



**THE** **No. 24**  
**ROLLING STONES**  
**MONTHLY BOOK** **MAY 1966**



**THE ROLLING STONES** BOOK **No. 24**



# THE ROLLING STONES BOOK

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

No. 24 MAY, 1966

Edited by BILL WYMAN

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## EDITORIAL

Hello!

During the past four months, I've been thinking about all the great things I was going to tell you when it came to my turn to edit our book. But now that I've actually got to do it I can't think of anything to write. So I'll just give you my news.

Andrew's been in the States trying to negotiate our film, but, as yet, we don't know what's happening—the way things are looking at the moment, it doesn't seem as though we'll get anything settled this side of Christmas!

Keith's just popped his tousled head round the door, to tell me to tell you, that he's just bought a shetland sheep dog, but this doesn't mean he's got rid of Ratbag—apparently they both get along famously. By the way as Keith hasn't thought of a name for his new dog, we are running a competition in next month's issue to find a suitable name for "dog"—as Keith calls him. So don't forget folks, order your copy right now!

It's taken me about two hours to write that bit and all the others have been creeping in one by one, taking the "mick" and calling me an ignoramus, but really I've fooled them, 'cos I've come to the end of my copy, writing about nothing!

*Bill Wyman*



*I wonder what Charlie's thinking  
as he listens to the playback of  
"Mother's Little Helper" at the  
B.B.C. studios?*





# Rolling Stones

## NEWS

### ASTON FOR MICK

Mick's latest toy is a brand new Aston Martin DB6. "I've been meaning to buy myself a super-type car for quite some while now, but I've still kept the Mini", he told me. Mick's gleaming navy Aston with push-button windows and installed record-player was standing outside Andrew's office when I went up to see them. "It does 150 m.p.h. and has got five gears, though in London traffic you couldn't get further than second gear—and that's about 70 m.p.h.!"



What are Keith and Charlie looking at? They are watching a reporter trying to get his tape recorder working prior to an interview in the dressing room

### Unusual Single—But Great

Friday 13th may be unlucky for some, but we're sure it won't be for the Stones, because on the 13th of this month their new single "Paint It Black" is to be released, coupled with "Long Long While". A few weeks ago Mick gave us a special preview of this rather ingenious disc, which on first hearing makes you think it's full of Eastern promise! Throughout the record one hears a strange sound which one would associate with a snake charmer—this however, is accomplished by Brian's expert Sitar-playing. Mick also informed us that Brian played acoustic guitar with Keith on electric and Charlie of course, on drums, plus tambourine and castanets. "We recorded it on our last visit to the R.C.A. studios, I'm quite pleased with it now, though I wasn't at first. It was a reasonably short session, about an hour-and-a-half, not counting re-dubbing." They will feature their new single on "Thank Your Lucky Stars" on May 11th, and "Ready Steady Go" on May 27th.

### BRIAN AND MICK VISIT 'EMERALD ISLE'

Recently Brian and Mick spent a weekend in Ireland as guests of Tara Brown (of the reputable Guinness family). During the past few months, Tara has become a firm friend of the Stones, and often throws lavish parties at his Eaton Place home with the boys as his guests. This time (by way of a change) he thought it might be fun to throw a party at his mother's home in Ireland—quite a way to go for a party, but when you're a Stone one can almost do anything. Anyway, Brian and Mick informed us that they had a very nice relaxing weekend in the land of the little people!

### GREAT COVERS

"Aftermath" is beginning to do a "Rubber Soul" (so to speak). For no less than five tracks have been covered as singles. Funnily enough, the



Gene Litter

Jagger-Richard song-writing team weren't fully aware of this until a few weeks ago. Needless to say they were delighted when they found out, for, as Mick stated earlier on, one of his ambitions was to have their L.P. material covered as singles. As you know, Chris Farlowe has already done "Think". Now he has recorded another track off of the L.P.—"Out Of Time". Other artistes who have taken a liking to the talents of Mick and Keith are the Searchers with "Take It Or Leave It", the Zombies with "Lady Jane", and perhaps the best track on the whole L.P.—"Mother's Little Helper" which has been covered by Gene Litter.



The Zombies



We know Brian's talented but this is ridiculous—he's not really playing the guitar at the same time as the piano, he's just tuning his guitar

### Fur Coats For BRIAN and KEITH

Keith and Brian are sporting two super fur coats which they purchased on their recent visit to Australia. Brian's coat is a three-quarter rust-coloured camel-skin coat and Keith's is a black bear-skin jacket with a large collar.



# *'I'd like to act' says MICK*

TO SUE MAUTNER

**W**hen I last saw Mick Jagger he was standing stripped to the waist bending over a wash basin with shower in hand washing his hair in one of the B.B.C.'s make-up rooms. In between an eyeful of soap he managed to say to the make-up girl that he could manage himself.

"You wouldn't believe it, but some people think just 'cos I'm a big pop star that I'm helpless and I have to have everything done for me. I was up at the office the other day, and I mentioned to one of the girls that I was going to use the phone, so she asked me if I could manage, if not she'd dial for me—honestly just 'cos I'm a big name doesn't mean I've got big fingers as well, they still fit in the telephone dial!"

Whilst Mick stood rubbing his hair with a towel he mumbled something about the sides always sticking out when he dries it with a hand drier—"but anything's better than sitting under the big drier with a hair-net on".

No sooner had Mick started to dry his hair, when the most petrifying noise came out of the drier. Mick got the horrors and thought the

whole place was going to blow up—"quick, go and fetch the girl back in here".

It was decided that as something had got caught in the fan the best thing would be for Mick to sit under the big drier! Whilst she was tying the bright yellow hair-net under Mick's chin, he was doing an impersonation of a typical woman talking to her neighbour whilst under the drier—"Oh my dear, I saw so-and-so the other day and she . . .!"

"You'll have to yell Sue, 'cos I can't hear a thing," said Mick shouting at me. I said that I wanted to compare his interests now to what they were three years ago.

"Actually I haven't changed much. I still want to act, produce records and write books. At the moment I have no time for acting, but when it's all over I think I'd like to go to drama school. I rather go for the contemporaries, like the John Cassavetes film 'Shadows', there was no script the whole thing was ad-libbed.

"A short while ago I tried writing a novel, but you can't write a book just like that, it takes time and months of preparation and research. I'd like to see the Stones do as many varied and interesting things as possible—to diversify in their own sphere, whether it's acting, writing, producing or painting, anything they have a flair for."

I reminded Mick that about two years ago he used to take a telephone number at random and pretend he was the Prime Minister or David Jacobs. "I don't remember doing that, but I used to ring up the musical papers and pretend I was one of the Beatles—the telephonists used to drop the phone when I said I was Lennon, 'cos even then it was a great honour if you received a call from a Beatle."

## SAME TASTE IN MUSIC

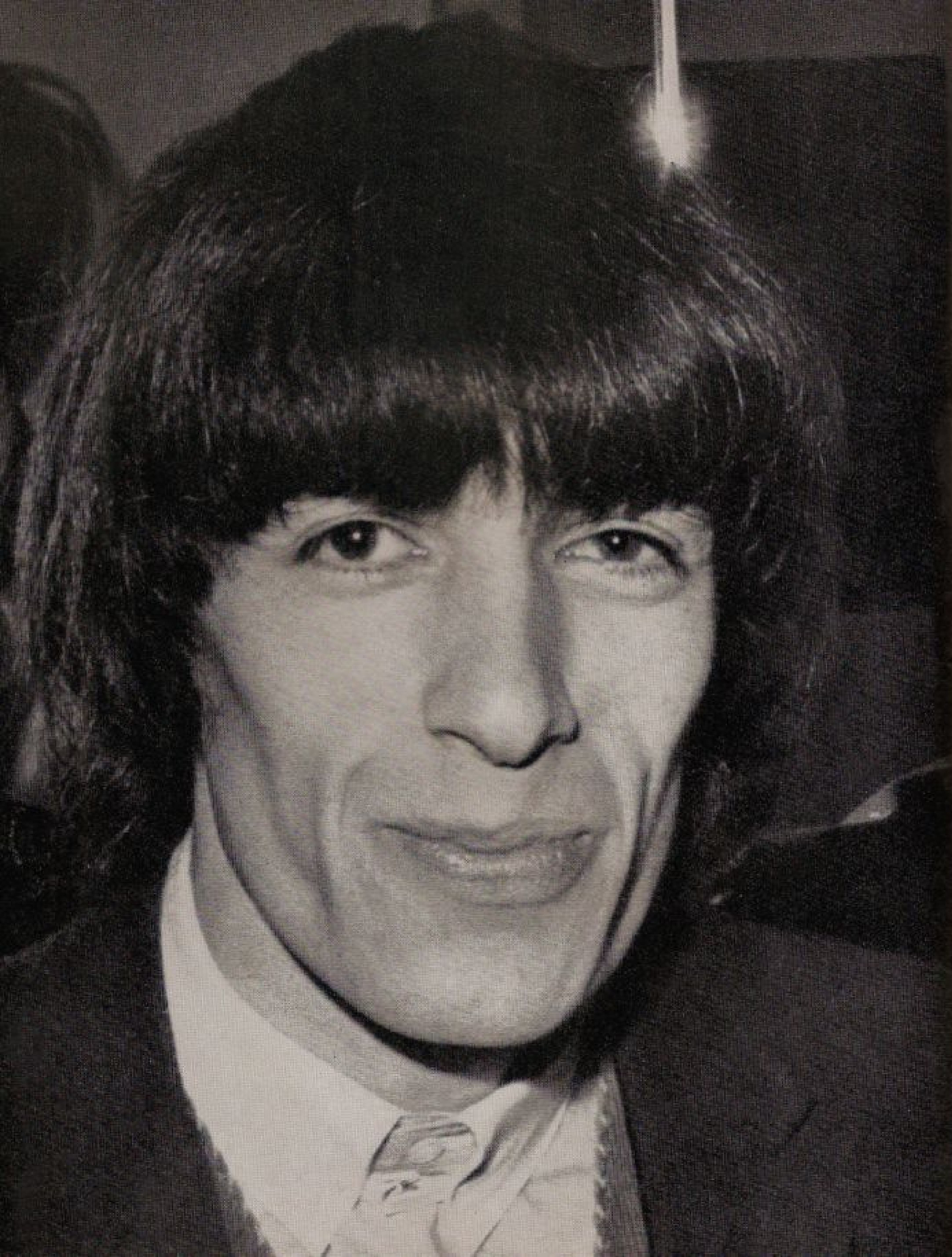
At this point Brian sauntered in to enquire whether or not the wardrobe room was down the end of the corridor. "If you find it, will you give them my jacket and trousers to be pressed?"

"My taste in music hasn't differed much. Who did I say I liked then?" I reeled off names like—Solomon Burke, Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed and Bo Diddley.

"You can add to that James Brown and Otis Redding. I think I'm dry now, don't you?" Mick emerged from under the drier looking slightly flushed round the cheek-bones, by now his







brilliant yellow hair-net had slipped right over his eyes.

"I think I'll do. Let's go and have a cup of tea before we're wanted in the studios." As we approached the long queue, Mick had second thoughts about it, and decided it would be better if we went back to the dressing-room in hope that someone would kindly offer to get us some tea.

### MORE FREE TIME

On entering the dressing-room, Charlie was walking round with a long plastic bag over a hanger fixed to his lapel. Keith was slumped in a chair admiring himself on the front cover of *Beat Instrumental*, and Bill and Brian were perched on top of the dressing-table commenting on the latest issue of the *Stones Monthly*.

"I still dislike getting up in the morning and motorway cafes, and you can also write down that I hate tomatoes—ugh! My 'fave' film stars are the same—Sophia Loren and Steve McQueen and of course Catherine Deneuve", (of course!).

"What don't you have time for now?"

"Nothing. Because we have far more free time now. Let's face it, two years ago we were working our way round the country doing one-nighters seven nights a week—now our personal appearances are very few and far between."

"Will you now do the same as the Beatles and cut down your yearly appearances. For example—the annual N.M.E. Poll Concert, one British tour, the occasional T.V. appearance and one American and European tour?"

"We've already had to. It's taken us longer to establish ourselves than it did the Beatles, but now that there's so much going on you just have to cut down on appearances and concentrate more on our song-writing and of course new ideas for our records."

"If one of you were to leave, would it mean the end of the Stones, or do you think a replacement would be accepted?"

"It's very difficult to answer—it could depend on who left, but on the other hand look at the Animals, when John Steele quit, Barry Jenkins was immediately accepted."

"Who can tell what the future holds—I can't prophesy whether or not we'll still be going in five years' time, for all I know the bomb might drop tomorrow. As far as ambitions go, I don't

really have many except being able to act, write and produce records, but I would get a big thrill out of seeing our L.P. material covered as singles."

"From what do you get your inspiration for the lyrics?"

"Things that are happening around me—everyday life as I see it. People say I'm always singing about pills and breakdowns, therefore I must be an addict—this is ridiculous. Some people are so narrow-minded they won't admit to themselves that this really does happen to other people besides pop stars."

"What I want to know is..." interrupted Charlie, but just then there was a second interruption. "Everybody quiet, Charlie's just spoken," said Keith.

"I was going to say something," said Charlie, "but I've now lost my train of thought!"

Tito Burns the Stones' agent strolled in the room to say that the Lovin' Spoonful had arrived, so would they like to pop next door and say hello before they went on the air—as the boys went next door to meet America's latest "raves", I hurried up the stairs to the studio to make sure that I stood in the best position to see the boys perform.

**Do you bash  
Do you fiddle  
Do you play or  
Do you twiddle?**

If you're a Guitarist, Drummer, Songwriter, Keyboard Player or Record Buyer interested in the facts behind the scene the only Mag for you is:—

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# The Faces of Keith

Keith Richard is the tall, tousled-haired, finely-boned Stone, who very rarely has a cross word to say to the photographers as far as his working life is concerned. Always ready to face the cameras, whether they be T.V., Press or merely a fan standing with box camera in hand—and always agreeable to the expression required of him.

Keith's **ON-STAGE FACE** can be one of many because he's a true performer and his expression changes according to what he's playing. If it is a slow number, he might sit down with head bowed towards his guitar and eyes half-closed. If they are playing a micky-taking number, then Keith has a permanent ear-to-ear grin on his face. When they have a good old rave-up on stage, Keith usually turns his back to the audience to face Charlie, so no-one except Charlie can see his facial expression.

If someone upsets Keith or says something nasty, they will immediately be able to tell what he is going to do or say, by his **Aggressive Face**—narrowing of the eyes and mouth. This he saves mainly for reporters, who ask insane questions. When they're completely unoriginal he screws up his face in utter distaste.

## NEVER LOSES HIS TEMPER

Not many artistes can claim to have a **Recording-Studio Face**, but Keith has. From the beginning of the session right up to the end there is a look of relaxed concentration. He never loses his temper, no matter how many takes they have to do. Keith never shows any tension—right the way through a session, there is always a half smile on Keith's face. After it's all over one is bound to notice his smile of approval, because Keith is very rarely dissatisfied with the result.

Keith has a very warm and pleasing nature, especially when he meets old friends he hasn't

seen for quite a while—hence his **Friendly Face**. He rushes across the room to greet them, arms held out, and shows great eagerness to know what they've been doing and how they've been getting on. This face will often turn into his **Laughing Face** which is perhaps one of Keith's most famous faces—his eyes crack-up and twinkle, and there is a perpetual grin from one side of his face to the other—which is also seen when Keith is sending someone up.

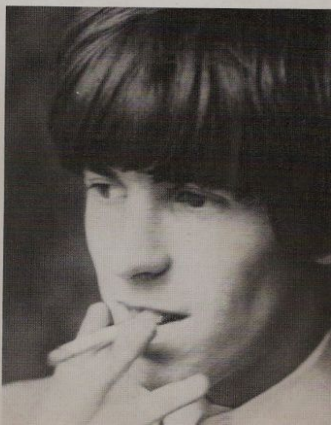
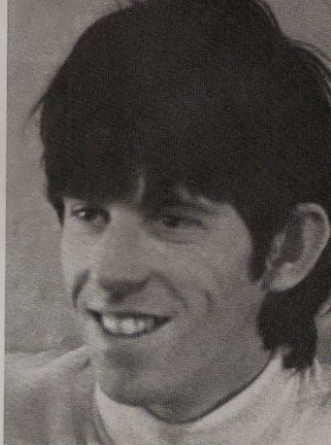
## ONLY JOKING

Each one of the Stones has a **Clowning Face**, Keith's is very similar to Brian's. It is a very "in" kind of expression which they turn on mainly for the benefit of themselves—the lips pucker-up and the eyes become crossed, this often happens when they want to try and embarrass someone who doesn't know them very well, but of course those fortunate enough to know their ways, realise that they are only joking.

Keith's **Thinking Face** is saved for listening to play-backs and other artistes' records as well as concentrating on his very professional guitar playing—his head is always bent down and slightly tilted to one side. Keith is a very patient person and will sit for hours trying to think up new ideas with his guitar, whether it be a new chord, or an idea for a song.

At press conferences Keith can have a **Non-descript Face**, depending on whether it is a good or bad press conference. If it is a good one he leaves most of the talking to Brian and Mick and stands with this complete nothing expression—just looks straight ahead of himself, arms folded giving the occasional answer—I suppose this is because he thinks that Brian and Mick are better conversationalists than himself.

Keith may not have a vast collection of faces, but this is because he is such a genuinely nice guy that he always has a ready smile for anyone who warrants it.







*This page: Two rehearsal shots taken during the Stones last tour*

*Right: An action shot of Mick taken at "Top of the Pops" ▶*





# ROLLING STONES Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

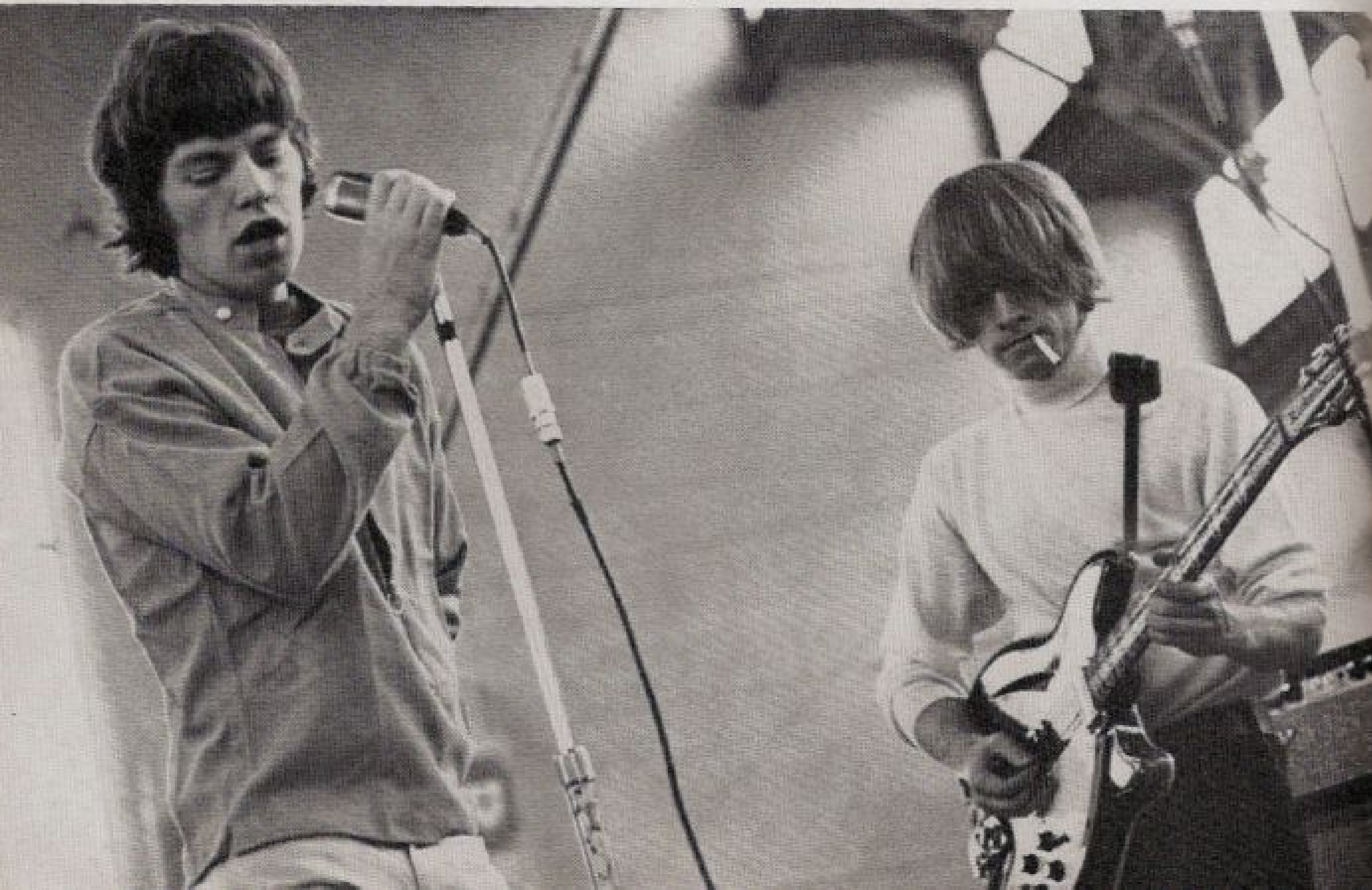
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**MORE TOUR SHOTS**—Mick looks to see if his mike lead has got tangled under his feet whilst Brian smokes and plays.



"Am I in tune?" Keith asks Brian, who was playing organ at the time.



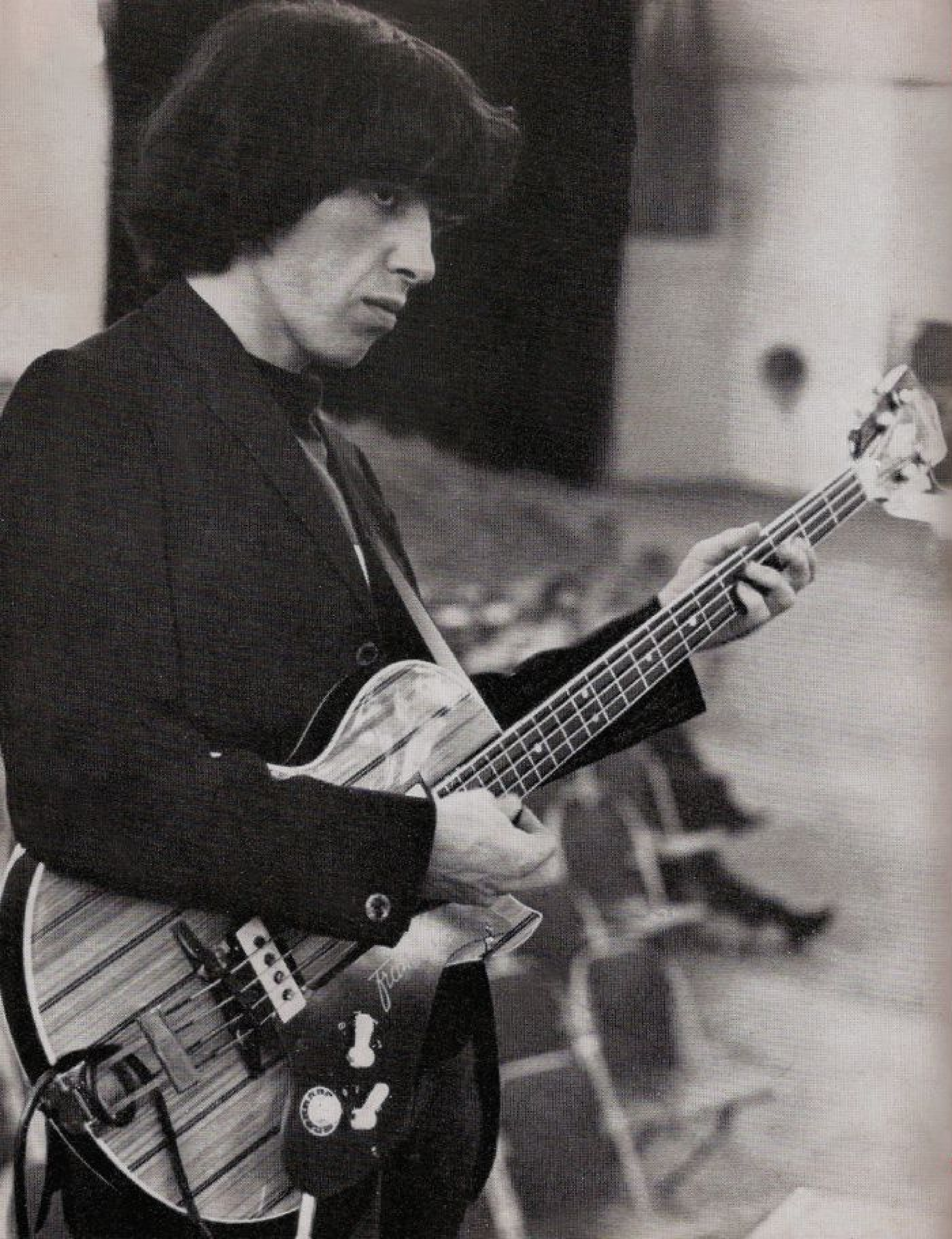
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## THE OFFICIAL ROLLING STONES FAN CLUB

Hi there!

Within the next six weeks you will be receiving your next newsletter (I hope!), so I would like you all to write in and make some suggestions as to what you would like as an extra souvenir. For example, last time I sent out an L.P. sleeve of "Get Off Of My Cloud" and a set of stamps. So if you come up with a good idea, please jot it down on a postcard and send it to me.



At the moment, I am trying to work out a design for a new summer T shirt. What I have in mind is to have the faces of the boys stencilled on the front. As yet, I don't know what colours they will come in, or for that matter how much they will cost, but they will be somewhere in the region of one pound.

You will no doubt be very pleased to hear the next bit of news - I've now got a fantastic new 10 x 8 photograph of the boys, it's really great. Andrew chose it himself from his own personal collection, and it costs three shillings - it's about the best photo I've seen, so send your postal orders in right away.

It's a funny thing, but I still can't believe that Mick and Keith are writing such fabulous material. Within the past year, they have emerged as two of Britain's top song-writers, it's unbelievable to think that they can write such brilliant songs - they're so different compared with the usual run-of-the-mill stuff.

Yours,

*Annabelle Smith*

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

Secretary:  
ANNABELLE SMITH





180,000 advance for Stones EP

THE STONES SPECIAL

# THE STONES' STORY

ROLLING STONES STONES ALMOST THERE

Stones

**M**ick Jagger rang through from the States and gasped: "This is positively the hardest spell of work we've ever had. I don't even know what time it is, or even what day. Life in the old slave-galleys must have been more relaxing." He sounded tired . . . and pictures later proved just how knocked-out, physically, they were as they ploughed on through their third tour of the States. This was May, just twelve months ago . . .

## Chapter Seventy-three

### Stones guarded by security men

Certainly the fan hysteria had never been greater. The boys stayed in the Gotham Hotel in New York and outside their room, number 709, was a tough-looking security guard—armed with guns and hostile expressions. Outside the hotel, the pavements became a camping-ground for fans.

The Stones were kept hard at it. Their concerts at the Academy of Music in New York attracted 3,500 people to each show and the rioting was fantastic. They were so successful that they were booked to play return New York dates after they finished hotting things up on the West Coast.

But back to Mick's phone call. It came through in the early hours of the morning—he'd snatched a few minutes from a schedule.

*Above left: Brian and Mick discuss the lyrics and various chord changes whilst waiting for the red light to go on*

*Below left: Keith relaxes during a run-through at "Ready Steady Go"*

*[Continued from previous issue]*

He said: "All I can hope is that some of the stories printed over here haven't got back to Britain. Some of the writers are gunning for us—and it's over things that really weren't anything to do with us. Like when we were headlined as being 'rude and crude'. That was in Canada, in Ontario. Well, we did get hot about the way the authorities treated the audiences there. Right in the middle of one show, the fans were making a lot of noise and the police simply stormed on the stage and ripped out all the power points.

"So they blamed us. We did get annoyed. If the police had left it to us, there wouldn't have been any trouble. We just felt sorry for the fans suddenly not having a show to watch. So we ganged up on the police."

Wearing weird skull caps to avoid being recognised by the tell-tale Stone-length hair, the boys used to break out of captivity late at night and go round the New York clubs. Especially to the Apollo Theatre, where they all turned up to watch, and admire, Wilson Pickett. It's no coincidence that as the Stones started raving about Wilson's on-stage act so his popularity grew in Britain.

They went back-stage at the Apollo and were handed a note which said: "Looks like I've missed you once again on this tour. Just wanted to pay my respects and say how much I like your new records." It was signed "James Brown". And as the Stones rated James as high as anybody, it was quite a compliment. And Brian Jones cut out a story in an American trade paper in which Muddy Waters said some very enthusiastic things about the Stone-style music . . . said: "They're my boys, the best boys of the new batch. They do stuff I used to do and the important thing is that they do it well. I'm proud of them." Brian was proud of that newspaper clipping.



They did the Ed Sullivan show in New York, along with Tom Jones—and Dusty Springfield had a filmed insert to add to the British triumph. Ed Sullivan caused chaos by putting on the Stones in the first half of the show—giving the impression that they weren't really topping the bill and that this was the only thing they'd be doing. They sang "The Last Time". But the crowd went so "barmy" that he had to explain, hurriedly, that the Stones would be back in the second half, too. They then did "Little Red Rooster" and "Everybody Needs Somebody".

#### Chapter Seventy-four

#### Their music gets described as "Mersey Beat" by one untutored paper.

It was a triumph for sure, but it turned sour momentarily when the boys read one important New York paper which described their music as "Mersey Beat". There was a horrible gasping noise from Mick when he saw that little bit of information. Keith Richard reacted with a massive, uncontrollable giggling fit. But even if some of the reporting wasn't one hundred per cent accurate, it was very much more friendly than it had been on the boys' two previous trips to America. Much more emphasis was being put on their musical abilities now—and that suited them fine.

Meanwhile, as "The Last Time" was slipping slowly down the singles' charts in Britain, the boys' E.P. "Got Live If You Want It" was being pushed out to ecstatic reviews from the critics.

Back, quick as a flash, to America. Bill spent one long evening talking over the music scene with old-timer Lonnie Johnson. Lonnie gave out some advice on what was best on new L.P.'s... and Charlie and Bill nipped off immediately and spent around 200 dollars (£60-odd) on precisely those records.

If you want any sort of comparative standards for measuring Rolling Stone mania in the States, it was given in Tampa, down in Florida. The Stones played at a massive baseball stadium and were told that they had attracted three times the number of paying customers as did the Beach Boys on a previous week's visit. The Stones performed on a stage right in the middle of the stadium and the fans kicked up such a hubbub that once again the police moved in and insisted the Stones cut short their act after only five numbers. Later the Stones worked

with the Beach Boys, and with Marty Robbins, in the same show and again it was established that they got more applause and cheers for their act.

Meanwhile, Bob Dylan was in the throes of trying to establish his particular sort of cult in Britain. Doing very well, too, though not exactly being the easiest man in the world to interview. Mick in New York talked about Dylan: "Whatever these sweet young things who dig Dylan say, I bet they don't understand much of what he is doing. We play a lot of his L.P.'s, Brian and I, and quite a lot of his lyrics don't mean anything to us."

As ever with the Stones, this American trip produced its moment of high drama when the boys really came near to serious injury. It was in Long Beach, California, when they were being whipped from hotel to show in a massive limousine. Keith remembers it vividly to this very day. "We tried to get out through a narrow passage. But the kids roared down on us. Without exaggeration there must have been a hundred piled on top of the car and we could hear the roof creaking and cracking. Inside, panicking like mad, we stood up and tried to hold up the roof. But the kids were everywhere. Outside, trying to force the door-handles, trying to smash in the windows. We couldn't get moving, otherwise someone would have been killed. It was definitely the most frightening thing of my whole life."

Keith and Mick had to be given sedatives after that shock. But they were fit enough to go to recording sessions at the famous Chess studios in Chicago the next day. But there was more trouble for Brian. In the swimming pool near the hotel, he produced a noisy belly-flop dive, found a swelling come up on his chest and was told by a doctor that he'd cracked a couple of ribs. He was told he could keep on working, but only if he wore an elastic bandage round his chest.

This medical aid was, of course, translated into "Brian wears women's corsets" by the rest of the group. But this, one way and another, was certainly the most fantastic American tour yet... by ANY group.

Above right: Andrew chats to Charlie and Keith at "Ready Steady Go" whilst waiting to be called for rehearsals.  
Below right: Brian and Mick rehearsing.







# DIARY OF A STONE

## A day-to-day account of the boys' recent European Tour — By BILL WYMAN

### Saturday, 26th March

We all had alarm calls at the unearthly hour of 8 o'clock. I had already packed the previous night, so all I had to do was get washed and dressed and have some breakfast. We all arrived at London Airport in separate chauffeur-driven cars (Keith in his Bentley) to catch the 11.5 'plane to Amsterdam. When we arrived at the airport the other end, there was a car waiting to take us straight to the hotel. In the evening we played at the Brabant hall Danbosche, which turned out to be a mass riot—the audience literally ripped the place apart.

### Sunday, 27th March

Again got up at an even more unearthly hour to catch the 9.25 'plane to Brussels. Nothing much to say except it was a big drag. The Palaise des Sports (where we played that evening) had the most ridiculous echo, I hope I never hear one like it again. Apparently the reason for it, is that the hall used to be an indoor cycle track. Instead of staying in Brussels overnight, we decided to fly to Paris a day earlier than scheduled.

### Monday, 28th March

A day off. As you can imagine, this meant shopping

most of the day, as well as visiting a few friends. In the evening we went to "Castelles"—the "in" club of Paris.

### Tuesday, 29th March

Slept most of the day. In the evening played at the Olympia, Georgie Fame and Ian Whitcomb came to see us. The highlight of the evening was when Brigitte Bardot came round to our hotel.

### Wednesday, 30th March

Flew to Marseilles in the afternoon with the exception of Keith, he went with Stu in the van. In the evening played at the Salle Vallier, this is where Mick injured his face. There was a big riot going on between the audience and the police — someone threw a chair, and it accidentally caught Mick under his right eye. He was taken to hospital and had to have eight stitches.

### Thursday, 31st March

Chartered a 'plane to Leon after lunch. In the evening played at the Palaise d'Hivers —travelled back to Paris by sleeper after the show. Mick, Keith and Charlie flew back to London, Brian and I stayed in Paris.

### Friday, 1st April

Stayed in bed most of the

day. In the afternoon Brian and I popped down to "La Locomotive" where R.S.G. was being recorded. In the evening went out with the R.S.G. crowd to "Castelles".

### Saturday, 2nd April

Brian and I flew to Stockholm a day earlier than the others. Stayed in the hotel most of the time. Didn't go out in the evening.

### Sunday, 3rd April

Mick, Charlie and Keith arrived in the morning. In the afternoon we played to ten thousand at the Tungska Tennishallen, which is a tennis stadium with a big glass roof —lost some of the atmosphere 'cos it was in the afternoon.

### Monday, 4th April

Day off. Did all the usual kind of things like staying in bed, eating, shopping, etc.

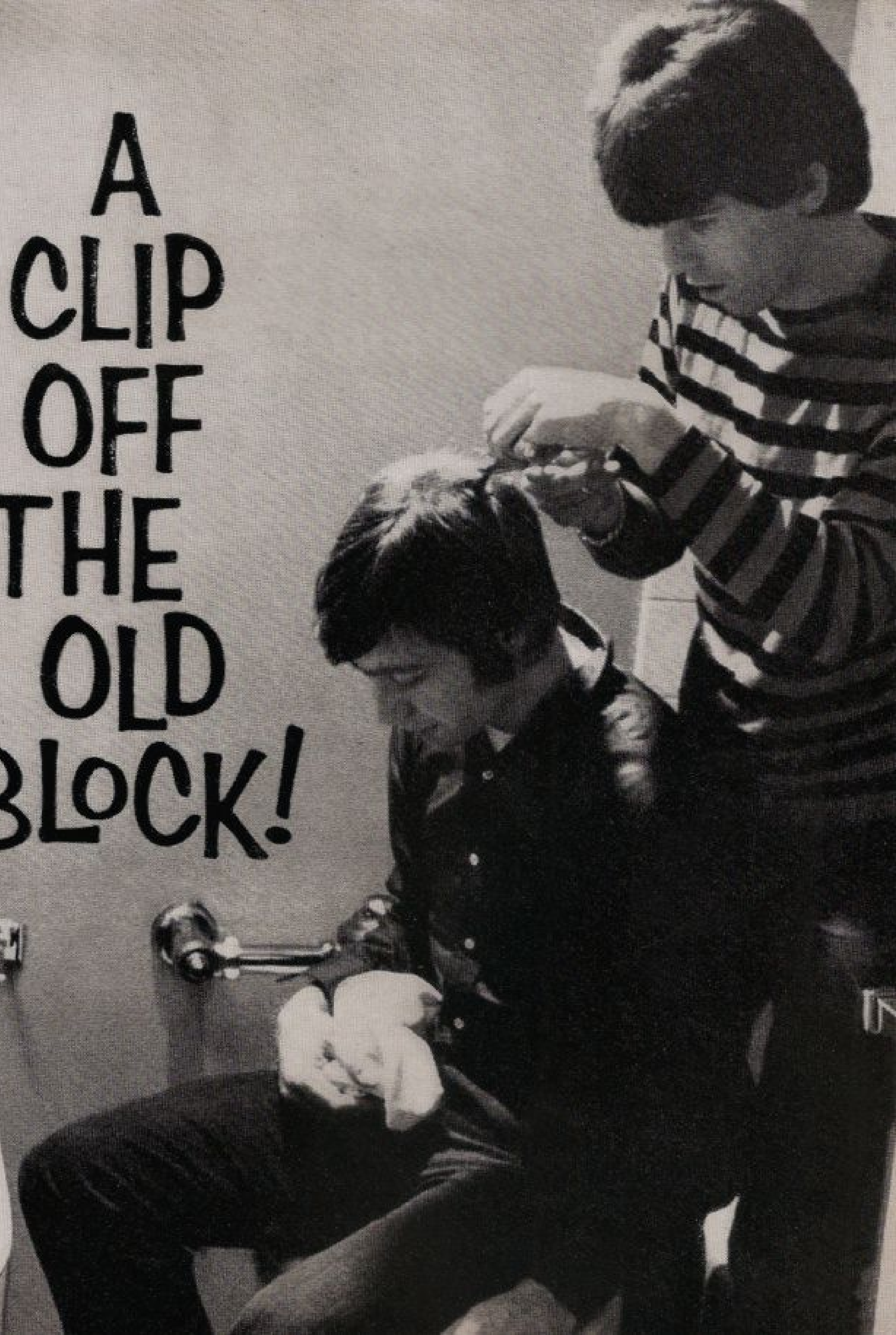
### Tuesday, 5th April

Flew to Copenhagen in the afternoon. Went straight to the hotel till it was time for our appearance at the K.B. Hallen. Because there were such riots we've been banned from three auditoriums in Copenhagen.

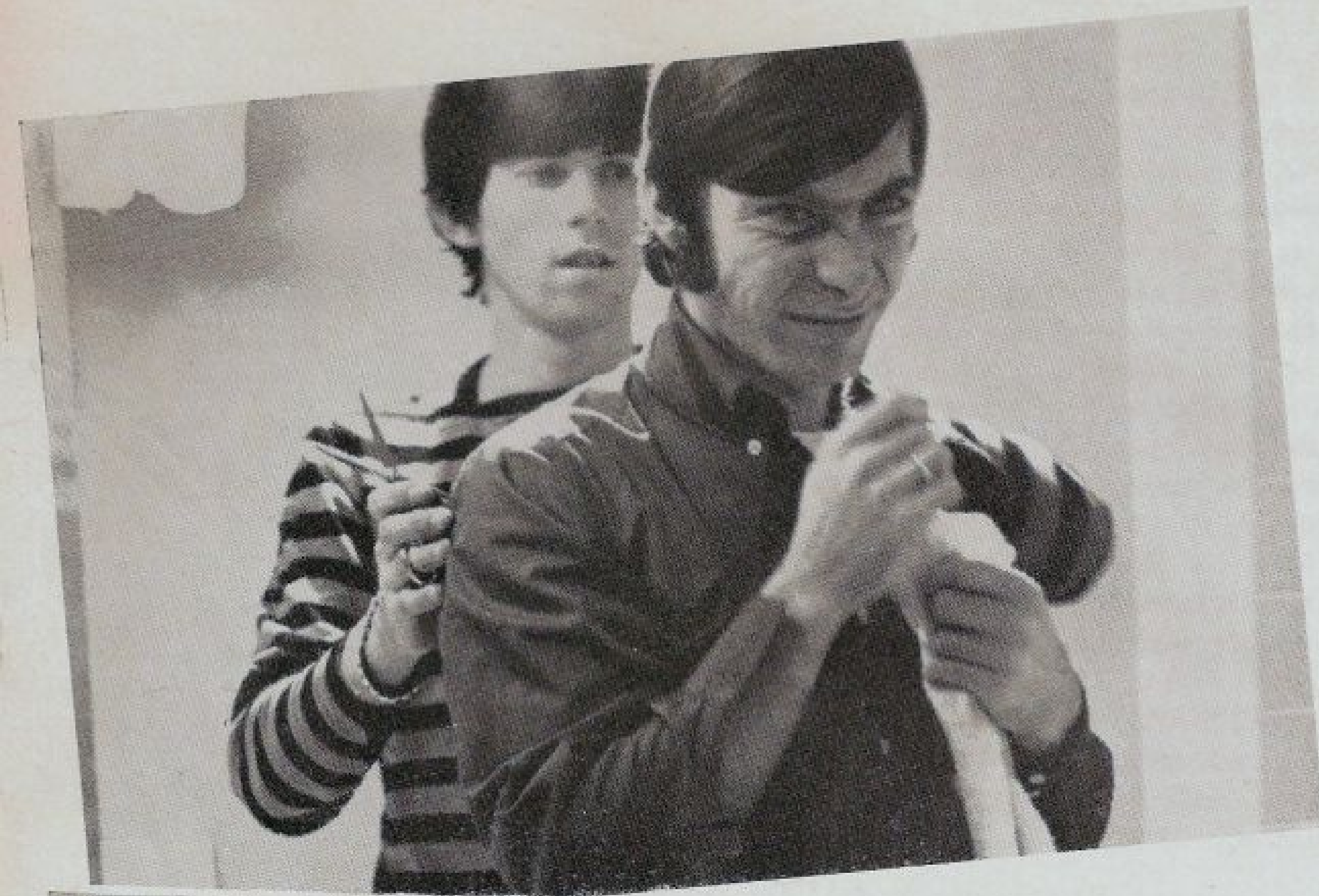
### Wednesday, 6th April

Flew back to London at 2.30 p.m. We were all met in separate cars, which took us directly to our homes. All I can say is, it's nice to be back.

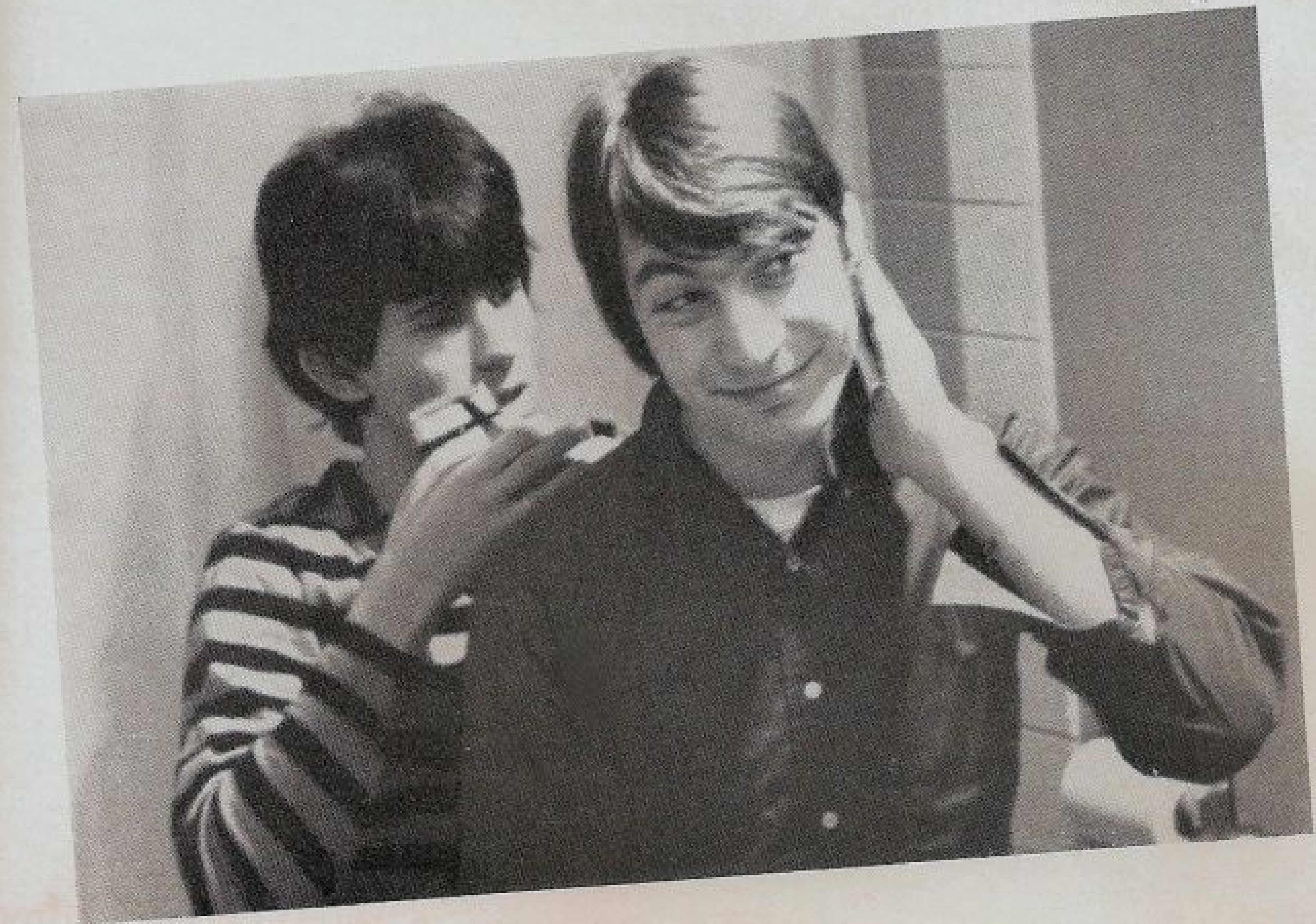
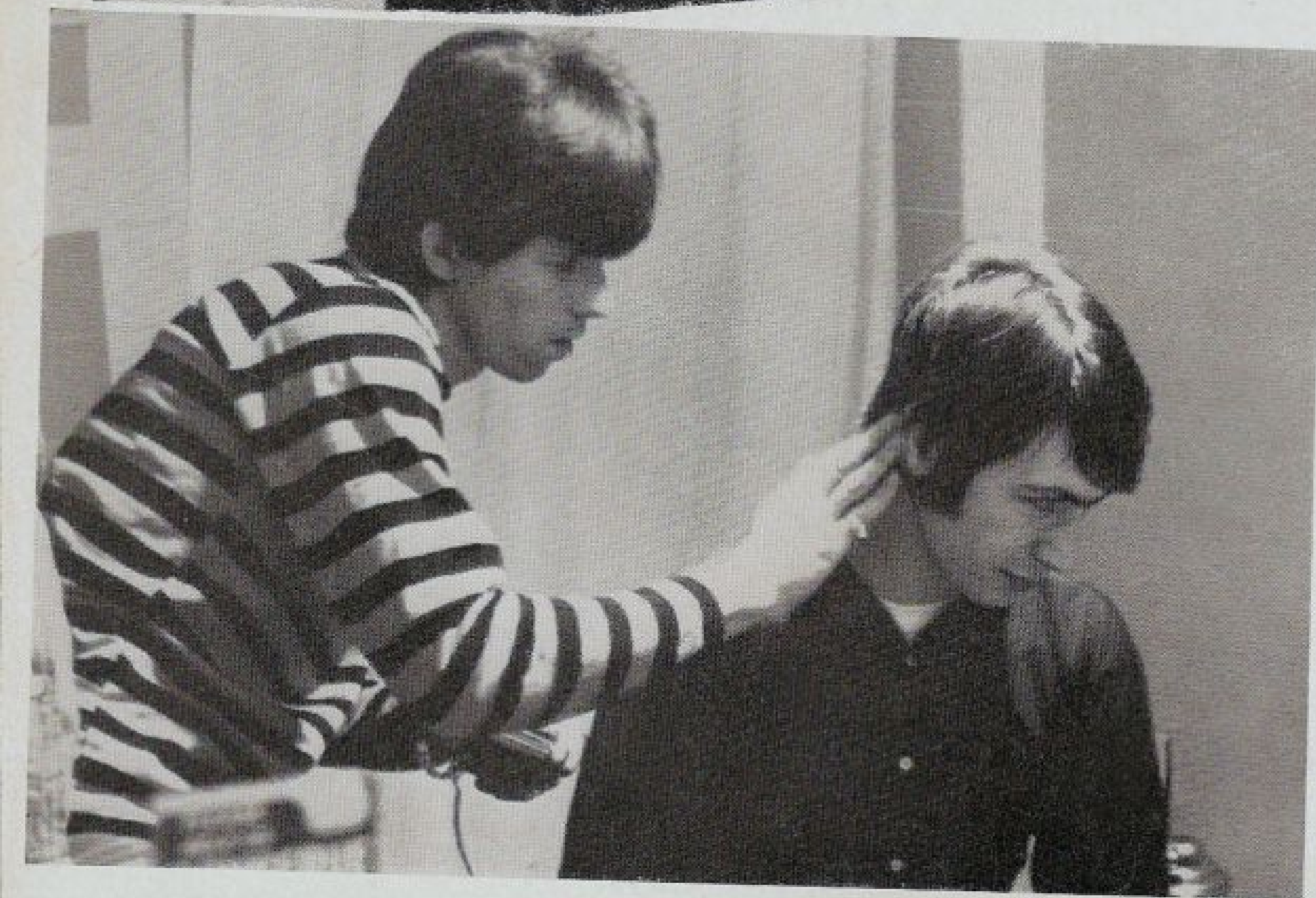
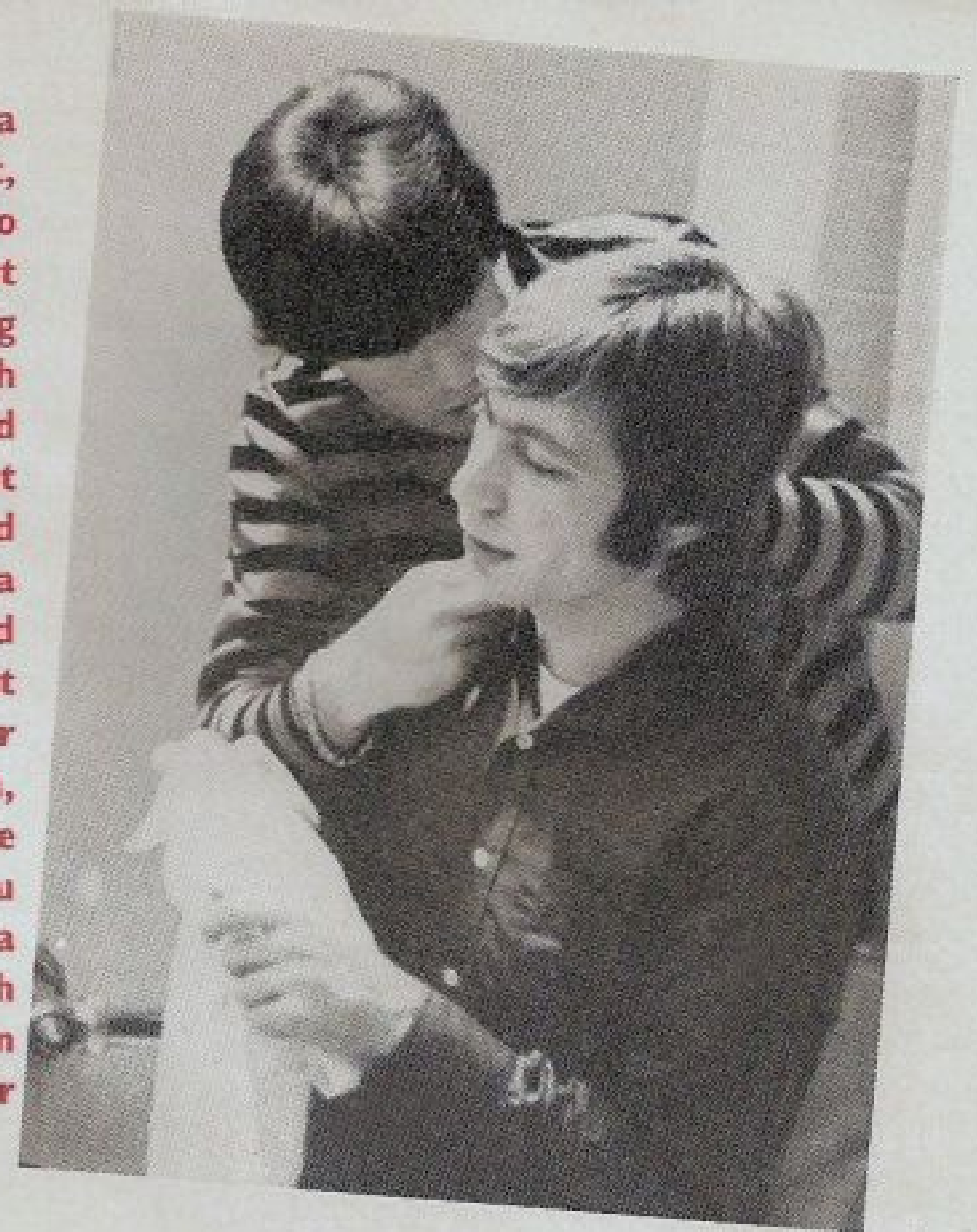
# A CLIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!







“What’s that you’re thinking—‘a Rolling Stone having his hair cut, impossible,’ well you’re wrong, it comes to all of us at some time or another. I just happened to have the misfortune of having Keith as my barber—it was bad enough him cutting my hair, but when he asked if I’d like a shave as well, that just about gave me the complete horrors. I had visions of Keith standing over me with a big cut-throat blade holding my nose and chanting the ‘Barber of Seville’. Without appearing to be a coward, I’d much rather leave it to the experts. Of course, Keith, I don’t underestimate your ability for one moment, it’s just that... well... you know what I mean... I think you’re a lovely guitar player! As you can see, Keith used the choicest surroundings as a salon—the bathroom, and the barber’s chair was so classy—the loo!”







# STONES

## .....POST

ANSWERED THIS MONTH BY BILL

### FIGHTING FOR THE STONES

1175 Nepean Highway,  
Highett, S21,  
Melbourne, Victoria,  
Australia.

Dear Stones,

I buy your *Rolling Stones Book* every month and think that it's the best on the market. All my friends are Elvis fans so I get pretty stiff opposition deciding who is the best. I have taken up a "muscular development system" so that from now on, anybody who picks on me, and calls you ugly, will find himself in hospital.

Yours faithfully,  
Stephen Bickell.

Bill Answers: Thanks for sticking up for us Stephen.

### I LIKE THE STONES

Marilyn S. Parker,  
36 Hinds Street,  
Bury, Lancs.

A Rolling Stone does gather moss,  
If you don't believe me, then just ask "the boss",  
Andy'll tell you the proverb is wrong,  
Coz the Stones gather PLENTY as THEY roll along,  
Now some like the Beatles and some like the Who,  
And some people even like Unit Four Plus Two,  
Some like the Yardbirds and some like the Kinks,  
But the STONES are the only NICE group me thinx,  
Some people "can't stand them", say "they're scruffy  
and smell",

But that's only lies, and they know very well,  
The Stones DO comb their hair and wash it, and so,  
Remember, your running them down, hurts you know,  
Now before you start saying they're dirty and coarse,  
Just step down, for once, off of your high horse,  
Take a look, they're NOT scruffy, take a look, they  
ARE Clean,

And to me they're the nicest five lads I have seen,  
They might not be good looking,  
But very attractive—THAT'S true,  
You say you don't like them? I don't spect they'd  
like YOU,

But if they weren't the Stones would you still hate  
them so,

If you met them one day? You wouldn't I know,  
But it's just an excuse for MANY who find,  
Their idols are losing or getting behind,  
And they can't face the fact that the Stones are O.K.  
And try running them down every possible way,  
But for others it's jealousy, narrow-mindedness too,  
And there's no good excuse for the things that they do,  
Just coz they don't like them there's no need to say,

Nasty things that were only made up anyway,  
Still the Stones are far better without that kind,  
THEY'RE the sort the Stones don't want to find,  
The fans of the Stones must be real, must be true,  
Coz the Stones deserve it, give them their due,  
And if ALL the Stones' fans feel as I do,  
Then bother you others coz WE don't need YOU.

### ANOTHER COMPETITION ?

Basildon,  
Essex.

Dear Stones,

How about having another competition like the one in Monthly No. 4? I wish you would. I know one of the winners of that competition. Her name is Cathy Dowling who you also knew in your older days didn't you? Before I forget please thank Mick very much for his autograph which Cathy got for me when you did the Palladium.

I reckon you would sound great if you recorded "Change Gonna Come" by Sam Cooke and "I've been loving you too long to stop now" by Otis Redding. I buy your records and Otis' mainly so I become worse, so please excuse the paper which I tore out of a school book.

Be good,  
love, Anna.

Bill Answers: There's another competition coming up next month.

### GREAT AFTER-MATH

7 St. Aubyns Mansions,  
Hove 3,  
Sussex.

Dear Stones,

I just had to thank you for your FANTASTIC new L.P. I adore every number on it and in my mind there is no doubt that Mick and Keith are the greatest song-writers ever, and the Rolling Stones the best thing that ever happened to pop.

Thanks a million. My love to you all, especially Mick.  
Lynette Leger.

### WHAT HAPPENS TO THE GONKS?

12 Cairnmore Road,  
Mossley Hill,  
Liverpool, 18.

To Keith, Bill, Mick, Charlie and Brian,

I have just been thinking about your last show at Liverpool on 10th October and I can remember sitting there, waiting to catch a glimpse of you and as the curtains rose nearly everyone in the stalls ran forward (I would have done too, but I was in the front row of the balcony!). As the people neared the stage they threw gonks and fluffy toys, etc., at you. I've always wondered what happens to them. Are they collected after the show? Are they sent on to you? Are they disregarded? Please could you kill my curiosity?

Lots of love to you all (especially Keefy!),  
Carole.

Bill Answers: All the souvenirs are collected after each show. Some of them we keep, but the majority we send to Children's hospitals.







*Left and above: The boys always wear casual gear whilst rehearsing. During their last tour Mick favoured this cotton shirt with a zip up the front, whilst Keith sported this dark jacket.*

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