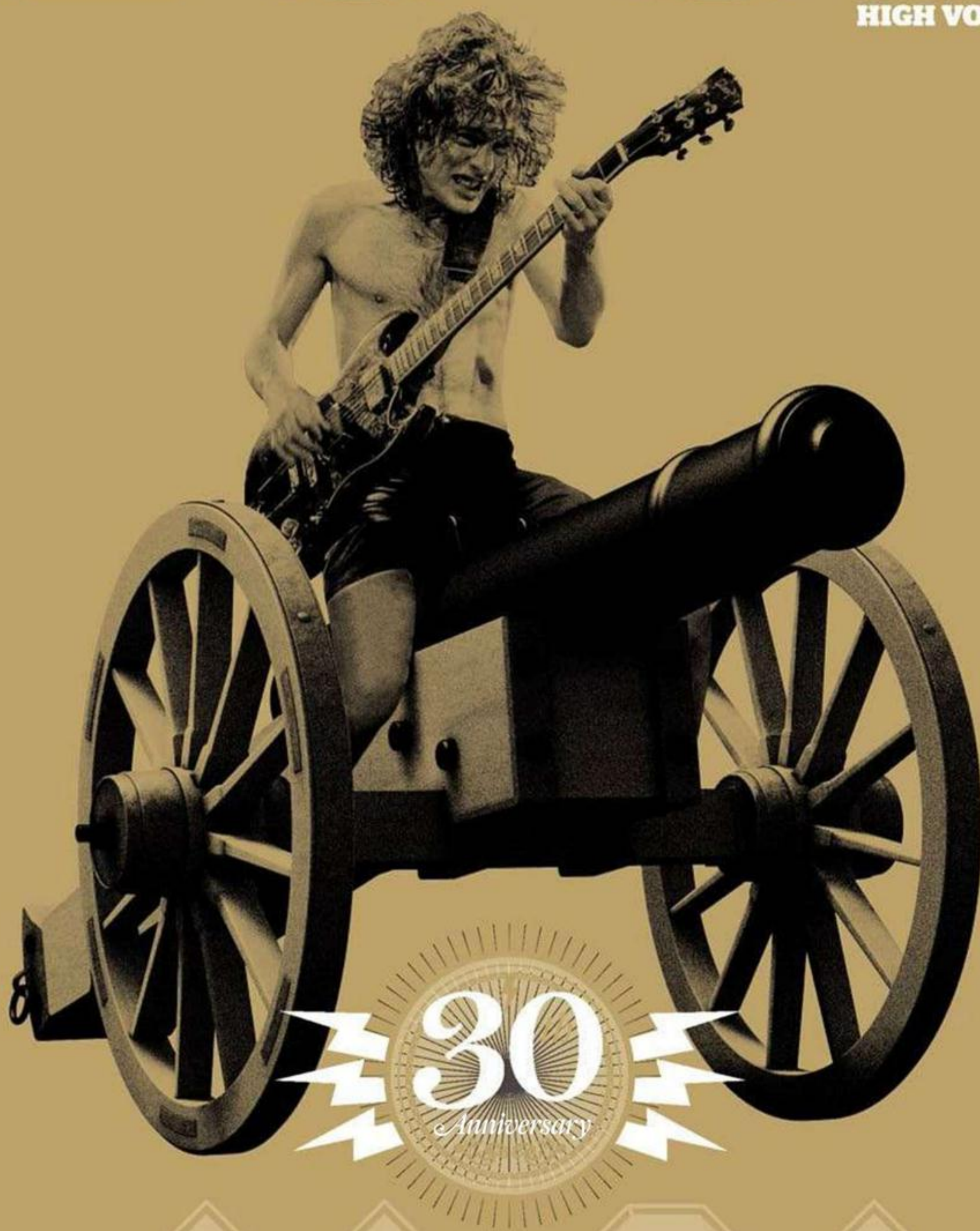


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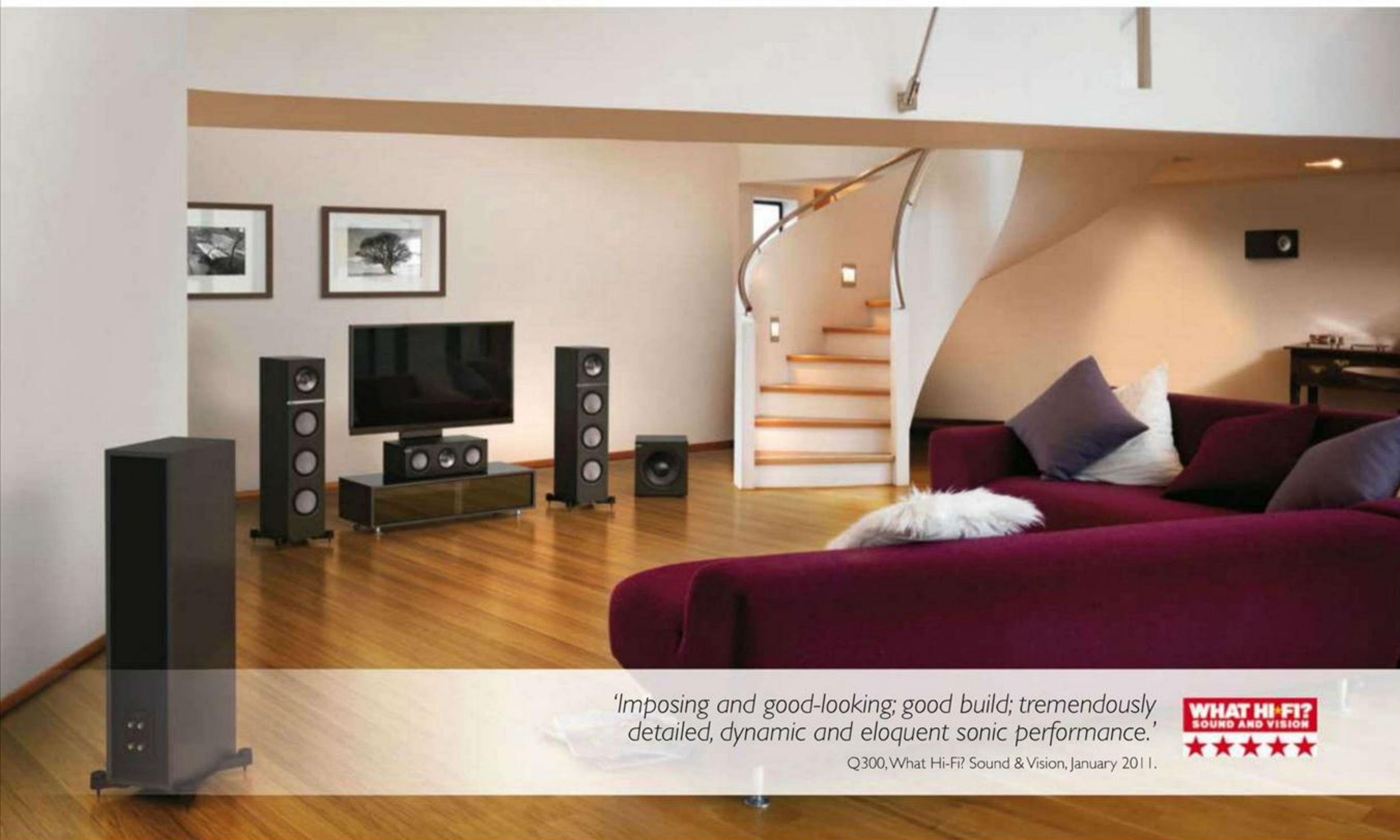
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The Black Crowes and Jimmy Page shake their money makers at Shepherd's Bush Empire.



AND IT'S GOODNIGHT FROM THEM...

The Black Crowes bid farewell – with a little help from Jimmy Page.

As far as goodbyes go, it was ecstatic. The roars from the audience inside Shepherd's Bush Empire were deafening when Jimmy Page joined The Black Crowes as they played their last London gig before going on indefinite hiatus.

The former Led Zeppelin man took to the stage for the band's impromptu encore of Elmore James's blues classic *Shake Your Money Maker*, the song that gave the Crowes the title of their first album.

"It was Chris and [guitarist brother] Rich's idea," Page said after the show, of the song choice. "It's a song I'd played with them when we toured together [in 1999], and fitted the bill perfectly."

Page's unplanned appearance, on the second of two sold-out nights at the West London venue, really was a last-minute decision. He had turned up merely to watch, but was persuaded to join them on stage – he even had to borrow frontman Chris Robinson's guitar.

"It will probably be appearing in my diary in the near future," joked Page, referring to his new website, JimmyPage.com, which received more than a million hits when it was launched the day after his appearance at the Crowes show.

The website features unseen photos, previously unreleased demos and home recordings, plus On This Day, a daily

**"SHAKE YOUR MONEY
MAKER WAS CHRIS AND
RICH'S IDEA. IT FITTED
THE BILL PERFECTLY."**

diary that includes events spanning Page's career from the 60s to the present day.

The Black Crowes show is reviewed on page 109.

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40 AC/DC

Back In Black turned AC/DC into the biggest rock band in the world. The problem now was how to follow it up. Cue bust-ups with their producer, run-ins with their record label, and at least one genius rock anthem. We salute *For Those About To Rock...*

48 The Union

It started with a sponsored motorcycle ride through Canada and the States. It ended with tales of penis linkage, poo-eating, white supremacy and anal love.

56 The Faces

They were hell-bent on making good music. They were even more hell-bent on having fun.

62 Deep Purple

We catch up with the band when their return to Montreux, and find that hard partying is about as likely as seeing smoke on the water from the Casino burning down again.

66 Jane's Addiction

Drug-fuelled bust-ups? They bought the T-shirt factory. Having re-formed for the umpteenth time, they swear it's different this time.

70 Captain Beyond

Pioneers of stoner rock, they should have been super-massive. Instead they threw away all the promise. The amazing story of the band formed from the ashes of Iron Butterfly, the Allmans and Purple.



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The making of
For Those About To Rock...

"We don't fuck around much," says guitarist Angus Young.



48 The Union

What are Luke Morley's new band, some of his old band, a former SAS operative and, um, Spider-Man doing travelling across America by motorbike?



World Exclusive! Pete Shoulder (left) and Danny Bowes's new supergroup.

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Classic Rock Roll Of Honour 2011: reader-voted categories, nominees and voting details; the **Black Crowes** bid farewell, with a little help from **Jimmy Page**; a sad goodbye to former Motörhead guitarist **Würzel**; **Chickenfoot** Fan Pack details; Say hello to **Ghost** and **Burn Halo**; welcome back **Michael Des Barres**, **Suzi Quatro** and **Dream Theater**...

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Rock's not-so-Grumpy Old Man was in love with Andy Warhol, and says Metallica are "amazing". Amazing!

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John Waite

On his solo records and singing with **The Babys** and **Bad English**, over 30-odd years his has been a unique voice.

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If you've got something to say, fling it right this way. And we might fling a bottle of very tasty **Smokehead** single-malt whisky your way in return. We'll drink (responsibly) to that!

130 Heavy Load

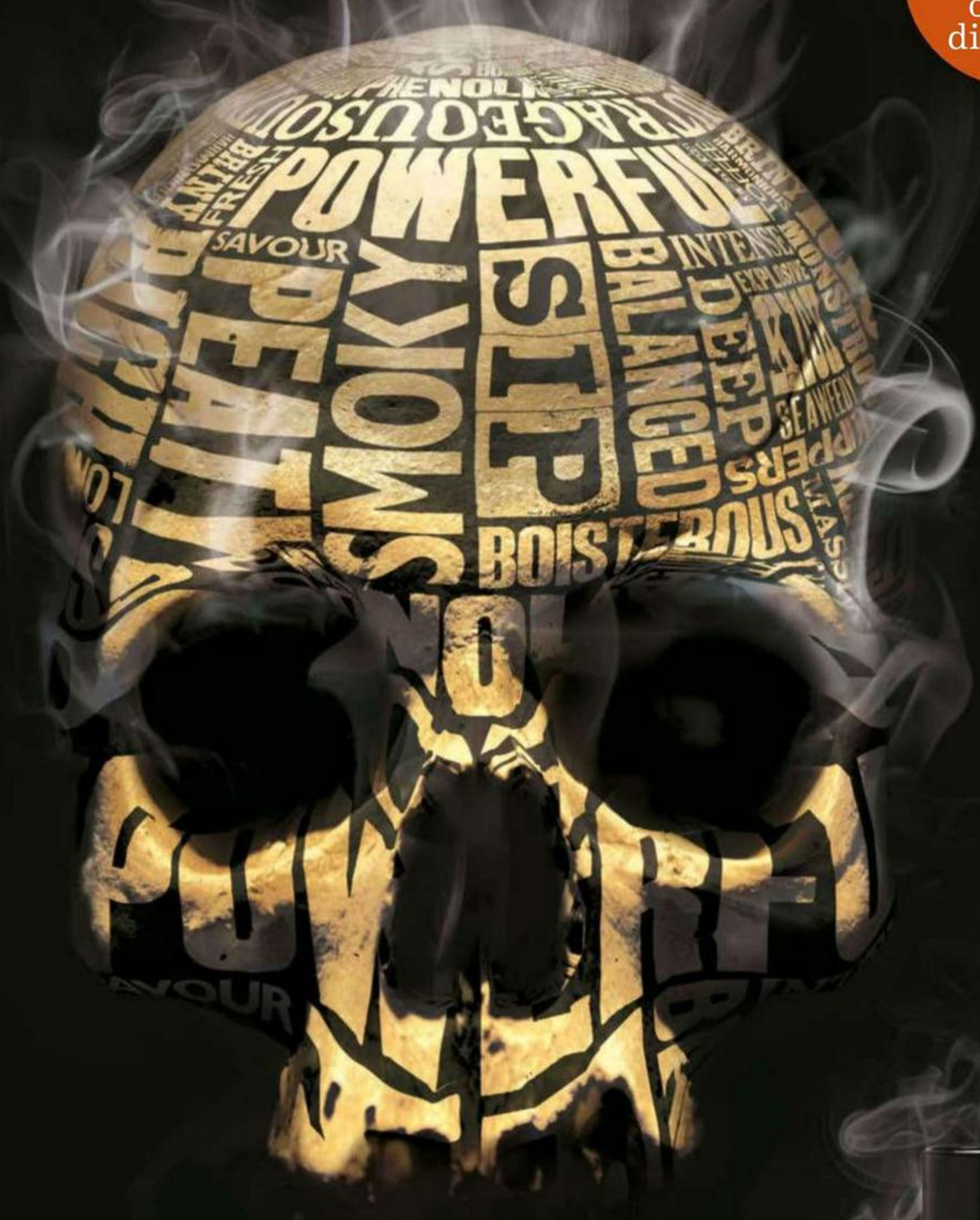
Nikki Sixx

The **Mötley Crüe** bassist on drugs, death, reality TV, and what he looks for in a woman (you might be surprised).



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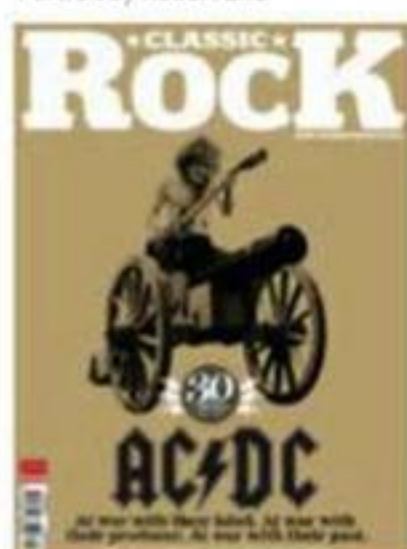
It's been an eye-opening month on *Classic Rock*. Here are several things that we've learned this issue:

1. Some people consider that wrapping their foreskin around the top of another man's winkle can be a good way of proving their heterosexuality.*
2. In an equally uncomfortable union, Kiss have linked up with... Hello Kitty. Expect cute demon-faced pussycats clogging up a Claire's Accessories near you.
3. Deep Purple are still big enough to have a private jet.
4. The woman on p37 having her arse signed by Freddie Mercury? She may well be a man.
5. Ian Gillan thinks it's more important to have an afternoon nap than do a soundcheck. (He is correct. I've been to soundchecks, they're boring. Naps are brilliant.)
6. These days you have to smuggle rock'n'roll into Canada.
7. They should put Luke Morley and Danny Bowes in charge of the military.
8. AC/DC have been grumpy for three decades.

**Should you ever find yourself in the marines – or maybe at a particularly wicked party round Rob Halford's house – and in the embarrassing social predicament of having your foreskin wrapped around another man's bell-end, fear not, for Classic Rock has a top, er, tip. According to my buddy Ram, the way to 'win' is by "humming – cos the other guy feels the vibrations..."*

Scott Rowley,
Editor In Chief

ON THE COVER
Portrait by Robert Ellis



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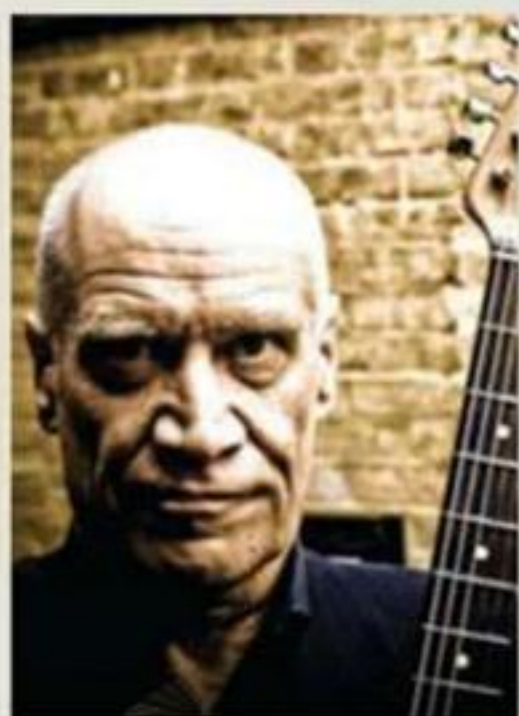
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This month's contributors



MICK WALL

A former Editor of *Classic Rock*, current presenter of *The Classic Rock Magazine Show* on Rock Radio (Wednesday nights, 10pm), and author of countless acclaimed rock biographies, this month Mick writes about AC/DC's *For Those About To Rock*, the moment that AC/DC 'closed shop' (see p40). Little-known fact: everywhere Mick goes, butterflies follow.



WILKO JOHNSON

This month we are joined by a legend of British R&B as the bug-eyed guitarist, famed for his work with Dr Feelgood, the Blockheads, the Wilko Johnson Band and more besides, reveals himself to be a talented musical historian and critic, with his in-depth review of reissued albums from the blues masters. Want to know where to start? Let Wilko be your guide (p90).



MAX BELL

What happened when Deep Purple went to Montreux with a 28-piece orchestra and a film crew? You'll have to read Max's piece to find out. Suffice to say that the Birkenstock-wearing rock pioneers like to take things a little bit easier these days. And who can blame them? (Ross Halfin's accompanying photographs, meanwhile, suggest that they still know how to rock a venue.)



5150



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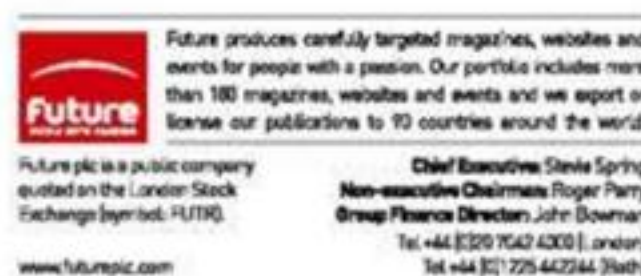
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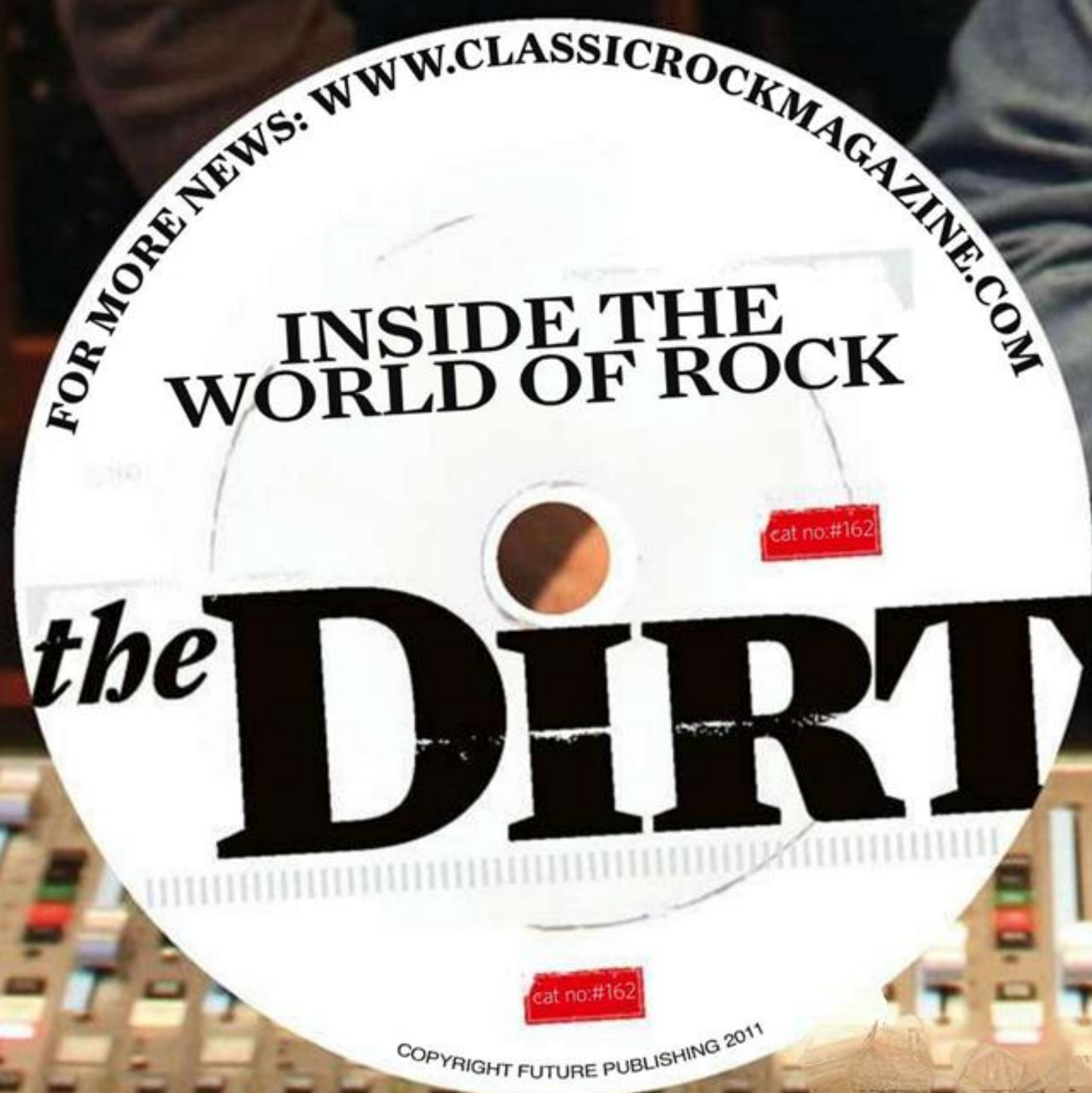


JEFFERY WEST



MEN'S SHOES AND ACCESSORIES

NEW RELEASE



Stanley with guitarist Tommy Thayer (left).



Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons hard at work: "And this button switches it on..."

"It's Sonic Boom on steroids!"

Exclusive! Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons on Kiss's new studio album. And the book. And the golf course...

NEARLY 40 YEARS into their career, and the fire is burning stronger than ever for Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons.

Kiss's senior partners are back in the studio with guitarist Tommy Thayer and drummer Eric Singer to record their 20th album. Just as 2009's *Sonic Boom* revitalised them as a both a viable recording band and a proper unit, this new album – recorded, like its immediate predecessor, at LA's Conway Studios – finds them more focused than ever. "Kiss, over the years, has strayed," says Simmons, giving *Classic Rock* the exclusive low-down on the as-yet-untitled album with Stanley. "We've had bitches who didn't love us, we just liked their asses and we did them for the night. But I will say unequivocally that the new record feels honest."

How far into the album are you?

Paul Stanley: We've recorded eight tracks. Everything's on except the vocals. There'll be 10 on the album, with a couple of tracks as bonuses for different projects.

How does it build on *Sonic Boom*?

PS: *Sonic Boom* was a pivotal album in the sense that we were aware of who we were as a performing band, but we had to re-establish who we are as a recording band. It let us figure that out. That being done, this is much easier and that much more self-assured.

Gene Simmons: This new record feels heavier than *Sonic Boom*. It feels like there's a connection between it and *Destroyer* and *Revenge*.

Care to throw us a few song titles?

PS: I'd be surprised if the album didn't start with *Hell Or Hallelujah*. It's up-tempo, a great riff, definitive Kiss. There's a track called *Born To Be A Sinner*, and Tommy has a song called *Out Of This World* which is terrific. They're anthemic songs. That's the nature of how we write. There are no ballads.

GS: *Are You Ready?* is a new track that I worked out, wrote, and brought everyone into the studio and said: "Let's bang this out." Another of the new songs, tentatively titled *Wall Of Sound*, we just came up with on the spot. The guts of that song were written in 40 minutes.

What about lyrical themes? It's a crazy world out there. Are you reflecting that?

PS: [Laughing] We've never done that! If you want a band who sing about saving the world, you got the wrong guys.

Given recent personal strife, Gene, is there a song about your partner, Shannon Tweed, on there?

GS: Certainly not. I hate guys who do that. *Angie* by the Rolling Stones aside.

How difficult is it to get the four members of Kiss in a room together to make a record in 2011?

PS: It's effortless. Part of doing *Sonic Boom* was to make sure that [1996's ill-fated 'reunion' album] *Psycho Circus* wasn't our last album. 7 ay — ure wl : I' t ch.

This month The *ritts* ... ave Everley, James Gill, Jo Kendall, ... en, Dave Ling, Peter Makowski, Mick Taylor, Henry ...

be was for me to take charge. The ground rules were: I produce, I pick the material, I have final say in the studio. And no outside writers. I'm not interested in someone doing your work for you and you putting your name on it. Nobody balked at that. I'm not there to dictate, I'm there to keep everybody focused on the game.

If we walked into the studio, what would we see?

PS: You'd see four guys playing together. Four guys looking at each other. It's not about ego or anybody trying to push their agenda for self-serving motives. That said, it's not a democracy. Democracy is great for countries, not for bands. I wanna live in one, I don't want to play in one.

The \$64,000 question: how are Kiss fans going to react the new album?

PS: They'll be blown away. Sometimes, I'm sure the band has been excited by something then listened back and thought: "What the hell were we thinking?" That's not the case here. If anybody was moved by *Sonic Boom*, this is that on steroids.

GS: [Appalling English accent] They'll be right chuffed.

The album aside, what else is on the horizon for Kiss?

PS: There's *Kissology Vol 4* coming later this year. It covers all the periods – early vintage stuff that no one's heard, great old stuff, a lot of live stuff.

GS: We have a Kiss golf course opening in Vegas. We've finalised the Kiss Hello Kitty joint venture. And there's a 50lb book to coincide with the album. It's an art book –

photos, stories. Each page will stand as an iconic moment. It's going to be four feet high. You'll have to find a special place in your house for it.

Are there any unreleased Kiss tracks in the archive?

PS: It's a myth that there are unreleased tracks. They don't exist. If there are, they weren't released with good reason.

GS: Yes. I've been putting together a Kiss box set for the longest time. Stuff people haven't seen or heard – even the bootleggers. And there's a Gene Simmons box set of stuff I've done for the band that has never seen the light of day – anywhere from 150-200 songs. It's called *Alter Ego*. When we take a break to do other stuff, I'll bring it out.

What's so great about being in Kiss in 2011?

GS: We won. We keep winning. On the day the last Kiss show happens, I'll be a sad guy.

And when is the last Kiss show going to happen?

GS: I have no idea. The thought of not going out on the road, getting a fishery in Scotland and making a fortune raising fish eggs? I'd hang myself. There's nothing like being in Kiss. You can become Pope, but he doesn't have a stage show. **DE**

Kiss' Kissology Vol 4 is out in November. Their new album is out in Spring 2012. For more from Stanley and Simmons, visit www.classicrockmagazine.com

RIP

Thank you
and good night.

Dan Peek

November 1, 1950 – July 24, 2011

Dewey Bunnell and Gerry Beckley of US soft-rockers America are mourning the loss of co-founding vocalist, guitarist and bassist Dan Peek, who has died at age the age of 60. Peek was a member from 1970-77 and appeared on a run of platinum albums and hit singles, including *A Horse With No Name* and *Ventura Highway*. The cause of death was unknown at press time.

Jerry Ragovoy

September 4, 1930 – July 13, 2011

Jerry Ragovoy composed numerous hits including *Time Is On My Side*, recorded by the Rolling Stones, and the Janis Joplin-popularised *Piece Of My Heart*. His work was also interpreted by Jimi Hendrix, the Yardbirds, Bonnie Raitt, the Small Faces and more. The 80-year-old from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania died of complications from an earlier stroke.

Taiji Sawada

July 12, 1966 – July 17, 2011

Best known for spells as bass player with Japanese bands Loudness and X Japan, Taiji Sawada has passed away after being disconnected from a life support machine at the request of his family. Sawada was pronounced brain dead, after attempting to hang himself following an alleged altercation with a flight attendant on a plane journey from Japan to Saipan. He was 45.

Jane Scott

May 3, 1919 – July 4, 2011

Cleveland-born Jane Scott, known as America's first music critic, spent 50 years interviewing countless musicians, from The Beatles to Lou Reed, Jimi Hendrix and Jim Morrison, attending over 10,000 concerts along the way. Though she retired from journalism in 2002 at the age of 83, Scott continued to enjoy shows and was 92 when she passed away.

Bill Morrissey

November 25, 1951 – July 23, 2011

Highly influential in the US folk music scene, singer-songwriter Bill Morrissey earned two Grammy nominations during his 10-album career. Praised for his ability to document the ups and downs of life in small-town America, he specialised in performing in coffee shops and small venues. No reason for his death was announced. He was 59.

NEWS

Europe have hired the ubiquitous Kevin Shirley (Black Country Communion, Iron Maiden, Journey) to produce a new studio album that's due for release next April.

Nick Oliveri and **Michael Todd** are trouble with the law. Ex-Kyuss/QOTSA bassist Oliveri was released on \$100,000 bail following a stand-off with a SWAT team in LA after a bust-up with his girlfriend. Coheed And Cambria used a stand-in bassist for some live dates when Todd was charged with the armed robbery of a pharmacy in Massachusetts.

Frontman David Draiman has announced that Chicago-based heavies **Disturbed**, who have notched four consecutive chart-topping albums in a 16-year career, are to go on hiatus.



GETTY IMAGES

Pete Townshend

(pictured) is denying he's retired. The Who guitarist says: "I'm 66 years old. I don't have perfect hearing, [but] I'm looking forward to playing with Roger [Daltrey] again on *Quadrophenia* next year."

Three-quarters of the seminal Dokken line-up – guitarist George Lynch, bassist Jeff Pilson and drummer 'Wild' Mick Brown – have formed **Tooth And Nail**, named after the band's 1984 album. Pilson, also a member of Foreigner, will handle vocals after Don Dokken refused to commit. The band are to call the new album *Dur Chump*, in the former fi...

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MICHAEL MONROE BAND

The ex-Hanoi frontman has excelled himself in recent months.

BLACK COUNTRY COMMUNION

Two albums in less than a year? Just like the good old days.

METALLICA They brought The Big Four to the UK, and are working with Lou Reed. 'Nuff said.

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

ALTER BRIDGE, *ABIII* Considered by many to be the US band's finest record so far.

BLACK COUNTRY COMMUNION, 2 Putting the 'super' in supergroup.

BLACK SPIDERS, *Sons Of The North* Their debut album proved well worth the wait.

BLACK STONE CHERRY, *Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea* The future of southern rock is in safe hands.

FOO FIGHTERS, *Wasting Light*

Mr Consistency strikes again.

GRAVEYARD, *Hisingen Blues* Seventies doom/stoner rock with a cool, garage-like edge.

JEFF BECK, *Rock'N'Roll Party*

The guitar great's tribute to the late, also great Les Paul.

JOE BONAMASSA, *Dust Bowl*

The American blues-based guitarist just gets better and better.

JOURNEY, *Eclipse* Their second with Arnel Pineda on vocals easily outstrips *Revelation*.

MICHAEL MONROE, *Sensory*

Overdrive Like Hanoi-meets-the-Wildhearts, this exceeded everybody's expectations.

MOTÖRHEAD, *The World Is Yours* Motörhead's purple patch continues in fine style.

RIVAL SONS, *Pressure & Time*

A dose of groove, soul, swagger and old-time rock'n'roll.

WHITESNAKE, *Forevermore*

You thought that *Good To Be Bad* was the real deal? This is even better.

REISSUE OF THE YEAR

Awarded to the best-embellished reissue of the past 12 months.

DAVID BOWIE, *Station To Station: Special Edition*

DEEP PURPLE, *Come Taste The Band: 35th Anniversary Edition*

CARAVAN, *In The Land Of Grey And Pink: 40th Anniversary*

Deluxe Edition

KING CRIMSON, *40th Anniversary Reissue Series*

PEARL JAM, *Vs & Vitalogy: Deluxe Edition*

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE, *Rated R: Deluxe Edition*

QUEEN, *2011 Remastered*

Deluxe Editions

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN,

The Promise - The Darkness On The Edge Of Town Story

THE WHO, *Live At Leeds: 40th*

Anniversary Special Edition

THIN LIZZY, *2011 Remastered Deluxe Editions*

FILM/DVD OF THE YEAR

Awarded to the best film or DVD release of the past 12 months.

AC/DC, *Live At River Plate*

BLACK SABBATH, *Paranoid (Classic Albums)*

FOO FIGHTERS, *Back And Forth*

LEMMY, *49% Motherfucker, 51% Son Of A Bitch*

THE ROLLING STONES,

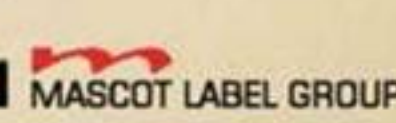
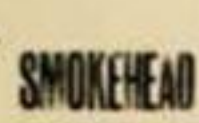
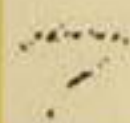
Ladies & Gentlemen

DEEP PURPLE, *Phoenix Rising*

THE BIG FOUR, *Live From Sofia*

•Stay tuned to the Classic Rock website (www.classicrockmagazine.com) for updates, how to vote on the website, and the closing date for voting. Remember: your vote counts – use it.

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Würzel

October 23, 1949 – July 9, 2011

FORMER MOTÖRHEAD guitarist Würzel has died, aged 61, of ventricular fibrillation (essentially caused by a heart disease).

Born Michael Burston in Cheltenham, Würzel joined Motörhead in 1984 and was with the band for 11 years. His departure was acrimonious, but he later reconnected with Lemmy and would often make guest live appearances with them.

"Würzel was a very social guy," says current Motörhead drummer Mikkey Dee, speaking exclusively to *Classic Rock*. "He was also very generous. But what I will remember him for the most is his humour – he was a funny motherfucker, even when he was mad about something."

Dee admits that the post-Würzel three-piece Motörhead was never quite the same. "He came up with classic, simple riffs and when he left he took those riffs with him," says the drummer. "Nobody else could write them."

A distraught Lemmy, who dedicated "this entire set and the rest of our lives" to Würzel when Motörhead performed at the Sonisphere festival just hours after the news broke, later issued a statement saying: "Würzel was my friend and my brother and he's never going to laugh with me again or bitch me out or do... anything. That truly and cosmically SUCKS. RIP, Würz."



Würzel: "a funny motherfucker".

GETTY IMAGES

Chicken nugget!

New CR Chickenfoot Fan Pack coming soon; pre-order now.

CLASSIC ROCK'S LATEST Fan Pack, dedicated to Chickenfoot, goes on sale on September 27. The lavish package includes a unique, expanded edition of *Chickenfoot III*, the band's eagerly anticipated second album, plus a dedicated 132-page magazine that includes exclusive interviews with vocalist Sammy Hagar, guitarist Joe Satriani, bassist Michael Anthony and drummer Chad Smith, and rare photos.

The version of *Chickenfoot III* included in the package, available two weeks before the album itself goes on sale, adds two bonus live tracks that won't appear on the record store version of the album.

The Fan Pack also includes A Guitar Pick Pack, 3D glasses and a 3D CD digital book pack with postcards. Pre-order it before Sept 27 from www.myfavouritemagazines.co.uk/chickenfoot you will also receive a limited-edition key-ring.

NEWS

Van Halen's twelfth studio album is being mixed by its producer Ross Hogarth for release later this year. "It's the killing side of Van Halen at the top of their game again," says Hogarth. David Lee Roth remains the band's vocalist.

An executive from EMI Records has revealed that a new studio album from **Kate Bush** is scheduled for a November release. The reclusive singer's last collection of new studio material was the double album *Aerial* in 2005.

Metallica are to celebrate their 30th anniversary with four fan club members-only shows at the Fillmore in San Francisco in December. Tickets will be frozen at 1981 prices of \$6 (£3.60) per night, or \$19.81 (£12) for all four.



Thunder (pictured), one of the biggest successes at *Classic Rock's* High Voltage festival this year, have confirmed their intention to play a Christmas show. Venue and date are yet to be confirmed.

An expanded version of the **Treatment's** debut album *This Might Hurt* is released by Spinefarm Records on September 5. It adds two bonus tracks and features new and improved artwork.

Council officials of Aberdeen, Washington, USA have ruled against renaming the city's Young Street Bridge in honour of **Kurt Cobain**, apparently due to the late star's drug usage. According to *the Seattle Times*, Cobain slept under the bridge in his teenage years.



Dream Theater: no strangers to healthy eating and exercise.



WELCOME BACK

Dream Theater

With a new, record-setting drummer, it's more 'faster, higher, further' for prog-metal's musical Olympians.

AS JAMES LABRIE, Dream Theater's amiable singer, makes his way to the phone, an almighty loud clattering sound comes from the receiver. "Sorry, man," he shouts above the din. "We're just getting our gear ready here." *Classic Rock* catches up with the band as they're easing into a lengthy tour in support of their intricate new record, *A Dramatic Turn Of Events*. It's a title that alludes to the seismic shift in Dream Theater's internal machinations caused by the departure of linchpin drummer Mike Portnoy.

You've kept things simple and replaced one Mike with another – Portnoy out, Mangini in. The word is that the new guy already has a drum solo in the live set.

He deserves to be sitting where he is. I stand and watch it at the side of the stage and the first time, my jaw dropped. He's an incredible technician. In a band like AC/DC it wouldn't matter, but our fans like it.

Mangini has held no less than five world records for speed drumming, including 1,280 beats in 60 seconds. He can do a drum roll on a table with just one hand faster than most guys can do it with two. Sometimes each of his limbs are doing a separate rhythm, and one hand's doing a roll on its own.

He's held five world records, your guitarist John Petrucci has been voted one of the top 10 Shredders of all time, John Myung has been voted best bassist of all time, yet you were only voted the 15th best singer of all time. Do they give you lots of stick?

Well you have to ask how accurate these kind of things are. Look at who was voted best singer of all time – Steven

Tyler, though. I was pretty happy with that. In my younger years I was desperate to prove myself, but since my injury [LaBrie ruptured three vocal chords in 1994] I've been able to maintain my voice and not worry about any of that other stuff.

A few internet snarks have been asking how it feels for you to be the frontman of the band at last, now that Mike Portnoy has gone.

I used to go and see Mötley Crüe, and there was Vince singing and doing his thing, but behind him was this real big character throwing his sticks around and stuff, and people would be watching him. I suppose in a way Mike Portnoy was like that, a big personality, and it sometimes felt like

a competition with someone trying to overtake me. You can't be a frontman when someone else is trying to be. It feels a lot more balanced now.

Any fool can write a three-minute song. What's the secret to writing a good long one?

It has to make sense, and it has to have direction. It has to have classic moments, even if it's contemporary. We're always thinking about what we are – which is where prog and metal meet. They have to be complementing one another. We had a point where the metal was overpowering the prog, but we're back in balance now.

Do also you need to be in shape to play them?

I jog and eat healthy. John Petrucci works out every day – that's why he's as big as Thor. Jordan [Rudess] does speed-walking. You've gotta stay limber. **JH**

Dream Theater's new album is reviewed on page 78.



"We travel by hearse. It's pretty comfortable, but it takes a while."

★ HIGH HOPES

Ghost

Ghost: influenced by Pink Floyd and The Doors. Yes, really.

Cowls off to the Swedish Satanists who make vicars "giggle like schoolgirls".

SOME BANDS YOU'D trust to babysit the kids. Other bands you really wouldn't want to find standing at the foot of your bed, at the stroke of midnight, with their faces lit by a flash of lightning and their maniacal laughter ringing around the bedroom. In this respect, Ghost take some beating. As a live act the Swedish band are unsettling: a coven of shrouded figures flanking a skull-faced singer in papal robes. As an interview prospect, they're more than a little baffling. With their identities a closely-guarded secret, *Classic Rock* is told to address our interviewee as The Ghoul With No Name. Less spookily, The Ghoul With No Name sends us a polite email with his mobile phone number and a convenient time to call.

"We travel by hearse, hence the noise," says a Swedish voice over a background racket. "It's pretty comfortable, but it takes a while. Going from where we live to Roskilde takes two weeks. And we have to stay off rocky roads, and keep up with the cars. Of course, we have a coffin in the back, which we keep Papa Emeritus 1 [their singer] in. He's very sensitive to daylight, as you might imagine."

Well, quite. It would be tempting to snigger at all this, were Ghost not so straight-faced about their schtick. Whereas, say, Slipknot's Corey Taylor is the boy-next-door once his mask comes off, these Ghouls are apparently wholly serious about their

calling, with the one we're talking to noting matter-of-factly that "collectively, yes, we have a transparent Satanic agenda. Why wouldn't you want to go to hell? Who do you know who would actually be in heaven? Heaven must be a very lonely place."

They wouldn't be the first musicians to embrace the dark side. "Historically, Satan has always been equal to rebellion and nonconformity," our Ghoul With No Name agrees. "You'd be called a devil worshipper if you didn't go to church. Satanism, whether that's Black Sabbath or *The*

Omen, attracts people. It reaches out to the young part of the mind. For example, we recently did a photo-shoot at a cathedral in London. Two vicars were there and they ran around giggling like schoolkids."

Ultimately you can take or leave the Satanic stuff. What else you've got is Ghost's captivating live show and *Opus Eponymous*, their surprisingly strong debut album. It's frequently Sabbath-doomy, with the clear influence of Scandinavian black metal, but the surprise is the sense of melody and the crisply delivered vocals. The band clearly want people to hear this, to make their mark. "I'm trying to avoid the word 'greater,'" says the Ghoul, "but this is not your normal rock band or horror band. It's something completely different."

The Ghoul has to go. Then he remembers his manners: "Thank you very much," he says. "And burn in hell, of course." **HY**

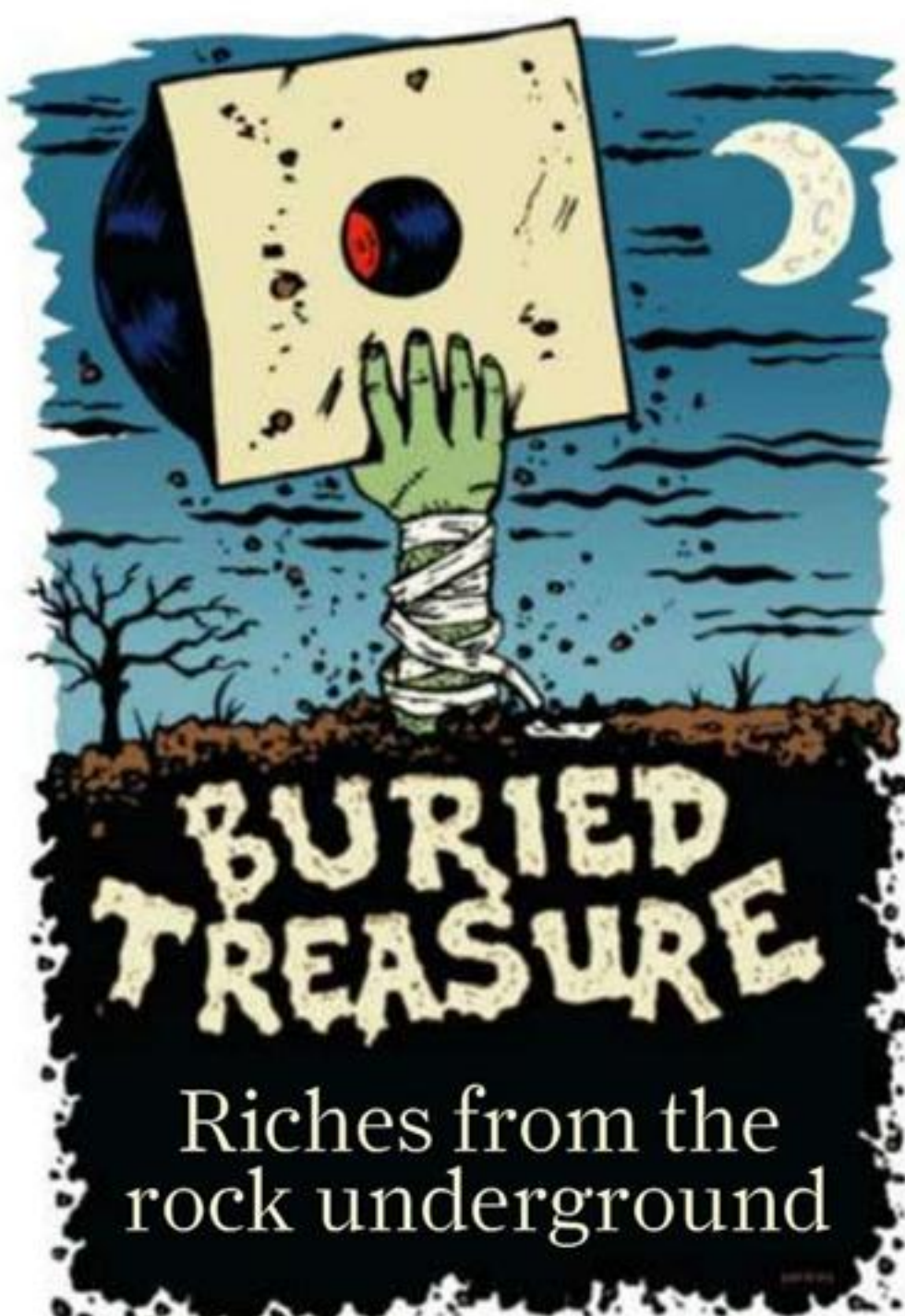
Opus Eponymous is out now on *Rise Above Records*.

FOR FANS OF...



"There are so many records we've tapped into. We're a metal-ish band, which comes from the fact that a lot of the members have a death metal and hardcore background, but there's a lot of Pink Floyd in there, and The Doors' *Waiting For The Sun*. Black Sabbath albums."

Sabbath and Sabbath



BURIED TREASURE

Riches from the rock underground

GRACIOUS

This Is... Gracious!!

Philips International, 1971. Up to £200.



Surrey-based five-piece Gracious were one of the first bands to be signed to the now legendary Vertigo label back in 1969.

Their debut, 1970's *Gracious!*

(aka Exclamation Mark), personifies what the progressive angle of Vertigo was all about at the time, sitting comfortably alongside such other greats as Cressida, Beggar's Opera, Jade Warrior, Gravy Train and Gentle Giant. The band's second, and final, album, *This Is... Gracious!!* was rejected by Vertigo. It eventually found a release on the budget International series offshoot of Philips.

Overall *This Is...* is far superior to that debut. Side One consists of *Super Nova*, a 22-minute suite in four parts, of which the epic *Blood Red Sun* (the original intended album title for Vertigo) is surely the band's finest moment. Brooding, doomy prog with a multitude of Mellotron

'Blood Red Sun' brings to mind early King Crimson and CZAR.

sounds used to full effect, it's a monster – certainly their heaviest number – and brings to mind early King Crimson and underground legends CZAR.

Other highlights are the uplifting CBS and *Blue Skies Alibis* displaying a Krautrock-tinged groove. Elsewhere the symphonic elements and the use of lush Mellotron draw obvious comparisons to the Moody Blues. The semi-religious-sounding *Prepare To Meet Thy Maker*, featuring multi-layered vocal harmonies, has a mellow, slightly eerie atmosphere, somewhat morose in sentiment.

Slight inconsistencies in arrangement and songwriting are only minor quibbles with this sadly overlooked band. **LD**



Queen drummer **Roger Taylor** has re-released his 1994 song *Dear Mr Murdoch* with "subtle updates" to make it relevant to the phone-tapping scandal that saw Murdoch close the *News Of The World*. It includes the lines: 'Your minions like vultures and carrion crow/They've sunk just as low as humans can sink/How many times must they poke and they pry?'

Responding to long-running and widespread allegations that **U2** moved their affairs to Holland to evade paying income tax on royalties, guitarist The Edge says "U2 and the individual band members have a totally clean record, and will never be involved in tax evasion".

Steel Panther are expected to release their second, still untitled album, in mid-October.



A major documentary project on the **Scorpions** (pictured) is being prepared for release in 2013. As well as tracing the German band's lengthy history, *Big City Nights - The Scorpions Story* will include footage from their ongoing farewell world tour.

Joe Bonamassa has recorded an album of cover versions of soul songs with singer/songwriter Beth Hart. Titled *Don't Explain*, it includes material previously performed by Gil Scott-Heron, Tom Waits, among others. It's expected to be released September—Provogue Re



Michael Des Barres: singer, actor, thrill seeker.

WELCOME BACK

Michael Des Barres

Heard the one about the teenage stripper and the jailed marquis? And that's just his parents.

ONCE THE POSTER boy for hedonism, Michael Des Barres was recently introduced at a function as "the guy who had more experience than Sinatra in a Vegas whorehouse". Former Silverhead/Detective/Power Station frontman Michael Des Barres got sober in the 80s and has spent the last 30 years building up a diverse CV that includes acting, producing and, of course, performing. The latter was his first love, and it's the one to which he has returned with the Michael Des Barres Band.

This is your first fully fledged band since Power Station. What have you been up to in between?

After having played Live Aid and then touring for six months [in Power Station] with two members of Duran Duran and being exposed to 20,000 girls showing their tits, and that ridiculous elitist life, I auditioned for a TV series called *MacGyver*, playing this character Murdoc, and then spent the next 20 years on American television.

What got you back into music?

I'd broken my wrists countless times, falling off stage, and motorbikes, fights, just from leading a reckless existence. Eventually it became impossible to use my right hand, and I had to have three surgeries and was completely laid out for quite a while. During this time I started reading and writing.

And then the Facebook phenomena happened, and a lot of people started to respond to my work. One guy, Jesse Dayton, invited me down to record in Austin, where I got together with these musicians who had no agenda except to play music. And I got reintroduced to what I dug in the first place: Muddy Waters, Little Richard, Elvis. We recorded some songs, and I thought, 'I'm 63, it's about time I started doing this again.'

Who is in the band?

The core of the band are Linda Perry's guys. I stole her rhythm section: Paul Ill [bass] and David Goodstein [drums]. They are all very accomplished musicians. I've got Iggy's guitarist from the *American Caesar* era, Eric Schermerhorn, and Jebin Bruni on keyboards. I've also been working with [guitarist] Steve Stevens, who was available as Billy [Idol] is writing his memoirs.

What inspired you to record material live at the legendary Village Recorder Studios?

I'd just finished reading Keith Richards' book, and there was a paragraph in there where he says in the 60s

the Stones went to Chess Studios and cut 16 songs in two days. And six of them were number ones! And I thought, of course, if you feel it, you do it. We rehearsed a couple of days and then did it. I had 30 songs ready. I write a song a day.

Will you play any golden oldies live?

Absolutely! Were already doing *More Than Your Mouth Can Hold* [Silverhead], *Detective Man* [Detective] and a very meditative version of *Obsession*.

You're working on an autobiography. What can we expect from that?

Well, it's not the Nikki Sixx story. Its not rock'n'roll, drugs, redemption, service, putting on weight. My story is more complex, inasmuch as my mother was a 17-year-old schizophrenic stripper who spent most of her life in institutions, and my father was a real-life marquis who was stripped of his title and put in jail for embezzlement. Basically it's a sordid, saucy, spiritual adventure of the mad marquis. That's me! **PM**

The new album *No Past, No Future, No Problem* is awaiting a release date.



Fender Pawn Shop Series: more than the sum of their parts.

● RAW POWER

Heavenly hybrids

Reinventing the past – these guitars do it literally, and beautifully.

THANKS TO JIMI Hendrix, Eric Clapton and David Gilmour, to name just three electric titans, Fender guitars sit right at the top of many an enthusiast's wish list. Usually that means a dribbly 1960s Stratocaster or perhaps an all-original 50s Telecaster. But if you can't stretch to 20 grand, don't worry, because there's a period-correct, modern reissue Fender with your name on it selling for less than a tenth of that price.

Fender's new Pawn Shop Series instruments, however, take a little more liberty with the bare facts of history. Rather than strict reissues, the US company have 'recreated' some "guitars that never were, but should have been". Fenders guitars were, after all, originally designed to be easily constructed

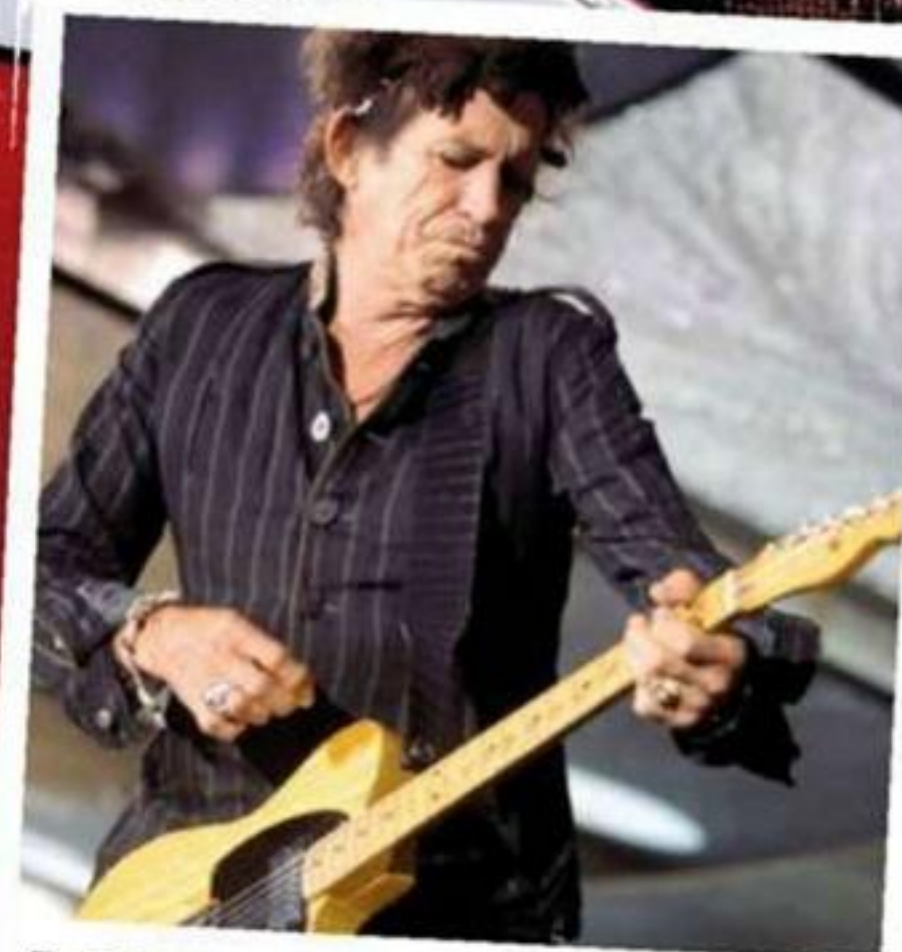
from mass-manufactured, interchangeable parts. So what would happen if those parts ended up in a different configuration?

This is what happens: the Fender '51, the Mustang Special and the Fender '72. The two Strat-shaped guitars have Telecaster necks and headstocks, a pickguard inspired by the first Fender Precision bass of 1951, and modern-sounding, powerful pickups. The Mustang Special is arguably the best realised of the three, with its multiple sound options and retro looks. Even better news is that the most expensive guitar here, the sunburst '72, is just £851.

Quirky, cool and, crucially, entirely different.

M

by Peter Guisri



GETTY IMAGES

AGE CONCERN

Sometimes, new is just old-fashioned.

It's a sobering thought that, despite the best efforts of the entire guitar industry these past 60 years, it's vintage electric guitars that remain the prized possessions of every guitarist worth their mustard. Ragged-but-still-rolling Stone Keith Richards (pictured), for example, is said to have sent a shipment of brand new Telecasters back to Fender in the mid-90s, commenting that they were 'too new' and to 'rough them up a bit'. Fender obliged, and brand-new, pre-aged guitars became all the rage.

Sharp Dressed Man

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[1]



[2]



[3]

Darkside Clothing – black on black Skull beater [1]

£16.85, www.darksideclothing.com
Darkside clothing have been flying the flag for rock and alternative clothing for 30 years now and have a huge range of designs for just about every genre of rock fan.

Classic Rock is feeling thrash fever after the Big Four at Sonisphere, and this 100 per cent cotton beater looks heavy and will keep you cool in the pit.

Criminal Damage – Marble Blue Wash jeans [2]

£29.99, www.criminaldamage.co.uk
Would Dave Mustaine be without a pair of washed-out denims? We think not. Not only do they look rocking, but these marble Blue Wash jeans from Criminal Damage are also made from a cotton/lycra mix for extra stretch when booting the air or throwing a mega-wide-legs shredding stance.

Macbeth – Eliot Dove Grey trainer [3]

£43, www.macbethshop.com
The Macbeth Fall 2011 collection has just dropped and, true to form, these 100 per cent vegan trainers are two horns up. Wear these Eliot trainers with the above items and splashed with beer, blood and thrash-pit scum to complete the style. View the full collection at their webstore.

www.rsoles.com

Featured boot: Mad Dog Engineer



NEWS

The members of **Cheap Trick** were lucky to escape unhurt when the main stage at the Bluesfest in Ottawa, Canada collapsed while they were performed during a severe thunderstorm. Stage crew and fans were sent running for cover.

Porcupine Tree/Blackfield guitarist/singer **Steven Wilson** releases his second solo album, *Grace For Drowning*, via Kscope on September 26.

Drummer Matt Sorum has revealed that **Velvet Revolver** recorded an album's worth of material with Corey Taylor before deciding that the Slipknot/Stone Sour singer was not right for the job of replacing Scott Weiland – a sentiment that came primarily from guitarist Slash. The recordings are not likely to be released.

Megadeth release a new album, *Th1rt3en*, in November via Roadrunner Records.



Bruce Dickinson (pictured) has received an honorary doctorate in music from Queen Mary College, London. The Iron Maiden singer is a former student at the college, where he attained a degree in history in 1979.

Former Dream Theater/Avenged Sevenfold drummer **Mike Portnoy** has teamed up with ex-Blue Murder/Whitesnake/Thin Lizzy guitarist **John Sykes** in an as yet unnamed project, which is also rumoured Mr. Big bassist **Billy Sheehan**.



Suzi Quatro: still busting the leather.



WELCOME BACK

Suzi Quatro

Not many people could break Alice Cooper's nose and then have him say: "Hey, let's tour together again."

WITH FOUR DECADES in the business and nearly 50 million record sales to her name, Detroit's rockinest daughter needs little introduction. So what do you say to the woman who inspired Joan Jett, caused a stir in *Happy Days*, hosted her own Radio 2 show and broke Alice Cooper's nose? How about: "Hello, Suzi Q..."

You're back with producer Mike Chapman for your new album, *In The Spotlight*. How long is it since you last worked together?

We were always working on the odd track, but our last studio album was *Back To The Drive*, in 2006. That was a very personal, autobiographical album, songs I'd collected for 15 years. It was reliving those experiences that spurred me on to write my autobiography, *Unzipped*.

***Unzipped* (2007) was a warts-and-all epic that showed how much you've packed in and been through.**

I sure have. And I'm still doin' it! But I started very young [she was 14 when she started, as bassist in all-girl band the *Pleasure Seekers*] and there was lots I needed to say. When I'd finished that, Mike said: "Now you've got all that out of your system, let me make your next album." But it took two years to fit together.

Who made the song selections?

There are some left-field ones on it. Mike told me to trust him and he'd take control. That was a big deal for me, but I said go for it and he started sending songs. We ended up with two of mine and three of his, then we picked a Rihanna cover, some Goldfrapp and an Elvis cover.

Elvis is where it all started for you. I did *Let's Stay Together* when I covered him.

I pay tribute to him with a bonus song called *Singing With Angels* that I recorded in Nashville with James Burton and The Jordanares. That's very special to me. But my father's a big influence, too. He played jazz gigs all the way up to age 89. So when people say: "When are you gonna retire?" I say: "I've got at least 20 years yet."

In your early days you hung out and played with some of Detroit's finest – MC5, the Stooges, Alice Cooper...

We were just colleagues. Everyone was trying to make it, and you're all doing the same gigs. We used to rehearse at Alice's place, in his garage or at his farm. I knew Iggy when he was a drummer. So when I see those guys it's like Old Home Week – fantastic. I did the

Welcome To My Nightmare tour with Alice. And even though I broke his nose then [with a dart gun] he often tells me he wants us to tour again, ha ha.

Women in rock: who's picking up your mantle?

Nobody! Seriously, where are they? It's not an easy job to be a female rocker. Things have changed – it's become too much soft porn. I'm hoping it'll go back. Okay, I used to wear a leather jumpsuit...

Some people may say: what's the difference?

I wasn't showing anything. Sure, it was tight, but I was covered from head to foot. Girls don't want to be treated like sexual objects. It should be the music that matters.

You can still rock that look.

Leather feels right and looks right on me. It's sexy without being revealing, it's hard-wearing... It's me to a T. **JK**

In The Spotlight is released on August 22 through Cherry Red.

★ HIGH HOPES

Burn Halo

From the ashes of metalcore mob 18 Visions come James Hart's more trad rock crew.

"**WE DON'T LIVE** and die for radio," asserts Burn Halo frontman James Hart. "So many new rock bands just sing about drinking beer and kicking ass. It's so out of context, and they're doing nothing new. They only care if their single is in the radio charts, and yet they can't sell shit for tickets. We are not that band."

That's as good a statement of intent as you need from Oklahoma/California hard rockers Burn Halo, whose second album, *Up From The Ashes*, is not reminiscent of just the music of bands like Guns N' Roses and Avenged Sevenfold, but also their edge, authenticity and integrity.

Burn Halo were put together by James in 2007 after fashionable metalcore crew 18 Visions disbanded.

"18 Visions was slick and it got too much for me," James explains. "Burn Halo is more mature. We're not trying to fit into this metalcore stereotype or be a rock band that's being played on US radio. We knew what we wanted to do, and we wanted to make a heavy *heavy* rock album. We wanted metal influences on there, but because we're not a scene band we felt no pressure to appeal to any particular scene or demographic."

On the first album in 2009 the band (completed by guitarists Joey Cuhna and Brandon Lynn, bassist Aaron Boehler and

drummer Dillon Ray) were likened to Buckcherry and Guns N' Roses. But, as James explains, they really tried to put their own stamp on it. "Sure there's shades of Avenged Sevenfold on the guitars, because Joey loves Synyster Gates. But he also loves George Lynch [Dokken], and he's managed to weave those two things together in his playing." It's also not hard to hear Skid Row, Stone Temple Pilots and even Alter Bridge among their influences.

Burn Halo are as serious about their fun as they are about their music. Joey sounds like quite a handful when he's not being just unlucky: drinking to the point of involuntarily excreting; hospitalisation; even having their van hit a deer. "In all my years of touring we've never hit any animals of that size. Joey's first shift driving lasted all of five minutes. To this day we still won't let him behind the wheel."

And of course there's the girls...

"During our set there was this hot girl that wouldn't leave her shirt on while we were playing. Afterwards we told Joey – who was super-excited – that she was still down the front. He jumped up on the barricade in his excitement, and it collapsed on him. He severely hurt his ankle. And after being carried backstage by security, in front of all our fans, he then fell down a flight of stairs and we had to rush him to hospital."

If you feel that American rock promised the grit of yesteryear but delivered the bargain-bin tat of tomorrow, stick *Up From The Ashes* in the car stereo and truly earn that speeding ticket. **JG**

Up From The Ashes is out now on Rawkhead.

FOR FANS OF...



"Those two [...*Illusion*] albums were so diverse and so ahead of their time. So much more mature than *Appetite...*, which had a more fun, punk vibe. Musically they went to so many different places but still kept it together under one umbrella. When a band can do that and keep it cohesive, that's musical brilliance."

Burn Halo: not just singing "about drinking beer and kicking ass".



"We wanted to make a heavy *heavy* rock album."

PHOTO PASS

THE STORY BEHIND THE SHOT

Artist **Creedence
Clearwater Revival**

Location **Oakland Coliseum Arena,
California, January 1970**

Photographer **Baron Wolman**

VIP STAFF GUEST AFTER
SHOW PHOTO

"It's the joyousness that strikes me. This was right after Altamont, when the crowd pushed forward and somebody ended up getting killed. Here, again, the crowd are pushing forward to the stage, but with such adoration. You look at the faces of these kids... there was none of the darkness that I saw at Altamont.

"John Fogerty is standing there like an evangelist. He's not waving; it's almost like he's leading them in musical prayer or something. If you look carefully, the drummer had thrown some sticks into the air, so some people are looking at Fogerty, and some are looking into the sky, like something is coming their way.

"Of the people I photographed, he was not the most photogenic. To be photogenic a musician has to have two assets: one is how he dresses; two is how he moves around the stage. Fogerty always wore the plaid shirt and stayed close to the microphone. There was no drama, at least not the kind of drama that I look for. That's not putting him down, it's just that every band has their own style of presenting themselves, and for photographers it's not so much about the music as the visuals.

**"Look at the faces.
There was none of the
darkness of Altamont."**

"The band loved this shot. They put it on a T-shirt. It's one of my favourites. Intellectually it represents the relationship between a musician and audience; it's much closer than anybody realises, when you see it from that perspective."

The Rolling Stone Years, by Baron Wolman, is out now via Omnibus Press.



BARON WOLMAN

Between 1967 and 1970 Baron Wolman was *Rolling Stone* magazine's first chief photographer, shooting the likes of Hendrix, Dylan and the Rolling Stones during his time there. Since then his subjects have included authors, fashion models and sportsmen. A qualified pilot, Wolman has also published several collections of aerial photography. He continues to exhibit his work around the world.



California screamin':
Creedence's John
Fogerty leads Oakland
in 'musical prayer'.



Heavy Rotation

What we've been listening to this month



01 The Adventures Of Rain Dance Maggie

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

They ditched the cock-warming socks and youthful exuberance years ago, but the 80s-rock referencing first single from their ninth album shows that Anthony Kiedis and co can still get it up when they want.

02 Waste Your Tears

THE ANSWER

The standout new song from the Answer's recent *Borderline* set, wrapped around a killer riff, infectious woaah call-and-response counterpoint chorus. It's a tougher, leaner, meaner Answer. Bodes well for the release next month of their third album, *Revival*.



03 Mudflap Mama

LESLIE WEST WITH SLASH

Lifted from a solo album called *Unusual Suspects*, Mountain's in-the-wars guitarist teams up with Slash for a slide guitar-encrusted slice of stompsalong boogie.gue debut.

04 Chop Chop Chop/Gail/Roses On White Lace

ALICE COOPER

We've just rediscovered this trilogy of songs about the evil doings of a slasher/serial killer from Alice's 1987 album *Raise Your First And Yell*. Gilt-edged gristle from The Coop...



05 Revelator

SCREAMING TREES

More than a decade after they split, grunge's great unsung band posthumously release their final album. From Mark Lanegan's deathly croak to its biblical atmospheric, it distils everything that made them great first time around. Better late than never, etc.

06 On The Backs Of Angels

DREAM THEATER

Mike who? The US prog-metal overlords exorcise the ghost of their old drummer with this flamboyantly epic yet admirably melodic opener from aptly-titled new album *A Dramatic Turn Of Events*. Your move, Mr Portnoy...



07 Thela Hun Gingeet

KING CRIMSON

One of the standout tracks from the forthcoming reissue (remixed by Steven Wilson) of the cracking first album from the Fripp/Belew/Levin/Bruford line-up. Pacey, groovy, technically flash, and punctuated with Adrian Belew's patented guitar-zoo sonics.

08 Big Money

HOUSE OF LORDS

HOL debuted in 1989 with the release of their self-titled album, regarded by some as one of the best arena-rock releases of all time. Now they're back with a brand new CD - and here's the title track. Massive - and then some. It's like they've never been away...

09 The Devil's Orchard

OPETH

Despite this fine song's rather silly title - does Beelzebub even eat apples? - Opeth's death metal vocals are gone for good, it seems. Did we hear you cry: "Great"?!

10 Summer Of '89

BUTCH WALKER & THE BLACK WIDOWS

The spiritual sequel to Bryan Adams' ode to '69. The groover from Vancouver is even referenced in the lyrics, and with 'changing strings, banging on things' and 'listening to Kiss', Butch captures a golden summer of his youth. Smart, savvy and relentlessly catchy. Much like the rest of his forthcoming album, *The Spade*.



11 Grinder

JUDAS PRIEST

Priest were great at High Voltage, prompting us to revisit their back catalogue big style. This comes from their career-defining 1980 album, *British Steel*. "Lyrically it's just me blowing up again about humanity and the way we still don't look out for each other," Priest frontman Rob Halford once explained. And there's us thinking it was about a trip to the butcher's to buy some sausages.

12 You Don't Own Me

THE PIRATES

Also recorded by Status Quo (whose bassist Alan Lancaster co-wrote it with Mick Green) on *Rocking All Over The World*, this l'il gem appears on a Pirates anthology called *Shakin' With The Devil: The Best Of*.



13 Waters Deep

BRAD

An early taster from 2012's fifth Brad album, *Waters Deep*, is built around the hypnotic fuzz guitar of Stone Gossard while Shawn Smith's vocals are as beautifully idiosyncratic as ever. Hear it for yourself at www.thebradband.com

14 The Killer Inside Me

THE WAVES OF FURY

Doing for Motown R&B what Jim Jones Revue did for Sun rock'n'roll, Carter Sharp's brassy-assed South London sonic assassins will leave you ripped, ravished and raw.



16 Jane Says

JANE'S ADDICTION

The art rock linchpins are back with a new album later this year, as revealed on page 66. Prime yourself with this added acoustic masterpiece from 1988's landmark *Nothing's Shocking* album. Warning: drugs may have been involved.

17 Two Out Of Seven

EDGUY

Accompanied by a jaunty and very contagious keyboard riff, metallic joker Tobias Sammet compares his potential pulling power with that of a new partner, exclaiming: "What the fuck? Suck my cock! I'm only a seven!" Well, life is tough, Toby.

18 Circles

SPLIT SOFA

These Midlands-based psychedelic progressive popsters sound like a cross between Pink Floyd and The Outfield, and they're at the top of their game on this hypnotically commercial offering.



19 The Bells

LOU REED

The hideously under-rated title track of Reed's '79 album recently dusted off at Hammersmith, is an unnerving collision of Ornette Coleman-styled free jazz, dark, melodramatic Russian drama and a passion-drenched extemporaneous vocal. Listen to it loud enough to render yourself blind to get the full effect. You might even kill yourself.



20 This Is The Moment

TOBY HITCHCOCK

Having been plucked from obscurity by Survivor's Jim Peterik to join the latter's group *Pride Of Lions*, vocalist extraordinaire Toby Hitchcock shows what he can do alone (albeit with some assistance from W.E.T./Eclipse's Erik Mårtensson).

21 The Fire, The Steel, The Tread

HOT WATER MUSIC

The USA's best melodic post-hardcore band since Hüsker Dü end their hiatus and release their first new material in seven years to reclaim their crown from Gaslight Anthem *et al*. Glorious hillbilly-tinged punked rock.

22 Shining Stranger

MEGAN HENWOOD

One of the rockier songs from the folkish (but not folk) singer-songwriter's new album *Making Waves* which suggests Megan has the voice and the songwriting craft to take her into the mainstream if a bit of luck comes her way.



23 Rememberrr

CRANIUM PIE

Direct from Cranium Pie's secret baking research centre in deepest subterranean Wiltshire, prog fans will relish this tale of lobsters (or possibly crayfish) rising up against an evil robotic tyranny. Imagine Caravan abandoning their Canterbury roots and going completely crustacean - if you can.

24 Gone Baby Gone

MICHAEL MONROE

A Stones-y, country-rock insta-classic puts the heart in Monroe's *Sensory Overdrive*.

⚡ Hear more recommendation EVERY DAY by following us on mflow

**TAKE A BREAK WHEN
YOU WANT TO...**



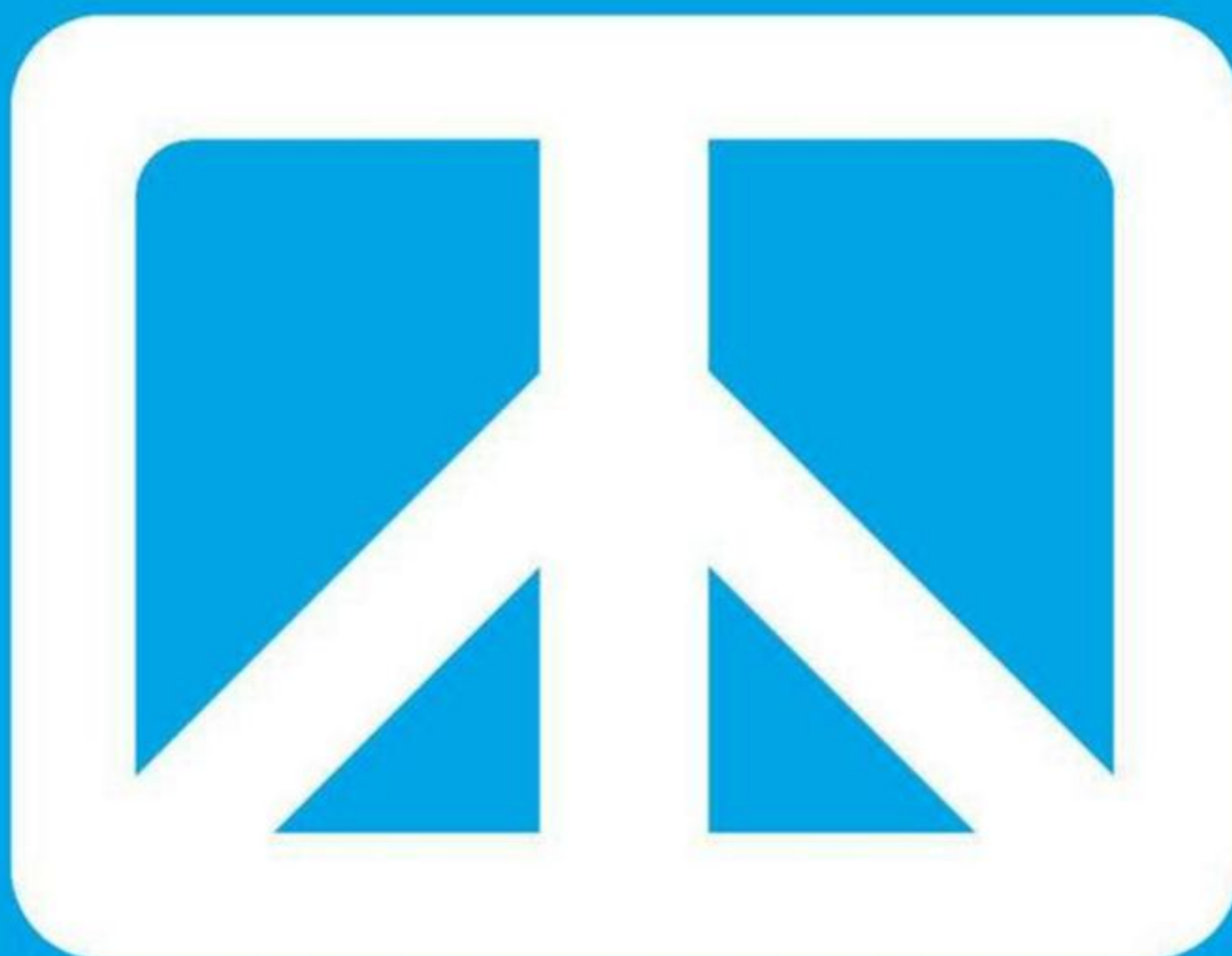
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Win cool clobber!

Kit yourself out with a selection of Jeffrey~West items from the very top end of rock'n'roll fashion.

Born and bred in Northampton, the historical centre of the British shoemaking and leather industries, childhood friends Mark Jeffery and Guy West were surrounded by tradition and history from the word go, even more so for Jeffery as his father ran the family-owned shoe factory in the town.

The pair began to craft their own unique style of footwear. Inspired by Regency dandies, fin de siècle decadence, 20th-century sub- and pop culture, Jeffrey~West's styles and lasts (shoe 'moulds') are named after a swathe of swashbucklers, wits and hell-raisers, including Keith Richards, Steve Marriot, Terence Stamp, Oliver Reed, Peter O'Toole, Brian Jones, Bram Stoker, Aleister Crowley and Richard Burton. Just like their reworkings of traditional footwear styles, Jeffrey~West offer a range of traditional gentlemen's accessories, all also hand-made in England, to compliment the themes and styles of the footwear.

With a very special selection chosen exclusively for *Classic Rock*, Jeffrey~West offer the opportunity for the discerning gentleman to kit themselves out with the very top end of rock'n'roll fashion. And they're giving one very lucky *Classic Rock* reader a selection that includes a pair of Rochester Ripper boots, two pairs of cufflinks, Gentleman's kerchief, gig flask and a stunning sterling silver skull cane.

To be in with a chance of winning this fabulously stylish prize, all you have to do is answer the following question correctly:

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- C. Easthampton [Text **STYLISH C** to 87474]

Text the word **STYLISH** followed by a space and then the letter which you think refers to the correct answer. For example, if you think Jeffrey~West was founded in Southampton, text **STYLISH A** to 87474. Texts will be charged at 25p for correct or incorrect answers.

Postal entries to: *Classic Rock*, Future, 2 Balcombe Street, London NW1 6NW. The last date that entries can be received is September 14, 2011.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS: Text entries: text the word shown in brackets after the answer, followed by a space (very important) then the letter which you think refers to the correct answer, to 87474. Postal entries to: *Classic Rock*, Future, 2 Balcombe Street, London NW1 6NW. Text message or postal entries can be received at any time until midnight on Sept 14, 2011. Texts will be charged at 25p each, for correct or incorrect answers. By sending your entry you agree to these competition rules and you confirm you are happy to receive details of future offers and promotions from Future Publishing Limited and carefully selected third parties. If you do not want to receive information relating to future offers and promotions, please include the word STOP at the end of your text message or at the end of your postal entry. The winner will be drawn at random from all correct entries received by the closing date. No employees of Future plc or any of its group companies or the employees of any entity which has been involved with the administration of this competition or any member of their households may enter this competition. No responsibility is accepted for entries delayed or lost in the post. Proof of postage will not be accepted as proof of receipt. The prize is as stated and no cash alternative is available. Future Publishing Limited is not responsible whatsoever for any failure by the competition organisers to provide the prize on time or at all or for any loss, damage, costs, expenses, or personal injury caused by the prize. If you have any query or complaint in relation to the prize, you should contact *Classic Rock* at classicrock@futurenet.co.uk or the editor at the postal entries address above. If you are a winner of the competition you accept that Future Publishing Limited has the right (without additional payment or seeking permission) to use your name, address and likeness for the purpose of announcing the winner of the competition and for related promotional purposes. All entries must be received by the closing date. No purchase necessary. Future Publishing Limited, 30 Monmouth Str



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JEFFERY~WEST



The Kinks

Waterloo Sunset

Forty-four years ago, Ray Davies poured his youthful dreams and longings into a song that became both a rock classic and London's unofficial national anthem.

Words: **Bill DeMain**

One morning in February 1967, Ray Davies rolled out of bed in his little semi-detached house in North London, and there was a song waiting for him. “*Waterloo Sunset* came to me in a dream,” Davies tells *Classic Rock*. “I woke up and it was there.”

But the song that turned into one of the signature hits of his band The Kinks, and an enduring anthem of London began as a love letter to a different city altogether.

“Originally I wanted to call it *Liverpool Sunset*,” Davies reveals. “I loved Liverpool and Merseybeat. But you know what they say as advice for writers – write about what you know. I knew London better than I knew Liverpool. So I changed it.”

“*Waterloo* was a pivotal place in my life,” he continues. “And I saw several *Waterloo* sunsets. I was in St Thomas’ Hospital there when I was really ill as a child, and I looked out on the Thames. Later I used to go past the station when I went to art college on the train. And I met my first girlfriend, who became my first wife, along the Embankment at *Waterloo*.”

Appropriate for a song born in a dream, the lyric had a dappled, impressionistic feel that is more about mood than about linear storytelling. As Davies free-associated on memories of his youth, two names spilled out unexpectedly.

“As soon as I sang ‘*Terry and Julie*,’” he recalls, “it seemed that they didn’t need description. With records, I like to let the listener do some work and conjure up some images in their own way. If everybody could draw a picture of Terry and Julie, they’d all draw a different picture, according to people they knew.”

At the time, many were convinced that the names referenced one of Swingin’ London’s ‘it’ couples: actors Terence Stamp and Julie Christie. Davies, who has always been protective of the song’s mystique, denies the connection, commenting: “I think the characters have to do with the aspirations of my elder sisters, who grew up during the Second World War and missed out on the 60s. I was thinking of the world I wanted them to have.”

With the song still missing a bridge Ray played it to his brother Dave.

“I had a feeling it was going to be a hit,” the younger Davies wrote in his autobiography, *Kink*. “It had a wonderfully hypnotic descending bass line contrasting magically with rising vocal harmonies, gentle but stirring textures. Immediately, we started ad-libbing vocal parts around the chorus.”

When Ray took it to the band’s long-time producer, Shel Talmy, for a listen, he was equally impressed.

“Ray was one of the more prolific writers I’ve ever known,” Talmy says. “It seemed like he would write a dozen songs overnight, then he’d come and play them for me, and I’d choose the ones I thought were great. In the time that I worked with him, the four that stood out as sure-fire number-one singles were *You Really Got Me*, *Tired Of Waiting For You*, *Sunny Afternoon* and *Waterloo Sunset*.”

On March 12 the band gathered in the tiny basement studio at Pye Records in London’s Marble Arch to tackle the backing track for Ray’s new song, and recorded it live to four-track.

But exactly who produced the session has long been the subject of debate. During the making of 1967’s *Something Else* album, the Kinks and Talmy ended their partnership. Ray has said that he wasn’t happy with early takes of *Waterloo Sunset* so he produced it himself. Talmy disagrees: “It’s my record, and I don’t know what else to tell you. All the records in which I was listed as the producer, I produced.”

Whatever the truth, there’s no disputing that the band’s performance, which Davies calls “sparse but tightly arranged”, was magical. After Ray added his lead vocal he overdubbed a cascading choral arrangement of ‘ooh’s that featured Dave, bassist Pete Quaife, and Ray’s wife Rasa. But there was still one final touch needed.

Of this Dave Davies wrote: “We messed around with various guitar ideas and sounds before we finally tried working the guitar part through a tape delay. It worked like a dream.”

In a springtime ripe with such dream-like classics as *A Whiter Shade Of Pale* and *Strawberry Fields Forever*, *Waterloo Sunset* was perfectly in sync, and climbed to No.2 in the UK chart. For Ray Davies, one early memory about the song’s first chart run stands out: “I remember a moment with Jimi Hendrix and I, when we were on *Top Of The Pops* together. We met in the corridor, and he said: ‘Man, I love your tune.’ And he played *Waterloo Sunset*, just hammering the notes with his left hand, with that wonderful Hendrix feel.”

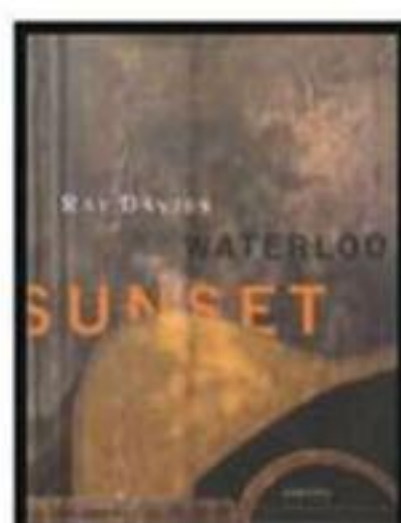
Hendrix wasn’t the only star who loved it. Pete Townshend has called it “divine,” while Paul Weller and Damon Albarn have both said it’s their favourite song. Critic Robert Christgau called it “the most beautiful song in the English language”. It was No.42 in *Rolling Stone’s* 500 Greatest Songs Of All Time, and *London Time Out* named it the Anthem Of London. And if cover versions are the highest form of flattery, Ray can also

“When my brother’s guitar comes in, something magical happens.”

count David Bowie, Def Leppard and Peter Gabriel as fans of the tune.

For all its accolades, *Waterloo Sunset* came to be something of an albatross for Ray. In 1976 he said: “What worries me is when people hear my [new songs] and they say: ‘Oh yeah, that’s Ray’s next *Waterloo Sunset*.’” Then in 1979, when queried about the song, he grouched: “Graham Greene can’t write *Brighton Rock* forever. Writers can only keep going with new ideas.” But by 2010’s *See My Friends*, Ray’s album of collaborations on Kinks classics, he obviously felt comfortable enough to revisit the song, with duet partner Jackson Browne.

While Ray loves hearing different cover versions of what has become his signature song, he admits that “nothing can recapture the original Kinks record. When my brother’s guitar comes in, something magical happens.”



TALKING POINTS

In 2000, Ray Davies published his first short story collection, titled *Waterloo Sunset*. Like a concept album in book form, the stories revolve around an aging rocker, and a cynical promoter who tries to revive his career.

In the title story the promoter offers a tantalising clue to what may be Ray’s own feelings about the song: “He’d gone inside his work so deeply, he’d surrendered his own character for his songs, and they lived through him instead of the other way around. He had become like the characters he invented. The lyrics in his songs spoke for him. He’d lost his own voice.”



The Kinks: recorded the original version of one of the greatest songs ever written.

THE FACTS

RELEASE DATE

May 1967

HIGHEST

CHART

POSITION

UK No.2

PERSONNEL

Ray Davies

*Lead vocals,
acoustic guitar*

Dave Davies

*Electric guitar,
backing vocals*

Pete Quaife

*Bass, backing
vocals*

Mick Avory

Drums

Nicky Hopkins

Piano, harpsichord

Rasa Davies

Backing vocals

David Whitaker

String

arrangement

WRITTEN BY

Ray Davies

PRODUCED BY

Shel Talmy and

Ray Davies

LABEL

Pye

Lou Reed

Rock's not-so-Grumpy Old Man was in love with Andy Warhol, and says Metallica are "amazing".

Words: Ian Fortnam Portrait: Gregory Pace

Since forming The Velvet Underground in 1966, Lou Reed has dauntlessly pushed to expand the boundaries of rock'n'roll. Invariably inhabiting the role of maverick outsider, he has embraced willful artistic extremity while simultaneously seducing the mainstream, casually producing commercial hits (*Walk On The Wild Side*, *Perfect Day*) while operating at the cutting edge of the avant garde. As a lyricist he brought gritty, streetwise reality to bear on pop: heroin, suicide, sadomasochism, transvestism – no taboo was too extreme for Reed's evocative pen, and, as the proto-glam/punk/metal of the Velvets' *White Light/White Heat* and his sonic firestorm *Metal Machine Music* prove, no cacophonous discord too extreme for his guitar.

What did you make of Andy Warhol when you first met him?

I loved him on sight. I didn't know who he was, amazingly enough. But he was obviously a kindred spirit if ever there was one. For a, quote, 'passive' guy, he took over everything. He was driven and he had a vision to fulfil. And I fit in like a hand in a glove. Bingo. Interest? The same. Vision? Equivalent. Different world – and he just incorporated us. It was amazing.

The Velvet Underground seemed to be the direct antithesis of the then-prevalent flower power movement.

Well, we were also really, really smart and the other stuff was really, really stupid. And as people get a little older and wiser and can start differentiating they say: "Woah". That's if they get a chance to, of course. At this stage you've got to know about it to find it, and at that time it was purely a matter of brains.

In the sleeve notes to your NYC Man compilation, in reference to The Velvet Underground's *Heroin* you say: "You could have the IQ of a turtle and still play a Lou Reed song."

I'm being funny. Yeah, the turtle could do a really stupid version of it, but that's like saying that an idiot could say Terry Malloy's speech in *On The Waterfront*: "I could have been somebody, Charlie." Anybody could say that. Brando, though, that's another story. So it's the way the artist presents it. That's the defining moment.

How did the friction between you and John Cale following *White Light/White Heat* come about?

I would never tell you. That's a secret.

It's worth a shot, though.

You can try. You could always ask John.

He'd just give me the same treatment, I'm sure.

Probably. I don't know.

Your breakthrough came with your second solo album, 1972's *Transformer*, produced by David Bowie. What was your first impression of Bowie, and in retrospect are you pleased with what he and Mick Ronson did with the album?

How can I remember my first impression of David?

and I are friends to this day. He's very smart and very, very talented. I met him in New York and thought, this guy would be a really fun guy to work with; we could really bring something to the dance.

And Mick Ronson's arrangements?

Mick Ronson's arrangements were killer. The thing about Ronson was that I could never understand a word that he said. You had to ask him eight times to say something. And he was like, "Ouzibuzziwoozy" – absolutely incomprehensible. But listen to that arrangement of *Perfect Day*. I mean, that's Ronson.

Did it amuse you that *Walk On The Wild Side* sailed past oblivious censors into the upper echelons of the UK chart?

I'm not amused by the situation at all. You know, in books you have *Naked Lunch* and Allen Ginsberg. In movies you have God knows what. Who could possibly be bothered by the lyrics to *Wild Side*? It's inconceivable.

Has the song become a millstone for you?

No, because without it who knows, maybe I'd be digging a ditch somewhere. So thank God for it.

The follow-up, 1973's *Berlin*, is an incredibly evocative and imaginative work, but a dark one too. Where did all that darkness come from?

I have no idea. It was just getting together with [producer] Bob Ezrin. We wanted to do what we were calling a movie for the mind and it grew out of that idea. It's not: 'Let's sit up and dance and be happy,' but it's like... I prefer to think of it as a Bergman movie or a Kurosawa movie: boy meets girl, boy gets girl, boy loses girl and then it stops.

Girl slashes wrist isn't normally something you'd expect to find in the equation, though.

Well of course it's not what you normally expect, but that's the point.

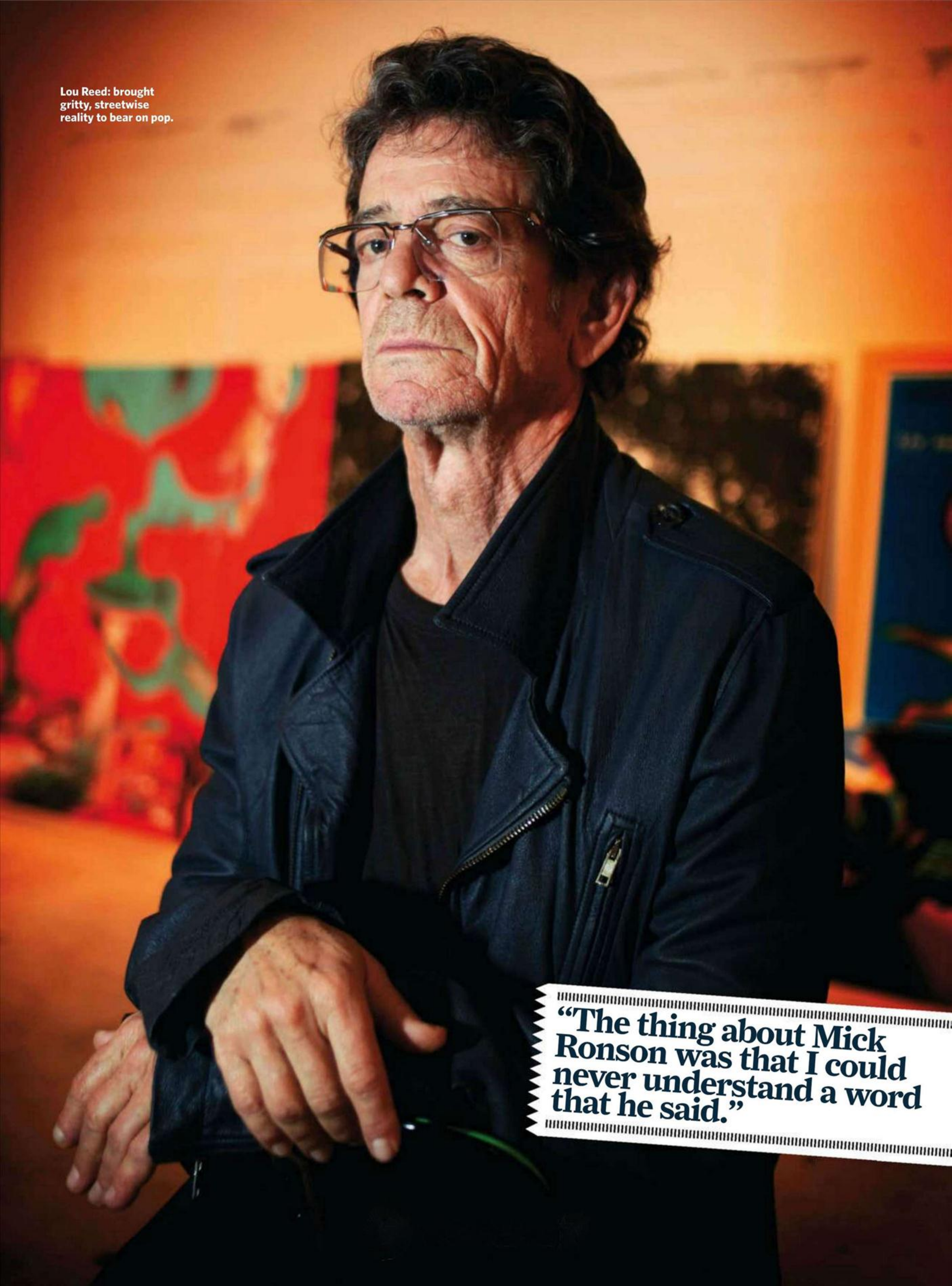
Tell us about your forthcoming collaboration with Metallica.

It's perfect. I had this thing I'd worked on a while with the Berlin Theatre Ensemble and choreographer/director Robert Wilson, based on the two 100-year-old plays by Frank Wedekind generally known as *The Lulu Plays*. The main thrust of it is like *Pandora's Box*. Lulu is a great femme fatale. In those days it was shocking for the bourgeois, because she was conceived as amoral. And then I got my paws on it, and sat with my significant other, Laurie Anderson, trying to make sense of it...

And you and Metallica recorded the resulting album?

It's awe-inspiring. I wouldn't change a hair on its head. Not only did it do what it was supposed to, it did more than I'd dared to dream of. It pushed me to the best I've ever been – by having this power team. They are amazing. 

*Lou Reed's new DVD *Lollapalooza Live* is out now. His upcoming collaboration with Metallica is out later this year.*



Lou Reed: brought
gritty, streetwise
reality to bear on pop.

**“The thing about Mick
Ronson was that I could
never understand a word
that he said.”**

#1 Rock's most OTT party

When **Queen** released their *Jazz* album, they wanted to throw a party that no one would forget. Cue a night of rock'n'roll excess in downtown New Orleans that would go down in legend...

Words: **Johnny Black**

As debauched parties go, this one had it all. And then some. It was October 31, 1978 and Queen were launching their *Jazz* album in New Orleans with a bash whose guest list included 80 reporters flown in from around the globe, and 52 EMI company MDs. The champagne flowed like water, couples coupled under the tables, and the entertainment included meat-covered dwarves, transsexual strippers and a woman who smoked cigarettes via an unlikely orifice...

Freddie Mercury: We just wanted to have a bit of fun. The title suggested one or two promotional possibilities... New Orleans was the obvious place for a party to launch it.

Bob Hart (Head of Corporate PR, EMI): Queen were one of those acts that Capitol Records, as they had previously done with The Beatles, decided had no chance in the United States, and passed on.

Bob Gibson (partner, Gibson And Stromberg PR): So Queen were on Elektra Records in the US and EMI for the rest of the world. Contracts were coming up, it was time for renegotiation, so the party was really sort of a precursor to negotiations.

Bob Hart: The MD of EMI at the time, Leslie Hill, called me in and said: "We're going to stage a party for Queen in New Orleans and I want every MD of an EMI company in the world to attend."

Bob Gibson: Queen's American agent called me and asked if I'd be interested in doing something. Our company was called Gibson And Stromberg, but we were given the nickname Guzzle And Snort and it kinda stuck. I was Guzzle for my alcoholic intake and my partner, Gary Stromberg, was Snort. We had a meeting at The Polo Lounge in Beverley Hills with Queen's manager Jim Beach, where they told me it would be in New Orleans, and it would be Halloween, so what did I think and how much would it cost? I was very cocky when I was young and I remember saying: "I have no idea how much it's gonna cost, and I don't wanna hear the word 'budget'. It's gonna be successful and you know what I'm capable of doing." After two or

three trips to New Orleans with my staff, we decided that the only suitable facility was the Fairmont Hotel, which had a giant ballroom. We wanted to create an environment where whatever you wanted to do was sanctioned, and we decided to play up the Halloween aspect of it. The room was very stark and bare, very high ceilings, so the first thing we did was to rent 50 dead trees.

Bob Hart: The Fairmont was a clean, modern-looking hotel, but with the trees it ended up looking like a skeletal forest. It had a kind of witchcraft theme.

Tony Brainsby (Queen's publicist): Masses of hanging, creepy vines, dry-ice smoke, and snakes...

Bob Gibson: Queen wanted a lot of street people. Remember, there's a lot of underground sexual perversion in New Orleans, which seemed to please Freddie. We held auditions over a period of three or four days, and hired a total of 60 or 70

entertainers. All kinds of people turned up, but we had to draw the line at the guy whose act was that he bit the heads off live chickens. Several of the bars on Bourbon Street had to close on the night of the party because we took all of their entertainers.

Sylvie Simmons (US correspondent, *Sounds*): I was installed in this very grand room at The Fairmont, where the first thing I saw was a bottle of champagne in a big steel bucket, topped off with

a gorgeous, plumed and sequinned eye-mask to wear to the party. I remember walking into the ballroom where there must have been 400 or 500 people. The tables were laden with pyramids of food –

shrimp, oysters, lobsters, all kind of meats – like a bizarre medieval fantasy banquet for a king. Unfortunately, being vegetarian I couldn't eat any of it. So my calorie intake had to be liquid.

Mark Mehler (journalist, *Circus*): Shortly before midnight the Olympia Brass Band came marching through the hall, accompanied by Queen.

Sylvie Simmons: There were strippers and exotic dancers of all denominations, gorgeous women, handsome men. Something to suit every taste. There were grossly huge black ladies, 300lb specials in tiny thongs, and dwarves...

James Henke (journalist, *Rolling Stone*): ...And a naked fat lady who smoked cigarettes in her crotch.

Sylvie Simmons: It was a bit like being in a weird Fellini movie. There was endless champagne being poured, and a display of naked flesh that went on well into the next morning.

Joe Smith (Chairman, Elektra Records): It was definitely a Freddie party. He was testing the limits of what he could get away with. And people were kind of dazed, because there had never been anything quite like it.

Freddie Mercury: We wanted the atmosphere to fit in with the rather naughty reputation of the French Quarter.

"There was a naked fat lady who smoked cigarettes in her crotch."

James Henke (journalist)





Top rump: Freddie Mercury and friend.

FLY ON THE WALL

Brian May: It was deliberately excessive. Partly for our own enjoyment, partly for friends to enjoy, partly because it's exciting for record company people – and partly for the hell of it.

Bob Gibson: The Japanese and South American label representatives were astonished by all these naked women, or men, or whatever. So Jim Beach and I got every dollar bill in the hotel and went back into the ballroom with armloads of money, which we distributed so the people could do the traditional thing of putting money in the G-string.

Peter Hince (head of crew, Queen): Being the crew, we had to finish up the load-out after the gig, so we didn't get to the party until it was well under way. It was hard to see what was going on, there was just this mêlée, and you'd be wading through the crowd and suddenly come across women tangled up with snakes, or jugglers, transsexuals, all kinds of extreme acts. Everything was going off at the same time. Fred was signing naked girls' bums.

Bob Hart: There were lots of dwarves strolling around but not, as legend has it, with trays of cocaine on their heads. That wouldn't have gone



down well with all of those EMI executives.

Peter Hince: I have no doubt there were narcotics at the party, but trays of cocaine, that was complete bollocks. The crew would have cleaned them out in 10 seconds.

Roger Taylor: It never happened. Well, I never saw it... Actually, it could have been true.

Peter Hince: Among the piles and piles of food on the tables, there was this huge mound of meat. But when you went to take a slice off, a midget would burst out from underneath it all. Then he'd go back inside and wait for the next person. I remember a few of us from the crew sitting around with all these girls going past, then this blonde comes and sits on my lap, and I thought: "Phew! All right! Here we go, rock'n'roll." And she was getting quite affectionate, sticking her tongue in my ear, when one of our guys came up and said: "It's a bloke! It's a geezer, I tell you." They were very convincing.

Bob Hart: A lot of what went on has become exaggerated over the years. I've heard it said that hookers were flown in. That did not happen. I mean, flying hookers into New Orleans? Gimme a break. If anyone wanted a blowjob they could just stroll down the street.

Peter Hince: There were definitely people at it under the tables. All kinds of goings-on.

Bob Hart: I think it was Brian who said to me that he thought it was all a bit too contrived. That was an interesting comment, coming from a member of Queen. It was like it was a mild disappointment

to the band. I don't know quite what they expected – human sacrifice or what – but they felt it was contrived decadence, not real decadence. That was Freddie's complaint. He said: "This is pretend."

Peter Hince: We wheeled out all these crates of booze and started partying on the bus. Some of these 'girls', shall we say, decided they wanted to come on the bus with us, but we couldn't tell what sex they were. Next thing you know, one of my guys is down on his hands and knees, sticking his head up one of their skirts. Then he comes out and says: "This one's definitely a girl, but look at this!" He'd found a backstage pass in her knickers!

Sylvie Simmons: Not long before dawn, Tony Brainsby, Freddie Mercury and I went for a walk down Bourbon Street. Freddie was in a great mood. I was pointing out what I considered to be cute boys, and Freddie was saying: "No, they're gay." Then he waved at them and it turned out, sure enough, they were gay. I don't remember him getting off with any of them though.

Bob Gibson: Overall, it was a smashing success. We had a couple of photographer friends who shot great pictures that went around the world, and the journalists wrote accounts that made it sound even better than I remember it. ❶

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

Having splashed out \$200,000 to launch it, *Jazz* survived a critical mauling to go platinum in the USA and gold in the UK, but sales were markedly less than the 4x platinum *News Of The World*. No album since has been released with anything resembling this level of excess.

ALAN BALLARD/SCOPE FEATURES

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ON THIS DAY

John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John sit atop the UK singles chart with *You're The One That I Want...*

Iranian oil workers go

on strike, demanding an end to martial law and kickstarting the Iranian Revolution...

John Carpenter's cult horror flick **Halloween**

becomes the most talked-about film of the year...

Brand new LPs on the shelves include **Rush's** *Anispheres*,

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Bouyantly-endowed country star **Dolly Parton** appears on the

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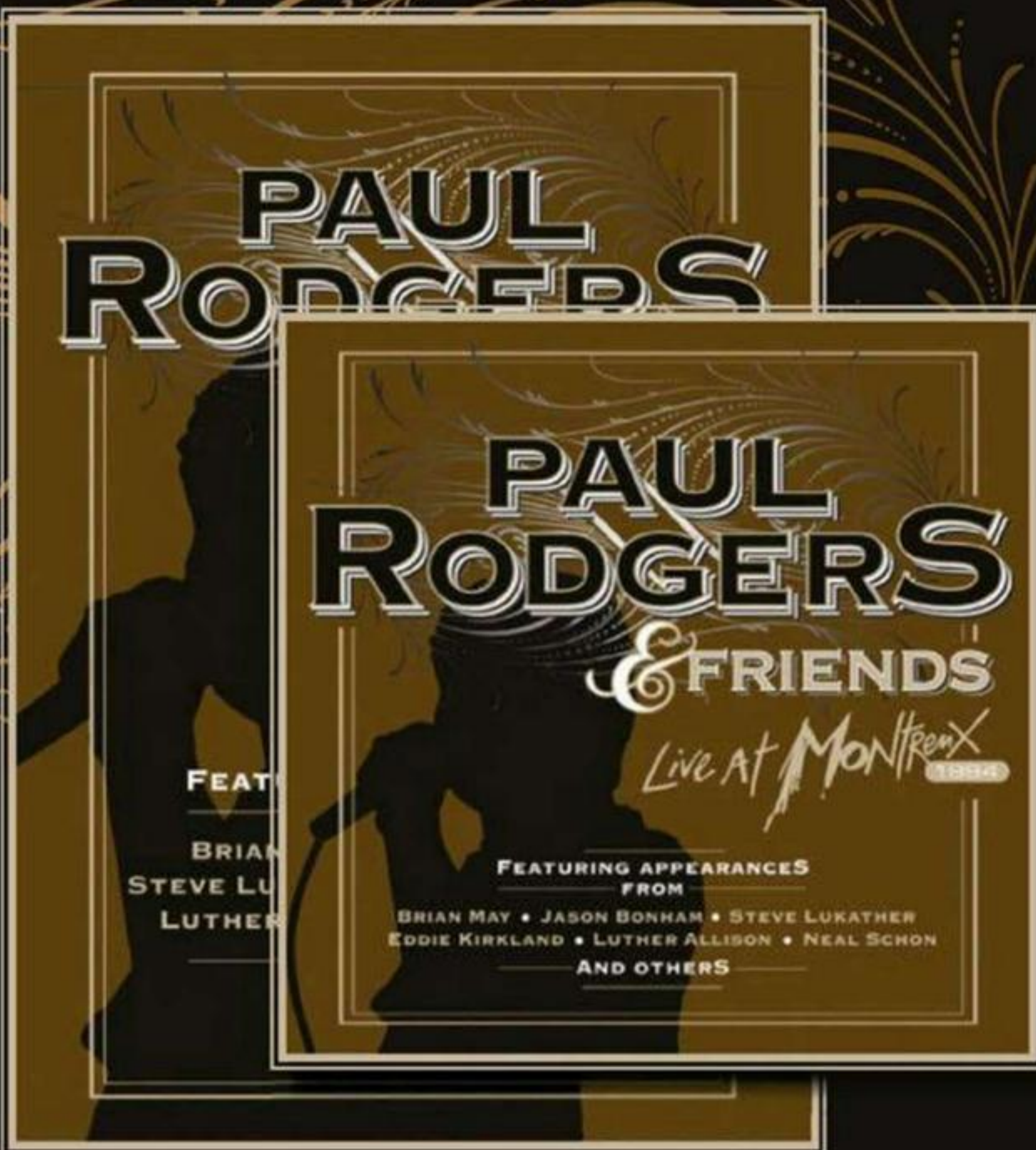


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TAKE AIM...

Coming off the back of what would become the second-best-selling album of all time, the pressure was on **AC/DC** to provide a world-beating follow-up. But the cracks were beginning to show in the family business.

A

s the razzed-up 1980s arrived like a drunken gatecrasher at the ebbing party that was once the 1970s, the face of rock was changing. It was no longer embodied by the svelte, golden god, tousled mane framing a coquettish pout as he stood astride his mic stand. Nor was it the lead guitarist, swaying like a cobra, hypnotised by his own wasted elegance. Instead, by the summer of 1981 the biggest noise in rock was being made by a 26-year-old man dressed as a schoolboy, complete with bad haircut, skew-whiff

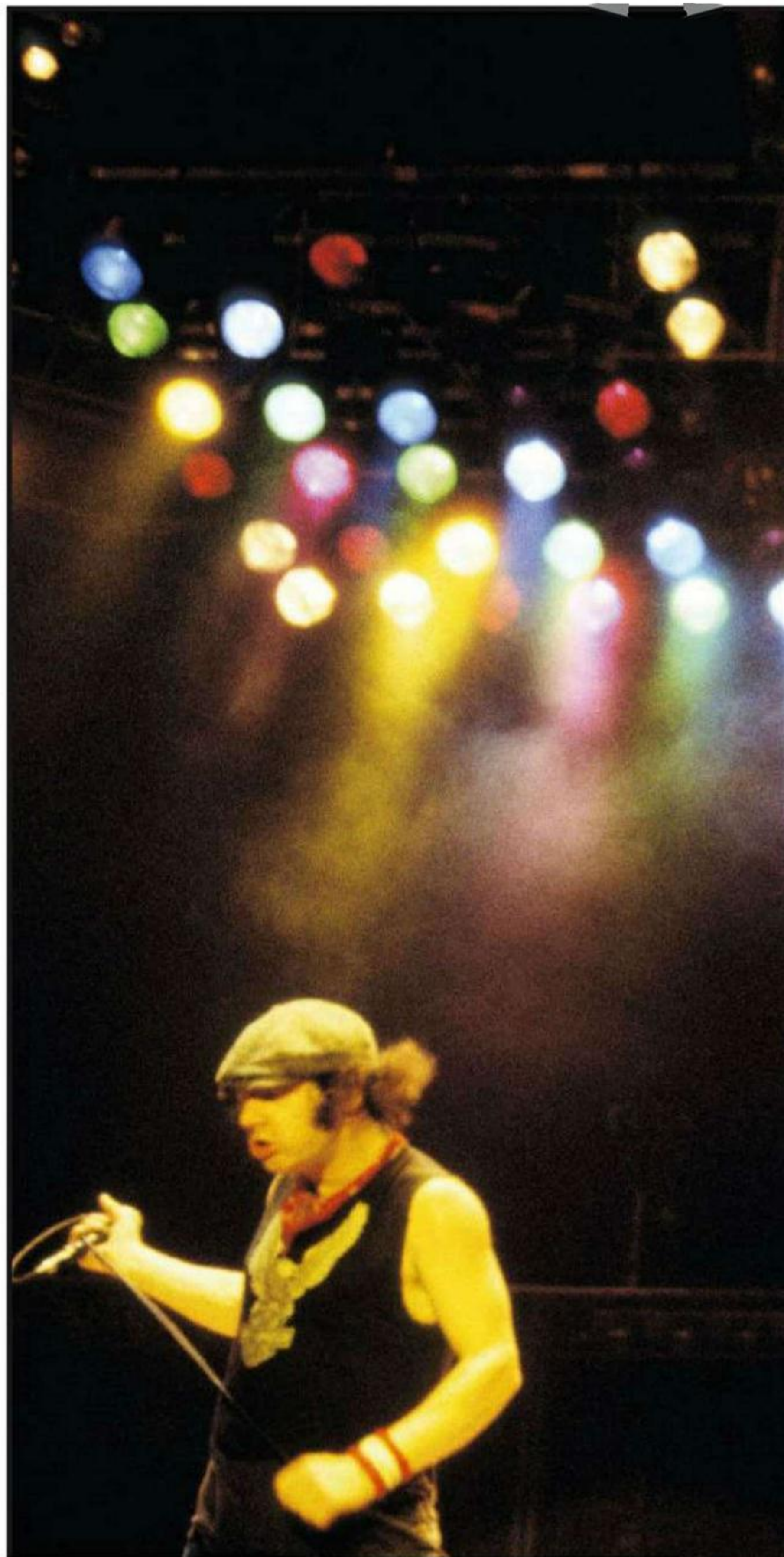
cap, and guitar turned to 11, sitting on the shoulders of a screw-faced, flat-capped singer with a voice that sounded like a giant gargling with nails.

Goodbye Led Zeppelin, their break-up confirmed the previous year. Hello AC/DC, whose latest album, *Back In Black*, had reached No.1 in Britain and sold more than five million copies in the US. It was an album with an appeal so broad that it would go on to become the second-biggest-selling of all time (after Michael Jackson's *Thriller*).

Not that this was a story of overnight success. *Back In Black* was the seventh album AC/DC had released in six years. Moreover, it was an album that had been made in the aftermath of the drink-related death of singer Bon Scott, the irrepressible frontman who'd helped the band claw their way up from the bush-league of the Australian pub circuit to the theatres and halls of the UK and Europe, and now finally into the arenas of the beckoning world.

Against all odds, AC/DC had not only survived the hole beneath the waterline that Scott's death represented, they had also positively thrived. With Scott's replacement, Brian Johnson, on board, *Back In Black* had succeeded beyond anyone's wildest dreams.

"We knew that this new line-up would work, and that we wouldn't have to worry about the past any more," guitarist and co-founder Angus Young ➔



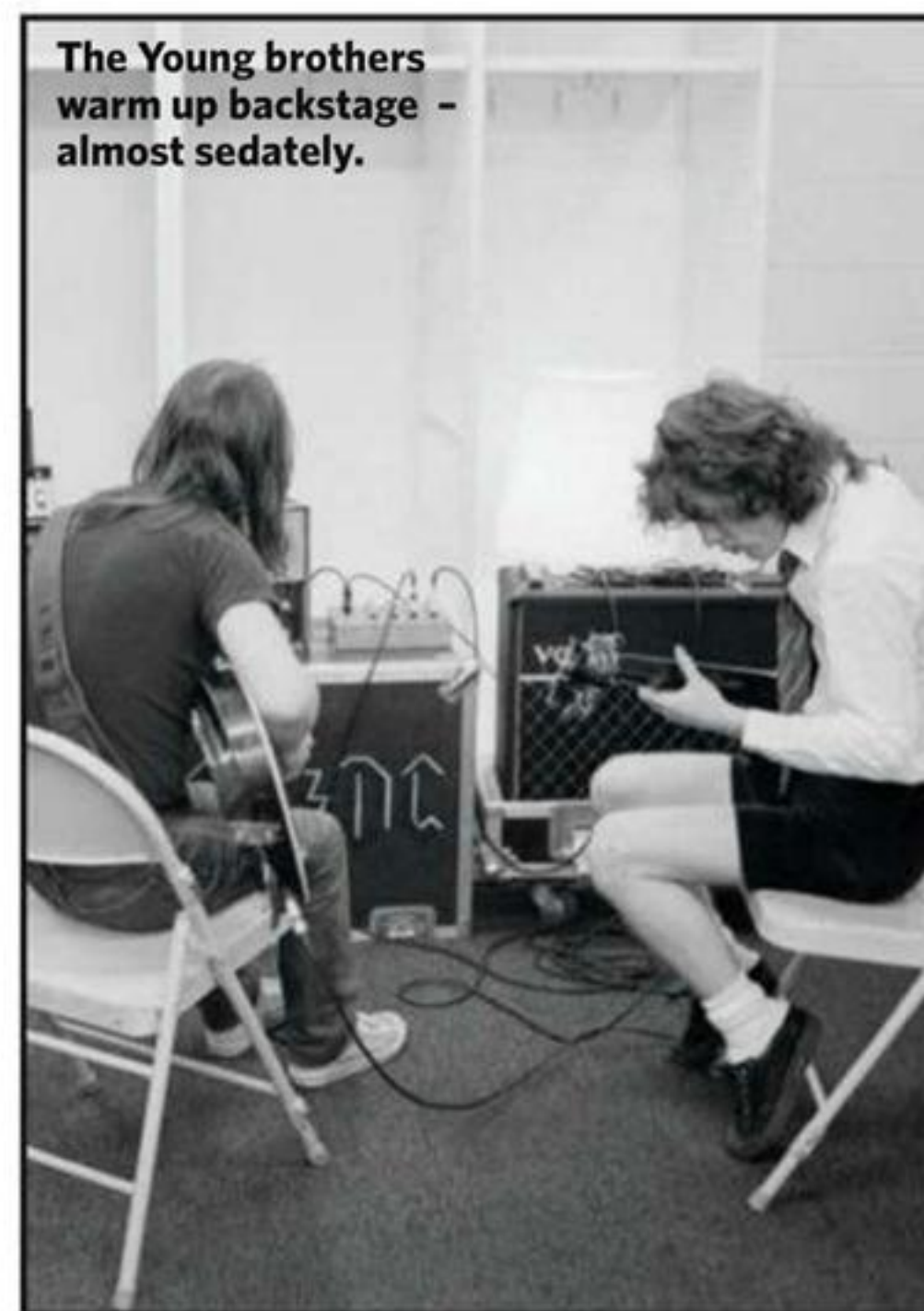
Fire!

Words: **Mick Wall**





Angus and Brian: the most unlikely rock'n'roll double-team of all time.



The Young brothers warm up backstage – almost sedately.



Brian Johnson riding his bike around Castle Donington.

tells *Classic Rock* today. “We had found success with a new voice, and that was a big relief.”

Whether they consciously realised it or not, that success would change AC/DC. If the story of *Back In Black* was one of triumph emerging from tragedy, then that of its follow-up would be one of missed opportunities, ill-fated decisions, and the ultimate consolidation of the truth at the heart of AC/DC: that this was as much a family business as a band, and they didn't need anybody outside of that family to tell them what to do or how to do it.

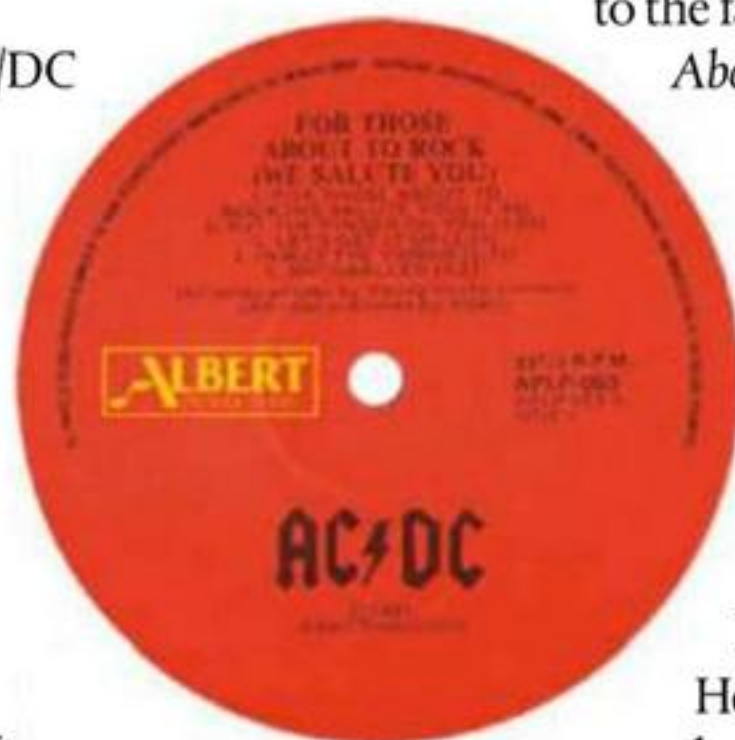
It didn't start out that way. When the five members of AC/DC – Angus Young and his elder brother, rhythm guitarist and de facto leader Malcolm, plus bassist Cliff Williams, drummer Phil Rudd and new-kid vocalist Brian Johnson – arrived in Paris in the early summer of 1981 to start recording the follow-up to *Back In Black*, the building blocks for yet more success were solidly in place. Not only had they managed the seemingly impossible in replacing Scott with Johnson, a 33-year-old journeyman whose only previous brush with success was a sole Top 10 hit with his former band Geordie seven years earlier, but also they had the ultimate team in their corner: top management in the shape of Leber-Krebs, who also handled Aerosmith and Ted Nugent; Atlantic Records, the world's biggest label; and, most importantly, for

“THEY WANTED IT TO SELL LIKE BACK IN BLACK. THAT WASN'T GOING TO HAPPEN.” BRIAN JOHNSON

Lange, the man who had played such an important part in their rise. They even had a title for the new album that rang out as both a call to arms and a tribute to the fans who had elevated them to their current position: *For Those About To Rock We Salute You*. What could possibly go wrong?

“Of course, the label wanted it to sell just like *Back In Black* did, but we knew damn well that's not going to happen cos you can't do that,” Brian Johnson says today. “You can't write songs with the intention to sell a million singles or albums. We never felt any outside pressure, because we didn't let it in. We were very confident after the success of *Back In Black*. And we had every right to be.”

That's not how everyone in the AC/DC camp remembers it, however. Ian Jeffery was the band's tour manager at the time. He had been with them since they'd arrived in the UK in 1976 and was an integral part of the set-up. “We didn't know it yet, but the really hard part had only just begun,” he says of the post-*Back In Black* period. “Every day was going great until Atlantic stepped in and fucked it up.”





Backstage in the AC/DC pub. Fancy a game of darts before you go on?

Atlantic Records was one of music's great powerhouses. Founded in 1947 by Turkish-born mogul Ahmet Ertegun, it made its name with R&B, jazz and soul before branching out into rock in the 70s, most notably with Led Zeppelin. The label had picked up AC/DC in 1976, though the feeling in the US office was that the band had little chance of making headway there. Hence the nudge they gave them towards ditching their original manager, Michael Browning, and switching in 1978 to more experienced handlers, in the shape of Leber-Krebs and the day-to-day attentions of an up-and-coming young firebrand from New York named Peter Mensch. Hence also the decision to oust George Young – elder brother of Malcolm and Angus – and his partner Harry Vanda from the production hot-seats they had occupied from the very beginning and bring in producer-of-the-moment Mutt Lange, with the specific brief to produce an album that US radio would actually play (a feat he achieved in with 1979's Bon Scott swansong *Highway To Hell*).

None of these decisions had been popular with the band, but they had gone along with them because they had no choice. "It was one of the only times they ever played the game," says Jeffery. "The only other time was when Atlantic told them to go home to Australia and write a hit, and they came back with *Rock And Roll Damnation*, all hand-claps and maracas – and still not a hit."

By the end of 1980, Atlantic had installed a new president, the hard-nosed Doug Morris. In Morris's eyes, the success of *Back In Black* was a flash-in-the-pan. Rather than wait for a proper follow-up, he decided to make hay while the sun shone by releasing *Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap* – an album that had been released everywhere but the US five years before.

Phil Carson was the head of Atlantic everywhere outside America, and the man who had signed AC/DC to the label. "I said to Morris: 'How are you ever going to consider releasing a Bon Scott album after we've just broken our balls introducing the public to Brian Johnson? I think you're crazy!'" states Carson today. "There's absolutely no doubt in my mind, if they'd waited for the next Johnson album it would have been an even bigger album. This was one of the worst money-driven decisions ever made by a label executive."

Dirty Deeds... reached No.3 in the US, one place higher than *Back In Black*'s peak, but it sold only two million copies there at a time when *Back In Black* was now topping 10 million. The upshot, says Carson, was that the sales plateau for all subsequent AC/DC album releases in America would be similarly downsized. Not for the first time in history, short-term record company greed had stymied long-term artist career growth.

To their fury, the band didn't have the power to stop the release, though they did their best to cover their record company's tracks, claiming it was essentially to counter US bootlegs of the album. "There were thousands of pirate tapes, shit-poor quality and expensive," Johnson told *Creem* magazine. "So rather they [the band] get the money." When the album went Top 10, he added, without a trace of apparent irony: "I was more fucking chuffed about it than the rest of the band were."

More chuffed than Malcolm and Angus Young. The brothers may have been slight in stature, but they more than compensated for their lack of physical presence with sheer force of personality – particularly the elder brother, Malcolm, who had started the band as a teenager. "They would discuss this... er..."



The schoolboy superstar in full flight. None more rock.



Big balls? Not if Angus isn't careful with that axe.

On Monday July 6, 1981 AC/DC turned up at EMI's Pathé Marconi studios in Paris to start work on the all-important follow-up to *Back In Black*. Having come off the road at the end of 1980 richer than they ever had been before, the five band members had enjoyed the first extended break of their career: Angus by settling down to married life in Holland; Malcolm and Phil Rudd, similarly, in London and Sydney respectively; Cliff Williams, meanwhile, had bought himself a "rock star hidey-hole" in Hawaii, where he had been joined, briefly, by Johnson, en route to buying his own new home in Florida. But when they assembled in the studio, no one was particularly happy. Their mood wasn't helped by the fact they had spent the previous week rehearsing at the Arabella apartments in the Montmartre – "which they all hated," according to Ian Jeffery. It all was certainly a long way from Compass Point studio in Nassau, the Bahamas, where they had recorded *Back In Black*.

One familiar presence in the Paris studio was producer Mutt Lange, who had overseen both *Highway To Hell* and *Back In Black*. A multi-instrumentalist and songwriter from South Africa, Lange was a perfectionist who didn't understand the concept of getting it right on the night. His penchant for repeated takes would reach its apotheosis with Def Leppard's *Hysteria*, which took nearly two years of studio work to complete. Lange's meticulous, borderline OCD approach to record production helped take AC/DC to the next level of success, but his methods were creating tensions with the band.

As always, the first point of order for Lange was capturing the drum sound, which he would use as the foundation stone upon which to build the rest of the album. Immediately there was a problem – and not just with the drums. AC/DC were a band built on spontaneity. Graham 'Buzz' Bidstrup, former drummer with Australian hotshots The Angels, who toured with AC/DC in the early days and worked in the same studio with George Young, recalls how "when they recorded back then they just did it like playing a gig. Bon would be grinning and giving it loads, drinking and sweating, and Angus would be flying all over the studio, rolling round on his back." With Lange in charge, the studio was a very different place.

Mark Dearnley was Lange's engineer on the Paris sessions. He had first worked with the producer and the band on *Highway To Hell*. "Mutt has a picture of the way he wants to hear it in his head, and will keep on bashing away until we hit that particular note that he has," says Dearnley today. "And sometimes it can take some time. They spent the first three days in Paris just on the

snare drum sound. It got to the point where at the end of day two Mutt said: 'What do you think of that?' I said: 'I haven't got a clue!'"

In the end it took nearly 10 days for Lange to decide he was never going to find the sound he wanted, and call a halt to the sessions. Another studio was hastily found. They spent the next two weeks trying out a number of different studios for a day or two each, before Lange decided that it all sounded better in the initial rehearsal room – a cold, stone room at Quai De Bercy, to where the producer ordered in the Mobile One portable recording studio from London.

The delays were starting to eat away at the band. Angus says that "probably most, if not all" the songs had been written long before they got to the studio. "We are always well prepared," he says. "We go in the studio with complete songs and we know what we want. We don't fuck around much. Unlike Mutt Lange. But that guy has always been slow – real slow. He'd need forever to get anything done. Otherwise it would have been in and out in a week, I'd say."

Anyone dropping in the studio while AC/DC were recording wouldn't have seen anything untoward. Johnson and the Young brothers spent much of their time perched on a large sofa, waiting for Lange to finish tinkering. "Bored shitless," Angus says succinctly. Malcolm was even less impressed, pissed off at what he saw as Mutt's "fannying around".

Lange was also now questioning every aspect of the band's operation, according to Jeffery. Added to his personal hit list, where Atlantic and Lange now vied for top spot, was the band's management.

"[The band] felt that they were being compromised," says Jeffery. "Stuck out in Paris they felt isolated. They were struggling with the record, to start with. They were starting to get into contentious situations with Mutt. It wasn't flowing in the studio. They weren't writing like they were used to. That whole thing was just happening."

"AC/DC BELONGED TO MALCOLM. HE TOLD BRIAN TO SHUT THE FUCK UP AND SING." IAN JEFFERY

but Malcolm was the decision maker," recalls Ian Jeffery. "Even if Angus had strong points, Malcolm would be: 'Fuck off, mate, we're not doing that.'"

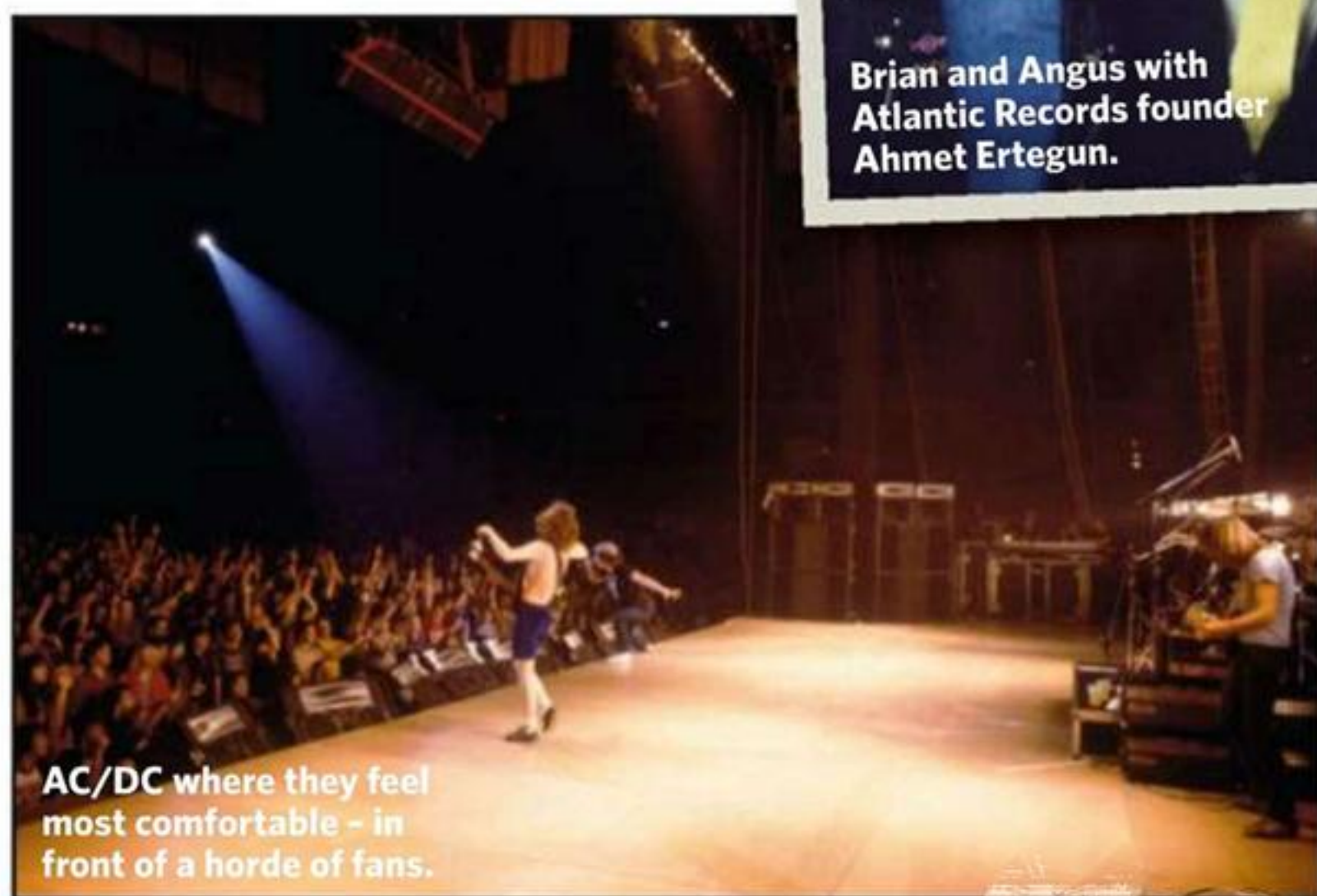
Even when Bon had been in the band, it had always been led by the brothers. "Bon was his own man, but the band belonged to Malcolm," says Jeffery. "It was Malcolm who told Phil Rudd to stick to the beat;

Malcolm who told Cliff where to stand and when to come to the mic. When Brian joined, it was Malcolm that told him to shut the fuck up between songs and just stand there and sing. It would always be Malcolm, every direction or turning they took."

And they were about to take some that would affect their whole career.



Brian and Angus with Atlantic Records founder Ahmet Ertegun.



AC/DC where they feel most comfortable - in front of a horde of fans.

Brian and Angus might hog the spotlight, but from the shadows it's Malcolm who runs AC/DC.



"FILTH! PURE FILTH!"

In 1981, *Sounds* journalist Laura Canyon got a track-by-track rundown of *For Those About To Rock We Salute You* from Angus Young and Brian Johnson. This is what they had to say.

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (WE SALUTE YOU)

Angus: "We had this chorus riff and we thought: 'Well, this sounds rather deadly.' And we were trying to find a good title. And there's this book from years ago about the Roman gladiators called *For Those About To Die We Salute You*. So we thought: 'For those about to rock.' I mean, it sounds a bit better than 'For those about to die'. The song's got a lot of meaning to it. It's a very inspiring song. It makes you feel a bit powerful. And I think that's what rock'n'roll's all about."

I PUT THE FINGER ON YOU

Angus: "That's basically a gangster line like they do in the movies [does a silly Bogart impersonation]. We're not putting the finger on anyone in particular. It's always been the other fucking way around."

LET'S GET IT UP

Brian: "Filth, pure filth! We're a filthy band."

Angus: "You can take it one of two ways. Let's get it up, meaning musically up, or... We've been called that word 'macho'. That's not even in my fucking dictionary. What does it mean? We're not 'macho'. We don't even think like that. It was just a line that sprang to mind. And it sounded better than *Let's Get It Down*."

INJECT THE VENOM

Angus: "That's a power thing like *For Those About To Rock*. It just means have it hot."

Brian: "There's one line that says: 'If you inject the venom it will be your last attack'. Which is like a snake – once it bites you it's got nothing left."



Angus: "Do it once. Do it hard and good or you're finished. It's a real rock'n'roll line."

SNOWBALLED

Angus: "Meaning you've been conned, fooled again. And we figured we'd been tricked enough in our time, so we came out with that. It could be the woman you're paying alimony to, anything."

EVIL WALKS

Angus: "As the name says, evil walks. It's everywhere. Actually it's just a catchy title with a catchy tune. We were playing it at the beginning and I said: 'Those chords sound dead evil.' And that's usually how we do it – just sitting around and nattering and thinking and jamming away, and someone says something and that's it."

C.O.D

Angus: "Most people think C.O.D. means cash on delivery. I was sitting around trying to come up with a better one and I came up with *Care Of The Devil*. We're not black-magic Satanists or whatever you call it. I don't drink blood. I may wear black underwear now and again but that's it."

BREAKING THE RULES

Angus: "It's like when somebody says: 'You can't do that' at school or whatever. You do it anyhow."

Brian: "But at the same time it says don't start any fucking revolutions, don't be a big fucking hero, just break the rules in your own way. Don't just do what the man says and go: 'Aye, okay,' do it the way you wanted to."

Angus: "Which is what we did."

NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES

Angus: "It's like a horror movie. Another power thing. It just sounded nice."

SPELLBOUND

Angus: "The God-botherers have been bothering us for years. Some crud just sent me a letter – addressed to Bon too – sending us these stupid things. Some people are sick. If they want to go God-bothering they should go God-bother the Pope. He needs it. We don't."

Brian: "All they want to do is make a little bit of attention for themselves. What was that one we had in Detroit just now? 'The Bible says the Word of the Devil is Evil and so is rock'n'roll'. The fucking Bible says rock'n'roll music is evil? I don't remember the Bible mentioning rock'n'roll."

Angus: "There are a lot of people who genuinely believe in it and that's all right. It's up to them. But I don't really like people coming bothering me. I had one idiot trying to blast away in my earhole. He started



By now it was the first week of August – just two weeks before AC/DC's first live show for nearly a year: headlining the Monsters Of Rock festival at Castle Donington. Though the date had been booked months before, this was not how the band saw themselves preparing for their biggest ever show in the UK. "We were shitting ourselves," recalls Johnson. "Fuck, we haven't played this! We haven't rehearsed anything!"

Their fears weren't unfounded. Remembered now as one of those dreary, rainy days that disfigure so many outdoor British festivals, Donington 1981 also suffered from poor live sound and an under-par performance from the headliners, who relied on the same set they'd been playing on tour the previous year. Though the 65,000 fans there that day seemed appreciative enough, the band knew they had badly undersold themselves.

"It was just one of those days," says Jeffery. "The BBC did something that bugged up the sound that we were getting blamed for. It rained and the band wasn't really ready for it, even though the date had been in the diary for a long time before. It just sort of added to all the other things that were going wrong in Paris."

Adding insult to injury, Malcolm had been stopped going up the ramp to the stage by a security guard for not having the correct stage pass.

Returning to Paris the next day the band, Malcolm in particular, was in vengeful mood. Somebody would have to pay. And that someone would be Peter Mensch. A former tour accountant for Aerosmith, Mensch had been appointed AC/DC's key man after impressing them on their first US tour with Leber-Krebs at the helm, in 1979. Mensch had dutifully moved to London to be near the band, who were all now living there. "For the next two years Peter was their man every day – every day," says Jeffery. "Hands on, totally."

By 1981 Mensch was spreading his wings as a manager in his own right, signing NWOBHM rising stars Def Leppard while scouting around for more. "Peter can deal with five different bands at five different levels on every given day, easy," says Jeffery. "That's how he operates."

With frustration mounting in the studio, Mensch was increasingly being seen as the enemy. "I think they felt Peter was becoming part of this big thing where the personalised things, the caring, were no longer there," says Jeffery. "But Peter never stopped caring, believe you me."

That wasn't how the band – in particular Malcolm – were seeing it. Five days after their Donington appearance, AC/DC fired Peter Mensch. He declined to be interviewed for this piece, but did send the following message by email: "I was never told why I was fired. They called their lawyer, who called David Krebs, who called me. It was the Thursday after the first Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock show. And that is the only question I will answer."

Looking back with the benefit of 30 years, Jeffery says now: "They just felt that Mensch was only turning up when it was time to give them more float [money], saying: 'Why are you not done yet?' He wasn't being in sympathy with them and feeling what they were feeling. They felt a bit isolated and they felt they were being pushed and it was going wrong with M..."

They were simpler times back then.



Angus gets down with his adoring fans at the front.



"WE DON'T FUCK AROUND MUCH. UNLIKE MUTT LANGE. THAT GUY IS SLOW – REAL SLOW." ANGUS YOUNG

wasn't happening in the studio and hadn't been for a while. And Peter hadn't seen that."

Nevertheless, for Jeffery, who would effectively take over as the band's day-to-day manager, it was a bombshell. "I told them: 'I don't think anything has changed with Mensch,'" Jeffery explains. "Malcolm's like: 'Well, it fucking has!' At that point, you may as well just let him have another drink and go through the reasons why, you know. It's done, it's finished."

Back in Paris, the same couldn't be said for the album. The band were becoming increasingly bored waiting for

Lange to put the finishing touches on take after take. "They would jam for hours just for the fun of it," recalls Mark Dearnley. "I've got out-takes of Angus singing *Feelings* and stuff like that."

While Angus Young now concedes that Lange "did a great job" on *For Those About To Rock*, Malcolm Young had already decided he'd seen and heard enough.

"The attitude was: 'What the fuck are we paying this guy all this money for? We can fucking do it,'" recalls Jeffery. "It really soured when they started to look at the figures Mutt was being paid. They felt that they didn't need him: 'We write the songs and now we know what to do, we've done a couple of albums with him, game's up, you know, we don't need him any more.'"

For Those About To Rock marked the end of Lange's relationship with AC/DC. The famously reclusive producer has never opened up about being dropped by AC/DC. In a rare online

conversation, he merely commented that "Angus has a certain vision for his music, which works for him".

"By the time we'd completed the album," Malcolm says, "I don't

think anyone, neither the band nor the producer, could tell whether it sounded right or wrong. Everyone was fed up with the whole album."

Listening back now, it's not difficult to see why. Tracks like the pedestrian first single *Let's Get It Up*, or the self-consciously scary *Evil Walks*, lacked the energy and wit of old. Double entendres had become single; riffs that had once been recycled were in danger of sounding tired and thin.

The only song that truly reached the same heights as the best songs on Lange's two previous AC/DC albums is the titanic title track. Starting life as usual with a chorus and riff concocted by Angus and Malcolm, Johnson's lyrical theme was supplied by a book Angus had come across about Roman gladiators. Its title, *For Those About To Die We Salute You*, was taken from the oath each gladiator would address the emperor with as they went into battle: 'Ave Caesar morituri te salutant' (Hail Caesar, we who are about to die salute you.) "We thought: 'For those about to rock,'" says Angus. "I mean, it sounds a bit better than 'for those about to die'."

A journey song (in that it starts relatively slowly before moving through the gears towards a tremendous, all-guitars-and-drums-blazing finale), its other signature motif was the sound effect of cannons blasting off as a prelude to its scorching climax – inspired by the cannons fired at the wedding that year between Lady Diana Spencer and Prince Charles. The band had been at the rehearsal room in Bercy when Angus noticed "the royal wedding thing" on the TV in the night manager's office. He picked up on the sound of the cannons, and a lightbulb went on in his head. "I just wanted something strong," he says now. "Something masculine, and rock'n'roll. And what's more masculine than a canon, you know? I mean, it gets loaded, it fires, and it destroys." So

Continued on page 114



OUT 19 SEPTEMBER

LESLIE WEST

UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

NEW SOLO ALBUM WITH GUEST
CONTRIBUTIONS FROM:

SLASH, ZAKK WYLDE,
BILLY F. GIBBONS,
JOE BONAMASSA AND
STEVE LUKATHER



OUT 26 SEPTEMBER

BETH HART & JOE BONAMASSA

DON'T EXPLAIN

DON'T EXPLAIN IS AN INTIMATE
COLLECTION OF HAND-PICKED SOUL COVER
VERSIONS, WHICH PERFECTLY COMBINES
BETH HART'S RASPY SOULFUL VOCAL WITH
BONAMASSA'S UNIQUE GUITAR SOUND.

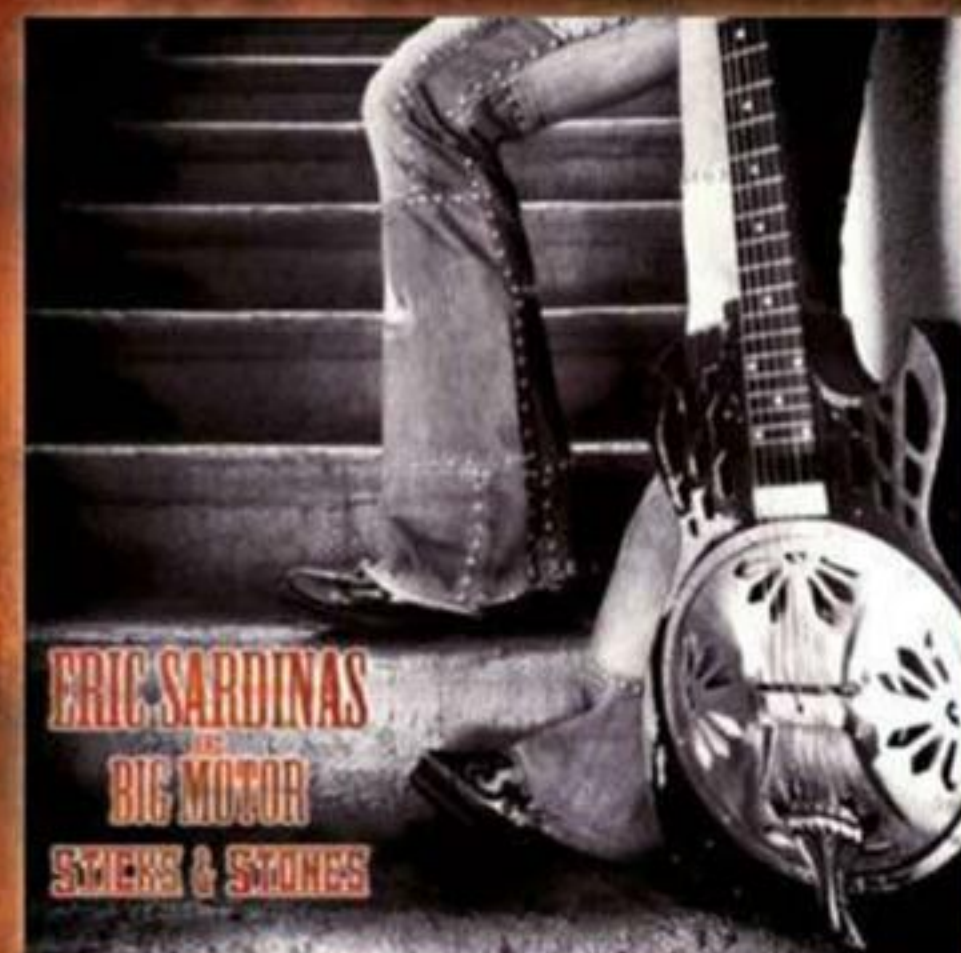


OUT 29 AUGUST

ERIC SARDINAS

STICKS & STONES

STICKS & STONES, IS A 11-SONG
POWERHOUSE FEATURING
SARDINAS'S TRADEMARK SLIDE
GUITAR PUSHING THE
BOUNDARIES OF BLUES ROCK

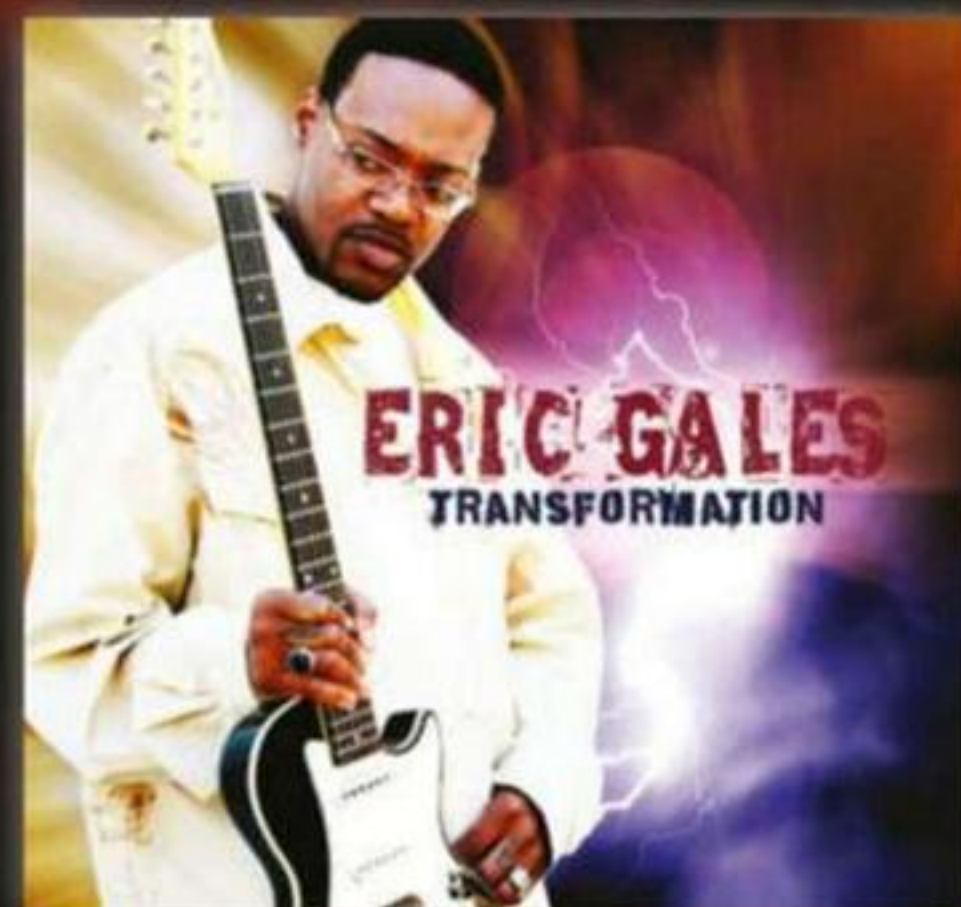


OUT 22 AUGUST

ERIC GALES

TRANSFORMATION

HAILED BY GUITARIST
MAGAZINE AS THE BEST BLUES
PLAYER OF 2010, THIS NEW
ALBUM RE-ENFORCES HIS
REPUTATION.



LOW LIFE IN HIGH PLACES

Words & Photographs:
Scott Rowley

It started with a charity bike ride across Canada and the States and ended with tales of penis hockey, white supremacy and anal love. But that's what happens when you hang out with **The Union**...

It's been a long first day. We have spent 17 hours travelling 4500 miles across several time zones, are now eating in a hotel bar in Cranbrook, Canada, and the male bonding is in full swing. Ram Patten, former Royal Marine Commando, is explaining the practise of 'docking'. "It's a thing we do in the marines," he says to the whole table. "You need two guys with at least one foreskin between them. They stand facing each other, naked, and one gets his foreskin and pulls it over the other guy's helmet. And then they have to look each other in the eye for five minutes. It's a test. You do that with someone, you get a bond. You know if you can trust them. Cos, you know, some people get excited..."

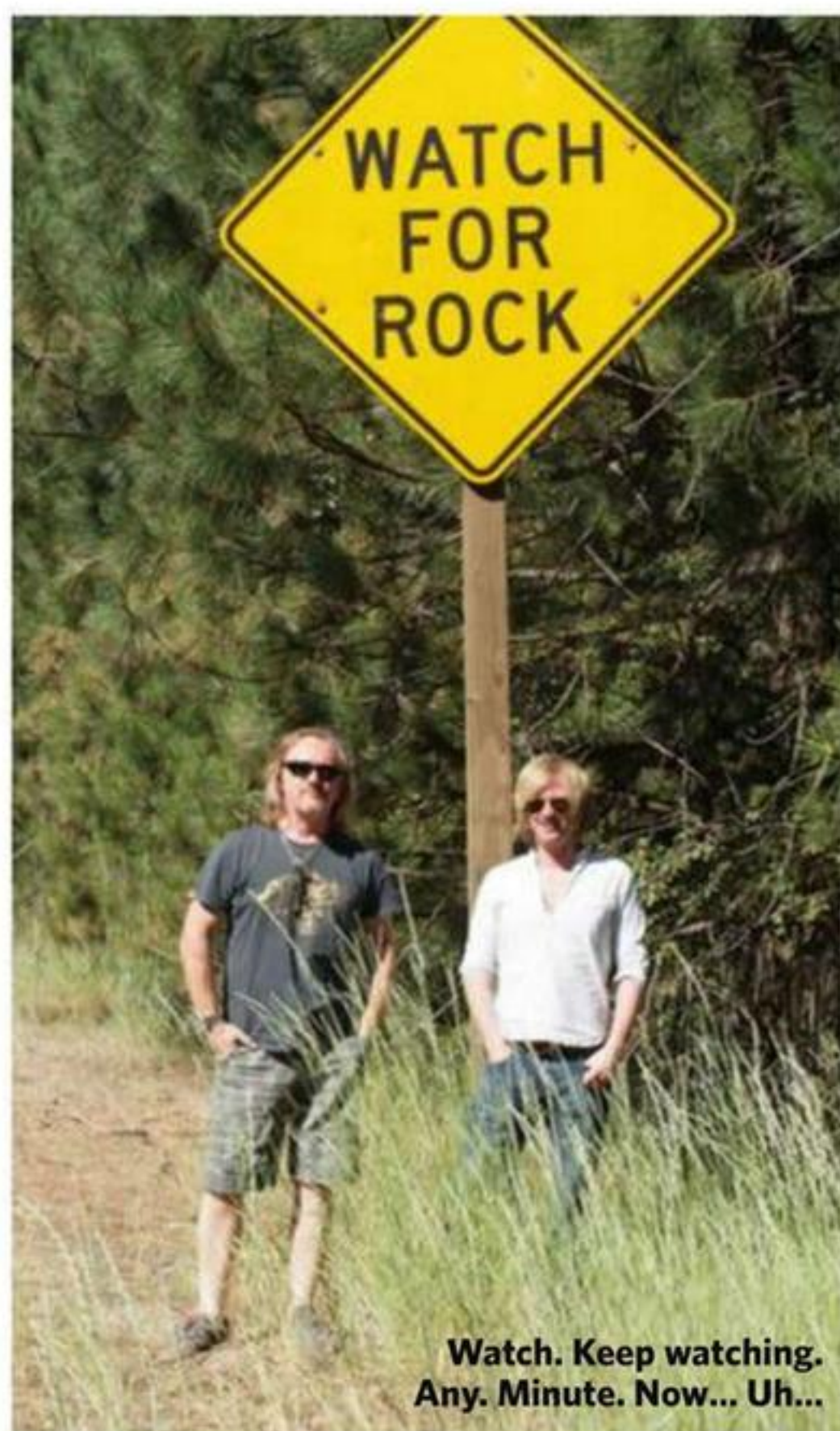
No one speaks. The only noise you can hear is the sound of scrotums retracting.

"...Cos in Arctic training, for example, the best way to keep warm is for you to get naked in one sleeping bag and spoon together. And you might want to move around to warm up, run against each other. So if you've docked with someone beforehand, you know you can trust them."

He looks at the faces around the table for a response. Luke Morley pushes his plate away. "That's put me right off my sausage," he says.

THE PURE AND NOBLE IDEA

It all began – waaaaay before we entered a world in which men link penises to prove their heterosexuality – with a pure and noble idea. We've flown across the Atlantic for Childline Rocks' Hands Across The Water, a 1000-mile fundraising motorcycle ride from Cranbrook to Ketchum, Idaho, that culminates in a gig by The Union and Thunder (a warm up for their High Voltage reunion gig). The Harley riders include Thunder's Danny Bowes and Ben Matthews, former SAS-man-turned-best-selling-novelist



Watch. Keep watching.
Any. Minute. Now... Uh...

Andy McNab, Brigadier Richard Dennis OBE, and a handful of ex-army types representing military charities Force Select and March For Honour – not to mention a bunch of 'civilian' bikers there for the experience of a lifetime and to raise money.

Classic Rock is hitching a lift in a pick-up driven by Luke Morley and The Union singer Pete Shoulder to witness the whole thing – because a) let's face it, it sounds like a laugh and b) the second album by The Union is set to become one of the albums of 2011. The collection is a mix of old and new, with some of the best of the band's early work and some of their most recent material.

not only fulfilling the potential suggested by their debut, but destroying any impression that Morley is just killing time until Thunder get back together. From the Zeppelin-esque riffing of title track *Siren's Song* to *Obsession's* throbbing John Lee Hooker-like pulse, from the epic chorus of *Make Up Your Mind* to *Cut The Line's* swelling blues (and a closing track which is unashamedly jazz), it's an album full of the one thing lacking in today's rock scene: great songs.

Its rich sound, meanwhile, is down to good old-fashioned blagging. "In the studio next door to us was this band called the Maccabees," explains Luke, "and they, somewhat foolishly, left all this gear lying around. So we borrowed it."

"They had everything there," says Pete. "A twelve string Rickenbacker, a lap-steel... It was like a shop. We'd be like: 'I'm just popping to Maccabees – does anybody want anything?'"

NO DOCKING ON THE TOUR BUS

The success or failure of The Union will probably decide the fate of Thunder. When Danny Bowes announced that he was retiring from performing back in 2009 to become an agent, Luke Morley threw himself into an already promising songwriting partnership with Pete Shoulder. Danny's subsequent realisation that he wasn't suited to a deskjob, could have meant that Thunder was back on. Certainly the others – drummer Harry James and bassist Chris Childs (flying into Ketchum for the final gig of the tour), Ben and Danny – seem up for it, available and as close as ever: wise-cracking and piss-taking across the USA.

Thunder, in fact, may be the funniest band we've ever met. Everyone talks like they've fallen out of a particularly filthy Ealing comedy – "dear boy" this, "old chap" that – a weird mix of Smashy and Nicey, Terry Thomas and Frankie Boyle-style outrageousness that infects the whole ride, ramped up by The Two Marks: two cameramen called Mark (or individually as 'Mark' and 'Other Mark'), the Statler and Waldorf of the tour, desperate for someone to get arrested so they can catch it on camera. (To this end, Ram dons full Arab dress, a skeleton facemask, and drives through small-town Hicksville USA looking like a zombie sheikh. Mark later dresses up as Spider-Man and rides pillion on Ram's Harley. The one patrol car we see doesn't



Pete Shoulder: believes in the death penalty for hair metal bands.



“Sometimes with Thunder the humour took over: ‘Are we a cabaret act or a rock band?’” – Luke Morley

even give us a second glance.) Surrounded by some of the most beautiful countryside in the world, our response is to shrugs and make up dick jokes.

“With Thunder you have a couple of very natural comedians and mimics,” says Luke. “It pervaded everything we did. Sometimes it became a little bit too important – ‘Hold on a minute: are we a cabaret act or a rock’n’roll band?’ – but when we kept it in check it was a very effective tool to have. Rock bands do tend to take themselves very seriously, especially American bands.

“To quote Phil Collins – which I don’t do very often – he said, ‘There’s no point in making someone think you’re an arsehole if you’re not’. And I think that’s exactly right. You’ve got to be who you are. You’d make yourself miserable if you were walking around pretending to be ultra-cool. We’ve always been freely available to punters after every show we ever did. It doesn’t turn you into a Led Zeppelin-type enigma, but it does breed a fantastic loyalty and understanding.”

Hmm. Maybe if the military took a leaf out of Thunder and The Union’s book they wouldn’t have go around joining cocks. Just a thought.

GOING WILD IN BEAR COUNTRY

From the get go, we are in the wilds. When we cross from Canada into the American Rocky Mountains, all our mobile phones lose their signal

and we travel through the world’s richest and most sophisticated country without a phone signal for three days. (Try explaining *that* to your missus.)

The first day of travelling ‘in country’ takes us to a remote town called Waterton in Alberta. In the hotel bar, Luke, Pete, Danny and Ben form a Union/Thunder supergroup and knock out classics like *Love The One You’re With* and *Squeeze Box*. The locals lap it up. The season is just starting and it’s nice to have people around. In the winter, local man Frank tells me, Waterton gets completely snowed in. Only 50 people live up there then, sharing their living space with grizzly bears and cougars.

But the grizzlies don’t come into town, right? “Oh yeah,” says Frank. “You leave some food out and they’re *there*.”

Ah. So what should I do if I meet a grizzly? Run? “Can’t out-run ‘em,” drawls Frank. “A grizzly’ll do 40 kilometres an hour, top speed.”

Climb up a tree?

“Can’t out-climb ‘em,” says Frank, sipping on a bottle of Moose Drool. “The only thing you can do is play dead. Lie down on your stomach and lock your hands over the back of your neck, cos they try to pick you up by your scruff. And if they turn you over on to your back, you got to turn over again quick – never expose your belly to them. But keep playin’ dead.”

THE 96MPH-IN-MONTANA INTERVIEW

“The thing that got me into playing guitar,” says Luke, “was Free and Hendrix, really. My defining moment was hearing *Are You Experienced?* My old man gave me a copy of *The Best Of Cream* about the same time, and that was it.”

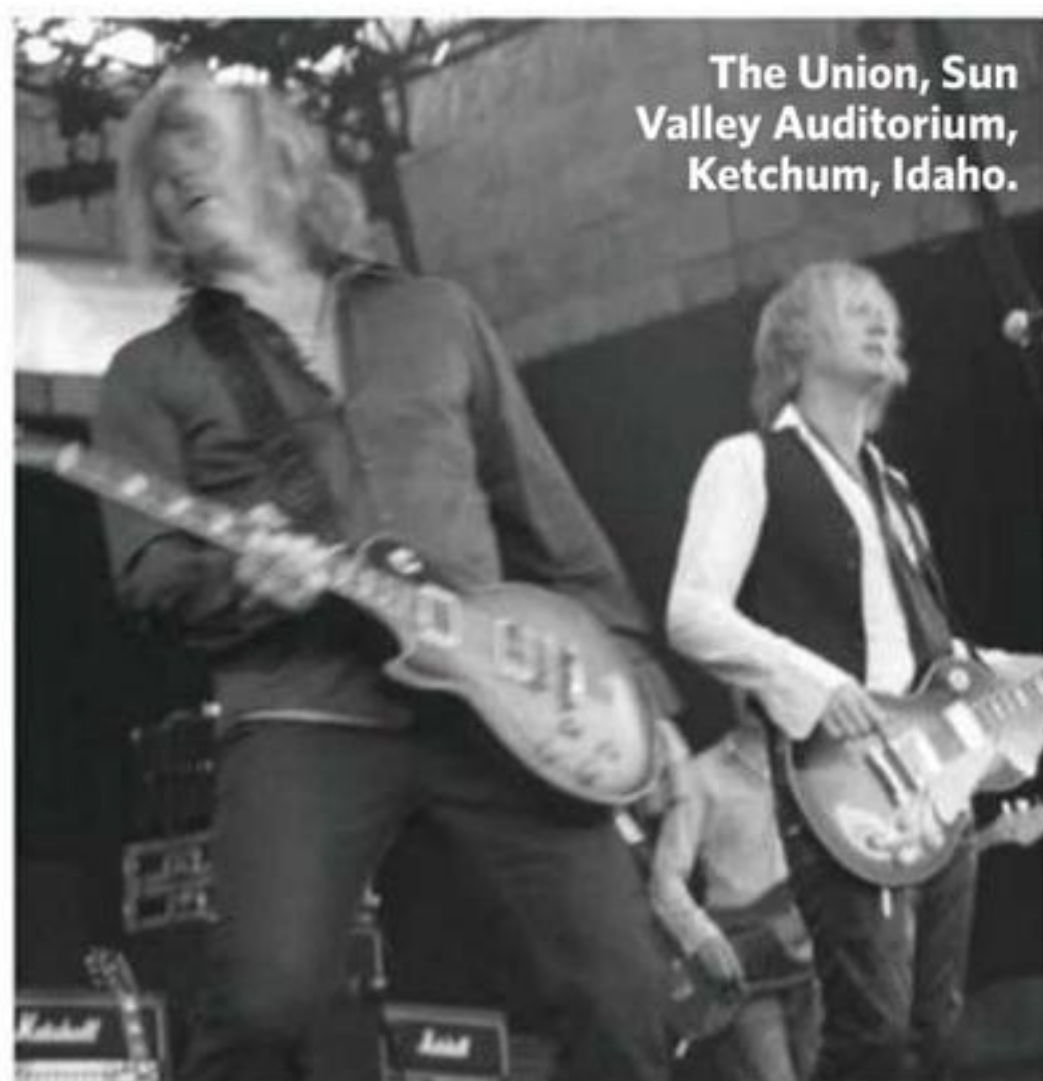
What was the first band you went to see? “T.Rex. 1971, Lewisham Odeon. Fantastic. I was only 11. Bolan was very charismatic but the thing that really did it for me was the audience. I managed to get right down the front and I remember looking over my shoulder and thinking, ‘Wow – it must be great to have that effect on people.’”

“My first gig was Paul Rodgers at Newcastle City Hall,” says Pete. “I was 13. Me mam and dad took me, cos I was a massive Free fan – still am.”

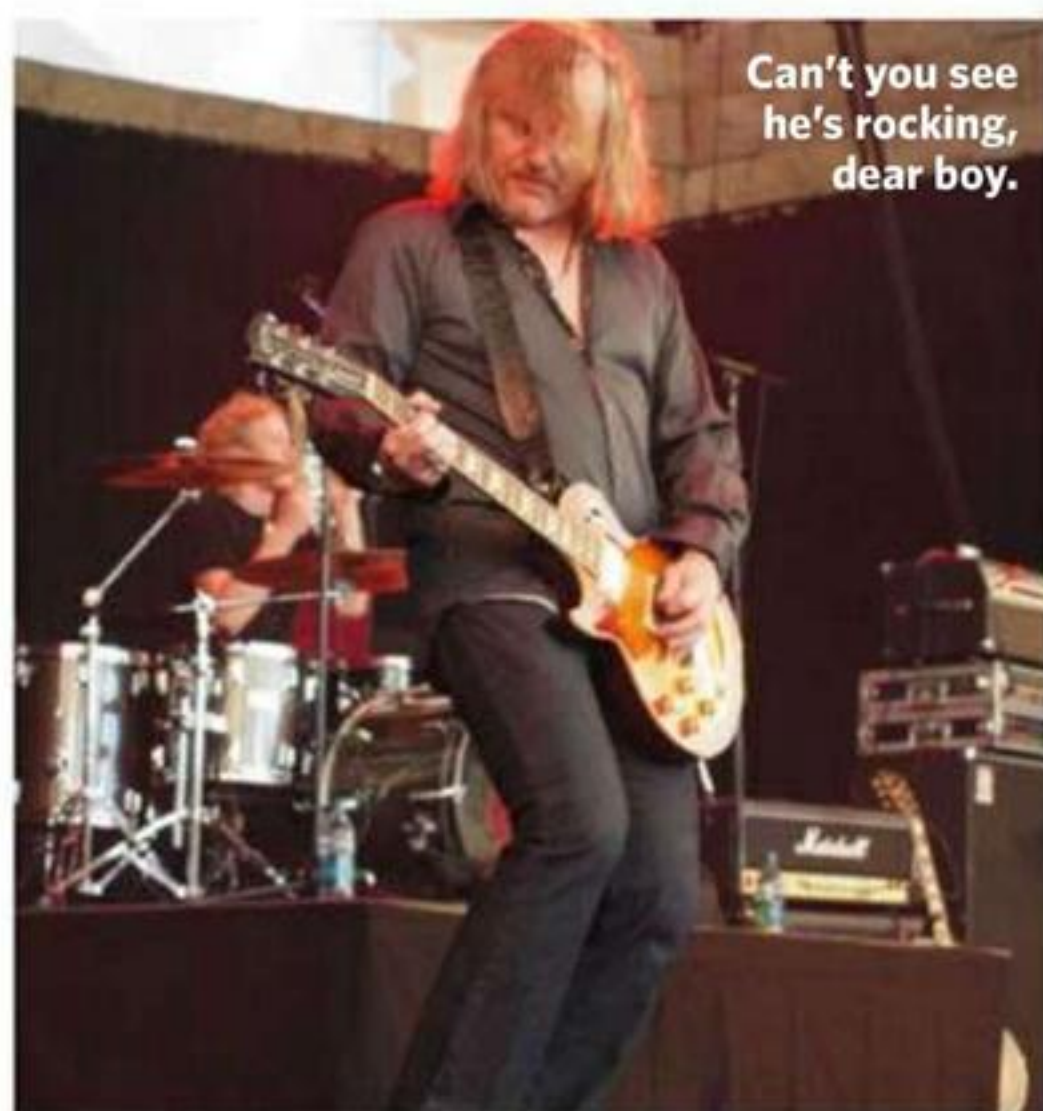
“The first record I ever bought was Dave Edmunds, *I Hear You Knocking*,” says Luke. “First album I bought was a T. Rex compilation.”

Pete’s first single was “*Slam Jam* by the WWF Wrestlers” (“I was only about 9!” he says) but Nirvana were his first musical love. “My sister had *Nevermind* and I became completely obsessed with it,” he says. “I began to learn guitar and started listening to my dad’s records: Free, Led Zeppelin, Neil Young. He had this blues compilation called *Heavy Blues*. It had Eric Clapton with John Mayall and Peter Green with Fleetwood Mac, so I got into blues through the British Invasion, and then I started reading about them all and went further back to Robert Johnson and all that.

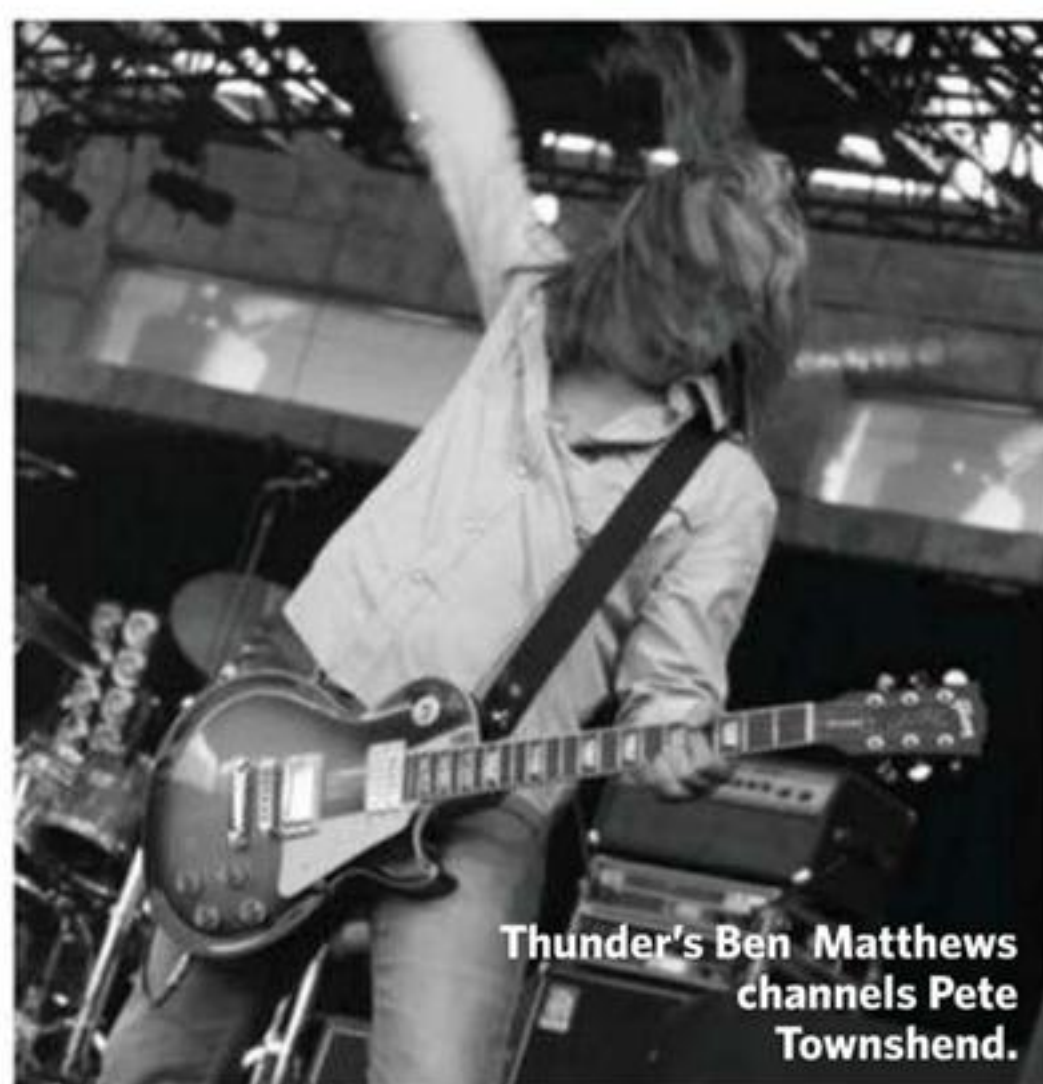
“I’d be coming to school with a Walkman on, listening to Tim Buckley and Howlin’ Wolf and me mates would be talking about the Spice Girls. The only other thing going on at that time was Britpop,



The Union, Sun Valley Auditorium, Ketchum, Idaho.



Can't you see he's rocking, dear boy.



Thunder's Ben Matthews channels Pete Townshend.

which – apart from Oasis – I hated. I thought it was crap. Bands like Blur and Menswear and all that shit. I hated that whole fashion thing of who's cool to like. It's not about fashion, for me anyway, it's about who's genuinely from the heart and the soul."

Ironically Pete got into music through grunge while Thunder were derailed by it.

"Grunge fucked us in America, there's no doubt about it," says Luke. "But I love Nirvana, Soundgarden, Alice In Chains."

"They're just classic rock bands to me," says Pete. "I know there was a whole fashion thing to it, but they're classic rock – there's a whole load of blues in there. Alice In Chains were just like Sabbath..."

And that's what made it great. After years of Poison and Mötley Crüe it was a relief to hear

proper rock. Pete pulls a face. "I think all of those bands," he says, "should just be shot."

THE LAST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

At Lolo Pass, the route used by pioneers Lewis and Clark on the USA's first expedition to the Pacific coast, we meet a white supremacist. His mobile home is covered in stickers. "Proud to be white!" says one. "Impeach Obama!" says another. His wife is wearing a T-shirt with a picture of a handgun on it and the words "Anti-Social Gun Girl".

"I'm proud to be white," says the shit-kicker to Ram, pretty confidently when you consider that he's talking to a six-foot-something, 16 stone, muscle-bound, black-skinned, trained killer, "it don't mean I have anything against black people."

"I get that," says Ram. "I'm proud to be black – you can be proud to be white. Nothing wrong with that."

"Like, I hate Obama," says the good ol' boy, "but it ain't cos he's black, it's cos he aims to be the last President of the United States."

"The last President?"

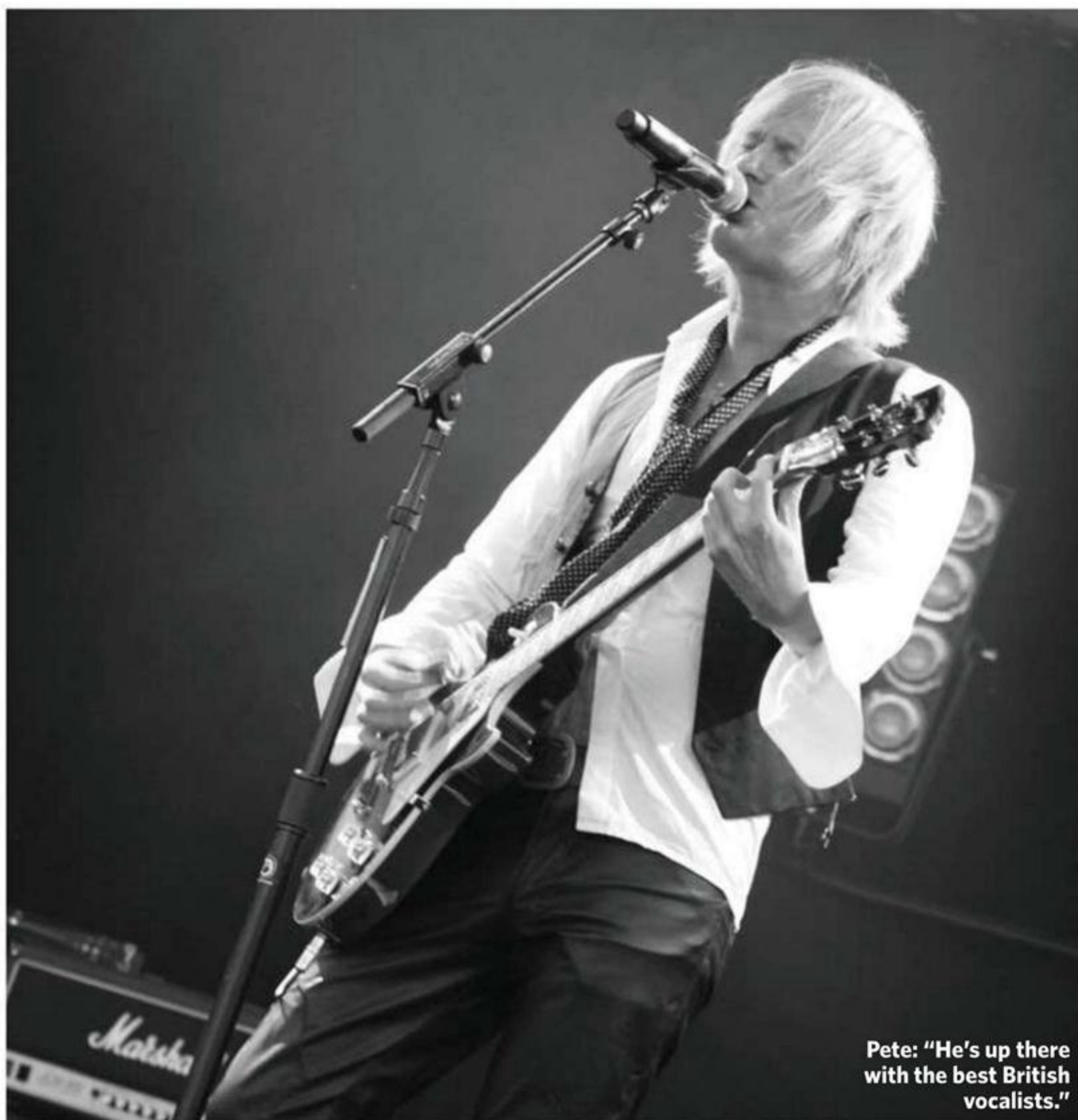
"Yuh. The things he's doing? I don't think there will be another election in this country if he has his way."

"But people won't stand for that..."

"You're damn right we won't," he says. "There's been one revolution in this country and there could easily be another one."

Not for nothing does our Canadian guide Peter Kinnon refer to the US as "the Excited State".

Sta an "



Pete: "He's up there with the best British vocalists."

A MYSTERY

Attached to the back of Ram's bike is what can only be described as a pole: a foot-long, cylindrical piece of black metal, not unlike the object on the cover of Led Zeppelin's *Presence* album. Why he is carrying it with him is a mystery to everyone.

SALACIOUS GOSSIP REVEALED

"Scott," says Pete, over his shoulder, "you know how in the Awards issue of *Classic Rock* you wrote that someone was caught shagging in the toilets?"

Yeah? "Who was it?"

Er, I don't know, Pete – who *could* it have been?

He holds his head in his hands: "Noooooooooooo!"

"Ha-HA! I told you it was you!" says Luke, slapping the steering wheel. (Turns out Pete was so drunk the night of the last *Classic Rock* awards, he woke up next to someone he didn't recognise and has no memory of the night itself.)

Dammit. We could have made up *anything*.)

AT ONE WITH NATURE

We roar up mountain tops and through valleys, kicking up the dust of lands previously populated by the Salish, Kootenai, Blackfoot and Shoshone tribes. We hit the 'Going To The Sun Road' the first day it opens after the ice melt, and thawing ice water cascades down the mountainside, snowdrifts the size of tidal waves lie on the slopes. Then it's down through the valleys of the Sawtooth Wilderness, where the smell of sun-burnt pine hangs heavy in the air like marijuana.

To those of us raised in the council estates of Great Britain it is overwhelming. Only Other



Sheesh. More bloody bikes and mountains?

“...So I get the salad from Meat Loaf’s buffet and I do a shit right in the middle of it...” – Danny Bowes

Mark – raised somewhere posh and with the benefit of decent schooling – can truly articulate what we’re feeling. “It’s fucking beautiful around here,” he says. “Total *Brokeback Mountain* country. You can see why they bummed each other...”

(After one such ride through the Bitterroot range, we pull up and through the dust see that Ram is crying. He hugs it up with Daryl Clark, the ride’s organiser, and pulls himself together.

You seemed upset today, I say, later that night.

“It was nothing,” he says, “just something between me and Daryl...”

DAVID COVERDALE’S ANAL LOVE

In a bar in Missoula, we take over the back porch and Pete, Ben and Luke get the guitars out. At one point they start banging out the chords for *Kashmir*. Problem is, not only is it a bastard to sing, no-one can remember the lyrics. “Something about ‘sitting with Elvis,’” offers Nik, an accountant from Derbyshire.

“Elvis?” chuckles Pete. “I think it’s ‘elders’...”

Talk turns to songs with misheard lyrics. Thunder had a song *Empty City* that featured the line ‘Empty city, it’s calling your name’ but sounded a bit like ‘Is Colin your name?’ and the new Union album has a song called *Orion* that sounds like it’s about housework (‘Show me your iron’).

“And of course there’s

that Whitesnake song,” says Nik, “*Anal Love In The Heart Of The City*...”

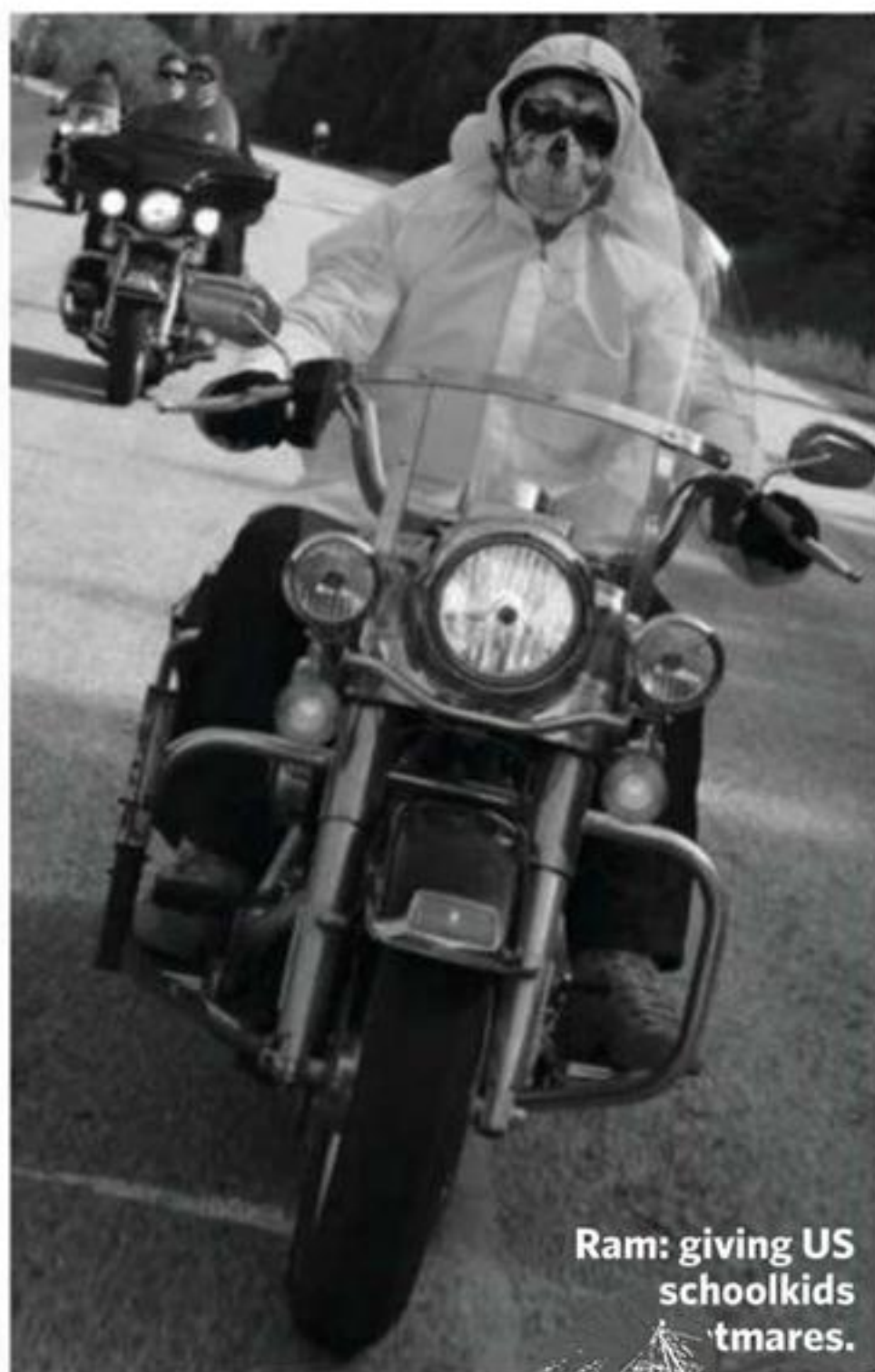
Everyone falls about. “The funny thing is,” says Pete when he recovers, “that probably was the original lyric. [Does an uncanny impersonation of Coverdale] ‘An-AL luuuurve! In the heart of the ci-TAY! I’ll need to change the words – the record company guys’ll never understand...’”

I guarantee this: none of us will never listen to *Ain’t No Love*... the same way again.

REVENGE. DISH. COLD. ETC.

“We toured with Meat Loaf once,” says Danny Bowes in some bar, somewhere or other, “and he was a total plonker. One night he came bursting in

to our dressing room in Newcastle, and the bass guitar was behind the door, and he slams the door right into it. The bass is smashed, fucking ruined. So I thought, ‘I’m gonna get you back – I don’t care if it takes the whole tour.’ And sure enough, last date of the tour we’re backstage and, as part of his rider, Meat Loaf’s got this massive buffet. So I thought, ‘Right.’ So I get this salver with salad on it and I take into our dressing room and do a massive shit right in the middle of it. I’ve been drinking Guinness for days, right, so it’s huge and totally black – like a big black



Ram: giving US schoolkids tmares.

arrange it with the salad and all that so that it looks lovely: some cucumber here, a sprig of parsley there. It looked delicious. So we do the gig, and when we come back the plate is empty – it’d all been eaten...”

LUKE ON PETE

“As a singer Pete’s up there with the best British vocalists,” says Luke, and he should know, having worked with Danny Bowes, Robert Palmer and more. “It’s a northern English tradition – Paul Rodgers, Chris Rea, there’s loads of them all from the north of England with that rich baritone voice and he sounds as good as any of them. He’s a great guitarist and a great writer as well – he has it all. He’s a massive talent and what’s really scary is that when I’m retired and dribbling down my jumper he’ll probably still be going.”

I’m sure he’ll visit and push you around the park.

“As long as he brings money that’ll be alright.”

RAM’S BIG HARD POLE

We finally reach Sun Valley, Idaho, and prepare for the gig. That night, Ram brings his pole to the auditorium – the chunk of metal he has lugged halfway across the world and across the USA.

Enough’s enough. What is it with this pole?

“We call it ‘The Baton,’” he says. “It’s the handle off a stretcher I carried my best mate on in Iraq. He died on it. And now we carry it to remember him and the other people who lost their lives.”

And that’s why you were emotional the other day?

He nods. Suddenly I am all out of knob gags.

(The gig is a triumph. The Union come out blazing – any songwriterly CSN&Y sensitivity ditched in favour of tomahawk-sharp riffs, armour-piercing solos and scalp-ripping choruses. It’s an explosive, deadly-serious statement of intent: *this ain’t cabaret*.)

With everything to play for, Thunder deliver too, Danny manipulating the 200-strong crowd like it was 10 times as large, getting everyone on their feet. By the end, Ben is windmilling and the crowd are a fists-in-the-air, dad-dancing mess. Thunder never toured America; 21 years after their debut album, this is at least *one* corner of the US won over.)

THE POETIC AND MOVING CLIMAX

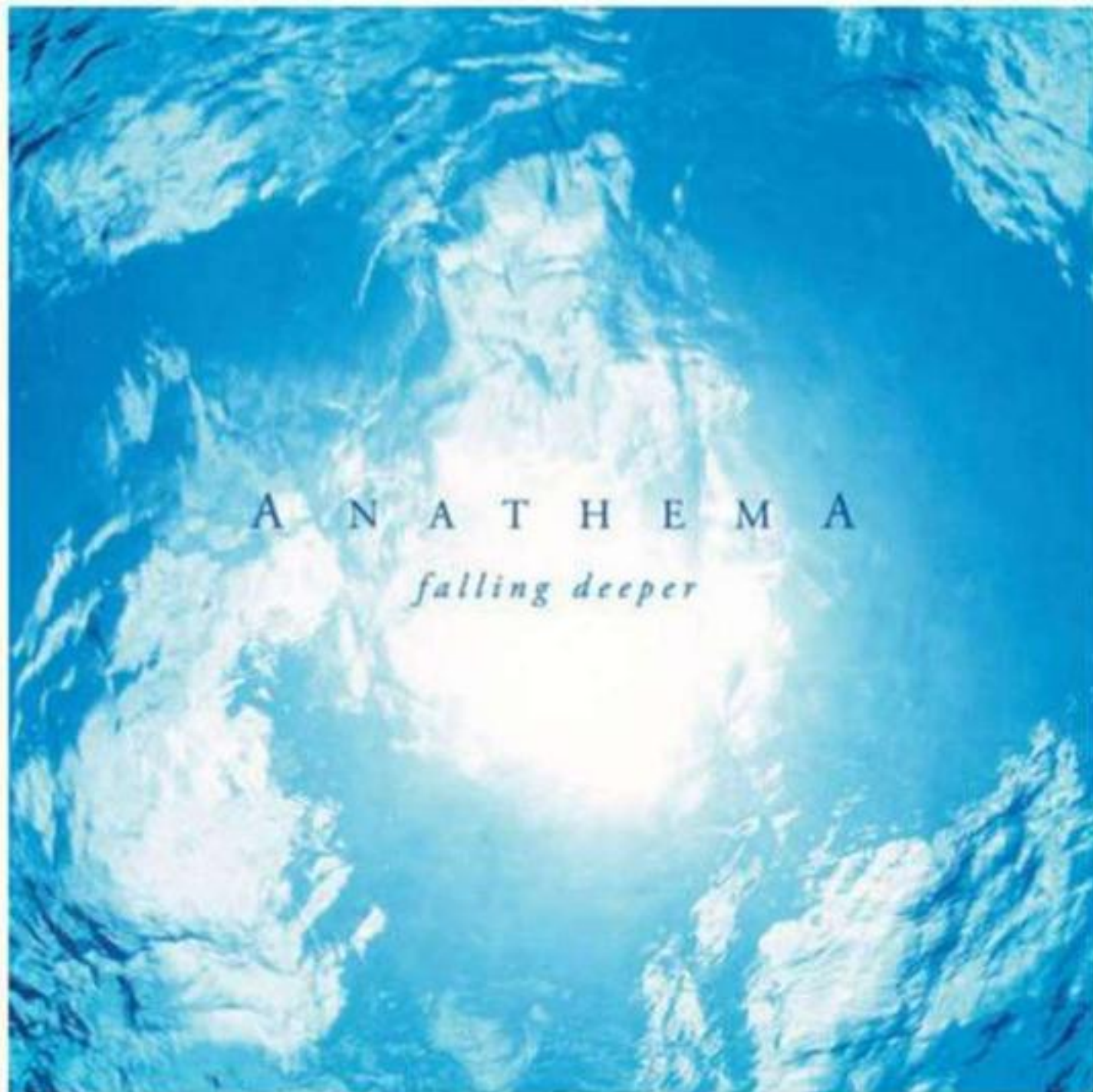
In Missoula – a town formerly known as Hell’s Gate because it was at the edge of ‘the civilised world’, the valley to its east literally covered with the human bones of white settlers murdered by local injuns – I leave Pete, Luke and Ben singing on the bar’s back deck and walk to the hotel alone. The sun has set behind the mountains to the west, casting the hills in a burnt purple glow. The moon hangs low in the perfect eternal sky and all is still, aside from the chirp of crickets and a noise blown across the highway by the cool Chinook breeze.

It’s Pete Shoulder’s voice – a voice that carries the cry of the original bluesmen, a sound that’s travelled over a lifetime from the Mississippi delta to the Tyne estuary, echoing first in Paul Rodgers and David Coverdale and now in him, a bellow that sends a chill down the spine of all that hears it.

“An-AL LUUUUurve!” he’s roaring, “in the heart of the cit-AY!”

And a roar of cackles drowns out the crickets. 📍

Siren’s Song is released on September 26. To go on next year’s ride visit www.childlinerocks.co.uk



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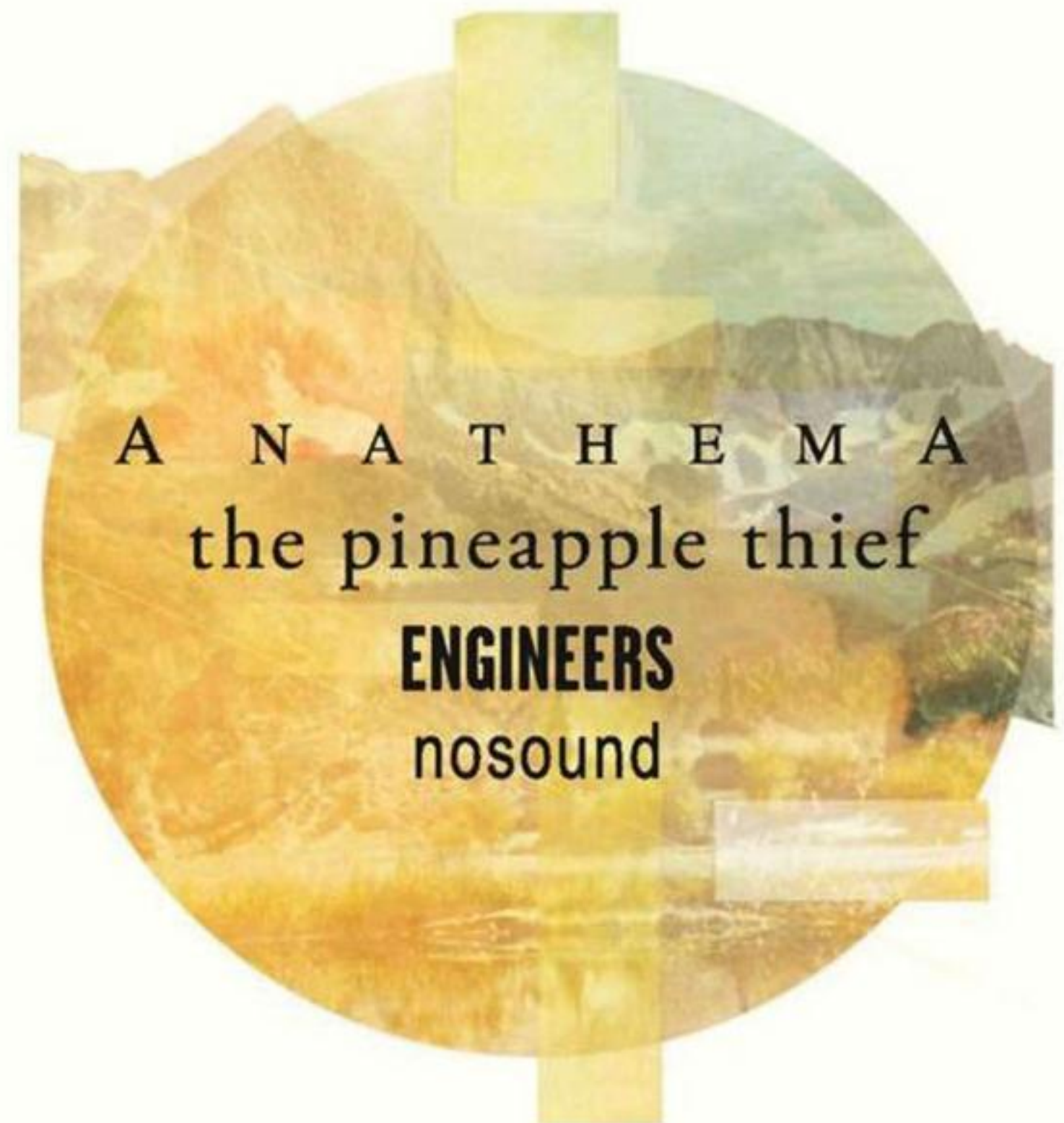


Nosound

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Had us a real good time

The departure of singer Steve Marriott from the Small Faces seemed to spell the end for the band, until Rod Stewart came on board. As the **Faces** they were hell-bent on making good music, but even more so on having fun. Words: **Rob Hughes**

Early summer, 1969. Four young musicians are holed up in the basement of the Rolling Stones' rehearsal room in south London. For the past few weeks, Ronnie Wood, Ian McLagan, Ronnie Lane and Kenney Jones have been jamming here, playing covers of recordings by American soul heroes like the Meters and the Bar-Kays and chiselling out a few instrumentals of their own. But there's something missing: a singer. Both Lane and Wood have taken turns at the microphone but it just doesn't feel right. Guitarist Wood has already suggested his bandmate from The Jeff Beck Group, Rod Stewart, but the others aren't so keen. Lane, McLagan and Jones are still reeling from the sudden end of the Small Faces, whose singer Steve Marriott walked out on them earlier in the year to form Humble Pie. Marriott had been a powerful, charismatic vocalist, but also a dominating force. The others don't want to get burned again by a roaring ego. Wood assures them that Rod's not like that. Cautiously, they invite him along.

Stewart is too shy to begin with, choosing to listen in from the top of the stairs. Then for days he sits silently on the amps, watching the quartet go through their paces. "We knew Rod from his time on the Immediate label," Jones recalls, "so we knew what a great voice he had. He'd sit on the amps and just wait for us to finish playing at first. And every time we had a break we'd go up to the pub in Bermondsey Street to have a few drinks and a laugh. Then we'd go back into the rehearsal room and play some more. That went on for a few weeks.

"Then one day I was sitting there playing, looking over at Rod and thinking, this just doesn't



LARKING ABOUT IN A MICHIGAN FOREST, 1970

IAN McLAGAN: "Tom Wright's got a great book out, which is all photographs and stories. The cover photo is one of the Ann Arbor shots. I said to Tom: 'I'm not in that one.' And he went: 'Yeah, that's cos you took the picture!' So I said: 'Where's my fucking credit?' It's like the cover shot of *A Nod's As Good As A Wink*.... That wasn't taken by Tom, it was taken by Chuch, the roadie."

KENNEY JONES: "Tom Wright was a photographer who became a great friend of the band. He came everywhere with us. I distinctly remember that fur boa that Rod had around his neck. We'd had a drink but weren't reasonably sober."

make sense. So the next time we went to the pub, I asked if he fancied having a drink with us. Then I asked if he'd be interested in joining the band. He looked at me and said: 'Do you think the others would let me?'"

McLagan remembers Stewart getting up at the rehearsal place and trying something from Muddy Waters's *Live At Newport*. It was obvious he could really sing. That night there was a party at Alvin Lee's flat around the corner. Jones floated the idea of Rod becoming a permanent member of their fledgling group.

"They were apprehensive about not getting another Steve Marriott figure, and didn't want someone who'd let us down," he remembers. "I totally understood what they were saying, but to my mind it was make-or-break time for us, and I felt it was the necessary thing to do. So enter Rod, enter lunacy!"

McLagan: "Once he started singing with us he was the missing link. He was just what we needed. Then it was all a lot of fun. And a lot of drinking."

There was plenty of that, alright. The Faces, as they became known later that year, were the ultimate geezer band. A gang of peacock-haired ne'r-do-wells with the swishiest satin clobber and the tunes to match. They swaggered and sauntered like no other band of the early 70s, strutting onto a stage like a bunch of rogues strolling into their local. Not for nothing was their 2004 box set titled *Five Guys Walk Into A Bar*... Gigs would invariably end with drunken renditions of *We'll Meet Again* or *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, the five of them clustered around a single mic, before collapsing in unison onto the floor.

"It wasn't just at gigs," says Jones. "Everywhere we went we fell on the floor – airports, restaurants, hotels, bars. We were saying to people that you don't have to take rock'n'roll too seriously."

TOM WRIGHT '82



STAGE SHOT, 1973

KENNEY JONES: "The Faces had a laugh together, if nothing else. And of course it was in the heavy drinking days. Because we got along so well socially, we were drinking socially too. We were all competent players and the few times we were sober we were good! It was pretty raw rock'n'roll."

LIVE ON STAGE, 1972

RONNIE WOOD: "We have a set-list and some kind of a plan in the Stones. But with The Faces the set-list would come under your door every morning and that's when you knew what you'd be doing that night. But to no extent did the Faces know what they were playing."

Every gig was like going to a party. The Faces were undoubtedly the most fun band I was ever in."

But it wasn't all beer and brandy. The Faces could really play, too. Their physical home may have been the nearest boozier, but their spiritual nexus was America, particularly Detroit and Memphis – the respective strongholds of Motown and Stax. Together with an insatiable appetite for southern blues and folk, the band played a unique blend of rivvum'n'raunch. At their peak they were a bigger draw in America than even The Stones. Had they been less cavalier and more inclined to stay on their feet, they might quite easily have overtaken them completely. But then such self-inflicted laxity is what gave the Faces much of their roguish charm to begin with.

In his intro to the forthcoming book *The Faces 1969-75* – a sumptuous, photo-driven account of their brilliant, if brief, career – lifelong fan Slash contends that: "No band better exemplified 'party band' like the Faces, and no band has since. They wrote drunken, bluesy, cum-drenched rock'n'roll songs and delivered them with the ultimate 'tip and a wink' attitude... They're one of the most iconic bands of all time."

It's a patent that many others have tried to emulate since, with varying degrees of success, from the Sex Pistols and Guns N' Roses to the Black Crowes and Pearl Jam.

"The Faces had some classic songs, but it was more about the *feel* of the band than anything else," says Quireboys guitarist Guy Griffin. "Loads of bands have tried to replicate that. A lot of people have accused us of doing that. And I hold my hand up, because they were a big influence on



me. I play the same Zematis guitar as Ronnie Wood, so I happily admit it."

The Faces drew envy from their peers, too. One of their closest associations was with Free. "Touring with the Faces was wonderful," says Free's then drummer Simon Kirke. "They were at their peak and had Rod Stewart singing. Jeez, he could sing so well back then. He's like Paul Rodgers, really; he *never* sung a bad show, he just had variations on brilliant. They always had such fun on stage. There were drinks in abundance, and Woody was there with the ever-present ciggie hanging out of his mouth or tucked in the end of his guitar. Ian would be grinning from ear to ear. And they dressed so flamboyantly, too, all silks and satins and flares. I loved 'em. They just had a great time, whereas Free were slightly serious."

Free bassist Andy Fraser remembers the Faces as "big, big drinkers. We'd be at the same hotel, and Rod especially would be like: 'Come on, fellas, let's have a couple of drinks.' Which essentially meant getting totally plastered. Watching the Faces perform was a bit like a pub singalong on an arena scale. That isn't to discount Rod's incredible singing and performing abilities, or the band's musicianship, which I place very highly. That rough-and-ready, slightly sloppy thing worked very well. You can see from what they've all done individually how skilled they are."

THE FACES AS FASHIONISTAS

RONNIE WOOD: "You'd bump into Jagger or Richards or Capaldi in the Circuit in the King's Road, or at Hung On You and Granny Takes A Trip. Or me and Rod would be in Alkasura on the Fulham Road with Marc Bolan."

KENNEY JONES: "When I look back now at all the styles that have come about since we finished, I feel that we definitely set the scene."

Britain was slow to warm to the Faces. Their earliest gigs, as Jones puts it, were "like pulling teeth". As with Led Zeppelin before them, it was in America where they were to forge their reputation. In March 1970 the band went over for a 28-date tour. Crowds instantly responded to these raffish incorrigibles who, unlike shoegazing noodlers such as the Grateful Dead or whole legions of denim'n'boogie dullards, were clearly out to have a great time – and take the audience along with them. Plus, as Wood points out: "We were selling them their own music. They understood what we were all about."

Detroit was where the Faces first got noticed, at a tiny venue in the heart of the city's black community called the East Town Theatre. It was the beginning of a symbiotic relationship that was to last right through the band's lives, even when their popularity was such that they were filling out 17,000-capacity sheds like Cobo Hall. "After The Faces first broke in Detroit," says Jones, "it just spread like wildfire. By the time we got to the next city, word had already got around. The power of word of mouth was fantastic."

Their American tours became the stuff of legend. The band would kill the downtime hours between shows by dismantling and defacing hotel rooms, wreaking havoc in the corridors, partying by the pool, plying themselves with freely available supplies of cocaine and booze, and taking full advantage of what seemed like an endless queue of willing groupies.

"America back then was so open," McLagan explains. "A lot of the guys were either in Vietnam or had gone altogether, so we had all these girls after us. There was no Aids, coke wasn't addictive – at least that's what they told us – and here we were. And we weren't like all the other bands, who dressed in T-shirts and denim. They were wonderful times. The groupies in America were much more forward than the ones back home. In the UK you'd have to ask, in America it'd be a case of: 'I'll take you and you. As for you, maybe next time.' I remember one morning taking a girl to



ON STAGE IN SOUTH CAROLINA, SURROUNDED BY FANS AND POLICE, 1972
RONNIE WOOD: "I think the police in the States just couldn't understand our freeness, kicking footballs around in the corridor of the hotel or swapping other people's shoes outside their doors. We got up to all sorts of general mischief like that – taking pictures out of our rooms and putting them up in the corridors and stuff. And we'd do our own paintings on them. Generally it was all quite harmless fun, but to them it seemed like a big deal. We couldn't understand what all the fuss was about."



breakfast, which I never usually did. But we'd had a really great night. There she was, sat across the table from me, when I looked over and realised she had one glass eye. And here I am introducing her to the band. They thought it was hilarious."

One incredulous British journalist, from *Disc & Music Echo*, attended an early-hours pool party in South Carolina that spilled over into the adjoining hotel. "The comings and goings from room to room resemble something from a Brian Rix bedroom farce," he wrote. Such was their escalating reputation that the Faces were soon banned from the entire Holiday Inn chain. They sidestepped it simply by checking in as Fleetwood Mac instead.

Another US tour, billed as a Rock'n'Roll Circus, involved sharing the bill with jugglers, acrobats, Blinky the clown and a Chinese high-wire stripper called Ming Wung. You could argue that it was all somehow in keeping with the Faces' own high-energy nuttishness, leaping about the stage, swapping mics, whispering in huddles and booting footballs into the crowd. They even designed their own on-stage bar.

"We were the first to do a lot of things," laughs Jones. "We'd have a white stage, and insist that Chuch McGee, who was our roadie, wore black trousers, a white shirt and a waistcoat, so he looked like a barman. So he'd tend the bar, then quickly do Woody's guitar and various other things. And we'd have palm trees on stage with us. It was very over-the-top. We took the piss out of ourselves, more than anything."

It all made for a rambunctious communal atmosphere. Several of the outstanding shots in

"Every where we went we fell on the floor."

||||||| KENNEY JONES |||||

Faces 1969 to 1975 show the band besieged by stage-crashers, but happily playing on under the watchful eye of the local police. "It was an incredible atmosphere," confirms McLagan. "The cover of *A Nod's As Good As A Wink...* [the shot taken from the lighting rig by Chuch the roadie]

captures that pretty well, too. Some people used to follow us from gig to gig in America." Jones remembers that "it was as if we were in the audience and the audience were on stage. You had the crowd wrapped around you."

The charitable spirit of bonhomie extended beyond the stage. "In the early days we didn't have much money," explains Wood, "so Rod and I used to pounce lifts home from girls in the audience. We'd usually end up with the fat ones wearing glasses, but it didn't matter. If they had a nice car we'd bundle in and they'd take us home for tea and stuff. And we'd use their phones for long-distance calls because it was so expensive." ➡



BACKSTAGE, USA, 1972

IAN McLAGAN: "Once we travelled in police cars from Boston airport. We were all fucked up and hungover. Ronnie Lane sat in front next to the copper and said: 'Oh man, I feel like a bag of shit'. The cop turned to him and went: 'What do you need? Do you want some heroin, some coke?' Ronnie was like, 'No!' It was bizarre."

Backstage with admirers
in Dallas, Texas.



As the Faces' popularity spread, so did the size and reach of their audiences. They began travelling in private jets and playing enormous venues across the US. Guest musicians started showing up and joining them on stage for impromptu jams. Wood recalls: "In Detroit, which used to be our second home, we were joined by special guests like Tina Turner and Jimmy Ruffin. And I first met Bobby Womack there, then Eddie Kendricks. All these great soul stalwarts, who'd actually come up and sing with us. They were very precious times."

If Detroit remained their bedrock, then LA was party central, the band entertaining all-comers at the infamous Hyatt House – nicknamed the Riot House, and the scene of all manner of TV-out-the-window madcappery. "Everywhere we went, but especially in LA, we'd have famous film stars and musicians backstage," says Jones. "It was very glamorous and star-studded. Ryan O'Neal loved the Faces, and every time we played LA he'd take over being my roadie. He'd sit behind me at the gig, handing me towels and drinks. It was surreal."

Then, of course, there was the music. The first couple of Faces albums – *First Step* (1970) and *Long Player* (early '71) – were patchy and unfocused. They were just as liable to offer up a lovely, reflective ballad like *Sweet Lady Mary* or classic slop-rocker *Three Button Hand Me Down* as they were throwaways like *Nobody Knows* or *On The Beach*. It wasn't until *A Nod's As Good As A Wink... To A Blind Horse*, released at the fag end of 1971, that the band fully delivered in the studio. The album was

"We didn't have rows or fights, it was fun or nothing at all."

IAN McLAGAN

quintessential Faces: loud, lairy and stuffed with everything from semi-slapstick romps (*Miss Judy's Farm*, *That's All You Need*) to wistfully elegiac songs like Ronnie Lane's *Debris* – which detailed the hidden scars of his beloved London – and boogified killers like *Stay With Me*.

Stay With Me became their first UK Top 10 single, in December 1971. By this time Stewart was basking in the solo success of *Every Picture Tells A Story* and its huge hit, *Maggie May*. At one point he was simultaneously top of the singles and album charts on both sides of the Atlantic. His follow-up, 1972's *Never A Dull Moment*, which included *You Wear It Well*, consolidated his new superstar status. There were rumours and accusations that Stewart was saving his best songs for himself, further fanned by the fact that his latest album included *True Blue*, a song cut at a Faces session.

The Faces' fourth album *Ooh La La*, issued in April '73, seemed to compound the question of allegiance. Rod appeared disinterested, failing to show for the first few weeks of recording, leaving Wood to take lead vocals on the title track. In a press interview, Stewart dismissed the album as "a bit of a mess" and "a bit of a mess".

record, the latter having written or co-written more than half of it. As a result it was generally more introspective and folksy, though there were still some blustery, laddish rockers like *Silicone Grown* and *Borstal Boys*. And of course *Cindy Incidentally*, which had reached No.2 in February. "That song came together pretty quickly, which is often how things happen for the best," recalls McLagan. "I was playing this piano riff and Rod came over and said: 'What's that?' It was actually hung backwards off *Memphis, Tennessee*, or at least a version of the one Chuck Berry played."

But the fast lifestyle, incessant touring and increasing friction in the band were beginning to pinch. In May '73 Ronnie Lane announced he was quitting. It was the beginning of the end.

"It was like a bad joke gone wrong," remembers Wood, "because we all used to mess about and say: 'I'm leaving the group!' It was like a stock saying whenever anything went slightly wrong. Then one day Ronnie actually did come in and say he was leaving. I went: 'Yeah right, pull the other one.' But he said: 'No, I really am. Plus I'm running off with my best friend's wife.' This was the wife of Mike McInnerney, who'd done the artwork for our *First Step* album. So Ronnie ran off with Katie and left Sue Lane, who we all used to love. We'd all say: 'What are you doing? How can you do this?' And he'd tell us he was going off to live in a caravan, become a traveller and form his own band. There was nothing more we could say because he'd go: 'My mind is made up. I'm off.'"

Lane was true to his word, hitting the road with his new band, *Slim Chance*. The rest were left to weigh up their options.

TOM WRIGHT

ABOUT TO FALL, 1970

IAN McLAGAN: "We used to sing *We'll Meet Again*, or *One Last Sweet Cheerio* from the Marx Brothers film *Room Service*. Then invariably someone would fall over."

KENNEY JONES: "It was usually either *We'll Meet Again* or *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*. There were no lyrics to that one, all we ever sang was '...that's when Irish eyes are smiling'. Then there was a lot of falling over."



Rod Stewart and Ronnie Lane belting out a wartime favourite.



singles (albeit great ones in *Pool Hall Richard* and *You Can Make Me Dance, Sing Or Anything*) and a poor, drunkenly mixed live album, *Coast To Coast: Overture And Beginners*.

In January 1975 Ronnie Wood was offered Mick Taylor's old job in the Rolling Stones, initially to fill in on tour. "We all said: 'Yeah, Woody, go ahead, no problem. Just keep it together, because our tour starts immediately after theirs,'" recalls Jones. "But when Ronnie came back he really came back as a Rolling Stone. Rod and I already knew the writing was on the wall, because we'd talked about it. And Rod was moving to America, so you had this great transatlantic divide. There was this huge separation taking place, and Ronnie leaving was the final straw." By December it was official: the Faces were finished.

Ronnie Lane, who was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in the late 70s, died in June 1997. There have been rumours of a reunion of the surviving Faces, regularly over the years, but it

always seemed unlikely, what with Stewart's comfy solo career, Wood permanently in the Stones, Jones replacing Keith Moon in The Who then forming the Jones Gang with ex-members of Bad Company and Foreigner, and McLagan burying himself in session work and his own Bump Band. There was the odd get-together at the Brit Awards or one of Rod's Wembley shows, but nothing long-term.

Then, in 2008, Stewart told the press they'd been talking about playing together again. The foursome reconvened for a day's rehearsal in London, but then everything went ominously quiet. By early the following year, Rod's spokesman was denying reports of a full-blown Faces reunion; prior touring commitments, it transpired, just wouldn't allow it.

But the others pressed on. October 2009 saw Wood, McLagan and Jones play a one-off charity show at the Royal Albert Hall, with Mick Hucknall and Bill Wyman in for Stewart and Lane respectively. It was a huge, not to say surprising, success.

filling Rod's heels. An official reunion was finally announced in May 2010, with Sex Pistol Glen Matlock replacing Wyman as full-time bassist.

So far there's been no recording activity, but the live shows have been little short of spectacular. Hucknall, a Faces fan as a kid, admits it's been a daunting prospect: "The thing to remember about the Faces, for all the debauchery and fantastic stories, is that they *did* have a tangible sound. Certain bands have it – Zeppelin had it, the Stones have got it – where you close your eyes and you recognise this energy. And that sound is just unbelievable. So there am I as a fan, in the middle of it, thinking, 'Fucking hell!' Along with Mick Jagger and Robert Plant, Rod's the contender. He's up there with the greats. I just have to rest on the fact that I'm able to say I'm a fan, the boys are supportive and I'm just blowing it along. I don't see my position as replacing him. I'm completely willing to stand aside anytime Rod wants to walk out on that stage with them."

And what of the original Faces? Is there a sense of making up for all that lost time? "It's a shame we had to split up the way we did," says Jones. "We should have gone on longer. And that's part of the reason why we wanted to get back together again – to finish properly. Because the Faces has always felt like unfinished business. And once you've had something special like that it's always nagging away at the back of your head. We're still great mates, and it's just nice to play together again."

McLagan feels the same way. "I've waited a long fucking time for this," he declares. "I've been trying for this for years and years. We've got gigs lined up, but I'd like more of them. And we don't know how long we've got Ronnie Wood for. The Stones are going to want to pull that string at some point and he'll be gone. This is our only opportunity."

It's a subject that prompts a sudden spasm of nostalgia from McLagan: "I was 24 when I was in the Faces. I was young, I was in love, I had a young son, I was making money, I was playing music with the best band in the world. We were five characters who really got on well. I always laugh when I read about bands having rows and fights with each other – The Who, the Kinks and the rest of them – but we never had that. It was fun or nothing at all. It really was." 

Faces 1969–75, the band's signed limited edition book, available only from Genesis Publications. Order your copy by 27th Sept to save £50 (pre-publication price £295). Call +44 (0) 1483 540 970 or buy from www.genesis-publications.com

"Rod summed it up really well," offers Jones. "He told me that once Ronnie Lane left the band, the spirit of the Faces left too. Ronnie was integral to the band. It was the complete line-up when he was there. It never quite felt the same afterwards."

They brought in Japanese bassist Tetsu Yamauchi, who'd replaced Andy Fraser in Free, in an attempt to fill the void.

"We made a mistake really with Tetsu," admits McLagan. "It wasn't his fault, but he was a party boy and thought he was in for lots of drinks and a little bit of playing, while we were looking for more creation and a lot less boozing."

"But you couldn't replace Ronnie. Apart from being the originator, he was the glue in the Faces. He was such a sweet person and such a great songwriter. And when he was gone, that songwriting flavour was missing. There was nothing to do then, because Rod wasn't interested in recording with the Faces, and hadn't even been interested in doing *Ooh La La*, actually."

The band limped on for another 18 months, though all they had to show were a couple of

We all came down to **MONTREUX.**

With an orchestra. Nothing caught fire this time.

As **Deep Purple** return to their old Swiss stomping ground, *Classic Rock* finds plenty has changed since those heady *Machine Head* days. Welcome to life on the road with elder statesman rock gents, where hard partying is most definitely at a premium.

Words: **Max Bell** Photographs: **Ross Halfin**



Montreux, Switzerland. High summer. Deep Purple are in town to close out the annual Jazz Festival. They are returning to the scene of a crime, a place they put on the map in 1972 when they recorded the epic *Machine Head* in the sleepy Swiss lakeside resort.

Four decades on, Purple are playing a concert that is being filmed for a forthcoming DVD – and *Classic Rock* has been invited along for an exclusive peek as the warhorses of hard rock entertain the Stravinski Hall with an extended hits set accompanied by the Neue Frankfurter Philharmonie Orchestra – whose conductor, Steve Bentley Klein, turns out to be a fiddle-playing metalhead.

Around mid-afternoon the Purple entourage arrive in Geneva in their private jet. Ian Gillan, Ian Paice, Roger Glover, Don Airey and Steve Morse are whisked by limousines to the swankiest hotel on the lake, the Fairmont Le Montreux Palace, a gold and gingerbread establishment that reeks of old-school wealth and upstart money. In the foyer a slightly disgruntled Gillan is overheard asking why he should not spend the hours before show time asleep in his suite. While the band are aware that tonight's gig is being filmed, they are not up to speed with the fact that their presence is

those pesky DVD 'extras', mini-interviews and soundbites which are the bane of the elder-statesman rock-gent's life.

No such problems for the *Classic Rock* team, of course. Ushered into a semi-palatium room we await the first victim to finish his stint front of camera. In walks Ian Paice, the longest-serving member of Purple, the only surviving founder member. An affable fellow, Paice strolls in wearing his trademark blue-tinted specs, his hair tugged back into a familiar bushy ponytail. He is wearing Birkenstock sandals, which prove to be the preferred footwear choice of all the men from the Deep. With an uncanny resemblance to Elton John's burlier brother, he retains traces of his flat Nottingham accent, albeit tinged with a transatlantic coating.

Paice is also the band's archivist and main motivator. For all the rest may say that the band is a democracy, it's a shaky one. Paice is the kind of guy who knows where all the bodies are buried and how to disinter them.

"God, I don't know how many times we've played here," he begins. "When we were doing the *Machine Head* album, Montreux Festival was tiny. It only lasted a couple of days. However, the success of *Machine Head* and *The Water* made the whole world aware of



Strings attached: Deep Purple take to the boards (well, carpet) in Montreux.



Paice maker:
drummer Ian.



No poncho required:
Ian Gillan.

“I WON’T TRAVEL ON A BUS. I WON’T. I HATED IT IN THE 60s AND I’M NOT DOING IT NOW.”

IAN PAICE

a little town on the water called Montreux...

This visit is different, though, as the drummer explains the thinking behind touring with a 38-piece orchestra. “We just had to do something different after the *Rapture Of The Deep* tour, which went on for ever. We’ve played with orchestras and musical augmentation many times before – Jon Lord’s concert pieces, for example – but we didn’t want to go down that route of sounding classical-meets-rock. The difference is we haven’t compromised the rockiness of the sound, there’s just more of it: more audio, more visual impact, more people. Punters love it because it’s real hair-standing-up-on-back-of-neck stuff. It gives me goosebumps, and I’m in the group.”

The plan is for Deep Purple to maintain their live schedule under the banner *The Songs That Built Rock* until Christmas. “And then we’ll see if the demand is there,” says Paice. “It isn’t our farewell tour, but we can’t continue for ever. Luckily, while I’ve always enjoyed being in Purple – well, mostly – our life is now very comfortable. We always use nice hotels, no more Holiday Inns; we have the jet, no more sleeping on the bus. I insist on a good night’s sleep on a bed that doesn’t move around.” Paice is adamant. “I won’t travel on a bus. I won’t. I hated it in the 60s and I’m not doing it now.”

When the European leg of the STBR tour is over Purple will return to the UK to play four enormodomes. “We’ll add some stuff people don’t expect for London, Belfast and so on,” says Paice. “We can’t improvise much because we’re working with charts, but there will be a couple of surprises. If we took notice of what’s on the message boards, though, we’d do one gig a week. As it is we play about two hours. That’s good value. We could try and stick in extra shows at the O2 in London, but unless they sell out all people remember is that you failed. Leave ’em wanting more, that’s my motto.”

The lobby at the Fairmont is starting to fill up

with the Purple entourage now. It’s not quite a flash mob. Wives and children and record company folk are milling about in a state of mild panic because Ian Gillan has disappeared and Roger Glover has just filmed his ‘extras’ in about 10 seconds flat. “Ask me the usual questions,” he deadpans. “How long can Deep Purple carry on? Am I sick of playing *Smoke On The Water*? When am I going to leave?” The director duly does so and seems to find the answers hysterical.

Eventually Gillan is ushered into the suite by his blonde PA, Sally. He doesn’t seem overly happy to be here. What’s up? He’s holding a cup of coffee in one hand and the side of his face in the other, and grimacing. This isn’t promising. He doesn’t speak at all for several seconds, so one can take him in. His hair is clipped short and white; no nancy-boy hair colouring for Gillan. His face is naturally lined and tanned from a North American summer and time off at home in Portugal with his wife and family. He’s long-since left his mansion home on Dorset’s Jurassic Coast (“Bloody climate is terrible”). He’s wearing an Indian cotton peasant top, baggy white trousers and sandals. He looks like the Magic Christian. “Still haven’t been to bed,” he mutters. “Just been to hospital. Stone deaf yesterday, couldn’t hear a thing. It was like I’d put my fingers in my ears. Nothing. Couldn’t hear the band, couldn’t hear the orchestra. Had to have ’em syringed.”

Is he taking painkillers? “Eh? What? No I’m not. What’s all this about a DVD, anyway? No one said. I know they’re filming the shows here and in Verona [where Purple will play the outdoor Roman Amphitheatre in a couple of days’ time], I didn’t know I wasn’t going to be able to go to bed this afternoon.”

Still, after a couple of softeners Gillan perks up and



Pedal power:
Steve Morse.

when the mood takes him. “I like the orchestra. It was Ian’s idea mostly,” he says. “I was anti the concept. I assumed it would be a symphonic thing, but it’s not, it swings like Count Basie. The brass is great and the strings give it dynamic colour. Bloody right. The arrangements are nothing to do with me. They’re by Jon Lord, Don and Steve Morse and our conductor Steven Bentley Klein... too many bloody Steves in this group.”

Gillan, like Paice and Glover, is now in his mid-60s. He explains his role: “I do what I always do. If I get bored or inspired I change something. I like to improvise. My interpretations are as loose as ever. What else can I do? I wander around the stage, have a sing and a laugh. One thing that bugs me about this tour is the posters. They’re all wrong. I don’t like bullshit, and they were designed to make it look as if we were putting on a symphony when what we’re doing is more like using the Muscle Shoals horn section or the Stax brass. There’s nothing symphonic about it all, apart from the timpani, and the cello, and double basses and violas.”

Deep Purple have been using orchestras since the late 60s. Surely Gillan can’t be fazed.

“I’m not. I do get nervous excitement, starting at

Gillan celebrates the arrival of room service.



lunchtime on a show day. It's dangerous being on a stage; up there, no routine to fall back on. Pavarotti once told me: 'Every night I see you do *Smoke On The Water* and it's always different. If I do that with an aria I am crucified.'

It's evident that Purple now operate outside of the mainstream. They don't enjoy major-label support and rarely employ a publicist. On the other hand, their live shows tend to sell out, with the British leg of the 2011 tour rivalling Download for the speed of ticket sales.

There are things we just don't do any more," admits Gillan. "DVDs should be one. I don't like 'em. Don't like the process. Don't watch 'em. Why? I was there! I don't listen to my records apart from the first hot-off-the-press moment, as it used to be. I let it sink in then because I've got to perform the songs for the rest of my life. But I often regret the records I've made. I'll tell you what I really hate, though: the internet. I don't get it. YouTube! What's the point? Why watch something on a tiny screen with shitty sound?"

Gillan's view of YouTube is jaundiced by experience. "One of the best gigs I've ever done was in Ferropolis, the old mining town in Germany, in 2009 with an orchestra. Massive machinery everywhere, industrially bleak. It's pissing down with rain. I've got no caravan. Small audience. Cold. Disgruntled. Shocking PA. No lights. Total amateur night out. It was so awful we took a break to sell some beer and hot dogs. Sally noticed they were selling plastic ponchos for 2.5 euros. And as I was drenched and had no change of clothes, I stripped off, put a poncho on and said, for a bet: 'I'm going out like this, stark naked.' Sally said: 'Go on, I dare you.' So I did, and the second half was great. A totally changed atmosphere. Except some bastard filmed it all. You couldn't see much because it was only a little thing – his camera – but what they saw and heard is awful, and it's up for consumption by the whole world. And I'm only telling you this because it's a funny story. But that's why I hate YouTube."

A knock on the door means our time is up, but Gillan poses for the esteemed Ross Halfin anyway. "Tooting Bec. That's where I got this Indian top. Bought six in the market. They didn't cost much.



Still funky: Montreux Jazz Festival founder Claude Nobs, left, with Gillan.

I think I wore this one with the London Symphony Orchestra when Ronnie James Dio sang with me." Sally the PA mentions it's time for the soundcheck. "I'm not doing any soundcheck," says Gillan and heads off to his room.

At the Stravinski Hall, Purple have a whole floor of dressing rooms – one for each member plus a communal relaxation area. A glance at the rider reveals there won't be any rock'n'roll shenanigans going on here tonight. There are chocolate bars, boring sandwiches and a few ice-cold brews. By the end nothing will have been touched and the dressing rooms will remain unsullied. Only Roger Glover, the most metal-minded of the band, makes an appearance, with his partner, a young Swiss maid called Myriam, their two-year-old daughter Lucinda and a babe in arms.

Glover also seems slightly confused. "Is this *Classic Rock* thing for the DVD?" he says. No, that was the thing you did with a camera. "Oh, I wish they'd tell me. Oh well, get on with the retrospective. Is there anything else when you're our age?"

Glover is the Purple member most drawn to making a new studio album, but, according to Gillan, don't hold your breath. "Trouble is, there's no leader," says Glover. "Everything is a group effort. It has been since 1969 when me and Paice decided to go down the road of the

definition of the top line of a lyric. Since we live in far-flung places – Switzerland, Portugal, America, England – convening isn't easy, and making a record isn't viable financially, so enthusiasm wanes. I think we should try, because we are an albums band.

"I don't care whether we're retro or old-fashioned: an album documents a period of time, and that's what fans like. We've actually got a dozen ideas and jams banging around."

That isn't what Gillan said. He admitted there had been "a writing session in February" but added: "It isn't appealing. We haven't got a producer and we need cohesion, someone who earns respect. I'm not difficult to work with but I want the right person. Quincy Jones would be ideal. He'd understand us and get the best out of us. Our last album, *Rapture Of The Deep* [2005] was done in the wrong environment. It was terrible. Well, it wasn't awful, but I don't like it. I'll turn up. I never say never."

Glover nods sagely when told the singer's view. "There you are," he says.

"Everything changes but some things stay the same. We don't court success. I don't really know what I like any more. My step-kids turn me on to hip-hop and rap. I like Eminem. I'm a songs man. I like nostalgia – Queen, Jeff Lynne, Hendrix, Randy Newman. Not hard rock though. I know when the solo's comin' and it's generally boring. These days there is no filter. If you're crap it helps. Now, give me a decent song. They're the fuel that drives the car. Flash cars are useless without fuel."

Just for old times' sake Glover mans up to a Ritchie Blackmore question. Turns out he hasn't spoken to the original Purple guitarist for years. "There was an argument over a quad mix of one of his solos on *Smoke On The Water* [on the 2002 box set *Listen, Learn, Read*], and I've been told he will never speak to me again. I didn't respect his guitar work, apparently. I don't really care. I wouldn't mind speaking but he's withdrawn into his own madness. No comment. Happy he's happy."

At 9.30pm Deep Purple hit the Stravinski hard. Gillan's ears and throat are fine. And although *Speed King* and *Child In Time* are no longer options, *Highway Star*, *Hush* and *Black Night* send the Swiss audience cuckoo. Surprises in the set are Morse's instrumental *Contact Lost*, the nitrogen narcosis ballad *Rapture Of The Deep*, and Lars Ulrich's favourite ditty, *No One Came*, probably the best song Purple have done.

Gillan and co. leave the stage to be hugged by funky Claude – festival director Claude Nobs, who thanks them ecstatically for turning a small-time event into a worldwide attraction. "I'm not saying that was all our work, but we were the conduit for information getting out – by accident," Paice smiles. "It's got a magic and mystery of its own."

There is no aftershow since the band must depart for Verona. But as they scramble back to their hotel the pianist in Harry's Bar is hammering out the dang-dang-dang of *Smoke On The Water*, and fireworks explode over the lake.

Roger Glover pauses in the lobby, with a big grin. "That was good, yeah? See why we still get on? We're always a gang. Nowadays we're just an older gang." 🍷

Purple's tour begins on November 26 in Glasgow. The Montreux DVD will be released on Eagle later this year.

Jane's Addiction (l to r):
Stephen Perkins, Perry
Farrell and Dave Navarro.

THE BLUE-SKY GUY

THE CROSS-DRESSING EX-JUNKIE



THE VAMPIRIC PLAYBOY

When it comes to drug-fuelled bust-ups, they've written the book several times over. But as **Jane's Addiction** re-form for the umpteenth time, they swear it's different this time (honest, guv).

THE THREE AMIGOS?

Words: **Kevin Murphy**

Perry Farrell gestures skyward with his arms, his body striking an angular pose. Tight silk trousers cling to his thin legs and a figure-hugging shirt opens to the waist to reveal a lean figure and glittering jewellery. The Jane's Addiction singer is on a Hollywood soundstage, recording his parts for the video to *Irresistible Force*, a track from his band's new album, *The Great Escape Artist*. At 52, he looks a picture of health; certainly better than anyone has a right to when they've experienced, ingested and injected all that he has.

The same can be said of Dave Navarro, Jane's Addiction's guitarist and Farrell's foil throughout the band's 26-year career. But unlike the sartorially sharp singer, Navarro has no use for a shirt. As he strikes various moody poses during his separately filmed contribution to the video, the 44 year old's toned, tattooed body contrasts starkly with the green-screen backdrop behind him.

It may seem like a minor detail, but the differing approach to the shirt – or lack of it – neatly sums up the divergent and often fractious relationship between Perry Farrell and Dave Navarro. For the past quarter of a century, the yin-yang dynamic between these two opposing personalities helped push Jane's Addiction to their greatest artistic heights – and brought them crashing back down to earth. What one liked, the other hated. What one did, the other didn't. When one wore a shirt, the other didn't. They were alternative rock's Mick Jagger and Keith Richards (or, as their manager Peter Katsis puts it, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor).

With 1988's *Nothing Shocking* and 1990's landmark *Ritual De Lo Habitual*, Jane's Addiction unlocked the door for the likes of Nirvana. But their subsequent career was marked by a cycle of splits and reunions, starting with their initial drug-fuelled dissolution in 1991. A pattern formed: two musicians inextricably linked by a shared history, who struggled to work with each other but were inevitably drawn to each other. The results became depressingly predictable: reunion followed by divorce followed by recrimination. Repeat ad infinitum.

Right... or just pushing back and

hitting an upswing. *The Great Escape Artist* is the Los Angeles band's first album since 2003, and only their fourth in total. It updates their signature art rock sound with a 21st century sheen: the tribal rhythms, textured guitars and primal wails are imbued with electronic flourishes. Original drummer Stephen Perkins is back on board, though bassist Eric Avery isn't. Former GN'R man Duff McKagan briefly stepped in for the latter, only to find himself faced with a square peg/round hole situation (Dave Sitek, of fêted art-rock outfit TV On The Radio, played bass on the album).

For anyone who has followed this alt-rock soap opera for the last quarter of a century, this latest reunion is good, if not entirely surprising, news. But it does beg one question: given past history, why resurrect Jane's Addiction and risk going through it all again?

"You have clothes in your closet and you look really good in them, then one day you think, 'Maybe I'll throw it out and make something new,'" says Farrell. "Most of the stuff gets shed, but there's always a couple of suits that you never lose. That's Jane's Addiction for me."

For Navarro, the explanation is more straightforward. "There was no reason to do it," he says, "other than that we wanted to."

There's no sign of any tension with each other today, though in fairness the pair are recording their parts for the video at

different times. But it's clear that they're still very different people. Farrell is open and easy-going, bubbling with energy and ideas he's willing to share. Asked to explain why things are better between them, his answer is effusive.

"I've matured and I see the beauty of Jane's Addiction in my life," he says. "We've come to respect and understand each other more. I've always

said that I've never really been friends with the guys in Jane's and it holds true today. We don't socialize, but we're getting along so well that I actually do want to socialize with them. I've invited them out to dinner. I never do that."

By contrast, Navarro is more guarded than his bandmate. Things have come a long way since the days when the pair would exchange 'hate poems', but the guitarist is reluctant to be drawn on past events or the specific state of their relationship. ➤

**"DAVE THINKS I'M CRAZY
AND UNAWARE OF IT. HE'S
WRONG. I AM AWARE OF IT."
PERRY FARRELL**



The light fantastic: Jane's Addiction in action.



"We're musical partners, we're creative partners, we travel the world together – so does that mean we have to go and have dinner together as a band?" he says. "It's like any relationship: it is what it is at the moment." Efforts to further explore the complex nature of their relationship are met with an icy glare. "At this point, I'm not really interested in defining this any more. I'd like to move on."

Farrell and Navarro have always been defined by their differences. Even in the band's early days, everything from their musical tastes to their wardrobes were poles apart. The guitarist once described the singer as having "a whole freakish look of his own, like some skinny, bugged-out goth surfer in whore make-up with flailing dreadlocks", while he pegged himself as "a hippie kid, a little Deadhead gone heavy metal". These days Farrell's dreadlocks have gone, and Navarro resembles Dracula recast as a matinee idol, but their personalities remain as divergent as ever.

"I am different to Dave," says Farrell. "I want to be a great family man. But I want to rock until the day I die. I've got a plan, but it's not his plan. He wants to be a playboy. He doesn't want to have a family. He takes his shirt off. I love to dress myself. We don't even like the same music really."

Farrell is an unashamed peacock, whether sporting an elegant Edwardian-style gray coat (as he is today) or a woman's corset and blue dreadlocks (as he has in the past). He admits the latter approach prompted ridicule. "People had very little respect for me and I'm sure it was my fault for being a fucked-up cross-dressing junkie who looked the way he did," he says. But his flamboyance also caused problems closer to home.

"There wasn't quite enough fame and fortune to go around," he says. "Maybe they [the rest of the band] thought I was trying to grab more of it than them. It really wasn't the case. The case is that the lead singer usually gets the interviews. In some cases they get the pictures, too, if they're as good-looking as I am, but generally people start with the lead singer. And we had some bad eggs in the group back in those days and I feel like those bad eggs tried to taint the rest of the guys towards me."

Farrell is passionate and outspoken, but his eccentricities and scattershot thoughts mean it's perhaps not surprising Navarro has trouble reading him. But they're at least trying to make

sure history doesn't repeat itself yet again. The singer says that Navarro makes a point to call him every day, "just to know where my head is at".

"He told me recently he doesn't quite understand me," says Farrell. "I didn't know that. I thought I'm a guy that's extremely readable. I guess I wasn't to him. What he'll come to find is that I am very un-judgemental. I find beauty in people's flaws, and I'm not so regimented as he might think. Where he thinks I'm mad at him, I'm not. I like things to grow wild. The idea of things being overly manicured doesn't really appeal to me."

Navarro is reluctant to proffer his thoughts on the singer. Luckily, Farrell's on hand to do it for him.

"He thinks I'm crazy and that I'm unaware of it, but he's wrong," he says with a smile. "I am aware of it."

Stephen Perkins has been described as the "glue that holds Jane's Addiction together". The drummer sees himself as the "blue sky" of the band. "When we're painting together they want grey skies and I want blue," he says.

Like Farrell and Navarro, Perkins is an original member of Jane's Addiction. From his vantage point behind the kit, he's observed the various changes in his colleagues. "When I first met Perry, he was a funny and curious guy," he says. "That hasn't changed. He's a big dreamer. He wants to change things with art. Dave's more personal. He wants to change things closer to his heart and around him. That core of them is still really there. But everything we've been through up to this point has definitely changed us."

Perkins has also watched as his bandmates fought battles with drugs over the years. "Jane's was more of a heroin band," he says. "Porno For Pyros [Farrell and Perkins's post-JA outfit] was more of a crack cocaine band. I'd way rather been in a heroin band than a crack cocaine band."

Farrell and Navarro have been

synonymous with narcotics as Jane's Addiction. Navarro's struggle with heroin was a contributing factor in the band's original break-up, while Farrell and Eric Avery had their issues with drugs. John Frusciante – who Navarro replaced in Red Hot Chili Peppers in the mid-90s and who is no stranger to drug addiction himself – once speculated of Jane's Addiction: "I think heroin may have been their main muse." It's a line of thought that Farrell doesn't refute so much as correct.

"That's not quite true," he says. "I actually prefer cocaine to heroin."

The singer is a self-professed "control freak". Unlike Navarro, he has, for the most part, mastered his bond with drugs.

"Yes, heroin's lovely but I've never been the type of person who wants to get in their cocoon and not face the world. I love the world. I love getting out there and I love to meet people and I love being silly amongst them." In the past Farrell has even stated: "I see nothing wrong with taking drugs, they can be very beneficial."

Unsurprisingly, it's not an opinion shared by Navarro. "No. If anything it was a destructive force. Destructive to the longevity of the band. Destructive to the creative process. Destructive physically. That shit takes a toll on people that isn't good on any level."

Are drugs still a part of the Jane's Addiction equation?

"No," is the unequivocal response. "Not at all."

Back on the soundstage, the cameras roll as Farrell mimes one of *Irresistible Force's* key lines: "The irresistible force met the immovable object." The singer says he's interpreting the Big

Bang Theory as "a cosmic sexual exploit", but it could just as easily describe Jane's Addiction's relationship with themselves.

So, as they strap themselves in for another eventful ride, what exactly suggests things are going to be different this time around?

"We're getting along great," says Perkins. "We're

having laughs. It's fun again and that makes it authentic. You can't fake it. That's why we always break up. If it's not feeling right, let's not do it because you can tell musically on stage."

Seeing Navarro, smiling and laughing as he watches the playback of his performance on the monitor, it's evident he is enjoying Jane's Addiction's latest lease of life. But while all is good at the moment, he's only too aware that, as far as Jane's is concerned, nothing is assured.

"I'm not good at predicting the future so I kind of stopped doing that," he says. "We're here now. We're ongoing right now that's all I can tell you."

Jane's Addiction's new album *The Great Escape Artist* is out on September 26 via Capitol/Parlophone.

"HEROIN'S LOVELY, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN THE TYPE OF PERSON WHO WANTS TO STAY IN A COCOON." PERRY FARRELL



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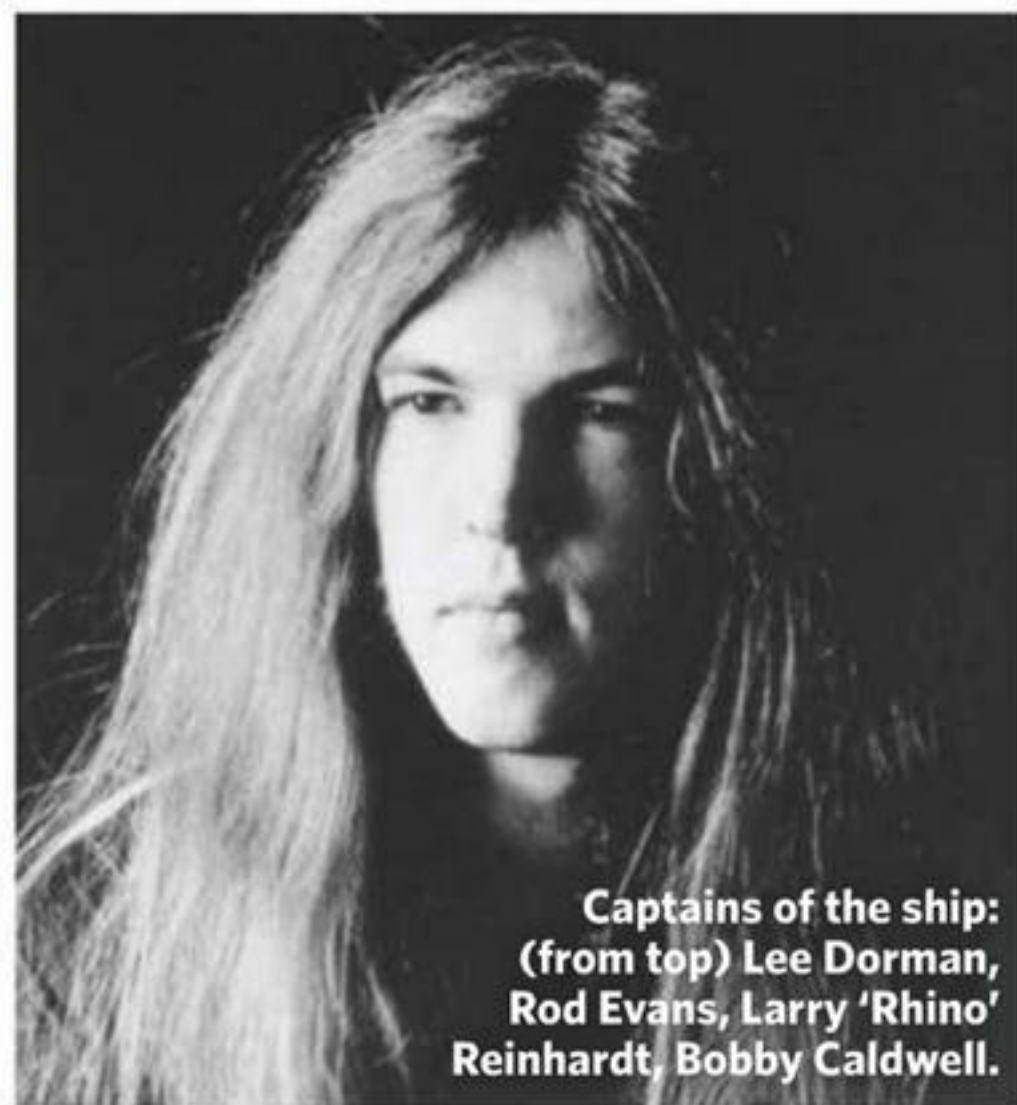
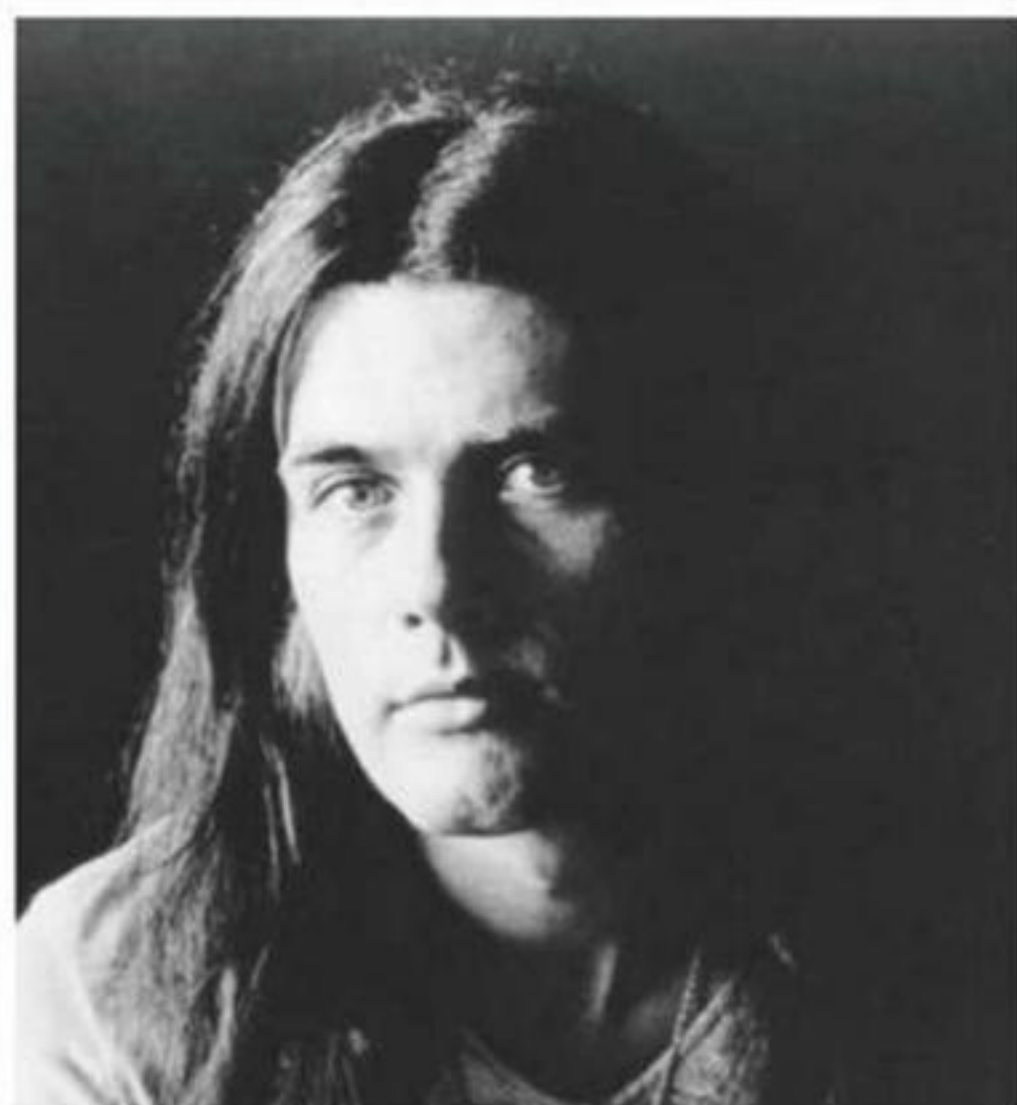




DONNY AND
THE BEARDED

They were the pioneers of stoner rock, a supergroup who should have been super-massive. But somehow **Captain Beyond** managed to throw away all that promise.

Words: **Ken McIntyre**



Captains of the ship:
(from top) Lee Dorman,
Rod Evans, Larry 'Rhino'
Reinhardt, Bobby Caldwell.

Rock'n'roll has many well-kept secrets, some dirty, some amazing, many both at once. It's one of the genre's most enduring and endearing traits. One of its greatest hidden treasures is a scruffy neo-supergroup from the dawn of the 1970s called Captain Beyond. Formed in the wake of Iron Butterfly's sudden and premature demise in 1971, Captain Beyond captured perfectly the zeitgeist of the era, wrapping their Technicolor freak-flag around the Butterfly's grungy, stoner metal, layering their dense caveman-thud with far-out spurts of space-prog and throbbing tribal grooves. It was hard rock, for sure, born of thunder and sweat, but it was weird and cosmic, too. Think head shops and UFO cults and you've got it.

Captain Beyond were wily wizards gnawing on dinosaur bones in the waning days of the Age of Aquarius. It's not surprising that Larry 'Rhino' Reinhardt is the only person that's been part of Captain Beyond since the band formed. It was, after all, named after him.

"We were on tour in Europe with Iron Butterfly," Reinhardt explains, sitting at home in Florida. "Butterfly and Yes were on the same bus. After a real long night with a pipe – we all partook in some attitude adjustment for the long ride – I was coming out of the bus, and Chris Squire from Yes looked at my blood-red eyes and said: 'Goddamn, you look like Captain Beyond!' The name stuck with me ever since."

Reinhardt joined proto-metal warriors Iron Butterfly for their 1970 album *Metamorphosis*. He was also with them on a European tour to support the album.

"We were riding high, the European audiences were loving the new band. We were just tearing people's heads off, and we were all saying: 'We've really got to do another album.' But then Doug [Ingle, Iron Butterfly's original singer] called a meeting, and so we went down there. As I remember it, there were a couple of groupies, and he was having a cocktail, and there were crosses all over the room. He was a preacher's son, and I think he had a revelation or something. He said: 'Guys, I can't go on any more. I can't take this rock'n'roll life with all the women and the drinking.' And I'm looking at him having a gin and tonic with two broads sitting next to him while he's telling me this. I was in shock. I just couldn't believe it. I was like, this band is about to make a big, new splash, and you quit? We couldn't do Butterfly without his voice. He flushed the toilet on us."

After Butterfly ended, Reinhardt and Butterfly bassist Lee Dorman decided to continue playing together. They recruited a few other local musicians

old friend to join them – drummer Bobby Caldwell. Caldwell and Reinhardt had played in rival garage bands in Florida in the late 60s. Caldwell later played with the Allman Brothers and with Johnny Winter's band. He was still touring with Winter when he heard from the renegade Butterflies.

"They asked me if I wanted to get together. And I had been sitting on this idea since playing with the Allman Brothers. I wanted to do this different kind of music. I wanted to do something that was almost extreme but would also have real songs, just with different kinds of time signatures and arrangements. I'd been thinking about this for a long time, I just didn't know if I could find the people to do it. So, I got this call from those guys. At the time, I was playing with Johnny and I was very happy. But then Johnny said he wanted to take a hiatus after being burned out from three years of very heavy touring. When that happened I flew to LA, and the three of us got together. And then Rod came in after that."

Rod Evans was a founding member of Deep Purple, and sang on one of their biggest early hits, *Hush*. In 1969, Purple decided they needed a heavier sound, and so Evans was ousted from the band in favour of the leather-lunged Ian Gillan.

Looking for bright new horizons, Evans moved to Los Angeles. He soon found himself jamming with Captain Beyond. The results, according to Reinhardt, were both magical and miserable.

"Rod had a great voice and a great

singing style," he remembers. "Unfortunately he also had mental problems. He quit the band four times before we ever even hit the road." Although Caldwell confirms Evans's fight-or-flight behaviour, he doesn't agree with Rhino's assessment of his old singer's mental status.

"Rhino's right, he did quit a few times," Caldwell says, "but I don't think his behaviour had anything to do with mental problems. Rod was very insecure about his abilities, so any little thing would make him feel like maybe he wasn't up to the job. That's not very uncommon for people in the arts. As to what his insecurities were attributed to, I couldn't tell you. All I can say is he was a great singer."

Strained relationships within the band weren't Captain Beyond's only problems. Their first, self-titled album was a masterpiece of sophisticated aggression, part dope-rock thuggery, part limber, prog-baiting space-metal. It sold well, and the band gigged relentlessly, including a full-scale tour with the Alice Cooper band. But somewhere along the way, Beyond's record label, Capricorn, had a sudden change of heart. According to Reinhardt, by the time the band starting working on their follow-up album, labelmates the Allman Brothers had broken big, and Capricorn wanted Captain Beyond to explore their southern side. Unfortunately they didn't have one.

"Rod Evans had a great voice but he quit the band four times before we even hit the road."

Larry 'Rhino' Reinhardt

"We were in all the magazines – *Rolling Stone*, *Billboard*, all of that. Our record was in the charts and we were on the radio, but our record company just wasn't behind us," Reinhardt says. "They wanted us to change, to be more like them. We said: 'You signed a blonde and now you want a brunette? We're sorry, but we can't just get a bottle of dye and change our hair colour.' That pissed them off, and that was the beginning of the end."

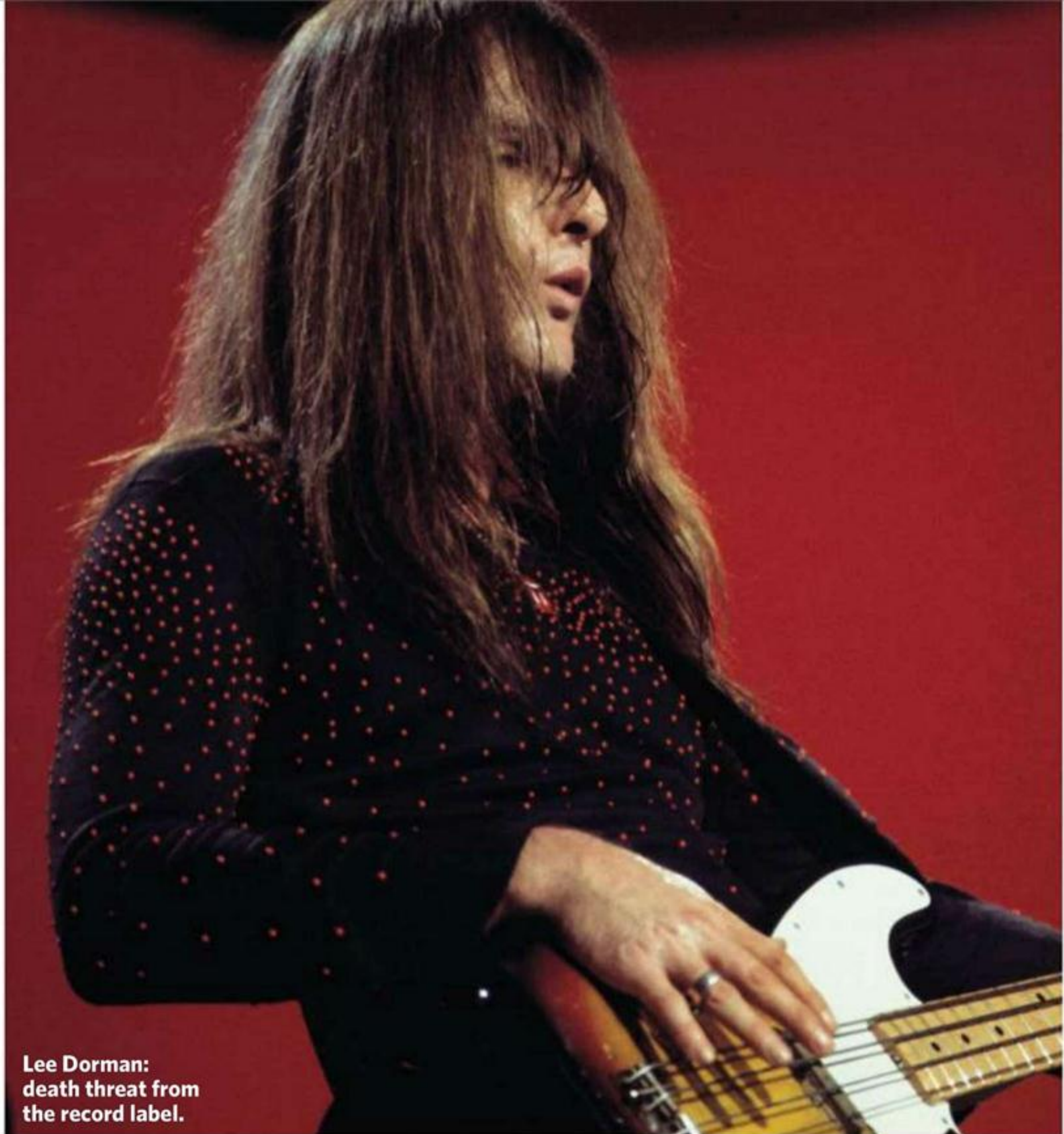
"They did everything they could to destroy us after that. That's why, I think, we were like this sort of secret, cult band. They did stuff like put us on tours that were absolutely absurd, like Sha Na Na – they were headlining, we were the opening act. Does that sound good to you? We were playing in New York, in Central Park. It was like the Republicans and the Democrats, like going to Congress. When we were on, the Sha Na Na side of the crowd started throwing vegetables. They were throwing tomatoes, bananas and grapes at us, and we were trying to dodge all this shit. And then we got into the swing of it and we started to throw the vegetables back at them. And then the crowd started throwing stuff at each other. It just became a huge food fight. We called that one the Fruit And Vegetable Festival. It was just crazy. By the end of it we just started booking our own gigs, and the guy who owned the label was threatening to fly out and beat our asses. I offered to meet him halfway so we could get it over with quicker."

"I don't remember it going down like that," says Caldwell, who agrees that things got decidedly weird with Capricorn, but believes the reasons were less sinister, and more typical 70s rock bullshit: mismanagement and recreational drug use.

"What I remember is that we started having problems because our manager was also the head of the record label. It was a mistake. If your manager and the head of your record company is the same person, you can't bring your grievances to either one. Also, there was so much... 'stimulation', let's say, going on with the people at Capricorn, that they'd get on the phone, and any little thing could set them off. Phil [Walden, Capricorn head] threatened to kill Rhino, he threatened to kill Lee. There was this level of aggression going on, and things slowly started to deteriorate. I don't remember it having anything to do with us playing southern rock, though. That wasn't even on the cards."

In 1973 the beleaguered band released their second album, *Sufficiently Breathless*. Combining the band's penchant for spaced-out hard rock with a sudden affection for Latin percussion, the record is one odd duck indeed. A flop at the time it was released, the album eventually found its fans. Bobby Caldwell, who left the band before it was recorded, is not one of them.

"Around the end of 1972 there seemed to be a division in the band," Caldwell says. "Lee and Rhino were on one side, Rod was sort of standing in the middle and I was on the other. And it was really probably about nothing important, just some childhood ego things or something. But we were really butting heads about something. And I remember saying: 'Look, we're right at the door of major stardom.' I knew we were going to break huge. I said: 'All we have to do is keep doing what we're doing. All we have to do is keep writing creative stuff.' But there was some kind of opposition mounting that was against that. So



Lee Dorman:
death threat from
the record label.

I finally said: 'Fine. Fuck it. I'm leaving.' And I did. And that's where you got the second album. Rhino found some new guys who would listen to him, and he turned the band into an all-gay Latin revue, or whatever it was [laughs]. If it was a great album, I would say it was. But it wasn't. And it wasn't Captain Beyond. It went nowhere.

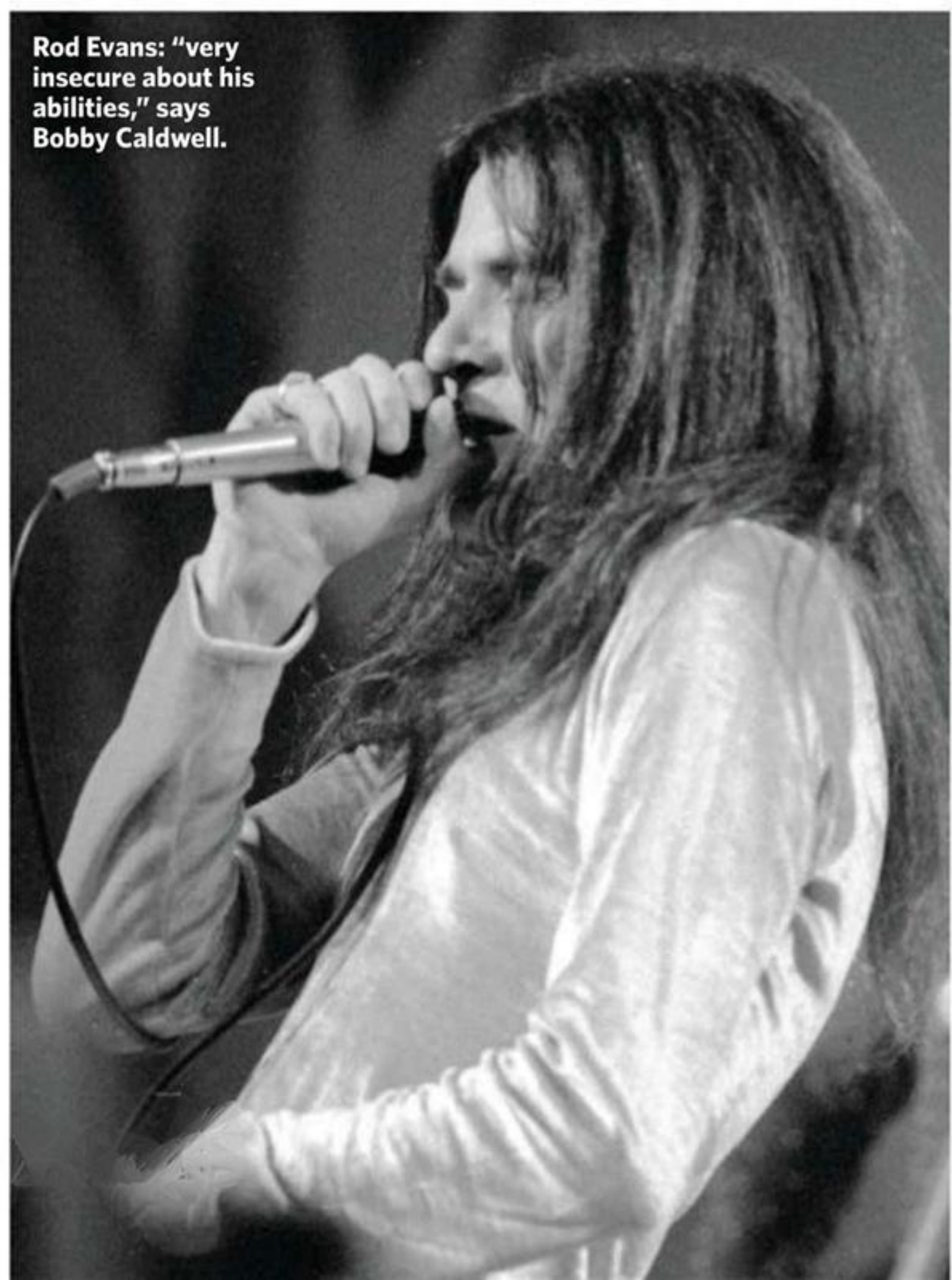
"About seven months later, they gave me a call. I had just replaced Carmine Appice in Cactus, but I reconciled with the guys and we got back together, although I was very wary about the whole deal at this point."

The band carried on, but Evans soon left the fold. To this day, neither Rhino nor Caldwell knows exactly why.

"We were getting ready to start the next album. It was just after Christmas, and Rod called a meeting and told us he was leaving the band," Caldwell remembers. "There was no obvious underlying problems that we knew of for why he was quitting. It might have been his insecurities again, or because he had met a girl and maybe he didn't want to leave her to go out on the road. Or maybe he was just outgrowing the band. I still don't rea-

With Evans's departure, the band began holding auditions for a new singer – future Journey frontman Steve Perry was one of the many who ended up on the rejected pile – before they decided on a relative unknown, Willie Daffern.

In 1977, after several years of dealing with an indifferent record label and slowly building a cult of loyal listeners, the newly shuffled Captain



Rod Evans: "very
insecure about his
abilities," says
Bobby Caldwell.



Bobby Caldwell: admits that Captain Beyond is "an acquired taste".

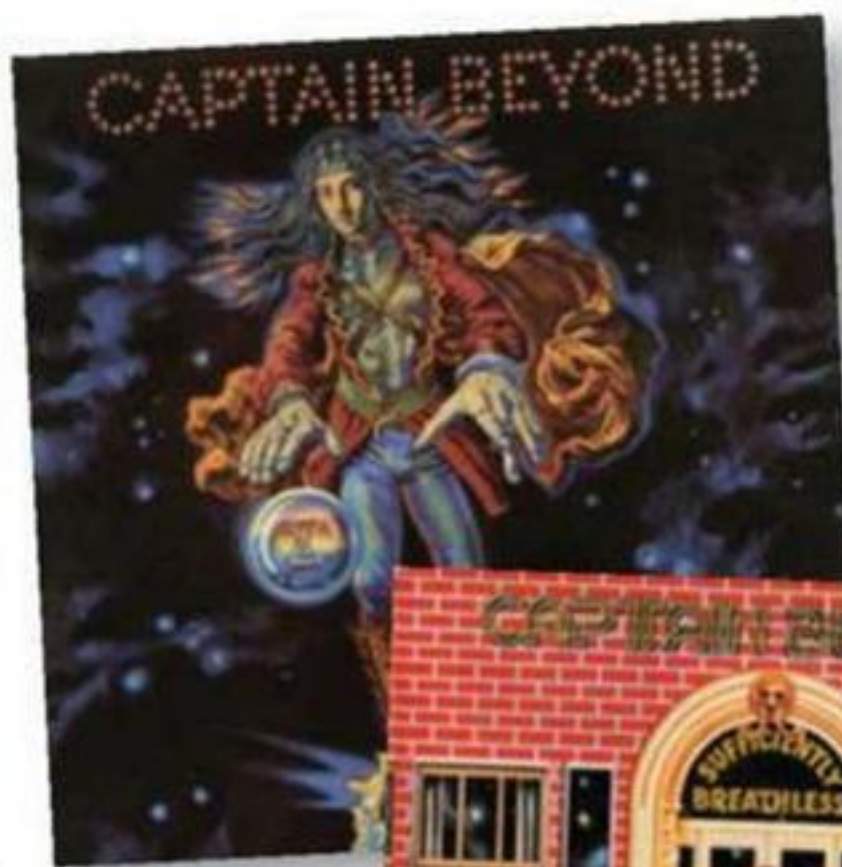
Beyond released their third and final album, *Dawn Explosion*. Weird and wonderful, its comic-book prog-metal and ethereal space-streaking found the band in fine, freaky form. Unfortunately, they dissolved not long after the record hit the shelves.

"We were just starting to get somewhere – again," sighs Rhino. "And then our singer, Willie, decided he wanted to go solo. And that was it. We kept trying to get it back together again but it just wouldn't fly."

"If I was just a drummer, and not a songwriter," says Caldwell, I probably would have cared a lot less about Captain Beyond breaking up. But I still feel like if we had just kept the band together we could have been huge. I mean, the band was already getting big. When we played Chicago it was like Led Zeppelin was playing there. That's the kind of adulation that was going on. It was all there for us to take. We had the magic to make it all happen. We had the right songs and we had the right people, but we had the wrong manager and the wrong record company."

With Captain Beyond on indefinite hiatus, Rhino decided to give some old friends a call.

"We got the original Iron Butterfly back together and went on tour. But by that point Doug was a completely different person. He'd pass out behind the keyboards, and suddenly you'd just hear 'BRRRRRRRRRRRR', because he was laying on the keys. So that didn't last. And then I didn't play for about 10 years after that, because my hand almost got cut off. I fell out of a building doing security work. I fell about 30 feet. I went through



two floors before I hit a bunch of boxes of wire. I didn't even feel anything at first, but I was covered in blood, so I knew that wasn't good. It cut two tendons in half on my left hand and almost cut a third one. They put 120 stitches in my hand. I used to cry. I'd pick up a guitar and I couldn't even play a chord."

Things went more smoothly for Caldwell. While on his first hiatus with Captain Beyond, the journeyman drummer joined Rick Derringer's band, and played on his seminal *All American Boy* album. Caldwell later joined the short-lived Brit-rock supergroup Armageddon with former Yardbirds and Renaissance frontman Keith Relf.

Still, neither Rhino nor Caldwell felt like the Captain Beyond story was quite finished, especially since the band's reputation as the godfathers of stoner rock continued to grow over the decades.

And so, in the late 1990s, the band gave it one final try. Unfortunately they went out with a fizzle, not a bang.

"When Rhino contacted me about getting Beyond back together, I wasn't too enthusiastic about it,"

says Caldwell. "It didn't seem like a very good idea. But I did try to get in touch with the other guys. I asked Lee, but he never called me back. There was something going on with Rod and Rhino, and Rod just didn't want to deal with him. So, we had to get some new guys. We got a bar singer, and a bar bass player, and a guy on keyboards who thought he was Keith Emerson."

This motley crew rolled into Sweden for the 1999 Sweden Rock Festival. But, despite a ravenous press and surprisingly warm and enthusiastic welcome, this potentially career-defining gig turned out to be a disaster.

"We didn't play well," sighs Reinhardt. "We couldn't communicate with the sound guy. And amps kept blowing up."

Caldwell remembers it differently: "Larry [Rhino] was drunk. He drank for two straight days before the show. I was the only one who didn't drink."

up and thrown him into the audience. That's how mad I was. And I would have done it, if I didn't think it would have broken up the band, as feeble as it was at the time. We'd been rehearsing for months for this show. Everyone was disappointed. There were so many people out there to see us, and he played so shitty, it was just a joke."

Despite this major misstep, the band attempted to carry on for the next few years, and even released a four-track EP of new material in 2000. However, according to Caldwell it had become an endless struggle to keep things going. And in 2001 Captain Beyond played their final show together.

"We played a gig in the fall of 2001," Caldwell remembers. "The place was sold out. It was in Clearwater, Florida. The people were packed in there and everybody seemed to be pleased. And then I didn't hear from Rhino for two-and-a-half years after that. That was basically it."

Bobby Caldwell still plays with his own band in Florida. As does Rhino Reinhardt. In fact after a long bout with liver cancer – and an exceedingly morbid 2009 solo album, *Rhino's Last Dance*, for which Reinhardt sang his lines while wearing an oxygen mask – Captain Beyond's guitar slinger has recently released a second (and decidedly more optimistic) solo album, *Back In The Day* (available from www.rldrecords.com). Assembling a crack band of local legends – most of the players on the record spent the last few years playing with former Allman Brothers guitarist Dickey Betts – Rhino's resurrection album is a raucous wallop of southern-fried slabbage that touches on every aspect of his long and winding career, from Iron Butterfly's sonic battering to Captain Beyond's cosmic riffery to the gutbucket booze that started Rhino on his musical path so many decades ago. "It's a bit of everything that I've done over the years," he says. "The basic concept was playing music from my roots, going back in the day to the way things were, but with a modern edge."

As for Captain Beyond, it appears that the good captain has launched his last cosmic voyage. Luckily, though, he is survived by countless young, long-haired, sufficiently breathless riff-addicts who have taken, and continue to take, inspiration from the band's thunderous astro-prog.

"Captain Beyond is an acquired taste," Caldwell admits. "But I'm telling you, when we were in Sweden for the Sweden Rock Festival, so many people were trying to talk to us that I thought maybe they had us confused with the Rolling Stones or something. Not that I haven't had my share of people who want an autograph or to shake my hand, but in Sweden there was just so many of them. It's still a worldwide phenomenon. To this day, Captain Beyond are still respected by listeners and by musicians." 

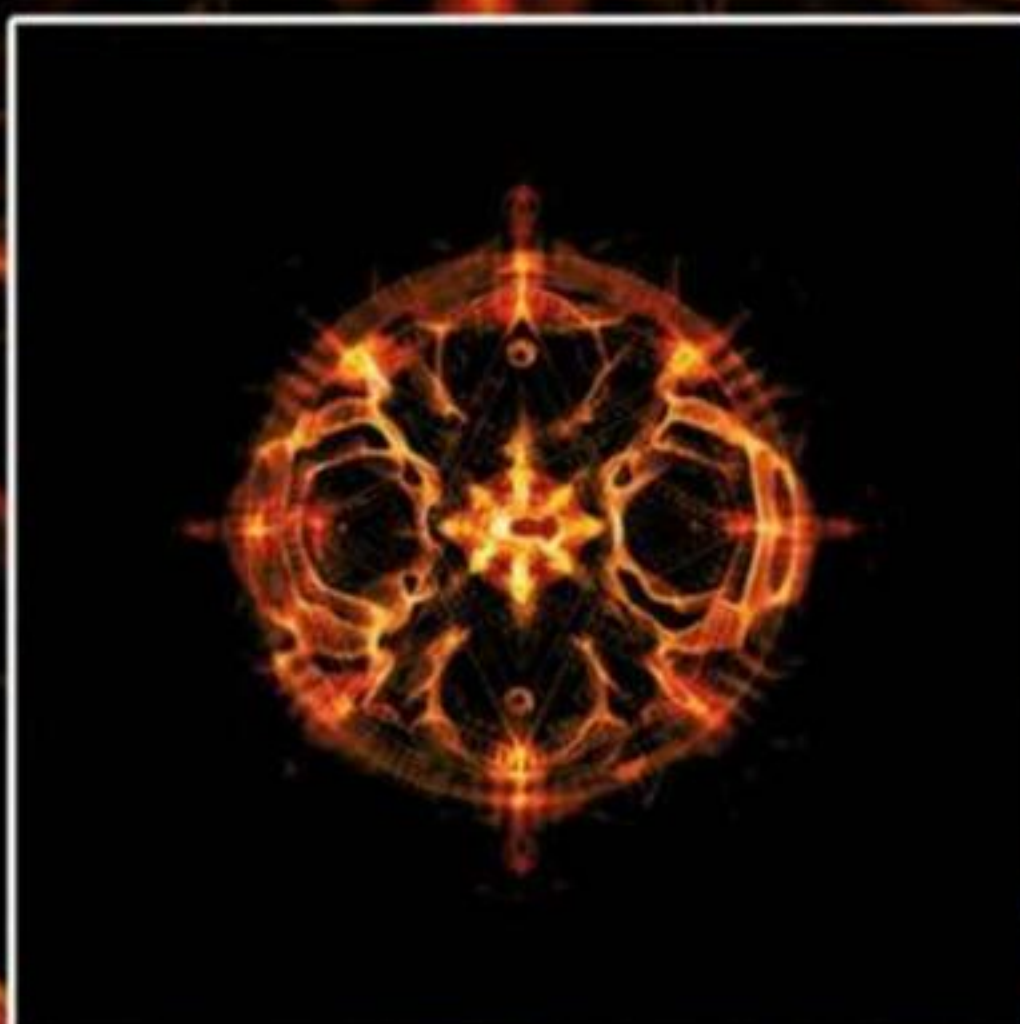
"Rhino turned the band into an all-gay Latin revue, or whatever it was."

Bobby Caldwell on CB's second album

new from plastic head



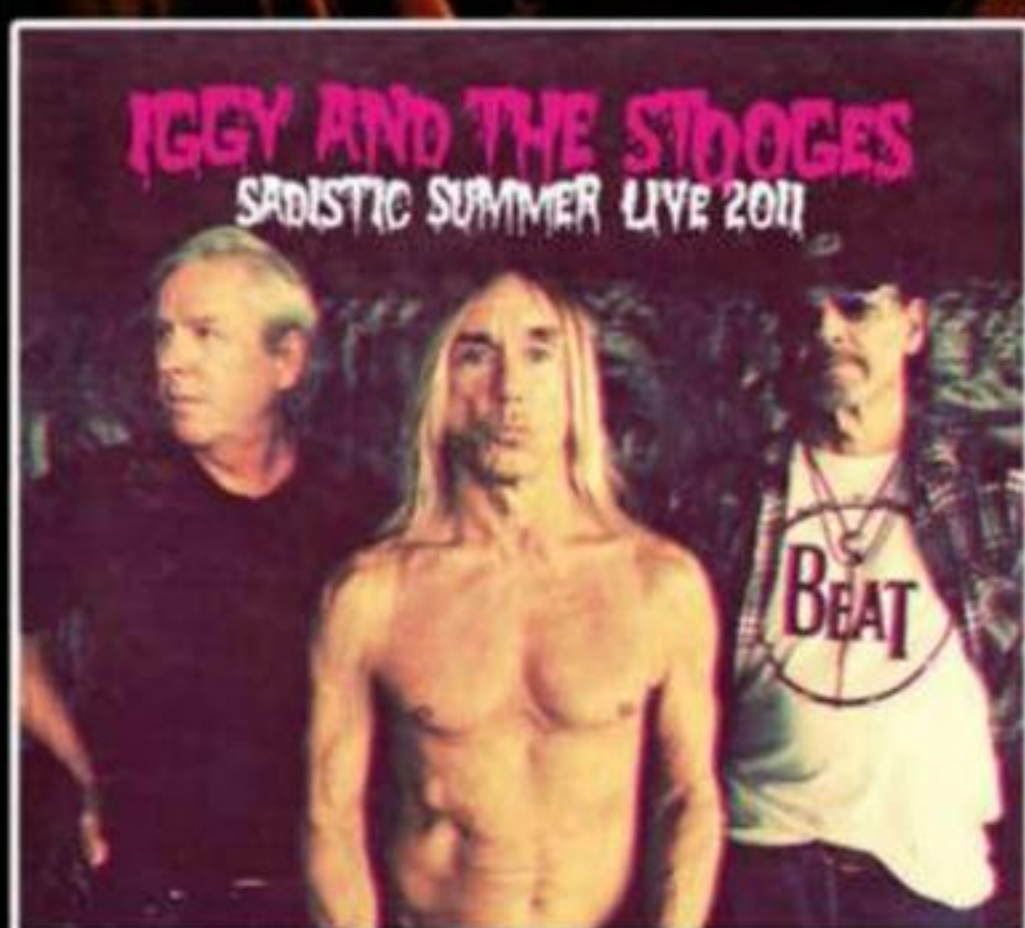
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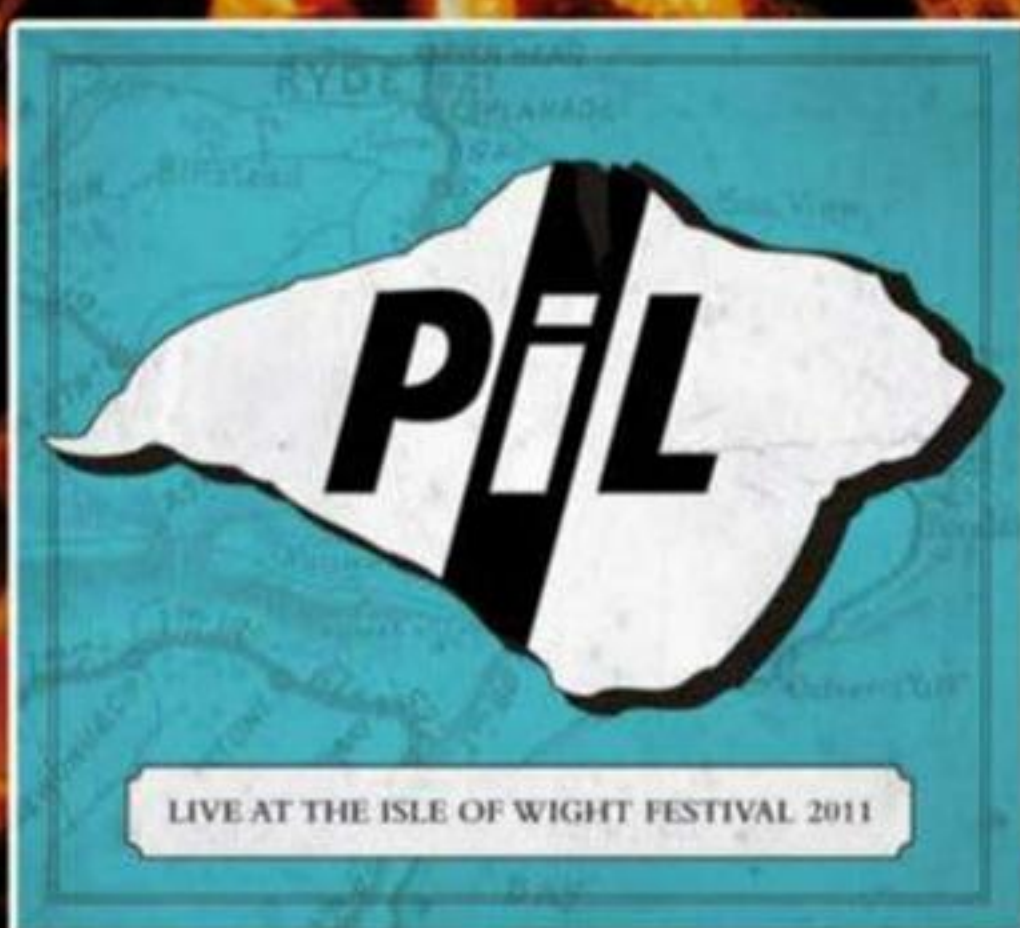
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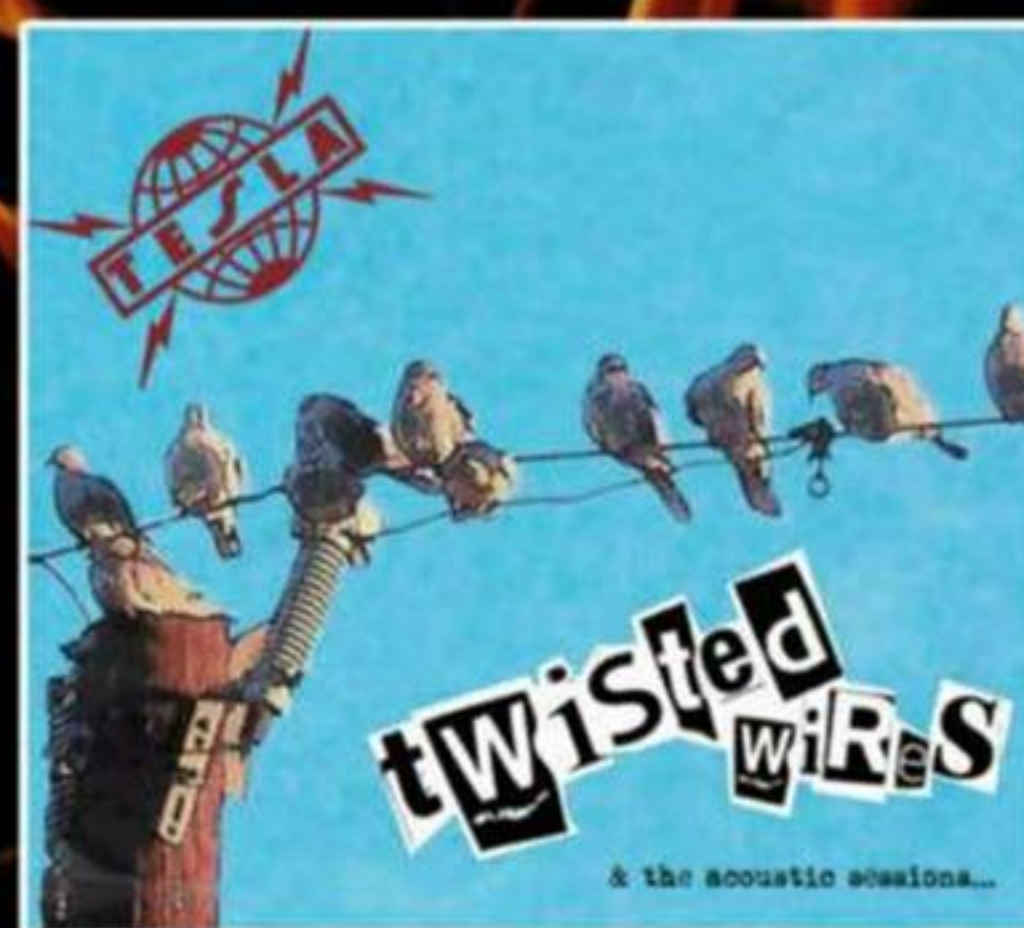
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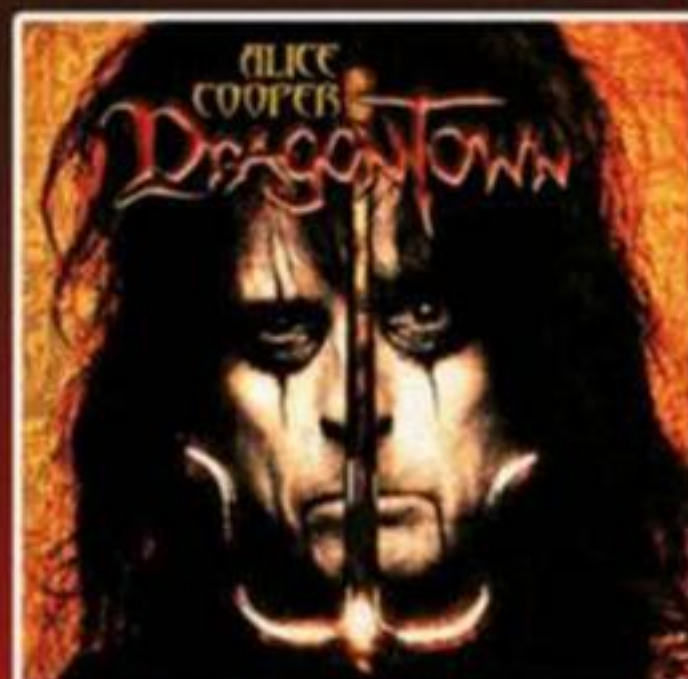
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THE BEST OF THE YEAR... SO FAR! PT2

It's been a great year for rock so far. So much good stuff, we've had to spread it across two CDs. After last issue's *Pt1*, make way for the sequel.



1 Rival Sons

Burn Down Los Angeles

As these Californians proved with two sets at High Voltage (they headlined the *Metal Hammer* stage at the last minute after Electric Wizard were forced to cancel), they are among the most dynamic and charismatic young bands around. They've taken blues rock and given it a modern freshness, and they're nominated for Best New Band at this year's Classic Rock Roll Of Honour. **Taken from the album *Pressure & Time* (MOSH 43400) on Earache**

2 The Answer

Piece By Piece

After spending much of the past two years on the road with AC/DC, the Irish heroes finally managed to make it back to the studio to record their third album. And with songs like *Piece By Piece*, they continue to show they've the class, wit and melodic insight to write songs that appeal across the board. **Taken from the bonus disc of the first run of new album *Revival* on Spinefarm**

3 Eureka Machines

Zero Hero

With connections to Sisters Of Mercy (lead singer/guitarist Chris Catalyst also plays guitar for the Sisters), this Leeds-based band could be mistaken for goth rockers. Well, you couldn't be more wrong. What they deliver is power-pop that crackles with bristling tunefulness and a towering guitar-rock attitude. **Taken from the album *Champion The Underdog* on Wrath**

4 Ghost

Stand By Him

When Metallica's James Hetfield wears a band's T-shirt on stage, you know something's happening.

Such is the case with Stockholm's Ghost. They've a retro sound that nods back at the early 70s, but theirs is an individual style that's fast catching on. Just so you know, this song was composed by a ghoul writer and performed by nameless ghouls. This is a true story; we have the paperwork to prove it. Learn more on page 21. **Taken from the album *Opus Eponymous* on Rise Above**

5 Burn Halo

Rest My Soul

Started by one-time metalcore master James Hart (former lead singer of Eighteen Visions), this California band specialise in a mid-80s hard-rock vibe. It's commercial, yet uncompromising. Discover more about them on page 25. **Taken from the album *Up From The Ashes* on Rawhead**

6 The Trews

The World I Know

The Canadian rockers bring an intelligence and a forthright commitment to their music, as evinced by this track from their fourth studio album. The Trews head to the UK with Southside Johnny in the Autumn. They play London Shepherd's Bush Empire October 21, Bristol Academy 25 and Bilston Robin 26. **Taken from the album *Hope & Ruin* on Bumstead ©The Trews (SOCAN) & Gord Sinclair - Arte Humane Inc (SOCAN)**

7 Bonafide

Fill Your Head With Rock

Face it, this should be *Classic Rock's* theme tune as we aim to fill your head with rock every month. Owing something of a debt to AC/DC, these Swedes have one thing in mind: turning the volume up to 11 and playing high-voltage rock'n'roll. **Taken from the *Fill Your Head With Rock: Old, New, Tried & True* on Black Lodge**

8 Skindred

Make Your Mark

A stellar set at the recent Download festival had us reaching for Skindred's most recent album as soon as we'd washed the mud from our thigh-high black patent leather wading boots. They may have been around for over a decade, but it's only now that the band really seem to be coming into their own. The combination of raga, nu metal, punk and classic rock is now establishing them as one of the most important of the era. Get your Newport Helicopters at the ready, folks... **Taken from the album *Union Black* on BMG/7pm**

9 The Virginmarys

My Little Girl

The Macclesfield trio continue to grow and develop at their own pace. Mixing blues and psychedelia in an explosive package, the band's music is rooted in the 60s and 70s, but belongs to all generations. Among Britain's best young bands and with EPs under their belt now, expect a full-length album from them in the not-too-distant future. **Taken from the *Just A Ride* EP on VM Recordings. ©&© VM Recordings Ltd. Written by The Virginmarys. Produced by Toby Jepson**

10 Ancestors

Epilogue

The Los Angeles band whose brand of psychedelic doom with a touch of Pink Floyd has put them in a class of their own. Led by Justin Maranga (who also plays guitar with *Classic Rock* favourites Night Horse), the music is eclectic, eccentric and evocative, and because it all sounds so bizarrely spontaneous, you can be sure nothing else sounds quite like Ancestors. **Taken from the *Invisible White* EP on Tee Pee**

11 Graveyard

Hisingen Blues

Swedes steeped in the tradition of early 70s American hard rock and blues rock, Graveyard have connections to the stoner genre, but they really are out on their own. *Hisingen Blues* is the title track of their second album and is deservedly nominated in the Album Of The Year category in this year's Roll Of Honour. **Taken from the album *Hisingen Blues* on Nuclear Blast**

12 Sons Of Icarus

You Want It All

Sons Of Icarus recently won Marshall's Ultimate Band Contest - and with good reason. From the south of England, this quartet are a full force of nature. Referencing Zeppelin, Sabbath and Clutch, they've got massive grooves and even bigger riffs. **Taken from their forthcoming EP**

13 Work Of Art

The Rain

One of the most acclaimed bands from the new era of melodic rock (and featured in last month's *CR*), Work Of Art are Swedes who sound like they could have given any of the AOR greats a real run for their money in the 80s. Titans of tunefulness, indeed! **Taken from *In Progress* on Frontiers**

14 Spring Heeled Jack UK

Movin' On

Spring Heeled Jack are a high-tensile London quartet who power out a sound that's got a blues rock garage moodiness to it. Their forthcoming debut album is produced by Jon Moon (Amy Winehouse, Roger Waters et cetera). **More info at: www.myspace.com/springheeledjack_uk**

AN APOLOGY (+ MORE FREE MUSIC!)

Eagle-eared listeners may have noticed that The Union's track *Siren's Song* included on last issue's CD Buzz - *The Best Of The Year... So Far Pt1* ran somewhat s-l-o-o-o-w-l-y. Many, many apologies to Luke, Peter and the lads. Make sure you download it and hear it at the correct speed here: <http://bit.ly/j4nVAr>



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THE ARMAGEDDON CHORD

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AUTHOR:
JEREMY WAGNER

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P **78**

Dream Theater

Is it curtains or a standing ovation for their first album without Mike Portnoy?

CLASSIC ROCK RATINGS ■■■■■■■■

■■■■■■■■■■	A CLASSIC
■■■■■■■■■	EXCELLENT
■■■■■■■■	VERY GOOD
■■■■■■■	GOOD
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■■■■■	AVERAGE
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18 PAGES

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EDITED BY IAN FORTNAM

ian.fortnam@futurenet.com



Dream Theater

A Dramatic Turn Of Events ROADRUNNER

Following their public meltdown, the prog maestros' first album without Mike Portnoy is a flawed stunner that sometimes flies a bit too close to the sun.



A dramatic turn of events? No shit. They used to be a band you could set your watch by, but drummer Mike Portnoy's exit last September turned Dream Theater into a soap-opera car-crash, fuelling Twitterland with tales of musical adultery, friction and tears. From the dramatic, events soon turned embarrassing, as Portnoy's fling with Avenged Sevenfold dissolved. Then baffling, as the band closed the door on the repentant drummer after bringing in Mike Mangini through their filmed auditions. At least they won't call out the wrong name during sets.

Portnoy, of course, belongs to that exclusive club where there's always plenty of elbow room at the bar: Drummers Who Matter. Even before you get to the intangibles, like the spiritual castration of losing a founding member and fan

talisman, the black hole where his songwriting, lyrics, production and world-class drumming once were seemingly leaves Dream Theater in the plight of the unicyclist on the sleeve: a team of high-wire musical acrobats headed for a fall.

Let's not dangle the 'have they/haven't they?' teaser too long. To speak plainly, *A Dramatic Turn Of Events* suggests Dream Theater will certainly survive, maybe even flourish, without Portnoy, at least on record. The first point to stress is the bleeding obvious: Mangini is up to it. Perhaps there are tempo-crunching drum professors who can provide esoteric rationale why his technique doesn't stand toe-to-toe with his predecessor's, but to lay ears, the 48-year-old is several different forces of nature, smashing in the teeth of *Bridges In The Sky* and *Breaking All Ties* like a berserker, then performing

a Ferrari gear-change to the gossamer balladry of *Beneath The Surface*.

Indeed, if we're (briefly) talking technique then all five members are on defiant form here, each turning in astonishingly complex lines. The sheer note count is mind-boggling, but the way these players shoulder each other through the choppy, tumbling rhythms – combined with John Petrucci's well-balanced mix – implies a band with the hatches battened down, while lyrics about 'living in the moment... creating a new beginning' aren't exactly hard to unravel.

Chops are guaranteed with Dream Theater; the songs are more hit-and-miss. Mangini doesn't write (at least, not yet), and while the others spread out like a football team that's a man down it's mainly Petrucci who shoulders these nine long cuts. At its best, the album touts

**Dream Theater: not a band
to play one note where
several dozen will fit.**

The aforementioned *Bridges In The Sky* is another standout; wide-screen and cinematic, with a bizarre, burping-monkey intro that breaks into Gregorian chants and a double-time, smash-and-grab, Metallica-esque guitar grind that reminds us Petrucci isn't too clever-clever to get his hands dirty. *Build Me Up, Break Me Down* is similarly powerful, with hip-hop beats, a skanking, industrial rhythm and a ghost-train synth riff proving Dream Theater have brilliance to burn.

always pass, and tend to bleed into something better, like the soaraway melodies of *Beneath The Surface*.

Losses in bands take time to sink in, and whether or not DT remain prog's modern overlords will only be revealed when the new line-up have slogged around the world and made another album without the sting of rejection to fuel their fire. For now, Dream Theater are very much open for business.

Henry Yates

**'There aren't any
dud songs, just
dud sections.'**

All Out *MASCOT*

One of the most respected keyboard players in the business, Deep Purple's Don Airey here showcases his diversity. Yet he also displays the ability to make a record that's musically intelligent yet easily accessible.

There are times on *All Out* – as on *Estancia*, *Right Arm Overture* and *Long Road* – when he takes classical influences and also a major Keith Emerson devotion to create some wonderfully evocative instrumentals. Equally there are a few soaring pop-rock anthems, such as *People In Your Head*, on which vocalist Carl Sentance unleashes a talent for carrying a tune in a near Rainbow-esque fashion. The presence of guest guitarists Joe Bonamassa, Bernie Marsden and his brother Keith Airey adds an extra level of interest, but in the end it's the strength of the songs here, and the feeling this is far from merely a vanity project that makes *All Out* a strong album.

Malcolm Dome

Young The Giant *ROADRUNNER*

You'd be hard-pressed to find much angry or angsty music from California, you'd think the majority of the music from there is specially commissioned by the Venice Beach Tourist Board.

Orange County's Young The Giant are the latest touters of ray-drenched pop to swan straight off the boardwalk and onto the playlists - their second single *My Body* was a US radio hit thanks to a propulsive alt.rock kick and some ardent chorus raunch from singer Sameer Gadhia, coming on like a sex addicted Stereophonics. But the overriding vibe of this debut album is that of the jazz-inflected, strum-happy Cali beach bum, although one with more rock in their heart than the average Nutini numpty. *I Got* and *String* sweep along like the hyperactive offspring of The Commodores' *Easy*, *Cough Syrup* tackles the hopefulness of youth in the style of a scuba diving Vampire Weekend, and *Islands* provides a rare maudlin moment, presumably about arriving at the last of the Rizla. As lightweight as a beach volleyball maybe, but undoubtedly the juvenilia of twangy titans.

...²k Beaumont

Time Of My Life SPINEFARM

Solid yet safe southern-twanged songwriting is what 3 Doors Down do best, and after nearly 15 years on the circuit, their fifth album *Time Of My Life* indicates that their radio-friendly, inoffensive rock sounds are here to stay. Some tracks stand alone as potential hit singles in the making: the title number is a catchy Black Stone Cherry-style rock anthem; *Race For The Sun* is entirely southern, summery and upbeat; and the dreamy echoes of *She Is Love* remind us that the band are still capable of producing impressive ballads. However, you can't deny that when the album is played in its entirety, the similarities of the mid-tempo mopes make them mesh together. Furthermore, dry, generic and soppy ballads like *Back To Me* and *What's Left* drag the album into dull territory. Their decision to rely on such sounds is all the more aggravating when final track and album highlight *Believer* bursts with fast-paced punk undertones that both surprise and impress, proving that 3 Doors Down are perfectly capable of experimentation and need more confidence in leaving those bland ballads behind.

Hannah May Kilroy

Chateau Revenge!

THE LIGHTS LABEL/EMI

Almost universally ignored thus far into their careers. Daniel

Tashian and Jason Lehning make the kind of dark, well-crafted pop that people profess to love, yet no-one seems to buy. Just ask The Posies about it. The Silver Seas have been compared favourably to Steely Dan, though that's probably more for their occasional cynicism or innate weariness than anything else. Songs like the gorgeous *The Best Things In Life*, the chiming *Another Bad Night's Sleep* and the marching *Someone Said Your Name* - even though it deals with having to unexpectedly hear about an ex - thrum with life. Elsewhere, it's broken hearts and longing (*Jane, Those Streets*), but even their dismay is beautifully rendered; downcast faces captivatingly lit.

Philip Wilding

Yes: celebrating 43 years
of obvious captions.



Yes

Fly From Here FRONTIERS

With a new singer, and Buggles back at the controls, this is a surprisingly fine Yes album.



The titans of prog return with their first studio album in a decade. Despite cast-changes that lend reasonable cause for doubt, it is for the most part a triumph. It shouldn't work: boil it down and what we have here is a bunch of old Buggles demos, produced by Trevor Horn and sung by a guy who used to be in a Yes tribute band. And then prettily adorned by three bona fide white-haired old-school Yes members (Howe, Squire and White) and a Roger Dean cover. Yet it does work because Horn and keyboardist Geoff Downes, as first proven 30 years ago on the likes of *Drama*, can update and rein in that spiralling Yes sound without forsaking its unique, inspirational, florid abandon. *Fly From Here* isn't as transcendent as the best Yes, but it's as fine as anything the brand name has delivered since the line-up began playing musical chairs.

So, with singer Benoît David's vocal debut an impressive rather than functional Jon Anderson facsimile, and Downes brought in somewhat ruthlessly by his old ally to replace Wakeman Junior (flying in the face of the loyalty felt to Wakeman by the rest of the band, it has been suggested), this version of Yes honours the heritage while sticking to the maps drawn by the early 80s model. There are few flights of bombast, yet, when

they're in full flow, Squire's bass burbling, they refract old glories through shiny new prisms. The opening six-part, 25-minute, titular centrepiece offers all the elevation any Yes fan could crave.

Although its backstory is rickety – a demo called *We Can Fly From Here* was left off *Drama* (but appeared in live form on 2005's *The Word Is Live* and also on the 2010 reissue of Buggles's *Adventures In Modern Recording*) – this new, expanded swoop at *Fly From Here* rings and resonates. The sections soar through suspense, foreshadowing, melodrama and catharsis. Shrewdly, you're allowed to adapt to David's voice before everyone lets rip. *Sad Night At The Airfield* climaxes with Howe's best high-end flurries since *Going For The One*. Elsewhere he emulates the lamentful plangency of 1974's *The Gates Of Delirium* – and man, he's on fire. *Bumpy Ride* impishly resurrects 70s prog time signatures, while *Reprise* bursts in with the confidence of Genesis's *Lilywhite Lilith*. Not all the tracks match this epic (there's some white-bread AOR in here too), but *Life On A Film Set* (also based on a Buggles demo) perfectly blends Horn's slickness and the veterans' artistry, while *Solitaire* is a pastoral Howe solo. Overall, this is a euphoric affirmation of Yes.



Chris Roberts

The Wolfmen

Married To The Eiffel Tower HOWL

Ex-Ants give it the rock'n'roll. Led by veteran Adam & The Ants survivors Marco Pirroni and Chris Constantinou, The Wolfmen follow their enjoyable 2008 glam-boogie debut *Modernity Killed Every Night* with something that's dirtier and murkier in all the right places. Courtney Taylor-Taylor of The Dandy Warhols assisted with production/mixing on half the tracks, and it shows: the band sound less like a pub outfit in thrall to rockabilly and more like authentic, bloodshot creatures of the night in flapping coats – albeit creatures obsessed with American 60s pop culture. Sinead O'Connor contributes guest vocals on the eerie noir of *Jackie, Is It My Birthday?* while the exhilarating cover of lesser-known Velvet Underground gem *I'm Not A Young Man Anymore* has understandably won Lou Reed's rare approval.



Chris Roberts

Screaming Trees

Last Words: The Final Recordings SUNYATA

Belated last hurrah from grunge's great lost band. The Screaming Trees were never built for success. Brawling, yes. Chemical abuse, ditto. But fame? Even with the right geographical credentials (the Pacific Northwest), at least two stone-cold classic albums to their name (1992's *Sweet Oblivion* and 1996's *Dust*) and a world famous rock star in their corner (Kurt Cobain), they were always that bit too old, too grumpy and too, well, classic to take their rightful place at grunge's top table.

All of which makes the appearance of this 'new' album, more than a decade after they split, utterly surprising. Recorded in the dying days of the 20th century, as the last glowing embers of their career were ground out by the great heel of indifference, it more than matches past glories, while simultaneously reminding us just what we're missing.

They were always traditionalists at heart, and *Last Words* doesn't fuck with the formula. The bone-dry blues rock of *Ash Gray Sunday* is the sound of the last men at the bar downing whiskey as a dust storm builds up outside, *Revelator* exudes apocalyptic psychedelia from every cracked joint, and *Crawlspac* – featuring

their old touring guitarist Josh Homme – is as claustrophobic as its title suggests. At the heart of it all like a wasted preacherman is singer Mark Lanegan, his three-lighters-a-day rasp exuding malevolence and vulnerability in equal measure. 'I've been down, and I've had quite a time' he mutters on *Low Life*, and you just know this is no act.

Why this has been fished out from down the back of the sofa right now isn't clear. But in the grand scheme of things it really doesn't matter, because *Last Words* is a very serious contender for Best Album Of 1999 and 2011.



Dave Everley

Work Of Art

In Progress FRONTIERS

A pure-AOR masterclass.



It's been quite a time for pure-AOR projects; the second album from

Work Of Art following hot on the heels of Lionville's immaculate debut. Given that WOA's Lars Säfssund had a hand in the latter and is also a member of the highly acclaimed WET, you might say things are becoming slightly incestuous, though there will be few complaints should Säfssund continue to produce music of the scope and quality of *In Progress*.

The Swedes spent two years sculpting this album with Bo Reiner, a producer who pays his bills by working with Westlife and The Backstreet Boys, but shares the trio's fanboy obsession with such acts as Journey, Giant and especially Toto. From the moment that *In Progress* begins with a surging, joyous *The Rain* to the final chords of *The Great Fall*, Work Of Art turn in an almost faultless vocal and musical display. This is well worth the wait.



Dave Ling

NeonFly

Outshine The Sun RISING

Tune!



If ABBA had been a metal band, there's no doubt that they would have

been a melodic power metal band. If there's one thing that the best European power bands understand, it's the value of writing great soaring pop tunes – the sort of clean emotional

melodies that would make Benny and Björn proud. London's NeonFly – and isn't that just such a power metal name? – have absorbed so much from bands like Sonata Arctica and Edguy that they could easily pass for Finns or Germans. Their debut is constructed around some lush Europop melodies, as lavish a production as their budget would allow, some high speed shredding and a bucketful of attitude. They're a young band still in thrall to their influences, but if they can write stuff as good as *Ship With No Sails* and *Morning Star* now, then when they develop a truer voice of their own they'll be pretty much unstoppable.



Tommy Udo

Cerebral Ballzy

Cerebral Ballzy COOKING VINYL

Young NYC punks fight for their right to party like it's 1986.



Earning rave reviews in their native New York City for their

refreshingly anti-hip image, spotty skatepunk quartet Cerebral Ballzy make exactly the kind of nihilistic hooligan racket we might expect from their willfully moronic and childish offensive name. This debut album throws a ton of mud at the wall, most of it at breakneck

speed, but not much sticks. Super-fast sludge-punk teen-rebel yells such as *Cutting Class*, *Puke Song* and *Sk8 All Day* are exhilarating on a superficial cartoon level, but ultimately say nothing that the Ramones, Bad Brains or early Beastie Boys have not already said with far more wit and originality. *Junkie For Her* delivers more riff-slammng cathartic rage, but the vintage hardcore hinterland Cerebral Ballzy draw from is essentially as conservative as a Celine Dion album nowadays. They clearly have energy and attitude to burn, but will only merit their overhyped profile when they finally move beyond this dumb, derivative, adolescent phase.



Stephen Dalton

Roger Glover And The Guilty Party

If Live Was Easy EAR MUSIC

Purple man gets the blues.



Roger Glover is the invisible member of Deep Purple. His muscular,

sinewy basslines have graced the band's classic moments – *In Rock*, *Fireball*, *Machine Head* – but somehow he has managed to keep his head down throughout Purple's volatile history.

On the outside he's a prolific producer, and has been a jobbing songwriter since the 60s when

he worked down Tin Pan Alley with another jobbing wordsmith by the name of Ian Hunter. So it's hardly a shock that this, his fourth solo album, is a credible, quality affair.

Recorded on the hop, it covers a period in Glover's life where he experienced divorce, new love, fatherhood and a series of other emotional but juicy topics for a songwriters pen. He receives some solid support from Nazareth's McCafferty and Agnew, former Dio/Elf playmate Mickey Lee Soule, Sea Level veteran Randall Bramblett and daughter Gillian. A midlife crisis set to music, it's an honest, mature collection of songs that connect like a series of chapters in a rock'n'roll soap opera. Imagine Chris Rea, Greg Allman, Mark Knopfler and Norah Jones getting together and writing about the worst and best days of their lives. Yes, it's that good.



Peter Makowski

Biffy Clyro

Live At Wembley 14TH FLOOR

Scottish prog pop pretty boys soar and roar.



Two things are apparent about Biffy Clyro's ascension from underground outsiders to arena fillers. Firstly, for the blood, sweat and tears they've shed, they deserve every single moment of it. Let's not

forget that little more than a half decade ago some of the band were taking day jobs between tours to survive. Secondly – and perhaps inevitably – they've smoothed away those awkward post-hardcore, prog and math-rock inspired edges that made them appealing to some.

Live albums can be disappointing – a second-hand account of a great night out that you missed. Yet with an arsenal of anthems Biffy Clyro pull it off. Their most renowned moments (the downbeat *Many Of Horror* and *Folding Stars*) are the least interesting here. It's bombast that Biffy do best and heads down, tops off, riff-heavy tunes like *That Golden Rule*, *Glitter And Trauma* and *Saturday Superhouse* shine brightest here, while the epic orchestration of *Living Is A Problem...* shows exactly why Simon Neil was Britain's highest earning songwriter in 2010.

They may operate in the mainstream now, but Biffy remain vital.



Ben Myers

Primus

Green Naugahyde PRAWN SONG

Eardrum-grating comeback from jazzcore freakoids.



The original prankster of Dadaist skronk-funk, weird-beard bass

guitarist Les Claypool has been

making aggressively wonky yet oddly infectious speed-metal jazz-punk with Primus for almost three decades. Along the way, he recorded the theme to South Park and jammed with acolytes like James Hetfield and Tom Morello.

Reuniting Claypool with two early Primus members, the trio's first album in 12 years sounds as thrillingly indigestible as ever, the musical equivalent of a turbo-ranting speed-freak chasing you down the street and repeatedly jabbing his bony finger into your ribs. And yet, once again, the high-speed clusterfuck of Zappa-style virtuosity, guttural Beefheart growls and powerhouse Funkadelic riffs proves hard to resist, especially on uncategorisable oddities like *Eternal Consumption Engine* and *Extinction Burst*.

The clattery grindfunk of *Jilly's On Smack* and the salacious Blaxploitation groove of *Hoinfodaman* is how Red Hot Chili Peppers might sound if they ever muster half an original idea between them. But Claypool's nearest British equivalent is probably Squarepusher, the laptop techno boffin turned avant-punk lounge-jazz bass-basher. Both make off-the-map noises that are prickly, brainy, darkly funny and horribly compelling.



Stephen Dalton

ROUND-UP: PROG



Cranium Pie: rock lobsters.

Cranium Pie

Mechanisms (Part One)

Regal Crabomophone



We're used to listening to bonkers concept albums here at the prog column. Comes with the territory, obviously.

Having said that, we were still surprised by *Mechanisms (Part One)*, which tells the tale of a civilisation of lobsters (yes, lobsters)

rising up against an evil tyranny of robots. Off-the-wall subject matter aside, this is a masterclass in hyper-eclectic prog, with Ron Appleton (purveyor of "synths that make the stomach turn inside out and your ears reach into infinity") and space-guitarist Tim Bray excelling in their respective roles.

Opening track *This Was Now – The Awakening Of The Birds* sounds like Pink Floyd playing *Riders On The Storm*

(thermi-Doors, anyone?); *Rememberrr* (sic) is based around a sprawling Caravan-style keyboard solo; *Zones – Mothership (Reprise)* reveals that when lobsters speak they sound very much like underwater Daleks. The album reaches a claw-clenching climax with the clunky Hawkwind-isms of *Run To Survive (Scuttle, surely? – Ed.)*.

Conclusion? Cranium Pie are as mad as fishes. Well, crayfishes, at any rate.



Earth & Fire

To The World Of The Future

Esoteric



Earth & Fire (*Wot, no Wind? – Ed.*) were a combo from Holland fronted by alluring female singer Jerney

Kaagman. This, their fourth album, was first released in 1975. Full of hippy-dippy attitudes and often reminiscent of a funky Jefferson Airplane, we suspect generous amounts of flapjacks and shigarettes were involved in the recording process.



Split Sofa

The Gathering

www.splitsofa.co.uk



Split Sofa, formerly known as Chair, are from the East Midlands and describe their music as 'psychedelic progressive pop'. Coming across like a hybrid of Pink Floyd and The Outfield, their songs are instantly accessible and full of memorable hooks. Highlights of this hypnotically commercial offering include *Circles*, *U Will C Me* and *Before The Storm*.



By Geoff Barton

Nine Stones Close

Traces

ProgRock



Traces, we hear, "is a journey through loss, growing up and getting older... understanding that being alive

sometimes means hurting". It's brooding, desolate and at times quite brilliant. Stand-out tracks include the heart-wrenching *Threads* and the 14-minute mourn-fest *Thicker Than Water*. If you like early Porcupine Tree, you'll love this.



Greylevel

Hypostatic Union

ProgRock



Vancouver's Greylevel spent two years making this album, and their dedication shines through on this impeccably crafted offering. Sparse, delicate songs such as *Memory Remains* and *Pale Blue Dot* grow steadily in stature, eventually becoming overrun by crunching Alex Lifeson-style power chords. A commanding piece of work.



I'm With You WARNER BROS



But those fans who detected signs of sameyness on *Stadium Arcadium* will, overall, be happier with *I'm With You*. Klinghoffer makes a great impact, bringing warm winds and heavy colour to *Ethiopia*, some fine glassblower effects to

David Stubb^c

ROADRUNNER

Paul Moody

Easy Meat SMALLTOWN AMERICA

All the best bands in the post-hardcore canon sounded utterly, gloriously deranged. The Jesus Lizard, Nation Of Ulysses, At The Drive-In - they all seethed with wild-eyed danger, unpredictable freak-outs and raw punk rock that made them the kings of their era. This decade is lucky enough to have Northern Ireland's LaFaro, snarling thrillingly along in a tornado of a record that lays waste to anything in its path. Punctuated with howling feedback and giggling fits, they put their foot down and speed through the achingly cool surf drums and chaotic blow-out of the title track, hammering us with frantic, adrenaline-fuelled metal riffs in *Have A Word With Yourself*, each track tearing at the face like a trapped wildcat.

Emma Johnston

Sticks & Stones *PROVOGUE*

Charles Shaar Murray

Up The Workers! *SOVIET BERET*

Fun socialist indie pop. Upgraded from Thee Hypnotics, with who Sophie Ellis-Bextor found fame, Thee Faction's mission is plain and unabashed – to restore to indie pop the ragged-trouserred, old school, socialist polemic of the mid 80s – The Redskins, Red Wedge and the like, and not to rest until the last member of Mumford & Sons is strangled with the entrails of the drummer from Coldplay. Lyrical soundbites such as '*Bread and circuses don't keep me satisfied*' and '*Argue with a Tory, don't meditate*', require little interpretation. This is a re-imagining of a time when the link between pop and politics was a given in the fight to kick out Thatcher, with the musical weapons of back-to-basics pub

rock, skinny R&B, clipped brass and a Clash-like directness. Titles like *Capitalism Is Good For Corporations; That's Why You've Been Told Socialism Is Bad All Your Life*, as well as the Soviet-style sleeve graphics suggest they're ruefully aware of the aesthetic difficulties of agit-pop delivery, especially nowadays. But their tongues are only partly in cheek. This is 100 per cent fun and they 100 per cent mean it, man. Catch live.



David Stubbs

Paley & Francis

Paley & Francis COOKING VINYL

This first-take album mixes edgy with fun.



As the Pixies Doolittle tour slices into the eyeball of its second year, chief Biblical screamer Black Francis hasn't let his 'old band' activities put a dent in his ferocious solo output. Exhibiting the work ethic of a *News Of The World* file shredder, in 2010 he released a five-disc soundtrack to the movie *The Golem* and a studio album *NonStopErotik*, written and recorded in a matter of days. Here he unites with NYC blues-folk growler Reid Paley for a rootsy record of first takes that was even more expediently fathered - written in three days, recorded in two. Francis' slap-'em-down

technique pays dividends: his raw songwriting charm gleams through on *Curse* while the ramshackle feel of *On The Corner* and torchy lullaby *The Last Song* - buzzy guitars, bum notes, awkward tambourines, random piano improvisations - twists Paley's gnarled, Waitsian croon into something sweetly elegant.

But what could have slipped into back-slapping folk country territory retains an edge thanks to the dichotomy of Francis' honey-sharp sneers and Paley's molasses-thick choke, or of *Ugly Life's* sunny guitar chimes and misanthropic message: 'Enjoy your ugly life'. And when such throwaway lyrical nonsense as 'I'll unleash my cats on your salty brain' comes barrelling out, you get a real sense of the fun in the room, and hope that Paley & Francis might pleasantly while away more pre-*Debaser* afternoons together.



Mark Beaumont

Virgil & The Accelerators

The Radium MYSTIC

Welsh whippersnapper delivers the goods.

Still not into his 20s, Virgil McMahon is the latest UK-raised blues-rock prodigy. Backed in a power-trio by his drummer brother Gabriel and bassist Jack Timmis, Virgil has already gone some way to establishing himself on the UK

touring circuit, yet few will have expected a debut album quite as mature and accomplished as this.

Although on stage he covers Hendrix, the Bluesbreakers and Stevie Ray Vaughan, this album triumphs thanks to the combined strength of 11 self-written songs and the technique of its main creator. Opener *Working Man* has a slight ring of Joe Bonamassa, but Virgil is no mere copyist, and the weighty *Backstabber* grasps the nettle of youthful anger.



Dave Ling

Cavalli-Cocchi, Lanzetti, Roversi

Cavalli-Cocchi, Lanzetti, Roversi ESOTERIC

Dull prog.

This Italian prog trio features PFM and Acqua Fragile vocalist Bernardo Lanzetti with guests including ex-Genesis guitarist Steve Hackett. If you like your prog heavy on pomposity and overwrought vocals then these are the guys for you. Although there are some quiet and restrained parts on the album, opener *New Life On Mars* has the sort of bleeding from the eyeballs emotionalism that, while recalling classic Genesis, also brings to mind Demis Roussos, and not necessarily in a good way. On the plus side, if you like the sound of the Mellotron, then there's plenty of it, locked on the strings-setting

for you here. It's all a little bit characterless and sterile. *Great Love Does Burn Fast*, the track that Hackett makes his guest appearance on is okay, as is the reworking of Acqua Fragile's *Morning Comes*, but generally nothing stands too far above a general level of mediocrity.



Tommy Udo

Fountains Of Wayne

Sky Full Of Holes LOJINX

High quality character-led power pop.



Eight years on from reaching the Top 20 singles charts on both sides of the Atlantic with *Stacy's Mom*, New York's Fountains Of Wayne now find themselves operating under relatively reduced circumstances. Dropped by the majors after 2007's *Traffic And Weather* failed to spawn any further hits, they're now securing indie deals in different territories, but the purity of their power pop mission remains the same.

Fountains folk still face adversity in everyday life, be it the hapless bar owners in the joke-filled strummer *Richie And Ruben* or the put-upon disillusioned father of the McCartney-like *Action Hero*. More commonly experienced affairs of the faltering heart turn up in the chiming lovers

intervention *Hate To See You Like This* and the summer fling reminiscences of *A Dip In The Ocean*, chief writers Adam Schlesinger and Chris Collingwood littering their songs with fully formed characters we all recognise.



Terry Staunton

Outloud

Love Catastrophe AOR HEAVEN

A multicultural melodic-metal romp.

Love Catastrophe is the second album from the US/UK/Greek/German group Outloud, following their warmly received debut from two years ago. Those seduced by *We'll Rock You To Hell And Back Again's* winning blend of melodic hard rock and metal influences, garnished with a generous helping of cheese, should prepare for more of the same, because the band members and production team (mixing duties once again falling to the estimable Tommy Hansen) remain as constant as Outloud's vivacious formula. The presence of both Firewind guitarist/keyboard player Bob Katsionis and ex-Helloween/Firewind drummer Mark Cross provides a sturdy backbone, but material such as *We Came To Rock* and *Waiting For Your Love* proves that hummability is the name of the game.



Dave Ling

ROUND-UP: BLUES

By Henry Yates



Giles Robinson & The Dirty Aces: superior stuff.

Giles Robson & The Dirty Aces

Crooked Heart Of Mine

MovinMusic



A bleeding racket in the wrong hands, it's refreshing to hear the harmonica clamped between young, taut, British lips that know how to blow, and even better when those lips are wired to a musical brain that thinks outside the blues-box.

Some might say Giles Robson is a lucky bastard in a leather jacket - opening track *The Mighty Incinerator* received an adrenalin-shot airing on two national radio shows last year - but he deserves the platform, both for his stellar harp work and original co-writes. There's enough here to placate the old farts on wheezes like *Stick To The Promise*, but loose reference points keep this record on its toes, with a funk swagger in the heels of *Swindler For You* and a whiff of Canvey Island on the aforementioned *Incinerator*.

We hate to think of ourselves as endorsing the opinion of Chris Evans, but this is superior stuff and, you suspect, the start of big things. It would take a truly crooked heart not to fall for this.



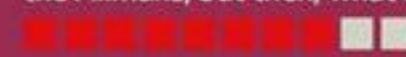
Warren Haynes

Man In Motion

Provogue



As southern rock's most prolific pie-fingerer, you'll surely forgive Haynes for his 18-year hiatus between solo albums. This one, he reckons, prioritises the vocal over the guitar, though in practice, like all axe gods who try to rein it in, he just can't help himself and is stomping his wah pedal to dust by the end of *River's Gonna Rise*. It's not quite the Allmans, but then, what is?



Buddy Whittington

Six String Svengali

Hatman

Humour: it's thin ice in the blues, and Whittington's nudges, winks, asides and arched eyebrows are sometimes a little too chummy. But lighten up: 60s love-letter *Back When The Beano Was Boss* is impossible to dislike, *Deadwood And Wire* is a well-observed diatribe on elitist guitar shops, and when the smoky jokes run out, his Bluesbreaker-honed chops keep things bouncing along.



Storm Warning

Strategy

Lightnin' Fingers



Don't expect revolution and you'll enjoy Storm Warning's third album. It pairs tight musicianship with no-nonsense songwriting and some brilliantly world-weary, oh-so-British lyrics, particularly the henpecked husband of *What Have You Done (To Me)* who bemoans trading punch-ups and motorbikes for Radio 4 and family hatchbacks. Good stuff, and probably even better live.

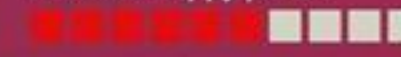


Hadden Sayers

Hard Dollar

Blue Corn Music

Hadden Sayers' press release reads like one of Steve Wright's sob stories: a tear-streaked tale of bastard promoters, turncoat A&Rs and family members dying in his arms. Somehow, all that industrial-strength tragedy bounces straight off the Houston troubadour, with tail-wagging tracks such as *Inside Out Boogie* and *Crush On You* piped direct from his 'happy place'.



THE HARD STUFF REISSUES

Thin Lizzy: Phil Lynott
had a bad reputation
- for chess!



GETTY

Thin Lizzy

Reissued MERCURY/UNIVERSAL

Def Leppard's guitarist reappraises three classics from rock's Golden Age, and reckons every rock fan needs them.



Thin Lizzy have been a huge influence on both myself and Def Leppard. For me, the guitarists they had in the band were so inspirational. And to have had the chance to play with them [as part of a touring line-up] was so thrilling. Playing all those amazing songs was a privilege.

I first heard Lizzy when they did *Whiskey In The Jar* on *Top Of The Pops*. Not that I really knew who they were – I was just 11 years old at the time. It was some while later that I really got into them. That was when *Johnny The Fox* came out, and it's still among my favourite Lizzy studio albums. Which brings me neatly to *Bad Reputation*.

I'd put this just behind *Jailbreak*, which I still think is the band's best album. I liked *Bad Reputation* when it first came out, and this has retained the impact. The one disappointment for me is that Brian Robertson only played on three tracks here. His style was a lot more raw and edgy than Scott Gorham's.

What lets this reissue down are the bonus tracks. There are just so few of them, and they're tacked onto the end of the original album – although I have to admit that it's good to hear a soundcheck version of *Me And The Boys*.

If you've already got *Bad Reputation*, then it's hard to believe you'd want to get this. Only real anoraks will want the extra tracks here. Of course, if you've not got a copy, then you must get it immediately.

Black Rose: A Rock Legend was a big Lizzy album for me, if only because it's got Gary Moore on it, and he's a big hero of mine. In fact, this is the one Lizzy album where he appears all the way through. So, that's reason enough to love it. The songs here are so good that you get completely lost inside them. *Black Rose* itself is just so epic, while *Waiting For An Alibi* is the consummate Lizzy pop song. You can't fail to be moved by the music here.

There are also so many bonus tracks that they all come on a bonus CD. The alternative version of *Black Rose* itself is interesting, because it's got Huey Lewis on harmonica. Now, that's where I draw the



line. The original doesn't have any harmonica on at all, and there's no need for any to be added. It's so wrong. I really can't think what was going through the band's mind at the time.

But the real gem among the bonus tracks, for me, is *Toughest Street In Town*, because it's got different lyrics. If you compare the version here to the one on the album, then you can hear the way Phil Lynott worked, and the manner in which a song was developed. It's a fascinating insight for any fan.

I'd say that there's so much extra here that even if you've already got *Black Rose*, then this is still worth getting.

Finally, to *Chinatown*, which has always been something of a problematic record for me. Gary Moore had gone, and Snowy was in. No disrespect to Snowy, fine guitarist – but he's not Gary. And, when Snowy left after the album, I was hoping to replace him in Lizzy. But they chose John Sykes instead. Oh well...

So, *Chinatown*.
No-one can doubt
that it's got a few
great songs. For me,
the ones which work

best are the title track and *Killer On The Loose*. Now, I didn't totally enjoy this when it first came out, but this new version is a lot better, mainly because of the bonus CD with all the extra tracks. The live versions of *Are You Ready?* (in Dublin) and *Whiskey In The Jar* (from Cork), both from 1980, are tremendous, and it's also good to be able to listen to some soundcheck recordings as well. It all makes *Chinatown* a lot more interesting than I've found it in the past. Therefore, I've no hesitation in recommending every Lizzy fan to go out and get a copy of this.

Overall, I'd say these reissues have expanded the Thin Lizzy legend, and that's fine by me.

line by line:

■■■■■■■■■	Bad Reputation
■■■■■■■■■	Black Rose
■■■■■■■■■	Chinatown

Vivian Campbell

Def Leppard's latest album, *Mirrorball*, is available [here](#).

Spirit

Reissues *RETROWORLD*

A lost 70s concept album and some stellar 90s live cuts. Shamefully adjudged too weird for release when it was presented to Epic Records in 1973, *Potato Land* is a true gem in the Spirit catalogue.

It's ironic but grimly fitting that an album raging against the horror of conformity and control should have run foul of big-label acceptability. Now drawing on collector acetates (the original master tapes having been lost) the redoubtable Retroworld trawl of Randy California's archives reaches a high point.

Intrepid wayfarers in the land of the mistreated tuber, Spirit's whimsical skits are interspersed with music full of regally blissed-out elegance: stoner and psychedelic rock in excelsis. The most complete version of *Potato Land* yet released, it firmly underlines Randy's status as a natural heir to his mentor Jimi Hendrix, a similarly ahead-of-his-time adventurer with a gleeful range of musical references at his fingertips.

Sticking to his singular path may have harmed California's commercial standing. Yet *Tales From The Westside's* live cuts, recorded at clubs across the US between early 1993 and 1996, show that his natural fair and ebullience flowed gloriously wild, and right up to his untimely demise in the seas of Hawaii in January 1997.

 **Potato**
 **Westside**
 Gavin Martin

The Quireboys/ God's Hotel

Reissues *FLOATING WORLD*

The sound of barrels scraped. Not among the most auspicious or celebrated Quireboys albums, there is nevertheless some rock'n'roll fun to be gleaned from this brace of CDs.

The most desirable is, without doubt, the two-fer-one, *From Tooting To Barking* and *Lost In Space*. The pre-EMI recordings of *FTTB* might be raw and decidedly ragged around the edges, but they exude a rough and ready charm that encapsulates the band's vintage credentials – it's straight down the line Faces and Stones influences in the likes of *Mayfair*, *Whipping Boy* and *Roses & Rings*. Equally enjoyable is the rollicking live set *Lost In Space*, with the band sounding suitably loose and louche, though slightly off-kilter in places.

Sadly, *God's Hotel* – the Spike-fronted project from the mid 90s – fails to keep standards up. In hindsight, it's basically the sound of the bandana-ed singer grasping at straws, though at the time it must have seemed like a good move. Anyone who had expected a continuation of the sleazy, good-time vibe must have been sorely disappointed and time hasn't really done it any favours. Far less Faces and more just plain in-yer-face, the bravely alternative stylings and distorted vocals are heavy-handed, and the result is self-conscious and, in places, just plain dull. Unsurprisingly, Spike checked out of *God's Hotel* pretty soon after and, eventually, reconvened The Quireboys.

Tooting/Space
 ■■■■■■■■■■ *Hotel*
Essi Bereljan

Mike Oldfield

Incantations

(Deluxe Edition) *UMC*

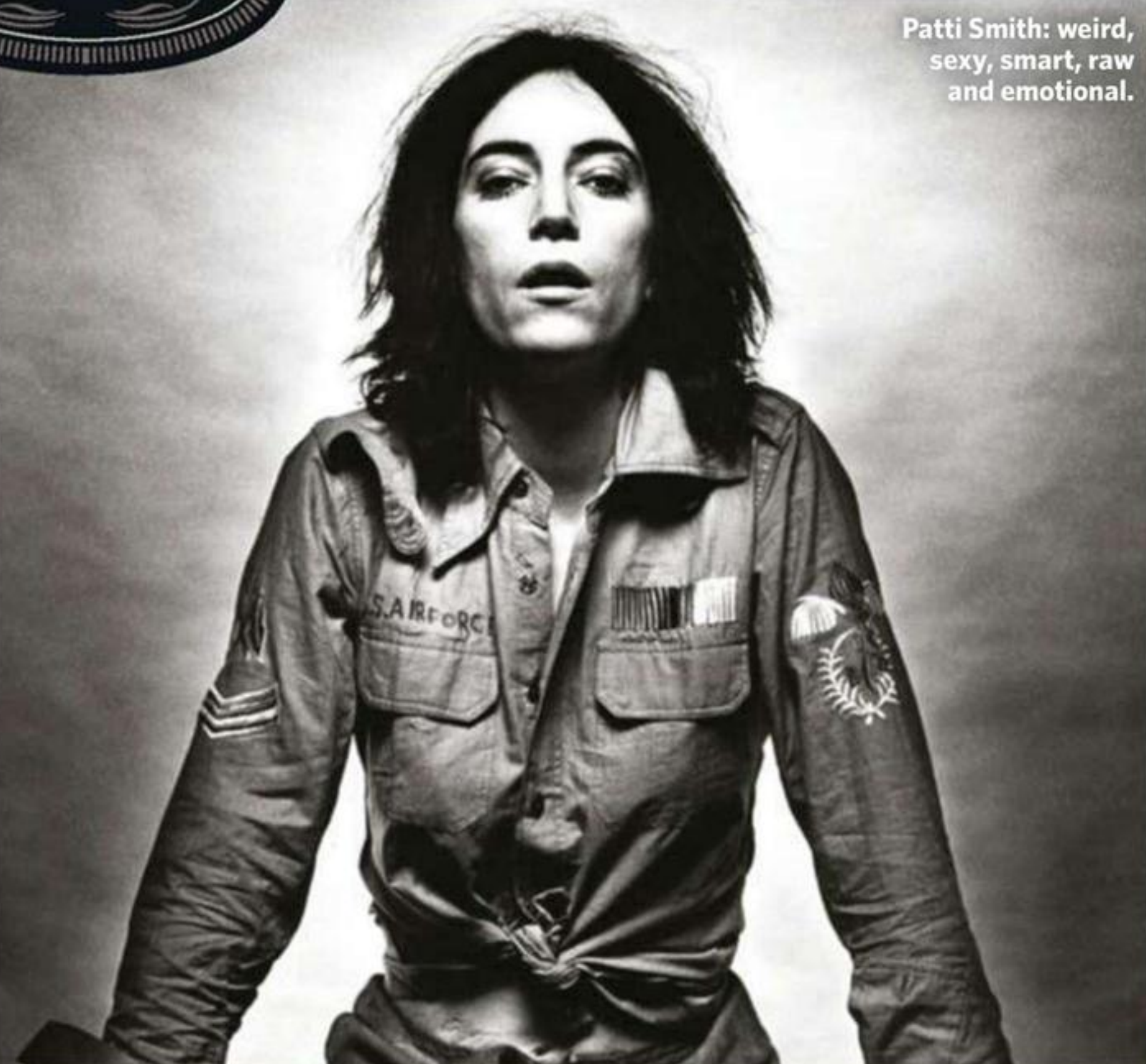
Rock's Roy Castle drops a bollock.



original four-track double-album wasn't enough to delight us, this updated Deluxe Edition comes with a second CD of '2011 stereo mixes' and 'selections'; a puzzling distinction to grasp the worth of far outside the usual reasons for padding out these 'editions'. That said, if you simply must have the A and B sides to singles from the period, like Oldfield's 1977 version of the *William Tell Overture*, or, from the same year, the equally odd *Cuckoo Song*, then you're in luck. There's also a third disc of DVD 5.1 mixes of the album which includes concert footage from the period, but unfortunately the record company did not see fit to send us that deluxe part of the edition. The really key feature, though, is that this was the first time Oldfield had composed something substantial specifically for a classical orchestra. The fact that halfway through recording it he also underwent his Exegesis assertiveness training course may or may not have had something to do with the album's emboldened scope. Shame it didn't have much effect of his ability to make another *Tubular Bells*.

■■■■■

Patti Smith: weird, sexy, smart, raw and emotional.



Patti Smith

Outside Society SONY

Gathering up the best, most apt and slightly unsettling bits of America's greatest living Smith.



Was there ever a more devastating opening line to an album – let alone an entire career – than 'Jesus died for somebody's sins, but not mine'? In 1975, Patti Smith's debut album *Horses* was little less than a cultural earthquake. Not only the first recorded evidence of what was going on in a small, obscure, sleazy Manhattan club called CBGB's, and a startling fusion of gritty garage rock with ambitious poetry and lyricism, but a radical incorporation of a new kind of female sensibility into rock which demonstrated that grrrrls could transcend the hitherto-dominant stereotypes of folkie maiden, soul shouter or pop princess which had restricted her predecessors. Seemingly effortlessly incorporating beat poetry, hippie idealism and punk rage into a seamless whole, *Horses* launched a five-year whirlwind which even gave her (in collaboration with fellow Noo Joiseyite Bruce Springsteen) a Top 20 single with *Because The Night*.

The two phases of Smith's career could hardly be more distinctly separated: in 1980 she effectively retired from her work as both performer and poet to settle into Detroit domesticity with her husband, former MC5 guitarist Fred 'Sonic' Smith (well, at least she didn't have to change her name), only returning to New York and public life after Smith's death in 1994 –

at the urging of Michael Stipe and Allen Ginsberg, no less – and reuniting with her primary collaborator, guitarist Lenny Kaye. She's been recording and touring steadily ever since, producing work which, at its best, is as deep and rich as her early innovations, though lighter on that raw rockanroll flash. *Outside Society* gathers up most of the gems from both creative phases, including an intriguing cover of *Smells Like Teen Spirit* and culminating in the exquisite gospel of *Trampin'* – though *Rock'n'Roll Nigger* could well have been left on the shelf. What could be excused in the 70s as a well-meant attempt to be Down Wit Da Bruddaz now just sounds embarrassing.

It also omits the titanic *Land* which so memorably climaxed *Horses* (well, it is nine-and-a-half-minutes long) but – pardon me for shouting – IF YOU AIN'T HEARD LAND, YOU AIN'T HEARD PATTI SMITH. I'd therefore heartily recommend picking a copy of *Horses* to stand alongside this collection: more than any of her other records, it's needs to be heard in its entirety rather than cherry-picked for its juiciest fruits.

Weird, sexy, smart, raw and emotional: as summary and introduction, *Outside Society* does most of what it says on the tin.

★★★★★
Charles Sharkey

The Pineapple Thief

10 Stories Down KSCOPE

Fruity concoctions from the Somerset shoegazers.



Their 2010 album *Someone Here Is Missing* won this band a degree of

acclaim in both indie and prog circles, but they'd spent a decade quietly beaver away under the radar. Their fourth album, 2005's *10 Stories Down*, now gets the remixed/remastered/repackaged treatment, and reveals they were never short of confidence and steely resolve. If much of it lays itself open to fair-enough accusations of Radiohead copyism (or, more accurately, Snow Patrol homages), those structural similarities – sighing verses, big everybody-come-in-now choruses – are countered by Bruce Soord's persuasive vocal and deft arrangements. His lyrics may be simplistic (moping on about wretched souls and oblivion without ever suggesting a grasp of either subject), but even a song called *Clapham* manages more pathos than bathos, and means they're less The Fray and more frayed...

However it's the huge, swooping, finale of *I Will Light Up Your Eyes* and its sequel/companion piece *Who Will Light Up Your Eyes?* that show this band always had hidden depths to offer. Yes, these tracks are over the top, grandiose, repetitive, and make Elbow's *One Day Like This* seem brief and understated, but it's one thing to shoot for epic status and quite another to handsomely achieve it. The Pineapple Thief hit the bullseye here, pacing the dynamics (with a deceptively gritty, Portishead-like backbeat) and tugging the heartstrings so effectively that you wouldn't object if they carried on for another hour. Settle instead for the bonus disc *8 Days Later*, a quirky, confessional diary piece.

★★★★★
Chris Roberts

Elixir

The Son Of Odin 25th Anniversary Edition CTR

The queue to be the UK's answer to Anvil starts here.



There may not be too many people crossing off the days on the calendar

until the 25th anniversary of their debut album *The Son Of*

Odin, but here is a pleasing reissue that's something of a time-capsule.

Guitarist Phil Denton's sleeve notes are evocative: back in 1986, ambitions centred on a Friday Rock Show session and being stocked in Shades Records. Elixir achieved both, but, still unable to find a record deal for *The Son Of Odin*, they went and issued it themselves.

The unattuned ear – or the post-grunge one – might find it hard to distinguish them from other NWOBHM bands, most notably Iron Maiden. *Treachery* (*Ride Like The Wind*) or *Children Of Tomorrow* occupy the same psychic as well as sonic ground; perhaps all they lack is the irresistible internal energy that Iron Maiden summoned. The title song echoes Saxon in their grander moments, too.

The record has maintained enough traction over the passing decades for Elixir to issue it again, this time with that Friday Rock Show session added as a welcome bonus.

Denton reveals that the band have one unfulfilled wish: to play at the Hammersmith Apollo (nee Odeon). Surely someone metalacious can offer them a support? Their endurance and belief deserves a treat.

★★★★★
Jon Hotten

CKY

B-Sides & Rarities

MIGHTY LOUD

Clearing out the attic.



Nothing new here from the American alt metallers, as this is

a collection of rarities and previously unreleased songs. Presumably, it is meant to act as a holding operation while the band work on new songs.

As you might expect from such a pot pourri, it's a case of some good stuff and some throwaway material. Five of the tracks are previously unreleased, of which *Rio Bravo* (the radio version), the acoustic *Don't Hold Your Breath* and *Deepest Depths* are probably the pick, actually sounding like there was a lot of effort put in.

Elsewhere, most of the songs originally appeared on the 1999 soundtrack album *Volume 2*, which accompanied the skateboard movie *Landspeed Presents: CKY*. These mostly come across as having bite and purpose, with a hilarious version of *Santa's Coming* a standout.

There's also the sedate *Halfway House*, from their 1999 debut album *Volume 1* (which has an almost Faith No More timbre), plus *Afterworld*, recorded for last year's *Jackass 3D* film, and is the most recent song on this collection, as well as being perhaps the most readily accessible.

In the end this might be a disparate and disjointed compilation, but still has an inherent quality.



Malcolm Dome

Doobie Brothers

Live At The Greek Theatre 1982 EAGLE

Don't worry about being cool, just close your eyes and enjoy.



In 1982, it's safe to say that The Doobie Brothers were not at the apex of fashion.

They were considered to be as insipid as white bread, delivering a dilute cod-soul to a mass audience incapable of taking the 'real thing'. Embittered, they had taken to dedicating live versions of *What A Fool Believes* to the music critics accustomed to showering them with brickbats. This concert marks the occasion

of their farewell tour in Berkeley, California (though they would return five years later), and, coupled with a DVD release, is the first time this gig has received a proper release.

Certainly, with their red leather trousers, headbands and V-shaped guitars, Doobie Brothers still look less fashionable in 2011 than they did back in the early 80s – but truly, as this album demonstrates, they had the goods. They are no longer a guilty pleasure, but a touchstone to a less dogmatic musical generation than their own.

Michael McDonald is as Caucasian as they come but his deep and distinctive vocals on tracks like *You Belong To Me* mark him out one who Got Soul – more so than the vast majority of contemporary R&B vocalists.

This faithful recording captures the sheer virtuoso effervescence of the Doobies, segueing effortlessly from blue-eyed pop to surprisingly hard rock on *China Grove* and joyful, unifying funk on *Listen To The Music*. Quite simply, these guys could play.

Time has been kind to them; 30 years on, this feels kick-the-tyres solid, vintage, authentic,

classic – words you'd have been dubbed a fool to believe would ever be applied to them back in the mists of '82.



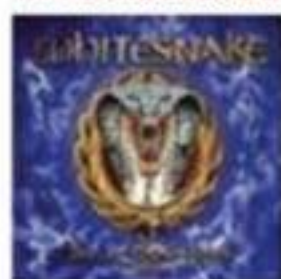
David Stubbs

Whitesnake

Live At Donington 1990

FRONTIERS

Going through the motions in remastered stereo.



With the benefit of hindsight, 1990 was hardly a vintage year for either

Whitesnake or Donington. The former had roped in ill-suited stunt signing Steve Vai for the previous year's flashily hollow *Slip Of The Tongue*, their weakest album yet. On the back of it, the announcement that they would be headlining a threadbare, five-band Monster Of Rock bill was an enormous anti-climax.

And so it proved on the night, with the hoped-for sparks between Vai's guitar histrionics and Coverdale's deep-throated blues roar never materialising, presumably held up in traffic just before Junction 16 on the M1.

And while Dame Dave's voice was still close to its potent peak, his new guitarist seemed intent

on sabotaging proceedings with several incongruous solos. All of which make this reissue – replete with a poorly-filmed DVD of the event – of precious little interest to anyone beyond the immediate Vai family.



Dave Everley

Brian Jonestown Massacre

The Singles Collection (1992-2011) A

Second generation wigouts from a psych rock outsider.



Best known as the neurotic, face-kicking maniac and nemesis of The

Dandy Warhols from the classic rock doc *Dig!*, Anton Newcombe of San Francisco's Brian Jonestown Massacre is nonetheless considered a respected underground master of modern psych-rock – feted by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club and The Black Angels, if not his drug counsellors and parole officers.

This two-CD collection gathers together every BJM 7-inch single, often for the first time outside battered vinyl – and it shows. Early 90s experiments in mumbled psychedelia such as

She Made Me and *Convertible* have the production values of cold porridge, dropping out, warping and crackling with a willful anti-gloss voracity worthy of Elephant 6. By 1994's *Hide And Seek* and 1995's tambourine folk *Cold To The Touch*, limited focus was forming, aligning BJM with the hazier end of Pavement and Dinosaur Jr, UK shoegazing acts and, yes, The Dandy Warhols.

With clarity came beauty: *Never Ever* is a gorgeous Velvets-aping love tune, *Feelers* finds Newscombe zoning out on Indian and Middle Eastern influences, and (ironically) his Warhol-baiting *Not If You Were The Last Dandy On Earth* ushered in a period of pop lucidity that prompted the crisp, Beatledelic *This Is Why You Love Me* and the Cure-esque *When Jokers Attack* and *Prozac Vs Heroin*.

With a sparsity of melodic punch across both CDs though, it's the cosmic mariachi of this year's *Illuminomi* that steals the show, suggesting sobriety and fatherhood in Berlin might only now be helping Newscombe realise his full potential, twenty years in.



Mark Beaumont



Kansas

Reissues

ROCK CANDY

Huge in the 70s, Kansas failed to carry that multimillion-selling form through to the 80s.

After hitting their mega-platinum peak with *Leftoverture* and *Point Of Know Return*, Kansas found it hard to go back to mere gold albums as the 70s wound down. The harder they tried the worse it got and the cracks began to show. When guitarist and primary songwriter Kerry Livgren turned born-again Christian, followed rapidly by bassist Dave Hope, the cracks became a faultline. That turned into a fissure when singer Steve Walsh baulked at singing Livgren's more judgemental lyrics and quit as they started recording *Vinyl Confessions* in 1982.

It says much for their state of mind that they let producer Ken Scott pre-select Walsh's replacement, John Elefante. But casual Kansas fans will scarcely notice the difference. Indeed the opening full-blown *Play The Game Tonight*, briefly restored the band to the US Top 20. But the song flatters to deceive, with the AOR-skewed production as responsible for its hit appeal as the song. And the hammered piano triplets – so



Kansas: unconvincing.

beloved of Toto et al – on the next track, *Right Away*, make their intentions clear.

The rest of the album struggles to reconcile traditional Kansas songs with 80s production values while Elefante's four songs are caught in the middle. Ironically, the overall quality of the songs is better than it'd been for a couple of albums, but there's no sense of momentum. It's not the Christian lyrics that jar – they were never about sex & drugs & rock'n'roll – as much as their irritating impatience with the rest of us.

1983's *Drastic Measures* is a Kansas album in name only. Violinist Robby Steinhardt had gone, taking more of the band's trademarks with him. Livgren is barely there, contributing just three

songs, one of which (*Mainstream*) is a thinly veiled attack on the band's musical direction. That leaves the Elefante brothers to pick up the slack with six songs.

It's not a bad album. It's a bunch of guys thinking 'Look what *Abacab* did for Genesis. Maybe we should try some of that.' And the riff-heavy *Fight Fire With Fire* offers a glimpse of how that could have worked. But not everyone's convinced. And the overriding sound is of eggs being transferred to other baskets by the band and the record company.



Vinyl Confessions



Drastic Measures

Hugh Fielder



UFO: proof that you don't need gimmicks to be successful.

GETTY IMAGES

UFO

Vinyl Reissues BACK ON BLACK

A beautiful barrage of colourfully pressed re-releases from one of Brit metal's most under-loved bands.



As the record industry nears the point when it runs out of straws to clutch at, it now seems inevitable that every vaguely notable rock album ever made will eventually be re-issued on vinyl and any other format that can be waved, carrot-like, under the noses of middle-aged folk with a bit of disposable income. The two main outcomes of this last ditch attempt to breathe life into an ailing industry are that (a) an awful lot of dross will be given a second crack at the retail whip, and (b) a large number of genuine classics will be restored to their original glory on beautiful, shiny, twelve-inch plastic.

The latter scenario is played out here, across this first batch of gems from the rightly revered end of the UFO catalogue, each of them presented on top-notch, 180g coloured vinyl and in lavish, gatefold sleeves featuring the original artwork.

Although there was nothing much wrong with EMI's recent reissue series on CD, it swiftly becomes apparent that these albums were meant to be listened to on vinyl, and preferably at the kind of volume that will make your pets ingest their own limbs. Widely regarded as one of the band's finest studio moments, *Phenomenon* (on fluorescent yellow vinyl!) benefits greatly from a warmer, less refined sound and feels as if it is trying to punch its way

through the walls of the speakers, particularly on the rambunctious *Doctor Doctor* and *Rock Bottom*; two ageless classics steeped in brown ale, brown leather and the faint promise of a car park kicking. Similarly lively, *Force It* (creamy white!), *No Heavy Petting* (erm... battleship grey!) and *Lights Out* (snot green) all sound terrific too; great albums given the format and the care that they deserve.

Best of the lot, however, are the flawless and thrilling *Obsession* (tricky-to-categorise blue!) and the people's favourite live album, *Strangers In The Night* (black! Oh, hang on...), which collectively sum up everything that made the resolutely gimmick-free UFO so hugely successful for so long; the combination of Phil Mogg's rugged bellow and Michael Schenker's peerless melodic squall sounding as fresh now as it ever did.

A second batch of titles, stretching from the chart-conquering *No Place To Run* right up to the fairly hopeless *Misdemeanour* is due later in the summer, but for a generous helping of pre-digital purist thrills, these should be more than sufficient.

■■■■■■■■■ *Phenomenon/Force It/No Heavy Petting/Lights Out*
■■■■■■■■■ *Obsession*
■■■■■■■■■ *Strangers In The Night*

Dom Lawlor

Marillion

marillion.com MADFISH

Career turning point for go-it-alone Aylesbury prog kings. As its title suggests, *marillion.com*, the band's eleventh studio album, marked the tentative beginnings of their reinvention as a self-sufficient, self-contained unit. It pointed towards a future where musicians seized the tools of production and distribution for themselves. Like many pioneering moves it seems an obvious one now, but it emerged from a state of internal and external flux. As some of the music on this album demonstrates, here was a band dissatisfied with the past, uncertain of its future.

The record's centrepiece, the mysterious and beautiful *Interior Lulu*, is a lengthy, challenging prog rock broadside, yet around it sit a series of fractured ideas that hint at the band's search for an identity in a time of change: *Tumble Down The Years* and *Deserve* are gentle pop; *Go!* is whimsical and English; *Rich* and *Built-In Bastard Radar* alternative and spiky; *House* is almost a homage to Massive Attack. As a result, there is a sense of unease that is both provocative and slightly unsettling.

The two subsequent albums, *Anoraknophobia* and *Marbles*, would mark Marillion's re-emergence from their era of flux, so this nice reissue, complete with a 36-page hardcover booklet, offers a sense of context that the original could not. Inside the booklet are passport photos of some of the 700 fans that submitted them for inclusion. Here was the germ of Marillion's new model of finance and of dealing directly with their customers that is now an industry standard. Therein, perhaps, is the lasting significance of *marillion.com*.

■■■■■■■■■

Jon Hotten

Various Artists

Rebel Rock METRO SELECT

Rockers rule!



If you only need a single fix of rockabilly, this double CD may well be it. *Rebel Rock* strikes a near perfect balance between out-and-out classics and little known gems. Opening with Gene Vincent's *Be Bop A Lula*, Jerry Lee Lewis's, *High School Confidential*, Carl Perkins's *Blue Suede Shoes*, Eddie Cochran's *Skinny Jim* and Buddy

Holly's *Rock Around With Ollie Vee*, it moves on through Johnny Burnette, Johnny Cash, Charlie Feathers, Charlie Rich, Wanda Jackson, a rare Roy Orbison song *Domino*, some one-hit wonders like Jody Reynolds's suicide epic *Endless Sleep* and cult biscuits like Sleepy LaBeef's *All The Time*, and Billy Lee Riley's *Flying Saucer Rock'n'Roll*.

Not all the participants on *Rebel Rock* are household names. Some were coming in the door of Sun Records as Elvis was leaving and never sold a record outside of East Memphis. A few, like Marvin Rainwater and Webb Pierce, were really country singers, flirting with rock on the promise of girls and money, but there are also total gems among the obscure like Barbara Pittman – one of the few women who recorded on Sun – whose *I Need A Man* tries to sound like a female Gene Vincent. On a collection of 50 songs, every track can't be a winner, but on *Rebel Rock* the percentage is high enough to be outstanding.

■■■■■■■■■

Mick Farren

Mother's Army

The Complete

Discography EAR MUSIC

Supergroup's three-disc set.



Latterly, you'd be mistaken for seeing the name and thinking they

had links with branches of the mumsnet website who had ambitions on government by any means necessary. Happily, Mother's Army was the brainchild of former Night Ranger guitarist Jeff Watson and bassist Bob Daisley. Joe Lynn Turner might have sung on all three albums, but he only registers songwriting credits on their last release; 1998's *Fire On The Moon*. By then, drummer Carmine Appice had left (he's apparently flighty, look at his CV) and been replaced by Ansley Dunbar.

Their self-titled debut from 1993 was the band at their best; unreconstructed hard rock typified by the rolling *By Your Side* and *Darkside*. They may have been out of step with the times, but it would have quickly become a staple of FM radio in another era. Which makes 1997's *Planet Earth* all the more quizzical. Lyrically, it leans heavily on the dissolution of the earth's resources and its tone reflects the words; it's ruminative and downbeat.

Which probably put people off picking up album number three.

This is a shame as Turner, especially, is on bullish form as the band career between punchy rockers and ubiquitous power ballads. There was a great band lost somewhere between.



Philip Wilding

Something Corporate

Played In Space UNIVERSAL

Retrospective collection heralds band's return.



For those who missed Something Corporate's 15 minutes in the spotlight, they managed an EP and two albums and then, like so many young bands before them, crashed, disentangled themselves from the wreckage and walk away from it all.

Singer and pianist Andrew McMahon founded the highly recommended Jack's Mannequin before battling acute leukaemia. But for a band who showed so much promise, their quiet demise was a surprising one. With a fan-base that encompassed everyone from Dashboard Confessional fans

and people who liked Billy Joel in his quieter moments to everyone who watched shows like *Dawson's Creek*, they looked set for a career of platinum albums and an inevitable break-up when one of them started dating a Kardashian.

Happily, McMahon's recovered and the band are back playing together again, as are Jack's Mannequin. Which could go some way to explaining the one new song on this double-disc collection, the contemplative and aptly titled, *Wait*. It won't startle any Something Corporate fans to hear that it's understated; smart, melodic, erudite and piano led. Something Corporate, it's safe to assume, have still got it.

Elsewhere, there's the hard to get *Konstantine*, a florid nine minutes plus that shows the band stepping out of their comfort zone and sounding all the better for it. There are a few B-sides and extras from other albums too, but in the main, this collection is culled from the band's two studio albums: *Leaving Through The Window* and its more downbeat successor, *North*. Buy them both.



Philip Wilding

The Fall

The Marshall Suite CHERRY RED

The Brian Clough of Manc-rock on almost match-fit form.



First released in 1999, The Fall's 24th album marked the point at which Mark E Smith's high critical standing began to crumble. It was recorded in the wake of the singer's disastrous drunken meltdown in New York, when he was arrested for attacking his then-girlfriend, keyboard player Julia Nagle. The band fell apart but Nagle, with admirable grace, stayed on to shape their new line-up and sound.

Despite this nasty episode, and their heavy reliance on cover versions and recycled material, the album still sounds unusually focussed and eclectic for the latterday Fall. Highlights include the rowdy garage-rock singalong *Touch Sensitive*, which later soundtracked a car commercial, and the surprisingly tender love ballad *Birthday Song*. Even the vintage rockabilly cover *F-Olding Money* belts along with a gleeful retro-trash bounce, while Nagle's throbbing Italo-disco piano in *On My Own* is an enjoyably surreal touch.

There are inevitably a few inessential makeweights among the alternate mixes, live and radio session tracks collected in this deluxe triple-disc reissue. But worth hearing is the baroque orchestral rave-pop remix of *Touch Sensitive* and Smith's rant-punk demolition of the New York Dolls tune *Jet Boy*, half garbled homage and half puckish satire. In such rare moments, the exhilaratingly spiky spirit of classic-era Fall is still vaguely discernible through the fog.



Stephen Dalton

Bob Dylan

Studs Terkel's Wax

Museum LEFT FIELD MEDIA

Only obsessives need apply.



This CD is strictly an artefact for Dylanologists, barely qualifying as entertainment. Studs Terkel was an icon of the American left, a broadcaster, author and an irritatingly down-home chronicler of the common man. His radio show *Studs Terkel's Wax Museum* ran on WFMT in Chicago for 45 years.

When Dylan appeared on the show in April 1963, he was still

posing as the new Woody Guthrie. But in conversation with Terkel – who is simultaneously ass-kissing and condescending – he reveals an early Dylan obliqueness that would later become his hallmark. There's even a snippy moment when Terkel demands that Dylan play *A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall* live on the show while Bob figures Studs might as well just spin the record.

Under the guise of paternal affability, Terkel goes on to point out that a number of the songs that Dylan performs – including *Farewell*, *John Brown*, and even *A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall* – are actually rewrites of venerable folk songs, and also calls Bob out on a very fanciful story that at age 10 he actually saw Woody Guthrie and had his life changed.

If *Studs Terkel's Wax Museum* proves anything it's why Dylan wanted to get the hell away from the traditional left and past that sundering moment at the 1966 Newport Folk Festival when Pete Seeger tried to cut the power to Bob's electric band with an axe. Yer commies are like that.



Mick Farren



The Pirates

Shakin' With The Devil: The Best Of... SALVO

Unsurpassable swashbuckling R&B that rose from the unlikely ashes of a 60s pop fancy.

Julien Temple's affectionate documentary *Oil City Confidential* served to remind us old hands just how wonderful a band Dr Feelgood were, while also introducing whole new generations to their charms. Hopefully, this compilation will go at least part of the way towards giving a similar profile boost to their only serious rivals for the late-70s pub-rock R&B crown.

Getting back together in 1976, a decade after their original leader Johnny Kidd was killed in a road accident, the powerhouse trio of guitarist Mick Green, bassist and singer Johnny Spence and drummer Frank Farley concocted a fiery storm of three-chord thunder, raising their glasses in the directions of not only old school blues merchants, but noisier ruffians like The Yardbirds, The Who and Slade, while simultaneously scaring the scruffy shirts off punk's young pretenders.

They were always more "punk" than the Feelgoods, even when their exemplary musicianship (Fender-toting Green especially)

seemed at odds with the DIY ethic of most gobby young upstarts. Arguably the hardest-working band of their time, regularly notching up 200 gigs a year, it's fitting that about a quarter of the 52 tracks included on these two discs are live recordings; venomous reworkings of material first recorded by the likes of Big Joe Turner, Rufus Thomas, Chuck Berry and Johnny Burnette.

Yet, while blatantly wearing their bygone influences on their sleeves (*Johnny B Goode's Good*), original songs penned by Green were a perfect fit for the urgency and brevity of the period. All three of the group's studio albums feature in their entirety, with Green extolling the virtues of his favourite guitars (*Gibson Martin Fender*), referencing their original frontman's finest hour (*Shake Hands With The Devil*), and celebrating the gang mentality of a touring band (the anthemic *All This Together*).

The Pirates: proper dirty blues'n'roll.

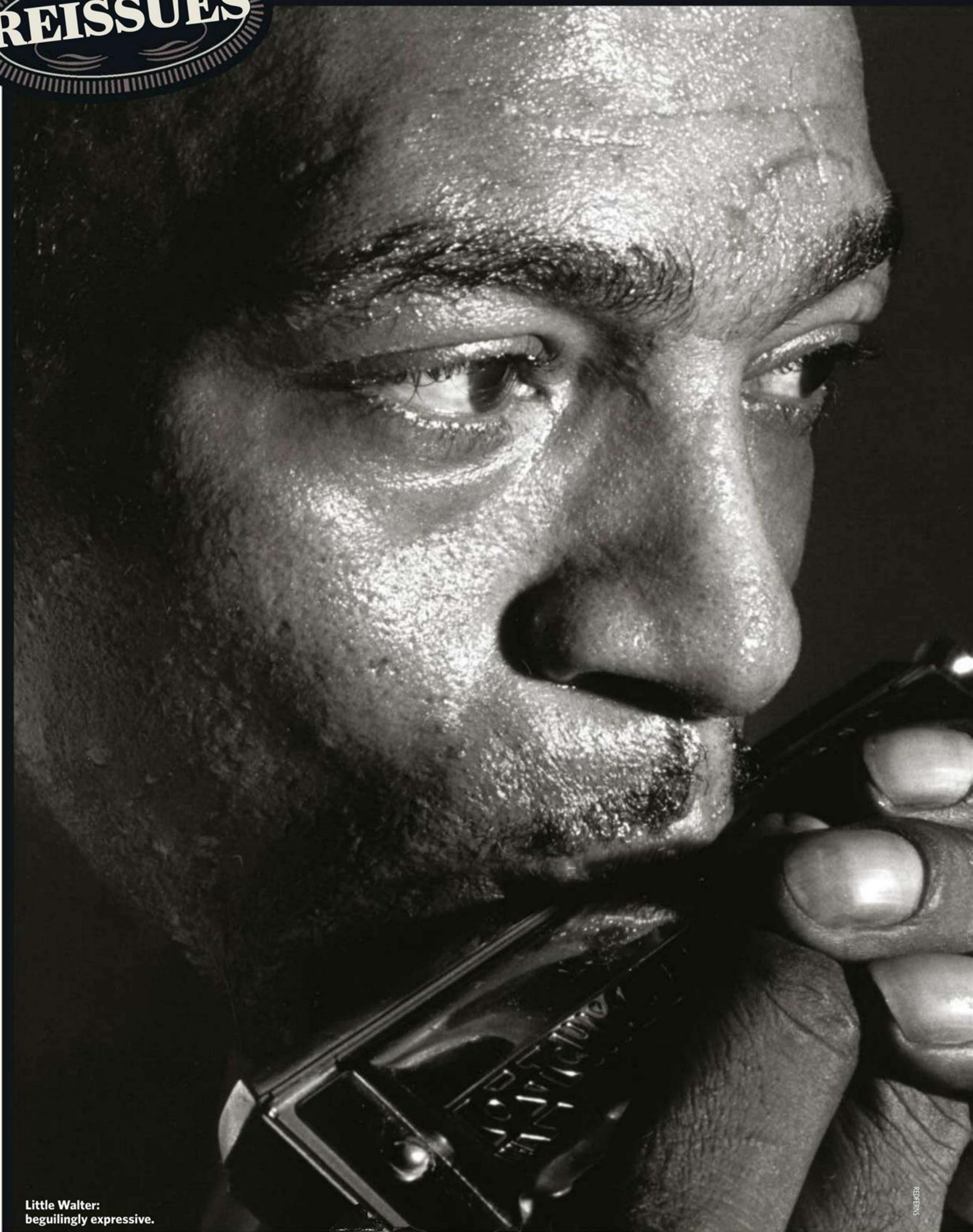


Green died last year, just shy of his 66th birthday, by which time he'd established himself as an A-list guitar-for-hire, working extensively with Van Morrison, Bryan Ferry, and, perhaps most notably, Paul McCartney when the former Fab was on a roots kick, returning to Liverpool's Cavern club and recording entire albums of rock'n'roll chestnuts. It's likely their paths first crossed back in the 60s, but it was almost certainly this incendiary 70s output that fuelled the collaboration.



Terry Staunton

THE HARD STUFF REISSUES



Little Walter:
beguilingly expressive.

REDPERNS

Blues Greats GEFFEN



The first time I met the blues I was a teenager in the 1960s struggling to learn to play the electric guitar. These records came pouring into British shops hot on the heels of The Rolling Stones and they were an absolute revelation – music of such power and musicians of such virtuosity that made almost everything I had heard before seem trivial. I said, “I’m always gonna love this music!” Now I am old I can confirm this – pretty much all the music that has moved me and taken up residence in my soul is never more than two or three steps from the blues – the enduring greatness of The Rolling Stones at their best and all the way down Highway 61 and beyond is due to the message from Chicago being received and understood.

The piano-based blues of **Memphis Slim** is perhaps an acquired taste, having an old-fashioned sound, redolent of louche 1940s nightclubs rather than the fierce, electric sounds which transformed rock music in the 1960s.

No such reservation when it comes to the mighty **Howlin' Wolf**. Not only do we have the spine-tingling power of the Wolf's voice, a primeval force seemingly manifested through some spectral, burning-hot tube amplifier, but also the sublime guitar work of Hubert Sumlin – tracks such as *Spoonful* feature some of the most searingly expressive playing ever committed to record. *Smokestack Lightning* is a masterpiece – the relentless guitar riff, fierce harmonica breaks and the Wolf literally howling evoke an epic landscape of lonesome shacks and railroad tracks lit by a flashing electric storm.

Muddy Waters is another undisputed King of Chicago blues and this CD is a good selection of tracks featuring the great blues shouter both with his superb band, and self-accompanied by his distinctive, gut-wrenching, earthy slide guitar. Many of his greatest hits are here, including *Hoochie Coochie Man*... 'I got seven hundred dollars/don't you mess with me' – surely this magnificent and defiant line is the essence of the blues – a salute here to Willie Dixon, the genial Chess Records bass player who composed so many of the genre's greatest songs and earned a place in the front rank of 20th-century songwriters.

Sometime in the early 70s, somewhere on Canvey Island, Dr Feelgood were about to start their first rehearsal. Like any local band we just wanted to play our favourite music for weekend kicks – blues music was not in vogue at that time, so we had decided to learn some pop songs for our repertoire in order to get work. Lee Brilleaux put a Little Walter record (I think it was *Juke*) on the turntable. At the first blast of that harmonica I shouted: “Sod the pop music – let’s just play this stuff!” It sounded so good!

Little Walter, a one-time member of Muddy Waters's band, was a morose and violent man who came to a violent end. I saw him playing in Newcastle in 1968 and he scowled at the ecstatic audience throughout his set. But what a sound he made! This CD contains his essential work.

Another great harmonica man well represented here is the very, very cool Mr **Sonny Boy Williamson**. His high, tremulous voice is beguilingly expressive, as is his harmonica work and he was a showman who could employ such

tomfoolery as playing harmonica with his nose to entertain his audience. With his bowler hat and jazz-type beard he became a great favourite with British audiences in the 1960s, often appearing on TV.

The **Buddy Guy** CD contains a couple of tracks (*Hoochie Coochie Man* and *Five Long Years*) that should really be attributed to Buddy Guy's long-time collaborator Junior Wells – it is his voice and harmonica we hear, but that's no bad thing – in fact a separate CD of Buddy Guy and Junior Wells would merit inclusion in this series. Although Buddy Guy achieved his greatest success in later years working with rock musicians, I really like this purer Chess Records stuff. *The First Time I Met The Blues* is an outstanding track exemplifying his brilliant vocal and guitar powers. In some nightmare forest, Buddy Guy's high, swooping voice sounds like a real cry of terror as he begs 'Blues, don't murder me'. Droning saxophones like waves of horror and stabbing guitar phrases all add up to a strange and powerful performance of a strange and powerful song.

John Lee Hooker was boogie incarnate, whether accompanied simply by his guitar and clicking boot heels or by a band who would struggle to keep up with his eccentric chord changes – eight-bar, ten-bar or thirteen-bar blues, the boogie carries all before it. He was also a prolific, often pseudonymous, recording artist who could make several versions of any one song. This CD kicks off with a rather lightweight version of his hit *Boom Boom* and then ranges over his massive

oeuvre. Hooker was one of the greatest musicians who ever lived – check out Charles Shaar Murray’s monumental tome *Boogie Man* for a fascinating account of his life and work; or simply play this or any of his records and find yourself hypnotised. The intensity of his voice and the booginess of his boogie is unparalleled.

Jimmy Rogers is perhaps less widely celebrated than other artists in this series, but he was a key member of Muddy Waters's finest band (along with Little Walter) and he went on to produce many classic tracks in his own right.

One cavil—the mastering on a couple of these discs is a little slipshod. The EQ and level on, for example, Muddy Waters's *Hoochie Coochie Man* and Howlin' Wolf's *Spoonful* makes them play quieter and less bright than surrounding tracks.

All in all this is a good series of discs presenting the work of some of the foremost exponents of this seminal music – like the man says: “Without the blues there would be no rock’n’roll,” and popular music in general would be a poorer and very different thing. But this music is not simply of academic or historical interest – here are some of the most moving and exciting records ever made, and their power will last a lifetime.

 Little Walter/Sonny Boy Williamson
 Wolf/Muddy/John Lee/Jimmy Rogers
 *Buddy Guy/Memphis Slim*

Wilko Johnson

Wilko Johnson tours the UK with special guest Ian Siegal beginning on September 15. For full details visit www.wilkojohnson.org

‘Here are some of the most moving and exciting records ever made.’



John Waite: maybe not missing you, but missing the charts.

WIREIMAGE

John Waite

On his solo records and singing with The Babys and Bad English, over 30-odd years John Waite has delivered a unique voice.

On 1995's *Temple Bar*, after interest in his solo career had begun to dwindle, John Waite was wise and sage enough to reflect on his moment in the sun, referencing *Missing You*, his massive hit from '84, in the elegiac *Downtown*: 'Do you remember me?/I sang that song you like/I sang that song for free/Now someone else sounds like me'.

Waite has often been criticised, primarily by people who know him only from his hits, as a weary chronicler of love's pitfalls, a songwriter with one shtick: the broken-hearted. Admittedly he's probably bought three houses from singing about the ones that got away, but who else could so vividly imagine a post-apocalyptic Europe (*Euroshima*) or reference Gene Vincent, Vermeer and Verlaine all in one song (*Saturday Night*)? Waite has hidden depths, you just have to root around to find them. He has long been a staple of American radio, and still occasionally makes Radio 2's playlist, even if he didn't break into the charts as often as you might think.

People talk about the unique style and sound of singers like Steve Perry (Journey), although ultimately he wasn't too difficult to clone. But can you think of another singer who sounds like John Waite? From his work with The Babys (even in their later,

new wave guise), as a solo star, with the smoothed-out arena rock of Bad English and back to a solo singer again, Waite's emphatic, clear-cut vocals are one of a kind. As a fleeting musical cameo in the Tarantino-scripted *True Romance* – as Christian Slater and Patricia Arquette take their table in Rae's diner – the few brief bars of *In Dreams* are unmistakably John Waite. That pair's love is going to be hard-fought, much like the figures who often appear in Waite's lyrics.

Waite revisited and reimagined some of his catalogue for his 2006 album *Downtown: Journey Of A Heart*. He turned *Missing You* into a duet with Alison Krauss; Bad English *When I See You Smile* became a jangling, acoustic celebration; *St Patrick's Day* gave credence to the argument that Waite still had his strong-narrative, songwriting smarts. After a five year break he finally returned with the punchier *Rough & Tumble* and a handful of acclaimed live shows.

These days his voice doesn't miss a note, and he captures love's spectrum of colours and shades with an expert eye, John Waite is coming out swinging still.

Philip Wilding

Rough & Tumble is available on CD and vinyl.

Essential Classics



John Waite

No Brakes BGO, 1984

With its ultra-stylised, David Bailey portrait gracing its front cover, and platinum hit single and MTV-friendly video in the shape of *Missing You*, Waite's second solo album didn't so much capture the 80s zeitgeist as stumble and completely smother it. He was, for the first time in his career, in exactly the right place at the right time.

It wasn't just happy coincidence, though. Stellar hit single aside, the songs – the tough-sounding *Tears*, the gentle twang of *Restless Heart*, or his excellent take on Jean Beauvoir's *Dark Side Of The Sun* – constituted a robust track-list that helped define rock music in the mid-80s.



Bad English

Bad English RED LABEL, 1989

With Journey on hiatus, band members Neal Schon and Jonathan Cain reunited with the latter's former bandmates from The Babys, Waite and Ricky Phillips, to form Bad English. They might have had a default setting that was the power ballad, but few bands could carry off the fragile mix of choppy guitars and lingering piano in the same way they did. Fractured love was Waite's stock in trade, as he proved singing his heart out on the huge singles, *Price Of Love* and *When I See You Smile*. They could rock out too, as seen on *Tough Times Don't Last, Best Of What I Got*. What they couldn't do was make a cohesive second album, sadly.

Superior Reputation cementing



The Babys

Broken Heart BGO, 1977

Though their debut had hints of promise, The Babys' second album, *Broken Heart*, was a huge leap in terms of style, sound and production. The latter was down to Ron Nevison, who had similarly sharpened UFO's sound on their recent *Lights Out* album, he gave both bands a more ambitious feel to their songs.

Famously, *Isn't It Time*, with its girl backing singers, orchestral arrangement and horns, gave The Babys their first real hit, although it's with their less bombastic, more refined material, like the title track and *Give Me Your Love*, which is buoyed by Michael Corby's undulating keys, that the band really shine.



John Waite

Mask Of Smiles BGO, 1985

Making the follow-up to *No Brakes* was always going to be a thankless task, but Waite almost pulled it off with this pristine-sounding album.

He was never going to recreate the wave he caused with *Missing You*, but opener and first single *Every Step Of The Way* made a pretty decent fist of it. Much better still was the chiming *Laydown*, which opened with an exultant Waite shouting, 'bollocks!' as the song roared into life, while *Welcome To Paradise* captured the loneliness of living in a bustling New York City. He would later revisit the theme in *Downtown*, but *...Paradise* positively quivers with isolation.

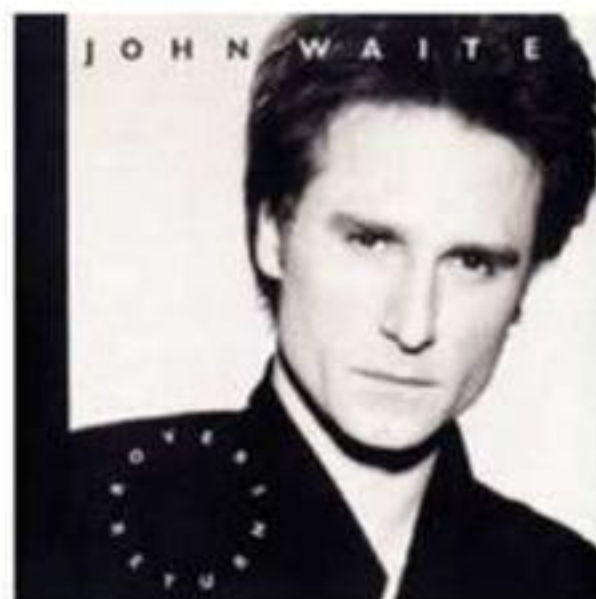


The Babys

Union Jacks ROCK CANDY, 1980

As the 80s dawned, The Babys now included members from both sides of the Atlantic. Which might have had something to do with their getting Keith Olsen (Foreigner, Pat Benatar) to produce their fourth album.

On *Union Jacks*, gone was the orchestral, sometimes sprawling pitch of their previous albums. Instead there were synthesisers, and songs designed with radio in mind. Especially strong were opener *Back On My Feet Again* and *Midnight Rendezvous*, both written with an eye on the emerging new wave market, and Waite shone particularly brightly on the expansive *Union Jack* and the snappy *True Love True Confession*.



John Waite

Rover's Return EMI, 1987

Like *Mask Of Smiles*, *Rover's Return* tried to emulate the success of *No Brakes*, but with little luck. In effect it ended Waite's solo career – or, at the very least, put it on extended hiatus – but at least it let him reference *Coronation Street*.

In retrospect there's not much wrong with *Rover's Return*. Admittedly *These Times Are Hard For Lovers*, the single co-written with Desmond Child, is as blunt as a prehistoric axe, but as a low point it's out of the way pretty quickly. Which leaves plenty of room for the elegiac and bitter *Don't Lose Any Sleep*, the swinging *Wild One* and the quiet celebration that is *Act Of Love*.

Good Worth exploring



John Waite

Ignition ROCK CANDY, 1982

Waite's first solo album leaned heavily on the minor success he'd chalked up with The Babys, but was also a product of its times: a tightly produced, heavily processed record that was aimed straight at radio.

Strangely, its spark never started a fire, even though Waite's performance is impeccable. He leads from the front, gutsy and impassioned, leaning into each song with real verve. Opener *White Heat* is the sound of a man planting his impassioned flag in foreign soil. He makes Holly Knight's *Change* into a real solo standout, and why that song, or *Going To The Top*, didn't become a radio staple that summer is still a mystery.



The Babys

Head First ROCK CANDY, 1979

1978 wasn't a great year for The Babys. First they fired founding member Michael Corby, and then Chrysalis Records rejected the initial set of songs intended to make up *Head First*.

New songs and the addition of Jonathan Cain and Ricky Phillips helped ease those problems, but those early fractures helped set the tone for the disparate nature of the band's third album. It's at its best with the razor-sharp *Love Don't Prove I'm Right*, the rattling title track, and the big-ballad hit *Every Time I Think Of You*. Sadly, though, the plain silly *White Lightning*, the dawdling *Please Don't Leave Me Here* and the aimless *California* all help to drag the album down.



John Waite

Rough & Tumble FRONTIERS, 2011

Waite took everything back to basics with a leaner and grittier album and an extensive club tour to sell it on.

Co-written with Kyle Cook of Matchbox 20, *Rough & Tumble* highlights Waite's undiminished vocals, and captivating wordplay when it comes to matters of the heart. He's never better than when ruing the one that got away – see the gentle *If You Ever Get Lonely* or the enigmatic and wry *Better Off Gone* for proof. He revisits his *Ignition* debut by redoing *Mr Wonderful*, and is cool, cynical and smart on the droll vignette *Love's Goin' Out Of Style*, with its saxophone and organ slowly climbing the walls – much like the album's production.

Avoid



Bad English

Backlash RED LABEL, 1991

Prescient enough to entitle the album with what they thought might be coming, *Backlash* had actually called it a day before *Backlash* had even been mixed. Phillips and Schon, according to legend, wanted a tougher sounding record, others less so. Whatever the reasons, this was the sound of a band adrift after a huge, platinum debut.

Backlash didn't even sell enough to go gold. Mechanical and soulless, songs like *Time Stood Still*, the truly horrible opener *So This Is Eden* and the processed horn stabs of *Dancing Off The Edge Of The World* sounded flat-footed and out of time. Not even *Straight To Your Heart* could crack the Top 40.

Essential Playlist

Restless Heart

No Brakes

Broken Heart

Broken Heart

Downtown

Temple Bar

Welcome To Paradise

Mask Of Smiles

Tough Times Don't Last

Bad English

Back On My Feet Again

Union Jacks

Change

Ignition

How Did I Get By Without You

Temple Bar

Don't Walk Away

Bad English

Euroshima

No Brakes

Postcard

On The Edge

St Patrick's Day

Downtown: Journey Of A Heart

Love's Goin' Out Of Style

Rough & Tumble

Darker Side Of Town

On The Edge

Wild One

Rover's Return

Straight To Your Heart

Backlash



Corey Taylor: offering a peek into a unique psyche.

Corey Taylor

Seven Deadly Sins: Settling The Argument Between Born Bad And Damaged Good EBURY PRESS



Slipknot frontman rewrites the cardinal no-nos.

Simply a cursory scan of the epigraph in this publishing debut from the Slipknot and Stone Sour frontman indicates that this might be a quite different proposition than your usual rock star autobiography: erudite proclamations from Mark Twain and William Blake sit next to James Hetfield's wistful musing "Fuck it all and fuck it – no regrets...". As stall-setting indicators go (even though it's a misquote), it's an accurate summation of what follows.

Starting with the premise that the seven deadly sins are nothing of the sort, rather just aspects of human nature that can be as empowering as they are overwhelming, Taylor guides us through the list Wrath, Lust, Envy et al with personal anecdotes and some homespun wisdom, eventually proposing an updated list of 'real' sins ('the new magnificent seven') including murder, child abuse and torture. And if all that sounds a little heavy, fear not – there's enough humour, manic energy and flat-out ball-busting prose to shine a light in even the darkest corners of Taylor's occasionally harrowing formative years.

It must be said the man is a natural born storyteller. The energy with which the prose rips across the page is exhausting at times – sort of a beat-ish stream-of-consciousness funnelled into a gonzo style with numerous caffeinated

digressions – to wit: 'I was twenty-two years old, a hard-on with a pulse, wretched and vice-ridden... too much to burn and not enough minutes in an hour to do so,' and: "The halo of liquor was giving way to the horns of ingenuity, and I was revelling in the moment, sober enough to appreciate it and drunk enough not to take notes."

Amid the polemic, tale-telling and blustering rants though are some genuinely wise insights (the pieces on greed and vanity particularly strong), with good analyses of the financial crisis and the black hole of celebrity culture. The chapter on his boyhood in Waterloo, Iowa ("a cornucopia of racism, malicious intent, and ignorant torrents of pain") makes extremely uncomfortable reading: raped by his best friend, bullied and neglected, awash in addiction and violence – the seven sins condensed into daily routine.

At times the balance between self-effacement and self-aggrandisement tips too far towards the latter, and the contrast between confessional, heart wrought passages and semi-boastful tales of lurid backstage sexual antics (five-way water sports anyone?) can grate a little. As a slice of entertainment and a peek into a unique psyche however, it's one hell of a read.

■■■■■■■■■■

Tim Batcup

Worldwide Gothic: A Chronicle Of A Tribe

Natasha Scharf

INDEPENDENT MUSIC PRESS

Break out the black lace and purple satin...

"Is that still going on?" chuckled Siouxsie Sioux when Natasha Scharf asked her about Goth in 2002. The woman variously described by fans on this book's opening page as 'the ice queen' and 'the hot goddess' might have known. As Nick Cave opined: "When the big bomb goes off, all that's going to survive are Goths and cockroaches." Not only has Goth endured since being declared dead by the UK media in the early 90s, it's flourished across the planet, from Germany's Schwarze Scene to Japan's kei movement. As the book reports amid numerous interviews, old Goths like Bauhaus and (debatably) Joy Division are more revered than ever, while new music from the likes of Anna Calvi and Esben And The Witch is surely Goth by any other name. It's also a fashion genre (appropriated by even Rihanna and Lady Gaga), as the many photographs demonstrate. A surprisingly colourful tribute.

■■■■■■■■■■

Chris Roberts

Overkill: The Untold Story Of Motörhead

Joel McIver OMNIBUS

Warts and all.

Like his facial moles, Lemmy has been an obdurately permanent presence on the rock countenance since the mid-70s. Too metal to be punk, too punk to be metal, Motörhead belong squarely in the category marked 'Motörhead' and, ploughing relentlessly in their narrow but effective furrow, have deservedly endured. Indeed, it's Joel McIver's contention that Motörhead have, if anything, improved, despite a shifting line-up and entourage involving an improbable number of blokes named Phil. McIver believes it's Lemmy's bass style, noisy and rhythm guitar-like, which has always distinguished them, especially live. Although not involved in this book, it's Lemmy who inevitably dominates, his familiarly deadpan, offhand reminiscences judiciously selected by McIver from the archives and his own past interviews with the man.

...my emerges as a complex

species of rock'n'roll animal; druggy but anti-heroin, and at times commendably anti sexist. And, despite his memorabilia, he's no Nazi sympathiser. "I'm really not in favour of Hitler. I've got two black girlfriends at home." Despite being pushed around by the industry and other groups over the years, Lemmy's still standing and is well worthy of this admiring, unpatronising but nonetheless frequently hilarious account.

■■■■■■■■■■

David Stubbs

Nirvana Treasures

Gillian G Gaar CARLTON

Grunge gospel... now with added tat!



Have you heard of this band Nirvana?

They were

from Seattle and they invented grunge and their singer shot himself. Should you wish to find out more, there are entire forests that have been felled to regurgitate the thin tale across countless books and magazines. The books spike around anniversaries – it's the 20th anniversary of *Nevermind* this year, so expect to see Kurt scowling soulfully from a few magazine covers in September – but the t-shirts, remasters, reissues, unseen photos and rare final interviews are a money spinner at any time. The Nirvana industry is a bit like that *Human Centipede* movie, where mouths are surgically connected to anuses and the same shit passes through many bodies. This is a nice coffee table book that includes facsimiles of tickets, flyers, set lists and other assorted Nirvana tat. As unofficial unauthorised cash-ins go, this is a very handsome one.

■■■■■■■■■■

Tommy Udo

Lou Reed

Lollapalooza Live SISTER RAY

It gets better...

Someone missed a trick here: this in-concert DVD – recorded live in Chicago in 2009 – should have been called LollapaLOUza. With colour so desaturated it ends up rendering a blazing summer day as wintry monochrome, and a sound mix so eccentric that backing vocals are barely audible until halfway through, this show combines almost equal doses of frustration and exhilaration. How can a team of superb musicians

(of whom electric upright bass player Rob Wasserman and guitarist Steve Hunter are merely the most stellar) be given arrangements that render a classic repertoire – including the likes of *Sweet Jane*, *I'm Waiting For The Man* and *Dirty Blvd* – so uninteresting? Reed is, after all, a nonpareil street-poet, one of rock's most charismatic nonsingers and a musical innovator whose influence still reverberates.

What makes this almost worth the price of admission is the encore of *Walk On The Wild Side*, uniting the audience in woozy euphoric celebration of difference, not to mention the final spectacle of the one-time Phantom Of Rock – the man who, as Lester Bangs so memorably phrased it, “gave dignity and poetry and rock’n’roll to smack, speed, homosexuality, sadomasochism, murder, misogyny, stumblebum passivity and suicide” – leading a massive crowd of stoned, sunburnt teenagers in a singalong that goes... ‘Doot-dee-doot-dee-doot.’

Charles Shaar Murray

AC/DC

Let There Be Rock

WARNER HOME VIDEO

A Parisian bon-bon.



For a band who would go on to record the second-biggest selling album of all-time, AC/DC remain culturally unremarked upon. Outside of the insular world of the music press, they have gained no favour at all. No broadsheet examines their significance, no documentary maker seeks their view. They are disregarded, and not taken seriously at all.

Here is a concert film that illuminates their appeal, and answers some questions about the force that AC/DC exert. It was shot in Paris in 1979, months before the death of Bon Scott, and it catches the band in the raw flush of youth. They are lascivious, libidinous, hungry for everything the world can offer them. Scott, who imbues the classic riffs of the Young brothers with a swaggering, nudge-and-a-wink larrikin style, is the focal point, a magnetic presence that set AC/DC apart.

It's easy to see how his loss inspired one of the masterpieces of the genre. He left behind plenty too: *Live Wire*, *Highway To*

Hell, *High Voltage* and *Whole Lotta Rosie*, all featured here, are every bit as good as anything that followed.



Jon Hotten

Black Sabbath FAQ

Martin Popoff BACKBEAT BOOKS

Same old story, slightly differently packaged.

This book is not an FAQ – unless one of your FAQs is ‘Rank the Black Sabbath albums by sound quality’, or ‘Black Sabbath and Black Widow: what’s the difference?’ Its subtitle – *All That’s Left To Know On The First Name In Metal* – is nonsensical too, and the packaging of its concept is a mess. All of which is a shame, because there is some nice material here amid the umpteenth re-telling of the tale: a revealing interview with Craig Gruber, who replaced Geezer Butler for nine months as *Heaven And Hell* was conceived in Los Angeles, for example, and an exhaustive list of alternative takes from early album sessions especially stand out.



Jon Hotten

No More Sad Refrains: Sandy Denny

Clinton Heylin OMNIBUS PRESS

Long way down to misery.

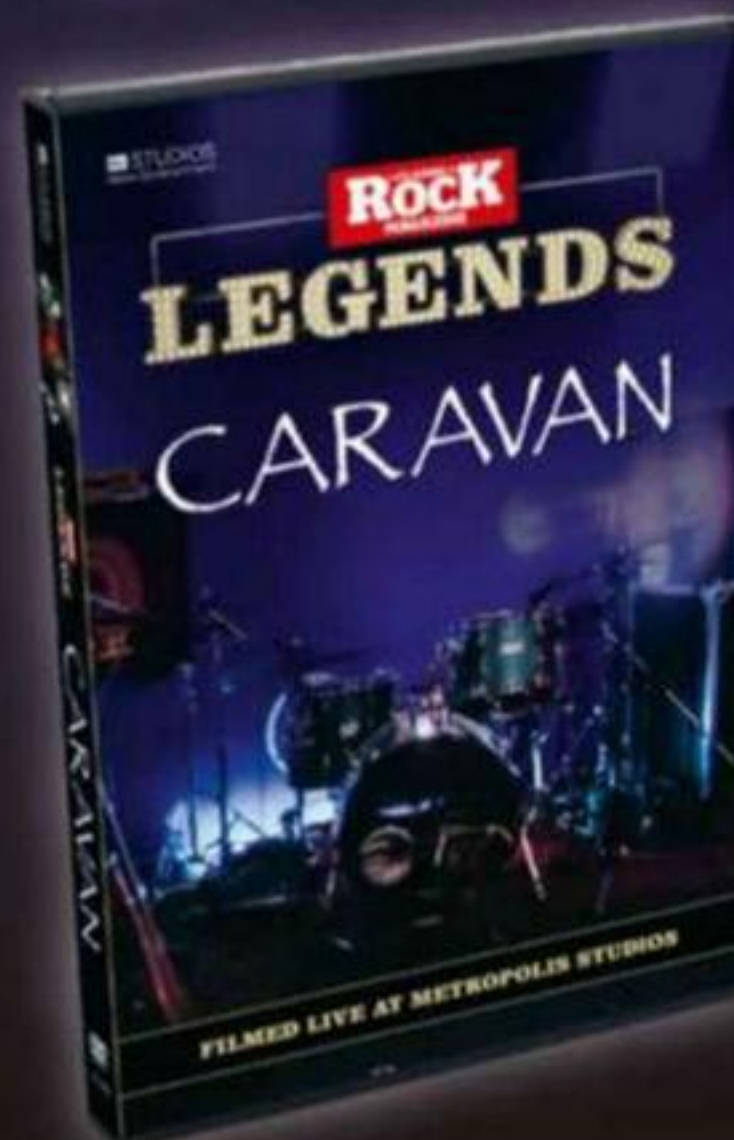
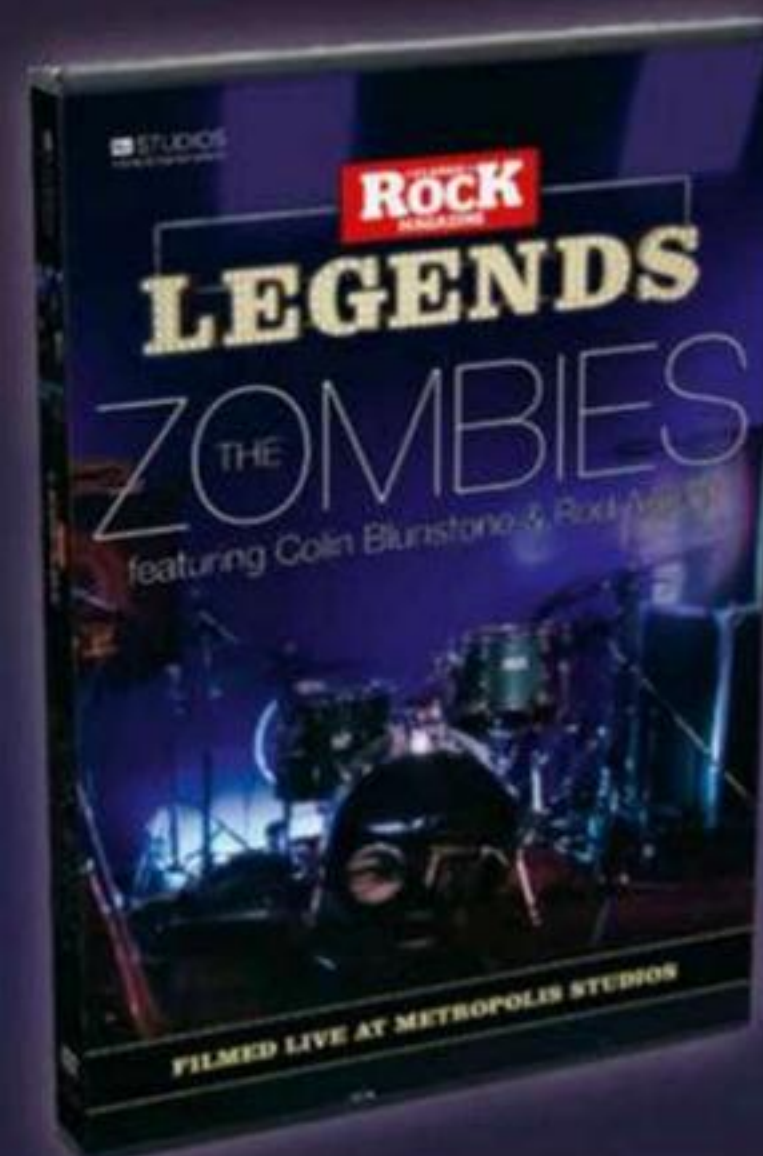
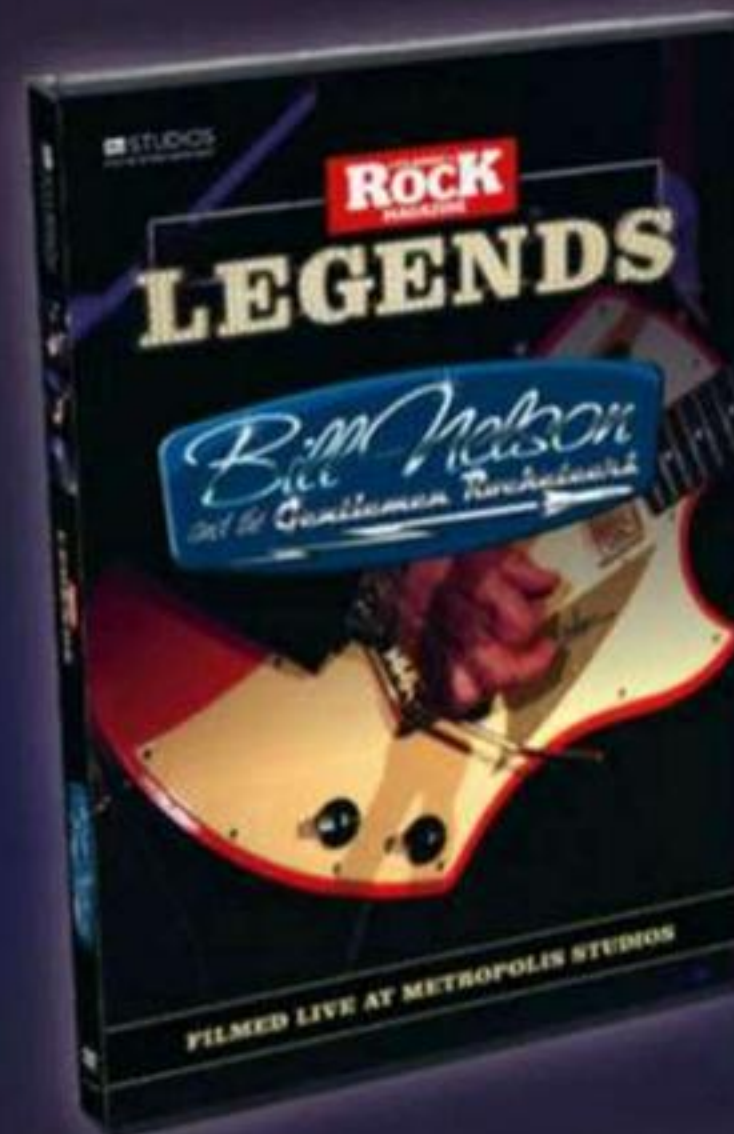
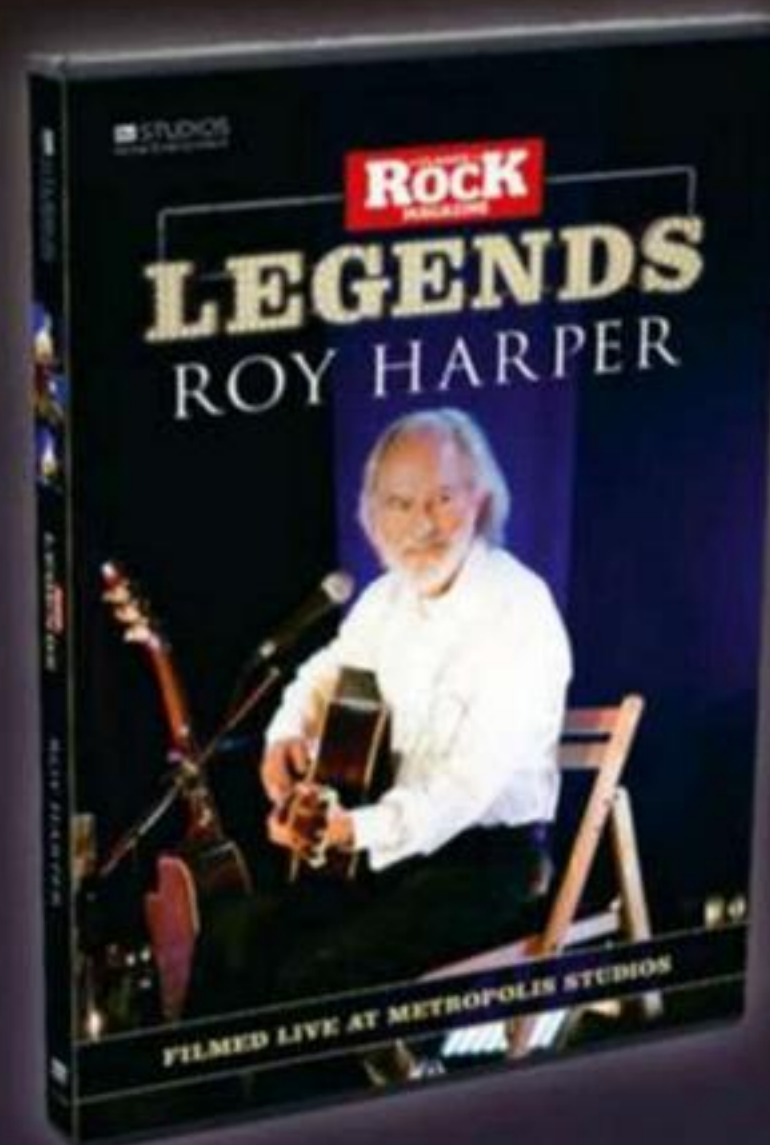
Although she was highly regarded by Led Zeppelin, Pete Townshend and her own folk, poor Sandy Denny was never cut from happy cloth. Her heroine was Janis Joplin, and like her Denny suffered a constant confidence crisis. “I don’t look like the dolly-bird singer,” she lamented. Clinton Heylin’s reconstruction of Denny’s 31 years is a tragedy waiting to happen. En route, affectionate insights from Colin Irwin and Karl Dallas raise the mood, while descriptions of the making of Fairport Convention’s *Liege & Lief* (“heavy traditional folk music”) should send you scurrying back to the source.

Denny’s demise wasn’t entirely self-inflicted, but she made some bad decisions, not least in marrying Trevor Lucas. Motherhood didn’t save her; drunken falls and concussion did her in. There are some stark naked quotes from Sandy that sum her up. “It isn’t going right,” she once remarked. “But I don’t know how right I want it to go.” Gloomy.



Max Bell

CLASSIC ROCK MASTERCLASSES



All DVDs include interviews

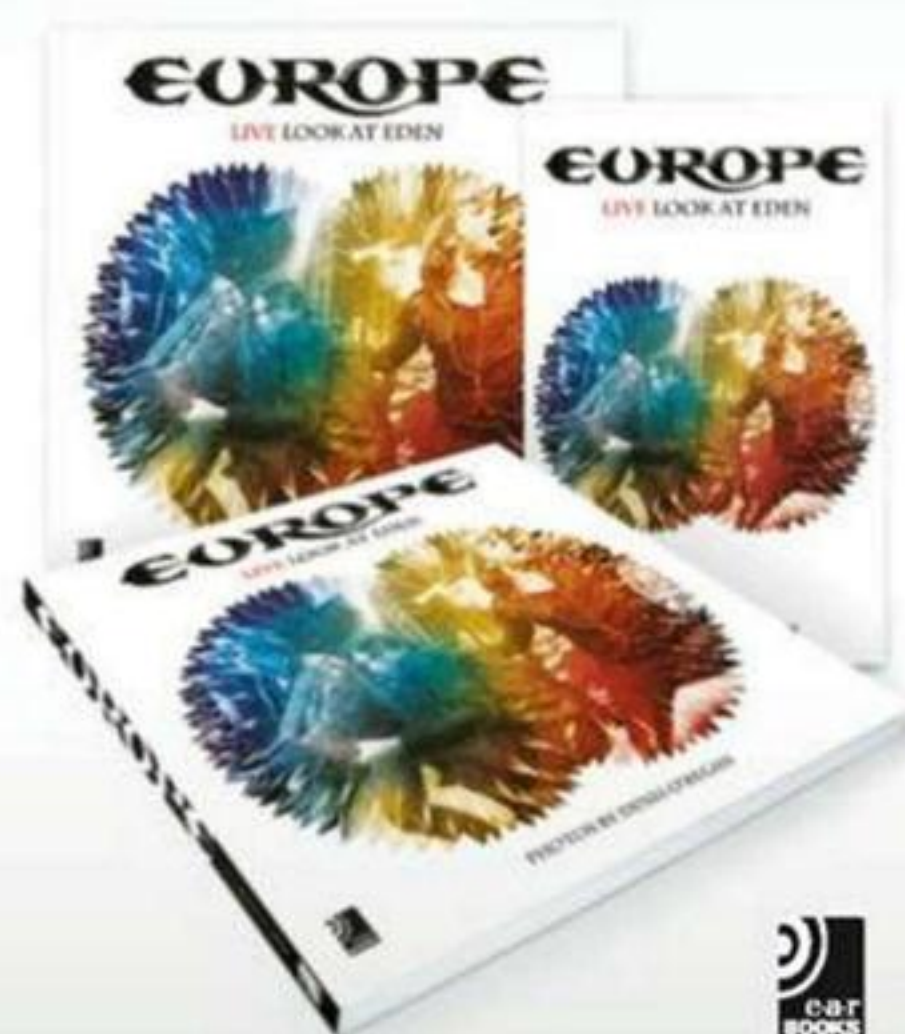
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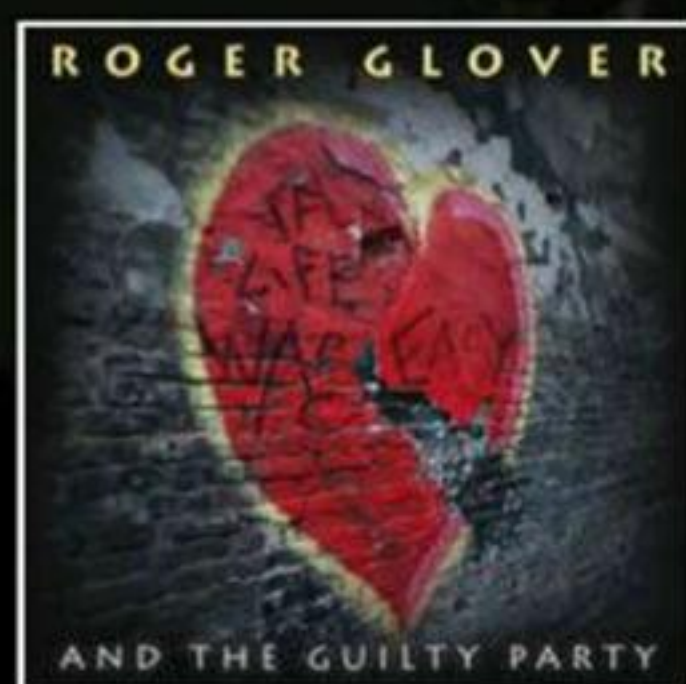
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★ Star Letter

Far be it from me to moan about the number of rock festivals out there at the moment... but I'm going to moan about the number of rock festivals out there at the moment.

Just look at everything that's gone on over the last few months. You've got Download (£155 for a weekend ticket), Sonisphere (£180), High Voltage (£99), and that's not including Reading (if you like that sort of thing, which I do). It's great that there's room for them all, but if you're the sort of person like me who likes some of the bands on all of the bills, you're either going to miss out on shitloads of great live music or be utterly bankrupt and/or divorced by the end of the summer.

I can't be the only person who thinks that things are starting to be spread a bit thin festival-wise, and that it's rock fans who are losing out in the long run. Yes, you can pick and choose, but imagine if the Big Four, Def Leppard, System Of A Down, Muse and Judas Priest were all playing in the same place on the same weekend (preferably with guaranteed nice weather). I'd be up for shelling out a few more quid to see 'em.

So what about one giant rock festival next year? Three killer days, three killer headliners, loads of brilliant music in one place, Bob Halford's your uncle. Get Van Halen, Pearl Jam and the re-formed Led Zeppelin to headline and you can't go wrong. Come on, *Classic Rock*, sort it out.

Keith Patterson, Whitby

You're not the only one to have brought this up - one huge, all-you-can-eat festival would be rather special. Sadly, we don't have any say in who headlines what (except High Voltage - you're welcome...), though you'd like to think that someone out there who does might be listening. On the other hand, the campaign to get Van Halen back over starts here.

Every month, the Star Letter wins a fine bottle of Islay Single Malt Smokehead Whisky. Enjoy. And remember: Smokehead encourages responsible drinking.



used this to rest his voice. These singers have to accept when it's time to call it a day, or just drop the key a little to suit them. Using tricks to cover what you cannot do does not a live show make.

Ray, London

DO THE MATHS

Thanks for the feature on Def Leppard in the July 2011 issue. (Smashing cover, by the way.) However, the inimitable Mick Wall claims that *Sounds* magazine did a 360-turn on Def Leppard, going from championing the band to lambasting it. But to do a 360 would imply that the magazine had come full circle on the band, coming right back to DL being in the publication's graces. Would it not be more apt to say that the staff at sounds did a 180-degree turn?

Jedd Beaudoin, Wichita, USA

Geometry was never our strong point - Maths Ed.

THE POO FIGHTERS

I went to see Kings Of Leon at Hyde Park recently and witnessed a phenomenon which I hadn't seen since Donington 1986. Namely, the throwing of piss in pint glasses. An act which I never took part in or understood.

I was talking to a friend who saw Kings Of Leon at Sunderland Stadium and she said the crowd there were not only throwing urine but also shit in plastic bags! Am I getting old or is this just totally fucking disgusting?

D Robinson, Northumberland

It's totally disgusting, D. I mean, why would anyone go to Sunderland? (Sorry, cheap joke - couldn't resist it.)

DANCING QUEEN

Damn and bugger, you guys have done it again. Just when I thought that's it, I have enough CDs to last me a lifetime - well I'm pushing hard on the door of 60, that's around 45 years of vinyl, tapes and CDs - you blow me away with this month's free CD, *Buzz*. Give me a break, please - I need to stop or the house will cave in. Next month how about putting ABBA on the CD - that will cure me from ever listening to music again.

Ian Wells, Kings Lynn

THE DEREK SHERINIAN FAN CLUB WRITES

I've been to a lot of gigs. Some have been extraordinarily special, like The Who at Charlton, or watching Thin Lizzy from the sidelines at Hammersmith during their *Johnny The Fox* tour. But nothing prepared me for Black Country Communion at High Voltage - they were genuinely awesome. Their set was, for me, the highlight of the two days. God, they were good! I have a new respect for Glenn Hughes - a great voice and bass playing of the highest order. Jason Bonham is one of the best drummers I've heard. Derek Sherinian was ace and Joe Bonamassa was clearly in his element in a rock band.

The musicianship is all there and the quality of the songs is first class. When they ripped into Deep Purple's *Burn* at the end, well I'll admit there was a tear of joy in my eye. Two cracking albums - now we

need a tour. The world needs to see and hear this band live. Thanks, *Classic Rock*, for the recent feature on BCC and for High Voltage, still the rock event of the year. You have a very happy subscriber!

David Lusher, via email

"HERE'S A DRUM SOLO FOR YA!"

I read Malcom Dome's review of the Whitesnake show and could not

agree more with his comments regarding the state of David Coverdale's voice.

The sound was atrocious, as the levels were mixed to hide Coverdale's imperfections in his voice. That's not to say I did not enjoy the show, and seeing Bernie Marsden take stage with the man was a highlight, but the tedious drum and guitar solos were value for money - and

David Coverdale

CR161: geometrically incorrect. Apparently.



"The crowd were throwing shit in plastic bags. Am I getting old, or is that fucking disgusting?"

THE HARD STUFF QUIZ

Think you know your rock - not to mention your roll? See how many of these questions you can answer, and how many record labels you can identify from the details pictured.



1. What do you get if you add the title of Rush's '76 album to Van Halen's '86 album and Yes's '83 album?

2. On which Pink Floyd album's front cover can you see the cover of another album?

3. In which band was original bassist Muzz Skillings replaced by Doug Wimbish in 1992?

4. Name the Barclay James Harvest associate who went on to form The Enid in 1974?

5. He's a legendary multi-instrumentalist American

musician best known as a piano player and songwriter, who as well as releasing solo albums was a contributor to Phil Spector's wall of sound in the 60s, and has played with artists including Elton John, Eric Clapton, The Beach Boys, Frank Sinatra, Bob Dylan and The Rolling Stones. Who is he?

6. Which band have the drummers Mark Brzezicki, Les Warner, Mickey Curry, Scott Garrett and Matt Sorum all played with?

7. What are the real names of classic-era Damned members Dave Vanian,

Brian James, Captain Sensible and Rat Scabies?

8. In which order were *Electric Ladyland* (Jimi Hendrix), *Led Zeppelin* (their first album) and *Disraeli Gears* (Cream) released in the UK?

9. What are the Christian names of the Giles brothers who were both members of King Crimson, and which instrument did each play?

10. Which of Iron Maiden's studio albums opens with *Invaders*, closes with *Hallowed Be Thy Name* and also includes the hit *Run To The Hills*?

11. In which year were *Who Made Who* (AC/DC), *A Kind Of Magic* (Queen), *Orgasmatron* (Motörhead) and *Slippery When Wet* (Bon Jovi) all released?

12. Of Eric Clapton, Jimmy Page, Jimi Hendrix and Jeff Beck, who is the youngest?

13. Of the Big Four (Metallica, Anthrax, Slayer and Megadeth), which one released the first album?

14. Which legendary 60s West Coast band included Bryan MacLean, Johnny Echols, Ken Forssi and Alban 'Snoopy' Pfisterer, along with their late

guitarist/singer who is much better remembered?

15. Which is the only record by The Who to have reached No.1 in the UK?

16. What is Syd Barrett's real name?

17. Which of the labels pictured above was named to sound like the combination of the names of its two founders?

18. Which of the above labels was once home to Deep Purple, ELO, Syd Barrett and Kevin Ayers?

Answers on p99

IT'S COMING... MACHINE HEAD



"This is gonna be fucking awesome!"
ROBB FLYNN

ON SEPTEMBER 26th, **HAMMER** PRESENTS
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UNTO THE LOCUST



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their massive Mayhem tour happening this summer, this is the ultimate companion to the long-awaited follow-up to *The Blackening*, Metal Hammer's album of the decade. And that's not all. This exclusive fanpack also includes a 100% official patch, bottle opener keyring and two posters*. Packed with unprecedented access and world-class photography, this is your chance to be part of Machine Head history!

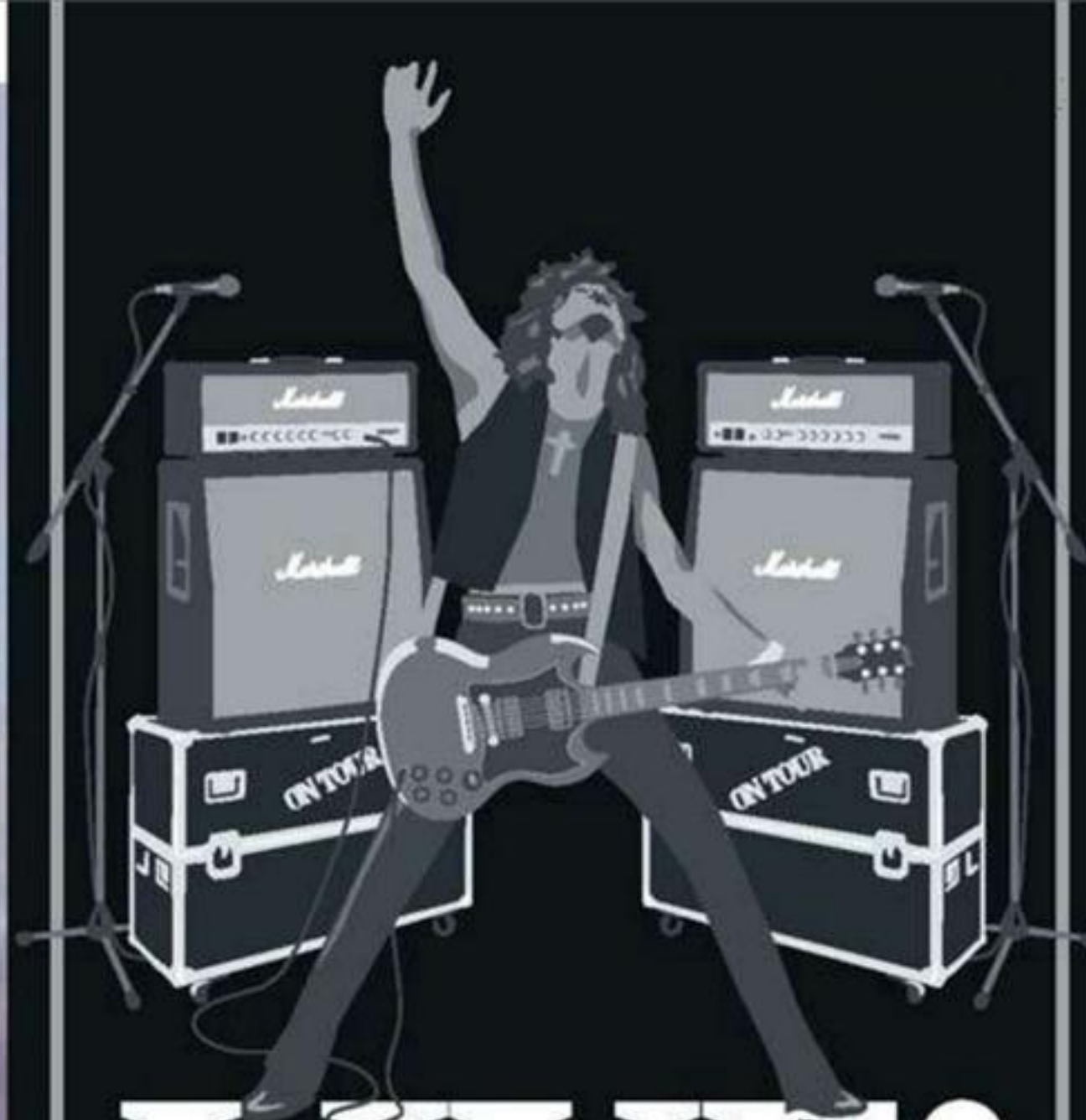
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WWW.METALHAMMER.CO.UK/MACHINEHEAD

*Second poster only available with pre-orders from the above website.

P 106 Sonisphere

Who were the winners and losers at one of the summer's great festivals?



LIVE!

THE HIGH-VOLTAGE WHAT'S ON GUIDE

EDITED BY IAN FORTNAM (REVIEWS) AND DAVE LING (TOURS)



Quiz answers from page 98: 1. 97387 (2121+5150+90210). 2. Ummagumma - Gigi. 3. Living Colour. 4. Robert Godfrey. 5. Leon Russell. 6. The Cult. 7. Dave Letts, Brian Robertson, Ray Burns and Chris Miller. 8. *Disraeli Gears* ('67), *Electric Ladyland* ('68), *Led Zeppelin* ('69). 9. Mike (drums) and Pete (bass). 10. *The Number Of The Beast*. 11. 1986. 12. Clapton (born 1945). 13. Megadeth ('85). 14. Love (who also included Arthur Lee). 15. *Who's Next* ('71). 16. Roger Keith Barrett. 17. Chrysalis (founded by Chris Wright and Terry Ellis). 18. Chrysalis. **Record labels:** A) Harvest. B) Interscope. C) Elektra. D) Swan Song. E) Chrysalis. F) Island. G) Atlantic. H) Island.

P 100 INTERVIEWS

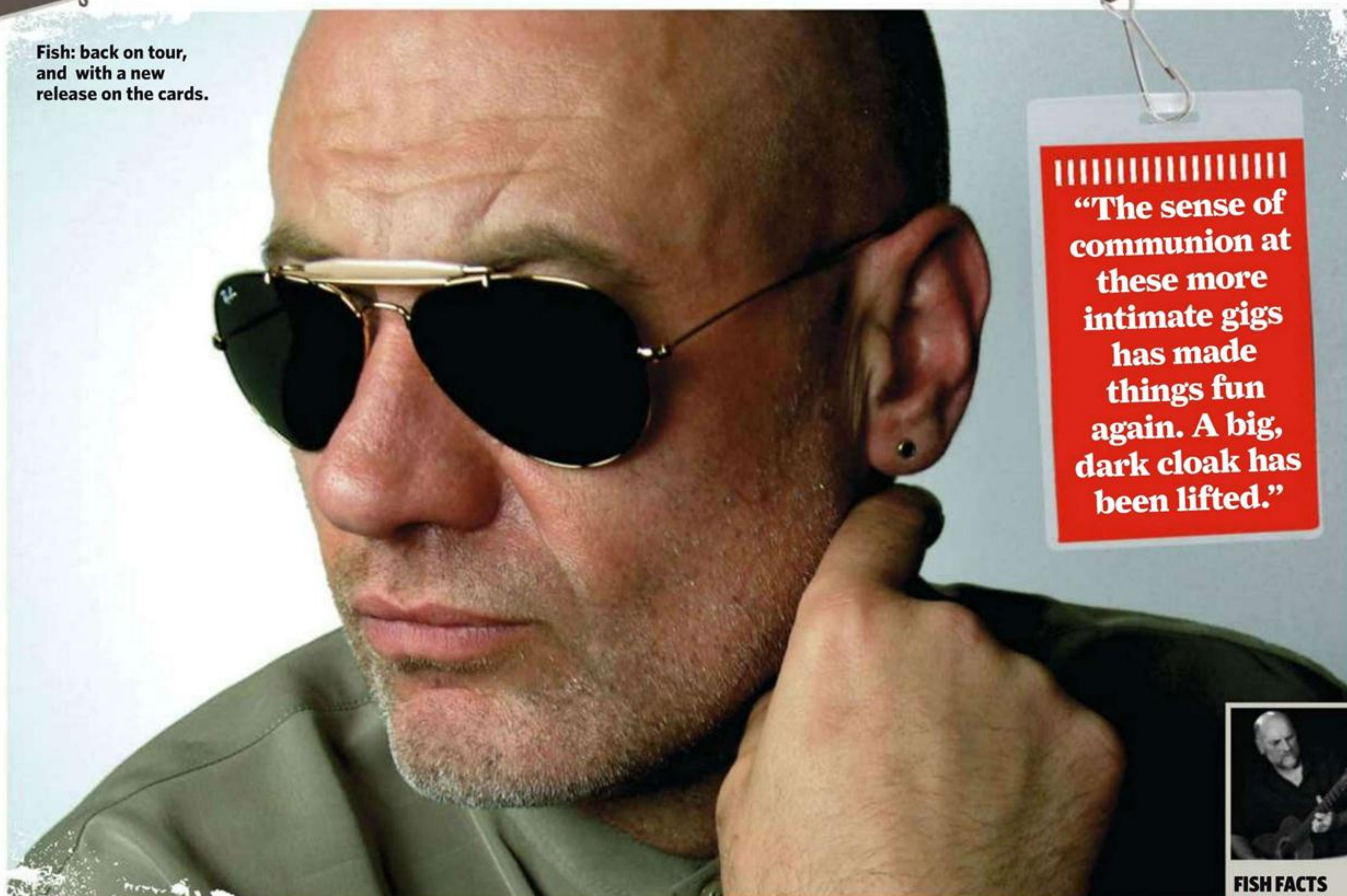
P 103 TOUR DATES

P 106 LIVE REVIEWS



LIVE!

Fish: back on tour, and with a new release on the cards.



|||||
"The sense of communion at these more intimate gigs has made things fun again. A big, dark cloak has been lifted."

Fish

A lengthy run of acoustic gigs in weird and unlikely places for the Marillion old boy.

Amazingly, it was 30 years ago that Derek William Dick, better known as Fish, joined Marillion. A solo artist since 1988, the Scottish singer-cum-thespian is currently engaged in a run of acoustic gigs, largely in his homeland.

Running from August to December, this is a long tour you're doing.

It began as the three of us playing a few acoustic songs and having a few laughs as the singer got his confidence back after a throat operation, but it's taken on a life of its own. We now have three hours of material. In the last month we've added another eight songs. For instance there's a cracking, groovy new version of *Poet's Moon* [B-side of 1991's *Credo* single]. We can also do *Goldfish And Clowns* [from 1997's *Sunsets On Empire*, written with Porcupine Tree's Steven Wilson].

The tour includes some unusual venues, like

the St Andrew Blackadder Church in North Berwick, and Dalkeith's Masonic Lodge.

[Laughs] Yeah. The one in North Berwick is part of the Edinburgh Festival. I'm getting to places that I've never been able to play with a full band.

Will you be doing a London show?

There's one or two options that I can't go into right now, but I hope to make an announcement soon.

Considering you gave up touring a few years ago, can we assume you've rediscovered an appetite for the road?

Yes, very much so. Back then my personal life ended up in the newspapers, and thanks to a cyst my voice wasn't fit. The sense of communion at these more intimate gigs has made things fun again. A big, dark cloak has been lifted. I can fly!

It's been three years since the well-received

13th Star, but a new album called *A Feast Of Consequences* is on its way. How are things going with it?

Lots of basic ideas are in place. Much of October and November has been put aside for some serious writing, but I can't really see myself starting to record it till January.

You also appear in a BAFTA-nominated new film called *Electric Man*, based on the world of comic books. The nerdiness of collectors must offer plenty of comedic possibilities.

Yes, it does. It's a very interesting film, a great little movie that has been loved by all of those that have seen it so far. When is it released? Oh, I don't know. I'm just an actor, dahling... I know nothing of the machinations. **DL**

Fish's tour runs until December 18.



FISH FACTS

- ★ Fish is being backed by his long-time guitarist Frank Usher (pictured), and Foss Paterson on keyboards.
- ★ The set includes a few Marillion-era songs such as *Fugazi*, *Incubus* and *Jigsaw*.
- ★ Expect also to hear some of Fish's anecdotes and stories.

Click!

Quality online rock destinations this month.



HARDCORE PICS!

www.jimsaah.com

Marvel at Jim Saah's amazing archive of photos from the punk and indie rock scene in 1980s Washington DC

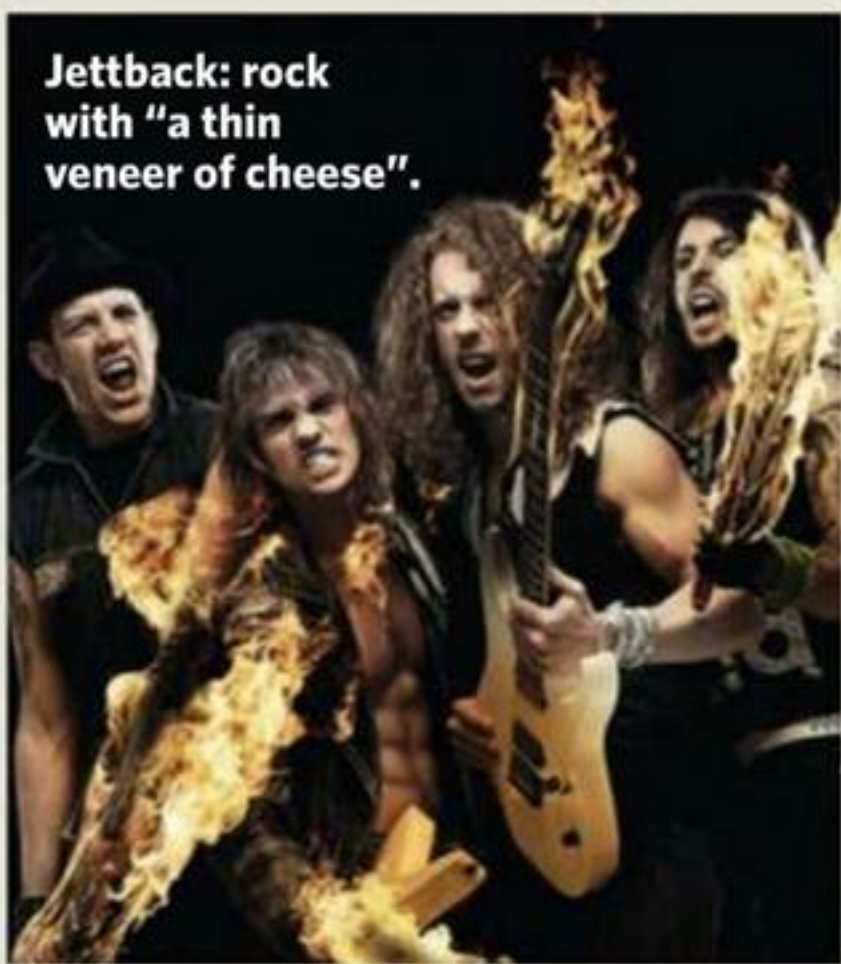


UZBECK PROG

www.progressor.net

Progressor is a cracking introduction to all things prog, from its unlikely home in the former Soviet state of Uzbekistan. Cripes!

Jettblack: rock with "a thin veneer of cheese".



Jettblack

Sleazy and greasy arena rock... in the old style.

Drummer Matt Oliver checks in during their tour with US metalheads White Wizzard.

Are you on a mission to restore old-school arena-rock values?

Someone's got to be, haven't they? We're about riffs, hooks and high energy, but we don't just want to regurgitate the influences of our heroes.

And you're doing it without the irritating vocals of The Darkness?

Well, you said that and not me [laughs]. I've only heard a couple of their songs. But we want to do things properly.

The song *Two Hot Girls* suggests you partake of the rock'n'roll lifestyle?

Of course we do! But we're a little bit tongue-in-cheek too. The other thing about our music is that it has a thin veneer of cheese.

How does your second album compare to your debut, *Get Your Hands Dirty*?

We're confident that it's the best thing we've done. It's a bit heavier. I hesitate to use the word 'mature,' because you could never say that about us, but the songs are better constructed.

There's a rumour that Deep Purple's Ian Paice makes a guest appearance?

It's true. Ian was in the studio each time we laid some drums down – which put me off my stride massively – and he agreed to do something. We're also trying to get Udo Dirkschneider and some others to take part. He's heard the song we want him to do, and he likes it, but it's all about scheduling.

From what you know of White Wizzard, is this tour going to be a compatible match?

They're a bit different to us, but I hope so. We'll be doing our own dates later on. This is just us simmering under the radar until the album is released. **DL**

The tour ends at London Camden Underworld on September 17.



Deftones: back on the road after their personal tragedy.

Deftones

Californian nu metallers put tragedy behind them for a new tour.

The future of Californian alternative metal veterans Deftones was thrown into doubt when bassist Chi Cheng slipped into a coma following a near-fatal car accident in 2008. Now they're back with a stand-in replacement. Drummer Abe Cunningham previews the band's appearance at the Reading and Leeds festivals.

How does it feel to be playing the Reading and Leeds festivals for the third time?

We're always thrilled to be asked back. I'm really just enjoying that we're able to still do this and to travel and be with friends and... fuck, man... have a blast!

The band's latest album, *Diamond Eyes*, was well received. Do you expect to see young fans in the audience who perhaps weren't there two years ago?

Yeah, definitely. Just in the past year-and-a-half or so, touring on this

album, looking into the crowd and seeing the youth – the diverse age group – is always a plus, and you have the fans that have been with us since the get-go. But it's always nice to see young sprouts at the shows too, along with the old farts.

Do you feel like all this new attention is perhaps the beginning of a renaissance for the band?

I guess so. It's a very positive time. It's been said time and time again, but it came out of tragedy – everything with Chi [Cheng, bassist, who remains in rehabilitation] and his accident. Of course we wish that Chi

was here. But in the meantime we're out doing it and it feels great.

How are things working out with Sergio Vega, your touring bass player?

We keep him in a cage. He's vegan, so he doesn't eat that much anyways. We hold back his lettuce and his carrots and threaten him with dairy if he fucks up. But yeah, everything's great. He's a great friend, and he popped into our situation in our greatest time of need.

What are the band's plans for the rest of the year?

We end up in Moscow on September 3, and then we come home for a bit. Afterwards there are a couple of weeks off, and then the plan now is to get together and start writing again. **TD**

As well as Reading and Leeds, Deftones play London Shepherd's Bush Empire on August 24.

"It's always nice to see the young sprouts at the shows."

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SWINGING TIME britishsixtiesradio.com

The home of UK beat pop. They've even got a Beatles-o-meter to tell you how many Fab Four songs they've played!



DAMN BLONDIE tinyurl.com/blondierose

Blondie? Covering The Damned? On Radio 2? For Ken Bruce? Strange but true, And it's ace. 'Is she really going out...'

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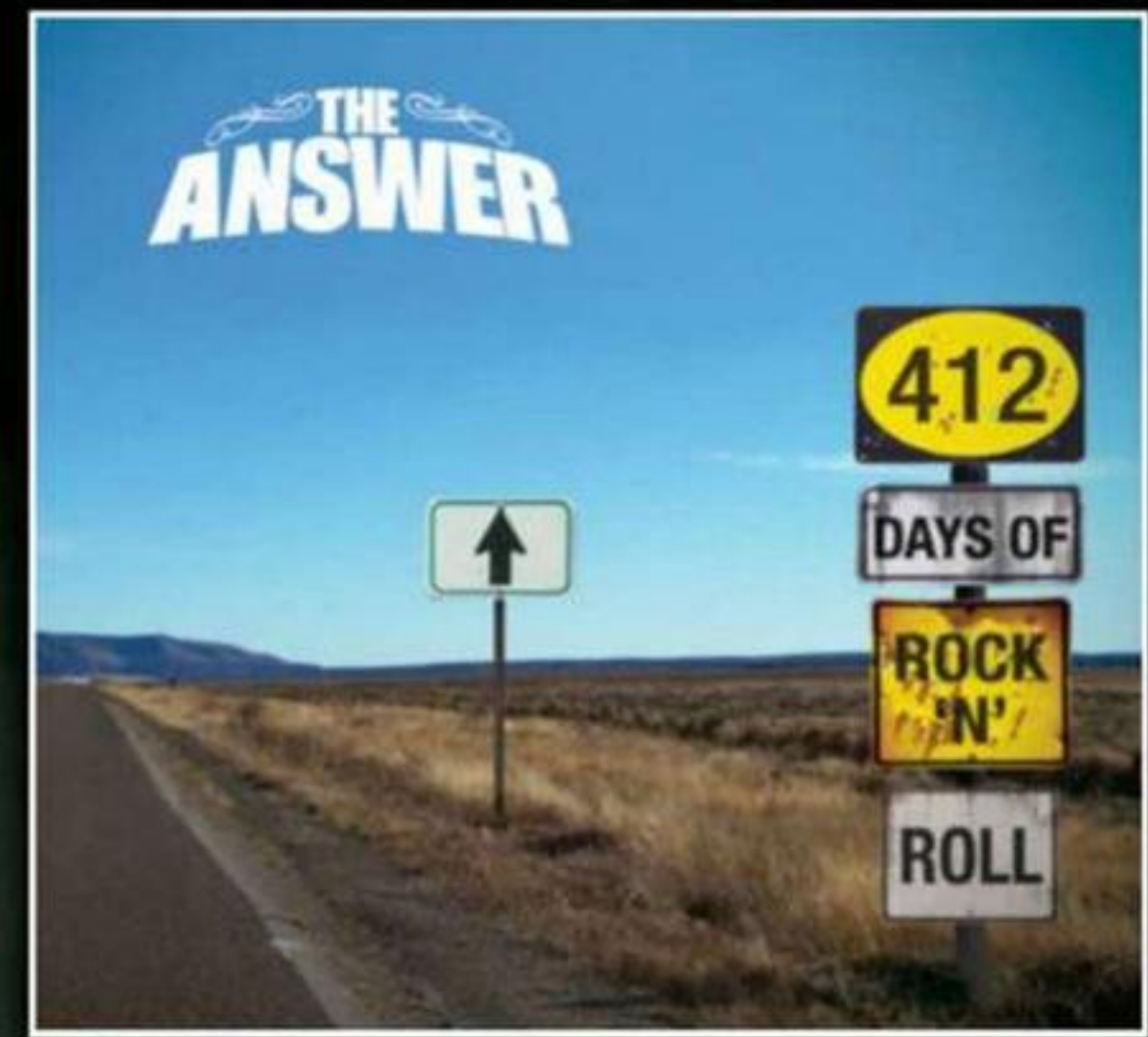


3 Doors Down 'Time Of My Life'

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Deluxe edition includes 4 bonus track

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The Answer '412 Days Of Rock 'n' Roll' (DVD/CD)

Live tracks, promo clips, new studio
recordings, plus a fly-on-the-wall (!)
documentary of life on the road with
AC/DC... Rock fans should lap this up
like cold Guinness from the gods!

Out Now

The Treatment, Album Launch Event – London Borderline, 06.09.11, www.killlive.com

RIVAL SONS

PRESSURE & TIME

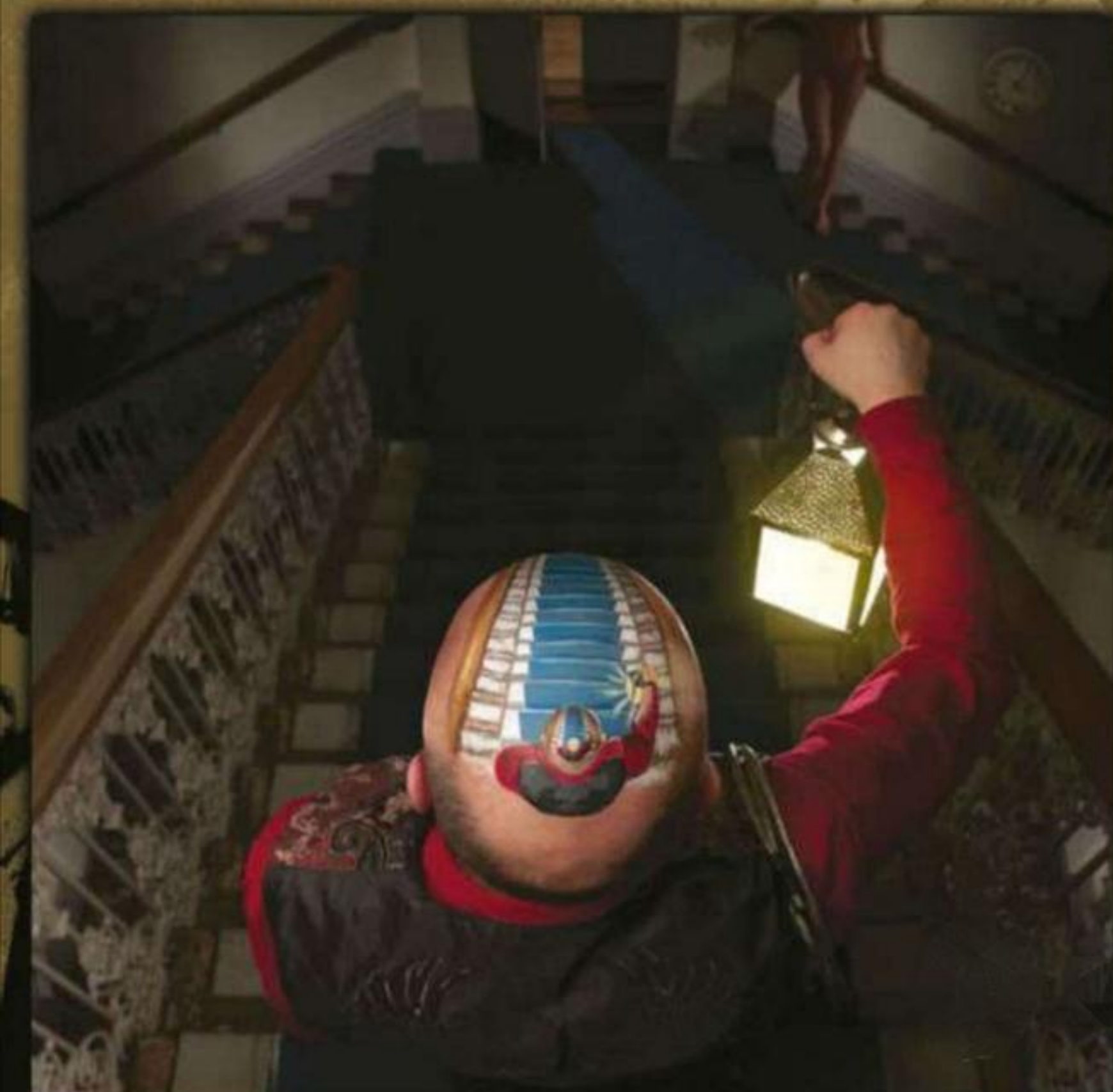
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NOMINATED



Tour Dates

BRYAN ADAMS

Newcastle	Metro Radio Arena	Nov 24
Glasgow	SECC	Nov 25
Aberdeen	AEC	Nov 26
Liverpool	Echo Arena	Nov 28
Nottingham	Arena	Nov 29
Manchester	MEN Arena	Nov 30
Sheffield	Motorpoint Arena	Dec 1
Cardiff	Motorpoint Arena	Dec 3
Birmingham	LG Arena	Dec 4
Bournemouth	BIC	Dec 5
Brighton	Centre	Dec 7
London	O2 Arena	Dec 8

ALTER BRIDGE, BLACK STONE CHERRY, THEORY OF A DEADMAN

Birmingham	LG Arena	Nov 22
Cardiff	Motorpoint Arena	Nov 23
Manchester	MEN Arena	Nov 24
Newcastle	Metro Radio Arena	Nov 26
Glasgow	SECC Arena	Nov 27
London	Wembley Arena	Nov 29

ANATHEMA, THE PINEAPPLE THIEF, ENGINEERS, NOSOUND

London	Union Chapel	Sep 30
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IAN ANDERSON UNPLUGGED

Shrewsbury	Theatre Severn	Sep 3
Gloucester	Guildhall	Sep 4
Northampton	The Deco	Sep 5
Bristol	St George's	Sep 6
Exeter	Corn Exchange	Sep 7
Hayes	Beck Theatre	Sep 9
London	Highbury Union Chapel	Sep 10
Camberley	Camberley Theatre	Sep 11
Buxton	Opera House	Sep 18
Gateshead	The Sage	Sep 19
York	Opera House	Sep 20
Grimsbay	Central Hall	Sep 21
Burnley	Mechanics	Sep 22

THE ANSWER

Limerick	Dolans	Sep 30
Dublin	Whelans	Oct 1
Galway	Roisin Dubh	Oct 2
Cork	Cyprus Avenue	Oct 3
Ballymena	Diamond Rock Club	Oct 5
Derry	Nerve Centre	Oct 7
Warrenpoint	Hideout	Oct 8
Leicester	Academy	Oct 10
Exeter	The Cavern	Oct 11
Bristol	Thekla	Oct 13
Ebbw Vale	Steelhouse	Oct 14
Sheffield	Academy	Oct 15
Nottingham	Rescue Rooms	Oct 17
Birmingham	Academy 2	Oct 19
York	The Duchess	Oct 20
Glasgow	King Tut's Wah Wah Hut	Oct 21
Aberdeen	The Tunnels	Oct 22
Manchester	Academy 3	Oct 24
Norwich	Waterfront	Oct 25
Portsmouth	Wedgewood Rooms	Oct 27
London	Highbury Garage	Oct 28

ARCH ENEMY

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Dec 6
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BAND OF SKULLS

London	Charing Cross Heaven	Oct 20
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BLACK VEIL BRIDES

Southampton	University	Oct 6
Exeter	Lemon Grove	Oct 7
Nottingham	Rock City	Oct 8
Glasgow	ABC	Oct 9
Newcastle	Academy	Oct 10
Manchester	Academy	Oct 11
Norwich	UEA	Oct 13
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Oct 29
Wolverhampton	Wulfrun Hall	Oct 30
Bristol	Academy	Nov 1

JOE BONAMASSA

Blackpool	Opera House	Oct 15
Nottingham	Capital FM Arena	Oct 16
Cardiff	CIA	Oct 18

Plymouth	Pavilions	Oct 19
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Oct 21/22

ARTHUR BROWN

St Ives	Guildhall	Sep 22
Exeter	The Phoenix	Sep 23
Aberdeen	Lemon Tree	Sep 27
Edinburgh	The Caves	Sep 28
Clitheroe	The Grand	Sep 29
Leeds	City Varieties	Sep 30

JACK BRUCE, NICK LOWE, THE ANIMALS, BUZZCOCKS, MORE

Biggleswade	Rhythm Festival	Aug 26-28
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JACK BRUCE, ROBIN TROWER, STEVE CROPPER, MAVIS STAPLES, MORE

Colne	Great British R&B Festival	Aug 26-29
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CARAVAN

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Oct 8
Lydney	Summer's End	Oct 9
Wavendon	The Stables	Oct 13
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Oct 15

CATHEDRAL, GRAND MAGUS, MORE

London	Kentish Town Forum	Dec 3
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CHARIOT

London	Walthamstow Royal Standard	Oct 21
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Recommended

ALICE COOPER

Sheffield	City Hall	Oct 25
Bristol	Colston Hall	Oct 26
Birmingham	NIA	Oct 27
London	Alexandra Palace	Oct 29
Manchester	Apollo	Oct 30
Glasgow	Clyde Auditorium	Oct 31

DAVID CROSBY & GRAHAM NASH

Dublin	Vicar Street	Sep 27
Belfast	Waterfront Hall	Sep 28
Manchester	Bridgewater Hall	Sep 30
Glasgow	Clyde Auditorium	Oct 1
Liverpool	Philharmonic Hall	Oct 3
Bristol	Colston Hall	Oct 4
Birmingham	Symphony Hall	Oct 6
London	Royal Albert Hall	Oct 8
Gateshead	The Sage	Oct 9

THE CURE, BRIAN WILSON, PJ HARVEY, PUBLIC ENEMY, MORE

Isle of Wight	Bestival	Sep 8-11
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THE DAMNED

Bristol	Academy	Nov 9
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 10
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Nov 11
London	Chalk Farm Roundhouse	Nov 12
Brighton	East Wing	Nov 13
Norwich	UEA	Nov 14
Nottingham	Rock City	Nov 15
Newcastle	Academy	Nov 17
Leeds	Academy	Nov 18
Manchester	Academy	Nov 19
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Nov 20

THE DARKNESS

Liverpool	Academy	Nov 8
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Nov 9
Glasgow	Academy	Nov 10
Newcastle	Academy	Nov 12
Manchester	Academy	Nov 13
Bristol	Academy	Nov 14
Brighton	Dome	Nov 16
Southampton	Guildhall	Nov 17
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 18
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Nov 20
Sheffield	City Hall	Nov 21
Nottingham	Rock City	Nov 22

JOE BONAMASSA



The Black Country Communion guitarist takes a break from the band to paddle his own, bluesier canoe.

Blackpool	Opera House	Oct 15	Plymouth	Pavilions	Oct 19
Nottingham	Capital FM Arena	Oct 16	London	Hammersmith Apollo	Oct 21/22
Cardiff	CIA	Oct 18			

Norwich	UEA	Nov 24
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Nov 25
Dublin	Olympia	Dec 4
Belfast	Ulster Hall	Dec 5

DEEP PURPLE

Glasgow	SECC	Nov 26
Birmingham	LG Arena	Nov 27
Manchester	MEN Arena	Nov 29
London	O2 Arena	Nov 30

DEFTONES

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Aug 24
Reading	Festival	Aug 26
Leeds	Festival	Aug 27

THE DEVIL'S BLOOD

London	Camden Underworld	Nov 26
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BOB DYLAN, MARK KNOPFLER

Dublin	O2 Arena	Oct 6
Glasgow	Braehead Arena	Oct 8/9
Manchester	MEN Arena	Oct 10
Nottingham	Capital FM Arena	Oct 11
Cardiff	Motorpoint Arena	Oct 13
Bournemouth	BIC	Oct 14

STEVE EARLE

Cardiff	St David's Hall	Oct 24
London	Royal Festival Hall	Oct 25
Gateshead	The Sage	Oct 26
Glasgow	Academy	Oct 27
York	Grand Opera House	Oct 29
Brighton	Dome	Oct 30
Birmingham	Symphony Hall	Oct 31
Derby	Assembly Rooms	Nov 2
Belfast	Mandela Hall	Nov 5

ELECTRIC WIZARD, SCORN, ZOMBI, BARDO POND, PART CHIMP, MORE

Birmingham	Supersonic Festival	Oct 21-23
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THE ENID

Farnham	Maltins	Sep 15
Birmingham	Symphony Hall	Oct 15

EX-WISE HEADS, NOSOUND, SLOW ELECTRIC

Norwich	The Curve	Oct 1
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FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM, GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

London	Brixton Academy	Oct 22
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FIREWIND, WOLF

Southampton	Talking Heads	Sep 9
Manchester	Moho	Sep 10

Glasgow	Cathouse	Sep 11
Reading	Sub 89	Sep 12

FISH

Arran	Whiting Bay Hall	Aug 17
Oban	Esplanade	Aug 18
Dunoon	Queens Hall	Aug 19
Tobermory	AnTobar@Aros Hall	Aug 20
Perth	Theatre	Aug 24
Keith	Royal Hotel	Aug 26
Aberdeen	Lemon Tree	Aug 27
Inverness	Ironworks	Aug 28
Stornoway	AnLanntair	Aug 30
Thurso	Skinadis	Sep 1
Kirkwall	Picky Cinema	Sep 2
Lerwick	Legion	Sep 3
Brighton	Komedia	Nov 9
Poole	Mr Kyp's	Nov 10
Falmouth	Princess Pavilion	Nov 11
Bristol	Tunnels	Nov 13
Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 14
Nottingham	Rescue Rooms	Nov 15
Sale	Waterside Thursday	Nov 17
Morecambe	Dome Friday	Nov 18
Stockton-on-Tees	Georgian Theatre	Nov 19
Newcastle	Riverside	Nov 21
Nuneaton	Queens Hall	Nov 22
Swansea	Garage	Nov 24
St Helen's	Citadel	Nov 25
Darwen	Library Theatre Saturday	Nov 26
Fleetwood	Marine Hall	Nov 27
Whitsable	East Quay	Dec 3
Southend-on-Sea	Riga Bar	Dec 4
Norwich	Waterfront	Dec 5
Birkenhead	Pacific Road Arts Centre	Dec 8
Ballymena	Diamond Rock Club	Dec 10
Dublin	Whelans	Dec 11
Galway	Roisin Dubh	Dec 12
Cork	Firkin Crane	Dec 13
Belfast	Spring & Airbrake	Dec 14
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Dec 18

FOCUS

Farnham	Weyfest	Sep 4/5
St Ives	Guildhall	Sep 22
Exeter	The Phoenix	Sep 23
Wavendon	The Stables	Oct 25
Glasgow	The Ferry	Oct 26
Aberdeen	Lemon Tree	Oct 27
Edinburgh	The Caves	Oct 28
Clitheroe	The Grand	Oct 29
Leeds City	Varieties	Oct 30
Swansea	The Garage	Nov 9
Cardiff	The Globe	Nov 10
Sutton	Boom Boom Club	Nov 11
Southampton	The Brook	Nov 12

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LIVE!

ACE FREHLEY, MICHAEL MONROE, MAGNUM, QUIREBOYS, DEMON, MORE

Prestatyn Hard Rock Hell Dec 2-4

FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND

Wolverhampton	Wulfrun Hall	Oct 23
Glasgow	Queen Margaret Union	Oct 24
Newcastle	Academy	Oct 25
Nottingham	Rock City	Oct 27
Manchester	Academy	Oct 28
Bristol	Academy	Oct 29
London	Chalk Farm Roundhouse	Oct 30

STEVE HACKETT

Tavistock	The Wharf	Nov 10
Gloucester	Guildhall	Nov 11
Manchester	Northern College Of Music	Nov 12
London	Islington Academy	Nov 13

ROY HARPER

London	Royal Festival Hall	Nov 5
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PJ HARVEY

Glasgow	Royal Concert Hall	Sep 4
Manchester	Apollo	Sep 8

HAWKLORDS

Liverpool	Academy	Oct 13
Glasgow	The Ferry	Oct 15
Edinburgh	Queens Hall	Oct 16
Leicester	Academy	Oct 18
Oxford	Academy	Oct 20
Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Oct 23
London	Islington Academy	Oct 29

HEADCAT

London	Islington Academy	Oct 16
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ICED EARTH

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Nov 4
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 5
Bristol	Academy	Nov 6

INCUBUS

Wolverhampton	Civic Hall	Nov 3
London	Alexandra Palace	Nov 4
Cardiff	Motorpoint Arena	Nov 5
Nottingham	Capital FM Arena	Nov 7
Manchester	Apollo	Nov 9
Glasgow	SECC	Nov 11

IQ

London	Islington Academy	Dec 10
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IT BITES, MOSTLY AUTUMN

Newcastle	Riverside	Oct 14
Workington	Carnegie	Oct 15
Glasgow	The Arches	Oct 16
Nottingham	Rescue Rooms	Oct 18
Sale	Waterside Arts Centre	Oct 19
Clitheroe	Grand Theatre	Oct 21
Holmfirth	Picturedrome	Oct 22
Pontypridd	Municipal Arts Centre	Oct 23
Wavendon	The Stables	Oct 24
Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Oct 26
Bilston	Robin 2	Oct 27
London	Islington Academy	Oct 28

JAMESON RAID, AGINCOURT

Bilston	Robin 2	Aug 17
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JIM JONES REVUE

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Oct 27
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WILKO JOHNSON, IAN SIEGAL

Edinburgh	The Caves	Sep 15
Glasgow	ABC	Sep 16
Aberdeen	Lemon Tree	Sep 17
Newcastle	Academy	Sep 18
Sheffield	Academy	Sep 22
Kendal	Brewery Arts Centre	Sep 23
Holmfirth	Picturedrome	Sep 24
Leicester	Academy	Sep 25
Bilston	Robin2	Sep 29
London	Islington Academy	Sep 30
Manchester	Academy	Oct 1
Nottingham	Rescue Rooms	Oct 2
Gloucester	Guildhall	Oct 6

HARD ROCK HELL



Ace Frehley, Black Stone Cherry (pictured) and tons more turn up the heat at the winter's loudest festival.

Prestatyn

Pontin's

December 1-4

Falmouth	Princess Pavilion	Oct 7
Exeter	Phoenix Arts Centre	Oct 8
Brighton	Komedia	Oct 9

KEEL

London	Camden Underworld	Sept 26
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LA GUNS FEATURING PHIL LEWIS

London	Camden Underworld	Oct 9
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LENNY KRAVITZ

London	Hammersmith Apollo	Oct 27
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LEAVES' EYES, VISIONS OF ATLANTIS

Manchester	Academy 3	Oct 20
London	Camden Underworld	Oct 21

LIZZY BORDEN

London	Camden Underworld	Dec 1
Prestatyn	Hard Rock Hell	Dec 2

LOSTPROPHETS

Cardiff	University	Aug 17
Norwich	Waterfront	Aug 18

MACHINE HEAD, BRING ME THE HORIZON

London	Wembley Arena	Dec 3
Birmingham	NIA	Dec 4
Glasgow	SECC	Dec 5
Manchester	Central	Dec 6

MAGENTA, ALAN REED

Cardiff	The Pop Factory	Sep 30
Kingston	The Peel	Nov 19
Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 20

MAGNUM

Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 30
Cambridge	Junction	Dec 1
Prestatyn	Hard Rock Hell	Dec 2

MANOWAR

Glasgow	Academy	Nov 1
Leeds	Academy	Nov 4
London	Brixton Academy	Nov 5
Cardiff	The Great Hall	Nov 6
Dublin	Academy	Nov 9
Belfast	Mandela Hall	Nov 10

MARSEILLE

Sunderland	University	Sep 29
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Prestwich	Longfield Suite	Sep 30
Leeds	Joseph's Well	Oct 1
York	University	Oct 14
Kingston	The Peel	Oct 15
Bournemouth	Sound Circus	Nov 4
Milton Keynes	Crauford Arms	Nov 5
Sutton-in-Ashfield	The Diamond	Nov 10
Selby	The Riverside	Nov 11
Winchester	The Railway Inn	Nov 12
Middlesbrough	Empire	Nov 18
Glasgow	Ivory Blacks	Nov 19
Birkenhead	Revolver	Nov 25
Kendal	George & Dragon	Nov 26

Recommended

IMELDA MAY

Leicester	Academy	Nov 7
Hull	City Hall	Nov 8
Cardiff	University	Nov 10
York	Barbican	Nov 11
Manchester	Apollo	Nov 12
Brighton	Dome	Nov 14
Bournemouth	Academy	Nov 15
Oxford	Regal	Nov 16
Reading	Hexagon	Nov 18
Coventry	Warwick Arts Centre	Nov 19
Blackpool	Opera House	Nov 20
Sheffield	Academy	Nov 22
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Nov 25
Lincoln	Engine Shed	Nov 26
Middlesbrough	Empire	Nov 27
Glasgow	Academy	Nov 29
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Nov 30

JOHN MAYALL, OLI BROWN

Canterbury	Marlow Theatre	Oct 25
Llandudno	Venue Cymru	Oct 26
Cardiff	St David's Hall	Oct 27
Birmingham	Town Hall	Oct 28
London	Cadogan Hall	Oct 29
Poole	Lighthouse	Oct 30
Plymouth	Pavilions	Oct 30
Bristol	Colston Hall	Nov 1
Guildford	Civic Hall	Nov 2
Liverpool	Philharmonic Hall	Nov 3
Manchester	Bridgwater Hall	Nov 4
Basingstoke	The Anvil	Nov 5

Nottingham	Royal Concert Hall	Nov 6
Gateshead	The Sage	Nov 7
Leicester	De Montfort Hall	Nov 8
Southend-on-Sea	Cliffs Pavilion	Nov 9
High Wycombe	Swan Theatre	Nov 10
Coventry	Warwick Arts Centre	Nov 11
Dunfermline	Alhambra Theatre	Nov 12
Aberdeen	Music Hall	Nov 13
Perth	Concert Hall	Nov 14
Glasgow	Royal Concert Hall	Nov 15
York	Barbican	Nov 16
Buxton	Opera House	Nov 17
Watford	Coliseum	Nov 18

ROGER McGUINN

London	Cadogan Hall	Oct 15
Birmingham	Town Hall	Oct 17
Leeds	City Varieties	Nov 1
Gateshead	The Sage	Nov 2
Worcester	Huntingdon Hall	Nov 4
Poole	Lighthouse	Nov 5
Wavendon	The Stables	Nov 7
Aberdare	Coliseum Theatre	Nov 9

MIKE + THE MECHANICS

Brighton	Centre	May 12
Bristol	Colston Hall	May 13
Plymouth	Pavilions	May 15
Cardiff	CIA	May 17
Ipswich	Regent	May 18
Manchester	Apollo	May 20
Blackpool	Opera House	May 21
Liverpool	Empire	May 22
Edinburgh	Playhouse	May 24
Glasgow	Clyde Auditorium	May 25
Gateshead	The Sage	May 26
Sheffield	City Hall	May 28
Birmingham	Symphony Hall	May 29

LARRY MILLER

Hastings	Phoenix Arts Centre	Sep 9
Fareham	Ashcroft Arts Centre	Sep 16
Melbourn	Rock Club	Sep 17
Poole	Mr Kyp's	Sep 23
Lyme Regis	Woodmead Halls	Sep 24
Sheffield	Greystones	Sep 30
Callander	Festival	Oct 1
Plymouth	Matchroom Suite	Oct 7
Falmouth	Princess Pavilion	Oct 8
Blakeney	Harbour Rooms	Oct 21
Chelmsford	Festival	Oct 22
Twickenham	Eel Pie Club	Nov 2
Letchworth	Plinston Hall	Nov 4
Reading	South Street Arts	Nov 5
Carlisle	Festival	Nov 11
Hartlepool	Camerons	Nov 12
Leicester	The Musician	Nov 18
Derby	Flowerpot	Nov 19
Burgess Hill	Martlets Hall	Nov 26

MR BIG

Bristol	Academy	Sep 12
Newcastle	Academy	Sep 13
Glasgow	Academy	Sep 15
Manchester	Academy	Sep 17
Birmingham	Academy	Sep 18
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Sep 20

MOTÖRHEAD, ANTI NOWHERE LEAGUE, UK SUBS

Bradford	St George's Hall	Nov 2
Newcastle	City Hall	Nov 3
Glasgow	Academy	Nov 5
Liverpool	University	Nov 6
Bristol	Colston Hall	Nov 8
Norwich	UEA	Nov 11
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Nov 12
Plymouth	Pavilions	Nov 14
Southampton	Guildhall	Nov 15
Nottingham	Royal Centre	Nov 17
Manchester	Apollo	Nov 18

MUSE, MY CHEMICAL ROMANCE, THE HORRORS, JANE'S ADDICTION, MORE

Leeds	Festival	Aug 26-28
Reading	Festival	Aug 26-28

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NEW FOUND GLORY

Cardiff	Solus	Aug 18
Birmingham	Academy 2	Aug 21
Glasgow	Garage	Aug 22
London	Camden Electric Ballroom	Aug 23
Brighton	Concorde 2	Aug 24

**NO-MAN, THEO TRAVIS
BRUCE SOORD & JON SYKES, MORE**

Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Oct 14
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**ONSLAUGHT, GAMMA BOMB,
FALLEN FATE**

Maidstone	Babylon Lounge	Sep 22
London	Highbury Garage	Sep 23
Derby	Redemption	Sep 24
Plymouth	White Rabbit	Sep 25
Liverpool	The Masque	Sep 26
Newcastle	Legends	Sep 27
Edinburgh	Studio 24	Sep 28
Belfast	Spring & Airbrake	Sep 29
Cork	An Cruiscin Lan	Sep 30

OPETH

Bristol	Academy	Nov 8
Newcastle	Academy	Nov 9
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Nov 10
Manchester	Academy	Nov 11
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 12
London	Brixton Academy	Nov 13

**THE PRETTY THINGS,
AYNLEY LISTER, MORE**

Buxton	Opera House	Sep 17
Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Sep 18

PUBLIC ENEMY

London	Kentish Town Forum	Sep 8
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**THE QUIREBOYS, TIGERTAILZ,
BLACK SPIDERS, BON GIOVI, MORE**

Ebbw Vale	Steelhouse Festival	Aug 19/20
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MICK RALPHS BLUES BAND

Knarborough	Frazer Theatre	Aug 25
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RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

Dublin	O2 Arena	Nov 4
London	O2 Arena	Nov 7, 9, 10
Glasgow	SECC	Nov 12
Manchester	MEN Arena	Nov 14/15
Sheffield	Motorpoint Arena	Nov 17
Birmingham	LG Arena	Nov 19/20

RISE TO REMAIN

Exeter	Cavern	Sep 7
Yeovil	Orange Box	Sep 8
Southampton	Joiner's Arms	Sep 9
Brighton	The Hydrant	Sep 10
Oxford	Academy 2	Sep 12
Bristol	Fleece & Firkin	Sep 13
Cardiff	Club Ifor Bach	Sep 14
Northampton	The Roadmender	Sep 15
High Wycombe	Wama	Sep 17
Birmingham	Academy 3	Sep 18
Sheffield	Academy 2	Sep 19
Newcastle	Academy 2	Sep 20
Glasgow	King Tut's Wah Wah Hut	Sep 21
London	Camden Underworld	Sep 23
Cambridge	Haymakers	Sep 24
Manchester	Roadhouse	Sep 25
Leeds	Cockpit	Sep 26
Norwich	Arts Centre	Sep 28
Nottingham	Basement	Sep 29

RIVAL SCHOOLS

London	Camden Underworld	Aug 25
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ROGUE MALE

London	Camden Purple Turtle	Sep 29
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ROXETTE

London	Wembley Arena	Nov 15
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ROYAL REPUBLIC

Sheffield	Corporation	Oct 24
Leeds	Joseph's Well	Oct 25
Glasgow	King Tut's Wah Wah Hut	Oct 26
Newcastle	Academy 2	Oct 27
Manchester	Roadhouse	Oct 28
Nottingham	Rock City	Oct 29
Bristol	Cooler	Oct 31
Wolverhampton	Slade Rooms	Nov 1
Southampton	Joiners Arms	Nov 2
London	Camden Underworld	Nov 3

TODD RUNDGREN

Manchester	The Ritz	Oct 1
London	Camden Jazz Café	Oct 3-5

JOANNE SHAW TAYLOR

Buxton	Arts Centre	Nov 15
London	Islington Academy	Nov 16
Bristol	Tunnels	Nov 17
Exeter	Phoenix Arts Centre	Nov 18
Falmouth	Princess Pavilion	Nov 19

OPETH

The Swedes take their unique brand of progressive metal around Britain in November.

Bristol	Academy	Nov 8	Manchester	Academy	Nov 11
Newcastle	Academy	Nov 9	Birmingham	Academy	Nov 12
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Nov 10	London	Brixton Academy	Nov 13

Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 22
Glasgow	ABC	Nov 23
St Helens	Citadel	Nov 24
Huddersfield	Lawrence Batley Theatre	Nov 25
York	Fibbers	Nov 26

THE SISTERS OF MERCY

Dublin	Olympia	Nov 11
London	Chalk Farm Roundhouse	Nov 13

**SOIL, PUDDLE OF MUDD,
DEAR SUPERSTAR**

London	Camden Electric Ballroom	Oct 14
Coventry	Kasbah	Oct 15
Wrexham	Central Station	Oct 16
Glasgow	Garage	Oct 18
Middlesbrough	Empire	Oct 19
York	Fibbers	Oct 21
Peterborough	Club Revolution	Oct 22
Manchester	Moho Live	Oct 23
Sheffield	Corporation	Oct 25
Cardiff	Coal Exchange	Oct 26
Norwich	Waterfront	Oct 27
Southampton	Talking Heads	Oct 28

**SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY
& THE ASBURY JUKES**

Glasgow	The Ferry	Oct 14
Holmfirth	Picturedrome	Oct 15
Wavendon	The Stables	Oct 18
Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Oct 19
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Oct 21
Southampton	The Brook	Oct 22
Cardiff	The Globe	Oct 24
Bristol	Academy	Oct 25
Bilston	Robin 2	Oct 26

STAMPEDE

Wolverhampton	Slade Rooms	Oct 11
Prestatyn	Hard Rock Hell	Dec 3

STRAY

Bridgnorth	Music Festival	Aug 27
Colne	Great British R&B Festival	Aug 28
Wavendon	The Stables	Sep 15
Royston	Melbourne Rock Club	Oct 22

STRINGER-BESSANT

Wolverhampton	Slade Rooms	Sep 10
Bedford	Civic Theatre	Oct 7
Ashton-under-Lyne	The Witchwood	Oct 8

THE SWEET

Bilston	Robin 2	Sep 11
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Recommended

**SWEET SAVAGE, PAT McMANUS BAND,
MILLION \$ RELOAD, MORE**

Belfast	Spring & Airbrake	Sep 24
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TERRORVISION

Sheffield	Corporation	Oct 1
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**DEVIN TOWNSEND & THE
FALLOUT BANG**

London	High	Oct 13
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MIKE TRAMP

London	Camden Underworld	Oct 13
Sheffield	Corporation	Oct 14
Grimsby	Yardbirds Club	Oct 15

ROBIN TROWER

Wavendon	The Stables	Aug 28
Colne	Great British R&B Festival	Aug 29
Derby	Assembly Hall	Sep 15
Sheffield	Academy	Sep 16
Kendall	Brewery Arts Centre	Sep 17
Manchester	Band On The Wall	Sep 22
Glasgow	ABC	Sep 23
Aberdeen	Lemon Tree	Sep 24
Edinburgh	The Caves	Sep 25
Southampton	The Brook	Oct 6
Frome	Cheese & Grain	Oct 7
Falmouth	Pavilion	Oct 8

TURISAS

Brighton	Concorde 2	Oct 27
Bristol	Academy 2	Oct 28
Plymouth	White Rabbit	Oct 29
Norwich	Waterfront	Oct 31
Glasgow	Garage	Nov 1
Newcastle	Northumbria University	Nov 2
Wolverhampton	Wulfrun Hall	Nov 4
Leeds	Damnation Festival	Nov 5
Belfast	Spring & Airbrake	Nov 7
Dublin	Academy	Nov 8
Wrexham	Central Station	Nov 9
Sheffield	Corporation	Nov 10
Cardiff	University	Nov 12
Reading	Sub 89	Nov 13
Southampton	University	Nov 15
Leicester	Sub 91	Nov 16
Manchester	Academy 3	Nov 17

**FRANK TURNER &
THE SLEEPING SOULS**

Newport	Centre	Nov 23
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 24
Glasgow	Barrowland	Nov 25
Manchester	Academy	Nov 26
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Nov 27

THE TWILIGHT SINGERS

London	Highbury Garage	Aug 24
Edinburgh	Liquid Rooms	Aug 25
Leeds	Festival	Aug 26
Reading	Festival	Aug 28

TYKETTO

London	Camden Underworld	Nov 30
Sheffield	Corporation	Dec 1
Southampton	The Brook	Dec 2
Prestatyn	Hard Rock Hell	Dec 3

VAINS OF JENNA, FALLING RED

Wolverhampton	Slade Rooms	Sep 8
London	Camden Barfly	Sep 9
Manchester	Alter Ego	Sep 10
Hull	The Lamp	Sep 11
Newcastle	Trillians	Sep 12
Grimsby	Yardbirds	Sep 15
Carlisle	The Brickyard	Sep 16

VOLBEAT

Dublin	Academy	Oct 22
Self	Spring & Airbrake	Oct 23

Glasgow	Garage	Oct 24
Sheffield	Corporation	Oct 26
Birmingham	Academy	Oct 27
Manchester	Academy 2	Oct 28
London	Kentish Town Forum	Oct 29

**WARRANT, UNRULY CHILD,
JIMI JAMISON, TALON, VEGA, MORE**

Firefest	Nottingham	Oct 21-23
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STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK

London	Twickenham Eel Pie Club	Aug 24
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WHITE WIZZARD, JETBLACK

Southampton	Joiner's Arms	Sep 12
Cardiff	Club Ifor Bach	Sep 13
Glasgow	Cathouse	Sep 14
Nottingham	Rock City	Sep 15
Manchester	Alter Ego	Sep 16
London	Camden Underworld	Sep 17

THE WHYBIRDS

London	Cargo	Sep 3
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BUDDY WHITTINGTON

Winchester	The Railway	Aug 27
Grewelthorpe	Limetree Festival	Aug 28
Colne	Great British R&B Festival	Aug 29
London	Putney Half Moon	Aug 30
Billerica	New Crawdaddy	Sep 1

WILCO

Glasgow	Royal Concert Hall	Oct 24
Manchester	Academy	Oct 25
Bristol	Colston Hall	Oct 27
London	Chalk Farm Roundhouse	Oct 28/29

BRIAN WILSON

Manchester	Bridgewater Hall	Sep 13
Birmingham	Symphony hall	Sep 14
London	Royal Festival Hall	Sep 16-18

WIRE

Manchester	Academy 3	Nov 16
Brighton	Concorde 2	Nov 22
Bristol	Thekla	Nov 29

WITHIN TEMPTATION

Birmingham	Academy	Nov 8
Manchester	Academy	Nov 9
Glasgow	Barrowland	Nov 10
London	Brixton Academy	Nov 11

WOLFSBANE

Sheffield	Academy 2	Nov 24
Newcastle	Academy 2	Nov 25
Glasgow	ABC 2	Nov 26
Liverpool	Academy 2	Nov 27
Cardiff	Club Ifor Bach	Nov 29
Southampton	Joiners Arms	Nov 30
London	Islington Academy	Dec 1
Prestatyn	Hard Rock Hell	Dec 2
Birmingham	Academy 3	Dec 3
Oxford	Academy 3	Dec 4

Y&T

Glasgow	ABC	Sep 29
Newcastle	Academy	Sep 30
Nottingham	Rock City	Oct 1
Manchester	Academy	Oct 2
Cork	An Cruiscin Lan	Oct 5
Belfast	Spring & Airbrake	Oct 7
Dublin	The Village	Oct 8
Wolverhampton	Slade Rooms	Oct 11
Southampton	The Brook	Oct 12
London	Highbury Garage	Oct 14
Cardiff	Millennium Music Hall	Oct 15

YELLOWCARD

London	Shepherd's Bush Bush Hall	Sep 6
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YES

Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Nov 8
Sheffield	City Hall	Nov 9
Birmingham	Symphony Hall	Nov 11
Glasgow	Clyde Auditorium	Nov 12
Manchester	Apollo	Nov 13
Brighton	Dome	Nov 15
Bristol	Colston Hall	Nov 16
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Nov 17

ZAPPA PLAYS ZAPPA

York	Barbican	Nov 17
Gateshead	The Sage	Nov 18
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Nov 19
Liverpool	Philharmonic Hall	Nov 21
Manchester	Bridgewater Hall	Nov 22
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Nov 23
Basingstoke	The Anvil	Nov 24
Coventry	Warwick Arts Centre	Nov 26
Leicester	De Montfort Hall	Nov 27
Oxford	New Theatre	Nov 28
London	Barbican Centre	Nov 29
Bristol	Colston Hall	Nov 30
Brighton	Dome	Dec 1



LIVE!



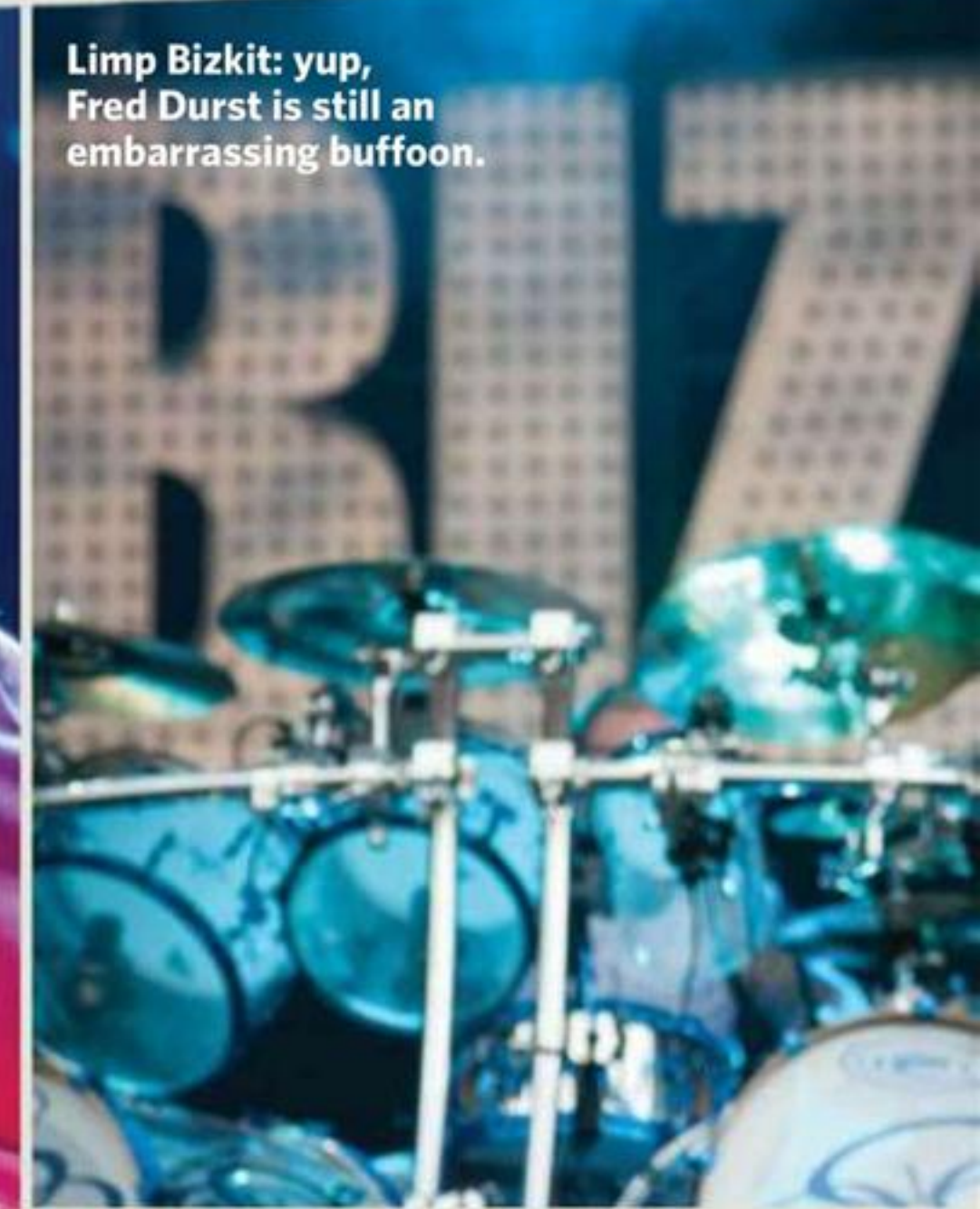
Brian Tatler of Diamond Head joins the Big Four - and nearly weeps.



Anthrax: they are indeed the law.



Limp Bizkit: yup, Fred Durst is still an embarrassing buffoon.



Slipknot: a deep, dark and emotionally charged set.



Motörhead: doing it for Wurzel.



KEVIN NIXON

Sonisphere

Knebworth Park

Who cares about a little bit of rain when you've got so much rock power to hand?

FRIDAY

★ Lauded, genuinely unhinged and hugely influential with a direct link to the Biggest-boys of the Big Four (as recipients of a royalties-generating Metallica cover of *The Wait*), **Killing Joke** are nothing short of a revelation. In a black boiler suit, with trademark facepaint and evil gurning, Jaz Coleman comes over like some malfunctioning Slipknot prototype uttering apocalyptic proclamations on everything from the EU to the merits of depopulation. A perfectly balanced set spilling over with menace and an 80s synth sound that could draw blood, veers from tribal electronica (*Wardance*) to industrial metal (*Asteroid*) via pop styling (*Love Like Blood*) and the apocalypse (*Pandemonium*). It's a genuine triumph, firmly ensconced in the present.

Introducing themselves to The Big Four's audience, **Diamond Head** wisely adhere to a recipe of the tried and trusted, two-thirds of their half-dozen-song set comprising material previously covered by Metallica, namely *It's Electric*, *The Prince*, *Helpless* and *Am I Evil?* Contrasting the way they had bombed in similar circumstances at Milton Keynes Bowl in 1993 – thanks largely to vocalist Sean Harris' ridiculous grim reaper outfit – this time the opportunity is not wasted. Harris is long gone, replaced by the brilliantly named Nick Tart, but many of today's early-birds seem familiar with guitarist Brian Tatler and his group's heritage and, although they are forced to truncate several songs to shoehorn everything into thirty minutes, the crowd cheer them accordingly.

With the rain still holding off, things begin well for **Anthrax**, despite the absence of new dad Scott Ian. Sepultura's Andreas Kisser is an inspired temporary fill-in, later performing a snippet of his own group's *Refuse/Resist* to prelude *I Am The Law*. It feels like the 80s all over again as the band blaze through *Caught In A Mosh*, *Madhouse*, *Antisocial* and *Indians*, before hauling us back into the here and now with a surprisingly fine new song called *Fight 'Em Till You Can't*. However, Joey Belladonna's voice begins to give up the ghost during *Only*, voiced originally by John Bush, and his delivery is way out of tune as they wave goodbye with *I Am The Law*, besmirching what would otherwise have been a highly creditable display.

With co-founder David Ellefson back on the bass, **Megadeth** begin their segment of the show in deceptively low-key fashion with a mid-tempo *Trust*, following it with a menacingly oppressive version of *In My Darkest Hour* that matches the overhead conditions. But when the band hit their groove and the sparks from those guitar solos begin to fly (as witnessed in *Hangar 18* and *Holy Wars... The Punishment Due*), they are truly unsurpassed in their field – and that includes the headliners. Amid such old favourites as *Wake Up Dead*, *Sweating Bullets* and *À Tout Le Monde*, Megadeth unveil their own brand new composition called *Public Enemy No 1*, from a forthcoming record named *Th1rt3en*, but the biggest shock is that Dave Mustaine – usually the very picture of sullen concentration – actually appears to be enjoying himself. "It finally happened, the Big Four in England," the redhead grins with a disbelieving chuckle as Megadeth leave the stage. And it's not over yet.

As the sun heads westward, there's a massive crowd assembling for the diabolic fundamentalists, even if some of this crowd are dressed as smurfs or wearing capes and sitting in trees quite evidently nipped off their gourds. A highly aggressive start with *Disciple* in front of the Great Wall of Marshall, **Slayer** hit the ground at a Usain Bolt tempo, prompting circle pit – d. general displays of unrelaxed

behaviour. Though still missing guitarist Jeff Hanneman (distressingly suffering from necrotizing fasciitis induced by a spider bite), Exodus's Gary Holt effortlessly fills the gap with a blood-spattered Flying-V and impeccable atonal shredding. Tom Araya is in fine fettle, his beaming smile at odds with the murderous glint in Kerry King's eye, who's also sporting the world's fattest plaited beard. A relatively mid-paced mid-section (*Dead Skin Mask*, *Mandatory Suicide*, *Seasons In The Abyss*) delivers brief respite before the conquering triumvirate of *South Of Heaven*, *Raining Blood* and *Angel Of Death* close the deal in typically brutal fashion.

One could argue that **Metallica** have been rather over-exposed in recent years, their European jaunts almost an essential part of British summertime, up there with Wimbledon and shitty weather. This would be missing the point. Metallica have long since gone from being iconic legends to nothing less than a story, a narrative that every fan feels part of, and which engenders an ocean of goodwill that no other working band on the planet can hope to generate. Tonight's chapter is homage and respect. A heavy weighting to the first four albums with just one song from this century (*All Nightmare Long*), is a populist move evinced by the largest crowd of the weekend and its furious singing (of course that includes the solos). The Big Four get-together encore is telegraphed a mile off, but doesn't lessen the impact one bit. The emotions expressed on Brian Tatler's face as he steps up for the lead lick on his thrash-inspiring masterwork *Am I Evil?* are a delight, ranging from humility and pride to shock and joy. It's a wonderful moment. Two songs later, as a breakneck take on *Creeping Death* comes to its epic conclusion, James Hetfield roars: "How does it feel to be alive, Sonisphere?" It feels pretty good, man.

SATURDAY

★ Figuratively and literally a long way from the main stage, **The Mars Volta**'s inimitable brand of languid cool and arty experimentalism is a welcome alternative to some of the more conservative posturing witnessed elsewhere today. A crisp, angular sound cuts strips through a partisan yet relaxed crowd who lap up every second of 10 minute-plus jazzy workouts *Jewel* and *Broken English Jam*, while a lone boiling kettle stage left seems an apposite enough metaphor for the band's eccentricity and singularity.

Sandwiched between Cavalera Conspiracy and You Me At Six, **Bad Religion**'s Sonisphere slot is somewhat mind-boggling for a band who paved the way for US punk pop. Thankfully they draw in a considerable crowd to a satisfying set devoid of frills and theatrics that spans their back catalogue, piquing with *Los Angeles Is Burning* and the closing classic *Fuck Armageddon... This Is Hell*.

Initial omens are dispiriting: a sparse crowd, opening heavens and a sole bottle of old-school Donington-style piss sailing ominously overhead. It's to their credit then that Weybridge's youthful pop-punkers **You Me At Six** hit the stage like battle-hardened pros, working the crowd and cameras with skill, charm and no little panache. Singer Josh Franceschi exudes X-factor (in the original sense, that is), not to mention a keen, powerful vocal which, while not quite instigating the desired moshpit, does at least elicit a brief topless flash to the delight of the 'kids', and elevates their superior brand of emo/post-hardcore anthems into a memorable hour.

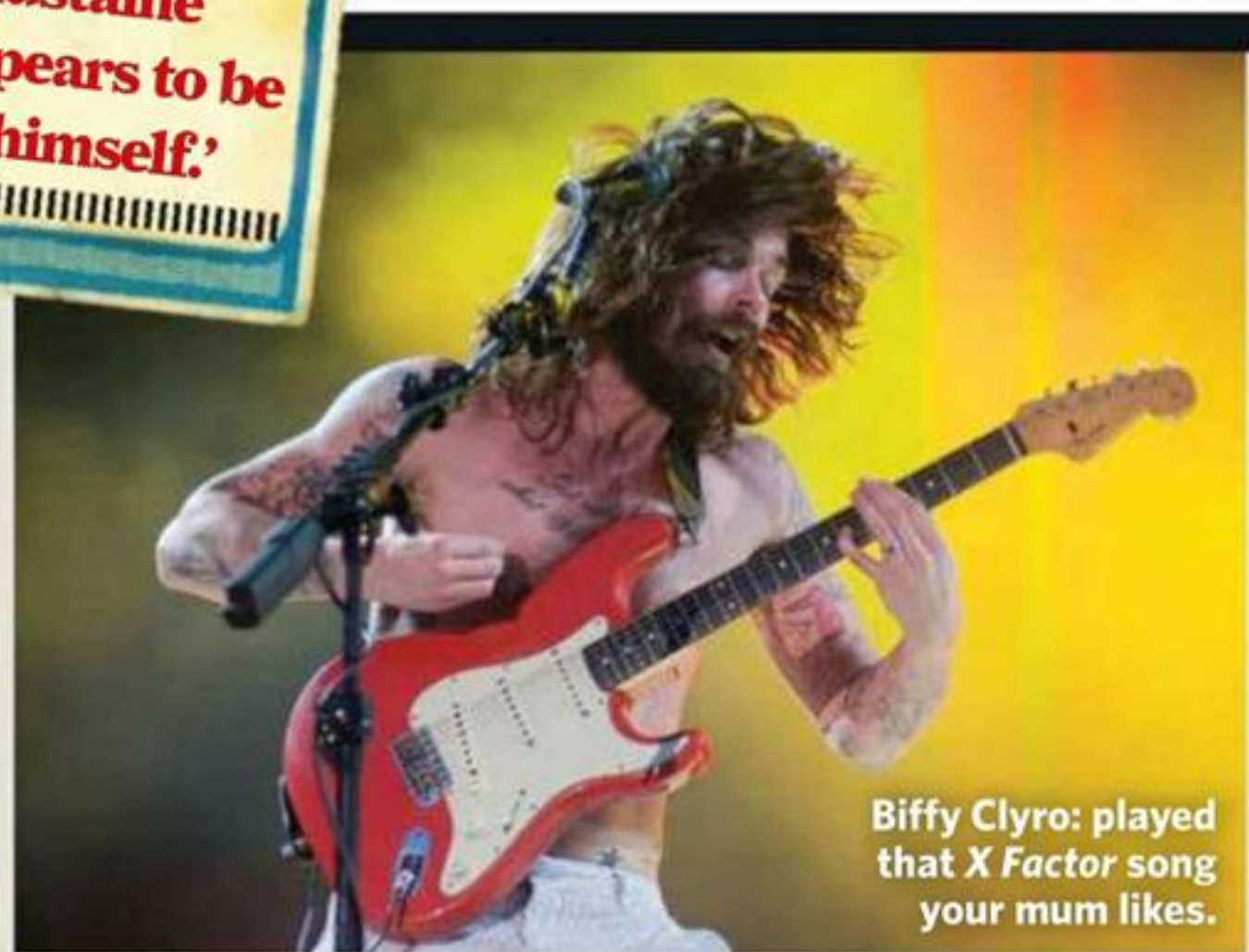
After jogging on stage with a football and immediately running through bouncy crowd-pleasers such as *The Sweater*



LIVE!



Megadeth: unsurpassed in their field - and that includes Metallica.



Biffy Clyro: played that X Factor song your mum likes.



The Mars Volta: jerky jazz-metal for the A-level bunch.

Song and the now customary cover of Wheatus's *Teenage Dirtbag*, Rivers Cuomo runs right down to the barrier. A sun-kissed greatest hits set from **Weezer** should suffice, but nobody down the front is complaining about a little extra attention. Ignoring the buzzkilling cover of Radiohead's *Paranoid Android*, set closers *Pork And Beans* and *Buddy Holly* sees limbs erupting en masse. Classics don't fail.

Those of a gloomier disposition pack out the Bohemia tent with Sheffield's finest goth metal merchants, **Paradise Lost** headlining. As night falls, the mood is set as the veterans play with added pace and power. Classic songs such as *Requiem* and *As I Die* receive the loudest acclaim, and rightly so. They're in their finest dark, mysterious form tonight.

There may be a lack of full Goth styling in the tent - laced cuffs and lacquered bouffants ill-suited to the modern festival experience - but there's enough smoke in here to obscure both the stage and half the expectant audience. After almost Axl Rose levels of delay and a few slow handclaps, eventually **The Sisters Of Mercy** proceed. Unfortunately it's a disappointing set, hampered by muddy sound and an over-reliance on newer material. Eldritch has always proved a stubborn cove and the odd monosyllabic grunt here and there doesn't really cut it.

There were those who questioned **Biffy Clyro**'s place at the top of the bill, but the Scots blow all that away with the set of their career so far. Crashing in with a delirious *The Captain*, they veer from exhilarating rock anthems to heart-wrenching ballads, every moment bellowed along to by a distinctly emotional crowd.

They pay tribute to yesterday's line-up with a blast of Slayer, but they make today their own. Simon Neil slinks across the stage, the consummate rock star, as thousands of balloons head skywards during *Bubbles*, while a delirious, soaring *Many Of Horror* reclaims their biggest hit from the clutches of the X Factor. By the time *Mountains* sends us off into the night with grins plastered across our faces, choosing Sonisphere for their festival headline debut seems like the most natural thing in the world.

SUNDAY

★ **Airbourne** love rock'n'roll and they expect you to love it too. It's like they see no alternative to their raucous, riff-pumping madness, but this goes down bloody brilliantly here. Singer Joel O'Keefe isn't happy with just playing to thousands of people, though, he wants to play a guitar solo on top of the stage. So he climbs 100 feet, plays his solo, feigns falling off and continues. That's rock'n'roll.

Watching **Opeth** perform is a beautiful thing. It's an act of austerity and reflection at the best of times, and doing it in the afternoon while the sun is out just doesn't feel... correct so when the sky darkens and raindrops are felt during the opening chords of *The Grand Conjunction*, a holy sense of righteousness is resumed. Mikael Åkerfeldt is his usual hilariously charming self and his quips are quaintly contradictory to the lavish, artistic music they perform especially during a majestic rendition of *Hex Omega*. The Swedish progressive death metallers are a popular band - that's plain to see from the numbers in attendance - but here in a festival situation, their five-song performance almost seems wasted.

Bill Bailey is a very silly man. Luckily, he's a very funny man, so when he arrives on stage tearing off a mask of his own face before launching into *Human Slaves In An Insect Nation*, his mad-eyed stare has thousands instantly in stitches. He certainly has a unique mind - who else would think of attempting a car horn orchestra version of Metallica's *Enter Sandman*? Or a Rammstein version of *The Hokey Cokey*? Or the lyric 'the duck lies shredded in a pancake, soaking in the hoisin of your lies' for his *Love Song*? That it's all played dead straight, from a genuinely gifted musician, makes it all the funnier.

In possibly the best news of the year so far, **Mastodon** have announced they're releasing their new album *The Hunter* in the next few months. Today is a bludgeoning reminder as to why that's so exciting. Okay, so Brent Hinds still looks terrifying, but they're one of the most uncompromising, filthy, psychedelic gangs around. An outdoor stage isn't their natural habitat, but when bassist Troy Sanders

triggers his demonic vocal effects and they hit you with a big fat wall of prog metal, there's little you can do but give in and get swept up in it all. Magnificent.

It's a bittersweet moment for **Motörhead**, as Lemmy has to stride on stage and announce the sad news that former guitarist Wurzel had died the morning before. He dedicates "this entire set, and indeed the rest of our lives" to their fallen comrade, and honour him with a typically deafening show. There are a few technical glitches, but it hardly matters. Lemmy sneaks off for a fag before *Over The Top*, female fire breathers join them for *Killed By Death*, and *Ace Of Spades* yet again proves itself to be the official anthem of planet rock - and Lemmy is, and always will be, its cowboy-booted president.

Nu metal may be stale, **Limp Bizkit**'s lyrics may be laughable - continuing with newest endeavor *Gold Cobra* - and the irritating Fred Durst may be clinging to the 90s in both attire and audio, but when it comes to live shows all Bizkit want to do is belch out party music you can bop to drunkenly. The set-list is classic due to Durst asking his audience for requests. The performance isn't spectacular, but the audience's animated reaction clinches it: there's nothing like ridiculous nostalgia to brighten up a subdued Sonisphere crowd on a soggy Sunday.

The intensity felt as **Slipknot** emerge on stage in their red boiler suits, remaining silent as they inspect the dampened crowd before launching into it, is chokingly creepy. Emotions run high on stage as the late Paul Gray's hollow suit hovers in the background, but, as Corey Taylor emphasises, this is not a night for negativity. Their set-list is stuffed with hits, and *Spit It Out*'s 'get the fuck down' moment is especially muddy and mind-blowing. Staple Slipknot shows often end in bloodshed; this one ends in tears, with Paul's suit brought centre stage as *Til We Die* echoes ominously. Altogether an overwhelming whirlwind of an epic performance giving witnesses the right to proclaim: "I was there." Sorry, Download, after this weekend Sonisphere looks ready to steal your crown. *Tim Batcup, Dave Ling, Raziq Rauf, Hannah May Kilroy, Emma Johnston*

The Black Crowes

London Shepherd's Bush Empire

Calling time with a flourish.

★ Touted as the last ever Black Crowes UK gig for the indefinite future, tonight's show has a particular gravitas that's as thrilling as it is unwelcome. Split into two halves – acoustic and electric – the relatively fresh *Cold Boy Smile* eases the band into the unplugged set, setting the tone for the next hour or so with its hypnotic slide guitar and meandering pace. The band aren't scrimping on the 'hits', either as the next three songs see *Soul Singing*, *Sister Luck* and *Thorn In My Pride* get rapturous receptions. *Downtown Money Waster* and *Jealous Again* see the acoustic set out with a bang, giving the punters barely enough time for a refill before the loud stuff starts.

A cover of Joe Cocker's *Feelin' Alright* gets the amps warmed up before *Good Morning Captain* really finds the guitars stomping. *High Head Blues* sees Luther Dickinson opening up more salvos of frantic country fretwork and with a raucous *Remedy* the Crowes seal the deal on the set.

It's been 12 years since the Crowes recorded *Live At The Greek* with Jimmy Page, and 11 since that ill-fated tour collapsed before reaching British soil. But with a song in his head and a roadie's Les Paul in his hand, Page strolls out, greets the brothers Robinson like old friends and with consummate ease nails *Shake Your Money Maker*. It's a grand moment. And if this is to be the Crowes' last show in the UK, nobody could have asked for a more suitably theatrical curtain call.

ROSS HALPIN

Josh Harper



The Black Crowes: the final Page in the story?

Lou Reed

London Hammersmith Apollo

True rock'n'roll animal... untamed.

★ Notoriously, Reed's live shows can go either way. Over the decades, you might have caught him emitting an hour of white noise, noodling over one chord change, ranting for no clear reason, or applauding an on-stage tai chi master. Tonight our luck is in.

On stage is the man who fronted the Velvet Underground before unleashing a stream of diversely brilliant 70s solo albums and carving a wilfully provocative career of peaks and troughs which has quested after a perverse, dirty purity. From minute one, he and his exquisite band (who he conducts, cajoles and directs) are utterly spellbinding. This type of show – quivering on the brink of collapse, yet always swooping away to triumph – is what becomes a legend most.

Walking on, he seems frail, tentative, but once in character he appears indomitable. After a timid *Who Loves The Sun*, a blistering *Senselessly Cruel* lets us know that Lou, pushing 70 and moving like it, is up for it. His set-list seems designed for clued-up Reed fans rather than those wanting what might be called, at a stretch, the 'hits'. *Temporary Thing* is a transcendent, minimalist mantra of repressed rage; his brave take on John Lennon's *Mother* is startling, his risky phrasing lurching between genius and ill-advised, and therefore at its most heroic; *Venus In Furs* purrs. Acoustic, stripped-down breezes through *Sunday Morning* and *Femme Fatale* allow us to assimilate what we have just witnessed. After the inevitable *Sweet Jane*, the encore is his rarely performed jazz trip *The Bells*. It's epic. One for the ages, this.

Chris Roberts

Iron Maiden

Glasgow SECC

Still peddling their winning metal formula.

★ The climax of a marathon tour that played to two million people globally, Maiden are on explosively good form as they begin their final British lap of honour in Glasgow. After months on the road, these hardy Brit-metal perennials clearly have their baroque'n'roll spectacular locked down, blasting headlong through two hours of operatic screeching and triple-guitar bombast with scarcely a pause for breath.

Bruce Dickinson, eternally adolescent and impressively fit at 53, prowls the battlements of an elaborate two-storey space-station stage set beneath quaintly hand-painted vistas of alien planets and post-apocalyptic cityscapes. The band's monster mascot Eddie makes two appearances, first as a 10-foot-tall alien robot, then as a humongous hydraulic head looming behind the stage. The cumulative effect is like seeing a teenage boy's bedroom from the late 70s blown up to Hollywood blockbuster dimensions.

Three decades and more than 80 million albums into their career, Maiden remain the most Middle English of metal bands. In Glasgow, pagan panto-rock pageants like *Brave New World* and *The Wicker Man* are one part Black Sabbath, one part Sex Pistols and one part Hammer horror – plus a dash of Monty Python. Such is the evergreen winning formula that has made them Britain's most successful rock export, their commercial profile is now bigger than ever. Perennially preposterous but undeniably exciting, they appeal to the geeky teenage fanboy inside all of us – regardless of age or nationality.

Ste

John Mellencamp

London Hammersmith Apollo

Blending pop and Americana.

★ As his latest album *No Better Than This* is a sparse blues homage recorded in mono by T-Bone Burnett, one approaches the artist formerly known as Johnny Cougar's first London show in 19 years steeled for eat-it-it's-good-for-you worthiness and strained displays of I'm-a-proper-musician authenticity that frequently eschew entertainment. Such lentils do not appear.

Instead, Mellencamp delivers a thoroughly engaging two-hour performance which consummately balances barnstorming American rock anthems with more intimate voice-and-violin moments. He may not – at least in the UK – inspire the blanket devotion Springsteen does, but tonight he exudes equal mastery of blue-collar-heroism and crowd-rousing pacing. For every stark, swampy folk ballad – *Easter Eve*, *The West End* – there's a roar of his muscular band on a Stateside staple like *Pink Houses* or the irresistible *Check It Out*.

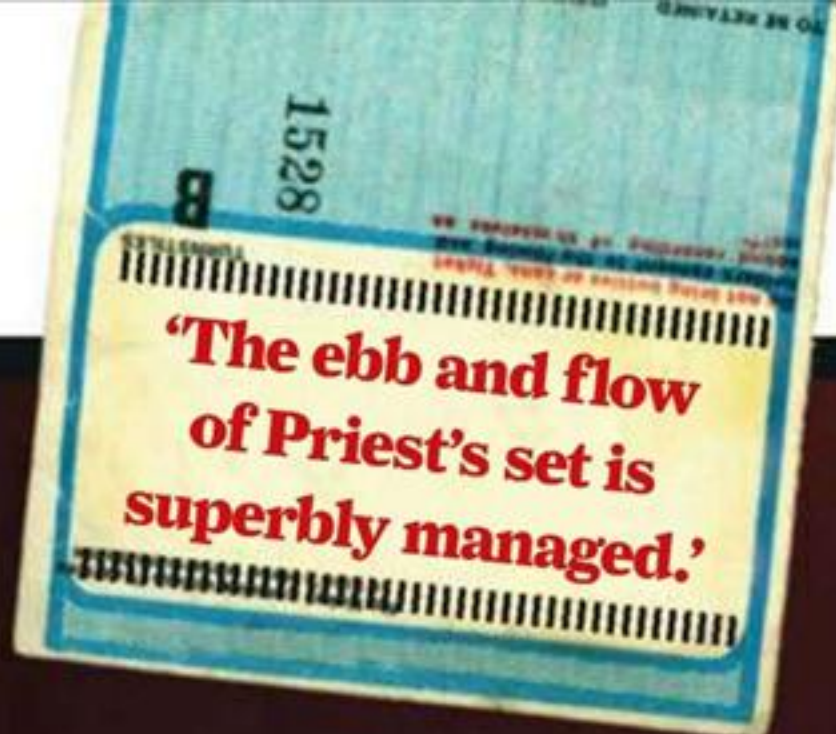
He's solved the impossible equation, merging new material with the hits into a blend of both worlds. *Jack And Diane* is presented as a throwaway shuffle that has the hall bellowing 'life goes on/ long after the thrill of living is gone' like it's a declaration of joy.

As that Trojan horse of a line shows, Mellencamp – now resembling Kris Kristofferson circa *A Star Is Born* – is smarter than he's usually given credit for. His anecdotes between songs are wry and self-effacing, his small-town-dream observations acute, his voice grizzled and gutsy. Leonine.

Chris Roberts



LIVE!

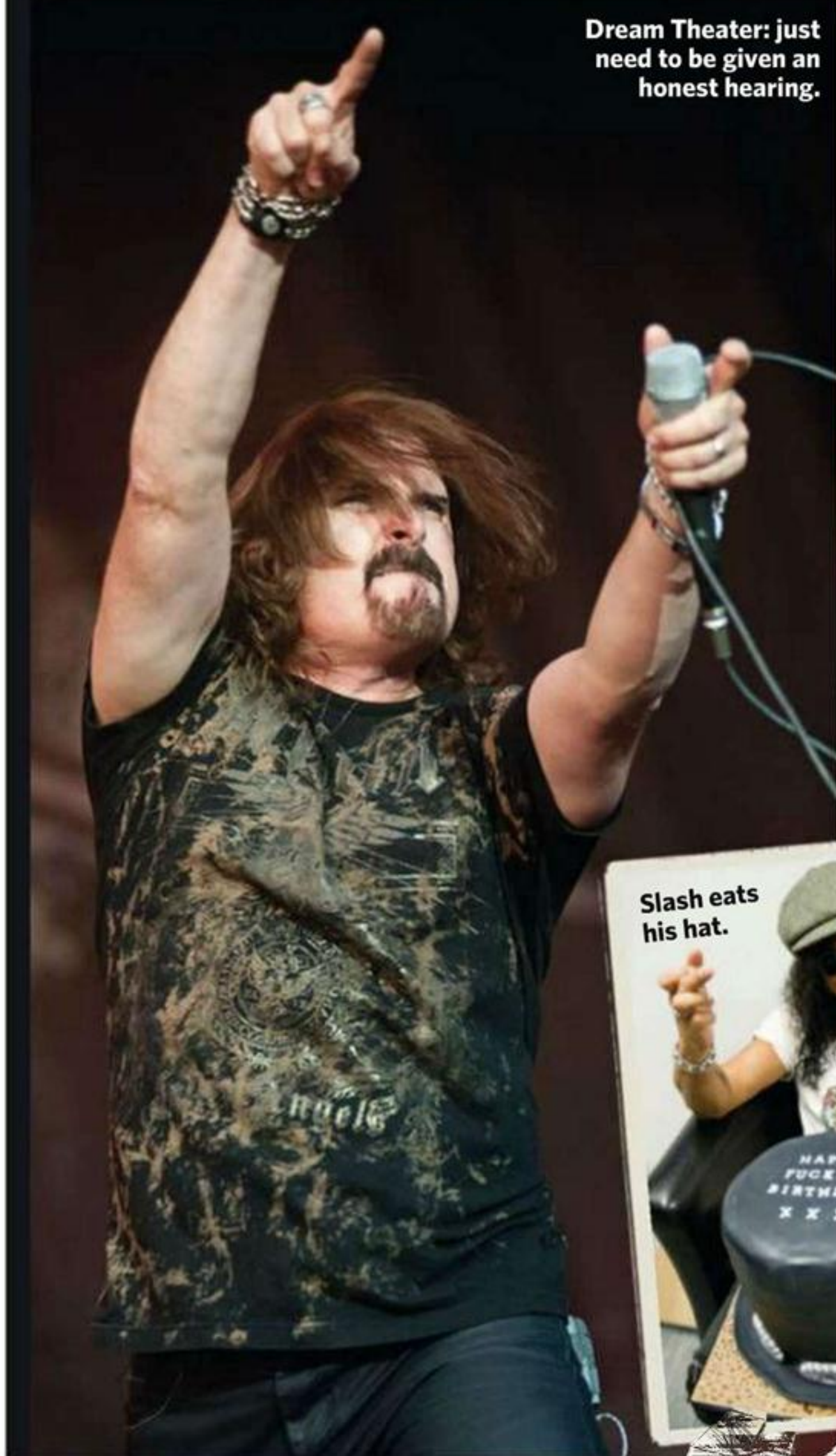


Judas Priest:
thrilling power.



Dream Theater: just
need to be given an
honest hearing.

Slash: the
embodiment
of rock'n'roll.



Slash eats
his hat.

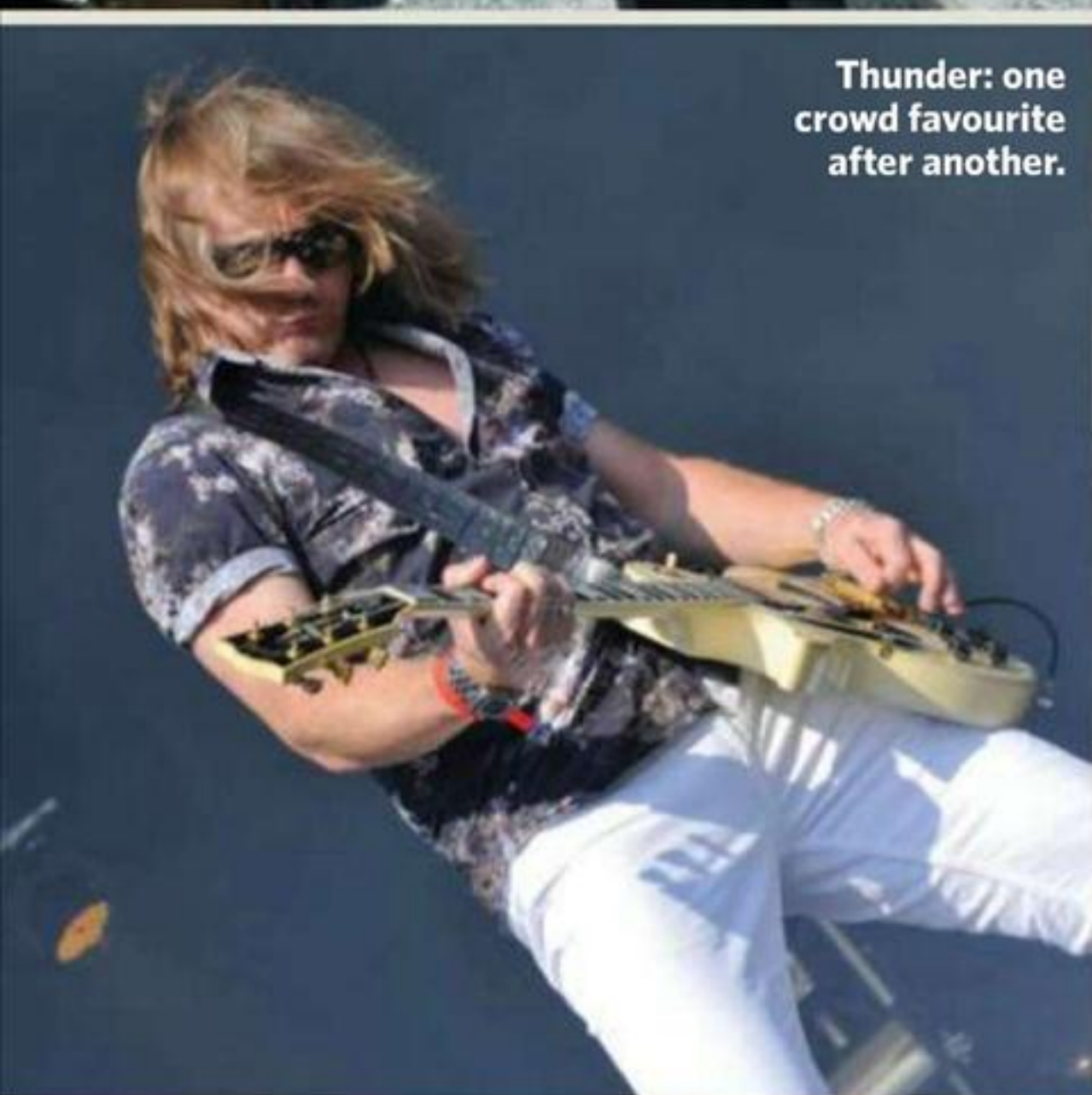


ROSS HALEN x2

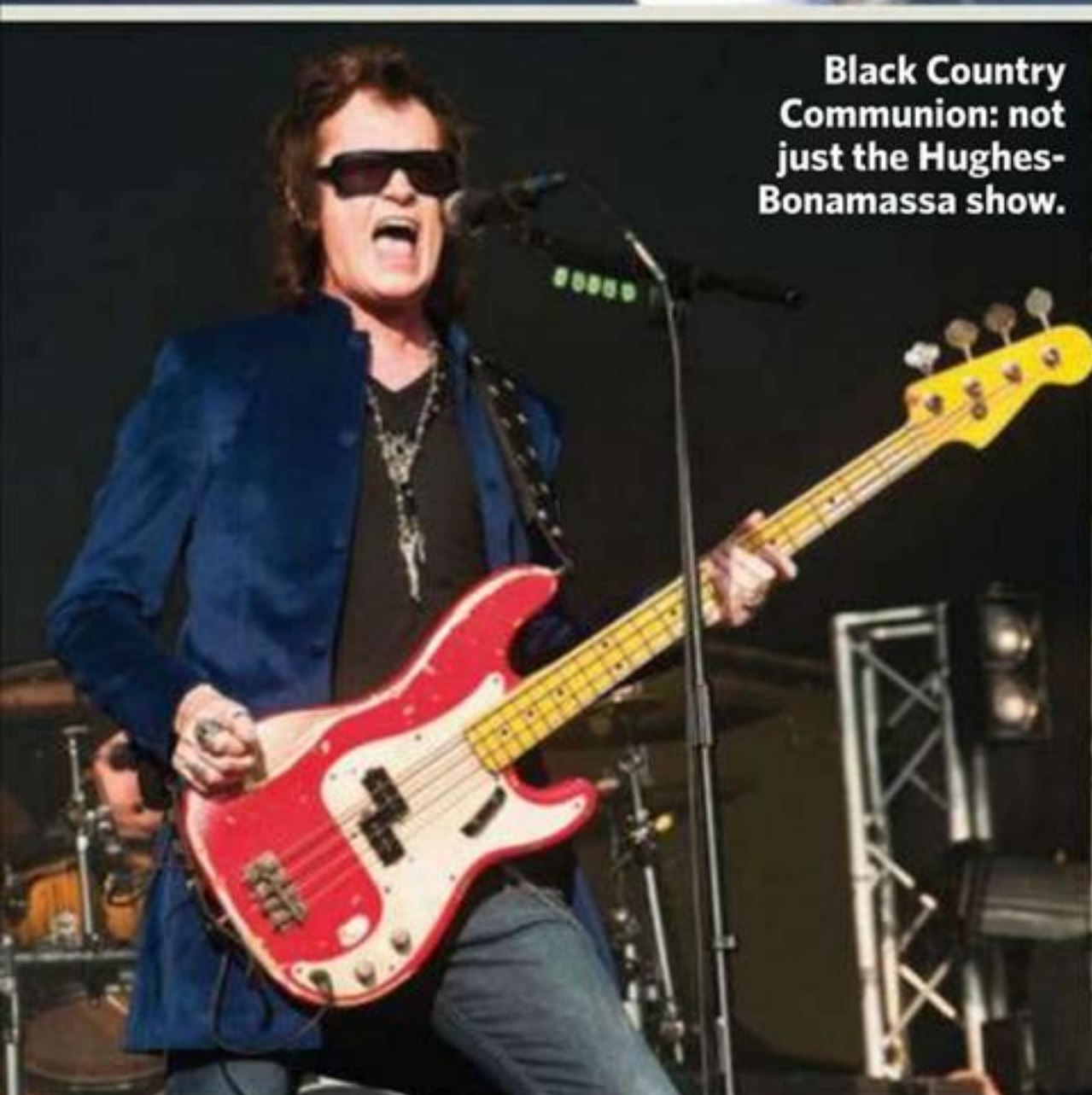
Michael Monroe:
a feast of shrewdly
daft rock'n'roll.



Thunder: one
crowd favourite
after another.



Black Country
Communion: not
just the Hughes-
Bonamassa show.



High Voltage

London Victoria Park

Middle-order artists trump the headliners to deliver the highlights

SATURDAY MAIN STAGE

★ Flying high on the invigorating fumes generated by his ongoing renaissance, **Michael Monroe** ignites High Voltage with a feast of shrewdly daft rock'n'roll. The recent departure of guitarist Ginger has blunted the Finn's blade somewhat, but this is a fine early-doors explosion nonetheless.

Skin know the drill: if you're on early at a festival, then do a series of crowd-pleasers to get everyone going. And they deliver exactly that, with consummate professionalism. Frontman Neville MacDonald even sheds blood accidentally. A totally absorbing set.

Rival Sons have absolutely no shame in time-travelling back to the 70s and living out their deepest Led Zeppelin fantasies, which is why their flamboyant flail across the main stage is so much fun. Suited and booted frontman Jay Buchanan swaggers like he owns the place, and the band's bluesy rock'n'roll is infused with an enthusiasm that's infectious.

It's good to see **Queensrÿche**'s mysterious glyph rising above the stage – a reminder that Seattle has produced something other than gloomy social realism. Always more sci-fi concept than kitchen-sink drama, they overcome a bedevilled PA with diamond-hard readings of *NM156*, *Empire* and the tremendous *I Don't Believe In Love*. Frontman Geoff Tate is a menacing stage presence, too, shaven-headed, beefier than he was and wearing his years well.

Like Queensrÿche, **Thin Lizzy** might have expected volume above that of background music, and perhaps that explains an emergent disconnect between band and crowd, with sections chanting that they want it louder. When Michael Monroe joins Lizzy on stage and plays dreadful saxophone on *Dancing In The Moonlight*, it's arguable whether it's better when he can't be heard or when he can. A fast and loose *Whiskey In The Jar* raises hands and spirits, yet the band's set is little more than a revue of their standards – they could have been more adventurous.

It's **Slash**'s birthday, and as he eases towards his half-century it's apparent that there's nowhere else he'd rather be than on stage. Silhouetted on the big-screen he's the embodiment of rock'n'roll. Yet such familiarity owes a debt to the past, and he and his band must walk the line between his crowd-pleasing back-catalogue and an understandable urge to forge an identity of their own. Singer Myles Kennedy is weightily billed alongside his leader, yet suspicions remain that he is there mainly for the effortless way in which he reproduces Axl Rose's stylings during rollicking run-throughs of *Night Train*, *Sweet Child O' Mine* and *Paradise City*. Amid those juggernauts, it's *Ghost*, its riff an almost perfect fusion of those last two songs, that holds its own.

As **Judas Priest** take the stage the skies over East London turn blood-red, forming a spectacular and fitting backdrop for the metal legends. The band, and especially frontman Rob Halford, understand perfectly heavy metal's strange mix of majesty and silliness, and have 40 years' worth of delivering it to draw from, which they do thoughtfully and with thrilling power. "Good riff, that," Halford notes after *Never Satisfied*. "Right of Birmingham."

The ebb and flow of Priest's set is superbly managed: *Victim Of Changes* and *Diamonds And Rust* are first-half show-stoppers, Halford's vocals particularly blood-curdling on the former. *Prophecy*, from *Nostradamus*, runs into *Night Crawler* and *Turbo Lover*, before the band head into a joyous and unstoppable climax with *Hell Bent For Leather*, *Electric Eye* and, naturally, *Living After Midnight*, expertise and unquenchable enthusiasm perfectly aligned.

PROG STAGE

Finnish three-piece the **Von Hertzen Brothers** kick off proceedings on the Prog Stage with a head-turning display that combines deft arrangements, huge hooks and lightning bursts of lead guitar with assured, multi-part vocal harmonies.

The hazy prog beauty that comes with the territory in any **Amplifier** set is perfectly suited to warm days drinking beer in the park, and as their giant waves of lush sounds roll over the audience, matched in size by the Mancunians' grins, the standard is set for the rest of the weekend.

With plenty of pleasant-to-swallow songs to choose from, old-school proggers **Caravan** may have taken a bit of a gamble in playing the 23-minute *Nine Feet Underground* in a festival set, but the multi-faceted piece seemed to thrill those not even born when it was recorded just as much as those who embraced the Canterbury scene centrepiece in the 70s, and provided one of the Prog Stage's weekend highlights.

With the world reeling from the news of the mass murder in Norway the previous day, **Anathema** pay tribute with *Dreaming Light*, a song about that country. It's a moving and sincere moment of reflection in an emotion-drenched set, frontman Vincent Cavanagh and co-vocalist Lee Douglas battling on through occasional sound problems to make grown men in the audience swoon like teenage girls.

There's a lot for **Neal Morse** to cram in – 10 solo albums, if no Spock's Beard material (wait until Sunday) – and not much time to do it. Consequently he starts early and his young, nine-piece ensemble soon have everyone stomping to the jazzy *Time Changer* and its stunning, Yes-like multi-part harmony breakdowns. Morse's inspiration is his faith, and his run deep into the crowd during *The Truth Will Set You Free* to sing to and embrace his former bandmates has both a personal and evangelical touch.

John Lees' Barclay James Harvest close the evening on the Prog Stage with a touching set centred on their 1971 album *Once Again*, with *Galadriel*, *Ball And Chain* and *Mockingbird* included in a striking set that blends nicely with the stage's leafy situ.

Bandleader Lees has little time for chit-chat, which is a shame, as the eager crowd clearly crave his attention. But his searing guitar playing bridges the gap, as gregarious bass player Craig Fletcher takes the mic to jokingly ask the Metal Hammer Stage to "calm it down!" or to announce another "none-more-progtastic" song. An unexpected highlight is the not previously performed 1970 blues-chugger *Taking Some Time On*, of which Lees cries: "I wrote that when I was 20!" before the finalé with a dramatically liturgical *After The Day*, in tribute to former BJH man the late Woolly Woolstenholme. ♦



LIVE!

METAL HAMMER STAGE

If **Attica Rage** set heads banging with a dynamic display of giant metal grooves, albeit lacking in memorable songs, then **Primitai** are a more classic hard rock beast, having clearly taken as much from Thin Lizzy as Slayer, and have the technical gift to make it work live. Shame the lead guitar is out of tune, though.

Ravens Creed are the first brutal band of the day, and their combination of old-school, death, grind and black metal provides a surge of sound and gets the blood boiling.

Triggerfinger are the day's revelation. The Belgian trio's style is Volbeat-meets-Motörhead, and they're so entertaining that you can even forgive a drum solo, which is more a piece of rhythmic theatre anyway.

Sylosis admit they appear a little out of place on this bill but their more straight-ahead modern metal approach gets a good reaction. The pity is that their musical talents are hindered by a lack of stagecraft.

Grand Magus open with the Rainbow-esque *Kingslayer*, and keep up the stoner thrust throughout their set. They have a mastery of both music and fans that makes them almost hypnotic.

Electric Wizard can't make it out of Finland, so **Rival Sons** have stepped into the headlining slot at the last minute. They had already impressed on the main stage earlier, but this performance is even more stunning, and a titanic way to end the day.

SUNDAY MAIN STAGE

★ A few years ago, **Heaven's Basement** were touted as the saviours of British melodic rock. But that seems far away now. Their performance is lacklustre and stale, and the lukewarm response sums up how their appeal has fallen away.

You'd have thought **Saint Jude** had spent their lives on big stages, such is their complete control. Led by charismatic vocalist Lynne Jackaman, the hotly tipped band prove that their rapidly escalating reputation is deserved, as they deliver 30 minutes of powerhouse blues-rock. *Little Queen* and *Soul On Fire* are driving anthems which get everyone moving, and overall it's a truly convincing performance.

Michael Schenker revisits his UFO, Scorpions and Michael Schenker Group years with Herman 'Ze German' Rarebell playing drums and a reunion with Scorpions guitarist brother Rudolf Schenker on *Rock You Like A Hurricane*. Other cameos, including ex-UFO bassist Pete Way, lend a slightly haphazard feel, but Michael has done marvellously to revive his career after the last alcohol-fuelled meltdown.

Optimum booze consumption and the weekend's most dazzling sunshine ensure that **Thunder**'s one-off reunion appearance is set up to perfection. In it purely for laughs, they deliver one crowd favourite after another, from *Back Street Symphony* to *Dirty Love*, and the antics of vocalist, chief cheerleader and champion dad-dancer Danny Bowes are applauded as wildly as drummer Gary 'Harry' James's excursions to the front of the stage. Should this band never perform live again it would be a travesty.

If **Black Country Communion** were supposed to fall at the fence while following the enjoyment and sense of fun generated by Thunder's set, nobody told Glenn Hughes. The bassist roars: "I am a messenger, this is my prophecy", and the video screens show an audience with their arms raised aloft in sun-drenched salutation. Joe Bonamassa's guitar soars joyously while contributing a Blackmore-ish solo to *Save Me*, and, just for once you can hear Derek Sherinian's keyboards, reminding us that despite the inclusion of Joe's own *The Ballad Of John Henry* and Deep Purple's *Burn*, BCC are a real band, and not just the Hughes-Bonamassa show.

Headliners **Dream Theater** face a partial clash with Prog Stage headliners Jethro Tull, but that alone can't explain the thinning out of the Main Stage audience; it has to be said that the US/Canadian group's

Black Spiders:
Triumphant.



Saint Jude: a truly
convincing
performance.



Jethro Tull: visible
pulling power.



expansive, elaborate prog-metal was never going to satisfy every punter at High Voltage.

Returning with a new drummer, with former Steve Vai and Extreme man Mike Mangini in place of the celebrated Mike Portnoy, Dream Theater nevertheless generate rapture for all of those prepared to give them an honest hearing. There's just one song (*On The Backs Of Angels*) previewed from their forthcoming, Portnoy-less album *A Dramatic Turn Of Events*, and Mangini slots into his new role with consummate ease and, mechanical precision. Dream Theater's spot at High Voltage was never meant, nor probably expected, to be so sensational. Judging by their performance today, the DTTory is far from over.

1528
**'Black Spiders slap
a smile on all but the
sourest of faces.'**

PROG STAGE

Pallas capitalise on the strong reaction to their new album, XXV, that shifts the emphasis from neo-prog into territory carved out by Rush,

Deep Purple and Porcupine Tree. The Scots band end their set with their best-known song, *Arrive Alive*.

Old-time theatre agents used to tell performers: "You've got to have a gimmick." **The Enid**'s, however, is an irritating one to all but their aficionados, and this afternoon their traditional set-closer *Land Of Hope And Glory* falls as flat as the rest of what has been a dull set.

Taking the award for causing the biggest 70s flashback of the weekend (as much by the retina-scorching tie-dyed shirts as by the music), **Curved Air** proved they were more than just *Back Street Luv*, with *It Happened Today* in particular being beautifully rendered. (But what was their guitarist doing selling programmes in the VIP area afterwards?)

For some the jury will forever be out and the debate will continue over whether **Mostly Autumn**'s current singer is a match for her predecessor. What's more important, however, is the songs, and the likes of the sumptuous *Evergreen* and heroes *Never Die* would sound almost as good sung by anyone able to carry a tune.

The buzz surrounding the Prog Stage all weekend is whether Neal Morse, who had performed solo on Saturday night, and who had quit **Spock's Beard** for a higher calling in 2002, would reunite with the band he'd helped form back in 1992. With the stage bathed in glorious sunshine, and after some of the Beard's heftily impressive slabs of mega-prog in the shape of *The Emperor's Clothes* and *The Doorway*, a prog fairytale comes true when Neal joins the band on stage and leads them through a sumptuous *June*.

As **Jethro Tull** start their headlining set, the audience gathering at the Prog Stage continues to expand, while the audience at the Main Stage dwindles. Clearly, Tull have a bit more pulling power than Black Country Communion. But then Tull have been around a bit longer and have a bigger catalogue of fine material to draw from. Although playing a set of just 80 minutes means many fan-favourites are left out, the opening salvo of two real classics – *Living In The Past* and *Thick As A Brick* – sets things up nicely. But it's the *Aqualung* material, from an album celebrating its 40th anniversary, that really shapes this fine set, not least the title track, and an encore of *Locomotive Breath* with BCC's Joe Bonamassa rounding off a winning performance.

METAL HAMMER STAGE

Faced with a field of green faces, **Furyon** blast hangovers away, the band showing spectacular levels of energy while playing to a massive early crowd.

The Treatment are a shameless party band, inspiring a wonderfully cheesy bout of Cliff Richard-style arm waving during *Nothing To Lose But Our Minds*, an old-fashioned anthem Kiss would be proud of.

Snake-hipped and fuzzy faced, **Gentlemen Pistols** match their good-time stoner stomp with shimmering, duelling, Thin Lizzy-style guitars. And that *Comfortably Crazy* has shades of Spinal Tap's *Big Bottom* is something only to be encouraged.

Graveyard bring a touch of class, the Swedes' bluesy rock'n'roll invoking the spirit of Zeppelin and Sabbath. It's an unshowy set that gives everyone a breather before **Black Spiders** come along and kick things up a notch. With their rabble-rousing call of "fuck you Black Spiders" and feel-good slabs of the granite-like *Just Like A Woman*, they bring a riot of their own that slaps a smile on all but the sourest of faces, and they leave triumphant.

The same can't be said of **Neurosis**, who, playing in sunlight and without their projections, lack their usual impact. Their dark slabs of noise are powerful, but by the time they lurch to a close there's no audience left. *Dom Lawson, Malcolm Dome, Emma Johnston, Jon Hotten, Dave Ling, Paul Henderson, Jo Kendall, Jerry Ewing*

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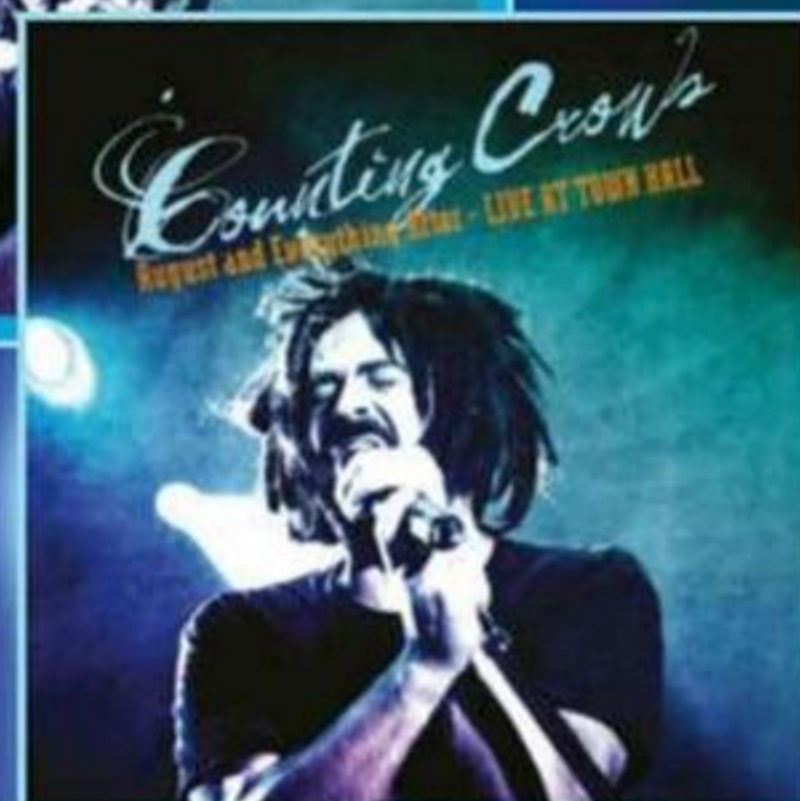
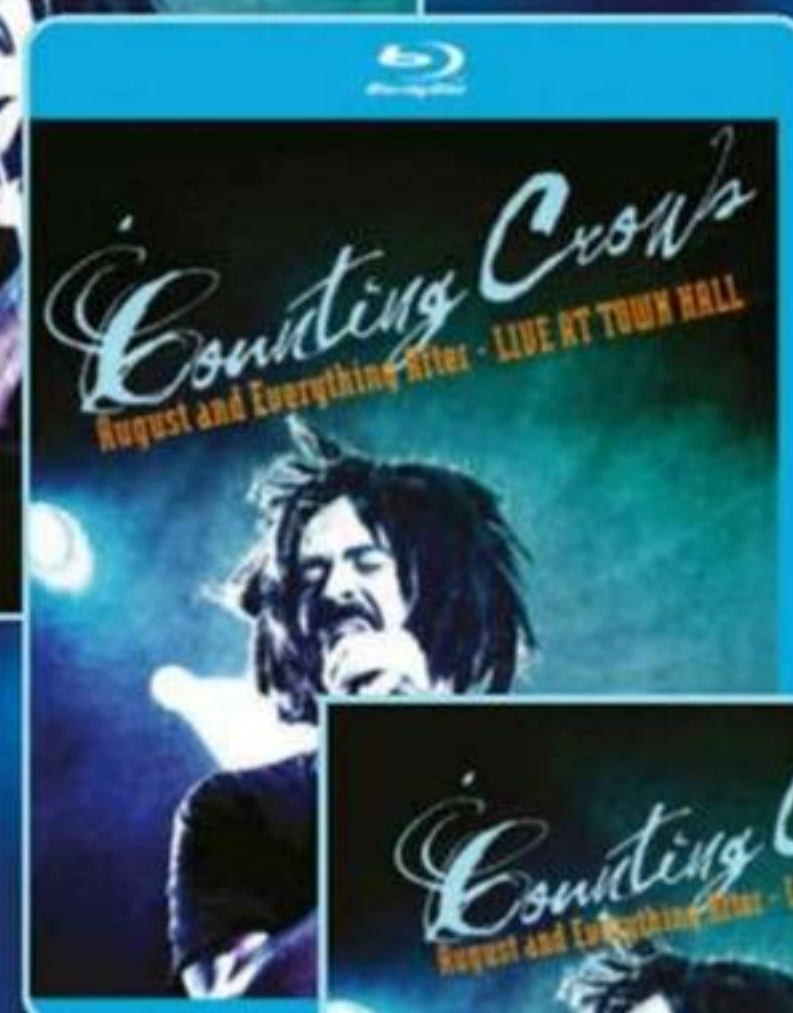
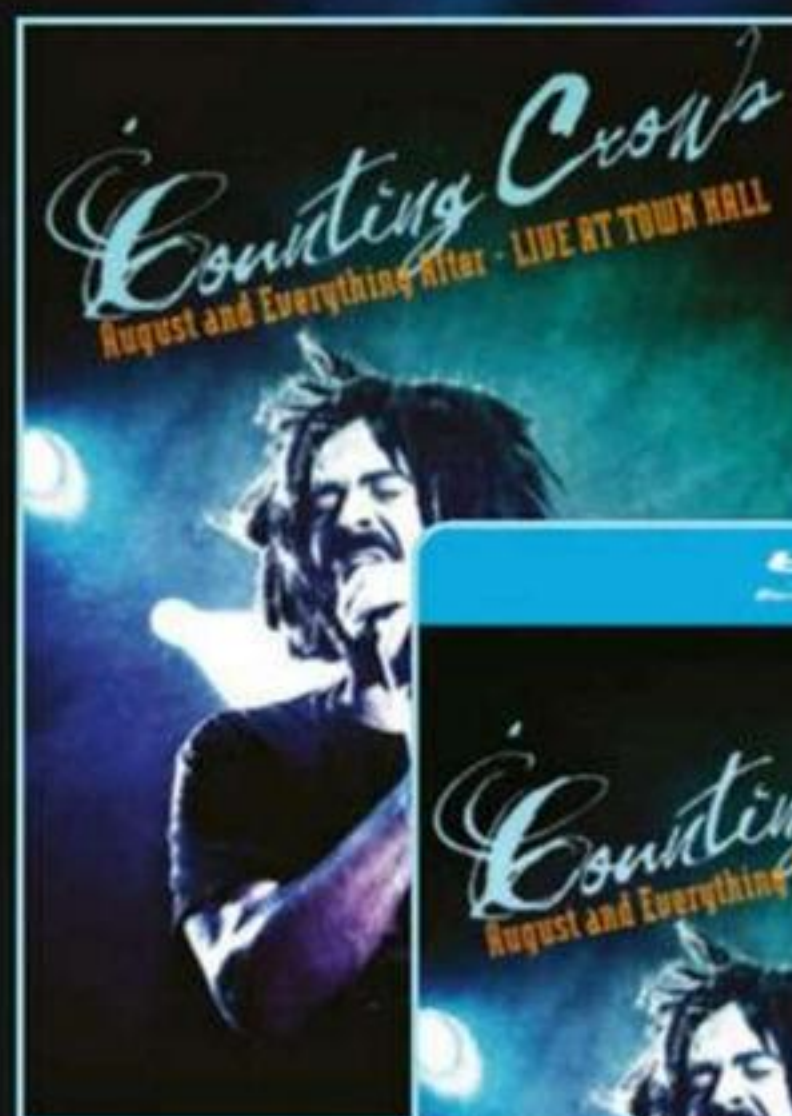
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Continued from page 46

become that they even had one on the album's sleeve, gifting rock one of its most iconic covers.

With the recording sessions finally wrapped up at the end of September, Atlantic hurried to get the new AC/DC album out in time for Christmas. Released in the UK on November 23, 1981, *For Those About To Rock We Salute You* was greeted warmly by fans and critics still basking in the heat of its mega-hit predecessor. It did not, however, follow *Back In Black* to No.1 in Britain, peaking at No.3 behind the Human League's *Dare* and Queen's *Greatest Hits*. And while it did provide the band with their first US No.1 album, sales only reached the same comparatively modest levels as *Dirty Deeds*, much as Atlantic's Phil Carson had predicted. Indeed, 30 years on *For Those...* has sold four million copies in the US – roughly 18 million less than *Back In Black* and, astonishingly, two million less even than *Dirty Deeds*...

So powerfully embedded did the image of cannons become within the band's psyche that when the subsequent tour began in the US on November 14, along with the two-and-a-half ton Hell's Bell that had first appeared suspended above the drums on the *Back In Black* tour there were now two dozen 'cannons' added to the stage show.

"There were 12 black boxes each side, in two rows of six that looked nothing like cannons," Jeffery laughingly recalls. "Until they were lifted up from the ground behind the PA and barrels popped out – when they worked. Built by Light And Sound Design. Fire!"

The scene backstage had also changed significantly. While the band had never been short of female admirers in Australia and Britain – particularly the insatiable Bon Scott – in America AC/DC were now attracting the kind of high-heeled, spandex-and-boob-tube-clad groupies previously reserved for Led Zeppelin and the Stones. With most of the band now married, however, as Johnson told one US reporter: "You never fuck them. You shake hands and that's it. That's for the crew. They're the ones with the passes, not us."

It wasn't just the groupies the band were now filtering out of their increasingly single-minded vision. More than on any previous tour, AC/DC now had things all their own way. With no Bon around for backstage visitors to enjoy a drink and a laugh with, the job fell to Brian and occasionally Cliff to keep the party fires burning. Which if you liked a pint and a roll-up they were good at. The days of running off with whatever group of hell-raisers happened to come around town were long gone, though. They weren't even keen to mingle with the other bands. "I like a nice cup of tea," Angus would explain, "and a bit of quiet before

the show." Malcolm, it seemed, just liked to be left the fuck alone.

San Francisco rockers Y&T opened for AC/DC on the UK leg of the *For Those About To Rock* tour in September 1982. "Somebody told us: 'Malcolm is a real hard-ass, so don't say anything that's gonna piss him off or you'll be off the tour in five minutes'," recalls Y&T singer Dave Meniketti.

More troubling in America were the renewed protests from a whole load of right-wing Christian groups, whose tanks had been amassed on the AC/DC lawns since Angus had been depicted wearing toy devil-horns on the cover of *Highway To Hell*. On one level, the "God botherers", as Johnson called them, could be dismissed as just plain silly. He recalls a leaflet handed out by some Jesus freaks circling the environs of the Cabo Hall in Detroit where the US tour began, which claimed: "The Bible says the Word of the Devil is Evil and so is rock'n'roll." "I don't remember the Bible mentioning rock'n'roll," he wheezed.

It was a story that continued to follow AC/DC throughout their US tour, with the self-avowed Christian Right citing new *For Those About To Rock* tracks like C.O.D. (an acronym not just for Cash On Delivery but also Care Of the Devil) and *Evil Walks* as more proof of the band's devilish intentions. Even ostensibly more clued-up institutions like *Rolling Stone* magazine jumped on the AC/DC-are-bad-for-you bandwagon, describing them in their Record Guide as: "an

"Letting go of Mutt Lange was a mistake. With him they were crafted records, without taking away the spontaneity." Ian Jeffery

Australian hard rock band whose main purpose on earth apparently is to offend anyone within sight or earshot. They succeed on both counts."

Ask AC/DC now what they made of the Christian groups protesting outside their shows, and Brian Johnson is philosophical: "That was the best promotion we could get. We took them over from Sabbath, you know. They were probably the same people calling Ozzy and Geezer Satanists. I don't know – maybe they were fanatics for hire." "That's right," adds Angus sardonically, "they got paid by the hour."

By the time the *For Those About To Rock* world tour reached Europe at the end of 1982, a year after it had begun, things were at last running more smoothly. Bernie Marsden, then guitarist with European tour openers Whitesnake, had been a friend of Bon's in his party-hearty London days. "Things were different now, though," he says, "you could tell."

Apart from Johnson – "who'd you see at the hotel, maybe" – the other members of the band made themselves scarce outside the shows themselves. Marsden's fondest memory revolves around what he calls "the legendary AC/DC pub" that would be erected backstage each night – to save the band from having to actually rub shoulders with real people in an actual bar.

"There's a jukebox in there and a dartboard and a pool table. It even had beer on tap, with pumps and their first set together."

Germany, Marsden recalls: "We finished, went down to the dressing room and got cleaned-up a bit, came back up, and they still hadn't gone on. They were playing darts! Angus said to me: 'Come on, you be my partner. We're trying to get a double-eight to finish.' While there's 15,000 Germans going 'A-C-D-C! A-C-D-C!' Just going mad. And I suddenly realised we could have played an hour and a half and it wouldn't have mattered one iota."

Marsden made a point of staying to watch from the side every night. "I never realised until I watched it from that angle how much work Angus puts into the show," he recalls. "Angus is wringing wet before he goes on. He gets himself really fired up. And then you've got the complete other side of it with Malcolm just locking it down, standing there cool as a cucumber."

"You never really knew what was gonna happen, even though the show never changed that much every night. Phil Rudd, every third or fourth song, instead of smacking his snare drum he'd smack his thigh. He'd got this permanent sort of never-been-able-to-heal-properly cut on his thigh, he'd hit it so hard with the stick each night."

By the time the tour finally ended, in Zurich, two weeks before Christmas 1982, AC/DC had confirmed their status as one of the biggest touring attractions in the world – big enough to have turned down \$1 million to open a stadium show in America for the Rolling Stones. "Malcolm had decided they weren't ever going to open for anybody any more," Jeffery recalls.

But while the tour was a success, *For Those About To Rock We Salute You* would prove to be a watershed for the band. Without the old team of Mensch and Lange to guide them, none of the next three AC/DC albums would get near the US Top 10. Indeed it was not until 2008 and the release of *Black Ice* that they reached No.1 again.

Letting go of Mutt Lange, says Ian Jeffery now, "was a huge mistake – the biggest mistake. It was really sad. With Mutt Lange they were crafted records, without taking away the spontaneity of it sounding like a band playing."

The trouble was, for established figures like Mutt Lange and, before him, Peter Mensch (and, after him, Ian Jeffery, himself sacked in the wake of the commercial failure of the next AC/DC album, *Flick Of The Switch*) to be effective the band needed to cede elements of control. The problem was they were simply no longer prepared to do so.

From here on in, the world of AC/DC – the band that, during their formative years fronted by Bon Scott, had been an open invitation to all-comers to join in the fun; now, with Brian Johnson and everyone else doing as they were told by Malcolm and Angus – became a closed shop. Heads down, no-nonsense, not mindless but certainly no longer mindful of anyone outside their own inner circle. As Ian Jeffery says: "You're either totally in or totally out with them."

And the turning point was *For Those About To Rock We Salute You*, the flawed follow-up to one of the biggest albums in history and one that sealed the fate of AC/DC in so many different ways. Ask Angus Young the last time he listened to that record, and his answer speaks volumes. "I don't listen to any of our albums – ever," he says. "I mean, I've written and recorded them. Why would I listen to them?"

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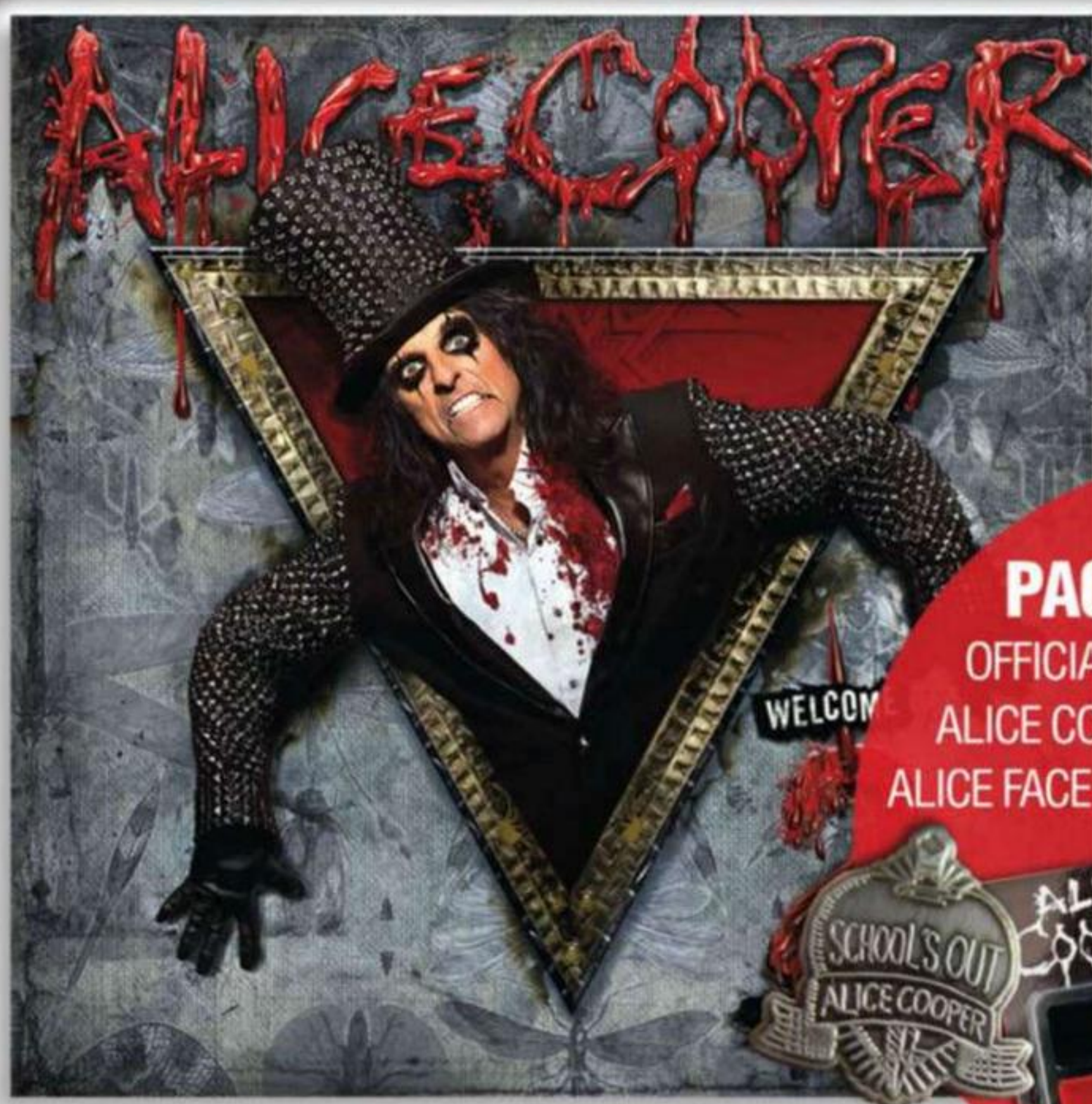
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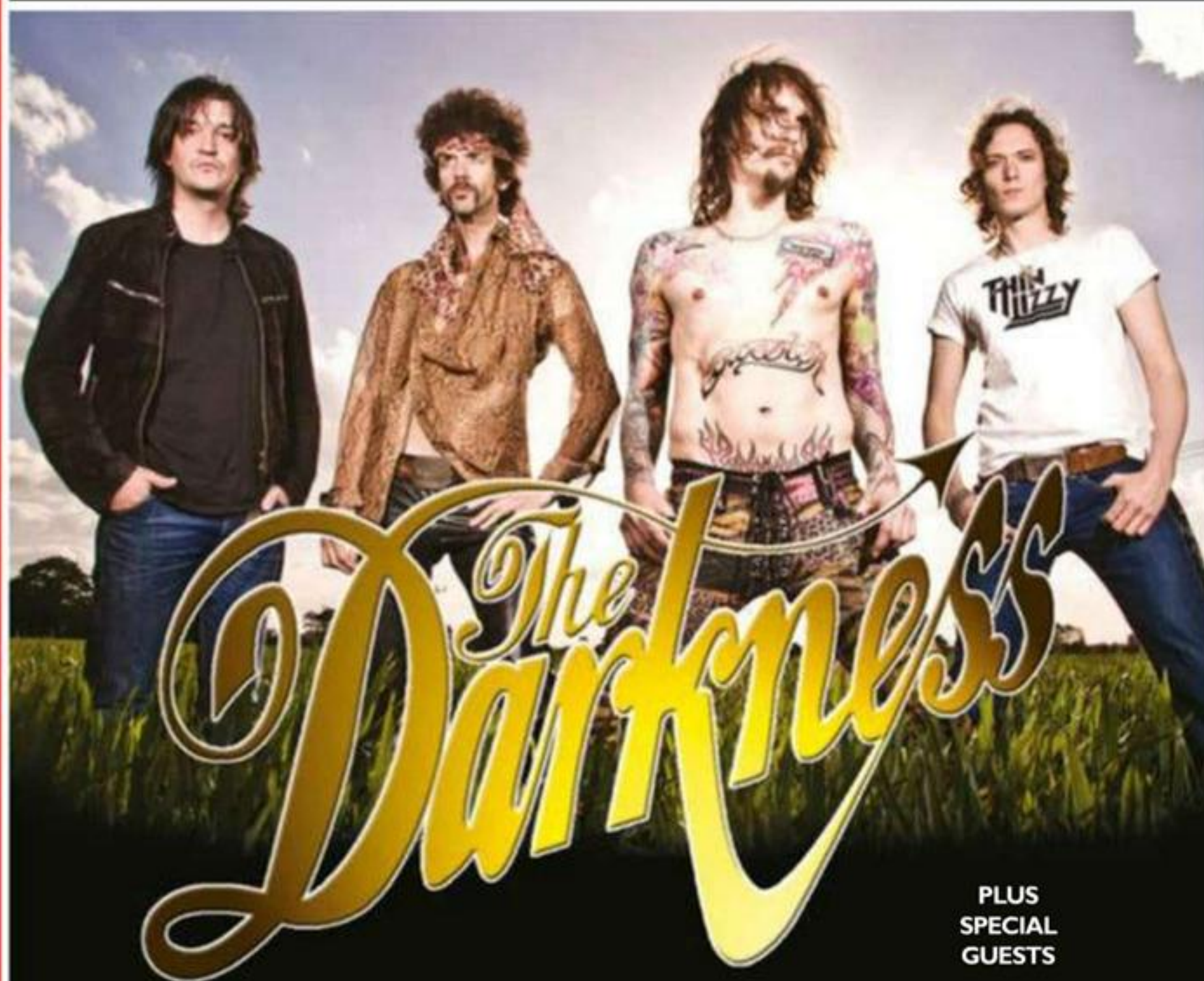
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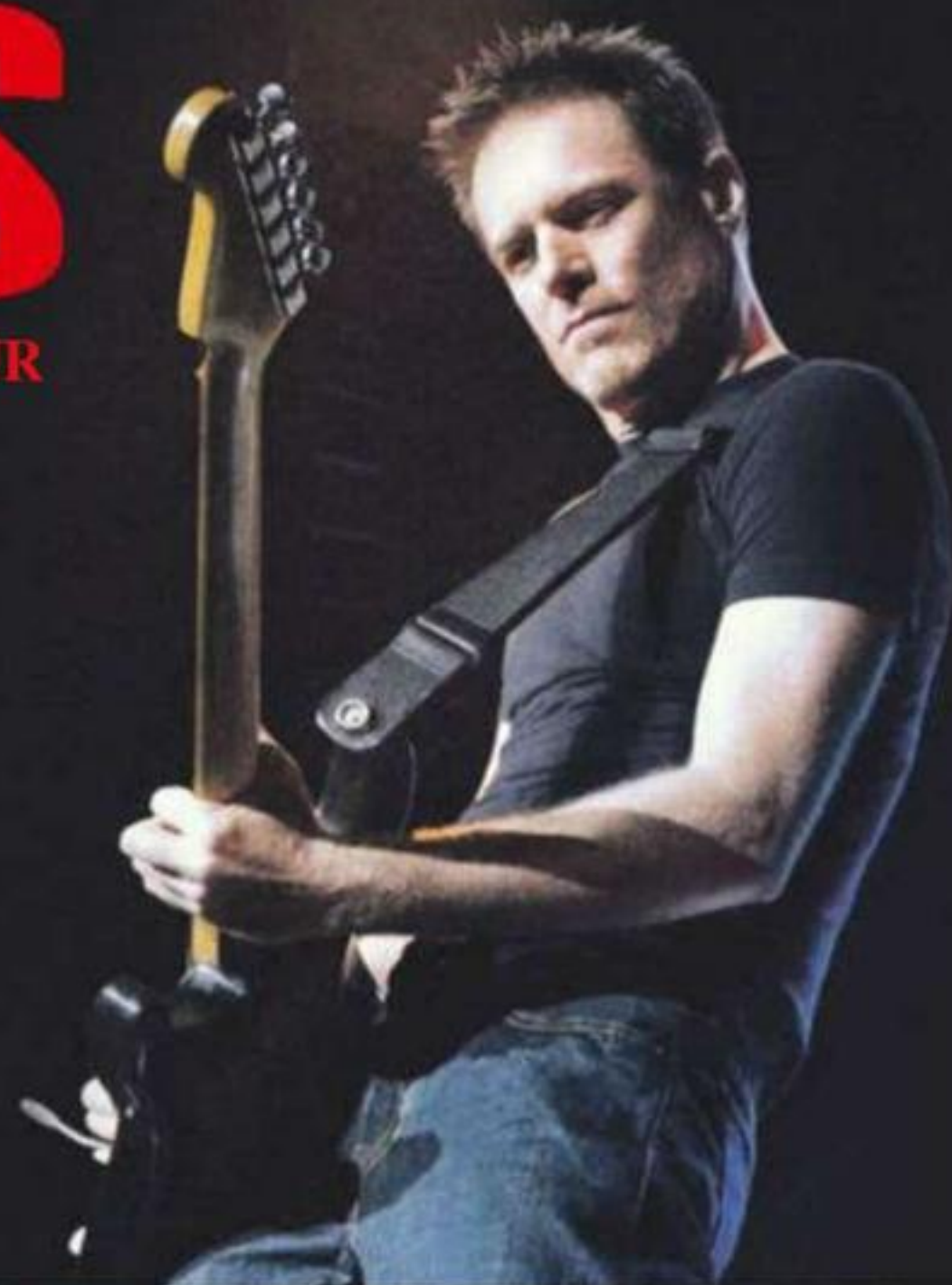
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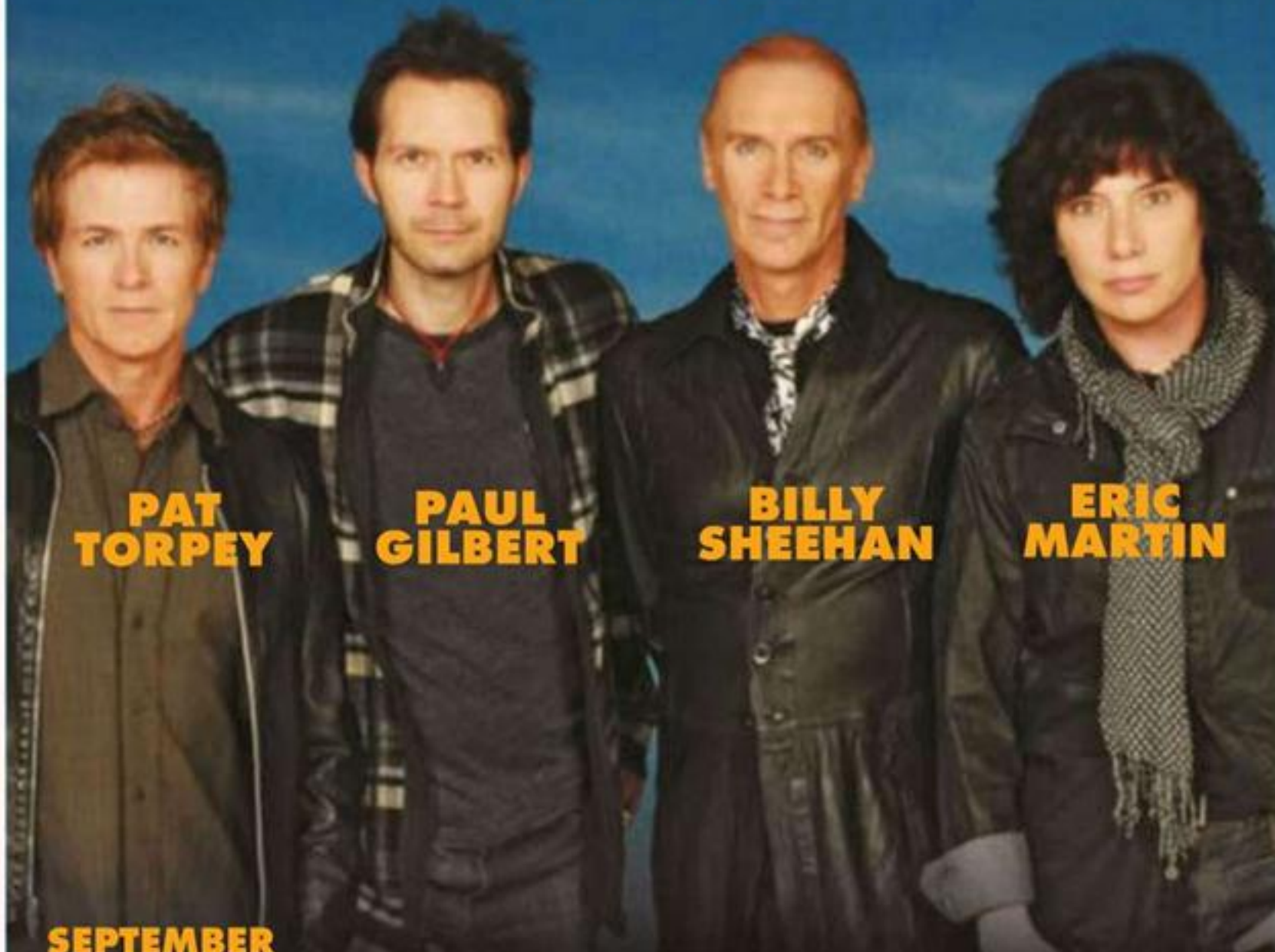
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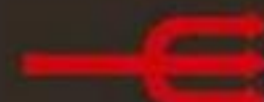
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WED 19 OCT	MIDDLESBROUGH, ENGLAND	EMPIRE
FRI 21 OCT	YORK, ENGLAND	FIBBERS
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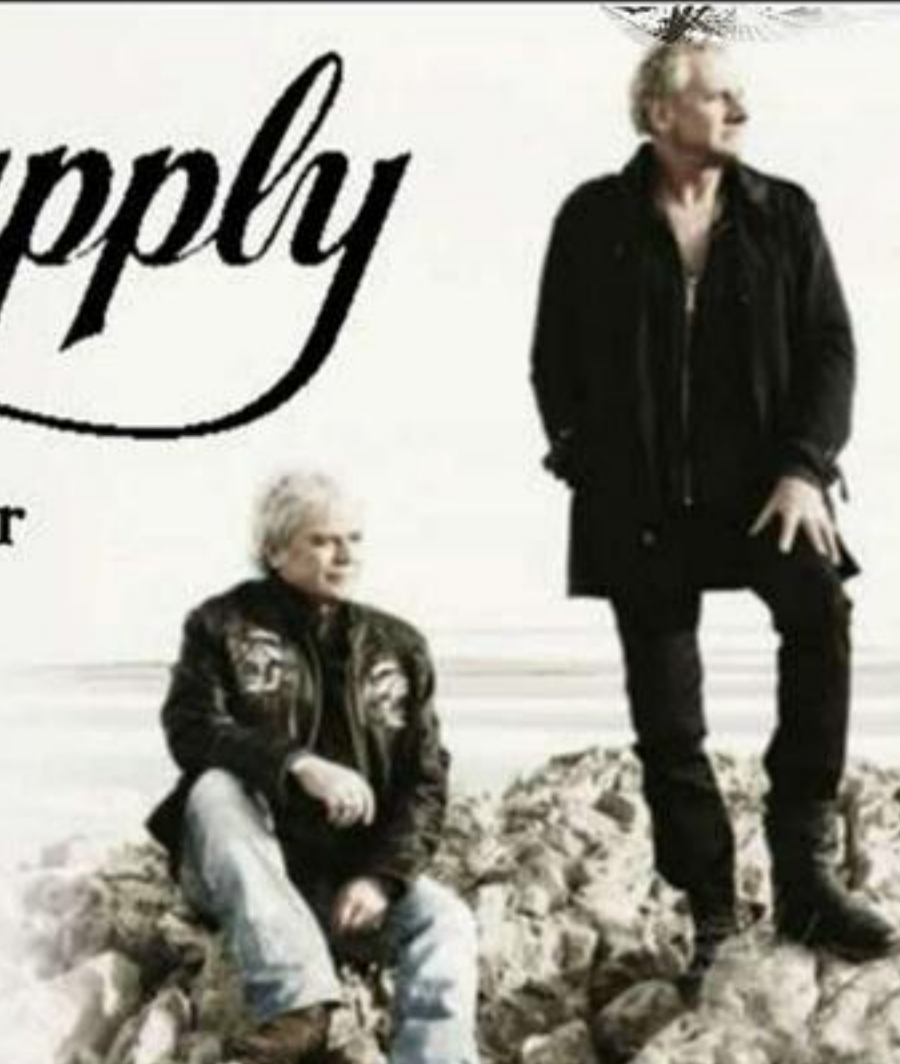
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Thurs 6 Oct - Gloucester Guildhall 01452 503050

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10 Tavistock, Wharf

16 Islington, O₂ Academy

17 Oxford, O₂ Academy

23 Sheffield, O₂ Academy

24 Newcastle, O₂ Academy

29 Aberdeen, Lemon Tree

30 Edinburgh, Caves

October

1 Glasgow, O₂ ABC

6 Northwich, Memorial Hall

7 Wolves, Slade Room

8 Gloucester, Guildhall

14 Brighton, Komedia

15 Leicester, O₂ Academy

21 Manchester, Academy

22 Preston, 53 Degrees

Steve Hackett



NOVEMBER

10 Tavistock The Wharf

11 Gloucester Guildhall

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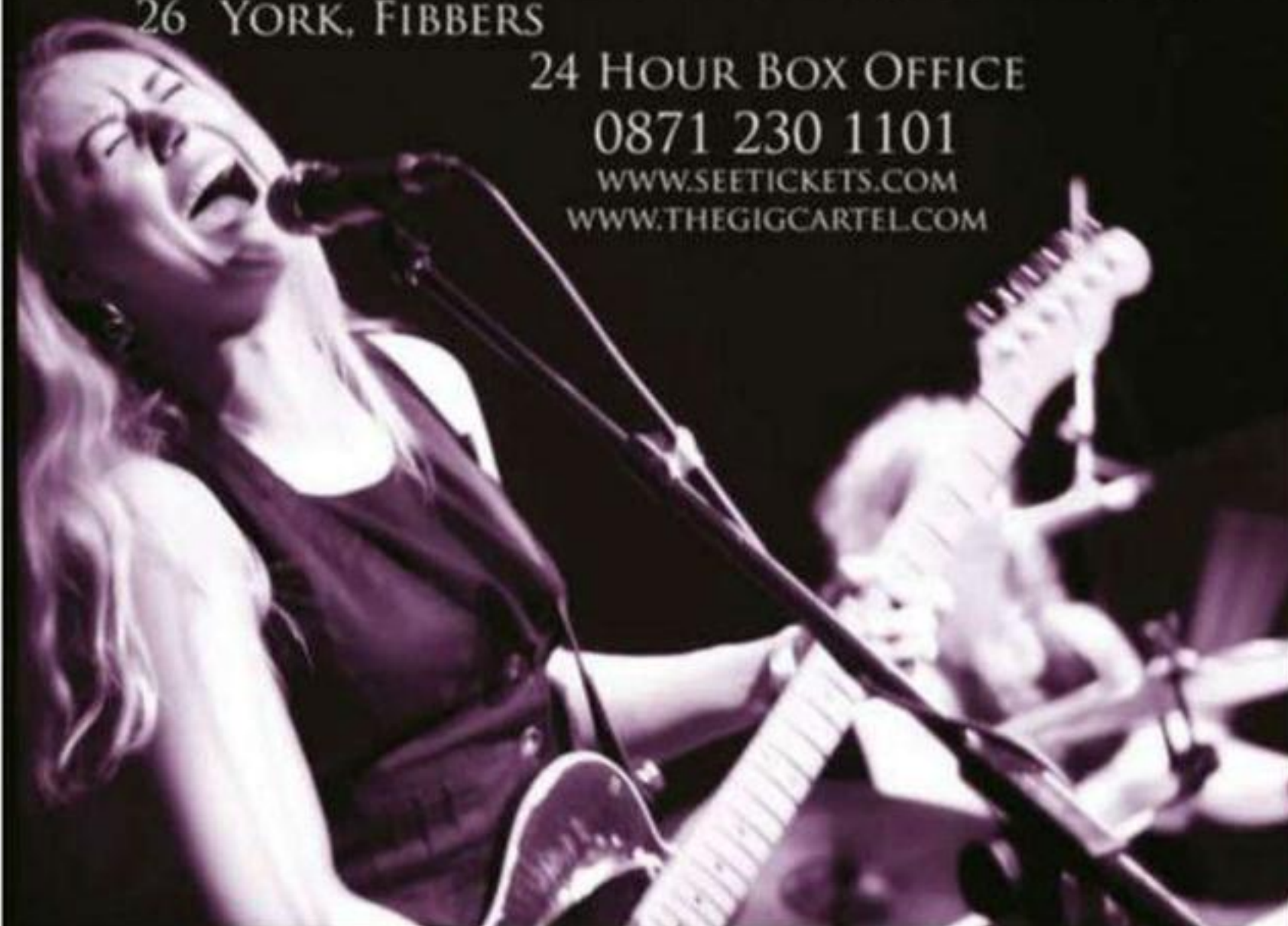
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- 16 LONDON, O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON
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- Saturday 24th September
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- Sunday 25th September
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Sunday 16th October
Glasgow The Arches
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www.thearches.co.uk

Tuesday 18th October
Nottingham Rescue Rooms
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www.rescuerooms.com

Wednesday 19th October
Sale Waterside
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www.watersideartscentre.co.uk

Friday 21st October
Clitheroe Grand Theatre
01200 421599
www.thegrandvenue.co.uk

Saturday 22nd October
Holmfirth Picture Dome
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www.picturedrome.net

Sunday 23rd October
Pontypridd Muni Arts Centre
01443 485 934
www.muni.rct-arts.org

Monday 24th October
Milton Keynes Stables
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Wednesday 26th October
Leamington Spa Assembly
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www.leamingtonassembly.com

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- 30 CHESTERFIELD Wind Wheel

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- 1 HOLMFIRTH Picturedrome
- 14 BOLTON Albert Halls
- 15 HULL City Hall
- 21 EXETER Corn Exchange
- 22 DERBY Assembly Rooms
- 28 BURGESS HILL Martletts Hall
- 29 SALISBURY City Hall

NOVEMBER

- 11 ULVERSTON Coronation Hall
- 12 EDINBURGH HMV Picture House
- 18 HALIFAX Victoria Theatre
- 19 FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall
- 25 IPSWICH Corn Exchange
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Heavy Load

Heavy questions for heavy rockers

Nikki Sixx on drugs, death and reality TV.

Interview: **Dave Everley**

The bassist with Mötley Crüe and a founder member, Nikki Sixx is one of the most recognisable rock'n'roll stars of the last 30 years. Born Frank Ferrana in California in 1958 (a date tattooed on the knuckles of his right hand), he spent much of the 80s balancing superstardom with a heroin habit that literally killed him for two minutes in 1987. Since cleaning up, he has branched out into literature, fashion, DJing and

photography – *This Is Gonna Hurt*, the latest album from his side-project Sixx AM, is accompanied by a book of his shots of amputees, transsexuals and other “outsiders”.

What does a successful rock star have in common with the type of people you tend to photograph?

Mötley Crüe's producer, Bob Rock, said to me when we were writing the *Dr Feelgood* album: “What are you gonna write about now you're sober”. And I said: “Just because you live in a 10,000-square-foot house doesn't mean you won't lay your head down in Hell”. I still have to go back to the beginning and deal with a lot of information that was downloaded to me. For me it's about being analytical, therapeutic and a little bit narcissistic. It's always about our version of something.

Do you ever listen to your old records?

Only if we're going to play an old song on tour. I'd need to listen to it. I can't remember every song off the top of my head.

Is there one song you wished you'd never recorded?

There's a couple of songs on *Girls, Girls, Girls*, when we were so fucked up. There's a song called *Sumthin' For Nuthin'*. I heard it a few years after I got clean and I was like: “Woah, what the fuck is this?”

Do you remember much about the 80s?

Not much. They were challenging. I don't understand why I could only do one or two things, when I can do so many now.

Do you think your lifestyle might have had something to do with that?

Lifestyle had a lot to do with it. There was a lot of negative energy. Rebellion is fatiguing to the rebel. It's like the boxer who goes in just swinging, he wears himself out. These days I like to go 12 rounds.

Were drugs all bad, or did you have good times on them?

I had some very good times on drugs. Definitely. But it all went too quickly.

What does dying feel like?

It hurts. There's stuff that you don't really know if you saw it or not. I don't see it. For me, there was a very transparent vision of seeing the w

ambulance, the gurney, a limo. It wasn't possible, because I was under a sheet. You go: “Did I see that, or did somebody tell me that?”

Did it change your outlook on death?

I'm not scared of death at all. In my own broken philosophy, if you live your life right, death is something to look forward to. It gives you a reason to be alive.

Do you believe in God?

I believe in a higher power. I like to say that I don't believe in organised religion, cos it feels good when I say it, but I don't know much about organised religion. I just don't like the idea of being told what to do.

Have you ever been to a therapist?

I go to therapy all the time. I believe it's one of the greatest things you can do for yourself. If you can find somebody that can get you to look at things differently, then you can take that and do different things with your life.

What do you look for in a woman?

Honesty. When I can't trust you, it becomes bad. I definitely have abandonment issues from my own mother.

How much money would it take for you to appear on your own reality TV show?

There's not enough money for that.

What do you think about Tommy Lee and Vince Neil's reality TV shows?

I have not watched them. I don't agree with it.

If you were on a three-man lifeboat with the other members of Mötley Crüe, who would you throw off?

[Long pause followed by laughter] Do I have to answer this question? I'd throw myself to the sharks for the betterment of Mötley Crüe.

Do you ever wonder why you're still in Mötley Crüe at the age of 52?

I know why I'm still in Mötley Crüe – because when we get together it still happens. I don't know what it is. I don't want to over-think it.

What advice would you give the 21-year-old version of yourself?

Try not to snort Colombia.

Would you change anything you've done in your life?

Some of my asshole behaviour when I was younger. I was never very good at being an asshole. I always felt bad about it afterwards.

What will it say on your tombstone?

‘Fuck off, I'm done.’

Si ... *M* ... Album, *This Is Gonna Hurt*, is out now on *Eleven Seven*.



Nikki Sixx: “not good at being an asshole”.

“I had some very good times on drugs. But it went too quickly.”

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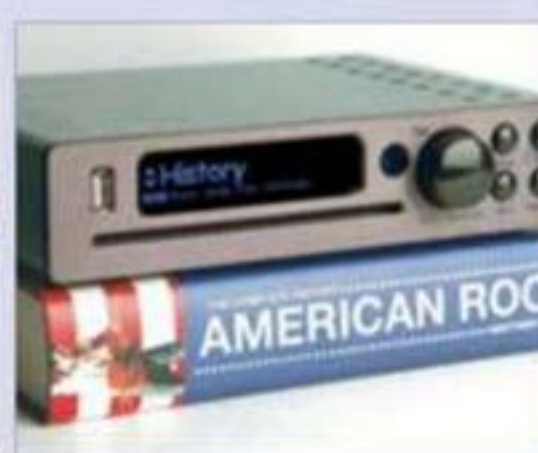
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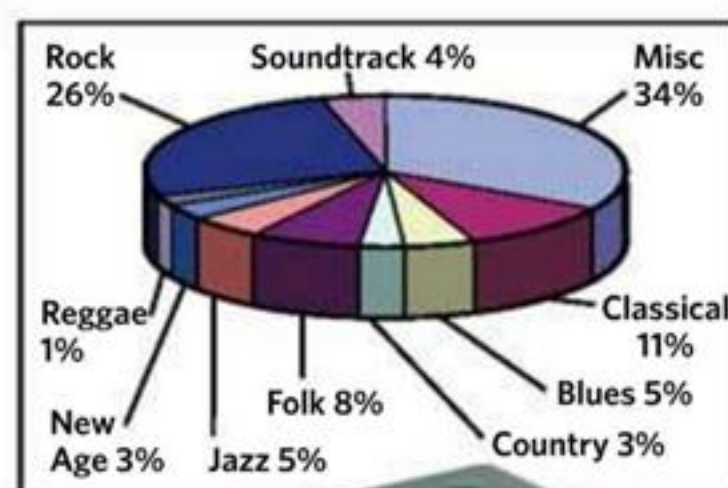
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