, so it chart-hopped as if it was a single. Mind you this record was more than a record if you see what I mean. It was a souvenir, a piece of concentrated excitement

which show-attending fans could buy, take home and listen to. They would be transported back to that crazy night when they saw the Stones live. Many of them had the satisfaction of knowing that they had helped to create the atmosphere, which had driven their group on to some really wild vocal and instrumental work. The Stones also came up with two very meaty L.P.s "Rolling Stones 2" and "Out of Our Heads". The material on both demonstrated that great skill of theirs which enables them to give every track a very authentic treatment without losing their own distinctive style and sound.

So much for group achievements. Personally, each of the Stones has retained his earthy charm, but in some ways they have changed a great deal.

For a start, that scruffy unkempt image went straight out of the window once they and their records got to be big things. All through this

year top rag trade personalities have been holding them up as perfect examples of sartorial taste.

Fan hysteria has grown right along with the Stones' increasing appeal. In their travels the boys have been astonished by such phenomena as flying fans who jump from theatre balconies and expect to land in one piece, and boys, who beat girls aside so that they can get on the stage to meet their idols. Strange!

This year of '65 has seen the emergence of two of the business's top Song-Smiths, Jagger and Richard. They have written a great deal of material and whenever it finds its way on to records the Stones' followers express complete approval.

What a year indeed!! Trips, big records, personal improvements, changes here and there, swelling fan followings. What more could happen to the Stones in '66? You think of something, they'll probably do it!



most of his time was spent smiling to himself or at no one particular in the audience and, of course, chewing gum. Keith, dressed rather inconspicuously in dark colours, started off "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love". His hair looked charcoal brown in the bright lights.

For the second number, "Play with Fire", Brian made tracks to the electric piano next to Charlie. The spotlight focused on Brian, and he swung his way through the entire song. As Brian returned to his proper position, it was Mick's turn to evaluate the crowd. He took a long, slow look around him and breathed "Mercy" into the microphone. There followed the song "Mercy, Mercy" (*great* song). Next came "Around and Around", during which Mick must have covered every inch of the stage at *least* once—and judging by the expression on his face at the end, he had stirred the proper amount of hysterical reaction. Keith and Bill did more than their share to help on "Last Time". They seemed to have a private joke going up there and couldn't so much as glance at each other without breaking out in grins. At one of the calmer (rather, less frantic) points, Keith spun around and played for the people seated on the other side of the platform.

To slow things down a bit, if that is possible, Mick then announced "That's How Strong My Love Is" as Brian once more drifted back to the

piano. The song came over quite strongly, as Mick sang most of it while kneeling at the centre of the stage. Out came the famed maraccas, two red and two brown—but it seemed as though Mick had half a dozen hands he was moving so fast. He worked his way over to the edge of the platform and kicked his foot at the front row, causing quite a reaction, including the throwing of an obviously expensive fountain pen, and a jacket, which landed on Keith's left hand, draped over his guitar.

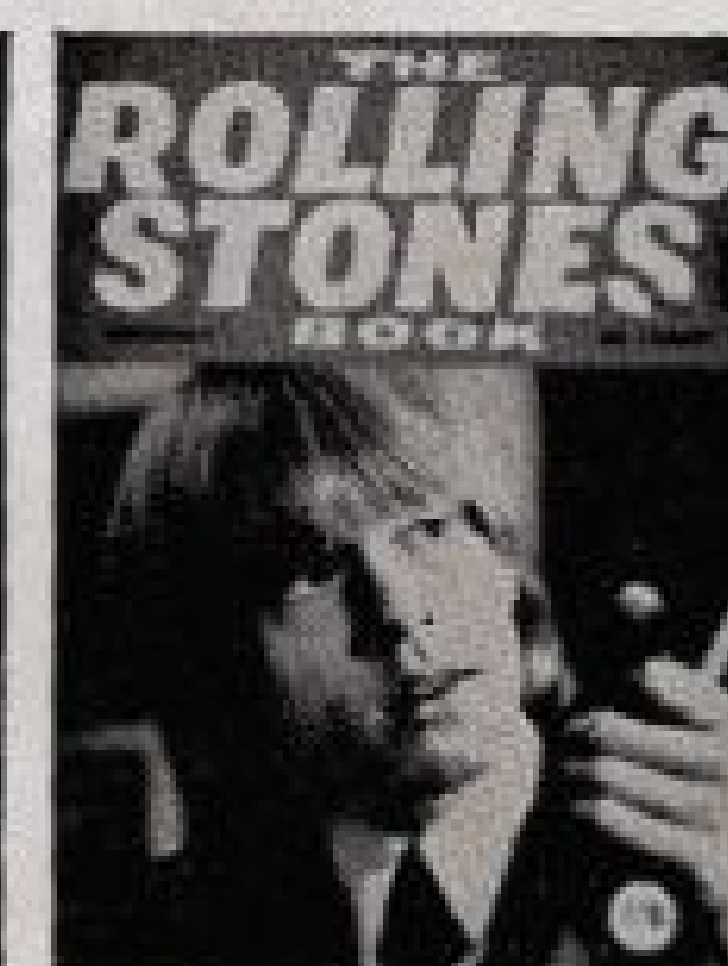
The next song was their latest release, "Get Off of My Cloud", Charlie had his chance to shine on this number which is now the most popular song in this country, and Mick supported him with some of his wildest steps, including high leaps into the air which, needless to say, had the girls a few rows back in a near frenzy.

Before the audience had time to recover, Bill started "Satisfaction", which caused a previously unequalled uproar. As Mick continued to sing, Brian, Keith, and Bill whipped off their guitars, and all made a dash for the stairs. They left just as quickly and suddenly as they had come, and the only remaining evidence of their presence were signs on the floor. Ian once more carrying guitar cases, and that poor girl, still in tears, walking in no particular direction, and crying for Mick.

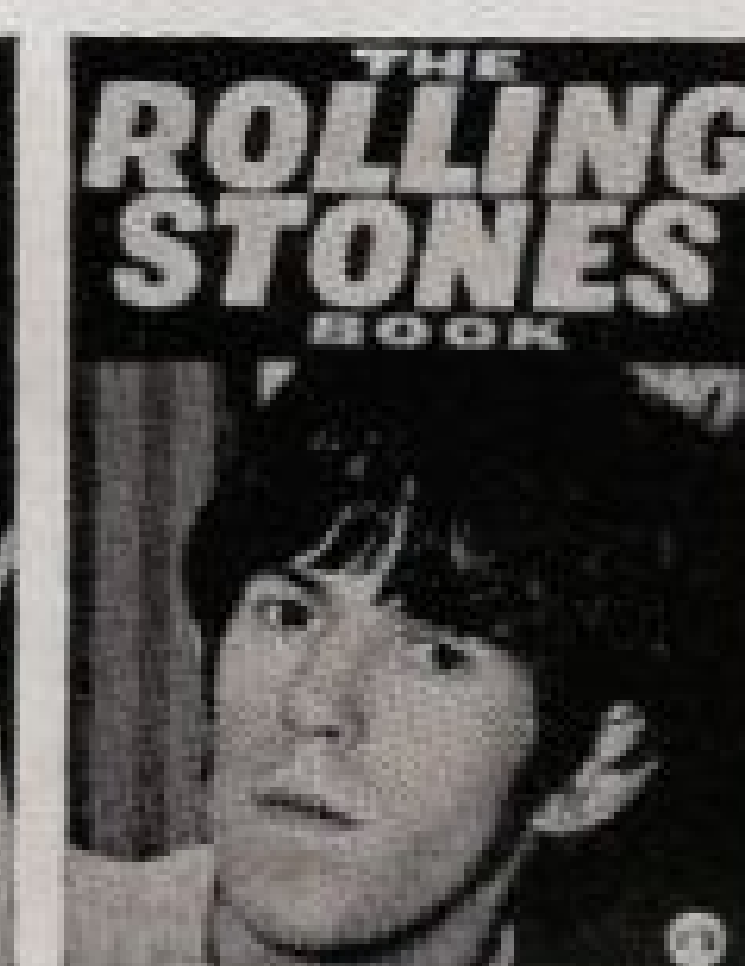
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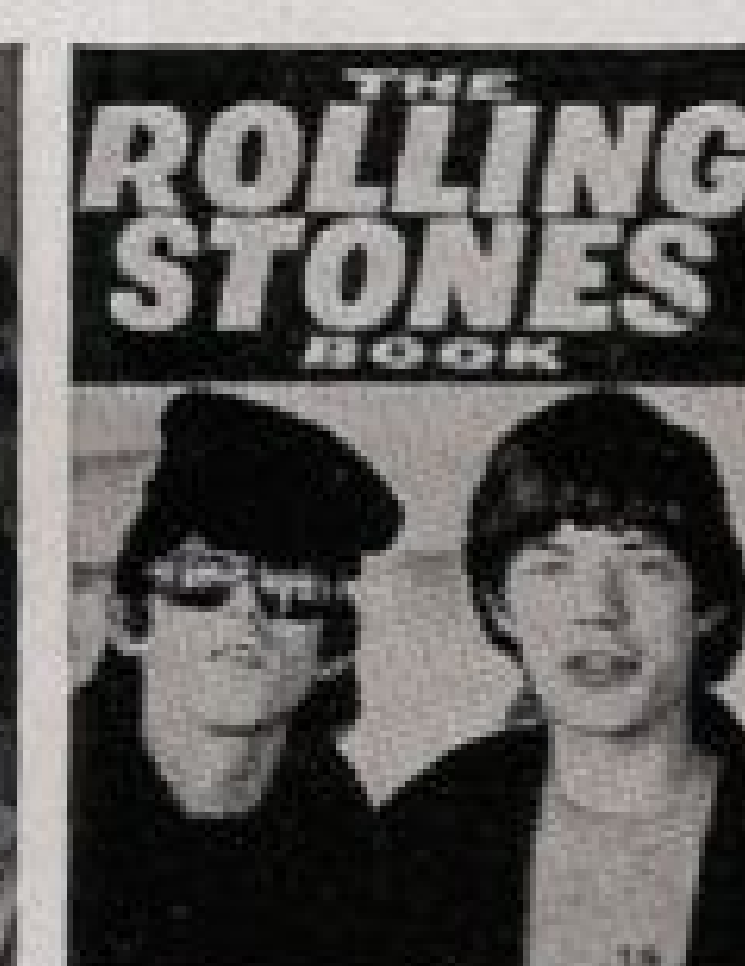
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Send P.O.'s and details to Rolling Stones Book Back Issues, 36-38 Westbourne Grove, London, W.2. (We regret that issues 1, 2, 3 and 4 are now completely out of stock and CANNOT be supplied.)

Cowboy Charlie doesn't leave all the work to Stu on their American trips.

ROLLING STONES

Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

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Helen Baylay (age 15) 10 Barton Avenue, Dunstable, Beds., wants p.p. anywhere.

More shots from the R.C.A. Studios. (Top) Bill, Charlie and Mick deep in a discussion with Dave Hassenger (hidden behind Bill). (Below) Keith gets ready to dub on an extra guitar passage.



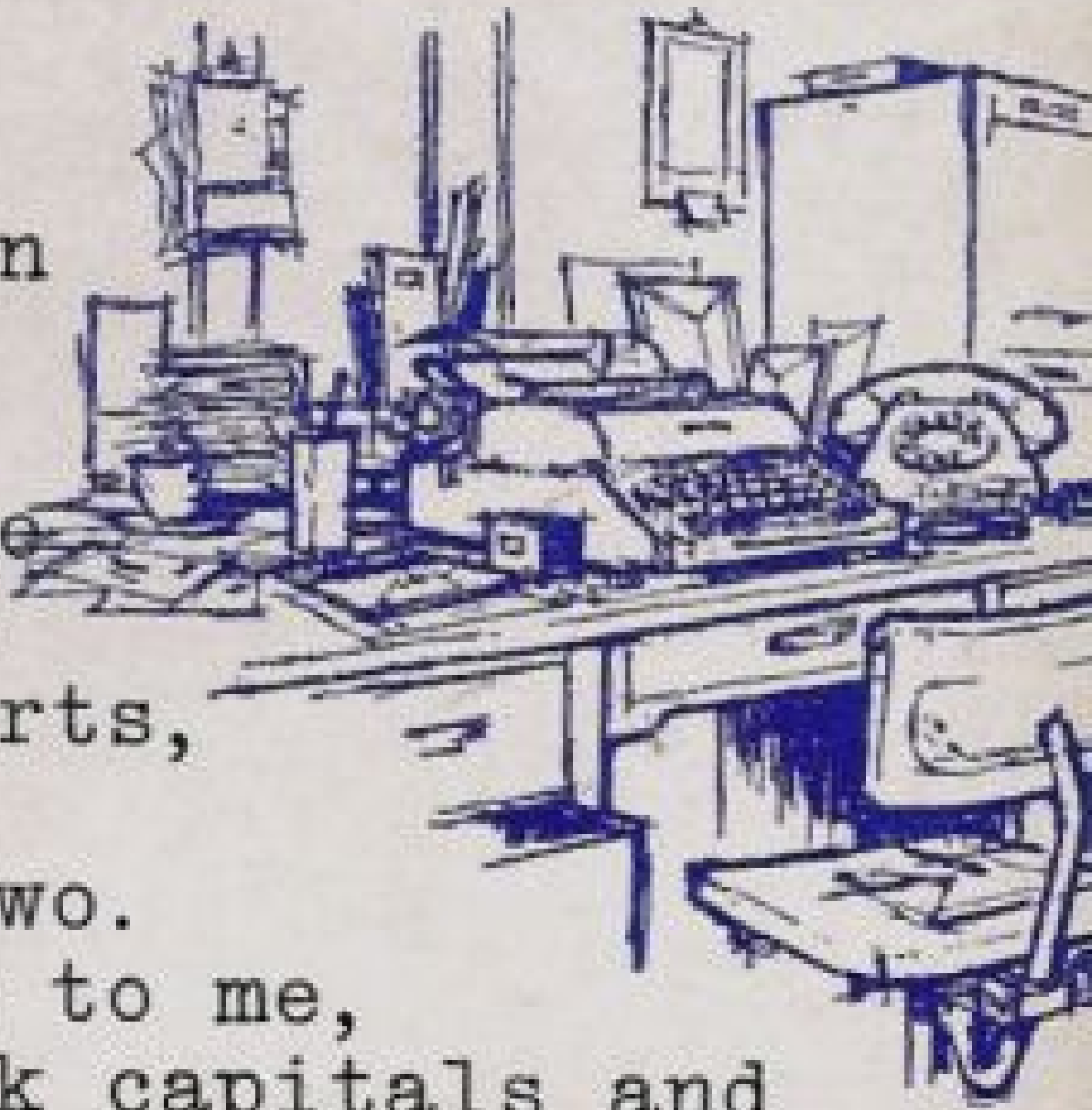




THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB

Hi there!

Thanks very much for sending in so many suggestions and designs for the Fan Club T Shirts. We finally ended up by choosing a yellow cotton shirt with just the words 'Rolling Stones' on the front in fancy blue lettering. All the Fan Club members, who have seen the shirts, have been very pleased with the design, and most of them have actually bought two. If any of you would like one just write to me, giving me your name and address in block capitals and enclosing a crossed postal-order for 15/-, and I will send one to you.



The boys have been in touch with me while they have been in America, but usually they have been so tired when they phoned that I haven't asked them a lot of questions. They did tell me though that their plane was just about to land in New York when North East America had that big power cut, so the pilot had to circle round and round until the airport managed to put on some emergency landing lights. Mick told me it was very scarey. But he said it was even odder when they drove into New York and found that there were no lights on any of the buildings.

Thanks for helping to make the Fan Club such a success during the past year. I look forward to writing to you regularly on this page every month during 1966, and in the meantime I wish you an enjoyable Christmas and holiday on behalf of all the Fan Club Staff and let's try to make 1966 a great year for Mick, Keith, Brian, Charlie and Bill. Lots of Luck.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith

138 Ivor Court, Gloucester Place, London, N.W.1.

Secretary:
ANNABELLE SMITH



R DISC **THE STONES SPECIAL** 180,000 advance for Stones EP
inks **THE STONES' STORY** TH
ones **ROLLING STONES STONES ALMOST THERE** Stones

Christmas, 1964—a hectically busy time for the Stones and, come to that, the Stones' fans. Keith celebrated his birthday on the 18th and received a mountain of fan-mail to commemorate the event. Fan-club secretary Annabelle Smith was knee-deep in shirts, handkerchiefs, dolls and hats.

Chapter Sixty

Sacks of Christmas Cards

And the Christmas mail for all the boys was shattering. Many fans drew their own cards, embellishing them with decorations . . . and I remember Brian saying, as he waded through a stack of gifts: "Some of these marvellous fans have never met us, yet they go to all this trouble just to please us. If only there was some tangible way we could thank them all."

But the boys were even more grateful by the middle of December—getting some Christmas presents they certainly didn't expect. This was the time that the results of the New Musical Express popularity poll were announced, perhaps the biggest and most comprehensive poll of its kind. The results represented a whole year in pop music . . . a year in which the Stones had really developed from "hopefuls" to full stars. It's worth looking back at that poll—here goes.

World male singer? Mick was placed seventh. But the important thing was this: Mick was the highest-placed group member of them all. He was two places up on John Lennon, five on Paul McCartney . . . and actually beat his old idol, Chuck Berry, by about fifty votes.

The boys came second to the Beatles in the World Vocal Group department—a good result

[Continued from previous issue] but it should be pointed out that the Beatles ran away with the title. BUT—and it is a "big" but—in the section for British R and B groups, the Stones gained full revenge, galloping into top place. As this was their-kind-of-music section, it's worth saying that they were followed by the Animals, Manfred Mann, Kinks, Pretty Things, Georgie Fame, Yardbirds, and Spencer Davis. But the Stones had a lead of 5,000 votes!

The Stone-rolling joy went on and on. Mick third in the list of British male singers, being pipped for second place by the merest handful of votes. Fourth in the "Vocal personality" section . . . this department ran: Cliff, Lennon, Dusty, Mick. But Mick stormed ahead of everybody else in the "new disc or TV singer" poll.

Best new group? Guess who! The Stones were the only ones to get into four figures: actual voting was Stones, 2,094; Kinks, 685; Manfred Mann, 675; Animals, 663. A convincing enough success. They were also fourth in "British instrumental unit". And just to round off a delectious December, they had two records "Little Red Rooster" and "It's All Over Now" included in the Top Ten favourite new discs of the year. The Beatles also had two included, but the Stones' coupling actually made the top five, whereas the Beatles took second and tenth places.

The thing was this: The Beatles had become established whereas the Stones were still new enough to be regarded as newcomers, but fast-moving newcomers. A telegram from Mick announced that he felt he was "walking on air" . . . and one from all the boys reported: "This is the first Christmas present we've had and the best one we've ever had." Just a little joke . . .

It was obvious, too, that the individual Stones were beginning to get the itch to tackle

different work inside the recording business. Mick and Keith were concentrating on their song-writing, and Bill Wyman was showing interest in finding new artists to record as "A and R man".

Chapter Sixty-one

Mick and Brian take a holiday

Mick and Brian nipped over to Paris for a "quiet weekend" to study the scene there and ended up with some anything-but-quiet celebrations with the Animals after that group had appeared at the Olympia Theatre. Brian came back to say, in a curiously perturbed way: "Because I was ill over in the States, everybody seems to think I'm on my last legs. I believe they expect to find me in a wheel-chair or on crutches or something. Certainly I had a rough time of it for a while, but I'm all ready for 1965 now."

Keith, by the way, had "collected" a new pet dog . . . some fans handed it over at London Airport when the boys returned from America. "All very well," said Keith, "but it hasn't got a name. I can only think to call it 'dog'. And it doesn't seem to answer to that . . ."

"Little Red Rooster" duly won its Silver Disc, presented by Disc magazine—it was the boys' fourth such award. And during December, just one year ago, "Time Is On My Side" was doing extremely well in the American charts. It wasn't praise all the way, though—the Stones still had that tinge of controversy which shoved them into the headlines.

American music-man Burt Bacharach, later to become a confirmed Stones' enthusiast talked to us about the British scene and said he wasn't particularly knocked out by "Rooster" because he felt there were a lot of groups "back home in the States who do this funky guitar and harmonica sound a lot better". He also said he preferred the Sam Cooke original version . . . and immediately wished he hadn't bothered because Stones' fans rushed to defend their idols. Said Burt: "I thought it was my birthday I got so much mail."

One sad thing was that Sam Cooke died, in a tragic incident, during this very month. His version of "Rooster" had come out the previous November and didn't mean a thing in Britain. Cooke, however, HAD heard the Stones' version and approved . . . which was something to their credit because he'd often

come out as being against the Stone-type groups. "I don't dig rock," he said. "I have religious and Gospel backgrounds and I prefer to have the blues and ballads I sing left uncluttered. But the Stones have 'feel' and they have style."

Chapter Sixty-two

Introducing Charlie Watts—Author

And good old Charlie Watts was in the throes of showing his personal style. As a writer, no less. He had produced, written and drawn a book called "Ode to a Highflying Bird", a fantasy-styled "epic" dedicated to his great enthusiasm for the jazz saxophone star Charlie Parker, who died back in 1955. The national press took up this story of Charlie's first-ever book, large chunks of it appearing in various places.

Charlie, then living with his wife, Shirley, in a big block of flats looking out over Paddington . . . highly-polished floors, well-chosen rugs, a cat called "Louise". He talked about the book: "The main thing was finding a different approach to telling the story of this great jazz-man. He led a strange, off-beat sort of life and it's been well-covered by people who can write a lot better than me. So I've gone for it in the sort of way that anyone can understand, but also tried to keep the basic sense of his life and career."

By Christmas, the boys knew pretty well what they'd be doing right through to the mid-summer of 1965. As Mick said: "Not so long ago we wouldn't even know what we'd be doing in twenty-four hours' time. That's if we were doing anything . . ." But there were big concerts arranged for January, top TV's, an Australian tour through February, a British one-nighter schedule, a trip to the Continent, a third visit to America.

It was a matter of development. Mick confessed he felt it was time people started accepting the Stones as entertainers and musicians and not as freaks, but he also knew that there was no chance of the Stones suddenly turning to blue-mohaired orthodox behaviour. "But if people pick on blown-up headlines about us all the time, and then forget the music we're playing, it all seems a bit hard . . ."

Just a minor matter, though. Otherwise it was a year of triumph. And if you want to know just how well the New Year started . . . well, join us next month.



(Top) Stu lets Mick know that he's got all the mikes balanced before he goes on stage.
(Below) Brian and Keith turn photographers.



OO-STONES



On a lonely country road outside town a large saloon car pulls into the shadow of some trees and waits. The occupants light cigarettes and exchange instruction, in short, nervous sentences.

Even as they consult their watches, a dark blue van appears on the road, moving rapidly towards them. It stops. A policeman opens the back doors and then walks across to the parked car.

"Right," he says.

Five muffled figures climb stiffly from the car, cross the road, enter the van squatting on the leather-clad benches. They light fresh cigarettes, offer the packet to the police driver.

On the outskirts of town, a Z-car falls in behind the van, overtakes the van and leads it down the main streets.

* * * *

In a courtyard behind the main shopping area, a man unfastens heavy wrought-iron gates. A waiting crowd presses forward. There are some shouts.

There are more shouts as the Z-car edges through the crowd with the van behind it. The two vehicles enter the courtyard and the man closes the gates decisively.

A policeman unlocks the van door. The five figures emerge, walking even more stiffly. More cigarettes. Then the five go through a door and a lock comes across loudly and finally.

This is no transfer for train robbers. The men from SMERSH are not moving in. Danger Man can stay put at Shepperton or some other exotic hellhole of intrigue.

THIS IS THE ROLLING STONES ARRIVING FOR WORK.

SECURITY

When you reach Stone status, the deceptive art of sound security becomes a necessity. Every day is

no-hiding-place day.

Nowadays, they know most of the topographical pitfalls of badly-placed theatres, theatres with stage-doors on the main road or fire-escapes and other means of access by which fans could (almost) reach their idols while endangering their own lives.

If the Stones play a strange town, this is what happens.

When they are safely installed in a private hotel somewhere in the general area of their venue, one of their road managers goes into town and "cases" the theatre.

He checks the lay-out for hidden exits, side-lanes—even drainpipes. Then he questions theatre personnel and police about fan habits—where they gather, what methods they use to try to reach their idols, where they eat before shows, how fast they can get out of the theatre once the show is over.

Reckoning WITHOUT the national anthem that is. The time when the fans were fooled by the national anthem bit is over. The fans are patriotic about the Stones.

So Stones have to run fast and make open country while fans are still trying to push through main doors, down steps and so forth.

With these facts in his possession, the road manager formulates an escape plan. It is no good coming into a theatre, reckon the Klein-Oldham duo, if you can't get out.

SPEED

Sometimes, the exodus is possible with speed. Occasionally, the men who surround Britain's best loved quins have to be a little more subtle.

In Germany they had to go underground one time after a concert. The police led them through an old Nazi bunker—the Aryan inscriptions still on the walls—and up into some pinewoods a mile and a half from the theatre. But still they had to run.

For reasons of subtlety they carry a "rag bag"—a box containing policemen's helmets, capes, scarves and a host of odd hats.

"The Stones are best-known by their hair," reasons Oldham. "If we hide their hair, we have a fighting chance."

Continued on page 31





ON TOUR WITH THE STONES

By RAY CAMERON

It's a Rolling Stones' one-nighter. Packed theatre. The compere strolls on stage, looking just a mite worried. He's got a couple of gags to tell, but there's already a wall of screaming, a mass yelling for the stars of the show. The compere starts talking, trying to gain control. But the yelling hits new peaks of volume.

Happens all the time. But how does the compere feel about it? Best bloke to ask is the amiable Ray Cameron, who compered the first big tour the Stones undertook (that one with the Everlys and Bo Diddley) ... and who also hosted the boys' last session of one-nighters. Ray talks fast, is eager to explain. This is what he said:

"First time I saw them, they'd just had 'Come On' about in the Twenties. They'd recorded 'I Wanna Be Your Man', the Beatle song, but though it wasn't out yet they included it in the act. They weren't so well known so I had to explain who they were.

"I told the fans that they were a group who I thought would be very big, also that the other stars, like the Everlys, were standing in the wings night after night watching the Stones.

"Course, the Stones only did about three numbers. Normally a group would do that sort of short act, then the curtains would close and that would be that. But any promising group ... well, I liked to call them back for another bow. Some groups wouldn't do it, in case they got no applause which would make them look very stupid. But the Stones didn't

mind—anything to improve themselves and their act.

"During 1964, when they really developed, I was away in Australia. But when I got back I realised just how much they HAD improved as an act, especially Mick. He introduces new movements—differing week by week, place by place. I think he gives a lot of thought to his presentation.

"Now I've learned to forget gags when it comes to the Stones but. No point standing there like an idiot, looking for a gap in the noise to tell a gag. So I just mention each of the boys by name.

KNOW MORE

"What impresses me is that the kids who go to the shows know much more about it nowadays. Early on, if something went wrong back stage say with an amplifier, they'd give me a hard time if I went on talking—they'd really hate me. They probably figured I'd gone on there just to hog the glory. Now they realise that if I stand out there for more than a couple of minutes, something has blown up backstage!

"The Stones sometimes go on like prizefighters—bandages and wadding and so on. Once on the last tour, we had to stop the act ... I got a message that Keith had been got at by some fans and had collapsed.

"I certainly like the Stones. Tell you what impresses me with Mick. You get these jazz singers and standard singers, like Tony Bennett, who are always putting the beat-group boys down, saying they don't sing properly and



so on. Normally the pop boys don't answer back. But Mick does—he says these other characters are a load of rubbish. He does a crazy impression of Buddy Greco, for instance.

"Of course, we did have our troubles. At Carlisle, the Stones were late arriving—I had to go on stage for 35 minutes. That was terrifying, even if I do longer in a night-club. The audience knew something was wrong, so when they started shouting I just stood there, yawned, lighting a cigarette. Trying to be all nonchalant.

"But there's one type I really hate and that's the 'Pennythrower'. Both Keith and Brian were hit on this recent tour and Keith was knocked cold. You can cope with shouted insults, but not hard things like pennies.

"Tell you this, when I first compered with the Stones, they showed me a big machine on stage. Said it was an insurance machine, that a compere's life was so dodgy it was best to take out an insurance policy every time I went on stage.

"Well, it's tough. But enjoyable, specially with the Stones. But when you next go to a one-nighter to see Mick and boys ... please, please remember the compere."



STONES

POST

A BIT DIFFERENT

Mautby Lane,
Filby,
Gt. Yarmouth,
Norfolk.

You say that all your fans who write to you mention that you are great, so I'll be different (if I can possibly do it) and leave it out.

Those who say that the people who like you are insane, are the people who are insane, don't you agree? I've drove my parents, sisters, friends and relations all up the wall (they won't come down either) talking about you. Never mind they look pretty up there.

I tried to draw cartoons for the competition in the September issue of "The Rolling Stones Book" but my drawing of Mick turned out like Keith, my Charlie drawing turned out like Brian and my Bill drawing turned out like Mick. You can't win can you?

From a Stones Fan.

A DANISH GIRL WRITES

Copenhagen.

Wot haven't I seen in my young life, letters from people who wanted to borrow Keef, people who have got your autographs, people who write poems 'bout you, people who dream 'bout you (once I had a dream about you too. Just a minute "Stoned" is on the radio!—Boy, do you sound sexy, Mick!! Where was I, yes, that dream. I dreamt that I went to see your show. I was in the front row but couldn't see you (sob!) 'cos the stage was 15 feet high! I screamed "Keef, Keef" like mad and looked like an over-ripe tomato (I think!!). Then Keef came to the edge and looked at me and said, "Yeah, wasser matter"? Quite a nightmare, when you come to think about it! Then some people have met you in person! Why have some got all the luck? It makes me green with envy! And then I've seen people with 6½ legs and 2 heads who want you to shout kracklepok at your show. (Hope you will anyway, 'cos she is my pen-pal Maureen!)

Yes, I've seen a lot, but I've never, never seen a letter from a Danish girl, who makes herself poor with Stones monthlies, records and tickets for Stones shows, when they appear in Denmark. A girl who thinks you are the GREATEST and stood several hours ev'ryday at the Royal Hotel in March. I'm thinking of one certain girl, ME! So this is my letter and will you PLEASE print it?!

Lots of love from an everlasting fan,
Ilse Jensen.

××××× plus an extra × for Keef. Ta.

LIKES 'B' SIDE

42 Edinburgh Court,
Grand Drive,
Raynes Park,
S.W.20.

I just had to write and tell you how much I like "The Singer not the Song" B-side of "Get off of My Cloud", its Fantastic.

Love to all, especially Mick.

A loving Stone Fan,
Sue.

THE QUEUEING GAME

246 Evelyn Court,
Amhurst Road,
Hackney, E.8.

Got your sandwiches, your flask of tea.
Most important of all, got your money,
Wear two sweaters, it might get cold,
Your radio, as many books as you can hold,
Where are you going with all this gear?
You've got enough food to last you a year.
Take the latest copy of "Stones Monthly"
Must get a good seat or the show you wont see.
Better take a brolly, a raincoat too,
Wear your winter coat or you might catch flu.
It's eight o'clock and now getting dark
You think its quite fun, this queueing-up lark,
For of course this is what you are going to do
You wanna see the Stones so you're going to queue.
What ever the weather you will queue all night
Don't care what mum says you know you are right.
And when you've got your ticket and home you go
You'll lock it up safely and look forward to the show.
Marilyn Fine.

GOT PEN PALS

46 Alison Cres.,
Manor Est.,
Sheffield 2.

I would like to start off by saying thanks to STONES MONTHLY for printing a certain letter by Maureen Murray who said that she was unable to obtain Pen Pals.

When I read her letter I wrote to Maureen and am now her pen pal.

Hope Mick's forehead is better.

John M. Woolf.

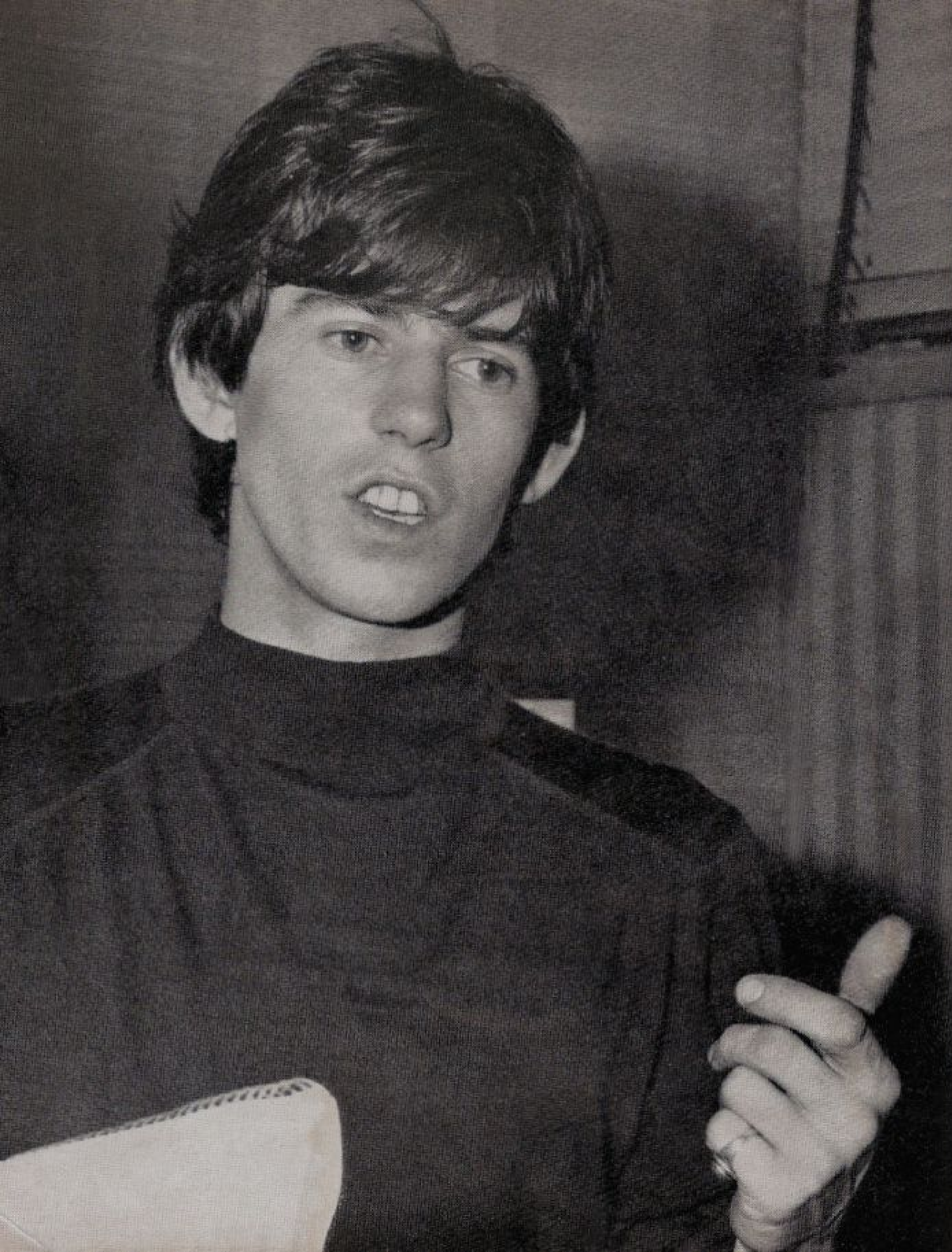
JUST A SUGGESTION

679 Thayer Avenue,
Los Angeles,
California 90024,
U.S.A.

As Bob Dylan wrote a song called "Like a Rolling Stone" (though it's not about you guys). Why don't Mick and Keith write a follow-up to it called "Like a Bob Dylan"!?!
Love you forever,

Judi Weinberger.





Charlie talking to Animal Eric Burdon about the perils of Stateside touring.

OO · STONES—*continued from page 24*

There is the "twin" bit, too.

You may have noticed that road managers, drivers, and backstage workers who travel with Brian, Mick, Charlie, Keith and Bill bear an uncanny resemblance from certain angles.

FALSE TRAIL

If no other measure is possible, the "twins" are sent out to lay a false trail. Not that the Stones like leading their fans astray—they value them too much. But their feeling is that if there is a danger of somebody getting hurt in the rush if they come into the open to sign autographs, then it is better for them to stay out of sight.

Each coming, each going is planned on three dimensions—how it looks in advance, how it looks at the time—and occasionally, how the boys want to play it.

In Cardiff recently, they arranged to go to a post-show party in the Cathays area of the city, after announcing that they would be leaving to spend the night "some miles" outside the city.

They arrived at the party to find about 200 fans blocking the small terraced street where the party was being held.

"We are constantly amazed by the fans' inside

knowledge," said Brian Jones. "With their intelligence, they deserve a double-O rating."

The fan intelligence system is intricate—agents range from travelling personnel with local girl-friends to theatre programme-sellers. Not all sources are well-informed. There are at least a dozen versions "floating" whenever the Stones hit town.

Little knots of nervous, excited girls wait outside each large hotel in a city just in case . . . Small groups move along roads which have many private hotels, make notes of car registration numbers, peer through pub and restaurant windows.

Some girls spend wasted hours outside theatres in the hope that the Stones may be waiting for the situation to cool off.

But the Stones DON'T eat in city cafes or drink in local pubs. And they DON'T wait around. The Stones are running, jumping people.

In Cardiff, the place to be is the Police Club adjoining the theatre and accessible—legally—from the back lane. A transport cafe on the Chepstow Road has more chance of seeing the Stones than any city cafe. And they have been known to spend hours at a Castleton curio shop.

Any other curio shop in the region of a theatre might offer the same attraction—particularly if it offers pistols for Charlie, swords for Keith or cuspids for Brian.

And if you want to catch them—well, you'll just have to out-think a host of police and tour officials.