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“HAS ANYONE OUT THERE SEEN MY UMBRELLA?”

How the Foo Fighters defied the elements – and electrocution – to bag *Classic Rock’s* Band Of The Year award

The day was Sunday, August 7, 2011. The event was the closing night of the revitalised Lollapalooza festival in Chicago’s Grant Park. And the rain was, quite frankly, terrifying.

“That was the first time in my life I’ve ever been scared of weather,” recalls Foo Fighters guitarist Pat Smear of a show that gave new meaning to the phrase ‘singing in the rain’. “Our techs came out with bags and taped them over the pedals and monitors. That’s when we thought: ‘Wow, this is bad’.”

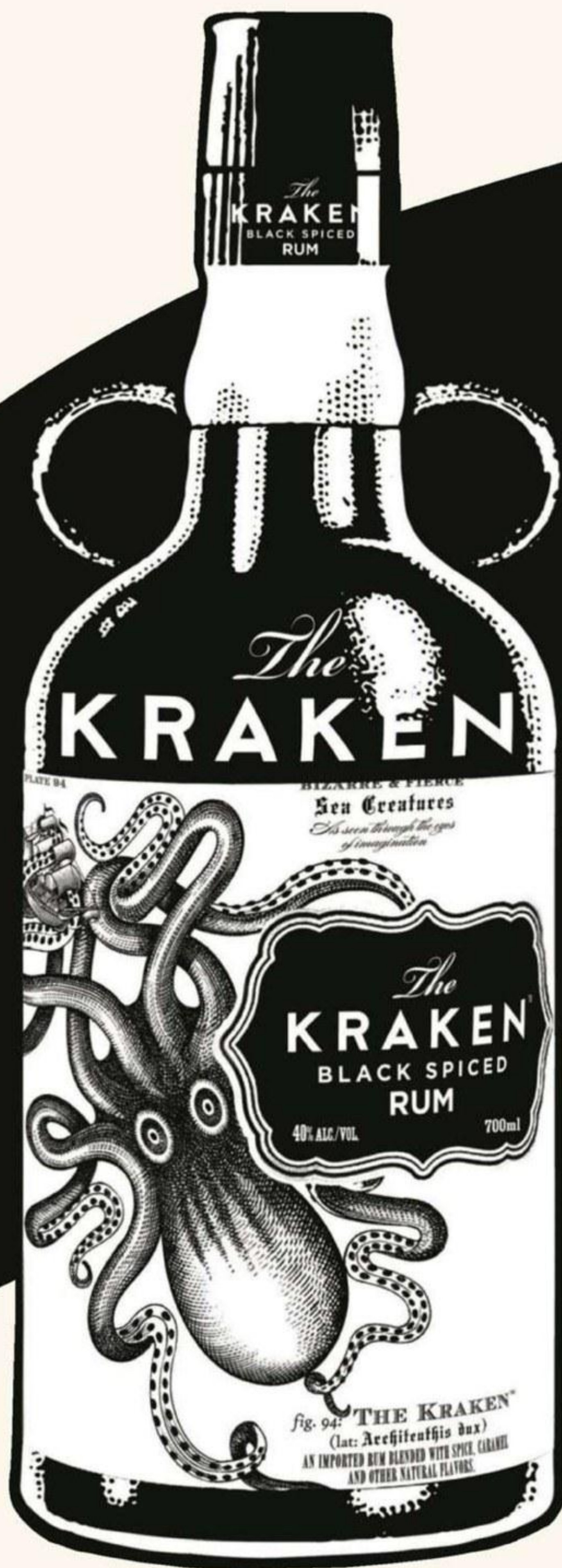
Mercifully the Foos survived the embarrassment of death by precipitation. Now, three months on, they’re proud recipients of the prestigious Band Of The Year award at this year’s Classic Rock Roll Of Honour, held on Wednesday, November 7 at London’s Roundhouse. It’s the culmination of 12 months that have seen the band teaming up with Alice Cooper, Roger Waters and mainman Dave Grohl’s old Nirvana associate Krist Novoselic, indulging in a little homo-erotic tomfoolery in a truck stop shower, and turning the tables on a bunch of idiotic religious picketers outside one of their own shows.

“I just love that it’s a *Classic Rock* award,” Smear enthuses. “I still listen to the same music I did when I was a teenager. I’m all about classic rock. We all read the

“THAT’S THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE THAT I’VE EVER BEEN SCARED OF THE WEATHER.”

magazine and we love it, so this actually means something to us.”

For more from the Foo Fighters, as well as a full list of this year’s other award winners, turn to p29.



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Classic Rock Awards

And the winner is... This year's chosen ones at the rockiest awards on the planet, hosted by Gene Simmons.

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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!

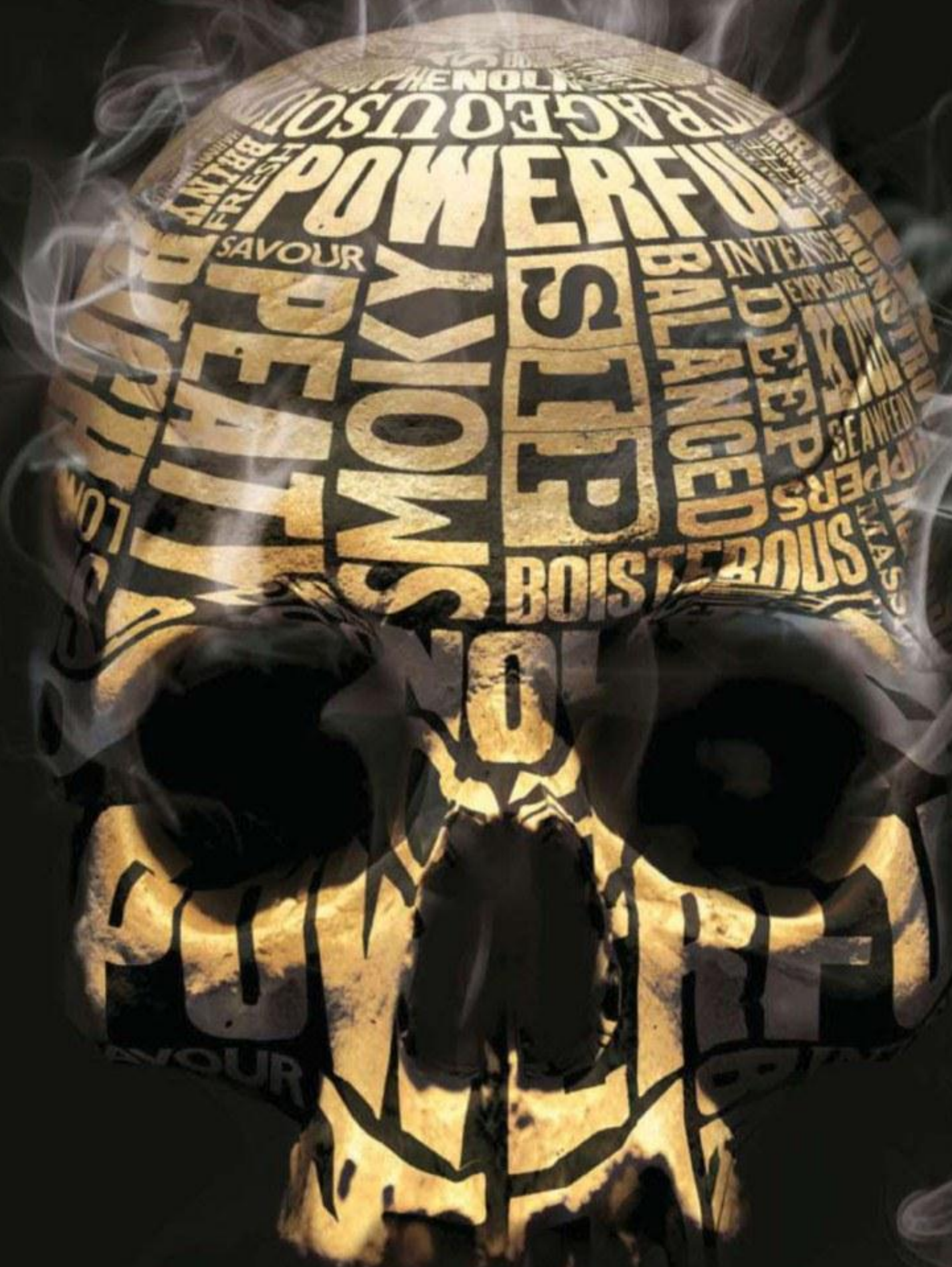
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"I'm sixty-fucking-six at Christmas. How much more hellraising have I got left to do?" The Motor' head talks about pain, dinosaurs, milkshakes and more.



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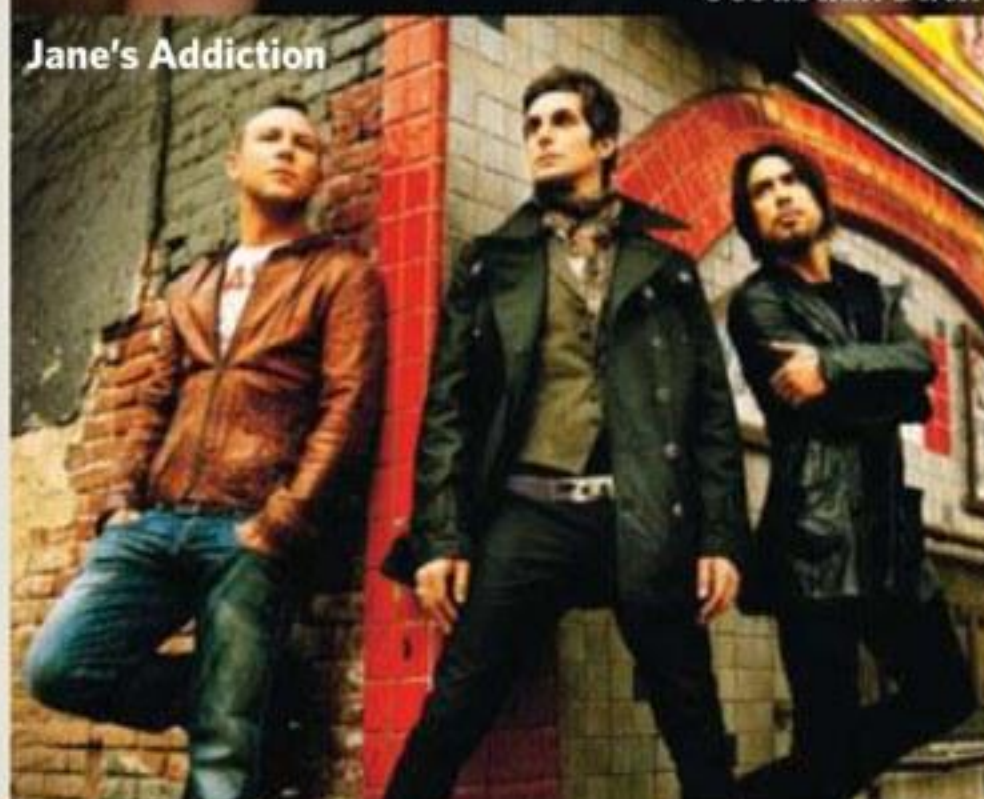
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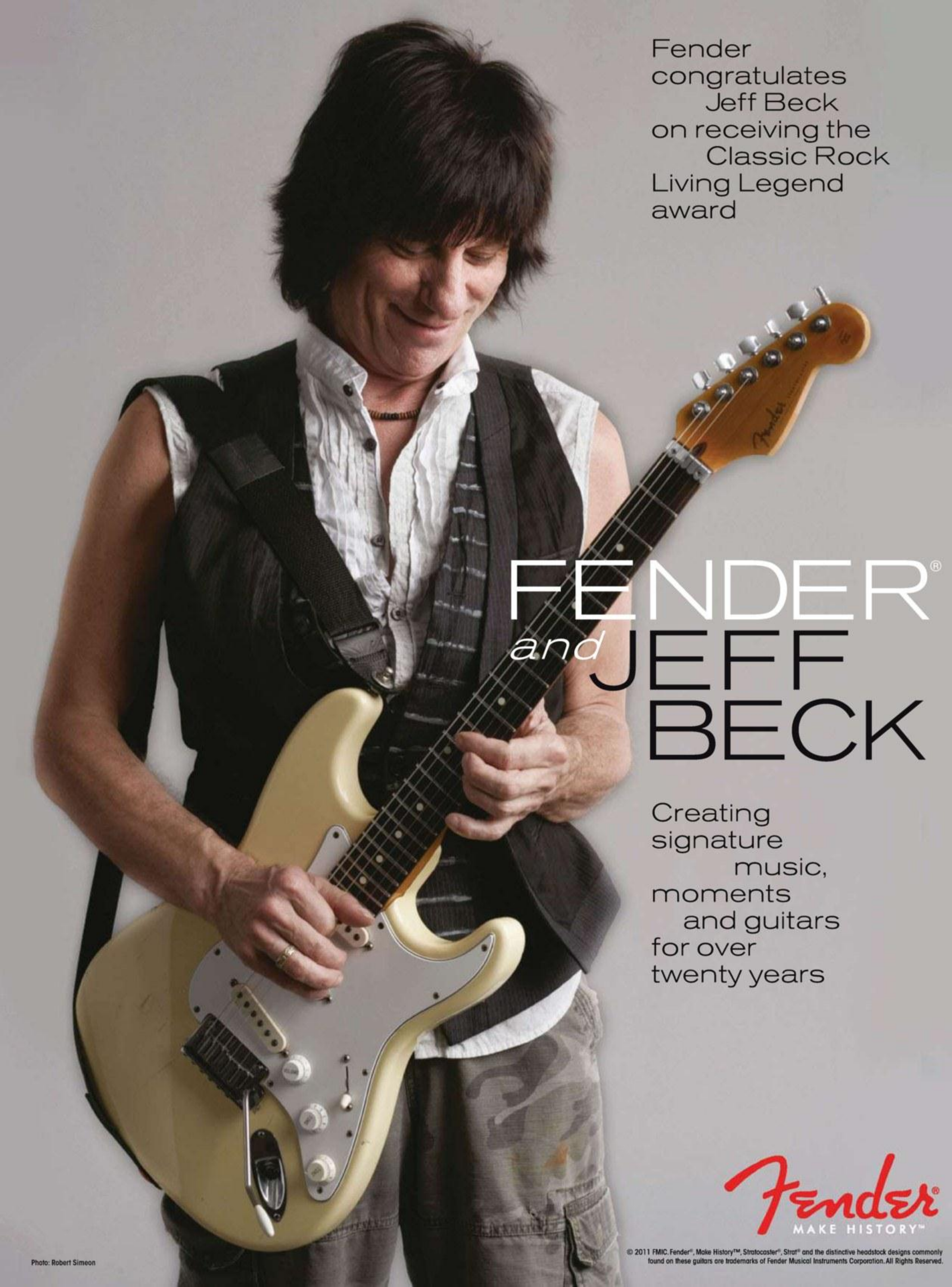
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A photograph of Jeff Beck playing a Fender Stratocaster guitar. He is wearing a white button-down shirt under a dark vest and camouflage pants. He has dark, shaggy hair and is smiling while looking down at the guitar. The guitar is a light cream color with a dark pickguard and a maple neck. The headstock is visible at the top right, showing the Fender logo and tuning pegs.

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Jeff Beck
on receiving the
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This month's *Classic Rock* is literally the product of a year's work – a year of putting together 2011's Classic Rock Awards and this special edition of the magazine to go with it. The Classic Rock Roll Of Honour is now an awards show in its 7th year, but with only 500 people joining the party at London's Roundhouse, we know that to make *you* care about it, we need to do more than just interview people quaffing champagne, snorting caviar and talking about how wonderful it is to get an award, *dahling*.

To that end, the *Classic Rock* team has been all across the world for this issue (from glamorous Los Angeles to the far less chi-chi Swindon) and spoken to the great and the good of rock for this *and* the Live Albums supplement that comes with it. There's a chance that more people have been interviewed this month than for any other edition: in the age of the hastily banged-out blog and the ill-informed insult-athon of the internet forum, *CR* continues to put in the footwork and bring you the opinions of the stars, straight from the horses' mouths.

On the subject of the internet, *Classic Rock* is now available for the iPad and iPhone, via Apple's new Newsstand app, making it available all over the world the day it goes on sale. Sounds good? Go here (<http://goo.gl/z4Yhu>) to download the app and sample your free issue.

ON THE COVER
Jeff Beck by Ross Halfin



Scott Rowley,
Editor In Chief

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This month's contributors



YOUTH

Known to the taxman as Martin Glover, Youth was a founding member of Killing Joke but has arguably become more famous as a record producer who has worked with U2, The Verve, David Gilmour and Paul McCartney. This month he joins us as a guest reviewer, lending his producer's ears to the reissue of Floyd's *Wish You Were*. Read his verdict on [p108](#).



ROSS HALFIN

If we asked Ross to write his own description here it would get us a 17+ rating on iTunes (for 'Frequent and Intense Offensive Language') and would probably get us dragged through the libel courts. So we didn't. Instead we got him to take pictures for us. They are also frequently intense but at least you can't hear the swearing. To see behind the scenes at his Glenn Hughes shoot, visit classicrockmagazine.com.



ROB MONK

While Ross Halfin gets all the glamour jobs, in-house snapper Rob gets packed on a train to Swindon to shoot Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson under a tree. There's the breaks. Luckily, like Ross, he turns such unlikely beginnings into classic rock photography to cherish. See his Anderson shoot on [p64](#) (and other shots throughout the mag: Rival Sons, Michael Monroe and more).



5150



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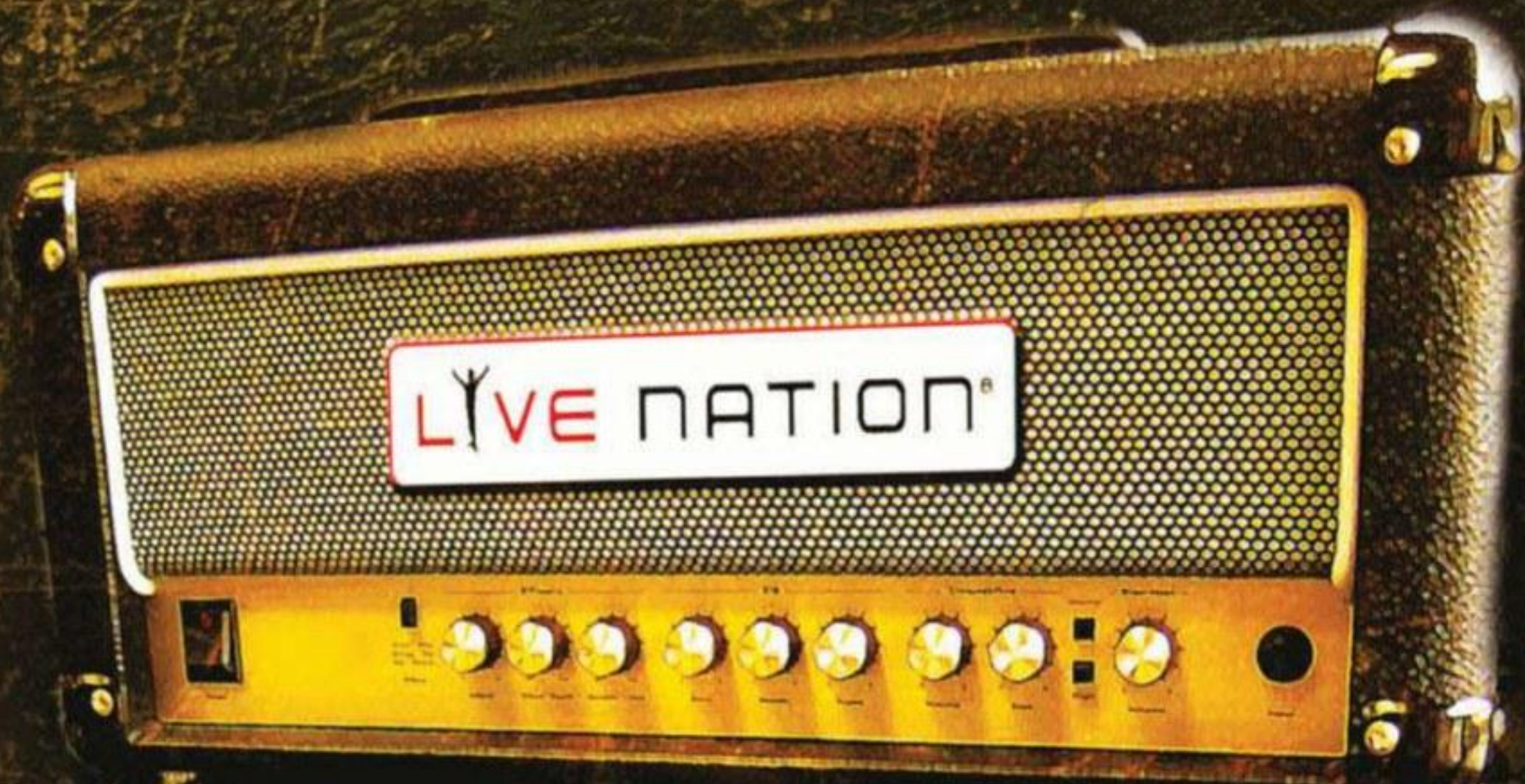
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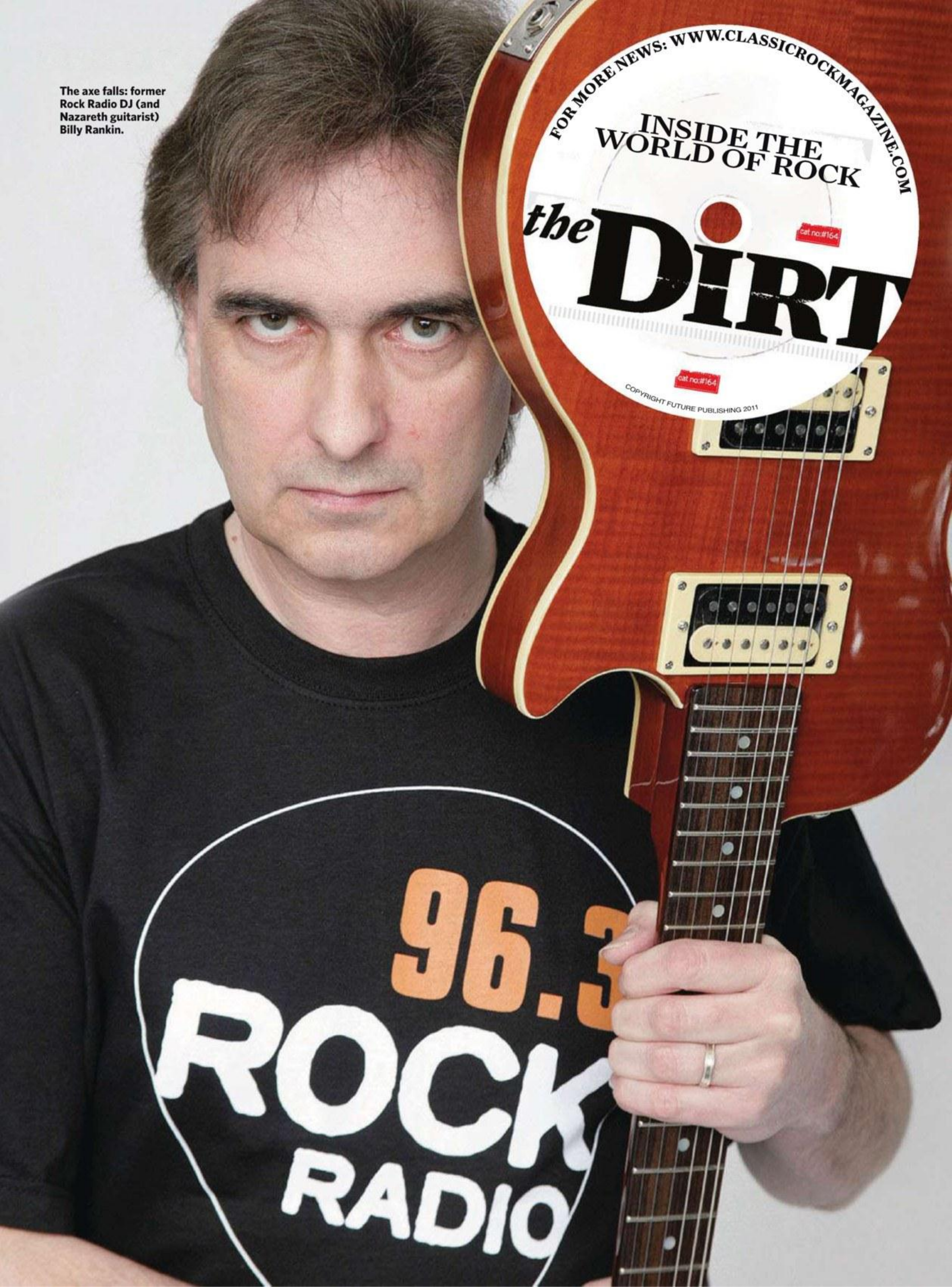


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The axe falls: former
Rock Radio DJ (and
Nazareth guitarist)
Billy Rankin.



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WORLD OF ROCK

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96.3
**ROCK
RADIO**

Is 'rock' a four-letter word?

As the Guardian Media Group's Rock Radio faces redundancies and is rebranded Real Radio XS, is the 'R word' to blame?

WHEN IS A rock radio station not a rock radio station? It's a question Scottish rock fans will be puzzling over during the coming months as they come to terms with the new face of 96.3 Rock Radio – or Real Radio XS as it became known on October 24. The station's rebranding was announced in late September as part of a cost-cutting exercise that has also seen nine redundancies and the axing of several specialist shows (including ones that both *Metal Hammer* and *Classic Rock* were involved with.)

The move brought to an end to a period of uncertainty for the Glasgow-based station which was set up in 2007 as the first of a number of planned stations around the UK playing modern and classic rock and metal. But the recession scuppered those expansion plans, and owners Guardian Media Group had been looking to offload Rock Radio and its sister station in Manchester for some time. When an attempted management buy-out failed, GMG had second thoughts about selling and announced that it would relaunch it under the Real banner – the same name as a number of existing stations in GMG's portfolio. The Manchester station had already adopted the name just weeks previously and had undergone a number of changes, including replacing DJs with computerised links during the daytime.

As you'd expect, Rock Radio's metamorphosis has left a bitter taste in the mouths of listeners and DJs alike. "From what I've heard and what I've seen on Facebook pages, people are extremely disappointed," says axed DJ Donald McLeod.

GMG claim that the station's output will be largely unchanged, but McLeod fears that the name change will herald a change of music policy. "Going by what they did to the Manchester station it's just going to be recycled rock classics. There are an awful lot of people who wanted the variety and spice Rock Radio put in."

"I don't think anybody is happy at the name change," adds Tom Russell, one of the DJs to have survived the cull. "The name was great – it did what it said on the tin. But these bosses seem to know what they're doing. They seem to think that by doing this the station will continue, whereas if it didn't do this it'd close down."

If Rock Radio was losing listeners, then GMG's decision would be more understandable, but both the Glasgow and Manchester stations sported healthy Rajar figures. So why the rebranding? GMG's Radio Scotland Director Gavin Bruce claimed in a statement that the move had been a "purely commercial one... the reality of the situation, whether we like it or not, is the name 'Rock Radio' in many cases made us an easy proposition to dismiss in the commercial world. Like us, you understand the product, but decision makers and buyers in the market are often well removed from that understanding. Changing the

name instantly changes this scenario and puts us in a much healthier and competitive position."

Bruce's statement is revealing. Is the word 'rock' now so unappealing to advertisers that it can't be mentioned, even by a station that purports to play it?

Paul Anthony was one of the DJs sidelined when Manchester Rock Radio was rebranded, and he sees it as a decision that is typical of the way the corporate world regards rock: "Rock Radio was always treated as GMG's bastard child, with the Real and Smooth brands always taking priority. With the exception of a couple of people, the suits never really understood the world of rock, nor its listeners. Some people have this stereotypical image of rock fans as hairy-arsed biker-types who live in caves, when the reality is – and Rajar proved it – that we had a massive amount of ABC1 males who listened regularly.

"Rock appeals to all age groups and has such a massive following in this country, yet because people in management don't make the effort to understand it or its culture, the easy option is to say: 'Yeah rock is a dirty word.'"

A former employee who didn't want to be named, added: "GMG always made it clear they needed us to prove Rock Radio was worth their investment. The saddest part is GMG will need to say 'there's no market for a Rock Radio product' and because they're a big player other investors will take their word. There is a market. But GMG just couldn't trust us enough to prove it... And that hurts all rock and metal fans by extension."

As the UK's only national DAB station devoted to rock, you'd think that Planet Rock might be worried. Not so. "It's just part of the trend at the moment for network brands," suggests Managing Director Jonathan Arendt. "It's a straightforward financial decision by a canny operating company how they're going to maximise operating revenue."

"Rather than an issue about rock, I look at this as a difficulty of running anything other a broad music format in a local market," says Ardent. "I've been involved in running rock stations in lots of markets, and it's almost impossible to do it locally. They're never going to be huge performing stations because they're more limited in appeal and the revenue base goes to the central brand. We don't have a local rock station network like they do in the States. It's just the way that things have developed in this country."

Yet Ardent admits that, as far as the advertising world is concerned, rock is still considered to be an awkward 'fit'. "I don't think it's an easy place to be, and the historic associations are not easy for lots of advertisers. Rock, whatever side you look at it, is not an easy, clean format, is it? At Planet Rock we're more than 70 per cent male and 60 per cent ABC1, and there are some people who find that an attractive marketplace. But it doesn't fit in that nice,



The truth about Classic Rock readers

Think rock fans are under-achievers? Think again.

Classic Rock's most recent survey of its readers bears out Paul Anthony's claim that, far from being "hairy-arsed biker-types who live in caves", rock fans are often higher earners – smart, responsible decision makers who spend a lot of money on their passions:

The CR reader's average personal income is £30,248. Their average household income is £49,585 – this puts them 63 per cent and 68 per cent above the British average.

33 per cent are married or living with their partner, 22 per cent are single, 40 per cent have children living with them.

Readers spend an average of four hours reading *Classic Rock*.

Half of the readership own a guitar. Of those who spent money on musical equipment in the preceding year, they spent an average of £733.

65 per cent spent money on hi-fi equipment in the preceding 12 months

Readers spent an average of £681 on their hi-fi/stereo – nearly three times the national average. 42 per cent spent £500 or more.

*All data based on 1,153 responses to the readership survey included in CR139.

neat 20-34 female household space, does it?"

As rock fans, should we be concerned that the advertising industry sees us as awkward buggers who aren't easily persuaded to part with our money? Does it matter that Real Radio XS is the rock station that dare not speak its name? Tom Russell is confident that the rebranding won't have a drastic effect on the station's musical output: "The management have said to me: 'Tom, you've got a passion for new music and discovering new bands,' which I do, and they've assured me that I can continue supporting them on the breakfast show as well as my Friday night show.

"I will be sweating every last drop of blood to make sure rock is safe on the station. If the listeners give it a chance, then we will be fighting the good fight and carrying on. What's in a name? What does it matter?" Glasgow's rock fans will doubtless find out in the coming months. **WS**

RIP

Thank you
and good night.

Chuck Ruff

May 25, 1951 – October 14, 2011

The veteran drummer, who worked with Edgar Winter and Sammy Hagar, has died after a long illness. Born in Reno, Nevada, Ruff played on the Edgar Winter Group's hit single *Frankenstein* in 1972. He joined Hagar's band five years later and played on the *Street Machine* and *Danger Zone* albums. Ruff was 60 years old at the time of his death. "I have memories only of great times and great music with Chuck," says Hagar. "My condolences go to his family, friends and loved ones."

Mikey Welsh

April 20, 1971 – October 8, 2011

Mikey Welsh, the bass player on Weezer's *Green Album* (2001) seems to have predicted his own death. After attending a Weezer show in Chicago, the 40-year-old, who went on to become an artist, tweeted on Sept 26th: "Dreamt I died in Chicago next weekend – need to write my will today." 12 days later his body was discovered on the floor of a hotel room following a suspected drug overdose, according to the *Chicago Tribune*.

Joe 'Taz' DiGregorio

Died October 12, 2011

The Charlie Daniels band's long-serving keyboard player has been killed in a traffic accident. DiGregorio, a member of the southern rockers for more than 40 years, was on the way to meet the group's tour bus at the time of the collision. Daniels led the tributes to the 67-year-old co-composer of the hit *The Devil Went Down To Georgia* with the words: "You were one of a kind and will never be forgotten."

Willie 'Big Eyes' Smith

January 19, 1936 – September 16, 2011

Farewell to the blues veteran who has died of a stroke, aged 75. Born in Helena, Arkansas, 'Big Eyes' Smith moved to Chicago when he was 17 and forged a career playing drums with the likes of Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters. He was also in *The Blues Brothers* as part of the Legendary Blues Band.

George 'Mojo' Buford

November 10, 1929 – October 11, 2011

Mojo Buford was one of the last surviving musicians to have played with Muddy Waters. The harmonica player joined up with Waters in 1959. After quitting to focus on other projects, he reunited with Waters a couple of times over the next two decades.



NEWS

Thurston Moore and **Kim Gordon** of Sonic Youth have requested space and privacy after their 27-year marriage came to an end. Although the separation did not cause the cancellation of an already booked South American tour, the band's long-term plans are said to be uncertain.

Reunited Tamworth terrors **Wolfsbane**'s first new album in 18 years, rejoicing in the immodest title of *Wolfsbane Save The World*, receives a pre-release via the band's website in January, before being released officially via Cargo Distribution.

Motörhead are the latest hard rock group to endorse a brand of wine. Their Australian Shiraz, described as a drink with a fruity aroma, flavours of vanilla, blackberries, plums, eucalyptus and liquorice, is available from www.greatwineonline.co.uk. "Approach it with caution," Lemmy warns. "Wine is deceptive... anything can happen."



Aerosmith singer **Steven Tyler, Coheed And Cambria** (pictured) **Nickelback** and **Mastodon** are among the those who are featured on a new ZZ Top tribute album, *A Tribute From Friends*, which is released by Spinefarm Record on December 2.

The **Rolling Stones**' 1978 album *Some Girls* is to be overhauled next month. The revised edition will add a bonus disc that includes the officially unreleased but widely bootlegged song *No Spare Parts*.



Bert Jansch: "The Jimi Hendrix of acoustic guitar," says Neil Young.

Bert Jansch

Mick Wall pays tribute to the guitarist whose influence helped shape rock in the 60s and 70s.

WHEN BERT JANSCH died on October 5, from lung cancer, an important part of rock history died with him.

For Jimmy Page, who 'borrowed' Jansch's ground-breaking version of the Irish folk ballad *Black Waterside* to create his early-years Zeppelin showcase instrumental *Black Mountain Side*, Jansch was "so far ahead of what anyone else was doing, no one could touch that". For Neil Young, who also 'borrowed' a Jansch classic, *Needle Of Death*, for his own composition *The Needle And The Damage Done*, he was no less than "the Jimi Hendrix of acoustic guitar".

Indeed Hendrix was himself a Jansch acolyte, as were Paul Simon, Nick Drake, Donovan, Roy Harper, Pete Townshend and Ian Anderson. It wasn't just the old gods who favoured him, either. In recent years Jansch was regularly name-checked by people like Johnny Marr of the Smiths, Suede's Bernard Butler and folk songstress Beth Orton.

"It's very flattering, of course," the famously withdrawn guitarist shrugged, when *Classic Rock* interviewed him at his London flat in 2006, "but I never know what to say to any of them if we meet."

From his eponymously titled debut – recorded on a borrowed guitar, in 1965, for a flat fee of £100 – to his last great album, *The Black Swan*, in 2006, the music of Bert Jansch remained as timeless, as genre-defying and as mystical as ever.

Born in Edinburgh in 1943, he played folk guitar and worshipped Elvis Presley, dug Big Bill Broonzy and sang like Woody Guthrie. As a young musician

he "used to get thrown out of folk clubs for not singing the right songs".

Influenced by fellow Scot Davy Graham, Jansch busked his way around Europe and Africa, experimenting with modal music, esoteric tunings, and a finger-picking style that sounded like two or three guitars all being played at once. Hitting London, he made a handful of utterly uncommercial yet influential solo albums before becoming a key member of Pentangle, the late-60s folk-rock pioneers with whom he enjoyed a period chart success.

The 70s, however, found Jansch falling into alcoholism and serial divorces. Pub appearances aside, his career appeared to have expired when a 1993 BBC 2 documentary, made by Billy Connolly, reintroduced him to the world. Heart problems forced him to quit drinking and smoking in 1989, and he underwent further heart surgery in 2005. "I thought I'd used up all my luck," he said.

Instead his luck held out, and his last years saw him performing regularly all over the world. An operation for lung cancer led to the cancellation of a US tour in 2009, but a year later he toured there with Neil Young. This year Pentangle were reunited for acclaimed shows at Glastonbury, the Cambridge folk festival and London's Royal Festival Hall.

"He completely reinvented guitar playing and set a standard that is still unequalled today," said Johnny Marr. "Without Bert Jansch, rock music as it developed in the 60s and 70s would have been very different."

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Queen to go Gaga?

May and Taylor linked with pop superstar.

LADY GAGA HAS emerged as a shock contender to become Queen's new frontperson. The US pop sensation, who took her stage name from the band's hit *Radio Gaga*, seems likely to collaborate with the band over the coming months.

In an interview with the *Daily Express*, Brian May, who appeared on the 25-year-old's *Born This Way* album earlier this year, called Lady Gaga "very creative". The guitarist added: "She is someone we've talked about singing, fronting the band with. She's not just a singer, she writes her own material."

Meanwhile, Paul Rodgers is interested in the idea of reuniting with Queen for a performance at next summer's Olympic Games in London.

"No one's actually approached me yet," says Rodgers, who worked with Brian May and Roger Taylor from 2005-2009, recording an album called *The Cosmos Rocks*, though he informs *Billboard* magazine that he "would be open to something like that." **DL**



The Daltrey-designed Lotus.

Daltrey turns designer

Unique Lotus car to raise charity funds.

ROGER DALTREY HAS turned his hand to car designing in order to create a one-off, bespoke Lotus Evra, which will be auctioned for charity on December 1. The unique, hand-built vehicle, first seen a few days ago at the Classic Rock Roll Of Honour, is expected raise up to £80,000, with proceeds from its sale to be split between The Who frontman's own long-running charity, Teenage Cancer Trust, and the Classic Rock Roll Of Honour's official cause, Childline Rocks.

Its interior bespoke design features references to Who/mod-style iconic graphics, with embroidered roundels on head rests and distinctive Union Jack flags on the seatbacks, hand trimmed by Lotus craftsmen. Equally impressive, its exterior is hand-painted with graphics that include Daltrey's authenticating signature. Rodger's old mate Jeremy Clarkson will be seething with envy! Details of the auction are to be posted at www.bonhams.com/mbw from mid-November onwards. **DL**



Joe Walsh is gearing up to release a new solo album in February. *Analogue Man* was produced by Jeff Lynne. The Eagles guitarist is also considering further reunion activity with the James Gang.

Sales of **vinyl albums** are on the increase once again. So far this year more than 240,000 LPs have been sold, compared to 234,000 sold in the entire previous year. *The King Of Limbs* by Radiohead is 2011's biggest seller so far.

The Sweet have released a download-only single version of The Who's 1972 hit *Join Together*. Still revolving around guitarist Andy Scott, the band are expected to begin work on a new studio album "in the very near future".

Although **Velvet Revolver** are dragging their heels in finding a replacement for singer Scott Weiland, Duff McKagan has revealed that he and Slash recently performed in New York with an unnamed singer. An exhibition of specially designed,



Led Zeppelin-inspired artwork goes on show next month as part of the 40th anniversary celebrations of the band's untitled fourth album. The Flood Gallery in Greenwich has commissioned eight original prints, each representing a song from the album. 200 posters of each will be available to buy, individually signed and numbered by each artist. The exhibition runs from November 17-24. For full details go to www.thefloodgallery.com



Steel Panther: December tour could be a killer – literally.

WELCOME BACK Steel Panther

The spoof hair-metal titans return with a new album, and all-new knob gags.

BURSTING OUT OF California in an explosion of Spandex and perming solution, Steel Panther bridged the gap between Guns N' Roses and Spinal Tap. Their debut album *Feel The Steel* in 2009 was a tongue-in-cheek tribute to the late-80s Sunset Strip scene, with added knob gags.

Defying the naysayers who predicted that the band would have a short shelf life, follow-up *Balls Out* picks up where its predecessor left off, even throwing in a couple of new jokes for good measure.

"Some people lose that fire to write songs because they're too busy being rock stars," says guitarist Satchel (aka Russ Parrish, one-time guitarist in Rob Halford's band Fight). "I want to write the best record possible so we can slack off then write a shitty record."

How do you follow up such a seminal album as *Feel The Steel*?

There was pressure to deliver on all fronts, man. We got this giant, multimillion-dollar recording budget and we spent the vast majority of it on pizza and hookers. The more pressure I felt, the more I wanted to fuck hookers. It came down to the last few days. We ran out of cocaine. We got bored, so we wrote and recorded the album.

When *If You Really, Really Love Me*, one of the new songs, appeared online recently, people accused Steel Panther of wimping out.

I wanted to fucking strangle those people. You haven't even heard the rest of the record, you fucking assholes. One thing I hate about the internet is that anyone can say anything they want. That's a horrible thing. I hate freedom of speech. It's the worst thing about America.

Which of the songs on it best represents the new album?

They're all pretty bitchin' – *Just Like Tiger Woods*, *17 Girls In A Row*, *Gold-Digging Whore*. But I'm particularly proud of the piano ballad *Weenie Ride*. It's cool to be able to do a piano ballad about your cock.

Did the success of *Feel The Steel* change your lives?

Our world hasn't changed that much. We still rock almost every night. Because we get paid more, people thought that we'd move from crystal meth to cocaine, but we just bought more crystal meth. We're still down-to-earth y'know.

You tour the UK with Def Leppard and Mötley Crüe in December. How much are you looking forward to it?

When we heard, we were all freaking out. But I really hope nobody dies on that tour. That would put a dampener on it. If Mick Mars and us are doing blow and his heart gives out, we worry that we'll get the blame. There's a good chance somebody's just going to die of old age on this tour.

Would you accept a lift from Vince Neil?

Fuck yeah! We've partied several times with him in the last year. Every time he parties with us he gets thrown in jail the next day. I take pride in that.

Will you still be in Steel Panther when you're 60?

Once you've reached a bunch of decades it doesn't even matter. It doesn't matter if you're 55 or 53 or 57. What matters is that the girl sucking your dick is 19. **JG**

Ball's Out is out now via Republic. Steel Panther tour the UK with Def Leppard and Mötley Crüe in December.

Bonafide: flattered (obviously) by the AC/DC comparisons.



★ HIGH HOPES

Bonafide

"We play plain and simple riff music. Bluesy classic rock, with a lot of groove."

Meet the Swedes whose 'DC-inspired rock has seen them called 'Airbourne for grown-ups'.

ASK BONAFIDE TO present their classic rock credentials and you'll find everything in order. "I came up with the band name because my two main heroes are Bon Scott and John Bonham," says Harry Potter-ishly named frontman Pontus Snibb. "That's also why we also have the Bonham 'circles' in our logo. The story goes that Jimmy Page says to Bonzo: 'We're gonna have signs for the fourth album.' Jimmy went all Indian, and Bonham was probably at the pub and I think he turned the Ballantine's Ale logo upside-down. We've turned it upside-down again. He liked beer – just like me."

As for Bon Scott, you'll hear him in Bonafide's bluesy riff-raff and leery, bar-room lyrics. It's a winning blend that Snibb and co. have peddled all over Sweden since Bonafide formed in Malmö five years ago.

"If you know the right people and you get into the right crowds, Sweden is like a big rock'n'roll family," he says. "But we've paid our dues – a lot of them. We once played a show on a boat, and I got sea-sick and had to have a bucket next to the stage. We've been on tour in Europe where we played everything from a cellar to an empty house in Italy."

Circumstances improved. By 2008, Bonafide were scoring support slots with Deep Purple, L.A. Guns and Status Quo, and

in 2009 their second album, *Something's Dripping*, beat both Megadeth and Ace Frehley in the domestic chart. "Yeah, that felt great," Snibb grins. "I'm a big Megadeth fan. I used to listen to old blues records combined with Megadeth and Led Zeppelin. So it was truly fantastic."

Bonafide now have their eyes on a Scandinavian breakout. They're playing a 10-date UK tour in December before batten down the hatches and writing a third album with a cemented line-up.

"We're almost like Spinal Tap – we've had five drummers," grins Snibb.

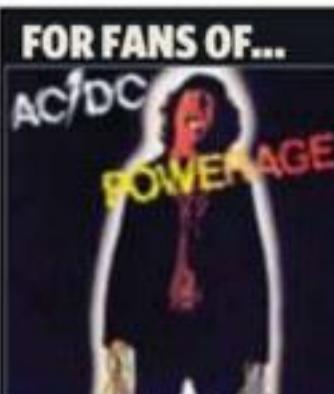
"Nobody's been good enough, so I've had to kick them out. But now we're solid. I write almost all the songs, and I do the demos playing the drums, bass and guitars, and give it to the other guys. So I have a clear picture."

For now, we have the EP *Fill Your Head With Rock – Old, New, Tried & True*. There's a car, a guitar and a stripper's bottom on the sleeve.

"Yeah, that sums us up," says Snibb. "That's right on the spot. Plain and simple riff music to play when you've had a couple of beers. It's bluesy classic rock, with a lot of groove, that you can play at the pre-party, the party and the after-party. People tell me they like to listen to our music when they're driving. It could also be good for entertaining the ladies. Not for me, though. I wouldn't want to listen to myself during that."

"How far do we want to take this?" Snibb ponders. "All the way to hell. That's why we're playing the blues, man." **HY**

Fill Your Head With Rock is out now via Black Lodge.



"We love Powerage. It's the sound, the songs... I think it's the first album where AC/DC got more of a slick sound. But not too slick, it's still total rock'n'roll. Bon Scott is the man – you know, the 'having a good time' kind of lyrics. The comparisons to AC/DC are flattering. They're the best rock'n'roll band in the world."



NEWS

Paul Rodgers, former Foreigner frontman **Lou Gramm** and **Sam Moore** of the soul duo Sam & Dave are among the special guests on **Nils Lofgren's** new album, *Old School*. It was produced by Brian Christian (Alice Cooper, Kiss).

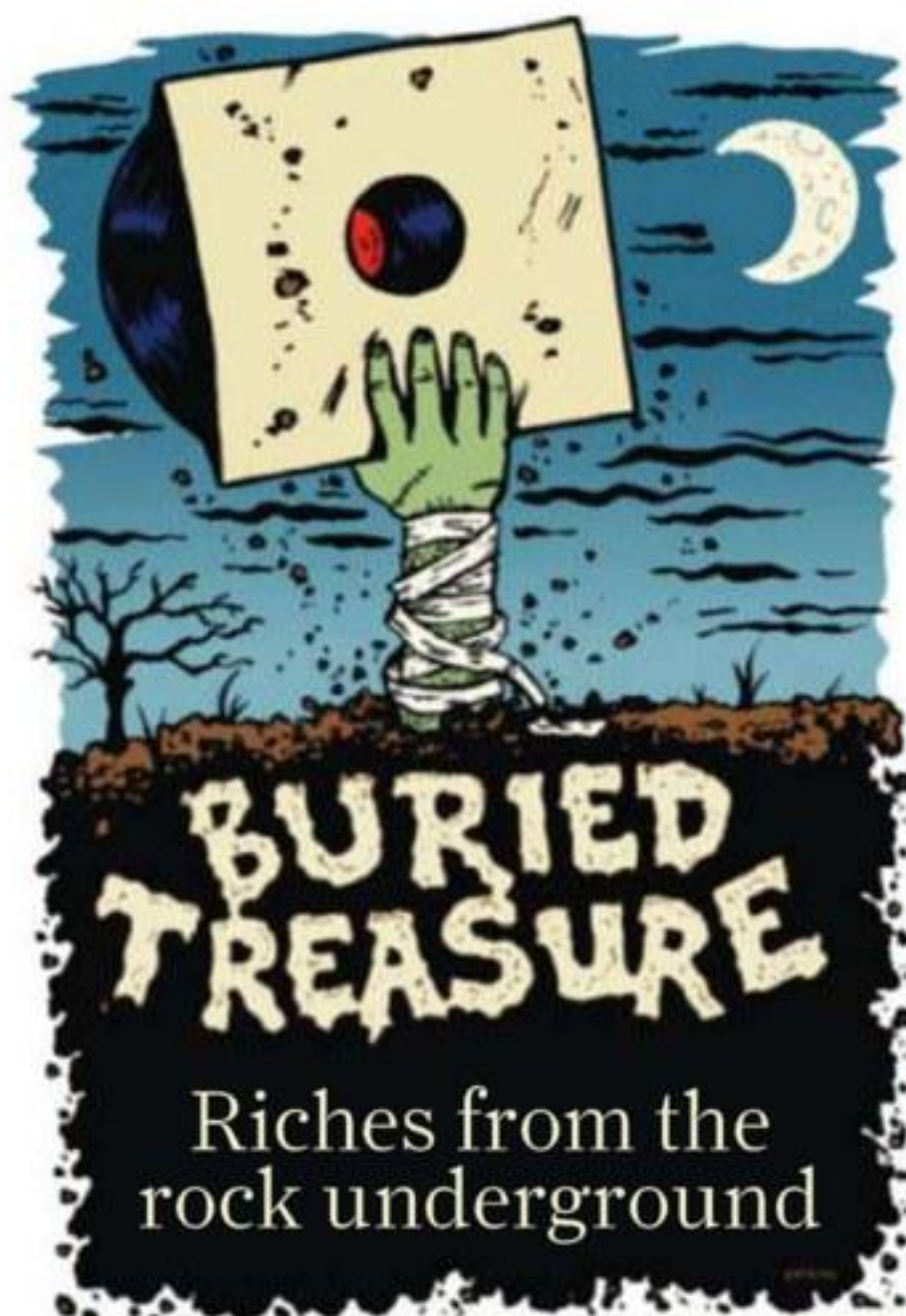
Radar Love by **Golden Earring** has topped a poll to find all-time best driving songs, voted for by listeners of Planet Rock Radio. The Top Five was completed by **Deep Purple's** *Highway Star*, **AC/DC's** *Highway To Hell*, *Born To Be Wild* by **Steppenwolf** and the **Meat Loaf** classic *Bat Out Of Hell*.

Rod Stewart will publish his autobiography next October, having signed a deal with the Random House group. "Forget skeletons in the closet," the 66-year-old promises, "this one's going to be socks and knickers under the bed."



Coroners have revealed that **Jani Lane** (pictured) died from "acute ethanol [alcohol] poisoning". Prescription medication and a half-empty bottle of vodka were found in the California motel room in which the 47-year-old ex-Warrant frontman's body was discovered back in August.

Jon Bon Jovi has opened a 'pay what you can' restaurant in Red Bank, New Jersey, near to his home town of Sayreville. Diners have a choice of working as volunteers or paying for their meals, which the singer describes as "organic, healthy, good-for-you food".



BURIED TREASURE

Riches from the rock underground

MASTER'S APPRENTICES

A Toast To Panama Red, EMI/Regal Zonophone, 1972, Up to £300



A popular band during the mid-/late 60s Australian garage, beat and psychedelic era, Master's Apprentices scored several Australia chart hits, most notably 1970's

Turn Up Your Radio, before relocating to the UK that same year in an attempt to gain international recognition.

Already heading in a heavier direction, their time spent in London helped give them a more progressive, eclectic and harder edge. They recorded two albums at Abbey Road, the first of which was self-titled and released in 1971 to, deservedly, a very positive press response. By the time they recorded *A Toast To Panama Red* (referring to a type of hashish popular at the time), however, interest in the band seemed to have waned. Which is a real shame, as it's one of the greatest progressive hard rock albums of its era.

Aided by a creative and clear production,

'One of the greatest progressive hard rock albums of its era.'

there really aren't any duff moments on it. Things start to move when the beautifully mellow *Beneath The Sun* breaks down into a dramatically psychedelic, rumbling bass-led passage, followed by the epic *Games We Play Parts 1 & 2*. *The Lesson So Listen*, a more straightforward rocker, is anchored by a catchy yet heavy groove. There are some fine contrasting moments throughout the album, ranging from acoustic and orchestrated (*Love Is*) to bluesy, heavy and beyond.

This is an album that deserves to be recognised as much more than merely an obscure collector's item. **LD**



Mick Ralphs: graduated to the blues.

WELCOME BACK

Mick Ralphs

Mott The Hoople and Bad Company man gets back to being one of the boys.

FORMED AFTER SOME spontaneous pub jams, the Mick Ralphs Blues Band is more than just a stop-gap between the guitarist's day jobs with Bad Company and Mott The Hoople and more a serious attempt to reacquire himself with the music he grew up listening to. Generally regarded as one of the nicest men in rock and respected by the likes of David Gilmour and Jimmy Page, Ralphs will be taking his five piece out on a short UK tour in November.

How did the new band come about?

I was sitting around not doing much and a friend of mine – Dicky Baldwin, who's the bass player – invited me down to play at The Nag's Head in High Wycombe, where they have a monthly blues jam. I ended up going down there several times and that's where I got all the players. It's great just being part of a band again.

What's the situation with Mott and Bad Company?

At the beginning of the year I was hoping that Bad Company or Mott was going to do some stuff. But Paul (Rodgers) decided to do a solo tour and the whole Mott situation was plagued with politics. In the end I said to Ian (Hunter) 'You get your own dates together and I'll figure out something to do'.

Do the covers you play with the new band reflect your early influences?

Oh yeah, I was very much into blues and soul music when I started to play. I was a late starter and the first song that really caught my attention was *Green Onions* by Booker T & The MGs in 1964. I thought, 'Christ, I'd like to know how to play that'. I always loved that southern music rather than the pop music of the day.

Is it true that you left Mott because towards the end you didn't feel your style of playing was compatible with the band?

That's right. Ian (Hunter) was OK about it, he understood. Mott The Hoople had broken into the mainstream thanks to David Bowie. They changed from being an underground band with a cult following into a pop group. It was great for them but I got disenchanted with it, it wasn't my cup of tea.

Your blues influences became much more evident during your time with Bad Company. That's what drew me and Paul to each other, I always liked him in the Free days. He

supported Mott years ago with his band Peace and we got talking and initially we were just going to work together on songs before we put Bad Company together. We had common roots we loved – artists like Muddy Waters, Otis Span, Freddie King. When Bad Company started it was essentially a blues band.

There's currently a resurgence of blues – especially considering the huge popularity of new bluesmen like Joe Bonamassa. What attracts you to the music?

I think that as you get older, you mellow out a lot more. Having been through the ups and downs in life I feel more qualified to play the blues. You can be white and sing the blues, it's all about experiences and feelings. **PM**

Mick Ralphs's band are touring throughout November, playing Bilston, Leicester, Swindon, London and York. For more info visit: www.unrulysun.net/mickralphs

● RAW POWER

Cobain's Jag

Fender honour the Nirvana icon with a replica of his most famous guitar.

IN THE 20TH Anniversary year of Nirvana's landscape-changing *Nevermind* album, Fender are paying tribute with the Fender Kurt Cobain Jaguar guitar, created after analysing the star's original down to the last detail.

Cobain was every bit the anti-guitar hero, shunning conventional techniques and sounds for a punk-rock attitude that sparked a whole new generation to pick up the instrument. His non-conformist approach was reflected in his choice of guitars, the most iconic of which was a heavily modified 1965 Jaguar – every bit as quirky as Kurt himself – which he acquired in 1991. This new replica recreates it using a three-colour sunburst Road Worn alder body, Stratocaster headstock shape, and DiMarzio humbucking pickups to help recreate Kurt's brattish, edgy tones.

Surprisingly, the guitar survived in reasonable condition throughout Nirvana's short career, enabling Fender to recreate it two decades on. "A lot of what you see from '91 through to the end is the same five, six, seven guitars just being recycled over and over again with different parts," Nirvana guitar tech Earnie Bailey told *Total Guitar* magazine recently.

The new Jaguar (there are left- and right-handed models) comes pre-aged, accompanied by an exclusive 32-page Fender Kurt Cobain book with images and commentary by photographer Charles Peterson and an interview with Earnie Bailey.

£1,307, www.fender.co.uk

Mick Taylor, Editor, Guitarist



GETTY

JAGUAR BEGINNINGS

The guitar with plenty of Jazz.

Fender first introduced their Jaguar model in 1962. It was a revamped Jazzmaster, the oddball solid-body of 1958 that never really hit its intended mark. At the time, 1962, it was the top of Fender's line – \$379.50 compared with a Stratocaster at \$259.50. Despite being used by many of the pop acts of the time – notably the Beach Boys (pictured) – the Jaguar never fulfilled Fender's original high-end ideals. These days it's most associated with alternative music and artists, not least Kurt Cobain.

The Fender Kurt Cobain Jaguar: identical down to the last detail.

Sharp Dressed Man

Rock 'n' Roll accessories



Etnies worn-out shirt [1]
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Etnies is the streetwear brand that made grungey rock and skate wear stylish and tailored without losing its edge. This shirt is a great example of a well-cut garment made from quality, 100 per cent cotton. The attention to detail is what make this shirt one for the lavish rock stars, but at a price we can all afford.

Darkside striped skinny jean [2]
£36.98, www.darksideclothing.com
Darkside clothing are famous for their rock'n'roll couture approach to their designs. We're throwing the horns to these striped, skinny jeans. Worn with a black shirt and winkle-pickers they'd be perfect for looking rocking at work, or for a smart occasion without looking stuffy and too 'suit'.

Vestal ZR-3015 watch [3]
£299.99, www.vestalwatch.com
With Christmas on the horizon, CR suggest you take a look at this monster timepiece, Vestal's biggest stainless steel chronographic watch to date. Vestal are huge supporters of established and newbie bands in the rock scene, so you can see these watches on the wrists of some awesome musicians. Check out their website for more styles and info – and to listen to some great music.



NEWS

Carl Palmer will participate in a special question and answer session following a special screening of Emerson Lake & Palmer's 40th anniversary reunion at last year's High Voltage festival. The event takes place at the Forum in London on November 14.

Peter Gabriel insists that "the door is not locked" on a Genesis reunion. The 61-year-old singer, the band's former frontman, confirmed to the BBC that discussions had taken place but it "became a bigger project than I thought I could take on."

Guns N' Roses, Heart, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Joan Jett & The Blackhearts, Donovan and The Small Faces (incorporating the Faces) are among those nominated for induction to the Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame in 2012. Others include bluesman **Freddie King**, the **Beastie Boys**, the **Cure** and songwriter **Laura Nyro**. One of the nominees will be chosen to be inducted at a ceremony in Cleveland on April 14.



Ozzy Osbourne (pictured) believes that a reunion of the original Black Sabbath line-up is a "very, very strong possibility". This represents something of a U-turn after guitarist Tony Iommi claimed recently to have been misquoted by a journalist while expressing a similarly optimistic view. Osbourne and Iommi last performed publicly with bassist Geezer Butler and drummer Bill Ward in 1997.



Misfits: don't expect Glenn Danzig to return any time soon.



WELCOME BACK

Misfits

When you've influenced Slayer, Pantera and Megadeth, you really don't need strippers to sell your band.

IF THE MISFITS were a horror movie franchise they'd be *Halloween*: hugely influential early on, a cult curiosity for years, and currently enjoying a belated resurgence. The band's muscular new album, *The Devil's Rain* – their first in eight years, and only their seventh since forming in New Jersey in 1977 – serves up more of the B-movie-indebted horror punk that has influenced everyone from Metallica to My Chemical Romance over the years. Guitarist/sole original member Jerry Only has carried the torch ever since fellow co-founder Glenn Danzig split the band in the early 80s.

The new album sounds like classic Misfits.
The Misfits have always had a unique identity. It's a very basic design, like the alligator or the shark. It was hard when Glenn was in the band and we broke up in 1983, but with the guys I've got now

[ex-Black Flag guitarist Dez Cadena and drummer Eric 'Chupacabra' Arce] I think *The Devil's Rain* is our finest achievement. It's the beginning of a whole new legacy.

You've been at it since 1977. Do you get the recognition you deserve?
I see it in the influence we've had. The Misfits are on a par with Metallica or Green Day – and in some ways superior because we came from nothing. It was like the big bang. The Ramones created punk rock but the Misfits took it into the darkness. If you look at Slayer, Pantera and Megadeth, they draw more influence from the Misfits than from the Ramones. Success is having people be inspired by what you do, not about what car you drive.

Do you still see Glenn Danzig?
No. But Glenn and I have a lot of respect for each other. It was hard when he was doing well, because I was working in

a machine shop 14 hours a day while Glenn was playing stadiums with Metallica, who were doing Misfits stuff. And I was the guy who actually funded the band, put together the image and the tapes. I really put the Misfits on the map. So I felt like the odd man out.

Then when I got our name back in 1995 I gave up all my publishing rights. That was the trade-off. But I wasn't concerned with the money, I just wanted to play as the Misfits. And it's the best thing I ever did.

"I was working in a machine shop while Danzig was playing stadiums."

The Misfits once competed in World Championship Wrestling. Explain.
My son used to watch it on TV. So when we were offered the opportunity we just thought, what the hell. But I soon

realised what a cut-throat business it was. Every time I got into the ring I had to sign a release form so that if they killed me it wasn't an issue.

Will the original Misfits ever re-form?
I don't think so, because I owe integrity to our fans. And I don't think Glenn would be in a position to enhance what we do. We get a lot of young kids out there, and he's a little too dark and sinister for them. I'd rather keep a positive energy flow.

What's your brother, ex-Misfits guitarist Doyle Wolfgang von Frankenstein, doing these days?
He's working with my dad at the machine shop. He's got some problems and decided to work with his wife [ex-stripper and pro-wrestling valet Stephanie Bellars] rather than us. He originally wanted her involved in the band, but I don't want a stripper in there. I love him, but the Misfits is the Misfits and I ain't gonna do anything stupid for anybody. **RH**

The Devil's Rain is out now on Misfits.

WHY PINK FLOYD?



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Placebo

Nancy Boy

A three-minute rush of hedonism, Placebo's alt-rock anthem raised two-fingers to Britpop, got them on *Top Of The Pops* and made David Bowie's ears prick up. So why do they hate it?

Words:
Rob Hughes

Photograph:
Andy Wilsher

Arriving at the back end of 90s Britpop, Placebo were something else entirely. They weren't from round here, for a start. Nor were they in thrall to the laddish, oddly conservative sounds that defined what was ultimately a very insular period in British rock. Instead they were brash, arty and sexually ambiguous.

Led by openly bisexual American frontman Brian Molko, Placebo replastered the spunk'n'glitter of glam, Bowie and Bolan onto the post-grunge era. And nothing seemed to distil their image better than 1997's breakthrough single, *Nancy Boy*.

"We were reacting very strongly against the machismo, terrace chants and revisionism of Britpop," says Molko, "and the nationalism that we interpreted as xenophobia of the musical kind. We were trying to make a strong political statement about the fluidity of sexuality with the dresses and make-up that we wore. We set out to confuse, and I guess *Nancy Boy* was the perfect soundtrack to that."

The track surfed a wave of angsty, punky guitar noise, led out by Molko's quivering vocals. It was a three-minute rush of unfettered hedonism, streaked with references to illicit sex, booze, gender mutations and junkiedom. It was hardly *Shed Seven*.

"I wrote it in 1994, around the time that Suede were massive," Molko explains. "That infamous quote of Brett Anderson's – 'I'm a bisexual man who's never had a homosexual experience' – was being reprinted in every magazine. I saw that as a very opportunistic statement, and it led me to want to write something about tourism of the sexual kind. Which is where the chorus comes from: '*It all breaks down at the first rehearsal*'. I had in mind a tourist who gets stuck in and then realises they're out of their depth."

Molko had formed Placebo in '94 with Swedish bassist Stefan Olsdal, whom he'd first met at school in Luxembourg, and drummer Steve Hewitt (prior commitments meant the latter was replaced by Robert Schultzber, though Hewitt would later rejoin). They were still without a record deal when they recorded a demo of *Nancy Boy*,

and weren't exactly living out the Dionysian dream the song depicted.

"I remember the day Brian came round to my flat with the chorus for *Nancy Boy*," says Olsdal. "I was sitting there with an old £15 Casio keyboard that was about to fall apart. When we first demo'd the track we did it in an eight-track studio in Deptford, which we'd booked from midnight till six in the morning because it was cheaper. Our social life then was basically a couple of cans of Stella shared between the three of us. But *Nancy Boy* pre-empted what was in store. I guess we lived that song a couple of years later."

Placebo's self-titled debut album crept into the UK Top 40 in July 1996. *Teenage Angst*, their third single, gave them a minor Top 30 hit. But it was *Nancy Boy* that really launched their career.

"It was the one that pushed us into the charts and on to *Top Of The Pops*," Olsdal recalls, "despite the subversive lyrics. For that to get on the BBC was quite a feat. It certainly rubbed some people up the wrong way. Any time you challenge people's sexuality, especially males and their masculinity, it can be a very sensitive area. And we didn't shy away from pushing that side of our personalities forward, either. If you look at photographs of us from back then, we spent more time in the women's clothing section than the male one."

There are whole internet forums dedicated to the ambiguous nature of *Nancy Boy*. Some fans are convinced it's about a transvestite, others say it's a prostitute. Some say it's about Molko himself, perhaps guided by his infamous quote following Placebo's 1997 world tour, when he said he "left a trail of blood and spunk across three continents". Lubricious lyrics such as '*Kind of buzz that lasts for days/Had some help from insect ways*', which, as Molko explains today, "is about an aphrodisiac – maybe GHB or Spanish Fly. Any substance, controlled or otherwise, that makes you want to fuck."

"*Nancy Boy* isn't about anyone in

particular, but it did amaze me at the time how much a cock in a frock was still shocking at the end of the 20th century. It was as if Boy George had never existed! It was alright to cross-dress in pop, but to go into grunge territory with a dress was so shocking to people."

The success of *Nancy Boy* brought its own stigma. "My only regret is that in the eyes of the media it seemed to encapsulate what Placebo were – the faggy indie band who wore dresses," says Molko. "It seemed to become such a strong identifying song with us that the other aspects of my songwriting – which I considered to be better and more developed – were being overlooked."

That has resulted in the band admitting to an uneasy association with the song ever since. "I have a very ambivalent relationship with *Nancy Boy*," the singer says. "I was still learning how to write songs, so I consider it one of my more immature ones. At one point we got so

"We set out to confuse, and *Nancy Boy* was the perfect soundtrack to that."

sick of it that we stopped playing it for five years. But now I can relate to it in terms of what it is. Emotionally for me it's still bothersome, but I want to be at peace with it. However, it opened so many doors for us. It went to number four in the chart, got us on *Top Of The Pops* and a tour with David Bowie. And I wrote it before we'd even signed a record deal. It was very instrumental in us becoming successful. I just wish I liked it better."

Olsdal is similarly philosophical. "It's not the biggest hit we've had and it's certainly not the song that the three of us like the most, but *Nancy Boy* is probably the most identifiable. We don't have another song quite like it. Do I still enjoy playing it on stage? It's actually fun. It's a three-chord punk song. I guess the question is how long can we sing: '*Lose my clothes, lose my lube*'? I mean, can you still sing that at 70?"



THE PLACEBO EFFECT

One of Placebo's most vociferous early champions was David Bowie (pictured), who invited the band to be support on his 1996 European tour. They also trotted along to Bowie's all-star 50th birthday bash at Madison Square Garden. "David's a wonderful individual, full of wisdom and a great raconteur," says Brian Molko. "He told us very early on never to lose our spontaneity, which I think is great advice, and to read like a bastard on tour."

"I met him for the first time in Milan, on the first night we opened for him. I was so nervous I had to drink a lot of Jack Daniel's and Coke to calm down."



Placebo: *Nancy Boy* was the single that really launched their career.

THE FACTS

RELEASE DATE

January 1997

**HIGHEST
CHART**

POSITION

UK No.4

PERSONNEL

Brian Molko
Lead vocals, guitar
Stefan Olsdal
*Bass, guitar,
keyboards*
Robert
Schultzberg
Drums

WRITTEN BY

Brian Molko

PRODUCER

Phil Vinall

LABEL

Hut



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Although I can wax profilic and I love the sound of my own voice, and I'm an egotist and an asshole and all those other epithets that have been thrown at me, let me say it was a profound honour and privilege to be hosting the Orange Classic Rock Roll Of Honour in association with Currencies.co.uk and to be in the same room as all these greats.

Just look at the winners. Jeff Beck – he's a rebel and a multi-hyphenate, and nobody has the depth an understanding of the guitar as a melody instrument. He's his own competition. And there's Queen. It's impossible

to sound like Queen. Have you tried it? You can't. Not only did they create their own sound, but in Brian May's case, they literally created the instruments they played them on.

Lemmy is a great Englishman who deserve a knighthood, not just a *Classic Rock* award. I've known Lemmy for 30 years, and he defies scientific reason – how he's still alive today, I just don't know. But once he's up onstage, I challenge any new band to do what Motörhead can do. And Steve Marriott. You're talking to me about one of my pivotal inspirations. A mighty mite with an oversized Gibson around his shoulders and this huge voice coming out of his mouth

The Who, Roger Waters, The Scorpions – they are all being rightfully celebrated. And Dave Grohl and the Foo Fighters as well. It's good that you've given an award to an American group. I don't have a fucking clue how your little island has all these amazing bands. You must have pacted with the devil, because what does America have to look back on? Hippies. And Americans invented this thing we call rock'n'roll in the first place. I just don't get it...

Your host, Gene Simmons

November 2011

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LIVING LEGEND

JEFF BECK

ASK THE WORLD'S GREATEST GUITARISTS WHO THEY RECKON IS THE GUV'NOR, AND THE ANSWER YOU'LL GET MOST IS THE NAME OF THIS TRUE ONE-OFF.

Words: **Max Bell**
Portrait: **Ross Halfin**

Jeff Beck looks fitter and leaner than a 67-year-old has any right to, with that famous black-crow barnet in full working order. Half-close your eyes and he's not so different from the kid who burst on to the scene in 1965 as the replacement for the deified Eric Clapton in The Yardbirds. Ask Beck how he is and he gives a characteristically wry "three out of ten". He's being disingenuous. The recipient of *Classic Rock's* Living Legend award for 2011 is clearly in fine fettle, and happily chats about a career that has seen him journey effortlessly through the worlds of R&B, heavy rock, jazz fusion and even classical music. The list of those he has collaborated with reads like a *Who's Who* of rock: Rod Stewart, Jimmy Page, David Bowie, Kate Bush, Morrissey, Paul Rodgers, Roger Waters (Pink Floyd once considered tapping up Beck to replace Syd Barrett)... Today he talks about finally writing his autobiography, and making a brand-new, high-profile album with two accomplices he is cagey about naming for now. His guest-studded orchestral-rock crossover *Emotion Commotion* last year was his most successful album in years. But the next one will, he says, "be completely different - a real band album".

Jeff Beck, you are officially a Living Legend.

I'm chuffed. I'll have to go and come back in again. I always take that in the way it's intended - a nice thing, an ice-breaker, or something genuinely believed. It's got to be taken fairly seriously.

You've been an innovator since your early days, playing with The Yardbirds.

Even pre-Yardbirds in my earlier group, The Tridents. I don't know why the Lucas brothers [John and Paul, bassist and guitarist with The Tridents] wanted me, because I hadn't latched on to Chicago blues. They lent me some Bo Diddley records. He doesn't give you much to play with because he tends to be in one key, so I invented ways of entertaining people by making really strange noises. I was so lost for ideas one night that I slackened all the bottom strings until they flopped, then I started pulling them on the pick up. The sound was amazing, adding a slap-echo. It sounded like three Bo Diddleys. People went crazy. It was utter rubbish, but that's where the invention started. I wasn't trying to be a star. I was trying to impress people with what could be done in a limited fashion.

Keith Relf, who was the singer in The Yardbirds, said you were the first to try something different.

Playing Eastern scales. That was a weak impression of what The Beatles did after they'd seen the Maharishi. There were lots of sitar sounds in my head, and over at Jimmy Page's house we played

Vilayat Khan and Ravi Shankar. When I was in the hot seat for [The Yardbirds' 1966 hit] *Shapes Of Things*, there's a bit where it stops, which was considered outrageous. If the groove stops, people walk away from the dance floor. Anyway, I started playing octaves and micro-sitar sounds, and the manager, Giorgio Gomelsky, flipped. He said: "That's fantastic. Do it live."

Was it a great time being in The Yardbirds?

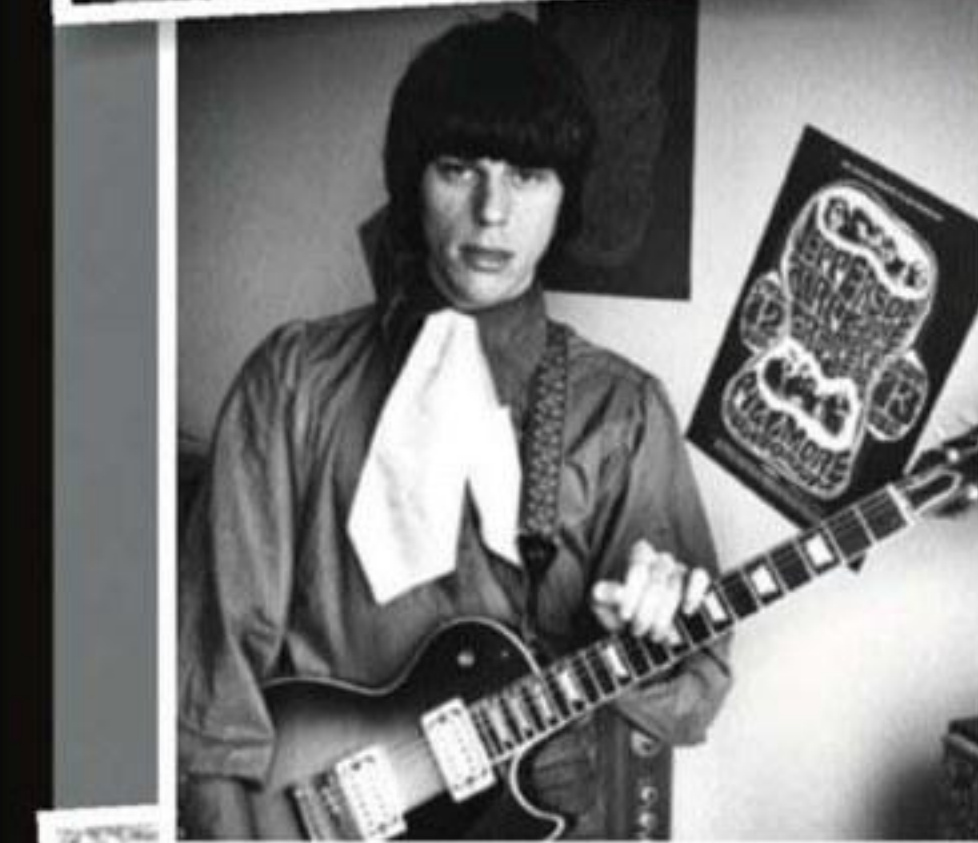
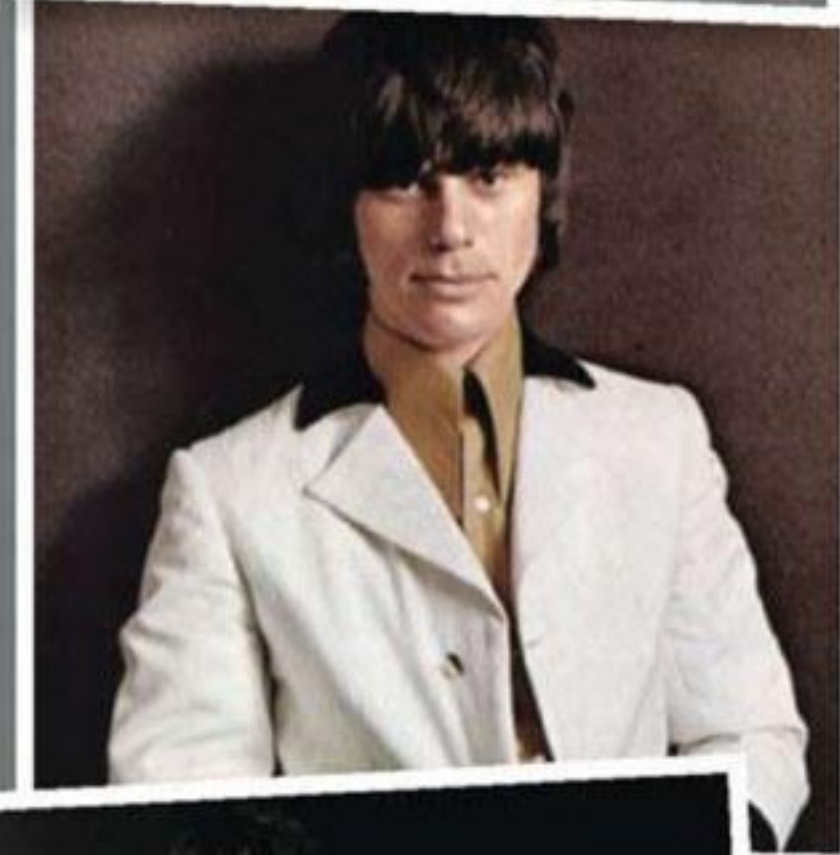
I have to say it was. What were the alternatives? Misery, squalor, frustration and violence. Where I lived you were

lucky if you got from one side of the road to the other without being beaten up. I felt guilty about leaving The Tridents, because we were on the cusp of good business. I joined The Yardbirds with a heavy heart. The Tridents saw me going home from a gig one night and they saw Eric Clapton's stage suit hanging up in my car - a suit that was soon to be mine. They said: "Whose is that? You don't wear suits." Well, I did. I wore Eric's suit, and his shoes. And I borrowed his guitar. I didn't have one, I'd sold it.

"I WASN'T TRYING TO BE A STAR. I WAS TRYING TO IMPRESS PEOPLE WITH WHAT COULD BE DONE IN A LIMITED FASHION."

Jeff Beck

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Jeff Beck: London,
September 11, 2011.



Beck with the Jimmy Page-era Yardbirds.



The Jeff Beck Group: Rod Stewart, Ronnie Wood, Mickey Waller and Beck.

LEFT: REFEATURING RIGHT: GETTY

How did fans react to Eric leaving The Yardbirds?

The first night [May '65] was hard. I heard all the rumours about Eric – how he was the gun-slinging, moody genius. That made me more determined. I thought: "I'll show you". I threw out whatever I could. I played a high-speed boogie just on my own, and looked up and thought that's the end of me, because the audience were dumbfounded. Then they stood up and went berserk. And that happened at the Marquee, Eric's territory.

Those Yardbirds fans were lucky.

Well, The Yardbirds chose well, didn't they? Giorgio came to see me at the 100 Club where The Tridents played two sets. I came off and there was Giorgio and [right-hand man] Hamish Grimes. They escorted me to the bar like two detective inspectors. They said: "Tomorrow you will be in a top band." I thought: "What? The Who? Beatles? Stones?" They wouldn't tell me who it was. I downed half a pint and went back for the second set and they disappeared. I think while they were walking me to the bar they were measuring me up for that suit.

What was the audition like?

At the preordained destination there was a dirty Ford Transit outside which had 'Yardbirds' written across the front. I nearly turned round and went back home. I was hoping it was the Stones. It was a ridiculous audition, full of guitar hopefuls. I thought: "I'm not hanging around long here. I won't get this gig. I'll go through the humiliation and be rejected." But then Keith Relf came over and said: "Giorgio was very impressed with you at the 100 Club. Can you play some blues?" I twanged a few blues and he said: "Right, we'll put you on next." "But what about the others?" "Fuck 'em," he said. That was it. Job done.

Was there fierce competition between the major English guitar players at that time?

Oh yeah, both in reality and by folklore. The legend of Eric was that you'd be foolish to try and mess with him so don't try and upstage this guy. His moody reputation got to me, so I didn't actually meet him until a year later.

Once I joined, we were rocket-propelled. A month in, I remember Keith Relf's dad, Bill, who never smiled, came in and told us *For Your Love* was in the chart at number 12. That was a back-handed compliment, because it was nothing to do with me. It was just good luck that I joined at the time. The good news was we were touring America.

The Yardbirds also opened for The Beatles in Paris in June 1965.

A lot of people have told me that, but I honestly don't remember. I did meet John Lennon around



"I HAD NO PART OF THE WHOLE STUPID, DRUG-ADDLED 60s. I DIDN'T LIKE THE IDEA OF LOSING WHO I WAS."

Jeff Beck

that time at [London club/musicians' hangout] The Scotch Of St James. And I met Paul McCartney when I did a session with them [in 1968]. McCartney played drums.

By 1966 you were slap-bang in the middle of Swinging London.

Not quite. I didn't have a cool pad. I took over [Yardbirds rhythm guitarist] Chris Dreja's place, and that wasn't very exciting. It was doors away from [future brothel madam] Cynthia Payne's house in Streatham.

But you do feature in Antonioni's Swinging London-era film Blow-Up – in The Yardbirds alongside new boy Jimmy Page, who had just joined – when you smash your guitar while the band are playing Stroll On.

Simon Napier-Bell, who had taken over from Giorgio, landed us the part when The Who turned it down. Antonioni interviewed us the day before filming and said: "You will destroy your guitar in this scene." I said no I fucking wouldn't. Smashing the guitar was already Pete Townshend's thing. I was in a bad mood anyway because we all had flu. And my guitar was so lovely – a Gibson sunburst. So they got in this rubbish Höfner guitar which was used instead with a clever edit.

What did you think when you went to the premiere?

A weird time and a weird movie. Keith Relf was going through hell with his persecution complex, and he'd been writing death songs about every member of the band. There was a highly volatile atmosphere. I didn't understand the film, apart from the fact it was all about adoration, grasping and grabbing. It was that and the whole stupid, drug-addled 60s – which I had no part of, I can promise you. I was a bystander.

How did you avoid drugs? Hardly anyone else did in those days.

I didn't like the idea of losing who I was. I had to stay sane. I watched everyone else fall down and it was so boring. Every night it was: "Who's got the stuff?"

Did the Yardbirds sack you because you weren't willing to fit in?

I quit, I wasn't sacked... But it was mutual.

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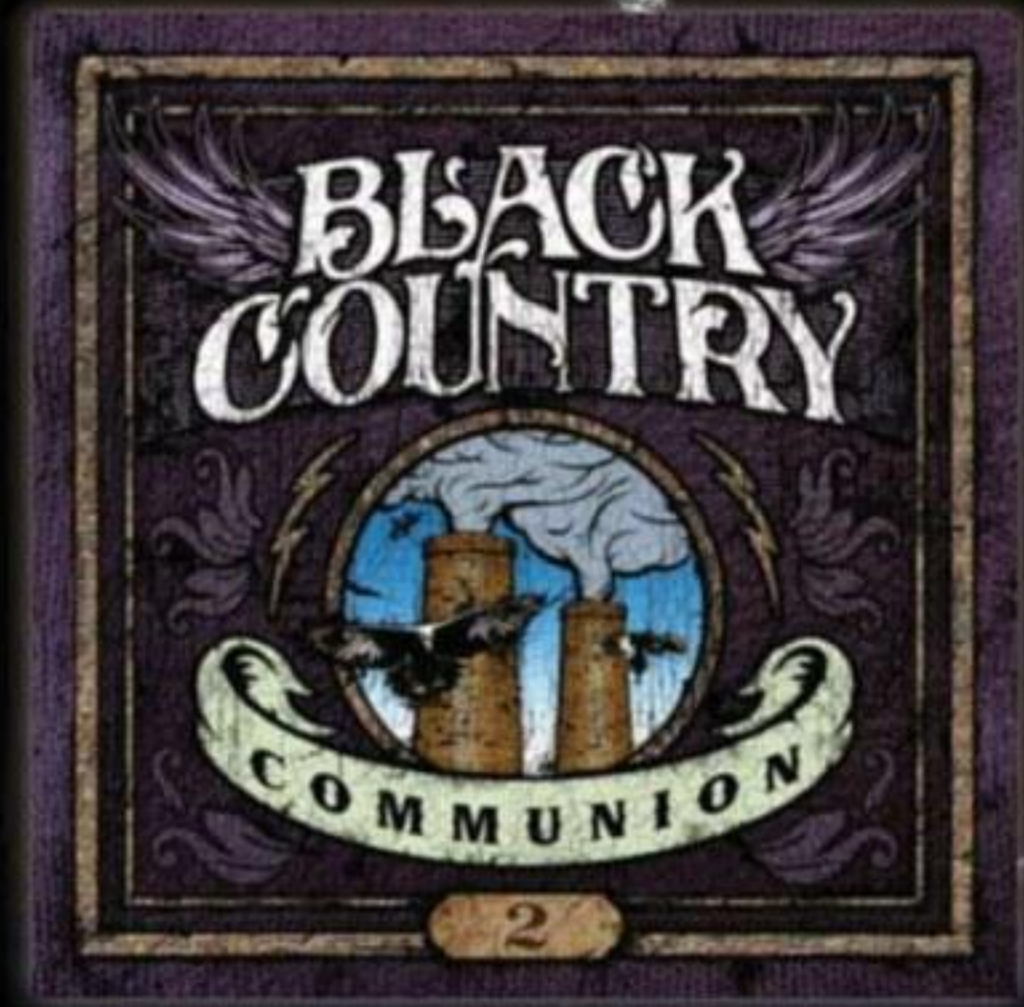
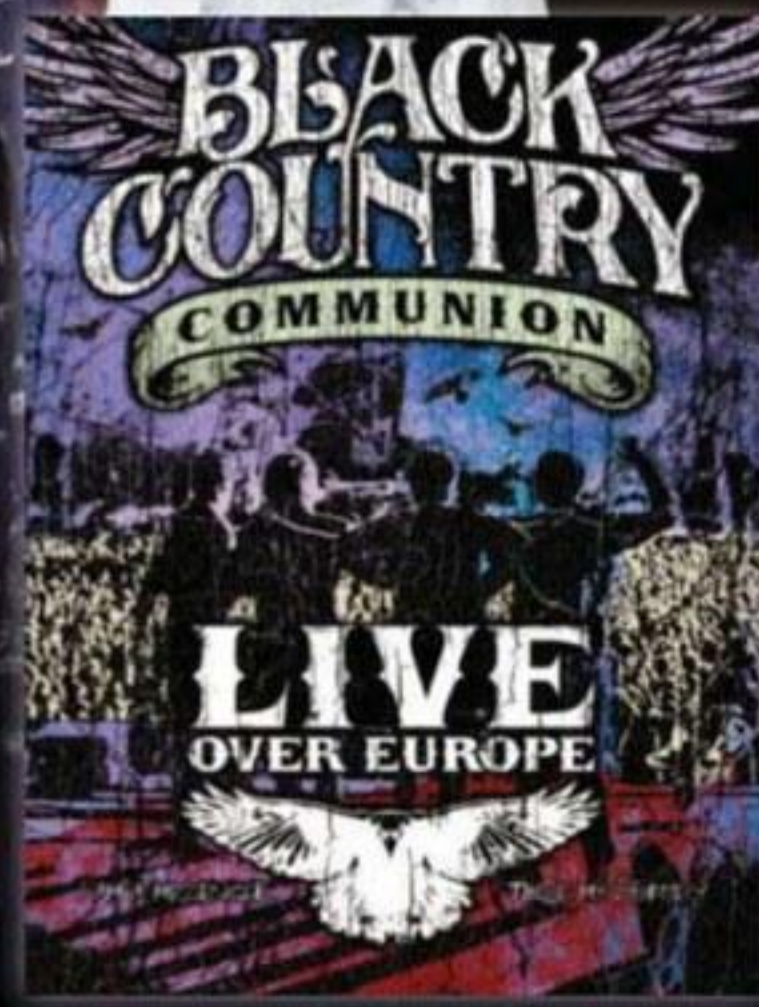
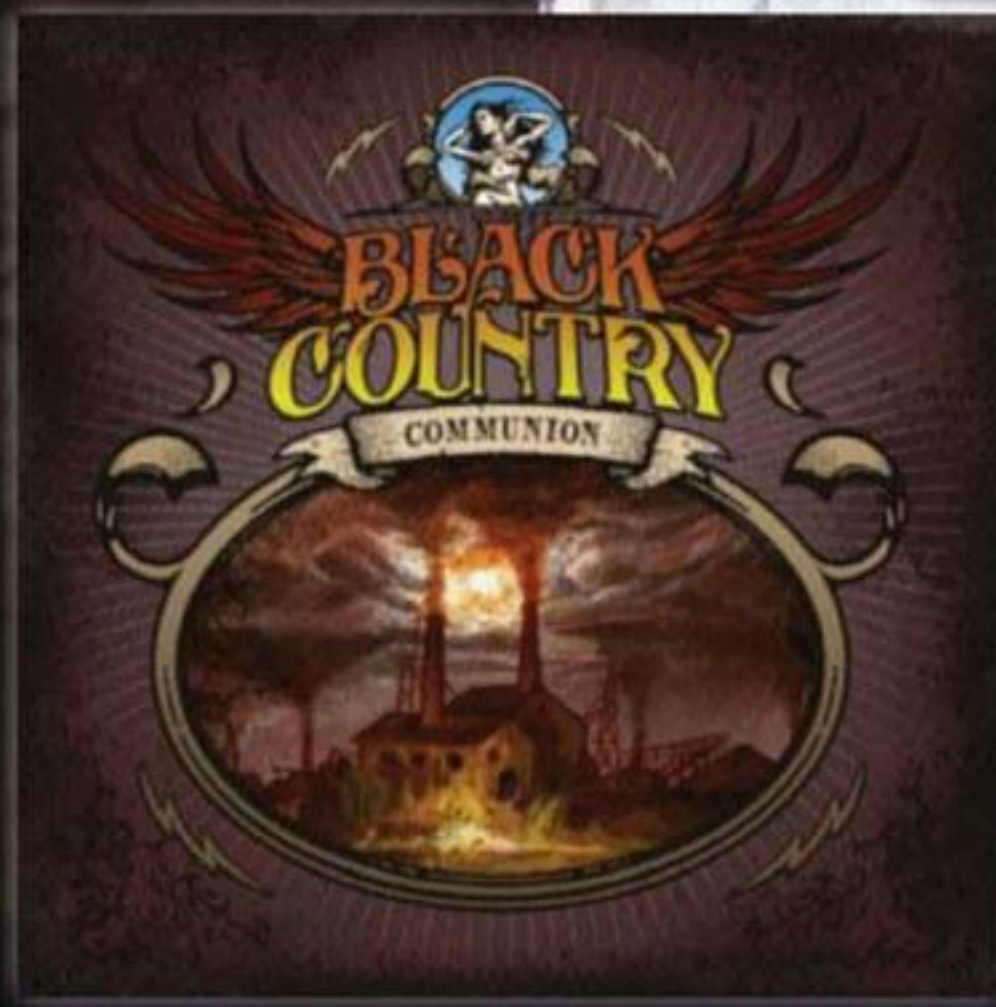
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BECK'S BEST BITS

Heart Full Of Soul

Yardbirds single, 1965



Beck stamps his identity on the Yardbirds, transforming a pop ditty into something more menacing. His sitar impersonation is better than the real thing they'd planned on using, and his fuzz-box solo adds another trail-blazing sound.

Beck's Bolero

B-side to *Hi Ho Silver Lining* Jeff Beck single, 1966



A monumental instrumental. Beck dominates his ad hoc supergroup (Jimmy Page, John Paul Jones, Keith Moon, Nicky Hopkins) with stinging lead lines and a prototype heavy metal riff, crowned by an orgy of backwards guitar licks.

Cause We've Ended As Lovers

From *Blow By Blow*, Jeff Beck 1975



Beck's most sublime studio moment. His instrumental take on Stevie Wonder's ballad is raw, haunting and increasingly emotional as he coaxes moans and wails from his guitar that no singer could match while turning up the intensity.

Rockin' At Midnight

From *The Honeydrippers Vol One*, 1981



Joining Robert Plant's spontaneous rock'n'roll revival weekend at New York's Atlantic Studios Beck gets into the swing of things – quite literally – on Roy Brown's jump blues. His vibrant solos cut to the quick.

Trouble Man

From *Jeff*, Jeff Beck, 2003



Pitting his wits against a big drumbeat workout, Beck unleashes a bewildering array of manic riffs and tones from his Strat, piling them ever closer until he's finally overlapping them in a cacophony of calculated sound.

Maybe I'm too straight, but I couldn't deal with it any more. The tipping point was when we embarked on a six-week American package tour, travelling on a bus like something out of a *Carry On* film. That was bad enough, driving 600 miles a day in an atmosphere of smoke and exhaust fumes. And for what? To play three songs? If you were lucky you got 15 minutes for your pop hits. What a waste of life. I was involved with a girl in Los Angeles, so I weighed up the options: would I rather be sunning myself on the beach, or be on this bus. It was over when I went to LA. Keith Relf was drinking very heavily. Paul Samwell-Smith [bassist] had left. Jimmy Page came in on my insistence. I wanted him in as a friend and ally. I didn't feel much kinship with the other Yardbirds. I got on with Jim McCarty [drummer], but with the rest there was omnipresent snobbery, their hierarchy. Plus they never paid me properly.

After that you put together The Jeff Beck Group with Rod Stewart in 1967. How did that all start?

When I was in The Yardbirds you'd go to clubs like The Cromwellian or The Speakeasy because you could get a late drink and a hot meal. They were great meeting places. I was in The Speakeasy one night and there was Rod Stewart sitting in a corner,



Beck: always out of reach for other guitar players.

no one else there. Rod was almost asleep from drink. I was about to drive home, but just as I was leaving I went up to him and said: "We're both fucked, why don't we form a band?" Rod replies: "Here's my number. Call me tomorrow." So I did. And it went on from there. Though not without a few hiccups, I might add.

You described the first Jeff Beck Group gig, in 1967 at the Finsbury Park Astoria, as like torture. You nearly gave up immediately.

That was with the Small Faces and Roy Orbison. I've since found out that we were sabotaged. My amps packed up because they kept on pulling the power on Ronnie Wood and me. Rod was stuck out on his own, mouthing the words. The press said we were an under-rehearsed shambles. I thought we were finished on day one. I had the greatest band going and it was a disaster. But life went on.

You've said The Jeff Beck Group were on their uppers before you went to America in early 1968.

We were scraping barrels until [future Led Zeppelin manager] Peter Grant came on the picture. My manager, Mickie Most, wasn't interested in Rod at all: "I don't want that poof. I signed you. You're the star." And that's when [Beck's 1967 solo single] *Hi Ho Silver Lining* became a hit. It was short-sighted, because Mickie thought, let's cover some Euro-pop – which that record was.

Peter started psyching us out. He knew of our love for the blues and he realised America was the place for us. He stumped up the cash. We played at the Fillmore East and it exploded. We blew the Grateful Dead off stage. On the first night, Rod hid for half the show because he was terrified about facing a proper auditorium full of people who were there for someone else. By the time we got to the

"I HAD THE GREATEST BAND GOING AND IT WAS A DISASTER. BUT LIFE WENT ON."

Beck on the Jeff Beck Group's first gig

Fillmore West we were offered a record deal by Epic thanks to the incredible write-ups. Epic thought that Rod was actually me. At our meeting they said to him: "We want you, Mr Beck. But who is the kiddie on guitar?"

The Jeff Beck Group's two albums, *Truth* and *Beck-Ola*, marked their card.

Love those. I'd finally injected my style on to pop records. The hunting ground was blues, which we moulded with Motown bass lines and a little bit of heavy metal

thrown in, which wasn't known then.

Did you invent heavy metal?

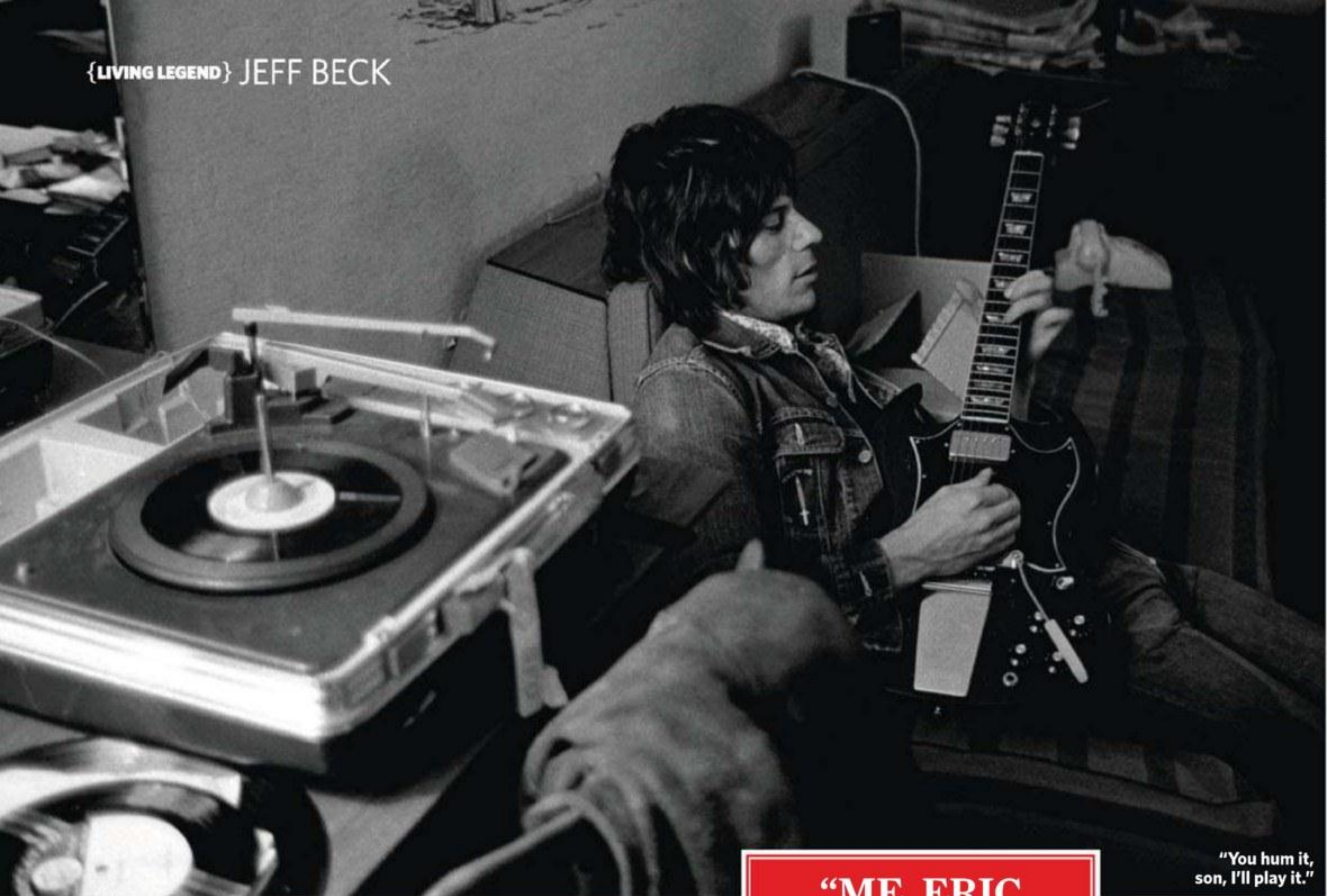
By today's standards it wasn't loud enough. It was powerful riffs and kick-arse, home-made rock'n'roll blues. But Rod also did *Ol' Man River*, and that suited him.

Any regrets over refusing to play at Woodstock?

No. The vibe in the band was so bad that I wasn't prepared for a large, open-air thing. The honeymoon was over. Rod had befriended Woody [Ronnie Wood, JBG guitarist] and I felt alienated. I thought: "Fuck you". When I saw the movie on a big, three-split screen I thought: "I could have been there... but thank God I wasn't." My reasoning was, why should I permit a situation where Rod is preserved on film and boosts his thing, and I might not get a look in? Sly And The Family Stone wiped the floor with everyone at Woodstock.

What about Jimi Hendrix?

That was another reason. Jimi did everything on guitar that I used to do – not the burning, but all the gymnastics and the showmanship. I used to play two guitars, and then put them on top of the amp and feed them back to a tone then play



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"You hum it, son, I'll play it."

along with that rhythm. After Hendrix arrived I couldn't do that any more. He soaked up everything I'd worked for and put it in a better package. I reckoned I'd go back to restoring cars.

You career follows a path where things tend not to last for long, you move on.

My view is: "You should have been there, mate, because that's gone now." I didn't look for the job in The Yardbirds; I didn't go looking for Rod; Beck Bogart & Appice came about by accident. I let things happen. I could have thrashed more out of BB&A because Japan was crazy for it, but the music burnt its course. We had no more material. And that's the life-blood of any band.

In 1975 you auditioned to join the Rolling Stones after Mick Taylor left.

I thought I was going to do a couple of tracks. They had their mobile [studio] set up. But I didn't see a Rolling Stone for two days. There was a stack of guitars in the warehouse, covered in airline stickers: "Odd... How many guitars does Keith need?" [Pianist] Ian Stewart told me: "They're giving you an audition. They've told all the other guys to fuck off." Nothing like a bit of pressure.

Eventually we got into the same room together, and I started playing Bill Wyman's bass so hard the dust was flying off. I wandered off, and the engineer, Glyn Johns, said: "That's incredible!" I said: "One for the archives, mate. I'm leaving tomorrow."

I'm glad I left, because I had the *Blow By Blow* project with [producer] George Martin lined up.

Keith Richards has said that the two of you were glowering at each other over your fretboards.

We didn't get on then. The night before I split I was trying to sleep and all I could hear was Betty

Wright's *Clean Up Woman* coming from Keith's room. It was driving me nuts. I walked in and said: "I've heard this 4,000 times." I lifted the needle off the deck, and he wakes up and says: "Oi! What the fuck are you doing!" I slipped a note under his door and left.

Do you enjoy playing on sessions for other people?

I don't generally, unless it's for someone like Jan Hammer. I've done loads I disliked. Playing on *Private Dancer* for Tina Turner was okay. I heard her demo, and she was grumbling away, singing in the wrong key, but I did it because of *River Deep – Mountain High*. I played a pink Jackson guitar, and she sang *Private Dancer* once and *Steel Claw* once and that was it. Christ, that was swift. I added some screeching guitar and she had her biggest album ever.

You released just six studio albums throughout the 80s and 90s. What happened?

I didn't belong. I had no slot. What was the point? Unless I'm driven I can't work. I'd do something to keep the wolf from the door. But then I believed that people wanted me to play so I carried on. What period are you talking about?

Most of the 1990s.

Oh, Christ. They don't exist. Playing with the White Stripes more recently was pivotal. Watching Meg with her cigarettes, and the two of them kicking butt. The fact that they'd sat in a flat listening to old

"ME, ERIC CLAPTON AND JIMMY PAGE WERE OBSESSED. THANK GOD WE WERE."

Beck on the blues coming to Britain in the 60s

Yardbirds records... the fact that they painted the Yardbirds logo on the drums was so sweet. Jack White is a great guy.

What's happened to the reunion with Rod Stewart that was mooted a couple of years ago?

I've got a more serious project and it isn't with Rod. That was folly. It isn't even on ice. Anyway, he's

decided to do Las Vegas for two years.

You've spoken about writing your autobiography. Have you made a start on it?

I'm researching. I should read Eric's and Ron's and Keith's but that might depress me. Mine might be too similar. I should have tunnel vision. I want to concentrate on school days rather than rock-star me. I'd like it to be touching. I'm interested in when I grew up in the 1940s and 50s. I'd like to find those wonderful vivid images. It could make the most charming movie.

Why did the mid-1960s throw up so many now legendary British guitar players?

The Surrey Delta thing. Elvis, the Second Coming, changed the whole world. Eric would agree we were down on our luck until the blues arrived. And it became natural music for us. We became disciples. We had to discover more. Anyone who ever had the slightest fascination with music had to find out what that sound was and where it came from. Me, Eric and Jimmy Page were stricken to the soul. We were obsessed. Thank God we were. 



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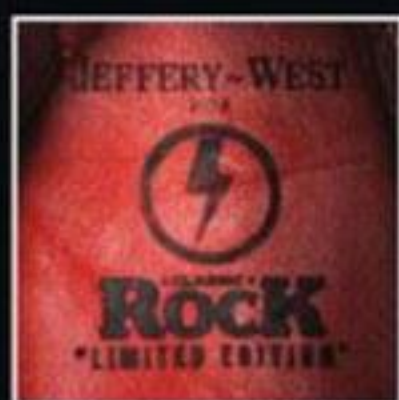
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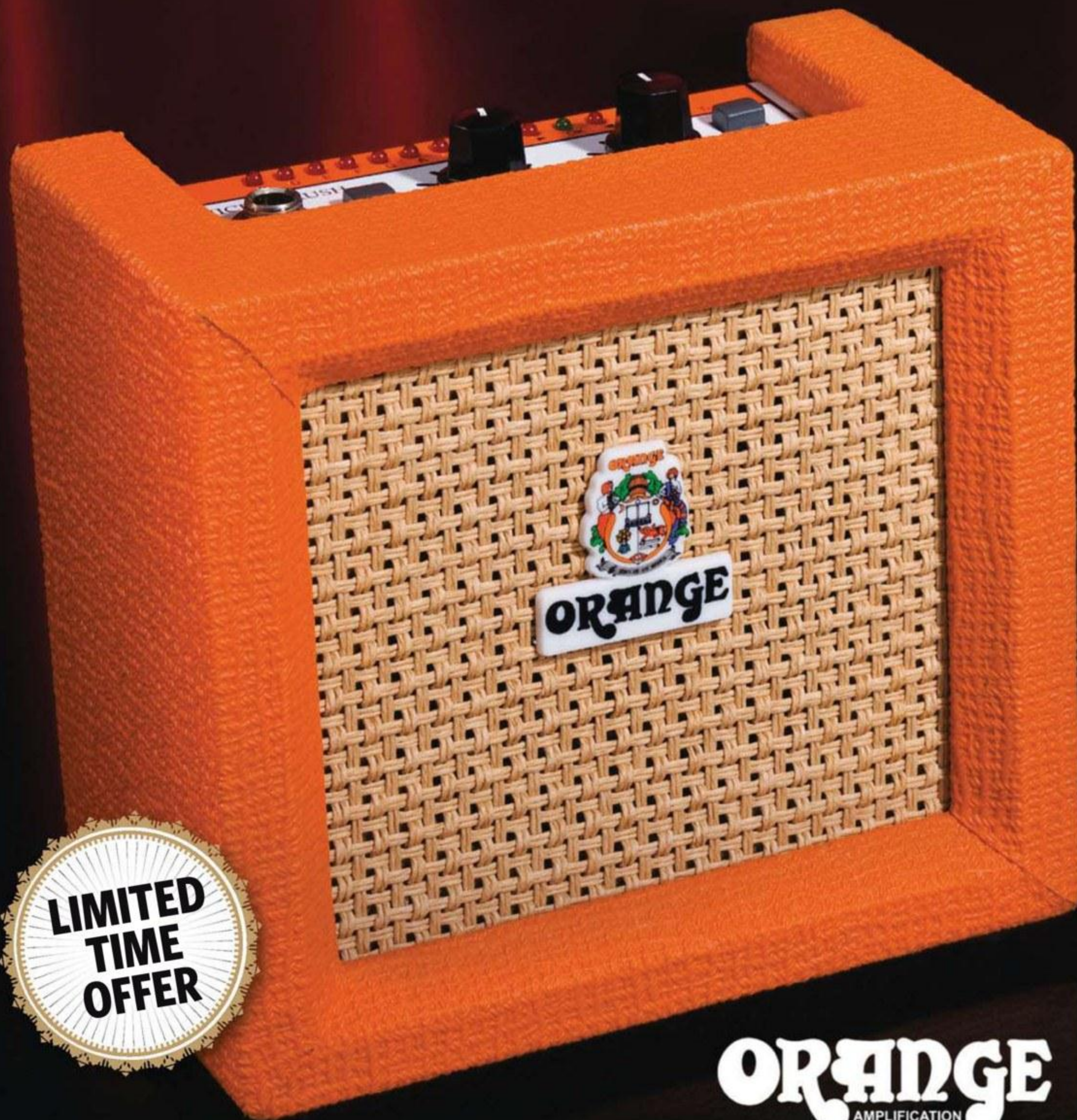
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QUADROPHENIA

IN 1973 **THE WHO** COMPLETED WHAT TO MANY – INCLUDING ITS CREATOR, PETE TOWNSHEND – IS THE BAND'S FINEST ALBUM. SO WHY DID *QUADROPHENIA* MEET WITH SUCH A MIXED RESPONSE UPON ITS RELEASE?

Words: **Rob Hughes**

Bonfire night, 1973. The Who are 50 minutes into their set at Newcastle's Odeon Cinema, the first gig of a three-night stand. They're promoting *Quadrophenia*, the grand new opus written by Pete Townshend, but all is far from well. Audiences have been struggling to grasp the ambitious concept, leaving both Townshend and Roger Daltrey to explain the story between numbers. It's been disrupting the flow, cramping The Who's swashbuckling attack. And the backing tapes keep malfunctioning. As the band tear into 5:15, there's no tape sync at all. It eventually kicks in, 15 seconds late. That does it. Townshend explodes.

He strides over to Who soundman Bob Pridden, grabs him by the neck and hauls him over the mixing desk towards the centre of the stage. Then Townshend smashes his guitar on the floor and sets about the sound board, clawing out clumps of wire and laying waste the pre-recorded tapes, before stalking off stage altogether. Much like the punters, his bandmates can only stare in silent disbelief, before the latter feel obligated to follow him into the wings. The stage curtain clunks down and an eerie quiet befalls the room. The Who are gone.

They're back 20 minutes later, although there's still a testy atmosphere. The *Quadrophenia* songs are abandoned, and the band start playing the old hits instead. Townshend clearly isn't done. He berates the crowd for their inability to comprehend his new work, spits out a volley of four-letter words and finishes with a seismic version of *My Generation*, the climax of which sees him demolish another guitar – a Gibson Les Paul – and hurl an amp to the floor. Drummer Keith Moon makes similar wreckage of his kit, while Daltrey aims a boot at the microphone. Then they're gone for good.

The audience roars its applause, but the local press scent blood. *The Newcastle Evening Chronicle* calls it

"a ridiculous display of unwarranted violence" and "an extremely childish publicity stunt, with a potentially damaging effect on the thousands of youngsters who invariably follow their idols in all they do".

The following day both Townshend and Moon appear on local TV show *Look North* to help quell the incident and confirm that the other two Newcastle gigs will still go ahead. "Well, nobody asked for their money back, did

they?" laughs Moon.

It was, in fairness, hardly unique behaviour. The Who's formidable reputation was partly based on such wanton acts of violence against unsuspecting hardware, though the sudden assault on Pridden was altogether more extreme. This was different. Townshend's tipping point was the result of sustained pressure and frustration. *Quadrophenia*, arriving hard-at-heel after his aborted *Lifeforce* project, was supposed to be his defining moment of the 70s, a rock opera to out-Tommy anything that had gone before. "If *Tommy* is rock opera, *Quadrophenia* is grand rock opera," says lifelong Townshend associate and Who biographer Richard Barnes. "If *Tommy* is tabloid, *Quadrophenia* is broadsheet. I think Pete moved The Who to another level with that record."

But by the end of February '74 The Who had stopped playing it entirely. "The whole thing was a disaster," griped Townshend. It would be 22 years before they attempted it again.

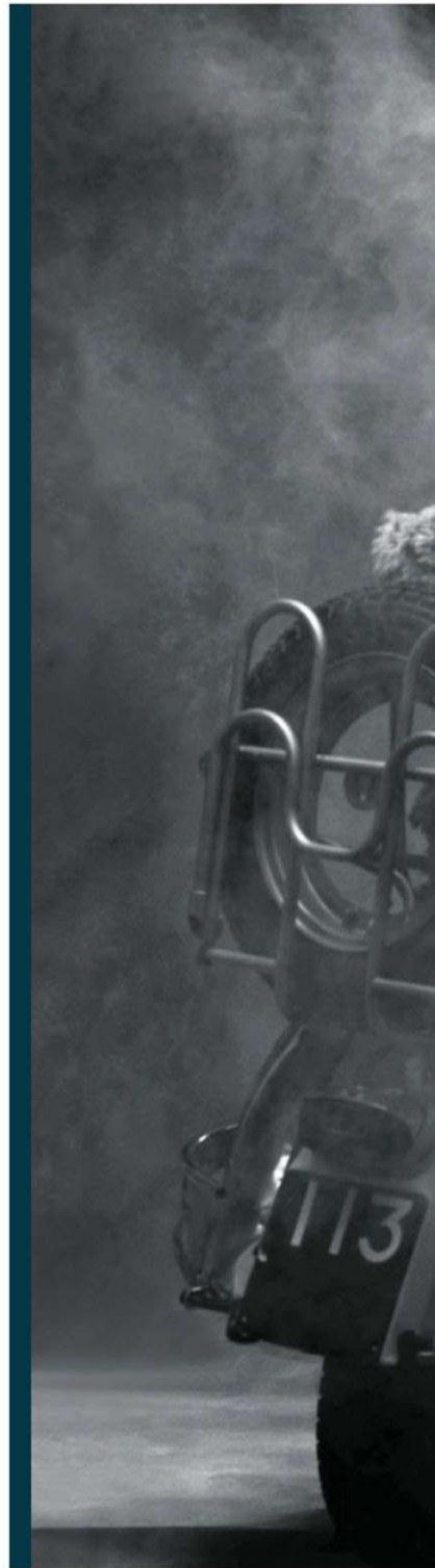
Quadrophenia, likened by Townshend in 1973 to "a sort of musical *Clockwork Orange*", was a deeply personal endeavour. Ostensibly about a young 60s mod at the crossroads of his adolescent life, it charts the spiritual yearning of main protagonist

Jimmy Cooper through drugs, unrequited love, beachfront barneys, a string of useless jobs and unsympathetic parents. The mod scene sours quickly, his best mate runs off with his girl, he trashes his beloved scooter and makes a break for Brighton in a desperate attempt to reconnect with the thrill and camaraderie of the mods-versus-rockers skirmishes. But the summer of '65 is long gone. Consumed by despair, he rows out to sea to end it all, but has a sudden epiphany.

**"IF TOMMY IS
ROCK OPERA,
QUADROPHENIA
IS GRAND ROCK
OPERA. PETE
MOVED THE
WHO ON TO
ANOTHER
LEVEL WITH IT."**

Who biographer Richard Barnes

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*Quadrophenia: a
prog rock concept
album dressed in
mod clothing.*

ACE FACE

The art of *Quadrophenia*.



The elaborate packaging of the original album was all in keeping with *Quadrophenia*'s grand concept. It was a double-

LP packaged within a 42-page storybook of photographs, conceived by Pete Townshend with art director and famous snapper Ethan Russell.

"I have a special place in my heart for *Quadrophenia*," says Russell, whose other credits include the iconic piss-up-a-monolith shot on the cover of *Who's Next*. "It was part of my life too and it seemed not quite to have reached the zenith it deserved. It's a great, lush album. I really love the writerly quality of albums which try to do something. The cover, interestingly enough, was done by

Roger Daltrey's cousin, but I did the rest of it. There was a pretty good Daltrey-Townshend divide, which has been acknowledged by both of them. That was part of the idea of *Quadrophenia* being split into four. I really gave a part of my life to that project, and the book was a homage to the England that I love. Even though I'm not English, I fell in love with things like *A Taste Of Honey*, *The Knack*, all of those early black-and-white films, and the photography of Bill Brandt. So I kind of swung at them all with *Quadrophenia*. When I finally showed up with a 40-page book, Pete went: 'I thought you said it was going to be nine pages!'"

The front cover, shot by Graham Hughes, shows Jimmy in full mod regalia astride his prized Vespa. The model is credited only as 'Chad' on the sleeve. His real name is Terry Kennett, who was a 23-year-old local paint sprayer.

Townshend: "I think Terry came from the Battersea estate where our studio was located. My best



friend of the period, Who biographer Richard Barnes, also helped as an art director, and my brother Paul and my sister-in-law Janie were models in the photos."

The rear sleeve bears Townshend's dedication to "the kids of Goldhawk Road, Carpenders Park, Forest Hill, Stevenage New Town and to all the people we played to at the Marquee and Brighton Aquarium in the summer of '65."

Why was that such a particularly vivid time for The Who? "It turned out to be a sad summer in Brighton," recalls Townshend, "because after the bad press about the beach fights most of the coolest mods decided to dump the entire idea. At the time, though, it felt romantic, and I've spoken before about feeling a part of something very special, something expansive and open. The mods were mainly working class, but they kept an open-door policy to all-comers as long as they had the right haircut and clothes."

"I WAS WORRIED ABOUT THE BAND AT THE TIME. WE WERE ALL BORED WITH PLAYING TOMMY."

Pete Townshend

Quadrophenia the album is a record awash with metaphor – particularly the sea as both a destructive and redemptive force – and sprinkled with allusion to The Who's own past. It is, in fact, the idealism of 60s youth culture refracted through the lens of the cynical 70s, by big, rich rock stars who'd lived

through it. It's as much about The Who as it is about Jimmy.

It's a complex, vaultingly ambitious work that is echoed in the music itself. Surging guitars and big vocals are tempered by brass arrangements, semi-orchestral strings and intricate layers of synths and piano. "At the time, Pete and I were writing to each other and I used to call him Tannhäuser because of *Quadrophenia*," says Barnes. "Which was apt because it does sound really Wagnerian with those horns. You can imagine these big, fat ladies in helmets, riding Vespas. It's a heavy, hard rock album but there are such delicate bits with violins and synthesizers. Pete has such a delicate touch. It's like porcelain and reinforced concrete side by side."

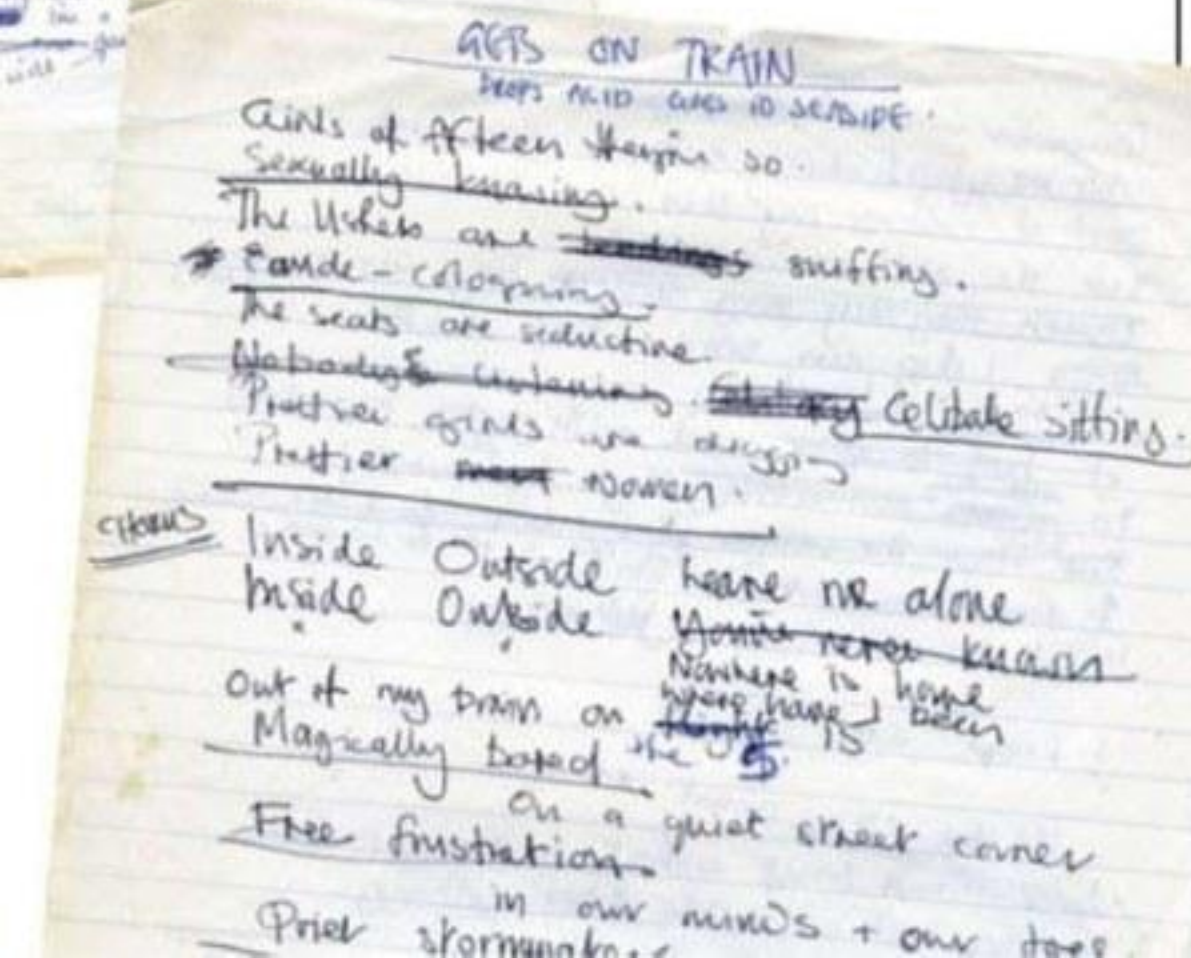
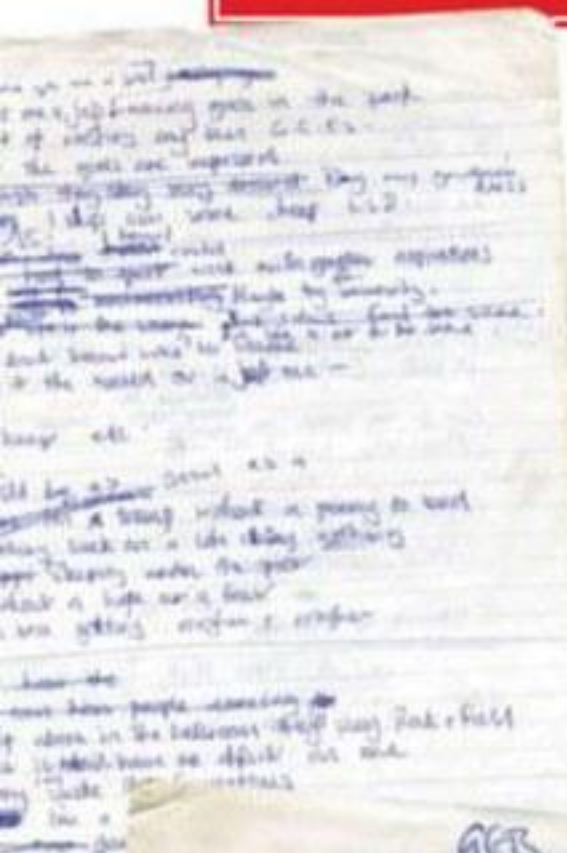
Rewind to the summer of 1972 and Townshend was in a dilemma. "I was worried about the band at the time," he tells *Classic Rock*. "We were all bored with playing *Tommy*, and only played three songs from *Who's Next* on stage. I wanted a *Tommy* replacement for our stage act. And the guys in the band were itchy, I think. I was definitely looking for a way to stroke the four eccentric egos of the guys in the band. We'd always been different, but by 1972 I felt I'd one last chance to do something that might hold us together and unify us in the eyes of our fans."

The initial idea, floated by Townshend in the music press, was born out of a work called *Rock Is Dead – Long Live Rock*, which addressed The Who's 60s roots. The as-yet-untitled *Quadrophenia* was, he said, designed to reflect the four distinct personalities within the band. But, as with *Lifehouse* – Townshend's sci-fi fantasia about rock music's ability to create a new kind of social utopia – it was less easily definable than that. He wanted to address the communal rapport between a band and its fans. "Jimmy represented a special kind of pop-rock

fan who demanded to encapsulate and reflect the members of the band he followed," continues Townshend. "In this case the four members of The Who.

So it was the reverse of what I was pitching in the music papers. In 1972/73 there were no mods, no 'armies' or 'uniforms' of any kind in the pop-rock audience, just big shirts with big collars, and haircuts from a Shakespeare play. Part of what I wanted to do was re-establish with our fans

Keith Moon outside Battersea Studios in June 1973, during the recording of *Quadrophenia*.



QUADROPHENIA

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Pete and Keith at
Battersea Studios.



TOWNSHEND/MOON: ROBERT ELLIS/REPHOTO

the principles they themselves had set up when we'd started. I think The Who had been servants of the audience in 1964/65, not the other way around. Our job was always to give our audience something they needed, not make them think we were stars. Inside The Who, Keith Moon was not just doing a 'star' thing, but taking it to extremes. He was behaving like a Saudi Prince. We all had our part to play. We'd lost perspective partly because our stage shows were so fucking intense. We felt inviolable... I think I felt a kinship with teenaged fans, but by 1972 I was 27 years old and maybe this was a last grab at writing my follow up to *Tommy*; my *Catcher In The Rye*."

One of the central themes of *Quadrophenia* is the idea of joining a tribe or gang for the purposes of personal development, perhaps best expressed by the song *I'm One*. Townshend: "As a young man I needed, and wanted, to be part of a gang of young men. I'd grown up in a gang, one that started when I was a street kid in Acton when I was four years old, running wild when it was still safe to do so. What happens when you're subsumed in a gang or collective of any kind is that you soon find the parts of you that don't fit, that can't be accommodated. For Jimmy – for all the piss-taking I got from the band about following the Indian spiritual master Meher Baba – what didn't fit the mod gang he was in was his spiritual confusion, his lack of a sense of deep human purpose."

In September '72 Townshend had issued his first solo album, *Who Came First*, a devotional album dedicated to Meher Baba. Were there certain aspects of himself that couldn't be accommodated in The Who? "It was mainly my interest in spiritual things, and artistic endeavours, that the band found hard to accommodate without taking the piss. Sadly, many – though not all – music critics were the same. They thought anyone who was in a band

An out-take from the
cover session,
featuring 'Chad',
a local paint sprayer.



**"AS A YOUNG
MAN I NEEDED
AND WANTED TO
BE IN A GANG.
I GREW UP IN
ONE FROM THE
AGE OF FOUR."**

Pete Townshend

was necessarily a thick cunt who'd struck lucky, and should just shut up and play, make some money and fuck some girls, then crawl away and die and leave the analysis to them. No one in our team seemed to have any spiritual questions at all.

They saw Meher Baba as a joke."

The Who began recording *Quadrophenia* in early '73. They'd recently bought an old church hall in Battersea, which they planned to strip down and convert into their own, state-of-the-70s recording studio and rehearsal room. But it still wasn't ready, so they decamped to the mobile studio of good mate Ronnie Lane, then on the verge of leaving the Faces. Townshend singles out those early sessions as being particularly special, the band's first major undertaking since *Lifhouse* and its resultant 1971 salvage operation, *Who's Next*. "With *Lifhouse* I really wanted a communally creative band, properly engaging with its audience, but I think it was all a bit too art school to work. Much is said about the sci-fi complexity of *Lifhouse*, its cumbersome narrative and the fact that I failed to explain it properly. Not so much is said about the fact that we'd become soft as a result of the success of *Tommy*, and then the unexpected windfall success of *Who's Next*. The other guys in the band hadn't had to do very much, creatively speaking, to make that happen – just support me during recording, and then do the road work to back it up. I felt really supported by the other guys, especially at the moment they first started to play my new stuff. Running through one of the first songs we recorded for *Quadrophenia*, I remember thinking that we'd never sounded better, or played with such conviction on unproved material. This was especially true of Roger. He sang like a raging bear. His *Love Reign O'er Me* will never be surpassed."

Received wisdom has it that the rest of The Who didn't quite get *Quadrophenia* to begin with, which Townshend concedes is "understandable" given that "it didn't really land completely as a collection of songs until about three weeks prior to starting to record". But perhaps the one member who took to the project most readily was bassist John

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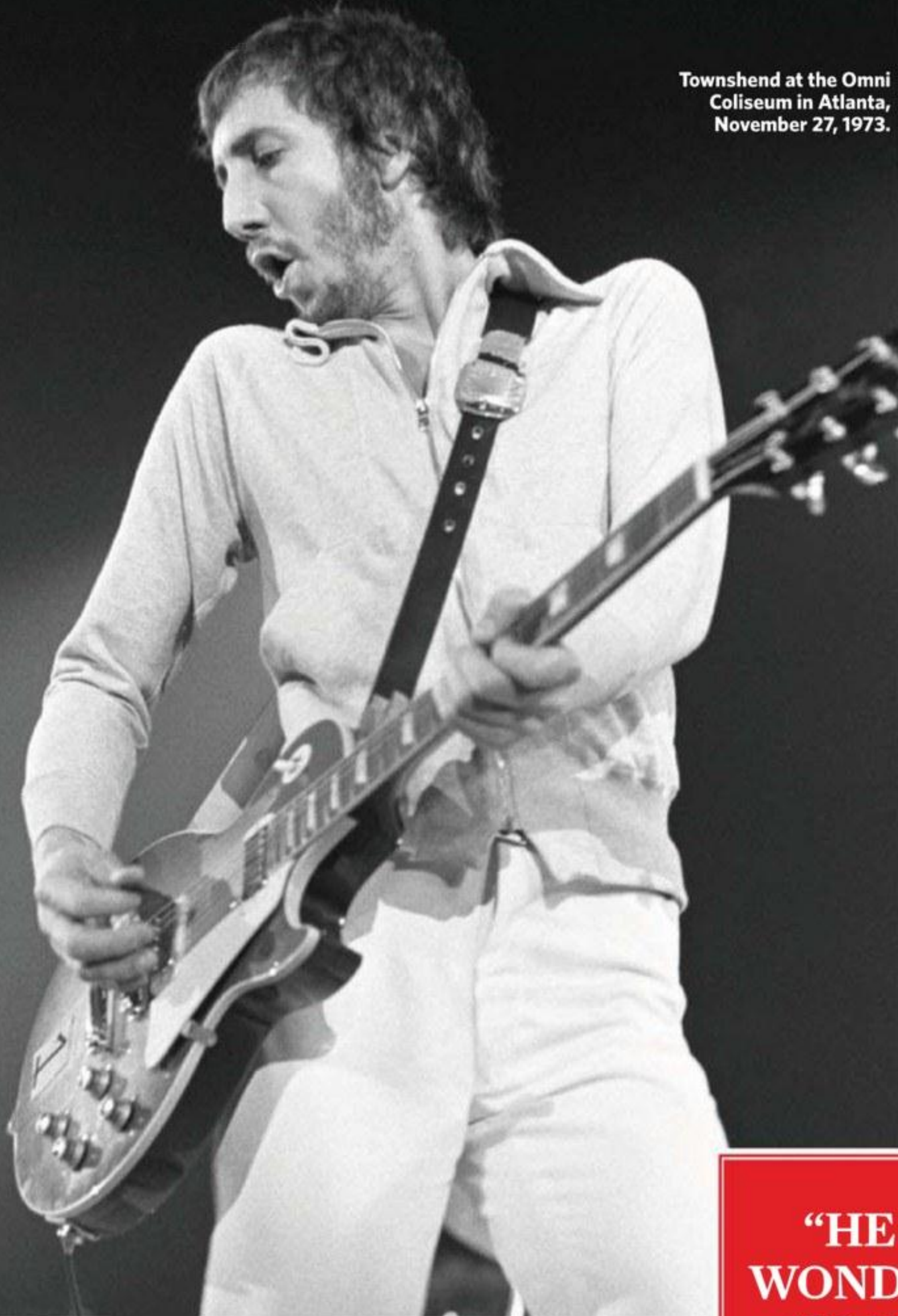
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Townshend at the Omni Coliseum in Atlanta, November 27, 1973.

THE REVIVAL

How the 90s re-staging flattened Rog.

After an absence of over two decades, *Quadrophenia* was revived by The Who and a 20-piece ensemble for a Prince's Trust show in Hyde Park on June 29, 1996. The theatrical extravaganza included a posse of special guests, all under the directorship of Hipgnosis design legend Aubrey 'Po' Powell.

"I adapted and re-shot the movie to interact with the actors on a huge screen behind the stage," explains Powell. "My fondest memory? Recreating the mod invasion of 1964 in Brighton. We filmed all along the seafront with 200 original Lambrettas and Vespas, and a cast of 'new' mods all too young to remember the real thing. It was to go with the song *Love Reign O'er Me*. Nostalgia? Too right. It looked amazing – and made the national papers."

Comic actor Adrian Edmondson was one of those on stage. "I first met Pete when he worked at [book publishers] Faber And Faber in the early 80s," he recalls. "I remember pumping him for stories about The Who because I was writing *Bad News* for The Comic Strip at the time. But the stories were just too huge, too extravagant, almost unbelievable, so I decided to make *Bad News* about the struggles of a crap band that wouldn't make it."

"We kept up a casual relationship, and I was really very excited to be asked to do *Quadrophenia* in Hyde Park. They wanted me to play Ace Face/Bell Boy. When it came to the show, we had a practice on stage in the morning. Gary Glitter, who was playing the

leader of the rockers, was waving his mic stand around like a maniac and accidentally hit Roger in the eye with one of the legs. Roger dropped to the ground like a sack of spuds. No one knew what to do. For guests like me it seemed obvious that one of his bandmates should rush forward, but they didn't. Instead, after a couple of minutes an ancient St John's ambulance man climbed up onto the stage and started administering. At this point Pete wandered over to me and whispered in my ear: 'Looks like we've found the right mic stand at last.' Meanwhile the old

medic asked the stock question used to ascertain the patient's state of consciousness: 'What's your name?' To which Roger replied: 'Everyone knows who I am. I'm Roger fucking Daltrey!'"

"By 1973 they had both lost interest in The Who to some extent. Kit had long-since left the stage as my songwriting mentor, but I was hoping he would co-produce. He turned out to be too distracted."

Whether all this management hoo-ha informed the recording of *Quadrophenia* in any way is something Townshend rejects out of hand: "I don't think the trying events around **Continued on p130**

**"HE WAS
WONDERFUL
TO WORK
WITH:
METICULOUS,
DISCIPLINED,
FUNNY AND
INSPIRED.**

Pete Townshend on John Entwistle

Entwistle, who was given free rein to add some ravishing horn parts to the mix, most notably the pumping brass salvos on *5:15*, the semi-orchestral flourishes on the title track and the eruptive climax to *Love Reign O'er Me*. Townshend today describes Entwistle's input as "stunning. He was also wonderful to work with: meticulous, disciplined, funny and inspired. I loved it that he wrote out his brass parts on music manuscript paper like a proper composer. What he arranged and played on a whole variety of exotic brass instruments fit my own synthesiser and string arrangements perfectly. The Who members all had one great

facility once we were making music: they listened. So many musicians and band members couldn't do that. It's the mark of a great musician, even if – like Keith Moon – he was a drummer who didn't keep time. He listened very carefully, and what he played fit my songs perfectly."

The initial recordings were to be produced by The Who's co-manager, Kit Lambert, Townshend's usual port of call for feedback on his creative works, though the dynamic of their relationship was by then in deep flux. A year earlier Daltrey had discovered what he saw as discrepancies in The Who's bank accounts. By '73, no doubt hastened by Lambert and fellow manager Chris Stamp's rejection of his debut solo album, Daltrey brought in Bill Curbishley to oversee his affairs. Townshend's more protracted shift of allegiance to Curbishley signalled the end of an era, though it was hardly a surprise to all parties.

"My strategy was always to run to Kit Lambert or Chris Stamp to fly new ideas," Townshend explains.



The kids get feisty outside a Who gig.

OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION

BOB EZRIN

OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION: WELL HOW ELSE DO YOU DESCRIBE A MAN WHO'S PRODUCED, CO-WRITTEN AND CONCEIVED SOME OF ROCK'S GREATEST MOMENTS?

Words: **Jaan Uhelszki**

Outstanding Contribution Award winner Bob Ezrin is superb at spotting unexpected, almost hidden talents, then figuring out a way to finesse an artist into exposing themselves, no matter how uncomfortable or revealing – or, in the case of Pink Floyd, commercial. Here he looks back at some of the records he's touched, transforming them into something even bigger than their creators ever imagined.

Ezrin is very unassuming, despite working with so many exalted artists and holding some formidable positions – most notably as head of promoters Live Nation. "I'm an organiser and a conceptualiser and sometimes a bully and hopefully an inspirer, and I've been doing that since I was a child," he says. "I was always the leader of the gang. The one with the idea and the one who organised everybody so we could do it."

Recently he has just finished working with his old pal Alice Cooper, made a country album with Broadway star Kristin Chenoweth, and worked with pop star Ke\$ha, who he met in an airport.

Alice Cooper, Love It To Death (1971)

One day, Alice Cooper's manager, Shep Gordon, decided that he wanted Alice to have a Guess Who sound. He decided that Jack Richardson was the man for the job. The trouble was, after Shep brought in the early records into the office he scared everyone to death and no one wanted to work with them. I was working as a junior to Jack, and he told me if I was interested I should go see them at Max's Kansas City in New York.

I took a friend and we sat down right in front of the stage, maybe two feet away from Alice. At the end all I could say was: "What the fuck was that?" My friend said: "I don't know, but I think I liked it." I turned to him and said: "I think I loved it." The next thing I knew I was on a plane to Detroit, going to work with them on their farm in Pontiac.

When I first met them they were performance artists who happened to play rock music. And they were a pretty good sort of punky punk band musically, but with all the accoutrements that made them into what was starting to be called glam.

We went into the studio and started to really pay attention to the music. It became less free-form and more thought out. Everybody began to view their instrument as part of a whole aural picture, and not just as something that you play all the time. They became more and more of a band, and more and more sophisticated and modern.

Alice Cooper, Billion Dollar Babies (1973)

It's a statement about American culture. I always said that Alice Cooper held the fun-house mirror up to society. And that's what I think *Billion Dollar Babies* was. You look in that mirror and there's a bigger, fatter, more excessive, more selfish version of yourself.

I feel like the writing got more sophisticated, particularly when you look at something like *Generation Landslide* – one of the great songs of all time. And it belongs up there with Bob Dylan's writing as social commentary. I think Alice

took a major leap forward into becoming a generational poet and expressing the views of a whole generation.

I never treated them like rock stars. I had a whistle that I would bring into the studio in later years. I was very much like a dad and would be their taskmaster.

Lou Reed, Berlin (1973)

This is one of the best and the most complete pieces I've ever done in my life, but at the same time it was a nightmare to record at times because of the coterie of strange people who kept showing up. Also what I remember of this time period was that Lou and [his wife] Betty were breaking up and having a hard time. David Bowie and Mick Ronson were there too.

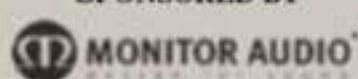
I brought in all my regular players. I brought Steve Hunter with me and Gene Martynec. They were like the mole men who lived in their little caves and did nothing but play guitar. And then they got exposed to these British rock stars who were also lunatics – just insanely great players. So there was a lot of cross-pollination on that project. It was a creative crucible, like a cauldron of fire. There was so much energy in that room. But sometimes there was also some real strangeness, and there were a lot of drugs floating around. And that coloured the experience a lot. I don't know that it informed the music.

I think everybody sort of pulled themselves together and made great music, but it was all the stuff after and before and in and around the making of music that was particularly difficult.

"WHEN I FIRST MET THEM THEY WERE PERFORMANCE ARTISTS WHO HAPPENED TO PLAY ROCK MUSIC"

Ezrin on Alice Cooper

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Bob Ezrin at the controls with Alice Cooper in the early 70s: "They were a pretty good sort of punky punk band."

**Aerosmith, *Get Your Wings* (1974)
(Executive Producer)**

Here's something about that album that I've never told anybody before. In the middle of the project I went to Barbados and went diving. But I was a very inexperienced diver, and the people that took me out took me out of my depth without my knowing what to do. I screwed my ears up. When I came up, I was pretty deaf. The next thing that I had to do was get on a plane, which made it even worse.

I flew back to New York, and the first thing I had to do was to go into the studio with Aerosmith and Jack Douglas and Ray Colcord and see how they'd been doing and sort of listen. I had to tell Jack out in the hallway: "I'm deaf. I can't hear anything." He had to shout at me so I could hear him. I told him: "So play it really loud and I'll do my best." I listened to the stuff and it was really good, but there were so many details I couldn't make out at the time. I didn't want to let anybody know I couldn't hear anything, so I just pretended I could and gave it the stamp of approval and said to Jack: "You're doing a great job."

As it turns out, he did a fantastic job and was their producer for many, many years. So it all worked out great. But for that one brief moment, I was scared to death, too. I didn't want anybody to know that I was deaf. I thought that was the end of me.

Alice Cooper, *Welcome to My Nightmare* (1975)

We had been working on *Only Women Bleed* for three or four days and we just couldn't get a take. I didn't know what to do to get it. Then one day it occurred to me that I had to have some event occur in the studio to shake things up. I didn't want to go the conventional route and get strippers, because I didn't want to completely destroy the day, I wanted it to kick the musicians in the ass and give them a burst of energy and inspire them.

So I called Fraser Mohawk, who had a very interesting operation in North Toronto called Puck's Farm, which was a combination of circus, sideshow act, recording studio and livery company. Fraser had been a producer in New York and had moved up to Canada. I called him and said: "How long would it take you guys to get down here, and could you throw something together really quickly?"

Before I knew it they were there. They had guys on stilts. They had little people. They had jugglers. They had people rolling on a ball and blowing whistles and beating tambourines. I set it up so that I would be given the signal when they were in the building, and they would set up outside. I'd keep the band in the room so nobody would see them, and then in the middle of a take I stopped everybody and I gave the signal to the guy at the door. The doors flew open and in came the circus. The band was totally gobsmacked. It was so out of context. It was just such an irrational thing to have happen that suddenly jugglers and midgets and people come flying in the door. The band got so caught up in the moment that they started playing that famous circus theme. The circus artists, they loved that. They played off of that. The whole thing lasted no more than 10 minutes and they flew back out the door. We shut the door, and I was back in the control room and said: "Okay, roll it." And the next take we finally nailed *Only Women Bleed*.

Dr John, *Hollywood Be Thy Name* (1975)

He came to my house to go through material, and when he walked in the door a black cat climbed on the ledge of the front sitting room window. And ♦♦

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ALICE COOPER

PINK FLOYD



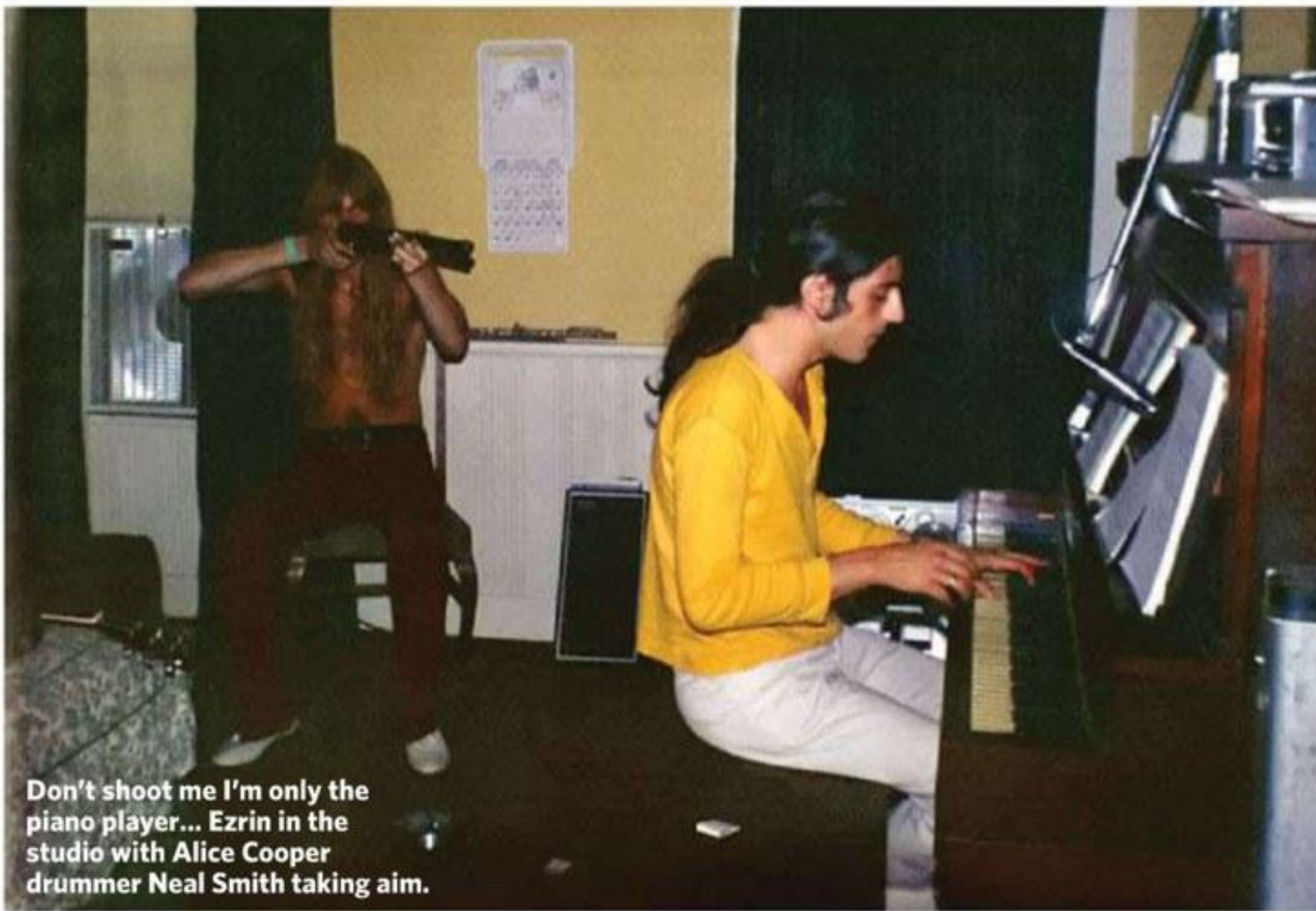
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I picked him up like a feather and took him outside, and was about to beat him when Brian Christian came out and tried to stop me. Brian is 230 pounds of solid muscle, South Side Chicago tough guy. I felt this steel-like grip lift me off the ground and pull me away from the guy. I was flailing in the air going: "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" And Brian just held me there until I calmed down, and we went back in and finished the record. It was just that one guy. Wally Stocker and Tony Brock, two of the members of the band, remained my friends for years and I worked with them later on in various different bands.

Peter Gabriel, Peter Gabriel (aka Car, 1977)

I brought in my A-team for this album, which was Steve Hunter, Tony Levin, Jimmy Maelen and Alan Schwartzberg. One day Peter said to me, very sheepishly: "Would it be all right if I had one Brit?" And I said: "Yes, I'll let you have one Brit. Who do you want?" He said: "I quite like Robert Fripp. He's a good chap, a good mate." And I said: "Okay, fine. Let's have Robert." So Peter and Robert were each other's support system. They were the Brits in the operation, and then I had a gang of irregulars. But it all came together in an astonishingly coherent way.

Pink Floyd, The Wall (1979)

(co-produced by David Gilmour and Roger Waters)

Working on *The Wall* changed everyone's life. It changed Roger's life. It changed the band. And whether they like to admit it or not, I think it changed Pink Floyd. They were an ideal at the time

of *Dark Side Of The Moon*, a sort of vaunted ideal, but at *The Wall* they became an institution. They became the gold standard. It was almost as though *The Wall* was the period on the sentence of the 70s, and the culmination of all of that experimentation and creativity wrapped up into one project that was the distillation of the very best of all of it, and stood as the one truly great symbol of the age. *The Wall* was the end of the music of the 70s. Then everything changed, and the 80s became very different.

Kiss, Music From 'The Elder' (1981)

We all wanted to do something important on this one. It wasn't just them. We decided to do something that was in quotation marks, something important. And that's a mistake. You never set out to do something important, you should just do something that's good and fits. *The Elder* didn't fit. It didn't even come close to fitting. We should never have been allowed to do that. It was terrible.

David Gilmour, About Face (1984)

With David, the equipment he uses is secondary to his touch. I always say you can give him a ukulele and he'll make it sound like a Stradivarius. He has the very best set of hands of anyone I have ever worked with. And we always work with such ease. I love working with David Gilmour all the time. ♦♦

all the while that he was in the house the black cat was there. And when he left it was gone. Every time he came over for the next couple of days, when he was in the house the black cat was on the ledge in the window. He gave me magic oil and gris gris and blessed me. He liked how I pushed and made things happen. I loved doing that album with him.

Kiss, Destroyer (1976)

Did I think there was gold in this album? I didn't know it was the gold in the album but I knew it was golden. I just fell in love with *Beth*. I thought it was a magnificent ballad. It had a kind of *Only Women Bleed*-ish innocence about it. I thought Peter [Criss] did a really good job singing it. You know, Peter's not the greatest singer in the world, but this was right up his street. I thought *Detroit Rock City* was the classic on the album. I thought *Shout It Out Loud* was great. I thought *Do You Love Me* was going to be a big single, which it never ended up becoming.

I had a goal, and I really accomplished it on this thing, because when we first got together I said to them their entire audience is 15-year-old pimply boys, and there's only so far you can go with that. I told them the reason they weren't appealing to women was because they're just so stupidly and insensitively macho. They're not really like that as people. I thought Paul was a very sexy frontman. Obviously Gene had some kind of an innate sex appeal, otherwise he wouldn't be such a cocksman.

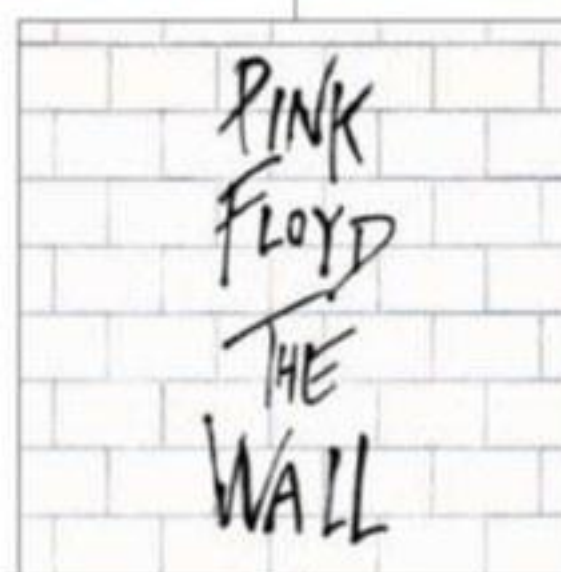
But I thought there was an inherent sex appeal to the band that just wasn't getting across. I said to Paul: "I want to make it seem like you're the bad guy that it's dangerous to love – but there's a soft and vulnerable side to you – and I want it to be so that every girl wants to take you home and fix you." So that's where *Do You Love Me* came from. It wasn't 'I like to drink and smoke and party' any longer. It was the other side of things.

The Babys, The Babys (1977)

The Babys were a band that was signed by my dear friend Chris Wright at Chrysalis Records. He brought me in to work with them, which I started doing in England. At the same time, I was trying to help Brian Christian to establish a production career, on top of just being an engineer. I love Brian and I felt very much beholden to him for supporting me and guiding me through those early Alice Cooper days.

I thought the band was pretty good. I think there was some real potential there. So we agreed to do it, but they had to come to Toronto, and Brian would be with me. Brian would be engineering and be a co-producer on the project.

They came to Toronto, and there was all sorts of infighting and fraternal resentment, even down to where it got almost physical. One guy in particular used to really enjoy coming into the control room and tweaking my nose, or pulling my hair. At first it was just annoying. After a while it got to be insulting, and then my temper started to go – and I do have a little temper. So I started to boil. And I looked him in the eye and I said: "Don't do that again." He thought it was some kind of joke, and he came over and he did it again. He towered over me – he was like six-foot-five, but he was that sort of fragile English rock star.



"THE WALL WAS THE END OF THE MUSIC OF THE 70S. THEN EVERYTHING CHANGED."

Ezrin on Pink Floyd

Hanoi Rocks, Two Steps From The Move (1984)

Oh, I loved Hanoi Rocks. I loved working on this record, loved that band, loved working with them. Loved it, loved it, loved it. I thought that they had a unique power. They all had a profound sense of wonder when it came to American and British music. You know, coming from Finland, which is one of the most cut-off places in the world culturally, but somehow they made the leap and managed to make a great record.

Pink Floyd, A Momentary Lapse Of Reason (1987) (co-produced by David Gilmour)

I know it's referred to as a David Gilmour solo album because Nick Mason and Rick Wright didn't play much of a role. Nick had hung up his sticks during that period of time. And, for whatever reason, Rick was just not focused and not in the right place for the album, but he did contribute and he did play a role. Every time you hear Rick's contribution you just know that it's Rick Wright.

It was the first foray for Pink Floyd without Roger Waters. I think the band had sort of thought they were broken up, and that that was it, so I think that's one of the reasons why everybody went off in their own direction. Gilmour basically said – and I think quite rightly: “Pink Floyd is my living too. Nobody gets to tell me that I can't do this any more. I'm going to keep doing it.” He was energised, had lots of material, lots of ideas, so we set off to make this record.

It was a magical experience on many levels. Is it a perfect Pink Floyd album? No. And both David and I know it. We've actually gone back and done some extra work on it. We were thinking of doing more. And then Rick passed away, so that ended that.

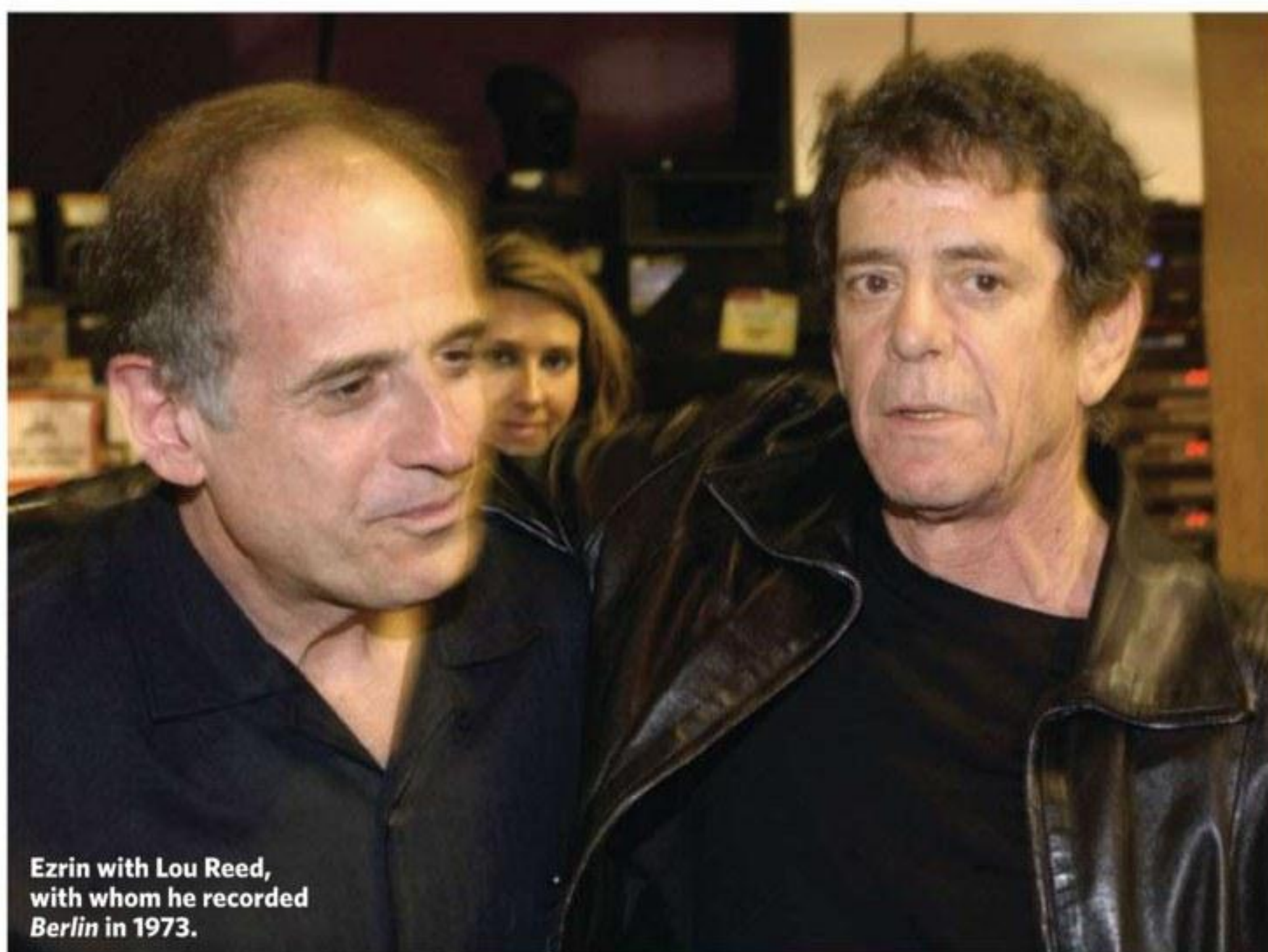
Pink Floyd, The Division Bell (1994) (co-produced by David Gilmour)

When it came time to make another Floyd album, David called me and I was very happy to go back over there and work with them. Nick and Rick both played much more prominent roles. There were times when we had the whole band set up in the front room of the studio, which was on a 100-foot Victorian barge with a concrete hull. It sat between two pylons on the River Thames. The drawing room was turned into the record room, and the master bedroom was the control room.

They had written about 65 pieces of music and they were trying to find a way to figure out what to use, without much success. Everybody wanted to do their own stuff to the exclusion of everything else. This isn't the first band that that's true of, especially with bands that were formed in high school or formed in early college days. When it comes down to this kind of vying for position within a project they revert right back to their earliest days. Everybody was voting for their own against everybody else. So we had to find a different point system. But ultimately we were able to work it out. And the reality is that David had emerged as the leader, and between him and me our votes had a little extra weight.

The Jayhawks, Smile (2000)

I think the *Smile* album is one of my best records. I just love the vibe on that record. When I was a teenager I played folk music in folk clubs, so [Jayhawks founder member] Gary Louris and that band were far closer to my own musical aptitude.



Ezrin with Lou Reed, with whom he recorded Berlin in 1973.

I bring folk elements into just about everything I do. Many people don't notice it, but it's there. I think folk is very powerful. I also love pop music and I thought that the combination of folk and pop was a really cool thing. I was thrilled to be able to do it. I think the only thing that was missing was just that one giant song. But I think it's a beautiful listen. It's innocent, it's gentle and it makes you feel really good.

Jane's Addiction, Strays (2003)

I think the band was at a stage where they were searching for the new handle. I'm not sure that we really found it, but I think we made a really good record with a couple of really great moments, including *Superhero* which went on to be the theme song for *Entourage* for some eight-odd years.

Deftones, Saturday Night Wrist (2006)

It was their manager Dino's idea to get me to work with them. They were sort of out of control, and he couldn't get the band to focus and they couldn't get an album made. So they brought me in. I think [vocalist/guitarist] Chino Marino probably resented me from the beginning, but he did his best to try to co-operate. It was a really tough project. Chino was not focused. He was not in a mood to finish songs. The Deftones had a history of being dysfunctional. Dysfunctional but amazing.

Peter Gabriel, Scratch My Back (2010)

My son had just passed away. Just prior to that, Peter and I had talked about *Scratch*, this idea that he had for a collaborative kind of project. One day he said: “I'm gonna do it. I think it'll be with an orchestra.”

We met out here in Los Angeles and we talked

**“THE ELDER
DIDN'T FIT.
WE SHOULD
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HAVE BEEN
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TERRIBLE.”**

Ezrin on Kiss's Music From 'The Elder'

about creating a rule system for the project. We both said no drums, no electric instruments of any kind, no conventional rhythm section – just an orchestra and maybe voices. Then we started thinking about who to collaborate with – whose songs he loved, what would sound good in Peter's mouth. We got about that far and then my son passed away, and I dropped off the face of the earth for a little while. My wife Jan and I left Toronto, and the move to Nashville was the first bit of change.

I started longing for something beautiful, so I called Peter and I said: “I know it's been a long time since we last discussed this, and if I've lost my seat on the bus I fully understand. But if you're still working on *Scratch* I would like to join you, if you don't mind.” And he told me: “The bus doors are open. Come on over.”

So I went to Bath, went to the studio and jumped right into the project. He had found this guy John Metcalf who he was working with on arrangements with. They had a Randy Newman song that they were thinking of doing. And that was where I walked in the door. Peter reminded me that I introduced him to Randy Newman when he was in Toronto making his solo album. I said to Peter: “If you remember, one of the songs I played for you that you loved the most is *I Think It's Gonna Rain Today*.” We pulled it out and he listened to it and went: “Oh, you're absolutely right.” That night we worked it out on the piano and he sang it. We figured out a way to do it that was so deeply intimate and at the same time emotionally naked. It was skinless. Halfway through the song, where it went into the bridge, he looked at me and I looked at him and we both broke into tears. ❶

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BLACK COUNTRY COMMUNION

IT'S OFFICIAL: THEY WERE BORN TO ROCK.

Words: **Rob Hughes**
Portrait: **Ross Halfin**

Black Country Communion hit the ground running and haven't stopped since. In less than 12 months the Anglo-American supergroup – bassist/vocalist Glenn Hughes, drummer Jason Bonham, guitarist/vocalist Joe Bonamassa and keyboard player Derek Sherinian – have released two acclaimed albums and toured Britain twice without even breaking sweat, making them deserved recipients of the Breakthrough Act award. "Let me say that I'm honoured to accept the award on behalf of Black Country Communion," says Glenn Hughes. "I'm old enough to realise that everything happens for those who work hard enough and who want it."

Congratulations to you and the other guys on winning the award. Where are you going to keep it?

I have this room in my house where I keep them all. I have various plaques from gold albums and awards from *Melody Maker* and *NME* from the 70s. Now it's happening all over again in this latter part of my career.

Years ago my head was a bad fucking neighbourhood, but by the skin of my teeth I pulled away from insanity. You're talking to the most grateful man alive today. If I'd known I was going to live this long I would have taken better care of myself.

How does touring as a 60-year-old differ from your younger days?

I don't get high any more, I drink a lot of water and I sleep a lot. Rock'n'roll is fun, it's all about swashbuckling characters, but to do this with longevity you have to be in shape. And I think everybody knows that I turned that corner a long time ago.

I woke up in November 2009 and thought: "Wow!

I ain't black. I'm actually white and born in the West Midlands." Let's just say that I realised a couple of years ago that I was born to rock.

Do all the members of the band get on?

Oh yeah. There's a lot of boisterous, testosterone stuff going on with us. I never thought you could have this much fun without being stoned.

What's the strangest thing you've seen on the road this time around?

We had Michael Schenker on our UK tour this year, and the lovely Pete Way was in Michael's van. Pete would walk around every day backstage in boxer

shorts. Once, Pete had gotten off Schenker's bus to go to the bathroom. Then they just drove off to Newcastle and left him there, with no money and no shoes. It was a cause of much merriment the next day because he had to find his way to Newcastle barefoot, in his underpants and with no money. It was a pure Spinal Tap moment.

Do you get home to Staffordshire much?

I come over six or seven times a year and see my parents. And I'm still an avid Wolverhampton Wanderers fan. Robert Plant and I scarcely talk about anything else when we meet. I live by the beach in California, but every Saturday morning at 7am – 3pm GMT – I'm glued to the TV watching my team. And I've been daft enough to fly over on a whim to catch a game on a Saturday then fly back on the Sunday.

What's next for Black Country Communion?

Black Country Communion is a 365-day vehicle. As soon as we laid the

groundwork for the second album and did the tour I was back at home writing. And before you ask when the next album's coming out, I don't know. It's certainly not going to be rushed.

Who else would you give a Classic Rock Award to and why?

Terry Reid. I knew Terry way back in the 60s, so we have that connection. And he basically told Jimmy Page that he wasn't the guy for him, it was Robert Plant. That was a huge thing. Terry Reid was and still is a wonderful singer, but I'd give him a Classic Rock Award just for that reason – he was a stepping stone for Robert to join Led Zeppelin. 🎸

"I WOKE UP AND THOUGHT: 'WOW! I AIN'T BLACK. I'M WHITE AND BORN IN THE WEST MIDLANDS.'"

Glenn Hughes

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MANIC STREET PREACHERS

FROM GLAMMED-UP VALLEY PUNKS TO MATURE AND THOUGHTFUL TUNESMITHS, THE MANICS HAVE ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD THE POWER OF A GOOD SONG.

Words: **Philip Wilding**
Portrait: **Ross Halfin**

In an age where bands are considered to have had a career if they manage to make a third album, the Manic Street Preachers still matter. From the snotty punk roots of their debut to the unforgiving white noise and din of *The Holy Bible*, and the loss of totemic guitarist Richey Edwards, they've endured. Because they've always had the songs, taking giant steps across genres while remaining enthrallingly Manic.

This year they follow in the footsteps of Queen, Ian Hunter and Roy Wood in scooping the Classic Songwriter Award. James Dean Bradfield, Nicky Wire and Sean Moore talk about some of the reasons why.

YOU LOVE US (1991)

The heavenly single that later reappeared on the band's major-label debut.

Sean Moore: We'd done *Motown Junk* and wanted to step up a level. We got some proper amps and equipment in, and then we got it mixed down. And it felt like we'd missed the mark a little bit. We didn't quite transfer that live energy we had. This was when we'd been punk and were trying to go rock.

Nicky Wire: At the time, we were still in our bedrooms, spray-painting our shirts; we had no sign of a deal or anything. It gave us strength to go on stage every night. I remember supporting the Levellers, and I said: "Fuck off and walk your greyhounds on your pieces of string," and we launched into that, you will love us whether you want to or not.

James Dean Bradfield: That was when Nick and Richey were really coming together with the lyrics, and suddenly there was this task put before you as a songwriter very, very purposefully. I listen back to it and that version is the one time we actually do sound like a proper Stiff Records band.

STAY BEAUTIFUL (1992)

The band crashes the UK Top 40 for the first time.

SM: It used to be called *Generation Terrorists*, but we thought it was too provocative a title for the first single, that's where *Stay Beautiful* came in. I think that was Richey's idea. Steve Brown [producer] took hold of it, hence that middle section, which wasn't there; we were verse, chorus, verse, thank you, goodnight.

NW: That's a naïve and charming song. It still makes me smile. But when you play it live in your 40s and everyone's shouting: "Why don't you just fuck off", it does give you pause. But it's well constructed and one of our signature tunes at the time, and our first Top 40 tune, which was a massive deal for us back then.

JDB: It was the first time that I saw Nick and Richey cannibalising lyrics from rock classics and putting them into a song – there's a few lines from *Born To Run* that have been bastardised. That song still makes me feel young. It's nice that your own song can do that for you.

MOTORCYCLE EMPTINESS (1992)

Where James has his first real 'Slash moment'.

SM: It's something like four songs put together. The main guitar part was the producer, Steve Brown, telling James that we needed a riff going through the song.

NW: A real amalgam. Part of a song called *Go Buzz Baby Go*, and before that was a song called *Behave Yourself Baby* which was the bridge. The lyric took a long time. We crammed so many words in there, and it is bizarre, so busy. It was the first time we looked at each other as a band and thought perhaps we can actually do something.

JDB: We'd had the demo for that since we were about 17, but played in more of a New Order style then. Steve Brown said it needed a solo, and he just left me in the studio and gave me an hour. He came back and went: "You're a guitar god now!" It sounds corny, but he made this white-trash Taff feel good. He told me I had to find my Slash moment. That's good production, as far as I'm concerned.

LA TRISTESSE DURERA (SCREAM TO A SIGH) (1993)

Belatedly joining the baggy party

SM: It's a bit of a hangover from the late 80s – it's got a groove; we tried to copy an Arrested Development track. I remember programming something similar to what they'd done on a computer and doing the live drum thing and kicking it in. We were trying to mix it up a bit. Even before the deal I'd been listening to Public Enemy, especially *Fear Of A Black Planet*, which really blew me away.

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"STEVE BROWN WENT: 'YOU'RE A GUITAR GOD NOW!' I KNOW IT SOUNDS CORNY, BUT HE MADE THIS WHITE-TRASH TAFF FEEL GOOD."

James Dean Bradfield on Motorcycle Emptiness





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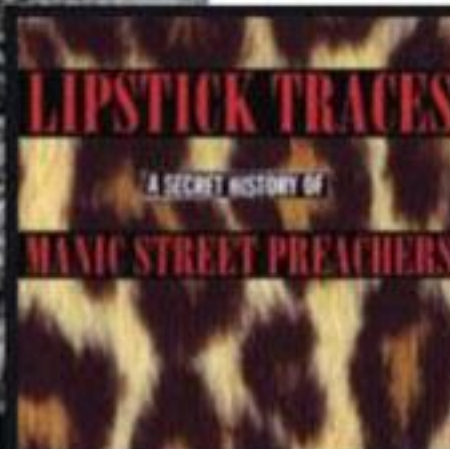
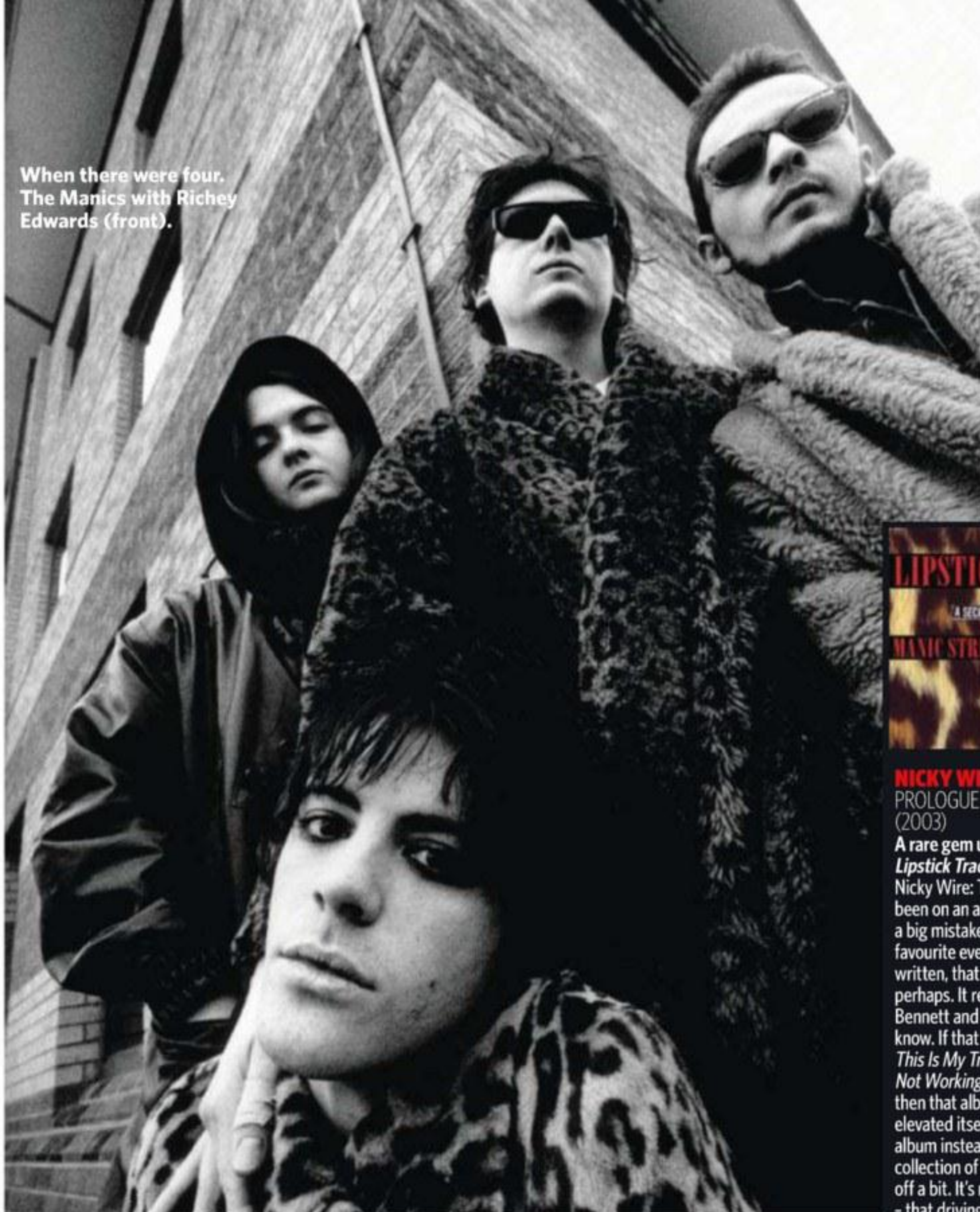


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NICKY WIRE'S CHOICE PROLOGUE TO HISTORY (2003)

A rare gem unearthed on the *Lipstick Traces* compilation. Nicky Wire: That should have been on an album; that was a big mistake. It's probably my favourite ever lyric that I've written, that and *Tolerate...*, perhaps. It references Phil Bennett and Neil Kinnock, you know. If that song had been on *This Is My Truth* instead of *I'm Not Working or Be Natural*, then that album could have elevated itself to a neo-classic album instead of a great collection of singles that tails off a bit. It's not like us, either – that driving piano. I used this awful Baldwin bass, as we were trying something different and we were just pushing ourselves. I think we were saying that even though Richey had gone we were still a vital three-piece.

NW: My instigation. I'd written a lot of it. I came up with the title, then Richey had the 'Scream to a sigh' refrain. I wanted to do something non-trendy, and that was to write about war heroes in a sympathetic way. The title comes from Van Gogh's suicide note. Great guitar solo on there, too, one of James's best. It felt like a leap for us. And James's voice is massive.

JDB: *Select* magazine called it the last great baggy single, which we didn't expect. That lyric felt head and shoulders above everything else Nick and Rich had given us for *Gold*. It was a bit based on [the Clash's] *Car Jamming* and from *Arrested Development*, and then it became something else.

IF WHITE AMERICA TOLD THE TRUTH FOR ONE DAY IT'S WORLD WOULD FALL APART (1994)

Do or die for the Manic Street Preachers.

SM: It's me trying to be Topper Headon, in a strange sort of way. I remember the quote at the beginning – I did all the samples. Richey would source it and I'd be the one dragging it off old VHS tapes. It's one of those songs where it just happened. The ideas were there, the little fast tom. I was thinking all the time of *London Calling*. For us it was the end – third album, everything's bombing, fuck it, let's do what we want. Three weeks and the album [*The Holy Bible*] was out of the charts after peaking at 75.

NW: I think it's a true classic album track: inspiring drums, great guitar riff, it's ferocious too. It's one of those songs that you can only play it live if you feel it. You can't fake it in front of an audience.

JDB: When I first saw it I was like: "How the fuck do you expect me to write any music to this?!" Then

I saw the challenge, and just how great it was – the jump from character to character, the pace of the editing was amazing. It had touches of *West Side Story*, for me. I've no idea how Richey felt when he finished a lyric like that, if he was happy or empty. I'd love to have known.

4ST 7LB (1994)

Feel the pain.

SM: It's got that little extra section at the end, about the footsteps in the snow, trying to make it delicate as if you've become so light that you're almost

**"I WAS SICK TO
DEATH OF THE
PATRONISATION
OF THE
WORKING CLASS.
WE'RE NOT JUST
JEREMY KYLE –
WE DID BUILD
LIBRARIES."**

Nicky Wire on A Design For Life

floating. That's why it goes off at the end and lifts away, and you get all the anguish and the anger at the beginning of it. That's a really good song.

NW: I think it's incredible. The almost *Eton Rifles* start, that turns into that brilliant coda which floats on that line: 'I've long since reached the higher plateau'.

A stunning lyric than can only come from someone who feels that kind of pain. It's actually profound.

JDB: The one song that I didn't enjoy writing the music to. There are moments of *The Bible* where I felt as if I was being really precarious about singing the thoughts of other people channelled through

Richey, but I felt slightly uneasy doing that song. I was glad when I finished. I felt like I was prying when I wrote it. It was a weird feeling.

FASTER (1994)

The band's manifesto writ large.

SM: The template for that song was Faith No More's *From Out Of Nowhere*. The lyrics weren't in the form that they ended up in, but just that bit 'stronger than Mensa' was enough for us.

NW: All written before the digital age – no mobile, no computer. But Richey just conveyed this feeling of the acceleration of culture – it just speeds up and speeds up. It was a defining moment for us. That song laid it all out. It was like a band manifesto.

JDB: It was the hardest one to write music to by a million miles. I was worried, as I knew it was the key to everything on the record. So I stomped around, and then put *Never Mind The Bollocks* on and that was it. Sometimes the way Johnny Rotten's voice goes down the middle of a song and barely changes, it's about the twists and phrases and the commitment to the words. And that's exactly what it needed, that straight line through the middle.

A DESIGN FOR LIFE (1996)

After Richey's disappearance, the Manics create an unexpected anthem.

SM: We all came back after about six months thinking, do we carry on with this? We have got the rest of our lives here. I was only 28. Then James said he had this idea for a waltz type thing, and he strummed away and I just joined in, and by the time we got to the end of the song it was done, just about. It had a momentum all its own. McAlmont and Butler had that song *Yes*, that big sound, the strings. We found out it was Mike Hedges, and he had that connection to bands like the Banshees. We thought we'd call him, and he came straight to Cardiff. James got him drunk, though we still ended up working with him. That song became the first single with a mid-week of No.1. *She Is Suffering* went in at 36 and that's how we followed it.

NW: It's as defining as *Faster*, in many ways, because I'm not sure many people thought we could come up with something like that lyrically – that we could change but still have that intelligence and bite and critique. I was sick to death with the patronisation of the working class. We're not just Jeremy Kyle – we did build libraries. My dad was a miner, not a middle-class teacher like all of you lot.

JDB: I was living in Shepherd's Bush and

ED SIRRS/RETNA

watching *Some Might Say* on TOTP and Noel lifting up his Union Jack guitar, and I just got up and walked out and went around London for four or five hours totally bewildered. 'How the fuck did this happen to us? We've lost our best mate and we don't know what we are or what we're going to do. How did it come to this?' Nick had sent me some lyrics and he said to me: "Let's see if we've got anything." And the song came out in about five minutes. I was scared, as I'd done the verse and I was so pleased, but then didn't know if I could do the rest of it. It was do or die, forcing myself to keep the rest simple, and then I took a deep breath and dug down inside myself and there it was on tape. I called up Nick and knew we had it, that we could carry on. It was like finding the final piece.

NO SURFACE ALL FEELING (1996)

A song for Richey.

SM: I wrote it on the bus while we were doing the Therapy? tour. Richey was always trying to get me to teach him *Come As You Are*. But in the meantime that song came about. At the time, we were listening to the Smashing Pumpkins, we were big Hüsker Dü fans too – *Candy Apple Grey*, all that stuff.

NW: Absolute beauty, I think. I wrote the lyrics before Richey disappeared.

I think he thought it was a tad sentimental. I think we needed a bit of that at the time. It's a pouring out of emotion, and that cascading drum roll and the great guitar outro.

JDB: They were the last two band demos Richey ever heard. He quite liked *Surface* because he loved *Siamese Dream* and it reminded him of that. I was quite hurt by that, as I felt that song was more of a human moment for us and that he would see the humanity in it, but it wasn't his bag.

IF YOU TOLERATE THIS YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE NEXT (1998)

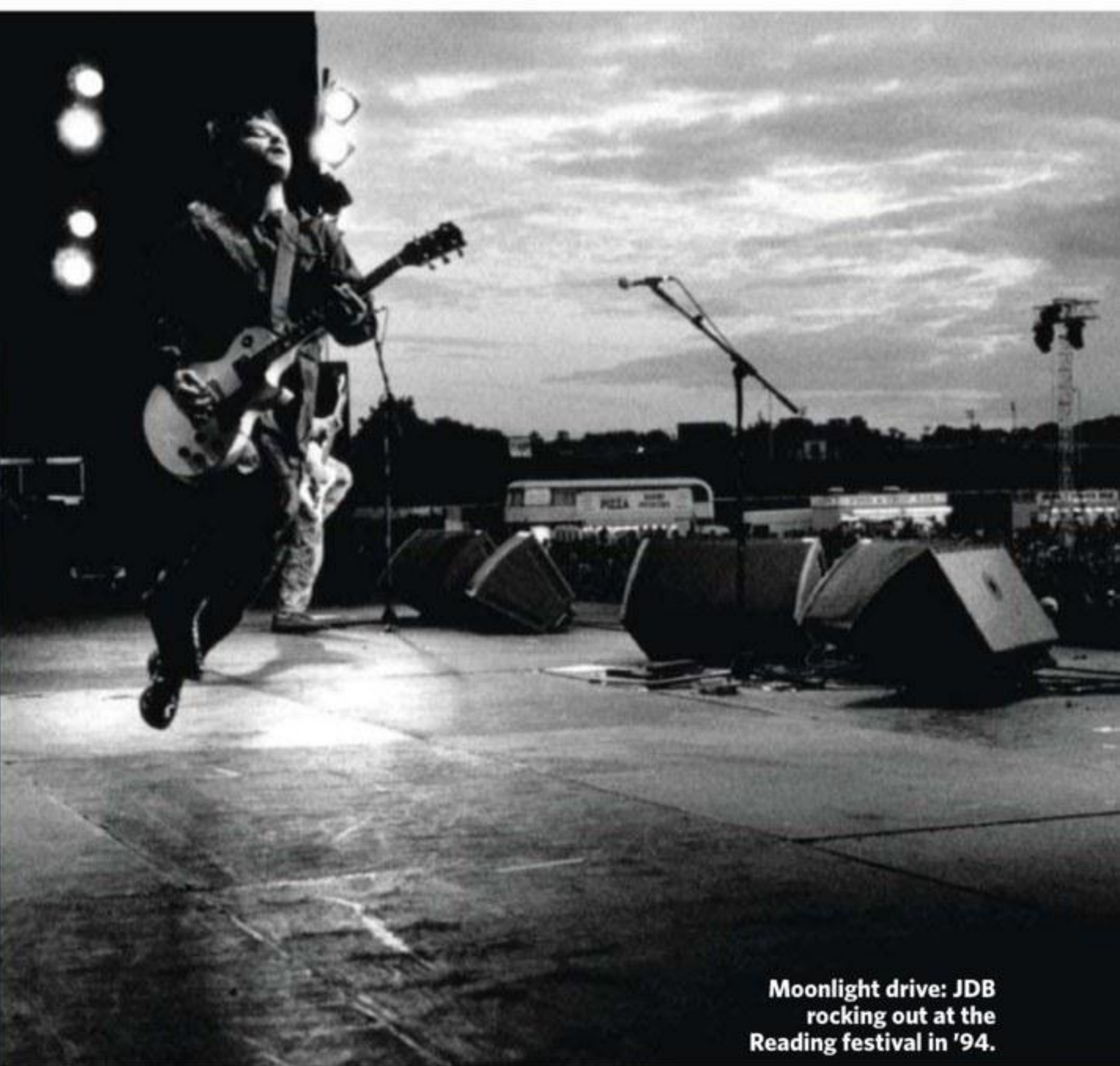
The Manics reach No.1 across Europe.

SM: Our first No.1 – we'd beaten Steps, of all people. We recorded it in Rockfield and just thought it was a B-side. It was one of the last things we recorded. I can remember our producer, Dave Eringa, fucking around in the studio, and I said: "I'll do three takes. I'm going to leave my car running,



SEAN MOORE'S CHOICE BAG LADY (2009)

The hidden extra from *Journal For Plague Lovers*. Sean Moore: I remember the lyrics being handed to me by Richey. I've still got them. He gave them to me the last weekend we saw him, believe it or not. It was the closest I could get to Dave Grohl in my playing. I went to visit Richey in hospital in Cardiff when he was ill, and he was going on about this mad corporate lawyer who was there at the same time who was ranting and talking constantly through the night and kept Richey awake. And he just wrote these ramblings all down and that became that song. So that's why I like it so much – and the fact that I nailed it in one brilliant take. But our engineer fucked it up so we had to do it all again.



Moonlight drive: JDB rocking out at the Reading festival in '94.

and when I'm finished I'm going to get in my car and fuck off." And I did.

NW: It sounds quite odd and futuristic for us. The guitar is very restrained; a really complicated lyric to shoehorn in, too. It's Welsh social history, the Spanish Civil War, and to try and get all of that into a song is

not easy. I love how it just glides and drifts, too.

And it's one of the slowest songs we've ever done.

JDB: The title pricked my interest, and I went off on my own on this blustery autumn day and came up with it really quickly. And then Sean added to it and we just thought it could make a great B-side. We did a mop-up session in Rockfield with Eringa, and he said that he thought it was a better song that we did. The label came down and they were like: "That's the first single!" It took a while to bed in that it was any good, to me.

BABY ELIAN (2001)

The band's own Cuban missile crisis.

SM: We always like being up against it, and we love the David and Goliath thing. And we've always had little snipes against the US, the devil's playground thing in the lyric. That's what I used to call America, though Nick might not admit to that. The tom intro on it is nicked from *Red Sleeping Beauty* – a McCarthy song.

NW: There's a track on the album called *His Last Painting*, and the music for this was originally written for that. This was all before we'd gone to Cuba, but it was in the

air. I love the way it builds. When we went to Cuba we hadn't rehearsed it, and then the call came from the Cuban Cultural Minister, asking us to play it, so we made James do it acoustically.

JDB: We were asked to sing it in Cuba, and I freely admit I bricked it. I drew the line at going to meet baby Elian [Gonzalez], as I didn't know what I'd say if a BBC journalist sidled up to me and started asking questions. I was scared, to be honest. The crux of the song asks: the DNA of a person – can you reduce it to sovereignty? And I don't know.

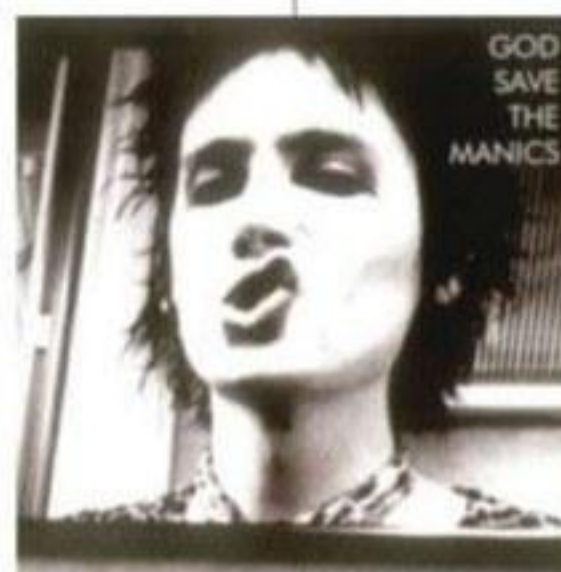
FIREFIGHT (2005)

From the free God Save The Manics EP.

SM: It could have been on an album, but it was caught between *Truth* and *Lifeflood*. It reminded us of Keane in a way, and that wasn't quite where we wanted to be.

NW: I thought *Firefight* could be this weird mixture of ABBA, Coldplay and Manics. I thought it was a sparkling record. I don't think we ever nailed it. We recorded it about five times. We'd read that ABBA had tracked their piano 22 times, and we did that and it just still sounded like one. I used to love playing it live.

JDB: I still go up to my dad's a lot, and I was walking along the Towy River and there are lots of burnt out cars and litter, and the water had been turned orange by the closed-down pit. It was nothing like I remember when I was 12 years old, the torn and frayed edges of this dereliction of the valley as I walked through it. So I wrote a lyric about it – it was shocking. ♦♦



**"OUR FIRST
NUMBER ONE –
WE'D BEATEN
STEPS, OF ALL
PEOPLE. WE
RECORDED IT
AND THOUGHT
IT WAS A B-SIDE."**

Sean Moore on If You Tolerate This...

IV T 40

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A design for life: (l-r) Sean Moore, Nicky Wire and James Dean Bradfield.



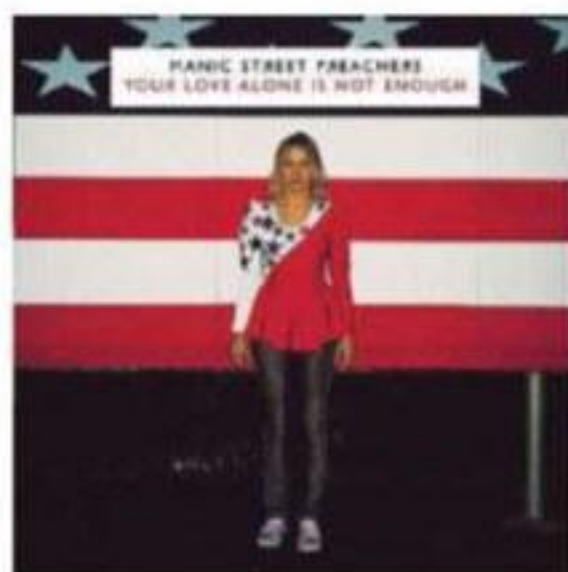
THE SECOND GREAT DEPRESSION (2007)

A song that should have been a single.

SM: Nicky gave me the lyric in the studio, and I went to work on it and came back with a rough idea, a vocal line, and then James fleshed it out.

NW: It started off with this idea of the economic crash mixed with human depression; the idea of a collision of forces, comparing them, really. How someone with everything can still be depressed beyond belief, as can an economy become depressed and spread its virus everywhere. I think it should have been the third single from the album [*Send Away The Tigers*]. It's a really good lyric. It's full of energy, too.

JDB: I was shocked by the lyric, that Nick still felt this much angry melancholia. I sat down with Sean – and he has an amazing voice – and I knew he could do the verse, and he did. It was just lovely, and I grabbed it off him and went at the chorus. He and I work really well like that. It made me feel like things were finishing. I felt terrible for a while. It's good when a lyric can do that.



YOUR LOVE ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

(2007)

The one with the singer from the Cardigans.

SM: Nick had this idea for this man/woman kind of thing, and he wanted Nina Persson from the Cardigans to do it from day one. We've always loved them as a band. We never thought she'd do it. The first time me and Nick met her was for the video.

NW: That was an utter moment of magic. That was my

conception. I remember writing that in my house on my lucky white guitar and it felt sprightly and energised. There's quite a lot of Richey in that lyric. I was thinking about him a lot at that time, they just flooded out.

JDB: Nick was in London and he gave me a tape of that song. It wasn't finished but there was a lot to it. I went home, and I loved it. Nick was going back to Wales that same day and I had to get the song back to him before he got the train. It was different for us, him handing me half the music. We'd suddenly found another way to write. I was pleased. And a little bit jealous, to be honest.

ME AND STEPHEN HAWKING (2009)

From the last of Richey's lyrics.

SM: That's my tribute to Dinosaur Jr – the looseness of it. It's a whirlwind song, written quickly, too. The lyrics make me chuckle, and so beyond its time. That was all before *A Brief History Of Time* was a big seller or Hawking was on *The Simpsons*.

NW: It's Richey at his best – the pathos in that song. People see him as a tortured soul. And he struggled, but his sense of humour was in there too. That Hawking lyric, the whole album, it was a dangerous album to do. James was pushing it, but I was conflicted that we might lose momentum by doing that, that people might have thought we'd run out of ideas.

JDB: I saw these lyrics and I knew I wanted it to be like Rush and the Minutemen mashed together. It was great to have that juvenile, magpie feeling back again.

A BILLION BALCONIES FACING THE SUN (2010)

Duff McKagan plays his part.

SM: The Duff McKagan cameo was done remotely. We sent it off to him. I did the clattering tom thing – that was my Steven Adler moment. I remember the JG Ballard nod, the idea that in a world of Facebook and YouTube we're all superstars now.

JAMES DEAN BRADFELD'S CHOICE

SEND AWAY THE TIGERS/ARCHIVES OF PAIN (2007/1994)

The title track from the band's eighth album and an unrepentant call to arms from *The Holy Bible*. James Dean Bradfield: *Send Away The Tigers* because I absolutely love that lyric – the tragedy of Tony Hancock and Tony Blair together. And it's not incongruous, it does work, and I saw it instantly as soon as Nick gave it to me. It was a bit of a Who moment for us – slightly mechanical and then suddenly flowing, a push and an ebb and flow.

The flip-side of that coin would be *Archives*, from *The Holy Bible*. We did overcome, we did manage to find a way to carry on after Richey. But when you look at those two lyrics and see the ambition in the words of Nick and Richey, you get that thunderbolt sometimes. Apart from the obvious human tragedy that went on, it's such a shame they don't get to write lyrics together any more. With *Archives*, that's when I knew that album was going somewhere where I thought no one else had gone before. I was excited by his bravery, so the song had to be this idea of lurching into battle.

NW: It's one of James's greatest guitar solos. I love it. There are touchstones, and Ballard is one of them. There are certain parts of our culture that are soon going to be gone for good. There's no Philip Larkin coming along. It's not just about winning a Costa Award. I think our generation had to face boredom all the time and you embraced it, there was nothing else to do. I think that was healthy, it let our imaginations run wild.

JDB: That lyric was burning out of Nick. We wanted it to be old-school, rock'n'roll punk. I knew I was going to do a Lindsey Buckingham solo on it. I knew that as soon as I saw the lyric.

(IT'S NOT WAR) JUST THE END OF LOVE (2010)

Sadness dressed in glad rags.

SM: That's me trying to be [Rush drummer] Neil Peart, in my pathetic way. It's very hard to be Neil Peart. It came together very quickly, like a lot of our first singles. They just happen. Then everything comes off the back of it. Great lyric, recorded in the first

session for the album in Cardiff.

NW: That song felt like almost a Blue Öyster Cult riff that James had. We might not be as angry as we once were, but it's certainly not love.

JDB: I was faintly depressed when he gave me this, as I felt it was an admittance of defeat, in a way. We're saying that there's no ideology we can ever hang our hats off again. Water, steel and coal will never be brought back for the people – the idea of privatising minerals and water and the air we breathe is here to stay. I just thought we're admitting defeat, in a way, so I made the song shining and happy. ☺





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JETHRO TULL

STAND UP FOR TULL, THE BAND THAT ARE TOO OLD TO ROCK'N'ROLL BUT TOO YOUNG TO DIE. IAN ANDERSON LOOKS BACK OVER 40 YEARS OF OLD COATS AND GENRE-DEFYING 'CRASH-BANG-WALLOP', AND REVEALS HOW "A CERTAIN SECTION" OF HIS AUDIENCE TEND TO RUIN TULL GIGS.

Words: **Johnny Black**
Portrait: **Rob Monk**

Prog rock wasn't always as credible as it is now. Just a few short years ago people would have laughed if you'd suggested launching a magazine dedicated to it, or giving over a stage at a major rock festival to a cross-section of the genre's most experimental and plain batshit-crazy exponents. Prog's post-millennium boom isn't just down to the new breed of progressive acts. They're standing on the wizened shoulders of the trailblazing giants who came before, people whose planet-sized talents and thirst for the grandiose saw them crashing through rock'n'roll parameters, bending music to their will, and breaking more than a few venue curfews. For over 40 years, with 60 million album sales, Jethro Tull have been one of those bands.

When you started there were virtually no flute players in rock. What inspired you to take it up?
Eric Clapton. When I started playing guitar as a teenager, I tried to develop a musical style based around the blues and a bit of jazz that I listened to. I came across Clapton during his early days with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and realised how far ahead of everybody else he was.

Clearly though, that made him a tough act for somebody like me to follow. There were rumours up where I lived in Blackpool that there were more of these hotshots down in London, people like Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page. It was, collectively, enough to put me off continuing as a third-rate blues guitar player from oop north.

Besides, we already had a guitarist in the John Evan Band, which was the precursor to Jethro Tull. I got the feeling that my guitar playing days were behind me and I should look for something else.

So in the middle of 1967 I traded my guitar in for a flute, but I couldn't get a noise out of it at all for four or five months. I think it was December before I managed to coax a few notes from it.

The important thing, though, was that I didn't play it like a flute. I played it like a lead guitar.

As soon as Tull appeared, there were several things that set you apart from other frontmen. Not just the flute, but standing on one leg, the tramp image and your anti-drugs stance were all far from the norm. How much of that was contrived?

I think that was just me being me. Wearing the old coat on stage was a practical thing. When I left home in November 1967 to go down south with the band, my father, who spoke to me hardly at all, stopped me as I was walking out the house, and tossed this old overcoat at me. He said: "You'd better take this. It's going to be a cold winter." That was all he said by way of goodbye. I was half-aware, I think, that it represented a fatherly care of some sort. But our relationship was pretty sour. He simply did not approve of what I was doing – I didn't have a proper job.

And the coat became a kind of trademark?

Well, yes. That old coat was my constant companion well into 1969. My father was absolutely right. I was living in Luton, with no money to put in the gas meter, and it was such a viciously cold winter I wore the coat in bed. I would go to the Marquee club wearing it, and it became my stage coat. It became a sort of comfort blanket, like a mascot, a good-luck thing.

Did you reach a point where you realised it was an important part of your image, something that made sense to keep using?

Yeah, sometime in 1968. I still had that old coat when we went to America in the early part of 1969. It finally got lost or mislaid or nicked from the Kinetic Playground in Chicago. We were supporting Led Zeppelin, and ugly rumours abounded that they had played a prank by hiding my coat, but I can't say for certain whether that was true.

It was deeply and personally upsetting to lose that coat because it was the one connecting element with my pretty bad relationship with my father. It felt like a lifeline had been cut.

Your first album, *This Was*, went Top 10. Did you feel you were on the way to fame and fortune?

No. That feeling came quite a bit later on, in the months following the release of the *Aqualung* album. Up to that point we felt we'd done okay with a blues-based album, *This Was*, and the follow-up,

Stand Up, which gave us our first number one and helped our career in the USA and Europe. *Benefit* moved us on a bit more, but it was *Aqualung* that ➡

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Ian Anderson on rock'n'roll flautism

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Gasper break: Ian in 'reflective' mood.



clinked it around the world for us. We felt we'd achieved a level of permanence that would be difficult to dislodge, even if we released one bad Jethro Tull album.

Aqualung also established you as a social commentator, particularly in respect of your cynicism about religion.

Yes. And not much has changed in that respect. Although I'm not as hostile now to religion as some of the lyrics on that album would suggest, I still have fairly cynical views about it. I'm not so much against religious values, but I believe there's always got to be a healthy questioning of how the machinery of religion is made to work, how it uses its influence, its power in self-perpetuation. Those aspects always deserve to be poked and nudged and questioned.

We hear you came close to packing it all in.

Back in 1972, when I tried to play *Thick As A Brick* live on stage in the USA, it turned into the tour from hell. I decided never to do that again. Even in some of the most crash-bang-wallop Tull songs there can be moments of sparse instrumentation and acoustic tranquillity and, for me, they're often the most meaningful parts. But they're also the moments during which particular audience members will choose to hoot and whistle.

I couldn't cope with all the screaming and shouting. It made me not want to be in a rock band ever again. In the end, of course, I had to accept that it was part of what I do. It didn't get any easier until 20 years later when in-ear monitors were developed and I could focus on what I was trying to play.

You did eventually make up with your father, didn't you?

It didn't become a happier relationship until much later, when Tull had taken off and I was able to buy

"THEY USED TO BE LOUD AND ROWDY. NOW A LOT OF THEM ARE SENIOR CITIZENS."

Ian on his live audiences

when we were touring America. It was a terrible feeling to get that bad news while I was away on tour. I was told just before I went on stage, so I had to do the show feeling the tears welling up in my eyes, but I obviously had to just fight down this feeling and concentrate. Afterwards there was the

them a house. I think by then they had come to respect the fact that I'd made a success of myself by going my own way in spite of them.

I'm only sorry that he didn't live to see the rest of my career. He died in 1980

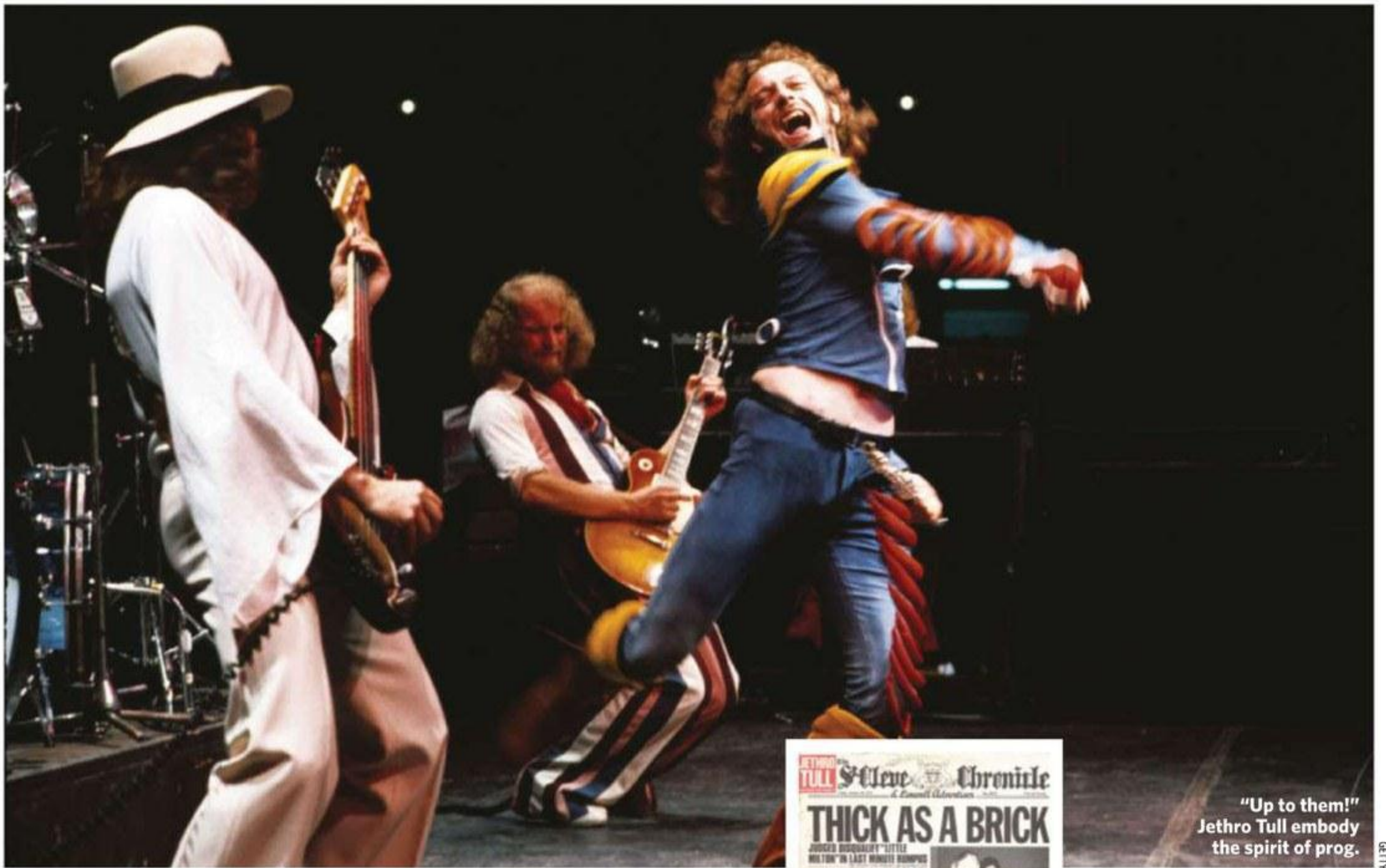
guilt, part of which was about having been able to almost shrug it off for a couple of hours. The only good thing was that I had the band around me, who were understanding and supportive.

In 1996 you came very close to death yourself.

I'd injured my leg during a gig in Lima, Peru, but I kept on working. It wasn't until we started a tour in Australia about two months later that the seriousness of my condition was diagnosed. The doctors in Sydney did a scan and discovered I had a blood clot which had probably been there for weeks. I was very lucky not to have succumbed to it, because if it starts to break up and travel



The sun's still shining for you: Ian tends his lush brassicas.



through they system, you have a minute or two to live. One night in the hospital my pulse rate shot up and I had to be put on oxygen because I was so breathless. I suddenly became aware that this was for real. I actually phoned my wife, who was in a hotel, to say goodbye, but she got to the hospital just as I came out of that critical moment. It was frightening, but I got away with it.

For some years you've mixed solo tours and albums alongside Jethro Tull projects. Is there something you can achieve with your solo work that you can't do with Tull?

Frankly, there's a not a huge difference in musical terms between my solo concerts and a Jethro Tull concert. However, billed as Jethro Tull I've sometimes found myself in an environment where there was a high level of expectation that it would be generic hard or heavy rock music, because some of the heavier, harder Tull tracks are the ones that get played most often on the radio – especially in America. As a result, for a certain section of the audience, those pieces define what Tull is about. It only takes 100 of them at a concert to completely destroy it for everybody else, because they hoot and whistle, and they're usually drunk.

I can still encounter some difficult audiences if I'm billed as Jethro Tull in – for example – most of Latin America, or Spain or Italy, but, then again, if I play the same venues billed as Ian Anderson, the 100 troublemakers don't bother to show up, because they don't actually know who Ian Anderson is.

In recent years you've done a number of concerts in cathedrals. I imagine they are great venues to play in because of their acoustics.

They can be anything from very enjoyable to

absolutely appalling. Unfortunately the most beautiful cathedrals are the hardest to play in. Canterbury is pretty difficult, Salisbury and Exeter weren't easy, and some of them – Liverpool or Coventry, for example – I couldn't possibly consider charging anyone to come and listen to me. They have such long reverb times, they're hideously echoey. They're a nightmare. You certainly can't play rock music as you would normally do in a theatre because it turns into an indecipherable cacophony. It requires a different and much lighter approach.

Presumably Tull's audience has changed over the years?

Well, yes. Some places, like Newcastle, used to be quite loud and rowdy. But now a lot of them are senior citizens with railcards, so they've calmed down considerably.

Aqualung and Thick As A Brick are set for deluxe reissues soon. How involved have you been with the new packages?

I started having discussions about them more than a year ago with EMI, whose initiative it was. A lot of the credit for how good they sound now has to go to Steven Wilson of Porcupine Tree who did the remixes. I'm involved but, really, Steven doesn't need me holding his hand because he has an instinctive and very respectful way of working. He has great regard for the original, so he can bring about something with a lot more sonic clarity and



The innovative newspaper cover for *Thick As A Brick* (top), and the *This Was* sleeve.

**"Up to them!"
Jethro Tull embody
the spirit of prog.**

authority without making it sound too unfamiliar.

Presumably there will be some bonus tracks on them?

For the most part we didn't originally do a lot of takes of our songs. There's only two takes of *Wond'ring Aloud*, for example. On one, which was actually the first take in the studio, we overdubbed the string quartet. The second take isn't a lot different, but it illustrates the variety of arrangements and ideas we were having.

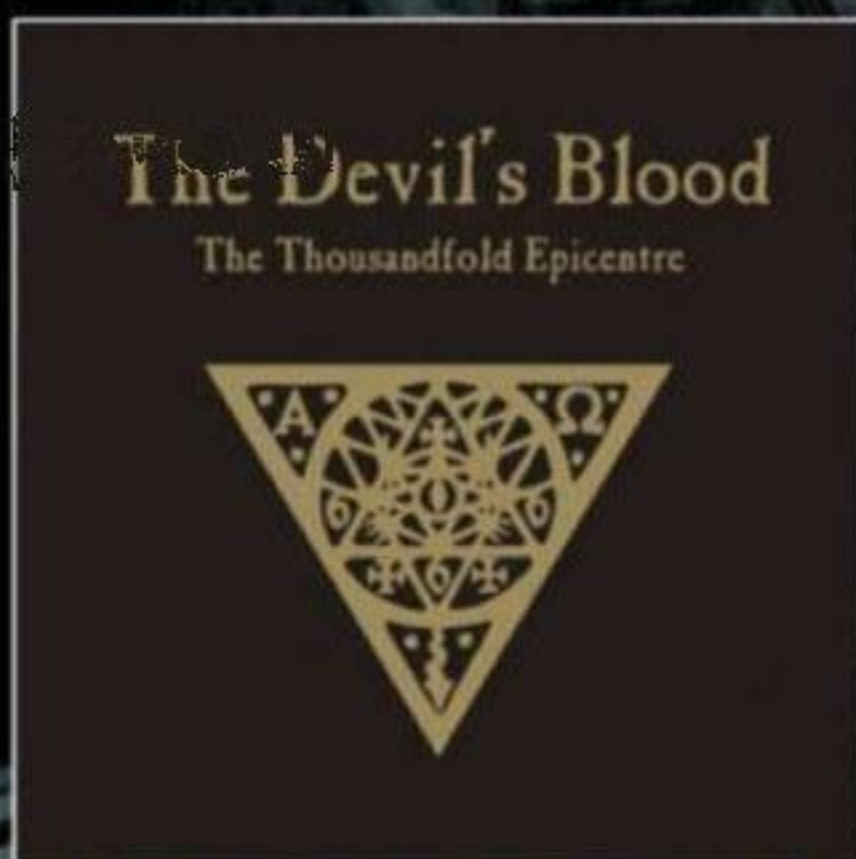
There are some that I'd forgotten about. It was fascinating to hear versions of *My God* and *Wind Up* that had been recorded days before the album cuts. A couple of the alternative takes have quite a different feel to the ones people are familiar with. They weren't left off

because they were technically flawed, it was just that a better arrangement idea came along.

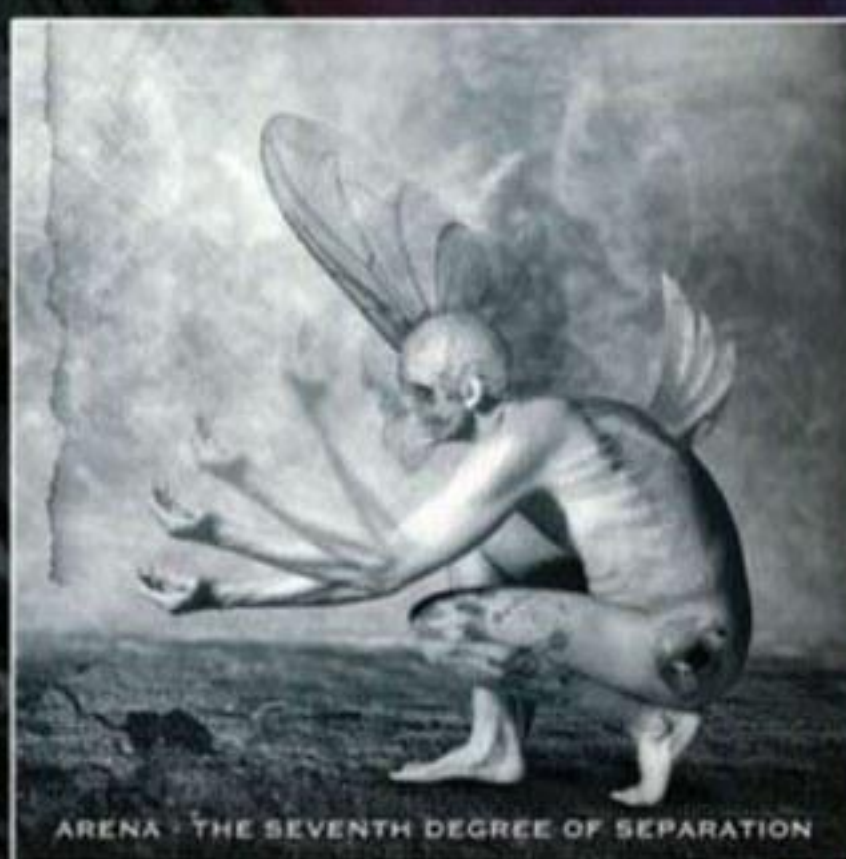
And, after all these years, you are finally going to tour *Thick As A Brick* again.

I'm taking it on the road again next year because the audiences I attract as Ian Anderson come to listen to the music and have the sensitivity to keep quiet at the appropriate moments. There's still no way I would entertain the idea of doing *Thick As A Brick* billed as Jethro Tull. ❶

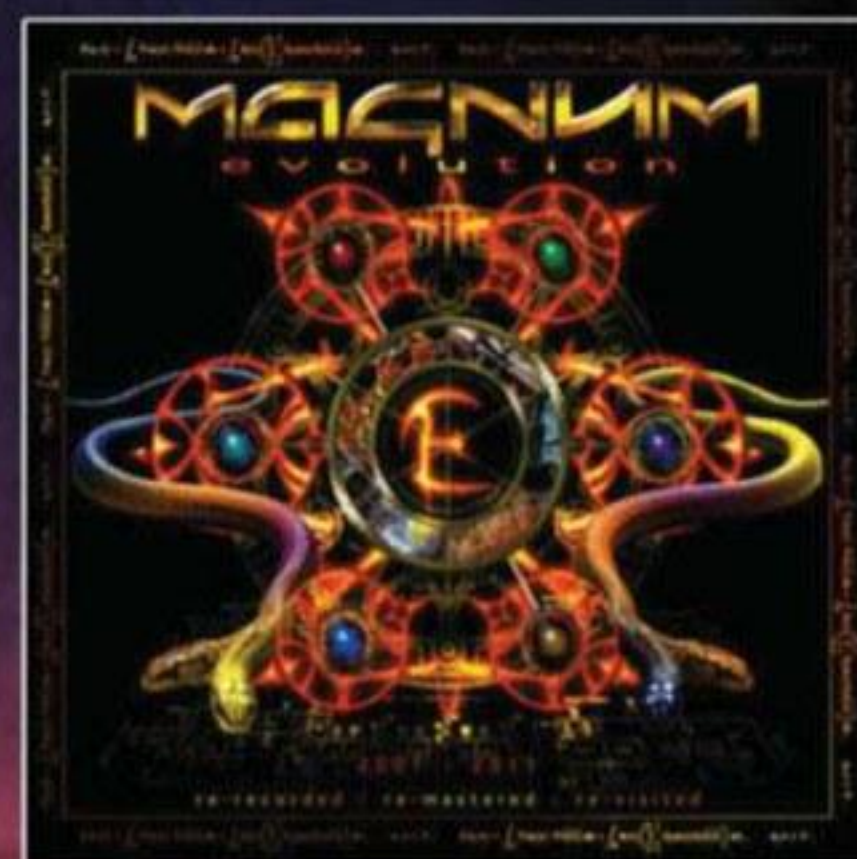
Ian Anderson's Thick As A Brick tour starts in April. Aqualung 40th Anniversary Collector's and Special Editions are out now.



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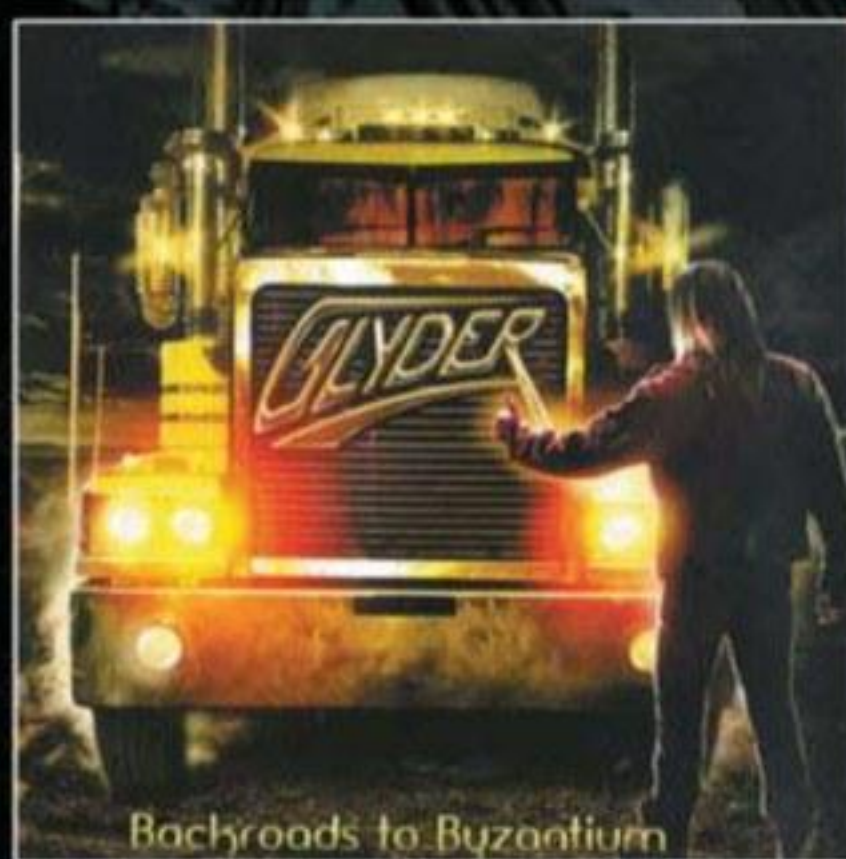
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BACKROADS TO BYZANTIUM
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BARON WOLMAN

YOU MAY NOT KNOW HIS NAME, BUT YOU'LL KNOW HIS PICTURES. THIS YEAR'S VIP AWARD RECIPIENT SET THE TEMPLATE FOR ROCK'N'ROLL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Portraits: **Baron Wolman**

Between 1967 and 1970 Baron Wolman was *Rolling Stone* magazine's first chief photographer, it was a time when rock'n'roll was in its infancy and he was shooting the likes of Jimi Hendrix, Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones and the Grateful Dead during his time there. While doing so, Wolman would establish a photography style – sometimes posed, sometimes reportage – that has been often copied but seldom bettered. "For me, portrait photography was more about putting your subjects at ease," he says. "If you could do that, they would give you something more intimate, something about themselves. They would relax and they wouldn't pose, would lose their anxiety about being photographed." Here, rock's first photographer recalls a few of his shoots that have gone down in rock'n'roll history.



I was worried about going to photograph Frank Zappa. I knew his reputation as a creative eccentric and I was like, 'Oh shit, how am I going to deal with this?' Because I didn't even know his music; I mean, of course, I was familiar with his music, he was brilliant. But only if you really knew

music could you understand that brilliance; for the most part it wasn't listenable, at least to my ears. Besides, there was nothing I could say to Frank Zappa that would in any way make me his intellectual equal. I knew I could take great pictures but I knew that I couldn't keep up with his mind.

Zappa wanted to do the pictures right away so he and I went out behind his house and found all these bizarre photographic situations that were both wacky and fantastic. I didn't have to say or direct anything; he just started fooling around because he was having such a great time. Frank being Frank – performing for me and my camera without direction.

The first issue of *Rolling Stone* was printed in October 1967. Inside, as my first assignment for the fledgling magazine, was a spread of my photos of the Grateful Dead, some of whom had just been busted for allegedly dealing the 'killer weed' marijuana. As the photojournalist I considered myself, I photographed the band posting bail then posing on the steps of their house at 710 Ashbury Street

(see [page 72](#)) following a delightfully memorable press conference where the band members articulated their position vis-a-vis the arrest.

It wasn't until 1969 that *Rolling Stone* did a major piece on the Grateful Dead. We talked about it at an editorial meeting and they asked how I wanted to shoot them. We knew it would be a cover story so I decided to take a more formal approach. That was one of the few times when I chose to shoot the portraits in my studio.

Jerry Garcia was as outgoing as he could be; he was having a great time. You can see from the pictures he enjoyed the experience. What subsequently turned out to be the most intriguing moment, however, came when Jerry smiled and held open his right hand, and I shot the picture I now call 'Jerry Waving'. I didn't think anything of it when I clicked the shutter but when I printed it I kept trying to do with my finger what he had

apparently done with his finger. I thought he had just been fooling around, bending his finger backwards or forwards or something, but

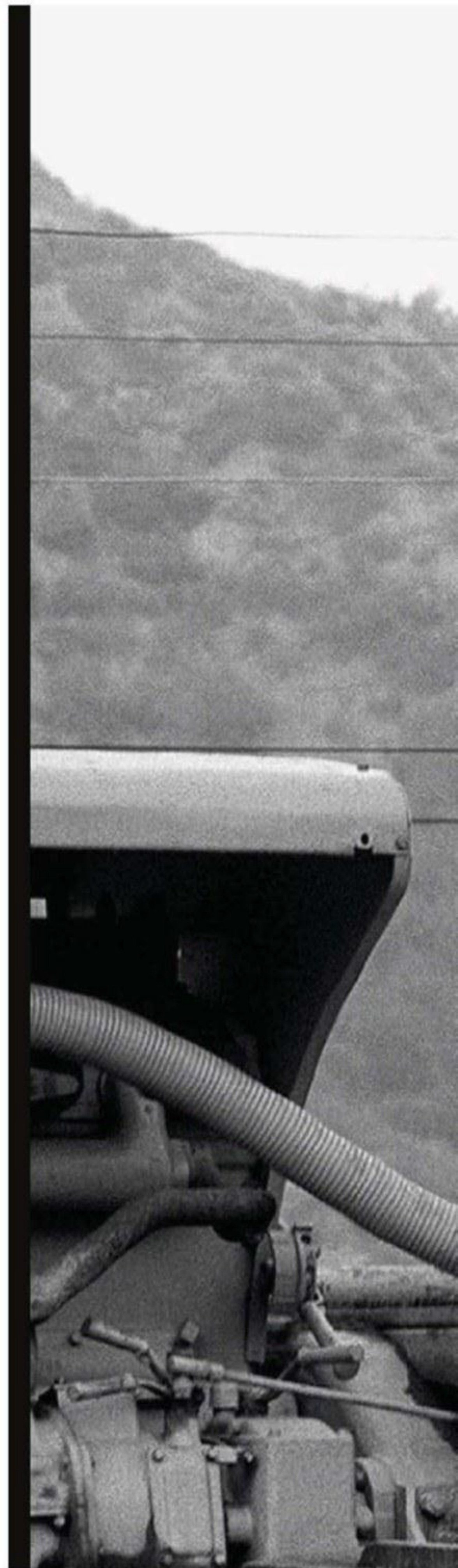
I couldn't make it happen on my hand. It was a long time before I learned that his brother had actually chopped off a piece of his finger when they were both quite young. Jerry usually kept that missing digit out of sight. ❶

"I WAS WORRIED ABOUT GOING TO PHOTOGRAPH FRANK ZAPPA. I KNEW HIS REPUTATION AS A CREATIVE ECCENTRIC."

Baron Wolman

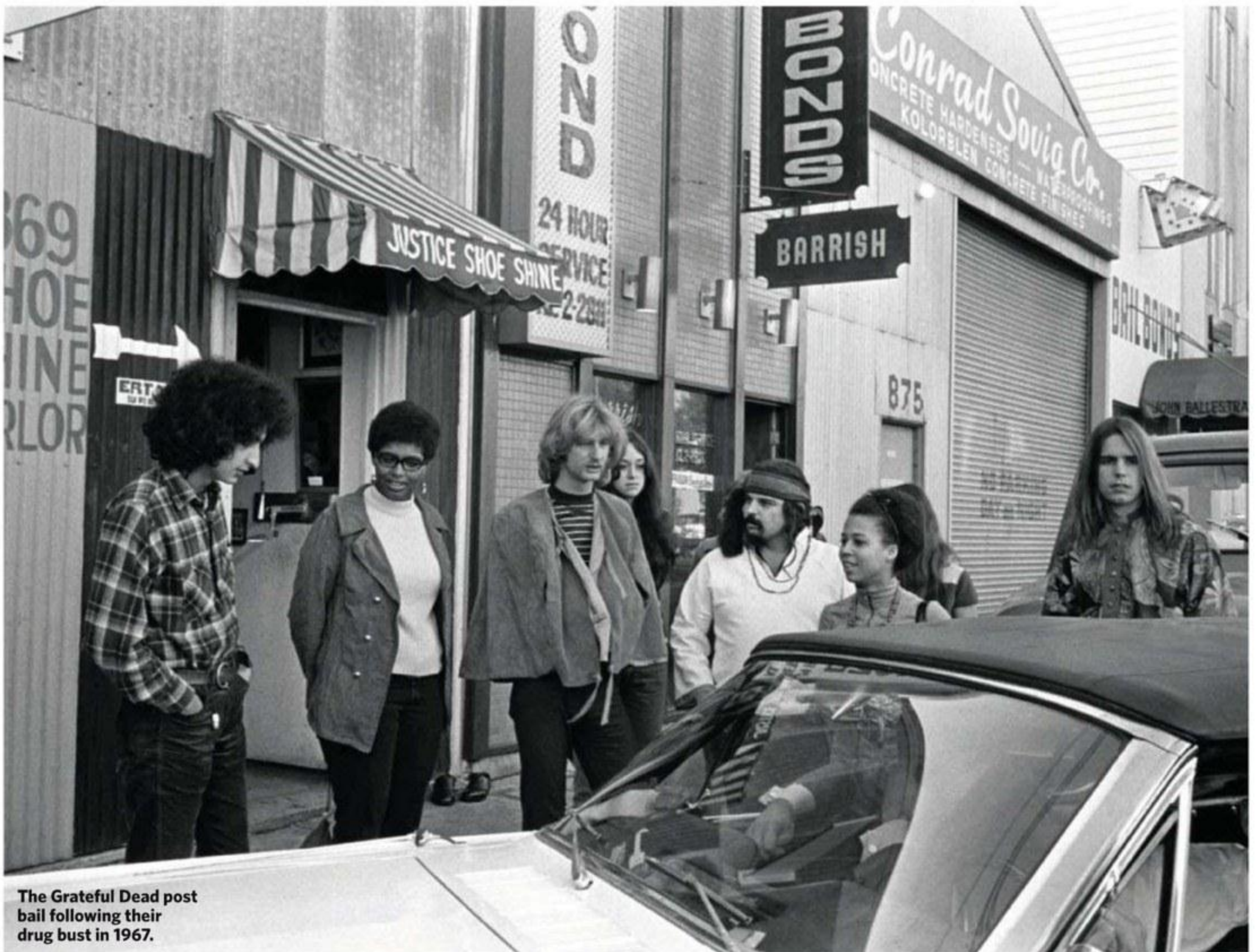
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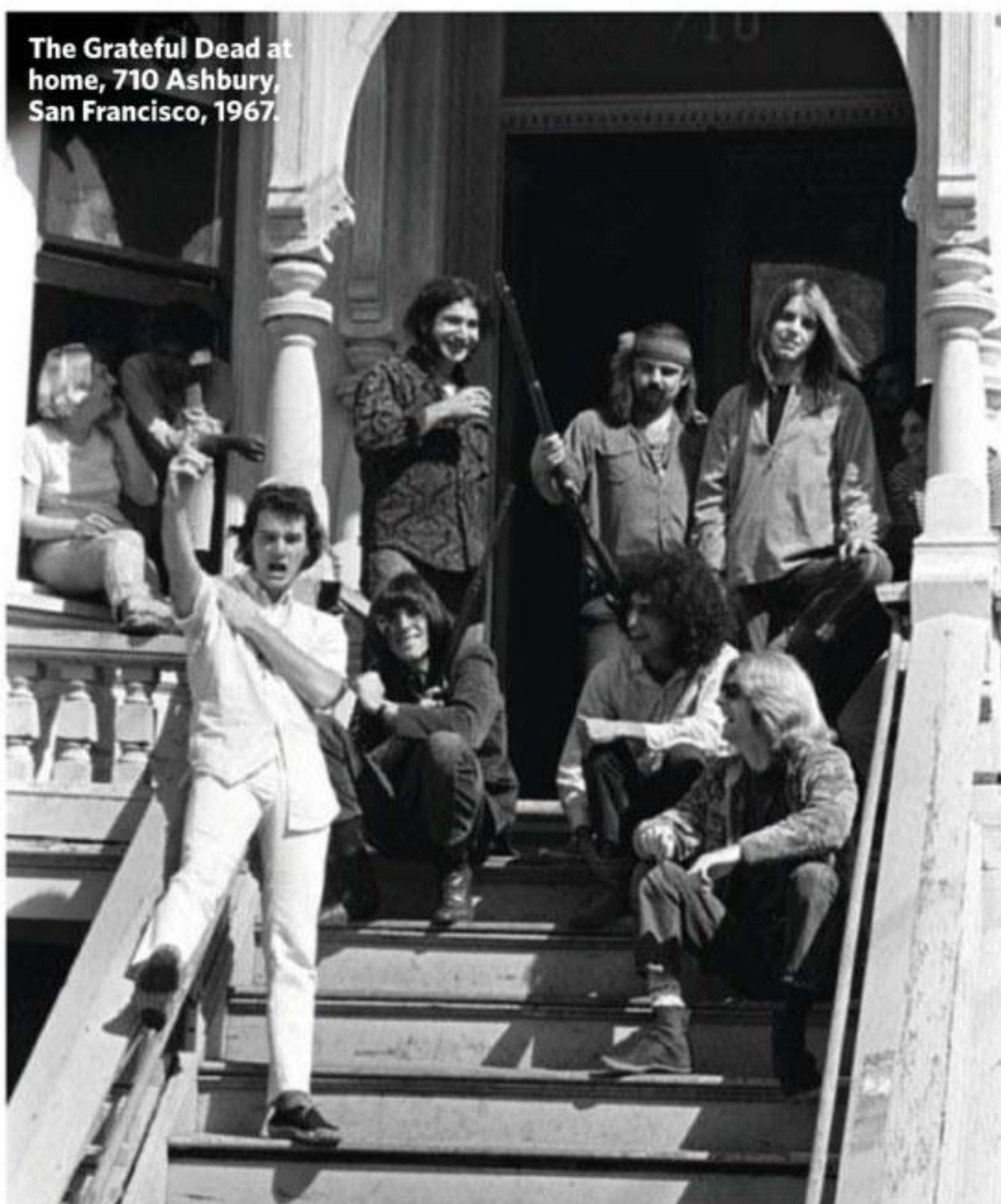


Frank Zappa, Laurel
Canyon, 1968.

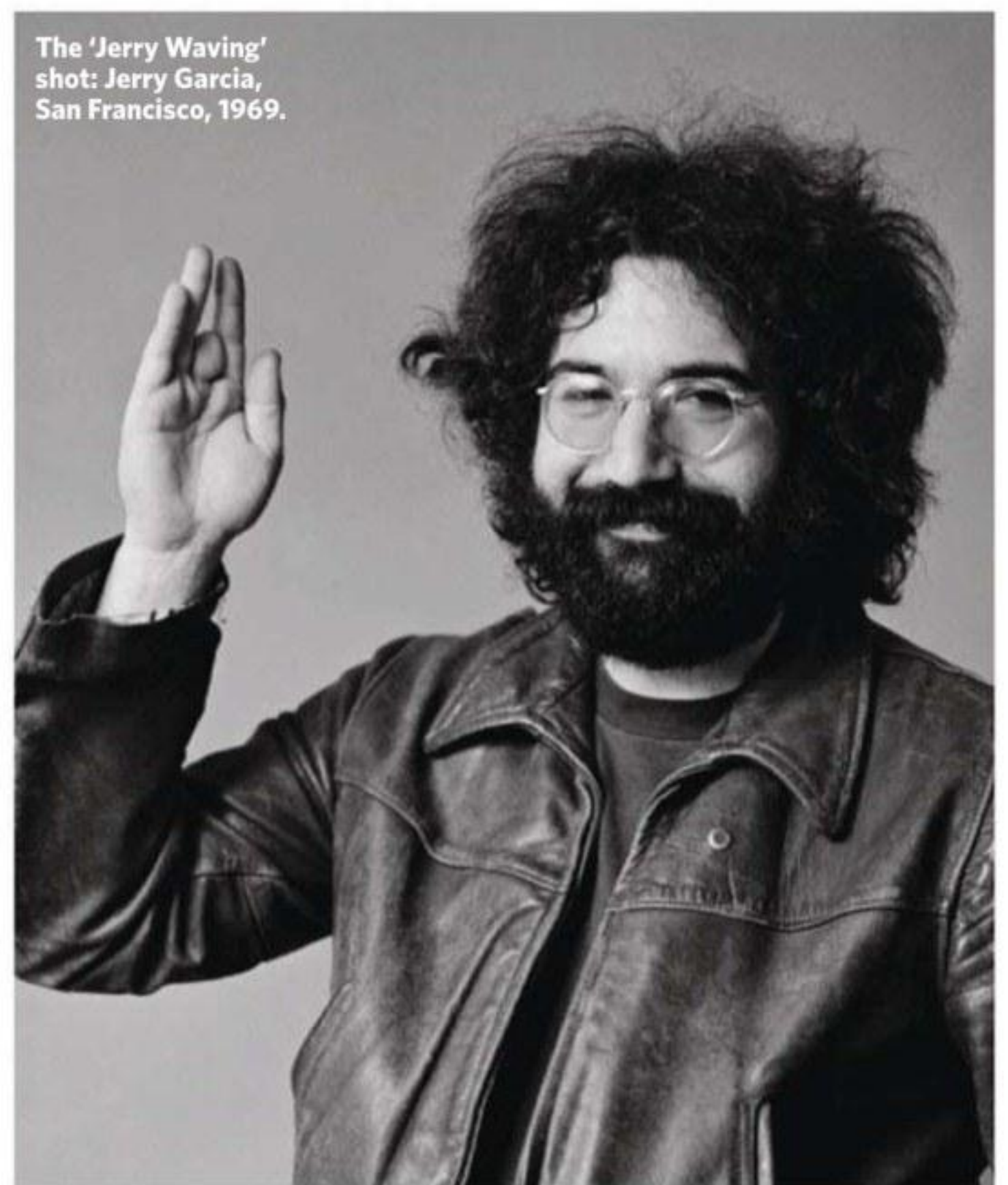




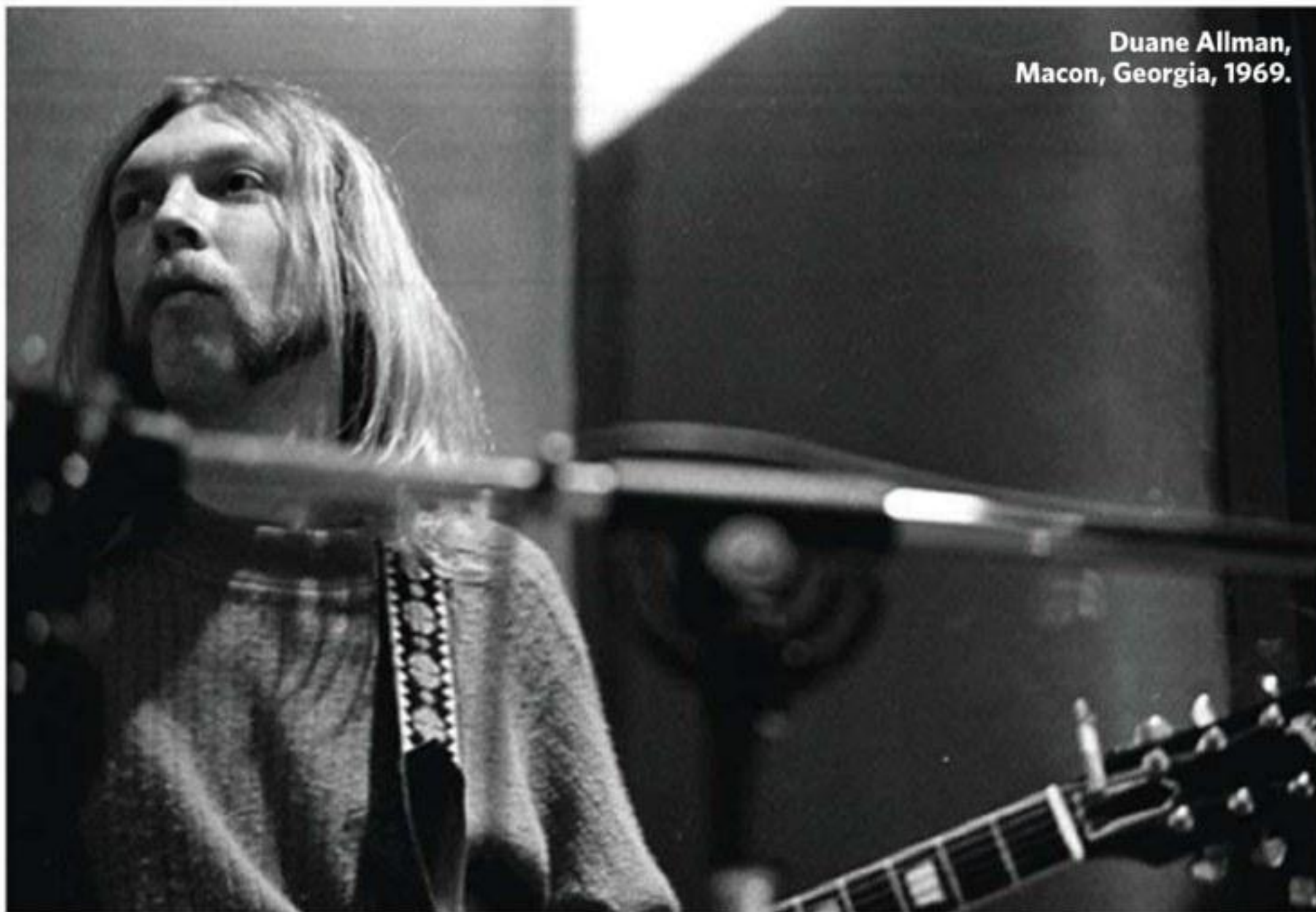
The Grateful Dead post bail following their drug bust in 1967.



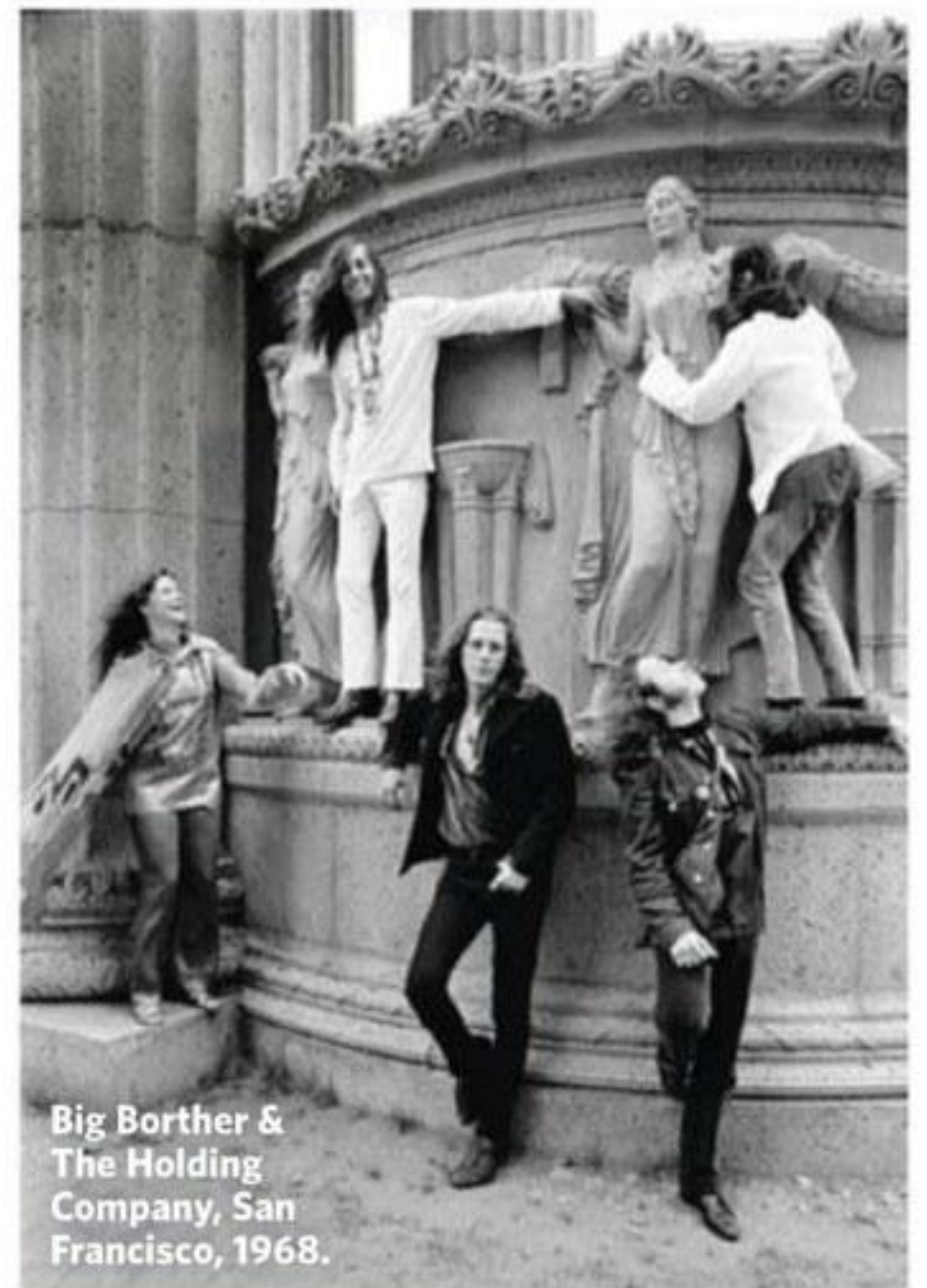
The Grateful Dead at home, 710 Ashbury, San Francisco, 1967.



The 'Jerry Waving' shot: Jerry Garcia, San Francisco, 1969.



Duane Allman,
Macon, Georgia, 1969.



Big Brother &
The Holding
Company, San
Francisco, 1968.

**“JERRY’S
BROTHER HAD
CHOPPED OFF
A PIECE OF HIS
FINGER WHEN
THEY WERE
YOUNG. JERRY
USUALLY KEPT
THAT MISSING
DIGIT OUT
OF SIGHT.”**

Baron Wolman



Gregg Allman,
Macon, Georgia, 1969.



Janis Joplin, Concert For
One, Belvedere Street Studio,
San Francisco, 1968.



Jimi Hendrix, San
Francisco, 1968.

REISSUE OF THE YEAR

QUEEN

THEY TRANSCENDED RIDICULE, INTERNAL BICKERING AND THE SIGHT OF FREDDIE MERCURY IN SPANGLY SHORTS. WAS IT ALL WORTH IT? OH YES, SAYS BRIAN MAY.

Words: **Dave Everley**
Portrait: **Terry O'Neill**

At the start of 2011, not everyone was ready to hang out the bunting to mark Queen's 40th anniversary celebrations. "Roger [Taylor, drummer] and I had this idea to sit down and comment on every track for the reissues campaign," says guitarist Brian May. "But it became too painful. We had to knock it on the head." Forty years after they formed, and 20 years after the death of frontman Freddie Mercury, Queen have finally been lavished with the respect to match their commercial success. Cited as an influence by everyone from the Foo Fighters to Lady Gaga, the vaulting ambition that once saw them lambasted as "prats" is now rightly celebrated as the motherlode for every rock'n'roll band with a grain of flamboyance in their soul.

"We were reaching for the stars," says May, "and in some cases we found them."

What memories did the reissues campaign stir?

A huge mix. Some of them uncomfortable, I have to say. There was a struggle every time we made an album. You had four people with internal agendas and different artistic aspirations trying to paint on the same canvas. Having said that, just listening back to those albums on my own I've ended up thinking: "My God, we did achieve something". Some of it, I can't imagine how we pulled it off. It was a stupendous set of leaps we took.

Did it feel like Queen against the world?

There was a bit of a pioneering spirit. I guess we threw away the reference points. And some of the press didn't like that. Or at least they didn't at the time. Now it's fashionable to say that Freddie's the greatest genius ever, but at the time, he was the one who took most of the attacks. It's a funny old life.

Did you ever look at Freddie and think: "You can't wear that!"?

[Laughing] Frequently. Normally he would be all secretive. He'd have that wicked glint in his eye and he'd say: "I've got a few things that you haven't seen yet, darling." And at some point in the rehearsal he'd come on in the purple sequined shorts and we'd go: "Okay, Fred, you're serious about this..." But he had an ability to get away with whatever he wanted. He was fearless. Really fearless.

If I'd walked into Queen's dressing room after the band's very last show, at Knebworth in 1986, what would I have seen?

You'd have seen us towelling ourselves off and bringing up the odd post-mortem fact: "What did you think you were doing during that song?" But nothing that would make you think you were seeing the end of a group. I remember Fred saying on that tour: "Look, guys, you have to realise that I can't do this again". We didn't take it seriously, as he was always saying things like that. But, looking back on it, I think he knew that this was going to be the end. He was in fantastic physical shape, but he knew the threat that was hanging over him and we didn't.

What was the last conversation you had with Freddie about?

We talked about everyday things. In the latter days, when he was in bed most of the time, we'd talk about his garden. I remember I took round the *Wayne's World* video, and he had a real chuckle about that. Mike Myers was worried that Freddie wouldn't approve, but he did, very much so.

You're putting together an official Queen tribute band. What are you looking for in the Tribute Brian May?

I asked myself this question a couple of weeks ago, and I thought: "I don't really want to be doing this". Really, Roger has taken it over because I'm busy on a number of other projects. You'll have to ask him.

What's your favourite cover of a Queen song?

Metallica's *Stone Cold Crazy* is a good one. I may be playing with them at their anniversary celebrations in a few months' time. They've invited me over, which I'm very pleased about.

Do you get bored of hearing Bohemian Rhapsody?

No, I don't. We did a surround-sound mix, which was fascinating. I loved it all over again, taking it to bits and finding all those little pieces. I don't take much credit for it, because it's Freddie's brainchild. We all put in some ideas, but you're talking about something that happened in Freddie's fevered brain.

If you had to boil it down to one specific moment, what was the highlight of being in Queen?

I suppose Live Aid. Bob Geldof said: "Don't get clever, guys, just play the hits". So that's what we did. We went on with this attitude of, let's just see what happens. To feel the reaction was just incredible. I'll never forget that.

When did you last go round to John Deacon's house for a meal?

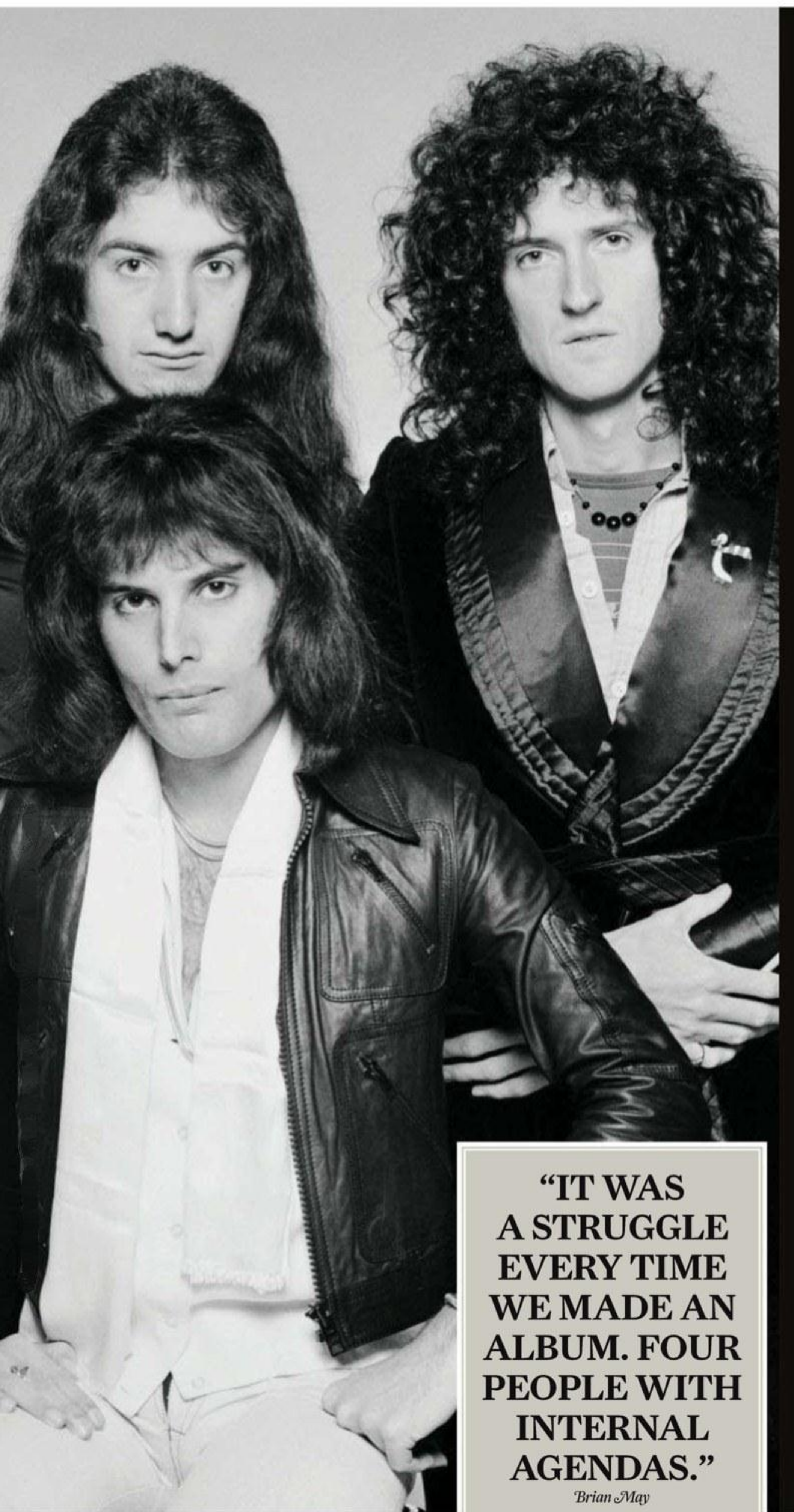
A very long time ago. I see John's offspring, but John prefers to stay away. And we respect that completely. We have this agreement where we leave each other alone. 

Queen in 1975:
"Anybody fancy
growing a 'tache?"



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**“IT WAS
A STRUGGLE
EVERY TIME
WE MADE AN
ALBUM. FOUR
PEOPLE WITH
INTERNAL
AGENDAS.”**

Brian May



FILM OF THE YEAR

LEMMY

THE ULTIMATE WARTS-'N'-ALL MOVIE.

Words: **Henry Yates**

Four years in the making, and featuring such illustrious Motör-fans as Dave Grohl, James Hetfield and even Jarvis Cocker, this candid documentary is a fitting salute to rock's most enduring warhorse. The subtitle – *49% Motherf**ker, 51% Son Of A Bitch* – perfectly nails the great man.

“Best Film? Well, how about that. I’ve got a little three-tiered thing that I keep all my awards on and it’s starting to get quite crowded. *Lemmy* seems to have far outstripped my Motörhead career. It was number one on the DVD chart in Chile for four weeks. Now that I’m too old to enjoy it I seem to be becoming a fucking celebrity. I had to sneak out of the theatre before the lights came up, y’know?”

“Why did I wait so long to make a film about myself? Well, I didn’t think it was really necessary, because we hadn’t cracked America. But then I realised we probably weren’t going to crack America, because we were too ugly.

“These two geezers [directors Greg Olliver and Wes Orshoski] showed up and we just said: ‘Come on the road with us and do a pilot for a couple of days’. They did, and it was great, so we let them do it. The only rule was: ‘When I tell you to fuck off, fuck off’. And I told them to fuck off several times.

“By the end of it they had thousands of feet of fucking film. There were a couple of bits they cut out that I made them put back in. They cut fucking Steve Vai out! I was fucking outraged – and I let them know. But I think they did they did a great job, man. It’s a fair reflection of my life, more or less. If we’d made it in the 80s it wouldn’t have been as sensible; it would have been an ‘X’ certificate.

“My other film appearances haven’t been as critically revered. *Eat The Rich* got a lot of good reviews. It got a lot of bad ones too. What was that other fucking one called? *Hardware*. That was crap, and I was crap in that. I don’t mind getting bad reviews for that, because I was shit. I’ve not got any Oscars... I have got a Grammy, though.”

THE NOMINEES

FROM SELF-HARMING PROG ROCK LOONS TO NATTILY-ATTIRED, 'SHOW-GASM'-PEDDLING SOUL-ROCKERS, THESE ARE THE FINEST NEW BANDS THE LAST 12 MONTHS HAVE HAD TO OFFER.

Words: **Henry Yates**



St Jude's Lynne Jackaman: Lemmy loves her band.

SAINT JUDE

SUNBURN, MANSIONS AND LEMMY'S APPROVAL
- ALL HIGHLIGHTS OF SAINT JUDE'S 2011.

Lynne Jackaman is considering a move up the property ladder. "I don't know if I'm a mansion kind of girl," debates the Saint Jude singer. "Maybe a castle, with lots of stained glass windows and a chalice of wine. I'm more of a retro girl. But I wouldn't complain if I had a mansion. That'd be a good problem to have..."

It should be stressed that she says this in a deadpan London drawl; Jackaman is well aware that fledgling bands in 2011 can forget about mansions, castles or even two-bed semis. That doesn't change the fact that her six-strong soul-rock outfit have torn it up this year, pinballing between UK shows including High Voltage, European festivals and TV performances, culminating with rock'n'roll's equivalent of a royal appointment.

"We watched Motörhead in Brixton and I ended up sat down with Lemmy," she grins. "He said he loved our album. Lemmy's seal of approval: that was a buzz. No, he didn't lead me astray. I do that enough myself.

"As for High Voltage," she continues, "I remember... sunburn! The strange thing is that you forget time. It's literally like I heard the first chord, then the last, then it was over. Very strange."

There'll be a four-date UK tour in December, but the more pressing issue is the follow-up to *Diary Of A Soul Fiend*. "All this time between the first and second album," she notes, "life has been happening. Some amazing highs and lows. But I'm not scared of the lows. They just make you human, and give you that well of emotion to tap into. The second album is going to reflect that. It's gonna be heavier and edgier. It's still going to have some raw, stripped-back, almost-ballads, but it'll certainly hard-hitting rock tunes as well. But I'm not gonna rush it, because once it's out, you stand by it for a long time.

"Our plan for the next year?" she concludes, that deadpan edge creeping back into her voice. "World domination. Everybody needs a bit of help. Maybe Saint Jude will be right there behind us?"

"THERE HAVE BEEN SOME AMAZING HIGHS AND LOWS. BUT I'M NOT SCARED OF THE LOWS. THEY MAKE YOU HUMAN."

Lynne Jackaman

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SAINT JUDE



DIARY of a SOUL FIEND

To celebrate our Roll Of Honour issue of *Classic Rock*, we're very pleased to be able to present a special edition of Saint Jude's debut album as our covermount. As you can now hear for yourself, Saint Jude manage to take an earthy 70s rock sound and wrap it around their own killer songs. In our original review, we said that the band sounded something akin to 'Maggie Bell or Jenny Hahn fronting The Faces', and if you give this a spin, you'll see exactly what we mean. It's a fitting close to a great year for Saint Jude - we originally included them in our Ones To Watch supplement way back in January. The final two songs here are specially added to our edition, both having been recorded live at Rockpalast in Germany.

- 1) _____ SOUL ON FIRE
- 2) _____ GARDEN OF EDEN
- 3) _____ LITTLE QUEEN
- 4) _____ DOWN THIS ROAD
- 5) _____ DOWN AND OUT
- 6) _____ PLEASED TO MEET YOU
- 7) _____ ANGEL
- 8) _____ RIVERS AND STREAMS
- 9) _____ DOWN AND OUT (LIVE)
- 10) _____ SOUTHERN BELLES (LIVE)

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ROB MONK

THE TREATMENT

CAMBRIDGE'S GREAT WHITE HOPES ON 12 MONTHS OF DRINKING, FIGHTING AND FUCKING. OR TWO OUT OF THREE, ANYWAY.

From Mötley Crüe's rancid Hollywood digs to AC/DC's Melbourne shag-pad, there's ample evidence that world-beating bands emerge from squalid shared accommodation. In their base outside Cambridge, The Treatment are hoping the pattern continues. "We're still a new band, so we

don't need our own places," admits singer Matt Jones. "When we first moved in, a few people were probably thinking, 'What the hell is going on here?' We're all teenage boys, so there's constant mayhem and every day is a mad moment. We've had complaints, but we've never had the police round."

"WE'RE TRYING TO BRING BACK THE OLD SCHOOL ROCK THING. ROCK ISN'T DEAD. IT'S NEVER GONNA DIE OUT."

Klaus Meine

"We're in the middle of the countryside," adds drummer Dhani Mansworth, "but we find new ways of disturbing people."

In October, neighbours enjoyed a well-earned break when the five-piece left town to support Alice Cooper: the crowning highlight in a 12-month rise that has seen them storm High Voltage and Sonisphere, release debut album *This Might Hurt* and start to reclaim Cambridge from the would-be academics with scarves and bikes. "Apart from Pink Floyd, I can't think of a great Cambridge band," says Jones. "We're trying to bring back the old-school thing. Rock isn't dead. It's never gonna die out."

The next 12 months will be all about putting miles on the clock, reckons the singer. "It's just about getting out there and playing. We're gonna leather it, absolutely leather it. We want to take it as far as we can. We're all 18 and 19. It's a good age to be in a band. We take our job very seriously."

If that sounds a little focussed, it turns out their debut single *Drink, Fuck, Fight* is also a mission statement. "We'll definitely have a good few drinks, have as much

fun as possible," says Jones. "We'll stay away from the fighting, but we'll try and do the other one."

Any final aspirations to declare? "Well," he ponders. "I've been living in Cambridge for a few years now and I've never actually been punting. So we'll have to try that."

VON HERTZEN BROTHERS

FINLAND'S FOREMOST NU-PROG LOONS. BROKEN BONES AND ICE SKATING-RELATED RUCKS A SPECIALITY.

For Mikko Von Herten, frontman with Finnish nouveau prog heroes the Von Herten Brothers, the campaign for his band's fourth album, *Stars Aligned*, didn't start with a bang, but a snap.

"If you're asking whether I had any hardships in the last year," he winces, "then yeah, I did. Just as the album came out, I fell off a ladder and came down on my left leg. I broke my heel-bone. So when the album was released, I had to walk with crutches, and I did the first 15 gigs of the tour sitting on a chair. That was hard. A lot of pain."

Since then, there's been more pleasure than pain, with the three Von Herten siblings shelving brotherly fisticuffs to push into Europe.

"I remember one time when I kicked my little brother in the head with an ice hockey boot," reminisces Mikko. "But now, it's not about egos, it's about putting all our talent into the music. Since *Stars Aligned* came out, we've opened for Foo Fighters in Helsinki, and for 30 Seconds To Mars in Estonia, and I have to mention High Voltage."

Yet the battle continues. "It's been a challenging

year, because the climate is getting harder each day," he says. "I've been going round schools in Finland talking about what means to be a musician, and it

seems like kids are not willing to pay for music. It's not enough anymore to be some mystical rock'n'roll star; you have to reach out, keep the people interested and be close to the fans. You have to be innovative. It's down to the artist to make yourself unique."

There's also the small matter of touring your bollocks off. "This fall, we have two-and-a-half months of intense touring, then I'm flying to India to empty my head and get some new inspiration," says Von Herten.

"Then we're going to record more songs. The masterplan is just to keep ourselves alive somehow, and stay motivated. Whatever comes comes. It's kinda a fatalistic life approach."

"We're not young anymore," he concludes. "I'm almost 40. It's the music that counts. I'd definitely want to play stadiums, but for me, it means more when somebody comes up after the show with tears in their eyes..."

"IT'S NOT ENOUGH ANYMORE TO BE SOME MYSTICAL ROCK'N'ROLL STAR. YOU HAVE TO MAKE YOURSELF UNIQUE."

Mikko Von Herten



VHB: Finnish
prog vs the
world.



Rival Sons: sharp-dressed men.

RIVAL SONS

THE TURBO-CHARGED LA BLUES ROCKERS SURVIVED ROAD FATIGUE AND RABID JUDAS PRIEST FANS. NOW THE HARD WORK REALLY STARTS...

Jay Buchanan is out of context. For the past year, the Rival Sons frontman has existed only in the twin habitats of stage and tour bus bunk, and today he finds himself struggling with downtime in Los Angeles.

"We've got a couple of weeks off to gather our wits," he draws. "It kinda feels like half-time in a game. There's a lot of work to come. When I look back on this year, it feels like three."

Aside from bending time, Rival Sons, have achieved much in 2011, with the froth-mouthed reaction to second album *Pressure & Time* leading to a double-set triumph at High Voltage and a death-or-glory support slot with Judas Priest.

"I didn't know how rabid their fans were," says Buchanan. "We play rock'n'roll – we're not metal at all – so it was like, 'What are we doing here? Are we getting thrown to the wolves?' But it was just like, 'Well, if we're getting thrown to the wolves, we might just get chewed up a little'. And it was fantastic."

The touring machine, he says, has been intense. "We were in so many different places, rolling

through Europe for the first time. I had my birthday in Sweden, and the entire festival crowd sings Happy Birthday. But you ask anyone about touring and they'll tell you the same thing: it's good but it'll wear you out. You realise, OK, this is hard, there's

no sleep, you're doing all these interviews... but what kind of an asshole is actually gonna complain about having to answer the same question 500 times? Give me a fucking break. Some people have real problems. We get to play Cowboys & Indians for a living."

So what's the plan for 2012?

"We don't want to follow the pattern of all these burn-out rock'n'roll bands," Buchanan smiles. "We want to make a lot of records. In the next year, I'd like to make two records."

"What's the next one gonna sound like?" he muses. "Like a hammer and a buzzsaw getting in a fight. Nah, I don't know, man. You can pontificate, but that's horseshit, because when it comes down to it and it's go-time, whatever's gonna survive is gonna survive. But I know it's definitely gonna be rock'n'roll."

"I DIDN'T KNOW HOW RABID JUDAS PRIEST'S FANS WERE. IT WAS LIKE, 'WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?' BUT IT WAS FANTASTIC."

Jay Buchanan

WOLF PEOPLE

THE FINEST PSYCHE-FOLK WEIRDBEARDS BEDFORD COUNCIL HAS EVER PRODUCED...

Sure, there's been lavish praise, spiralling crowds and awards show champagne – but let's not get carried away. Since we last met in these pages, Jack Sharp has maintained his curious double-life. By night, he's the enigmatic leader of psychedelic-folk outfit Wolf People. By day, he returns to his desk job at Bedford Council.

"It's dull, actually," he confides. "I do pre-employment checks for people working with children and vulnerable adults. I try not to talk about my music at work. They've been pretty understanding about the touring so far."

Despite having a name that practically obliged him to become a rock star, Sharp is almost maddeningly modest. He's a shrinking violet on the band's recent achievements, lukewarm about debut album *Steeple* (ignore him – it's brilliant) and still beating himself up over a few mediocre gigs.

"I feel so regretful about that," he sighs, "and I want to try to fix it... without taking drugs or drinking."

He brightens. "But there have been high points. We've released a proper album, we're playing bigger places, and we're lucky, because people who like our music tend to buy it. Downloading is a reality you live with. You do find yourself thinking: 'If we'd been embarking on this 15 years ago...' But actually, because there's not as much money, it gets rid of the opportunists and sharks."

Does the anti-rock star have a masterplan for the next year?

"No, we absolutely avoid doing that," says Sharp. "To be honest, we all just want to make records. I do like performing, but it's almost a sideline. I'd be happy doing this without getting up in front of anyone. We're trying not to do as many shows so we can get some work done on another record, and get that out next year."

"Rock'n'roll is not dead," he says, "but it's hard. At the moment, we're not even close to doing it full-time, but if something great happens with the next record, possibly. The only aspiration I have is just to have more time to do this, because it's what I love."



RIVAL SONS: SCARLETT PAGE

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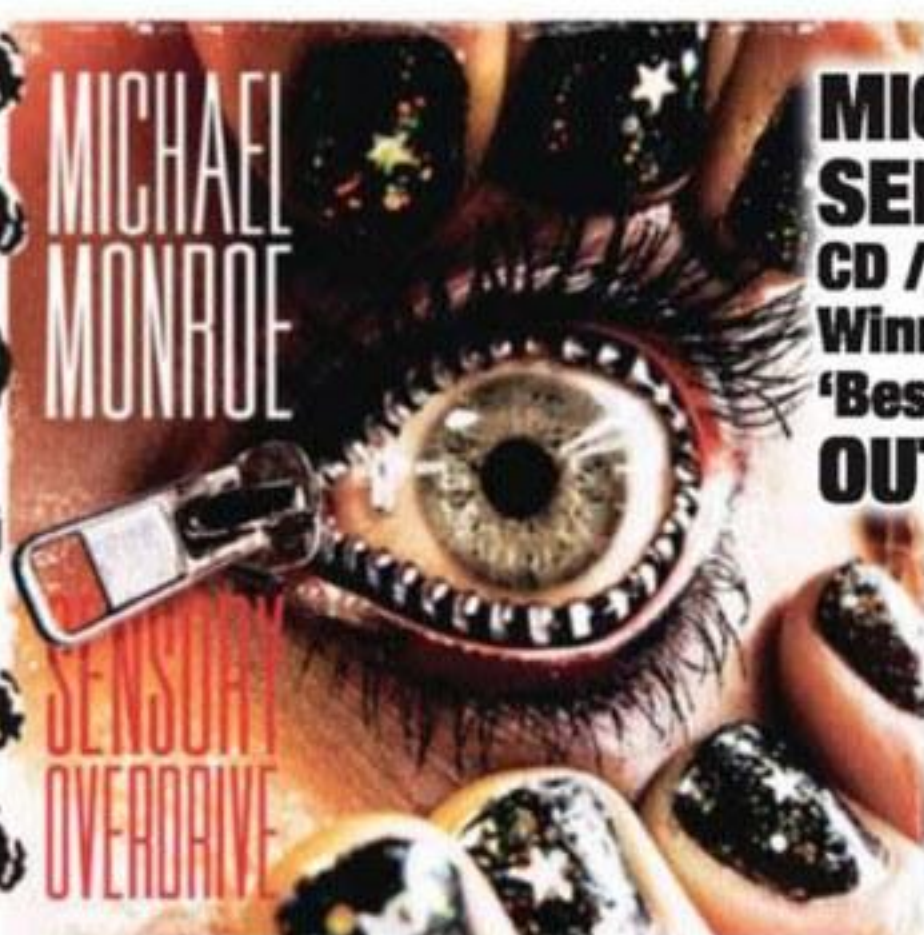
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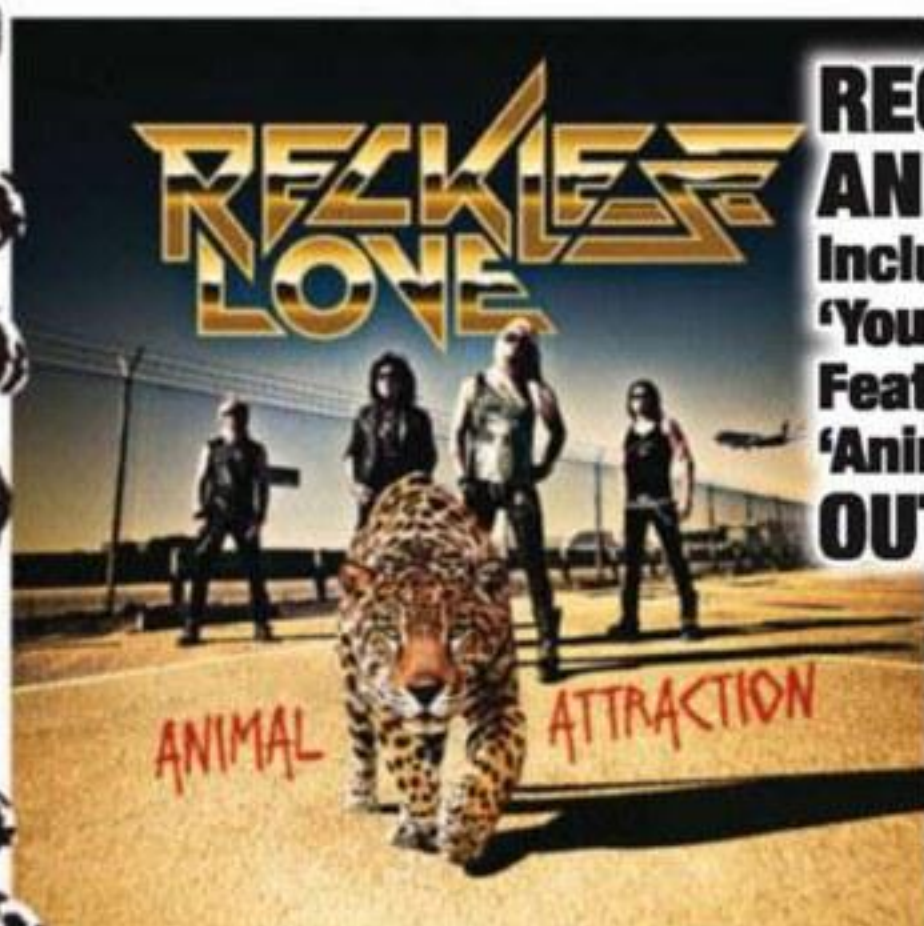
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Vintage Trouble:
something old,
something blues.

ROSS HALEN

VINTAGE TROUBLE

CRACK OPEN THE CHAMPAGNE AND DUST DOWN THE NATTY SUITS: 2011'S BEST NEW BAND ARE OUT TO DELIVER THE ULTIMATE 'SHOW-GASM'.

If Ty Taylor is to become a proper, planet-straddling rock god then he'll have to work on his acceptance speeches. "That's just crazy," the singer stammers as he learns of Vintage Trouble's award for Best New Band. "I've never been the smartest person. I've never been quite the funniest person. But yeah, I love champagne, and I love caviar, and chocolate, and roses, and everything that comes with a celebratory situation."

There'll be plenty more of those. Formed less than two years ago in LA, the speed at which Taylor and his band have infiltrated British affections seems unfathomable—unless of course you've heard the songs from *The Bomb Shelter Sessions*, one of the many who saw them 'on Jools Holland' or caught them live supporting Bon Jovi. This is primal music that

addresses the heart and groin. To hear it is to 'get' it, and to get it is to find yourself bumping and grinding.

"We've spent the last year honing in on how to move a fuckin' room," says Taylor. "How cool would it be to be part of a renaissance where you can dance to a band just like you could at a dance club? That's what our band does. From the beginning, people were dancing and screaming."

"There's something about old-school rhythm'n'blues rock'n'roll that's not been around for a while," he adds. "I feel like it's 1960 again, when it felt like music really mattered. I guess it's what we're sparking. It's about real-ness and

community, everything that I thought music couldn't be about anymore."

Undoubtedly, Vintage Trouble have sweated for

their spoils, but it doesn't hurt that Taylor—older than he looks, and a veteran of vehicles including the *Rock Star: INXS* reality TV show—has star quality to burn. Whether pelting into the *Later* audience during *Blues Hand Me Down* in April, opening for Bon Jovi in June, or nailing *Crazy Little Thing Called Love* at the Freddie For A Day event in September, he seems born for this.

"Me and my band don't bullshit each other," he grins, "we cut to the chase and keep each other grounded. We laugh at each other when we sense somebody's getting even a little cocky. But then, we're also hams: we like clothes, we like posing, we like being in the middle of attention. So I think we're gonna handle it well. We're not going to do anything to fuck it up."

You sense they'll need a trophy cabinet. "You know, for the last year of Vintage Trouble, we haven't had time to think about childhood dreams," says Taylor. "We've moved into the adult dream, and the adult dream is about sexy people sweating and grabbing each other to your music. Hopefully, this award won't make people take it as read that we're good, but it'll let them know our name and they'll check us out. Because there's no title that can substitute being in a room with us. Our UK tour in November is gonna be an explosion. It's gonna be a show-gasm!"

**"WE'VE MOVED
INTO THE
ADULT DREAM,
AND THAT'S
ABOUT SEXY
PEOPLE
GRABBING EACH
OTHER TO
YOUR MUSIC."**

Ty Taylor

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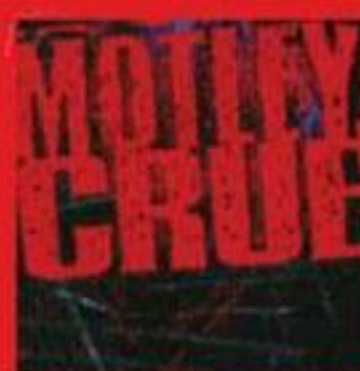
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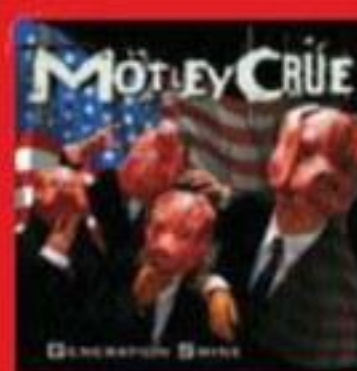
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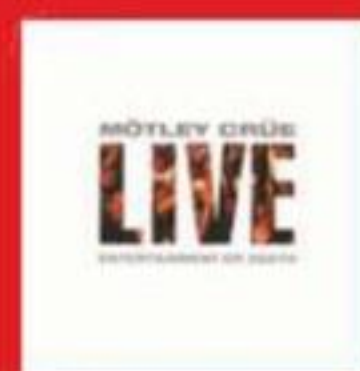
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Roger Waters
tales of death
and alienation.



AWARDS 2011

EVENT OF THE YEAR

ROGER WATERS REBUILDS *THE WALL*

FOUR HUNDRED BRICKS, £15 MILLION...
AND ONE FLOYD MINI-REUNION.

Words: **Dave Everley**
Portrait: **Peter Doherty**

The first time Roger Waters toured Pink Floyd's *The Wall* album, at the beginning of the 80s, the extravagant show cost \$2 million to stage. Revisiting it in 2011, more than 30 years later, that figure rocketed to \$15 million.

And it shows. When Waters's updated spectacle hit the UK this summer it made every other arena rock show look like an open-mic night down the Dog And Duck.

"We lost a lot of money doing it in 1980, so I started to talk to Mark Fisher, who did the original one, and he said it would be much easier to do now than it was then," Waters told *Classic Rock* earlier this year. "He thought I'd be able to break even, maybe even come out with some gravy without it costing an arm and a leg."

Waters certainly pulled out all the stops to bring his tale of death and alienation to life, bringing in the sort of technological wizardry you don't normally see outside of a high-end Hollywood blockbuster. Gerald Scarfe's animations were more vivid than ever, projected on to each of the 20-metre-high wall's 424 bricks individually, while several new puppets were added for good measure.

But the real highlight was altogether human. On Thursday, May 12 at London's O2 arena, former Floyd guitarist David Gilmour appeared atop the wall itself to play *Comfortably Numb*; later the pair were joined by drummer Nick Mason for the encore and the closest we're likely to get to a Pink Floyd reunion.

Truly, you had to be there. **1**

**"WE LOST A LOT
OF MONEY
DOING *THE WALL*
IN 1980. BUT
MARK FISHER,
WHO DID THE
ORIGINAL ONE,
THOUGHT I'D BE
ABLE TO BREAK
EVEN THIS TIME,
MAYBE EVEN
COME OUT WITH
SOME GRAVY."**

Roger Waters

FOO FIGHTERS

DAVE GROHL AND CO. LOOK BACK OVER THE PAST YEAR – 12 MONTHS IN WHICH THEY'VE UPSET HOMOPHOBES, JAMMED WITH ROGER WATERS, ALICE COOPER AND ROGER TAYLOR, AND HAD LEMMY NICK THEIR RIDER.

Words: **Henry Yates**
Portrait: **Ross Halfin**

For some bands, getting an award might scarcely register – just another hasslesome obligation in a whirlwind of press junkets and promotional stunts. But for Foo Fighters – avid readers of this magazine to a man – being voted *Classic Rock's* Band Of The Year by the magazine's readers is a major and important honour. To celebrate their award, the band talk us through some of the highlights of what has been a most extraordinary year and a continuation of a quite astounding career.

FEBRUARY 14: Foo Fighters release the *White Limo* video, starring Lemmy as a deranged chauffeur.

Taylor Hawkins: "That was another goofy idea from Dave. He was mocking some of his favourite old-school punk-rock videos. Y'know, the ones guys used to make on the cheap back in the early 80s with a couple of hand-held VCR cameras."

Nate Mendel: "I've had to do more jack-ass shit on this album than any

other. For *White Limo* I was on roller-blades. I've also been upside-down, hit with sticks by midgets, I've bared my ass, and of course I've dressed in drag – that goes without saying. We're not the coolest band in the world, which works well for us because we get to do the jack-ass shit which makes being in the band more fun."

Pat Smear: "Another silly day in the Foo Fighters. Lemmy isn't actually driving. Lemmy doesn't drive, which is probably better for all of us."

Dave Grohl: "I had our friend Wiley dress up as Lemmy and drive us around. We took a bunch of friends with us, and we had so many friends in that limo that we might as well have taken a fucking Smart Car!"

Nate: "We've hung out with Lemmy forever. He's a total dude. You just need to make sure you have his Doritos, his Marlboros and his Jack Daniel's, and he'll be there. That's what he sustains himself on. Among other things, I think."

APRIL 11: Foo Fighters embark on a US tour of contest-winners' garages.

Taylor: "First of all, Dave Grohl is a marketing genius. He never really stops."

Nate: "We'd recorded *Wasting Light* in Dave's

garage, so we thought, we'll go play in other people's garages. Long-time fans of the band won the contest, so they'd invite 50 friends, who they called on the day of the show."

Chris Shiflett: "It was just the way we all did it in high school: you tramp in there and turn it on. We didn't try to stuff an arena stage set into some poor guy's garage."

Pat: "At the first show, the guy was a retired fireman, and his friends were all firemen and cops. The funny thing was, we were kinda worried about being shut down by the cops, but it was like: well, they're all here..."

Chris: "We played in a barn on an apple farm, we played at a pizzeria..."

Pat: "I think we should put other rock stars to the test..."

Chris: "We'll make Lady Gaga play in a garage – see how that goes!"

**"I'VE BEEN
UPSIDE-DOWN,
HIT WITH
STICKS BY
MIDGETS, I'VE
BARED MY ASS,
AND OF COURSE
I'VE DRESSED
IN DRAG."**

Nate Mendel

APRIL 12: Seventh studio album *Wasting Light* is released, featuring Nirvana bassist Krist Novoselic on *I Should Have Known*.

Taylor: "We'd been listening to the radio and not liking what we heard. Somebody gave me a new record the other day, and I won't name the band, but it was just completely... modern. You've heard

this rant from us a million times: fucking computers are taking the humanity out of everything. Y'know, you used to buy a record and everybody's drum sound was different. Nowadays everybody's got the same computer plug-ins, so

everybody's drums sound the same. We worked our asses off to make *Wasting Light* as good as we could get it without touching a computer. We did that, I think, because we don't like to hear

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Born to be mild:
Dave 'please don't call
me the nicest man in rock
anymore' Grohl.



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Dave Grohl: "Ask the 130,000 people who bought a ticket to Milton Keynes if they think rock is dead."

ourselves any other way than what we really sound like: a raw, fucked-up rock'n'roll band."

Dave: "There's poetry in being the band that can sell out Wembley but also makes a record in a garage."

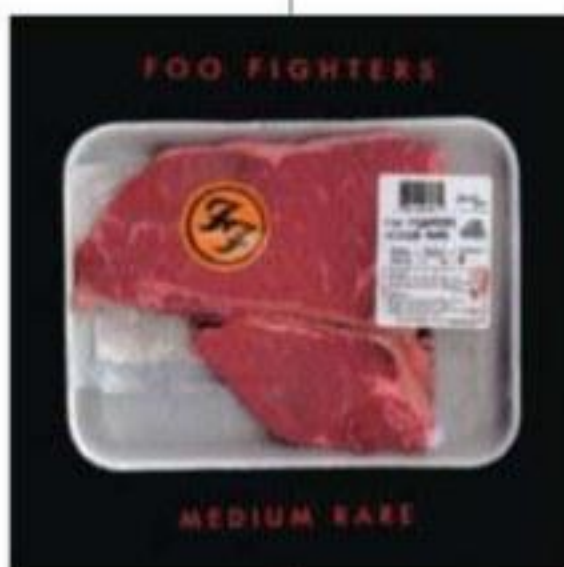
Pat: "It's definitely the best album I've ever been on, and the best Foo Fighters album too. I love it heavy, I love it soft..."

Taylor: "I think *These Days* is one of the finest songs Dave has ever written. And I still love *Rope*. I dunno... It doesn't really sound like us, which is exciting, with Dave and me singing in unison with that strange melody. I remember the first time Nate heard it, he was like: 'It's weird, it's jazzy. I don't know if I like it.'"

Nate: "Yeah, Taylor was really self-conscious about that. *Rope* is cool, I like it, I think it's different, but when I first heard it it sounded a little gimmicky to me."

Pat: "It's always great to see Krist. I only find it emotional at first, then it's just back to fun. I love his

playing on *I Should Have Known*. When he comes in, it just sounds like Nirvana. Nobody has to ask where Krist played."



APRIL 16: Foos release their vinyl covers album *Medium Rare* for Record Store Day.

Nate: "For us, physical music is what we grew up with. I appreciate digital. It's awesome that you can hear something, buy it on your phone and listen to it. That's great. But going into a record store is something I think would really be missed."

Pat: "Recently, I needed a copy of *Led Zeppelin III* and I couldn't find anywhere in my neighbourhood to get it, which was a bummer. I'm so used to having 'the thing'. It was hard enough moving from records to CDs. It's like, well, I'm not moving to just... air! With digital there's nothing there. It's not as fun. Over here, record stores have pretty much have died out."

Chris: "There were a couple of



local record stores where I grew up, and you'd know the people that worked there and you'd go in and they'd tell you what the new releases were and what was cool, and 'You gotta check this out'. I think it's really sad that's gone. I still have all my old vinyl from when I was a kid, in boxes in my garage. So maybe that's my 2012 New Year's resolution: to get a turntable."



Jamming with Alice Cooper for the encore at Milton Keynes.

TOP LEFT: CAMERA PRESS

PETER STILL/GETTY

CANDID CAMERA

12 months of the
Foo Fighters
on film...



Dave: "I grew up discovering music that changed my life in record stores like Fingerprints [in Long Beach], and I will always do everything I can to keep that experience alive for generations to come."

Taylor: "Cover versions are always fun. We play *Tie Your Mother Down* every once in a while, we've been playing *In The Flesh* by Pink Floyd, we play *Breakdown* by Tom Petty... We know about 10 covers all the way through."

Nate: "*Baker Street* is my favourite. Even though it's a classic rock staple, it's not like *Stairway To Heaven* or something, that you don't really need to hear again."

JULY 2/3: Foo Fighters play Milton **Continued on p128**

Above: On Jimmy Fallon with Roger Waters, Lemmy in *White Limo*, and their, er, *Hot Buns*.

"ROGER WATERS IS RIGHT UP THERE WITH DYLAN. BUT IS HE HUGGY AND KISSY? NO."

Taylor Hawkins



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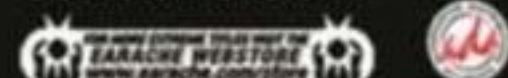
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INNOVATOR

DEEP PURPLE

IN A CAREER OF 40-ODD YEARS AND COUNTING, THIS IS A BAND THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN DETERMINED TO DO IT THEIR WAY, OR NO WAY. AND THANK GOODNESS.

Words: **Henry Yates**

Pioneers of hard rock, genre-splicing alchemists, shredders of the songwriting rulebook, live high-wire artists, Deep Purple have pushed a few envelopes since 1968, and fully deserve to be the recipients of a Classic Rock Award. For services to heavy rock, the band's faces should be hewn into a mountainside as per the cover of *Deep Purple In Rock*. We spoke to Ian Gillan about the award and some Purple patches.

How do you feel about getting this award?

Well, awards are strange things. I've hardly ever won anything, so I don't know how to feel about them.

Did Purple set out to be trailblazers?

No, there was no map at all. We just took the scenic route. It seemed so natural at the time. I was a big fan of Purple's first three records before I joined, and that was innovative stuff. I think it was because of all the bands we'd been in before: Jon Lord's background in orchestral composition, Ian Paice's background in big-band swing, Richie Blackmore's background in rock'n'roll from backing American touring artists. When Roger [Glover] and I joined, it was the final piece of the jigsaw. My uncle was a jazz pianist, my grandfather sang opera, and I was a soprano in the church choir. So I had quite a bit of music in me already when Elvis exploded and I got into Little Richard and Chuck Berry. So it was rock'n'roll, but it came out in a beautifully expressive way with a distinct signature. I think that word 'innovation', it's really the platform that gave us the freedom to do all those things.

Did your questing spirit ever cause problems?

It was disturbing to the media. They hated it. We got slagged off so badly for everything, because we were so multi-directional. We weren't fitting into the conventional groove or the bag that people could hang on the wall. One minute you're doing *Deep Purple In Rock*, the next you're doing a concerto with the Royal Philharmonic. And that was the lesson I learnt when I joined Purple in the first place: no rules, no conventions. Yeah, people did try and tie us down. They were furious when we did *Fireball*, because *In Rock* was 'hard rock' or 'heavy rock', and *Fireball* was so funky they thought we'd lost our minds. We were scorned for it. "Absolutely pitiful:

who do they think they are?" was one of the great comments at the time. Which prompted the title of a later album, *Who Do We Think We Are*.

Recording with an orchestra was also revolutionary.

It was more than just an 'orchestra' and a 'group'. Jon Lord wrote *Concerto For Group And Orchestra* about two immense beings: the traditional symphonic orchestra versus the young, aggressive, belligerent rock group. One was challenging the other, and so the first movement was highly confrontational. Then there's the second movement, where you pause for breath and begin to understand each other. The third movement is respect and harmony.

We're playing some European dates in November and December with an orchestra, but that's nothing nothing like Jon's concerto, more like the Count Basie Orchestra. It's a big band, really, augmenting Purple for the soul and blues and funky stuff. So the orchestra is acting something like in the 40s, which is exciting.

Back then Deep Purple also stretched the format of the rock song.

It was glorious, because working with such fine musicians, they were able to adapt. And the improvisation was going on at rehearsals. Nobody ever 'wrote' a song. *Speed King*, *Child In Time*. . . none of those songs were written – we jammed them and eventually it happened. And so you would groove, and you'd end up with seven-minute song and nobody gave a damn. It was quite revolutionary.

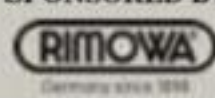
Is it getting harder for bands to be innovative?

It's difficult now, because everything's been done. I get a lot of kids asking me for advice. Most of them say: "How can I be famous?" I haven't got a clue. But if you want to know how to be a musician, then I can give you lots of good advice. ⑦

"THE LESSON I LEARNT WHEN I JOINED PURPLE WAS: NO RULES, NO CONVENTIONS."

Ian Gillan

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Deep Purple: "Nobody gave a damn. It was quite revolutionary."





MUSICIANS' UNION MAESTRO

STEVE WINWOOD

A LIFETIME WRITING CLASSIC ROCK.

Words: **Mick Wall**

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"I'm very honoured to be the recipient of this year's Musicians' Union award. I've been a member of the MU for the majority of my career. Even though the industry may change, it's good to know that there's a constant supporting musicians and their rights."

In a career that now spans almost 50 years, Steve Winwood has never known what it's like not to be a star. Just 17 when he enjoyed his first Number One hit, *Keep On Running*, with the Spencer Davis Group, he spent the rest of the 1960s at the cutting edge of the music scene, helping singles-oriented pop evolve into album-driven rock.

One of the great early rock voices – the boy wonder for whom the term blue-eye-soul singer was invented – Winwood was also a great keyboardist and guitar player who could write, as he proved with the second SDG Number One, *Gimme Some Lovin'*. But success was never enough on its own terms and, in 1967, Winwood formed Traffic, another hit-making machine whose flower power anthems *Paper Sun* and *Hole In My Shoe* placed them at the forefront as a crucial element of the era we now know as psychedelic rock.

Between times Winwood also got together with Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker to form Blind Faith, the world's first 'supergroup'. He also took part in one of the most remarkable sessions in rock history, playing keyboards and performing backing vocals on Hendrix's *Voodoo Chile*.

Along the way, Winwood has also recorded with everyone from Lou Reed and John Martyn to George Harrison and David Gilmour; from Viv Stanshall to Paul Weller. Most of all, though, there have been the remarkable succession of Grammy-winning solo albums – *Back In The High Life Again* and *Roll With It* – that have cemented Winwood's reputation over the past five decades as the consummate music artist. **1**

STEVE MARRIOTT

THE ORIGINAL ACE FACE, AND THE GREATEST BLUES-ROCK VOICE OF THEM ALL.
RAISE A GLASS TO THE LATE, GREAT SMALL FACES FRONTMAN.

Portrait: **Brian Moody**

There have been bigger stars than Steve Marriott, but few have been as influential. As the singer and guitarist with the Small Faces and Humble Pie, this East End-born former theatre brat was a true ground-breaker: his fearsome roar ushered in a succession of bluesy belters from Rod Stewart to Chris Robinson and beyond, while songs such as *Itchycoo Park* and *All Or Nothing* are indelibly etched into the Great British Songbook. His star had fallen by the time of his death in 1991, but today he is rightfully celebrated as one of rock's great voices. Here, former Humble Pie bandmates **Peter Frampton** (below) and **Jerry Shirley** (right) pay tribute.



The very first time I met Steve was when Ronnie Lane from the Small Faces called to suggest meeting up. They'd heard we [the Herd] were having problems – the same old thing of getting screwed for money by the business – and they'd been through the same thing. Ronnie said: "Maybe we can give you some insight into what to do."

Steve and Ronnie were sharing a cottage in Marlow, just down the M4, so I went to meet them. And I never really left. I was down there every weekend, jamming with Steve and Ronnie. It was the start of a great friendship.

Steve was very exuberant. He had a tiny frame but was always very excitable about everything. He was a larger-than-life small person, and he always exuded complete excitement about music. He could never play it enough. Working with him was almost like going to college. He'd be bring in different types of music, from funk to blues and R&B. I was still wrapped up in the jazz world, and he exposed me to so much great music, mainly American roots-type stuff.

Steve was a bit like me – we liked to hear other people's ideas, but we liked them done our way. We'd say: "I love that. It's great, but let's do it this way." But, having said that, Steve had a lot more experience in putting things together than me. In Humble Pie, we defaulted to him in quite a few situations. In presentation terms he definitely led the charge. The thing about Steve was that he wanted to be a frontman, but he *didn't* want to be a frontman. But he was the focal point of the band. On stage, I'd never seen anybody handle a crowd like he could. I learned a lot about that from him.

As a songwriter he's right there at the pinnacle –

and I don't just mean British ones. He was as good as anyone. He had a style that was unique.

And as a singer... well, unless you've tried to sing at the same mic as him you will never quite get how good he was. And here's the most infuriating thing: the bummer would never even warm up or do vocal exercises. He might give one loud scream to clear his throat, but otherwise he'd just steam into it. He was just blessed that way.

I was one of the last people to work with him. He came to Los Angeles and we spent two or three

months writing songs and putting a little band together. The plan was to do one album and one tour. Then, as brothers tend to do, we had a little tiff and he went home. I was trying to keep things on the straight and narrow, as it were. When we're working I needed to function properly, so imbibing certain things wasn't a good idea. It was the start of straightening out my act. Unfortunately Steve couldn't do that. So he went back to the UK.

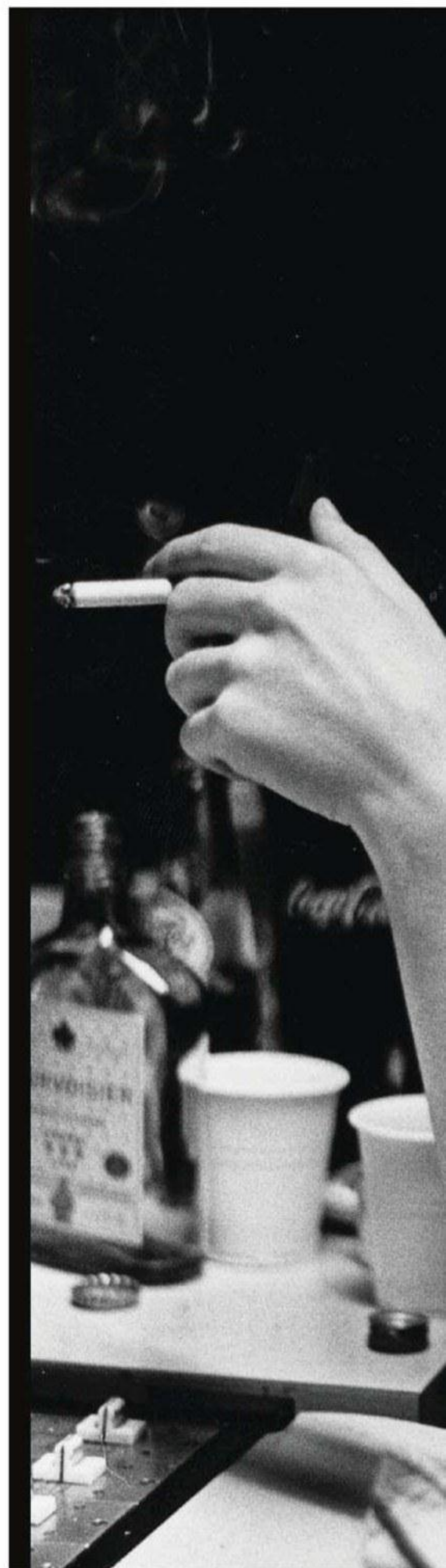
I fully expected a couple of weeks to pass by and then, as had happened quite a few times before,

somebody would call up and say: "Listen, let's get together again." Sadly that never happened.

During that period of time we recorded, we did a track called *I Won't Let You Down* [released on 1992's *Shine On*]. It was a split-vocal number, and we sang together in harmony throughout the song. When I came to mix it, after his death, all I could hear in between each line was laughter. After we did that track, Steve and I sat together on this old couch and he said: "I never thought we'd get back together, or realised how great it would be to do so. I'm having so much fun." I said: "Someday, I'll remind you of saying that." I just wish that our lifestyles hadn't got in the way of what we could do. That was a crime. Together we were a powerhouse. 🍷

**"UNLESS
YOU'VE
SUNG AT THE
SAME MIC
AS STEVE,
YOU'LL
NEVER GET
HOW GOOD
HE WAS."**

Peter Frampton





Steve Marriott: "He was a larger-than-life small person."



"THERE WERE SO MANY MARRIOTT WANNABES"

Humble Pie drummer **Jerry Shirley** pays tribute to his old friend and bandmate.

It's marvellous that Steve is getting this award, and God bless the powers that be at *Classic Rock* for making it happen. The very idea that there is a Rock And Roll Hall Of Fame and Steve isn't in it is ridiculous. He had an immense influence on a whole generation of singers who went on to become standard-bearers themselves. Steve Marriott - and Steve Winwood and, later, people like Paul Rodgers - represented that ideal of a white man singing the blues.

Look at the evidence of the Small Faces. They were such a dynamic young band and he was the leader. They soon learnt their way around a recording studio with Steve at the helm. They made some of the best records of the second half of the 60s, because Steve was not just a talented performer, he was also a fine writer. He had those skills, and he became a great guitarist very quickly, as well as a keyboard player. It was the total package. He had the musical side and the hairstyle and the clothes. He was a fashion icon. For a while there were so many Marriott wannabes it was ridiculous. *That's* inspiration.

All this stuff was wrapped up in this tiny little lad. He had a very mischievous side and loved a prank. I remember in the days of Humble Pie, him squirting David Bowie with a water pistol from the orchestra pit while Bowie was singing 'Ground control to Major Tom...' Squirt! "Where did that come from?" We also did a TV show at the Rainbow in London with Roxy Music, who were doing one of their heavily Germanic-sounding songs. So Steve got us all to goose-step around the back of the stage while they were filming. The Small Faces were kings of pranking. They used to superglue the Bee Gees' dressing room doors and telephones, then call them up just before show time. Real young, silly-bollocks stuff.

I believe that Steve was getting his act together again before his death. If he'd survived his darker period and calmed down he would have settled into something worthwhile. He wouldn't have played 10 nights at the O2, but he'd have developed his theatrical side and worked for TV. That closer, more personal side of performing appealed to him after the fame. He'd have found his groove. He never stopped writing and was writing great stuff. Trouble was, the companies didn't want him so it never got past the starting gate. Bless his heart.

GETTY IMAGES X2

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

MICHAEL MONROE

PROOF, PERHAPS, THAT WHILE FORM IS TEMPORARY, CLASS IS PERMANENT.

Words: **Henry Yates**
Portrait: **Rob Monk**

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More than 30 years after Michael Monroe first came to fame with Finnish legends Hanoi Rocks, 2011 saw the release of what he reckons is "the best album" of his entire career. Luckily, you lot agreed, voting *Sensory Overdrive* Album Of The Year.



"That's amazing. I thank you, *Classic Rock!* I hardly ever win awards, so this is mind-blowing. *Sensory Overdrive* is a very important album for me, because it's how I got back into my solo career. Hopefully it

will rejuvenate things. And also, I guess the great response gives hope for authentic rock'n'roll. It's good to see that people still appreciate this stuff. Apparently, rock'n'roll is not dead.

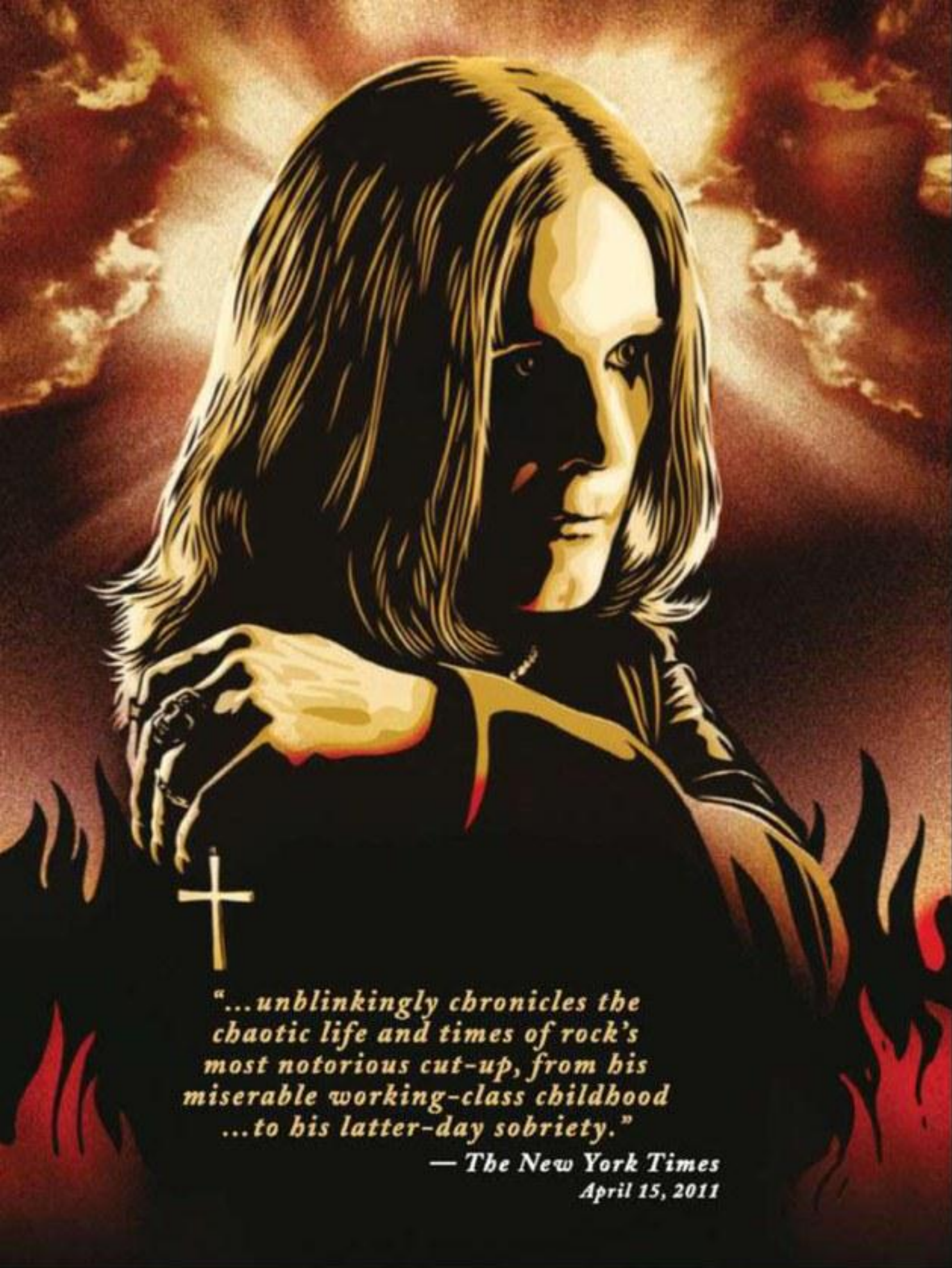
"I'm feeling very lucky at the moment. It's taken a lot of hard work – and it always did – but maybe for once in my life I'm in the right place at the right time. People say you have to suffer to make good art, but I think I've suffered enough to last a lifetime. They say that all these trials and tribulations build character, but I had enough character already. Now, I hope I can write good music without the suffering. We had great moments and fun times making *Sensory Overdrive*, and you can hear that on the record.

"I have great memories of working with Ginger. He was nothing like the horror stories I kept hearing. It was the opposite – he calmed me down. Times have changed. It used to be that you'd be waiting for 'the man' to come to the studio. In this case it was more like we were waiting to get to the health food store.

"So thanks to the fans, and God bless you for keeping rock'n'roll alive. *Sensory Overdrive* is one of the best albums, if not the best album, of my whole career. In the past I've done things on my own terms and not compromised and maintained my integrity... and I've suffered the consequences accordingly. But it's nice to look back on my career and see that, even though I'm not a millionaire, I can sleep at night and look in the mirror and know that I stuck to my guns." 

"IT'S NICE THAT I CAN SLEEP AT NIGHT AND LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND KNOW THAT I STUCK TO MY GUNS."





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April 15, 2011

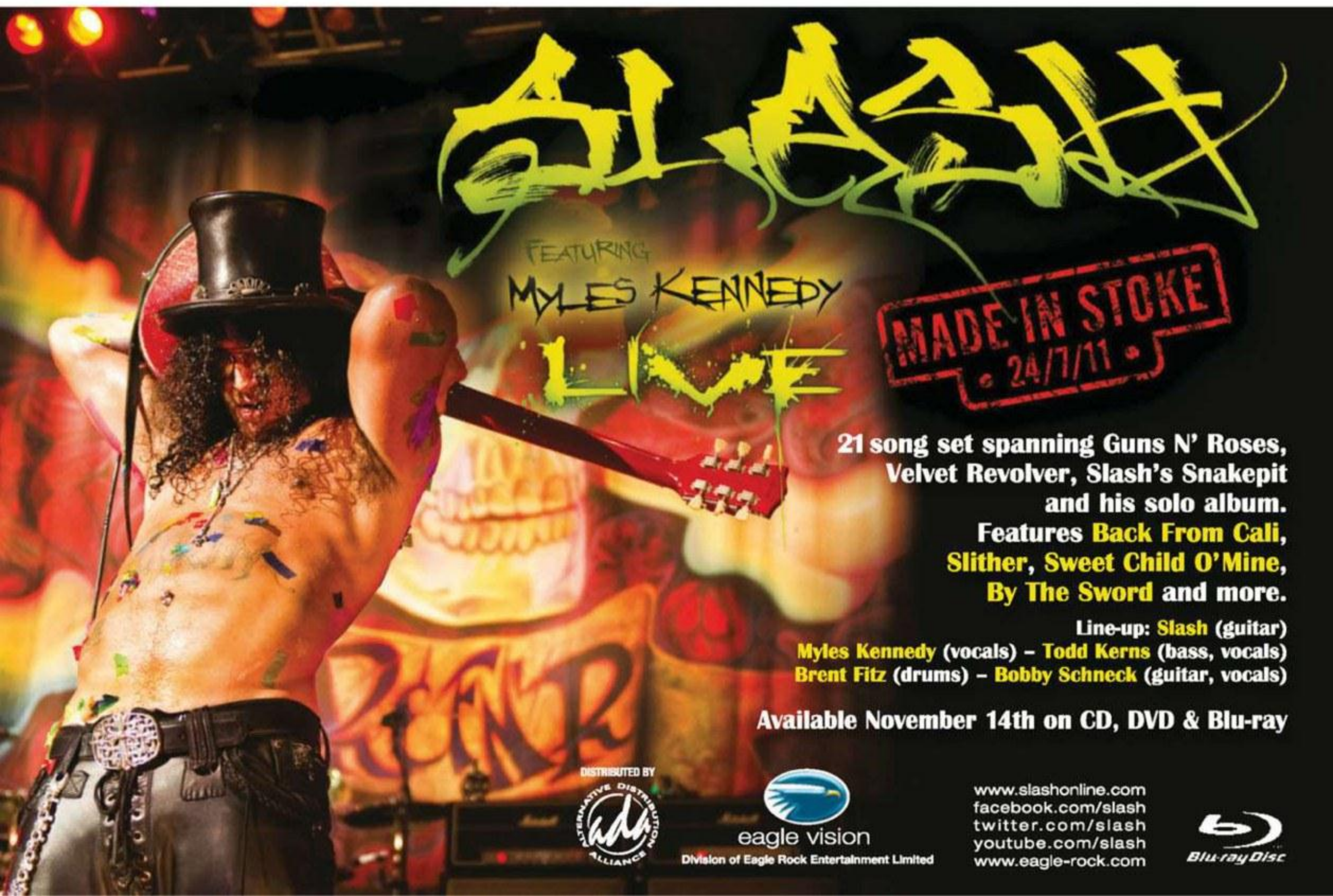
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SCORPIONS

DESPITE LAST YEAR'S ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THEY WOULD BE CALLING IT A DAY, THE GERMAN METAL STALWARTS ARE BUSIER THAN EVER.

Words: **Pete Makowski**
Portrait: **Ross Halfin**

The recipients of this year's Metal Guru award are nothing if not determined. Their four-decade career has taken them from underground psych-rock merchants to international superstars. Of course, they've had their fair share of rock'n'roll tribulations on the way, including the loss of key members Michael Schenker and Uli Jon Roth, a split with producer/mentor Dieter Dierks and the near-fatal arrival of grunge, but Scorpions are nothing if not survivors. "Not bad for a bunch of old guys, ja?" laughs singer Klaus Meine, as *Classic Rock* catches up with him and guitarist Rudolf Schenker in Hamburg before the next leg of their retirement tour.

Congratulations on winning the Metal Guru award. What are you up to at the moment?

Klaus Meine: Right now, we're busy working in the studio on a project that is a bit like retromania; doing some Scorpions classics and songs that inspired us back in the 60s when we started out — songs like *Tin Soldier* by The Small Faces, *All Day And All Of The Night* from The Kinks. Bands like The Kinks, The Beatles and the Stones were a huge inspiration when we started out.

What's it like re-recording your old material?

Klaus Meine: The most exciting thing is that we're getting a chance to record them with an up-to-date sound. There also might be some different arrangements. Just for example, *Still Loving You* was such a huge hit in France that we are working on a version featuring a duet with a French artist.

What was the first record that sent a shiver down your spine?

KM: I had a cool cousin, Vera, who turned me on to Little Richard and Elvis. It gave me a kick listening to Little Richard, all the screaming. It was like a revolution. Up until then, all they played on radio in post-war Germany was happy pop. They called it 'schlager' music. It was made for our parents' generation who were rebuilding the country. Everybody was happy that they survived World War II and were able to build up the country and live a normal life in peace. Schlager [hit] music reflected that decade. There was no rebellion. When rock'n'roll appeared there was rebellion in the air. We had longer hair and a look. We wanted a clear separation from our parents; it was impossible to listen to the music they were listening to. When

the Stones did their first shows in Germany it was chaos. Concert halls were destroyed. It was a wonderful moment in time.

Was it the same for you, Rudolf?

Rudolf Schenker: Absolutely. I hated the schlager music. It was terrible. When I discovered Elvis and Little Richard it gave my life a focus. I got a guitar from my parents on my sixteenth birthday. My father gave me this instead of a motorbike because he didn't want me to kill myself. At the same time, I was playing soccer, and I found that learning to play the guitar wasn't as easy as playing soccer. So I put the guitar down for a while. Then I went to a holiday camp and met some other guys who told me about a band playing in Hamburg at a place called the Star Club. It was The Beatles. When I started listening to them and the Rolling Stones I said: "Yes! Now I have to start to play music." I grabbed my guitar and immediately started writing songs.

You've said that to be German just after World War II was nothing to be proud of.

KM: We were not proud of our country, its history or our background. Music gave us a chance to slip away from our war-shattered background. We wanted to place ourselves in a more

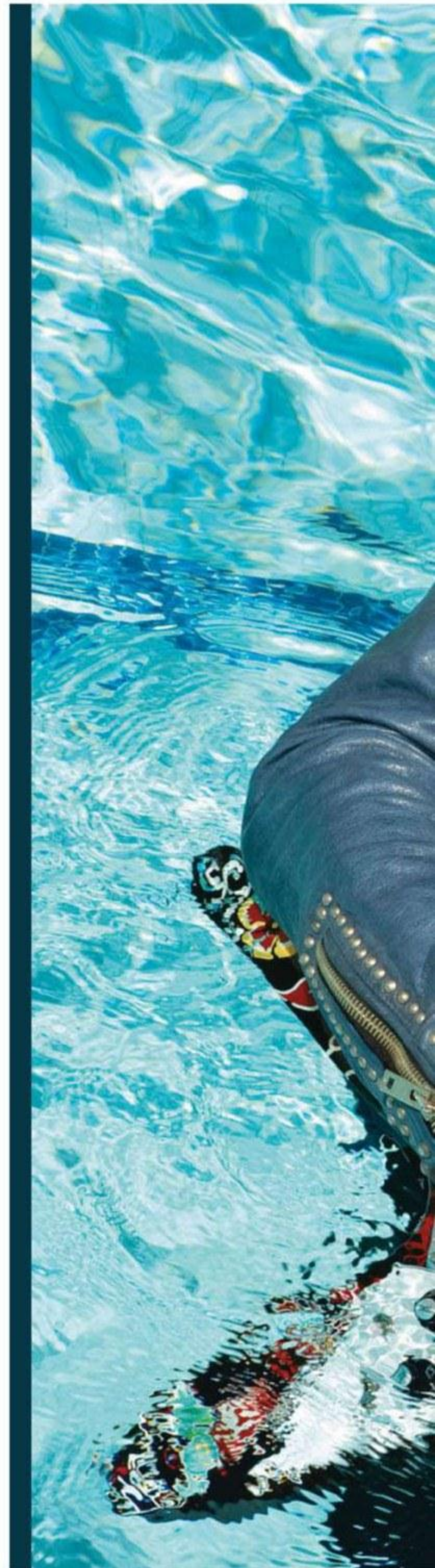
comfortable international surrounding. We wanted to be The Beatles, the Stones, and The Who. And at that time the only way to be a band was to have screaming guitars and English lyrics.

RS: The hardest thing was when I had to join the army. It was compulsory in those days. I turned up with a plastic bag with a toothbrush because I knew I wasn't going to stay. I was uncontrollable and ➔

"WE PLAN TO GO OUT WHILE THIS IS STILL A ROCK'N'ROLL HURRICANE, BEFORE IT GETS DOWNGRADED TO A TROPICAL STORM."

Klaus Meine

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Rudy Schenker busting his signature Flying V stance.



Klaus Meine: voice of the Scors.



know what Conny was smoking to come up with that idea, because it doesn't go together with our music at all.

Your 1976 album, *Virgin Killer*, caused controversy recently, when its entry was blocked out on Wikipedia due to its controversial sleeve.

KM: It's bizarre that this artwork has such an effect after so many decades. It was done as a provocation at the time, of course. It was definitely not an album that you went to present to your folks back home. But at the same time it couldn't be further away from a pornographic image, from our artistic point of view. When you look at Led Zeppelin's *Houses Of The Holy* or Blind Faith's first album, it was not so much out of the picture at the time. But now with the internet and porn sites, it's a more delicate situation and it doesn't feel good. It never felt good really. Uli Roth wrote the song and it's about growing up. The real 'Virgin Killer' is time and what's happening in the world around us.

Dieter Dierks was an integral part of your success, producing every album

between 1975 to 1988. Was splitting from him a mistake?

KM: We're not glad we did, but at the end of the 80s it was important for us to leave and get a whole new experience working with different producers in different studios. There was a moment of hard feeling both ways, but then about seven years ago we went to Dieter's studio and recorded some songs and it was like back in the old days.

RS: Dieter gave us a great sound and we also pushed him. But one thing that was a disaster was that he signed us and had control over everything, and in the long term it was very unhealthy. His contracts were unfair and we had to fight him. This meant that after *Worldwide Live* we had to take a break, and this took the

momentum from success in the States. On *Savage Amusement*, Dieter made the mistake of competing with Mutt Lange. The songs are great but the production is cold and digital. It doesn't have the magic of *Lovedrive*, *Blackout* and *Love At First Sting*. ♦♦

they had to let me go before I did something crazy and killed myself. In those days, Germans were still stuck in this Adolf Hitler way of thinking: you mustn't moan, you have to be happy, you have to be this and that. I said: "I don't have to. I want to do my own thing." The good thing is that my father had the same philosophy. When he was in the army during the war and found out about Hitler's philosophy and what he was up to, my father said: "No, I don't want to kill people".

When you were starting out, was the prospect of worldwide success a pipe dream?

KM: We wanted to take our music everywhere, but at the time many people were laughing at us. But

Rudolph had the vision and he said one day the Scorpions would be in the top 30 hard rock bands in the world.

RS: I said that in an interview I did with a German magazine in 1971. It was very clear to me. I met a guy from RCA America at the time and told him we could be big in America. He said: "Sell some more records and then maybe we'll talk about the tour". I knew we could make it in the States. I remember in 1976 Michael [Schenker, younger brother and former Scorpions guitarist] called me and said: "Rudolf, you guys have to come to America. There is a band here called Van Halen playing around LA and they are playing your songs."

Is it true that your first producer, Conny Plank, had some outrageous plans for the band, including changing your name to Stalingrad?

KM: You're right. When you think about it, it would have been a cool name today, in the Rammstein era. But back then we were way too close to World War II and it would have been no option for us at all. Conny took it even further. He wanted us to go on stage in Nazi uniforms. I don't



"MUSIC GAVE US A CHANCE TO SLIP AWAY FROM OUR WAR-SHATTERED BACKGROUND."

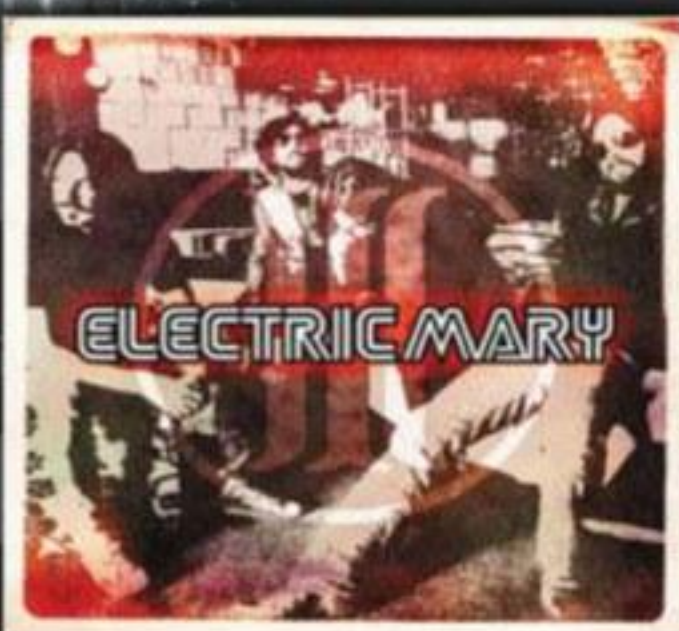
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Schenker (left) and Matthias Jabs: "We feel sorry for all the ones who left".

Your Eye II Eye album, in 1999, seemed like a knee jerk reaction to the radical changes music was going through in the 90s.

RS: When we did *Eye II Eye*, we made the same mistake as U2. We had new technology where you could sit in your toilet with some samples and make your own music. My brother said in an interview with a Japanese magazine: 'Rudy is making dance music now'. But when we were making *Eye II Eye* I said to [producer] Peter Wolf that I was a hundred per cent confident that classic rock music would come back when the grunge and alternative people learn to play their guitars and turn into rock bands. It was the same with punk.

Aside from you two, the Scorps have had 15 different members. Why do so many people come and go?

RS: First of all I've never had to fire a person – they always left themselves.

KM: I think the ones who left all had their reasons at the time, but they made a huge mistake. One example is a drummer, Joe Wieman, who joined in

1977. He was on honeymoon in Germany and heard on the radio that the Scorpions were looking for a drummer, came for an audition, and he was the one. A few months later he was driving our transporter with all the equipment and had a big accident. Some of us almost got killed. His wife said: "I've had enough. I want to go back to sunny Florida." Years and years later, we played Miami and Joe came to see us with his grown-up kids. His son said: "Dad, why did you leave this cool band?" So, wrong decisions. As for Rudolph, Matthias [Jabs, long-time guitarist] and myself, I think it's a great team, a great chemistry. It's just what friends are for, I guess. We feel sorry for all the ones who left.

You announced your forthcoming retirement last year. When did it sink in you were calling it a day?

KM: I think it was when we were in the studio at

the very end of working on *Sting In The Tail*. We were listening back to the songs and our manager said: "This is probably the best album you have done in the last 20 years and your music is back in sync with the zeitgeist. Classic rock is happening again."

Music goes in cycles, and we've always believed that, even in the late 90s, when we almost came close to calling it quits. All the record companies were only interested in signing new bands and we were the old farts from the past. We realised we had to wait until the music came back into style with a whole new generation, and it did!

You've made your best album in 20 years and your shows are selling out worldwide, yet you're retiring. Was there any point you thought maybe calling it a day was a mistake?

RS: You have to think of the moment. You don't know what's going to happen in two years. We can still jump, we can still run. We can still deliver. When we played in America, reviewers were saying, why do the Scorpions look so good compared to our bands. It's because their bands took too many drugs. But it only works if we can deliver 150 per cent. If we can't do that, then we feel that we are cheating. We don't want audiences saying: "Why are they still doing this? I saw them a few years ago and they used to be great!"

KM: When we made the announcement, we knew that we would be on the road promoting *Sting...* for two or three years. That's what we've done with every album. So when people come up to me and say: "Klaus, how do you feel now that you are retired?" I say: "What? We're still on the road." But we're serious about the retirement, because we are back in sync and at the top again after all these years. We plan to go out while this is still a

rock'n'roll hurricane, before it gets downgraded to a tropical storm.

When will the last show be?

KM: We don't know. All of us have the end of 2012 in mind, but you never know. There could be another show in the spring of 2013. The only thing missing for us now is success in the UK. Of course, we plan to come over in the next 12 months. We had so many fans writing to our website saying: "You cannot do a farewell tour without playing in the UK".

RS: We're always asking our manager to work on it. If he is happy with the money and we can fit the dates, then

next year we'll play some shows in England.

What do you plan to do after you've retired?

KM: I cannot imagine life without music. I cannot imagine being seen on a golf course in the near future. Once we close the book of Scorpions there will be a new page in the book of life. I'm sure sooner or later there will be a phone call from Rudolph, and whatever project he is doing he may say: 'Klaus, I need a singer', and I will give it a try.

You could do a 'schlager' album!

KM: [laughing] No way! ☺

"I WAS 100 PER CENT CONFIDENT THAT CLASSIC ROCK MUSIC WOULD COME BACK."

Rudolf Schenker

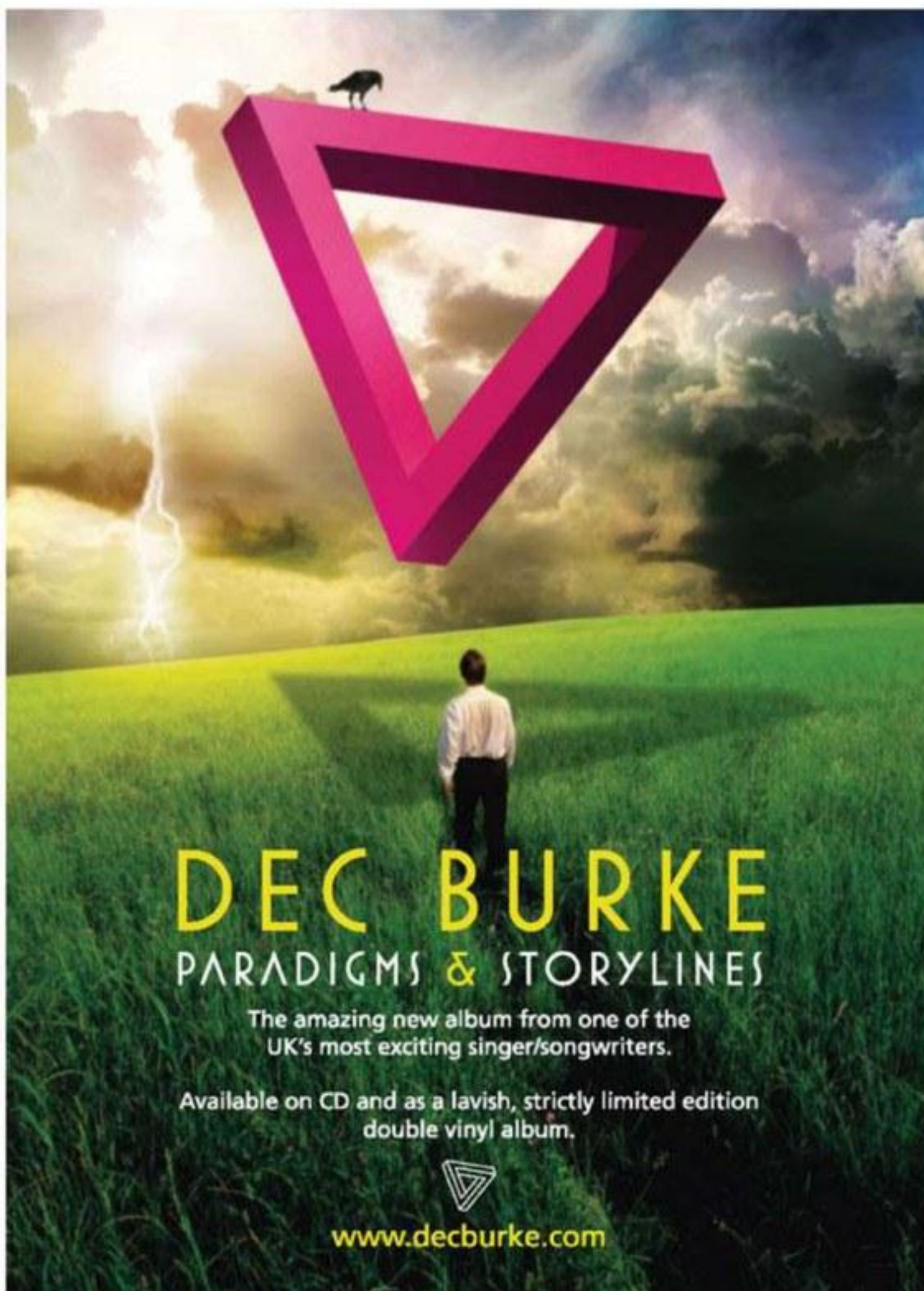
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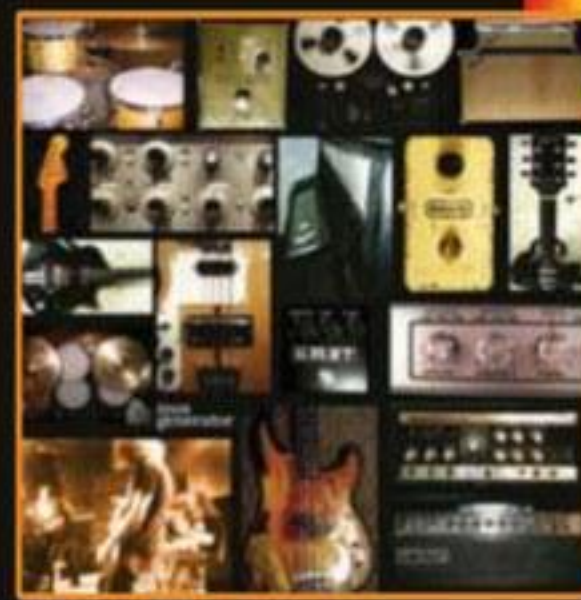
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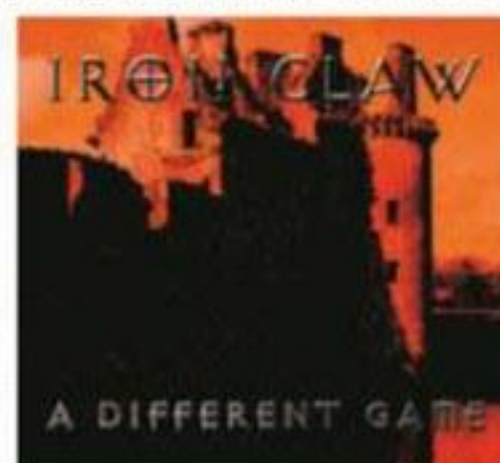


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THE HARD STUFF ALBUMS

Tom Waits: an album to get drunk to.

Tom Waits

Bad As Me ANTI

Seventeenth album from the legendary rock'n'roll tramp.



It's nearly 30 years since his album *Swordfishtrombones*, when Tom Waits took a complete career turn and went from romantic, late-night crooner – admittedly of the unshaven, disheveled, ashtray-haired, sleeping-in-a-car variety – to experimental growler and started sounding as if he regularly gargled bitumen. Over the years his sound has developed, and he's found ragged harmony and humour amid barren and sometimes chaotic blues and jazz arrangements. There are Marmite artists that audiences either love or hate, but few major artists can divide opinion as instantly as Waits can. You either get it, or you don't.

Although Waits is no longer pushing the boundaries, on *Bad As Me* he has managed to combine the carnival-esque din (*Raised Right Men*) that has marked much of his 80s and 90s catalogue with the nostalgic, bar-fly waltzes that made his name (*Pay Me, Put Me Back In The Crowd*) and released one of his most satisfying albums in years. Lyrically, Waits's advancing mortality is a prominent feature. He didn't wait until he was in his 60s to croon about the spectre of death, but here it feels more personal – the restrained and beautiful *Last Leaf* finds him fighting off the

demons, claiming 'I'm the last leaf on the tree, the autumn took the rest but they won't take me'. Not that he's gone completely soft; the junkyard poet laureate is still coming up with the kind of dark humour only Nick Cave can come close to – 'When I'm gone,' he growls on *Satisfied*, amid the kind of mighty blues riffing the Black Keys would sell their souls for, 'roll my vertebrae out like dice, let my skull be a home for the mice.'

Among the musicians, guitarist Marc Ribot and demon keyboard player Augie Meyers are standouts, while Keith Richards adds ragged flair, and also gets name-checked in *Satisfied*, Waits's aforementioned answer to the Rolling Stones' *Satisfaction* in which our man finds ultimate satisfaction in the grave.

The album closes with a rendition of *Auld Lang Syne* at the end of *New Year's Eve*, a song that sounds like an entire lifetime of joy and regret filtered into four-and-a-half minutes. It is a moment that could destroy everything and paint the whole record as sentimental, but in Waits's hands it's poignant and heartfelt and beautiful.

In short, *Bad As Me* is an album you can't wait to get drunk to.

★★★★★

Johnny Dee

Kate Bush

50 Words For Snow FISH

PEOPLE

Britpop's evergreen faerie queen lets England flake.

Typical: you wait years for a new Kate Bush album, then two come along at once. Revitalised by her archive makeover project *Director's Cut*, the 53-year-old art-rock icon returns with this expansive and confident wintry symphony. Bush's last original album, *Aerial* in 2005, was rapturously received but leaned dangerously far into overly polished, Peter Gabriel-style ambi-rock maturity. Thankfully, *50 Words For Snow* is a more supple and experimental affair, with a contemporary chamber-pop sound grounded in crisp piano, minimal percussion and light-touch electronics.

Of course, old-school Bush fans expecting a return to hook-heavy witch-pop sensuality will be disappointed. These compositions, none below seven minutes long, unravel into billowing jazz-rock soundscapes interwoven with fragmentary narratives delivered in a range of voices, from shrill trilling to Laurie Anderson-style cooing.

Elton John duets warmly on *Snowed In At Wheeler Street*, a soulful fairy tale of New York, while Stephen Fry shares the title track, a whimsical Floydian folly and arguably the only failed experiment here. Most strikingly, instead of revisiting her 1970s prog-pop roots, Bush seems to tap a 21st century vein of pastoral Englishness that chimes with recent avant-folk excursions by Polly Harvey and Radiohead. The snow queen of Albion's *Electric Eden* is back to reclaim her throne.

★★★★★

Stephen Dalton

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Time Machine 2011 – Live In Cleveland ROADRUNNER

All Rush's world really is, it seems, a stage.

When rock'n'roll judgement day arrives, Rush's enduring dedication to the live album alone should enshrine them in that celestial afterlife. Their first, *All The World's A Stage*, came in 1976; *Time Machine 2011 – Live In Cleveland* [let's spare them the 'hello' jokes] is their ninth. It is a noble if anachronistic tradition, and in their hands the double-live record retains much of its original magic. There may be cavils about the setlist, at least in the first half of a show which might have benefited from some

meaty sci-fi era intensity, but there can be none over the length. Over 26 songs, including, gloriously, all of an artfully-updated *Moving Pictures*, Rush offer something for everyone.

They have made their accommodations with age – Lee has developed a mellifluous vocal waft where once lay yelps – but their fire and their humour are fiercely present, and the years lend poignancy, especially here to *Time Stand Still*. Of note to Rush-heads will be two new songs, *BU2B* and *Caravan*, both pleasingly retro bruisers.

★★★★★

Jon Hotten

The Bloody Hollies

Yours Until The Bitter End

ALIVE NATURAL SOUND

Weird and wonderful blues and punk collision.

Dirty, grimy and more than just a little twisted The Bloody Hollies sit somewhere between guttural 60s garage punk violence and soulful swampy blues, their explosive sound honed over a decade of musical progression. The likes of *Dirty Sex*, *Dress To Kill* and *Leave That Woman Alone* finds vocalist/guitarist Wesley Doyle teetering on the edge of mania, his bruised and feral howl perfectly complementing the raucous stabs of slide guitar and swirling Hammond organ.

What really shines through the ear-bleeding aggression is the intelligent versatility of the band's sound, with a smattering of unexpected instruments deployed strategically to catch you off guard, not least a hair-raising violin solo during *Good Night, Sleep Tight*. And just to round off the eclectic approach, album closer *John Wayne Brown* is a finely wrought and understated acoustic blues and American folk shuffle. Clever, bold and impetuous stuff.

★★★★★

Essi Berelian

Canned Heat

Live At Montreaux 1973

EAGLE

The glory of the blues-base.

Recorded live as the latest and greatest incarnation of West Coast blues jam band Canned Heat was falling apart, this is nevertheless a very good listen. No greatest hits apart from *On The Road Again*, which opens the set, there's some material drawn from 1973 album *New Age* and a few future classics like *Let's Work Together*, a topical slow

blues *Please Mr Nixon* and an incendiary long-form jam *Shake'n'Boogie*. Some of the songs feature Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown: the band had hooked up with the blues legend while on their European tour and recorded an album released as *Gates On The Heat*. Canned Heat were always better live than in the studio, and this is a particularly special recording.



Tommy Udo

Kory Clarke

Opium Hotel II CARGO/LIVEWIRE

Warrior Soul motormouth goes it alone.



Kory Clarke isn't so much rock's nearly man as its nowhere near-ly man.

But despite spending the last 20 years snatching a succession of defeats from the jaws of victory, his reduced circumstances stand in inverse proportion to his artistic achievements.

The singer's gloriously messy second solo album finds him parking the art-metal rabble-rousing of *Warrior Soul* for an opiate-fuelled approach that's one part William Burroughs, one part Jim Morrison and one part crazy homeless man ranting in the middle of the street. Clarke leaps between lo-fi rants (*America's New Cunt*), blissful psychedelia (*Painting Space Ships*) and moments of genuinely

addled psychosis (*I Am Your Pilot*, in which Clarke sounds so strung out you can almost hear his pupils dilating). It is, by turns, bolshy, brave, baffling and occasionally brilliant. Of course it'll sell less than nothing, but then why change the habit of a lifetime?



Dave Everley

Bush

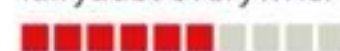
The Sea Of Memories EARMUSIC

Rossdale's rascals return. Sorta. Ten years after their last album, *Golden State*, Bush are back – except that they're not. Gavin Rossdale and drummer Robin Goodridge are the only original members present here, guitarist Nigel Pulsford and bassist Dave Parsons missing in action.

The reunion may be viewed as a cynical attempt to exploit the name, but this feels like more of a Bush album than *Golden State* – at least for the first 20 minutes. The album pointedly starts with an exchange of fire between Rossdale and Goodridge before the spiky guitar and familiar tumbling drums gradually bring the hazy lyrics of *The Mirror Of The Signs* into focus. *The Sound Of Winter* builds on that – solid, brooding but still agile – while *All My Life* is positively swaggering despite, or maybe because of the sense that the riff has hidden echoes of *Feel Like Making Love*.

It's only when the soaring chorus of *The Afterlife* glistens a little too brightly that the

album's mainstream pretensions start to show. Producer Bob Rock would have done better to liven up Rossdale's clichéd lyrics and rescue the last three lacklustre tracks than spend so much time sprinkling airplay fairydust everywhere.



Hugh Fielder

White Wizzard

Flying Tigers EARACHE

Classic metal upstarts return with proggy ambitions.



You have to admire Jon Leon's single-minded vision because *Flying Tigers* appears to be virtually all down to him – excepting Wyatt Anderson's awesome lung power and Giovanni Durst's battering performance behind the kit. Leon wrote the entire thing and plays everything else – including the bouzouki – on this follow-up to debut *Over the Top*.

Leon's devotion to the path of true metal is plain for all to hear and the result is engrossing and ambitious, with the first half of the album a selection of fist-banging anthems and the second half – *Starman's Son* – an overblown conceptual melodrama about aliens and the evolution of mankind. Musically, the NWOBHM influences are all pleasant and correct, with Leon's inventive riffing bolstered by his uncannily accurate

Maidenesque bass gallop. It's all so fantastically energetic you'll probably break into a devil-horn-throwing sweat just listening to it in the car on the way to Tesco.



Essi Berelian

The Cubical

It Ain't Human

HALFPENNY

Licking their own decals off. Making the cast of *Shameless* look like clichéd cardboard cut-outs, this rag-tag Scouse quintet lure you into their dingy squat with the promise of some scuzzy blues and a singer who invokes the spirit of Howlin' Wolf and Captain Beefheart.

It's definitely worth hanging around for a couple of cans, tapping your feet to the opening *Dirty Shame*, a bedsit version of *Brown Sugar* with a home-brewed brass section loitering noisily on the landing. Before long the lyrics start to exert their own intrigue. *Are We Just Lovers* laments how shagging always seems to get in the way of friendship. *An Ode To Franz Biberkopf*, inspired by the fictional small-time crook from the pages of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, a 20s German novel, has you wondering who these scruffy bluesers really are.

By the time you get to *Three Drop Jameson Mechanism*, about a 1918 textbook on the principles of mechanism, you're wondering if someone's spiked your Special Brew, and stagger out to the

New Orleans jazz mayhem of *The Myth Of Willie McGrath*. But you'll be back.



Hugh Fielder

Reckless Love

Animal Attraction SPINEFARM

Scandinavian nouveau cock rockers fail to keep it up.



Finland's Reckless Love are on a mission to recreate the Sunset Strip in

Downtown Helsinki. Like Steel Panther minus the knob gags, their second album is a gleefully dumb throwback to sleazier times, when men dressed like blind Italian hookers and the hole in the ozone layer was a glimmer in CC DeVille's eye.

Animal Attraction charges out of the cage like a randy panther. The towering title track is Def Leppard on *Viagra*, *Speedin'* comes on like Van Halen on a diet of free-range mooseburgers, while supremely cheesy club-banger *Hot* straddles that fine line between high end Camembert and Kraft Single. So far, so frothy.

But then they go and screw it up by misplacing both their tunes and their sense of fun, leaving the likes of *Fight* and *On The Radio* humping lamp posts. The musical equivalent of a 60-second wonder.



Dave Everley

ROUND-UP: PROG



Torman Maxt: gissa Job.

Torman Maxt

The Problem Of Pain: Part Two, Book Of Job

Dead Media Music



Way back in the mists of time (the November 2007 edition of *Classic Rock*, to be precise) we reviewed part one of this ambitious project by Costa Mesa, California-based trio Torman Maxt. Now,

four years later, the sequel finally arrives. As you may have gathered by the title, we're in the midst of a bombastic rock opera based on the tale of Job, who (if you can recall your Sunday School teachings) found himself an unwitting pawn in an almighty God vs. Satan battle.

Don't be put off by the religious angle. This is an outstanding piece of work that makes Rush's *2112* sound like a hit single by Chicory Tip. Like we said first time around,

Torman Maxt's Biblical leanings never get in the way of what is, after all, a rattling good yarn. You'll be astonished by the quality of musicianship on display, and how jolting power chords can co-exist happily alongside lilting melodies. Somehow even clunky lyrics such as, 'All of those who cultivate iniquity/Will also reap the same' are perfectly acceptable. Songs of praise never sounded so good.



Nitewalk

Darker Shades Of Gray

Youngblood Music



We're not often baffled here at the Prog column, but Germany's Nitewalk stumped us with this press-release claim: 'The brought spectrum of miscellaneous sounds and the mix of styles paint a colourful scenery of Noncept-Prog.' Huh?! It's actually like Maiden playing Frank Zappa: operatic Bruce vox mixed with a multitude of misshapen musical turns.



Legend

Cardinal Points

NoFish



Originally founded in Runcorn in 1988, Legend were one of the first bands to pit operatic female vocals against a hard rock template. Much as they'd like to be regarded as a Cheshire version of Nightwish, they're actually more akin to an Anglophile Jefferson Airplane. Or possibly Jethro Tull with a female singer. There are even hints of Blood Ceremony. Good stuff.



By Geoff Barton

From.Uz

Quartus Artifacts

10t



The clue is in the name. Yes indeed, From.Uz are truly 'from Uzbekistan'. This beautifully packaged 2CD/1DVD set comes in a fold-out sleeve and features newly recorded songs from all three of the band's previous releases. Prog with an Eastern European bent, the sound is gentle and understated, but somehow also retains the intensity of the original material.



Various

Do Not Adjust Your Set

Fruits de Mer



We keep extolling the virtues of the Fruits de Mer label, and it doesn't look like we're going to stop any time soon. This genius EP has re-recordings of classic 60s and 70s TV themes, among them *Fireball XLS*, *White Horses* and *Ace Of Wands*. The highlight? A pulsing, robotic, Kraftwerk-style rendition of *Robinson Crusoe* by the delightfully named Frobisher Neck.



The Misfits: the reality is way stranger than the fiction.



Misfits

The Devil's Rain MEGAFORCE

US schlock-rock vets prove that the devil doesn't always have the best tunes.



They've got a hell of a history, these boys. The Misfits' 34-year, stop-go saga has been long on drama. All was banging along smoothly until Glenn Danzig decided to wrap up the band and go solo in 1983, much to the dismay of fellow co-founder Jerry Only. Cue protracted legal wrangles over rights and royalties, on-stage walkouts, and some key shifts of allegiance (even Only's brother, one-time Misfits guitarist Doyle Wolfgang von Frankenstein, was off touring with Danzig at one point). That the Misfits are still around at all is a minor miracle in itself.

All this cat-scratching has tended to dilute the curious power of the Misfits' legacy. They were a band forged in the white heat of No Wave New York, juicing up the spirit of '77 with the trashy spirit of 50s horror and roaring out as a punk-metal hybrid. Sly hooks and B-movie thrills have long been the Misfits' central motifs, with a reach to make other bands go green. Five tribute albums and covers by everyone from Guns N' Roses and Metallica to the Lemonheads and Cradle Of Filth are tangible proof.

All of which makes *The Devil's Rain* – their first album of original material for 12 years, and from a new, Jerry Only-fronted line-up – feel like a missed opportunity. The time was surely ripe

to either: (a) reinvent the band completely, (b) send themselves up in a spectacular blast of hell-in-a-handcart irony, or (c) lay bare the stony truths and struggles of life as the Misfits. Preferably even all three.

Yes, *The Devil's Rain* is loud, lairy and heaving with moshy-monster riffs. But it doesn't really have much to say. And that's not just the lyrics. There are promising titles such as *Ghost Of Frankenstein*, *Jack The Ripper* and *Twilight Of The Dead*, but little in the way of memorable tunes or a brutal melody. And while Only is a decent singer – like a more animated Dave Vanian – he's no Glenn Danzig. Nor, for that matter, is he a Michale Graves, who fronted the Misfits' in the late 90s.

It's not all gloom, though. *Cold In Hell* is raw and punchy, as is *Sleepwalkin'*, with its fiendishly evil guitar line and full-lunged yelp. And the 50s-style pastiche *Where Do They Go* delivers both thrills and chills as it essays the tale of a real-life murder in Juarez, complete with hand-claps and female backing vocals. By the time the genuinely great *Death Ray* ties things up, though, it feels like too little too late.

The Misfits of 2011 sound like a band whose fantasy life holds far less fascination than their real one.



Rob Hughes

The Fall

Ersatz G.B. CHERRY RED

Their first album for Cherry Red, their 29th in total.

There have been times in the Fall's wayward career when it felt like they were going to stall finally; one too many punch-ups, no longer any need for them to plough on. All that seems like years ago. In 2011 they feel stronger than ever, with decades left in them. Every time they return to the well, it seems fuller.

It helps that the current line-up is so strong, with Elena Poulou on keyboards contributing wiry, electronic zig-zags on, for example, *Cosmos 7*. She even chimes in with a deadpan vocal on *Happi Song*, with Mark E Smith providing eerie harmonies in the middle distance. The rest of the group offset the avant-garde tendencies with neo-rockabilly 18-wheeler clatter, while Smith's vocals are increasingly treated and filtered.

The beef at the heart of *Ersatz G.B.* is typical Smithian disaffection with This England in which 'everything that you get sort of disintegrates in your hands'. He's increasingly cryptic, using multiple voices, such as the growl on the bizarre dream sequence – possibly involving Richer Sounds on *Greenway*, or *Laptop Dog* – his caustic take on the matrix of modern life. 'I've seen them come', he declaims. He'll see them go, too.



David Stubbs

John Wesley

The Lilypad Suite MADFISH

Tasty fruit from the Porcupine Tree.

With a CV that's weighted towards his work with Fish, Marillion and Porcupine Tree, it's easy to pigeonhole guitarist John Wesley. That this album is about "the struggle of a young girl to come to terms with the absence of her father" doesn't exactly set the pulse racing in anticipation, either.

However, *The Lilypad Suite* is surprisingly engaging, not least because Wesley's CV doesn't even hint at his versatile playing, and his ability to build walls of varied guitar sounds that can be soothing or spine-chilling depending on the mood. He hasn't got his head stuck up his own effects pedal, either; all his guitar sounds are carefully tailored to the needs of the song. And can sing, having a low, rhythmic style that keeps you listening and keeps the songs

flowing. In fact there's scarcely time to get introspective, let alone depressed.



Hugh Fielder

Left Lane Cruiser

Junkyard Speed Ball ALIVE

High on clatter, low on classics. Us Brits love a bit of dungaree-clad, trucker-capped, redneck authenticity. But while *Left Lane Cruiser* will probably charm the music press, the Indiana blues-rock duo sound short on ideas.

This is the band's fourth album, which seems quite a feat of milking, given that by the midpoint of *Junkyard Speed Ball* you'll be checking it's not just repeating Track 1. Momentarily, they fool you with an admittedly killer sound, as highlights like *Lost My Mind* clatter by with catarrh vocals, wasp-in-a-box guitars and a relentless percussive thud like a roadhouse barfly panelling the head of a lost tourist, but the limitations of the two-man format are quickly revealed and three-chord slide-blues racket abounds.

"We sound incredible to drunk people," Evans said recently. That's probably true. But we're sober and they're boring.



Henry Yates

Venom

Fallen Angels SPINEFARM

Demonic predictability.

Venom's *Welcome To Hell* and *Black Metal* albums spawned almost every variant of extreme metal that at least some of us know and love today. There's a case for tracking all of the new progressive metal back to *At War With Satan*, an album generally regarded as a failure but one in serious need of reappraisal. Without them, no *Reign In Blood*, no *Ride The Lightning*, no black metal, no thrash. Yes, we owe it all to Venom, and each night we ought to sacrifice a black cockerel to them.

Unfortunately none of the many reunions or new line-ups of Venom have ever equalled the madness and ferocity of those first albums. Now the Cronos-led trio have signed with Finnish metal imprint Spinefarm and recorded their 13th album after extensive touring. It's good, but certainly not an album that will spawn genres and inspire future superstars. It's heavy, funny and has some good songs, such as *Hammerhead*, the title track and the pulverising *Punk's Not Dead*, but in truth it's really a bit

characterless. It doesn't disgrace or demean their classic work but it hardly adds to it either. You feel like a twat for expecting anything more.



Tommy Udo

Peter Hammill

PNO GTR VOX Live Performances FIEI

Van Der Graaf Generator mainman live and alone. Peter Hammill is one of the few prog rock legends whose credibility copybook is still unmarked. His solo work has always been constructed around intense contrasts: between spine-tingling hush and tooth-rattling clangour; between breathtaking fragility and howling horror. On this lengthy double album – divided equally and precisely between those songs played on piano and those on guitar – that contrast is rendered with bright vivacity, as that sonorous but often startling voice inveigles its way into your head, spraying pathos and poignancy in every direction. The great diversity of Hammill's catalogue is illuminated here too, despite the sparse troubadour context, and everything from early curios such as *The Comet*, *The Course*, *The Tail* through to recent gems like *The Mercy* and *Stumbled* revels in the shimmering sonic space generated by the quiet power and charisma of this

resolutely humble master of the shared inner dialogue.

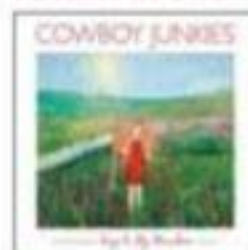


Dom Lawson

Cowboy Junkies

Sing In My Meadow – The Nomad Series Vol 3 PROPER

Canadian Timmins siblings return in blistering form.



Many people remember the Cowboy Junkies best for 1988s *The Trinity Session*, its darkly elegant and thoughtful guitar musings casting a welcome shadow over the end of the decade. They've continued to record since then without maintaining the high profile they briefly enjoyed at the beginning of their career.

However, on the evidence of this – the third in what will eventually be a tetralogy of new material – like gravy they've browned, seasoned and thickened with age, weathered and creased very well. What's more, with the addition of multi-instrumentalist Jeff Bird they're a great deal more kick-ass, drawing inspiration from Miles Davis circa 1970, Beefheart and early Birthday Party, to cook up a raucous, introverted stew, "overdriven and thick with electricity", as Michael Timmins puts it.

This is exemplified immediately on the blackened, funk fury of *Continental Drift* and

the self-descriptive *It's Heavy Down Here*, on which Margo Timmins's vocals are assailed from all sides by instrumental noise. *Sing In My Meadow* features some mean dredgings of slide guitar, with the pace only letting up marginally on *I Move On* for clarity's sake.

If it's years, decades even, since you last heard the Junkies, get yourself a fix of this.



David Stubbs

Hank3

Ghost To Ghost/Gutter Town/Attention Deficit/Cattle Calling HANKA/MEGAFORCE

Hellbilly heaven.



His granddaddy was Hank Williams, who influenced everyone from Bob Dylan to Jerry Lee Lewis. His pop was Hank Jr, a messed-up child imitator of Hank Snr, now a pathetically venomous Tea Party Republican. Shelton Hank Williams III, known simply as Hank3, is a cult, an institution, a constant embarrassment to the Nashville establishment, and a joy to his uniquely strange following because, with Hank3, you can only expect the unexpected as he tracks his convoluted orbit around punk, neo-traditional country, and his own, wholly original, slow, stomp-metal hellbilly.

In this instance the unexpected

is the simultaneous release of four CDs in a deal cut with Megaforce Records after seven frustrating years of Hank's recording career being blocked by Mike Curb of Curb Records. With the help of guests including Tom Waits, Les Claypool and Hank's dog Trooper (yes, he gets a credit), this four-CD set presents an overwhelming tour de force that wholly confirms the clear choice: you either love Hank3 deeply, or you should leave him well alone.



Mick Farren

Thrice

Major/Minor VAGRANT

Major experimentalism, minor flaws.

California band Thrice have always stood out against their post-hardcore contemporaries thanks to a rich experimental streak that has seen them take such gutsy moves as releasing a four-part, 24-song-cycle double album *The Alchemy Index* based on the elements earth, wind, fire and water. So it comes as no surprise that their seventh album is equally weighty.

They've moved even further from their initial rawness by adding doses of both grungy, *Black Hole Sun*-style psychedelia and clinical, crunching Tool- or Botch-like drive to opener *Yellow Belly*, Dustin Kensrue's ragged, emotional vocals contrasting beautifully. *Major/Minor* is

a spiralling, complex work stuffed with Biblical imagery, especially in the impassioned *Words In The Water* and *Listen Through Me*, which expose Kensrue's religious convictions without ever going too far and beating the less godly of us over the head with a copy of the New Testament. The result is a heavy, dignified and often truly beautiful work that places Thrice ever more defiantly into a category of one.



Emma Johnston

Rick Tedesco

A Light In The Attic NLSS

Nothing to see here.



Rick Tedesco's solo debut doesn't do what it says on the tin. Take a look

at the sleeve and you'll find a bloodied wraith-child lurking in an attic. Peruse the lyrics and you'll rule him out as potential boyfriend material.

Neither of which quite squares with his musical direction: a toothless brand of plod-rock that means a song called *Little Whore* is so benign it could be playlisted by IKEA in-store radio.

Tedesco is not without talent – he does a good Jon Bon Jovi vocal and is a brilliant guitar player – but with songs as flat as the ones here the attic is where this album is headed.



Henry Yates

ROUND-UP: MELODIC ROCK

Michael Eriksen: Magnificent not just in name.



The Magnificent

The Magnificent FRONTIERS



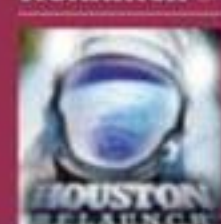
There was a danger that in selecting such an immodest moniker, Michael Eriksen might have shot himself in the foot. In fact the singer of Norwegian group Circus Maximus has come up trumps with a project that co-stars the comically named Torsti Spoof, the producer/guitarist of Finland's Leverage.

With hook-laden, multi-layered songs submitted by members of Brother Firetribe, Leverage, Circus Maximus and Urban Tale, the foundations of something very special were set in place. Though it's been a vintage 12 months for pure AOR, the genre will offer very few better songs than *Holding Onto Your Love*, *Satin & Lace*, *Love's On The Line* or *Angel*, the latter a lighter-waving power ballad to die for. Complemented by dancing keys and guitars that chug and weave, Eriksen's voice is truly amazing, often sounding like a younger version of Joey Tempest. The deal-breaker, should any such thing still be required, is Spoof's crystal-clear production. Don't be surprised if his work here leads to some top-level commissions. Yes, this is magnificent indeed.



Houston

Relaunch SPINEFARM



With myriad guests including Mark Mangold and Laurie Mansworth, who contribute to remakes of songs by their bands Touch and Airrace, this nine-song mini-album, on which Swedes Houston cover material by New England, Michael Bolton and more, is far more than the mere exercise in treading water between albums that one might rightly have expected.



Grand Design

Idolizer AOR HEAVEN



Grand Design want to be Def Leppard so much, you can imagine that it almost hurts them. *Idolizer* is certainly an improvement on the Swedish group's 2009 debut, *Time Elevation*, but where Steel Panther represented a (briefly) amusing pastiche of an entire genre, Grand Design's aping of a single band, for all the undoubted skill of its execution, quickly becomes tiresome.



Soul Seller

Back To Life AVENUE OF ALLIES



These Italians dabbled in different types of rock before being steered in an airwaves-friendly direction by their producer Alessandro Del Vecchio (Shining Line, Lionville, Eden's Curse). The occasional turkey, such as *Message From Planet Venus*, aside, *Back To Life* includes some convincing material, notably *Keep On Moving* and the video song *Wings Of Freedom*.

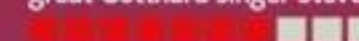


Bonfire

Fireworks... Still Alive LZ



Earlier this year, Bavarian stalwarts Bonfire performed their signature album *Fireworks* at several festivals in continental Europe. This well-recorded live album relives the experience, mixing slickly delivered old favourites such as *Ready 4 Reaction*, *Sweet Obsession* and *Sleeping All Alone* with newer tunes and even a song written in honour of the late, great Gotthard singer Steve Lee.



Magazine:
looking particularly
well-thumbed.



Magazine

No Thysself WIRE-SOUND

Dour, Mancunian post-punks are back in the racks with some tricky new sounds.



They say history really never repeats itself/But it nearly always rhymes', Howard Devoto sings on *Holy Dotage*, and he should know. It's been 30 years since Magazine – the first and best post-punk group – split. They'd released four studio albums (two of which – *Real Life* and *The Correct Use Of Soap* – are brilliant) and fizzled out. Guitarist John McGeoch had already left, to further the careers of Siouxsie And The Banshees and PiL, while bassist Barry Adamson went on to write real and fake movie soundtracks and play with The Bad Seeds.

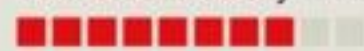
Magazine reformed a couple of years ago, encouraged by a series of comeback gigs and a growing reputation among everyone from Radiohead to Morrissey. Both McGeoch – no longer with us – and Adamson (directing his first film) are absent, leaving original members John Doyle on drums and Dave Formula on keyboards (and isn't Dave Formula the best new wave name ever?). They're joined by Noko from Devoto's later band, Luxuria, and a new bassist called Stan White. And they're very much back.

No Thysself is densely produced and thick with work for the listener. One or two songs echo previous glories and

there is, perhaps unsurprisingly, no son of *Shot By Both Sides*. But it works. From the zippy riffer of *Do The Meaning* to the prickly funk of *Happiness In English*, *No Thysself* is very good. As befits the band most tagged as 'punk prog' at the time, it's full of musical twists and turns. There are waltzes. There are grand synth breaks, funk bass lines and chunky riffs. It's both classic Magazine, and Magazine in 2011.

Best of all, it's a vehicle for rock's most sardonic lyricist. *Other Thematic Material* sees Devoto veer from suburban satire: 'When we have the neighbours round let's try that weird sorbet' to sheer filth: ('Spread your pussy/ Use both hands'). In *Hello Mister Curtis* (With Apologies), he confronts the dead – 'Hello Mister Curtis/ Hello Mister Cobain/ Tell me where the hurt is/ Tell me exactly/ And where is the pain?' – and concludes 'I've made my decision to die like a king/ Like Elvis on some godforsaken toilet'.

As a comeback album, *No Thysself* is top-of-the-range. As an introduction to Magazine it may make your brains explode. And as an actual record made and released in 2011, it repays your attention every time.



David Quantick

Thin Lizzy

High Voltage: Recorded Live – July 23rd 2011

CONCERT LIVE

The festival rebirth of a much-loved legend.



Such is the affection and admiration held by the rock-favouring masses for Thin Lizzy that it's hard to imagine any post-Lynott incarnation of the band experiencing too much in the way of cynicism. But there's something about the current line-up, and the presence of frontman Ricky Warwick in particular, that has elevated them from a straightforward exercise in hearty nostalgia to something approaching a genuine band again. This performance from *High Voltage* was undoubtedly one of the festival's major highlights and this fiery, feisty capturing of that all-too-brief moment in the sun provides ample confirmation that the rapturous response wasn't merely the product of too much cider and sunshine.

Everything from blazing opener *Are You Ready* through to a sweet and strident *Black Rose* sounds just right; as if, in Warwick, the remaining members of the classic Lizzy have finally discovered the answer to how best to keep these extraordinary, much-loved songs alive. In fact, there is so much life in *The Boys Are Back In Town*, *Jailbreak* et al that there is really no resuscitation involved, just love, care and a touch of class. For proggy Victoria Park vibes, John Lees' Barclay James Harvest also gets a release in this collectible series.



Dom Lawson

The Jolts

8% SUDDEN

Canadian punkers reveal hidden depths.



Specialising in relentless, skull-cracking punk rock, the Jolts' turbo-charged assault on 8% is quite something to behold, bristling as it does with influences ranging from Dead Boys to The Damned. Rejoicing in a fistful of daft monikers – Joey Blitzkrieg, Dr Dylan Danger, Joshy Atomic and Matt Von Dander – their one aim is, apparently, to kill through the power of decibels and riffs. It's all here from cartoon Satanism (*The Dabbler*) to grinding sleaze

(*Lips (I Want Your)*). But, and this is the band's trump card, they're also pretty adept at a touch of pop subtlety when the occasion calls for it, and the likes of *Veronica* and *Infinity Love* suggest some interesting paths for progression in the future. For the time being, however, 8% is a fine blend of bloody-nosed shock'n' roll and songwriting smarts that demands repeat plays at an unhealthy volume.



Essi Berelian

Turbowolf

Turbowolf HASSLE

New ways with old sounds.

One listen to this debut album from Bristol's Turbowolf and you think you've got their number – another snotty British band bringing the joys of raucous heavy rock to the nation's pubs. A second listen, and you start to realise there's a little bit more going on than you thought. Yes, the riffs tear through like a hurricane, the vocals suggesting popping veins and bulging eyes. But other influences creep in – a shot of hazy psychedelia cutting through the cock rock strut of *Son (Sun)*, the pure, heart-racing, adrenaline-fuelled punk of *Things Could Be Good Again*, the retro-futuristic *Tomorrow's World* synths of *All The Trees*. It's rock'n' roll steeped in tradition but forging its own path, songs like *Read & Write* suggesting they'd rather be tucked up with a good book of an evening than embracing oblivion, even though the music suggests otherwise. By the third listen, you're a little bit hooked.



Emma Johnston

Fiona

Unbroken LIFE ON THE MOON

A high-quality return from the 80s AOR pin-up.



Almost two decades have elapsed since Fiona Flanagan's last album, *Squeeze*, during which time she remarried (having once been spliced to producer Beau Hill) and settled into domestic parental bliss.

In truth few foresaw this comeback, or indeed the quality of the now 50-year-old singer's fifth solo record, written with assistance from Holly Knight, Marc Tanner, Tommy Denander and House Of Lords vocalist James Christian (who also delivers a crisp, sparkling production here).

Given its overall excellence, a cover of Pat Benatar's *Shadows Of The Night* seems almost gratuitous, but Fiona's voice remains strong and sultry, deployed to maximum effect on *Loved Along The Way*, *I've Released You* and the strident *Badge Of Love*. No stranger to a good old duet, having shared a mic with Kip Winger on *Everything You Do (You're Sexing Me)* in 1989, now Fiona lets rip alongside Robin Beck during *This Heart*. Go on, treat yourself.



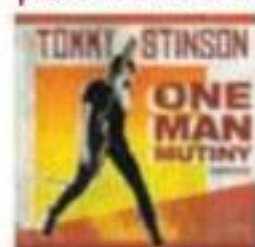
Dave Ling

Tommy Stinson

One Man Mutiny

DONE TO DEATH

Former Replacements bassist puts it out on the rack.



Although he's been playing bass in Guns N' Roses for longer than he

was ever Paul Westerberg's lieutenant in the Replacements, Tommy Stinson hasn't forgotten how to write a song pitched on the dark side of despair. *One Man Mutiny* - released on his own label and recorded in his fiancée's basement - starts with a typically downbeat blaze of American punk rock in *Don't Deserve You* and soon establishes its credentials on the Stones-inspired slide and sleaze of *It's A Drag*, but the artist's own brand of melancholia is never far

off. Chip Roberts provides most of the lead guitar while Tommy's partner Emily Roberts proves to be a fine vocal foil. The effect is pleasingly familiar. Touches of the Velvets and Big Star creep in, *Meant To Be* sounds like the kind of Southern delight Tom Petty used to provide, and the title track nods at Dylan and The Band. Stinson doesn't make many solo records (it's been eight long years since *Village Gorilla Head*) but this was worth the wait, even if the one collaboration with Westerberg, *Match Made In Hell*, doesn't really live up to expectations.



Max Bell

Mecca

Undeniable FRONTIERS

Dawdling pays dividends for US wimp-rockers.

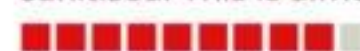


Mecca's self-titled debut arrived with little fanfare in 2002. An

instant cult favourite, it saw founder Joe Vana colluding with former Toto members Fergie Frederiksen on vocals and David Hungate on bass, plus ex-Survivor songsmith Jim Peterik. But no sooner had the melodic community savoured its post-coital cigarette than Mecca vanished once more.

Due in part to the demise of Vana's co-producer Bryan Mitchell, this follow-up has been

six long years in the making. Many of its songs were co-written by the ubiquitous Swedish guitarist Tommy Denander, and with noted sessioners Pat Mastelotto (King Crimson, Mr Mister drummer) and Tony Levin (bassist of King Crimson and Peter Gabriel) augmenting an already ridiculously over-qualified cast of musicians, the results speak for themselves. Mastelotto's participation will inevitably encourage comparisons to Mr Mister, but for all of the album's undoubted slickness its material never succumbs to being over-sanitised. This is almost flawless.



Dave Ling

Fastway

Eat Dog Eat STEAMHAMMER/SPV

It ain't pedigree, chum.



When they formed back in '83 Fastway were something of a minor

supergroup - if that's not a contradiction in terms. Featuring former Motörhead guitarist Fast Eddie Clarke, lovable bass-playing loon Pete Way from UFO, Humble Pie drummer Jerry Shirley and hot young Irish singer Dave King (later of arch celtic stompers Flogging Molly), their self-titled debut reached the heady heights of No.43 in the chart.

But Way left to form Waysted before the album was even released, and Fastway were plagued by constant line-up changes right up to their dissolution in 1990.

Eat Dog Eat sees Fast Eddie joined by Toby Jepson on vocals/bass and Matt Eldrige on drums. It's a competent but unspectacular comeback. Tracks such as *Fade Out* (imagine Nirvana playing a power ballad), the very 'Head-like' *Sick As A Dog* and the mournful, slow-paced *Dead And Gone* are reasonable enough, but the overall feel is flat and gutless. Whether it's the fault of the production or just a general lack of enthusiasm is anyone's guess. What is for sure, however, is that closing track, *On And On*, is aptly titled.

Fastway really needed to prise Pete Way away from the pub to instil a sense of urgency. Even if the only urgency was to escape the studio and go back down the pub again.



Geoff Barton

Black Widow

Sleeping With Demons

SMACK/CARGO

What the Devil?!

Remember when Luke Skywalker finally unmasked Darth Vader in *Return Of The Jedi*? We held our breath expecting to see the reeking, seething, suppurating countenance of The Epitome Of Evil. But instead we got

a sponge-faced old uncle. It's much the same with Black Widow. Billed as 'the groundbreaking, occult, orgiastic progressive hard rock group who were banned by the BBC and besieged by religious nutters when they originally emerged in 1970', they were, in actual fact, perfectly harmless.

Ozzy once said famously that Sabbath were as black magic as a box of chocolates. If that's the case, then Black Widow were the equivalent of a half-eaten Dairy Milk strawberry crème.

If you're familiar with the Widow's most celebrated song, *Come To The Sabbath*, you'll find nothing has changed on this inexplicable comeback album. (Indeed, opening track *Hail Satan* is a virtual rewrite of *...Sabbat*.) So don't expect hellfire and damnation, but simply the sound of druids skipping merrily round Stonehenge, humming nursery rhymes and playing slightly dented penny whistles.

That's not all. The Widow also dabble in disco (*That's When Evil Touched Me*) and Quo-style boogie (*Partytime For Demons*), and when Old Nick himself makes a guest appearance on *Radio Hades* he sounds like more like Torchy The Battery Boy than the originator of all that is evil.

The year's most insane release by far.



Geoff Barton

ROUND-UP: BLUES



Will Scott: when *Keystone Crossing* is good, it's gorgeous.

Will Scott

Keystone Crossing

WEATHER-TONE



If *Never Mind The Bollocks* is the yin, then Will Scott's *Keystone Crossing* is the yang: a smouldering bonfire of a record that rarely breaks out of its funeral-march tempo, offers zero visceral thrills, or indeed any negligible light relief

beyond the fact the guitarist is called Scrote (Was it perhaps a little childish of us to giggle at that?).

The slow-burning vibe will ask too much of the iPod generation, but persist and you'll be drawn into a world of small-town America, narrated in solemn Cash-like tones, bolstered by smoke-blackened lyrics and some stunning understated melodies. The closest modern comparison is Otis Taylor, and while Scott isn't yet in

that league, he tingles the neck hairs on *White River Rising*, bottles palpable sorrow on *Broken Arrow* and evokes a dying cowboy slow-dancing with his child bride on *It Ain't Gonna Rain*.

It's not perfect - Scott will need to find another gear, and closing track *You Are The One I Love* is so harshly mixed that it's painful to listen to - but when *Keystone Crossing* is good, it's gorgeous.



Krissy Matthews

Hit The Rock ROCK THE EARTH



Damn you, Krissy Matthews. Damn you for your Anglo-Scandinavian good looks, unblemished youth and over-developed talent. Still in his teens, there's man-size potential on the gossamer touch of *Back On The Road* and the masterful solo that crunches in halfway through *Tell Me*, although his lyrics are still catching up (on *Time Machine* he imagines travelling back to 1966, with toe-curling results).



Johnny Hiland

All Fired Up MASCOT



Like a less-macabre John 5, Hiland's chicken-picked country-blues instrumentals might sound like the recipe for masturbatory disaster, but the blind virtuoso has soul in spades, and lets you apply your own emotional content to these bouncy cuts. But sadly when he finally does pipe up - on the final two bonus 'vocal' tracks - it confirms that maybe his fingers do the best talking.



Jay Tamkin

Alibi ROKOKO



It's always hard when the kids leave the nest. Jay Tamkin's *Sorted* was a strong debut back in 2009, and while he remains a gifted songwriter, aside from the storming *You've Got The Heart*, his vibe is drifting from the blues towards more indie waters, complete with lyrics about, y'know, going out and stuff. He'll probably get more girls this way, but he's broken this hack's heart.



John Mayall & The Bluesbreakers

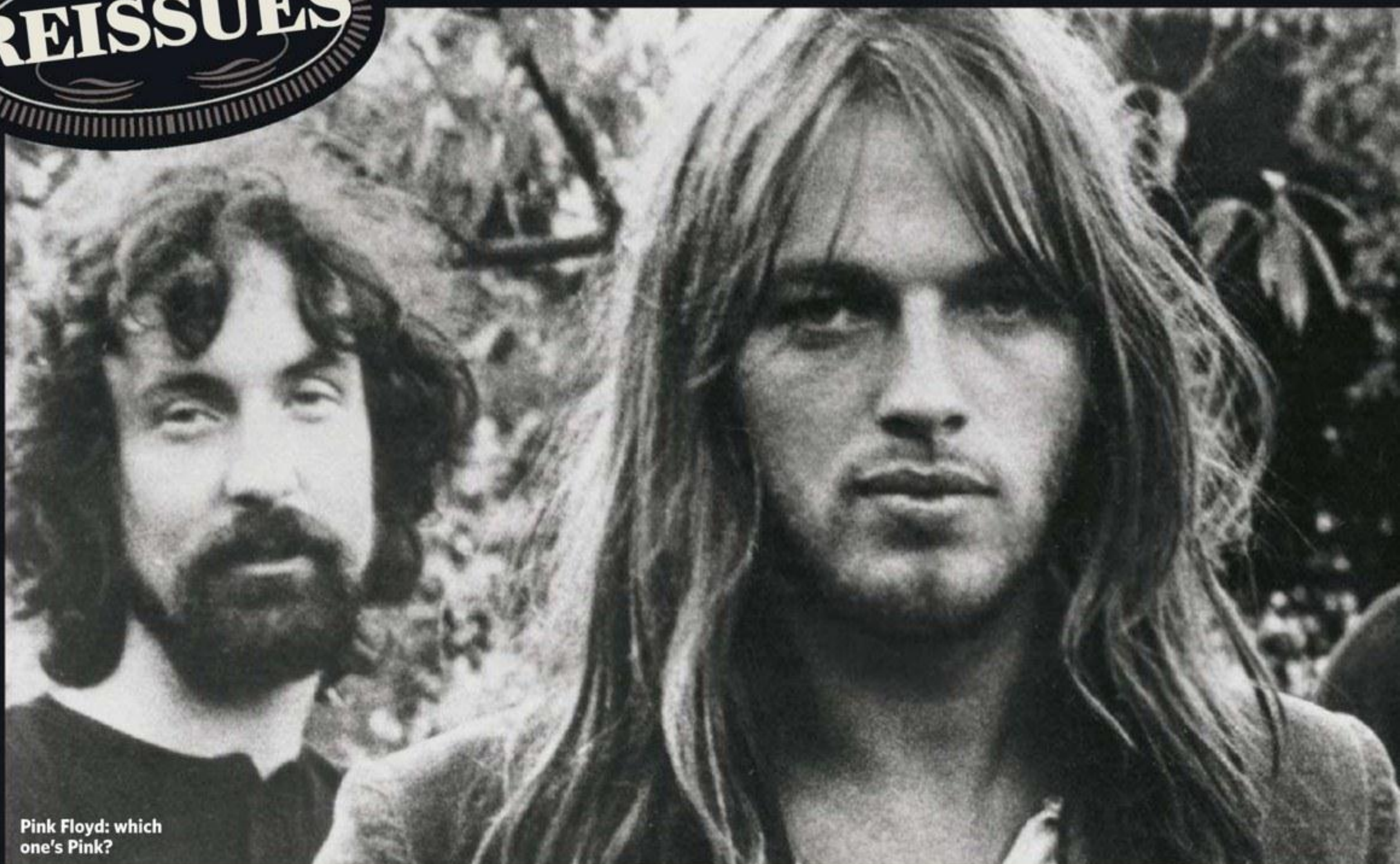
In The Shadow Of Legends

BLUES BOULEVARD



As usual with Mayall, everyone's craning their necks for the sidemen, and this New Jersey set from 1982 has plenty of stardust, with Mick Taylor and John McVie bolstering the band and guests including Albert King and Buddy Guy. It's generally safe material, but this much talent was never going to tank too badly.





Pink Floyd: which one's Pink?

Pink Floyd

Wish You Were Here – Immersion Version EMI

One of the greatest albums ever just got even greater.



In many ways, *Wish You Were Here* is the album that defined me, and my generation. Always in my personal top five, frequently number one, it's the album I've bought more than any other (over a dozen times, after wearing out previous copies) and possibly the album I've heard more than any other. In essence it's an epic tone poem that requires a millennium of repeat listens to begin to penetrate the deep fathoms of her mystery and meaning, yet impacts and delivers on the first play.

The most memorable time I heard it was in 1976, when the manager of this dodgy camp site for Brits in the south of France drove me (towing his speedboat in his Triumph Stag) down to France. I was 15 and had a summer job on the site. He only had one cassette, and this was it. He rarely smiled, let alone talked, so this became the uninterrupted soundtrack I was immersed in throughout that journey, a rite of passage for me in more ways than one, a journey that started in wet, grey West London and ended on the beaches and under the palm trees of the South of France. Later this was the first album I ever made love to while it played in the background at my bedsit in Earls Court.

I also recall the first time I went to Ibiza, in 1984 with Zodiac Mindwarp, the first time Zed had ever been on a plane. We were on the hippie enclave of Formentera, alternating from living in a cave, and in a youth hostel where a Dutch hippie girl started

singing *Wish You Were Here* a cappella in our dormitory, and by the second verse the whole floor, about 30 people, were singing along word-perfect. Shiver up the spine moments... This album still defines Ibiza for me.

Even though punk rock was exploding in 1976, this still had a lot of relevance. Roger Waters always had acerbic punk vinegar to his lyrics and vocals. The themes are of emotional battles, laments to lost innocence, frank and powerful, open and honest admissions of personal failures, alongside attacks on the music biz. A Dionysian cry from the depths of the soul. The great come-down in the sky: prophetic ambient textures that would so strongly influence a decade later during the demise of acid house and the rise of ambient house. The beginnings of chillout and trance are here, too, and *Wish You Were Here* still informs those and many other genres today.

Sonically, the production remains total shock and awe, a testament to the sublime and epic in recorded music. It was a fearless follow-up to the mighty *Dark Side Of The Moon*, another contender for best album ever, that they topped with this. Incredible. Like The Beatles topping *Sgt Pepper* with the *White* album. But while the *White* album was a totally different fish, *Wish You Were Here* is definitely the sister album to *Dark Side Of The Moon* and it still tops it at its own game.

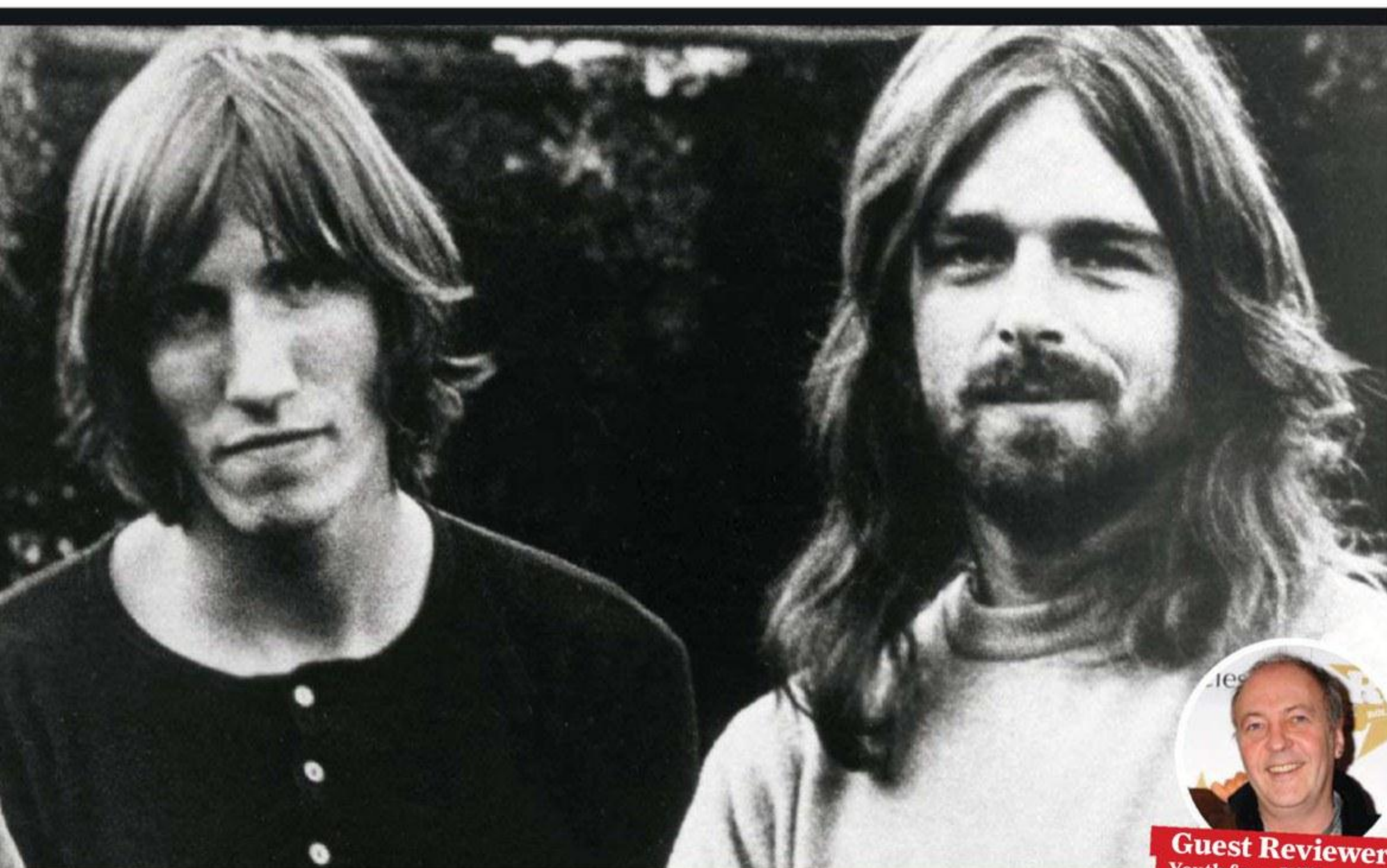
Okay, let's cut to the chase. How's it sounding? I push the button, and the first thing I notice

(reassuringly) is loud tape hiss. Then *Shine On You Crazy Diamond*'s wine glasses and the mystical shimmer of suspense and devotional awe from Richard Wright's genius keyboards – influenced undoubtedly more by the European aesthetic of Krautrock, Neu and Can than by the American blues feel that most British rock groups were chasing at that time.

The sound of capturing light, the atmosphere is immense, from the delicate tinkling glasses to the swelling ebb and flow of the synth. Epic dynamics. From a pebble to a mountain, she feels ethereal, and gently explodes into the soft warm tones of David Gilmour's muted black Strat that effortlessly slides in... Woah! These are enhanced tones I haven't heard before. This can't just be remastered, not mere EQ and compression here, they have been remixed. Now this is a totally different proposition. Although it's been harnessed to the remastering philosophy of 'enhanced' rather than the remixing philosophy of 'reworked', it can leave a funny taste in your mouth, a bit like seeing an old girlfriend out with another guy.

There's the added voyeuristic appeal of being able to peek behind the curtains and see behind the mirrors (which has its fascinating angles), but I still generally prefer the definitive original article. Yet the higher purpose of all of this reissuing is to turn on a younger generation to this incredible music (a generation who, unlike myself, don't come with the baggage of association, and to whom none of these issues bear any relevance). That said, my past associations soon melt under the weight of sheer sonic pleasure being produced by these enhanced tones.

As I get lost in Gilmour's seduction of the melody – warmer tones, the guitar louder, more commanding – we get to the drop, and perhaps the four most



Guest Reviewer
Youth from Killing Joke

sublime and beautiful notes ever played on guitar throughout all time, rising out of the ether, leaving me gobsmacked, dazzled and enchanted. Legend has it they were composed by accident; divine intervention, more like. Then the knock-out punch: Mason's tom-tom fill into the thud of the kick drum and full kit landing. Wow, that's very different. They sound huge. I figure they must have triggered other drum samples for it to sound that different, but I'm not complaining. Far from it – this is amazing.

The reissue mix credit is to James Guthrie, long-time Floyd engineer and co-producer from *The Wall* days. On the original album Brian Humphries and Peter James are listed as engineers, and no one credited with the mix, which I find astonishing as it's one of the best mixed albums ever. It doesn't make sense. No Chris Thomas, no Alan Parsons... the great mystery deepens. Still, on these remasters James Guthrie and his team have done a superb job, their attention to detail stunning.

Legend has it the recording sessions were torturous and difficult for all concerned. Tangible melancholia pervades both atmosphere and lyric: a powerful and frank admission of personal failure; a cry from the depths of the soul. A big, dark hurt... beautiful.

Have A Cigar is still as caustic as it ever was, like pickled eggs, whisky and beer. Even though Roy Harper sings it, I can only imagine Waters singing it spitting through gritted teeth. The bottom end of *Have A Cigar* hits me first, then the clarity of tightly intertwined guitars. The vocals sound great, dark cynicism coming through loud and clear, and finding clear and deliberate influence within Killing Joke's dark, sardonic lyrical humour less than 10 years later.

The mixing of *Welcome To The Machine* does Richard Wright's legacy a great service, with the legendary EMS

'The sound of four individuals realising their collective genius.'

suitcase synth to the fore, the clarity and definition of the intro reaching Kraftwerk or NIN standards of industrial tech. These are the big influences: its 3D60 horizon (even when still in stereo); its holographic perspective, vast, expansive scale and proportion, above, below and even behind... imagined architecture. It's no surprise they all studied architecture. This is where we wanted to go with The Orb and KLF.

The beginning of *WYWH*, its guitar recorded through Gilmour's car radio (before opening up to the full splendour of Abbey Road's state-of-the-art recording standards), is a gorgeous manipulation of our senses, copied thousands of times, including an obvious nod from Nellee Hooper on his Bjork album. Very *Sgt Pepper*, very sophisticated, very mystical – supreme psychedelia. It captures the timeless and eternal, yet remains relevant.

The bonus disc includes an instrumental mix of *Wish You Were Here* which features Stephane Grappelli, who was recording at another of Abbey Road's studios at the time with Yehudi Menuhin. Although interesting, the vibe and performance aren't great, and beg the question of why Yehudi wasn't asked to lay one down as well? It's a great pleasure to hear these variations, my favourite being *Wine Glasses*, the stripped down keyboard sound they made for *Shine On*, with tape loops of wine glasses creating the chords, Richard Wright's genius again to the front and not to be underestimated. Stunningly beautiful.

The alternative version of *Have A Cigar* is also

interesting, a more laid-back vocal from Gilmour (I think). Although it doesn't compare to the definitive version, it shows the journey and struggle a little.

The live cuts (from 1974) are incredible and illustrate exactly how on top of their game the Floyd of this vintage were. Interestingly, there appears to be more spontaneous live improvisation then than now, or in the last 20 years. I remember seeing them in Venice in '89, one of the best gigs I've ever seen, certainly the best visually, though they did do some weird jamming variations, like a reggae version of *Money*, which didn't really work. Yet by the 90s they had become more focused on authenticity to the recorded versions, which gave the work more gravity and integrity.

The two extra tracks – *Raving And Drooling* and *You Got To Be Crazy* – cut from live performances are really good, especially Gilmour's solo and Waters's complex vocals. They beat anything from *Animals* or *The Final Cut*, but you can see why they were left off of *Wish You Were Here*: because they don't quite make the bar next to the others. And it's interesting to see how the band cherry-picked the best ideas and incorporated them into other tracks. This is all a fine testament to the criteria they were striving for on this spectacular achievement of an album. All in all, it's the sound of four individuals realising their own and their collective genius, and firmly re-establishes their deserved legacy of being in the premier league of the best bands of all time ever, right up there next to The Beatles, Stones and Zeppelin. And, for me, this latest edition can only continue to inspire and soundtrack another thousand or so exceptional experiences in my life journey.

God bless them all... Inshallah!

Youth

**The Rolling Stones:
lost the Midas touch
for *Some Girls*.**



GETTY IMAGES

The Rolling Stones

Some Girls UNIVERSAL

Remastered 14th album, now with bonus CD of rarities and all kinds of other bits and bobs.



If 2010 was indisputably The Year Of Keef, what with a best-selling autobiography and the critical and commercial success of *Exile On Main Street* (the band's first number one for sixteen years), then the last twelve months has seen 'Her Majesty', as Richards cruelly dubbed his fellow Glimmer Twin in print, exercising a regal form of payback.

If star-studded musical sideshow SuperHeavy could be seen as Mick's barbed retort to Keith's pleas for another Stones tour, the decision to re-issue *Some Girls* rather than more obvious chronological choices smacks of ole rubber lips reminding us that Rolling Stones Inc has not one, but two, CEO's.

Because *Some Girls* – originally released in 1978 – is unquestionably Mick's album. With Keith preoccupied with beating the rap for his Toronto drugs bust and kicking a decade-long habit, Jagger takes control, ruthlessly modernising The Stones from drooling rock dinosaurs to decadent rock emperors. Lyrically and vocally, Jagger is white hot throughout, morphing between wounded lover (*Beast Of Burden*), self-mocking roué (*Respectable*) and streetwise proto-rapper (*Shattered*), even managing to sound convincing as a badly-treated lover in *Miss You*.

With Keith emerging from his stupor long enough to contribute signature tune

Before They Make Me Run, the result: a louche mix of 12-bar blues, new wave, country, soul and disco, somehow surfed the zeitgeist, and remains, surprisingly, the best selling album of the band's entire career. All of which makes the twelve track bonus CD (overseen by Don Was) a major disappointment.

With no alternative takes, and the extended version of *Miss You* notable by its absence, we instead get a rag-bag of off-cuts including *Claudine* (recorded during sessions for *Emotional Rescue*), a pair of dues-paying covers (*You Win Again*, *Tallahassee Lassie*) and another three tracks with – yawn – new vocal takes from Sir Mick (*Do You Think I Really Care*, *No Spare Parts* and *When You're Gone*).

While it's good to finally see official releases for bootleg gem *Love You Too Much* and Keith's tear-jerking take on Donnie Fritts and Troy Seals' *We Had It All*, it's an inexplicably paltry haul considering that sessions at the Pathe Marconi Studios in Paris were famously so productive they provided the foundation for both *Emotional Rescue* and *Tattoo You*.

'Everything's turning to gold,' sang Mick Jagger on the B-side to *Shattered*. After the musical treasure trove of *Exile*, the Midas touch appears to have deserted them.



Paul Moody

Gentle Giant

Edge Of Twilight TALKING

ELEPHANT

Two-CD comp from oddly neglected British proggers.

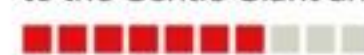


Even amid the notoriously forgiving world of 70s prog, Gentle Giant were pushing things a bit. Rising from the ashes of Simon Dupree And The Big Sound, who'd once enjoyed the psych-novelty hit *Kites*, they thought nothing of following a guitar solo with a medieval fugue or injecting folk trippiness with flourishes of harpsichord and music-box keyboards. There were few visual pointers either – their smiling gnome logo looked like the short fat one from the Grumbleweeds – which all meant they were never going to crossover like ELP or Yes. But it doesn't quite explain the seemingly wholesale lack of interest in their homeland. "It's not been low profile, it's been no profile," singer Derek Shulman once grumped.

There was actually a lot to get jiggy about, borne out by this excellent round-up of the four albums they released between 1970 and 1972. It's a land where the scenery changes fast and time signatures avoid convention like it was a tropical disease.

The Advent Of Panurge is acid folk with piano and brass, Shulman (whose brothers Ray and Phil were also in the band) sounding like a more pastoral Peter Gabriel. The oddly tranquil *Isn't It Quiet And Cold?* begins like a Bonzos spoof of English politesse before flowering into something The Beatles might have dallied with on *Sgt Pepper*. *Peel The Paint* is a quasi-classical epic that somehow makes room for metal, folk, jazz, monster riffage and space rock. And so on.

All told, a very decent entry portal for those willing to jump in to the Gentle Giant universe.



Rob Hughes

Paul Simon

Songwriter SONY

Fuck Art, let's dance.



A two-CD collection self-consciously billed as a 'director's cut' best of – or as the press release has it: 'hand-picked and sequenced by the artist' – *Songwriter* contains most of the Paul Simon back catalogue you could ever want. *Still Crazy*,

Graceland, *American Tune*, they're all here and sounding as tastefully top-drawer as always.

Added to that tasteful list are a couple of ace live tracks – *The Sound Of Silence* and *The Boxer*, both from a New York show in 2011 and therefore sans Art Garfunkel – and, for elitists, Aretha Franklin joining in on a fresh studio version of *Bridge Over Troubled Water*.

This wholesome whole is broken up with several recordings that you'd have to be a seriously committed Simon fan to already be acquainted with, aka most of the second CD. Not that songs like the title track to last year's critically panned but actually rather good album, *So Beautiful, So What*, aren't welcome, of course. You just don't actually need them in this context. What therefore might have made a seriously pleasure-packed single CD retrospective expands into an overlong gift for someone who probably already owns this stuff anyway. But then, hey, Christmas is coming and it beats giving dad another pair of novelty socks, right?



Mick Wall

Alter Bridge

ABIII.5 ROADRUNNER

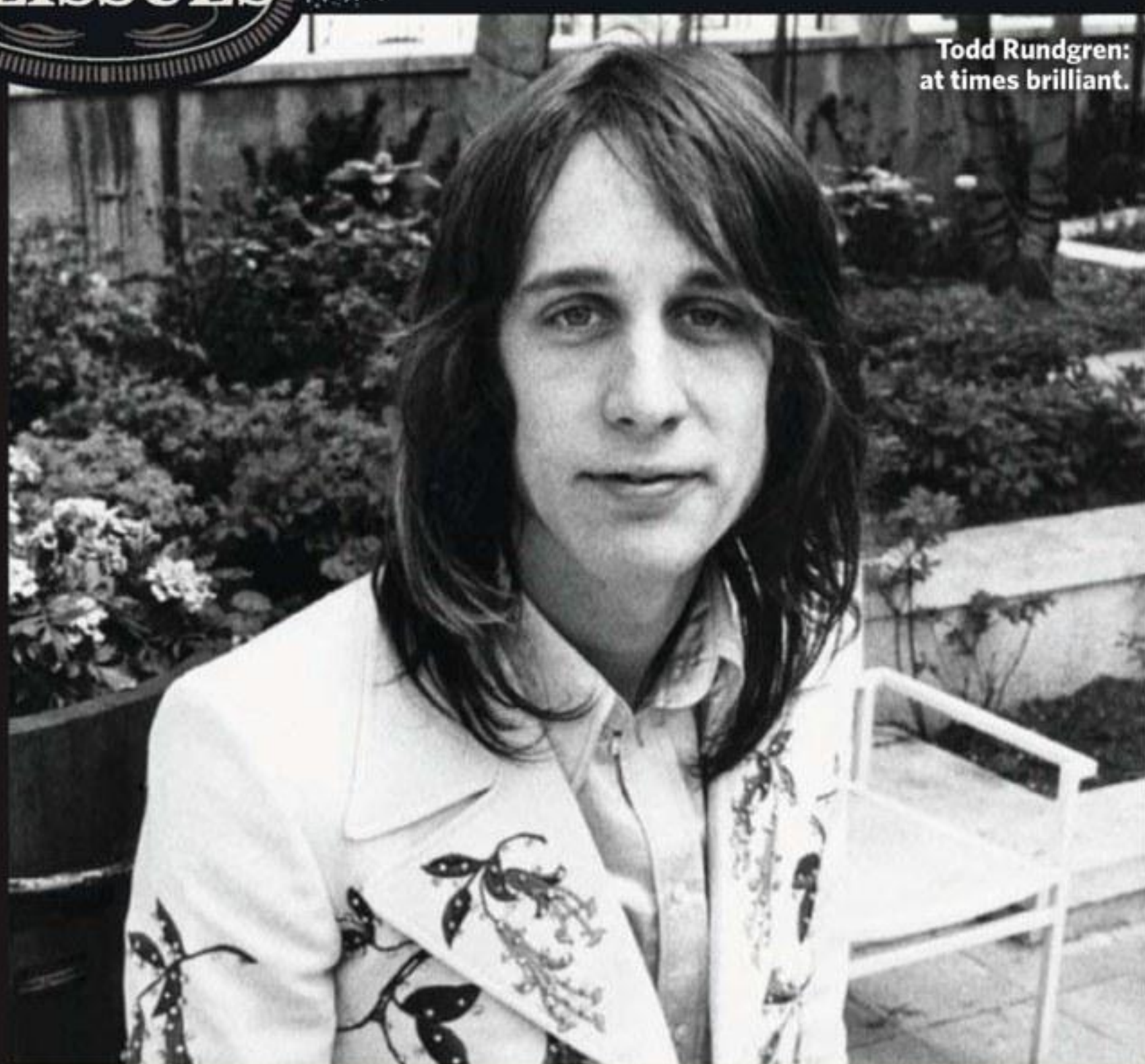
More bang for your buck.



Alter Bridge couldn't have chosen a better time to put out this deluxe edition of their last album. By the time *III* came out last October, Creed were a distant memory for most of us and we were able to take the band on their own merits. The album itself – stuffed with gleaming, timeless rock, given an edge by Myles Kennedy's rich, expansive voice and Mark Tremonti's meltingly intense riffs – was arguably the most anthemic hard rock record of that year. And then Kennedy's work with Slash on the GN'R man's solo album upped their profile even more, so this will be on a fair few Christmas lists.

The big pull on the new version of the album is an accompanying DVD containing an hour-long documentary. Don't approach it expecting any huge revelations, because they're not going to arrive. What you get instead is plenty of slick live footage, plus sweet testimonies from fans and the aforementioned Mr Slash, along with rather less unbiased takes on their story from their management. The band

Todd Rundgren:
at times brilliant.

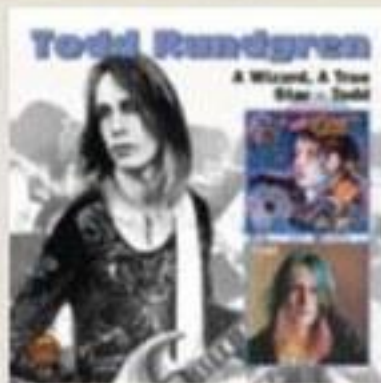


GETTY IMAGES

Todd Rundgren

Reissues EDSEL/BEARSVILLE

After Todd was the Nazz he got even better. Why, the man's a veritable alchemist.



Having swapped Philly soul punk for a Laura Nyro fixation and an insane love of technology, Todd Rundgren produced a run of classic albums from 1970 to 1976 on which he often did everything himself. True, the self-styled Runt albums were characterised by plaintive piano ballads, but the complexity of *Long Flowing Robe* and *Be Nice To Me* and the sweetness of *We Gotta Get You A Woman* put him in a class of his own.

Phase two of Todd's attempt at world domination began with the first of his sprawling doubles, the eclectic *Something/Anything?* which delivered the hit single *I Saw The Light* and introduced his ability to balance conceptual song suites with metal assaults such as *Black Maria* and brightly colourful production values.

By the time he recorded *A Wizard, A True Star*, Todd was necking vast amounts of psychedelics in his quest for perfection, and mixing such pop diamonds as *International Feel* and *Just One Victory* with the odd Disney tune and pure soul impressions. He continued cramming more ideas into one album than most bands manage in a career on the next double, *Todd*, which included heavy metal and synthesised funk. The trouble was that his records weren't exactly flying out of the racks, and critical love alone wasn't

paying the rent.

Enter his controversial decision to form the prototype Utopia, sharing his workload and playing more lucrative and larger venues to finance his quest for mystic enlightenment, albeit one swamped in layers of archly cosmic mumbo jumbo. Yet even at his proggest Todd was drawn back to the smell of vinyl. Instead of simply covering old favourites like *Good Vibrations*, *Rain* and *If Six Was Nine*, he attempted exact replicas. Admitting a level of democracy into *Ra* and *Oops! Wrong Planet* strained the formula somewhat, but he kept his crucible loaded with epic synths and pure pop anthems like *Love Is The Answer*.

These reissues are accompanied by printed ephemera, original artwork, biographer Paul Myers's notes and enough bonus material to keep fans agog. Best of the rest include the alternative mixes of *The Ballad* album, Todd's a capella radio promo slots for *Something/Anything?*, a gung-ho version of the Move's *Do Ya* and a slight return to the Nazz's fuzz masterpiece *Open My Eyes*.

Brilliance from a studio alchemist.

- *Runt/Runt - The Ballad*
- *Something/Anything?*
- *A Wizard/Todd*
- *Initiation/Faithful*
- *Ra/Oops!*

Max Bell

Tim Buckley

Starsailor: The Anthology

RHINO

Dizzying voyage through an extraordinary body of work. Even ignoring the tiresome 'dad of Jeff' shorthand often used to pitch the elder Buckley's music to younger generations, the compilers of this two-disc compilation would appear to still struggle in getting the flavour of its contents across. The blurb on the sleeve describes Tim's work as an amalgam of "folk, sex-funk and a sort of vocal avant-garde jazz" - that's one pigeonhole that doesn't go far enough, and two that threaten punter confusion.

Buckley, who died in 1975 aged 28, was a genuine genre-hopping maverick, bringing jazz sensibilities to folk music like no one before him or since (with the possible exception of John Martyn), possessing a resonant, emotive voice capable of inhabiting his lyrics with the intensity of a method actor. These 33 tracks were all written or co-written by him, hence there's no space for one of his most triumphant recordings, his cover of *Dolphins*, so it's as much a celebration of his poetry as it is his formidable physical presence.

The eclecticism of Buckley's brief decade as a performer may have had a hand in preventing him from achieving greater recognition in his lifetime, the melancholic but challenging nature of his vocals a difficult sell to the masses. For every ethereal lullaby like *Song To The Siren* there's the unsettling sonic assault of a *Starsailor*, for every accessible bluesy reflection (*Sweet Surrender*) there's a corresponding left-field, disjointed opera (*Come Here Woman*). Still, this anthology charts a spellbinding and occasionally bewildering career path, prompting debate about what he might have gone on to achieve had he lived longer.



Terry Staunton

King Crimson

Starless And Bible Black / Discipline PANEGYRIC

Crimson reissues from contrasting eras.

Perhaps because it fell between KC's landmark albums *Larks' Tongues In Aspic* and *Red* that 1974's *Starless And Bible Black* has generally been the least celebrated of King Crimson Mk III's releases. Yet it refuses to say goodnight gently, and this remixed issue from Steven Wilson and Crimson mainman

Robert Fripp emphasises its claims to greatness. With Bill Bruford's drums, Fripp's guitars and "devices", David Cross's viola and John Wetton's bass interplaying with dazzling verve, only Wetton's so-so voice prevents it from reaching the peaks of elation of peers Yes.

Much of it was drawn from live, improvised material then spliced with studio dubs. *The Night Watch* summons the shadows of Rembrandt's painting, but when Wetton quits singing, on the closing instrumentals (the title track and *Fracture*), the band really soar.

Fripp decided, after much deliberation, to revive the collective's name for his 1981 project with Adrian Belew, Tony Levin and Bruford. *Discipline* earned its title: out went the epic, in came tight, staccato, new wave minimalism, Asian and gamelan influences, and flecks of XTC and Talking Heads (with whom Belew had played). Older Crimson fans booed the streamlining, but the new, clean aesthetic was driven by complex, intricate guitar lines which still sparkle 30 years on. Belew's eccentric vocals work in context: *Thela Hun Ginjeet* is the best David Byrne song not by Byrne, while *The Sheltering Sky* (Wilson offers an alternative mix) is hypnotic and inspired.

With lots of DVD extras, this pair proclaim King Crimson's mercurial genius.

- *Starless*
- *Discipline*

Chris Roberts

Various

Radio Tymes: British Pop On TV And Radio Lost And Found 1967-1969

TOP SOUNDS/BBC

Seminal stuff from the vaults. The Top Sounds corporation have devoted their lives to finding 'transcription discs' of old radio and television pop shows and turning them into CDs, thus rescuing hours of material famously wiped by the BBC.

This collection both collects some brilliant lost music and displays the immense diversity of rock at the time. Instead of the usual suspects, we get real diamonds such as the Yardbirds performing a pre-Zep *Dazed And Confused* on John Peel's *Top Gear* in 1968; Jimi Hendrix playing *Burning Of The Midnight Lamp* on chat show *Dee Time*; early Barclay James Harvest; Rod Evans-era Deep Purple (*Hush* and *The Painter*). Best of all, and most surprising, are three session

tracks from Dave Edmunds's band Love Sculpture: as well as a fiery *Sabre Dance*, there are covers of The Beatles' *The Inner Light* and Honeybus's *Do I Still Figure In Your Life?* – one of the greatest lost singles of all time.

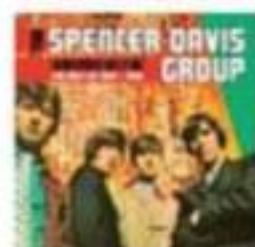
This compilation blows away the dust of familiarity and makes this musical era come to crashing, wide-eyed and brand-new life.

David Quantick

The Spencer Davis Group

Somebody Help Me: The Best Of 1964–1968 RAVEN

Brumbeat stalwarts collated.



Of the great Brit R&B (and post-R&B) bands bestriding the middle third of

the 1960s, the Spencer Davis Group were neither the most charismatic, the most extroverted (either on or off stage), the most quotable, the best-dressed, the most controversial... and definitely not the loudest. They were, however, probably the funkiest and most authentically soulful. And, once they mastered the art of the catchy, pop-friendly single –

racking up an enviable string of hits including *Keep On Running*, *Somebody Help Me*, *Gimme Some Lovin'* and *I'm A Man* – they made a seemingly effortless transition from 'groups' group', in-crowd favourites to legitimate Top 10 pop stars, complete with teen-heart-throb frontman – Steve Winwood. And all this from a band from Birmingham.

The quartet were an alliance of folk/blues guitarist Spencer Davis, the jazzy Winwood brothers (vocals/guitar/keyboard prodigy Steve and his bassist elder brother Muff) and fellow jazzier Pete York on drums, with blues and soul as their obvious common ground. The band's name (chosen because 'Spencer Davis' sounded hip) and their three album titles – *Their First Album*, *The Second Album* and *August '66* – suggest that they were a somewhat literal-minded bunch. However, the tight-but-loose authority and the emotional richness of their music did their talking for them before Winwood Jr cut loose to form the eclectic and acidulated Traffic in 1967; a regrouped SDG managed little more than a single minor hit without the Winwoods.

The hits (and more) are all

here, still sounding like soul-rock heaven, mid-60s stylee.

Charles Shaar Murray

Sonic Youth

Hits Are For Squares POLYDOR

Alt-rock veterans raid their hipster address book for corporate cash.



We've had the anniversary fanfares surrounding Nirvana and Pearl Jam. Now the pioneering New York alt-rockers who were mentors to both commemorate a more interesting, inventive, intelligent body of work than either. Featuring tracks chosen by their cool circle of famous friends, including Eddie Vedder and Radiohead, this career-spanning compilation was first issued three years ago on the Starbucks label, and even has an oddly bland sleeve photo taken in the coffee-house chain. But the music still sounds far removed from corporate rock: experimental punk-metal spiked with ragged dissonance and dark humour, forever hurtling towards psychic implosion.

The Youth's most fertile period remains the early 1990s, when

their art-driven underground aesthetic found fertile crossover with the blossoming grunge movement on percussive riff-grinders like *Bull In The Heather*, the turbo-sleaze sneer *100 Per Cent* and muscular jams like *Kool Thing*. The breathy, broody, menacing cover of Carpenters classic *Superstar* is also an inspired reinvention. Later tracks tend towards fuzzed-up, free-form clang, sometimes drifting into lethargic avant-muzak territory. The sole new composition here, *Slow Revolution*, is an engaging mesh of melodic moans, drones and open-tuned guitars.

Even after three decades together, Sonic Youth still sound impressively engaged with the alt-rock landscape.

Stephen Dalton

All About Eve

Touched By Jesus

TALKING ELEPHANT

Touched by the hand of goth.

By 1991, having recently lost their original guitarist, Tim Bricheno, All About Eve were at something of a crossroads: the heady days of mid-charting, acoustic/goth-rock splendour already waning, and the

approaching tides of Britpop and grunge threatening to erode any lingering credibility.

Bringing in Marty Willson-Piper from Australian inveterates the Church as Bricheno's replacement and borrowing David Gilmour for a brace of tracks, the band embarked on a more straightforward take on their earlier, ethereal goth-lite. It's difficult to put a finger on why it's only a partial success. Possibly any new-found maturity and craft has been sonically ironed free of all residual edge, or maybe it's that Willson-Piper's textures and nonchalant style steer things into a MOR territory that just doesn't suit. Questions aside, there are moments of real flair and beauty: *Strange Ways* gives solo Stevie Nicks a sharp elbow to the chin, and *Wishing The Hours Away* expertly marries an 80s rock ballad with any Pink Floyd epic.

On balance, though, the misses outweigh the hits, not least the startlingly incongruent baggy-bandwagon-jumping *The Dreamer* illustrating perhaps that the flawed hand of man has a rather stronger touch than that of the messiah.

Tim Batcup



Manic Street Preachers

National Treasures –

The Complete Singles SONY

A veritable treasure trove of rock booty.

The exhaustive, chronological singles collection is a virtual Tolkein-esque adventure in the hands of a band like Welsh cult rockers Manic Street Preachers. The chapters of their career sweep across this two-hour, two-disc set in (roughly) 20-minute intervals: the punk birthing squeals; the ambitious rebel rock; the violent plunge towards tragedy; the ascendance to the Establishment and the varied attempts to find a new, unique identity within it. Helpfully, for a band viciously fought over by 'old' and 'new' fans in the 90s, the two CDs split at that precise fault line between 1996's *Everything Must Go* and 1998's *This Is My Truth, Tell Me Yours*, creating discs of 'before' and 'after' mainstream success.

As such, CD1 isn't just a gripping tale of struggle, loss and glory, it's also musically faultless. From the cries of 'Revolution!' and 'We destroy rock'n'roll!' that made – and still make – debut single *Motown Junk* a politically charged punk thrill-ride, through the sloganeering AOR brilliance of *Generation Terrorist* tracks *You Love Us*,

Motorcycle Emptiness and *Little Baby Nothing* (an anti-porn epic even more pertinent in the days of the world wank web), to the mature riffing of their *Gold Against The Soul* era, we follow a band determined to make good on their early oath to sell 16 million albums then split up.

Having failed to do that, the visceral self-implosion of their bleak 1994 masterpiece *The Holy Bible* – represented by metallic meteors *Faster* and *Revol* – feels like a momentary breakdown before the disappearance of guitarist Richey Edwards prompted a solemn and majestic rebirth as orchestral rockers on *A Design For Life* and *Everything Must Go*.

CD2, then, is all about what to do with success once you've attained it. Luckily the uninspired consolidations of *The Everlasting* and *If You Tolerate This* are but a blip here, quickly giving way to bombastic returns to form like *The Masses Against The Classes* and fascinating genre



The Manics: intellectually challenging melodic rock excellence.

experiments: the surf pop *So Why So Sad*, gospel rocker *Some Kind Of Nothingness* and the Pet Shop Boys synths of *The Love Of Richard Nixon*.

Although their later albums have striven and scrambled for originality and surprise factor, this collection traces a firm and determined line of intellectually challenging melodic rock excellence through two decades. True treasures.

Mark Beaumont

Scott Weiland: more than his fair share of demons to battle.



ROSS HALEN

Scott Weiland

With Stone Temple Pilots and Velvet Revolver the singer helped make some of the best hard rock albums of the last decade.

In his 20-year career, Scott Weiland has gone from grunge whipping boy to one of rock'n'roll's most charismatic, if troubled, stars. Whether fronting multi-platinum San Diego alt-rockers Stone Temple Pilots, teaming up with the Guns N' Roses members who weren't Axl Rose in Velvet Revolver, or ploughing an entertainingly eccentric solo furrow, it's testament to his talents that his music has never quite been overshadowed by his headline-grabbing battles with drug and alcohol addiction.

Born in San Jose in 1967, as a child Weiland bounced between California and Ohio. It was as a teenager in San Diego that he channelled his obsession with British new wave music into his first band, Soi-Disant, before an epiphany at a Black Flag concert in 1986 turned him on to US punk. Shortly afterwards he met bassist and kindred spirit Robert DeLeo. The pair formed Mighty Joe Young, bringing in DeLeo's guitarist brother Dean and drummer Eric Kretz. In 1990 Mighty Joe Young signed to Atlantic. A year later they changed their name to Stone Temple Pilots.

Initially written off as bandwagon jumpers, STP evolved into one of the great rock bands of the era. Their multi-textured, occasionally psychedelic anthems

showcased an arena-sized ambition that none of their peers had, resulting in a string of huge-selling albums. But Weiland also developed a parallel career as a hopeless drug addict, which saw several albums and tours plagued by assorted drug busts and incarceration. His excesses contributed to the dissolution of STP in 2002.

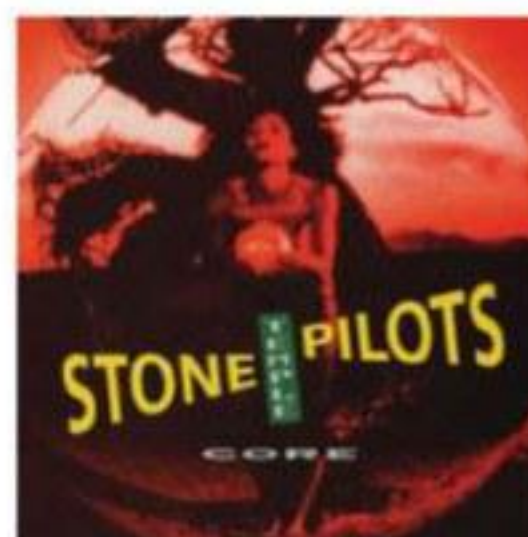
Personal and musical salvation came in the unlikely form of Velvet Revolver, the supergroup formed by former GN'R men Slash, Duff McKagan and Matt Sorum. A group of like-minded recovering addicts with a point to prove, they recorded two albums that were among the most successful hard rock records of the last decade. But a combination of ego, paranoia and pharmaceutical relapses inevitably got in the way, and they split in 2008.

Today Weiland has seemingly found stability in his work. As well as an ongoing solo career, he's back with the reunited STP, and running a clothing line (English Laundry) and a record label (Soft Drive). The title of his recent autobiography, *Not Dead And Not For Sale*, is a fitting description of his career so far.

Peter Makowski

More Guides at classicrockmagazine.com

Essential Classics



Stone Temple Pilots

Core ATLANTIC, 1992

Released a year after Nirvana's *Nevermind* kicked open the door for grunge to pour through, STP's debut distilled everything that was innovative and exciting about this new musical movement into a more commercial, instantly digestible format. *Sex Type Thing* and *Crackerman* may have echoed what was happening in Seattle, but the likes of *Plush*, *Creep* and the jazzish *Naked* made it clear that here was a band who weren't planning on spending the rest of their days playing minor chords at maximum volume.

The critics hated it and came down on the band like a ton of bricks, but that didn't prevent it from selling millions of copies.



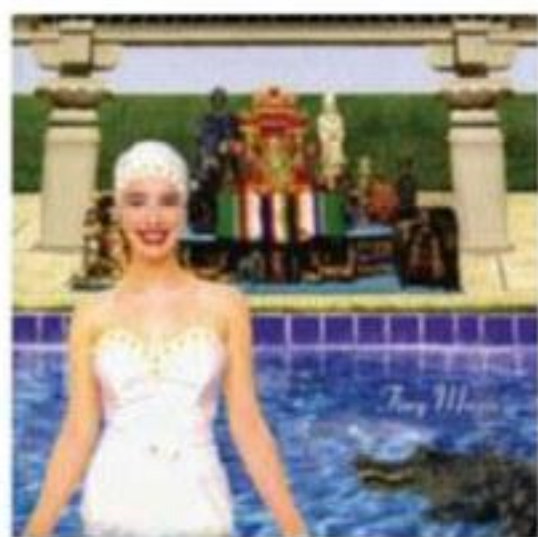
Stone Temple Pilots

Purple ATLANTIC, 1994

Weiland's substance abuse problems began to surface on STP's second album, right down to the fact that they recorded it at a mansion in Atlanta in homage to the Rolling Stones' *Exile On Main St.* Apparently the drugs *did* work at this point, giving the singer the confidence to experiment with left-field rhythms and acoustic material.

The band themselves demonstrated their growing ambition on the country-tinged *Interstate Love Song* and the muscular pop-metal of *Silvergun Superman*, both of which deviated from the grunge blueprint – although *Meat Plow* and *Vaseline* kept a boot in that camp.

Superior Reputation cementing



Stone Temple Pilots

Tiny Music... Songs From The Vatican Gift Shop

ATLANTIC, 1996

Riding high on the phenomenal success of their first two albums, STP again locked themselves away in a mansion, and set about deconstructing their sound. The moody vocals are still present, but they're juxtaposed with smooth Latin rhythms and smoky jazz of *And So I Know* and the bizarrely baroque *Lady Picture Show*, the latter a head-on collision between *Ziggy Stardust* and *Eleanor Rigby*. Weiland's stream-of-consciousness lyrics may well have been inspired by his penchant for intravenous speedball binges.



Stone Temple Pilots

No 4 ATLANTIC, 1999

After a temporary hiatus when Weiland recorded a solo album (*12 Bar Blues*) and his bandmates put together a new band, *Talk Show*, with singer Dave Coutts, STP returned with an album that found them re-energised and tougher than ever before. The twisted metal thunder of *Down* and *No Way Out* found the band flexing their muscles, built on the sort steely riffs that would give James Hetfield a run for his money, though the *sturm und drang* was tempered by the upbeat jangle-pop of *I Got You* and the ethereal majesty of *Glide*. The album was a fine way to end what had been a chaotic decade.



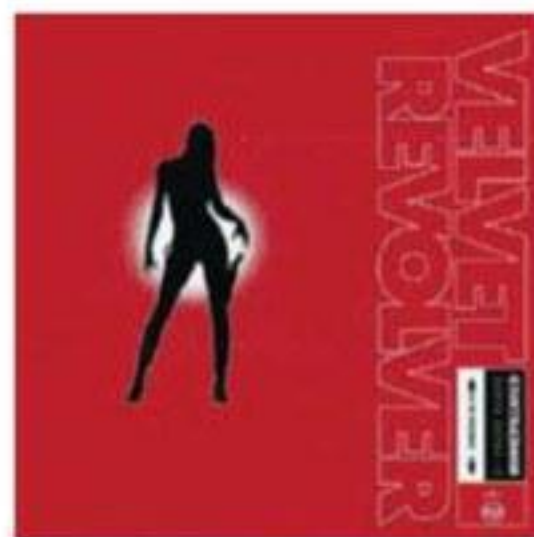
Stone Temple Pilots

Shangri-La Dee Da

ATLANTIC, 2001

Things were going from bad to worse in Weiland's world by the turn of the millennium, with yet more drug busts, rehab stints and cancelled shows. Despite this, STP still managed to get it together to make what is one of their best records.

Initially planned as a double album, *Shangri-La...* – a blatantly tongue-in-cheek title – was an adventurous, surprisingly upbeat collection. The band are at their most visceral on *Dumb Love* and *Coma*, while the Lennon-esque *Song For The Sleeping* is possibly the most beautiful thing Weiland has ever written.



Velvet Revolver

Contraband RCA, 2004

It was Slash who offered Weiland the lifeline of joining Velvet Revolver when the singer was at an all-time low. The guitarist's former Guns N' Roses bandmates Duff McKagan and Matt Sorum were already in place, but when an initially ambivalent Weiland came on board he immediately raised the game. *Slither* and *Set Me Free* (hurriedly written for the *Hulk* soundtrack) made the mosh pits explode while *Fall To Pieces* gave them their very own *Sweet Child O'Mine* moment: a lighters-aloft anthem, complete with melodic bassline and skyscraping solo. As muscular and wiry as a featherweight boxer – or Weiland himself. The singer was back.

Good Worth exploring



Velvet Revolver

Libertad RCA, 2007

Given a rave review by *CR* on its release but a lukewarm reception elsewhere, *Libertad* is a surprisingly strong set. Weiland's personal life was unravelling – his mother was stricken with cancer, his grandfather contracted emphysema, and his brother Michael, a fellow addict, fatally OD'd. The singer's pain is laid bare on *For A Brother*, *Gravedancer* and *Pills, Demons & Etc*, while tracks like *Let It Roll* and *She Builds Quick Machines* smoulder and spark. The spell is broken only with an execrable version of ELO's *Can't Get You Out Of My Head*, which demonstrates a self-destructive streak that would ultimately contribute to their downfall less than a year later.



Stone Temple Pilots

Stone Temple Pilots

ATLANTIC, 2010

Given that Stone Temple Pilots' original run ended in 2002 with a backstage punch-up between Weiland and Dean DeLeo, their reunion in 2008 was a surprise. But it clearly fired them up, apparently writing enough material for a double album.

Produced by the DeLeo brothers with help from Don Was, their comeback record found STP displaying all their individual influences, from the Stones to the Sex Pistols. A revitalised Weiland relished the new-found freedom to express himself both vocally and lyrically, not least on *Between The Lines*, with its cheeky drug references.



Scott Weiland

"Happy" In Galoshes

SOFT DRIVE, 2009

12 Bar Blues, Weiland's debut solo album in 1997, was a hit-and-miss affair, with the singer unable to decide whether he wanted to be David Bowie or Tom Waits, and falling between the two. This belated follow-up was both more confident and more introspective.

Inspired by his volatile relationship with his ex-wife/muse Mary Forsberg, as well as his brother's death, it jumps from the grand opener *Missing Cleveland* to the stripped down, Dylan-esque *Tangle With Your Mind*. His Anglophile influences were given free rein on covers of David Bowie's *Fame* and The Smiths' *Reel Around The Fountain*. A cathartic success.

Avoid



Scott Weiland

A Compilation Of Scott Weiland Cover Songs

SOFTDRIVE, 2011

Covers albums are rarely any good, and Weiland's upholds this ignoble tradition. At its best – on his versions of the Stones' *Dead Flowers*, Bowie's *Jean Genie*, The Flaming Lips' *Waiting For A Superman* – it sounds like a passable night in a karaoke bar.

At its worst it's embarrassing – Weiland sounds like he's under the influence of elephant tranquilisers on the New York Dolls' *Personality Crisis*, while an ill-advised attempt at a Northern accent on The Stone Roses' *I Am The Resurrection* is possibly the worst idea he's ever had. Which, given past misdemeanours, is some achievement.

Essential Playlist

Between The Lines

Stone Temple Pilots

Sex Type Thing

Core

Slither

Contraband

Where's The Man

12 Bar Blues

Vaseline

Purple

Wonderful

Shangri-La Dee Da

Down

No 4

Big Empty

Purple

Plush

Core

Interstate Love Song

Purple

Sour Girl

No 4

Dead & Bloated

Core

Trippin' On A Hole...

Tiny Music

For A Brother

Libertad

Crackerman

Core

Fall To Pieces

Contraband

Set Me Free

Contraband

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★ Star Letter

I just finished re-reading the past year's issues of *Classic Rock* and *Prog*, making a list of artists/releases old and new that I want to investigate. I noticed several reviews where the artist or release was given positive marks for musicianship and/or songwriting but denigrated for "not breaking any new ground." This seems not only unfair, but an impossible standard for any artist to live up to.

I grew up listening to rock music in the 60s and 70s, when there was so much room for so-called ground-breaking, as so much of what came before was blues-based. I'd venture to say that many "legends" of that time did not even break new ground, but simply excelled in an existing format. Did Eric Clapton, Robin Trower, or (later) Stevie Ray Vaughan break new ground? Arguably not; they each wrote some amazing blues-based songs and played some great guitar, and I love them all dearly. Quite honestly, when an artist strays too far from the style I loved them for, I personally am disappointed. For instance, in the 80s and 90s Eric Clapton did stray from what originally made his name, and I don't listen to that period of his career. I want each new release to retain much of what I love an artist for. If Eric writes an opera for cats and dogs using a 100-piece kazoo orchestra, he may be "breaking new ground", but there's a very good chance I'm not buying it. In the world of prog, I love Steve Hillage's guitar playing with Khan, Gong, and his first few solo albums, but System 7 doesn't do it for me. Same for Bill Nelson, who to my ears was phenomenal with Be Bop Deluxe, but I don't enjoy his post 70s music (yes, I have listened to it, I'm not assuming). I believe both of them followed their hearts, and create music they love, without regard for public opinion or record sales, and I respect them for that. That is what they should do. But I don't eagerly await each new release and buy it the day it comes out, as I would if they still created music in the style I love them for.

I just feel that at this point in time, rock music has come so far that truly ground-breaking artists are few and far between, and it isn't fair to expect that. Review artists based on musical merit, subjective as that is, not negate what may be wonderful music because it retains the style and familiarity of what came before. Don't expect the rock or prog wheel to be reinvented at regular intervals. I suspect most of your readers feel the way I do.

Don Cestaro, New York

Great letter, Don. It can be easy to praise young bands for doing a great facsimile of the rock greats, while at the same time being tough on originators for going over old ground. What do you think? Are we wrong to still expect innovation? Is the quest to break new ground self-defeating? Let us know.

Every month, the Star Letter wins a fine bottle of Islay Single Malt Smokehead Whisky. Enjoy. And remember: Smokehead encourages responsible drinking.



COOP COUP

I had to smile at the mini interview with The Trews [CR64] and Robert Plant's criticism of the band's cover of *Bohemian Rhapsody*. The Trews' version may have been a shocker but Robert's reported reprimand, "We're here to push music onwards, not ruin it" is a bit ironic. The man is a legend but given the way he has "pushed forward" Zeppelin classics such as *Black Dog* and *Houses Of The Holy* into sub *Dukes Of Hazzard* hoe-downs suggests to me he's having a laugh!

Pete Knott, Loughborough

THE BALLAD OF MOTT

I've been reading the music press since the early 70s, and only three times have I been so moved by an article that I've felt the need to preserve it for posterity: A Charles Shaar Murray review of MC5's *Kick Out The Jams*, A hilarious Editor's response to Pete Makowski's complaint about the editing of his Gong piece, and now, Dave Quantick's appreciation of *The Ballad Of Mott The Hoople* DVD release. Mr Quantick may be a hardened 'hack', but the affection he has for the band just pours off the page and he slips irresistibly into fandom. I got into Mott literally as they were disintegrating, and I lived in hope that one day they'd reform. I was lucky enough to get tickets for the comeback gig, and David's three word review – 'beautiful, poignant and thrilling' totally nails it for me, and no doubt he won't be the only one in tears at the DVD. I wiped away a few at the gig and his review has made me want to go through that sweet pain one more time at least. Rock on Dave Quantick for letting it all out.

Johnny Hop, UK Rock'n'Roll magazine

"When an artist strays too much from what I loved them for, I personally am disappointed."

FUZZ AND FEEDBACK

I've always thought that you guys view Communication Breakdown as a way of gauging the opinions of your readers – so why is it now reduced to a single page and without the text message facility?

Nick Shute, Hastings

It's a fair point, Nick, but – over the past five years – letters to the mag have decreased just as postings on our website, Facebook etc have increased. We still love getting letters, but it seems mad to make you pay for pages of them when the opinions of CR readers are available free, 24/7.

DISCS TO MEET THEIR DOOM?

In answer to your question in the letters page, PLEASE do NOT stop sending out CDs or indeed DVDs with the magazine.

I look forward to getting them through my letter box every month and always keep them. Plus my broadband speed is very slow so downloading stuff takes an age. You are certainly not clogging up my shelves. I love the physical product, have nearly 4,000 albums and display them proudly.

Richard Tilley, via email

Downloading is great for

marketing and promotions but not for decent quality music, your average CD has 11 times the quality of a download at 128 kbps.

I'd be happy with a 256 kbps download instead of the free CD, just not for my collection, I want something tangible to own, if I like the sample, I'll buy the CD at a sensible price.

Alex Creevy, via email

Thanks to everyone who wrote on this subject. Don't worry – the CD may be doomed, but it's safe in the world of CR for a while yet.

CR164: started a debate on whether you'd like to keep receiving a free CD.



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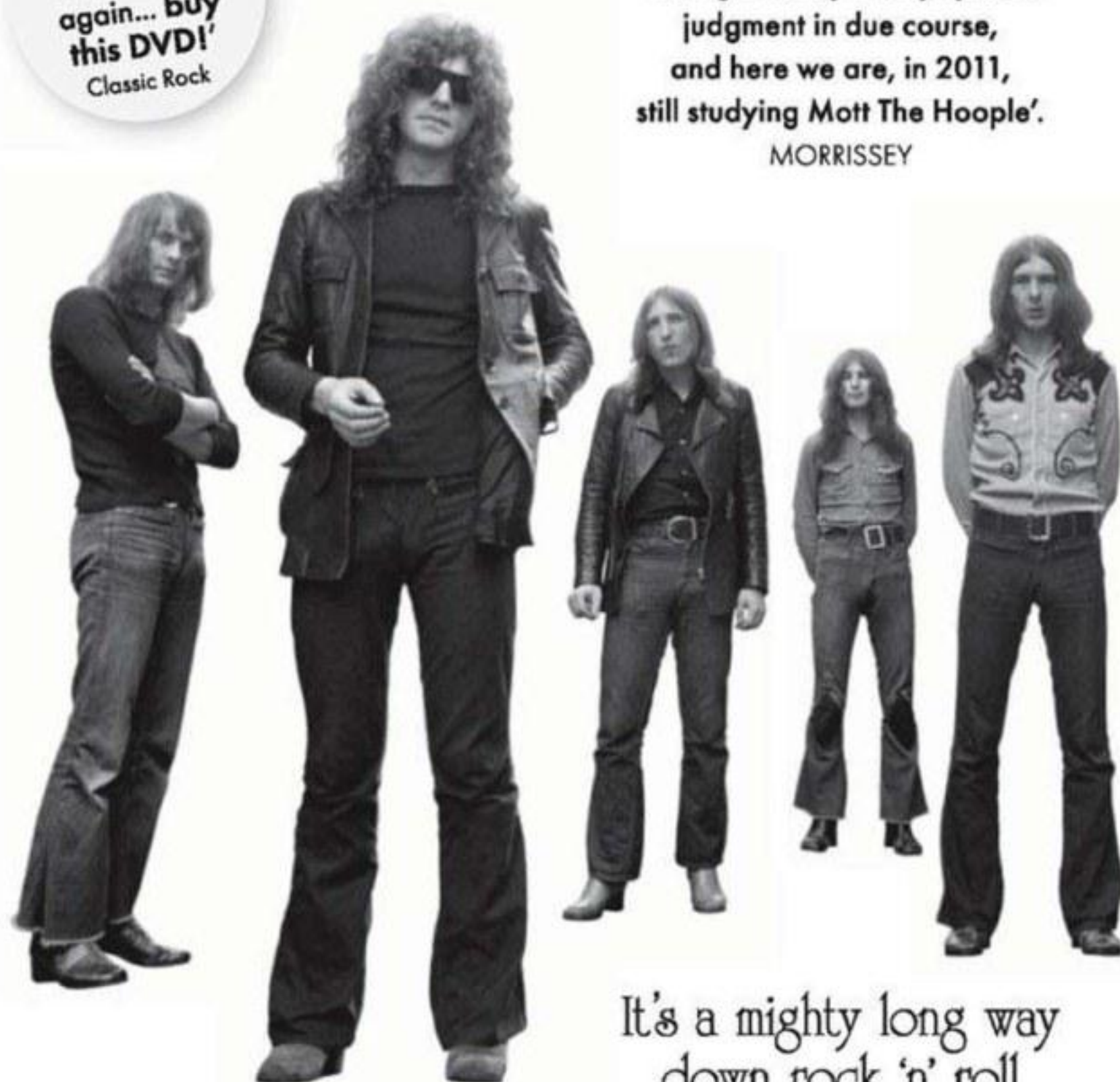
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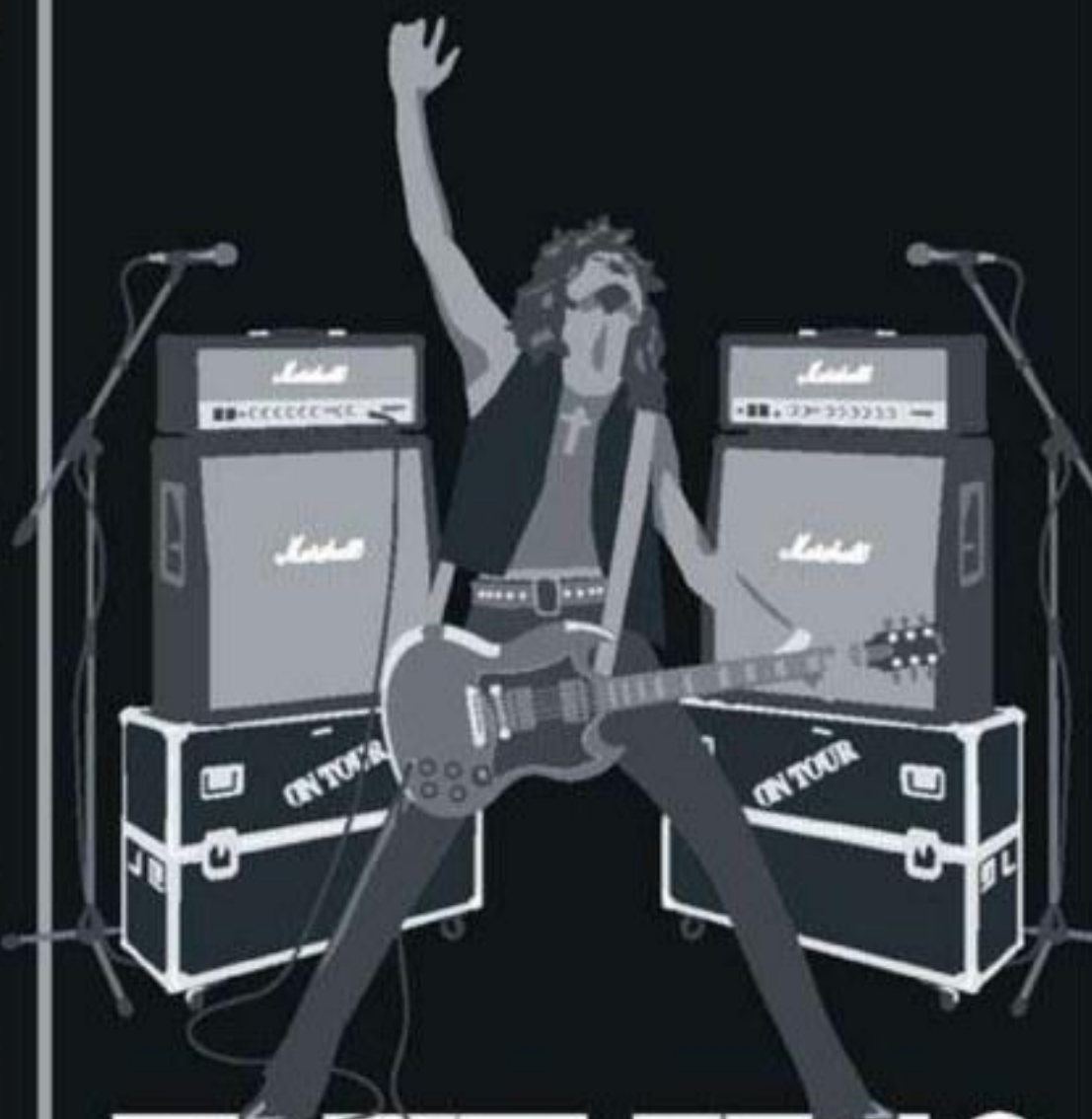
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LIVE!

THE HIGH-VOLTAGE
WHAT'S ON GUIDE

EDITED BY IAN FORTNAM (REVIEWS) AND DAVE LING (TOURS)

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Todd Rundgren
Still a wizard, a true star?

P **120** **INTERVIEWS**

P **123** **TOUR DATES**

P **126** **LIVE REVIEWS**



LIVE!

Ace Frehley: his side of the Kiss story is published in November.



|||||

"My life has changed so dramatically. Partying like I used to would mean certain death."



FREHLEY FACTS

- ★ For the final remaining Hard Rock Hell tickets call 08700 110034.
- ★ Frehley's band has a new second guitarist, former Thin Lizzy man Todd Youth.
- ★ *No Regrets* is published in Europe on November 10. Autographed copies will be available at HRH.

Ace Frehley

Heading for Hard Rock Hell, he asks if it's "anything like that movie *Dirty Dancing*?"

Former Kiss guitarist Ace Frehley is among the headliners at this year's Classic Rock-sponsored Hard Rock Hell festival, which takes place over three days in December in Prestatyn, Wales.

What do you know about Hard Rock Hell?

I understand it's very cool. But do you wanna fill me in? It's a rock festival in the winter time?

Yeah. It's held indoors, in a holiday camp. Holiday camps are a bit of a British tradition. Families go there together.

Is it anything like that movie *Dirty Dancing* with Patrick Swayze? [laughs]. I guess not. Anyway, it's always fun to play in the UK.

How do you feel about playing your debut solo album, now 33 years old, in full?

Actually that's not happening. I've asked for it to be removed from the advertising. We will feature some

songs from that album, but the set is a cross-section of things that are old and new.

After so many unofficial books on Kiss, you're setting the record straight with *No Regrets*, your own "rock'n'roll memoir".

Yeah. I felt it was time to give my side of the story – or as much as my memory would allow. Some of that stuff happened 30 years ago.

Had you wanted to, presumably you could have out-Dirted Mötley Crüe's tell-all *The Dirt*?

Well, that wasn't my intention, but mine's an entertaining read. I've talked about leaving the band, car accidents and parties.

Should Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley be bracing themselves for its publication?

No. It's just my vantage point of the break-up and the music. Paul wrote a disco song [*I Was Made For*

Loving You], which is where things started to go awry. And by the time of *The Elder* I'd had enough.

Were you surprised when you heard that Gene got married recently?

No. I had lunch with him a couple of weeks ago and he told me all about it. I gave him some portions of the book to read – obviously only the favourable parts [laughs].

During your five years of sobriety, did you ever come close to slipping back into old ways?

It's crossed my mind, but my life has changed so dramatically. Partying like I used to would mean certain death. **DL**

Hard Rock Hell takes place in Prestatyn on December 2-4. Frehley also plays his own gigs in Cardiff on December 1 and London 4.

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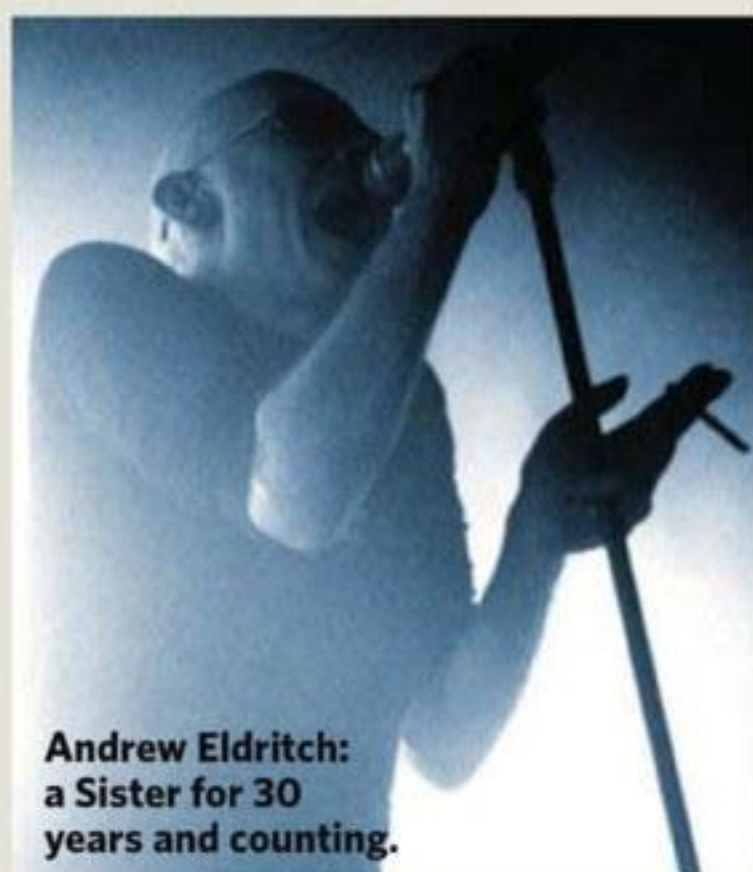
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See behind the scenes of this month's Glenn Hughes shoot.



PLANET OF PROG

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Andrew Eldritch:
a Sister for 30
years and counting.

Sisters Of Mercy

Top tunes, loud shirts and the wrong trousers.

Vocalist and bandleader Andrew Eldritch previews the group's 30th-anniversary gigs in London and Dublin.

What should people expect of these anniversary gigs?

We will behave very badly. We will wear some very loud shirts. We will wear some very wrong trousers. We will perform some very legendary rock music. It's what we do.

Are you tempted to join the growing nostalgia trend and perform the band's best-known albums, *First And Last And Always* or *Floodland*, in their entirety?

No. Had I written *Horses*, then I might've thought that such a thing was a very good idea. But unfortunately Patti Smith wrote it.

On a typical day, how do you amuse yourself on the road?

It's nice to be in a band with intelligent people. We like to visit museums and art galleries, maybe do a little al-fresco dining.

What's the album that the whole band will listen to while travelling on the tour bus?

We were listening to *Diamond Dogs* [David Bowie] recently.

Are there many unreleased finished tracks lurking in the Sisters' vaults?

Not finished ones. And I've no need to see unfinished stuff released at the moment.

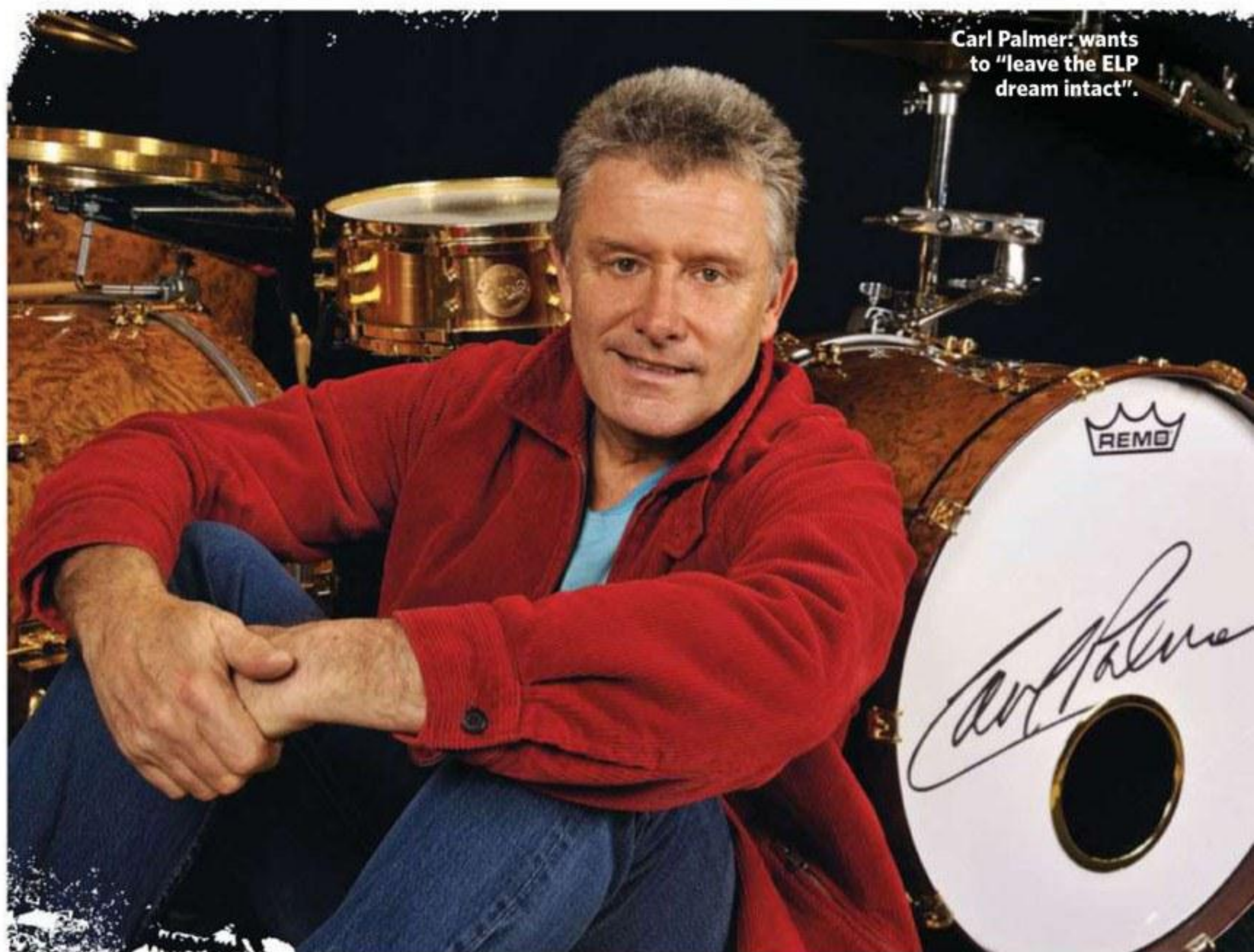
Will there be a new studio album from the Sisters in the foreseeable future?

It's possible that there may be. We've certainly got enough unreleased songs.

Is there a time-frame for such a release?

Not really. I'm of the opinion that after a band's first 10 years such things cease to matter too much. We're now on to 30 years together, which is a pretty solid achievement. So there's no hurry. **DL**

The Sisters play Dublin Olympia Theatre on November 11 and London Roundhouse 12.



Carl Palmer: wants to "leave the ELP dream intact".

Carl Palmer

ELP might be dead, but some of their music still has plenty of life in it.

Former Crazy World Of Arthur Brown, Atomic Rooster, Emerson Lake & Palmer and current Asia drummer Carl Palmer previews his instrumental other group's first UK tour in six years.

Just like ELP, your band is a trio, with guitarist Paul Bielatowicz playing the keyboard parts on guitar when you perform ELP material.

I still play a certain amount of ELP material, such as *Tarkus* and *Bitches Crystal*, but I decided not to have a vocalist or use a keyboard player because it would have been a bit too much like trying to recreate the past. Besides, today's guitarists are miles ahead of keyboard players in technical terms.

The centrepiece of this tour is a performance of *Pictures At An Exhibition* – a classical piece that ELP reworked – in its entirety.

It's a great piece of music which I've loved since the age of seven years old. I'm hoping to do again what

ELP's version did – introduce classical music to younger people.

There are more immediate pieces you could have considered.

You're right, it might prove hard for some people to swallow. But with the vocals removed it will work that much better.

A new iTunes mobile app, *Play Carl Palmer's Drums*, enables users to download your kit and play along with their fingers. How does such technology sit with you?

It's a bit of a joke, but I approve of it. It was on the front page of my website for a few years, and when

it got removed people complained, so we thought it would be fun to make it available again.

You've said that ELP's reunion show at the High Voltage festival last year was that band's swansong.

Yes, for me the band has come to a natural end. ELP lasted from 1970 to '78, then '91 to '98 – that's a good 16 years. After 12 years away it was lovely to do High Voltage, but one reunion concert was enough. And for me personally, five weeks of rehearsal was way too much. I still play 90 concerts a year and had appeared [at High Voltage] with Asia the day before. I'd rather leave the dream intact. We created that music when we were 20 years old and now we're in our 60s. If we can't play it like we once did then I'd rather stop. So I said to Keith [Emerson] and Greg [Lake]: "That's it for me." There were no big arguments. **DL**

The tour begins in Gateshead on November 24.

"I'm hoping to introduce classical music to younger people."

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Tour Dates

AIRRACE, CASABLANCA, COLDSPELL

Grimsby	Yardbirds	Nov 16
Glasgow	ABC 2	Nov 17
Nottingham	Rock City	Nov 19
Sheffield	Academy 2	Nov 20
London	Islington Academy	Nov 21

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

ANTHRAX, PARADISE LOST, SKINDRED, MORE

Hammerfest	Prestatyn Pontins	Mar 15-18
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ARABIA

Bolton	Gigs	Nov 11
London	Camden Purple Turtle	Nov 12
Stourbridge	River Rooms	Nov 13

ARCH ENEMY

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Dec 6
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DAN BAIRD & HOMEMADE SIN

Kendal	Bootleggers	Dec 1
London	Manette Street Borderline	Dec 2
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 3
Sheffield	Academy 2	Dec 7
York	Fibbers	Dec 8
Leicester	The Musician	Dec 9
Glasgow	ABC2	Dec 10
Newcastle	Academy 2	Dec 11

BLAZE BAYLEY

London	Camden Underworld	Dec 9
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BLACK LIPS

London	Heaven	Dec 18
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BONAFIDE, SILVERJET

Chester	Brookers Rock Bar	Dec 1
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 2
Leicester	The Musician	Dec 4
Kendal	Bootleggers	Dec 5
Grimsby	Yardbirds Rock Club	Dec 6
Newcastle	The Cluny	Dec 7
Glasgow	Stereo	Dec 8
Birmingham	Institute	Dec 9
Bradford	Rio's	Dec 10
London	Islington Academy 2	Dec 11

DANNY BOWES, BEN MATTHEWS

Gateshead	The Sage Hall 2	Jan 5
Glasgow	Oran Mor	Jan 6
Manchester	Academy	Jan 7
Birmingham	Glee Club	Jan 10
Norwich	Arts Centre	Jan 11
Cambridge	Junction	Jan 12
Sheffield	Memorial Hall	Jan 19
London	Shepherd's Bush Bush Hall	Jan 20/21
Brighton	Komedia	Jan 25
Wolverhampton	Wulfrun Hall	Jan 26
Liverpool	Academy	Jan 27
Wavendon	The Stables	Jan 29

LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM

Salford	The Lowry	Dec 9
Leeds	Academy	Dec 11
Edinburgh	Usher Hall	Dec 12
Gateshead	The Sage	Dec 13
Southampton	Guildhall	Dec 18
London	The Palladium	Dec 19

BUSH

London	Shepherd's Bush Bush Hall	Nov 20
London	Oxford Street 100 Club	Nov 21
London	Rivington Street Cargo	Nov 21

CATHEDRAL, GRAND MAGUS, COMUS, GENTLEMAN'S PISTOLS

London	Kentish Town Forum	Dec 3
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CHICKENFOOT

Manchester	Academy	Jan 12
London	Brixton Academy	Jan 14

THE CURE

London	Royal Albert Hall	Nov 15
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CYNIC

Dublin	The Village	Dec 3
Belfast	Limelight	Dec 4
London	Camden Underworld	Dec 5

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

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
Norwich	UEA	Nov 24
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Nov 25
Dublin	Olympia	Dec 4
Belfast	Ulster Hall	Dec 5

Recommended

DEEP PURPLE, CHEAP TRICK

Glasgow	SECC	Nov 26
Birmingham	LG Arena	Nov 27
Manchester	MEN Arena	Nov 29
London	O2 Arena	Nov 30

DEF LEPPARD, MÖTLEY CRÜE, STEEL PANTHER

Glasgow	SE&CC	Dec 9
Manchester	Arena	Dec 11
Sheffield	Arena	Dec 13
London	Wembley Arena	Dec 14

THE DEVIL'S BLOOD

London	Camden Underworld	Nov 26
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DIMMU BORGIR

Brighton	Concorde 2	Nov 14
Colchester	Arts Centre	Nov 15
Norwich	Waterfront	Nov 16
Glasgow	Classic Grand	Nov 18
Leeds	Cockpit	Nov 19
Cardiff	Great Hall 2	Nov 20
Stoke-on-Trent	Sugarmill	Nov 21
London	Islington Academy	Nov 23
Nottingham	Rescue Rooms	Nov 24
Manchester	Academy 3	Nov 25
Birmingham	Academy 2	Nov 26

DOGS D'AMOUR

Sheffield	Corporation	Nov 26
London	Islington Academy	Dec 4
Oxford	Academy	Dec 8
Liverpool	Academy	Dec 9
Newcastle	Academy	Dec 10
Birmingham	Academy	Dec 11

DREAM THEATER, PERIPHERY

Manchester	Apollo	Feb 9
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ALTER BRIDGE



Popular Floridian rockers head out on tour in support of the enhanced reissue of their stunning *ABIII* album.

Birmingham	LG Arena	Nov 22	Newcastle	Metro Radio Arena	Nov 26
Cardiff	Motorpoint Arena	Nov 23	Glasgow	SECC Arena	Nov 27
Manchester	MEN Arena	Nov 24	London	Wembley Arena	Nov 29

London	Wembley Arena	Feb 10
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DWARVES

London	Camden Underworld	Nov 17
Birmingham	The Rainbow	Nov 18
Sheffield	Corporation	Nov 19
Bristol	Thekla	Nov 20
Manchester	Moho Live	Nov 22
Nottingham	Rock City	Nov 23
Glasgow	Ivory Blacks	Nov 24
Leeds	Cockpit	Nov 25
Southampton	Joiners Arms	Nov 26

ELIXIR, AGINCOURT

London	Camden Purple Turtle	Dec 10
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TOMMY EMMANUEL

Hull	City Hall	Dec 1
Harrogate	International Centre	Dec 2
Buxton	Opera House	Dec 3
Liverpool	Royal Philharmonic	Dec 4
Birmingham	Town Hall	Dec 5
Brighton	Hove Centre	Dec 6
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Dec 7
Cardiff	St David's Hall	Dec 13
London	Highbury Union Chapel	Dec 15
Salisbury	City Hall	Dec 16

EVANESCENCE, THE PRETTY RECKLESS

Plymouth	Pavilions	Nov 10
Leeds	Academy	Nov 12
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 13

BRYAN FERRY

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Dec 14/15
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HEATHER FINDLAY

Southampton	The Brook	Nov 17
York	Fibbers	Nov 18
Glasgow	Classic Grand	Nov 19
London	Manette Street Borderline	Nov 26
Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 27

FISH

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	Nov 26
Fleetwood	Marine Hall	Nov 27
Whitstable	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	Whelan's	Dec 11
Galway	Roisin Dubh	Dec 12
Cork	Firkin Crane	Dec 13
Belfast	Spring & Airbrake	Dec 14
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Dec 18

FOUNTAINS OF WAYNE

London	King's Cross Scala	Nov 9
Manchester	Club Academy	Nov 11

PETER FRAMPTON

Manchester	Bridgewater Hall	Nov 11
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Nov 12
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Nov 13
Birmingham	Symphony Hall	Nov 15
Glasgow	Royal Concert Hall	Nov 16

FREEDOM CALL

London	Camden Underworld	Nov 18
Nottingham	MC Ballroom	Nov 19
Wakefield	Snoopy Fox	Nov 20
Newcastle	Trillians	Nov 21
Grimsby	Yardbirds	Nov 22
Birmingham	Roadhouse	Nov 23

ACE FREHLEY

Cardiff	Coal Exchange	Dec 1
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 3
London	Islington Academy	Dec 4

FRONT 242

London	Camden Koko	Dec 11
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GIRLSCHOOL, DEMON, SILVERJET, QUIREBOYS, MORE

Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 2-4
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GMT

London	Tufnell Park Boston Arms	Nov 10
Bradford	Rio's	Nov 11
Grimsby	Yardbirds Club	Nov 12

STEVE HACKETT

Tavistock	The Wharf	Nov 10
Gloucester	Guildhall	Nov 11
Manchester	Royal Northern College	Nov 12
London	Islington Academy	Nov 13

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LIVE!

STEVE HARLEY

Skegness	Embassy	Dec 3
Gloucester	Guildhall	Dec 5
Bristol	The Fleece	Dec 6
Cardiff	The Globe	Dec 7
York	Duchess Of York	Dec 8
Manchester	The Ritz	Dec 9
Southampton	The Brook	Dec 11
Leeds	Cockpit	Dec 12
Glasgow	Oran Mor	Dec 13
Stockton-on-Tees	The Arc	Dec 14
Liverpool	Mojo	Dec 15
London	IndigO2	Dec 16
Wavendon	The Stables	Dec 18
Bury St Edmunds	The Apex	Dec 19
Bilston	Robin 2	Dec 20

Recommended

BETH HART

Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Nov 24
Southampton	The Brook	Nov 25
Derby	Flowerpot	Nov 28
London	Camden Dingwalls	Nov 29
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Feb 25

HAVOK

London	Camden Purple Turtle	Nov 30
Exeter	The Cavern	Dec 1
Leicester	Lock 42	Dec 2
Edinburgh	Bannermans	Dec 3
Carlisle	Brickyard	Dec 4
Durham	Live Lounge	Dec 5
Brighton	The Hydrant	Dec 6

GLENN HUGHES

London	Leicester Square Theatre	Nov 14
Birmingham	Glee Club	Nov 15
Cardiff	Glee Club	Nov 16
Nottingham	Glee Club	Nov 20
Manchester	Band On The Wall	Nov 22

JANIS IAN

Worcester	Huntingdon Hall	Nov 9
Wavendon	The Stables	Nov 10
Brighton	St George's Church	Nov 12
Birmingham	Town Hall	Nov 13
Leeds	City Varieties	Nov 14

STEVE IGNORANT

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Nov 19
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INCUBUS

Manchester	Apollo	Nov 9/10
Glasgow	SECC	Nov 11

IQ

London	Islington Academy	Dec 10
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KOBRA AND THE LOTUS

York	Fibbers	Dec 1
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 2
Birmingham	Institute	Dec 4
London	Camden Barfly	Dec 6
Newcastle	Trillians	Dec 8
Glasgow	Stereo	Dec 10

LACUNA COIL

Aberdeen	Lemon Tree	Nov 9
Dundee	The Doghouse	Nov 10
Manchester	Academy 2	Nov 12
Cardiff	CFIO	Nov 13
Exeter	The Phoenix	Nov 14
Brighton	Concorde 2	Nov 16
Folkestone	Quarterhouse	Nov 17
Bournemouth	Old Fire Station	Nov 18
Colchester	Arts Center	Nov 20
Northampton	Roadmender	Nov 21
London	Malet Street ULU	Nov 22
Oxford	Academy	Nov 23

LEAF HOUND

Twickenham	Eel Pie Club	Nov 16
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HARD ROCK HELL



Hell is nearly upon us, and it's serving up Ace Frehley, Michael Monroe, Quireboys (pictured) and loads more.

Prestatyn

Pontins

Dec 1-4

THE LEMONHEADS

Portsmouth	Wedgewood Rooms	Nov 30
Nottingham	Rescue Rooms	Dec 1
Leeds	Cockpit	Dec 2
Newcastle	Cluny	Dec 4
Glasgow	Oran Mor	Dec 5
Manchester	The Ritz	Dec 6
Liverpool	Academy 2	Dec 7
Sheffield	The Plug	Dec 8
Birmingham	Academy 2	Dec 10
Cambridge	The Junction	Dec 11
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Dec 12
Brighton	Concorde 2	Dec 13

LITTLE CAESAR

Sheffield	Corporation	Dec 2
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LIZZY BORDEN

London	Camden Underworld	Dec 1
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 2

MACHINE HEAD, BRING ME THE HORIZON

London	Wembley Arena	Dec 3
Birmingham	NIA	Dec 4
Glasgow	SECC	Dec 5
Manchester	Central	Dec 6

MADINA LAKE

Brighton	Concorde 2	Nov 9
London	Camden Electric Ballroom	Nov 10
Cardiff	Great Hall 2	Nov 11
Birmingham	Academy 2	Nov 12
Sheffield	Corporation	Nov 14
Glasgow	Garage	Nov 15
Manchester	Academy 2	Nov 16
Norwich	Waterfront	Nov 17
Exeter	Lemon Grove	Nov 18

MAGAZINE

Sheffield	The Plug	Nov 9
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Nov 10

MAGENTA, ALAN REED

Kingston	The Peel	Nov 19
Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 20

MAGNUM

Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 30
Cambridge	Junction	Dec 1
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 2

MANIC STREET PREACHERS

London	O2 Arena	Dec 17
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MANOWAR

Dublin	Academy	Nov 9
Belfast	Mandela Hall	Nov 10

MARSEILLE

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

MASTODON

Bristol	Academy	Feb 5
Manchester	Academy	Feb 6
Glasgow	Barrowland	Feb 7
Norwich	UEA	Feb 9
Birmingham	Institute	Feb 10
London	Brixton Academy	Feb 11

JOHN MAYALL, OLI BROWN

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

SIMON McBRIDE

Leeds	The Duchess	Nov 28
Leicester	The Musician	Nov 29
Bury	The Met	Nov 30
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 1
London	Camden Barfly	Dec 2

PAUL McCARTNEY

London	O2 Arena	Dec 5
Manchester	MEN Arena	Dec 19
Liverpool	Echo Arena	Dec 20

LARRY MILLER

Carlisle	Festival	Nov 11
Hartlepool	Camerons	Nov 12
Leicester	The Musician	Nov 18
Derby	Flowerpot	Nov 19
Burgess Hill	Martlets Hall	Nov 26

MICHAEL MONROE, WEDNESDAY 13, CRASHDIET

Wolverhampton	Wulfrun Hall	Nov 24
Manchester	The Ritz	Nov 25
Nottingham	Rock City	Nov 26
Glasgow	Garage	Nov 27
Newcastle	Academy	Nov 28
Leeds	Academy	Nov 29
Bristol	Academy	Dec 1
London	Camden Electric Ballroom	Dec 2
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 3

MOLLY HATCHET

London	Islington Academy	Dec 11
Sheffield	Academy	Dec 12
Glasgow	Academy	Dec 13
Bilston	Robin 2	Dec 14

MONSTER MAGNET

Glasgow	Garage	Nov 24
London	Camden Koko	Nov 25

THURSTON MOORE

Dublin	Button Factory	Nov 27
Glasgow	The Arches	Nov 28
Leeds	Brudenell Social Club	Nov 29
Manchester	The Ritz	Nov 30
London	Highbury Union Chapel	Dec 2
Minehead	All Tomorrow's Parties	Dec 3

MOTÖRHEAD, ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, UK SUBS

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

NIGHTLORD, HYSTERICA, MORE

London	Camden Underworld	Nov 19
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OPETH, PAIN OF SALVATION

Newcastle	Academy	Nov 9
Edinburgh	Picturehouse	Nov 10
Manchester	Academy	Nov 11
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 12
London	Brixton Academy	Nov 13

ORANGE GOBLIN, GENTLEMAN'S PISTOLS, SIGIRIYA

London	Camden Underworld	Dec 17
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ORPHANED LAND

London	Manette Street Borderline	Nov 22
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CARL PALMER

Gateshead	The Sage	Nov 24
Edinburgh	Queens Hall	Nov 25
Manchester	Academy	Nov 26
Southend-on-Sea	Palace Theatre	Nov 27
Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Nov 29
Norwich	Maddermarket Theatre	Nov 30
Bilston	Robin 2	Dec 1
Treorchy	Park And Dare Theatre	Dec 2
Ipswich	Corn Exchange	Dec 3
Wavendon	The Stables	Dec 4

PARADISE LOST, ANVIL, WATAIN

Bloodstock Festival	Derby Catton Hall	Aug 9-12
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PENTAGRAM

London	Highbury Garage	Dec 9
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THE PINEAPPLE THIEF

York	Fibbers	Dec 7
Manchester	Moho	Dec 8
Nottingham	Bodega	Dec 10
Bristol	The Fleece	Dec 14
London	Manette Street Borderline	Dec 15

THE QUIREBOYS, RED, WHITE & BLUES

Manchester	Moho Live	Nov 29
Glasgow	The Garage	Nov 30
Newcastle	Academy	Dec 1
Coventry	Kasbah	Dec 2
Sheffield	Corporation	Dec 4

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Cardiff	The Globe	Dec 6
Southampton	The Brook	Dec 7
London	Camden Electric Ballroom	Dec 8
Peterborough	Club Revolution	Dec 9
Wrexham	Central Station	Dec 10

THE REASONING

London	Manette Street Borderline	Nov 12
Bilston	Robin 2	Nov 13
Cardiff	The Globe	Dec 9

RECKLESS LOVE

London	Islington Academy	Nov 26
Nottingham	Rock City	Nov 27
Newcastle	Academy 2	Nov 28
Glasgow	Cathouse	Nov 30
Belfast	Limelight	Dec 1
Dublin	Whelans	Dec 2
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 3

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

London	O2 Arena	Nov 9, 10
Glasgow	SECC	Nov 12
Manchester	MEN Arena	Nov 14/15
Sheffield	Motorpoint Arena	Nov 17
Birmingham	LG Arena	Nov 19/20

DAN REED

London	Highbury Union Chapel	Dec 10
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**RISE AGAINST, TOM MORELLO
THE NIGHTWATCHMAN**

London	Brixton Academy	Nov 9
Bristol	Academy	Nov 12
Southampton	Guildhall	Nov 13

RIVAL SONS

London	Islington Academy	Nov 10
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SABATON, HELL

London	Camden Koko	Dec 16
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**PAUL SABU, PROPHET, ARABIA,
LEGION, SHAKRA, VANDEN PLAS, MORE**

Z Rock 2012	Bilston Robin 2	May 5
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SAXON, HAMMERFALL

London	Camden Koko	Dec 20
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MATT SCHOFIELD

Gloucester	Guildhall	Nov 10
Brighton	Concorde 2	Nov 11
Sevenoaks	Rock Plaza	Nov 12
Lichfield	Arts Centre	Nov 13
Exeter	The Timepiece	Nov 14
London	Camden Dingwalls	Nov 22
Colchester	Arts Centre	Nov 23
Oxford	Academy 2	Nov 24
Selby	Town Hall	Nov 25
Clitheroe	The Grand	Nov 26

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
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

THE SMASHING PUMPKINS

Manchester	Apollo	Nov 11
Glasgow	Academy	Nov 13
Newcastle	Academy	Nov 14
London	Brixton Academy	Nov 15/16
Sheffield	Academy	Nov 18
Birmingham	Academy	Nov 19

SPACE RITUAL, THE EDEN HOUSE

London	Highbury Garage	Nov 19
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STATUS QUO, ROY WOOD, KIM WILDE

Birmingham	LG Arena	Dec 3
Sheffield	Motorpoint Arena	Dec 4
Liverpool	Echo Arena	Dec 6
Nottingham	Capital FM Arena	Dec 7
Brighton	Centre	Dec 9
Cardiff	Motorpoint Arena	Dec 10
London	O2 Arena	Dec 11
Bournemouth	BIC	Dec 13
Plymouth	Pavilions	Dec 14
Newcastle	Metro Radio Arena	Dec 16
Glasgow	SE&CC	Dec 17

STEREOPHONICS

London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Dec 19-21
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STRANGLERS

Leeds	Academy	Mar 1
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HAMMERFEST

Book early for a spring treat in North Wales, featuring Anthrax, Paradise Lost (pictured) and loads more.

Prestatyn

Pontin's

Mar 15-17

Liverpool	Academy	Mar 5
Nottingham	Rock City	Mar 6
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Mar 8
London	Chalk Farm Roundhouse	Mar 9
Birmingham	Academy	Mar 10
Oxford	Academy	Mar 12
Portsmouth	Pyramid Centre	Mar 13
Lincoln	Engine Shed	Mar 15
Brighton	Dome	Mar 16
Bristol	Academy	Mar 17
Leamington Spa	Assembly Hall	Mar 19
Guildford	G-Live	Mar 20
Newcastle	Academy	Mar 22
Sheffield	Academy	Mar 23
Manchester	Academy	Mar 24

STRAY

London	Walthamstow Royal Standard	Nov 11
Ruislip	The Tropic	Nov 18
Southend-on-Sea	Riga Bar	Nov 19

SWITCHFOOT

Birmingham	Academy 2	Nov 9
Edinburgh	Liquid Room	Nov 10
Cambridge	Junction	Nov 11

Recommended**THIN LIZZY, CLUTCH**

Glasgow	Barrowland	Jan 19
Newcastle	City Hall	Jan 21
Leicester	De Montfort Hall	Jan 23
York	Barbican	Jan 24
Cambridge	Corn Exchange	Jan 25
Wolverhampton	Civic Hall	Jan 27
Manchester	Apollo	Jan 28
Sheffield	City Hall	Jan 29
Plymouth	Pavilions	Jan 31
Cardiff	St David's Hall	Feb 1
Brighton	Dome	Feb 3
London	Hammersmith Apollo	Feb 4

THUNDER

Nottingham	Rock City	Dec 20/21
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DEVIN TOWNSEND PROJECT

London	Highbury Union Chapel	Nov 10, 13
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THE TREATMENT

Nottingham	Rock City Basement	Dec 1
Manchester	Alter Ego	Dec 3
Dundee	Doghhouse	Dec 4
Glasgow	King Tut's Wah Wah Hut	Dec 6
Stoke-on-Trent	Sugarmill	Dec 7
London	Camden Underworld	Dec 8
Colchester	Arts Centre	Dec 9
Southampton	Joiners Arms	Dec 11
York	Fibbers	Dec 13
Cardiff	Club Ifor Bach	Dec 14
Bath	Moles	Dec 15
Sheffield	Corporation	Dec 16
Liverpool	Masque	Dec 17
Guildford	Boiler Room	Dec 19
Wolverhampton	Slade Rooms	Dec 20
Cambridge	Portland Arms	Dec 22

TRIVIUM, IN FLAMES, GHOST

Southampton	Guildhall	Dec 1
Wolverhampton	Civic Hall	Dec 2
Manchester	Academy	Dec 3
London	Brixton Academy	Dec 4
Glasgow	Academy	Dec 6
Newcastle	Academy	Dec 7
Plymouth	Pavilions	Dec 8

WALTER TROUT, POPA CHUBBY

Wolverhampton	Wulfrun Hall	Nov 23
London	Islington Academy	Nov 24
Salisbury	City Hall	Nov 25
Holmfirth	Picturedrome	Nov 26
Edinburgh	Queens Hall	Nov 27

**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
London	Wembley Arena	Apr 13

TYKETTO

London	Camden Underworld	Nov 30
Sheffield	Corporation	Dec 1
Southampton	The Brook	Dec 2
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 3

URGE OVERKILL

London	Manette Street Borderline	Nov 23
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URIAH HEEP

Wolverhampton	Wulfrun Hall	Dec 1
Holmfirth	Picturedrome	Dec 2
Brighton	Centre	Dec 3
Bristol	Academy	Dec 5
Bournemouth	Academy	Dec 6
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Dec 8
Oxford	Academy	Dec 10
Glasgow	ABC	Dec 11
Newcastle	Academy	Dec 12
Wavendon	The Stables	Dec 13

THE DONNIE VIE BAND

Bromley	Railway Hotel	Nov 9
Bristol	Fiddlers	Nov 10
Crumlin	The Patriot	Nov 11

VIRGIL & THE ACCELERATORS

Kinross	The Green Hotel	Nov 11
Southampton	The Brook	Nov 16
Hartlepool	Cameron Club	Nov 18

VOODOO SIX

Leicester	Lock 42	Nov 17
Stoke-on-Trent	Underground	Nov 18
Newcastle	Legends	Nov 19
Manchester	Moho Live	Nov 20
Exeter	The Cavern	Nov 21
Southampton	Joiners Arms	Nov 23
Bristol	The Fleece	Nov 24
Nottingham	Rock City	Nov 25
Glasgow	Classic Grand	Nov 26
Leeds	Joseph's Well	Nov 27
London	Manette Street Borderline	Nov 29
Grimsby	Yardbirds Club	Nov 30
Wolverhampton	Slade Rooms	Dec 1

Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 2
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WHITESNAKE

London	Kentish Town Forum	Dec 5
Newport	Centre	Dec 7
Wolverhampton	Civic Hall	Dec 8

WIRE

Birmingham	Institute	Nov 15
Manchester	Academy 3	Nov 16
Manchester	Academy	Nov 16
Edinburgh	Liquid Rooms	Nov 17
Glasgow	The Arches	Nov 18
Newcastle	Academy 2	Nov 19
Leeds	Brudenell Social Club	Nov 20
Brighton	Concorde 2	Nov 22
London	XOYO	Nov 23
Liverpool	Academy 2	Nov 25
Dublin	Whelans	Nov 26
Bristol	Thekla	Nov 29
Exeter	The Phoenix	Nov 30
Cardiff	The Globe	Dec 1
Oxford	Academy 2	Dec 2
Sheffield	The Plug	Dec 3

WITHIN TEMPTATION

Manchester	Academy	Nov 9
Glasgow	Barrowland	Nov 10
London	Brixton Academy	Nov 11

WOLF PEOPLE

Glasgow	Stereo	Jan 13
Leeds	Brudenell Social Club	Jan 14
Brighton	The Haunt	Jan 15
London	Highbury Garage	Jan 17

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
Hard Rock Hell	Prestatyn Pontins	Dec 2
Birmingham	Academy 3	Dec 3
Oxford	Academy 3	Dec 4

THE WONDER STUFF

Birmingham	Academy	Dec 15
London	Shepherd's Bush Empire	Dec 16

WRATHCHILD

Crumlin	The Patriot	Feb 24
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YES

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

YOU ME AT SIX

Leicester	Academy	Mar 17
Nottingham	Rock City	Mar 18
Bournemouth	Academy	Mar 20
Yeovil	Westland Centre	Mar 21
Cardiff	The Great Hall	Mar 23
Liverpool	University	Mar 24
Newcastle	Academy	Mar 25
Glasgow	SECC Hall 3	Mar 27
Manchester	Apollo	Mar 28
Birmingham	Ballroom	Apr 1
London	Brixton Academy	Apr 2

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

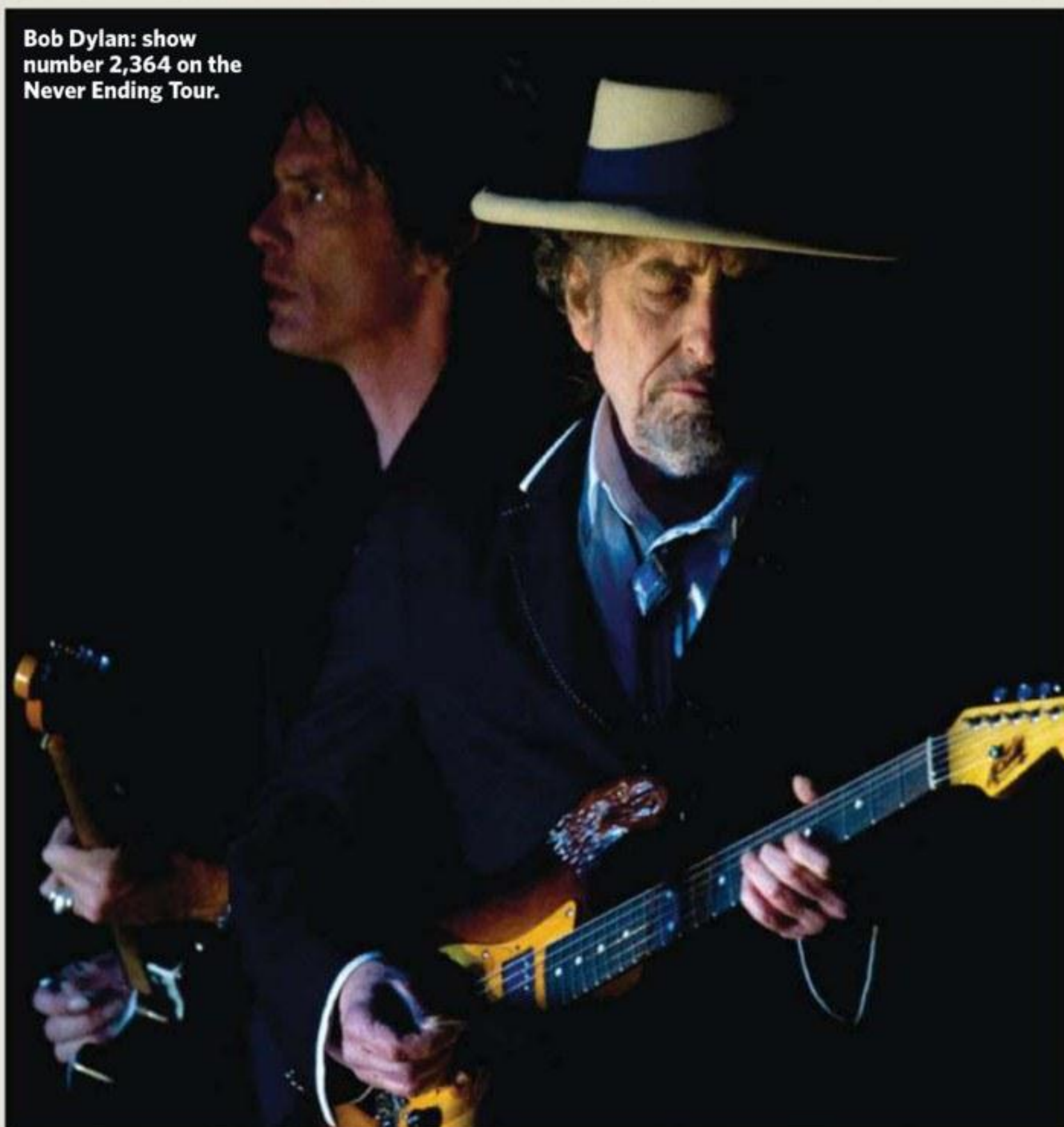
THE ZOMBIES

Stockton	The Arc	Nov 16
Wrexham	Central Station	Nov 17
Edinburgh	The Caves	Nov 18
Glasgow	The Ferry	Nov 19
Kinross	Green Hall	Nov 20
Letchworth	Plinston Hall	Nov 23
Wimbourne	Tivoli Hall	Nov 24
Leicester	Y Theatre	Nov 25
Worthing	Grand Victoria	Nov 26
St Albans	Arena	Nov 27
Sevenoaks	Stag Theatre	Nov 29
Birkenhead	Pacific Road Arts Centre	Nov 30
Worcester	Huntingdon Halls	Dec 1



LIVE!

Bob Dylan: show number 2,364 on the Never Ending Tour.



Bob Dylan

Manchester MEN Arena

The Never Ending Tour rolls ever onward, like an old and growling train.

★ Bob Dylan makes for a curious live spectacle these days. In many ways he's morphed into exactly what he always wanted to be – a nomad serially hoofing his way around concert halls the world over, like a hi-scale facsimile of the old folk and blues minstrels he grew up on. Of course none of them quite had Bob's bank balance, but Dylan's clearly not in this for the money.

He's certainly in lean shape for a 70-year-old. The voice may now be reduced to a dry bark, but the pace and energy of tonight's set is something to behold. No sooner have Dylan and his five-piece band ripped the top off *Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat*, Bob crouched conspiratorially behind the keyboard, than they lay waste *Don't Think Twice, It's All Right* and cut a mean rug on *Tangled Up In Blue*, Bob blowing mouth harp stage centre.

It's all very perfunctory from a performance angle – there's no attempt at audience banter and little in the way of spontaneity. He could be playing any cowshed on the planet, and offers the Manc masses little in the way of personalised crumbs. But you can forgive the almost surgical aloofness when the likes of *Highway 61 Revisited*, *Thunder On The Mountain* and *All Along The Watchtower* come barreling past with such crashing force and sheer bloody-minded wonder, while the surging opening chords of *Like A Rolling Stone* – undimmed by age, time or even the depressing sterility of Manchester's least magical music venue – remain one of rock's greatest landmarks.

Rob Hughes

Todd Rundgren

London Jazz Café

The Runt retreads his finest moments.

★ On his previous visit to London early last year, Rundgren was in almost pantomime showman mode, presenting his 1973 album *A Wizard, A True Star* in its entirety at the Hammersmith Apollo, nipping off to the wings to change into a different costume for each song. Fans at the four more intimate sold-out club shows in the capital in October were spared the sight of Todd in a dayglo fat suit or as a spaceman, comedy chef and the like, but the greatest hits set provided no less of a spectacle.

Describing his choice of material as "the songs I think you'd request if I was the kind of guy who took requests", Rundgren, dressed in jeans and dark suit jacket, and with a well-drilled band including longtime cohorts Prairie Prince (drums) and bassist Kasim Sultan, rattled off two hours of firm favourites. *A Wizard...* was all but ignored – only its soul covers medley, featuring slivers of gems like *I'm So Proud*, *Ooh Baby Baby* and *Cool Jerk* saw action here – but there was no shortage of eloquent melodies and exquisite pop-rock for the audience to get their teeth into.

The likes of *Hello It's Me*, *Can We Still Be Friends?* and *I Saw The Light* found Todd and band drowned out by singalong fans, but Rundgren's powerful voice, betraying his 63 years, was at its most affecting on *It Wouldn't Have Made Any Difference* (despite a questionable bossa nova arrangement), *Lucky Guy* and a rousing, revved-up *Couldn't I Just Tell You*.

Terry Staunton

Spiritualized

London Royal Albert Hall

Droning, lengthy, self-indulgent... Yay!

★ No song requests, no extraneous whooping and certainly no heckles, just one plea to gaze upon the face of a visionary. "Turn around!" yelps a wag from the bleachers at the back of Jason Pierce's head, but the perma-sunglassed Pierce doesn't flinch, rooted to his stool facing stage right past his gospel choir and semi-circle of noise-mongers towards his orchestra. This legend's not for turning.

Spiritualized, after all, are a band firmly fixed of intent. If using such an auspicious night largely to showcase his as-yet-unfinished-and-untitled new album in full isn't steadfast enough, the album itself exhibits Pierce's dedication to styles and structures he's been (wonderfully) adhering to for a decade. So there's the bold and brilliant drone-punk opener building to a euphoric orchestral pop crescendo (*Hey Jane*). There's the soulful gospel swayers, the chain-gang spirituals, the trademark lashings of avant-lush noise segments played at deafening volumes. And, of course, the rapturous closer, *Dio C'è*, that strikes with the melodic force of a celestial thunderbolt.

A magnificent artistic tour de force maybe, this first hour is a frustrating self-indulgence for those expecting more familiar sounds. For them, the second hour plunders the vaults to revisit the sumptuous *Sway* and *Shine A Light* and Spacemen 3's *Take Me To The Other Side* before ending with an uproarious *Oh Happy Day*. The spirit is still strong...

Mark Beaumont

The Von Hertzen Brothers

London Borderline

Downsized but not disheartened.

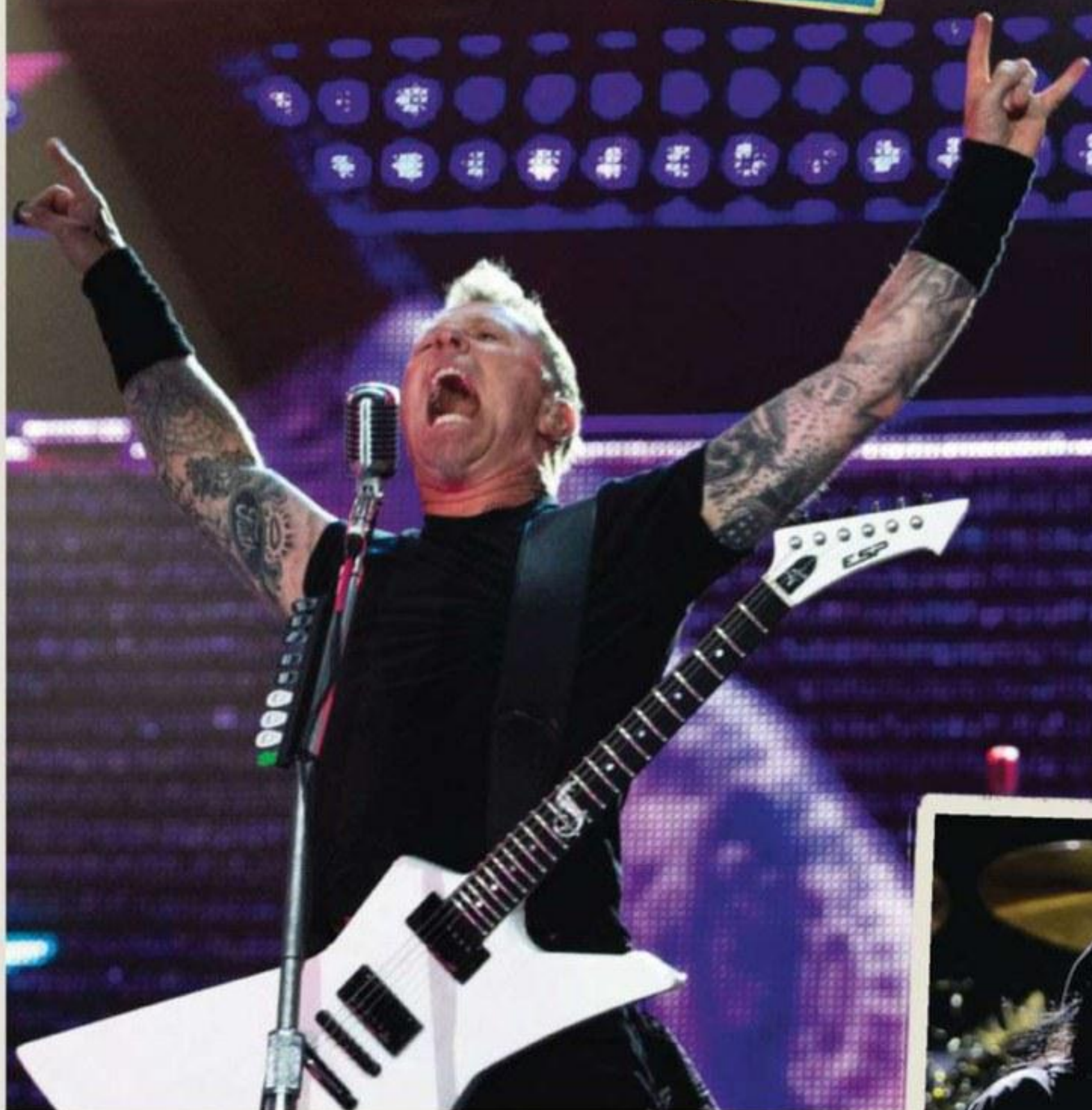
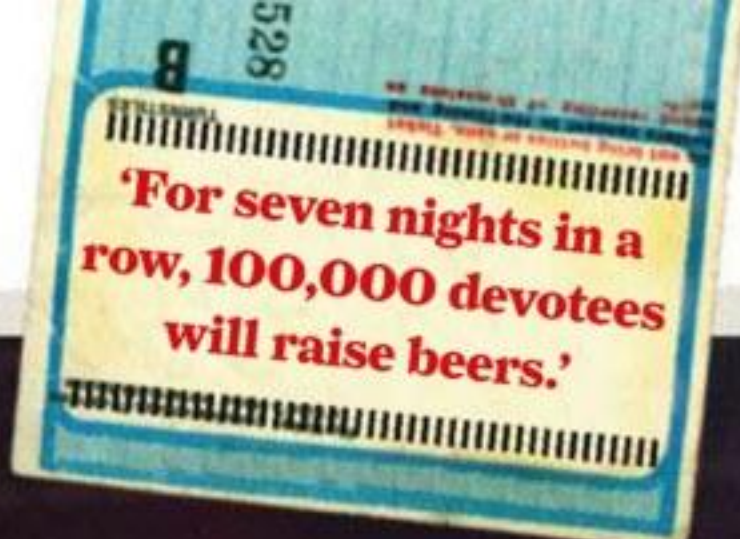
★ Following a triumphant lunchtime spot at the recent High Voltage festival, where the trio's mellifluous, free-flowing fusion of prog, rock and pop was greeted at first with quizzically raised eyebrows, followed by smiling faces, it was only logical that the Von Hertzen Brothers would receive a welcome profile boost. Wasn't it?! Perhaps not...

The three siblings are genuine superstars in their Finnish homeland, where a four-album catalogue was crowned by the local equivalent of a Grammy. Here, with just HV and a solitary headline date in February behind them, the Von Hertzens are starting almost from scratch. It's nevertheless amazing that tonight's show is scaled down from the not-all-that-huge *Garage* to the fairly cosy *Borderline*.

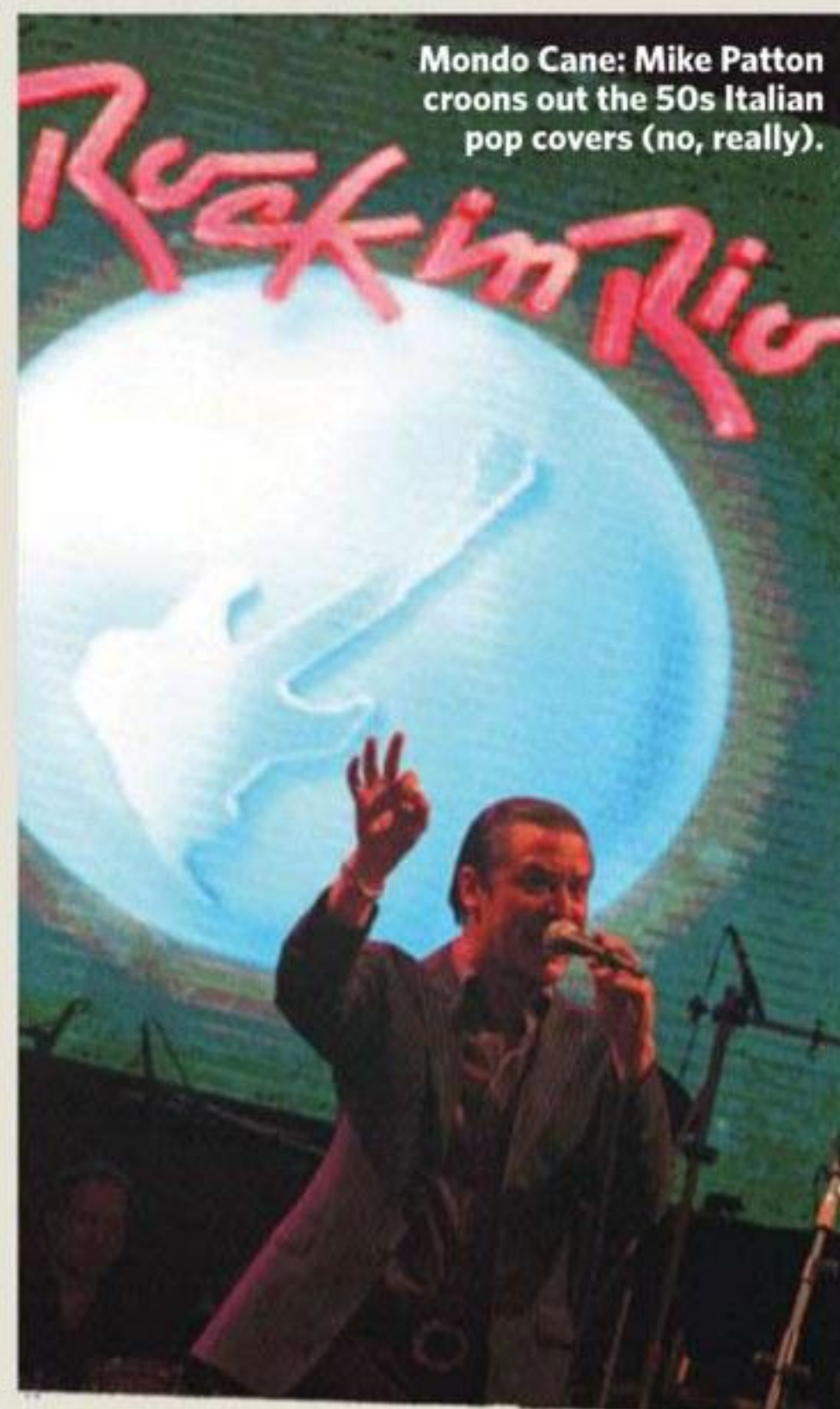
Despite all of the above, it can be stated with a degree of certainty that we are unlikely to see the band perform again in such intimate surroundings. Indeed the less than 300 who caught this show can consider themselves fortunate to have experienced a little piece of history. Once memorably described as "[prog-rock supergroup] Transatlantic fronted by Tommy Shaw of Styx/Damn Yankees" by *Classic Rock*'s sister title *Prog*, Mikko, Kie and Jonne have great songs, wonderful lead vocals, impeccable harmonies and cunning arrangements – and even a triumphant interpretation of King Crimson's 1969 classic *In The Court Of The Crimson King* as the encore.

Dave Ling

Metallica: a lean-looking Hetfield still put flesh on the bones.



Mondo Cane: Mike Patton croons out the 50s Italian pop covers (no, really).



Rock In Rio IV

Cidade do Rock, Rio De Janeiro, Brazil

The stars of metal get hot, wet and steamy in Brazil.

★ You roll past a dozen ambulances and an army of support workers before you reach the gates of the Cidade do Rock, otherwise known as the City Of Rock, where every night for seven nights in a row 100,000 devotees will raise beers. Even occasional downpours aren't enough to dissuade a heaving throng from the weirdness of Mike Patton crooning 60s-era Italian pop songs with a big band in support of his **Mondo Cane** project.

But if the erstwhile Faith No More singer's musical eccentricities are charming, then the sight of Corey Taylor's **Stone Sour** battling torrential rain with none other than ex-Dream Theater sticksman Mike Portnoy behind the kit is a rare treat, and a potent hors d'oeuvre ahead of the delights that follow on Sunday, when **Sepultura** command the second stage with French industrial percussion outfit **Les Tambours du Bronx**. Sadly though, a woefully underpowered backline means their superpowered grooves are almost inaudible anywhere beyond the pit.

On the main stage **Coheed And Cambria**'s cover of *The Trooper* pays homage to the long shadow of Iron Maiden, whose now legendary appearance here ten years ago casts a long shadow still. But it's really when **Motörhead**'s backdrop appears that the massive throng unites. Reports of Lemmy's shambolic

appearance a few months ago at Bloodstock are instantly wiped away by the likes of *Going To Brazil* and a staggering, Carnavalesque drum solo by Mikkey Dee that sees tens of thousands dancing, before *Overkill* and *Ace Of Spades* remind everyone why the trio still slay.

It all steps up later on with **Slipknot**, when nine S-logos glowing blue with the exception of a central one that bursts into flame and – in homage to Paul Gray – captures the forlorn sentiment we've grown accustomed to from these lowan heroes. *Wait And Bleed* is a vision of a band performing like a well-oiled killing machine, plumes of fire belching from the stage and accentuating the sweat flying off of Taylor's boiler suit. Tonight's show is a spine-tingling triumph. It gives **Metallica** a little more to prove in the closing slot, but as Ennio Morricone's spaghetti western intro *The Ecstasy Of Gold* gives way to a storming *Creeping Death*, it's clear that a thin-looking James Hetfield and the lads aren't going down easy, and it's only on *Fade To*



Motörhead: back at their barnstorming best.

Black that Metallica falter, Hetfield's distortion failing on the second verse and stealing some of the sentiment away. And then it happens: the unmistakable beauty and rarity of *Orion* descends, leaving countless mouths agape and reminding us that in two days' time it will be the 25th anniversary of Cliff Burton's tragic demise. For the moment, with lifelong fans scratching their heads about the Lou Reed collaboration *Lulu*, the biggest metal band of all time is also undeniably the greatest, and all else is forgiven.

Alexander Milas

Foo Fighters



Continued from page 87

Keynes Bowl, with appearances from guests Alice Cooper and Roger Taylor.

Nate: "It's a weird thing to say, having grown up playing punk-rock shows in people's basements, but I really like the arena shows now."

Pat: "These two nights were my favourite shows of the tour. First of all it was at Milton Keynes Bowl, which was famous for the Queen concert [in 1982]. Then, when we got there, our tour manager had set up this medieval village for a backstage area, with an old-style British pub and a double-decker bus. It was like: 'Wow, you've just ruined all future backstage areas for us.'"

Chris: "It was definitely not cocaine in bowls. It was pints for the adults and lots of candy and toys for the kids."

Taylor: "How did we end up playing *School's Out*? Well, Dave had this school function for his kids, and of course he was told he was musical director, so he roped me in. We thought *School's Out* would be funny for that."

Pat: "Alice was filming a movie or something, so we didn't even see him until we went off stage for the encore. While the crowd was cheering for more, we had a chat with him at the side: 'You wanna do *School's Out* and *I'm Eighteen*?' Foo Fighters is the only band I've ever been in that'll learn a song at soundcheck and play it that night in front of 55,000 people."

Nate: "Alice came out on stage with his horse whip and kicked ass, then he left. He's a sober golfer now. Roger Taylor is cool, man. He's obviously an older guy, but he's got a young man's spirit. He likes to hang out, and he's not afraid to talk about Queen, which is great because we're all super-fans."

Dave: "Ask the 130,000 people who bought a ticket to Milton Keynes if they think rock is dead."

AUGUST 7: The Foo's headline set at Lollapalooza is marred/made by a torrential downpour.

Pat: "That was the first time in my life that I've actually been scared of weather! I've never seen or been in rain like that. I can't even say it was like standing in a shower, because it was so much harder than that. The rain was huge and hard, and I didn't think about how dangerous it was until afterwards. I do remember at one point all our guitar techs came running out with coverage bags and taped them over the pedals and monitors. That's when we thought: 'Wow, this is bad.'"

Nate: "We got all-the-way wet. Even Taylor got wet – that's how sideways and intense the rain was."

AUGUST 30: Foo Fighters announce US tour dates via the Hot Buns viral video, with the band cast as gay truckers who share a shower.

Taylor: "We were at a truck-stop in the Midwest somewhere, about 10 years ago, and Dave was sitting there watching all these big, burly truckers getting tickets to go take a shower. They happened to be playing Queen's *Body Language*, which was

fucking hilarious. It's one of those things that stuck in Dave's head."

Dave: "I didn't realise that truck stops had showers! There was this lady calling numbers, like 'Number 42!' and a huge fat guy with a ZZ Top face would go take a shower."

Nate: "We had all kinds of reactions to that. One of our wives didn't get it: 'Why are you doing this? It's embarrassing. You're grown men and nobody should be looking at your 40-year-old ass.'"

Pat: "I was like: 'I'm not getting naked for a video. Not gonna happen, dude. You'll have to write another character for me. So I was the cleaner. Were the other guys naked in the shower? Oh yeah. Awkward.'"

Taylor: "It wasn't that awkward. People think we were just standing all day in that shower naked, but it wasn't like that. The 'buns-reveal', if you will, was the last thing we shot. It was like: 'Okay, guys, drop 'em.' Then we all pulled our pants back up. We weren't standing there looking at each other's wang-bangs all day."

Chris: "Dave directed that whole thing, so he was just out of shot going: 'Okay, now pretend to pee in the shower! Now lather your tits!'"

SEPTEMBER 16: The band respond to picketing by hate group/religious nutjobs Westboro Baptist Church in Kansas by playing the pro-gay song *Keep It Clean* on a float outside the venue.

"I was like: 'I'm not getting naked for a video. Not gonna happen, dude.' So I was the cleaner."

Pat Smear

Pat: "We knew *Hot Buns* would get attention, but it suddenly got this attention we didn't expect.

A week before our show in Kansas, someone emailed and told us it was on Westboro's official protest schedule. They're pretty big over here."

Taylor: "The freaky church people? Fuck 'em. The float was another of Dave's ideas. We were all a little bit nervous about it at first. At the last minute we were like: 'Maybe it's a bit dangerous.' You never know: if they're that deranged and have such insane theories about religion and soldiers and homosexuality... Their entire MO is insane."

Nate: "They're not a real organisation, they're just attention-seekers. It's not like there's any actual

Stand and deliver: picketing the Westboro Baptist Church in Kansas.



ideology behind it. They're just a bunch of shit-bags, actually, but it gave us a great opportunity to do that counter-protest, which is one of the funniest things we've ever done. So good on them for providing the foil."

Dave: "It was a proud moment for the band, to be honest. It seemed like the right way to deal with them. I didn't want to ignore them, but I also didn't want to take it too seriously."

Pat: "It was so much fun that afterwards I asked the band if we could take them on tour with us, just to protest outside our shows so we can do that again. They did a response, too: a parody of *Keep It Clean*."

SEPTEMBER 27: For an appearance on The Jimmy Fallon Show the Foo's are joined by Roger Waters for a version of *In The Flesh*.

Taylor: "I love Roger Waters. I think he's brilliant. I think lyrically he's right along the lines of a Lennon or a Dylan. Maybe that's too far for some people, but that's how I feel. *Animals* and *The Wall* and *Wish You Were Here* and *Dark Side Of The Moon*, all those records. But is he a 'huggy and kissy' kinda guy? No. Not at all."

Nate: "Y'know, Roger is a gentleman, and he was very cordial, but he is Roger Waters and he has a certain curmudgeonly presence."

Taylor: "He showed up and he's like: 'Okay, so how are you guys doing this?' I started explaining: 'Well, we do the live version off the 1981 live album.' And he goes: 'Oh, just fucking play it.' And I went: 'Er, okay.' It's good for us, because we're used to people being so nice and cool and getting our butts kissed. And Roger Waters had no intention of doing that whatsoever. He lives up to the myth of being this sort of pissed-off dude. Which is kinda great. It's kinda like getting punched in the face by Mike

Tyson. You say: 'Yeah, I got punched in the face by Mike Tyson. Isn't that cool?'"

NOVEMBER 9: Foo Fighters pick up the Best Band 2011 at the Classic Rock Roll Of Honour in London.

Pat: "I just love that it's a Classic Rock award. I still listen to the same music I did when I was a teenager. I'm all about classic rock. Taylor is the same way. We all read the magazine and we love it, so this actually means something to us."

Taylor: "Every year we can go out and make a living, and have people respond is a good year. It's always a good year when we're still going and people like us. Even *Rolling Stone* gave us a pretty damn good review for *Wasting Light*, and they've always been fucking mean as shit, pointing out that we're just a bland alternative rock band, whatever the fuck that means. All we are is a rock'n'roll band, man. It's simple as that. We don't claim to be anything more."

Chris: "I'm gonna set it there next to my Grammys and my children's baseball and soccer trophies. I think it's been an exceptional year."

Nate: "It's been an incredible year. We've just gotten to be a better band, I think, which is a pretty cool accomplishment. Sometimes, bands have a lot of fire when they start off, and that sorta dwindles over time."

Taylor: "I keep my awards in storage. But maybe one day I will display this one, when I'm like 65, so all my grandkids can see how truly lucky Grandpa was." 

DEF LEPPARD

AND

MÖTLEY CRÜE

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

STEEL PANTHER

DECEMBER 2011

- 6 **BIRMINGHAM** LG ARENA
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Quadrophenia



Continued from page 47

us informed the album. We were at the height of our powers as a business as well as a band. We could make studios appear out of thin air. What we didn't have enough of was time, so the much-vaunted quadrophonic mix never happened. And neither did the quadrophonic stage act."

Richard Barnes adds: "Who's Next had moved them up in one way, as it was the first record not produced by Kit Lambert – it was Pete and Glyn Johns – and they'd got a new, clear sound. The other thing was that Kit started getting into hard drugs after *Tommy*, so he didn't have that same influence."

Quadrophenia featured cameos from Grease Band pianist Chris Stainton and actor John Curle (the voice of the newsreader), but otherwise it's classic Who. First single 5:15, which soundtracks Jimmy's barrelling train journey to Brighton, gobbling purple hearts on the way, was written while Townshend was was "killing time between appointments" in Oxford Street and Carnaby Street. "What I had was a studio track and a riff, the essential riff behind 5:15, which is a little like a Chuck Berry derivation. I stood in the street and wrote down phrases while watching people walking past. I did it again in 1976 with *Street In The City* for the *Rough Mix* album with Ronnie Lane."

And what of *Drowned and Love Reign O'er Me*, two of the choicest moments The Who have ever pressed to vinyl?

"They're two of my best songs," Townshend agrees. "*Drowned* is wonderful to perform. They belong in *Quadrophenia*. The songs that have been most cathartic for me are probably the angrier ones. This kind of writing has always been, for me, an attempt to make the spiritual journey accessible as an idea, using watery metaphors. I explain in some detail in the [new *Quadrophenia* reissue] liner notes how I came to write *Love Reign O'er Me*. It's a kind of 'scoop', so I don't want to spoil the surprise. I think Roger has dozens of fine moments, and his many live renditions of *Love Reign O'er Me* on recent tours have always blown me away."

"Barbra Streisand touched my cheek during the Kennedy Center Awards show [in 2008, where soul singer Bettye LaVette sang the tune] and asked me if I had 'really written that song? It's beautiful.' Nice moment for me."

The week of *Quadrophenia*'s release wasn't quite as beatific though. At least one quarter of The Who seemed a little disgruntled.

"The record got delayed because there were certain problems with it," recalls Barnes. "Roger used to complain that his voice had got lost in the mix. It was a bit of a dense, heavy mix, like an assault on the senses."

In preparation for the album's tour, the band were deep in rehearsals at Shepperton Studios. The simmering resentment between Daltrey and Townshend came to a head one night in late

October. After a brief verbal spat, Townshend began throwing wayward punches, then pranged the singer with his guitar. Daltrey responded with a single uppercut and knocked him out cold. "Roger punched me once," offers Townshend today, "and I'm sure I asked for it. And he could have killed me, he had a hell of a punch. Luckily I just lost my memory for an hour or two. He was very sweet afterwards. Roger and I have had our spats, but he is really a good and loving man. I knew that then and I'm more aware of it now. But we were both under incredible strain. I'd arrived for a rehearsal four hours late, after preparing stage tapes. It's all ancient history."

Initial UK sales of *Quadrophenia* were hobbled by the vinyl shortage caused by the OPEC oil embargo, meaning that only a limited number of pressings made it into the shops before production had to be stopped. Many Who followers had to wait until the end of the tour, in November, before they could grab a copy. After which the album swiftly rose to No.2. Demand was heavy in the States, too, where it went platinum within 48 hours of release and was fended off the top spot only by Elton John's *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road*.

Press reaction was ambiguous. Writing in *Rolling Stone*, Lenny Kaye praised *Quadrophenia* as "a beautifully performed and magnificently recorded essay of a British youth mentality in which [The Who] played no little part," adding that "it might easily be said that The Who as a whole have

"Drowned and Love Reign O'er Me are two of my best songs. Drowned is wonderful to perform. They belong in Quadrophenia."

Pete Townshend

never sounded better." But he was less convinced by the overall feel of the record, finding little evidence of telling contributions from Daltrey, Entwistle and Moon, and concluding that "on its own terms, *Quadrophenia* falls short of the mark". The NME called it a triumph, though "by no means unflawed", noting that "some of the more extravagant production touches sound about as comfortable as marzipan icing on a half-ounce cheeseburger". At the same time they suspected that, should the listener stick with it, "you might just find it the most rewarding musical experience of the year".

Says Richard Barnes: "I think Pete's at his happiest when he's in his bunker with his tape recorder and his synthesiser, writing. That's how I feel about *Quadrophenia*; it's Pete playing with his toys. It's like a solo Townshend project. *Quadrophenia* works because it's just a wonderful piece of art, the power of the music is immense. But in many ways *Quadrophenia* was a failure. It was a critical success and it sold a lot, but it was one of those albums that was worthy. Everyone had it in their collection, but didn't play it much."

Perhaps it was the failure of the tour, with all its misfiring backing tapes and windy verbal intros. Or the reservations about the studio mix. Maybe even the relatively poor showing of its two singles – 5:15 just about dented the Top 20; *Love Reign O'er*

Me didn't trouble the scorers at all. Or maybe just plain weariness on Townshend's part in the wake of such a Herculean project. Whatever the reasons, there didn't seem a whole lotta love out there for *Quadrophenia* in 1973.

Fast forward to the summer of 1996. *Quadrophenia* has finally been remixed, with both Roger Daltrey and Pete Townshend involved, and remastered on CD. The sound is sharper, clearer, the nuances of Townshend's more intricate passages teased out in much greater relief against the bigger, more abrasively Who-like songs. Technology has finally caught up with Townshend's original vision. It's enough for the band to try out *Quadrophenia* live again.

The first show is a highly theatrical, all-star hootenanny in Hyde Park, with giant video screens, and various guests taking key roles in the narrative – Phil Daniels (reprising his 1979 film role as Jimmy), David Gilmour, Ade Edmondson, Stephen Fry, Gary Glitter and, as news anchor, Trevor McDonald. It proves a huge success, enough for The Who to take *Quadrophenia* out on an extensive tour across the US, before returning to the UK for a handful of homecoming shows before Christmas and swinging over to Europe.

Quadrophenia is the late bloomer in The Who's back catalogue. A record about the 60s, recorded in the proggy fug of the 70s. Even given its time-specific, niche-culture context, it feels oddly significant today. They're songs that cut deep into the spiritual malaise; big, sweeping epics to get lost in or shake a fist to. Songs that have outrun much of The Who's better-known tunes from the era, echoing through the years with the same raw buzz as Jimmy's bloody Vespa.

Just last year The Who reprised *Quadrophenia* at the Royal Albert Hall in aid of the Teenage Cancer Trust, this time with special guests Eddie Vedder and Kasabian's Tom Meighan. "I loved it," says Townshend. "I suppose there was

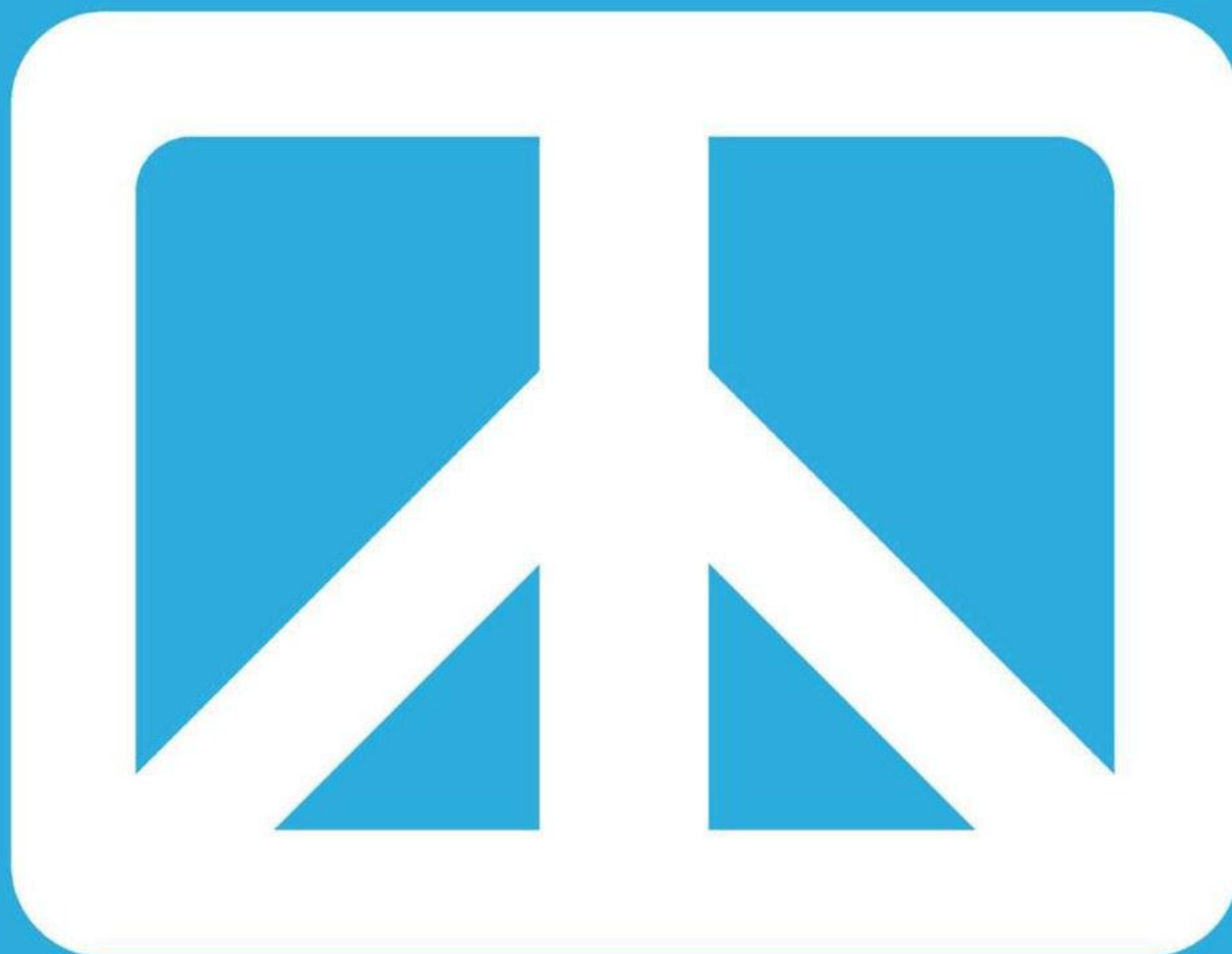
a bit of me that enjoyed it because it was such a grand celebration of the music in such a fabulous venue. Roger had total control of that show. He had demanded it when I asked him to perform it with me. I thought he did a fantastic job as a director."

Townshend told *Classic Rock* that he's now ready to tour *Quadrophenia* again, in 2012, as soon as he gets the nod from Daltrey. In the meantime, the definitive version of the album – *Quadrophenia: The Director's Cut*, a five-disc box with a bushel of previously unheard demos and acres of memorabilia, overseen by Townshend – is all but upon us.

So how has his relationship to this boldest of bold endeavours changed over the years?

"I've always liked it and been proud of it," says its creator, "but it failed to provide The Who with an alternative 70-minute rock-opera stage act to replace *Tommy*. I only started working on it in order to achieve that, so for a long time I was unwilling to talk about it much. It was there as an album if anyone wanted to hear it, but the big picture had never happened. In 1996 and '97 I finally got it up in concert the way I had thought it would work in 1973. Roger was a great creative ally in making it work as an on-stage drama. Since then, nothing can dampen my enthusiasm for it, or my gratitude that we at least got a great album made. We had a great team." 

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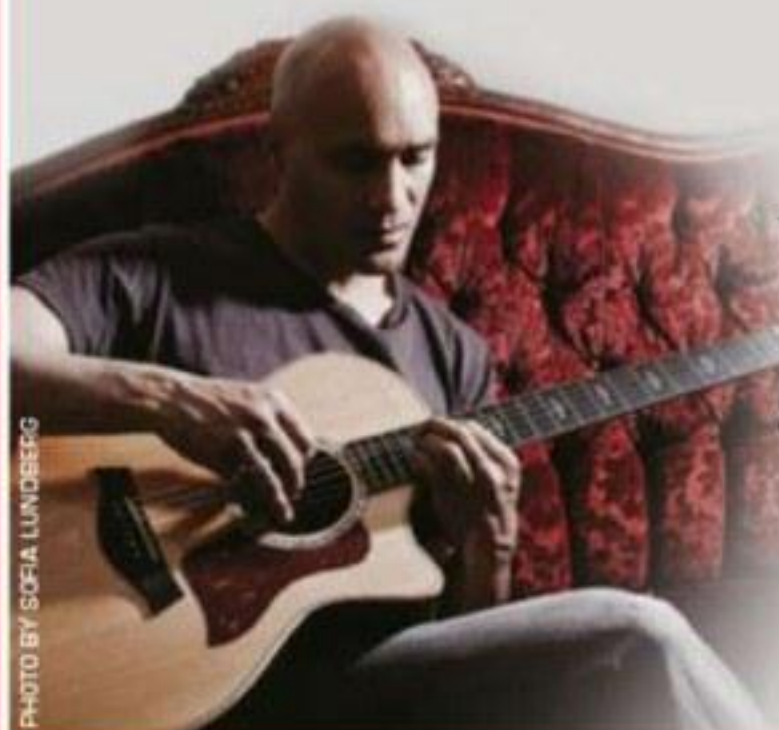


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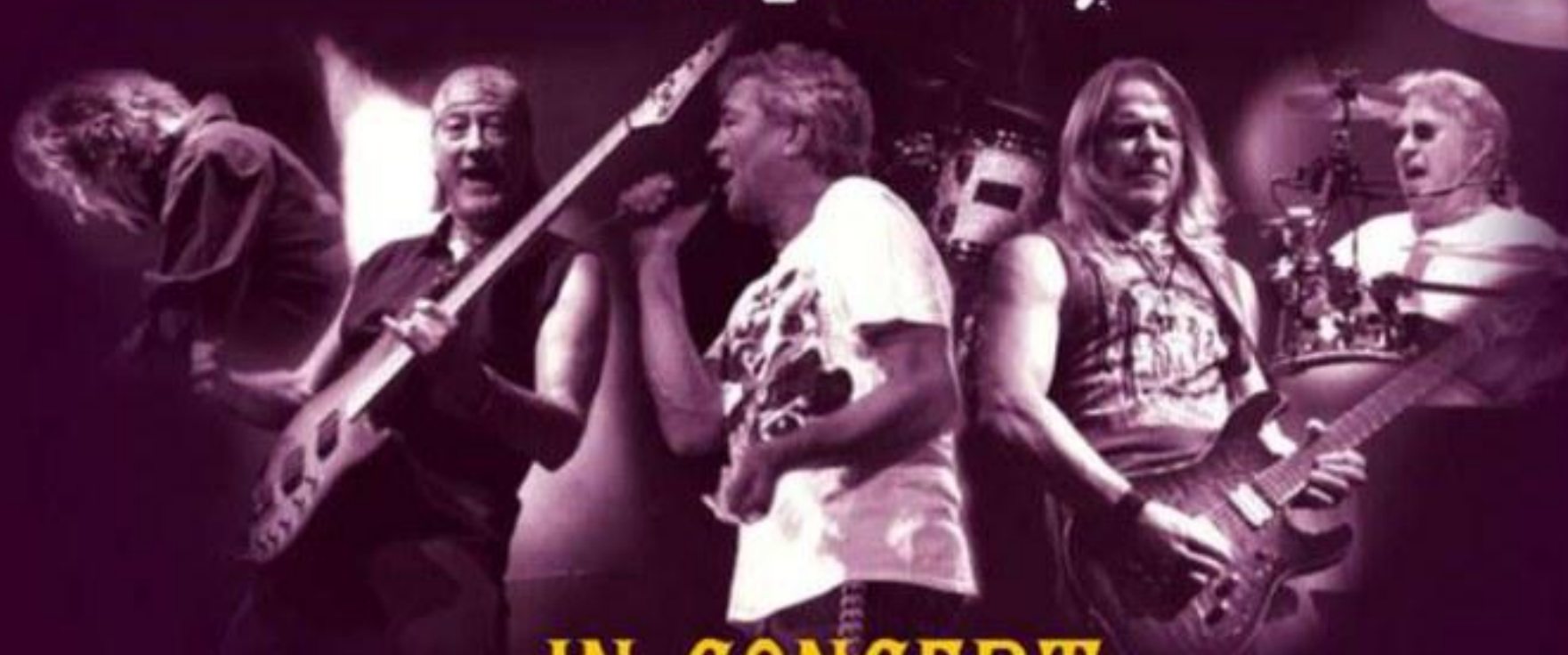
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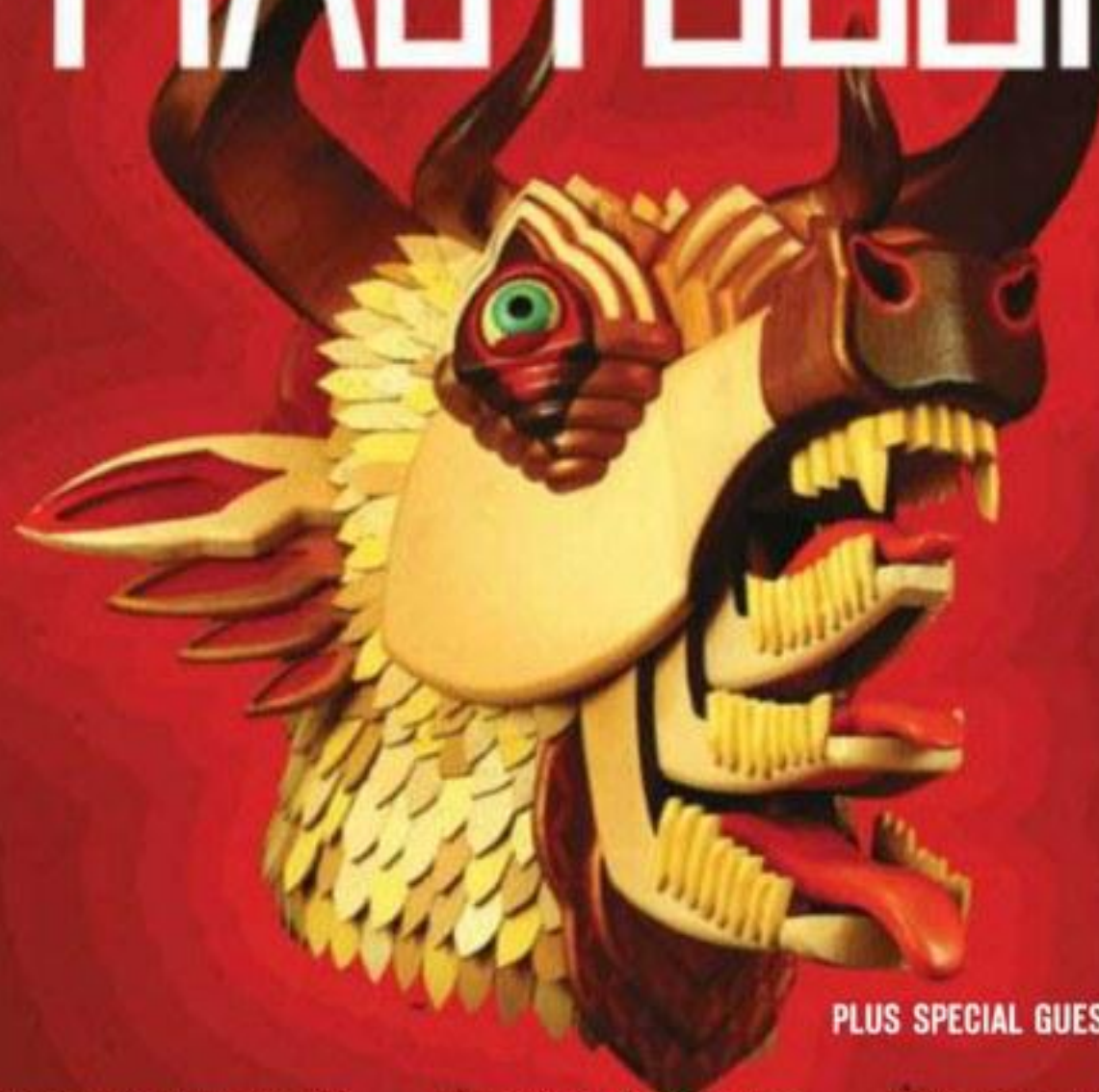


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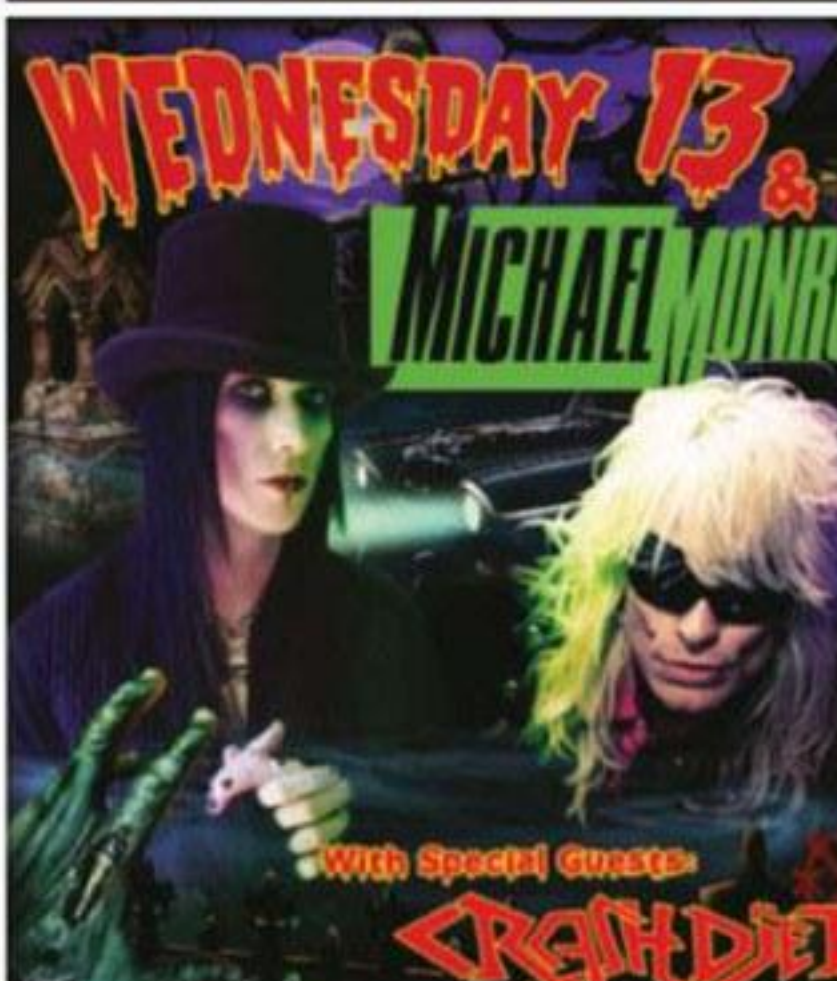
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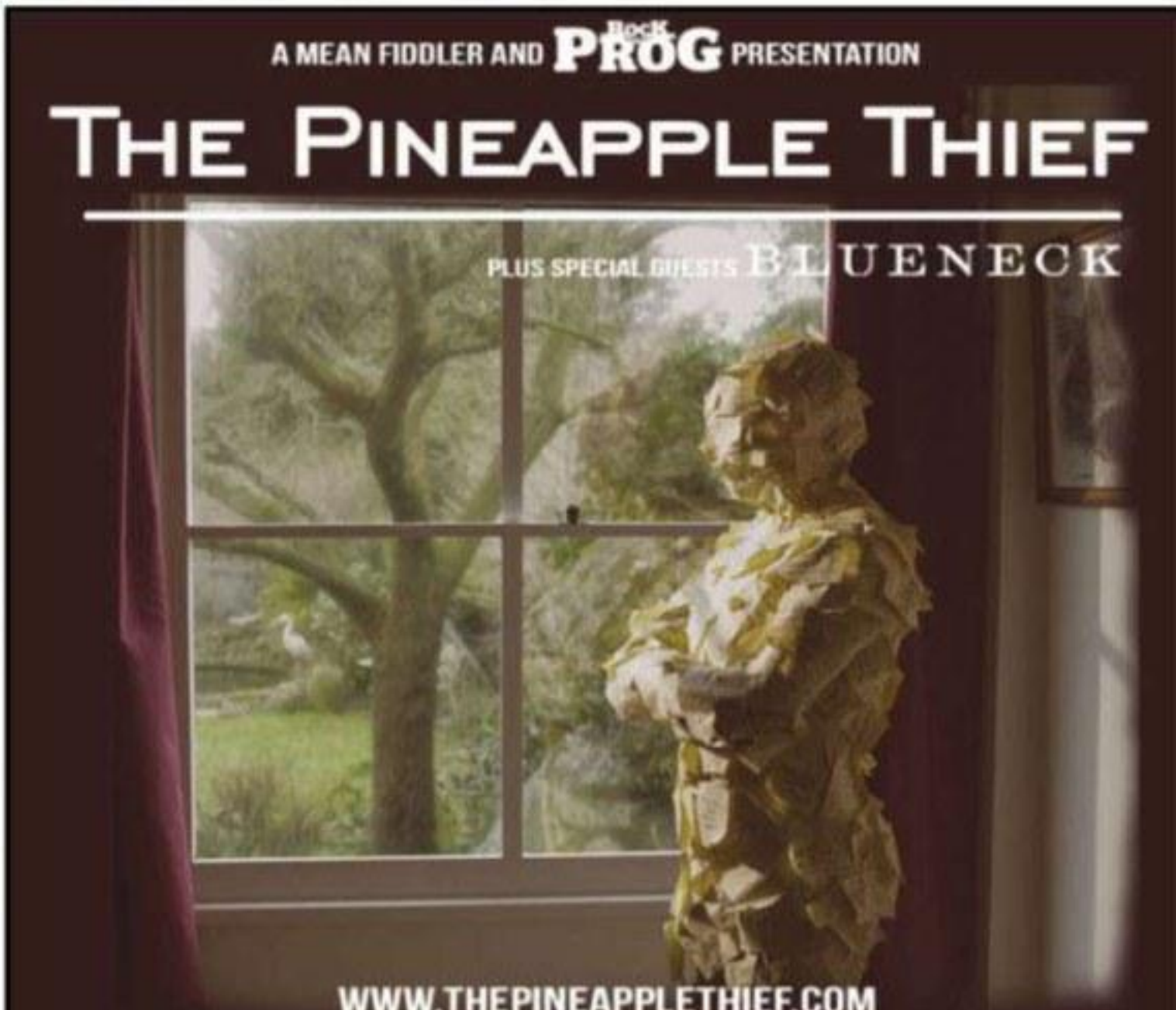
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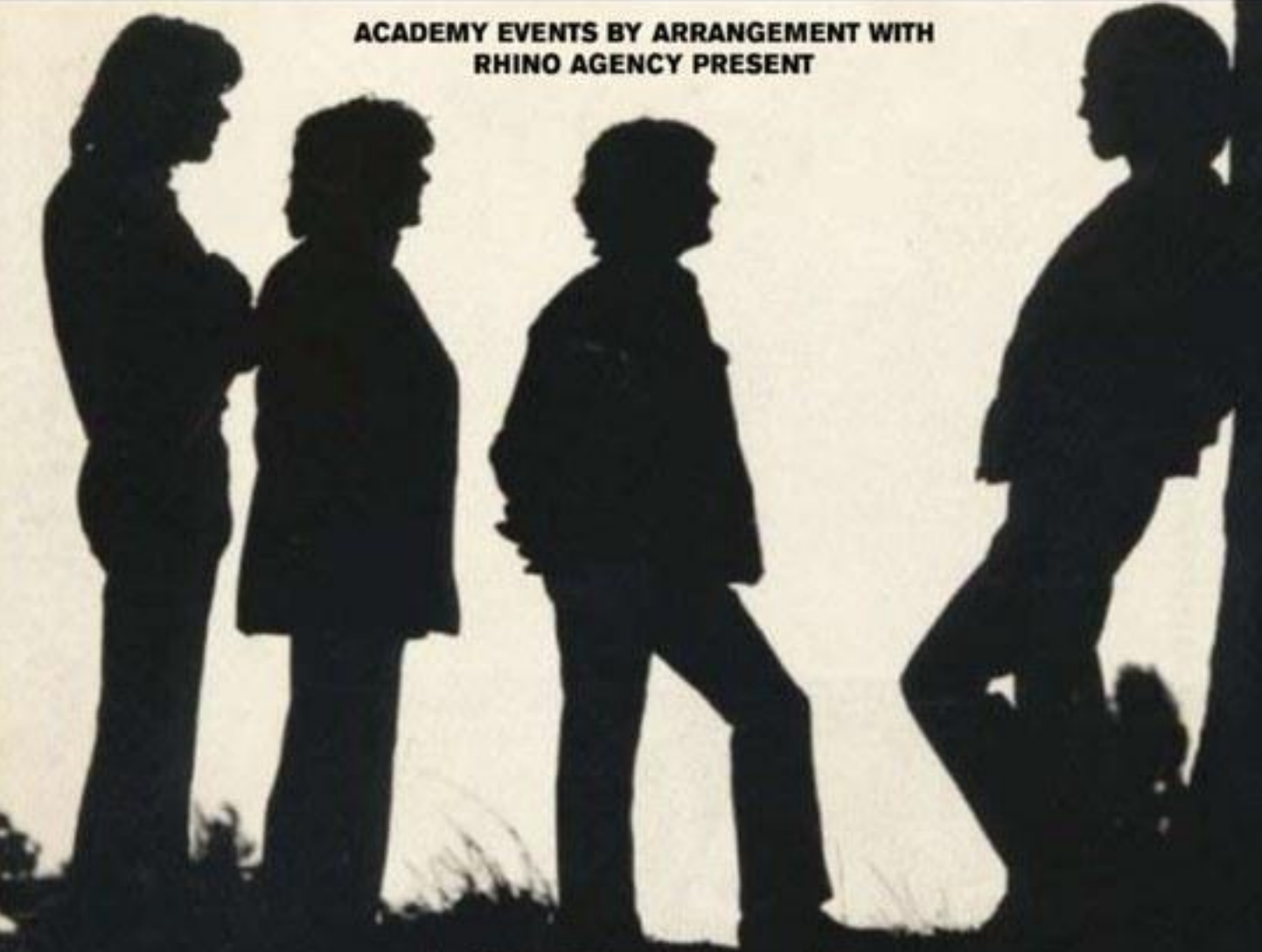
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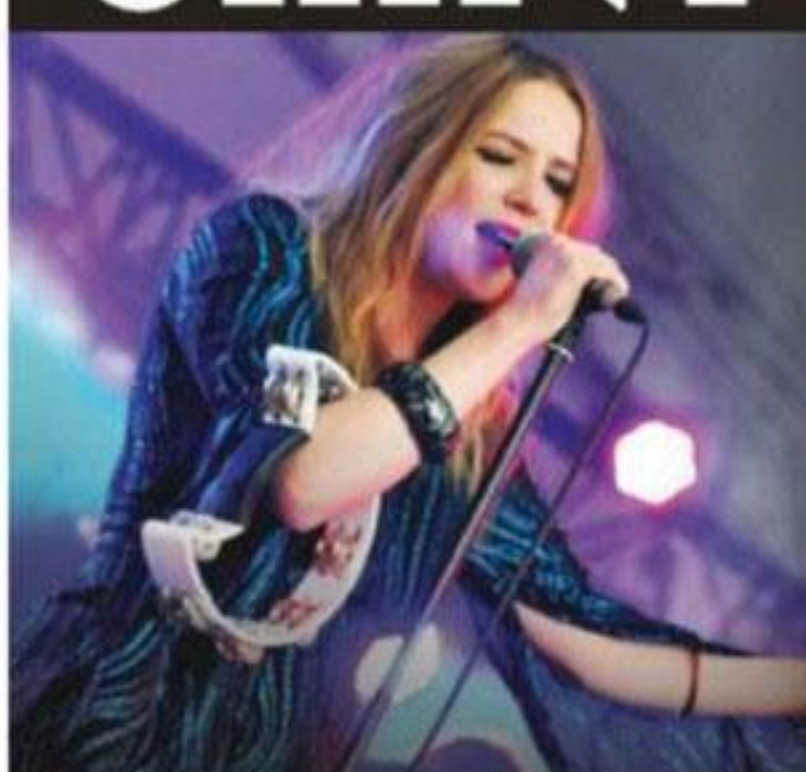
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SUNDAY 18 DECEMBER
BIRMINGHAM O₂ Academy2
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MONDAY 19 DECEMBER
LONDON Scala
0844 477 1000

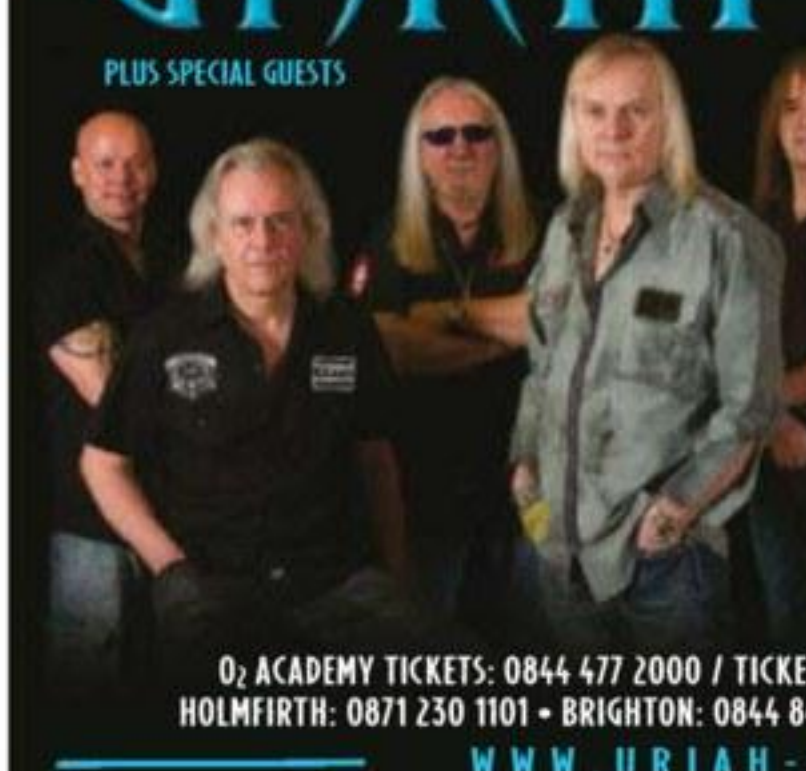
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- 02 HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDOME
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- 05 BRISTOL O₂ ACADEMY
- 06 BOURNEMOUTH O₂ ACADEMY
- 10 OXFORD O₂ ACADEMY
- 11 GLASGOW O₂ ABC
- 12 NEWCASTLE O₂ ACADEMY
- 13 MILTON KEYNES THE STABLES
- 08 LONDON O₂ SHEPHERDS BUSH EMPIRE

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MOLLY HATCHET



SUNDAY 11 DECEMBER
O₂ ACADEMY SHEFFIELD

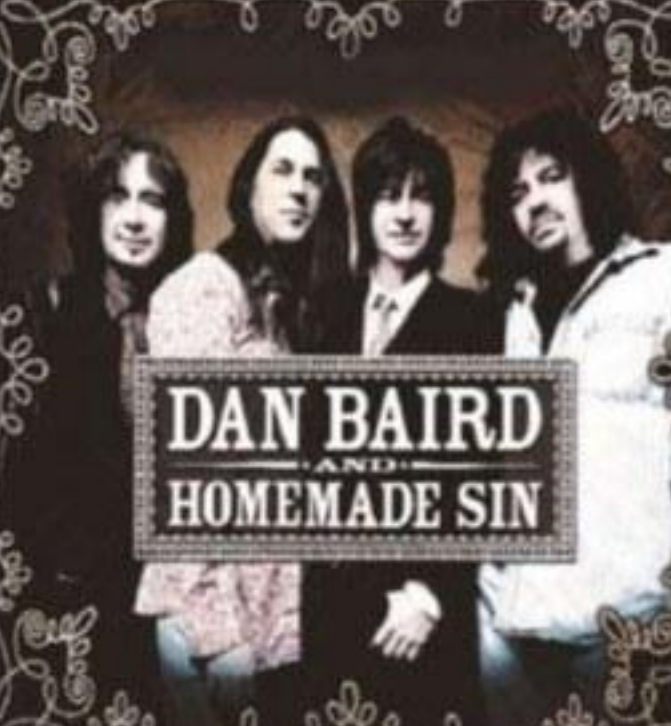
MONDAY 12 DECEMBER
LONDON
O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON

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THU 08	YORK FIBBERS	0844 477 1000
FRI 09	LEICESTER THE MUSICIAN	0116 251 0080
SAT 10	GLASGOW O ₂ ABC	0844 209 7327
SUN 11	NEWCASTLE O ₂ ACADEMY2	0844 477 2000

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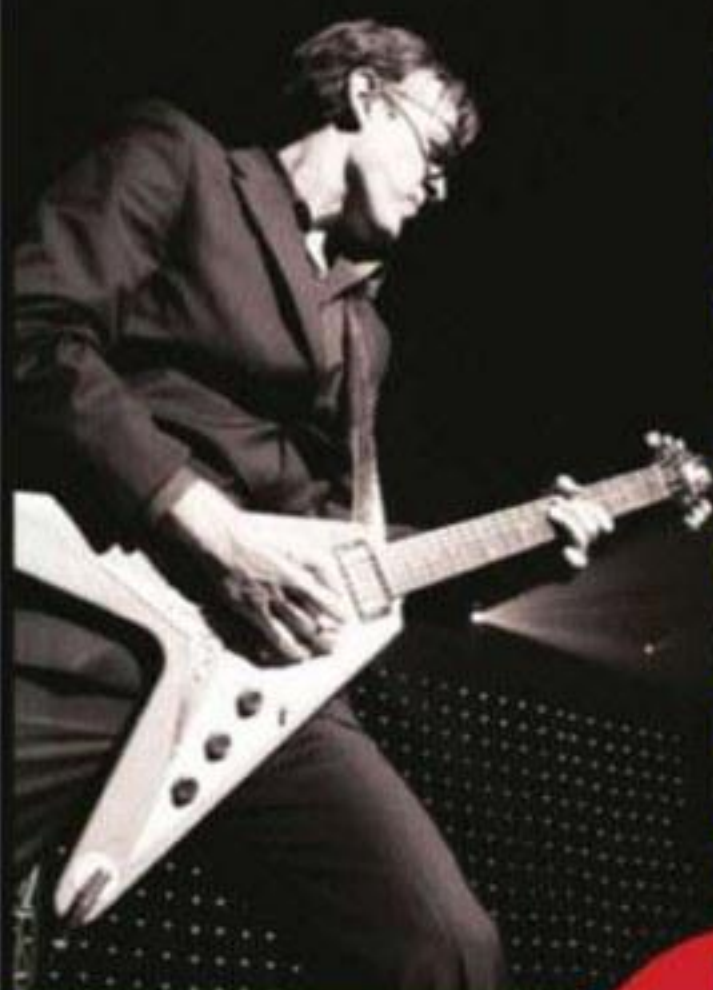
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16 LONDON, O₂ ACADEMY ISLINGTON

17 BRISTOL, TUNNELS

18 EXETER, PHEONIX

19 FALMOUTH, PRINCESS PAVILION

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Thurs 24 Nov - Islington O₂ Academy

Fri 25 Nov - Salisbury City Hall

Sat 26 Nov - Holmfirth Picturedrome

Sun 27 Nov - Edinburgh The Queen's Hall

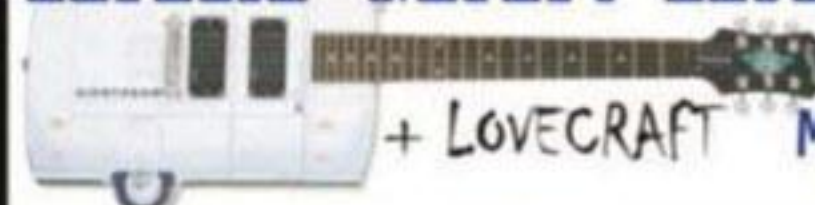
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TUE 29 NOV	MANCHESTER, ENGLAND MOHO LIVE	WED 07 DEC	SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND THE BROOK
WED 30 NOV	GLASGOW, SCOTLAND THE GARAGE	THU 08 DEC	LONDON, ENGLAND ELECTRIC BALLROOM
THU 01 DEC	NEWCASTLE, ENGLAND ACADEMY 2	FRI 09 DEC	PETERBOROUGH, ENGLAND CLUB REVOLUTION
FRI 02 DEC	COVENTRY, ENGLAND KASBAH	SAT 10 DEC	WREXHAM, WALES CENTRAL STATION
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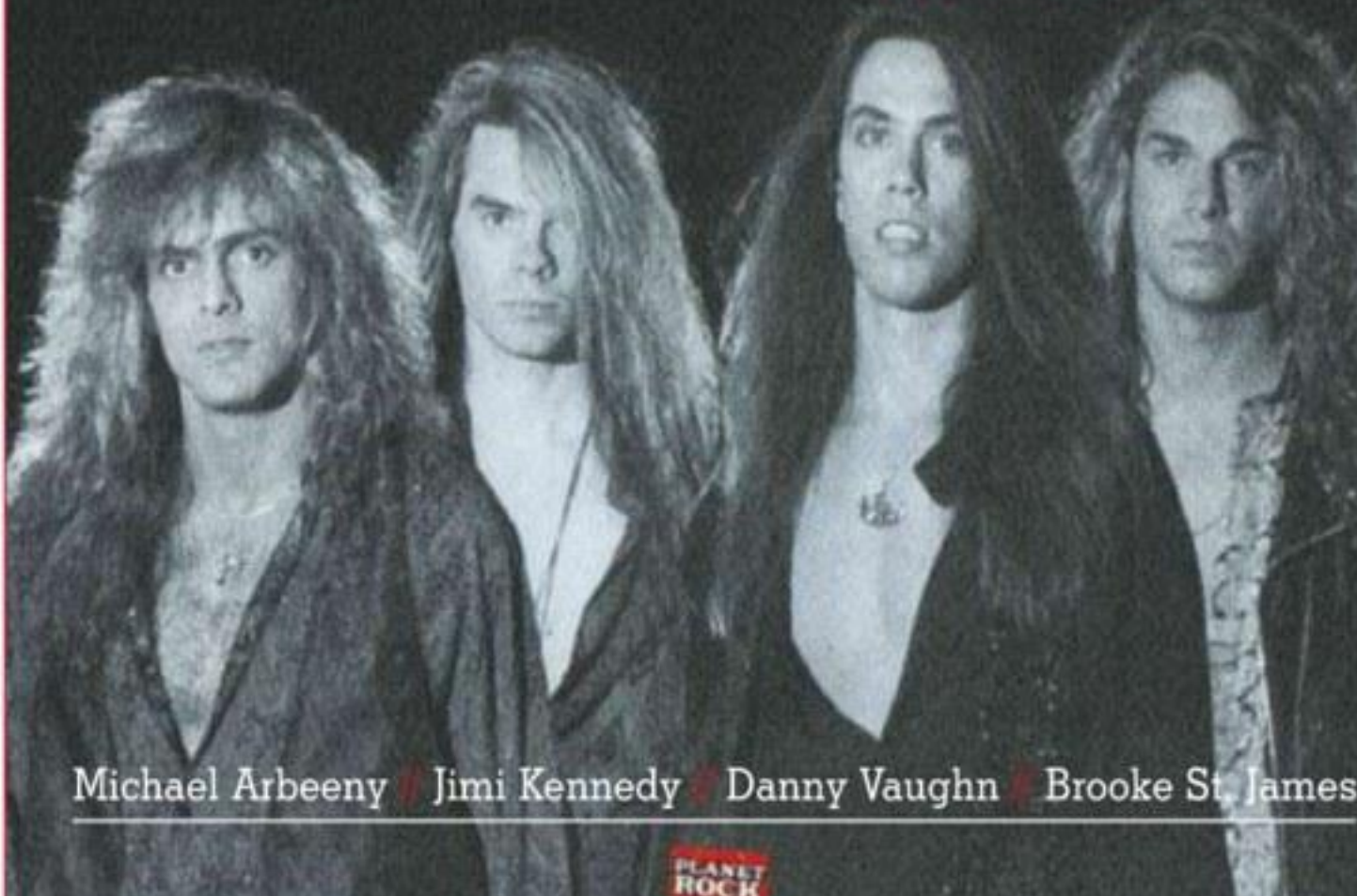
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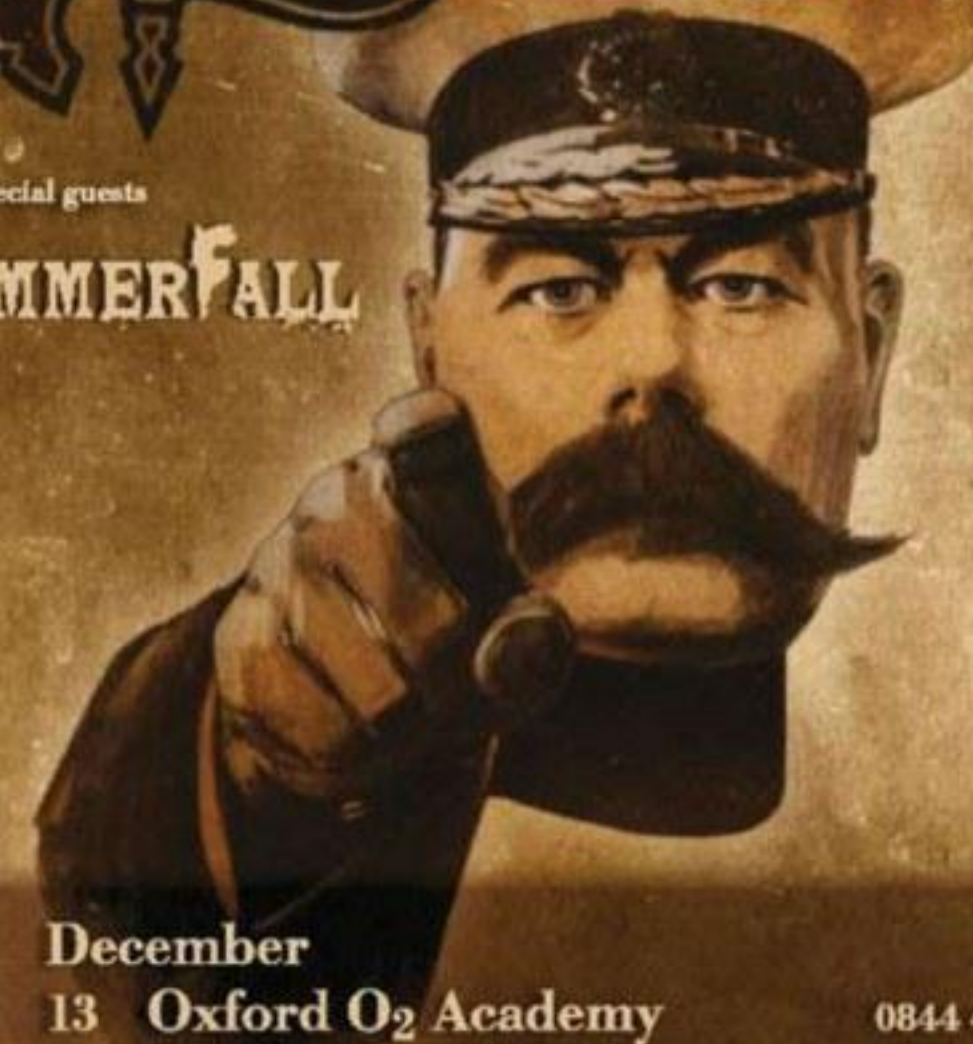
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18 ~ Liverpool, Philharmonic	0151 709 3789
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22 ~ Manchester, Opera House	0844 847 2484
24 ~ Derby, Assembly Rooms	01332 255 800
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- 10 MILTON KEYNES THE STABLES 01908 280800
- 12 TAVISTOCK THE WHARF 01822 611166
- 15 EAST GRINSTEAD CHEQUER MEAD 01342 302000
- 17 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL 2 0117 9223686
- 19 WOLVERHAMPTON ROBIN 2 01902 401211
- 23 BURY THE MET 0161 7612216
- 25 LOWDHAM VILLAGE HALL 0115 9663596
- 29 PONTARDAWE ARTS CENTRE 01792 863722

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- 02 EDINBURGH QUEENS HALL 0131 6682019
- 03 KENDAL BREWERY ARTS CENTRE 01539 725133
- 10 LONDON BUSH HALL 0208 2220955

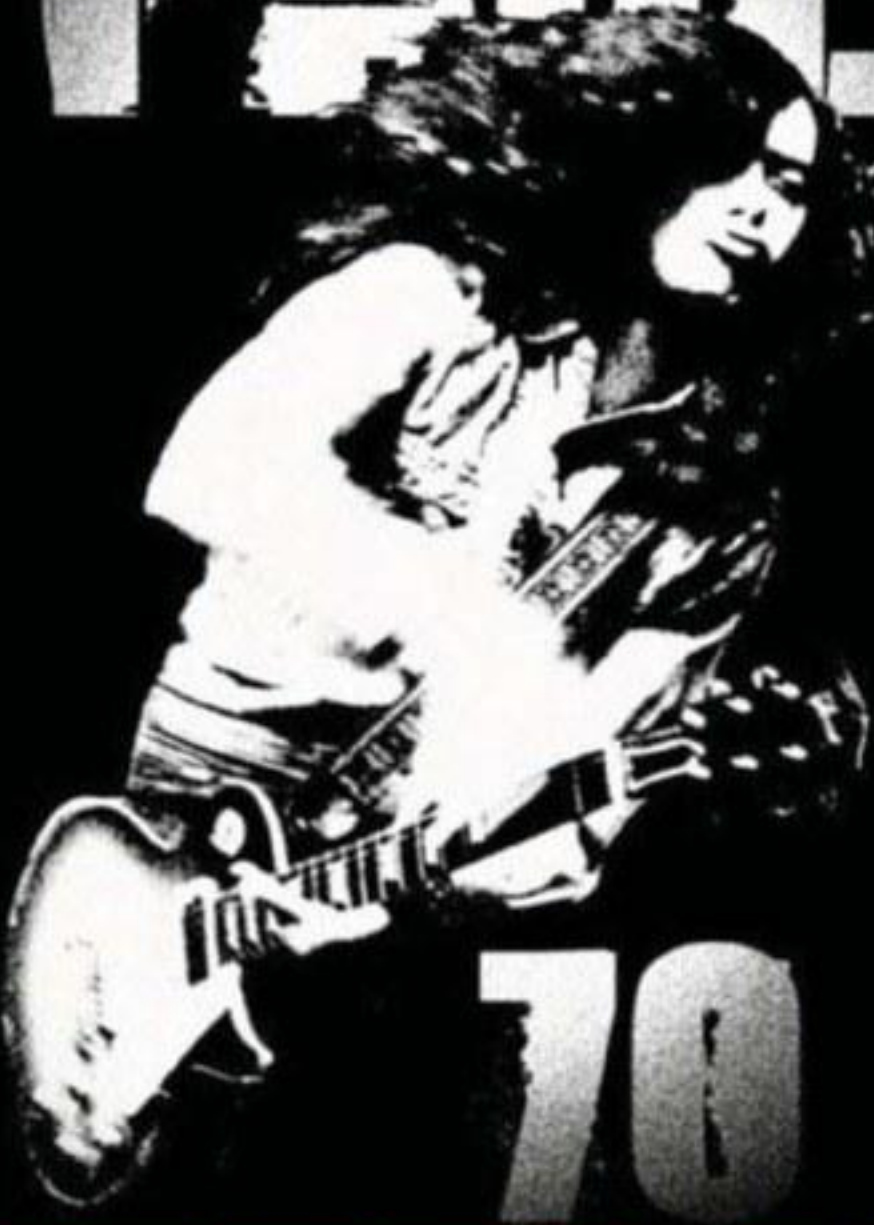
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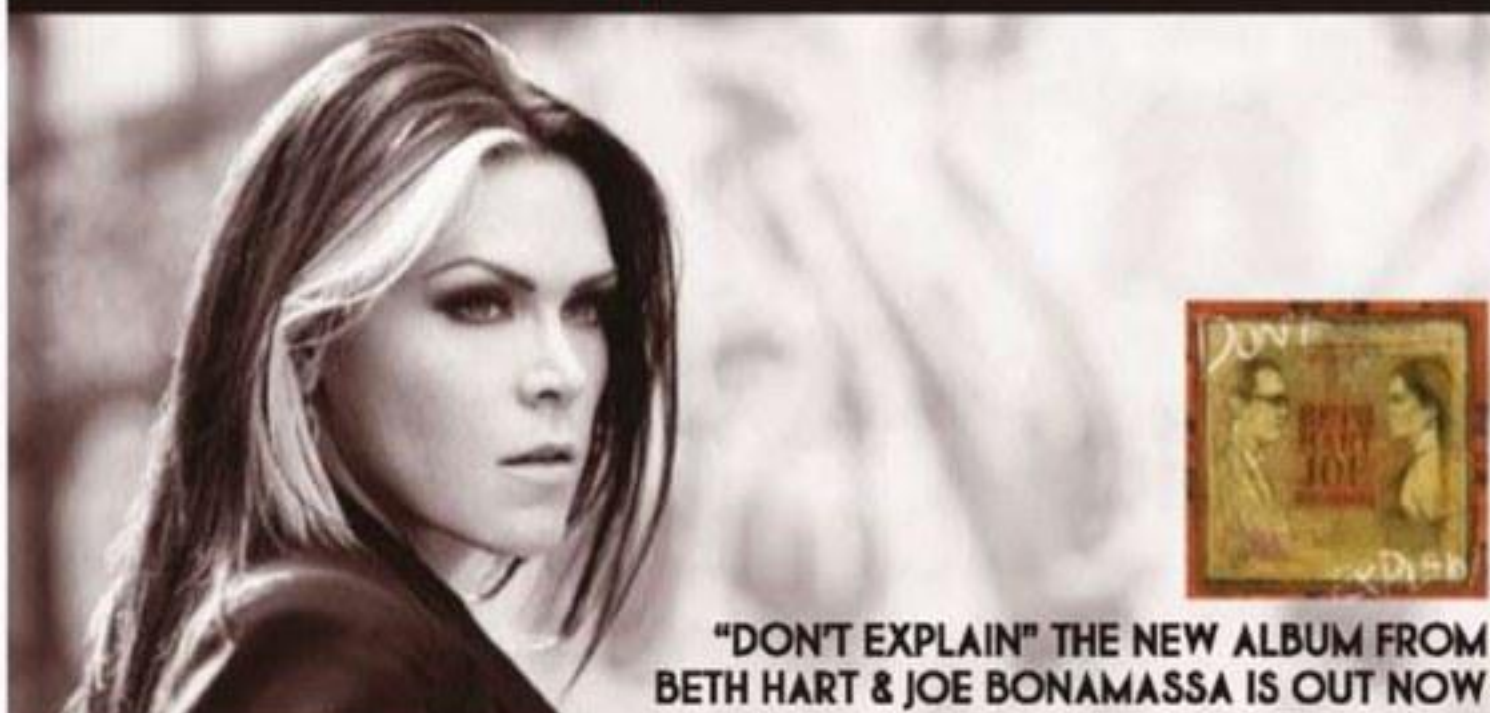
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Heavy Load

Heavy questions for heavy rockers

Lemmy on pain, dinosaurs and milkshakes.

Interview: **Henry Yates**

He was born Ian Fraser Kilmister on Christmas Eve, 1945, but you know him best by the monicker that has become a byword for volume, excess, foot-long bar tabs and endless bed notches. There is still only one Lemmy. If you like a gamble, he is undoubtedly your man, having beaten the odds, cheated death and outpaced fashion to drag Motörhead through 36 years of savage and hugely influential music. As last year's *Lemmy* documentary proved, his marbles remain intact and his sense of humour is as caustic as ever.

Burial or cremation?

Cremation. Burial doesn't really appeal to me. The idea of being eaten is a bit of a liability. Besides which, if you're cremated, you don't have to wake up in a coffin if they inadvertently bury you alive. You can scatter my ashes where you fucking want. It's all gonna blow away in a couple of hours, innit?

What's your greatest fear?

Nothing keeps me awake at night except toothache. There's no fear, except maybe fear of extreme, long-lasting pain. I'm not scared of sharks or anything. I can't swim, you see, so that one's out. I might be scared of tyrannosaurus rex if they did bring that back.

You live in LA. Have you ever been tempted by therapy or plastic surgery?

Nah. I'm far too English for therapy. As for plastic surgery... I fucking hate hospitals, man. They always give you bad news. I don't go in 'em voluntarily, my God no. But I won't be coming back to England. I'm proud to be English, but the England I'm proud of has gone. The riots were a symptom of that. I mean, you've always had riots. Kids just need an excuse and they're gonna be out on the street, waving things about.

Does it frustrate you when people misunderstand your Nazi weaponry collection?

If they're gonna be that stupid to think I'm a fucking Nazi, there's no hope for them anyway. Just because you collect something doesn't mean you are one. If you collect baseball memorabilia, people don't think you're fucking Babe Ruth. It's stupid. It's a collection, that's it.

Have you ever Googled yourself?

I don't need to, because I know what really happened. The internet is inevitable. I just wish the record companies had got into it a bit earlier and not made such cunts of themselves. They could have gone with it and it could have worked out better for everyone. But no, as usual they banged their fucking heads against the wall until it was too late.

You've talked about shagging the same girls as your son, Paul. Isn't that a bit weird?

Well, there's a lot of chicks who like that – if you 'keep it in the family', so to speak. We only did it twice, it wasn't a constant stream.

What kind of women do I attract these days? You'd be surprised, man. I was surrounded by country'n'western girls last night at the Rainbow.

How bad are your hangovers?

I don't get 'em. You have to stop drinking to get hangovers. It's still Jack Daniel's, vodka occasionally, cheap beers now and again. I've been drinking Baileys and vodka, which is like a huge, alcoholic chocolate milkshake. And what's not to love about that? Think Baileys is a ladies' drink, do you? Listen, man, anything that is alcoholic and gets you the taste of chocolate can be anybody's fucking drink.

Are you a good father?

I do my best. Which isn't always great, because I didn't meet Paul until he was six, so we lost that bit. His mother wouldn't let me talk to him for years, but then he moved out here and it's been alright since then. Apart from that I've done my best. I don't think I'm a bad role model. I'm as good as any footballer. Who are you supposed to choose as a fucking role model, Mr Gladstone?

Couldn't your flat use a clean?

My flat's not untidy, just very crowded. It's even more crowded now, because someone's just given me a fucking water buffalo skull.

Isn't it unfair that you're alive when so many clean-living people die young?

No, I don't think it's unfair at all. I think it's exactly right. I put it down to dogged perseverance. I refuse to let it get me down. I was a hellraiser... but you have to let go of it a bit. I'm sixty-fucking-six at Christmas. How much more hellraising have I got left to do? I did most of it already – twice.

How did you react to the news of Wurzel's death earlier this year?

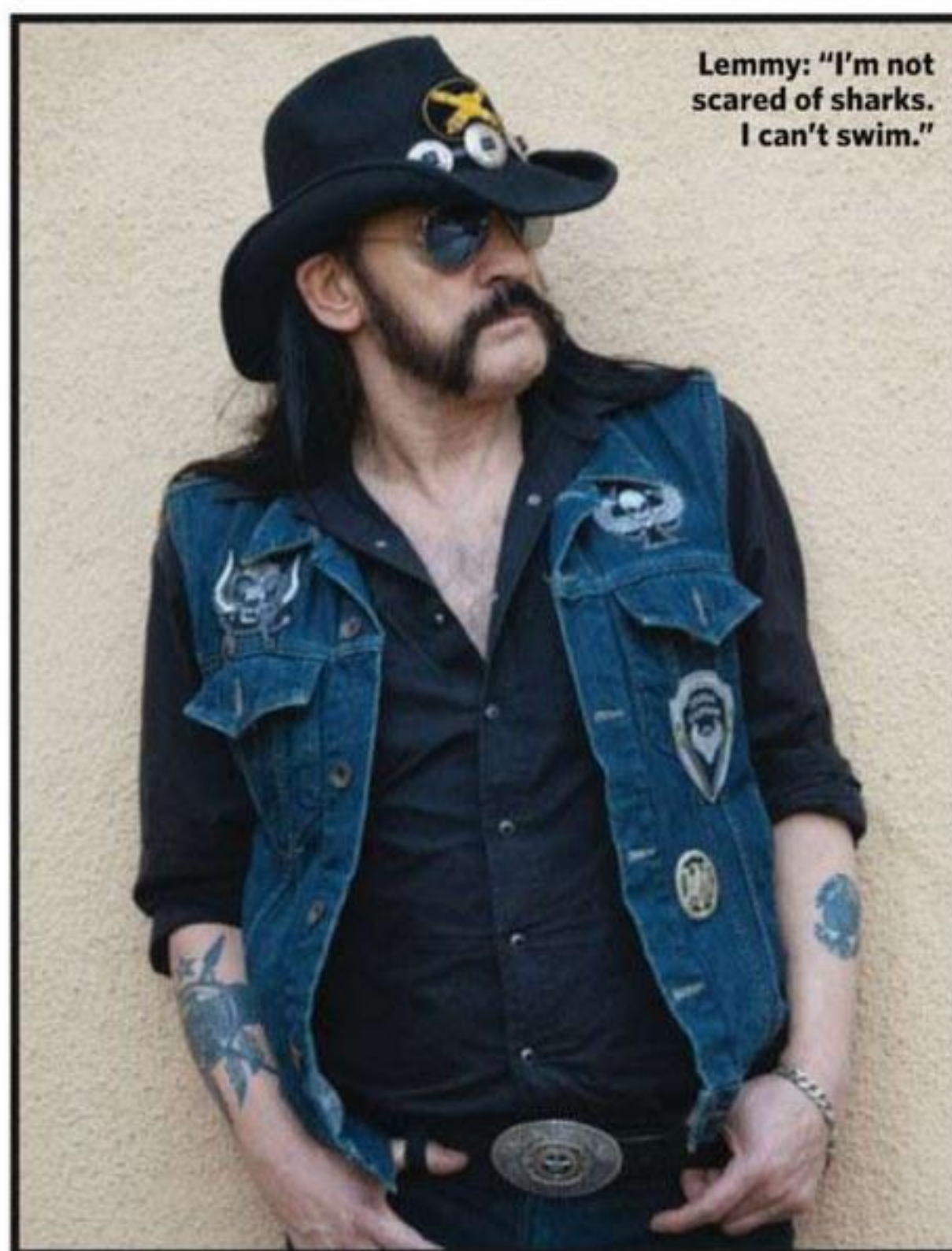
What do you think? That's one thing that pisses me off about journalists nowadays: 'How did you feel when one of your friends died?' How would you fucking feel? You can't

put it into words. Of course, I felt terrible. It was Wurzel, my fucking best mate in the band for 11 years. That's a stupid question.

Do you believe in God?

I believe there's a power out there, but I don't think it's got a beard. I think it's all random. I like reincarnation as a theory, but it's probably wishful thinking. ❶

Motörhead are on tour until Nov 18th. See [p.125](#) for dates.



“I’m sixty-fucking-six at Christmas. How much more hellraising have I got left to do?”

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Jools Holland
Jools Holland

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Jools Holland pianist, bandleader, composer, singer and television host. He was a founder of Squeeze and the multi-million selling Rhythm and Blues Orchestra. He has collaborated with many artists including Sting, Eric Clapton, George Harrison, B.B.King, David Gilmour, Amy Winehouse and Bono. He tours regularly with his Rhythm & Blues Band and currently hosts 'Later...with Jools Holland' on BBC2.



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