

HOUND DAWG

MAGAZINE

"I'M A HOUND DAWG!"

NO. 6 APRIL 2010

VICTORIA COREN

WRITER, BROADCASTER AND POKER
CHAMPION ANSWERS SOME QUESTIONS

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

AN INTERVIEW WITH THEIR MANAGER
BILL THOMPSON

THE PRETENDERS

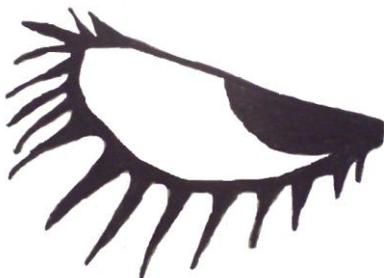
THE STORY OF THE NEW WAVE ROCK
SURVIVORS FRONTED BY MISS CHRISSIE
HYNDE



POETRY - HUMOUR - INTERVIEWS - SHORT FICTION - REVIEWS - AND MORE

Hound Dawg Magazine is back and this time it means business. Its bark is not worse than its bite. Its teeth are out and it's ready to attack. It's gonna... Oh let's stop this bollocks eh? Look, it's Issue six OK? And it's a really good one. For a bit of fun, I invited readers and general passersby to name their favourite films, actors, actresses, bands, solo artists, books and other things. The people answered in their thousands, running at me with flapping paper, words upon words upon words crossed out and rewritten. Oh how they were stressed out, cos it's really hard to think of your favourite shit innit? We even had a couple of guests filling out the poll, namely the son of Malcolm McDowell, Charlie and producer Martin Rushent (Human League, Stranglers). The results are published in this very issue. Excited? Oh... you're not. Well... Well you'll be excited by this one, there's a nice interview with poker champ and general great gal, Victoria Coren, the famous writer, broadcaster, wit and future national treasure. There's also some nice reviews from John Bance (who recommends the new Phil Daniels autobiography) and Chris Foxon who looks at the new Gorillaz record. All in all, pretty great really eh? Also there is the story of The Pretenders in a detailed article too. All in all not band considering how busy I am with other stuff (the other stuff being the painting of turtle shells, saving wind in jars and eating fudge.) Enjoy.....

Contact the editor by e mail:
chris.wade697@ntlworld.com



WISDOM TWINS BOOKS WT 009

INSIDE HOUND DAWG

NO. 6 APRIL 2010

HOUND DAWG READER'S POLL

PIN UP: ANITA EKBERG

ROBERT DE NIRO: THE TOP FIVE PERFORMANCES

POETRY: ETHAN RISINGER

BOOK REVIEW: PHIL DANIELS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CLASS ACTOR

10 QUESTIONS WITH BILL THOMPSON, MANAGER OF JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

THE SURREAL SECTION

ALBUM REVIEW: GORILLAZ PLASTIC BEACH

AN INTERVIEW WITH VICTORIA COREN

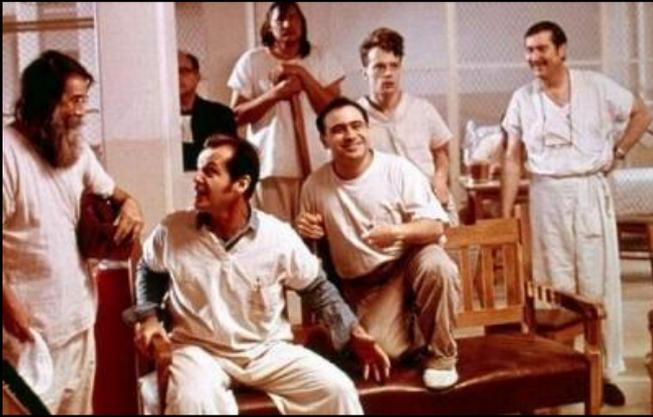
CONTRIBUTORS

Chris Wade, Ethan Risinger, Bill Thompson, John Bance
Victoria Coren, Jake Hart, Chris Foxon,
Martin Rushent, Charlie McDowell, Readers of Hound Dawg

HOUND DAWG

READER'S POLL

Thanks to all the readers and past contributors who submitted their answers to the poll and all those who didn't, well, I say up yours. Nah, I don't really. But anyway, here are the results of the poll.



TOP 5 FILMS

- 1, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1975)
- 2, A Clockwork Orange (1971)
- 3, Good Fellas (1990)
- 4, Quadrophenia (1979)
- 5, Back to the Future (1985)



TOP 5 ACTRESSES

- 1, Helen Mirren
- 2, Sigourney Weaver
- 3, Meryl Streep
- 4, Jodie Foster
- 5, Dakota Fanning



TOP 5 ACTORS

- 1, Robert De Niro
- 2, Dustin Hoffman
- 3, Jack Nicholson
- 4, Bill Murray
- 5, Malcolm McDowell

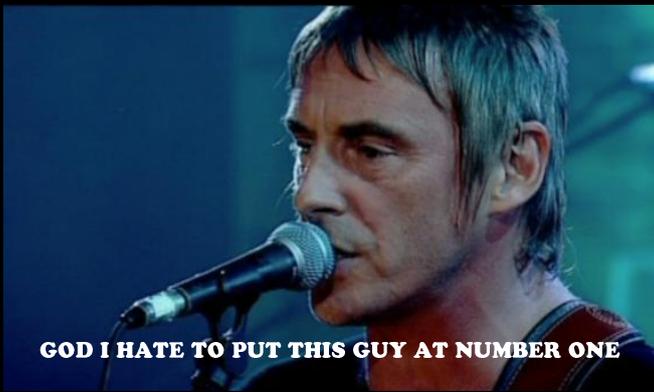


TOP 5 BANDS

- 1, The Beatles
- 2, The Velvet Underground
- 3, Queen
- 4, Oasis
- 5, The Doors

MARTIN RUSHENT, PRODUCER OF THE STRANGLERS AND THE HUMAN LEAGUE GIVES HIS FAVOURITES

Actress: Sigourney Weaver Film: Alien (1979) Band: The Beatles / Queen Solo artist: Dusty Springfield Album: Sgt. Pepper



GOD I HATE TO PUT THIS GUY AT NUMBER ONE

TOP 5 SOLO ARTISTS

- 1, Paul Weller
- 2, David Bowie
- 3, Lady Gaga
- 4, Bob Dylan
- 5, Hugh Cornwell



TOP 5 ALBUMS

- 1, Abbey Road - The Beatles(1969)
- 2, White Light White Heat - The Velvet Underground (1968)
- 3, Grace - Jeff Buckley (1994)
- 4, Wild Wood - Paul Weller (1993)
- 5, The White Album - The Beatles (1968)

TOP 5 TV SHOWS

- 1, Curb Your Enthusiasm
- 2, The Simpsons
- 3, The Wire
- 4, True Blood
- 5, Ashes to Ashes



THE SEXIEST PEOPLE EVER

- 1, Helen Mirren
- 2, Jessica Rabbit (no lies!!)
- 3, Kate Beckinsale

Interesting appearances were also made by Miss Piggy and R2D2.

CHARLIE McDOWELL

Son of actor Malcolm McDowell picks his faves.
Follow him on Twitter:
twitter.com/Charliemcdowell

Best Film:
The Graduate
Rushmore
Fargo

Best Actor:
Daniel Day Lewis
Bill Murray
Robert Downey Jr.

Best Actress:
Jodie Foster
Laura Linney
Frances McDormand

Best Band:
Simon and Garfunkel
The Beatles
Pearl Jam

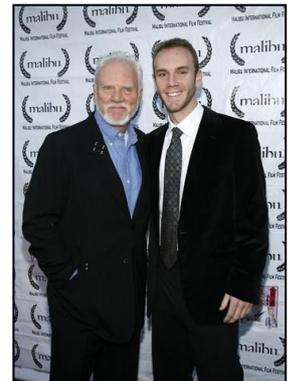
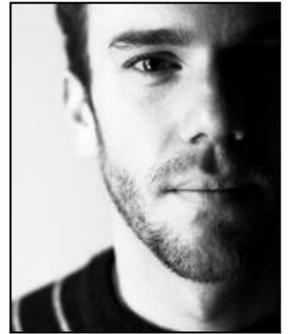
Best Solo Artist:
Ray Lamontagne
Van Morrison
Otis Redding

Best Album:
Graceland by Paul Simon
Astral Weeks by Van Morrison
Sweet Baby James by James Taylor

Best Book:
The Catcher in the Rye
Youth In Revolt
James Bond series by Ian Fleming

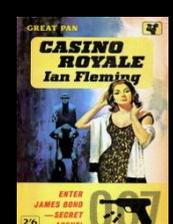
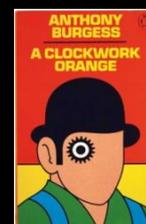
Best TV Show:
The Wire
Arrested Development
Curb Your Enthusiasm

Sexiest People Ever:
Halle Berry
Marion Cotillard
Jessica Rabbit



TOP 5 BOOKS

- 1, The Bond books - Ian Fleming
- 2, Disc World books - Terry Pratchett
- 3, A Clockwork Orange - Anthony Burgess
- 4, The Stand - Stephen King
- 5, The Bible



PIN UP

ANITA

EKBERG

The cult sex symbol most famous for her role as the girl in the water in Fellini's La Dolce Vita

"It was I who made Fellini famous, not the other way round," Anita Ekberg once, um, modestly noted and perhaps she is right. When people think of Fellini, the one film that enters the mind is his 1960 masterpiece LA DOLCE VITA. Ekberg's role is very brief in the scope of the 3 hour epic, but her scenes, especially the one in the fountain, are simply unforgettable. In turn, Ekberg is known for very little else but her reputation as one of the most photographed pin ups of the 1960s. She was also a bit of a party animal too. She still acts now and then, most recently in 2002's Ill Bello Delle Donne. But she will forever be known as Silvia, the girl in the fountain. Little fact, she was married to a bloke whose surname was NUTTER in the 70s.



THE TOP FIVE PERFORMANCES OF **ROBERT DE NIRO** PICKED BY CHRIS WADE

Robert De Niro was the most intense, scary and dedicated actor of the 1970s and 80s, with a string of electrifying performances that literally changed the scope of great movie acting. He arrived on the scene in the mid 60s, starring in a string of Brian De Palma directed indie-flicks, from *The Wedding Party* (1966) to *Greetings* (1968) and its sequel, *Hi Mom!* (1969). By the early 70s, his method style of acting was beginning to give him a bit of a reputation for being intense. On the set Roger Corman's 1970 B movie thriller *Bloody Mama*, De Niro even frightened much of the cast; playing a drug addict, he lost three stone to portray the role and even developed scabs on his face by picking it. He was also reported to get into the feel of his character even after the guy had died, by, according to co star Shelley Winters, lying in the coffin prior to filming the funeral scene. *Bang the Drum Slowly*, where De Niro played a dying baseball star, was the film that earned him the New York's Film Critics best Actor gong and led to him becoming acquainted with up and coming film maker Martin Scorsese. The two had known each other in passing when they were kids hanging out in Little Italy, but when the two met again at a party in New York, they got on very well indeed, sharing many views on film. And so Scorsese cast him in his next film, *Mean Streets* (1973), beginning one of the key partnerships in the history of U.S. cinema. The two went on to make *Taxi Driver* (1976), *New York New York* (1977), *Raging Bull* (1980), *The King of Comedy* (1983), *Good Fellas* (1990), *Cape Fear* (1991) and *Casino* (1995). It was in this partnership that De Niro was at his best, diving right into his roles, often letting them take over his life. He was the ultimate shape shifter and in each role you would swear you were seeing a different man. Funnily enough Martin and Robert haven't worked together since *Casino*, and Leonardo Di Caprio seems to have become Martin's new regular star. De Niro, on the other hand, has formed the Production company Tribeca and his own New York film festival under that company's name, the latter being instrumental in revitalising the faith and bustle of downtown NYC after the horror of 9/11. In the film world, De Niro has become a comedy star, a good one at that, but rarely has he revived his magnetism of the old days. But so what? De Niro is 67 this year and clearly enjoying what he is doing. Even if they still made films like *Raging Bull*, would De Niro even be capable of gaining 40 pounds then

losing it within a year before working on his next movie? I doubt it. The truth is, De Niro will forever be known as one of the greatest actors of all time, perhaps THE greatest.



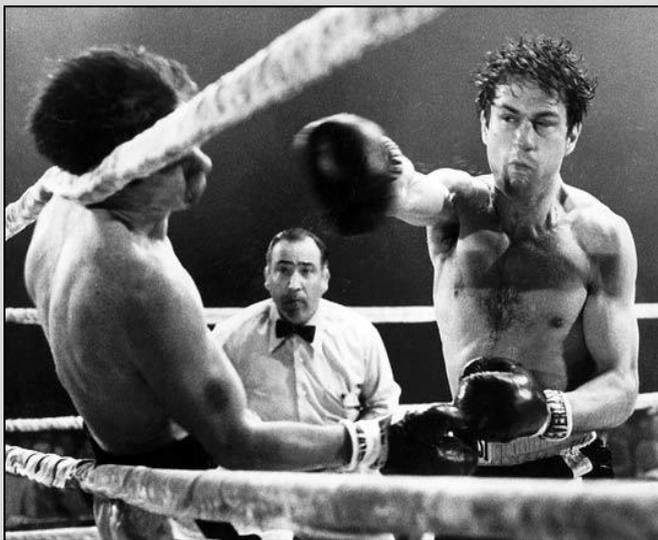
1, TAXI DRIVER (1976)

In between *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*, De Niro kind of broke into the mainstream in a big way when he played the young Brando/Vito in *The Godfather Part 2*, winning an Oscar and becoming the most promising young actor of the year. De Niro's impression of a young Brando was a subtle and admirable one, but it is not one of the most impressive displays he has given. *Taxi Driver* on the other hand is among the most iconic and electrifying pieces of acting in the history of cinema. De Niro plays Travis Bickle, a lonely New York cabbie and voyeur, sick to death of the scum on the streets which he one day promises to wash away. As the anger builds in him, Bickle focuses on a teenage prostitute called Iris (Jodie Foster) who he swears to save from the grotty life she is a prisoner to. In a startling and intense downward spiral, Bickle goes completely over the edge, resulting in one of the most breathtaking and bloody climaxes in cinema history. The film is basically about loneliness, isolation and urban alienation, but there are so many themes and areas hinted at. De Niro jumped right into his part, even working as a cabbie for a few weeks in preparation. At the time he was a hot property and turned down various high profile roles to play Bickle, one part for a reported half a million dollars. But he was desperate to play this part and thank god he did it. For his efforts De Niro received an Oscar nomination, but didn't win. Looking back, it's really quite astonishing he didn't bag the award and it's equally astonishing to see Scorsese walked home empty handed too.

2, THE DEER HUNTER (1978)

While Michael Cimino's 3 hour best picture Oscar winning epic could have been snipped by an hour and still put across its point, De Niro's performance is

undoubtedly a sensation. Focusing on a group of small town friends who find their lives ruined and shattered by the Vietnam war, it is hard to think of a more crushing and powerful movie studying the subject. De Niro plays Michael, the one friend who seems to come out mentally and physically the best from combat. His is a towering performance of strength, carrying the movie and after the war, embodying a quiet bubbling rage that could overflow at any time. Christopher Walken won an Oscar for his part in the film, the one who goes completely mad after his horrific experiences in a prison camp. Some say Walken out classed De Niro but I disagree. De Niro's part is much more subtle and you can see it was a hard role to play, mentally and physically demanding.



3, RAGING BULL (1980)

Raging Bull contains what is undoubtedly De Niro's best ever performance, here playing the renowned and tragic boxer Jake La Motta. De Niro enters another realm of movie acting here, physically every bit the boxer for the fight sequences (De Niro got the physique of a boxer by undergoing a strict regime). Perhaps most breath taking are the final scenes where La Motta is an over weight has been performing bad stand up comedy in sleazy bars. For this part of the film, De Niro ate himself fat, quite literally. Physical method acting aside, De Niro's La Motta is totally unlikable, a bad man right to the soul, given no redeeming features at all. This is a strong decision for a director to make and Scorsese knew this was the only way to do it. For him, at the time a coke addict nearing what he thought would be his imminent death, this was a very personal film for the director to make. For De Niro, he had reached his true peak. Rightfully he bagged the Best Actor Academy Award for this. Not a big hit upon release, it is now ranked as one of the best films of all time.

4, THE KING OF COMEDY (1983)

The King of comedy was yet another superb Scorsese/De Niro collaboration and another chance for the great man to get himself stuck



into new areas of screen acting. Here he plays the rather desperate comedian Rupert Pupkin, a man dying for his chance for fame so bad. After harassing TV star Jerry Langford (Jerry Lewis), he finds the only way to get on his show and gain nationwide notoriety is by kidnapping him. De Niro really embodies the seemingly harmless pity of Pupkin, a man seemingly hopeless and tragic in his relentless pursuit for recognition. In the role, De Niro is physically nerdy; a bad haircut, a bad suit and very a bad moustache, complete with oily manner and increased sense of self importance. But for once, Scorsese and De Niro give their hero a happy ending, which is although unexpected, very refreshing. A truly superb comic performance by De Niro.

5, AWAKENINGS (1990)



Possibly the most heartbreaking and sensitive film De Niro has ever made, Awakenings is a film that never fails to move me, no matter how many times I see it. The main reason is not the story as such (based on the true tale of Dr Oliver Sacks, the man who attempted to cure some catatonic patients suffering from encephalitis in the 1960s, with the aid of a revolutionary yet expensive drug), or Penny Marshall's frequent attempts at sentimentality, or the moving score, yet the bravery and honesty of the two central performance of Robert De Niro and Robin Williams. De Niro was Oscar nominated for his portrayal of Leonard, a man just out of a 30 year sleep and the main focus in the Doctor's experiment. Williams is in straight mode, giving a very moving and under rated subtle take on a shy, sweet and truly great man, who clearly has a heart of gold. They both should have won a joint Oscar for this, but of course they didn't.

ALSO SEE: *Mean Streets, Good Fellas, Casino.*

POETRY:

ETHAN RISINGER

Poetry is just cool, it's not only just something you can use to "express yourself" and "let it all out", but you also get to treat language as your own lap dog. You can make it do whatever you want it to. It is a puppet used to create, destroy, and amaze.

The phone's dial tone is hypnotizing
You can't answer, you're at home memorizing
Speeches for the many masses
While they're sitting in classes
Listening to mumbles on the screen
Rip their faults at the seam

The summer streams, they call out to you
Their envy, for the most part, is completely true
But your ears are burning red
Leaning on the center of your head
Not being able to handle the secrets they've been fed

Can you handle the heat?
As you walk you can hear your heart settle,
and skip a beat
On the hot asphalt you quickly move along with your feet

Skies turning gray
When the clouds match your morals you're bound to pay
They're just colours though
They're mix-matching shades you see while you step
through the snow
They're the nothings in the darkness that desperately
fight
Fight for the night

For the sun has come down
And lays its old shadows on the peaks of your frown
You've got it good
Just as you should

You deserve it you do
Since you were the lively age of two
Because you knew what you wanted
While others unsuccessfully taunted
The shadows of a girl
Who sat at home and taught her lips to curl
For no one but herself

We stood at a stand
We had no words to speak nor contraband
I left it behind
Just so I can know that you you're unreliable every time
That's what I get
For all the strolls with my foreign bet
But I've got nothing left
To steal away with

Light and water taste fine
The stories you tell me waste time
But I'll listen to you now
For you're my poor and helpless sow
And if I don't I'll fall asleep alone
With you by my side
Your conscious filled pride
Bonafide
Bonafide

Look at the summer, smell the winter
The love you've given may splinter
Because you've passed along these woes
And the distance slowly grows
But you may go and skip away
Quiet and hopeful dear
My windows are fogged and clear
Why is home here?
Why is home here?

So easily twisted, my arm
Its broken like stems due to your charm
No cause for alarm, I can't hold it together
In the end I'm just stabbing at leather
At least I'm not playing god and ending lives
Keep holding that neck
Hide under the deck
The sky comes into effect
The sky comes into effect

The bombers out here are overloaded
With empty voices my arteries are coated
But outside it's a beautiful day, and I don't want to ruin it
The old men stare at their watches, and don't dare throw
a fit
The perfect sunlight drowns their eyes
While children run and yell
Toward the old shining abandoned dell
Your story is such a tell
Your story is such a tell

On a soft swaying November afternoon
I walk along, stepping to your sweet summer tune
My coat feels heavy from all the guilt you've handed me
I would pay every cent, if you would only propose a fee
But your outline gives me none
The loud shrieking giving me no bother
Supplying land for your cannon fodder
Wheres my father?
Wheres my father?

BOOK REVIEW: CLASS ACTOR

By Phil Daniels

Reviewed by Jonny Bance

"The irony was that when Jimmy drove that scooter off the cliff, he might as well have given it to me to look after. For the rest of my adult life."

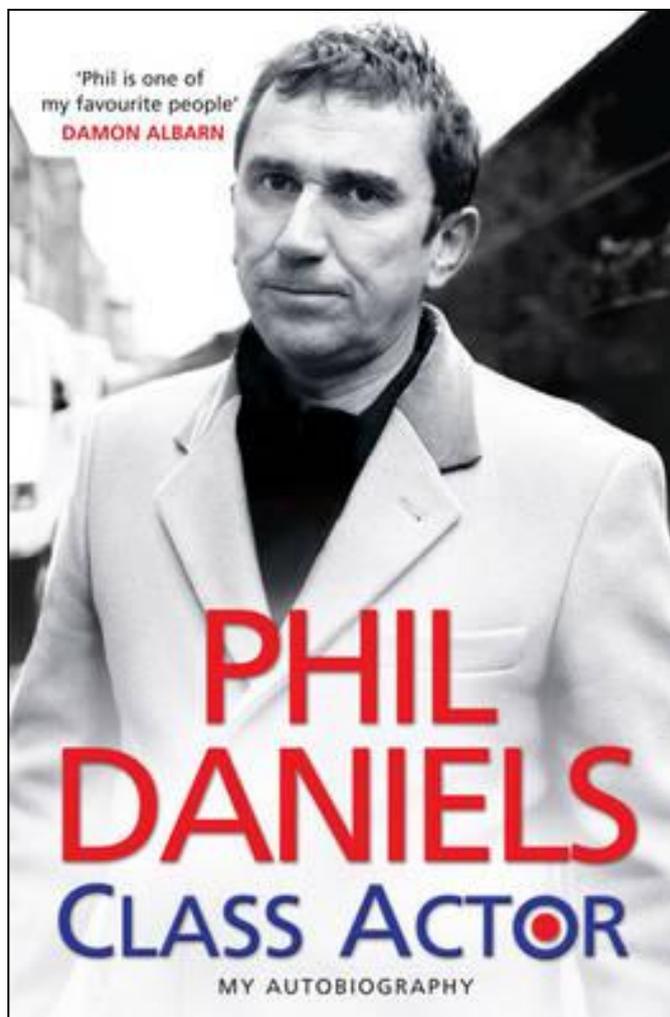
So says Phil Daniels in the opening chapter of a frank and candid autobiography detailing the life and times of his varied career. The quote, of course, relates to his iconic performance as the mixed up mod in the 1979 film version of The Who rock opera Quadrophenia. It is a classic movie, as fresh as ever with Daniels perfectly capturing the teen angst, frustrations and contradictions of wanting to belong but also to stand out as an individual. This writer's head span faster than the wheels of the Lambretta when I first saw it almost twenty years ago and it remains as relevant, punchy and as powerful as ever.

It is also a role that Daniels has never escaped from, he is still a teen icon to many at the age of 52 but rather than run away from it, he now embraces and accepts the recognition. Though he acknowledges that this hasn't always been the case.

The book takes you on a journey from humble beginning in 1960s Kings Cross, training at Anne Schers legendary drama school through to his first notable role alongside Ray Winstone in the controversial borstal movie Scum.

Phil shares stories of chatting to Burt Lancaster in South Africa on the set of Zulu Dawn, performing in a 70s rock band, his passion for Chelsea FC, working with Mike Leigh on the classic Meantime, singing with Britpop boys Blur and getting stoned with snooker legend Jimmy White in 1985 to name but a few!

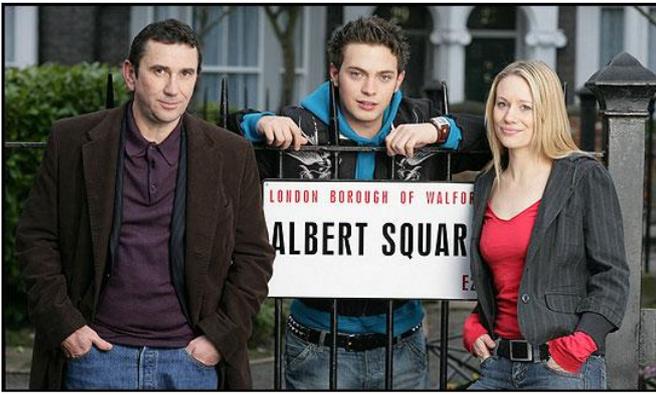
It is a vivid and entertaining insight into an actor who decided to not go down the Hollywood route (as offered after Quad) but



one who has stayed true to his working class roots with performances of real integrity and authenticity.

Phil makes the reader feel openly welcome into his world and you can imagine him reading each sentence to you in his unmistakably cockney accent grabbing your attention with each word. He is a warm, honest, funny and down to earth "geezer" who remains unaffected by a business that can be harsh and quite clique. That honesty extends to his mixed feelings about working with The Royal Shakespeare Company as well as Eastenders taking quite a slagging! He also pulls no punches in talking about the decline of the British film industry in the eighties as well as his general disaffection throughout the Thatcher years.

There is so much more to Phil than the scooter riding pill popping role that made his name and, as great as Quadrophenia is, this autobiography encourages you to seek out some of his more understated parts. He was superb as the sensitive ska loving husband of Dawn French in TV film Sex And Chocolate as well as cocky un - politically correct stand up



comedian Alun Leech in Stand And Deliver. He was also terrific as a hot shot, cynical lawyer in BBC2'S highly underrated comedy drama Outlaws. When this was unfairly axed after just one series, Phil was devastated and then decided to take the EastEnders role with an understandable "if you can't beat em, join em" attitude.

He has done it all, panto, musical, drama, comedy, hard man, wimp, villain and copper. His 1990 performance of Alex in the RSC production of A Clockwork Orange was amazing. Witty and sarcastic, Daniels played the leader of the droogs with a real energy and likeability that the part demands. It was the first time this reviewer had seen him acting on stage and it was an enormous pleasure to be able to meet him after the show. I have now met him a couple of times and can honestly say the Phil Daniels in this book is the real him. No airs or graces but friendly and funny complete with vocabulary peppered with expletives and wry witticisms. I couldn't put the book down and, maybe I am a little biased being a fan, but if you want a straight talking no nonsense autobiography of an extraordinary, interesting career then this comes highly recommended.

Phil Daniels tells a funny story in his new autobiography. Playing Jimmy may have carried a burden but it helped to get him out of incredibly sticky situations!

"Being in Quadrophenia also came in handy in odd ways. One night, Trevor Laird, a mate who's also in the film as Ferdy, and I got hold of a set of those dodgy one-size-fits-all car keys. We weren't real villains - we were only messing about. We tried a couple of car doors and one of them opened. To our shock the car started, too. Just as that happened, an Italian bloke came running towards us with a machete. We legged it. We managed to get away, but were stopped by police who were passing the scene. At the station, one officer, who was Greek, asked: 'Were you in the film Quadrophenia?' He explained that there was a rare blood disease afflicting the Greek community and he would let us go if we could get Sting's autograph for him to auction to raise money. I agreed, went straight home and found my copy of the Police's first album, Outlandos D'Amour. I signed it myself, I hadn't seen Sting in years, he was living in some German castle then - 'Best wishes, from Sting' I wrote - and dropped it off at Holloway police station. Under the circumstances, it was the least I could do"

YOU CAN GET PHIL DANIELS BOOK FROM THE AMAZON STORE

THE STORY OF THE PRETENDERS

ONE OF THE MOST UNDERRATED GROUPS TO EMERGE FROM THE NEW WAVE SCENE AND SURVIVE FOR OVER 30 YEARS, LEAD BY THE GREAT CHRISSIE HYNDE. CHRIS WADE EXAMINES THEIR EXTRA ORDINARY CAREER, RIGHT FROM CHRISSIE'S CHILDHOOD TO MORE RECENT ACTIVITY

"I was really into sewing, so I made dolls' clothes and stuff, but when the other girls went to the kickball field to watch the boys play, I used to pretend I was a horse." - Hynde

The story of The Pretenders begins in Akron, Ohio 1951, when Christine Ellen Hynde was born. The daughter of a Yellow Pages manager and a receptionist, life was very ordinary for the young Hynde. She actually lived in her Grandmother's house, a red brick home that was moved further up the hill when planners demolished the neighbourhood in favour of a highway. Her very first memory is the view from behind the bars of her cot at the age of 1. A theory has it that so many future rock stars came out of Akron because it was the kind of town most wanted to just get out of! Chrissie has agreed in the past:

"I came from a very colourless, suburban, medium nothing. I'd never even been on a train," she later said. "The Akron I remember is not even there anymore. People are frustrated and there's not much to do there. The radio was great when I was a teenager."

In the 1960s, Akron was quite simply known as "the rubber capital of the world," the home of tyres. Her father Bud had been a Marine before working for Ohio Bell Telephone Company and her mum, Dee had briefly been a New York City model. She recalls them as Republicans, Nixon supporters and typical white Americans of the time. At a young age, Chrissie was infatuated with horses as a girl and admired the fashion style of jockeys, later saying they looked "really cool".

She attended Firestone High school in Akron, sailing through her teen years with little flair. Perhaps the most interesting thing from her early years is the fact that she had her first kiss at a Jackie Wilson concert:

"Yeah, I was taken onstage at a Jackie Wilson concert. They used to drag girls onstage out of the audience. Yeah, real cool, but at the time it kind of bummed me out, because I was white and I felt like maybe I shouldn't have been there, there weren't any other white people in the audience, just me and my girlfriend. And I was shy, I'd never been kissed, I was horrified. Everyone else was screaming to be picked and I was just trying to hide, but my white skin was a dead giveaway. I had no camouflage, so the guy dragged me up there and Jackie kissed me, by God."



She was a fairly quiet child, and didn't quite fit in with the world around her. While very young she had sung in a church choir and admits that she had desired to be a singer since the age of 4. As a young teen she played the Ukulele before getting an electric guitar. Once she had graduated from High School, she was enrolled at Kent State University's Art School, in a bid to find herself. She realized soon that an interest in music was eating away at her. Her brother Terry had been a saxophonist and Chrissie started messing with the guitar properly at 16, although only on her own, admitting she was way too shy to jam with "the guys."

She claims to have discovered music first, then pot, the Hallucinogenic drugs third. "Sex and alcohol didn't even even feature in the picture with me. I was just a hippie."

"I was not the model teenage girl," she told Brant Mewborn, "that anybody's parents would have wanted. I didn't date boys and I was a lousy student. All I wanted to do was go out and see bands."

She joined a band called Sat. Sun. Mat. With Mark Mothersbaugh, the future founder of geek rock band Devo. Hynde remembers the band:

"I was 16 and in a band called Sat Sun Mat. We played a few quirky covers, such as Traffic's Forty Thousand Headmen, in a church hall. I wasn't a natural-born show-off, at least not on stage, so I had to overcome that."

Interestingly, Mothersbaugh remembers Hynde as an extraordinarily shy and quiet girl, and out of the whole bunch of people hanging around that band, she seemed the least likely to ever make a career out of music. He remembered her sitting alone in the corner singing quietly to herself as everyone else jammed together. It could be said that Hynde was a little bit of an outsider; she was quiet and into different music than everyone else. Clearly trying to find her path, she was first attracted to the Hell's Angels lifestyle, if only briefly. "Then, of course, when I hung out with them, I discovered that the code they lived by was murder. So that wasn't so cool."

One thing that Hynde did become sure about at the age of 17 was her views on not eating meat. From this point on she has remained a vegetarian; in a later interview Chrissie called McDonalds her biggest enemy and for a brief time the two parties were engaged in a misunderstood mini war. But the one view was set in place pretty early on in her life. She has since said the biggest shame of her life was when she working as a waitress at the age of 17, mainly on the steak menu. Perhaps this was the big turning point. "That's when I realised I was never gonna be like other people. We had a different agenda, me and the rest of the population."

Hynde grew up listening to The Beatles and The Kinks, the latter who she especially liked, having a big crush on lead Kink Ray Davies. She tuned into local Akron stations, and fell for the real music. But the Hynde household had very little records in it, her parents apparently only owning a couple of Glenn Miller records. By the late 1960s, the music that was turning her on was of a more raw nature: stand outs for her were Iggy Pop and The Velvet Underground. Doug Yule, member of the Velvets, told me recently that Hynde had gone to a Velvets show in 1969, not realizing this himself though until he read a piece she had written for the NME years later.



Interestingly when she was 17, Chrissie went to Mexico for a few months as an exchange student, frequenting Puebla. She failed her course but stayed down there longer to travel, before returning to Kent State University.

By her late teens Hynde was feeling at odds with Ohio, and had plans to travel the world; find that something that would spark her interest in life. While at Kent State University, she witnessed the National Guard shooting of anti-Vietnam war protesters on campus. Chrissie remembered the horrific incident years later.

"Four people got shot! It's not something you forget easily. I was nearby. I went over to see what was going on. They were trying to clear people out. The police had to pick me up and drag me out. When I look back, I can see how much damage Vietnam did to American families. My own family was split between the generations. The '60s was a time when people were going to re-evaluate society, and that didn't happen. It got flushed down the toilet with the drug culture. It depresses me to see the whole thing happening now in the '90s. So many bands are strung out on smack. No one is blowing the whistle on these clowns."

After returning to Akron for a few months, she decided on going to London.

"I thought," she remembered, "that in London everyone was gonna be into Iggy Pop, because I had some back issues of the NME. And then I came here, and no one had heard of Iggy Pop, so I was really bummed. But I did eventually bump into the guy who'd written the article which I cut out ... and it was Nick Kent."

Hynde knew London had what she wanted. She had an interest in becoming a musician and a journalist and saw the UK as the place to be. Upon arrival, with a female friend, they found themselves in a Queensway Hostel. She admits it wasn't instantly the way she had imagined. Tie a Yellow Ribbon was top of the charts and no one had heard of Lou Reed and Iggy Pop. She found herself instantly getting a job selling handbags on Bayswater Road. Arriving in a town where she didn't really know anyone, she wound up in a house share situation in Clapham. She quickly made friends, chatting to random people in a bid to form relationships. Her friend gave up on the plan quite soon and returned to Akron while Chrissie got another job working as assistant for an architect. The next part of her story was more by luck than anything. She didn't know how to write as such, but being so inspired by Nick Kent's piece on her idol Iggy Pop, she was keen to get a job for the NME. Chrissie didn't adapt to living in London so easily at first. She was often without a proper job at times and had nowhere to stay officially. But she did always find a way to survive of course.

"People always took me in. I'd do their dishes and become part of the scene; they'd let me stay and sleep on the floor"

At a party, Hynde was telling someone that her three most prized possessions had just been stolen; her copies of White Light White Heat, Funhouse and Raw Power. From out of the corner she heard a voice say, "I know Iggy Pop." The voice belonged to Nick Kent, journalist for the NME, and the two quickly became friends. He somehow managed to get her a job there.

She told the Melody Maker:

"And that's how I met Nick Kent and I started running around with him, which was great, 'cause I was getting to see a lot of bands and one day I met one of the editors of his paper and I was badrapping some album or something, and he said, 'Well why don't you write a review for us, then?' Which shows where a big mouth can get you."

Early articles she wrote included an interesting piece on Suzi Quatro and an interview with Brian Eno, the latter involving a photo shoot which had Hynde dolled up as a dominatrix. Hynde admits she was never a particularly good writer, but she was opinionated and perhaps her strong, raw, American personality is what made her so interesting to readers.

Unfortunately her time at the NME did not last too long, a year in fact. She disliked the way the paper was attempting to make her a personality writer by running pictures of her alongside her pieces. The point she was asked to write a retrospective on the Velvet Underground, a band who had split up years earlier, was the last straw. She knew modern music had hit a brick wall.

It seemed that Hynde was very interested in the shocking and outrageous, for soon she had got herself a job at Chelsea clothes shop SEX, run by the late Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood. At this point the shop

was still called Craft Must Wear Clothes But The Truth Loves To Go Naked, but it was to become the in place to be, a hangout for all the people who were to be forming the roots of the punk scene in 1977's London.

"This was pre Pistols of course," she said. "It was pre punk but just around the time when a couple of people who had clothing stores were starting to get interested in putting bands together. Malcolm (McLaren) most obviously. Malcolm had never been a hippy and he didn't know much about music. But I really looked up to Malcolm and Vivienne (Westwood) a lot. I thought they were much smarter than me. I loved being around him. I was also always a bit scared of him. I suppose because he seemed much older than me, although I was only a year younger than him. Anyway, they fired me."

Hynde then took off to France, briefly, in a bid to start a band over there. To get the money together for her ticket to Paris, she stole some records and sold them to Cheapo Cheapos Record Store. Creative.

"Paris was in the grip of its big punk thing at the time and this band, The Frenchies, was basically just another band. But it was okay...like I was starving again, but starving in France is pretty much the same as starving anywhere else."

The band gigged a bit while Chrissie lived in France for six months. One notable show was at the old Paris abattoir. She was sleeping rough on the floor of a transvestite friend's house at this point and getting nowhere very slowly.

"I couldn't speak French," she later said. "Fuck. I was smoking so much dope I couldn't even speak English. Everyone was off their face, there was lot of hard drugs around."

Hynde recalls rolling spliffs with the transvestite on the carpet in the house with no furniture or TV. With the tray and a record player, Hynde calls it the best time of her life.

After her efforts in the band failed she made the decision to go to Ohio. It was a mistake. She immediately felt out of place and hitch hiked to Cleveland where she fell in with a local band, Mr Stress Blues Band. For a short while Chrissie sang for them while their main lead vocalist was in hospital. After that short spell she formed Jack Rabbit with Donnie Baker, playing a residency at the Cellar Door.

"Jack Rabbit were alright. I had to try and liven them up a bit with a few reggae tunes. But it wasn't the most inspiring period of my life.

Hynde recalls them singing Isley Borthers tunes with her done up in a rubber skirt. "We were probably crap, I dunno," she since noted. By now, she was living

with a girl friend in Cleveland, a rough and racist neighbourhood, which she called "hostile." Chrissie worked as a cocktail waitress there, claiming the bar staff didn't teach her how to make cocktails, but how to use a gun! She hated life in Cleveland and in a matter of days, joined a friend to move to Arizona. She had to get away from that life. Stuck in the desert Chrissie started to panic. But a friend who had heard her sing in Paris managed, somehow, to track her down and he sent her a telegram saying they needed her for a band in Paris. She immediately left Arizona and got on a plane to France.

The guys she met up with were doing way too much drugs and after managing to get one gig, Chrissie was so drugged up she couldn't even perform. She knew this wouldn't work.

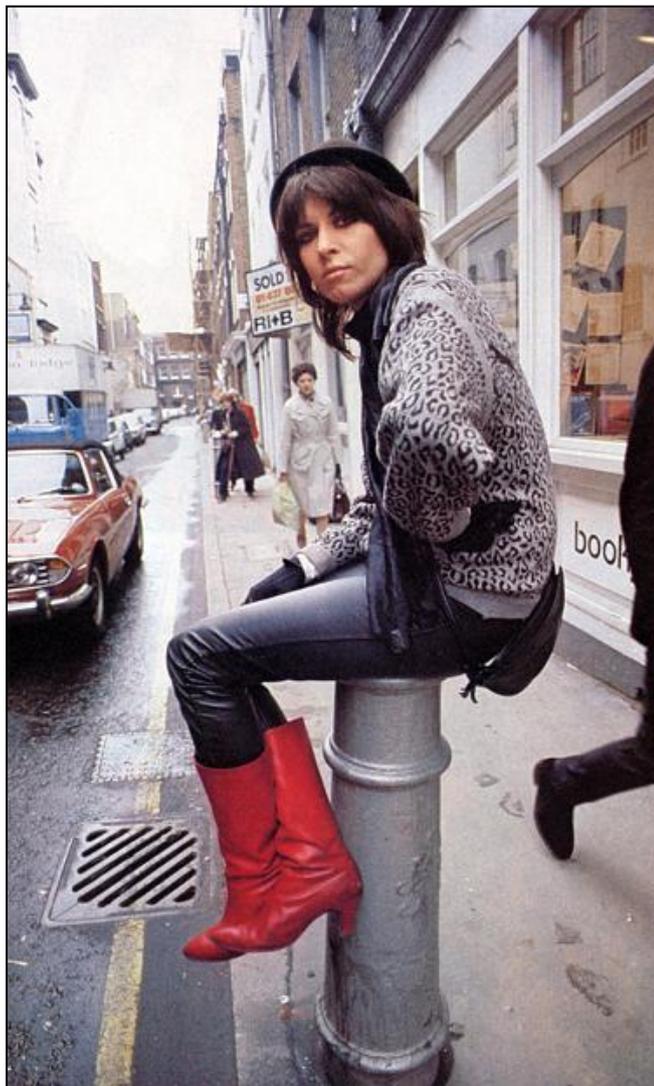
All this lead her back to London in 1976, just as punk rock was beginning to take shape. Hynde felt connected not only with the brash styles of the new exciting movement but also with the no nonsense attitude attached to it. It suited her perfectly.

As the music began to make more impact, alongside the fashions associated with them, the punk movement began to cause ripples. Hynde found herself in numerous bands, none of which lasted very long. She found herself jamming alongside future Damned singer Captain Sensible and Mick Jones, soon to be member of The Clash. One band was called Big Girl's Underwear.

Then there was the truly bad taste shocker, The Moors Murderers, alongside legendary punk Soo Catwoman.

"The story behind that was I see this kid in the Vortex and at the time I'd go anywhere and walk up to anyone and ask them if they wanted to get a band together. I was onto anybody. When this kid walked up with this set of lyrics and started singing about criminals. I thought it was fantastic. It was Steve Strange and he had this thing going called The Moors Murderers. I didn't have a clue who or what The Moors Murderers were. I'm from Ohio. So I said 'Oh man let's do something.' I just didn't know what I was getting into."

But Chrissie instantly left the band and was keen to detach herself from any association with this low brow trash. The lead singer, Steve Strange, had arranged a photo session where all the members of The Moors Murderers were to have plastic bags over their heads.



When Hynde became aware of the identities of the real Moors Murderers and began to see how seedy this all was, she upped and left. She was desperate to start a band, but not THAT desperate!

"I became Chrissie Hyndley. Really cool move. But I didn't know who Myra Hindley was. I'd never heard of her. The next thing I know we're on the cover of Sounds with garbage bags on our heads and there's a passing reference to Steve Strange, but the main thing was something like 'Here's Chrissie Hynde from the NME with her band The Moors Murderers.' And before you know it the story's all over the fucking tabloids. I was mortified. It sucked."

Hynde, although failing to get a decent band going while seeing all her peers forming serious groups, remembers how she felt at home with the boys:

"What punk was about was non-discrimination. And that's why I started trying to get a band together, because I knew that it wouldn't be a novelty that I was a chick. It was like, 'Oh, you can play the guitar, let's get together.' And it wasn't about sex either, which was really refreshing and interesting. I mean, people *had* sex, but it was referred to as a 'squelching session'. It was impersonal. You weren't really having relationships. Johnny Rotten would come over to my squat and he would spend the night, but there was never anything sexual going on. It probably wouldn't have been very hard to convince me! But he wasn't into it, you know?"

She did have a brief affair with Sid Vicious, the future bassist for The Sex Pistols. She remembers him as a sweet man, contrary to what the media now labels him as.

"And as soon as he realised how much everyone hated Nancy Spungen, his final, fatal girlfriend, man, he stuck to her like a stamp to a letter. That's why he was called 'Sid': he hated the name Sid, so everyone called him Sid. That's what that whole scene was about. But when he got fucked up, he got very violent actually. He was shooting speed before he met Nancy, and when she got him into dope it was a very easy switch to make; then it was all over for him. He'd never been with a woman before, where she had that kind of control over him. They were in love, I guess."

The pair was even set to get married, but only so Hynde could stay in the country. Johnny Rotten also offered to marry her, asking "What's in it for me?"

Hynde was a regular face at The Roxy, a club she reckons was only great for six months, in the middle of 1977. She was hanging with all the big names, though basically as a scenester rather than a musician. One punk band that Hynde was linked to was The Stranglers. Largely seen as the old perverts of the punk scene, Hynde had approached the band's management if she could join the band as their vocalist. Stranglers lead singer Hugh Cornwell noted "We've already got two lead singers, why do we need another?" A shame this didn't work out, as I would love to hear a rendition of Peaches sung by the feminist Chrissie Hynde! The Stranglers were the most uncool of the scene and were never really considered a part of it. This perhaps shows how desperate Hynde was to start a band, the fact she was willing to be sneered at by the punk scene by joining the great outsiders. Of course The Stranglers have proved, to me at least, to be the best of their era. (Incidentally Hugh Cornwell nicknamed her Chrissie Hyndeleg!)

"I was a little more world weary, and so in the beginning everyone looked at me as if I was the odd one out. And American and cool weren't two words you'd put together at the time. Once I had The Pretenders, though, it was fine."

Hynde recalls whining to Lemmy, bassist and singer with heavy rock group Motorhead, that she was desperate to start a band. Lemmy, rather than sympathising with Hynde's needs, told her to stop moaning about it and get a fucking band together! The harshness of his words catapulted Chrissie's drive. She HAD to get a band together.

"It was so goddamn frustrating, cause a lot of my friends were forming bands, doing gigs and actually making records. It was the start of the punk thing; there were people who couldn't play half as well as I could – and I ain't great – who were becoming lead guitarists. I think I'd been around too long. I wasn't fresh enough for all that...I couldn't bitch enough about the music scene. I mean, after you've travelled around a bit and listened to Bobby Womack and stuff that's a lot more refined, you can't quite agree with kids who're saying that everything that went down before punk was a piece of shit. Basically I had difficulty finding musicians who I felt I could work with. At one point, Malcolm McLaren wanted to have me dress up like a guy and get my hair cut short and put me in a band called the Loveboys with Richard Hell. Another of his scams was the Masters of the Backside, which was basically me playing, not singing, with Dave Vanian and another really shy guy called Dave, doing the vocals. Chris Miller was discovered by McLaren because he was such an item, and then he said he had a mate from Croydon or somewhere who could play bass guitar, and along came Ray Burns with long hippie curls. That's where Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible started. It was a complete madhouse, of course, 'cos this shy Dave didn't want to do live gigs, and McLaren was too busy dealing with the Pistols, and the rest of the boys really wanted to gig. So they went off and formed the Damned and I was on my own again."

She joined one band, which eventually became the notable punk outfit 999. Another group she was briefly involved with was Masters of the Backside, a group set up by Malcolm McLaren who was now fancying himself the Mickie Most of the punk scene. She left the group, who then changed their name to The Damned! She was even in Johnny Moped, very briefly (for one gig in fact) before she was thrown out. She played with The Clash for a few dates and was known to hang with Paul Simonon.

"It was great, but my heart was breaking. I wanted to be in a band so bad. And to go to all the gigs, to see it so close up, to be living in it and not to have a band was devastating to me. When I left, I said, 'Thanks a lot for lettin' me come along,' and I went back and went weeping on the underground throughout London. All the people I knew in town, they were all in bands. And there I was, like the real loser, you know? Really the loser."

By 1978, Hynde had made herself a demo containing a few songs she had written with hope of sending them round to various record labels. With Fred Berk of Johnny Moped on bass and Nigel Pelgrum on drums, Hynde made some rough but undeniably interesting cuts on tape. She secured management from

Steeleye Span's manager Tony Secunda in a bid to get noticed. Secunda hadn't even heard her sing but liked the look of her. Chrissie has memories of feeling like a real punk at this time, marching into Tony's office, putting her feet on the table and "bad mouthing everyone in sight." But Secunda didn't seem to mind Hynde's arrogance; in fact he probably saw commercial potential in it. After all, he was the one who paid for her demos and had gathered the musicians to ensure that rough early tape would have impact on listeners. But her relationship with Secunda was to end rather abruptly. In one interview Hynde recalled why her and Secunda fell out. He had seen the pictures of the Moors Murderers band and was pretty disgusted by the tastelessness of it all. Secunda slammed the phone down on her. "And believe me," she recalled. "No one does that to me. I never spoke to him again."

An old Akron friend called Randall Rose, future Capital Gold DJ, managed her for a while before passing her deom on to Dave Hill of Anchor Records, soon to be setting up his own Real records label.

"As it happens, this was the day before we were going to see Dave Hill, who was at Anchor Records at the time, to play him the tape. So I had to ring Dave and say, 'Er, well, look Dave, I was supposed to be coming in to see you tomorrow but, er, I don't have a band and my manager just told me to kick it in the head. So sorry, man.' But he said, well, come on down anyway, we'll try and get something sorted out, rent some gear, whatever. So I was working with this guy Malcolm on bass, and I got Phil from Motorhead on drums, and we went down to Studio 51 and the results were very rough indeed. And I thought, for sure, Dave Hill's going to say, 'Well, it's got a lot of potential, but why don't you come back when you've got something more concrete together, like a band?' But he didn't. Instead he asked me to go to see him at his office the next day."

The songs on the tape included Made to Measure, Tequila, Hymn No. 3 and a Kinks cover, Stop Your Sobbing.

She became the first artist signed to the newly set up Real label. But now she needed a band. Over the course of 1978, she met the three chaps who would make up her band, The Pretenders. First she was introduced to Pete Farndon, ex Bushwhackers bassist, when they met in a pub. Farndon recalled the meeting:

"She said 'Hi' and turned around and ignored me for an hour. I thought 'Am I gonna be in a band with this cunt?'"

With a drummer also in tow, Gas Wild, the three of them began rehearsing in a squat. Gas soon left and after various unsuccessful attempts to lure drummer Phil Taylor away from Motorhead, they met guitarist James Honeyman-Scott, a flashy whizz kid who made the journey to London from Hereford.

At the time James was selling guitars in his home town, but wasn't very sure what the future held for him. Always keen on getting a serious career in music one day, James had started piano lessons at an early age. He quickly became a proficient player.

"Everything I do is done by ear. I could never follow the theory of music. It all sounded very difficult, so I used to pretend I could read something, but in fact I always learned by ear to fool the piano teacher."



By the age of 11, James had replaced the piano with a guitar given to him by his older brother. Next he started his own band, inspired by the work of Cream and Hendrix.

"We were playing 'Sunshine Of Your Love,' 'Hey Joe,' and songs like that. Then I was with a band that had no name from what I can remember. It was probably 'something Blues Band' because everything turned out to be a blues band back then. This was in 1968."

Hynde and James didn't get on much at first, him seeing her as an aggressive punk. Hynde saw him as "a messed up little speed freak."

James played on a demo session for the new band, but Chrissie really wanted him in her group for good. James remembered the early days of the band that would become The Pretenders:

"We did lots of rehearsing - seven days a week, all hours of the day and night. At first a lot of the licks were very heavy - like Up the Neck started off as a reggae song. I said, 'Let's speed it up,' and put in that little guitar run. The melodic parts of the numbers really all started coming together by me putting in these little runs and licks. And then Chrissie started to like pop music, and that's why she started writing things like 'Kid.' Her all-time favourite musicians are English. Her favourite guitar player is Jeff Beck, and her favourite songwriters are John Lennon and Ray Davies. I love playing Kid, Talk of the Town and pop songs like that."

Knowing he was a huge fan of Nick Lowe, Hynde sent the demo to Lowe, then slyly told Scott that Lowe was definitely set to produce their album for them. Of course, this was not certain yet, but Scott wasn't to know and headed over to play guitar for good. With Gerry

Mackleduff, a session player, the band went in and cut their debut single, the Kinks cover called Stop Your Sobbing. They also recorded the B side, a heavy, energetic rocker called The Wait. With Mackleduff, the band played some Paris shows at a venue called Club Gilbus.

The group needed a new drummer, seeing as Gerry was merely there for the session and wasn't working out full time. Pete recalled a chap he knew called Martin Chambers, a drummer from Hereford who James had played with before in another group. It turned out he had been living a few blocks away working at that point as a driving instructor. The first time he met Chrissie, Martin found her very rude, simply due to the fact she was sitting there in a pub reading a book.

"It's a sociable place. Anyway, I liked her demos, that was the main thing." Martin later said. "It was exciting."

Chambers had been playing music for some time at this point. As far back as the early 70s he had been in Karakorum, a three piece progressive rock outfit. When the group folded he drummed for The Dave Stewart Orchestra, performing old band Glenn Miller style music. Then he joined Cheeks with ex Mott the Hoople man Verden Allen. Eventually, he came on board Hynde's strange train after years of, as he put it himself, "farting around."

Chrissie recalled their first jam together in the basement:

"We plugged in and started playing Precious and I remember clearly I had to turn around and face the wall. I was laughing so hard, because as soon as Martin started playing with us I knew that was it. We had the band."

Hynde now had to think of a decent band name, but this, as with most groups, proved to be no easy task:

"We couldn't think of a goddamn name," explains Chrissie. "I used to wake up in the morning, look at the ceiling and think, 'Yeah, the Ceilings! Ah, no!' Then I'd go into the kitchen and think, 'Wow, the Kitchens!' In the end it'd got as far as the record actually being pressed and Dave ringing us up the day the label was being printed and asking us what the hell we'd decided on. The Pretenders was a last-minute job, but it's good."

They began gigging in England playing their first official UK show on August 26th 1978, supporting The Strangeways at Unity Hall in Wakefield, Yorkshire. Two other shows followed, one at The Nashville and one at Barbarellas in Birmingham, both at the back end of 1978.

At last, Chrissie had a band. It had taken some time, but Hynde was keen to express how waiting so long for a group to come along had finally paid off and that the band gelled together excellently. In February of 1979, things really started to take off. They began a residency at the Moonlight in Hampstead and featured on the cover of the Melody Maker. The Nick Kent did a feature in the NME. Things were happening very quickly now. Later Chrissie sounded positive about this era, saying they were a great band and Chrissie was glad it paid off after working so hard to get it off the ground.

"The reason it's taken me so long to get a band together is because I've been unable to find musicians who can suss my music, and these guys can. I mean I got really sick of people coming up to me and saying, 'Hi Chrissie, what're you up to?', and I'd tell 'em I was trying

to get a band sorted out, and they'd say 'Oh yeah, weren't you doing that last year?' We all work on the arrangements together and the guys alter bits or add bits; it's not a case of me going in and saying 'Look here, you guys, here's the song and this is how I want to do it,' it's a joint effort."

The Stop Your Sobbing single was a minor hit in the UK in January of 1979, the impact of it stunning the punk in crowd who had doubted Hynde for so long. Rat Scabies recalls his surprise at first hearing Chrissie's voice on the single, commenting that "we all just thought she was a groupie."

The single was very poppy and particularly unpunk, and some of the punk scene frowned upon Chrissie's choice of song. The hip circle of friends may have been baffled by the single's commercial appeal, but as Don Letts put it "You couldn't deny that voice! I couldn't believe this was coming from this scraggy, loud mouthed bitch." Nick Lowe, who had indeed produced their first single, here ceased working with the group, handing over duty to Chris Thomas. Chrissie met Thomas at a Stranglers gig, apparently the same gig where she had pierced John Lydon's ear in the toilet, and asked if he would produce the album when that opportunity arose.

The band spent the majority of 1979 touring the UK. Their March tour was merciless, with barely a day off in between. It began at the London Nashville on the 8th and ended on April the 3rd at The Marquee. Shortly after the tour, the track Kid was released as a follow up to Stop Your Sobbing. Record Mirror made it single of the week. To promote the single, the band toured through the whole of July, in a string of gigs taking the band all over the country; from Chester, to Aylesbury, the London Lyceum and eventually finishing off at the start of August at The Factory in Manchester. But the single didn't do so well. It seemed all the hype had been a curse and it was looking possible that The Pretenders were a fad soon to be out of date.

In July of 1979, Allan Jones had the chance of hanging out with the band in the midst of another UK tour. He recalls the band being a bit pissed off having failed to garner a huge crowd for their St George's Hall show in Blackburn. Hynde suggests cancelling the show and going for a drink. James tells the Melody Maker:

"I just like getting out of it." By now he was already dabbling with heroin, though not a massive level.

Another article, for Smash Hits, sees the band in early fame mode. Hynde is seen reading her fan mail, wincing when a fan tells her she has lovely eyes. Pete admits to ironing his clothes on tour, clearly image obsessed. James hogs the tour bus tape player, constantly playing Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe, while Pete takes along compilations he has made at home from his favourite singles. Hynde doesn't care what's on the player, for a fan has just given her a gift- a Kinks book. The article also reports the small crowds at gigs.

Reports from gigs, though small in capacity, show the Pretenders at their rocking best and Chrissie at her most punk rock kick ass. One fan at a gig was gobbing at her repeatedly throughout the whole show. Pissed off, Chrissie attempted to kick the spitter in the head. When she missed, the man dragged her into the crowd.

In late 1979, The Pretenders recorded their debut album, a self titled instant classic. Thomas said the

band were so good together and had a great chemistry. In turn Martin has called him the best producer around. The Pretenders started off with the oh so punky rocker Precious, the offbeat Phone Call, the sleazy Up the Neck, the exciting The Wait and the instrumental Space Invader. It was ballsy rock n roll, although the second half of the LP featured some calmer, subtler works such as Stop Your Sobbing, Kid and the band's third single Brass in Pocket.

Ironically Chrissie didn't want Brass in Pocket to be released as a single for she was embarrassed and afraid her punk friends may laugh at her. But the song certainly struck a chord with listeners, especially in the UK, where it reached number one upon its release. It was in fact the first number one single of the new decade, the 1980s. To accompany this enormous success, the album itself also hit the top spot. In the US, the album was also a hit, reaching Number Ten on the Billboard 100 at the start of 1980. Although all seemed rosy, Hynde has commented on the strangeness of her situation at this time:

"I got a record at number one, Brass in Pocket, my first number one record. I think it was my last number one record. It's Christmas time, my flatmate Kevin Sparrow is found dead on Christmas morning and while I'm about to go off to Top of the Pops I go and take all of Kevin's dirty laundry down to the Laundromat in Covent Gardens and just sat there and watched his dirty clothes go through the dryer. Cos' I didn't want anyone have to come and go through Kevin's dirty laundry. It didn't seem right. And that's all I really remember about my week of glory."

Although the album was a huge hit and has gone down as one of the best albums of the 80s, Martin Chambers was keen to give credit where credit was due:

"Let's mention [producer] Chris Thomas here, shall we? He did the first three records and during that period he also did Wings, Sex Pistols, and Never Mind the Bollocks. He did all sorts of records. Badfinger, Dark Side of the Moon... I mean, Jesus, the guy's a genius!"

The band went on a huge US tour and became the living cliché of a touring rock band; ripping through hotel rooms and causing general havoc wherever they went. Dave Hill has commented that Chrissie "still felt it was 1977" and was abusing the audience at every opportunity, generally acting like a punk. But the crowds seemed to love it at the time. As for the LP, it sold half a million copies in the US before the band even set foot in the country. Their gig at Santa Monica Civic sold out in under two hours.

After a show in Memphis, Chrissie was arrested for punching a night club owner in the face. As the drunken Hynde was dragged into the police car, she kicked the windows through.

Another night, in New York City, Hynde got up on stage with Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers. Mid way through the gig, she grabbed the microphone and shouted, "Qualuuded out hippies - stupid assholes who wouldn't know a good rock band if you saw one. I'm glad that now I'm a rich rock star I don't have to put up with people like you." She was later seen face down on the stage, throwing bottles at the crowd. Charming.

While on the US tour, Hynde bumped into one of her childhood heroes and musical idols, The Kinks lead singer and songwriter Ray Davies. The pair began to date

each other, despite Ray being married to his second wife Yvonne. In the Pretenders song Adultress, which appeared on their second album, Hynde's relationship with Ray is hinted at. Hynde was referred to as the Adultress in the divorce papers. Ray and Chrissie's romance was far from stable, and the pair of them became known for their notorious relationship and numerous break ups. It must have been strange for Chrissie, finding herself in an affair with a man she had had a crush on since her teenage years.

Professionally it was all taking off for Chrissie. The triumph seemingly came out of nowhere and it all pulled together so nicely for Hynde. But, like is so often the case in life, there was trouble around the corner.

With a hugely successful album behind them, there was great demand for more Pretenders product. But the combination of band squabbling, the pressure of coming up with new material and drugs, things were not so rosy in the world of The Pretenders. Their US released EP, Extended Play, combined Message of Love, Talk of the Town, Precious, Porcelain and Cuban Slide to ease, somewhat temporarily, the overwhelming demand for more Pretenders product. Hynde may have felt more than a little pushed to write more tracks for the follow up and to many critics at the time the pressure showed on the quality of the material.



The band by now were spreading further than their punk/ new wave routes and into standard, though well written, rock fare. Martin Chambers recalls the band's position at the time:

"We never really thought of ourselves as a punk band because we have a lot more going for us than just 1-2-3-4, and away you go. The "new wave" and all that, I had no idea what it was. I just know that what we were doing was based in rock, plus there's a blues element to

it, and R&B... it's all in the mix somewhere. We just do what's necessary for the song to work."

The majority of 1981 was spent touring, although both Martin and James did get married, not to each other of course, in the spring of that year. In August, as the band tore through the US, Pretenders 2 was released. As a complete album, I definitely prefer it to their debut, which does go against the normal view on this LP. Another Kinks track was tackled, a superb version of a very obscure track, I Go to Sleep; haunting, beautiful and eerie, it was eventually released as a single later in 1981 and reached Number 7. The second album was also notable for its sexier songs, like the Rolling Stones like groove of The Adulteress, which features a sultry whispering Hynde and the downright cheeky, Bad Boys Get Spanked. Rolling Stone commented that the album lacked the drive of its predecessor, but ultimately the review was a positive one, likely due to the fact that most were sure Chrissie had much more to deliver in the future. In 1983, Martin Chambers told Trouser Press:

"Our first LP was very special. The second album was more difficult, because Chrissie had no time to write. She has to be relaxed to write, and we were on the road all the time. But I'm quite happy with it. I listen to the first and second albums with equal enjoyment."

Once again produced by Chris Thomas, it was a safe repeat to ensure the band was on for another hit. It spent almost 30 weeks in the UK chart and reached number seven. Although the first two albums are certainly the most celebrated of all the Pretenders albums, Hynde later expressed an air of annoyance at the attention garnered by them:

"The first two Pretenders albums were good, but people tend to focus too much on them," says Chrissie Hynde. "Maybe they're just things people need to cling to. They remind them of their youth or something. I guess when the world is as messed up as it is, I can accept that."

Interestingly, Chambers has different views on the Pretenders' finest moments:

"One thing she (Chrissie) doesn't realize is it's all been her since 86 and the whole Pretenders thing has suffered because of it. It's not like Chrissie Hynde and The Pretenders, it's The Pretenders. And yet you have these albums through the end of the 80s and 90s and what's on the front? A picture of her. There were still some great songs, don't get me wrong, some classics, but not many. She's not the most prolific."

The US tour of 81 had the band in particularly over the top rock star fashion. Pete Farndon dressed as a Samurai on stage, Chrissie was acting the diva, regularly throwing tantrums if things didn't go her way. Backstage cocaine was everywhere, causing mayhem. Hanger ons are hounding the group. It's a cliché of rock n roll. Chrissie recalls how Pete and Jimmy couldn't turn the drugs down and constantly succumbed to the temptations the sycophants put upon them. For Jimmy, the speed had turned to smack and coke. Hynde hated the "assholes" that came with the inevitable excess.

"I was always a dabbler," Chrissie since said. "But I never let it get a grip on me. My complete focus was on the music. But you know when I look back on it, hey, these were just guys from Hereford. They didn't know what hit them. But for me, I'd been crawling in the gutter for years. It wasn't too soon for me at all. But shit,

they'd never even been to America. And when they do get there, there's limos and stuff and of course, they thought it was the greatest."

By the end of 81, touring was taking its toll on the band. Hynde recalls Pete's behaviour as weird and she also told of a punch up between her then boyfriend, the Kinks' Ray Davies and James, who ended up scrapping after a show one night.

"You'd have to meet Ray to understand," she said. "There's friction between him and anyone. Jimmy couldn't fucking stand Ray. The guys all hated Ray because Ray was driving a wedge between me and the band. Ray just didn't like me being in this band. He had his own problems. Ray gave me a hard time all the time. And those guys hated him for it."

Pete had a particularly bad attitude towards Ray and perhaps some of this boiled down to the fact that Pete had previously dated Chrissie. Chrissie recalls him going and shooting up whenever she was with a man. The constant travelling was proving too much as well as the mounting pressure of suddenly becoming a star. Chrissie wasn't coping too well with it all. While in the US, Martin snapped one day. In a Philadelphia hotel, he punched a lamp "for no particular reason" and sliced tendons in his hand. The tour was cut short. The group took some time off.

In April of 1982, Chrissie and Ray Davies set a date to tie the knot. Famously, the wedding was cancelled, due to the fact that the registrar wouldn't let them get a license as the couple were arguing so badly. Hynde did become pregnant however and eventually had a child to Davies, although they never did tie the knot.

In the band, things were still not flowing too smoothly. By 1982 Pete Farndon's behaviour was becoming increasingly wild. An image conscious rock performer, he found it hard to say no to the dangers of excess. Martin Chambers puts it down to the fact that he just fell in with the wrong people.

"Pete wasn't doing too well. We were worried about aspects of different things," recalled Martin. "We'd all changed a lot, but Pete was a totally different person. It wasn't working; the chemistry of the band wasn't there anymore. It was more of a personal than a musical problem. When you've known someone a long time, it's a terrible situation. I still love Pete very much, but a change had to take place."

Now hooked on heroin and living the life of a junkie, he would insist to everyone that he did not have a drug problem. But the truth was he was out of control and becoming increasingly unreliable to all those that knew him. Touring was becoming harder work and in the end something had to be done. Footage of the time shows clear tension between Chrissie and Pete, the former thinking the latter was playing way too loud. It was as if Pete wanted to be the star of the show and Chrissie didn't like that. Just perhaps, she saw this as her band and there wasn't enough room for two stars. One situation which bothered Chrissie involved Pete coming back on stage for a gig's encore with a fag hanging out of his mouth. An old man who worked for the venue was standing nearby and told Pete there was no way he could go on stage with a cigarette. Pete punched him.

"We were absolutely appalled," said Chrissie.

In the end Pete was fired from the band in June 1982; there was no other way out of it. The friendship

side of it had to be ignored, for this was not a man who could be easily worked alongside anymore. Even Jimmy, who had always been close to Pete, had to put his feelings aside. The fact was the music had become unworkable, and for this band, it had to be about the music. This decision was inevitable.

"I can be a not very nice person," Chrissie said. "I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of my ill will but Pete was. It wasn't just something that happened between me and him. None of the guys in the band wanted to work with Pete. He'd become extremely belligerent."

Hynde also says that Jimmy was hard work, recalling whenever they were in Germany he would be walking around doing Nazi salutes all the time, goose stepping the streets.

Then, he was dead. Two days later, James Honeyman-Scott had attended a benefit gig for Ronnie Lane. In a bizarre turn of irony, he was found dead the next morning on a girl's sofa. Martin entered the house and saw him dead there on the couch. It had been a drug overdose.

So, the band that looked like they could have gone on to become the hottest act in the world, were seemingly over. One member had been sacked, one of them was dead and it didn't look like the future held much promise for the other two Pretenders.

Martin summed up the feelings at the time:

"Then Jimmy died, it was an awful mess and to lose 50 percent of your band—and the fact that they were my best friends—it's really difficult."

Was this the end of The Pretenders?

The answer was simply no. Despite all the tragedy, Hynde knew the band had to go on. Martin was still on board and also knew that keeping The Pretenders alive was the right thing to do. Hynde has always been a strong personality and was destined to make a comeback. After assembling a group of musicians, including Rockpile guitarist Billy Bremner (as a tribute to Honeyman-Scott, who loved Rockpile) and Big Country's Tony Butler, Hynde and co. recorded one of her new compositions, the beautiful, now classic, *Back on the Chain Gang*. It marked a new level of musical brilliance for the band, and while it still had that classic Pretenders sound, it showed that the band could progress on and have life without its two lost guitarists. On the whole *Back on the Chain Gang* was the band's biggest ever hit single, reaching the top five in the US as well as being a success in the UK. People have claimed the song was a tribute to Scott, but Martin explained that the song had in fact been around for a while.

Chrissie summed up the difficulties of this time:

"I couldn't let it end there. The last thing Jimmy would have wanted would've been for the music to stop. He brought out all the melody in me. And he was what even Ray called "the hook man." He had all these great guitar hooks. Jimmy was the real musical one, not me. And I realised I couldn't let the music die. Jimmy wouldn't have wanted that. I mean he fucked up and died, but he didn't want the music to die. And that's why I really kept the thing together."

James' funeral was, of course, a sad day. Alongside the normal sadness of any funeral, the sound of The Beach Boys filled the church. Pete was there,

looking bitter still after being sacked. He said nothing to Chrissie, but his glare said a thousand words.

Chrissie gave birth to her daughter Natalie Rae in January of 1983. In a sensible, non showbiz turn, Hynde swore not to be an absent parent and put her child before the band, while at the same time not abandoning the music either. She was still keen to get the band on their feet once again but had her hands full with the new arrival, seeing as she had never even held a baby before.

Meanwhile, Farndon had plans to form his own group with Topper from The Clash, but by then he was hooked big time on heroin. More tragedy struck just under a year after James' untimely death when Pete was found dead in his home in April 1983, after overdosing on heroin.

"I got a call from Dave," said Hynde. "Who simply said 'Farndon.' And I knew what had happened."

Chrissie has expressed great regret that none of them got to patch up all the hurt and all the bad blood. On the other hand she has shown very little emotion towards the two members now gone, but this is perhaps in a bid to guard her own privacy and avoid getting upset. In a later interview she was asked to reflect on the horrors of Jimmy and Pete's deaths:

"Well it's the one thing that we know is going to happen to us, so it's fine with me, I'm ready to go. But I don't think they were ready to go sadly enough. Jimmy was 25, and I think Pete was 26, 27. Drugs, overdoses, that's always a possibility. I think particularly Jimmy wasn't thinking like that, because he wasn't shooting smack or anything. It was just a cocktail of stuff and he already wasn't the healthiest guy. But that's always the possibility when people are taking a lot of drugs; that happens a lot, I've buried a lot of guys along the way."

Chrissie began work on the new album and it was to be called *Learning to Crawl*. Recording the LP was done throughout 1983, while work was done "on and off" at the players' leisure. Chrissie explained the reasoning behind the LPs release and style.

"After Jim and Pete died, I was more distraught than to think about my career, or whatever it is, my hobby come career. At Jim's funeral his family were saying 'You are going to carry on aren't you?' So I guess we just pieced together what we had. It took us years to get this sound. I don't think we've made enough a departure from that sound to change the name. It's a fresh new outfit."

Hynde recruited Robbie McIntosh to take over guitars on the album; although, as Martin recalls, McIntosh already had a tie to The Pretenders.

"We'd been considering adding another member live, so that Jimmy could relax a little when Chrissie wasn't playing guitar, or so he could play keyboards, which he did well. Jimmy had said that Robbie was great, with a style similar to, but not the same as, his. It was more important to me than anything else that Jimmy had liked him."

McIntosh brought in the band's new bassist, Malcolm Foster, and the new line up was set in place.

Learning to Crawl turned out to be the most successful album for the band and the period proved to be particularly fruitful for all involved. It proved that Chrissie really did have strength and the fact that she had reassembled a band from such tragedy showed her true professionalism. Learning to Crawl was a worldwide hit in January 1984, featuring four singles; the already released hit Back on the Chain Gang, the cover of Thin Line Between Love and Hate, Middle of the Road and the Christmas classic 2000 Miles. Hynde later noted that while Brass in Pocket had been one of the first videos MTV ever played, The Pretenders were responsible for two of the worst videos ever; Thin Line Between Love and Hate and 2000 Miles, which she called "hideous."

The album was well received and all applauded the return of the great Pretenders after a two year hiatus.

Middle of the Road, the single released in December 83 showed Chrissie on reflective and particularly revealing form; she spoke of feeling older now, of motherhood and coming to terms with it. At home Ray and Chrissie were not on good terms and things were getting shakier. Hynde has since said that Ray was a great figure but hard to get close to. She said they were once in a restaurant and she was speaking at length to him. Ray was not listening, his attention taken by another table of people. He was the great observer and always out for song inspiration. As a result his personal life suffered.

Chrissie made a point at the time to not spend too much time away from her baby. She didn't think it was fair to abandon her child just so she could pursue her music, and rightly so. Touring then, was not to be a long drawn out saga as it previously had been. Pretty soon of course, Chrissie and Ray Davies had split and Chrissie was seeing a certain Jim Kerr, lead singer with Simple Minds. I mention this in passing as I don't want this book to focus on the private life of Chrissie Hynde, as I know she detests the whole celebrity infatuation thing and the strange need for people to learn the tiniest details about "their" stars. An interesting interview Chrissie gave in Q magazine in 1990 sums this up:

"...it isn't private anymore. I don't want to be a soap opera for the tabloid press. Nobody's ever interested in me anyway. As far as Chrissie Hynde of The Pretenders, I don't mean shit and that's just fine. Put me next to George Michael and nobody pays any attention to me. Who IS Chrissie Hynde?"

She also was known to comment on the downside of motherhood:

"Do you know what it's like to be 11 stone, and be a big fat plug in the front of the television with a bottle of wine and a packet of fags? I know I'm making it seem like I am not enjoying having the baby and everything, it is great."

The band made a historic appearance at a California rock festival, a moment Hynde recalls as a "sad moment of glory." The band took on the world soon after, touring the UK and US to massive sell out audiences. In Australia, Hynde met Simple Minds and something clicked with their lead singer, Jim Kerr. She began to see him behind Ray's back, although the sneakiness didn't last too long. She phoned Ray from Australia and dumped him over the phone. Amazingly, she got married to Kerr while still on tour and fell pregnant a second time. As a result, the remaining tour

dates were cancelled, after doctors warned her that the tour could damage the baby. Chrissie returned to London where she would have her second baby.

In 1985 band activity was sparse. Chrissie took the year off to look after her baby. Of course they did make one famous appearance at Live Aid, but apart from that there was nothing else. Hynde did appear with UB40 on their hit single I Got You Babe, which reached number one that year.

In 1986, armed with a new set of tracks, Chrissie took the band back into the studio for their next album, Get Close. But something changed big time and that was the lack of involvement from Martin Chambers.

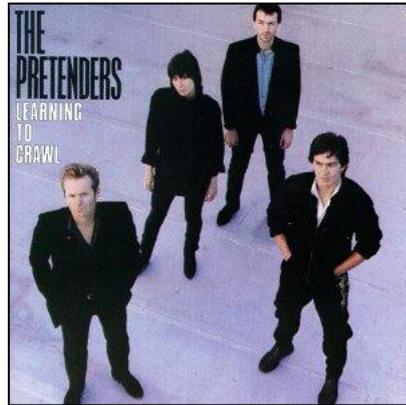
"Martin was playing crap," she later said. "Martin just fucking lost it. And to think about it, why shouldn't he have lost it? He'd just lost his two best friends. I was insane. I was traumatised. But you don't know it at the time. I was trying to keep my shit together. To be honest Martin was playing crap and I knew musically I was losing my inspiration. But

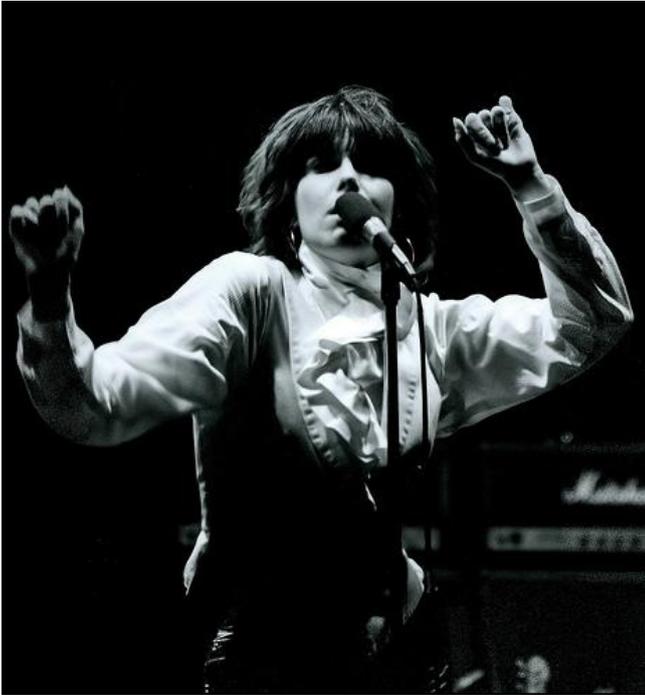
I'd tried too hard and come too far to let it all go, so Martin went instead, and we didn't work together for 8 years."

Blair Cunningham replaced the great Martin for the recordings and TM Stevens replaced new bassist Malcolm Foster. After recording the album, she took the same group on the road for a tour. Dave Hill had no good words to say of this decision, and although Hynde knew her musical instincts were all messed up, she ignored any advice coming her way. For the sessions, Chrissie found the band great, but as soon as concerts began she knew she had made a big mistake. This was the wrong band for her, they were simply a funk band. "It wasn't an English pop band anymore," she said. "It wasn't The Pretenders."

Midway through the tour, Hynde saw the errors of her ways and called Dave Hill for advice. She decided to sack the new recruits, TM Stevens and Bernie Worrel, and bring back Malcolm Foster and keyboards man Rupert Black. Hynde admits the harshness of her ways, calling this act one of the most ruthless things she has ever done. Chrissie defended her decision, by saying this band was her life, while for Stevens and Worrel it was just another gig, another show, another job if you like.

But that wasn't the end of all the bad blood. During a break in the American Get Close tour, guitarist Robbie McIntosh called Chrissie, saying he was leaving





the band. Chrissie was devastated. On top of that, Hynde also parted company with Dave Hill, now being managed by Paul McGuinness, who also saw to U2. Hynde claims she and Hill stopped communicating and after all the death and tragedy it seemed inevitable.

The next thing Paul did for Chrissie was get her a new guitarist. UK pop phenomenon The Smiths had just split up and McGuinness suggested Hynde recruit their guitarist, Johnny Marr. Hynde admits that through touring she had missed the whole Smiths thing but she was open to all ideas. Chrissie says meeting Marr was like meeting Jimmy all over again and she fell in musical love with the guitarist.

In the studio though, things did not go smoothly. After they completed the tour which had seen the split of McIntosh, Hynde and Marr got into the studio to put some stuff down. At this point Hynde was weighing 7 and a half stone, and was pretty much a burned out wreck, smoking way too much pot. The pair of them had a huge fight over a song, when Marr came to the studio late and stoned off his head. It was clear they couldn't work together. So ended the all brief Johnny Marr period. Hynde calls it a shame, as the two of them got on well. But the timing was wrong.

Towards the late 80s, Chrissie was putting less importance on her music and focussing on what she considered to be more important affairs; working with Greenpeace for example and her keen interest in putting people off McDonalds. She had been making numerous negative comments towards the global fast food chain in the press, calling it "fucking disgusting" and that it made her blood boil. It had been said that Hynde had encouraged her fans to firebomb McDonalds. While Hynde was promoting the Greenpeace album (a compilation also including Annie Lennox) she made a jokey comment about the chain:

"I went to the microphone and said I firebombed McDonalds, which was obviously a joke. My only regret was that I hadn't really firebombed McDonalds. But then Gill Pringle, that shit that writes for the Daily Mirror..... wrote this pack of lies where Chrissie urged fans to

firebomb McDonalds. Which is complete and utter load of bollocks. The press got a little hysterical about it...."

It appeared in the press that Hynde was to be questioned by the police in connection to a firebombed McDonalds. One article read: "Asked what she had done for Greenpeace, she was reported to have said "I firebombed McDonalds." Ms Hynde insists the remark was taken out of context."

Chrissie was even forced to sign an undertaking where she promised never to imply she was responsible for the McDonalds firebombing again. McDonalds threatened to seek an injunction against her unless she promised to stop attaching herself to the incident. In the end she agreed. It had all been taken a little too far.

By now, after four albums, all quite different in style, The Pretenders had more to do with the woman known as Chrissie Hynde as opposed to a full band project. Martin Chambers, who had been sacked during recording of *Get Close*, was no longer working with her and by the time *Packed*, the fifth album, came along, Hynde was the only original member. Confidence in her own work seemed to be at an all time low by *Packed* and Hynde strung very little importance on the great work she had achieved in the past. When *Packed* was released in 1990, her marriage to Jim Kerr had fallen apart. She was more into saving the environment than making some old fashioned rock n roll. *Packed* didn't sell well nor did it particularly please fans or critics.

Adam Seymour had been recommended to her by someone at her record label. The guitarist had been playing for Nick Lowe at the time and Hynde went along to see a gig of his at The Borderline. Hynde loved the guy's style but was faced with a problem; not only was he playing with Lowe, but he had his own group going on, The Katydids. She informed the guitarist she had a couple of songs she would like to show him and he agreed to have a jam with her. Recruiting a bassist called Andy Hobson, Hynde and co. went into the studio to begin work on a much awaited follow up to the disappointing *Packed*. Last of the Independents began to take shape. She finally woke up to the fact that Martin was the drummer she needed and after an 8 year absence, he came back on board The Pretenders' strange train.

The album, *Last of the Independents* was seen as a return to form. It featured some classic Chrissie material, most notably the huge hit *I'll stand By You*, one of her finest songs to date.

In 1995, The Pretenders released an acoustic album, the truly fantastic *Isle of View*. At this point, the unplugged format had been run dry by MTV and it seemed everyone and his mother was releasing an acoustic album. The Pretenders slant on this theme turned out to be much more interesting. While Chrissie ran through excellent versions of her finest moments, including great versions of *The Phone Call* and *2000 Miles*, she also sang a dry version of Radiohead's *Creep*, a truly great cover version.

Viva El Amour arrived in 1999 and amazingly it featured all the same musicians from the band's previous album. The cover shot was a strong one, showing a proud Chrissie punching the air before a red background. The picture was taken by Hynde's friend Linda McCartney. Hynde seemed at her happiest in years and

her direction with the group finally seemed fully back on track.

"It's for Pete and Jimmy that I've carried on really. It's why The Pretenders are still here. Jimmy was the spirit of the band. They might be dead but I'm still going strong. I'm very happy in my life. I love getting old. The music's still great. I mean, what more is there to say? Let's just fucking rock, you know!"

One interviewer noted the romanticism of the album's title. Hynde explained the reasoning: "I don't think it's good to be sentimental, so I try not to be. I actually wanted to call the album *Biker*; I had this whole biker concept and that's why there are some psychedelic songs. But my record company and manager just loathed the name *Biker*. Maybe they couldn't get someone who's knocking on fifty making this tribute to the ideal of a biker. Then I married a South American [sculptor Lucho Brieve], and that heightened my awareness of all the propagandist art work that's still on hippie stalls around the world's capitals: You know, pictures of Che Guevara and stuff. Linda McCartney shot the cover - me with my fist in the air - based on those propaganda images. She said, "I've turned down work all year, but I'm really excited because *Viva El Amor* is so strong, and I love strong." We did the picture exactly how we discussed it, just the one shot. And then she said, "I'm going to the States, I'll see you in a couple of weeks." And a month later she was dead. I think for a lot of her friends she left little gestures of her affection and goodwill."

Loose Screw was released in 2002 and it was now looking as if the line up Hynde, Seymour, Hobson and Chambers was as sturdy as could be.

In 2005, The Pretenders were inducted into the hall of fame. While most musicians may revel in such unnecessary rewarding, Chrissie seemed all but impressed.

"I hate to be a spoilsport, but I don't like the way the music industry turns the music world into sports, as if it's competitive. I mean, if someone's in, then who's not in?" She does have a point and a view shared by numerous musicians who have been asked to be inducted, among them her old pal John Lydon. "You can't say how much music has affected or moved someone. It's just too personal. So I didn't feel too great about it."

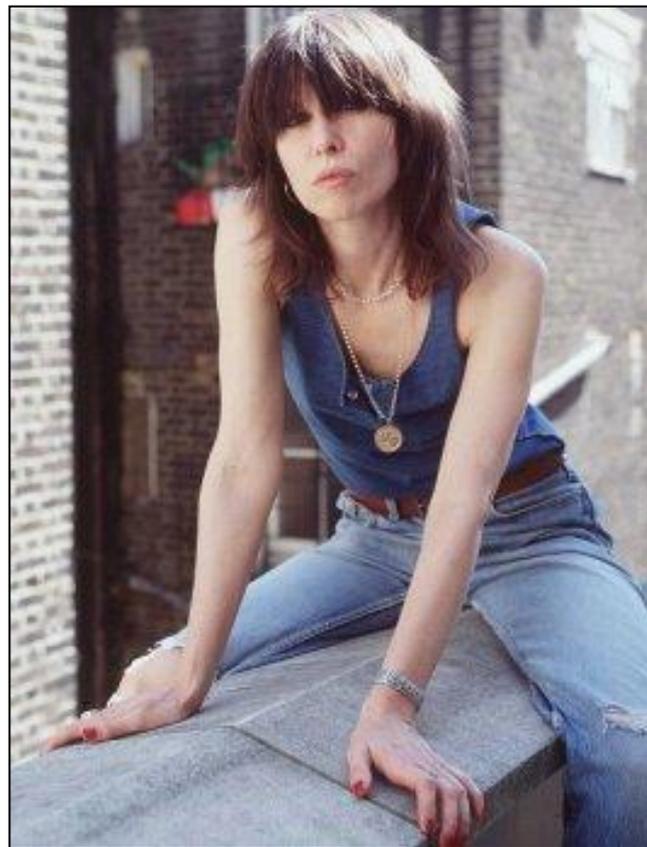
In a 2006 interview, Hynde referred to the Hall of fame as "the hall of shit."

In an interview for *Mojo's* new wave special in 2008, Chrissie spoke of new album plans, claiming she was inspired by hearing The Kings of Leon. She also put an honest, unpretentious view on her own career:

"I don't feel the world is waiting for a Pretenders album, I realise that. But I've never wanted to be the biggest band in the world. I've never wanted to be mainstream or get recognised by the majority. I love my life in the shadows, in the dark."

The band's audience may have decreased in size since their 1980s heyday, but the loyal following ensured the fact that whenever Chrissie did feel up to making a new record, or touring, there would be more than enough fans there to happily indulge in a bit of the old Pretenders.

Chrissie announced the new album in 2008, and it was called *Break up the Concrete*. It was released on October the 7th to favourable reviews from fans and the press alike. The album has a real raw feel to it, much



rawer than even the first two albums and is at times close to rockabilly. Chrissie's song writing had taken on a new dimension. The band on the album consisted of Jim Keltner on the drums, Eric Heywood on guitar, James Walbourne on guitar, piano, accordion and Nick Wilkinson - bass guitar, background vocals. The line up did not consist of Martin Chambers, who said he wasn't even aware Hynde was recording an album and admitted it would have been nice to have been asked to play on the record. She did however invite him to take the LP out on the road, an offer he took up, drumming for the band's live dates.

After the European tour, Martin explained the situation:

"The reason Chrissie used Keltner," said Martin, "was she needed to free up everything so she sacked Adam Seymour who's a great guitar player, and was playing great but she just needed some fresh blood. Luckily I knew a guy called James Walbourne, he came in and at that point we did a couple of shows just to see how it worked. And then I said to Chrissie if you don't want to use me, you go and do what you got to do, and if you don't want to use me, that's cool. Because to me this is the most important thing, which is getting up on the stage and performing songs. The making of a record is a separate issue altogether. She's got a great instinctive brain."

As well as claiming the current line up was the best version of the band since the original days, Martin also had words about Chrissie, reaching a point of understanding with the enigmatic lady:

"I wouldn't call her a great musician but she's a great singer song writer. She's not an easy person to please, but it's a challenge. I've learned how to live with her."

In 2009, Chrissie surprised everyone when she appeared on ex boyfriend Ray Davies' new studio album,



The Kinks Choral Collection. Seemingly putting all their past behind them, Hynde and Davies dueted on a version of Postcards from London for the CD; it was an act that no one expected. The song itself was Davies most sixties sounding song for years, with a distinct air of Waterloo Sunset about it. It is a sad sounding song, but Hynde and Davies' combined vocals are nothing but beautiful. The moving video shows Ray in the studio and Hynde projected on various walls about London. Then the pair sit beside each other in the studio in a very rare moment, but I do think the visual pairing has been doctored in the editing suite.

"It's a love song to London," Davies said. "I had trouble finding a female singer. I thought about Dame Vera Lynn, but I ended up with Chrissie Hynde who is my....former collaborator. It's a very interesting dynamic in Postcards from London, she sang it really well. She spots a good tune, she's not so lucky with people. We didn't sit around the fire and roast chestnuts exactly but it's a song about reconciliation, and about the city and romance. All that stuff."

On the Mark Radcliffe Radio show, Ray spoke about the very well known relationship with Chrissie Hynde.

MARK: Obviously you are on good terms now.

RAY: No. Why change a good thing. What happened was I wrote this track 3 or 4 years ago. It's about someone leaving the country or a relationship. My girlfriend had done the vocal on the demo but the female vocal was yet to be decided. Basically Chrissie's name came out with a few others. I thought this was a very strange idea. And I got her phone number and texted her and she said 'yeah I'll do it', cos' I haven't seen her since we were together, we don't have contact. She said 'send it over' so I sent it over and she said 'I always know when I can spot a good tune.'

MARK: Did you meet or did you do the bits separately?

RAY: I was, I was behind a one way mirror.

MARK: Has this rekindled a friendship?

RAY: No. It's very difficult when you haven't seen someone so long.

Pretenders fans received some more unexpected news in January 2010. Despite decades of insisting that working in a band was all she ever wanted, Chrissie Hynde revealed her plan to release her very first solo album. Many Hynde admirers saw this decision as hypocritical, saying that Hynde had gone back on her words. In one early 90s interview, Hynde said;

"Well it's not me standing out there with an acoustic guitar, you know. I'm really a band animal. I just have no interest whatsoever in Chrissie Hynde at all. And when I am on stage, I think my whole purpose is to make the guitarist look good."

This, of course, is 20 years ago and Chrissie is obviously within her rights to change her mind. I suppose it is another factor in the formula of her unpredictability. She told the press that there was no time limit and it would be ready when it's ready. It seems very little had changed, as she made that very statement when learning to Crawl was in the making, nearly 30 years ago. The main problem with this situation when she noted, "This will be my best solo album to date." Of course, no record has come out under a solo banner until this one.

Actress Sandra Bernhard gave fans a scoop in 2009 when commenting on Hynde's solo album, after hanging with the rock star in London: "She got together with [JP Jones] and wrote this album in a week, and recorded it on Garage Band. I don't know what they're going to do with it but it's just the most amazing album. So, I'm saying, 'Please get it out, Chrissie. It's beautiful.'"

As I write, the album has still not been released. Let's hope it is as interesting as all the other output from the great Chrissie Hynde.

WORDS: CHRIS WADE

10 QUESTIONS WITH BILL THOMPSON

MANAGER FOR JEFFERSON AIRPLANE IN THE 1960S AND SECOND TO COLONEL TOM PARKER FOR SELLING THE MOST RECORDS FOR RCA..... HE, WELL, KIND OF ANSWERS 10 QUICK QUESTIONS FOR CHRIS WADE.....

What was the first job you did for the band?

I was roommates with Marty Balin and we had a flat in Haight/Ashbury. I was the road manager for Jefferson Airplane in 1966.

Did you think they were a great band? What was it about their sound you liked?

I loved their music. The singers Marty & Grace Slick were amazing. The great guitar player Jorma Kaukonen and incredible bass player Jack Cassidy and they wrote their own songs.

Grace Slick joined in 1966. Do you think they would have made it big had she not joined?

Grace Slick was the great female singer. Besides her being beautiful she was a great songwriter and singer.



How do you think they stood alongside other San Francisco scene groups?

Jefferson Airplane was the first San Francisco act. The Grateful Dead, Janice Joplin, Santana, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Sly Stone are all in the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame and all of those bands and The Who played together at Woodstock in 1969.

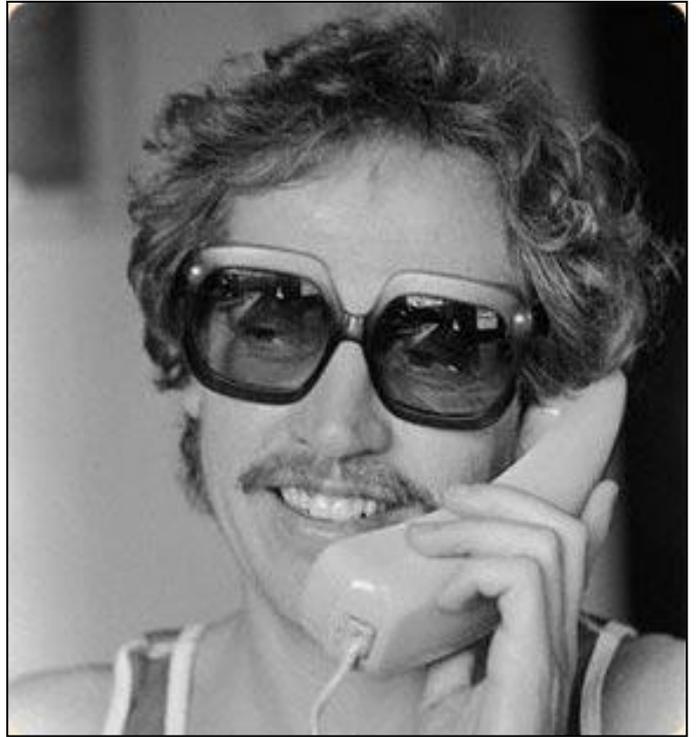
Bill Graham took over management for a while before you rejoined as full manager in 68. Why did Grace and him fall out?

Bill Graham was a great promoter and there would not have been a San Francisco scene without him

What was it like to see them performing in the iconic Woodstock festival? Do you recall the gig well?

The band played the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967 and Woodstock in 1969. I recall both of those shows very well. Jefferson Airplane was supposed to close the show at midnight but because of the rain they did not take the stage until 6 in the morning.

When they split in the 70s, were you keen to get them back together to do the Jefferson Starship project? Whose idea was it to revamp the group for new horizons?



I was involved with them in 1974 and it was my idea to call the band Jefferson Starship.

It's true that you are second only to Colonel Parker for having sold the most records for RCA. Who were some of the other great artists you enjoyed working with at RCA and Island?

Jefferson Airplane, Jefferson Starship and Hot Tuna. We had 20 gold records.

Grace retired from music but still appeared at Starship gigs from time to time. Do you see her much these days?

Grace & I own the name Jefferson Starship and also are owners with Jorma, Jack & Paul in Jefferson Airplane.

Also I am interested in how you have managed to keep Jefferson Airplane known to younger generations (I'm 24) by making sure their music features in hit films, and overseeing the catalogue. Do you think they are a band that should live on throughout the generations?

We are constantly selling our music to films, TV shows and commercials. We just 4 of our songs in the Coen Brothers movie A Serious Man which was nominated for a best picture Oscar for 2010. Somebody To Love, Today, 3/5ths Of A Mile in 10 seconds and Comin Back To Me. Very proud.



INTERVIEW ROOM 9 10.34AM

FACTOR MEMBER NO.736

"I, in my plaid suit of the deepest height, was ill in my sleep face, yet still I was chasing a Richard with knees and his pet Quail down a street of plaster and marbles. I knew there was a dead end up ahead, I'd get them in the end. My pace slowed as my air lungs found it harder to pillage that oxygen stuff from the earths' sky. I noticed a jar that was green and large; it had my name on it. "YEAH!" I thought, "This is it, my time now". I entered the large jar using a passer bys' finger and I found a man inside. He was a number, and he was eating material and he was looking with human eyes at a keepsake of a Christmas tree in the corner. It was covered in emotion glass, angry baubles flicked sin into my lounge chest and I felt violated. I spat at the baubles for their collective hurts and quickly ran into another room. There I found a dog made out of pure hessian; it spoke to me with dusty words and wagged its sack tail. Its voice was muffled like when you speak into pillows. "Follow, follow the music" it said to me. With that I ran to the park and listened to the pasted eerie music that was hanging out there. All of this I did, just to ensure me, my poorly but good self, of the vacancy that was there in The Factor."

THE BIG LEATHER RACE.

It's Friday, it's June, it's warm and it's time for the Big Leather Race!! A fantastic frantic 30 second competition where 5 men race through the streets of Hull wearing anything they can find in leather, hats, waistcoats, trousers, boots and today there are even some leather glasses!

Today's competitors are:

Charlie "Hugs 'n Kisses":

A 6' tall bread bin obsessive who is married to a girl made out of trees. He is massive and likes to hug all the girls.

Logan "The Speedo":

Logan is a really fast runner; this is mainly due to his shoes being made out of bullets. They get fired from a

pop gun in Halifax an hour before the race starts to ensure he gets there on time.

Cloudy "For me for her":

Cloudy is a large man, he loves the leather and enters the race every year but loses. The race officials let him in out of pity, it keeps him happy.

Franco "The Venom":

Franco has a snake where his penis member should be and he cheats by spraying his sticky venom all over the other runners. He always wins and celebrates by going out and sexing up really mucky whores (male and female).

Norman Fudgey:

Norman lives primarily on fudge; he eats it, bathes in it, and makes sweet yet passionate love to it. This makes him roll around in the spunk fudge like a horny sex hippo; I don't think he will ever win the leather race. Too many fudge stalls about!!

TODAYS' RESULT:

Winner – Logan "The Speedo." He was not really in contention until the very last corner. His bullet shoes were catching fire and he was whistling as he ran. After the race he was reported as saying "It was the best day of my life, I really stuck it to that Franco. He hates bullets and cheese."

Runner up – Franco "The Venom." He had the race in the bag until a sudden burst of irrational speed from "The Speedo." He fears stalls that sell peas and tofu; there was reported to be one near the finish line this year.

Charlie "Hugs and kisses" came in a respectable 3rd place, his best ever result. He puts it down to a gruesome training regime that his wife puts him through. Trees eh?



Pictured to the left:

THE RUNNING BASTARD,

Played by two actors. Ian Holm when in 1930s Paris and played by the pop singer Seal in the future scene.

ALBUM REVIEW:

Gorillaz: Plastic Beach

Review by Chris Foxon

Back in the Mid 90's there were 2 bands that grabbed the tabloid headlines. 2 bands that were featured in every music publication on the planet. In the summer of 1995, everyone had a choice to make, north or south, big or small, stargazing or shoegazing, OASIS or BLUR. The music took the back seat and it was the artists themselves that were at the main focus of this war...

Thankfully the "battle of brit-pop" proved to be just another mainstream fad, and it is something we can look back on and laugh. Strangely, come the turn of the millennium, the same characters from the time are still grabbing the headlines. Oasis' infamous siblings, Noel and Liam Gallagher's latest bust ups were once again the talk of the tabloids. While their rival from the era, Blur's frontman, Damon Albarn, was earning respect in a whole different way and was once again gracing our music magazine articles, albeit behind the smokescreen created by his fantastic, awe inspiring and quite frankly, insane new creation. With help from Tank-Girl co-creator Jamie Hewlett, Albarn managed to escape the limelight he so craved years before, in the guise of a fictional quartet of lovable cartoon characters, Gorillaz.

Unless you have been living on a distant man-made island of garbage (the environmental concept behind the Gorillaz new album) for the last decade, you know the score: Cartoon band, quirky, story driven electronic trip-hop inspired pop, superb videos and more featured artists than a Paris art gallery. Now, after a decade, 2 massively successful albums and a slight Blur reunion, we find ourselves at album number 3. What do you get from 'Plastic Beach'? In a nutshell: Cartoon band, quirky, story driven electronic trip-hop inspired pop, superb videos and more featured artists than a Paris art gallery.



Yes, this album was everything we expected, we knew what was coming, but, for a reason I can't explain, this all feels brand new, again!

We are led into the first track with the aptly named 'Orchestral Intro', Snoop Dogg takes center stage for the first full track, his laid back style starts the story off well, and we are led into another hip-hop track. As catchy as they are, you may find yourself waiting for a familiar Gorillaz sound, i.e. Damon Albarn's vocals. They are finally introduced on track 4, 'Rhinestone Eyes', and well worth the wait. From here we are taken to a familiar destination, but on one of the most unpredictable roads ever conceived.

To list the guests who collaborated in the creation of this album would be insane, there are just too many, from Snoop Dogg to Lou Reed, De La Soul to a Lebanese Orchestra, all of these cameos, somehow, work perfectly in making this sound like Gorillaz. This is never more apparent than on the first single 'Stylo'. A driving electronic bassline that wouldn't be out of place in a 1983 nightclub creates the base layer, while Albarn's chilling vocals are joined by Mos Def's rapping and eclipsed by Bobby Womack's breathtaking wails. Womack put everything he had into his



cameo, so much so that he passed out while recording his part, but the jaw dropping sound of this man's lungs produce distract you from the fact that this pop record has no chorus.

A look at the bigger picture uncovers that, just like 'Stylo' has no chorus, the entire album has no stand out tracks. This may be the finest piece of work Albarn and his ever changing team of Gorillaz have produced, and could turn out to be a close runner for album of the year, but you will struggle to find a track to play for your mates, or stick on the jukebox when you are having a pint after work. Chances are you would resort to a track from the previous 2 albums like 'Feel Good Inc.' or '19-2000'. For that reason alone, this album will not appeal to everyone.

This album is, however, a work of art when listened to in its entirety (and with an open mind, if you were hoping to find the next 'Dare' or 'Clint Eastwood' on this record, you may be disappointed). There will be times when you just stare at your speakers in amazement. The fabulous instrumental 'Glitter Freeze' would fit

perfectly on a Daft Punk live album, yet feels unmistakably Gorillaz thanks to some slight MC action from Mark E. Smith, this will have you dancing like a loon, while the emotional 'Cloud Of Unknowing' could drive you to tears as the album draws to its finale. Attention should also be drawn to 'Empire Ants' featuring a great new band, Little Dragon, which is a sweet, happy little song (even if the lyrics don't reflect this) that builds into yet another mind blowingly catchy electro-pop frenzy.

The concept behind the album tells a story of a fake, synthetic Island that has been built from recycled human waste, everything is man-made and this is seen as both good and bad, a fitting concept for the way the story is told, and it is the way this story is told that makes this what it is, a rollercoaster for your mind. The idea of a fictional cartoon band may have grown old to many, and the concept may distract you from the music. However, based on prior success, Albarn had to raise the bar for this album. Thankfully he did gracefully and all his celebrity guests cleared it by a mile. **8/10**

AN INTERVIEW WITH VICTORIA COREN

Victoria Coren is perhaps best known globally as the poker princess who won half a million smackers at the European Poker Tournament and became the first woman to win other major televised prizes. She also presents some of the most entertaining TV there is, including the ridiculously hard quiz show *Only Connect*, although I must admit it's her dry gags in between the puzzlers that entertain me the most. Daughter of writer Alan Coren, she has also written an acclaimed account of her love of poker, *For Richer, For Poorer*, as well as writing regular columns for *The Guardian* and *The Observer*. Recently she also made notable appearances on *Have I Got News For You* and *Question Time*, where she stole the show. What else is there for her to conquer?

Your book *For Richer, For Poorer* tells of your long life love affair with the game. When did Poker first enter your life?

When I was a kid - we always played lots of games, but when my brother started playing poker (I was about 14 at the time), it was clearly the best ever.

Being the first woman to win a European Poker Tournament and the first to win both a televised professional tournament and a televised celebrity tournament, do you think you've had a big part in the positive public perception of females in poker?

I hope so, I mean, I don't think there was a negative perception before, I just think people believed poker was a game played only by men. Obviously anyone can play - old, young, male, female, black, white, fit, fat - it's just a card game! But maybe if people read about my win, it encouraged a few more women who might have wanted to play but believed they were "the wrong sort of person".

Many people are surprised of your involvement with the sport given your roles on shows like *Only Connect* and *Balderdash and Piffle*. It seems unlikely for some reason at first. Is it important for you to have a varied set of activities in your career?



I don't know if it's important, it just happened that way. I always wanted to be a writer and I've loved playing poker since the day I first played. The TV stuff... that's just a bit of fun on the side really.

Did you always think you would get a career in writing, given your father's profession well known work?

I never thought of it as having "a career in writing". I just wanted to write. I started writing stories when I was about 5. I didn't give much thought to how I was going to earn money as a grown-up (if I gave it any serious thought, I wanted to be a teacher or maybe a criminal barrister, that looked fun) but I always thought I'd write. As it turned out, I make some of my

living from writing, some from playing cards, this and that, but nothing I do is much of a grown-up "career". I hope it's still not too late for me to be an astronaut.

Do you remember the excitement of getting your first piece published in The Telegraph, the teen column you continued writing for a while?

The first piece I ever got published was actually a short story for Just 17 magazine, when I was 13. I was a weird kid. I wrote all the time. I sent this one in, and they wrote back to say they'd like to buy it for ninety pounds. That was definitely the most exciting moment of my childhood; I still have the letter framed on my study wall. But it isn't addressed to me, because I sent the story in under a false name.

How did you get involved in writing for the Erotic Review?

I honestly can't remember. I think I met someone at a party who asked if I had anything erotic to write. I said no, but my friend Charlie and I always thought it would be funny to review porn films as though they were "proper" films, so we did that.



Did you enjoy your time there?

Yes. Well, I wasn't "there". I just watched the films at home with Charlie and we wrote silly things about them. I did enjoy it, it was funny, we drank cups of tea and discussed the characters and plot with great earnestness.

The porn flick you made, or should I say directed, The Naughty Twins, the making of which is the subject of your book Once more with Feeling, how did it actually compare in the end with other porn films, given the fact it was your attempt to make a better one?

It is in many ways the greatest porn film ever made. And, in many ways, the worst.

Did you see any reviews of Naughty Twins?

There was only ever one review, and we wrote it.

Having enjoyed your appearances on Question Time and Wright Stuff, given the fact you always seem to put across your points politely and clearly, would you ever consider the idea of a topical show for TV

with you as the host? A kind of Charlie Brooker thing, perhaps a little less scary (if you know what I mean)?

I don't know, maybe. Probably not. I never want to do too much TV, just the odd thing here and there.

My girlfriend and I are addicted to Only Connect. How did you enjoy the latest series and will there be a follow up to it any time soon?

I love Only Connect - the teams are very much my kind of people. There will be a new series in the autumn.

What's great about your career are all the little surprises that pop up. I am interested in the hoax you set up for the group of people who turned up at funeral services even though they didn't know the person. How did you come about this odd group of people?

Ohhh... that's too long a story! Sorry. It's all on the internet. (Ed. Go search Chris, lazy sod! He he)

What is in store for the rest of 2010 for you? It seems you have a good year for poker coming up.

Umm... yes, there are several poker trips, a new series of Only Connect, the paperback of For Richer For Poorer is out in September. Other than that, I don't know yet. I'll see how the wind blows.

Some quickies here: Fave film?

Mary Poppins

Fave actor and actress?

Edward Norton and Mae West

Fave song?

Better Not Look Down by BB King

Who are your 4 ideal guests for a dinner party?

My four closest friends. I'm a terrible conversationalist; I wouldn't want it to be strangers.

You can buy Victoria's book, For Richer For Poorer here, so just get it cos' it's great OK?:

http://www.amazon.co.uk/Richer-Poorer-Love-Affair-Poker/dp/1847672914/ref=sr_1_1

Victoria Coren is sponsored to play poker tournaments by www.PokerStars.com



HOUND DAWG



Check out the swingin' hippy chick. I thought it sort of went with the issue. Good innit? Don't know who she is, like. Actually I never will find out will I? Shit. Do you ever get sad with stuff like that, like when you know you'll never see someone again or you'll never...oh I forgot this issue's ended hasn't it? Sorry. See you you next time.

THANKS FOR READING