



'FAR AWAY EYES'





MUM



Doris DUPREE

—

'Mum. She sorted me out.

She was forever slicking my hair and straightening my clothes..

I didn't realize until later that she was also my mate. She could make me laugh.

There was music all the time and I do miss her so.'



Doris was musical, like Gus. At 3, 4 or 5 years old, I was listening to Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Big Bill Broonzy, Louis Armstrong. I heard that every day because my mum played it. My ears would have gone there anyway, but my mum trained them to go to the "black side of town" without her even knowing it.

I didn't know whether the singers were white, black or green at the time.

But after a while, if you've got some musical ears, you pick up on the difference between Pat Boone's "Ain't That a Shame" and Fats Domino's "Ain't That a Shame."

Bert met Doris working in the same factory in Edmonton and they lived in Walthamstow. They had done a lot of cycling and camping and when I came they took me along on their tandem: into Essex and camping with friends. Exposed to the sun rays.

The story of my life: on the road.



Roots DUPREE

Gus Dupree, wife Emma and 7 daughters all artistically inclined like Gus who had a band and played various instruments. He also liked various women and cheated on Emma. She stopped playing the piano with him when she stumbled upon him doing it on her piano, of all places.

Gus encouraged a kind of irreverence and nonconformity, but it was in the genes too.

They were all artistic in one way or another, depending on their circumstances. It was a very free family, very un-victorian.

Gus was the kind of guy that, when his daughters were growing up and



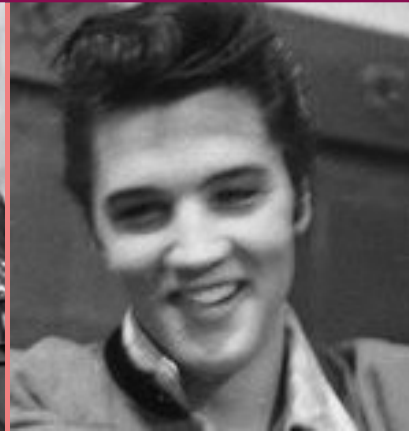
four or five of their boyfriends came and sat across from them, would go up the john to tie a used rubber on a string to dangle in front of them without the girls seeing it.

That was his sense of humour. The boys were going red and cracking up and the girls wouldn't know what the hell for.

Keith's favourite aunt was Joanna who played at Highbury Theatre. She was into music too. *'We would harmonize together. Any song that came on the radio, we'd say, 'Let's try that'.'* She never married but always had boyfriends. She died in 1980 of MS.



Doris liked Gus's music too. He told her to hear Stéphane Grapelli, Django Reinhardt's Hot Club (that lovely swing guitar) and Bix Beiderdecke. Jazzy swing. Later she loved to hear Charlie Watt's band at The Ronnie Scott's. We had no record player; it was mostly BBC radio, my mother being the master twiddler of the knobs. The great British players, some of the northern dance orchestras and on the variety show. No slouches. If anything was any good she'd find it. So I grew up with this searches for music. She called some voices 'screechers' when people said "great sopranos". This was pre-TV. I listened to music even Mozart, very over my head but soaked it up like a sponge. I was fascinated by musicians; in the street I'd go to them, a piano in a pub, I went in. Note for note, it would zoom in my head like a drug. A bigger drug than smack. This one I could kick, but not music. One note after the other, unpredictable, like walking a tightrope.



The first record I bought was Little Richard' "Long Tall Sally". Still fantastic: good records age well. But one that really got me like an explosion one night on Radio Luxembourg, was "Heart break Hotel". A stunner. I'd never heard it before or anything like it, or of Elvis. As if I was waiting for it. Overwhelmed. Buddy Holly, Cochran, Little Richard, Fats. Radio Lux was notoriously difficult to get. I'd walk around the room twisting the aerial. If I got it, I'd go under the blankets. It had loads of ads and a good signal for them: 'Now Fats Domino'... it would fade.

Then I heard "Since my baby left me"... This sound! The first rock'n'roll. A totally different way of delivering a song. Stripped down, burnt, no bullshit, no violins and choruses and schmaltz. It was bare, right to the roots you knew were there but hadn't heard it yet. Thanks to Elvis. The silence is your canvas, your frame, that's what you work on. Don't try to deafen it out. So stark was "Heartbreak Hotel". Luckily I caught the name, the signal was back: I had to look at what he'd done before. Shit!

Roots - RICHARDS

- Dad - Lefties in Bert's family

After the war the Labour government tried to clean up the mess and re-build homes, glorifying themselves in the process, of course.

The party's elite saw themselves as heroes of a working-class struggle. Among those faithful militants were my granddad Ernie Richards, friend of Attlee, and my grandmother Eliza who together created the Walthamstow Labour Party.

There wasn't time to be close, but I was quite happy. To me he was a great bloke, me dad. He was affectionately called 'Adolph' though.



Bert's fitness

I found pictures of my parents having a wonderful time together, going camping, to the sea, having so many friends. My dad was a real athlete: 'Eagle Scout', 'Irish' boxer, tennisman. He liked to show off. Very physical: "Oh, c'mon, what do you mean you're not feeling well?"

Like him, I take my body for granted; forget about taking care of it. We have that constitution where it's unforgivable for it to break down.



30's



1950

BIRTH

I was born in 1943, in Dartford East of London by the Thames.

According to my mother, Doris, that happened during an air raid. I can't argue. All four lips are sealed. But the first flash of memory I have is of lying on the grass in our backyard, pointing at the droning airplane in the blue sky above our heads, and Doris saying, "Spitfire."

The war was over by then, but you'd turn a corner and see horizon, waste-land, weeds, maybe one or two of those odd Hitchcock-looking houses that somehow miraculously survived. Our street took a near hit from a doodlebug, but we weren't there.



December 18th, 1943.



V-1 Doodlebug bomb



Doris said it bounced along the curbstones and killed everyone on either side of our house. A brick or two landed in my cot. That was evidence that Hitler was on my trail. Then he went to plan B. After that, my mum thought Dartford was a bit dangerous, bless her.

Keith picked up his fear of sirens in his mum's womb, along with music. Doris would cut a few steps around the room whenever she heard a hot sound on the radio. She spent the majority of her pregnancy bopping to the popular violinist Grappeli and the big band sound of Billie Eckstine and Ella Fitzgerald. He was bathed in good musical company from the outset.

SOCIAL acceptance - Childhood



"He was a thin shy boy. Some kids called him "monkey" and bullied him. He was very artistic and didn't like football. If a ball came near him, he'd run away. We'd come to watch him play. He hated being tackled or to be hurt. Keith didn't want to be on the rough side of life; just drawing and painting." Doris



'I'd spend the whole day wondering how to get home without taking a beating'



'Adolescent, Keith was mentally tough rather than physically strong, academically comatose' Head teacher



Math French, he was not interested he was bored.

SOCIAL acceptance - Childhood

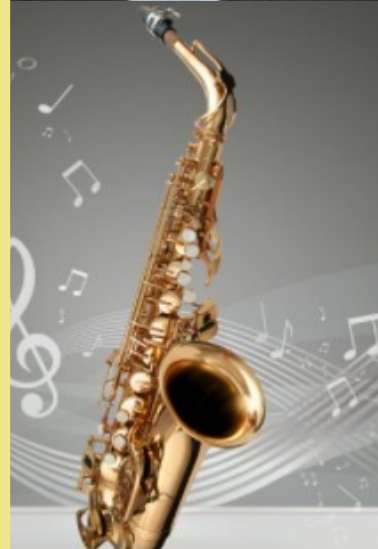
One teacher at Wentworth Primary found Keith *"A straightforward type of person. He laughs when he is happy, cries when he is sad. There is no problem in trying to find out what is going on inside his mind. He is open, frank."*

"He was a bright, attentive boy," recalls another, *"especially responsive to words and language, who had a mischievous wit that made even the teachers laugh."*

He liked tennis and cricket. According to the writer **Edward Luce**, when Keith was seven he was given a saxophone "which (for a short time) he took everywhere with him. As the instrument was almost as big as he was, people felt sorry for him when he struggled along the street with it.

But despite these occasional flashes of charm, Keith remained essentially a solitary, stay-at-home child. Small for his age and socially timorous, he tended to avoid peer interactions and to prefer the safe company of his aunts and mother.

Doris thought he was lonely.



From the age of eight to thirteen, Keith accompanied his father every summer weekend to their tennis club, where he would watch him play and fill in as ball boy.

Their big thing, my parents, Saturday and Sunday was the Bexley tennis club. It was an appendix to the Bexley Cricket Club. There was always this feeling at the tennis club, because of Bexley Cricket Club's magnificent and beautiful nineteenth-century pavilion, that you were the poor cousin. You never got invited over to the cricket club.

Unless it was pissing with rain, every weekend that was it—straight to the tennis club. I know more about Bexley than I do about Dartford. I would follow on the train after lunch with my cousin Kay and meet my parents there. Most of the other people there were definitely on another strata, English class-wise, at that time. They had cars. We went on bikes.

My job was to pick up the balls that went over the railway line at the cost of nearly getting electrocuted.

SOCIAL - Childhood



Being an only child forces you to invent your world. You live with 2 adults, listening almost exclusively to their conversations. All these problems about the insurance and the rent, I've got nobody to turn to. You can't grab a sister or a brother. You go out and make friends, but playtime stops at sundown. I've got loads of extended family, but they aren't there. How to make friends and who with becomes very important, a vital part of existence when you're that age.

Holidays were particularly intense. We'd go to Beesands in Devon, where we had a caravan. It was next the village of Hallsands, which had fallen into the sea, ruined, but very interesting to a young kid. It was like Five Go Mad in Dorset. Dilapidated houses, half of them you can see under water. These weird, romantic ruins but an old fishing village too, on the beach with boats.

It was a great community because you got to know everybody within 2 or 3 days. Within 4, I'm talking with a deep Devon burr and relishing being a local. I'd meet tourists: "Which way's Kingbridge?" "Ooh, where ye be goin'?" Very Elizabethan turn of phrase, Very ancient English.

Or we'd go camping with tents, which is what Bert and Doris had always done. How to light the Primus; how to put the flysheet up, the groundsheet down. I'm just with them I'd look to see if there was anybody to hang with. And I'd get a bit wary, if I was the only one... and I'd get a bit jealous when I saw a family with kids.

But at the same time it makes you grow up. You're exposed to the adult world and you create your own. The imagination comes into play then, and things to do by yourself. Like wanking.

It was intense when I made friends. Sometimes I'd meet a bunch of brothers or sisters in some other tent and I'd always be heart-broken when it was over.



Childhood

I should have a badge for surviving the early National Service dentists. The appointments were I think two a year—they had school inspections—and my mum had to drag me screaming to them. She'd have to spend some hard-earned money to buy me something afterwards, because every time I went there was sheer hell. No mercy. *"Shut up, kid."* The red rubber apron, like an Edgar Allan Poe horror. They had those very rickety machines in those days, '49, '50, belt-drive drills, electric-chair straps to hold you down.

The dentist was an ex-army bloke. My teeth got ruined by it. I developed a fear of going to the dentist with, by the mid-'70s, visible consequences—a mouthful of blackened teeth. Gas is expensive, so you'd just get a whiff. And also they got more for an extraction than for a filling. So everything came out.



They would just yank it out with the smallest whiff of gas, and you'd wake up halfway through an extraction; seeing that red rubber hose, that red rubber mask and the man looming over you like Laurence Olivier in *Marathon Man*.

It was the only time I saw the devil, as I imagined. I was dreaming, and I saw the three-pronged fork and he was laughing away, and I wake up and he's going, *"Stop squawking, boy. I've got another twenty to do today."* And all I got out of it was a dinky toy, a plastic gun.

ANIMAL presence

London to me when I grew up was horse shit and coal smoke. For 5 or 6 years after the war there was more horse-drawn traffic in London than there was after the First World War.

It was a pungent mixture, which I really miss. It was a sort of bed you lay in, sensory-wise. I'm going to try and market it for the older citizens. Remember this? 'London Pong'.



Horse dung in the streets of London



I love the air of Sussex, where I live off and on, but there's a certain mixture on Dartford Heath, a unique smell of gorse and heather that I don't get anywhere else.

It was heavy fog almost all winter, and if you've got two or three miles to walk to get back home, it was the dogs that led you. Suddenly old Dodger would show up with a patch on his eye, and you could basically guide your way home by that.

Sometimes the fog was so thick you couldn't see a thing. And old Dodger would take you up and hand you over to some Labrador. Animals were in the street, something that's disappeared. I would have got lost and died without some help from my canine friends.

Free dogs in the foggy streets of Dartford

When the dogs and I are alone, I talk endlessly. They're great listeners. I would probably die for one.

PET ANIMALS

With Boogie – I've had dogs since 1964: Syphillis, Ratbag, Rasputin (rescued from Moscow's streets)



I had a cat and a white mouse, Gladys, I'd bring to school in my shirt pocket. It kept hidden; its shit was just like pellets,

no pong. It may explain a little what I am.
I chatted, bored in French lessons.

Ratbag in Hyde Park - Given as a puppy in the US and smuggled through UK Customs in 64



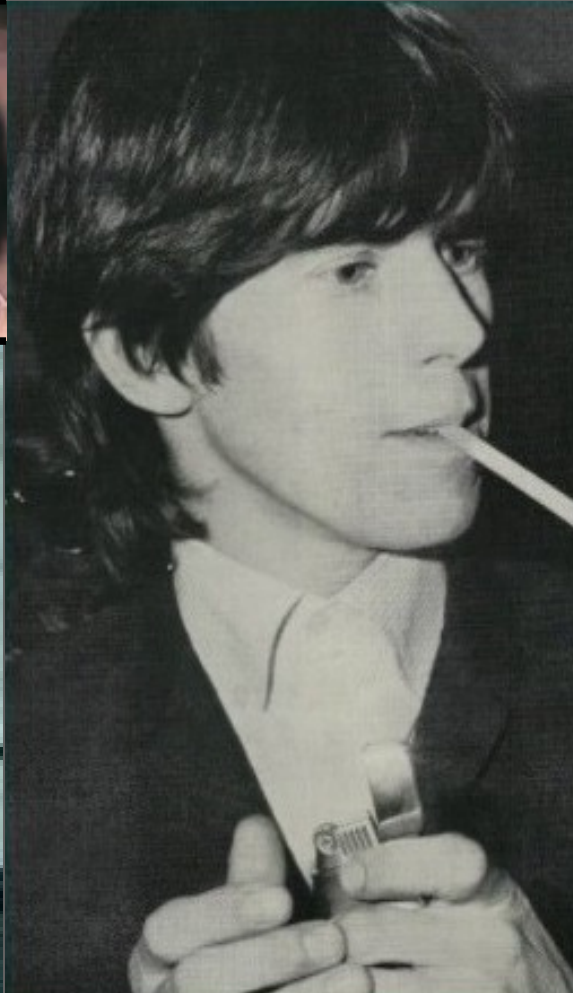
Doris had Gladys and my cat knocked off. I put a note on her bedroom door: "Murderer". She said: *'Don't be so soft, it was pissing all over the place'*.

My earliest memories of my granddad Gus, were the walks we took, mostly I think to get out of a house full of women.

I was an excuse and so was the dog, Mr Thompson Wooft.

SOCIAL Acceptance – SCHOOL

Aged 11 in 1955 - I went to sing at a concert in Westminster Abbey in front of the Queen. I never played a more glorious gig since. A bunch of Dartford yokels had come a long way, winning prizes for their school choir. The 3 sopranos were Terry, Spike and me.



'Keith is the kind of guy you should leave alone, he's the classic naughty schoolboy who hated the headboy. I love Keith because of that'
Charlie Watts



Our choirmaster was Jake Clare, exiled from Oxford for doing it to little boys. With us, he kept his hand in his pocket, just playing with himself through it. Then the shit hit the fan. Our voices broke around 13 years old and Jake Clare, very sorry, gave us the pink slip. No 'thank you' note from the school. They even kept us down one class for missing maths classes for choir practice. So Spike, Terry and I, we became young terrorists. If you want to breed rebels, that's the way to do it.

SOCIAL Acceptation – SCHOOL (If... film 68)

It still rankles, that humiliation. It still hasn't gone out, the fire. That's when I started to look at the world in a different way, not their way anymore.

That's when I realized that there's bigger bullies than just bullies. There's them, the authorities. And a slow-burning fuse was lit.



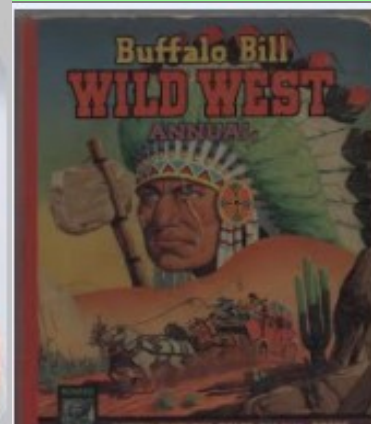
I lost total interest in school after choir went down the tube. Technical drawing, physics, mathematics, a yawn, because it doesn't matter how much they try to teach me algebra, I just don't get it, and I don't see why I should.

I'll understand at gunpoint, on bread and water and a whip. I would learn it, I could learn it, but there's something inside of me saying this is going to be no help to you, and if you do want to learn it, you'll learn it by yourself.

Go for it – straight ahead

Kamikaze down Temple Hill

It's amazing as a kid what you can do with a hill if you're willing to risk life and limb. I remember I used to get my 'Buffalo Bill Wild West Annual' and put it on a roller skate, width-wise, and then sit on it and just zoom down Temple Hill. Too bad if anything was in the way—you had no brakes. And at the end there was a road



that you had to cross, which meant playing chicken with cars, not that there were many cars. But I can't believe this hair-raising ride. I'd be sitting two inches or less off the ground, and God help the lady with the pram! I used to yell, "Look out! Pull over." Never stopped for doing it.



It was a long way back and forth to school, and to avoid the steep gradient of Temple Hill, I'd walk round the back, right around the hill. It was called the cinder path and it was level, but it meant walking around the back of the factories, past Burroughs Well come and Bowater paper mill, past an evil-smelling creek with all the green and yellow shit bubbling. Every chemical in the world had been poured into this creek, and it's steaming, like hot sulphur springs. I held my breath and walked quicker. It really looked like something out of hell. At the front of the building there was a garden and a beautiful pond with swans floating about, which is where you learned about "more front than Harrods."

Everything unwanted was dumped in Dartford since the late 19th century—smallpox hospitals, leper colonies, gunpowder factories, lunatic asylums. Dartford was the main place for smallpox treatment for England from the time of the epidemic of the 1880s. The river hospitals overflowed into ships anchored at Long Reach—a grim sight if you were sailing up the estuary into London. But the lunatic asylums were what the Dartford area was famous for—the projects run by the dreaded Metropolitan Asylums Board for the mentally unprepared people, or whatever it's called now. The loonies. The asylums drew a belt around there as if somebody had decided: “Right. This is where we’re going to put them.” There was a massive one, grim, Darenth Park, a kind of labour camp for backward children until quite recently. The Stone House Hospital, whose name had been changed to something more genteel than the City of London Lunatic Asylum, with Gothic gables and a tower and observation post, Victorian-style—where at least one suspect for Jack the Ripper, Jacob Levy, was kept. Some of the nuthouses were for harder cases.

At 12 or 13, Mick had a summer job at the Bexley nuthouse, the Maypole, as it was called. More upper-class nutters—they got wheelchairs or something—he used to do the catering, taking round their lunches.

Stone
House



Maypole

Almost once a week you’d hear sirens going—a loony escaped—and they’d find him in the morning in his little nightshirt, shivering on the Heath. Some of them escaped for quite a while, and you’d see them flitting through the shrubbery. It was usual when I was growing up. You still thought you were at war, because they used the same siren if there was a breakout. You don’t realize what a weird place it is. You’d give people directions: “Go past the loony bin, not the big one, the small one.” They’d look at you as if you were from there too.

The other thing there was the Wells firework factory, just a few isolated sheds on the marsh. It blew itself up one night in the ’50s, and a few guys with it. Spectacular. As I looked, I thought the war had started again. All the factory was making then was your tuppenny banger, Roman candles and golden shower. And your jumping jacks. Everybody from around there remembers that—the explosion that blew the windows out for miles around.

SOCIAL Acceptance - School

'That boy is sure running for it!'



"Run Forrest, run!"

At 9 or 10, I was waylaid, Dartford-style, almost every day on my way home from school. I know what it is like to be a coward. I'll never go back there. As easy as it is to turn tail, I took the beatings. I told mum that I'd fallen off my bike again. To which she replied, "Stay off your bike, son."

Sooner or later we all get beaten. Rather sooner. One half are losers, the other half bullies. It had a powerful effect on me and taught me some lessons for when I grew big enough to use them. Mostly to know how to employ that thing little fuckers have, which is called speed.

Lessons at school: Empathy as a bonus

The playground's the big judge. That's where all decisions are really made between your peers. It's called play, but nearer to a battlefield, and it can be brutal, the pressure. Two blokes kicking the shit out of some poor little bugger? "Oh, they're just letting off steam." In those days it was pretty physical at times, but most of it was just taunts, "pansy" and all.

I'd been an expert at taking beatings for quite a long time. Then I had a lucky break where I did a bully in by total sheer luck. It was one of those magical moments. I was 12 or 13. One minute I'm the mark, and with one swift move, I put the big man in school down. Against the rockery and the little flower bed, he slipped and fell over and I was on him. When I fight, a red curtain comes down. I don't see a thing, but I know where to go. No mercy, mate, the boot went in! Pulled off by the prefects and all of that. I can still remember the astounding surprise when this guy went down. I can still see the little rockery and the pansies he fell over in, and after that I didn't let him up.

Once he was down, the atmosphere in the schoolyard changed. A huge cloud was lifted from me. My reputation after that suddenly released me from all that angst and stress. I wasn't aware the cloud was so large. It was the only time I started to feel good about school, mostly because I could to repay a few favours some other guys had done for me. An ugly little sod called Stephen Yarde, "Boots" we used to call him, because of his huge feet, was the favourite to be picked on by the bully boys. He was being taunted all the time. And knowing what it was like to be waiting for a beating, I stood up for him. I became his minder. "Don't fuck with Stephen Yarde."

I never wanted to get big enough to beat up other people; I just wanted to get big enough to stop it happening. With that weight off my mind, my work improved at Dartford Tech.

SOCIAL – School

DARTFORD TECH

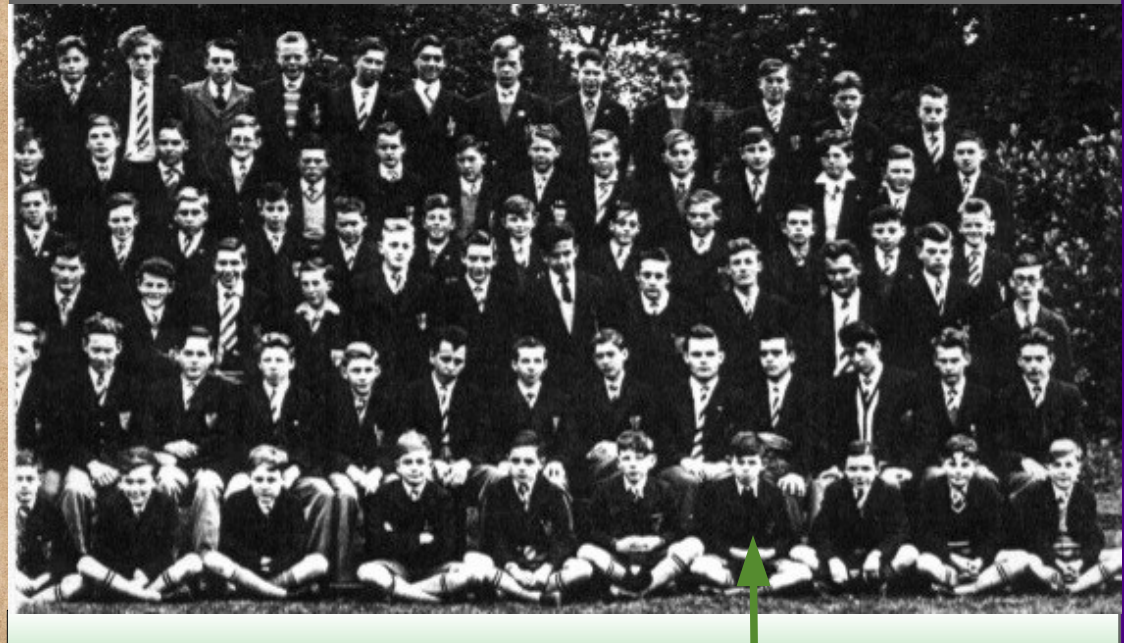
There was a period of anarchy, of chaos. For whatever reason, mad mass bundles would go on in the playing fields, about 300 of us leaping around. Nobody stopped us, just too many of us and when the head prefect Swanton came along to stop us one day, he was set upon and lynched.

He was one of those perennial martinets, captain of sport, head of school, the most brilliant at all things. He swung his weight around, he would be really officious to the younger kids, and we decided to give him a taste. It was raining hard and we stripped him and chased him until he climbed a tree. We left him with his hat with the little gold tassels, that's all he had left on.

Swanton came down from the tree and rose to become a professor of medieval studies at the University of Exeter and wrote a key work called 'English Poetry Before Chaucer'.



Of all the schoolmasters, the one sympathetic one, who didn't bark out orders, was the religious instruction teacher, Mr. Edgington.



He used to wear a powder blue suit with cum stains down the leg. Mr. Edgington, the wanker. Or we were saying, either he's pissed himself or he's just been round the back shagging Mrs. Mountjoy, the art mistress.

The strong guys are gentle, always. It's only the [mentally] weak guys that come on strong'

SOCIAL – Jobs



I had summer jobs to while away the time, usually working behind the counter in various stores, or loading sugar. I don't recommend that. In the back of a supermarket. It comes in great big bags, and sugar cuts you up like a motherfucker and it's sticky. You do a day's loading of sugar and you're humping it on your shoulder and you're bleeding. And then you package it. It should have been enough to put me off the stuff, but it never did.



Before sugar, I did butter. Today you go in the shop and look at that nice little square, but the butter used to come in huge blocks. We used to chop it up and wrap it up there in the back of the shop. You were taught how to do the double fold, and the correct weight, and to put it on the shelf and go, "Doesn't it look nice?" Meanwhile there are rats running around the back, and all kinds of shit.



I had another job around that time, early teens. I did the bakery, the bread round at weekends, which was really an eye-opener at that age, thirteen, fourteen. We collected the money. There were two guys and a little electric car, and on Saturday and Sunday it's me with them trying to screw the money out. And I realized I was there as an extra, a lookout, while they say, "Mrs. X... it's been two weeks now."

Sometimes I'd wait in the truck freezing cold, and after 20 mn the baker would come out red faced, doing his flies up. I started to realize how things were paid for.



banana bread



And there were old ladies who were obviously so bored, that the highlight of their week was being visited by the bread men. They'd serve the cakes bought from us; we'd have a nice cup of tea, sit around and chat, cosy. In the winter I looked forward to them, because it was kind of like 'Arsenic and Old Lace', these old ladies living in a totally different world.



SOCIAL – Scouts

One of the best things I did in my youth, believe it or not, was joining the Boy Scouts. Baden-Powell, a genuinely nice guy who knew what small boys liked doing, believed that

without the scouts the

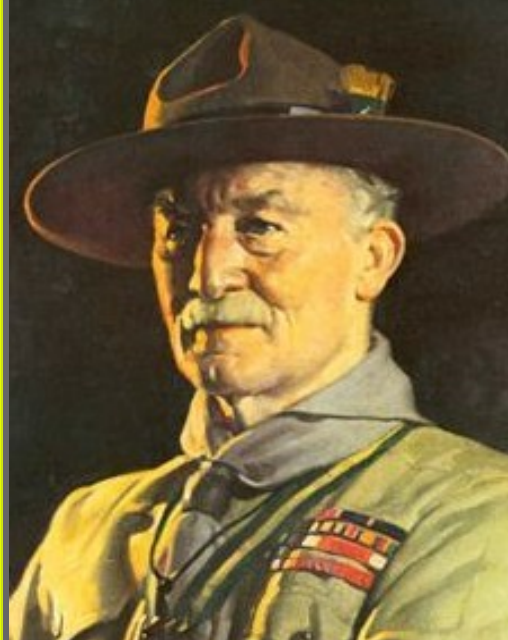
This is empire would collapse. where I came in as

a member of the 7th

Dartford Scouts, Beaver Patrol, although the empire was showing signs of collapsing anyway for reasons that had nothing to do with character and tying knots. Scouting must have happened just before the guitar really set in, or before I owned one, because after, that was my other world. I wanted to know how to survive, I'd read all of Baden-Powell's books. And now I've got to learn all these tricks. I want to know how to find out where I am; how to cook something underground. For some reason I needed survival skills and I thought it was important to learn. I already had a tent in the back garden, where I would sit for hours, eating raw potatoes and such. How to pluck a fowl, how to gut things, what bits to leave in or to leave off. Whether to keep the skin or not. Is it any use?

It was Nice pair of gloves? a kind of miniature SAS training camp. It was mainly a chance to swagger around with a knife on your belt. That was the attraction for a lot of us.

Lord Baden-Powell



I don't know where my scout shirt is now, but it's adorned, stripes and strings and badges. Looked like I was into bondage.

You didn't get the knife until you got a few badges.

Beaver Patrol

had its own shed—one

of the other dads' unused garden shed, which we took over and where we had planning meetings about what the patrol was going to do. You're good at that, you're good at that. We'd sit around and talk and have a smoke, and we went on field trips to Bexley heath

Scout

or Sevenoaks.

Leader Bass

was the scoutmaster,

who seemed ancient at the

time but was probably only about 20.

He was a very encouraging guy: "All right, tonight is knotting. The sheepshank, the bowline, the running bowline." I had to practice at home. How to start a fire without matches. How to make an oven, how to make a fire without smoke. I'd practice in the garden all week. Rubbing two sticks together—forget about it. Not in that climate. It might work in Africa or some dry area. So it was basically the magnifying glass and dry twigs.

Then

suddenly,

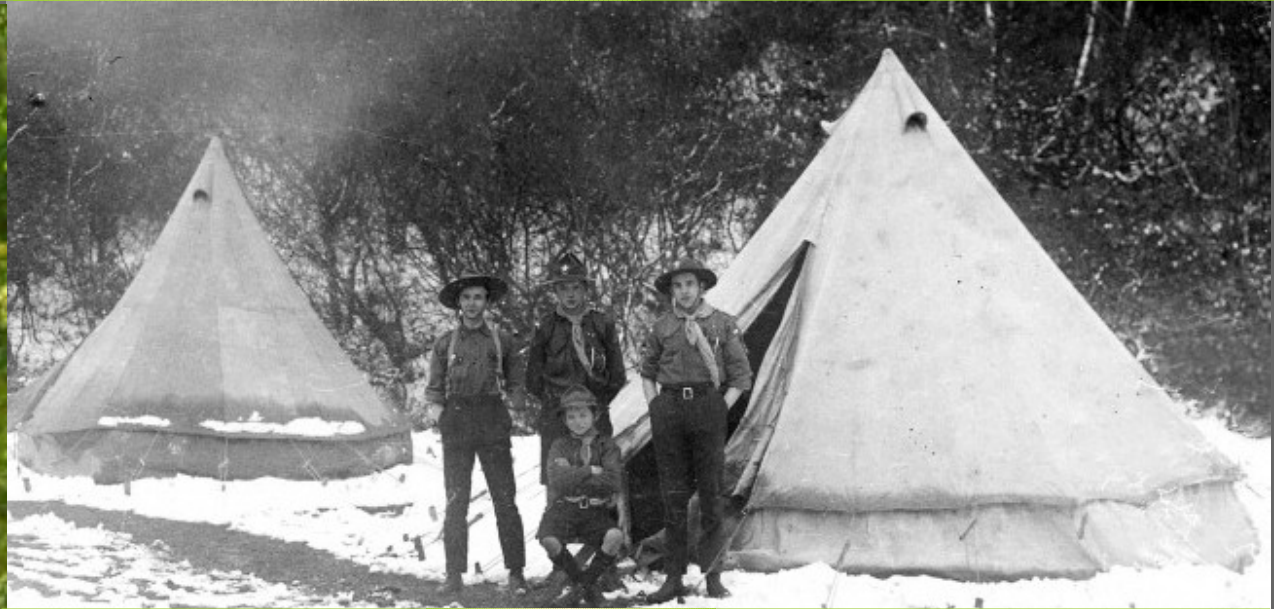
after only 3 or 4 months,

I've got 4 or 5 badges and I'm promoted to patrol leader with badges all over the place, unbelievable!

SOCIAL – Scouts

All that boosted my confidence at a crucial moment, after my ejection from the choir, especially the fact that I was promoted so fast. I think that whole scouting period was more important than I've ever realized. I had a good team. I knew my guys and we were pretty solid. Discipline was a little lax, I must admit, but when it came to "This is the task for today," we did it.

There was the big summer camp at Crowborough. We'd just won the bridge-building competition. That night we drank whiskey and had a fight in the bell tent: It's pitch-black, everybody's just swinging, breaking things, especially themselves—first bone I ever broke was hitting the tent pole in the middle of the night.



The only time I pulled rank was when my scouting career came to an end. I had a new recruit, and he was such a prick, he couldn't get along with anybody. And it was like "I've got an elite patrol

here and I've got to take this bum in? I'm not here to wipe snot. Why'd you dump him on me?" He did something, and I just gave him a whack. Bang, you cunt. Next thing I know I'm up before the disciplinary board. On the carpet. "Officers do not slap" and all that bullshit.

I was in my hotel in St Petersburg, on A Stones tour, and found myself watching the ceremony commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Boy Scouts. It was at Brownsea Island, where Baden-Powell started his 1st camp. Alone in my room, I stood up, made the 3-fingered salute: "Patrol leader, Beaver Patrol, 7th Dartford Scouts, Sir."

Punishment - I was scared to face my dad if I got expelled, so it had to be a long-term campaign—not one swift blow: slowly build up the bad marks until they realized that the moment had come. I was not scared of any physical threat, just of his disapproval, because he'd send you to Coventry: suddenly you'd be alone. Not talking to me or even recognizing I was around was his discipline. You were nothing, didn't exist. He wasn't going to whip my arse or anything. Not living up to his expectations would devastate me. Once you'd been shunned you didn't want it to happen again. He'd say, *"Well, we ain't going up the heath tomorrow"*—on the weekend we used to go up there to kick a football. When I found out how his dad treated him, I felt very lucky, because Bert never used physical punishment on me. He did not express his emotions. Sometimes I pissed him off, if he had been that kind of guy, I'd have been getting beatings, like most of the other kids around me at that time.



My mum was the only one that laid a hand on me now and again, round the back of the legs, and I deserved it. But I never lived in fear of corporal punishment. It was psychological.

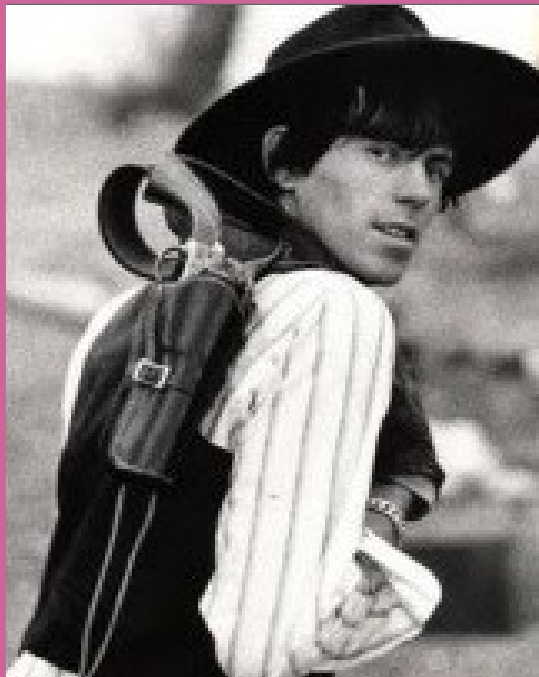
The last action that got me expelled was when Terry and I decided not to go to assembly on the last day of the school year. We went to look for girls



on a motorcycle. We didn't find any. It was the final nail in the coffin to get me expelled. My dad nearly blew up. But by then, I think he'd written me off as being any use to society. Because the only thing I'm good at is music and art, I was playing guitar and Bert wasn't artistic. The person I have to thank at this point—who saved me from the dung heap—is the fabulous art instructor Mrs. Mountjoy. They were going to dump me onto the labor exchange and the headmaster asked, *"What's he good at?" "Well, he can draw."* So I went to Sidcup Art College, class of '59. I felt that I was smart enough to wriggle out of this social net playing the game.

Bert didn't take it well. *'Get a solid job!'* My parents were brought up in the Depression, when if you got something, you kept it. Bert was the most unambitious man. I didn't even know what it meant. I just felt the constraints. Everything I was grew up in was too small for me. Maybe it was just teenage testosterone and angst, but I knew I had to look for a way out.

DREAMS - Character



Impish Keith, the gypsy,
the dreamy vagabond

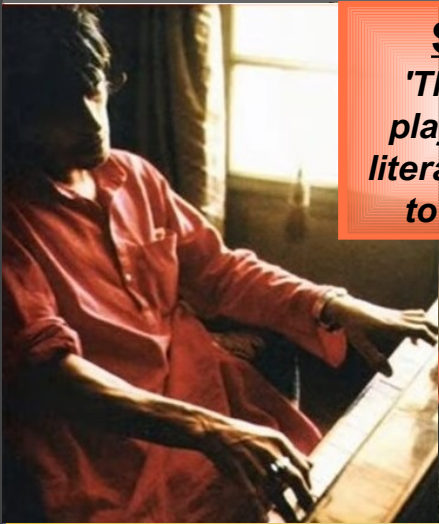
*I rode my first nag with
my cousin Kay, bareback
on an old mare. Luckily
she was sweet because I
had no rope to hold on
to.*



Comics & cinema - *When I grow up, I want to be a cow-boy
and play guitar, like Roy Rogers*

Travellin' man Keith chugging, weaving with Taylor, Hopkins' slick piano – great road tune

MUSIC



Sensitive

'The way Keith played, he could literally bring tears to yours eyes.'



1972

Keith's musical taste was already sharper than that of Jones or Jagger. It wasn't just a wilder imagination or a deeper sense of rhythm, more magical; his inspired flashes on the guitar seem to come from out of the blue. *'He wasn't one of us'*, a young Dartford

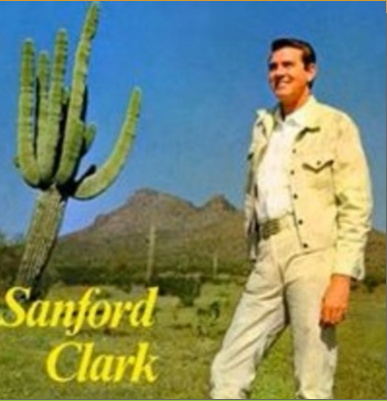
musician (and future Anglican vicar) named **Ross Simms** remembers fondly. Once, visiting Keith, he played him "Apache" - selling its first million, and considered essential listening for most musically inclined teenagers. *'Fucking awful'* Keith said after the record. *'They're just wanking around'*. He picked up his guitar and, in Simms' words, played a beautiful blues run, the simplest kind. Improvising right there in his poky council-house bedroom, accompanying himself in a reedy "spine tingling voice". He embodied the blues so hauntingly, you could imagine you were thousands of miles away, riding that lonesome freight train through the night'. As Simms reeled back on to the street he was strangely moved.



A Dartford friend adds: For their 1st day at Sidcup, 'freshers' had to write their name on the blackboard. The others wrote them in small letters, once. But for weeks, Keith appeared and scrawled his name in huge capital letters that took up both blackboards. Classmates recall those big **KEITH** on the left and **RICHARDS** on the right.

1961 – SIDCUP ART SCHOOL

The guy next to me is **Michael Ross**. My first public performance was with him; we did a couple of school gigs. He was a special guy, extrovert, talented, up for all risk and adventure. A would-be Gene Vincent. He was a gifted illustrator, taught me many tricks to work pen and ink. He was into music big-time. We liked the same kind of music, something that was available for us to play. So we gravitated to country music and blues, because we could play it. One's enough, so much better with two. He introduced me to Sanford Clark, a heavy-duty country singer, like Johnny Cash, who



came out of the cotton fields and the air force with a US hit called "The Fool." We played his "Son of a Gun," partly because it was the only thing the instruments would bear and a great song. We did a school party, in Bexley gymnasium, sang a lot of country stuff as best as we could, with only 2 guitars. What I remember most about our first gig was that we pulled a couple of birds and spent the whole night in a park, in one of those shelters with a bench and a little roof



1962

Keith was a loner and always seemed to be quiet. He was an absolute lout, but a really nice lout. He'd sit and play an Elvis song while everyone else would be playing those nonsense folky songs. Keith really was the school rocker. **Dick Taylor**, schoolfriend and early Rolling Stone

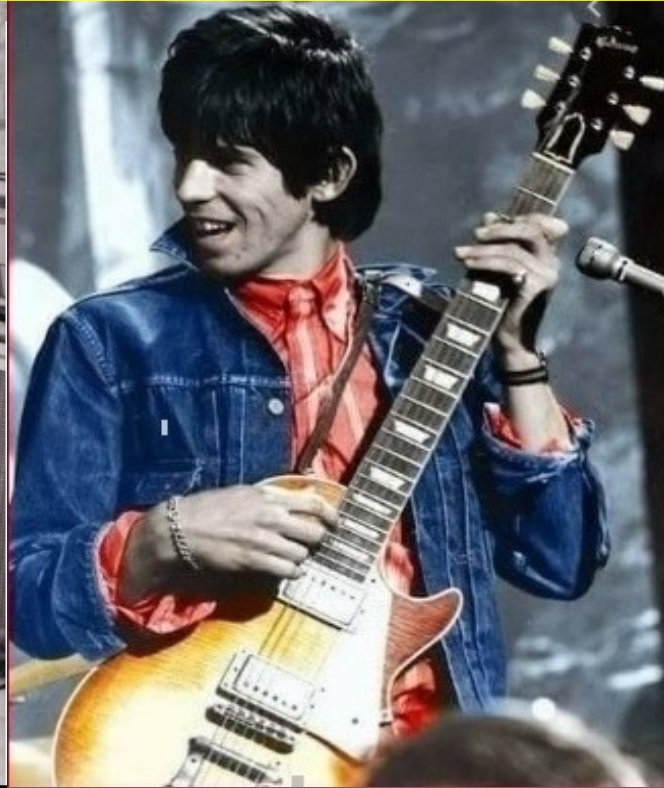
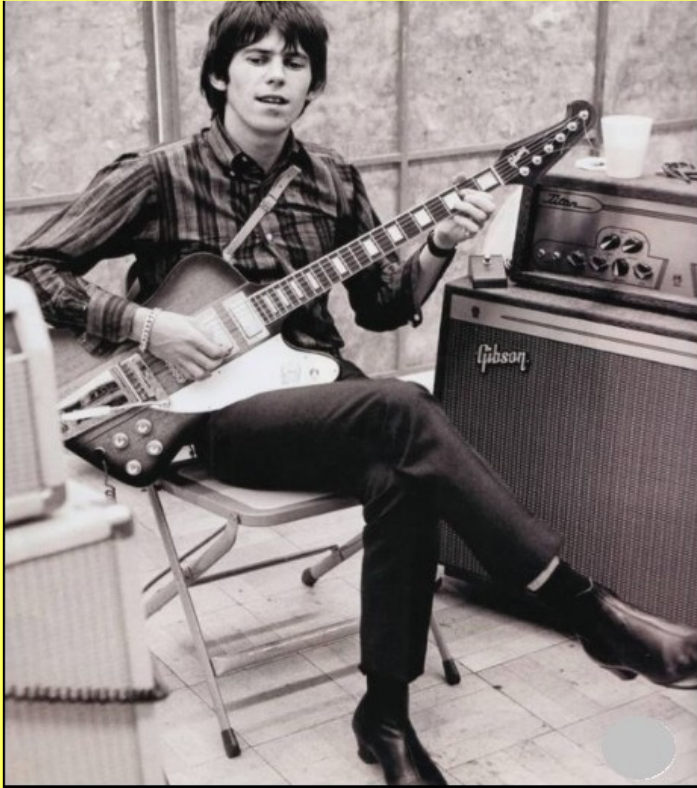
the quiff



over it. We didn't really do anything. I touched her breast or something. We were just snogging all night, all those tongues going like eels. Then we just slept there till morning. I thought: "*My first gig and I end up with a chick.*"

Shit! Maybe I've got a future here."

MUSIC



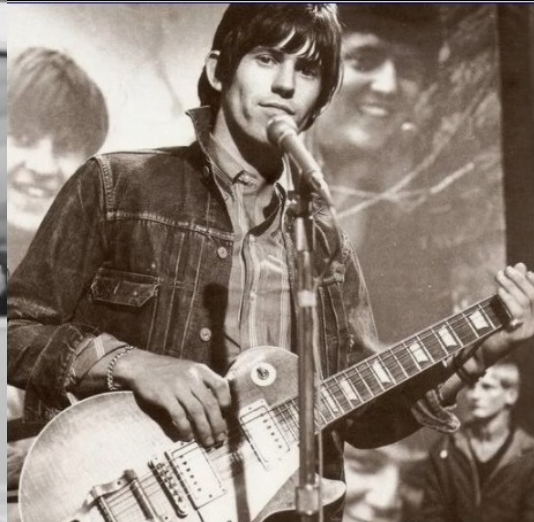
1958 - Recognition - Keith was playing a bluesy adaptation of the popular "Malagueña". Doris called up the stairs: *'Is that you? I thought it was the radio'.*



2016 - At her bedside days before she died, I played the Malagueña for her. The next day, my assistant asked: *'Did you hear Keith play for you last night?'* - *'Yeah, it was a bit out of tune'.* That's my mum for you.

His taste for country music was planted

Johnny Cash



Doris: *'He used to play Country & Western music beautifully, like Johnny Cash. He'd sit on his own for hours listening to records and then play them. It was a gift, he could play straight away and didn't need tuition'.*

He said: *'If you're taught, it inhibits you, you play what you are taught and I want to play like I feel'.* His home was his studio and art school his lab.

TRAINS and meeting MICK JAGGER

1961 – Mick and I met on a train station. You get in a carriage with a guy that's got Chuck Berry on Chess Records and the best of Muddy Waters under his arm you gonna hit it off. The real shit. I realized that I'd met him around 15 selling ice cream by Dartford town hall. He said that he danced there sometimes on Buddy Holly and Eddie Cochran stuff. In the train, he said that he wrote to Marshall Chess in Chicago and mail ordered records. He also said that he sung in a little band and I said that I played a little. I was a yokel compared to Mick: he knew people in London, he had money. But we regularly met in our houses. We did numbers together, learning off each other. Dissecting music and having fun.



BLUES AND GOSPEL TRAIN
with *Otis Spann*
MUDDY WATERS
SONNY TERRY · BROWNIE MCGHEE
SISTER ROSETTA THARPE
REV. GARY DAVIS · OTIS SPANN
COUSIN JOE PLEASANTS
THURSDAY MAY 7th at 7-30 prompt
Casual gear essential: Denims, Sweaters.

Sister Rosetta Tharpe

With him, I met and hung around a bunch of guys who talked essentially about records in their music enclaves. Purists.

Muddy played in Manchester with an electric guitar and was almost booed off. The blues had to be played in dungarees from the cotton fields, when these British city boys never went anywhere to know the poor southern delta blues. But there you had hip bluesmen in Chicago also. So they said electric was for rock'n'roll, sold out, commercial, argued authenticity. Again you had the mods vs. bikers. Bickering between trad jazz/blues and rock'n'rollers. Or other reasons to fight. Dylan met the same war when he went electric.

ROLLIN' STONES

The egg - Three of the Rolling Stones spent the first year of their life hanging places, stealing food and rehearsing. We were paying to be the Rolling Stones. The place where we lived, Mick, Brian and I, in Fulham, was disgusting. We almost made it our professional business for it to be so as we had little means to make it otherwise. We moved in the summer and lived there for a year through the coldest winter since 1740, and the shillings we fed into the meter for warmth, for electricity and gas, were not that easy to come by. It was mattresses and no furniture to speak of, only a threadbare carpet.

There was no fixed rotation between the two beds and a couple of mattresses. It didn't really matter; usually all three of us would wake up on that floor, where we had the enormous radiogram that Brian had brought, a great '50s warm-up number. We'd sit around working out the music in the Wetherby Arms, King's Road, Chelsea. Usually I'd go round the back and steal their empties and then sell them back to them. You got a couple of pence on a beer bottle.



THE
MONKS AT
EDITH
GROVE
1962



We didn't have any other interests in the world except how to keep the electricity going and how to nick a few things out of the supermarket for food. Women were really third on that list. Electricity, food and then, hey, you got lucky. We needed to work together, we needed to rehearse, we needed to listen to music, we needed to do what we wanted to do. It was a mania. Benedictines had nothing on us. Anybody that strayed from the nest to get laid, or try to get laid, was a traitor. You were supposed to spend all your waking hours studying Jimmy Reed, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, Robert Johnson. That was your gig.

MUSIC



Doris saved
money him
first a

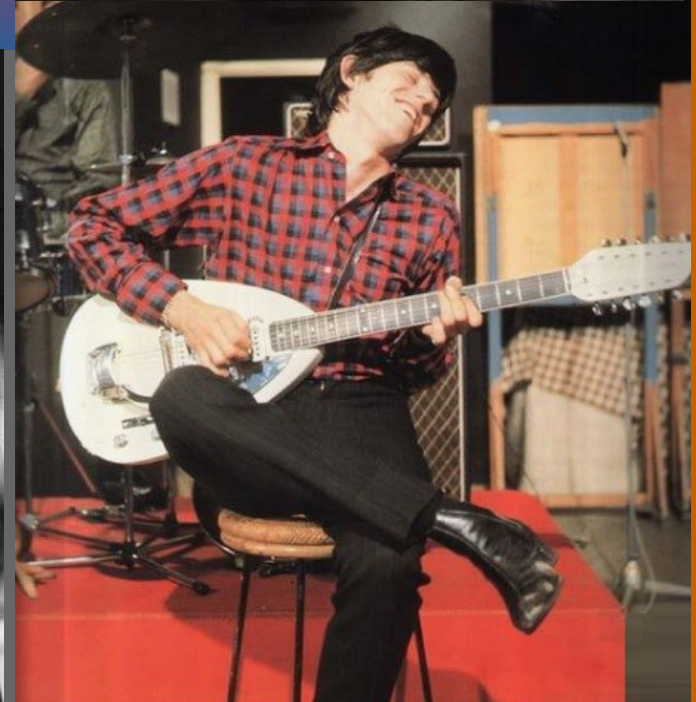
to buy
his
guitar
Rosetti

To open a guitar case – when it's
an old wooden guitar... I could just
crawl in and close the lid.

*Gus said: 'You see this guitar up
on the piano? It's yours when
you're big enough to reach it.'*

So he waited ...but one
day, he just climbed on a
chair and got it. Gus liked
that.

from "Dear Doctor



ROLLIN' STONES

1962 - A gig! **Alexis Korner's** band was to do a BBC live show on July 12, 1962, and he asked us if we'd fill in for him at the Marquee. The drummer that night was Mick Avory—not Tony Chapman, as history has mysteriously handed it down—and Dick Taylor on the bass. The core Stones, Mick, Brian and I, played our set list: "Dust My Broom," "Baby What's Wrong?" "Doing the Crawdaddy," "Confessin' the Blues," "Got My Mojo Working."

"At last you're playing with your friends: Wow, great!" This feeling is better than anything in the world. There's a moment when you've just left the planet and nobody can touch you. You're with guys that want to do the same thing as you. When it works, baby, you've got wings.

You know you've been where most people will never get, to a special place. You want to go back and keep landing again.



1963 – Marquee Jazz Club –
★ **The complete band (with Stu)**



It's flying without a license..

**Keith struck with his guitar the owner Pendleton who called them 'greasers'.
He was hit again in 1971 when they were already famous and he'd said: 'Still shit!'**



THE ROLLIN' STONES

Creating the image

They were playing in Richmond at The Crawdaddy and the owner, Gomelski, had **Andrew Loog Oldham** come to see his proteges at the club. Andrew said: *'I'd never seen anything like it, I heard the sound of a national anthem. I heard what I always wanted to hear. I wanted it; it already belonged to me. Everything I'd done up until now was a preparation for this moment. I saw what my life thus far had been for.'*

He had an enormous talent dedicated to whim and money and saw himself as Phil Spector; his favourite film was 'A clockwork orange. Keith said: *'He was a fantastic bullshitter and an incredible hustler'*



Unlike The Beatles, The Stones had an image of a disillusioned sulk, vacant expression, derisive stare.

Five middle-class boys who had grown up wrong,



when they were just good ambitious young boys who wanted to play the electric blues. Only Brian Jones and Mick Jagger were from middle class backgrounds.

THE ROLLIN' STONES - Image

Andrew LOOG OLDHAM

had just left The Beatles when he came to see us play at Richmond, and it began to move. Within two weeks we had a recording contract with the company he created for them, Impact Sound.

Epstein had fired him over an argument. We were the instrument of his revenge on him, the dynamite, and him the detonator.

The irony is that Oldham, at the start, thought it was a disadvantage for us to be seen with long hair, crude and rude. The whole idea of the Beatles and the uniforms still made sense to Andrew. To us it didn't.

So he put us in uniforms. We had those damn dogtooth check jackets on 'Thank Your Lucky Stars', but we just dumped them fast and kept the leather waist-coats he'd got us from Charing Cross Road.

"Where's your jacket?"

Huh?



mmmhhh



Hey!

- I dunno, lost it".

He had to go with it. The Beatles are all over the place and he's got another good band.

So we're going to be the anti-Beatles and Andrew started to play that to the hilt: 'Everybody's so cute and they wear uniforms: pure showbiz. He blew away the way you'd present yourself, do everything wrong, at least from a Fleet Street point of view.

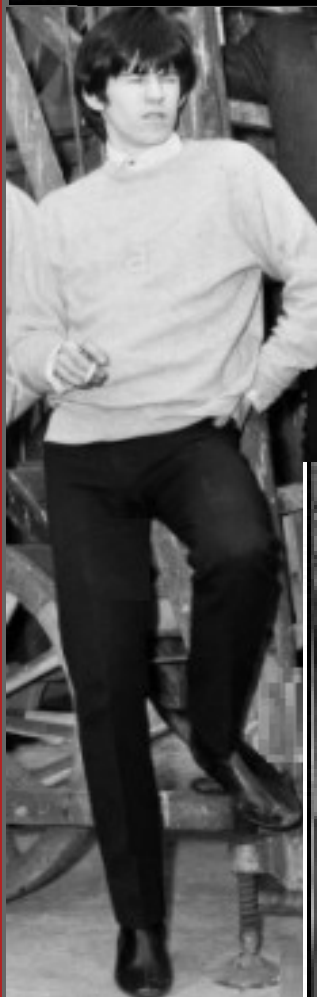
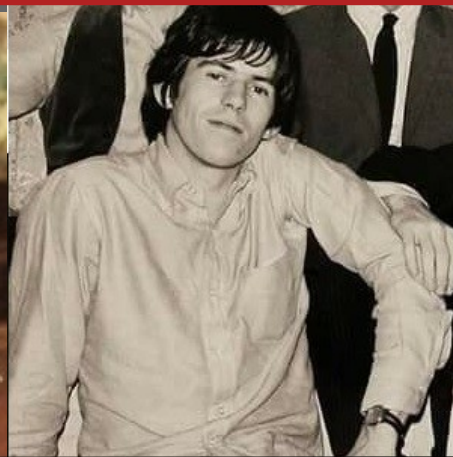
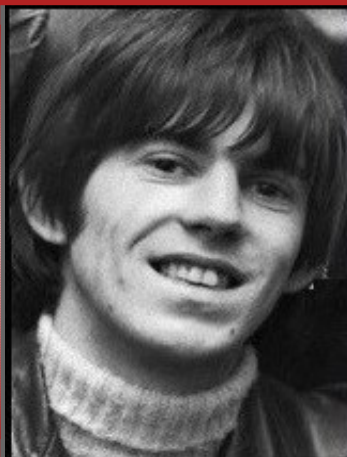
"But we're too good for this shit, man, we're blues players." You kid yourself. Of course the timing was dead right! You've got the Beatles, mum and dad love them 'but would you let your daughter marry these guys?'

A stroke of genius. Once we got that, it was OK, we could do show business and still be ourselves.

I always looked at Andrew as the absolute PR man, a sharp blade.



**So
cute and
innocent,**



**Andrew
L.O
Agent**



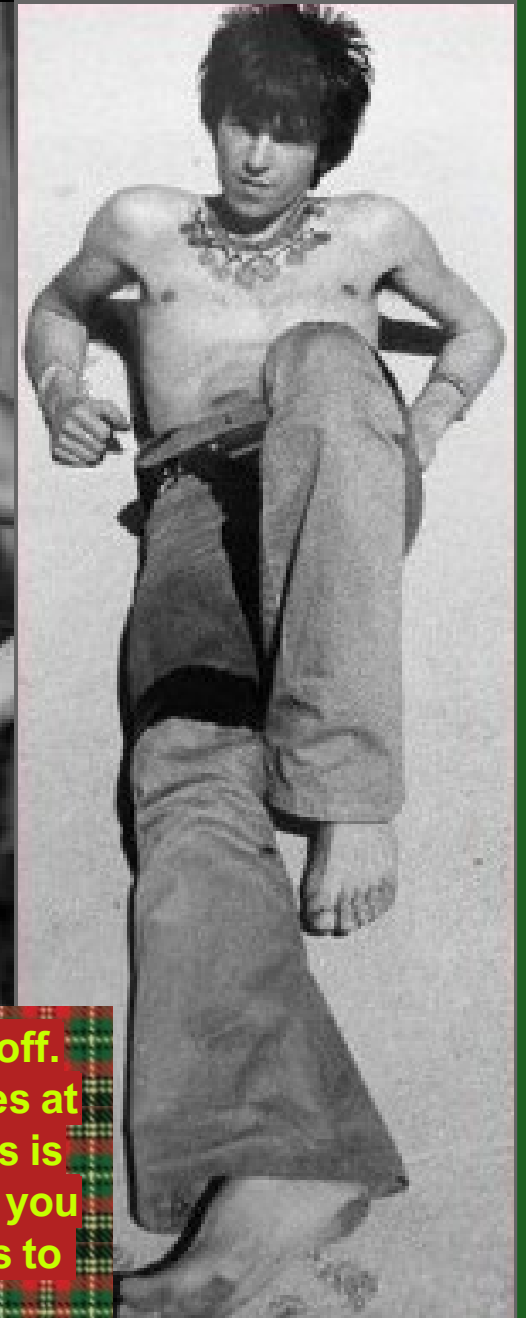
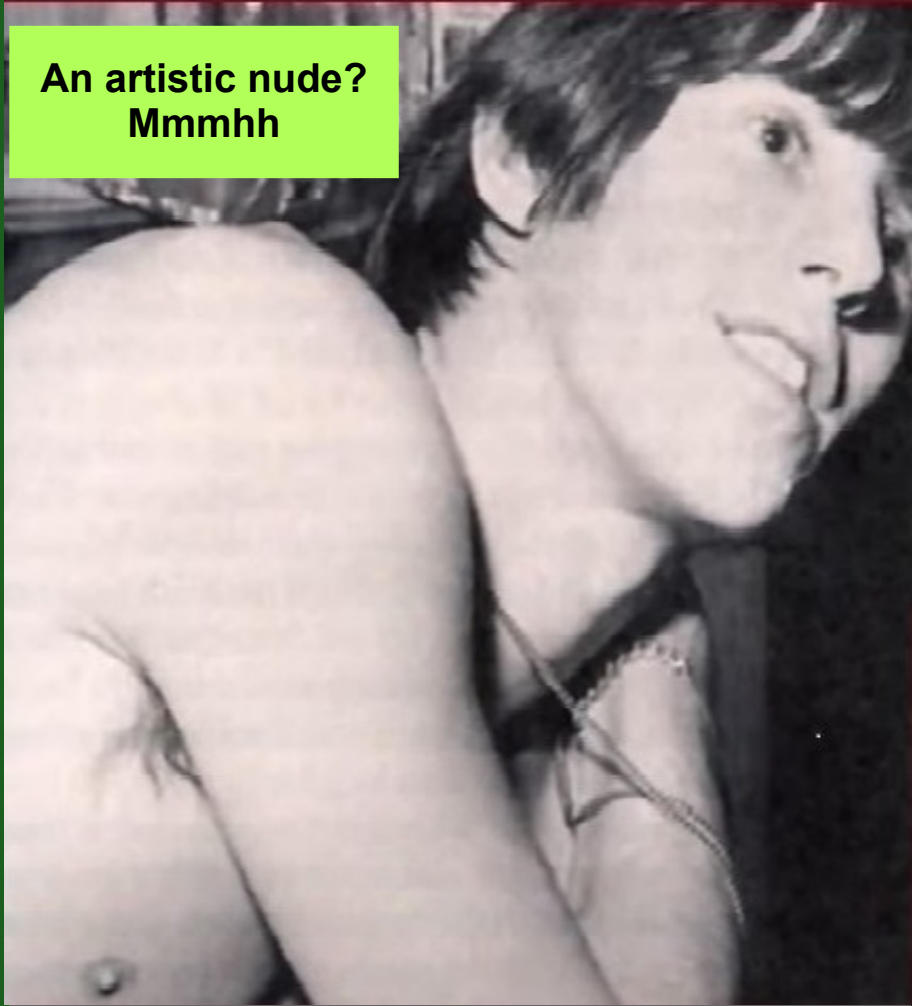
then getting wiser



**is that so?
mmmhh**

SOCIAL acceptance – 'Sex appeal'

An artistic nude?
Mmmhh



I was mates with a lot of girls as I grew up, they liked me, but then... At 11 or 12, there was Deborah. I had this incredible crush on her. I used to stand there looking at her bedroom window, like a thief in the night.

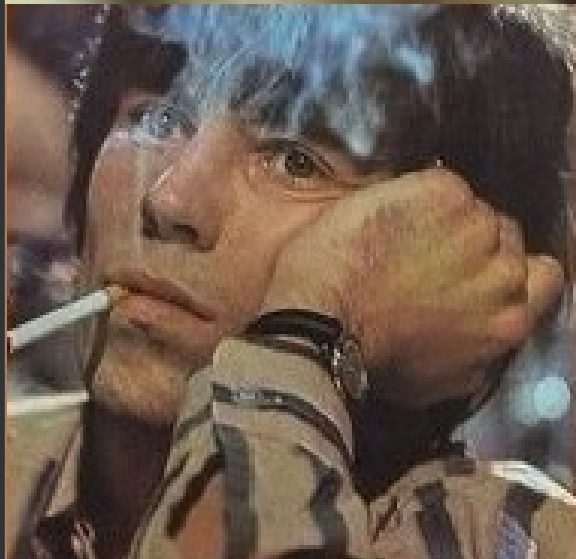
I was 19 when it started to take off. Before, birds'd poke their tongues at me and suddenly: "Adonis"! This is so ridiculous, a bugger. It makes you very cynical and it took me years to get it under control.

SOCIAL Acceptance - Sex appeal



A boy, I read comics and admired Captain Marvel. SHAZAM! The magic word to become a super- hero; if you said it right, it'll happen. With my mates in the field, we're

SHAZAM! He must have said it right one time...

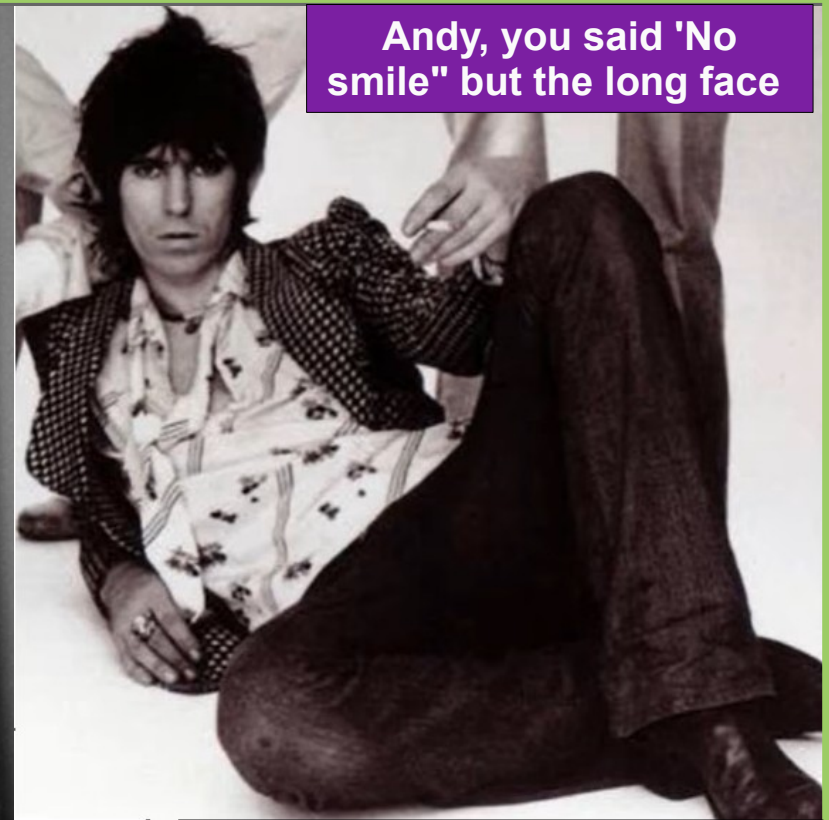
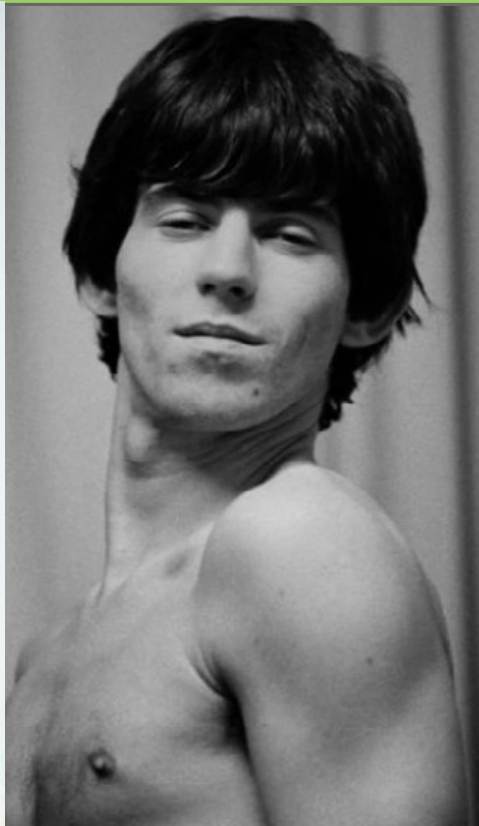
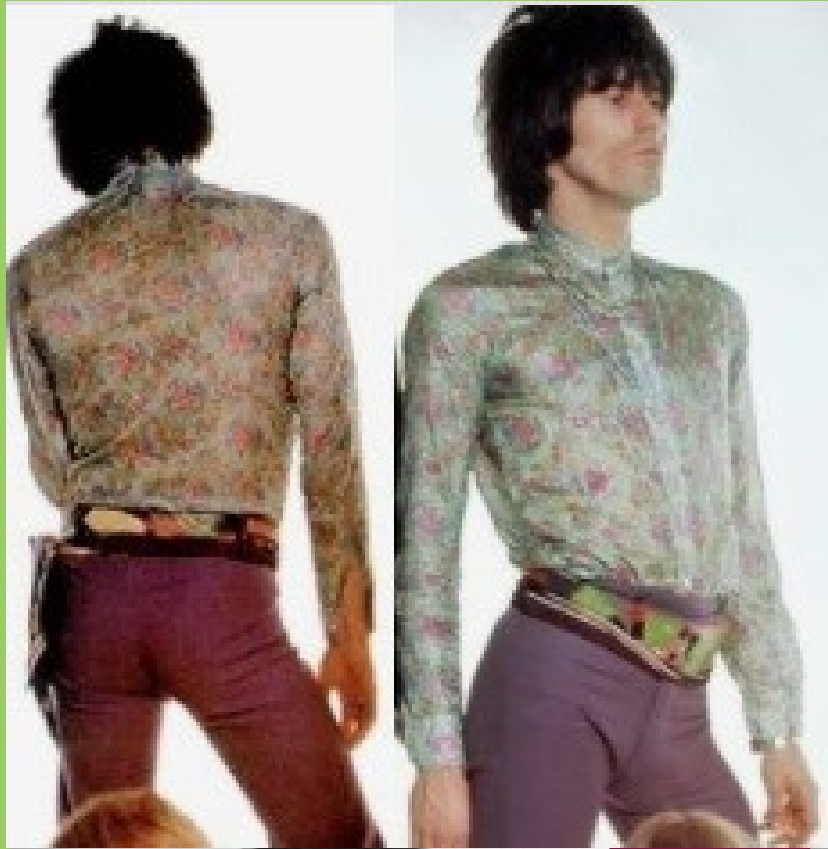


BIRDS - *'I couldn't get laid a month before and suddenly they're throwing themselves at me.'*



going: 'SHAZAM!' Other blokes laughed at us. 'Yeah, you won't laugh when I get it right, you fools!'

THE ROLLING STONES - Image



Andy, you said 'No smile' but the long face

mmhhh,
Coke



Andy,
am I pretty
enough
for
girls?



is hard to keep, I'm gonna
crack up

Andy,
is this
bad boy
look
hard
enough
for you and
boys?

*'You wanna meet
Keith Richards?*

*Which one? The
husband, the
father? Oh I see:
'THE KEEF!'*

THE ROLLIN' STONES

1963 – Lost TV Shows



[Come on](#) (1er 45T)

THE ROLLING STONES



NORWAY



mmhhh

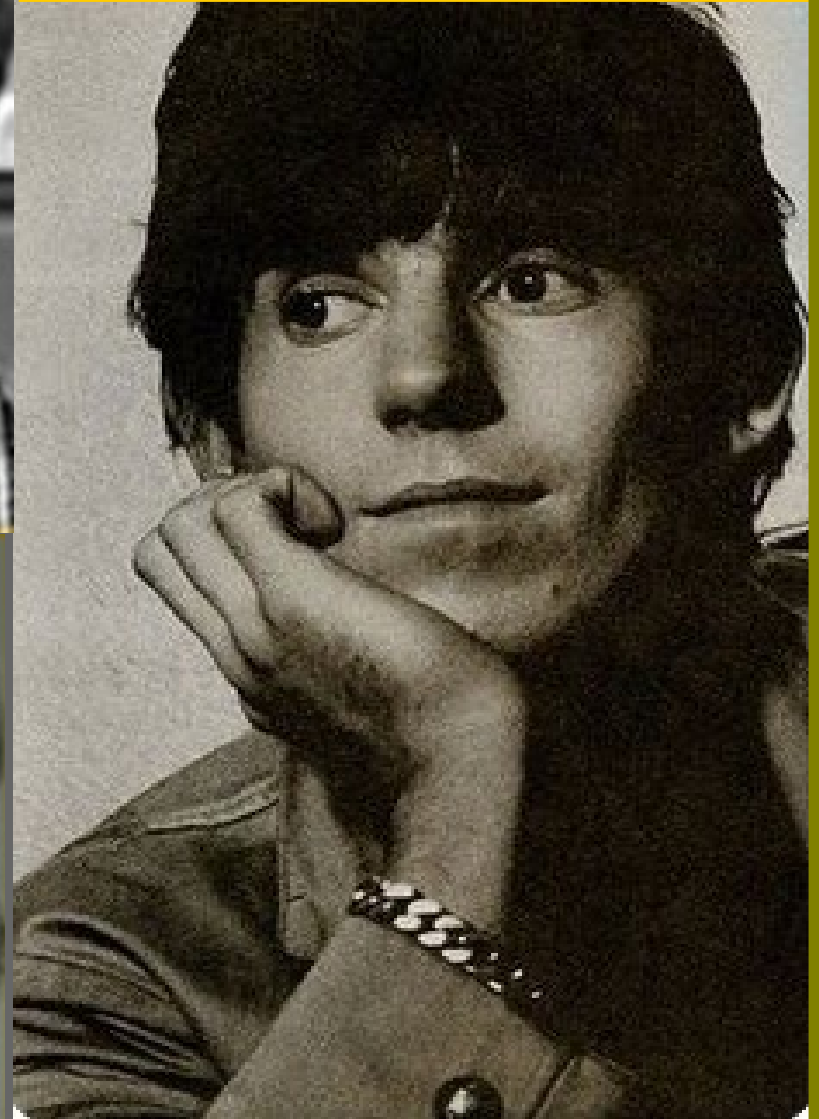


Denmark1965 Radio



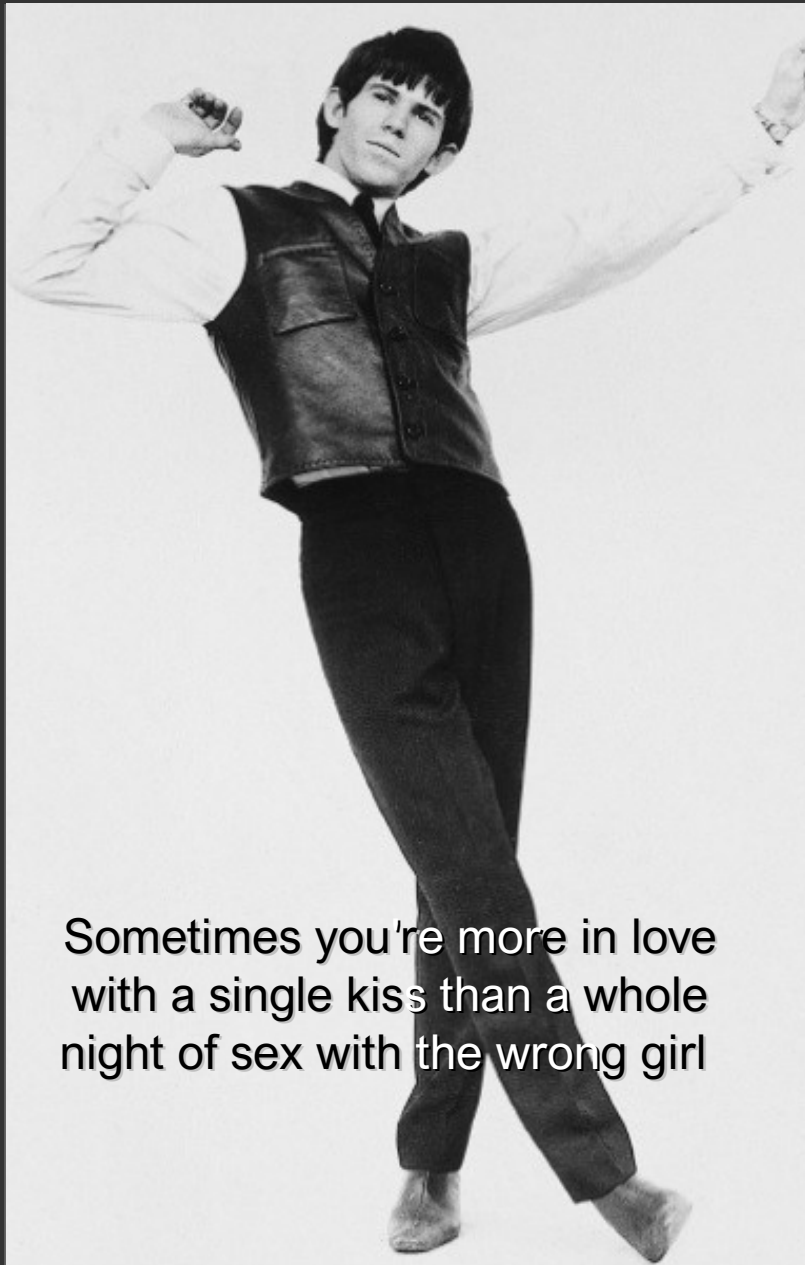
BELFAST

63 – Scandinavia tour
*'I like Sweden a lot.
They scream a lot'*



Always polite, never rude answering
stupid questions

LOVE



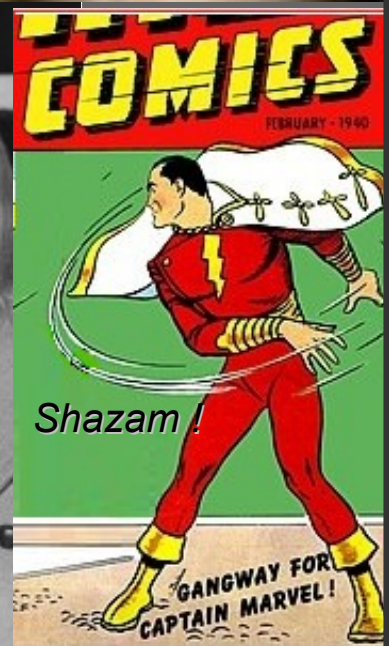
Sometimes you're more in love
with a single kiss than a whole
night of sex with the wrong girl



mmhh



Adonis



SOCIAL Acceptance - Image

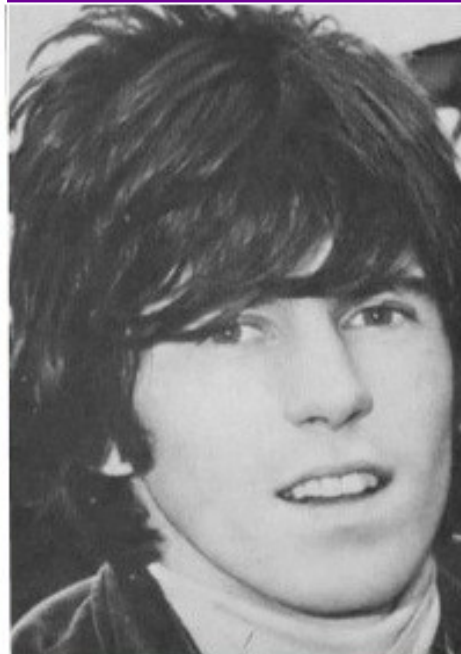
'Keith is the only one who is not naturally middle class. He is a man of belief.'

A. Korner

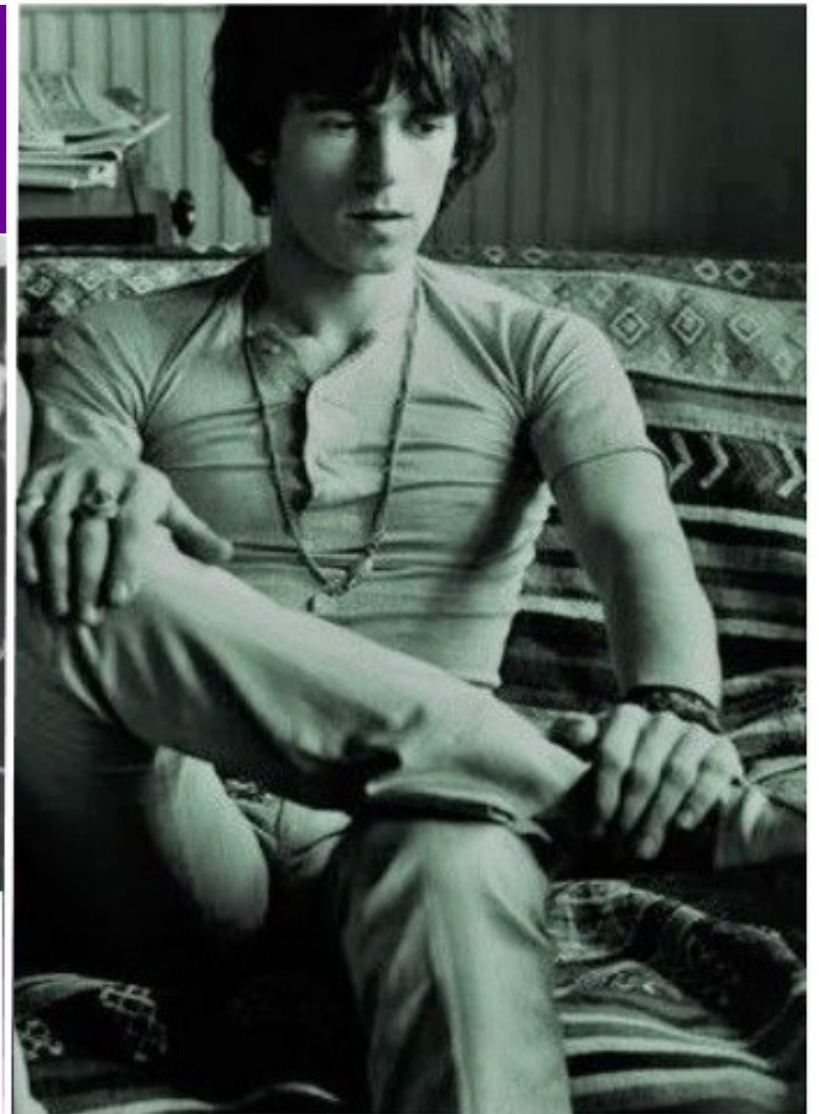


'Across the tracks':
lower class areas

When called ugly with
spots or dirty and
scruffy in the press,



Doris wrote to them
calling them liars:
*'My Keith is
gorgeous'*



Doris knew that it was a showbiz gimmick: not to look like a squeaky clean Beatles, but Oldham had to apologize to her and had to write to the press that she felt hurt, that they made her and her Keith look bad.

THE ROLLING STONES

First recording and US tour

'A first album can be incredible. All that energy... unbelievable! It's almost sad in a way, because you know it can only be a once-ever experience, just building up and then finally letting out all that energy in one blast.'

Keith

It sold 100,000 copies and reviews were great: *'Keith and Brian's guitars meshed impeccably, creating a definition in action of rock'n'roll. Keith has an unnerving ability con*

But soon they realized that recording was technically limited in the UK and they had to do it in the US. They finally toured in what they thought was "fairyland". *'To be paid to play to Americans! We were shitting ourselves and went berserk. First cab to Harlem! Wow!'*

But reality hit them hard with hatred scenes, cops, humiliations, poor attendances and lack of 'crumpet'. It toughened them up and gave them the willpower to convince all over again. It taught them the fleeting nature of fame.



Route 66
I just want to make
love to you
Honest I do
Mona
Now I've got a witness
Little by little
I'm the king bee
Carol
Tell me
Can I get a witness You
can make it if you try
Walking the dog

Even though, their debut album went to the charts to the 11th place. Not bad, they had fans.

'No other group had that eerie quality combining menace of the spiv, the coolness of the dandy and the unpredictable amorality and frivolity of the Greek gods.' They became the early advocates of the love generation. **Jonathan Cott**, author

Then they
checked in at
Chess Studios,
Chicago, home of
Muddy Waters
and Chuck Berry;
'Heaven', said
Keith.

"THE ROLLING STONES " Debut LP



1964 - The band jiggly front trio and studiously bored backline quickly became a role model for new entries like an electrician's mate from Bromley named Dave Jones, later relaunched as **Bowie** and the 12 year old Gordon Sumner (aka **Sting**) were among those packing their Gaumonts and Odeons and went to see Mick's tiller girl hoofing.



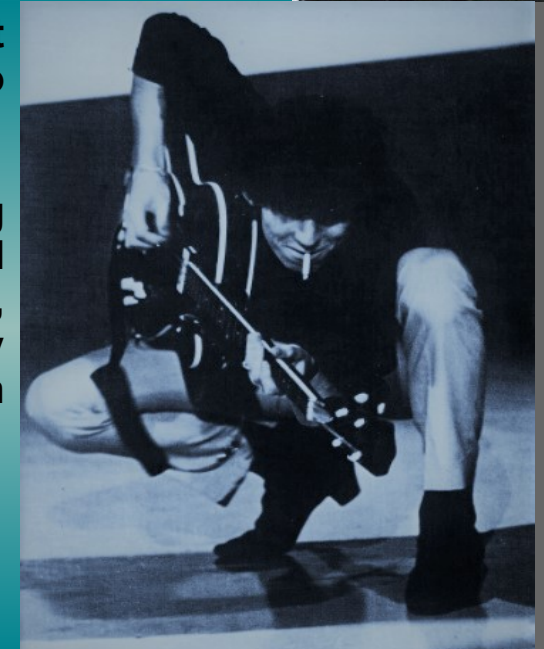
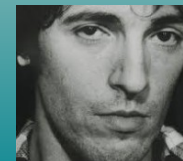
Meanwhile, the 18 year old Pete **Townshend**, backstage at St Mary's Hall, Putney, watched Keith Richards windmilling his right arm over his head just as the curtain went up ready to twang the first crash-chord of **Poison Ivy**. Townshend nicked the gesture as his own, Keith himself called the tour his higher education, learning how to perform amid a mob orgy. He was in the best company to do so.



By the second week in October the Stones were fourth on the bill to an expanded line-up featuring the Everlys, little Richard and Bo Diddley; a sound sculpture of the whole history of pop. In all, it remains one of two or three truly great debut LPs

in rock. Of the 60,000 fans who bought it overnight, some were encouraged to go on to greater things.

Among them would be an enterprising teenager in Freehold, NJ, who snapped up a mail order copy of the record, played it 30 to 40 times and immediately began badgering his father, a prison guard named **Doug Springsteen**, for a guitar.



Manager: Andrew – Lover and dancer: Keith

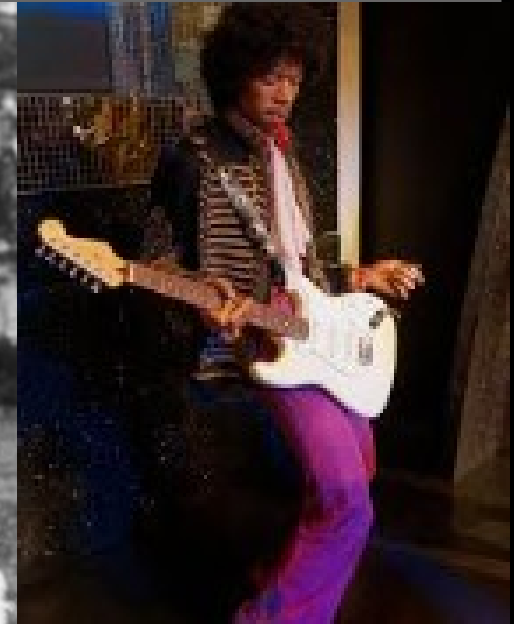
Andrew L. Oldham: The Rolling Stones are not so much a band but a way of life. I did not make them, they were there and just needed exploiting.

Keith said on the blues in England: *'There are 3 reasons bluesmen didn't make it here, they are old, black and ugly. But it did with us: There were English birds. Wherever we played, there was a sort of hysterical wail, the weird sound hundred of chicks make when they are coming. Maybe the war put that in us, chicks needed that kind of frenzy.'*

'Keith was a kind of self-contained performer, his moves were invariably graceful, well struck and he made sense of the body rhetoric that is the most classic now, most fitting to a guitar rocker. He's perfect.' **A Goldman**, writer.

His first long term lover was **Linda Keith** who said later: *'At the outset we were certainly in love and good friends; he was a lonely guy, had been a lonely child and there was unhappiness there. He was glad it was in the past.'* She reckoned that his only real love was music and was dedicated.

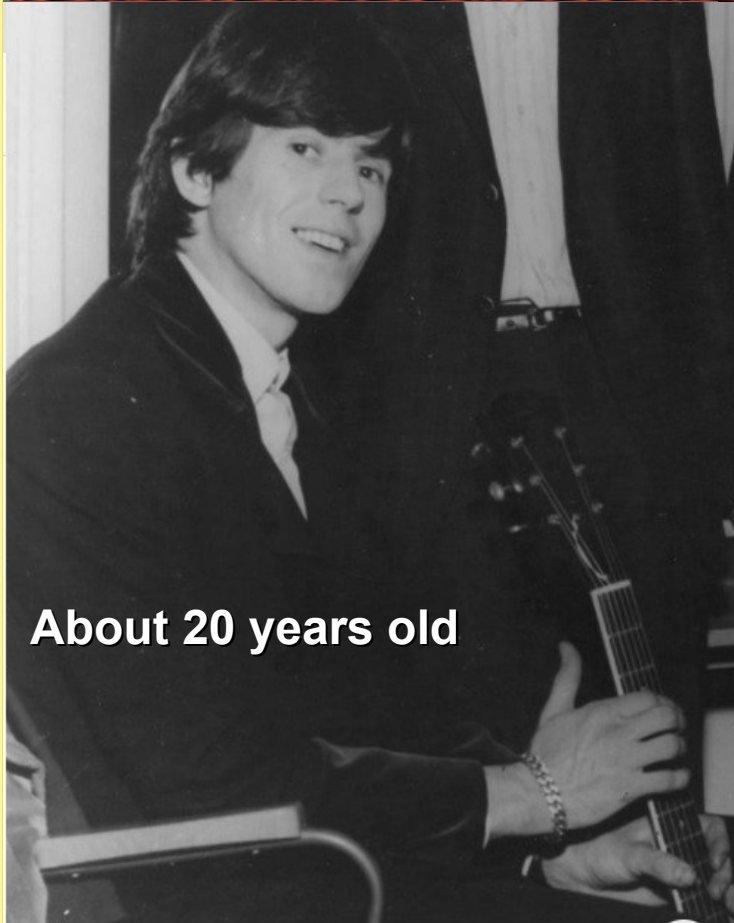
Keith probably saved her from overdosing when he told her dad to come and get her in NY away from her crowd and boyfriend Jimi Hendrix. She was angry then, but thanks him today.



When I had a bad car accident and was in hospital with a monster face, Keith visited and kissed me softly. That is Keith'.

THE ROLLING STONES

The Rolling Stones – Stu thought the name made



About 20 years old

mmhhh



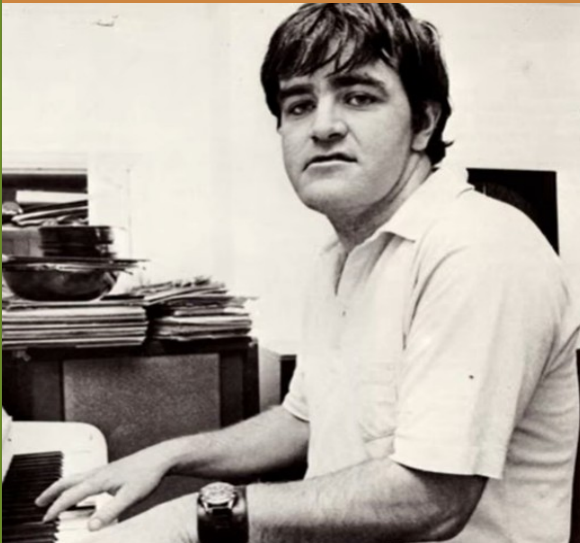
About 23 y.o.

them sound like a *"bunch of fucking Irish acrobats"*

THE ROLLING STONES

Ian STEWART, 'Stu' – Boogie piano

Without his knowledge and organization, without him taking a chance on a bunch of kids, we'd be nowhere. Stu and I liked each other and he was absolutely the main impetus behind what happened next. He was older but only by 3-4 years; he knew people, I knew nothing. I think he liked hanging around with us and our energy. Blues players fell away and it was Brian, Mick, Stu and me, and Dick Taylor on bass. We needed a drummer. *"We'd love to get Charlie Watts if we could afford him"*



Stu was demoted from the stage by Andrew because his looks did not fit in. His wife said he was really hurt but he never showed it. *'Stu's decision to stay as a roadie was incredibly big hearted'*, said Keith. I played that tape to him and he was very touched. *'Oh bollocks, I figured that I still could enjoy playing and staying around.'*

I was a little bitter, because it wasn't nicely done. But it's not a very nice business'. In Stu's words they played 'in thick places like Wisbech or Cambridge.' **Stanley Booth**, book

1961- Ian Stewart thought that Richards and Jagger were pan-handlers and Jones was a "flake", but there was a chemical spark among them that kept their twice-a-week rehearsals going for the Summer.

He also said that Brian and Mick were middle class kids:
Brian worked at being a rebel. Keith was born a rebel

Stu playing piano

THE ROLLING STONES

Charlie taking his time

CHARLIE WATTS

In most bands, the drummer sets the beat to be followed but not them. Song after song, it was Keith who got things going, as Charlie watched, waited, then, in the manner of a surfer catching a wave, grabbed and delineated the beat. In one instance, Keith started

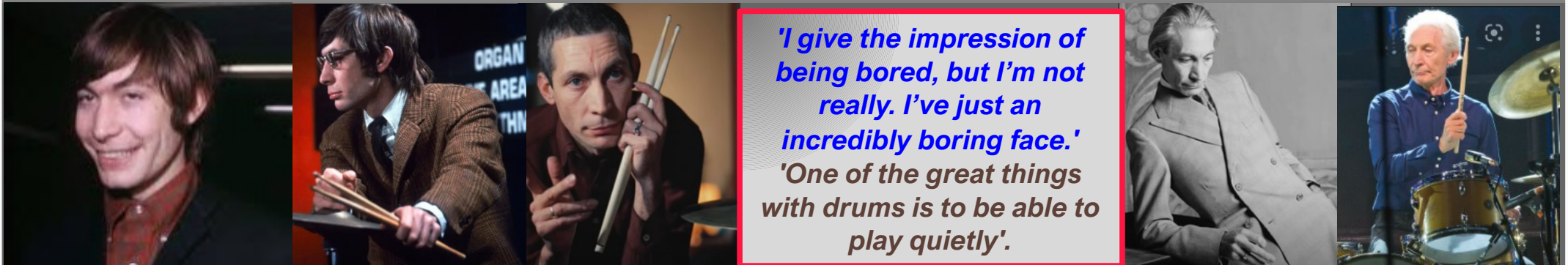


the riff while Charlie was across the room drinking tea.

When Charlie finished, he carefully disposed of his trash, adjusted his shirt, crossed the floor, sat down at the drums, twirled his sticks like Shane twirling his pistols, grinned at me, nodded at Keith, took a breath, then jumped in. **R. Cohen**

Charlie: *'R'n'R has probably given more than it's taken. Its world is a load of crap. You get all these bloody people, so incredibly sycophantic'.* When Steve McQueen demanded dozens of free passes for 1978 gig in Anaheim, CA, Charlie said: *'Tell him to get on his bike'.*

Keith: I'm probably the most drummer-influenced guitarist around. A lot of cats have good hands and they may be making all the right moves, playing incredible paradiddles and shit, but it's like the playing just keeps going down the runway and never takes off. With Charlie, you suddenly feel you're floating inches above the ground.



'I give the impression of being bored, but I'm not really. I've just an incredibly boring face.'
'One of the great things with drums is to be able to play quietly'.

The demeanour, the elegance, the bemusement. Half listening, never missing a thing, an oddball in the grungy world of R&R, humour so dry it can be detected only in trace amounts.

He said that in his early teens, music in the UK went from "How Much is that Doggie in the Window?" for children to 'Love and marriage' for the over 30. From nursery rhymes to Frank Sinatra. In between, there was "cultural coma".

Charlie Watts

1991 - Charlie was asked how he saw the Flashpoint tour: *'Well, you know we're gonna do the show, and tomorrow we'll do it again, and again, and again...'* Keith: *'Charlie will say anything not to be asked a second question, you know he doesn't like to be grilled.'* **MTV Kurt Loder**

2016 - Charlie arrives, immaculately attired in a gangster-cut, navy blue, broadly pin-striped suit, Cambridge blue, round-collared shirt and Oxford blue, Windsor-knotted tie (with pin, naturally). He cuts quite a dash.. Keith clearly thinks of Charlie what everybody else thinks of Keith: he's the heart and soul of the Rolling Stones personified:



"I can never say enough about Charlie, it was the luckiest day for this band and myself personally when we got to play with such a drummer. With him I never have to worry where the backbeat is. I mean, hey – if you're talking about rock'n'roll, the drummer is the hidden hero basically" -

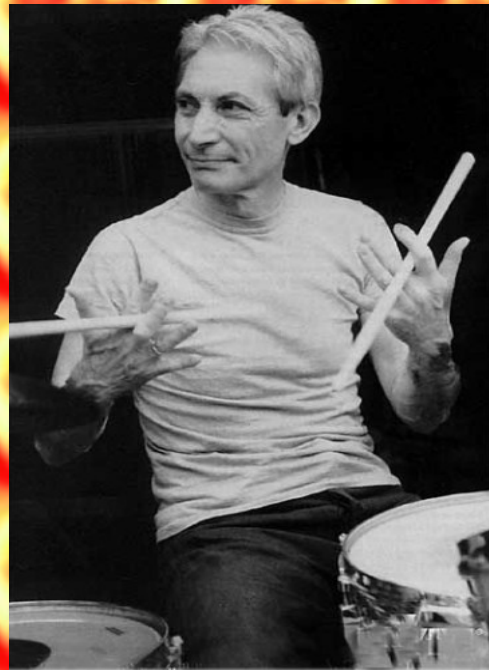
Interview **I. Fortnam** (Classic rock)

In a rare moment, in '84, Charlie threw his drummer's punch— I've seen it a couple of times and it's lethal; it carries a lot of balance and timing. He has to be badly provoked. He threw it at Mick. We were in Amsterdam for a meeting. Mick and I weren't on great terms at the time, but I said, c'mon, let's go out. And I lent him the jacket I got married in. Back at the hotel about 5 a.m. Mick called up Charlie. I said, don't call him, not at this hour. But he did, and said, **"Where's my drummer?"** No answer. He puts the phone down. Mick and I were pretty pissed—he is gone with a couple of glasses—when, about 20 minutes later, there was a door knock. I opened the door to Charlie, Savile Row suit, perfectly dressed, tie,



whole fucking bit. I could smell the cologne !

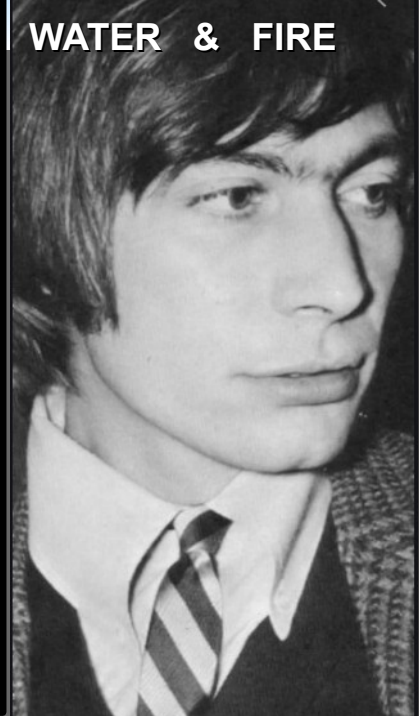
He didn't even look at me, he walked straight past me, got hold of Mick: **"Never call me your drummer again, you're my singer."** Then he hauled him up by the lapels of my jacket and gave him a right hook.



Stu sat in a dressing room conversation in which Jagger quizzed Charlie on how he could find contentment with "just one woman".

You could see thick fog on Mick's eyes as if he'd was asking to explain Einstein quantum theory.

WATER & FIRE



Mick fell back onto a silver platter of smoked salmon on the table and began to slide towards the open window above the canal. I thought 'this is a good punch' but I thought it was my wedding jacket. I grabbed hold of it and caught Mick just before he slid.

It took me 24 hours to talk him down. I thought I'd done it, but 12 hours later, he said: **"Fuck it, I'm gonna go down and do it again."** It takes a lot to wind that man up. **"Why did you stop him?"**

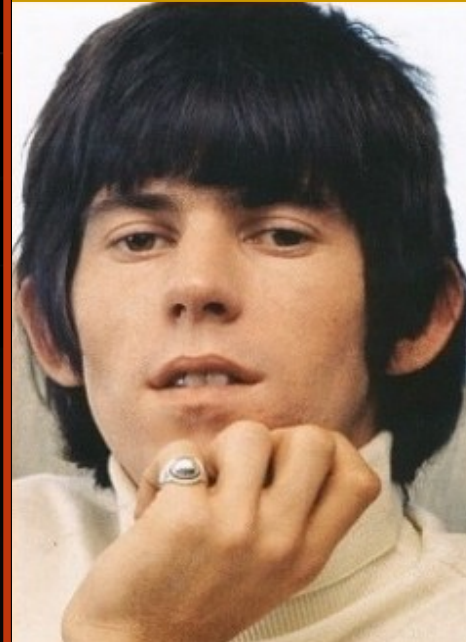
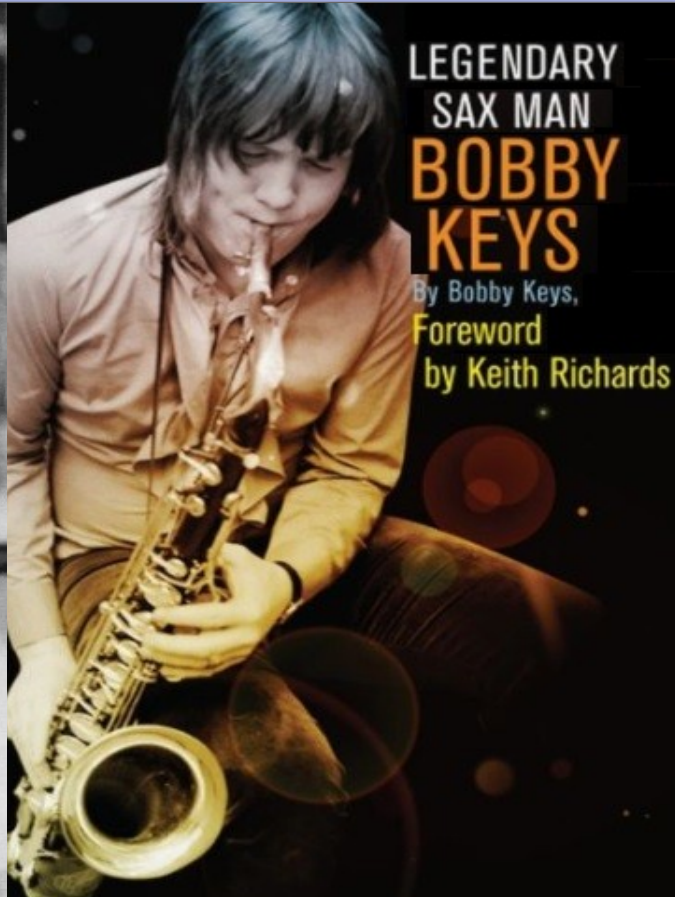
My jacket, Charlie, that's why!

THE ROLLING STONES – Regular extra player

'The whole heart and soul of this band is Keith and Charlie. I mean, that's apparent to anybody who's breathing, or has one musical bone in his body.'

Bobby Keys

He'd play with his back to the audience as he focused on Charlie or he might crouch down to hit a particularly intense chord.



Sometimes, he'd break into a maniacal grin and run backwards, or dart across the stage behind Mick like a demented crab.

I first wanted to play with Buddy Holly more than anyone else. Keith has always reminded me of Holly, the same imagery, intensity, and size. If you meet five people in your life like Keith you're lucky. I respect and admire him as a person. And it's hard for a Texan to say they look up to anybody. **Bobby Keys**

Mick fired him when he'd filled up with champagne a bathtub of some luxury hotel in France to play with girls and on the band's bill. Keith rehired him quietly and put Mick facing the done deal in a gig.

SOCIAL – Sex and disturbances

1964 - **UK Tours** Blackpool -

The Stones played at the Empress Ballroom. It was Scott's holiday weekend and the hall was packed with day-tripping Glaswegians ('Many of them' Stu said, 'drunk'). First on the bill was the 24 y.o. Tom Jones, belting out his debut single 'Chills and Fever'. Nearly 50 years later, a fan recalled that it was hot in the room and the fireman on duty backstage with total immersion in the role, had taken to throwing buckets of water over the performers and the front row of the audience. (Mick would sometimes use the same tactics later). Fanning the flames, Jones then writhed his crotch at the crowd throughout his peak



decibel set, thus launching a long running tradition:amid the screams, the first pair of lingerie came sailing over the footlights onto the stage. Then the Rolling Stones were on. Excited by the chaos, Brian Jones began taunting the male members of the audience while mouthing lewd endearments to their women. Instead of bras and knickers, they came under a barrage of insults and shaken fists. Characteristically, Mick kept his distance while Keith moved over to the center of the action and gave the ring-leader



some verbal between songs. Minutes later, the intro to "Not fade away" was cut short by the guitarist taking a gob of spittle to the face. What followed is history. Those who witnessed Keith's fury would long marvel at the scene, speaking of it like old salts recalling a historic hurricane. '*You Scottish cunts*', he shouted. He took one step forward, looked down, and plunged a steel-toed boot into his assailant teeth. In the ensuing riot, some £2,000 worth of musical equipment was demolished, the theatre's curtains torn to shreds and a well-aimed bottle of beer

brought down a chandelier. Within minutes, a group of disgruntled ticket-holders pushed a Steinway piano over the edge of the stage where 'it exploded like a bomb', in Stu's phrase. Brian later claimed that he was hit on the head with a microphone by a mob chanting 'Scotland, Scotland', and nearly decapitated by a cymbal. Sensing trouble, Stu shouted to the band to '*For fuck's sakes, run!*' The Stones were spirited out of the building over the roof and placed in a police van.



SOCIAL - Turbulences

1964 – Netherlands - The Hague

Impressive as the Blackpool events were, in some ways it was eclipsed by what followed two weeks later at the Kurhaus Theatre in Scheveningen beach. Over-excited fans removed the band's microphone leads during the first number, leaving Mick and Charlie to perform as a duet with drums, tambourine and maracas. Soon even this arrangement came to an abrupt end in the face of a full-scale stage invasion. Keith recalled turning to look at Stu on piano, seeing a pool of blood and a broken chair – he'd been hit over the head and taken to hospital. Keith would add that this might not be one of those 60s outpourings of peace and love. *'I fucked off at top speed,'* he said. The subsequent damage to the hall itself was extensive, with Bill reporting that 'chairs were hanging from chandeliers and tapestries were torn off the walls.



Keith trying to play amid havoc



But this was to prove only a prelude to a night of city-wide looting and vandalism. 'Flames lighted the skies,' the Haagsche Courant wrote of the scene. 'One heard shots coming from the theatre area and riot police advanced on the crowd... The wave of fanatical concert-goers soon spread in to the town, where 6-7,000 chanting teenagers went on the rampage, many of them adorned with banners and flags, and some of them parading around naked.



The young Dutch had no social agenda in their self-righteous but libertarian country; they were bored. They were trying to emerge from centuries of a strict religion too, all dressed in black

RACIAL & SOCIAL acceptance

WANTED In search of 'Americana' WANTED

White America – 'If you tried going to a truck stop in 1964, '65 or '66 down south or in Texas, it felt much more dangerous than anything in big cities.' They were sneered at and provoked; but with a guitar, they realized it was fine: 'Can you pick that thing, son?' Sometimes we'd sing for our supper.' The South likes country music.

1965 - I've never been hated by so many people as in Nebraska.
You could tell they just wanted to beat the shit out of you.

Mike Douglas Show – US 1964



Black America "Across the tracks" - 'Some of us had died and gone to heaven with black ladies in the musical bars where we stopped: "Need a rub down boy?" Then we got to Mississippi. We'd been playing its music, very respectfully, and we're actually there sniffing it. You want to be a blues player, the next minute you fucking well are and you're stuck right amongst them; Muddy Waters is standing next to you. It's all so much. It's one thing to play his songs. It's another thing to play with him.

(moving hips and shoulders
to the rhythm, natural like Cochran)

MUSIC - LVS, lead vocalist syndrom



1964

T.A.M.I.
Show

Off the hook

JAMES BROWN, No. 1 co-star, like a boxer before a match, said he'd make the Stones wish they never left England.



Keith and Mick saw James Brown at the Apollo with Ronnie Bennett. 'He would snap his fingers if he thought someone had missed a beat or hit a wrong note and you could see the player's face fall.

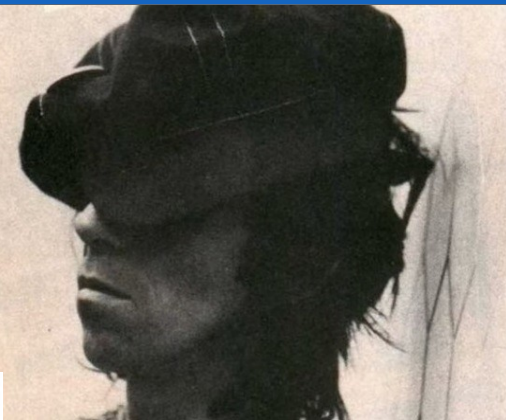
He was fining them and they were watching his hands. I saw Maceo Parker, the sax player, the architect of the Famous Flames, get fined 50 bucks that night.' Backstage, he sent musicians for food and to shine his shoes.

MUSIC - LVS – Lead Singer Syndrom

1964 - Asked about Keith covering his tunes, Chuck said his playing was raw and raunchy with unrelenting energy. My playing captured the spirit of teenage rebellion in the 50s and Keith updated it in a 60s sound. It started to sound hotter, more dangerous. 'He'd push out the same feeling I'd given without ever losing that adolescent soul.'

1987 - CHUCK BERRY was my 'numero uno' hero - Now, I don't knock people much, but I was disappointed. I used to think 'Shit, the cat's got to be a great cat to play, write, sing, sling the hash like that'. For the film we made, he charged the prod for the use of his amps. I knew that he was a cheapskate, using cheaper local pick-up musicians for gigs instead of keeping the best he had at the beginning like Johnnie Johnson. *'It's only me that counts'*, he said.

Whereas the best records were made then and his first musicians never got any credit for the songs they had created.



Cap like "Chuck"

Cap'tain of the band

From the 1st bar of that 1st night of the show at the Fox Theatre in St Louis, Chuck threw all our carefully laid plans to the wind, playing totally different arrangements in different keys. Still it was the best Chuck Berry live. I know I owe him much and bit the bullet when he was at his most provocative, and he sure pushed me hard. It's very difficult for me to let myself to be bullied, even if Chuck was doing that to everybody else.

I used to wish there was a screen between me and the audience



1964 Hull



1964



1964 & 1967 - 1969 - The Ed Sullivan Show

Third US tour – In Manhattan, the band taped their second edition, sought out James Brown and, in turn, got death threats from the Ku Klux Klan for consorting with 'niggers'. The Klan nearly got their wish, when a week later the Stones flew in to Atlanta and the brakes of the band's plane failed. They had to slide down chutes through clouds of smoke and fire.



1967



1969

Birth of the Keef

Richards invented an image of the guitar player widely imitated since.

The last time

THE ROLLING STONES



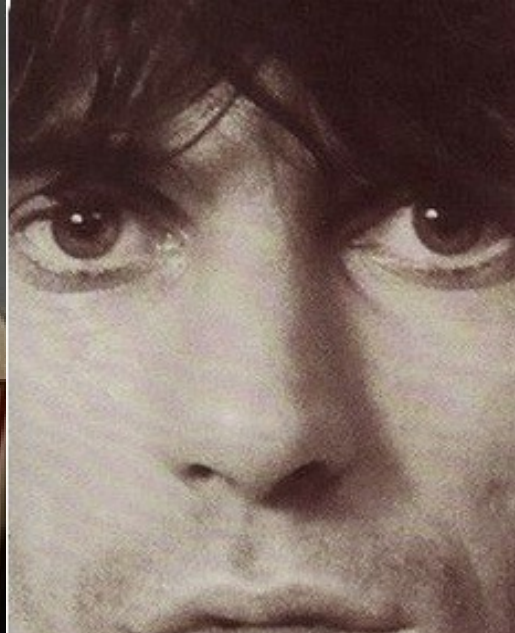
**1964 – Having a ball at the Mod Ball
- Wembley - thousands**



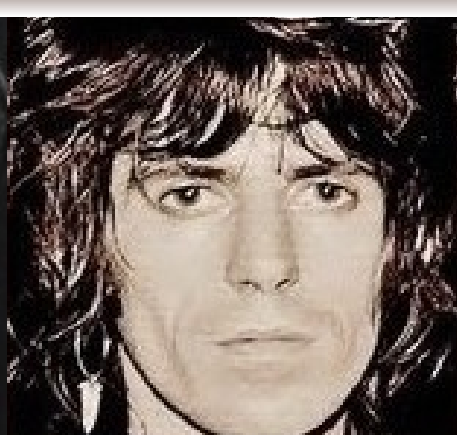
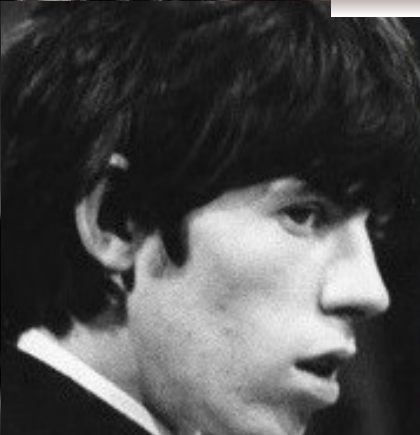
**May 1965 - Ratcliffe Stadium- Fresno, CA – a handful of
onlookers**

SOCIAL - Religion

Heaven? You're on a cloud, you've got your harp... but you can't play with anybody because they don't see you. Mum, Dad, I'm here! But you're invisible. The joint is called Hell.



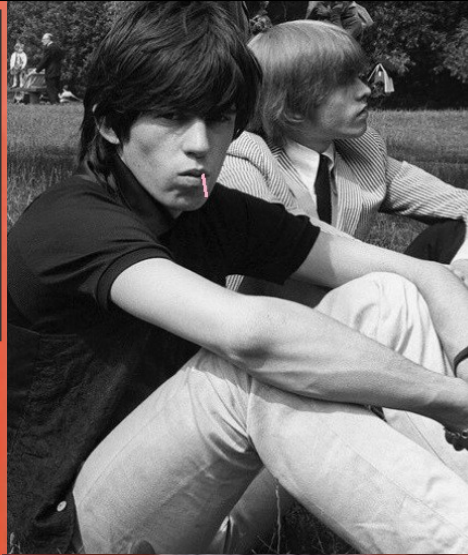
EYES - Window to the soul



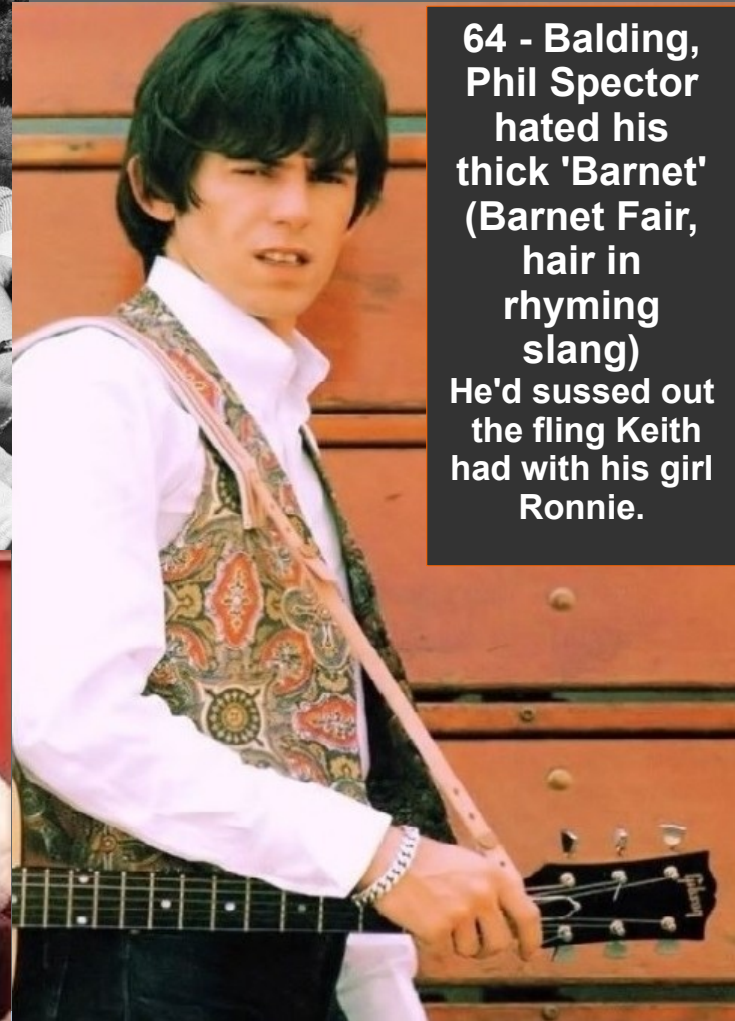
PHYSIQUE

A stare,
a mane

Posing...
but
where's
my
guitar?



64 - Balding,
Phil Spector
hated his
thick 'Barnet'
(Barnet Fair,
hair in
rhyming
slang)
He'd sussed out
the fling Keith
had with his girl
Ronnie.



R. Cray – 'Right next door'

PHYSIQUE, CARS & DRUGS – Character

He no longer counts his car crashes

Bentley
& Long
legs



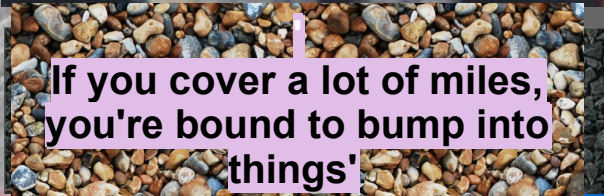
G. Mankowitz

JAMES BOND CAR

Keith driving habits became a mainstay of his legend. One acquaintance recalls a drive through Paris: "He was incredible we bounced off everything. He just didn't care. We'd all be sitting there in the car and somebody would say 'Oh I think we've just hit a tree!'"



'Blue
Lena'



If you cover a lot of miles,
you're bound to bump into
things'

'Blue Lena' - It boasted Turkish embassy flags so Keith would never get pulled over. It was made of metal from war tanks and that saved a few lives.

Later, he got James Bond type devices to carry his stash. There was the fountain pen that worked normally, drawing no suspicion unless dismantled. It could carry two grams of powder. Then the shaving cream container. Keith took great pride in outsmarting customs officials. Without drugs there was no Keith, without him there was no show, so promoters themselves were sometimes saddled with the dicey task of locating the necessary narcotics at the last minute.

Route 66 in 64 in Camden

ACCIDENTS

'60s – Marlon: Once in the UK, he fell asleep and plowed into a tree. Seven of us were in the car and no one was seriously hurt because, luckily again, that was the Bentley. That car's actually felt quite a bit. Until 5 or 6 years ago there was still my bloody handprint on the backseat. And on the dashboard there was still the dent where my nose hit it. I was impressed having a dent in the dashboard and disappointed when it was repaired.

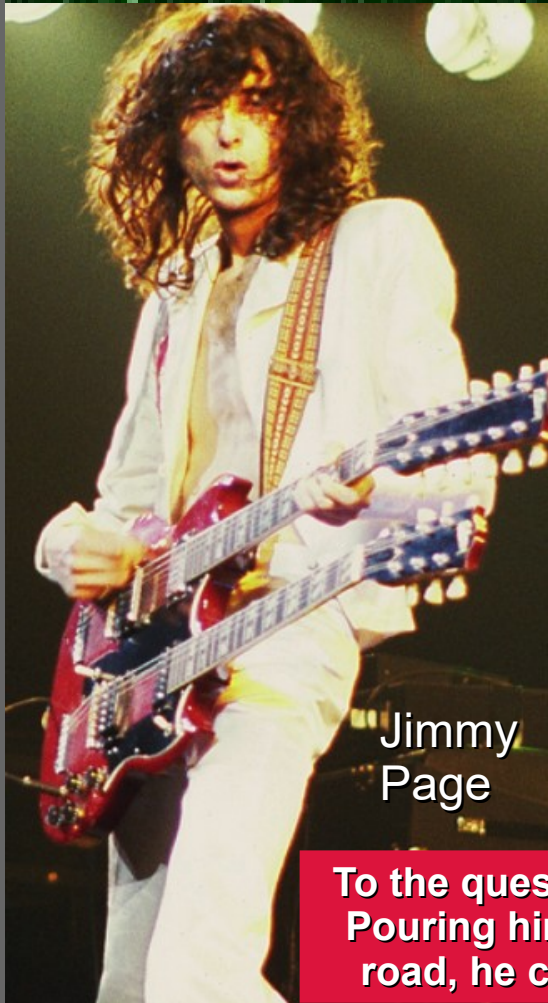
Keith: I managed to get it off the road and into a field, which is after all the sensible thing to do. We didn't even hurt ourselves.

Then the cops found acid in my jacket. How did I get out of this one? We'd just finished a show. The jackets we were wearing were like band jackets, same shape but different colours. It could have been Mick Jagger's; it could have been Charlie's that I picked up, anybody's jacket. That was my defence. I did make some speech along the lines of, this is my life, this is the way we live and shit happens. You don't live like me. I do what I have to do. If I fuck up, I'm very sorry. Let me get to the next gig. In other words, "Hey, it's only rock and roll." But tell that to a bunch of Aylesbury plumbers.

Maybe "he charmed the jurors"—so one report said. It's hard to believe, because I needed a jury that's at least half full of rock-and-roll guitar players to know what the fuck I'm talking about. A jury of my peers would be Jimmy Page, a bunch of musicians, guys that have been on the road and know what's what.

My peers are not some lady doctor and a couple of plumbers. As far as that's English law, I respect it very much. But do me a favour. And they basically got that. No one, it seems, this time, was trying to teach me a lesson, and they let me off with a fine and a slight slap on the wrist.

To the question "What is your role as a guitar player?" he said he tried to make the most noise. Pouring himself a large vodka in the hastily convened press conference in the pub across the road, he commented that the trial struck him as 'a good, old-fashioned bit of British theatre'.



ACCIDENTS - FIRES

1971 - Bed fire at Nellcôte - In the south of France, he was using heroin and passed out sometimes with a lit cigarette in his hand. That time the bed went up in flames and he woke up just in time to escape.

1972 - On a tour stop in Chicago, Keith and Bobby Keys were invited to stay at the Playboy Mansion by **Hugh Hefner** and nearly set it ablaze while doing drugs in a bathroom. He recalls : ' Bobby said, '*It's smoky in here,*' And then a little later there's a thumping at the door, waiters and guys in black suits bringing buckets of water. They get the door open, and we're sitting on the floor, our eyeballs very pinned.' The house was saved, but Hefner relocated the Playboy Mansion to Los Angeles.



Anita
Pallenberg

1973 - Redlands Fire

Many people said that his still-burning cigarette was to blame again, but he claimed that a mouse ate through the electrics and caused it. The fire spread to the thatched roof as he, his girlfriend and kids ran outside, but he returned to drag the most expensive possessions out.

The same year fires broke in many hotel rooms where Keith stayed, like in England and Switzerland.

In California, he caught fire while lighting a torch by the swimming pool one night and had to jump in it.

1978 - He was with **Lil Wergillis**, a Swedish model; they were staying in Laurel Canyon. She woke him in the middle of the night because a fire had broken out in another room. He'd accidentally started it. '*We had seconds to jump out of the window, I'm dressed in a short T-shirt and Lil is naked.*' A cousin of Anita passed by luckily (!) and brought them to safety. The only possession that survived was a chest of drawers with his passport, his favourite tapes, jewellery and a gun with 500 rounds of ammunition. Later he asked, "*So what am I supposed to gather from my life? That I'm blessed?*"

ACCIDENTS

'50s' – Finger - Apparently, according to my playmate, I offered to move a heavy flagstone on the construction site so she could leap between them. The flagstone dropped and squashed my finger; I raced to the sink indoors, where blood flowed and flowed. I had stitches.

The result over the years may well have affected my guitar playing, because it really flattened out the finger for pick work. It could have something to do with the sound. I've got this extra grip, more of a claw, because a chunk came out, it's flat and more pointed, which comes in handy sometimes. The nail never grew back properly, it's bent.'



'80s – Nose - "I'd been up for 9 days in the studio. I put a tape in the machine to hear the latest blast I'd gotten. I turned around, fell asleep for a millisecond, collapsed into the corner of a JBL speaker. Which woke me up, but I couldn't see a thing, it was a curtain of blood. There were 3 steps which I missed, rolled over and fell asleep on the floor. I woke up with an encrusted face, a day later. Biblical: 8 full days and on the 9th, he fell. The nose is crooked now.



**1965 – On stage in Sacramento
Electrocuted**

Later he called it his "most spectacular" moment and credited his salvation to the thick rubber soles of his new boots.

'70s - Poisoned - Switzerland

'Someone put strychnine in my dope, he said, 'I was totally comatose but totally awake. I could hear everyone saying 'He's dead, he's dead!' waving their fingers and pushing me about, but I was thinking "I'm not dead!"



2006 - Fallen - On vacation in the Fiji island, he fell off a small tree, no more than 7 feet up. He'd been swimming and his wet hand slipped from a branch, he landed on his feet but hit his head on the trunk. Everyone thought nothing of it, but a "blinding headache", 2 days later, forced him to seek help. He had fractured his skull and required brain surgery he got in New Zealand. Keith commented: '*Luckily the surgeon was a fan of mine*'.

Countless car crashes... and

1971 - 'We went to a go-kart track in Cannes, where my kart flipped over on me and rushed me 50 yards down the tarmac on my back, stripping off my skin like bark. It scraped it almost to the bone.'

ACCIDENTS

1965 December 3rd - 22 years old - Sacramento

Three lines in the first verse of "Last Time", Keith ran up to sing harmonies on the chorus, nudging the ungrounded mike stand with his electric guitar.

There was a bolt of blue flame, followed by an unearthly screech, and he fell to the floor. Then a ghastly burning smell. He stayed down so long, seven minutes in most estimates, that people began to panic – there were a few screams, then deathly silence from the audience. Police and medical attendants were swarming all around him. Then suddenly, Keith opened his eyes, absent-mindedly scratched his chin and said: 'What do I do for an encore? After a few minutes backstage, where they discovered that 3 strings on his guitar had melted in flames, the Stones returned to finish the set.

Twenty years later, Stu recalled that the sound of Keith's voice as he came around had been the 'defining moment for the band. They recognised in him the true rock'n'roller. Compared to him, everyone else was just a musician.

1992 - 'I've lived with accidents, everything I've ever planned never worked out. Some of them are good. The bad ones ain't killed me yet. My music is about chaos. I suppose it reflects my life and probably everybody else's. Nothing happens quite when you think it's supposed to or when you want to, but when it does, you've got to roll with it. You learn and you pick it up. I try to do the same thing with the lyrics that I put to the riffs.'

A juxtaposition that kinda slams you the wrong way here, and then suddenly it's in the right place. It's like life. **Jas Obrecht**, Interview



Zapped! Keith lies unconscious after being electrocuted on stage in Sacramento, December 3, 1965.

POLITICS

2006 - Hospital in New Zealand

I had messages from Jerry Lee Lewis, Willie Nelson too.
Bill Clinton sent me a note 'Get well soon, my dear friend.'

The opening line of my letter from Tony Blair was
'Dear Keith, you've always been one of my heroes...
'England's in the hands of somebody who I'm a hero of? It's frightening.'

I even got one from the mayor of Toronto.

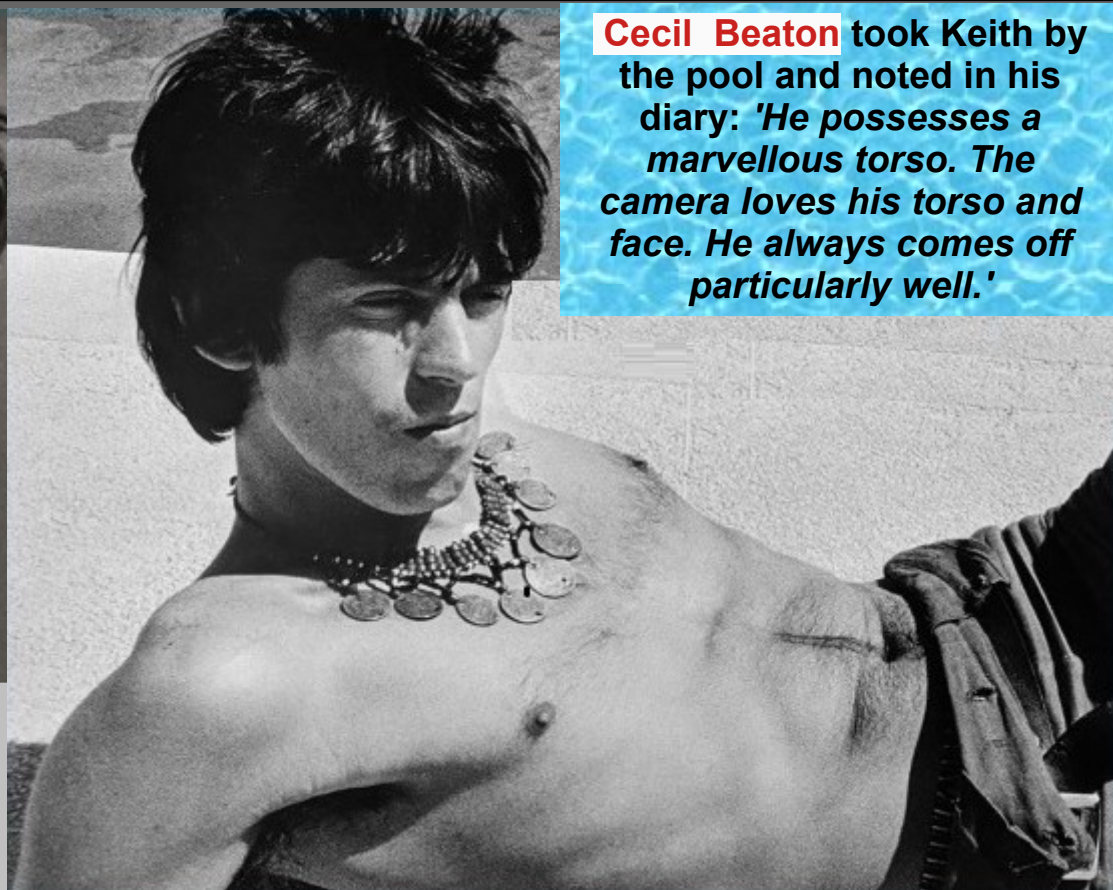
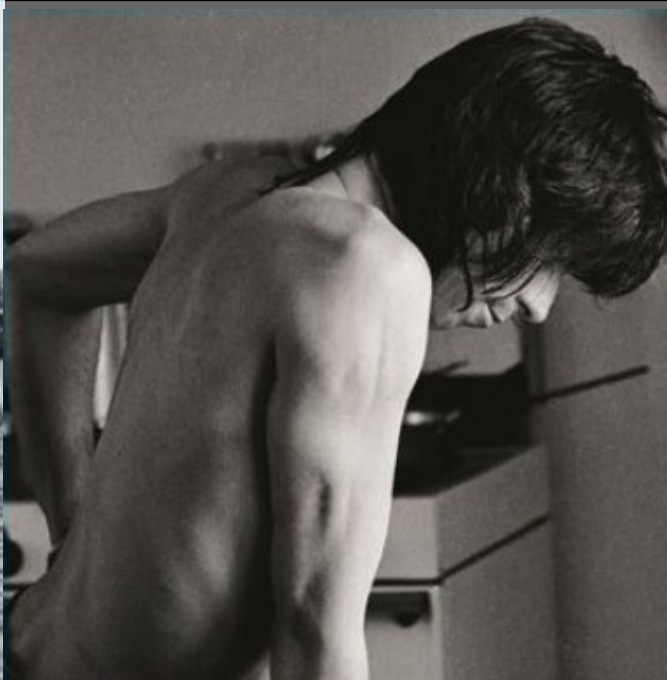
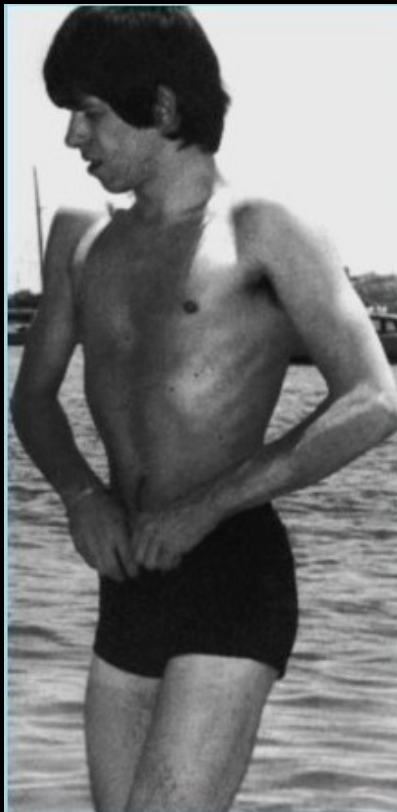
It gave me an interesting preview of my obituaries,
the general flavour of what's to come.

Jay Leno said, why can't we make planes like Keith? And Robin Williams:
"You can bruise him but you can't break him. I got a few good lines out of
knocking myself on the head, added to all the other knocks.

What was amazing to me was what the press dreamed up. Because it's
Fiji, it must be a palm tree I fell out of, and I had to be forty feet off the
ground, going for a coconut. And then Jet Skis came into the story, which
are things I really dislike intensely because they're noisy and stupid and
disruptive to the reefs.



PHYSIQUE as seen by men



Cecil Beaton took Keith by the pool and noted in his diary: *'He possesses a marvellous torso. The camera loves his torso and face. He always comes off particularly well.'*

Brrr, Malibu, really?

High torso

wide shoulders

1985 - Hands like a woodworker - Arms like a swabby - A back like a soldier - A mind like a detective - Shoulders like a boxer - A voice like a choir boy - And a country western face - Like a praying mantis he has only one ear and it's located between his legs.

'He's such a strong personality. A completely intuitive musician. He moves like an animal. (Mimes the moving gestures of a panther.) Gosh, he is just pure theater - standing in the middle of a room and putting on his guitar and turning on his amp. All his stuff is irregular. He's a killer, man. A great spirit. Like a pirate, he's a complete gentleman.' - **Tom Waits**



WOMEN – Pretty or ugly



1966 - Keith was still a shy boy when he met Brigitte Bardot in Paris.

According to one observer, Keith was



**FANS 1965 -
Two sisters
write:**

*'Dear Keith:
We saw you on
TV last night
and the first
thing that
grabbed our
eyes was your
lovely
Hampton Wick.
You have a
very fine tool.
The way your
pants project
themselves at
the zipper, we
figure you've
got a beauty of
a rig.'*

introduced to her and he was totally overcome, as she'd been the queen. She said something to him he muttered something in return, backed away and melted into the crowd.

Later someone saw Jagger shagging Bardot in a broom closet.



**Sarah Jagger, Millicent Watts,
Molly Richards, Penelope Wyman and
Flossie Jones**

PHYSIQUE

'Being sex symbols can be frightening. The power of a gang of young teenage females has never left me. You'd rather be in a trench fighting the enemy than to face this unstoppable wave of lust.'



*A
picture
of my
belly?
Sure*



*They'll tear your clothes,
strangle, trample you'.*



Album covers



Once they all had to keep the roof of the limo from collapsing with their arms, as a dozen girls climbed and jumped on it.

PHYSIQUE

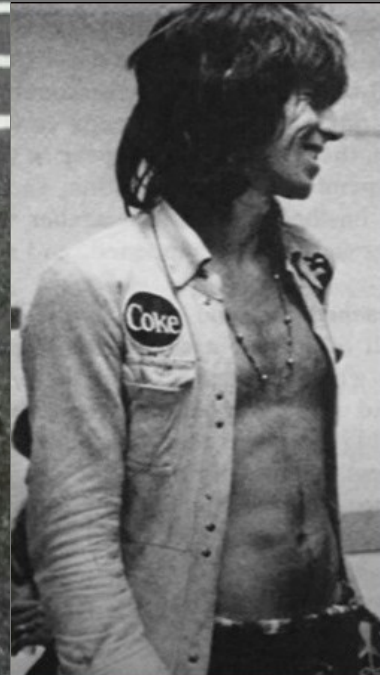
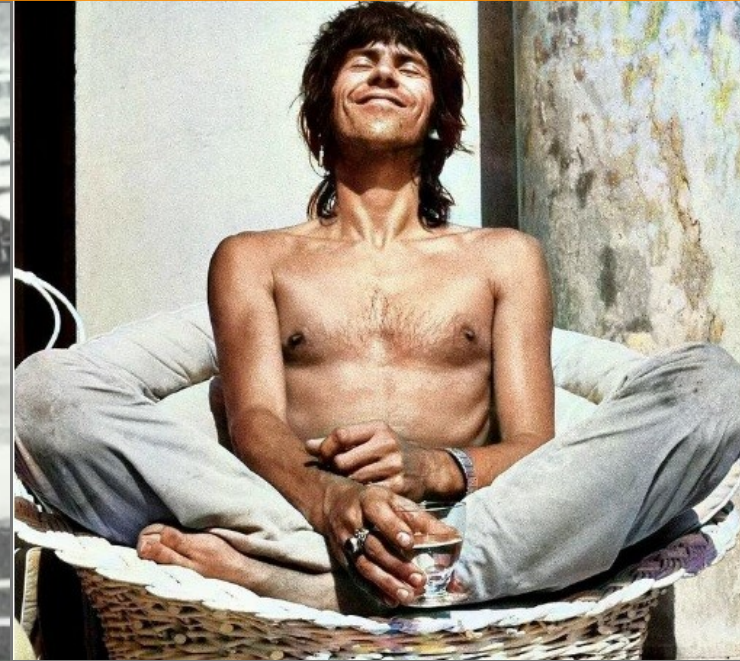


1971 - Villa Nellcôte
Côte d'Azur

*I like to cool off but if it
lights up your fire, fine
- mmmhh*



D. Tarlé



Music
became the
expression
of the
sexual
body, white
R&B was a
potential
instrument
of cultural
revolt

PHYSIQUE

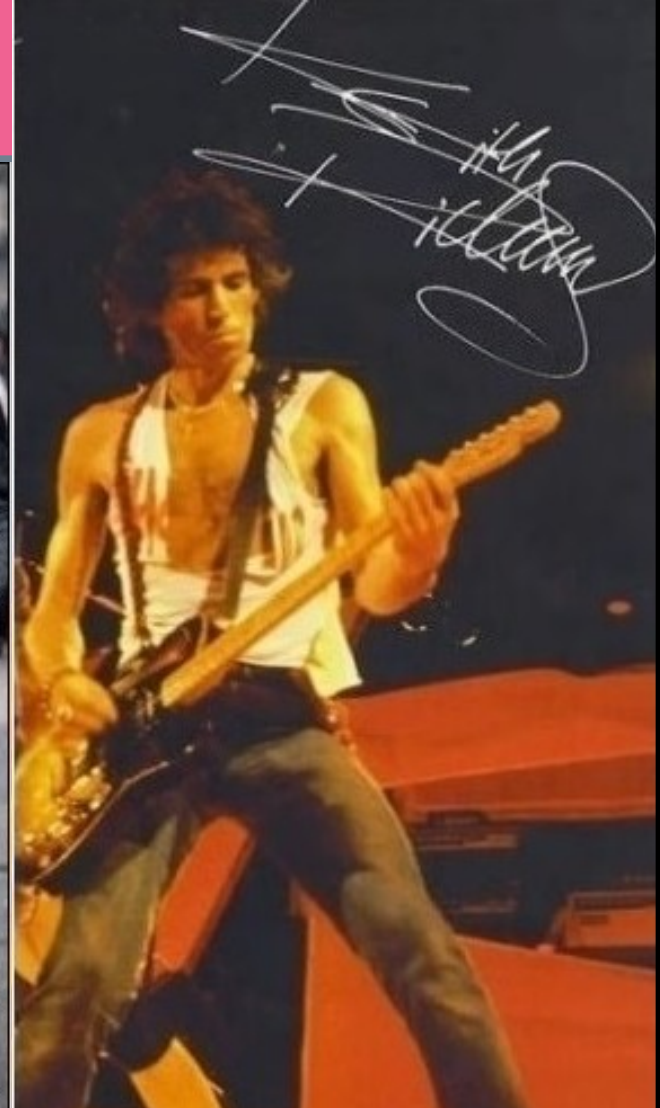
DA VINCI MAN Perfect Proportions



For Bebe Buell, a famous groupie, he never slept with, his hard-on, seen when he was dreaming on a sofa in shorts, is the 8th wonder of the world. (ref: V. Bockris). In '73 she said: *'Richards was the sweetest of them all, and a very wise man, well versed in philosophy, brilliant in fact. He was open to all types of spiritual beliefs; talking for hours about Mayans and the pyramids, the mystery of Stonehenge and the universe. He had a theory that whales had souls.'*



He did not have sexual relationships with 'collectors'



who kept and published their detailed score lists

SOCIAL – Women & politics



mmhhh
where
are the
skirts?



1973 - A woman journalist asks Keith why they never write about their political views: *'Me? I've always felt more sexual than political you know... I could never get that worked up about Edward Heath'*

2019 – LA Times: *'I'm an Englishman living in the US, so I'll just squeak a little.'*

WOMEN – *"I find it quite futile to say anything bad about them. I love them dearly"*

The late Tom Keylock, a friend and employee of Richards in the 60s, offered a nuanced view of Keith as a solidly English figure ambling around his green and slightly prim nook in West Sussex. Keylock added that, quite



uncharacteristically, he'd snapped at his own wife on the phone at Richards' house one day in '67.

'Keith overheard me and gave me a bollocking.

It was all about:

"She's your old lady" and "Show some respect".

I admired him for that.'

MUSIC - Composing



Like Gus Dupree, Keith heard the sounds in his head and learnt how to play them later.

He taped the acoustic tune of 'Satisfaction' one night with long snoring noises and discovered it the next day

2000 – Charlie said how odd it was to be a member of the Rolling Stones. *'In the 60s, I played with loads of bands and The Stones were just another one. I thought they'd last 3 months, then a year, then 3 years, then I stopped counting'*

'I need to hear Keith because it's all there: the time, the chord changes and all the licks you have to follow.' **C. Watts**

Satisfaction (1st time he used fuzz)

MUSIC - Composing



2010

I'm not here just to make records and money. I'm here to say something and to touch people sometimes in a cry of desperation: *"Do you know this feeling?"*

Sometimes I think that song writing is about tightening the heartstrings as much as possible without bringing on a heart attack.

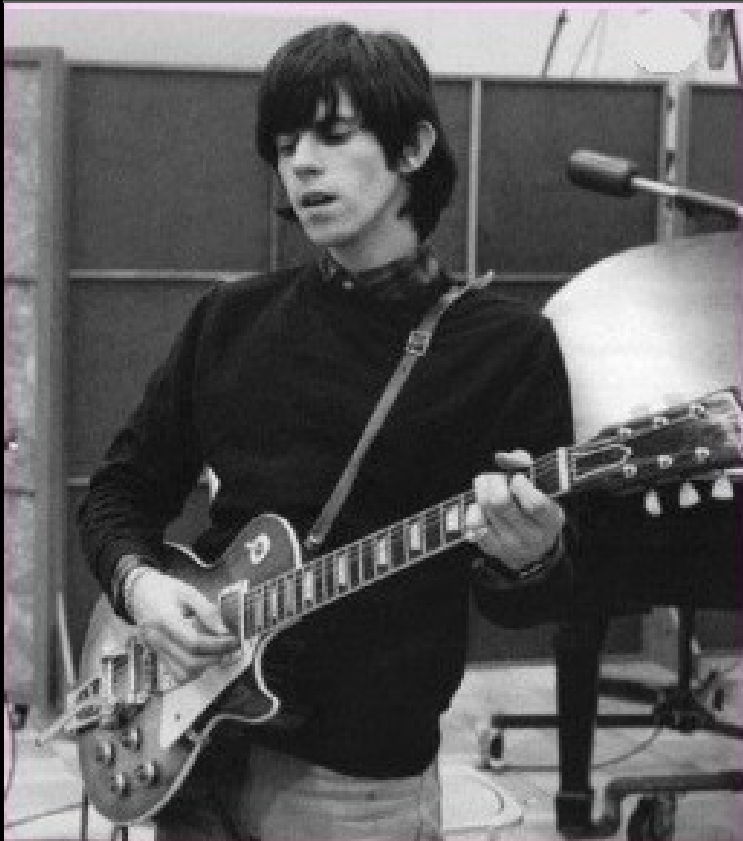


D. Tarlé



1965 - "Keith always had a lot of talent from the beginning. Everything comes from Keith." Mick

MUSIC - Composing



You want to stretch yourself into
other people's hearts.

You want to plant yourself there,



or at least get a
resonance where
other people
become a bigger
instrument than
the one you're
playing.



MUSIC - Vibrations

Rhythm

There's something primordial in the way we react to pulses.

We exist on a rhythm of about 72 beats a minute. The train, apart from getting them from the Delta to Detroit, became very important to blues players because of the rhythm of the machine, of the tracks and changing tracks.

It echoes in the body. So when machinery is involved, like trains, all of that is built in as music inside us.

The body feels rhythms even when none is played. Listen to "Mystery Train" by Elvis Presley, not a drum on it. It's just a suggestion, because the body will provide the rhythm, just suggested and not pronounced. It's got nothing to do with rock, but with roll.



A funny thing that guitar: just this piece of wood and 6 strings, but each day it still surprises me.



'Keith is a transe-ridden melody'

R. Cohen, author

Open G tuning

Five strings cleared out the clutter. It gave me the licks and laid on textures. You can almost play the melody through the chords, because of the notes you can throw in.

And suddenly instead of it being two guitars playing, it sounds like a goddamn orchestra. Or you can no longer tell who is playing what, and hopefully if it's really good, no one will care. It's just fantastic.

It was like scales falling from your eyes and from your ears at the same time. It opened the dam.

My favourite phrase about this style of playing is: *'All you need to play is five strings, three notes, two fingers and one asshole'*.

1972



TUMBLING DICE -

I remember writing the riff upstairs in the very elegant front room, and we took it downstairs the same evening, and we cut it.

When you listen to music, you can tell how much calculation has gone into it and how much is free-flow. You can't do the free-flow all the time. And it's really a matter of how much calculation and how little you can put into it. Rather than the other way round. Well, I've got to tame this beast one way or another. But how to tame it? Gently, or give it a beating? I'll fuck you up, I'll take you twice the speed I wrote you! You have this sort of relationship with the songs.

You talk to the fuckers. 'You ain't finished till you're finished, OK?' All that sort of shit. 'No, you weren't supposed to go there'. Or sometimes you're apologizing: 'I'm sorry about that. No, that was certainly not the way to go'. Ah, they're funny things, babies.

A song should come from the heart. I never had to think about it. Just pick up the guitar or go to the piano and let the stuff come. Something would arrive and if not, I'd play someone else's songs. I've never had to get to the point of saying, "I'm now going to write a song." When I first knew I could do it, I wondered if I could do another one. They were pearls rolling off my fingers.



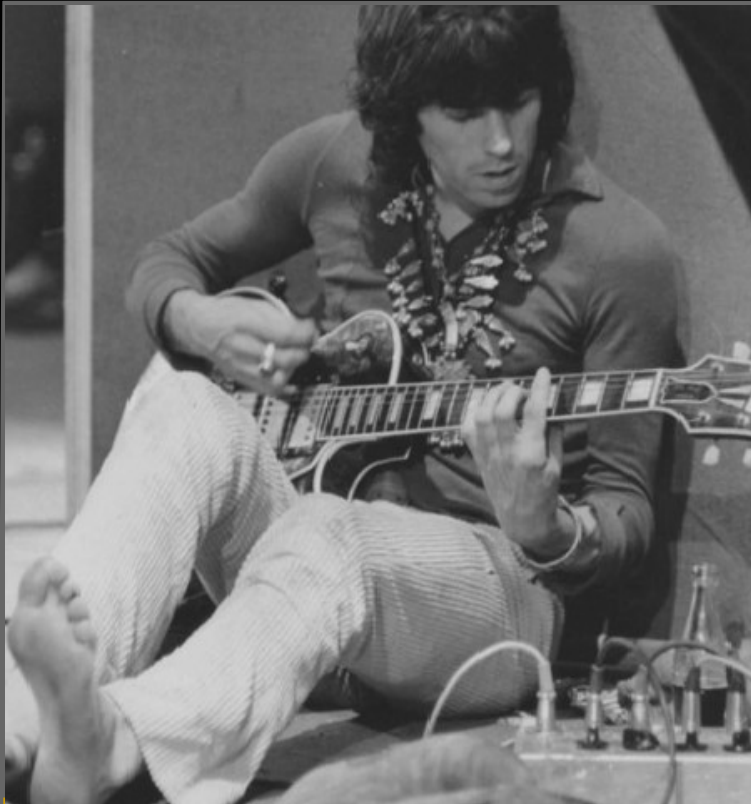
1992 - John Lee Hooker asked him to do a track together and said: *'He's a lovely person. He's Superman, I love him and he loves me. Oh yeah he knows what the blues is.'*

1969 - John Lee Hooker - Boom Boom



'Shake your hips' Slim Harpo – warming up jam before the gig at Montreux - 1972

MUSIC - Imagination



I'd have been happier if more tunes came like "HAPPY": *"OK, it goes like this."* Great songs write themselves. You're just being led by the nose, or the ears. The skill is not to interfere with it too much.

Ignore intelligence, ignore everything; just follow it where it takes you. You really have no say in it, and suddenly there it is: *"Oh, I know how this goes,"* and you can't believe it, because you think that nothing comes like that. You think, where did I steal this from? No, no, that's original—well, about as original as I can get.



And you realize that songs write themselves; you're just the conveyor. Not to say that I haven't laboured. Some of them had us on our knees. Some are about thirty-five years old and I've not quite finished them yet. You can write the song, but that's not the whole deal.

The thing is: What kind of sound, what tempo, what key and is everybody really into it? "Tumbling Dice" took a few days to get right. I remember working on that intro for several afternoons.

LYR The myths go deep. Whatever you write, somebody is going to interpret it in some other way, see codes buried in the lyrics. That's how you have conspiracy theories. Somebody croaked. Oh, my God! Who are they going to blame this one on? When the guy just keeled over!

The lifeblood of good conspiracy theories is that you'll never find out; the lack of evidence keeps them fresh. No one's ever going to find out if I had my blood changed or not.

Happy



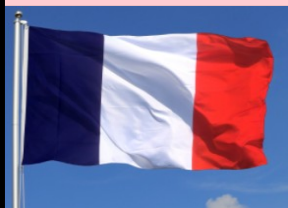
"BEFORE THEY MAKE ME RUN"

That song I sang on the record, was a cry from the heart. But it burned up guys like no other. I was in the studio, without leaving, for 5 days: *"Why do you keep nagging that song? Nobody likes it."* *"Wait till it's finished!"* Five days without a wink of sleep.

I had 2 engineers, **Dave Jordan** and another and if one of them flopped to have a few hours' kip, I'd put the other one on to keep going. We all had black eyes. I don't know what was so difficult about it just not quite right. You got guys that'll hang with you. You'd be standing there with a guitar round your neck and everybody else is conked out on the floor. Oh no, not another take, Keith, please. People brought in food, pain au chocolat. Days turned into nights. It's almost there, you're tasting it. It's like fried bacon



and onions, but you haven't eaten it yet, it just smells good. By the 4th day, Dave had to be taken away. "We got it, Dave." Somebody got him a taxi. He disappeared. When we were finally done, I fell asleep under the booth, all the machinery.



Then, hours later, the Paris police band is there, a bloody brass band. It woke me up. They're listening to a playback. They don't know I'm under there and I see all these trousers with red stripes and "La Marseillaise" is going on. I'm wondering, when should I emerge? I'm dying for a pee, and I've got my shit with me, needles and stuff, surrounded by cops that don't know I'm there. So I waited a bit and thought, I'll just be very English, and I sort of rolled out and said, "Oh, my God! I'm terribly sorry," and before they knew it, I was out. They were all zut alors-ing, about 76 of them.



I thought, they're just like us! They're so intent on making a good record they didn't react. When you get into it that much, you can lose the drive of it, but if you know it's there. It's manic, like the Holy Grail. Once you're in there's no turning back, really. You've got to come out with something and eventually you do. That's probably the longest I've done. It was the marathon.

'I let songs happen and would get bored to tears if I struggled'. He said that in 1973 in France (doing "Sticky Fingers"). It shows he can be more stubborn than carefree if he wants, the ambivalence of his image vs. reality

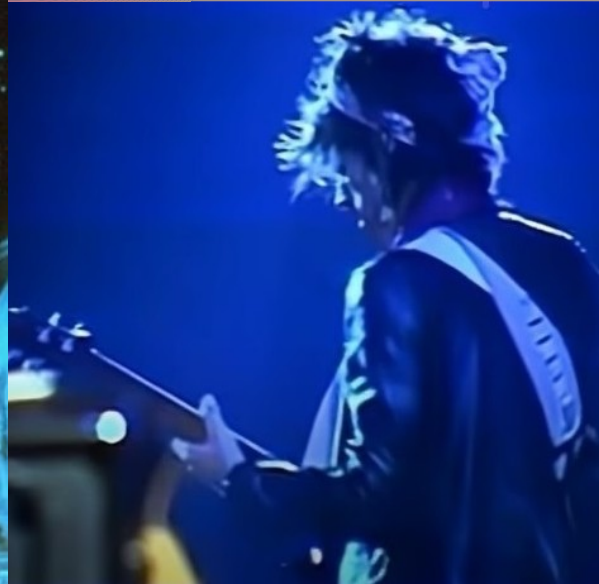
MUSIC



Keith is famous for judging a room's acoustics by merely snapping his fingers



Good music comes out of people playing together knowing what they want to do and going for it



You have to sweat over it and bug it to death – you can't do it by pushing buttons and watching screens



'It's the grit that makes the pearl...

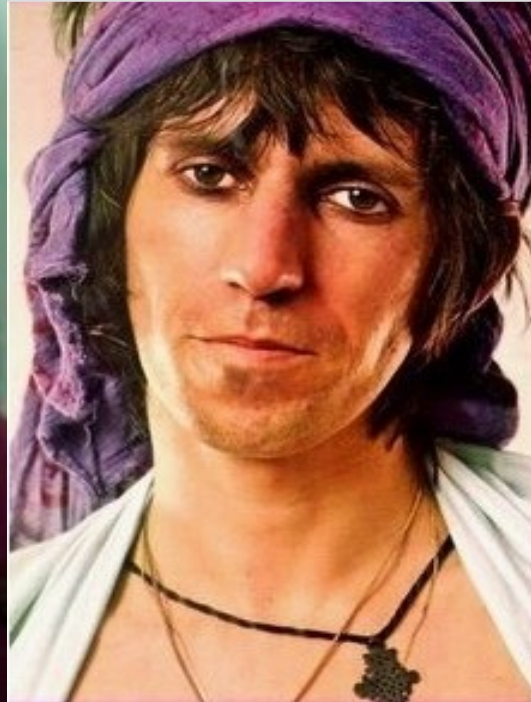


... and may God help the oyster'

MUSIC - Vibrations



Tuareg nomad?



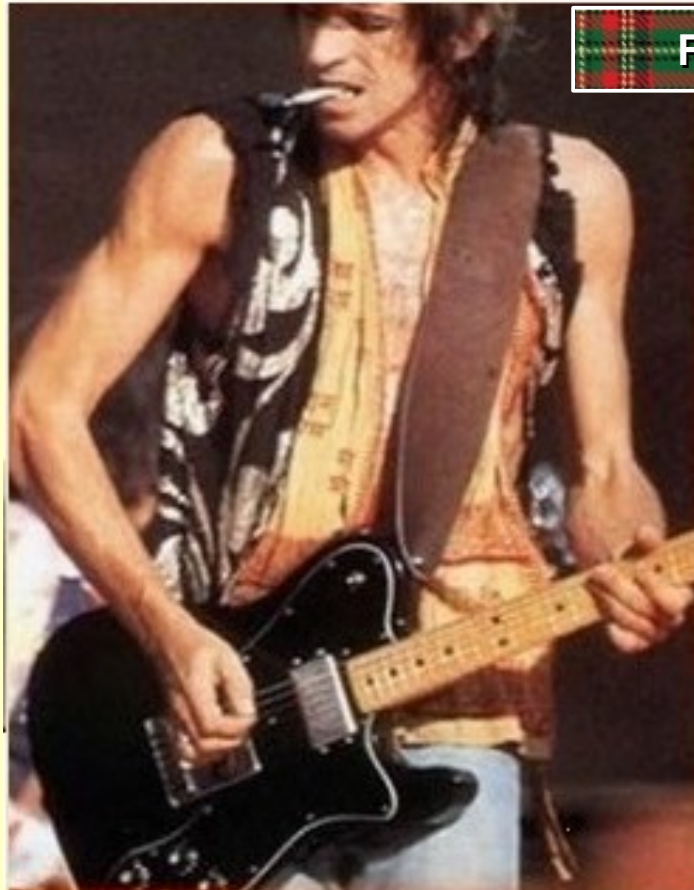
To write a song that is remembered and taken to heart is a connection,



a touching of bases. A thread that runs through all of us.

'You got the silver' (Keith)

MUSIC - Vibrations

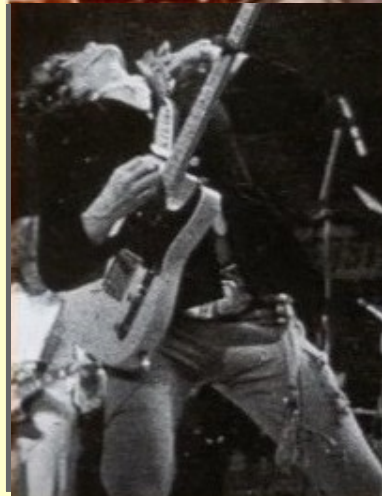


Fender Telecasters



It becomes
almost an
obsession
to touch
people

It was a sheer joy to write songs. A
wonderful gift that I didn't know I had.
It amazes me..

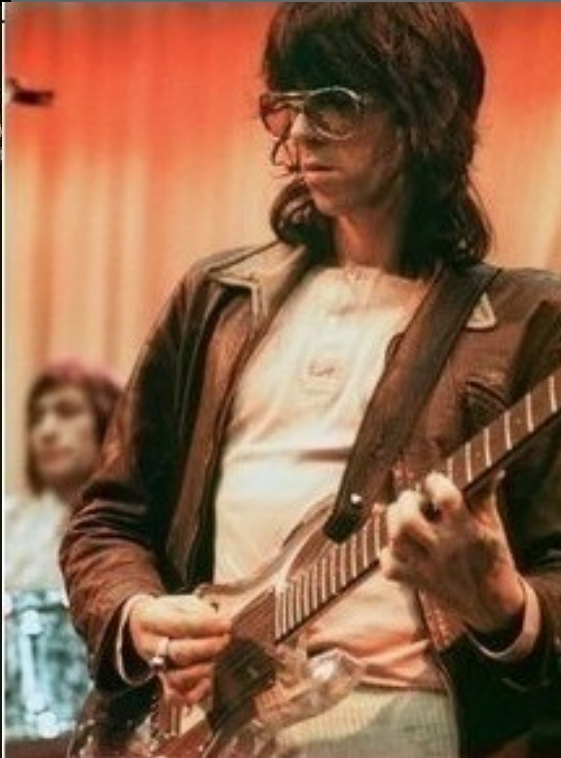
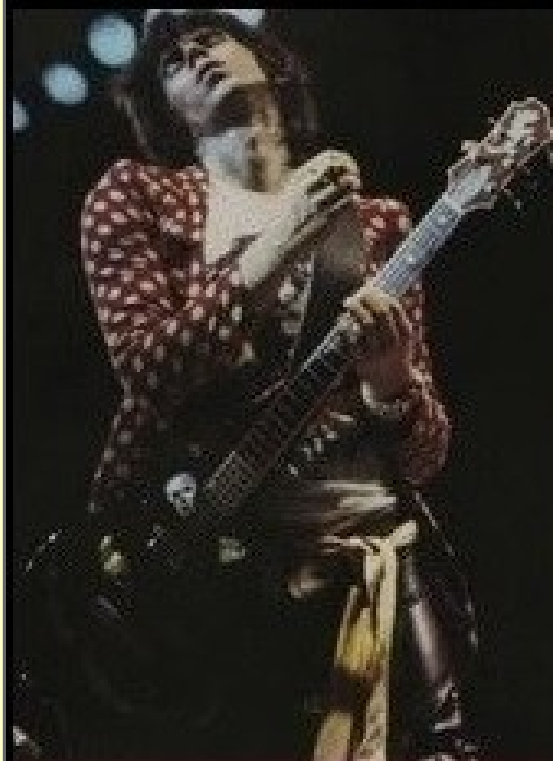


Armstrong plexiglass



Korina Flying V.

MUSIC Rock'n'Roll



bass

Jumping Jack Flash – Critics compared it to Beethoven's Fifth. Keith called it *'my fucking favourite of all our shit'*.

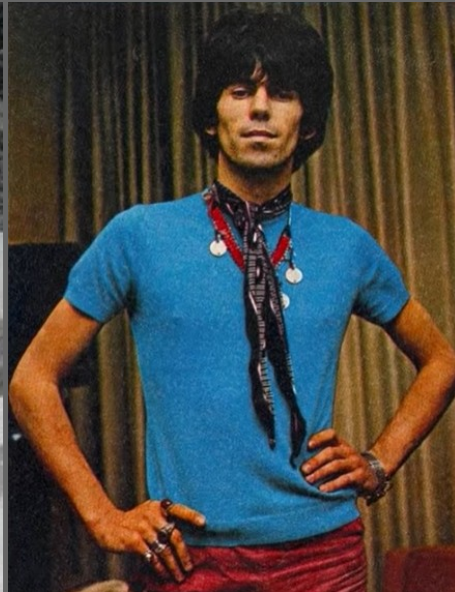
The film – **Whoopi Goldberg:**

'This has got some weird-ass lyrics... Fuck a duck... Come on, Mick, Mick, speak English!'

Songs and riffs - *It's like you planted a seed, then you water it a bit and suddenly it sticks out of the ground and goes: 'Hey, look at me!'*

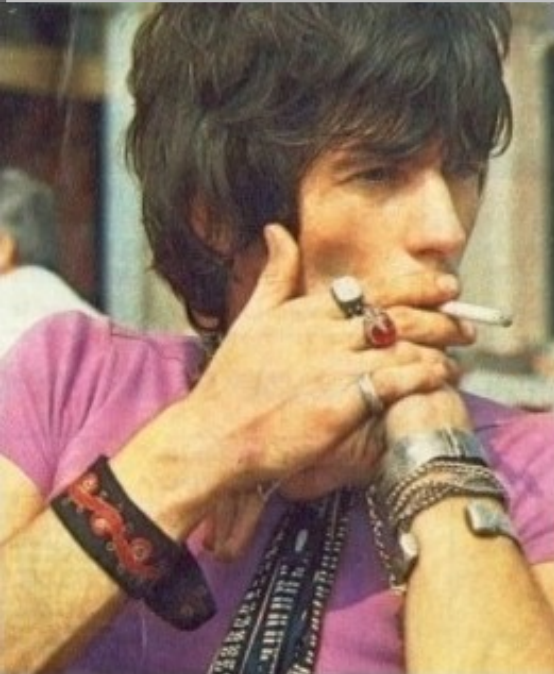
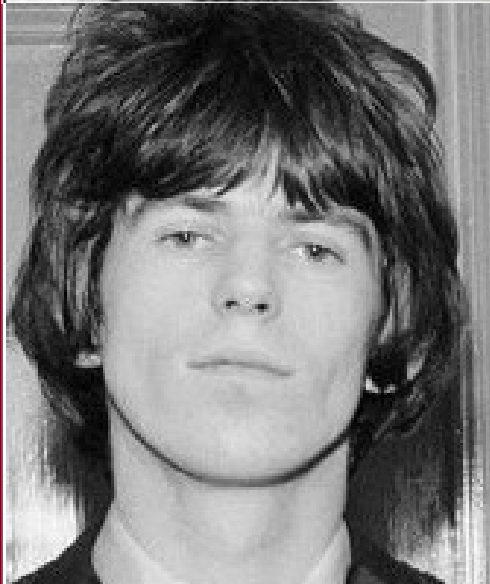


BEAUTIFUL THINGS - COLOURS



At Bert's insistence, Keith took his portfolio in top advertising agencies in London who gave him the usual la-di-da: *'We'll call you in a couple of days'*. He stuffed it in a corner and forgot it. Then he burnt it.

But the most civil was Robert Browjohn (Goldfingers' titles). In '69, Keith had him do the cover of Let It Bleed.



Can you make a cup of tea?
- Sure, but not for you"

THE LAW



1965 – **READY STEADY GO**
Parody of "I got you babe"

1965 – HAMBURG
Cops, armed to the teeth, were
brutal to fans.

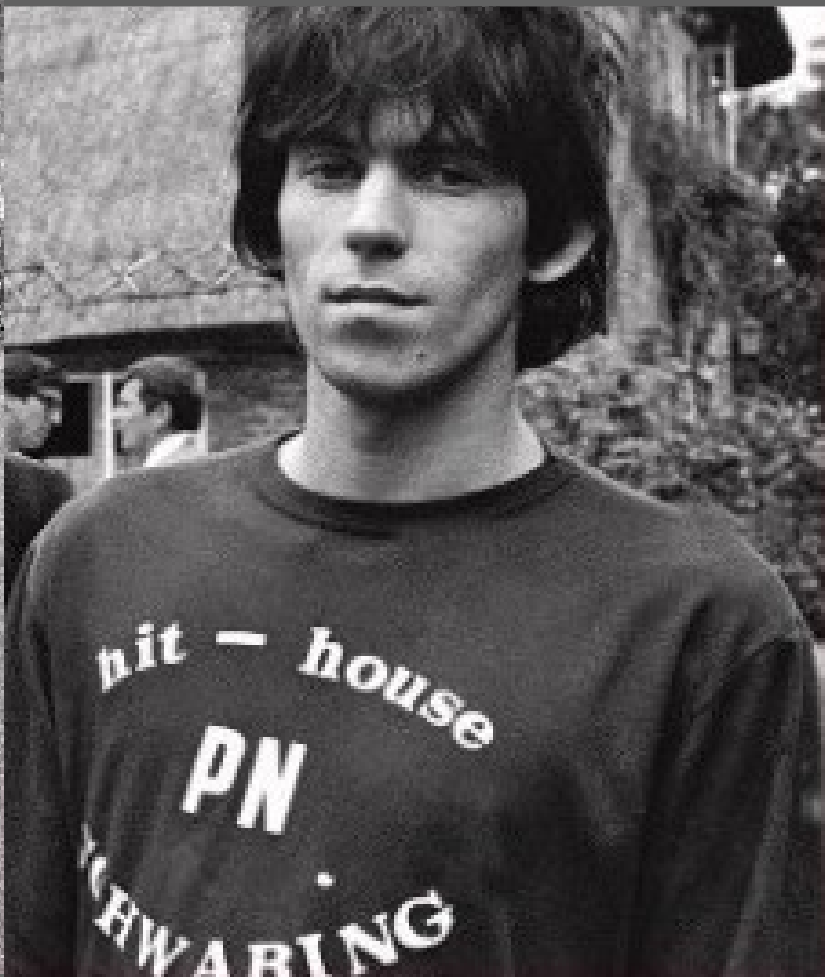


Backstage, they tried to scrounge
drinks from everyone. Keith took a
half-filled whisky bottle, peed in it,
shook it and gave it to the cops
outside our dressing-room.
*'They passed it around,
toasting our health.'*



BEAUTIFUL THINGS - English cottage

The house where we were busted
which burnt down twice
and that I still love.



We talked to each other the minute we
saw each other.

REDLANDS - Sussex

1967 - Keylock, Keith's helper, said that Litvinov [a guy associated with the Kray brothers] was charged by the Stones security to beat up a confession out of Nicky Kramer; funnily enough because Keylock was sure Litvinov himself did it. Kramer was one of the guests at the party on 12th Feb', a hippy nutter into weed and LSD, a shady loon living at Eric Clapton's and suspected of having called the "News of the World", arch-ennemy tabloid of the Stones, who'd linked with the police.

All the guests were tripping on that gorgeous Sunday. Keith said that it was one of his best days: loud, happy with laughs and in a daze. By 7 p.m. someone rang the phone and hung up several times. At 8, four vans of police arrived with a search warrant. Keith opened the door and calmly announced *"We are being busted"*, turning on a strobe light for dramatic effect.

They found several items, a few tablets. He was warned that as a householder he would be charged *'Yeah, I see, you pin it all on me'*. When the convoy left, Keith played "Everybody must get stoned". From that point the news were polarized on the Stones, like the Great Train Robbers. In '67 you either loved or hated the band. An orgy of debauchery, diabolism, voodoo or worse, were the headlines. On the preliminary hearing, Mick said *"They are out to get us"*. Keith said phones were tapped and he was being followed. They decided to leave for Morocco before the court day. According to their lawyer he could face a 3 year sentence. Keith had Thorogood, his handyman, to erect a 10 ft wall at Redlands becoming *'fucking Alamo!'*.

Redland bust - 1967



Fire at Redlands - 1973



THE LAW

**REDLANDS bust
Court hearing**



The judge asked him if he condemns the shameless exposure of M. Faithfull nude in front of the officers: *'We're not old men. We don't have these petty morals.'* Heroic response.

Keith said, *'I know I say the wrong things at the worst time, but I've got this phrase and it needs to be said. It's too late. Yet another part of me says: "Had to say it, boy."*

***Clothes change after the
hearing***



He was sentenced to 3 years, went to jail a day and was released on bail before appeal. He was not present but in the cell below having caught measles in jail.

When asked how he felt about the whole affair, he said *'It's just a temporary setback bound to happen in showbiz'* but admitted to having felt *'a bit spotty'*.

Ten years later he went back to the court and faced the same inspector for a road accident and been found with LSD in his pocket. *'The fuzz are still a pain in the bum. Well, not really a pain more of a "habit". an expensive habit'.*

THE ESTABLISHMENT

The English press were as usual like vultures hovering above a dying beast. Their customers being envious people who disliked youth having success and money without being of the upper class.

The Stones had panicked the establishment. By the Summer of 67 the band was seen as the most notorious gang alive since they fought the law and home counties lads wanted to burn them for every crime in the tabloids calendar: drugs, affecting the currency levels, a bad impression abroad. Mick and Keith couldn't find a taxi anywhere. But in fact, as a Times journalist pointed out, they were not as radical as the John Lennon who was more politically inclined.



Wyman and Watts defended this view that the band had no intention to move the limits of good behaviour and even Keith with his shepherd pie habit and watching old war movies was a traditional English man.



Keith's sweet tooth, well known to grocery stores, and littering Redlands with empty packages, made the chocolate bar a center of sexual depravity in the mind of fantasizing cops.

THE LAW



If I held a grudge against every town where I've been busted, there'd be no place left to go.

1968

They seem to think we're working for Che Guevara

'What do you think of the verdict ?

- Dunno, might get a song out of it'

1967 - Redlands bust verdict

Keith went to Wormwood Scrubs. The inmates called him as he went by to his cell: *Keef, Keef...* They saw him as one of them and later showered him with stories and cigarettes.



SOCIAL UPHEAVALS

1968 – Vietnam, cold war,

the H bomb, ML King, IRA ...



Everything is tying in an incredible way and somewhere, something's gonna go very shortly... Brrrrr'

1967 was the watershed year, the year the seams gave way. There was that feeling that trouble was coming, which it did later, with all the riots, street fighting and all of that. There was a tension in the air, like negative and positive ions before a storm, you get that breathlessness that something's got to break.

In fact, all it did was crackle.



SOCIAL - DISTURBANCE



MUSIC, WARSAW HISTORY



mmhhh, sexy girl, huh, crrrr



1967

The tour reached its climax when the Stones arrived in Warsaw to give their first show behind the Iron Curtain. More than 9,000 angry kids were locked outside the Palace of Culture, where the Stones were playing as 2,000 apparatchiks kids were given tickets to boo.

On the 3rd number, Keith yelled at Charlie to stop and to the audience '*You bastards get out and let those guys in the back down front!*'. Most of the people in the front rows fled beneath a tirade from Keith, fans rushed forward and were beaten by police but the show resumed.

Outside the police fired tear gas grenades and used water cannons and truncheons against two thousand more fans who were trying to smash their way into the hall.

SOCIAL - DISTURBANCES

About the Swinging 60s and the Flower Power, the BBC said in a doc that all the rules and all the brakes came off the young society.

But for most people it just meant silly shirts, better furniture, and a slight increase of the use of soft drugs.

With the pill, girls may have slept with their boyfriends.

Stu said: *'It's a load of bollocks. Nobody in the Rolling Stones was sitting around plotting to overthrow the government or put LSD in the water supply.'*

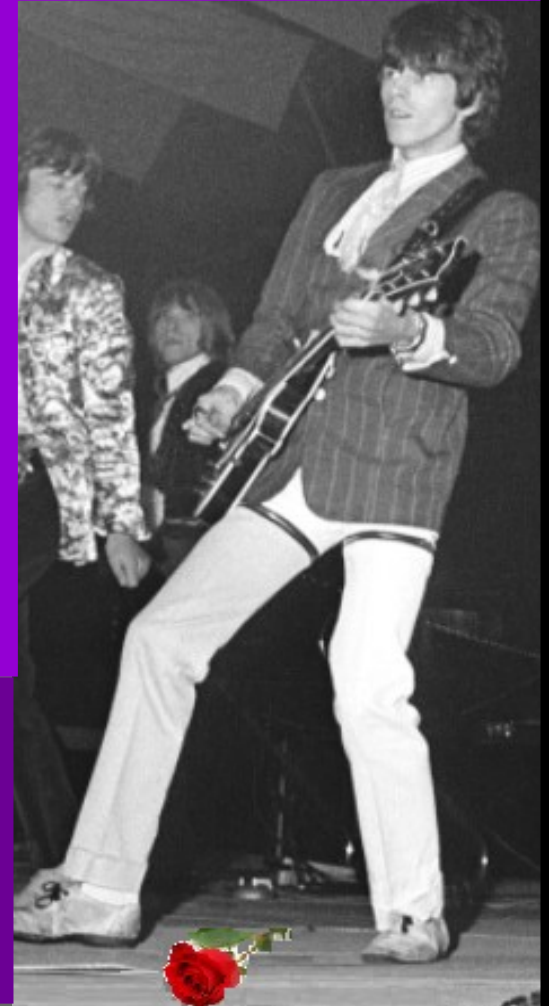
It was all we could do to cut records and get to the next gig. If you're talking about having an agenda, we were about as revolutionary as my granny.'



1967 TOUR EUROPE - The Stones' anti-establishment stance had made them the focal point of youth unrest. So, at almost every date on that tour, there were savage, violent clashes between audience and authorities. At Hälsingborg, Sweden, fans were bitten by police dogs and struck with truncheons during a show. In the ensuing riot, bottles, chairs and fireworks were hurled around the theatre. In Vienna, police installed corrugated iron cells in the city hall on the day they were to play. The audience reacted and threw smoke bombs and brawled until 154 fans had been battered and jailed.

1968 - Europe was in turmoil. Warsaw, Washington, Paris, the youth were shaking up repressive, reactionary governments.

The Stones hadn't started it, but they reflected the anger of a generation that was educated and critical.



EASTERN BLOC Follow up - 1990 - STEEL WHEELS Tour – Prague

At the tail end of the tour we liberated Prague, or so it felt. We played a concert there soon after the revolution that ended the communist regime.

**“TANKS ROLL OUT,
STONES ROLL IN”**
was the headline.

It was a great coup by Václav Havel, the politician who had taken Czechoslovakia through a bloodless coup only months earlier, a brilliant move.

We were glad to be a part of it. Havel is perhaps the only head of state who has made, or would imagine making, a speech about the role that rock music played in political events leading to a revolution in the Eastern Bloc of Europe. He is the one politician I'm proud to have met. Lovely guy.

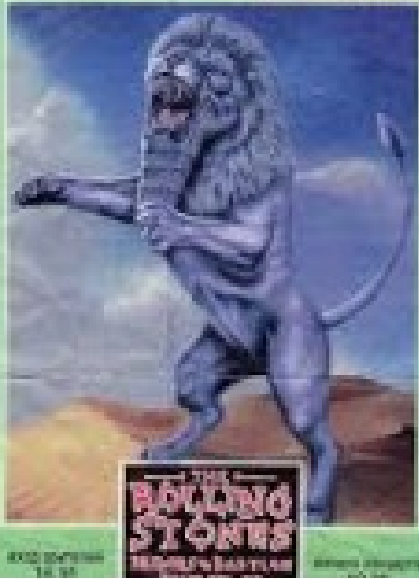
He had a huge brass telescope in the palace, once he was president, and it was focused on the prison cell where he did six years.

“And every day I look through there to try and figure things out.”



We lit the state palace for him. They couldn't afford to do it, so we asked Patrick Woodroffe, our lighting guru, to relight the huge castle. Patrick Taj Mahal'd him. We gave Václav this little white remote control with a tongue on it. He walked around lighting up the palace, and suddenly statues came alive. He was like a kid, pushing buttons and going, whoa! It's not often you get to hang with presidents like that and say, Jesus, I like the cat.

EASTERN BLOC (FOLLOW UP) RUSSIA - 1998



Four guards of the government, dressed in black like a firing squad, welcomed the band as **"A true heroic force of freedom of all times for humans and humanity"** (Tass) among 30,000 people with banners: **"THE ROLLING STONES ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE"**.

The Agency added: *"A beacon lit up for anyone who searches for a life of personal, political and artistic freedom: The Rolling Stones are the cultural liberators of the world."*



1968 - THE ROCK 'N' ROLL CIRCUS



Dec 1980 When John got shot Keith was sad, but he said: *'You can't afford to be paranoid all the time, afraid to go out in the*

streets. Being run by fear is the worst thing anyone can do to themselves. It's some kind of purgatory, fingers crossed, it's hell.



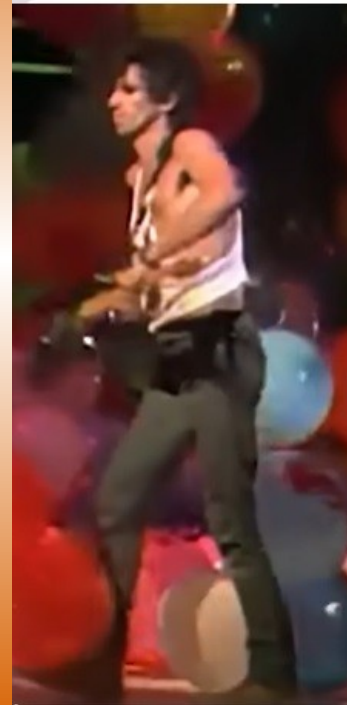
Backstage with J. Lennon & E. Clapton



When Eric Clapton's young boy died falling from the window of a building, he said Keith was the first friend to write him a fantastic letter. He said: *'I'm here, you know, anything I can do.*

But in '81 during the Hampton gig, he flung his guitar at a fan going for Jagger.

'What if he had a gun? He was on my turf' he said to Woody who questioned his gesture.



Dirty Mac Keith on bass

John was dissatisfied in the Beatles. He wanted to take more risks. He came to see me often. We talked about music, wrote songs that never came out.

FRIENDSHIP – John Lennon

I got to know John Lennon longer and better further down the line. We'd hang for quite a while; he and Yoko would pop up by. But the thing was with John – for all his vaunted bravado – he couldn't really keep up.

He'd try to take anything I took but without my good training.

A little bit of this, a little bit of that, a couple of downers, a couple of uppers, coke and smack, and I'm going to work. I was freewheeling. And John would inevitably end up in my john, hugging the porcelain. And there'd be Yoko in the background, *"He really shouldn't do this"* and I'd go, *"I know, but didn't force him"*, But the always come back for more, wherever we were.

I remember one night in the Plaza Hotel, he came by my room – and then he disappeared from the room.

I'm talking to the chicks and their mates are all saying, *"I wonder where John went?"* So I go to the john and there he is, hugging the parquet, on the tiles. Too much red wine and some smack. Technicolor yawn.

"Don't move me, these tiles are beautiful" – his face is ghastly green.

Sometimes I thought, are these guys just coming to see me or is there some sort of race that I don't know about?

I don't think John ever left my house except horizontally. Or definitely propped up.

(From 'Life' by K. Richards)



ALTAMONT Mythology – God and Satan

69 - Sympathy for the devil



There were people, hippies, trying desperately to be nice

'Altamont' was the dark side of human nature' - nothing to do with a song



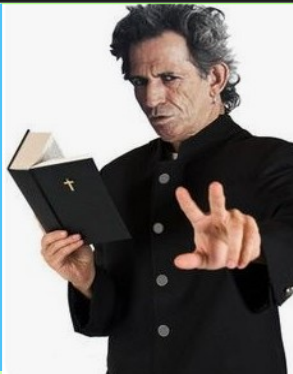
We're atheists, not ashamed to admit it. When you know us, we're pretty good guys at heart.

We leave religion to the dedicated – and preaching



is tax free. Little to do with God, a lot to do with money

We never had the fear of God in our family. Nobody had anything to do with organized religion. My grand-parents Richards were red-blooded socialists. The church was something to be avoided. Nobody minded what Christ supposedly said, nobody said there wasn't a God somewhere, but just



'Stay away from these organizations'. Priests were considered with suspicion: 'See a bloke in a black frock, cross the road, beware of Catholics, they're even dodgier.' Nobody had time for it.

Otherwise Sundays would have been even more boring than they were. We never went to church, I never knew where it was.

SOCIAL Upheavals



1969



The myth, widely believed, was that we were doing something more than entertainment. Politics are what we're trying to get away from in the first place.

MADISON SQUARE GARDENS

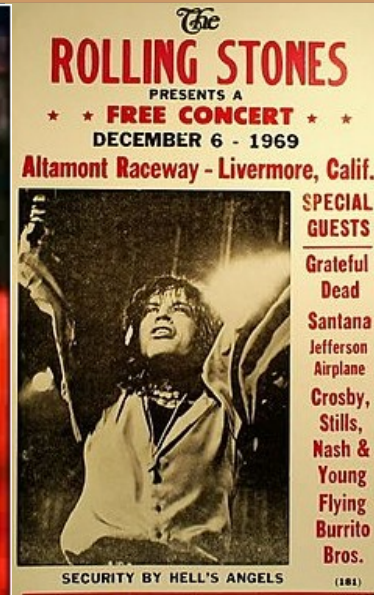


In the studio

Street Fighting Man - lovely bass, riding with Keith

Gigs in 76 - Keith out of his head but good

Altamont – follow up



Altamont (1969) was a major incident that impressed me about Keith.

Under pressure when the chips are down, Keith will stand up, say something and make a point. And he tried. You can see it on film. Keith tried to cool out the situation by actually pinpointing what was going on – saying: *'If those guys don't stop beating people we ain't*

gonna play'. It was a very explosive situation. I admired Keith a lot for that. - **Alan Dunn**, road manager.

"Altamont could have only happened to the Rolling Stones, man. Let's face it, not to the Bee Gees or Crosby, Stills Nash and Young" - **Robert Christgau**.

In April '75, the band was breaking in Ron Wood, in a rehearsal on a remote coastal estate in Montauk, New York, arranged for them by Andy Warhol. Woody knew he'd hit the big leagues when he saw 2 of the security men fencing off the house's private beach with barbed wire. The rumour was that local Hell's Angels wanted to kill Mick and Keith, and might try an amphibious strike. According to Mark Young, an FBI agent who worked the case, 'The Angels wanted their revenge from '69. We know they actually launched out to Long Island Sound, armed to the teeth, but the boat was hit by a storm. The bikers were thrown overboard. They never went back and reinstituted the plan.' **C. Sanford**

ANIMALS – of horses and men

1969

First child

**WILD
HORSES**

*(sad about
leaving baby
Marlon to
tour)*

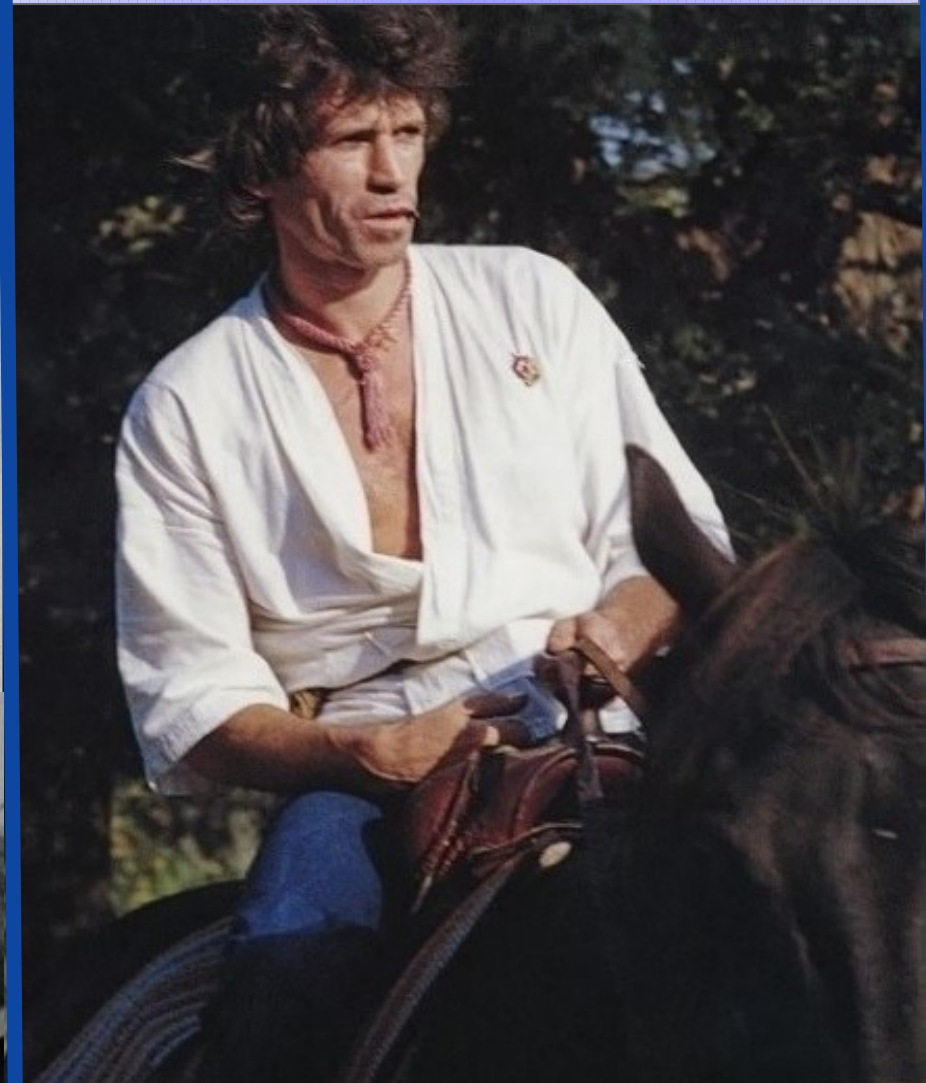
Sagittarius:
*'You can't
go wrong:
half horse,
half man
and a
licence to
shit in the
street.'*



This pony
is named
Keith
Richards

He was 'bursting in love with Anita Pallenberg' (the Rolling Stones muse) his companion and Marlon's mother. She was madly in love with him and wouldn't have a child if not his.

Having a kid. You think 'Goddamn,
I helped make that, and it's all full of purity and



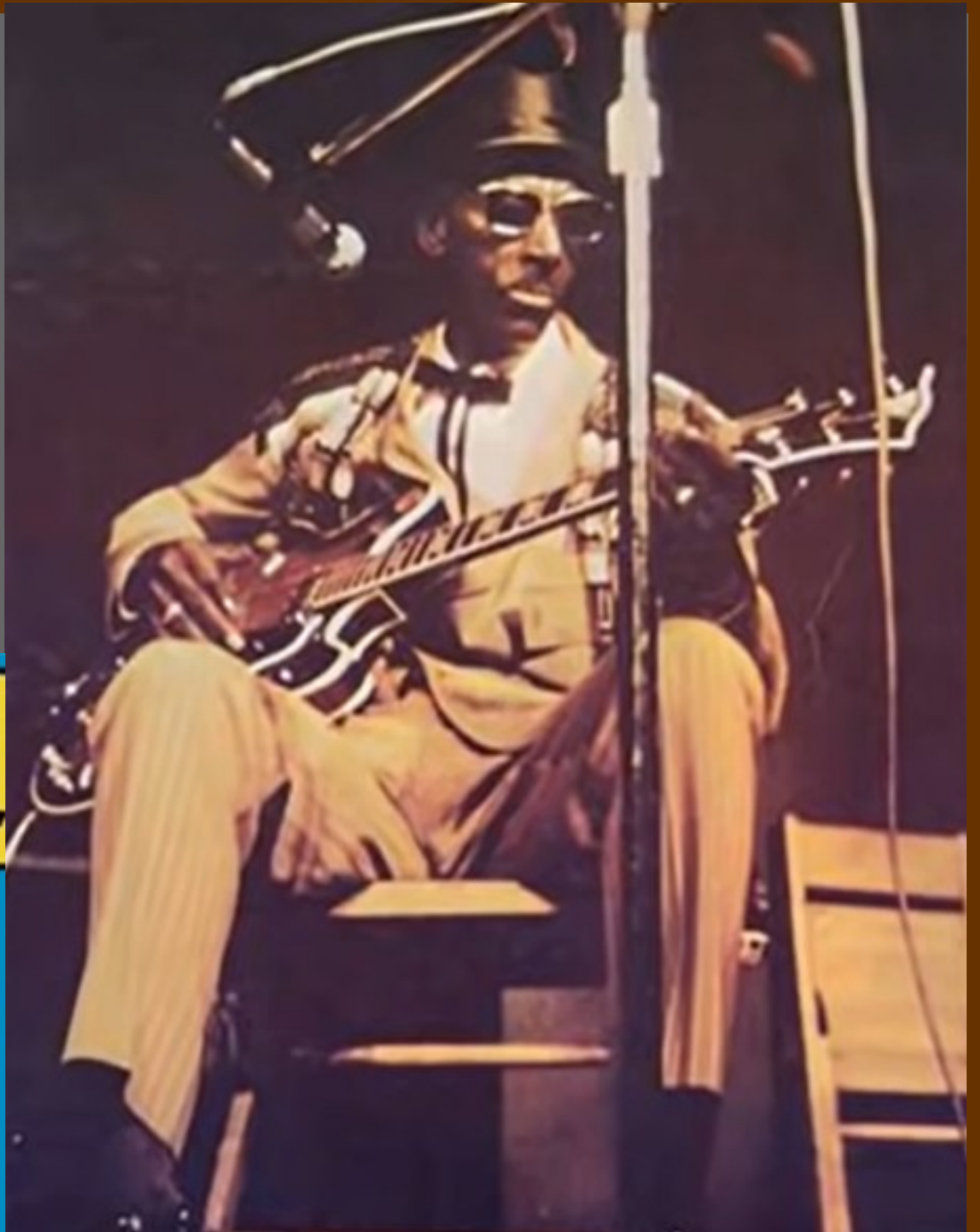
*innocence, just smiling at you, it wants to kiss
you, to hug you, feel you and touch
you, and you never felt so loved in your life.*

MUSIC – Covering artists

1970

The flawed contract with Decca and "Fatso" Allen Klein was ending but they still owed them an album. Secretly sneaking out of their hotel while on tour, they went to Muscle Shoals, AL. to record without Klein's knowledge, on 3rd December.

They taped particularly "You gotta move" which they sang into a mike positioned in a toilet bowl to get that 'shitty sound' as Keith admiringly put it.



PHYSIQUE

With voice and dance coaches, Mick had a physical trainer. Keith toured with guitars and booze – Dropping to the floor, he did 5 push-ups for me, good ones, the tip of his cigarette burning a hole in the carpet. **R. Cohen**



1976 - Keith, 32, was prone to black-outs and memory gaps. He smoked and drank as if he had no wish to see 33. Yet, so thin and deathly, he was oddly alive. He sang and dressed up as Santa for Marlon and Angela.



Why are you lighting up another cigarette? - Because the last one wasn't long enough

1980 – 'He's built of steel, hard as a nail.

My dad's a Sagittarius. He doesn't eat, drinks day in and day out. He's about 70 but he's a maniac for booze. He's skinny but he's hard and really stubborn.' **Ron Wood**

2005 - 'He's got an amazing constitution, and he's very strict on himself, in a funny way. He never overdid drugs. He always had a set amount he'd do, but never the whole lot at once. Most people who do that are dead. He could have fallen; he was in a position to do that. He has a very strong will to live.' **Charlie Watts**

LIFE - The see-saw

'I can be Keef any time. Now and again, I try to enlighten people that there is another side to it all.' To me, life is a wild animal,



you hope to deal with it, then it leaps at you



'Keith reminded me of Charlie Parker, a combination of humility and arrogance that comes with some inherent awareness of the mastery of their craft and their gigantic tastes.' **Terry Southern**, author.

MUSIC - Composing & song writing

I was especially scared of Keith 'cause he's such a scary character. I was scared shitless of Keith for years. The way he looked was so fuckin' evil. And of course he's not like that at all. Keith is an old softie completely. But I didn't know that. And Keith does put up that front. He loves to play that out. Most of the time he believes that. **- Andy Johns, engineer**

For the 3rd riff from Sticky Fingers, he used another of his iconic guitars, his Dan Armstrong Plexiglass. The song is "BITCH" which became another of the band's classics.

"We were doing it and he was late. Jagger and Mick Taylor were playing the song without him and it didn't sound very good. I walked out to the kitchen and he was sitting on the floor with no shoes, eating a bowl of cereal. Suddenly he said: 'Oi, Andy! Give me that guitar'. He put it on, kicked the song up in tempo, and just put the vibe right on it. Instantly, it went from this laconic mess into a real groove. And I thought, "Wow. THAT'S what he does." Once he'd done that, he also had time to deliver one of his best solos.



No-one could sum up better what it means to be the man who put the 'Stones sound' into the Stones.



https://youtu.be/fBiH7exQ58c?list=RDqzCT2_BftB0

A fist-fighter in his youth, Keith received his fair share of lickings. He was in the dressing room after one of Chuck Berry's shows. "He went up to collect the money. His guitar was laid out in its case like, 'Aw, c'mon Keith,' you know, 'just a touch'



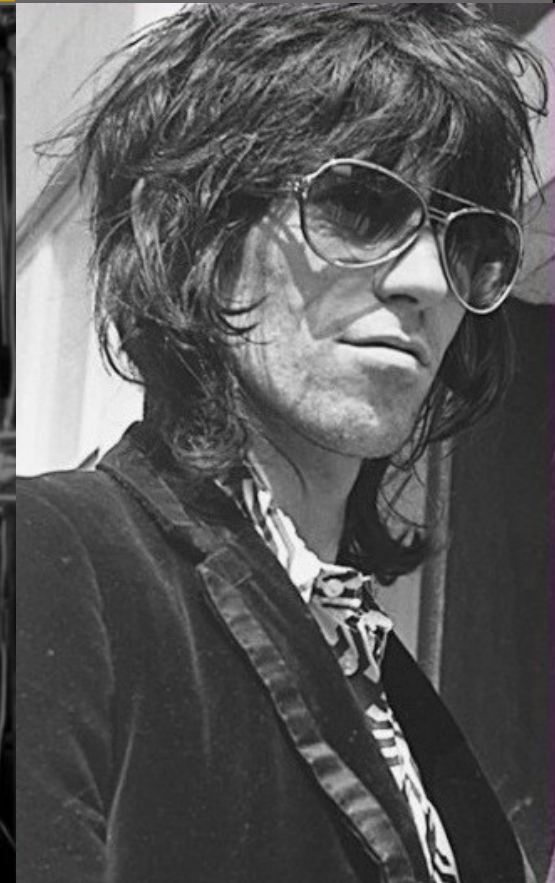
He couldn't resist the allure of Berry's iconic cherry Gibson ES-355 and, picking it up, began innocently strumming an E chord. Berry came in yelling, "Nobody touches my guitar" and promptly socked Richards in the kisser. As Richards joked to Fallon, "That's one of Chuck's biggest hits."

In '83 they met at an airport. He went to him to apologize but accidentally dropped a cigarette hot ash in the front of Keith's shirt. *'Every time him and me get in contact, I end up wounded'.*

PHYSIQUE - SPORTS

12 y.o. – Cross-country: with a couple guys, we'd start off with the main bunch; as they raced off, we'd hide behind a bush and light up. A quick fag made me feel right as rain. Then we just hung around until the others came back, exhausted. We'd tack ourselves on to the last few and accompany them back to school.

'We lovingly named him "Mister Bad Health" but we knew he was the strongest physically'
A. Korner



Once, Mick challenged Keith to a game of tennis. Sir Mick dressed for Wimbledon; his opponent sported ragged jeans and kept a butt-end clamped to his lip throughout. Keith won the match 6–1.

Later the medias called him 'The Unhealth Minister'

SOCIAL – Rules & traditions - Food

When I'm at home I cook for myself, usually bangers and mash, with some variation on the mash but not much. Or some other basic English nosh. I have quite solitary eating habits at odd hours, born out of mealtimes on the road being the opposite of everyone else's. I only eat when I feel like it, which is almost unheard-of in our culture. You don't want to eat before you go on stage, you'd puke, and then when you get off, you've got to give it an hour or two before the adrenaline subsides, which is usually around three in the morning. You've got to hit it when you're hungry.



The Ministry of Silly Walks



We've been trained from babyhood to have 3 square meals a day, the full factory – industrial revolution idea of how you're supposed to eat. Before then it was never like that. You'd have a little bit often, every hour. But when they had to regulate us all, "OK, mealtime!" That's what school's about. Forget geo-graphy and history and mathematics, they're teaching you to work in a factory. When the hooter goes, you eat.

For office work or even if you're being trained to be a prime minister, it's the same thing. It's very bad for you to stuff all that crap in at once. Better to have a bit here, a mouthful there, every few hours a bite or two. The human body can deal with it better than shoving a whole load of crap down your gob in an hour.

MUSIC

[Pendleton]

'He said we
are still
shit, so I
might
swing my
guitar at
his head...
Again'



1971 – MARQUEE
(the best in one night)

<https://youtu.be/G-bBhgMtPsc?t=38>

(Charlie sweating it, Keith so right looking like a bird, Mick Taylor swimming in his bluesy element) – Keith smiles at the end

Dead flowers

POLITICS & THE MUSIC BUSINESS

DECCA RECORDS

The Stones had come to the end of their tether with their record company that nickelled and dined them despite steady and increasing sales. Allen Klein had misled them and they had to move in France for tax evasion.

'I've covered coal, insurance, investment banking, chemicals and trucking. They have roguish elements but nowhere near the record businesses. They are like cartels.'

Fredric Dannen, Wall Street Journal

Keith was furious to know that Decca invested in devices in the Viet Nam war. *"I'd rather deal with the mafia than Decca".*

Although Keith and Anita despised types like Prince Rupert Loewenstein, he was hired. But he was honest and built a frame of international lawyers



Allen Klein



Prince
Rupert

Loewenstein



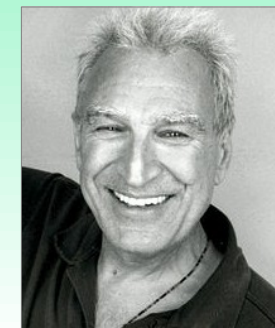
Ahmet Ertegun

and accountants for the Stones. Keith went from near bankruptcy to having £50 Mos.

Hired too was Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic Records in the US, the new distributors.

CHESS RECORDS

Marshall Chess who founded Rolling Stones Records, said of Keith: *'Mick is very smart but to me Keith is The Rolling Stones. He'll always be who he is. More money, drugs, drink, and his favourite meal will be bacon and eggs with brown sauce. He's the constant factor.'*



SOCIAL LAWS – Tax exile in France



1971 – NELLCÔTE - The whole Rolling Stones operation had to move into this one house in the South of France. We had a record to cut and knew that if we failed, then the English would have won. This house, this Bedouin encampment, contained anywhere from 20 to 30 people at a time, which never bothered me, because I have the gift of not being bothered or because I was focusing on the music. It did bother Anita, drove her up the

wall. She was one of the few people who spoke French, and German to the Austrian housekeeper. So she became the bouncer, getting rid of people sleeping under beds and overstaying their welcome. Tensions, no doubt, and paranoia. I have heard her accounts of her nightmare as doorkeeper, and there were of course a lot of drugs.



We had many people to feed, and one day some men in orange robes came and sat at the table with us and within 2 seconds, diving for the food, they'd cleaned us out, eaten everything. In terms of staff relations, Anita had to go into the kitchen and make throat-cutting gestures. She felt threatened by the cowboys around us. Fat Jacques the cook lived in the cookhouse, separated from the main building. One day we heard this explosion, a big dull thud.



We were all sitting around the great dining room. And suddenly there at the entrance is Jacques, with his hair singed and soot over his face, like a comic-book illustration. He's blown up the kitchen. Left the gas on too long before lighting it. He announces that there is no dinner. It has, literally, gone through the roof.

They imported the new Rolling Stones Mobile Unit, a large truck fitted out with the latest recording equipment in the basement of what was dubbed "Keith's Coffee House". Soon Nellcôte looked like Edith Grove.

NELLCÔTE - The 'brigade des stup's', the drug squad, was on our back. Gathering evidence, statements from their usual suspects about the heavy activity at Nellcôte, all the consumers in it. Easy to spy and snoop on an open house. Many of my guitars were stolen. The French authorities wouldn't let us flee, officially under investigation on a number of heavy charges to be heard in Nice by an investigating magistrate—when all the gossip and accusations from disgruntled or police-pressured informants at Nellcôte would be aired. We were in some trouble and the state had total power. We'd be locked up for months while the investigations took place.

And this is where the new structure created by our manager Prince Rupert Loewenstein came into play.

He got a lawyer called **Jean Michard-Pellissier**. You couldn't have reached higher. He'd been a lawyer for de Gaulle and was just named cabinet adviser to Prime Minister J.Chaban-Delmas, who was his bosom friend.

Furthermore, our mouth-piece was also the legal adviser to the mayor of Antibes. And if that wasn't enough, the gifted Mr. Michard-Pellissier was a friend of the prefect of the region in charge of the police.

Nice one, Rupert!



At the hearing Rupert interpreted for us. When it was over, he described as “terrifying” the stuff that the police were levelling at us. But it was also hilarious—a Peter Sellers French comedy in which a detective was solemnly and slowly typing while the judge got everything radically wrong. He was convinced that we were running a huge ring of prostitutes, that dope was bought and sold by sinister people with German accents and this English guitarist. “He wants to know if you know a Mr. Alphonse Guerini.” - *Non, il ne le connaît pas.*”

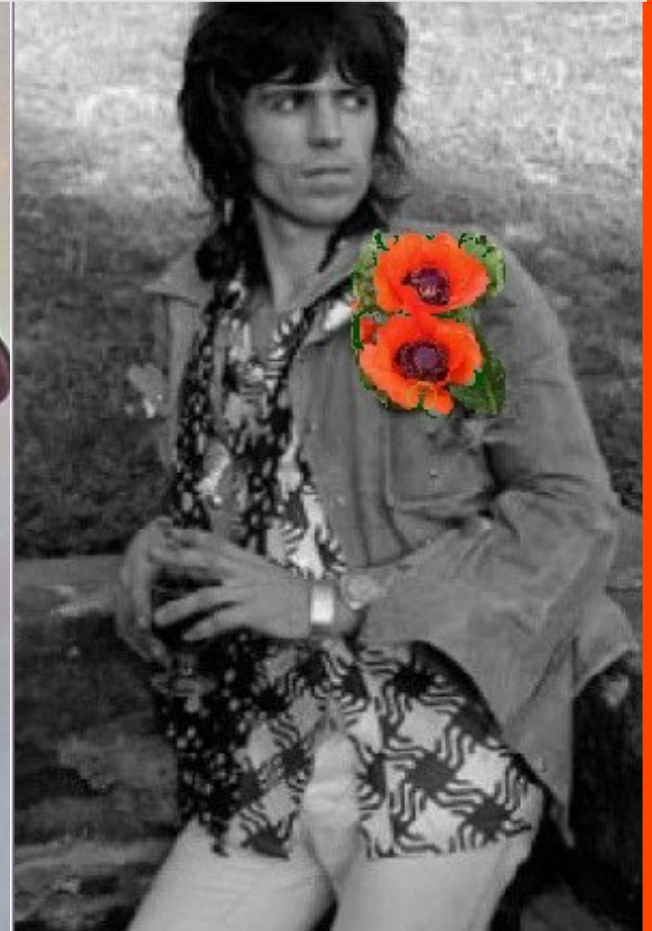
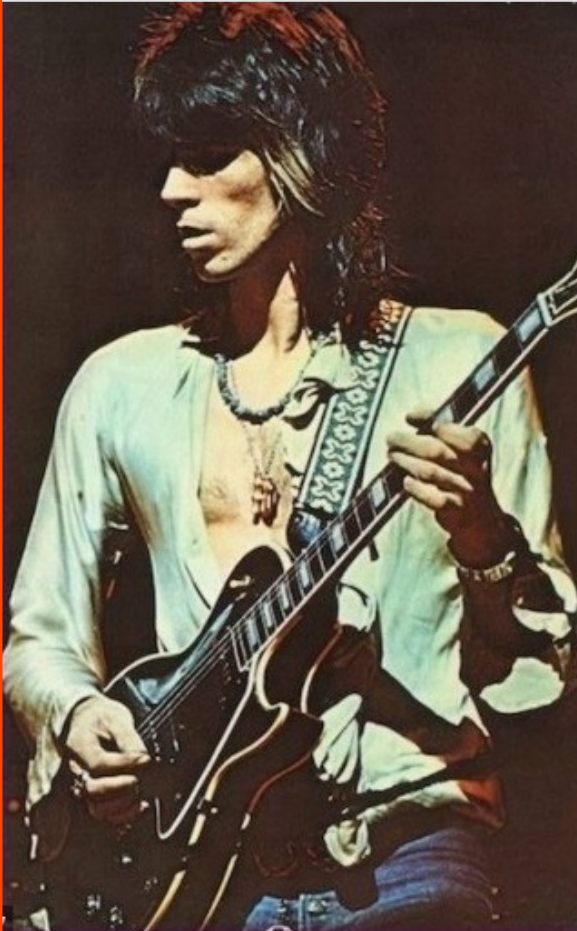
Whoever was grassing us up had dressed up the information with ludicrous exaggerations and inventions to oblige the gendarmerie. Nothing but false information. Loewenstein had to point out that this was a man trying to buy things, not sell them, and the crooks were trying to work out how they could charge him double or treble the rate.

In the meantime, the wheels of Michard-Pellissier were turning. So instead of the prospect of being in jail for a few years, a real possibility, Anita and I got one of several skin-of-teeth legal agreements that I've received in my time: we should leave French territory until “allowed back,” but I had to keep renting Nellcôte as a bond, at \$2,400 a week.

It reached the papers that the Stones were under investigation for dealing heroin, which began a long saga; 'the cat, was out of the bag'! Aha, a heroin problem in the group and in the music industry. Some news. It came with the standard slanders, Anita peddled heroin to minors and more witches' tales. The story wasn't over in France. In our absence in L.A., the police raided Nellcôte, found what they were looking for, but it took them a full year to bring charges and a warrant for our arrest. When it came, we were guilty of possession, fined us and banned us from entering France for two years. All the peddling charges had been dropped, and I could stop paying the rent on Nellcôte.

SEX & LOVE

"I'm the man who brings you roses when you ain't got none"



**Over the years, Keith consoled Mick's heart-broken girlfriends:
'The tears that have been on this shoulder... mascara ruined so many shirts.'**

Loving cup – Montreux 72

Charlie takes his time - Nicky Hopkins on piano

Life is precious

1972



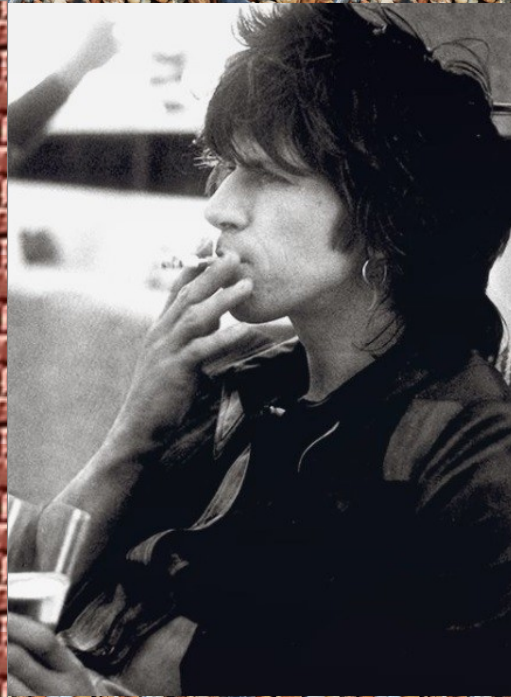
ANGIE
Written in
Switzerland



A death fugue, a moment captured in one of the saddest melodies
'Angie, ain't it good to be alive?'

HEROIN - I don't know what other people think cold turkey is like. It is fucking awful. On the scale of things, it's better than having your leg blown off in the trenches or starving to death. But you don't want to go there. The whole body just turns itself inside out and rejects itself for 3 days. You know it's going to calm down after the longest 3 days in your life, and you wonder why you're doing this to yourself when you could be living a perfectly normal bloody rich rockstar life. There you are puking and climbing walls.

Why do you do that? I still don't know. Your skin's crawling, your guts churning, your limbs jerking, you're throwing up and shitting at the same time, and stuff's coming out your nose and your eyes. But even that doesn't stop a reasonable man from going back on it.



To be a junkie kept my feet on the ground strangely, or in the gutter! On the road, the main concern was to find good smack. Which makes life quite simple, in fact, because you concentrate on that: to avoid the bad deal, not to let the band down and to play the gig on that night.

In dope land, you are a junkie, nobody is a rock-star. No chance for you to think you are some god. Somehow, heroin built a wall around me, preserving me of the madness around us at the time. Heroin did not kill Jimi, fame did.

SOCIAL AND RACIAL ACCEPTANCE



To the Jamaicans that I know, I'm a black man turned white to be a spy, "Our man up North" sort of thing. I take it as a compliment. I'm as 'white as a lily with a black heart exulting in its secret.



1972 Jamaica – We went to Jamaica to cut Goats Head Soup in November. I decided to stay and moved to the north coast with my family, to Mammee Bay, between Ocho Rios and Saint Ann's Bay. Then I met some of the Rasta brethren of the coast who lived mostly in Steer Town. Warrin (Warrin Williamson), "Iron Lion" Jackie (Vincent Ellis), Neville (Milton Beckerd), a dreadlock man who still lives in my house in Jamaica. There was Tony (Winston "Blackskull" Thomas) and Locksley Whitlock, "Locksie," the leader, so to speak, the Boss Man.

It seemed the whole population of Steer Town was musicians whose music was beautifully reworked hymns chanted by voices and drums. I was in heaven. They used to sing in unison, there was no concept of singing harmonies, and they played no instruments except these drums—a very powerful sound. Just drums and voices. The words and the chants were already a century old or more, old hymns and psalms that they would rewrite to suit their tastes. But the actual melodies were straight out of the church, and many churches in Jamaica used drums as well. They'd go all night for it. Hypnotic. Trance. Relentless beat. And they'd keep coming out with more and more songs. Some of them cutting-edge songs too. The drums belonged to Locksley, with a bass drum that could be so loud it was believed it could kill you, like a massive stun grenade.



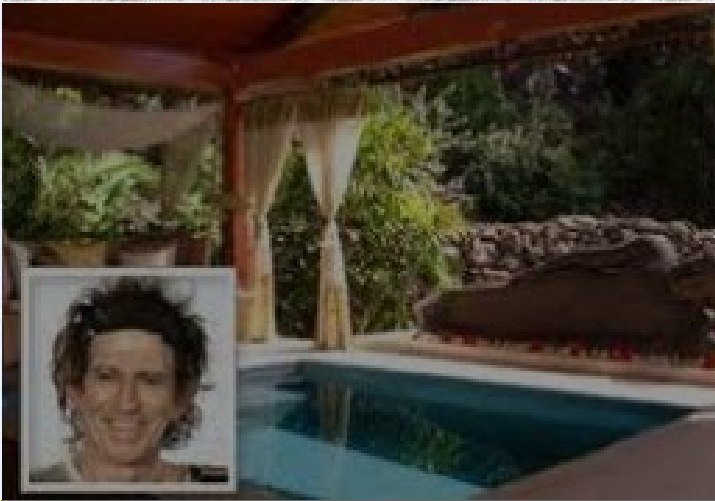
Finally, when we were together around 1975, we schlepped everybody down to Dynamic Sounds, but they couldn't handle the studio situation. "You move over there, you go there..." The idea of being told what to do was not their milieu. And it was a dismal failure, really. Even though it was a good studio. That's when I realized, if you want to record these guys, it's got to be in the front room. Up at the house, where they're all feeling comfortable and they're not thinking about being recorded. We had to wait 20 years for that to happen, to get the take we wanted, which is when they became known as the Wingless Angels.

RASTAS



Things never seem to click between Keith and Peter Tosh though. In fact, in the summer of 1981 Tosh's friendship ended dramatically. Disgruntled with his limited commercial impact beyond Jamaica, Tosh had begun to blame the Stones, like Bob Marley, for thwarting his career. Richards let him use his house in Ocho Rio. But Tosh disregarded his message of his coming for a vacation with his family and they landed. Both on the phone at the airport, Tosh refused to leave claiming the house had become his property.

Keith went from a Kingston bark to a coarse London bite: *'I'm coming down to the house, I need it for myself.'* Tosh: *'If yuh come anywhere near here, I'll shoot yuh'* - Keith: *'You better make sure you know how to use that gun and you got the magazine in the right way around, 'coz I'm gonna be there in half an hour.'* Tosh left the premises which he had virtually destroyed. As a result, he had to leave Rolling Stones Records too.



MUSIC – Rockstar

1969 - “Keith changed when Marlon was born” Anita said. “He had to give up that boyish, tough guy act. The Stones could never have kept going if he hadn’t.”

“You think about a lot of things when you have a kid,” said Keith



1973 - Melbourne

Anita was madly in love with him. 'The first night with him was a revelation; 'He'd look at me and I melted inside'



The spirit of rock 'n' roll is right fucking here and right fucking now



Brown sugar, Melbourne

Get off of my cloud (fave early riff)

MUSIC – Rock Lifestyle - Women

I could never be with a woman I didn't genuinely like, even for a night. Sometimes they took care of me, or I took care of them, and a lot of it had nothing to do with lust. I went to bed with women and never done anything, just cuddled and slept. And I've loved loads of them, so impressed that they actually loved me back.

I remember a chick in Houston. Another was in Melbourne, Australia. She had a baby.

Sweet, shy, unassuming, she was on the scuppers; the old man had left her with the kid. She could get me pure cocaine, pharmaceutical. And she kept coming to the hotel to deliver, so I went, hey, why don't I just move in?



Living in the suburbs of Melbourne for some time with a mother and child was kind of weird. I was like a right Australian old man: 'Sheila, where's my fucking breakfast?'

- Here's your breakfast, darling.'

It was like I'd been there forever. And it felt great, man. I'd take care of the baby; she went to work. I was a husband, changing the baby's diapers. There's somebody in a suburb in Melbourne who doesn't even know I wiped his ass.



1973

A journalist looked for 'Karen' in 2015. She said it was a long weekend, they didn't sleep, just talked sniffing coke. He mostly played with her son Shannon. A nice guy; he missed his baby. She was just taking a break from her man. Drunk, the jealous guy kept screaming at Keith while he played.



VIEWS - FEELINGS

**'Your songs are dark'
– No, I myself have a
bright view of the world
but I don't think the world
has a bright view of itself.'
'You're not sentimental
'Sentimentalism is**



**probably a lucrative road
to travel for Vera Lynn or
someone but it's not really
for me because I find it
fogs up things, it doesn't
lead to clear thinking.'**

1969



**"Satanic Majesties" & black magic. 'A joke
for one person is a news report
somewhere else.**

1973 MELBOURNE

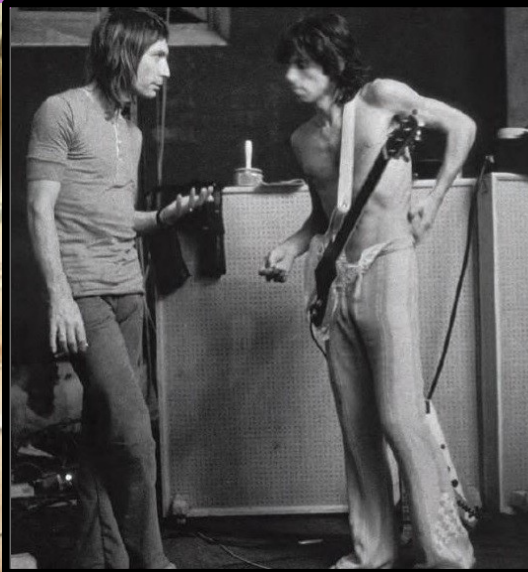


**In the media, the next minute, it's fact.
"Satanic" was just a play on words for a
song'. I'll be called satanic even with my
harp and my wings.'**

VIEWS - FEELINGS

Keith has this unique way of answering questions that seem useless to him like why he does this or that. 'Why do you do that this way? - Because it's fun'. 'Why do you use drugs/drink/smoke? - Because I like it. 'Why didn't you use that musical line? - Because I don't like it'. Bill asked him why he never took on his songs. "They were crap".

Bill Wyman, '79 and '81 - As a leader, Keith is obstinate. If things don't suit him, he won't go along. End of the subject. *Should we do that?* It was simply *No*. "*Why not?*" "*Cause I don't want to*". Keith is shy. He's very nice, really. If he's in his regular mood, he's great, but in a bad mood you can't be cheerful in the same room, he will dominate the air. As I say, he's very introverted and to overcome that he plays it carefree and brash, flailing his arms and rubbing his hair when he comes into the room. He's a bit insecure, I think.



"Honky Tonk Women" was a dazzling showcase of the rhythmic expertise of Richards and Watts"

Roy Carr



Charlie Watts, 2009 - But he was mellower with Charlie. *'Keith likes to do a good track and will play it over and over for at least a year (laughs). Endlessly. If you ask him about a track he did two years ago, he'll play it... Like a jazz player, very easy to play with. He doesn't say, 'Ooh, that's horrible'. More like, 'That's the way you want to do it? Let's see what happens. I didn't like it, but YOU liked it.' Very complimentary and comfortable"*

"Playing with the Rolling Stones was much more creative than what people think. Keith writes a song then I can turn it into a samba or a waltz or anything. And if he likes it then that's fine."

PUBLIC IMAGE - All in the eyes

AUSTRALIA 73 - **Mick:** *We've always been accessible to the press. So many of them here, some very rude too. You'd spend time with them, they are nice, but turn out to be total hypocrites putting you down. So why bother ?*



Mhh, what does he want to know that's worth answering?

*"Just don't be rude and stupid. Ok.. Why do I dress like that?
Probably for the same reasons that you dress like you do"*

*"We're not trying to reshape the world, just a
rock'n'roll band. Responsibility? There you go
again, stupid. I just told you we write songs."*

MTV - 1982

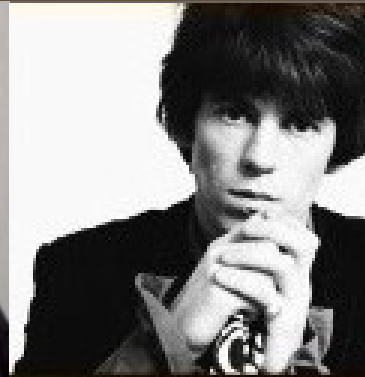


1994 - It was shocking to compare the *Saturday Night Live* parody by Mick with this vibrant, really intelligent, lucid, mind-racing character. He's the exact opposite of what you picture. The man is more creative than anyone I've encountered in my whole life. Whether doing a handwritten fax or playing guitar riffs, he's always inspired. He's remarkable. - **Don Was**

STYLE - Character



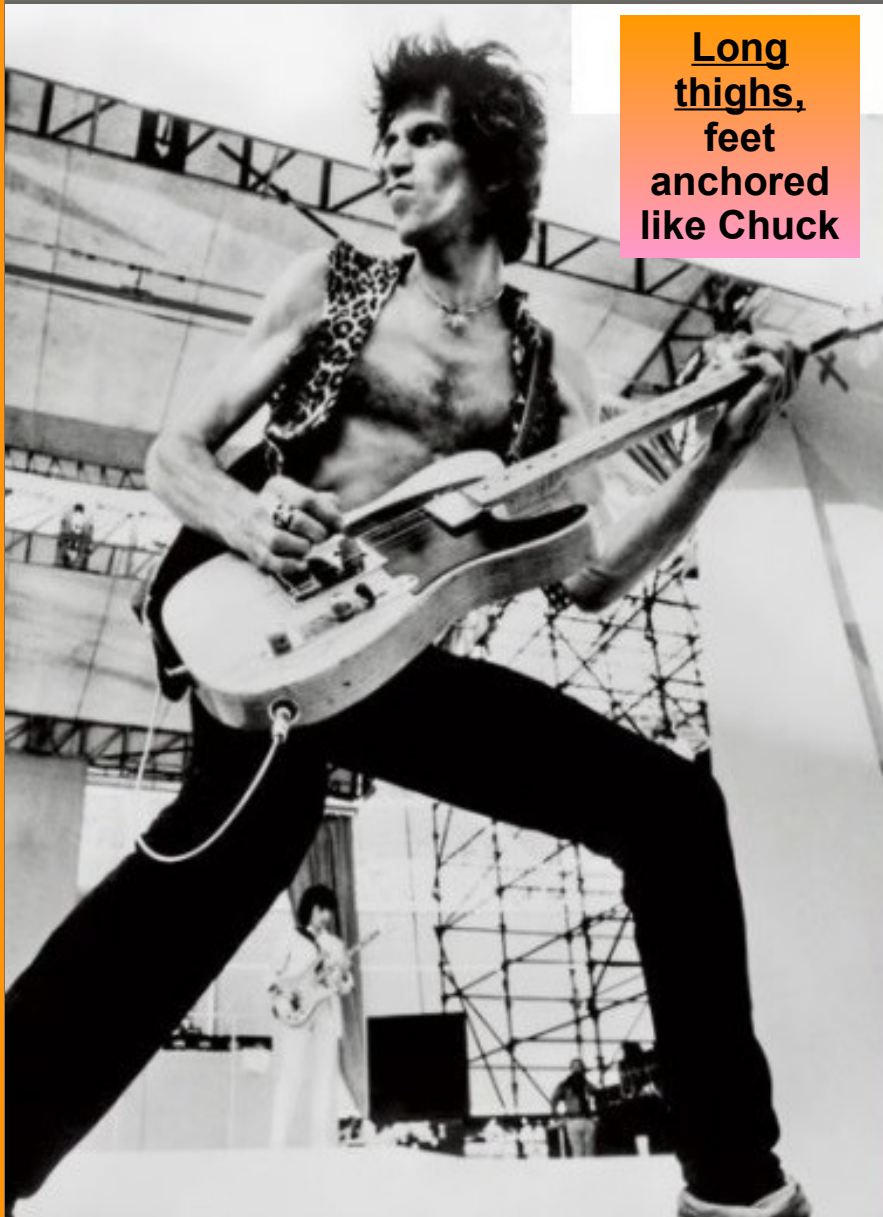
*Romantic:
Dandy & rogue*



*You don't find a style,
a style finds you*

You got the silver

PHYSIQUE



Long
thighs,
feet
anchored
like Chuck



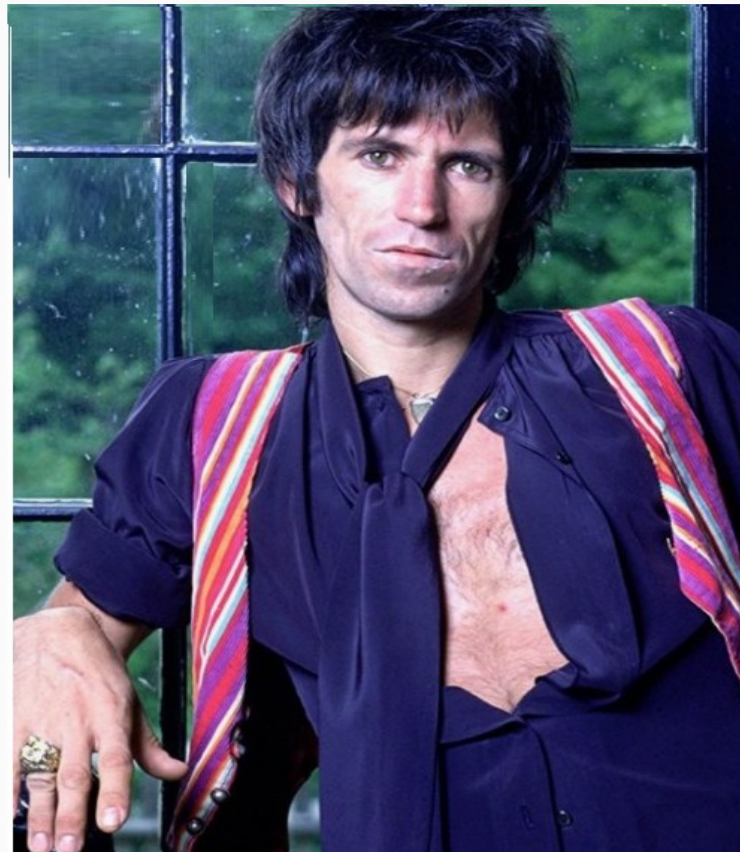
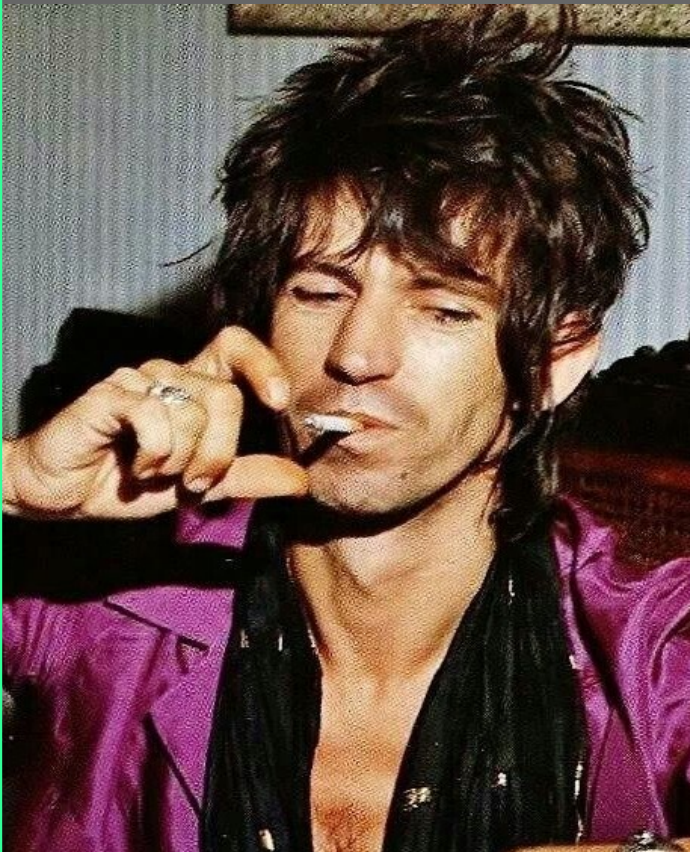
Chuck: *'You know how these British people say Extraordinary? - "Stronray" I swear man, 2 syllables. Jesus, look at that mouth on that bugger will ya! (Steve Jordan)*

Hail hail rock'n'roll
'To understand each other' with
E. Clapton



STYLE - Colours

Anita had a huge influence on my style. I was beginning to wear her clothes. I would wake up and put on what was lying around. We were the same size. It really pissed off Charlie, with his walk-in cupboards of impeccable Savile Row suits, that I started to become a fashion icon for wearing my old lady's clothes. Otherwise it might be whatever was thrown at me on stage and happened to fit. Or I would say to someone I like that shirt, and for some reason they felt obliged to give it to me.



1979 - *'The way Keith dresses is amazing. Often I'll put on one of his belts or something made of tapestry and it looks fuckin' ridiculous on me. Keith has beautiful style. He has a way of putting on clothes together that I'd never dream of. Often Keith wears one of Anita's blouses or waistcoats and it looks great.*

Charlie Watts

Most rock stars wear stage clothes and then other clothes at home. Keith wears the same clothes all the time. I think that's great. He's always Keith Richards.

Ted Newman-Jones, Guitar Maker

I was never really interested very much in my look, so to speak, although I might be a liar there. I used to spend hours stitching old pants together to give them a different look. I'd get four pairs of sailor pants, I'd cut them off at the knee, get a band of leather and then put another colour from the other pair of pants and stitch them in. Lavender and dull rose, as Cecil Beaton says. I didn't realize he was keeping an eye on that shit.

ARTSY - FARTSY in the 60s



I liked the energy that was going into it rather than necessarily liking everything that was being done—that feeling in the air that anything was possible. Otherwise, the stunning overblown pretentiousness of the art world

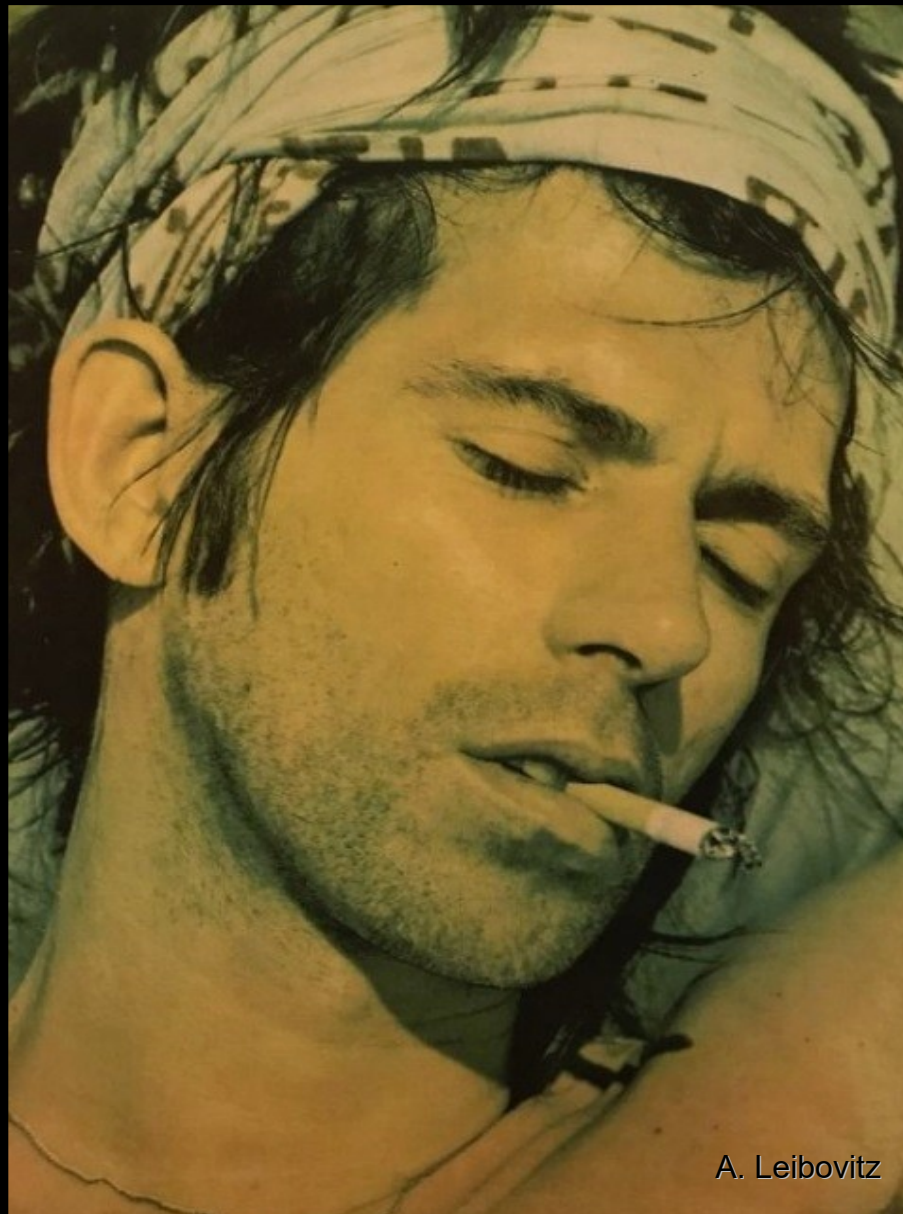
made my skin crawl cold turkey, and I wasn't even using. Allen Ginsberg was staying at Mick's place in London once, and I spent an evening listening to the old gasbag pontificating on everything. It was



the period when Ginsberg sat around playing a concertina badly and making 'ommm' sounds, pretending he was oblivious to his socialite surroundings.



DREAMS



A. Leibovitz

*Vital
dreaming*



'Don't worry, Tony, I just got into bad European habits early.' He went into this shit-faced lecture about how these haggard be-diamonded dowagers at like



Baden-Baden, the geriatric addicts, make the idea of slavery to chemical stimulation elegant, patriotic and humanitarian, not to mention epicurean and highly artistic. He transforms everything into his own romantic fantasy.

Dreamcatcher

★ 1975 - Arrested in Arkansas with Ronnie and Freddie
Outside the courthouse: 2,000 fans pressed against barricades outside the town hall; chanting "Free Keith. Free Keith." (more like 200 according to mayor)

THE CAST IN THE COURTROOM:

Bill Gober. Police Chief, vindictive, enraged. Judge Wynne. Presiding judge in Fordyce, very drunk. Frank Wynne. Prosecuting attorney. The judge's brother. Bill Carter. Well-known, aggressive criminal lawyer, representing the Rolling Stones, native of Little Rock, AK. Tommy Mays. Prosecuting attorney, idealistic, fresh out of law school.
Judge Fairley, brought along by Carter to witness fair play and to keep him out of jail.



Judge: Now, I think what we are judging here is a felony. A felony, gennnmen. I will take summissions. Mr. Attorney?

Young Prosecuting Attorney: Your Honor, there is a problem here about evidence.

Judge: Y'all have to excuse me a minute. I'll recess. [Perplexity in court].

You know I'm gonna place you under arrest, Judge. You damn right I am. Intoxicated. You are publicly drunk, not fit to sit on that bench. You are a disgrace to our community. [He tries to grab him.]

Judge [yelling]: You sonofabitch. Gerraway from me. You threaten me, I'm gonna have your ass outta... [A scuffle.]

Carter [moving to separate them]: Whoa. Now, boys, boys. Let's stop squabbling. This is no time to get the liver out and put the knives in ha ha... We got TV, the world's press outside. Won't look good. You know what the governor's going to say. Let's proceed with the business. I think we can reach some agreement here; Proceeding held up for 10 mn. Judge returns. He had to cross the road and buy Bourbon before the store closed at 10 p.m. The bottle is now in his sock.

Carter [on the phone to Frank Wynne, the judge's brother]: Frank, where are you? You'd better come up. Tom's intoxicated. Yeah. OK. OK.

Judge: Proceed, Mr.... ah... proceed.

Young Prosecuting Attorney: I don't think we can legally do this, your Honor. We don't have justification to hold them. I think we have to let them go.

Police Chief [to judge, yelling]: Damn we do. You gonna let these bastards go?

Courtroom Official: Excuse me, Judge. We have the BBC on live news from London. They want you now.

Judge: Oh yeah. 'Scuse me a minute, boys. Be right back. [He takes a nip from the bottle in his sock.]

Police Chief [still yelling]: Goddamn circus. Damn you, Carter, these boys have committed a felony. We found cocaine in that damn car. What more do you want? I'm gonna bust their asses. They gonna play by our rules down here and I'm gonna hit 'em where it hurts. How much they payin' you, Hoover boy? Unless I get a ruling that the search was legal, I'm gonna arrest the judge for public drunk .

Judge [to BBC]: Oh yeah, I was in England in WWII. Bomber pilot, 385th Bomb Group. Station Great Ashfield. I had a helluva time over there. I love England. Played golf. Wennnworth? Yeah. Now to inform y'all, we're gonna hold a press conference with the boys and explain some of the proceedings here, how the Rolling Stones came to be in our town here an' all.

Police Chief: I got 'em here and I'm holding 'em. I want these limeys, these little fairies. Who do they think they are?

Carter: You want a riot? You seen outside? You wave one pair of handcuffs and you'll lose control of this crowd. The Rolling Stones, for Christ sakes.

Police Chief: and your little boys will go behind bars.

Judge [returned from interview]: What's that?

Judge's Brother [taking him aside]: Tom, we need to confer. There is no legal cause to hold them. We'll have all hell to pay if we don't follow the law here.

Judge: I know it. Sure thing. Yes. Yes. Mr. Carrer. You will all approach the bench.

The fire went out of all except Chief Gober. They found nothing they could legally use from the search: the cocaine belonged to Freddie the hitchhiker and it had been illegally discovered.

Carter and the other lawyers made a deal with the Juge. Keep the hunting knife (still on show in city hall) and drop the charge on that, reduce the reckless driving to a parking ticket for \$162.50.



Carter paid a bond of \$5,000 for Freddie and the cocaine (dismissed later). So Freddie was free to go too. One last condition: we had to give a press conference and be photographed hugging the Juge.

Ronnie and I did our press conference from the bench. I was wearing a fireman's hat and filmed pounding the gavel and announcing to the press, "Case closed."

It was a classic outcome for the Stones.

The choice always was a tricky one for the authorities who arrested us. Do you want to lock them up, or have your photograph taken with them and give them a motorcade to see them on their way?

THE LAW

1975 US Tour - Busted

Ronnie and I wanted to see Texarkana. We drove an Impala from Memphis, heading for Dallas, our next gig. Our US lawyer had warned us not to drive through Arkansas at all, and certainly never to stray from the interstate. They had recently tried to draw up legislation to outlaw rock 'n' roll in these words: "Where there be loudly and insistent four beats to the bar..." - And of course, we were arrested in a roadhouse for just being too long in the toilet, rock 'n' roll being America's main problem according to Nixon, a bad influence on youth and us being the 'most dangerous rock-and-roll band in the world'.



1977 Toronto verdict - *Let's avoid smearing the reputation of Margaret Trudeau, the groupie*

The unusual court order was in part due to a blind fan writing to the judge for leniency for her idol. Keith had seen her on the road after a concert and given her a ride in his limo. He then arranged so she could safely go to other concerts. The band joined Keith to play for the blind. He called her "*my little blind angel*"



Concert at El Mocambo Club

Mick boogied up to introduce 'Starfucker', he spelled it out: 'Aawrite, Margaret?' The next day's Toronto Sun headline was: **'C'MON MAGGIE'** – signalled the start of a political firestorm. The heavy-weight press arrived in Toronto in force. In the week of 7 March, government stocks dropped, followed by the Canadian dollar, which led in turn to disinvestment in the oil industry, a financial panic and a parliamentary censure motion.

Meanwhile, the entertainment columnists were busy flashing their leads about Madcap Madge and her various late-night hotel capers.

Bill Wyman describes Mrs Trudeau and Ron Wood as enjoying a 'quiet liaison'. It was more open than that. Pursued by the press down a hotel corridor one night, they opened a door and narrowly avoided falling down a lift shaft.

There were also reports, filtered through the mist slowly, like a Kremlin health bulletin, that Keith himself was taking more and more smack. He was in bad shape. Would there even be a trial? **C. Sandford**

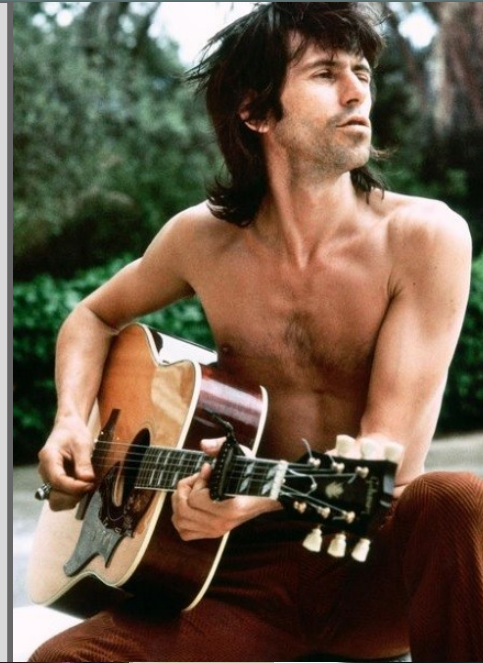
'I wouldn't want my wife to be seen with a Rolling Stones'
said Charlie Watts to journalists.

CHARISMA – The Pied Piper

"In the seventies, it was really Keith and the danger around him. He lived an incredibly dangerous life and he didn't give a fuck; like he's in a movie. He was the Godfather.

Everyone wanted to be like Keith. He was the big Lord Byron figure, mad, bad and dangerous to know. It was a non verbal thing and he wore it so well.

When he plays guitar in a room, he is the center of attention and Jagger is like a little boy running around doing silly things to get some. Keith just sits there, playing, charismatic." **Nick Kent**, NME.



'If you don't create a scene, what's the problem with my taking drugs? I've never turned blue in somebody else's bathroom, I'd consider that the height of bad manners.'



SOCIAL RANK – Public image

The 'Keef' image was partly created by a music press in search of an anti-establishment figurehead, regularly reinventing him as 'the world's most elegantly wasted human being', the Patron Saint of Rock Misbehaviour. (His jokes to credulous journalists did the rest)

Cheery,
cheeky first



then head low, polite: mmhh that



tiring question again, let's see...



1978 – ABC - 'How are you Keith?
- *Fantastic, Baby!*

*How did you survive? - I don't
know or try to analyse it. Me luck
hasn't run out yet, I guess'*

The habit(s) of the 'Minister of Unhealth'
sold a lot of newspapers

I was No. 1 on the 'Most likely to die soon' list for 10 years. It made me laugh. The only chart on which I was No. 1 for 10 years in a row and I was sort of proud of that. I don't think anybody's held that position as long and I was really disappointed when I went down the charts, dropping to No. 9. 'Sweet Jesus, it's over.' These necromantics were given a boost by the stupid story that I went to Switzerland to get my blood changed.

**1978
Oakland**

**'Glimmer
twins'
Mick doesn't
like me to
have any
other male
friends**

True "twins" love

1978 - Playing faster for punks who called them old: "Spitting is not enough, you got to know how to play, kids. We'll bury you!"

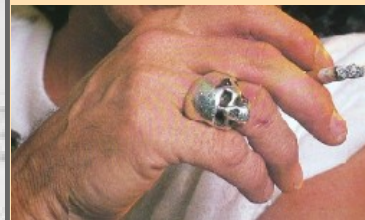
1978 TX- Sweet little sixteen

PUNK ROCK, etc



The recipe was the same. Malcolm McLaren advertised the Sex Pistols like Andrew L. Oldham did The Stones: a pretended rivalry with The Beatles when they were friends as musicians.

Nick Kent - The Clash said: 'No more Rolling Stones in 1977', and yet Nick Jones was fixated on Keith' I played with the Sex Pistols six months before



Lydon, and all of them were totally obsessed with Richards. Malcolm took us to see Keith in London playing with Ronnie Wood.

'His influence on these guys was incredible. All the punk bands loved Keith. They fucking idolised him would have knelt and kissed his ring.'



Then there were The Spice Girls in the 90s, created to cater for 'the new girl' by Bob and Chris Herbert. They started a new trend for them, free, sexy but some on high heels! Like Andrew for the Stones, Malcolm for the punks, they sniffed what was in the air.

MUSIC and POLITICS – FEMINISTS



"SOME GIRLS" 1978

On the original cover you could remove and switch the faces with the slides. There were famous women those we liked. Lucille Ball doesn't like it? OK!



Feminists didn't like it either. We love to get them mad.

Ah, what would you do without guys like us?
Where would you be?
Nowhere.



The offensive words?

'Black girls just want to get fucked all night'. I was on tour with a number of black girls for many years and I know a few who are like that. We would have said yellow or white if they had been like that.

SOCIAL - Image

'Keith's whole public image and private life is a dichotomy. Every reporter who interviews Keith says, 'I was amazed to find him an articulate gentleman.' It's so fuckin' boring. What do they expect? A fuckin' animal in a T-shirt, swizzling beer? What do they think? That he's gonna turn them on, fuck them? People can be so stupid.'

John Phillips, 1979

- 'We are imprisoned by other people's fantasies. It's a drag the way people dig evil. It's their fascination with evil that locks us into this projection of it.' **Mick Jagger**



A public image has a long shadow you can still see after sunset.

- Dangerous outlaw - *"An image is a ball and chain to drag. I am just a kitten with its claws. I never tried to live up to this image of me made by the media. It's a sucker's game. But sometimes I use it to make my point..."*

He learned to use knives and machetes in Jamaica for fun, but guns in New York to defend himself.

Keith always stepped in to defend the Stones. When some guy called them faggots on stage in New York, Keith stuck his boot in his face.

SOCIAL – Anger & Respect

1979

Coming off dope, buried impulses or feelings resurfaced maybe and when I went back to Paris to finish Emotional Rescue with Lil, my finger was on the hair trigger, metaphorically speaking.

My reactions were certainly quicker, and my anger too.

When my blood gets heated I get irate. The red curtain is back before my eyes, and I might do anything. I hate the person who puts me in that position where force comes up. You're more scared of yourself than anything else. Because you know that you've gone to the point of no return and do anything, you could kill, just like that, and then have to wake up to say, "What happened?" "Well, you ripped his throat out."

When it happens to me, I'm scared of myself. It may be something to do with getting used to taking beatings when I was a kid, being the smallest guy in the class.



Don Smith: Keith and I met at the flat to walk to work, stopped at this bar to have a drink. As soon as we came in, this DJ started playing Stones songs. After the second one, Keith walked up and politely said: *'Could you not do that? We're just having a drink on the way to work'* The guy puts on another and another. Keith jumps across, grabs the guy and already has him on the ground with his knee on him. *'Hey, Keith, we should go'* - Yeah, OK.

In '73, the new keyboardist **Billy Preston** was playing too loud and wouldn't listen to Keith who finally got his point across by showing his knife.

In '82 in Berlin, he pulled his knife at a DJ's throat who kept on playing disco despite several polite requests for Motown.

1989 - From a witness: a bigwig lawyer in the music business, invited by Mick, came to Montserrat to discuss a contract on the tour. He seemed to think highly of his producing abilities. We're playing back "Mixed Emotions," Keith is standing there with his guitar on, Mick's there and we're listening to it. The song finished, the guy says: *'Keith, great song, man, but if you arranged it a little bit differently it would be so much better'*. So Keith went to his doctor's bag and pulled out a knife, threw it and it landed right between the bloke's legs, boingg. *'Listen, sonny, I was writing songs before you were a glint on your father's dick. Don't you tell me how to write songs'*. And he walked out. Mick had to smooth it over.

My security man and friend **Gary Schultz** was there with me once in a nightclub in Paris, and this little French fucker was really being obnoxious. He was just out of it.

I was with Lil and he was trying to pull a number on her and I just went, "*What did you say?*" He said: "*What?*" I had a wineglass with a long stem. I cracked off the base so I had the stem, put him down on his knees with the stem of this wineglass at his throat. I'm hoping I'm not going to crush the bowl of the glass because right now, I've got the advantage. He was with a whole lot of friends, I was dealing with his buddies too. So it was just a matter of being really overdramatic. "*Take him away.*" And they did luckily; otherwise his mates would have done us.



A blade should be used to play for time, a shooter to make sure you get your point across. You've got to be convincing. Like in one incident from this period. Trying to get a cab in Paris as a foreigner. There are 20 cabs in the line waiting there doing nothing. So you go to the first one, and he'll send you to the one behind who sends you to the front again. You'd realize

'those guys just want to fuck with people' and you start to growl objectionably, kick up some sand. It's their idea of fun to piss around with foreigners, old ladies too.

I put the blade to one of them: "*You're taking me.*" I heard that they're worse to French people from the provinces.



'PARIS is a lovely city if it weren't for Parisians.'

SOCIAL 'Don't fuck with me' - Again

'Johnny
you're too
bad'



Once you're a junkie, your smack's your daily bread. You don't really get off anymore that much. Sometimes, when there's no shit at all, then you've got to go down to the pits, the fucking pool of piranhas down there. It happened to me a couple of times in NY East Side and in LA. We knew the trick—you'd score upstairs, and on your way down the other bunch would take it back off you again. You'd hear it going on while you're waiting for your turn. The thing was to leave quietly, and if you saw anybody outside you'd give them a kick in the balls.

A couple of times I said: 'Fuck it, let's go for it. You cover me. You stay down there, and as I come down with the shit I'll go bang, and they'll go bang and then you go bang. Shoot out the lightbulbs and put a few bullets around and do the run, sparks flying.'

The statistics are well on your side against being hit when you're a moving target, 1000 to 1, you're going to win. You have to be very close and have to have good eyesight to shoot out a lightbulb. And it's dark. Flash, bang, wallop and get out of there. I loved it. It was real OK Corral stuff. Only did it twice.

OK
Corral



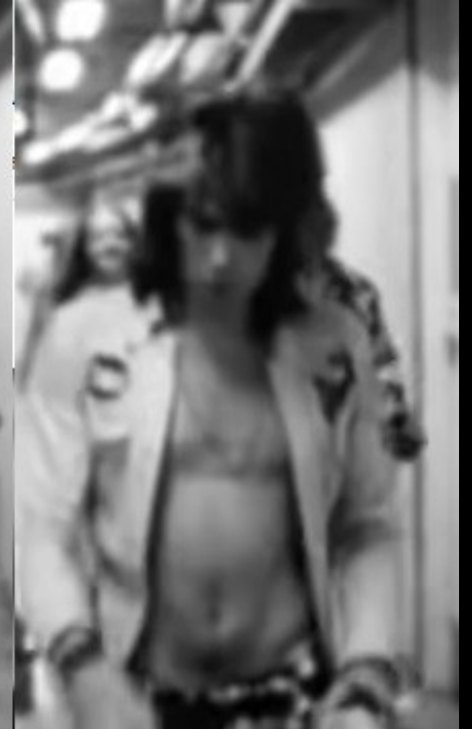
Keith puts reality into the Stones. Junk (heroin) or no junk
it's the ONLY reality.

Jack Nitzsche musical arranger

Image (bis)



mmhh whiskey



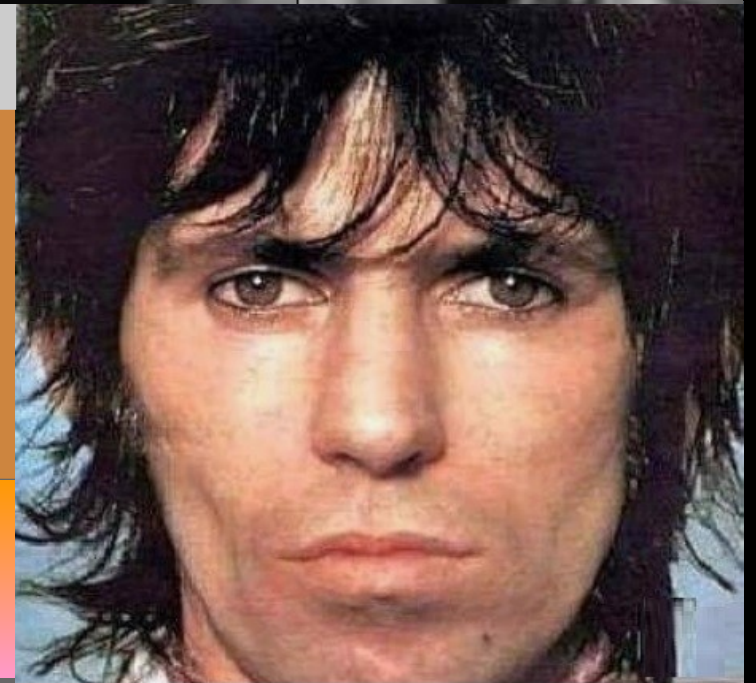
***You wanna meet Keith Richards?
Husband, father? Ah, Keef !***

Drink has never been a problem. I've written some of my best things pissed out of my mind.

Peter Cook once asked him if he wanted tonic water with his whisky, he said: *'I don't want to rust'.*

**Is this bad boy look still hard enough?
I feel a smile coming on, shit**

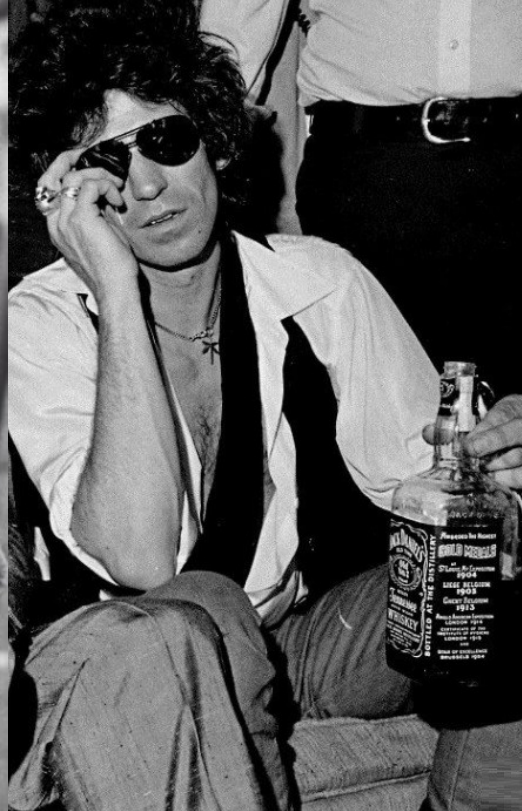
Am I still pretty enough?



SOCIAL - Image



Too old to be a brat, too bratty to be a snob and too rich to face mundane obstacles, Keith can and does make his own rule. A charter subscriber to Bob Dylan's dictum that *"To live outside the law, you must be honest"*



He's upfront and unabashed. Asked about his forthrightness with the press, he says: *'How can I possibly remember what lie I said a month ago?'* The impression Richards gives is of someone perfectly content with whos he is and what he does with no evident regard for judgments. **Sean Egan**

Keith has never grown up, in my opinion. He's always at war with himself. He's a rubbery kind of person, he bounces off anything, he comes back. Nobody knows how he does it, he's always there. A great character. If you went to make circus characters out of the Stones he would be the clown who is always being beaten up but gets up again. Mick would be like the white clown. But Keith was the rhythm player, he was putting out the fuckin' energy. **Giorgio Gomelsky, first promotor.**

GOING ON STAGE AND PLAYING NO MATTER WHAT

Our biggest problem with huge stadiums was the sound. How do you convert it into a club? A perfect R & R theater would be a really large garage, made of brick, with a bar at the end. There isn't an ideal venue in the world that's made to play this music.

You wedge yourself into spots made to do other things. There are some like the Astoria, Roseland in New York, Paradiso in Amsterdam. A good Chicago one called Checkerboard.

They've an optimum size. But outdoors on those big stages, you never quite know what's in store.



You hope the sound fills the room and is not like a bat whisper. You played yesterday in a little rehearsal room and sounded fantastic, but on the big stage, it's like 3 mice caught in a trap. In the Bigger Bang tour we had Dave Natale, the best sound man I've ever worked with. But even with his skill, you can never test the sound until it's filled up with bodies.

And when Mick walks down the ramp, you can't trust that what he's hearing out there is the same as what we're hearing. It might be off a fraction of a second, but the beat's gone. And now he's singing the song Japanese-style unless we put a brake on it for a second. Real art.

GOING ON STAGE AND PLAYING NO MATTER WHAT



You need to be so together to know how to turn the beat around so that it's in the right place.

Change from off beat to on beat and back twice, but the audience won't notice it. I'll wait for Charlie to look at Mick to readjust to his body talk, not the



sound you can't trust because of echo. Charlie does a little stutter and watch where Mick's gonna come down, and bang I'm in.

You want to run down these ramps, but you can't play very well on the run. And then you've got to run back. You think, why am I doing this? What we've learned is that it doesn't matter how big the stadium is, if you focus the band all around one spot, you can pretend it's small. With the TV screens now, the audience can see 4 or 5 guys really tight together. That's a far more powerful image than us all over the place, running around. The more we do it, the more we realize it's the screen they're watching. I'm like a matchstick; I'm only five-foot-ten and I can't get any bigger any way you look at it.

GOING ON STAGE AND PLAYING NO MATTER WHAT

THE WEATHER

Another guy joins the band on outdoor stages - GOD. 'Who does he think he is? I can't wait to meet him. Does he know who we are? We are the Rolling Stones!

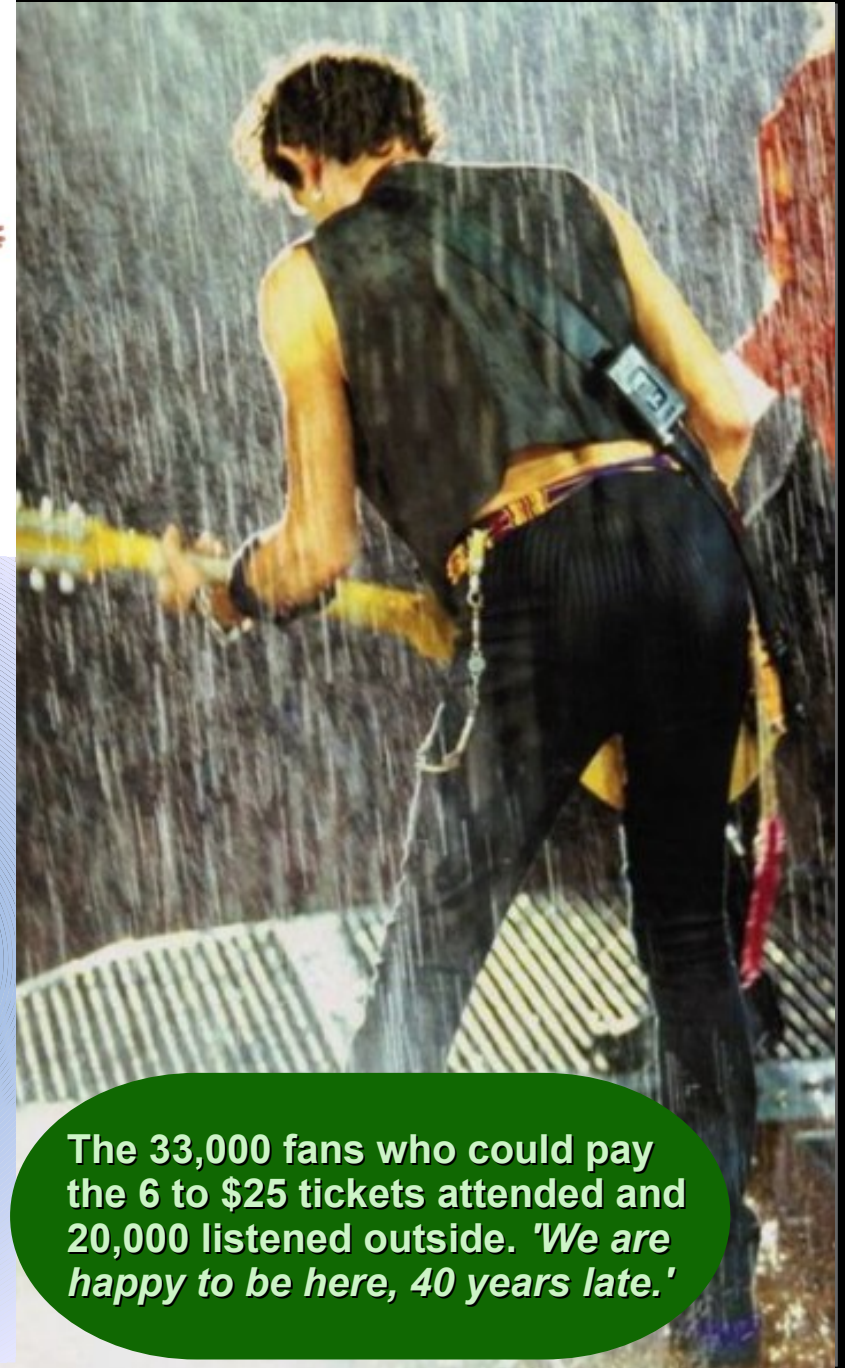
Either he's benign or he can come at you with wind from the wrong direction and the sound is swept out of the park, and somebody is getting the best Stones sound in the world, but they're two miles away and they don't want it. Luckily, I have the magic stick.



Before the shows start, we do a sound check and I traditionally have one of my rods in my hand and make some cabbalistic signs in the sky and on the floor of the stage. OK, the weather's gonna be cool. It's a fetish, but if I come to an open-air gig without a stick, they think I'm ill. The weather usually comes around by showtime.

Some of our best gigs have been in the worst conditions. In Bangalore, our first gig in India, the monsoon actually came down in the middle of the opening song and pissed down throughout the show. You couldn't see the fret board for rain splashing and squirting all over the place. Monsoon in Bangalore, that's what we still call it, but it was a great show.

Sleet, snow, rain or anything, the audience always stays. If you stay with them, under the worst conditions in the world, they'll stay and rock and forget about it.



The 33,000 fans who could pay the 6 to \$25 tickets attended and 20,000 listened outside. *'We are happy to be here, 40 years late.'*

GOING ON STAGE AND PLAYING NO MATTER WHAT

WEATHER – The worst ones are when there's a cold snap. That's really hard to work, when the fingers are freezing. There are very few of them—we try and avoid them—and Pierre will have guys backstage to give us little heat bags to put on for a few minutes until the next song starts, just trying to keep our fingers from freezing.



ACCIDENT - I have a scar from burning my finger to the bone while playing the very first number one night. It was my fault. I told everybody, stand back, there's a big pyro to start with, then I forgot, went out there, the fireworks were going off, and a lump of white phosphorus settled on my finger. And it's steaming and burning. I know I can't touch it—if I do, I'm going to spread it. I'm playing "Start Me Up" and let my finger burn through to the bone. I'm watching my white bone for the next 2 hours.



AIR – There was a show in Milan where I really knew that I was losing it. It was in the '70s, and I could barely stand; I couldn't breathe. The air was totally dead, it was hot and I started to feel myself going. Mick was just about holding himself up. Charlie always has some shade, but I was out in the pollution of Milan, the heat and the chemicals there in the brutal sun. There have been a couple of shows like that.



FEVER - I've woken up with a temperature of 103°, but I'm going to go on. I'll probably sweat it out on stage. Most times I do. I've had terrible fevers and I'm totally cured at the end of the show, just because of the nature of the job. At times I should have cancelled the show and stayed in bed. But if I think I can totter up there, I will. With a bit of sweating, I'll pull through.



PUKE - There are occasions when I've actually been sick on stage. How many times I've turned round behind the amplifiers and chucked up, you wouldn't believe! Mick pukes behind the stage. Ronnie pukes behind the stage too. Sometimes it's the conditions: not enough air, too much heat. Throwing up is not such a big deal. It's in order to make you better. "Where's Mick gone?" "He's chucking up backstage." "Well, me next!"

MUSIC – The essence



When you go on the road you become a machine; your whole routine is geared to the gig, you prepare for the show; your mind's on it all day. Afterwards you have a few hours free if you're not knackered. Once I start a tour it takes me two or three shows to find my line, to get to the groove I'm in, then I can work it forever. Mick has a lot more physically to do than I do, except that I am carrying five or six pounds of guitar. He does a lot of training. I train to preserve energy by breathing.

The grind is the travelling, the hotel food, whatever. It's hard sometimes. But once I hit the stage, all of that miraculously goes away. The real release is getting on stage, sheer fun and joy. Some stamina, of course, is needed. Mick does about 10 miles, I do about 5 miles with a guitar around my neck, every show.

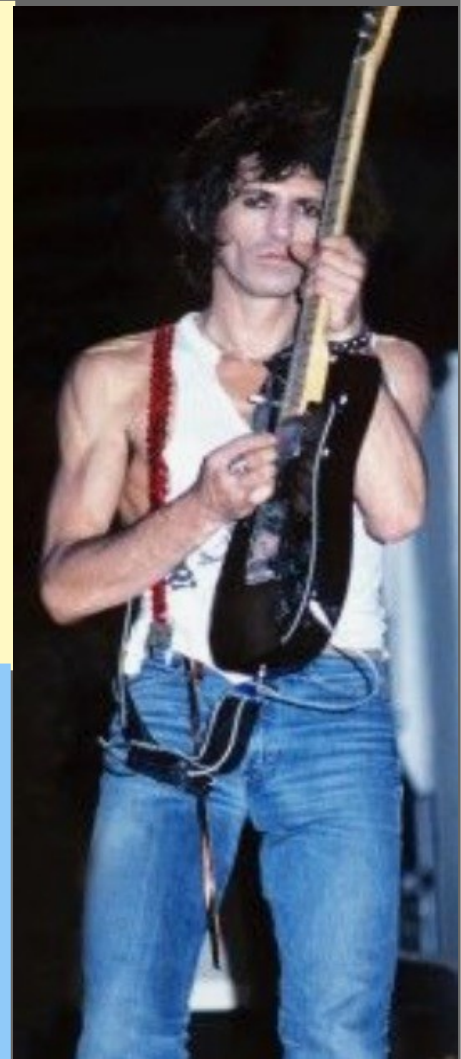
The only way I can sustain the impetus over the long tours is by feeding off the energy that we get back from an audience. That's

my fuel. All I've got is this burning energy, especially when I've got a



guitar in my hands. Yeah, come on, let it go. Give me some energy and I'll give you back double. If the place was

empty, I couldn't do it. It's like some enormous dynamo.



One minute we're just hanging with the guys and suddenly we're up there. My whole being goes up a couple of notches. "Ladies and gentlemen, the Rolling Stones." I've heard that 40-odd years, but the minute I'm out there, it's like I was driving a Datsun and suddenly it's a Ferrari. At that first chord I play, I can hear the way Charlie's going to hit into it and the way Darryl's going to play into that. It's like sitting on top of a rocket.

SOCIAL - Friends



True friends are the hardest thing to find but you never look for them, they find you. You just grow into each other.

**1981 - [Under my thumb](#) – Tempe AZ –
Bad vibes in the Glimmer Twins: Jagger asked to be announced as
"Mick Jagger & the Rolling Stones"**

SOCIAL - Friends

Affinities around writing critical parodies and metaphors: Bob Dylan, John Lennon, Tom Waits - 'Saturday night live' : John Belushi, Dan Ackroyd, Bill Murray – When not on the road, he spent much time with the 'Monty Python' crew and Peter Cook.



FRIENDS - Freddie Sessler

Gig in Boston on July 19, 1972 - First we got searched and I was waiting, sleeping on the fender of a fire truck. I felt a sudden explosion of heat—a flashbulb right in my face—and I just leaped up and grabbed the camera, kicked the photographer. And I got arrested. That day the Puerto Ricans got pissed off and the mayor of Boston said: *'I've got to deal with this riot, and don't give me a Rolling Stones riot on the same day'* and let us off.

The other big event was facing Freddie Sessler for the first time. Back then everybody would come to my room. I wasn't busy and he looked intriguing. Jewish to the max, dressed in ridiculous clothes. What a character. *"I've got something you'll like,"* he said. He pulled out this full ounce, with a still-unbroken seal, of pure Merck cocaine. *"This is a gift. I love your music."* This is the stuff that when you open it, it almost flies out the bottle, swoosh. So once a month,

Freddie would deliver a full ounce of pure cocaine for free. Freddie and I just hit it off. He was 20 years older than me.



He lived through the Nazi invasion of Poland, a horror story and a miraculous survival. Only 3 of the 54 of his relatives survived. Freddie quickly became a fixture on tour. He took on the role of my dad for 10 or 15 years after that, without realizing it.

He was a pirate, an adventurer and an outsider, with extraordinarily good contacts.

He was very funny, sharp as a razor. He'd made a fortune about 5 times, blown it each time and made it again: with pencils, lightbulbs, snake venom for multiple sclerosis, which failed the FDA. He put a lot of money into the doomed Amphicar. Dan Aykroyd has one. You've got bridges, no?

Freddie was like a Leonardo of sorts. The minute things worked, he was bored to death and he'd blow it. Of course Mick didn't take to Freddie. He despised him. He only put up with him because he would do things for him and not even let me know, like put him in touch with this whore or this bitch. He got to Freddie when he wanted something and Freddie obliged.

People said he was crude, insulting, vulgar, and so? Horrible, revolting, over the top, stupid at times, but solid. I was stupid and over the top too. He didn't care, didn't give a shit. He said he died at 15. *"I'm dead anyway. Everything else from here on is gravy, even if it's shit. Let's make the shit into gravy if we can."* And that's the way I took Freddie's basic "fuck it" attitude.

He was 15 when he saw his grandfather and his uncle being tortured and shot by two Nazi officers, while he held on to his terrified grandmother. Very Pasternak in subject matter, and it explains what made this man I came to be so close to. His autobiography tells first of a well-off middle-class Jewish family in Kraków in 1939, going to their summer home outside the town, with its stables, barns and mowed lawns. A Gypsy woman had come across the poppy fields to read his fortune; she predicted doom for the entire family, except 3 members, 2 of them absent from Poland, the third is Freddie, who will go east to Siberia.



The Germans came in late '39. He was sent to a labor camp in Poland, escaped and spent several weeks running and hiding in the frozen forest, stealing from farmhouses, crossed a frozen river at night with bullets landing around him and ran straight into the arms of the Red Army. These were the days of the Hitler-Stalin pact, but anything was better than Germans. Freddie was sent to a Siberian Gulag. He was 16 and managed to survive the unremitting punishment and desperation of the Siberian conditions, but later in life Freddie would wake up screaming with nightmares. He and the few of his Polish fellow prisoners who were still alive were released when Germany invaded Russia. With thousands others and only three hundred made it.



Freddie joined the Polish army, got typhoid, got discharged and joined the Polish navy in 1942. The ship's doctor introduced him to pharmaceutical cocaine. Fred's brother Siegi, the only other surviving member of his family of 7 children, was in Paris when the Germans invaded Poland. He joined the Polish army and managed to get to England. Freddie joined him in London after the war. Siegi became a famous club owner, co-owner of Les Ambassadeurs, which quickly became a hangout for generals and Hollywood stars who came to entertain US troops. When he opened Siegi's Club in Mayfair in 1950, he'd become personal friends with the likes of Marilyn Monroe, Frank Sinatra, Ronald Reagan and Bing Crosby. It became the hangout of Princess Margaret, the Aga Khan and the like. So Siegi and by proxy Freddie, were well connected. It served Freddie well on at least 2 occasions I know of.

Once in New York airport he was arrested for some gear and the whole incident disappeared. In 1999, on the No Security tour, he was arrested for possession in Las Vegas, taken to the cells. Freddie made his call and 3 hours later he had a letter of apology from the mayor's office, the gear and the money handed back. When I met Freddie he had his Hair Extension Center in NY—inspired by his own woven hair attachments. Cocaine and Quaaludes were his drugs and he had access to the very best of them. (A scheme in Miami to treat obesity with appetite suppressants and Quaaludes)

Freddie moved it to Jamaica. He actually owned drugstores and doctors too. Strategically positioned across NY, they would write prescriptions to his drugstores. During any week there was \$20,000 worth of pharmaceuticals coming in and going out of Freddie's various places. He never sold "recreational" drugs, but he liked to give his friends the same access he had, to relieve them from getting it on the street. It gave him great satisfaction to contribute to the greater glory of rock and roll.

FRIENDS



Freddie's costumes were terrible. Cowboy boots with a leisure suit tucked into them. *"How do you like this? Pretty cool, eh?"* Silk fucking jacket and little hipster pants with a great big arse sticking out the back. It was Polish. He would have these girlfriends who would deliberately dress him up ridiculously: *"You look great!"* A Hawaiian shirt and a brown Nudie suit tucked into some cowboy boots, and they'd put a bowler hat on him. But Freddie knew what was going on. He was always trawling for young girls down in the lobby: *"Freddie, get them out. We're not going there, baby."*



Once in Chicago there was a big party in my room and loads of bimbos, Freddie's. They'd been there for 12 hours and I was getting sick of it, *'Get the fuck out'*. For five minutes I tried without success. So boom, I fired a shot through the floor. There was nobody in Ronnie's room directly below mine. That cleared the room in a cloud of dust, skirts and bras. What amazed me was after that, I waited for security to come up or the cops, and nothing fucking happened!

A lot of people didn't like Freddie. *"This guy's bad for Keith."* People like Peter Rudge, the manager, and Bill Carter, the lawyer, saw Freddie as a big risk. But Freddie wasn't just getting high and bent on self-gratification. He had the weird, beautiful vision of let's be who we are, it doesn't matter. A part of that fearlessness in the '60s: let's just break the boundaries. Who are we to bow to every goddamn cop, every accepted social correctness? (Which has got even worse. Freddie would have hated it now.)

Just scratch the surface, let's see what's underneath these people. And mostly you'd find there's very little substantial conviction behind them. If you just take 'em on, they crumble. Freddie offered me protection, filtering people out of the travelling gang. But I can understand.

First he was very close to me, which meant he couldn't be reined in that easily. And that was basically 90% of the barrier. Then I always heard the stories of how Freddie was ripping me off, scalping tickets and so on. So fucking what? Compared to the spirit and friendship? Go ahead, pal, scalp as much as you fucking like.

1985 - **Tom Waits** - We did 'Rain Dogs' in NY and someone asked if there was anybody else I wanted to play on the record. I said, how about Keith Richards? I was just kidding, like saying Count Basie or Duke Ellington, you know? But Chris Blackwell knew Keith from Jamaica. One phone call. Sure enough, we got a message: *"The wait is over. Let's do it."* So he came to RCA with about 150 guitars. Everybody loves music, but you want music to love you. Obvious to him. You're not writing it, it's writing you, you're its flute or its trumpet, you're its strings. He's like a frying pan made from one piece of metal. He can heat it up really high and it won't crack, it just changes colour. You have preconceived ideas about people from their records, but the real experience, ideally, hopefully, is better. We kind of circled each other like two hyenas, looked at the ground, laughed and then we just put something on. He has impeccable instincts, like a predator. He played on three songs on that record: "Union Square," we sang on "Blind Love" and on "Big Black Mariah" he played a great rhythm part.



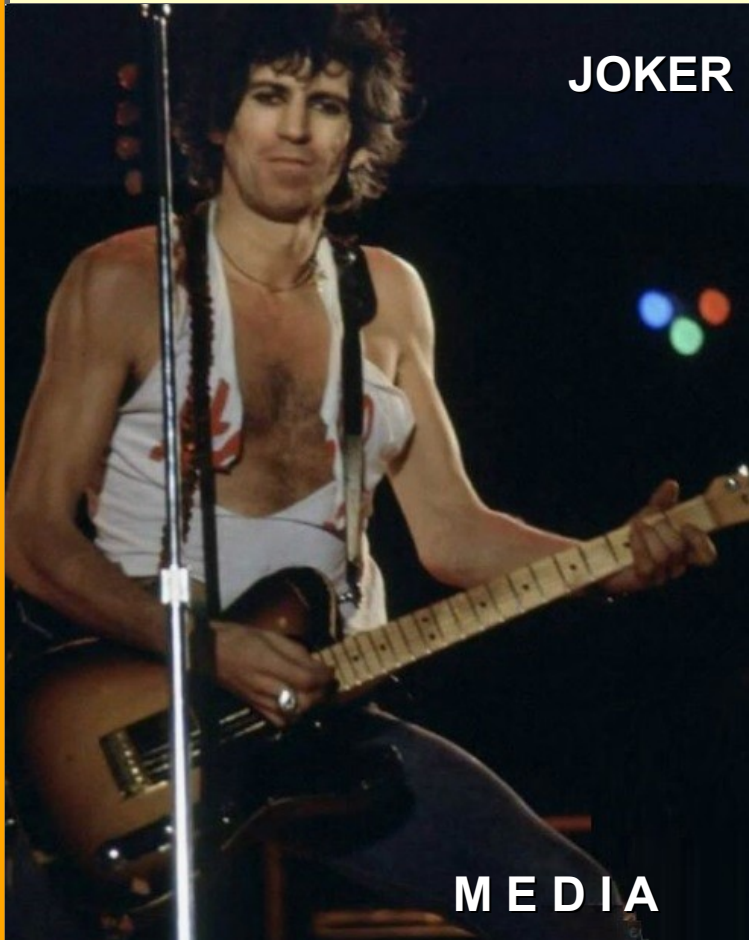
Then a few years later we hooked up in California. We got together every day at Brown Sound, one of those funky old rehearsal places that smelled like diesel. We started writing. You have to be relaxed enough around someone to throw out any kind of twisted idea that might test your mind, that comfort zone.



Once I taped a Sunday Baptist preacher coming right out of the radio: "The Carpenter's Tools"! We laughed about it for some time. Then Keith played me a copy he had of "Jesus Loves Me," sung by Aaron Neville, just a cappella. He likes rough diamonds, he likes Zulu music, Pygmy music, the arcane, obscure and impossible to categorize music. One of my favourite things that he did is Wingless Angels. The first thing you hear is the crickets, and you're outside. His contribution to capturing the sounds on that record just feels a lot like him.

In the old days they said the sound of the guitar could cure gout, epilepsy, sciatica and migraines. That applies to Keith; nowadays there seems to be a deficit of wonder. Keith still wonders about this stuff. He will stop and hold his guitar up and just stare at it for a while, just mystified by it. Like all the great things in the world, women and religion and the sky... you wonder about it, and you don't stop wondering about it.

1963 - TV show "Thank Your Lucky Stars" - Singing also on the show was ex-milkman C. Douglas, who had called them "Those scum". Outside of his dressing room, a milk bottle was left with a note saying: *"2 pints, please"*.



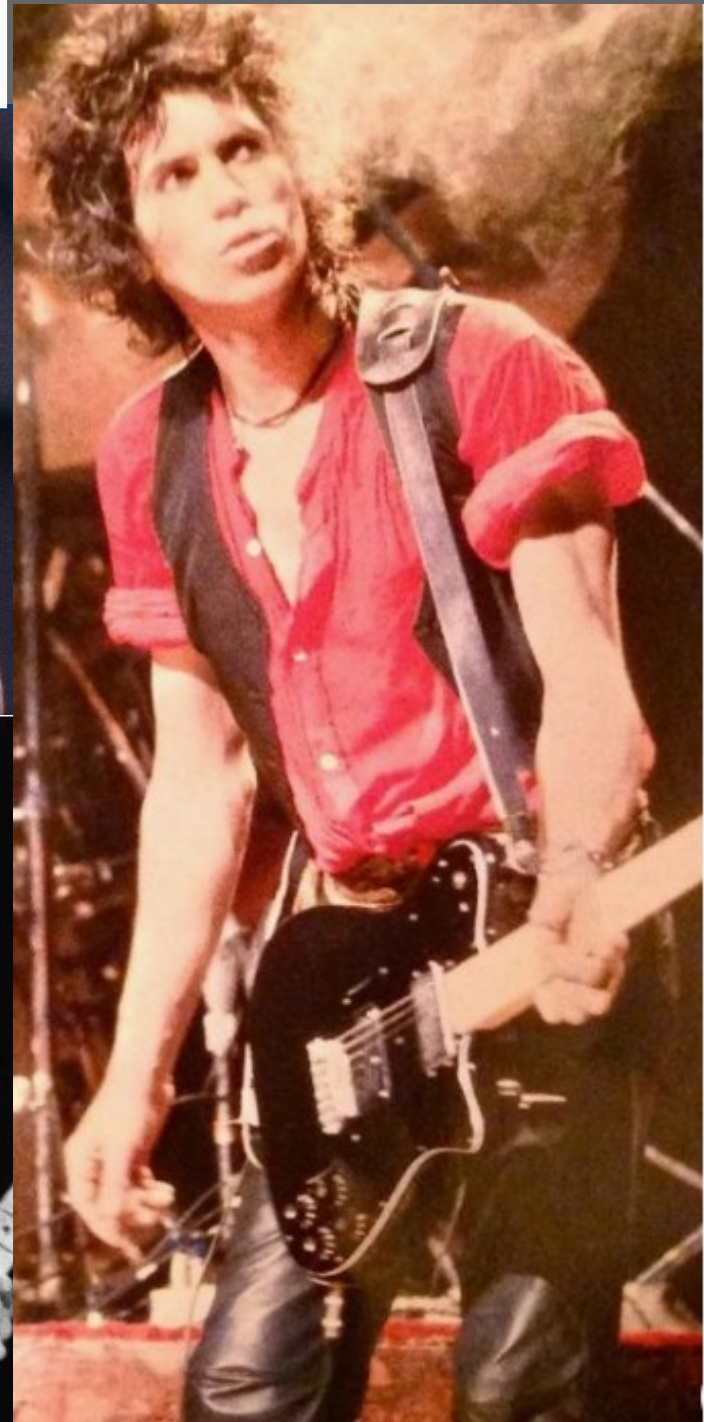
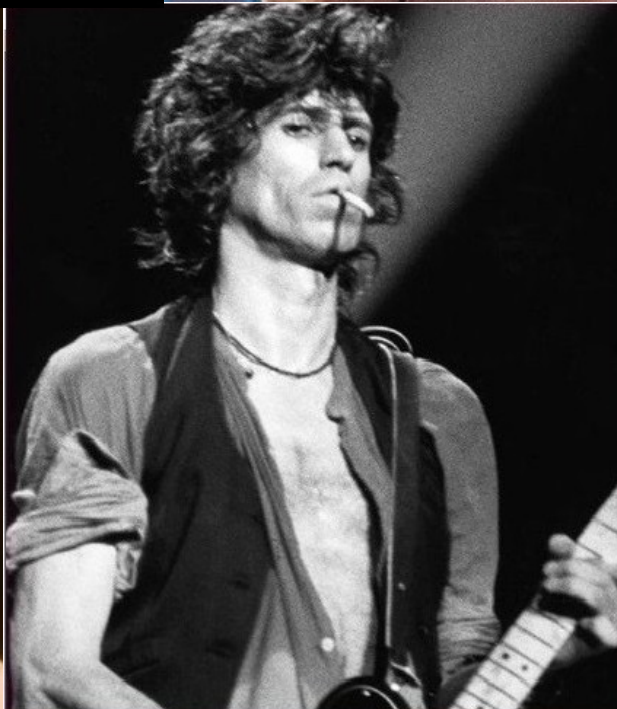
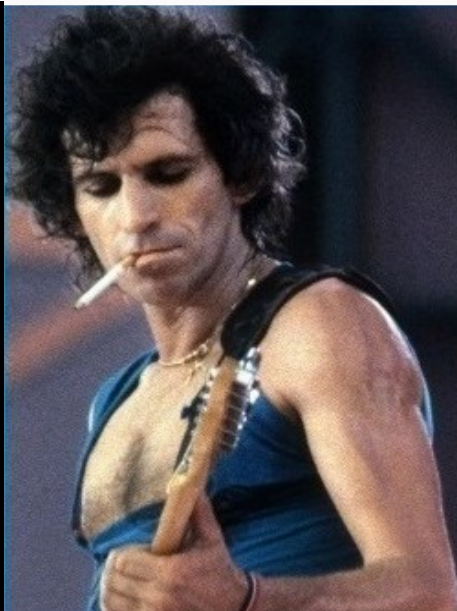
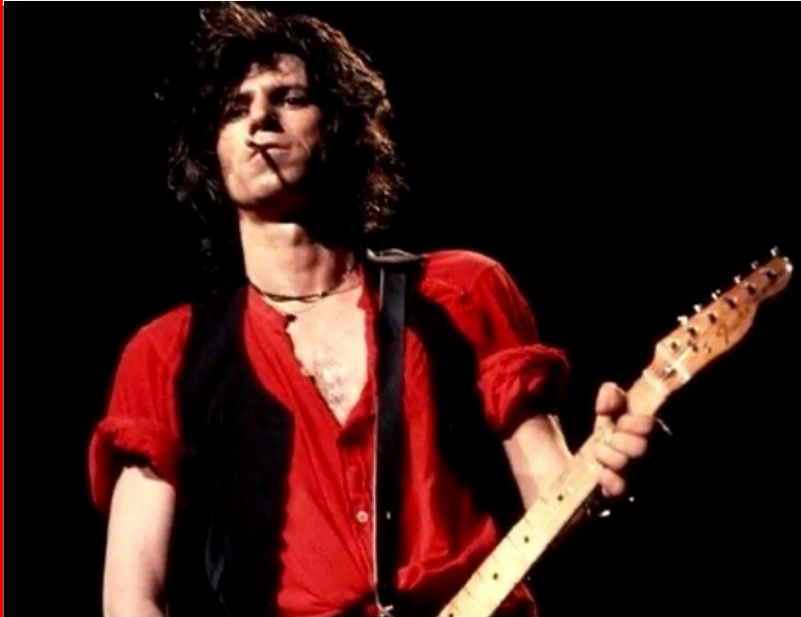
1994 -
'Some people should
watch their mouth or
watch my fist fly in
their mouth'



2016 -
The light brown eyes that flash from humorous warmth to
soul-freezing danger in a fraction less than a wink –
Ian Fortnam

ESSENCE OF MUSIC

MUSIC IS A NECESSITY



*After
food, air,
water,
warmth
and
fucking,
music is
a
necessity
of life*

Guitars and books



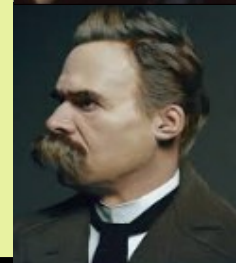
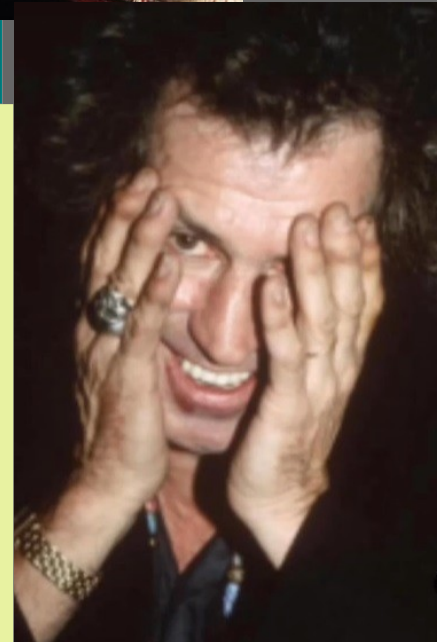
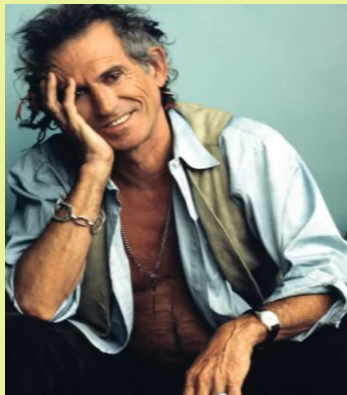
1983 - Marlon - In the 80s I asked Dad if I could have guitar lessons. "No son of mine is going to be a guitar player," he said: "Certainly not. I want you to grow up to be a lawyer or an accountant." He was joking, but very dry, and I was quite traumatized.



2010 - He wrote his memoirs that year and when it sold millions of copies worldwide, he said: 'I should have been a librarian, not a bleeding musician'



ooh my head



Nietzsche
Without music, life would make no sense

MUSIC - Composing

It was like this: 'Are you going to go into that room and come up with something? If you do that I don't give a damn if you're snorting God'



The Vault -
Hampton
Coliseum -
1981



What fuel you're running on is immaterial, as long as you deliver the goods. Bill wrote that the main problems of the Stones recording was that Mick wanted hits while Keith couldn't give a shit.



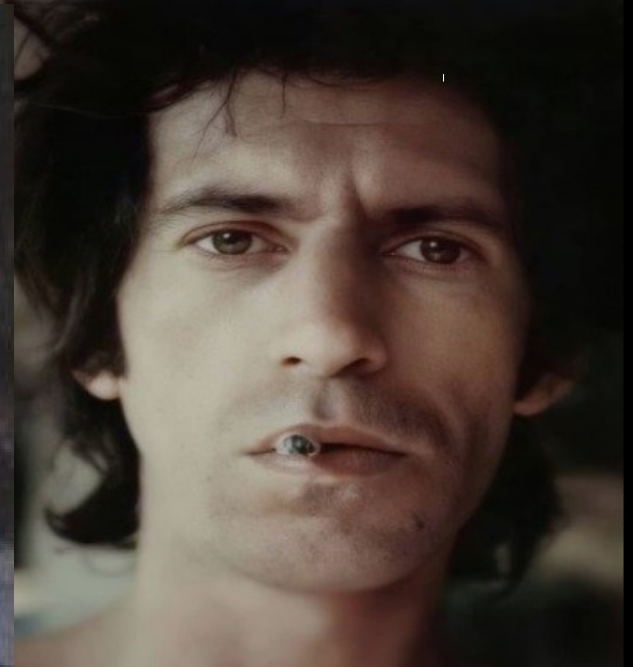
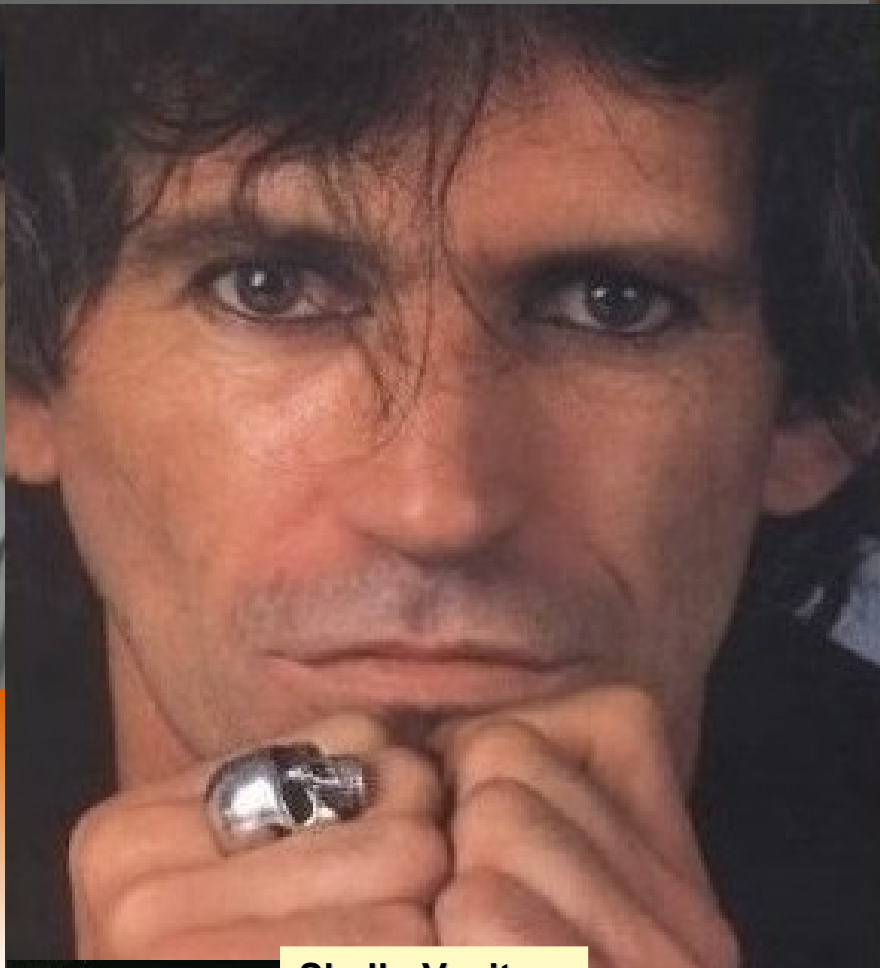
1981 US Tour -
When the Stones performed every man felt like a man and every woman felt like a woman.
Bill Graham, promoter

[Just my imagination](#)

[unplugged](#)

[Beast of burden](#) – Sun Devil Stadium - Tempe, AZ
(guitars, & sax smooth as water flowing)

LIVING AND SURVIVING



Skull - Vanitas

We are nothing but
bones, mere
mortals



***'What is the most important thing in your life? - Living it, you know.
Anybody would have to be an idiot to say otherwise. You have a life, you live it. Simple.'***

LIVING & SURVIVING

As early as 1973, tabloids called them "The Strolling Bones". In 1994, Keith said: *'Fuck the press, assholes. I got news for you, we're still a bunch of tough bastards. String us up and we still won't die.'*



In 2013, tabloids wrote: "The night of the living dead" for Glastonbury concert.

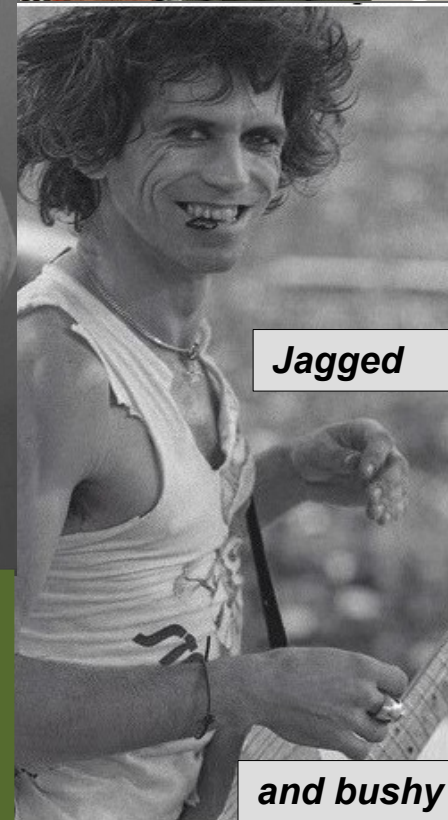


LIFE AND SURVIVAL

1997 – Princess Di – When asked if he would have sung for the funeral, Keith said: 'I didn't know the chick. Elton's great gift, is singing for dead blondes. I'd find it difficult to ride on the back of something like that myself, but Reg' is so showbiz.'



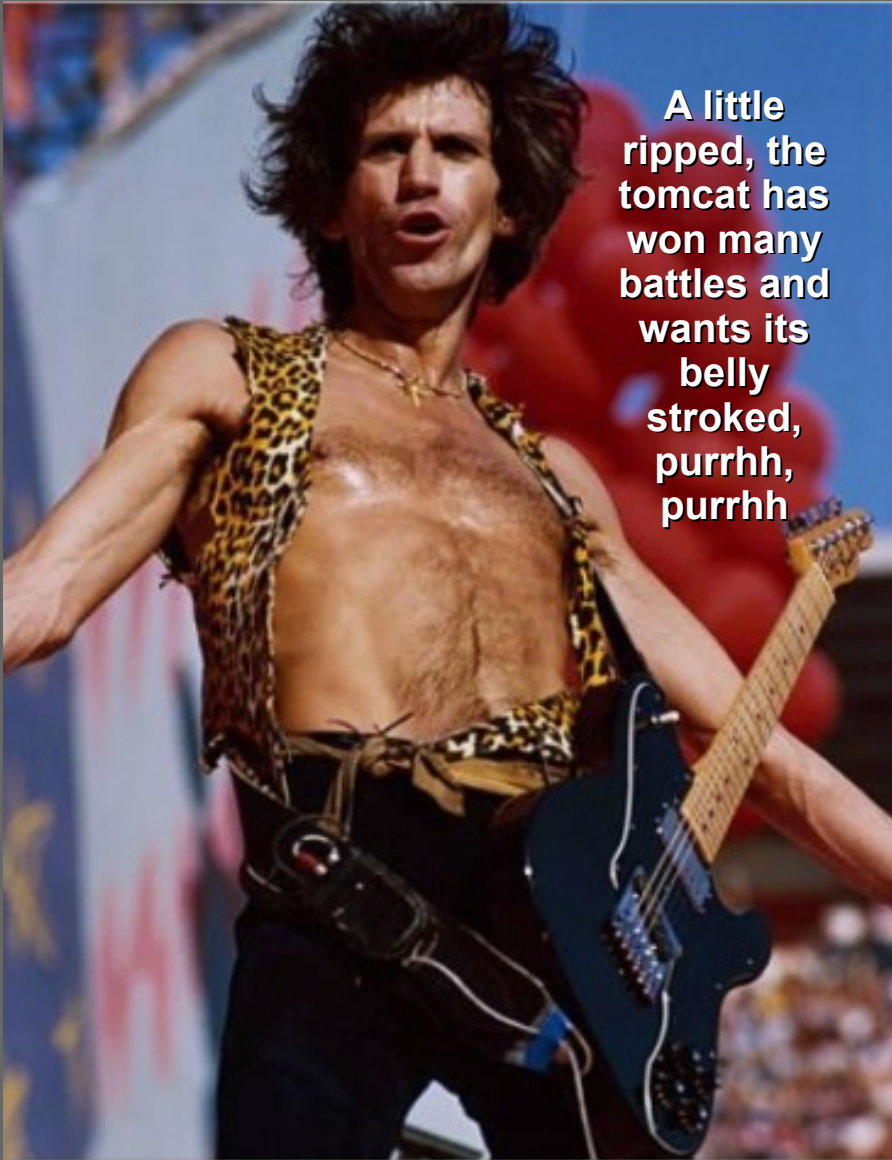
Smoke for the photo?
Fine with me, mmhh



Elton John commented that Richards was 'a monkey with arthritis, trying to look young'. The monkey tag stuck and he posted on his backstage suite on the next tour "The baboon cage".

In one MTV interview, he was asked about his smoking all the time. He said those photographers are killing me. I'll smoke packs after pack in a photo shoot; when I'm alone I'll smoke maybe half a pack a day.

Life and survival



A little ripped, the tomcat has won many battles and wants its belly stroked, purrhh, purrhh

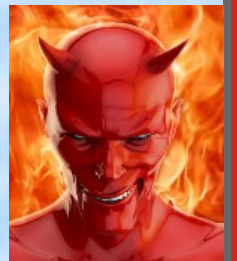
'Young, Keith knew the power he had, but he was quiet and reserved. He never strayed from being Keith. The same guy all the time.' Musician
(**V. Bockris**' book)



'You knew it was a good take by Keith's smile. It would never be questioned. Nothing was accepted unless Keith smiled. And that was that.'

D. Hassinger, LA engineer

'Vade retro satanas' - When you're coming to the end of a record, anybody who gets in the way of what you want to do is the Antichrist.



Dad BERT – Son MARLON

Bert : After 20 years of silence since the day he shut his parents' door behind him, Keith rekindled with his dad. It was hard for him, thinking that he would be ashamed of his reputation, forever a reprobate in his views.



But, from a tough man hardened by the life in post-war days, and whom Keith was scared to disappoint as a boy, Bert had turned into a friendly old pirate, fun to be with: bendy legs, with a cane limping from his old war wound, big white moustache joining his huge sideburns, smoking a calabash pipe and drinking rum and everyone under the table.

'Popeye', Keith said, and:
'Suddenly, I had a new friend.'



In the mid-80s, Keith had his dad and Marlon live together.

Marlon liked Bert's presence. Keith baptised them "Batman & Robin".



Belgian
Comix
"Tintin"



Marlon : Keith would always read me stories. We used to love Tintin and Asterix, but he couldn't read French, and they were French editions, so he'd make the whole bloody thing up.



It was only after years that I realized when I read a Tintin that he didn't know what the hell the story was about; he'd bluffed his way through the whole thing. Given all the smack, nodding out and all, that is quite remarkable.

CHILDREN - Again

Having babies roaming around your house is one of the most beautiful things in the world. A little girl comes up to you and says: *'Daddy, I love you. It's 'Ah, break my heart, darling'.* They cheer you up like nothing else can. They keep reminding you of things you can't remember, those two or three years. Children are songs to me. You don't bring them up, they show you what they need and you provide it. Children are far too untractable for you to impose yourself on them. There's no point of having fights because they beat you every time. Especially girls.



1988 - Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night and both kids are in the bed. They've managed to find their way, and we're all in the same bed. You get more out of them like that and so do the kids. A family is one of the most special things that you'll ever get in this world. It gives you that final missing link of what's life's about. They look at you like the most wonderful person because you are 'daddy' and so do more for you than you do for them. It's vital knowledge, a missing piece of a jigsaw puzzle.



'You'll never get rid of nationalism, but the important thing is to spread the idea that there's really this one planet.



That's what we have really to worry about'



Trump paid \$6 mo to force the Stones and others to play in Atlantic City

He said later: '*They impressed me as a bunch of major jerks*', miffed that Keith threatened to leave if he came anywhere near them, which he had done using the room next to them for a press talk, in breach of contract.

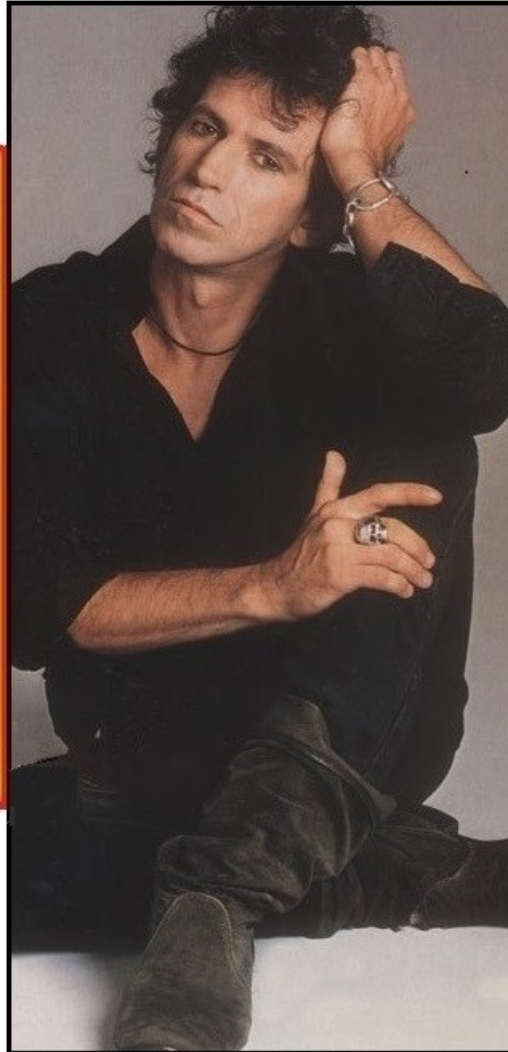
He left but the Stones' men with baseball bats and various tools had to first win the intimidation game with his men with their brass knuckles.

PHYSIQUE - Ageing

We should age not by holding on to youth, but by letting ourselves



grow and embrace whatever parts remain youthful



Bill Wyman developed a fear of flying
'I don't know why he's so worried



about dying. It's not a matter of avoiding it. It's where and how.'

Time waits for no-one - Beautiful ballad
Santana-ish with M. Taylor

Time is on my side

Cocaine blues : 'They say it's gonna kill ya but they don't say when'

Stu again

December 1985 – I was waiting for Ian Stewart in Blakes Hotel. Around 3 a.m., I got a call from Charlie. *“Are you still waiting for Stu? Well, he’s not coming”* was Charlie’s way of breaking the news. Ian was 47, he had a heart attack. The wake was held at his golf course in Surrey. We played a tribute gig to Stu in London—the first time we’d been on stage together in four years.

Stu’s death was the hardest hit I had ever had, apart from my son dying. At first you’re anaesthetized, you go on as if he’s still there. And he did remain there, turning up one way or another. What goes on in your mind are the things that make you laugh, that keep you close, like his jutting-jawed way of speaking.

Stu’s musician friends gathered in London 101 Club. They jammed with Stu’s favourites. Eric Clapton, very affected said;

‘When Keith stood up, the power was devastating. He’s an unbelievable player, one of the best ever.’



I recall how he cracked over Jerry Lee Lewis. Early on, my love for “the Killer” diminished me in Stu’s soul. *“Bloody fairy pounding away”* his typical response. Ten years later, he came to me one night saying: *“I must admit some redeeming factors in Jerry Lee Lewis.”* Out of the blue, between takes.

Stu was a law unto himself, in his cardigans and polo shirts. When we did mega stadiums on satellite TV, he’d be on stage in his Hush Puppies, a cup of coffee and cheese sandwich on the piano as he played. I got mad at him for leaving me, my reaction when a friend or somebody I love goes when they’re not supposed to.

Chuck Leavell was Stu’s appointee. He first played on tour in ‘82 and became a permanent fixture on the next tours for several years when Stu died. *‘If I croak, God forbid, Leavell’s the man. Don’t forget that Johnnie Johnson is still playing in St Louis.* Maybe a doctor had told him ‘You’ve got so long to go’. He never broached the subject of death except somebody else’s: *‘Silly sod, he looked for it’.*

Stu, the proud Scot,



Lord of Pittenweem.

1989 - STEEL WHEELS

1988 –

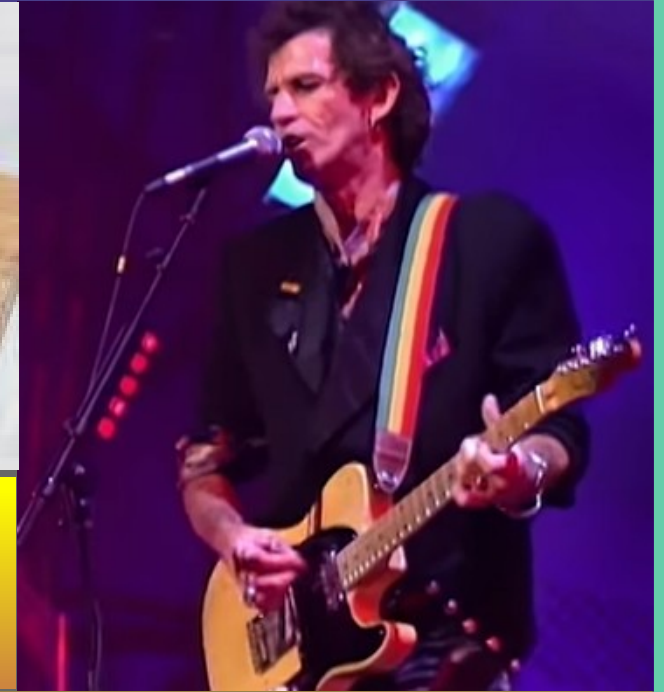
After WWIII and their solo excursions, Keith was not quite ready to record with Mick but commented on their 30 years relationship: *'99% of the male population would give a limb to be him and he's not happy. And I'm telling him: We don't need lemon-yellow tights and a cherry picker to make a good Stones show'.*

Keith was playing his band The Winos, in the Hit Factory studio once.

Coming out of the bathroom he saw Mick, his back turned, dancing on Talk is Cheap. He coughed to announce his presence, and Mick quickly sat down with a newspaper as if nothing happened to greet him.



On tour, Keith had to have his shepherd's pie ready and the crust unbroken for when he was finished playing.



So once he was not pleased when some roadies had a taste of his pie first. The band and 53,000 fans had to wait because he wouldn't start before a new one was cooked and delivered. The dish was finally borne backstage amid scenes reminiscent of a human-organ hospital mercy-dash, with a full scale police escort and security guards barking into talkie-walkies: 'The pie is in the building!'

1992 – 1993

The Winos, Andrew L.O., Hunter S. Thompson

In January, Keith met Andrew Loog Oldham at a R'n'Roll Hall of Fame gala and greeted him without resentment over the past and Brian's death.

Asked by a journalist about Mick's love life and sex songs, he said: *'He should stop that right now, that old black-boot bit. Kicking 50, it's a bit much, a bit manic.'* But even though they had solo careers, neither Keith or Mick wanted to break up The Stones. The "old buggers" were still a testament to the power of creative harmony and brotherly squabbling that started in Dartford.

'I love my wife and kids most of the time; music I love all the time. It's the only constant joy in my life. You're never alone with a guitar. It's the one thing you can count on.'



He was rehearsing Main Offender at his home with his band and sat for an interview of Hunter S. Thompson (reminiscent of a post junkie Thatcher-Reagan summit) both communicated in a series of clicks, grunts and squeals like 'the language of dolphins', wrote Rolling Stone.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS – Country house in the US

1989



Keith receives an Elvis Presley statuette from Eric Clapton for being a living legend of rock'n'roll

1993



He was inducted in the Songwriters Hall of Fame

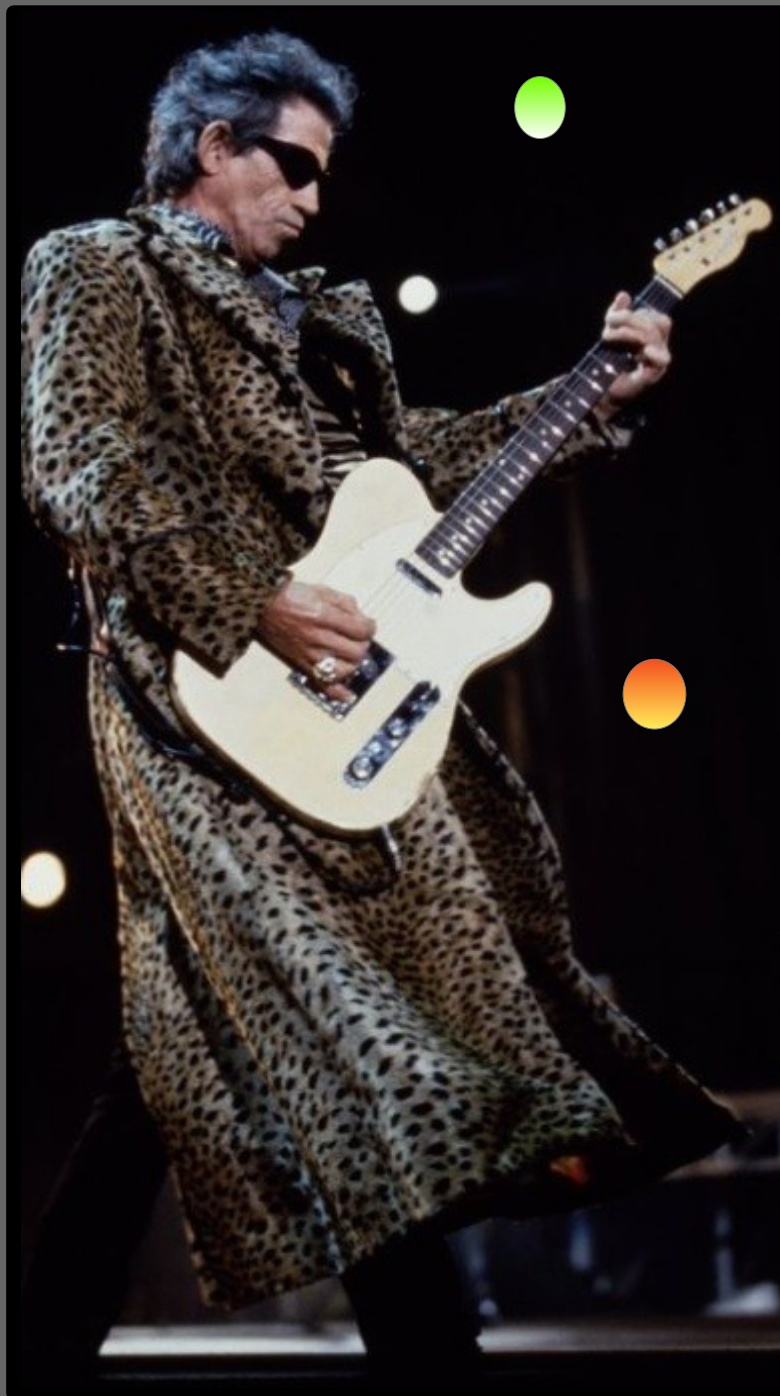
1992 - In Connecticut the stage maverick icon relaxes with his family. "The scene outside is a large house evocative of some pastoral setting in the English countryside.



The grass is lush and very green, with neatly trimmed hedges, tons of flowers and a large vegetable garden

flanked to a flagstone patio with built-in backgammon table. Finally, a large swimming pool.

The man with a trench coat walks his two dogs.
Wuthering Heights!
But on the moors strolls Keith Richards. **Lisa Robinson**



Mick had developed an overriding desire to control everything. It went on for years. I'd found a book whose author was Brenda Jagger. We named him Brenda and talked about "That bitch Brenda" and Mick didn't know. There were two worlds: his, with socialites and ours.

Mick and I work well together; it's when we don't work that we have issues.

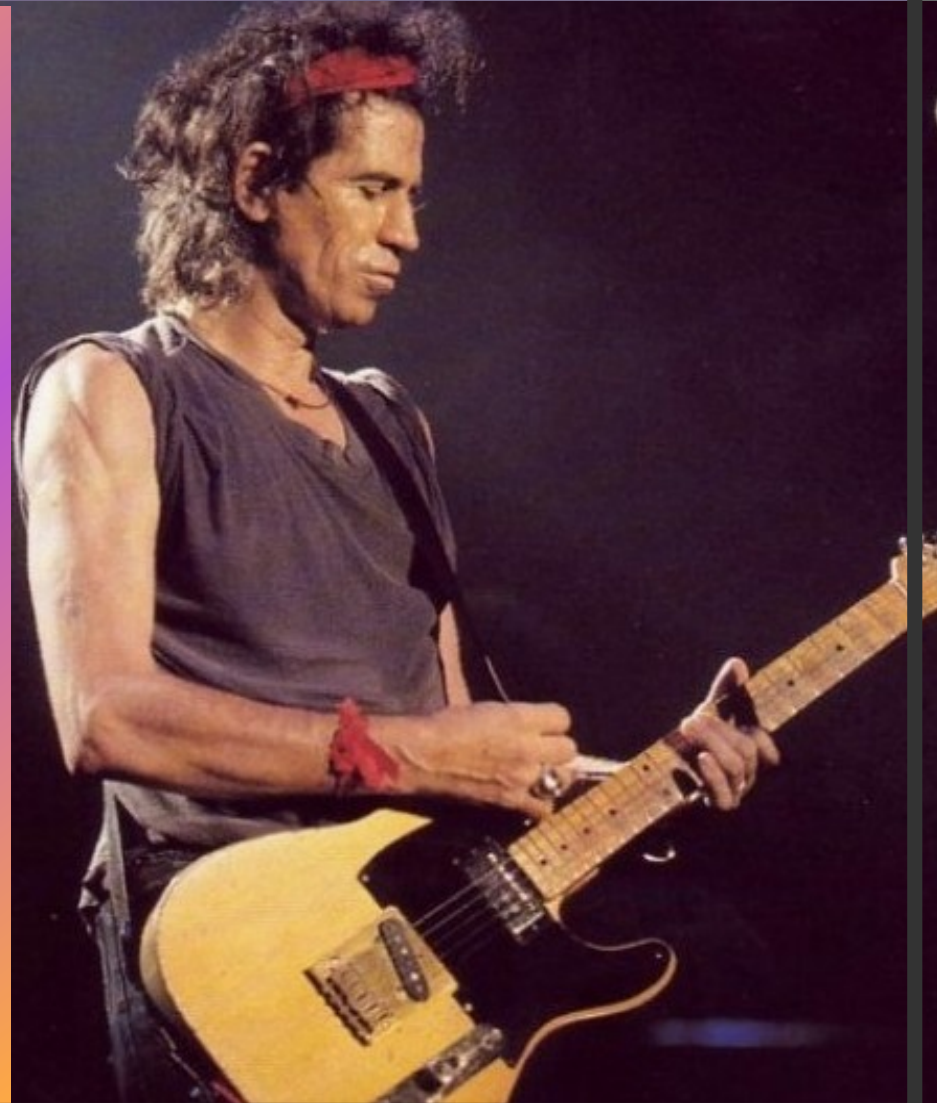
'But you shouldn't have screwed that witch Anita, man. She didn't care, but I cared.'

MUSIC – Back to bases

X-Pensive Winos 93 – Buenos Aires – Along with Bert, we were in one of my favourites hotels in the world, the Mansion. He would wake up and chuckle every morning, hearing “Olé, olé, Richards, Richards...” This was the first time his family name had been beaten out on a drum to get him up for breakfast



Waddy Watchel: 'We started working first at 7 p.m and we'd go for 12 hours at least. Then, as it went on, we'd go, oh, let's go in at 8, at 9, let's go in at 11. So all of a sudden, and I swear this is how it wound up, finally we'd go in to work at 1 a.m, 3 a.m. We are in the car one morning, Keith is there with his drink and his shades on, it's bright sun, and he goes: *'Hey, wait a minute, what time is it ?'* We said it's 8 in the morning. So he said: *'Turn around! I'm not going to work at 8 in the morning!'*



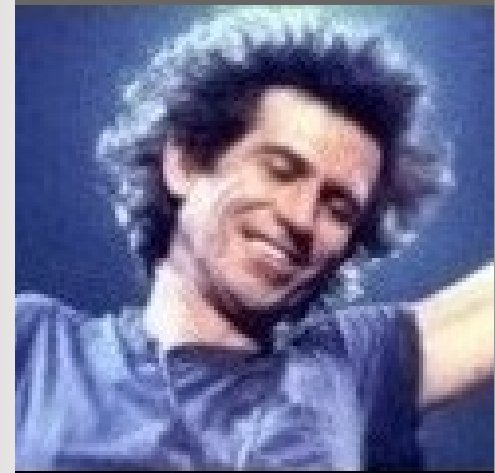
Happy – big sound

Rio – 2006 (“Olé, olé, olé, Richards...”)

DORIS again

90s – THE X-PENSIVE WINOS - Doris was in NY visiting and came by the studio. **Don Smith** recalls: Keith and the guys are out in the studio to record vocals, and they are just blabbering away instead for about 20 minutes or so. Doris asks me what's all this about and then how she could talk to them. I show her the talk-back button, she presses it and starts screaming, *"You boys stop messing around out there... This studio is costing money. Nobody understands a thing you're saying anyway, so get to bloody work. I've flown all the way from bloody England. I don't have all night to sit around to hear you yapping about nothing."*

In fact it was much longer and stronger. She actually scared them for a minute, they all laughed, but they got to work fast.



X- PENSIVE
WINOS



Yeah
Waddy!



E. Cochran + How I wish (great riff)

MTV 1988 – First show

PHYSIQUE - Stamina



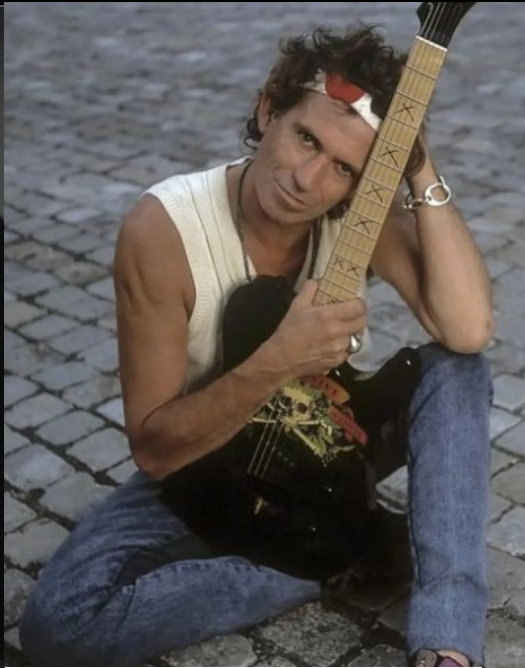
The Winos went on tour. Suddenly I was the front man. It made me far more sympathetic to some of Mick's more loony things. When you have to sing every goddamn song, you have to develop your lungs. You're doing an hour-odd show every day, not only singing but prancing around and playing guitar, and that brought my voice on. Some people hate it, some people love it. It's a voice with character. Pavarotti it ain't, but then I don't like Pavarotti's voice.

When you sing lead in a band, it's an exhausting business. Just the breathing involved. Singing song after song is enough to knock most people on their ass. It's an incredible amount of oxygen you're going through. So we would do shows, come off stage and I'd go to bed! Sometimes, of course, we'd be up 'till the next show, but a lot of times it was forget it! We had the time of our lives touring with the Winos.

A standing ovation at almost every show in small theatres, sellouts, we broke even. The calibre of musicianship across the stage was astonishing. Fabulous playing every night, the music flowing like crazy.

We were flying, really magic.

In the end neither Mick nor I sold a lot of records from our solo albums because people want the Rolling bleeding Stones, right?



1994

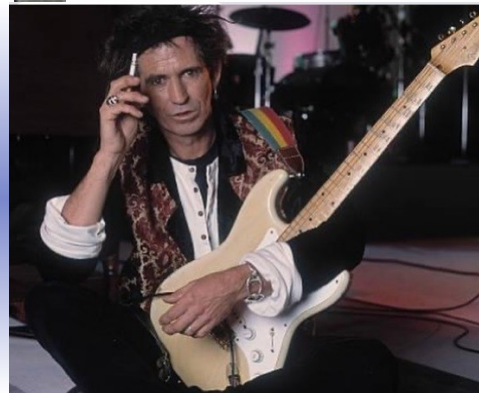
After my article in Rolling Stone magazine, Jagger's publicist called me in a fury with his hashed accent: *'You've misnamed this article, haven't you'* On tour with the *'Rolling Stones'?*



It's more like:

'I'm in love with Keith Richards and I want to have his baby!'

R. Cohen



1991 – "Last words" - Interview MTV by Kurt Loder

About his voice, criticized on his solo album: *'Well, people have different tastes and they did make fun of Bob Dylan. Women like my voice in general. About their unused work, riffs and songs: 'Sometimes you have to go to the can to find some good shit.'*



POLITICS Again

In 1997, as Mick was writing songs insisting and hiring to have the digital sounds prevail, led Keith to comment on the techno-geeks, knob-twiddlers who shouldn't have approached the Stones; like the Dust Brothers. He growled: 'Ashes to ashes'. He bumped into **Kenny Babyface** Edmonds: 'You cut with Mick, your face



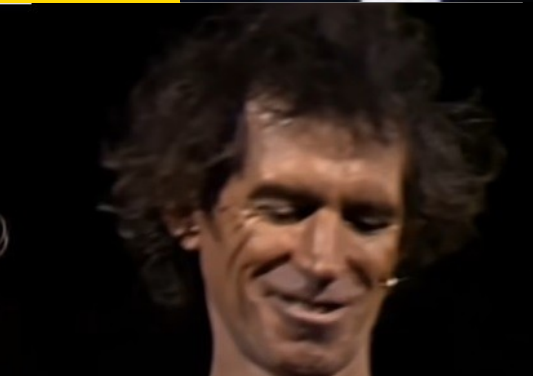
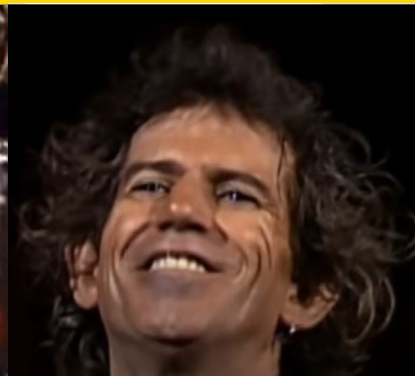
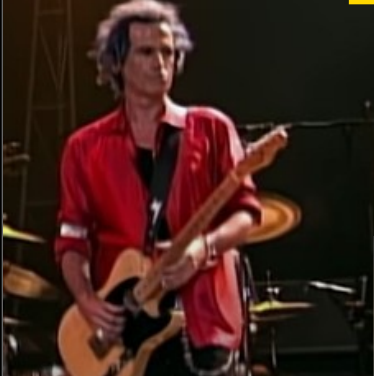
is gonna look like mine: Babyface now you're gonna be "Fuckface" after you're done with that guy'.

1998 - 'At 55 years old, they can't understand why I'd want to do R'n'Roll. What is it with these geezers? Because they can't do it? Because chicks still throw panties at me? Well, stuff you.'

1999 – The band was back on the road. *'I got some shit from the Chinese government listing reasons why we couldn't come: No. 1 "Cultural pollution", No. 30 "Will cause traffic jams."*



There were 3 gigs in Wembley where **John Majors** sat next to **Jimmy Phelge** [Mr. Gob Spit] in a lavishly furnished tent waiting for Keith to change from street clothes to stage ones (almost the same). He was in good spirit and was told about M. Faithfull's book where she praises his expertise in bed. (Later for good measure, she told Mick's 83 years old mother that he too was good in bed). Keith was told he became a grandfather. He said: *'I'm joining the crowd designing my grandpa suit, with a bag of candy I n my pocket and I'll grow a beard or something.'*



Even **Bill Clinton** (taking time away from directing the NATO bombing of Yugoslavia to be at the show) had to have a "Good for 1 visit" pass, and the personal inspection of **Jim Callaghan**. The room backstage was like a palace with wives, children, servants, strolling Arab musicians, a chef flown from the UK to cook shepherd's pies and gourmet fish and chips. Keith played dominoes with Bert, 84, while his wife read the Bible on a sofa.

ANIMALS again

1994 – 'Voodoo' – Barbados

I was there with Pierre to work on the album. A storm had come in, one of those tropical downpours, and I was doing a quick rush to get some cigarettes. Suddenly I heard a sound and thought it was one of those huge toads that inhabit Barbados, which make catlike sounds.

I looked and at the other end of this sewer pipe on the walkway was a sodden little kitten. Bit my hand. I knew there were loads of cats down there. 'Oh, you come from down the pipe, where your mother lives?' So I shoved him back in, I turned around and he shot back up. He was not welcome, in other words. I tried it again. I said 'come on, you know your own kid', and he shot back out again. And he was looking at me, this little runt. And I said, fuck it, all right, come on. Put him in my pocket and I rushed home, by now I'm drowning like a rat.

I appear at the door in this sodden floor-length leopard bathrobe, an obeah man under a fire hose, holding a small cat.

Keith, like a cat, has nine lives – He survived a dozen accidents, some of them close to being lethal, without problems



'Pierre, we've got a slight side trip'. It was pretty clear that if we didn't take care of him, he'd be dead by morning. So Pierre and I tried the basic thing, got a saucer of milk, he shoved his head in it, and went for it. So we have a strong one here, all we've got to do is keep him going. All we've got to do is grow him up.

We called him Voodoo because we were in Barbados and his survival was against the odds - Voodoo luck and charms -

This little cat followed me everywhere. So the cat became Voodoo and the terrace became Voodoo's Lounge—I put up signs around the perimeter. And the cat was always on my shoulder or nearby. I had to protect him from all the tomcats round there for weeks. The tomcats wanted his ass, they didn't want another tom on the scene. I'm throwing rocks at them and they're all gathered like some lynch mob: "Give us that little fucker!"

Voodoo ended up at my house in Connecticut. We weren't going to be parted after that. He disappeared only in 2007. He was a wild cat.

ANIMALS again

Rasputin' - Russian tour 1998 -

There's a famous dog, in the Stones back line, called Raz, short for Rasputin, a little mutt of extraordinary charisma and charm, and I've known a few. His history is murky—after all, he's Russian.

It seems that along with 300-400 other strays, he was working the garbage cans of Dynamo Stadium, Moscow. Russia had gone into a severe economic downslide and dogs were being dumped all over town. It was a dog's life! Somehow, while our crew was setting up the stage, he made himself noticed by the riggers and others. They took him in and he became a kind of mascot in a very short time. From the crew, he worked his way into the kitchen, and from there into the wardrobe and make-up departments.

From his daily fights for food, he wasn't looking his best (I know the feeling), yet he touched hard hearts. When the Stones arrived for sound check, I got a pull from Chrissy Kingston, who works in the wardrobe department, who gushed about this amazing mongrel. The crew had seen him

taking kickings and beatings and still coming back. They admired his relentless balls and took him in. *"You really must see him"*, said Chrissy.

LUCK Surviving against all odds, a recurrent thread



It was a big operation to get him shots and papers, visas and the rest, and finally he flew into the US, a lucky dog. He lives as czar of Connecticut, where he coexists with Pumpkin and the cat, Toaster, and the bulldogs.

I was doing our first gig in Russia, and dogs were not on my agenda. But I knew Chrissy. Something about her intensity, her urgency, the little tear swelling in her eyes, checked me. We're all pros, and I felt that I should take her seriously. Chrissy doesn't throw you curveballs.

Theo and Alex were there, and the infallible *"Oh, Dad, Dad, do see him, please"* melted even this dog's heart. I smelled a setup, but I had no defence against it. *"OK, bring him in."* Within seconds Chrissy returned with the mangiest jet-black terrier I've ever set eyes on. A cloud of fleas surrounded him. He sat down in front of me and fixed me with a stare. I stared back. He didn't flinch. *"Leave him with me. Let's see what can be done."*

Within minutes a deputation of the crew came into "Camp X-ray" (my room), big guys, all beards and tattoos, with moist eyes, thanking me. *"He's a hell of a mutt, Keith. Thanks, man, he got to us all."* I had no idea what I would do with him. But the show could go on. The mutt seemed to sense victory and licked my fingers. I was sold. Patti looked at me with love and despair. I shrugged.



2006 – Safari in South Africa - I wasn't in the best of moods to start with, jolting around in the back of the truck and didn't feel "Oh my God, it's Africa" just scrub and bush. Suddenly we come to a halt on a little side turn. Why are we stopping now? There are some rocks and a cave mouth. And out comes my image of Mrs. God: a warthog. It's got a mud pack all over its face and it stands there snorting steam right in front of me. This is all I need now, these tusks, and it looks at me with its little red eyes.... It was the ugliest creature I'd ever seen, especially at that time of day.

That was my first encounter with African wildlife: Mrs. God, the one you don't want to meet on your judgment day. Excuse me, could I see God, please? Maybe I could come back tomorrow? Talk about coming home to get the rolling pin. I started to see curlers and one of those old housecoats. Steaming with energy and venom. Wonderful to watch maybe, but not when you've slept for an hour and have a terrible hangover.

Now we're jolting down the track again, and a very nice black cat called Richard, is perched on the back of the Land Rover, spotting things, and there's this huge pile of something, and he says, hey, watch this. He chops off the top of this pile, and out flies a white dove. It was elephant crap. There are these white birds that follow elephants and eat the seeds that they haven't digested. Their feathers are covered in an oil so they're not covered in crap. They can breathe under that pile for hours. In fact they eat their way out. But it was pristine, like the dove of peace, immaculate, as it flapped away.

Next around this bend there's an elephant, a big bull, right across the road. He's tearing down 2 trees about 30' tall, wrapping them up together. We stop, and he sort of gives us one look: "I'm busy," and he carries on ripping out the trees. Then one of my daughters said, 'Oh, Daddy, he's got 5 legs.' I said, "*Six including the trunk.*" His cock was on the ground. I was humbled. I mean, his gun was loaded.



On the way back, Richard said, '*Look at the tracks there*', and there were these huge elephant tracks and a line down the middle which was its cock trailing on the ground.

Cheetahs: We see they're around because there's an antelope in the goddamn tree, dangling. A cheetah has dragged it and stashed it up there. Next the water buffaloes: 3,000 of them in a marsh. These things are amazing. One of them decides to have a shit, and before it hits the ground, another comes up behind to catch and eat it. They drink their own pee. Then, to cap it all, let alone the flies, suddenly in front of us is a female giving birth and all of the bulls are having a bash at the placenta!



***What more can we stand?!* We get out of there and on the way back, the stupid driver stops beside this puddle, pulls out a stick and goes '*Hey, look at this!*' He pokes this puddle. And I'm hanging around the back, I've got my hand dangling over the edge, and I feel this hot breath, I hear this snap; the jaws of this croc must have missed me by a goddamn inch. I almost killed the guy. Crocodile breath. You never want to feel it.**

ANIMALS again



At home in Connecticut we have an assembly of dogs: one old golden Labrador called Pumpkin, who comes swimming with me in the sea in Turks and Caicos, and two young French bulldogs. My daughter picked one up as a puppy and called her Etta, in honor of Etta James. Then we bought her sister, who had been left behind in her cage in the pet shop, and called her Sugar. “Sugar on the Floor,” one of Etta James’s great records.

2006 - My retreat away from Jamaica is Parrot Cay, in the Turks & Caicos Islands . The peace there is never disturbed —least of all by parrots There’s never been one anywhere near Parrot Cay (the name was obviously changed from Pirate Cay by the nervous investors of yesteryear).

After being here a month or so a strange cycle becomes apparent. For a week squadrons of dragonflies do a show worthy of Farnborough, then—vanish. Within a few days, flocks of small orange butterflies begin to pollinate the flowers. There seems to be some scheme. I live here with several 'species'. Two dogs, one cat. And Roy (Martin) and Kyoko, his Japanese lady. Then Ika, the beautiful (but untouchable) butler(ess). Bless her! Balinese! Mr. Timothy, a sweet black local man who does the garden and from whom I purchase his wife’s basketry and palm weaving.



Oh, then innumerable geckos (all sizes) and probably a rat or two. Toaster, the cat, works for a living. He does big moths! Then there are the Javanese and Balinese barmen (wicked). Local sailors add local colour.

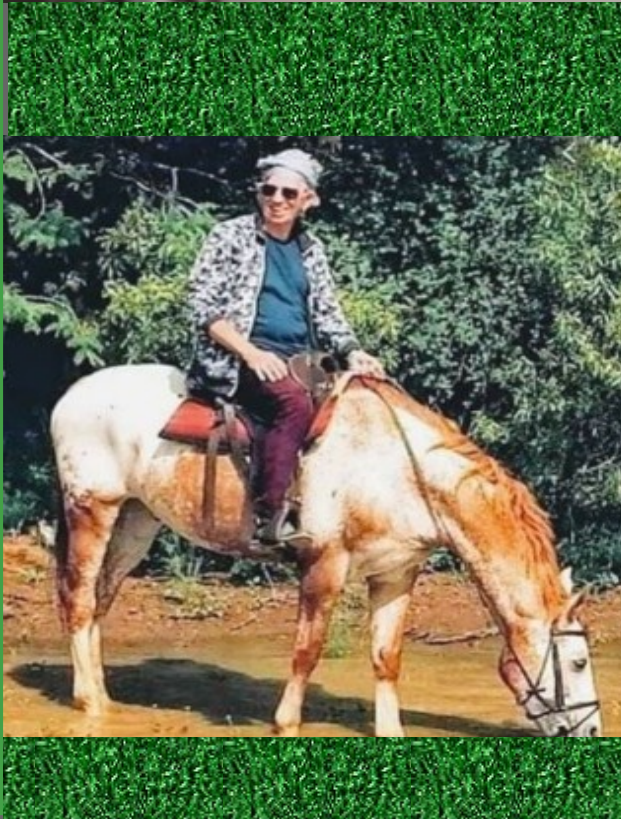
ANIMALS again

I once had a mynah bird, and it wasn't a pleasant experience. When I put music on, it would start yelling at me. It was like living with an ancient, fractious aunt. The fucker was never grateful for anything. Only animal I ever gave away. Maybe it got too stoned; there were a lot of guys smoking weed. To me it was like living with Mick in the room in a cage, always pursing its beak.

I have a poor record with caged birds. I accidentally disposed of Ronnie's pet parakeet. I thought it was a toy alarm clock that had gone wrong. It was hanging in a cage at the end of his house and the fucking thing just sat there and didn't react to anything, except to make this repetitive squawk. So I got rid of it.

Too late I realized my mistake.
"Thank Christ for that" was
Ronnie's reaction.
He hated that bird.

<https://youtu.be/G4vP8I6uASU>



I think the truth is that Ronnie's not a real animal lover, despite being surrounded by them. He's a horse fancier. In Ireland he has stables, four or five colts there, but you say, "Let's go for a ride, Ron" he won't go near them! He likes them from a distance, especially when the horse he's bet on is crossing the finishing line first.

So why is he living with all this shit and dung and three-legged fillies? He says it's a Gypsy thing. Romany.

In Argentina once, Bobby Keys and I were going for a ride and we roped Ronnie in for a third.

They were nice quarter horses. If you haven't ridden for a while, it does hurt your arse, without a doubt. And we went around the pampas, and Ronnie's hanging on for fucking dear life. "But you own horses, Ronnie! I thought you loved them." Bobby and I are cracking up. "Here comes Geronimo. Let's kick it up a bit."

FORTY LICKS



2002 - Mick got knighted and Keith went bonkers, '*A blind stupidity*' he said but calmed down quickly. After "Brenda," he just called him 'His royal fucking highness'

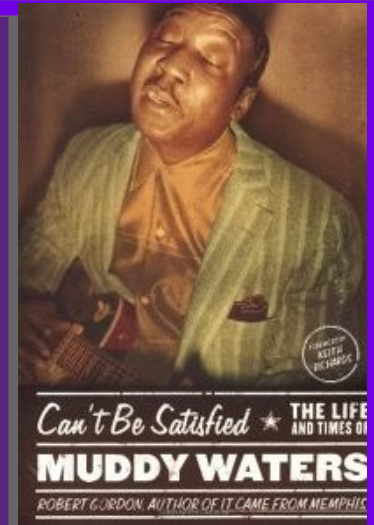


In March 2003, the Chinese government announced that the band was now allowed to play in Beijing except "Brown sugar", "Honky tonk women", "Beast of burden", "Let's spend the night together" again for their spiritual pollution. "Sympathy for the devil" was apparently fine.

It was cancelled due to the SARS out-break. But in October they played "Brown sugar" in Hong Kong.



Keith wrote the forewords of Muddy Waters' biography. His style wasn't just lucid but rich, droll and crisply phrased. He was already thinking of writing his own.



1981



In September 2003, they played in Twickenham, 40 years after they were there for a scarcely attended gig for £15 (they played now for £6mo)

Forewords of "Can't be satisfied" – Bio Muddy Waters

There's a demon in me. I think there's a dark piece in us all. And the blues is a recognition of that and the ability to express it and make fun of it, have joy out of that dark stuff. When you listen to Muddy Waters, you can hear all the angst and all the power and all the hardship that made that man. But Muddy let it out through music, set the feelings loose in the air. The blues makes me feel better.

I heard Muddy through Mick Jagger. We were childhood friends, hadn't seen each other for a few years and I met him on a train around 1961. He had a Chuck Berry record and The Best of Muddy Waters. I was going to mug the guy for the Chuck Berry because I wasn't familiar with Muddy Waters. We started talking, went 'round to his house and he played me Muddy and I said, 'Wow. Again. And about ten hours later, I was still going "Okay, again." When I got to Muddy and heard "Still a fool" and "Hoochie Coochie man" – that is the most powerful music I've ever heard.

He named us in a way and I wanted to turn the world on to Muddy and his like. This little band of ours had finally found a gig, and we put our last few pennies in for this add in a magazine. We called to tell them where we were playing at and they said, "well what's your name?" And on the floor was "The best of Muddy Waters and on the first side was "Rollin' stone." So we named ourselves the Rollin' Stones. I always felt that Muddy ran the band, that there was a real connection.

What Muddy was doing at Chess in the late forties and fifties as transforming the blues to meet the needs of the society. It had been acoustic blues before WWII; after that, they started to shout it out in Chicago. The whole city was louder, and the music became city blues. They were inventing it as they went along because nobody knew anything about the electric guitar or how to record it. It was just beautiful experimentation.

Muddy was like a map, he was really the key to all the other stuff. I found out Muddy and Chuck were working out of the same studio and on the same Chess label, and there was the Willie Dixon connection too. Then I had to find everything of Muddy's that I could and in the same time find out where he got it all from. So I sat and listened to Robert Lockwood Jr. and to cousins and relations. Via Muddy, I found Robert Johnson, and then it all started to make sense.

Twentieth century music is based on the blues. And therefore every pop song, no matter how trite or crass, has got a bit of the blues in it – even without them knowing, even though they washed most of it out. This music got called the blues about a hundred years ago. Feelings start in the person and I think that's why the blues is universal, because it's part of everybody. Muddy is like a very comforting arm around the shoulder. You need that, you know. It can be dark down there.

2006



Hedonist, he needs
BEAUTIFUL THINGS
Colours



Some of us can be old, but they can still be colourful

CHARACTER again

In September, I played my debutante role as a cameo actor, playing Captain Teague in *Pirates of the Caribbean 3*—Johnny Depp's father, as it were—a project that started off with Depp asking me if I minded his using me as a model for his first performance. All I taught him was how to walk around a corner when you're drunk—never moving your back away from the wall. The rest was his.

I never had to act with Johnny. We were confident, just looked each other straight in the eyes. In the first shot they gave me, two of these guys were having a conference around this huge table, with candles, some guy says something, and I walk out of this doorway and shoot the mother-fucker dead. That's my opening. "The code is the law."

They made me feel welcome. I had a great time. I got famous for being 2-take Richards.

2006 - According to **Johnny Depp**, "He's someone you should never underestimate. People think, you know, Keith Richards, 'Oh yeah, the 70s, the drugs and this and that. He's just burned out ...' Wrong. He's one of the brightest, most well-read people I've ever met – He's an encyclopedia for historical events, so well read, it's shocking."



Other film:

Captain Teague:

'I heard you're putting together a crew and where you're heading, the fountain'

Jack Sparrow:

- Have you been there ?

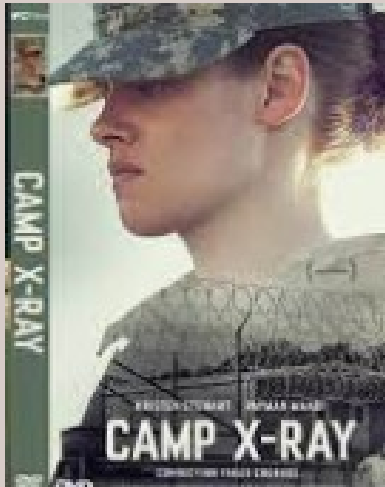
CT: *Does this face look like it's been to the Fountain of Youth?*

JS: *Depends on the light'.*

You got the silver

CHARACTERS Again

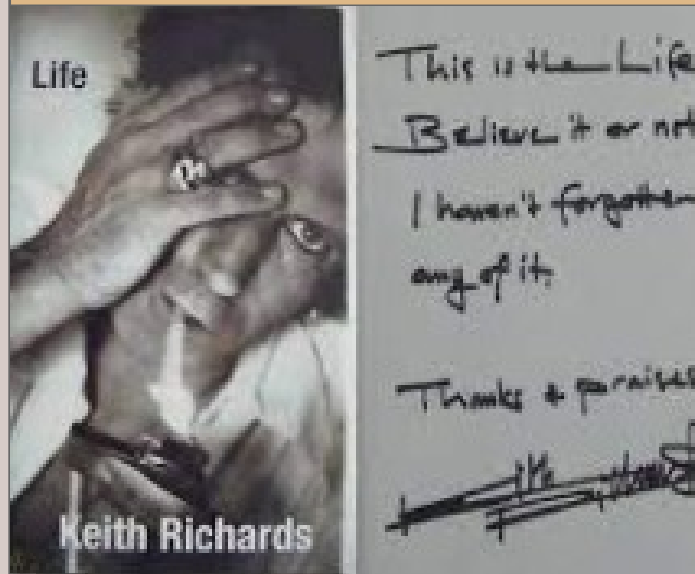
In 2006, the band played 40 tour shows where the 4 members had their own dressing room:
"The work-out area",
"Camp X-Ray",
"The Cotton Club",
"The Recovery Room".



Ahmet Ertegun went in the backstage room, called "The Rattlesnakes Inn" in NY. He hit his head and died in hospital a few weeks later.



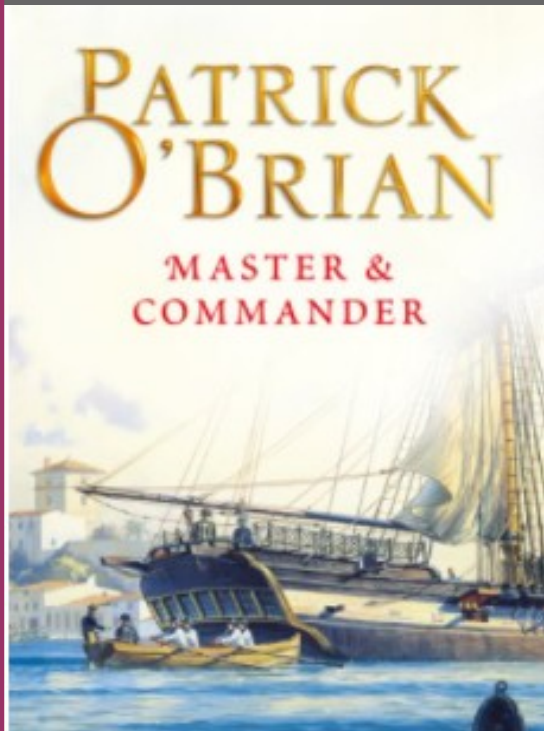
Ahmet Ertegun



Keith kept his rocker image but resented the stereotypes. *'It's not all: Ah har! Slitting your throat in a dark alley, I can make a very nice cup of tea'.*



CHARACTERS



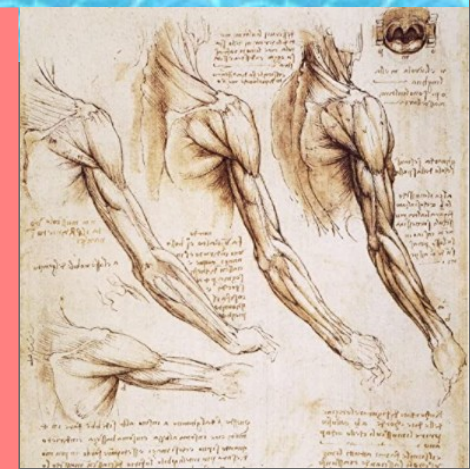
I'm a voracious reader. When it comes to fiction, it's George MacDonald Fraser and Patrick O'Brian. I fell in love with his writing straight away, at first with 'Master and Commander'. It wasn't primarily the Nelson and Napoleonic period, more the human relationships. Of course having characters isolated in the middle of the goddamn sea gives more scope. Just great characterizations. It's about friendship. Jack Aubrey and Stephen Maturin always remind me a bit of Mick and me.

History, in particular the British Navy during that period, is my subject. The army wasn't up to much then. It was the navy and the guys that got roped into it against their will, the press-gang. And to make this machine work, you had to weld this bunch of unwilling people into a functioning team, which reminds me of the Rolling Stones.

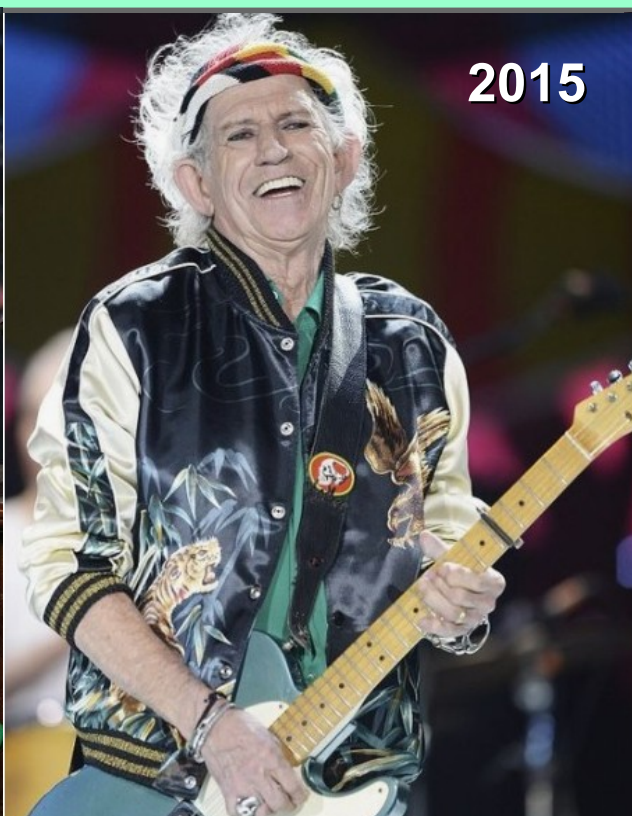
The Nelson era and World War II are near the top of my list, but I do the ancient Romans too, and a certain amount of British colonial stuff, the Great Game and all that. I have a fine library furnished with these works, with dark wooden shelves reaching to the ceiling.



1998 - This is where one day I came to grief. I was looking for a book on anatomy by Leonardo da Vinci. It's a big book, on the top shelf. I got a ladder and went up there. As I touched the shelf, a little pin fell out and every fucking heavy volume came down on my face. Boom. I hit the desk with my head and I went out. Woke up maybe half an hour later and it's hurting. I'm surrounded by huge tomes. I would have laughed at the irony, except for the pain. Talk about "you wanted to find out about anatomy..." I'd punctured a lung.

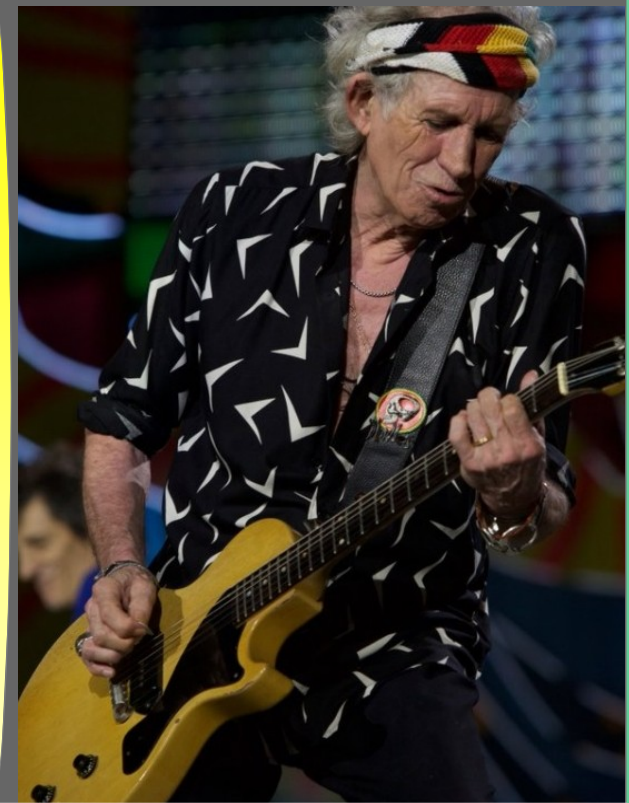
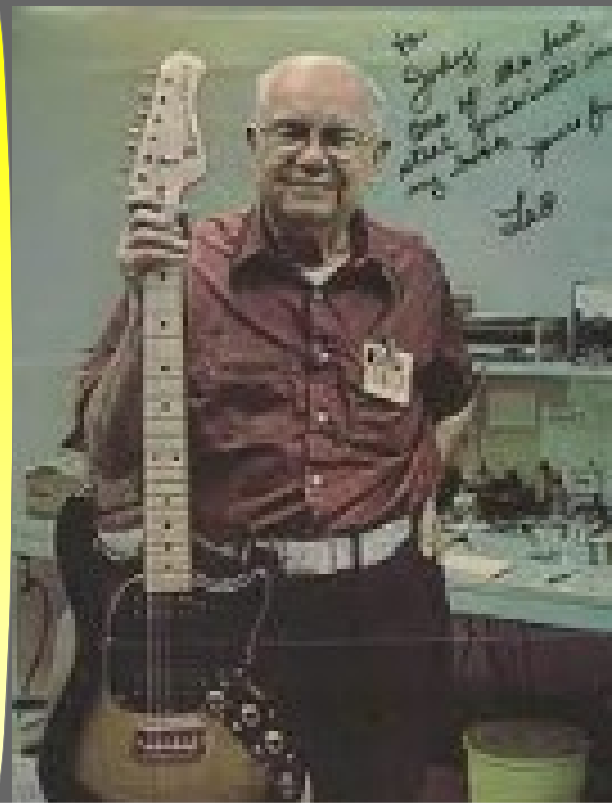


- You said you were gonna retire
- I said that? actually it was a ploy... to get attention...'

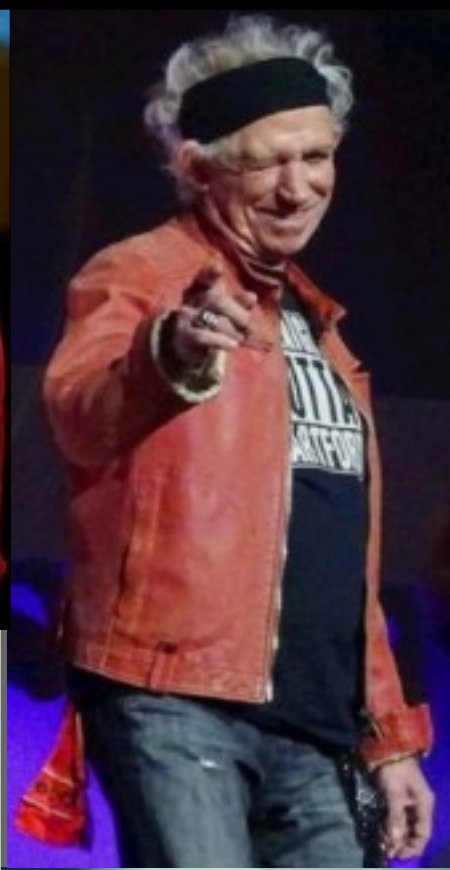
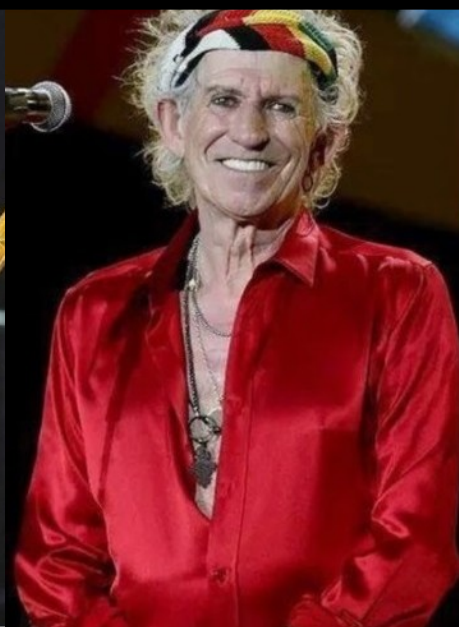
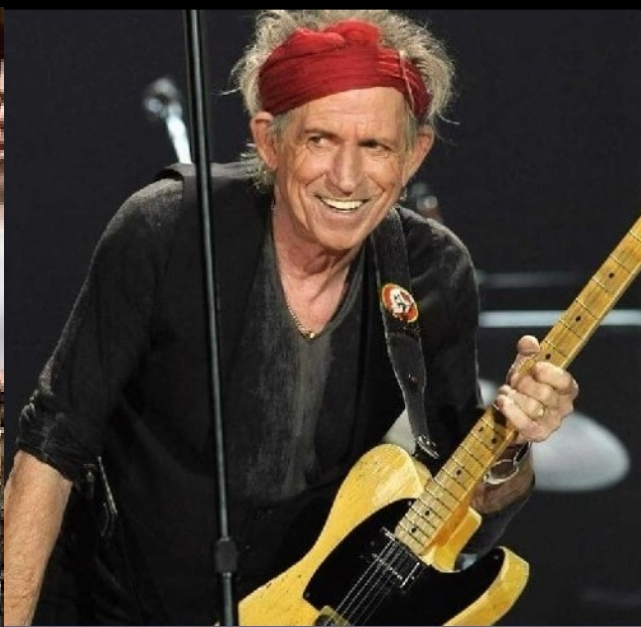
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Ian Fortnam

2021

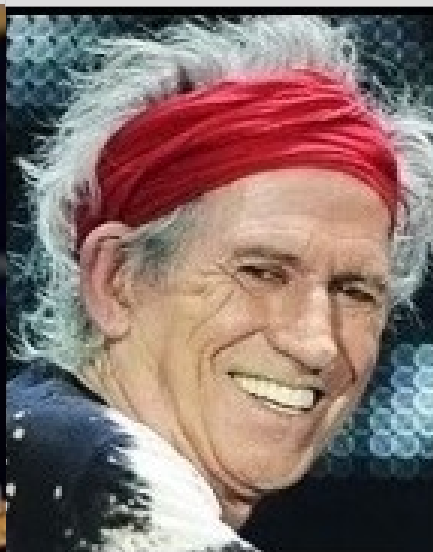


1992 - When he inducted **Leo Fender** to the 'Rock'n'roll Hall of Fame, he said: 'I think the stroke of genius was not inventing the electric guitar, but inventing the amplifier to go with it. Leo gave us the weapon, caress it, don't squeeze it.'



The legend part is easy
It's the living that's hard

**THAT'S ALL
FOLKS! For the ime
being**





Vulnerability is an interesting thing. I always like to suggest it, because it's in everybody.

WRITTEN IN THE GENES - IT'S

Music is a language that doesn't
speak in particular words,
IT speaks in emotions,
And if it's in the bones,
IT'S IN THE BONES

Keith Richards

If you open up, you can open up other people as well.



40 riffs