

ROLLING STONED  
by Joy Greenberg

I swore I would never go back to Dodger Stadium after risking life and limb to see the Cubs there last year. Of course, I should know better than to say “never,” for Dodger Stadium is exactly where I found myself on the 43rd anniversary of the death of JFK, although my reason for being there had nothing to do with JFK except—in an oblique way—as a symbol of that crazy time known as *the sixties*. My presence at Dodger Stadium the evening of November 22, 2006, had nothing to do with baseball, either, but it had everything to do with another icon of the era: the Rolling Stones.

The first time I saw the Stones was November 1, 1964. Not that I remember the date, but it’s immortalized forever in my diary of the years 1961-65, as is JFK, along with so many other significant events of the era. What sets the Stones apart from the rest of sixties history is they *survived*.

Like so many of our peers, my twin sister, Jill, and I first fell for the Beatles, but quickly switched primary allegiance to the Stones for what now seems obvious reasons. For if the Beatles represented good, *clean* fun, the Rolling Stones were *sexy*, dirty, *sexy*, sleazy, *sexy* fun. “Sexy” cannot be over-emphasized. The Stones were Every Teen Girl’s wet dream. At least, they were *mine*. I have numerous diary entries from 1964-65, when the Stones played their first two L.A. area gigs, that testify to their impact on my life.

As I reread these Stones entries for the first time in four decades, I’m astonished by the raw sexuality. No wonder parents hated the Stones—although in all fairness, I must admit that our mother good-naturedly drove Jill and me from Whittier to Long Beach and back for both concerts because we were too young to drive ourselves. The frenzy created by their local arrival and presence remains palpable even now:

11-1-64—what a way to begin a perfect month! See the Stones, of course! Went to Long B. Auditorium—they were so boss! They sang “Not Fade Away,” “It’s All Over Now,” “Round and Round,” “Time Is on My Side,” “If You Need Me,” and “I’m a King Bee.” I ran up close, and I swear Mick looked straight at me with his greeny-blue eyes! I screamed so hard when I saw him first! Oh—the way Mick looked at me and smiled!!! Swoon! Mick—oh lost! Brian and Keith—rah, rah! We had good seats, but everyone stood and screamed while they sang!

5-16-65—O God! The day!! They were so bitchen...well, what can you say?!! Sang “Everybody Needs Somebody to Love,” “Pain in My Heart,” “Round & Round,” “Time Is on My Side,” “Off the Hook,” “Red Rooster” (with Charlie’s introduction), “Route 66,” “Last Time”!! (the only time I screamed!!) and “I’m Alright.” During “Route 66” a girl climbed down the curtains & jumped on Mick! God, Brian looked sooo bitchen!! White shirt, white pants, maroon coat. Mick wore beige shirt, gray cords, brown jacket. Charlie wore dark gray. Keith wore black. All looked fabulous! At the end I went haulin’ out to the street—it was so thrilling to see their car come out with 10,000 kids around them!!! As they came out, I ran into the street & they looked right at me. I kinda grabbed at their black Comet & took their pic at the same time!! It was boss!! Byrds were fab too, with their “Mr. Tambourine Man.” Also Paul Revere & the Raiders!!! Took billions of pix—hope they’re good. They’re doing “Shivaree” show tonight!!

Although the pictures did not turn out very well, my lust for collecting Stones memorabilia resulted in a collection of artifacts that includes concert programs, an autographed photo of the original band, a set of *Rolling Stones Monthlies*, and index cards containing dried remnants of food from the room service plates left outside their doors by Mick and Keith and absconded by the local RS Fan Club president who befriended me. In my obsession with the Stones I now see the initiation of a rebellious, anti-authoritarian streak that has persisted in me, as I dare say it has in many of those who also came of age during the sixties.

On the other hand, the Stones—who once represented everything that was threatening and immoral to the Establishment—have now obviously joined it. What a change from those turbulent sixties when their concerts sparked riots among fans and their music evoked derision and disgust from adults. In contrast, these modern concert-goers behaved impeccably, especially when compared to last year's Dodger fans who pelted my son, Gian, with peanuts for wearing a Cubs cap. The Stones are truly The Great Equalizers.

As we waited for my sons, Maceo and Gian, to arrive at the stadium—it took them four hours to traverse Sunset Blvd. from UCLA to Dodger Stadium—I was struck by the diversity of the crowd, from celebrities like *Curb Your Enthusiasm's* Jeff Garland, rowdies throwing beer bottles from their truck beds, middle-aged moms slipping from their SUVs to pick up the bottles, little kids clutching Stones posters like early Christmas presents, and big kids hustling Ronnie Wood prints into their BMWs before the show began, to the elders gripping the sides of their wheelchairs and resetting their hearing aids. Quite a transformation from those sixties audiences whose members were 95% female and 100% teen. Never did I imagine I'd be watching them with my own children, but it just goes to show the Stones rock us *all*.

The Dodger Stadium concert thus was a testament to the staying power of rock and the advances of audio technology during the past 40 years. The Stones truly sounded better than I'd ever heard them—no small feat for a stadium not designed for its acoustics. They looked good, too. I kept wondering how they do it. How does 60-something Mick bound across a stage the width of an outfield for 2½ hours? And how is Keith able to speak, much less sing and play guitar, after all he's been through? Surely they must be holograms. But no, they were real: During "Satisfaction" someone threw panties on stage and Mick tucked them into his back pocket. When my sons looked at me as if they expected that I might do something equally embarrassing, I told them not to worry, I wasn't wearing any undergarments. Horrified rather than amused by this little joke, Maceo said, "Mom, don't ever tell us that again."

Will I return to Dodger Stadium? Perhaps. Then again, perhaps not, but of one thing I *am* certain: I don't want this to be their last tour. I prefer not to imagine a world without the Rolling Stones.