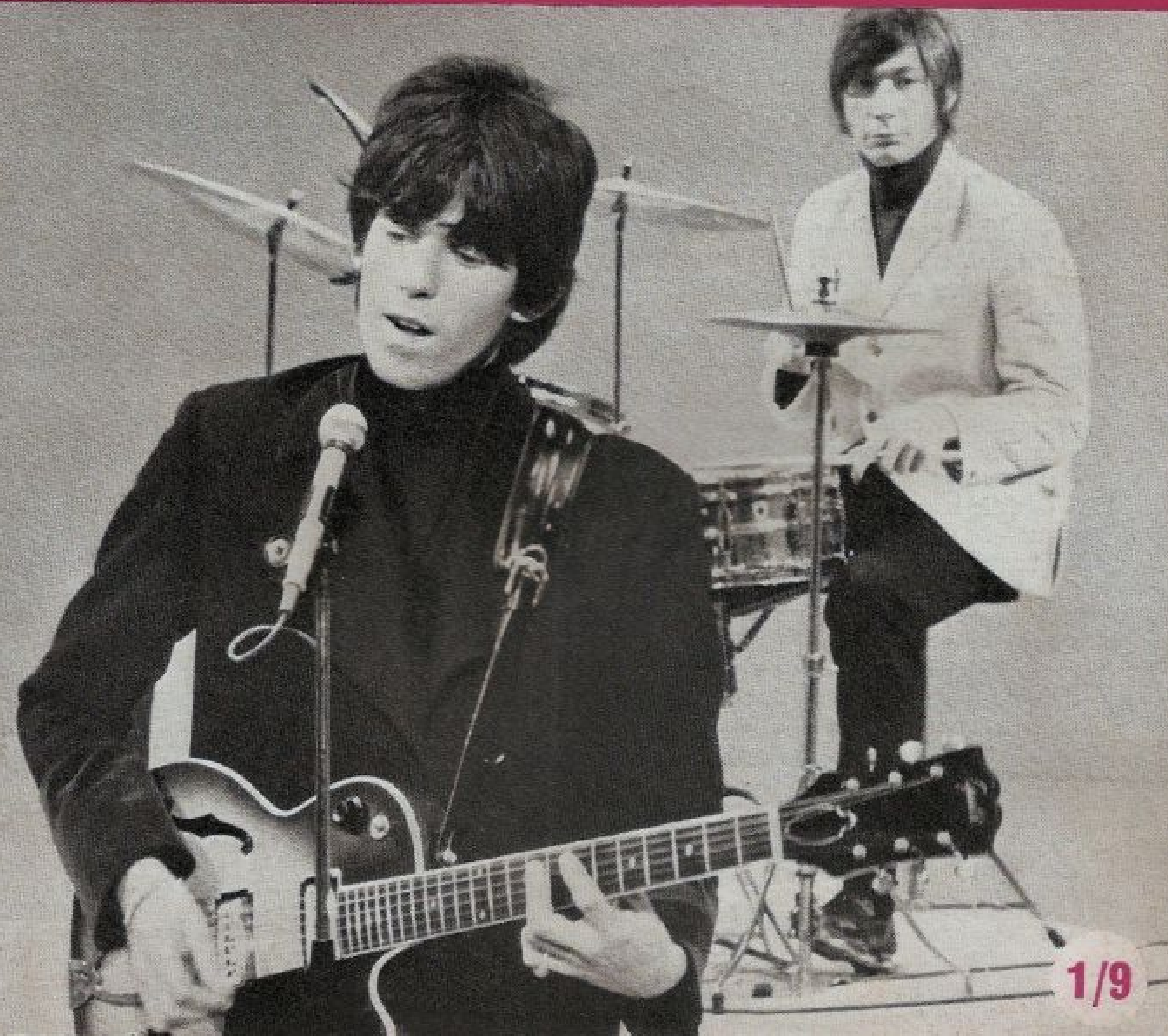




THE **ROLLING STONES** BOOK No. 23

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MONTHLY **BOOK** 10th APRIL 1966



THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

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

No. 23 APRIL, 1966

Edited by BRIAN JONES

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EDITORIAL

Hello, Brian speaking.

This is the fifth time that I've edited our magazine.

You know, it's not easy to be an editor. There are always frantic panics like one of the other Stones leaving their bits until the last minute. I'm not joking, you have to stand over them. It's not that they don't want to do it, they just like annoying me. But then I'm just the same when it's their turn.

One of our favourite pages is the Stones Post, we really get a kick from reading all the mail, and I only wish we had the time to answer it all personally. We especially like the poems and would like to receive more—you must go to a great deal of trouble writing them. So I'd like you to know they're very much appreciated.

Charlie is our expert typist, he has his own special technique—he uses both his thumbs, otherwise he might damage his beautifully groomed finger nails! Ouch! Didn't mean it Charlie!

As you can imagine, we all have a big giggle sorting out the pics each month. We sit there sending each other up to the heavens. The ones we get the biggest laugh from, are the old ones taken about three years ago—talk about fashions changing, and our hair, we looked practically bald then.

Be good and see you soon.

Brian Jones
XX



A very pensive Bill taken
during a T.V. run-through



Rolling Stones

NEWS

GREAT NEW L.P.

The Stones' fourth British L.P. titled "AFTERMATH" will be released on April 15 and already the advance orders are tremendous. The tracks are:—"Take It Or Leave It", "Mother's Little Helper", "Think", "I Am Waiting", "Stupid Girl", "Lady Jane", "Under My Thumb", "Don't You Bother Me", "Out Of Time", "It's Not Easy", "Flight 505", "High And Dry", "What to do".



This shot was taken by American fan Susan Stacy at the boys' Washington D.C. concert last November

Stephen's Birthday

Bill's small son Stephen was four years old a couple of weeks ago, and two of his best birthday presents were a visit to the zoo and a telegram from Bill, as he was on the Continent at the time.



Andrew's business partner, Tony Calder, snatches a brief moment in between sessions with Mick and Charlie



Keith and Charlie sharing a very private joke

Keith buys a house

Keith has recently bought himself a fifteenth-century house in Sussex. It is very olde-worlde with a thatched roof and is surrounded by a huge moat. Keith intends to keep some of the furniture that the previous owner left behind, as well as hunting for new pieces himself. He hopes to be able to move in about May and says—"I'll have to keep a large stock of bread as the moat has an added attraction—ducks". Incidentally, Brian and Mick are also looking for country houses, but so far have had no luck—but when they do find something to suit them, all three will still keep their London flats.

FUTURE TOUR PLANS

It is now more or less confirmed that the Stones will make a three-week tour of Britain this coming September. This will be followed by a five-week tour of the States. As yet, no venues have been fixed.

RIOTS IN AMSTERDAM & BRUSSELS

The boys' recent visit to Amsterdam and Brussels turned out to be a mass riot. On the Saturday night they played at the Brabanthall Danbosche in Amsterdam and the audience ripped the place apart—half of them ended up with black eyes and broken noses. A similar incident occurred the following night when they appeared at the Palaise des Sports in Brussels—fortunately for the boys they weren't hurt. They were meant to stay in Brussels overnight, but they weren't going to risk another riot—so they flew to Paris a day earlier than expected. This gave them a chance to mooch around the shops before playing at the Olympia the following day.



Brian and Keith Moon admiring the talents of a fellow artiste during TV rehearsals

It was 3.30 p.m. when I arrived at Brian Jones' pad. Brian had just arrived back from New York, and had been home precisely three hours. But on entering the lounge it looked as though he'd been there three days.

To say it was in a mess would be an understatement, bedlam was more like it. Dozens of plates with the remains of curry stuck to them were piled high on a table, letters and magazines were littered about, suitcases and clothes in the most unobvious places, weird instruments in one corner, Spencer Davis, Stevie Winwood, their road manager Dave and driver Tom in the other corner amidst a pile of album sleeves and Brian standing in the midst of it all clad in a rather weird assortment of clothes—plaid trousers, a white shirt dotted with small black motives, a neckerchief and stetson hat, not to mention his pink tinted specs perched on the end of his nose.

NO SLEEP FOR FIFTY HOURS

"You'll have to excuse the mess, you'd never believe I came into a clean place at 10 o'clock would you?" I thought it would be more tactful if I ignored that question.

"I haven't slept for fifty hours. I was going to go straight to bed, but Spence and Stevie put a stop to that—I don't mind, it was a great coming home present seeing them here. Man you should see the stuff we've got through. There's a great little restaurant round the corner where they make all this spicy stuff, I just picked up the phone and they were round within half an hour."

"Hey Spence, why don't you give these glasses a try man," said Stevie. "If you leave them on for ten minutes everything looks green—it's really cool."

"Where's that Dylan album? I think it's under your feet Sue. That's it, the one without the sleeve. It's got some crazy sounds on it," said Spence trying to rescue it from under me.

"Listen to this track Brian. Did he dedicate it to you?"

"Of course he did," said Tom. "Why else would it be called Mr. Jones."

Brian laughed. "They're crazy. We'll never get any work done whilst they're here. I don't give them long—look at Dave, he's half asleep,

BRIAN AT HOME

BY SUE MAUTNER

and Tom hasn't stopped laughing. He'll be suffering from nervous exhaustion soon."

At that point, I stood up very boldly, and said I was going to attempt to clear up—but where to begin was the problem.

"Just bung everything in the sink," was the reply. "And whilst you're there, there's a tea towel in the drawer, I think."

Half an hour later I emerged from the kitchen to find Dave covered with magazines, coats, empty bottles and light bulbs.

"He'll never wake up," said Stevie, "unless we shake him."

Just then the phone rang. Tom answered. "It's somebody for Brian."

"Say, I'm feeling tired," said Brian. "I really must apologise. Do you think you could come round tomorrow afternoon Sue? Sorry to inconvenience you, but I'll be feeling far more business-like."

Before I'd had time to answer, Brian had disappeared up the stairs.

"Let's split," said Spence. "But first we've got to wake Dave up."

"I've got a great idea," yelled Stevie. "Let's put on that nightmare record, and put the speaker next to his ear. This must wake him."

After having put up with this neurotic sound, it still didn't have any effect on the un-wakeable Dave.

"Okay. Let's shake him—"

One eye opened. Looked up and went back to sleep again.

"Come on Dave," said Stevie tugging at his jacket. "You've slept the clock round—look, it's dark outside."

At this remark, Dave sat bold upright with groans of "I haven't have I. You're pulling my leg."

"Yeah, we're pulling your leg," said Spence. "But nevertheless you've got to get up."

*Above: Bill concentrates on the music
Below: Andrew and Mick listen intently
whilst Keith demonstrates a new tune.*





"Can we offer you a lift Sue? Where do you live? Great, we go right past your door, but come and have a drink with us first," said Spence, bundling Dave into their big Austin Princess.

I won't bore you with the evening's activities which took place in a pub in Wardour Street, but let's carry straight on to where I revisited Brian at 4 o'clock the following day.

"Glad you could make it. I'm really sorry about yesterday. Would you like a cup of tea, I've just made a pot? Hang on, I'll just get a cup from the kitchen. You put everything away so neatly I can't find anything. By the way, where do I keep the tea towels?"

LOS ANGELES

"I suppose you'd like to hear about L.A." (Anybody who is anybody says L.A. and not Los Angeles!)

"Well, we went to see Martha and the Vandellas and the Lovin' Spoonful, and bought loads of clothes and records. In fact we bought so much we all had to buy extra trunks to bring it all back in."

"I know what you really would like me to talk about—our recording session."

"I think it's the best we've done, coupled with the previous one. We've really got a different sound. We did four sessions each lasting from about five in the evening till five the following morning. We did about a dozen numbers, all written by Mick and Keith, and no one except Andrew, Dave Hassinger (our engineer), Jack Nitzsche (who played piano on some of the tracks) and an Indian fellow called Hari who taught me how to play the Sitar, was present."

Having heard so much about the famous Sitar, I wanted to know more about it.

"It just so happens, I have one here," said Brian, producing a rather peculiar looking object. I wouldn't know how to begin describing it, all I can say is it resembles a mandolin, but is much larger, and one plays it by sitting crossed legged on the floor. It also produces some very weird sounds.

Above left: This pic was taken at the Ed Sullivan Show the last time they were in New York

Below left: Brian tries out some new ideas on the organ during their recent recording session

"You have to pluck it with your fingers—I've been playing it so often that I've cut all the tops of mine."

"On one track we used the Sitar plus an acoustic guitar, it was a great sound, it was like a Hungarian Polka. Another instrument we used was a Dulcimer." Of course Brian just happened to have one of those as well!

I'm pleased to say that I can quite easily describe this instrument. It's a flat piece of wood with banjo strings, and is played by lying flat on your stomach and running a flat piece of wood across the strings.

"It gives a kind of blue grass sound, and you pluck it like a harpsicord. I find it easier to play when lying on the floor, otherwise it slips off your lap."

"You know, I really dig the way Mick writes. I wish I could write something really worthwhile. I've tried, in fact I've often completed some of them, but they're not quite what I want. I've got so many ideas, I just don't know where to begin. I'd like to record myself. I've got quite a good voice for folky-type stuff—it's soft. I could never sing like Mick, I mean he's out on his own, isn't he?"

"I often ramble on like this. I'm a big dreamer. I know what I'd like to do but it's hard to relate to other people."

The time had gone far too quickly—so I left Brian with his dreams and me with my one thought—let's hope I can find a cab!

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The Faces of Charlie

Out of all five Stones, I think Charlie has perhaps the strongest features. But when it comes to being photographed, he'd rather leave it to the other four. The best way to catch Charlie is off-guard, that's when his face is particularly interesting.

Charlie's more interesting faces are least known to the public and can only be recognised by the few people who know him well.

Let's start off with his **Feeling-the-Music Face**. This appears naturally whenever he is demonstrating different jazz styles, which is one of his pet subjects. His head is bent downwards whilst his eyes look up, especially when he imitates Buddy Rich or Gene Krupa. He gets a great kick out of setting his drum kit up differently when playing jazz, and according to road manager "Stu", this is the only time he holds his drumsticks properly.

FAMOUS FACE

Charlie's **On-Stage-Face** is perhaps his most famous—eyes closed and head tilted to the side. The real reason for this is because he finds it very difficult to hear the rest of the group, and this could quite easily bring on his **Embarrassed-Face**, because if he can't hear the rest of the boys, he tends to look up in the air, and therefore could quite easily miss a beat. They all have a good moan at him, and if he knows he's in the wrong, he gets annoyed with himself.

If you're fortunate enough to be abroad with the Stones when touring, then you will be bound to notice Charlie's **I'm-Going-Home Face**. He's a great lover of England and is always pleased to be returning. This face

begins to come on towards the last couple of days, and you can always recognise it from the happy grin and wide-eyed look on it the whole time.

SHY PERSON

Another of Charlie's better known faces is his **Press-Conference Face**—looking very vaguely round the room with mouth turned downwards. As you know, Charlie is basically a shy person and very rarely speaks to anyone unless he knows them well, especially at press conferences, in fact, they thoroughly bore him. American reporters often bring out Charlie's **Aggressive Face**. If they are rude to him, he either purses his lips, mutters and tosses his head without answering them, or if he can't ignore them, he just glares back at them.

When Charlie produces his **Laughing Face**, it's not because someone has told him a funny joke—he laughs in appreciation. For example, when listening to another drummer, instead of smiling he laughs because he's really appreciating it. He saves most of his laughter for the other Stones. They all like ragging each other and whenever Charlie bears the brunt of a joke he laughs loudest of all.

STANDS BY FRIENDS

Charlie has a very warm **Friendly Face**, which is seen immediately whenever he's concerned about one of his mates. He's a very dedicated person, and if he believes in someone he will stand by them come what may.

Like many people, Charlie is a thinker, so hence his **Pensive Face**. He thinks a lot about his music, art and, of course, the American Civil War. If you want to know anything about it, ask Charlie. He's read all the books about it, knows the whole history of it, and very often dreams about what it was like.

As Charlie said, he doesn't like talking much. But on analysing his face, I don't think he needs to, for his face does all the talking for him.





ROLLING STONES

Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

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Below: Mick strolls across the tarmac as he boards a plane for New Zealand, followed closely by Chris Curtis of the Searchers



Above: Keith's immediate reaction to a photographer when asked for a happy smile. This pic was taken just after the one opposite

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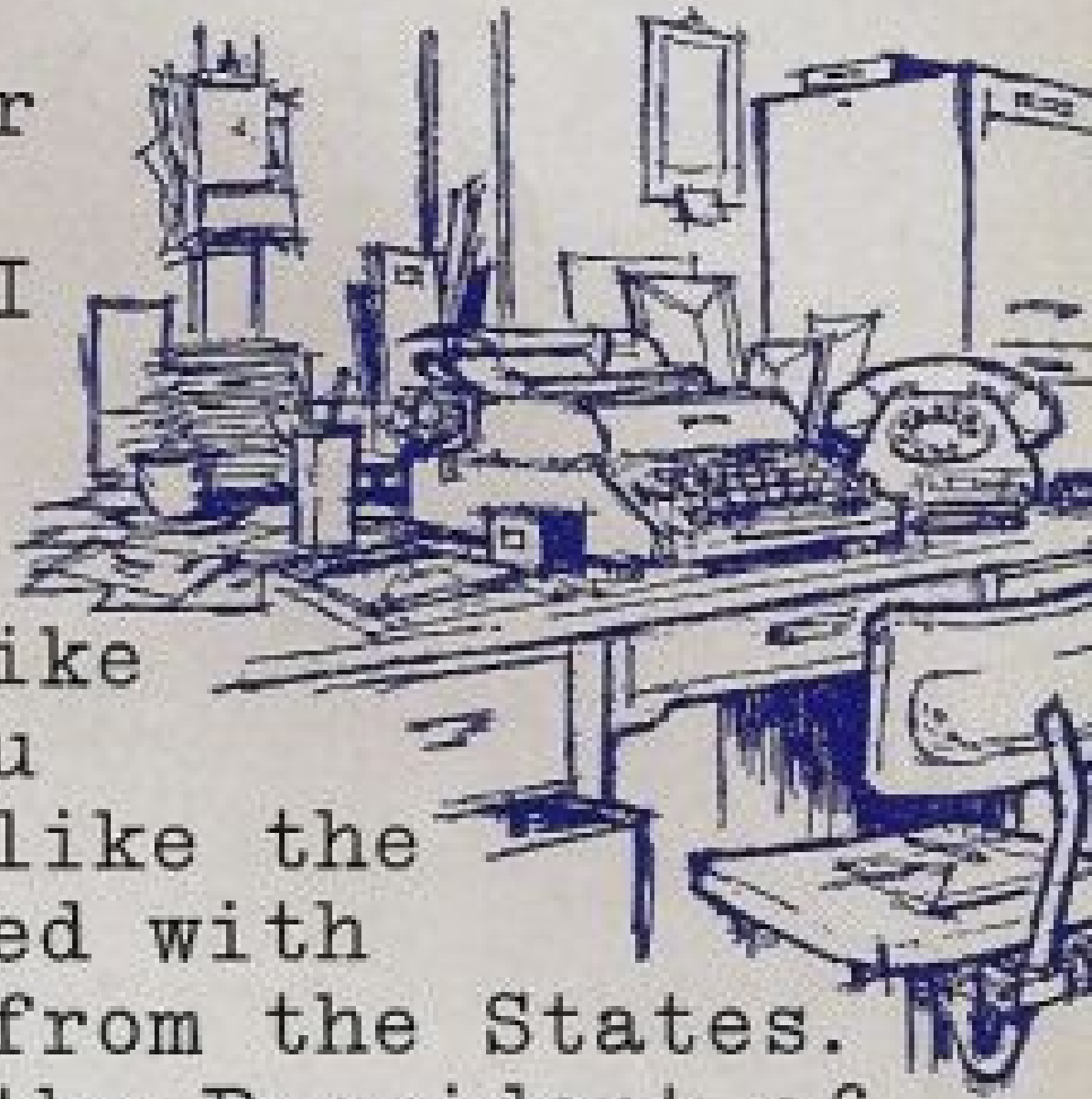
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THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB

Hi there!

By now you will all have received your newsletters, and I apologise again for sending them out so late. But at least I know they've been appreciated, because I've had so many nice replies from all you Stones fans saying how much you enjoyed reading them. But I would now like to take this opportunity of thanking you myself for your nice comments. Did you like the 'Get Off Of my Cloud' sleeve I enclosed with them? We had those specially sent over from the States.



Remember I told you that Brenda Cox, the President of the South African branch was coming over to our shores for a holiday? Well, two weeks ago she surprised us all when she came up to see us. It was really nice meeting her, as you can imagine we had an awful lot to talk about, and she said she couldn't wait to meet the boys. As well as bringing herself, she brought a petition with 6,000 names written on paper and snake skins for the Stones to visit South Africa. They've all seen it, and were very impressed, but unfortunately it's not up to them whether they go out there, it's all something to do with the Musicians Union. Anyway I'm sure she'll have a lot to tell the fans out in South Africa when she gets back.

I would also like to remind you about the specially designed T Shirts with 'THE ROLLING STONES' stencilled on the front. They cost 15 shillings and come in Yellow, Blue and White. So if you want one, it would be a good idea to write now, otherwise there might not be any left.

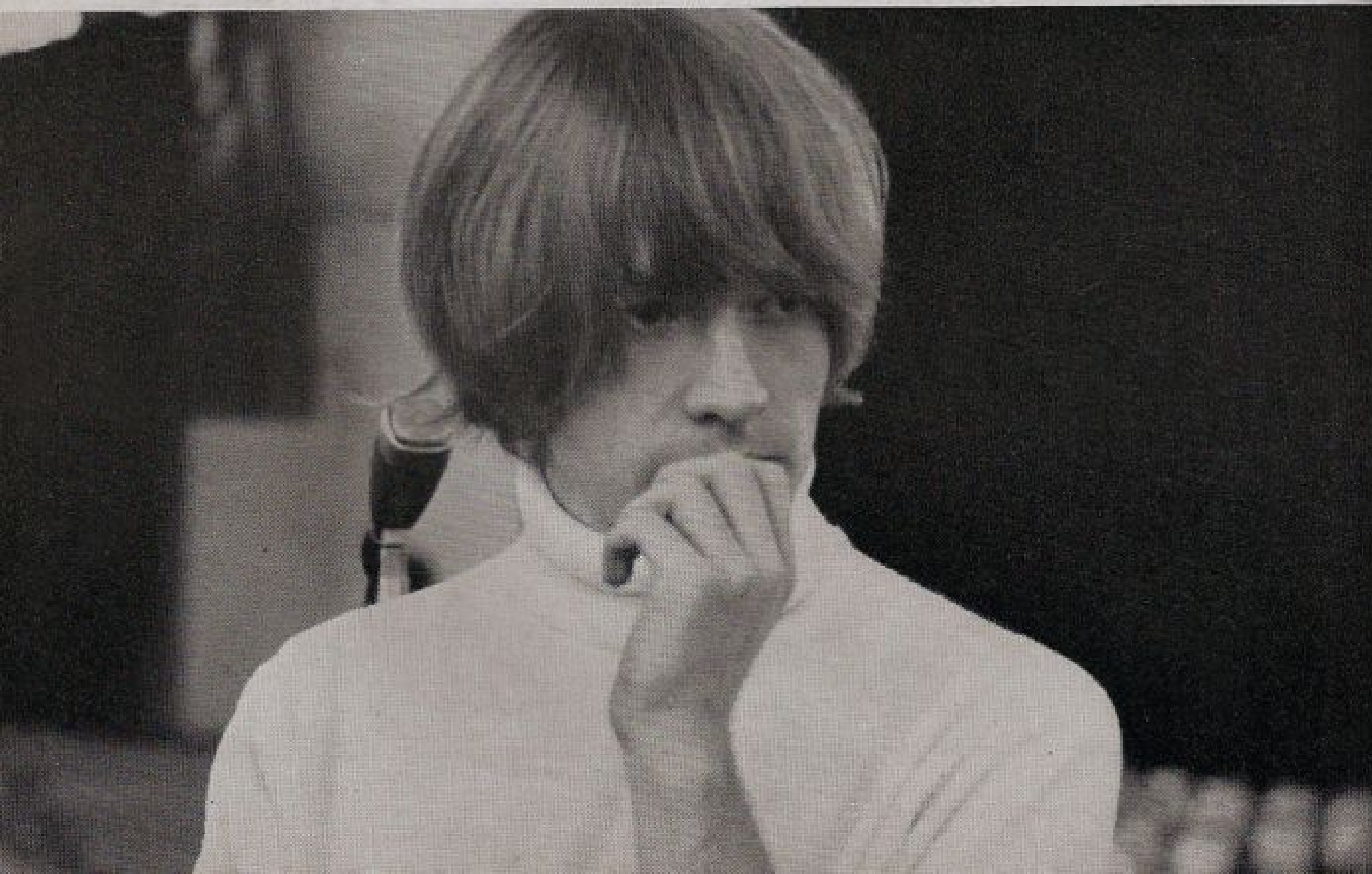
Brian has asked me to thank everybody for all the wonderful cards and gifts he received on his birthday and is only sorry he can't reply to all of them personally.

Yours,

Annabelle Smith

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

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ND R DISC **THE STONES SPECIAL** 180,000 advance for Stones EP on gra
 nks **THE STONES' STORY** THE RO ST
 tones **ROLLING STONES STONES ALMOST THERE** Stones

April, 1965, arrived for the hectically-busy Rolling Stones with "The Last Time" still at number one spot in the charts. The Silver Disc for sales of over 250,000 had been duly presented . . . and there was a lot more talk about folk-music being in, with Donovan riding high and telling everybody that he was nothing like Bob Dylan.

Chapter Seventy-one

A serious moment for the Stones

But just before the Stones arrived back from Scandinavia there was a touch of drama which hit the headlines. They'd been playing in Odense, rehearsing for an evening show. It was a standard sort of rehearsal, with the usual amount of casual messing-around and it was watched by a gaggle of fans.

Suddenly Mick stretched out both arms in one of his dramatic gestures and touched two live microphones. Mick stumbled and fell, tugging down both Brian and Bill as he hit the stage rostrum. Bill fared worst—he was knocked unconscious. Brian, shaken and shocked, managed to stagger to his feet. The danger was for Bill, helpless.

By a stroke of sheer luck, though, Mick's foot, flailing, hit a plug which was sufficiently dislodged to cut off the power. It was, for the boys, a terrible moment. In fact, a spokesman from their London office was convinced that Bill's life was saved by that knock on the plug. And later, Brian said: "It just goes to prove that you

[Continued from previous issue]
 can't be too careful with electrical equipment."

In fact, we met up with Brian soon after the boys flew back to London, early April. He had been thinking about his future, deciding how much he wanted to become a record producer. He admitted: "It's mostly come about because I've spent so much time with characters like Phil Spector and Brian Wilson, of the Beach Boys.

"It's a long time off yet, of course, but I like to think that when the Rolling Stones just don't exist any more I could make worthwhile records. I'm not knocking anybody else, but I don't think there's anybody in Britain who makes discs as good as the Americans. It's a matter of atmosphere and feel for the job. The Americans have a longer tradition of being successful in making discs that sell."

That phrase "long time off yet" brought nods of agreement from Stones' fans, but for the record this was a time when other groups were starting to show through. Notably the Who, who were going all out on a "sensation-raising" series of performances which made them popular in the London area. There were the usual arguments that the Kinks were poised ready to take over from both the Beatles and the Stones, but they were easy-enough arguments to put down. The Stones had done better than ever with "The Last Time" . . . and the Beatles, out early-April with "Ticket To Ride", did their usual straight-to-the-top routine.

But for Mick, the biggest thing of April was a first view of a mammoth movie from America—one in which the Stones starred. It was called "Teen-age Command Performance" and had been filmed in Santa Monica Civic Auditorium in California towards the end of autumn, 1964. It ran for 102 minutes but had been skilfully edited from around five hours!

Left: Any guesses at what Bill and Brian may be thinking

And the Stones were topping over the following sample big-name performers: James Brown and the Famous Flames, Marvin Gaye, the Supremes, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, the Miracles, the Beach Boys, Chuck Berry, Jan and Dean and Lesley Gore.

There were several interesting background stories gleaned from Mick about the film, which at this time was on show only in a few strictly-limited cinemas. The Stones, for instance, admitted to being worried about following James Brown's sensational act . . . but their worries were soon dispelled. Brown was great, but the Stones were greater. Jack Nitzsche was responsible for the production, creating a semblance of order out of what was apparently chaos.

A tremendous highlight was the finale, with the Stones roaring away on stage through their hits and all the other stars coming on and joining in. Yet this feast of pop music got nowhere near the exposure it should have had in Britain—despite the many petitions got up by fans. Said Brian: "Everybody interested in pop music should have a chance of seeing James Brown working his act—it really is too much."

But this Anglo-American show was passed over by most cities probably because of the failure of the touring Tamla-Motown show some months earlier. It was felt that a movie with the accent on coloured American artistes just wouldn't go.

Chapter Seventy-two

Mick clicks with the Wembley Poll-Winners' audience

Did a lot for the Stones' confidence, though. So did their appearance at the massive poll-winners' concert at Wembley Pool before 10,000 fans. Just about every big name in the country took part but again the Stones bowed to no-one. Just a quick re-cap on this storybook afternoon from the Stones' point of view: hysteria gone mad as soon as they appeared, screams galore as Mick moved into "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love", switching the mood marvellously to "Pain In My Heart". His movements, highlighting lyrics, were a revelation on this occasion. They swung into "Round and Around", then "The Last Time", and a repeat, but wilder, version of "Everybody Needs . . .", with Bill and Keith joining in the singing and the

vast auditorium sounding like someone had let off a bomb.

So just about everything was happening for the boys. Later in April there was an eagerly-awaited trip to Paris to appear at the Olympia Theatre there. Just three concerts, but packed out—and the boys simply couldn't get over the fact that most of the screaming came from male fans, not from the girls.

One character who did turn up backstage was the chap who played "Oddjob" in an early James Bond film. He even had on his steel hat and his morning suit. He got through to the boys' dressing-room mainly because road manager Mike Dorsey simply couldn't believe his eyes.

During this quick trip to Paris, it was obvious that Mick was easily the most popular Stone with French teenagers. The others didn't mind a bit—they were simply just about deafened by the reception they got everywhere. Top French stars, like Francoise Hardy, turned up for every show, and said that Mick was a very good speaker of French "when he can be bothered to put himself out".

Anyway, they returned to London for just three days before flying out to Canada on April 22, first stage of their latest American trip. Brian was most enthusiastic about this trip because he'd ideas about carrying through his plan to buy property in the States, using it for renting whenever he was in Britain. Anyway, he'd a standing invitation to tour some of the recording studios there, especially the Chess organization in Chicago. Three days of the tour were put aside for new Stone recordings, too . . . but hardly any time was put by for leisure. It was reported that the Stones could have spent six months in the States, so many offers were received for their services.

Though they were now used to hopping the Atlantic, the run of sensations in America was maintained. It was, in fact, a mad, mad May for the boys back in 1965. Want to hear some things you didn't know about the trip? Then join us next month.

Top right: The boys' being interviewed at a very cool press reception, around the pool of their Wellington hotel

Bottom right: Four sun-tanned bodies wondering where Bill has got to.



TRAVELLING STONES

BY
SUE
MAUTNER

Before the Stones flew out to Australia, they stopped off in New York for three days to record the Ed Sullivan Show, which also had their old mate Tom Jones co-billing with them.

Compared to our TV shows, this probably seems a long time just to record one show—but when the Americans set out to do something, they believe in doing it properly. Three days of rehearsing to the Americans is nothing, they usually take a week to work out one show. They're perfectionists with a capital P. Apparently, Mick and Keith stopped the show when they duetted on "As Tears Go By", which was their current hit over there.

There was no time for shopping or calling up old friends, they had to save that for on the way back. It was straight on to the sunny beaches of Australia—at least that's what they thought. They'd been dreaming of the Australian sunshine for weeks, but when they arrived in Sydney it was pouring with rain, in fact it was the first time it had rained in nine months.

To them Sydney was a bit of a drag for it didn't stop raining for the five days they were there. The atmosphere had also changed since their last Far Eastern tour, this was

due to the fact that all the kids were at school, whereas last time they had all broken up for school holidays. But this didn't stop mass sell-outs for their concerts.

The Searchers were on tour with them, and the ice was finally broken. Actually, there wasn't much ice to break, because there never was bad feeling or any nastiness. It was simply that they were never each others type of group, and I don't think they'd ever really passed the time of day before.

SUNNY BRISBANE

So Sydney had its good points after all. The Stones and Searchers became staunch friends; Bill and Frankie Allen got on extremely well, and visited many places together.

When the boys arrived at Brisbane there was 5,000 strong to welcome them at the airport plus blazing sunshine — so it was all down to lying on the beach and swimming—as you no doubt know if you saw the film of them on Top of the Pops. It was a great life, working at night (which they regard as pleasure) and being lazy in the day-time, with a bundle of laughs.

When they played in Wellington, New Zealand, the police couldn't hold back the crowds, so they had to finish

their act fifteen minutes earlier than scheduled. The only way they could get out was by going down a staircase by the stage, but Brian and Charlie very nearly didn't make it. They were the last to make their exit, and as they were disappearing down the stairs the kids swooped on them. "It was so frightening," said Brian. "The only thing we could do was throw our instruments to one side and hope for the best. The next day we had the coolest press reception ever, it was great. It took place round the swimming pool of our hotel, it was so relaxing, no shirt and tie performance, just a pair of swimming trunks—shame Bill wasn't around to enjoy it. We forgot to tell him, so he went shark fishing instead, but we don't think he caught anything except the sun."

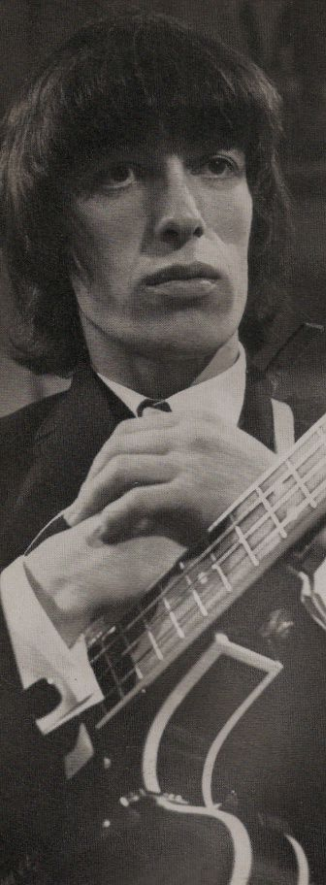
Before flying to Los Angeles, Keith, Mick and Charlie went to Fiji for three days of sun bathing and diving off the Coral Reef—according to Keith, he got the best tan of all. Brian and Bill went straight on to Los Angeles and visited all the "in" clubs and scouted around for clothes, so that they could tell the others when they arrived where the best buys were.

But of course, the biggest excitement Los Angeles held for them, was the fact that towards the end of the week they would be entering the recording studios for what turned out to be their best session to date.

*Top right: Keith gives Charlie a helping hand with his jacket.
Bottom right: Whoever cracked the joke, it must have been pretty good to get such a terrific response. It was all sparked off by Mick's shirt. More pics over the page*







STONES

POST

ANSWERED THIS MONTH BY BRIAN FOLLOWERS IN HAWAII

98-157 Kaluamoi Place,
Pearl City,
Hawaii 96782,
U.S.A.

Out of sight . . .

that's what you are, dear Stones. Especially to all your fans in Hawaii. Your followers are numerous here, I think I can safely say you are Hawaii's favorite group.

I, myself, have been a faithful admirer since your group has been known here. Some people USED to think that you were "too much" and "too far gone" . . . little did they know that they were right, or on the right track, any way. The truth is (without being sarcastic) your group is "too, too much" and far beyond "gone". And that is why you are the greatest and also why I have not heard anyone say anything against you for more than a year.

Man, you're so out of sight for us, we keep wondering when you'll be performing here.

PLEASE (with love, love, love on it) make it soon.

Groovily yours,
ME . . . cathi dec.

425 MILES

1024 East 11 Street,
Duluth, Minnesota 55805,
U.S.A.

Dear Stone-Rollers,

I just want to thank you for the unforgettable out-of-sight tour of America last Fall. Many people are still trying to figure what whipped through the country, creating havoc, bedlam, and mass hysteria (that was only MY reaction, so I wonder if anyone else is slowly recovering).

I traveled 425 miles to see you, and BELIEVE ME every mile was paid back by seeing Mick's body in action, Bill's casual gum-chewing, Charlie's adorable grin, Keith's wild stances, and Brian's innocence.

Love to You All and Scady—
Million kisses,
Mary Marshall.

AUSTRALIAN ODE

31 Robert St.,
North Balwyn,
Melbourne,
Australia.
January 10th, 1966.

Dear Stones,

I wrote this poem just for you, and though there's little chance of it being printed, I suppose there's no harm in hoping.

He clasps the glinting microphone,
The sweat in beads upon his face.
He sings into the moistened steel
And dances with unearthly grace.

He stands and stares into the crowd,
The calm reflected in his eyes,
His jet-black hair is undisturbed,
His pale lips moveless at the cries.

His hair shines gold beneath the light;
He smiles as fans rush up the stairs
And stroke his hair and grab his arm,
Cause they're the ones for whom he cares.

So silently he plucks the strings
And concentrates on his guitar,
As if his thoughts are far away—
Though from his fans he's never far.

He sits behind the drums and keeps
The steady beat that never stops,
And laughs at wild attempts by fans
To feel their heroes' silky mops.
Elizabeth Percy.

BROWN IS GREAT 37 Thornbury Drive,
Thornbury,
Bradford 3,
Yorkshire.
12th March, 1966.

Dear Stones,

I have seen pictures of James Brown and read about him in your monthlies. Well I was very impressed with the performance he gave on Ready Steady Go on Friday 11th March. He was really great just as you all said.

From a loving
Stones fan,

Pamela Power.

Brian replies: I'm not going to say—"Told you so", but I'm glad you appreciate a really great performer.





Mick and Keith dueting on "As Tears Go By" on the Ed Sullivan Show

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