



## The Dirt: Confessions of the World's Most Notorious Rock Band

*Neil Strauss (Editor) , Vince Neil , Nikki Sixx , Mick Mars , Tommy Lee*

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Whiskey and porn stars, hot reds and car crashes, black leather and high heels, overdoses and death. This is the life of Mötley Crüe, the heaviest drinking, hardest fighting, most oversexed and arrogant band in the world. Their unbelievable exploits are the stuff of rock 'n' roll legend. They nailed the hottest chicks, started the bloodiest fights, partied with the biggest drug dealers, and got to know the inside of every jail cell from California to Japan. They have dedicated an entire career to living life to its extreme, from the greatest fantasies to the darkest tragedies. Tommy married two international sex symbols; Vince killed a man and lost a daughter to cancer; Nikki overdosed, rose from the dead, and then OD'd again the next day; and Mick shot a woman and tried to hang his own brother. But that's just the beginning. Fueled by every drug they could get their hands on and obscene amounts of alcohol, driven by fury and headed straight for hell, Mötley Crüe raged through two decades, leaving behind a trail of debauched women, trashed hotel rooms, crashed cars, psychotic managers, and broken bones that has left the music industry cringing to this day. All these unspeakable acts, not to mention their dire consequences, are laid bare in *The Dirt*.

Here -- directly from Nikki, Vince, Tommy, and Mick -- is the unexpurgated version of the whole glorious, gut-wrenching story. In these pages, published for the first time anywhere, are Tommy Lee's letters to Pamela Anderson from prison: Mick's confession to having an incurable disease that is slowly killing him; Vince's experience burying his own daughter -- and the train wreck that his life became afterward; and Nikki's anguished struggle to deal with an entire life fueled by anger over his childhood abandonment, his discovery of the family he never knew he had -- and his subsequent loss of them. And all of it accompanied by scores of rare, never-before-published photographs, mug shots, and handwritten lyrics. No one is spared. Not David Lee Roth, Ozzy Osbourne, Vanity, Aerosmith, Heather Locklear, AC/DC, Lita Ford, Iron Maiden, Pamela Anderson, Guns N' Roses, Donna D'Errico, RATT, or those two girls from Dallas, Texas.

Make no mistake about it: these guys are geniuses. They invented glam metal and then left it in the dust; sold more than forty million albums from *Shout at the Devil* to *Dr. Feelgood*; toured the world dozen times and have the scars to prove it; and maintained a rabid following in an era of throwaway pop stars. Mötley Crüe has done nothing less than tattoo the psyche of the entire MTV generation. They are the ultimate rock 'n' roll band. And if you don't believe it, read *The Dirt*. You don't know what decadence is...

## **The Dirt: Confessions of the World's Most Notorious Rock Band Details**

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## From Reader Review The Dirt: Confessions of the World's Most Notorious Rock Band for online ebook

### Paul Hathaway says

11am. Woke up. Vomited. Started reading this book.

4pm. Neck started hurting. Took huge amounts of cocaine, bottle of Alleve, 5th of Jack, decided reading in bed wasn't the best thing for my posture.

4:15pm. Went crazy, destroyed hotel room, terrified groupies in varying stages of dress, played rock show.

6pm. Was woken up, informed previous rock show was in head by manager, told had to go to real rock show later. Read more book.

8pm. Arrived @ show. Drank 2 more bottles of Jack, took huge amounts of cocaine from skin of groupies in varying stages of dress, played rock show.

10pm. Read more book, much to dismay of groupies in varying stages of dress, who proceeded to do huge amounts of cocaine.

4am. Finished book. Shot heroin into eyeball, called supermodel girlfriend, told her I loved our kid, vomited.

11am. Woke up.

That was a great book!

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### evelyn says

i remember when i was 13 or so and i finally realized that all of the r.l. stine books i'd been reading were pretty trashy and devoid of any literary merit. i felt a little silly for devouring something like 100 fear street books. i didn't feel too bad about it, though. i mean, i was reading, and it wasn't like i ONLY read fear street books. i read good stuff too.

this book is like that, only now i'm 25, and this book is friggin DIRTY. i kind of feel like i'm writing a review for soft porn right now. who bothers to tell everyone that they read this?

because this book is fucking RIVETING. i read all 425 pages in 3 days. i don't like motley crue. i don't even like metal (or whatever you want to call motley crue. see? i don't even know!). i could not put this stupid book down.

i cannot, in good conscience, recommend this book to any of my friends. you will probably think i'm a really gross person who reads trash. it's ridiculously entertaining, though, you guys. i'm serious. i'm putting it in the "beach reads" box at the beach house. when was the last time i read 425 pages in 3 days? harry potter i guess. this is like smutty harry potter.

put that on a dust jacket. smutty harry potter.

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### Michelle Morrell says

Holy crap! Were the stories of rock and roll decadence entertaining? Absolutely! All the insider reports were

delightful even. But I still came away feeling sad.

Sad that music and non stop consumption of drugs, alcohol, women, and stuff seemed to be the only way these men could fill the gaping holes in themselves. Sad at the wreckage they left behind wherever they went. Sad that they seemed to be flailing for meaning even with all the fame and money they craved. Sad that their demons and their egos got in the way of true greatness of craft again and again.

Thank you, Motley Crue, for the music of my youth. For the sound of 45,000 people screaming SHOUT AT THE DEVIL in the Coloseum. And thank you for not having your roadies pick me and my friend to take backstage that one time. DAYUM.

I truly wish them peace.

Shout out to Lorelai Gilmore, for reminding me I had this on my "to read" shelf!

Addition 2019: Hey, look, it's a movie coming out in March.

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### **George Bradford says**

I've never owned a Mötley Crüe record. I've never seen a Mötley Crüe concert. I've never had any use for Mötley Crüe. Ever.

So I was quite surprised to learn (in 2000) they were writing a book with New York Times music critic Neil Strauss. I was a big fan of Strauss and his writing. And the unlikely venture piqued my interest.

When I discovered the format of the book involved each member of the band individually telling his version of what happened -- and that each of the four versions would then be told 'side by side' -- I was very intrigued. The dysfunctional chaos inside of many rock bands has always fascinated me. And the idea of a book chronicling the insanity from four different perspectives was more than I could resist.

So, I bought a copy of this book the day it was published (in the Spring of 2001).

Any book that is dedicated "To Our Wives and Children . . . In the hopes that someday they will forgive us for what we have done" promises to be a story of human depravity at its worst. And in that regard "The Dirt" does not disappoint.

From the opening sentence, this book is a tsunami of obscenity. It is outrageous. It appeals to purient interests. But if the book has any redeeming quality it is this: humor.

"The Dirt" is hilarious.

(Sometimes unintentionally hilarious. But hilarious nevertheless.)

Most of the episodes chronicled in this book are unforgivable. The remainder are merely repugnant. Here are three of the worst human beings to ever roll out of Los Angeles and their guitar player (whom they merciless mock). And they regale the reader with epic tales of pornography, drug abuse, fornication, illegitimate children, marriages, alcoholism, drug addiction, rehab, divorces, crimes against nature, assaults, homicide,

arrests, criminal trials, convictions and (yes) imprisonments.

Who has time for music when all this ongoing mayhem?

Mötley Crüe.

It's hard to see how they ever had time for music with all the distractions in their lives. But, they did manage to record some records and do some tours. Those are covered here as well. And three of the band members (not the guitarist) make it clear they could care less about the music and their audience. And I found THAT to be the most repulsive aspect of this band. Made wealthy for playing music, Mötley Crüe could not have cared less about the music and the audience that paid to hear it.

But, give them credit. At least the members of Mötley Crüe are honest about it. Mötley Crüe was all about the drugs and the sex. The rock and roll? Not so much.

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### **BAM The Bibliomaniac says**

I think I'm going to be sick ?

Take a bath, please just once take a shower and wear clean clothing

I read Sixx's Heroin Diaries and was creeped out by the level of neglect, filth, and absolute sadness in his life.

All of the decrepitude is a cry for help.

"They are savages with cash who care nothing about nobody, even each other." -Doc McGhee

Full RTC

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### **Jim C says**

My very first concert were these guys:

They were the living embodiment of rock-n-roll back in the eighties. They rocked hard and they partied even harder. This is an in depth look at this group at its rise in the music business, their time on top, and their downfall.

I was first impressed with this book that nothing was being held back. This book goes into detail about all of the partying these guys did and into their personal lives. It did not hold anything back and I discovered that while I still love their music from this time they were giant jerks. I guess this happens when fame is thrust upon you and you do not know how to handle it. I did think this book went overboard with detailing their partying ways and their doomed love relationships. It did get repetitive. Another thing I did not care was the lack of involvement by Mick Mars. It seemed like he was a side note instead of being an integral member of

this group. The highlight of the book was when they dealt with personal tragedy and how we got a look into this.

This book could have been much better considering the material. I believe the problem was the emphasis of this material. I am glad I read it though as it did bring back memories of that Whitesnake/Motley Crue concert or me watching the "Girls,Girls,Girls" video over and over.

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### **Beth says**

Mötley Whö? I was more interested in My Little Pony during the band's heyday and my taste in music has never leaned in this direction, but I love a scandalous train wreck just as much as the next gal and this bio fit the bill. Plus, Pamela Anderson's breasts were a seriously major topic of conversation at my high school in 1995 and when she married Tommy Lee, a whole bunch of teenagers who'd been too sheltered to care about Mötley Crüe were suddenly interested in who was getting up close and personal with her boobies, myself included.

Recently finding this book reminded me of that earlier fascination and I was immediately drawn to the promise of reading about a lifestyle that is so wildly different from my own.

This book was insane. These people are fucking nuts. I'm pretty sure I hate them all and I don't care for their music, but the book was fucking awesome.

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### **Mari?ina says**

A train wreck happening right in front your eyes, both horrid and spectacular.

I am not a fan of Motley Crue but The Dirt is one of the best books on the rock memoirs genre, so i had to read it. Indeed, it's brilliant and no matter how you feel about the group, their antics or their music, you will end up loving their journey to stardom.

Filthy, almost gory at some points, insanely sad and painful at others, the only word that comes to mind in the end, is captivating! And horrifically so..

I have to admit firstly that the book is filled with egomaniac people telling a story with no real ending but if you want to taste the true sociological time-frame of the 80's in Los Angeles, this book provides that and more, so turn a blind eye and dive in..

We all know, they ain't no Stones, Beatles, Led Zeppelin or Queen, i myself am not very fond of their nauseating songs or their extraterrestrial outfits and still there was something that pulled me in, maybe the gruesome stories or maybe it was the attitude. They are all hedonists, with big, loud and rude mouths and only Tommy Lee is the the real musician of the bunch and surprisingly so the only sane -laugh all you want, it's true- and likeable member, imagine that.

Let me though state that Nikki Sixx is the mastermind behind the whole endeavor and the creator of it all. He was so determined to make it happen no matter what, he was the the director if you will. And even though he sucked at playing bass, he made it. And that's the main story, told by many POVs but mainly by the four members of the crew. Some parts are too stretched out resulting in making the reader sleepy but i believe the overall mood is terrific.

You see i am not only trying to see it from a sociological aspect or as a rock star stories junkie that i surely am, but from another interesting perspective. I usually read Rock Star romances and it's great to find out how real rock musicians or metal groups behave. Sometimes when i read a book of this particular genre i feel that the authors exaggerate terribly, but if you research the reality of it all, those in books seem quite timid, don't they?

So buckle up and have fun with this madness of a book, if you end up hating it, at least it was refreshing and totally consuming! You will read it in one sitting i'm sure.

## THOUGHTS ABOUT THE BOOK

- Neil Strauss did an amazing job and gathered incredible details, photos and anecdotes. Also he showed every perspective by interviewing people who had a dispute with the band.
- The writing is captivating.
- I loved the retrospect. Many of the members have changed a lot and finally grew up. Not Vince Neil though.
- I wanted to smash their heads in multiple occasions.
- I guess the biggest plus is that everytime you feel the need to do that, the universe response. They had a lot of misfortune.
- Neil's story of losing his daughter, completely gutted me. I couldn't stop crying.

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## Sarah says

Let's be clear. I have zero authority when it comes to reviewing music. Especially heavy metal. The extent of my music knowledge begins and ends with absentmindedly humming along to a 90's pop radio station while I'm out running errands. About as far away from Mötley Crüe as one can get. And I REALLY don't know how I went from an obsession with orca and environmentalism to an obsession with a random 80's heavy metal band in the span of only a few weeks. But here we are...

All of that said, I truly had no idea how badass (and completely, 100% fucking bat-shit crazy) Mötley Crüe was until I picked up this book. I remember my dad talking about them when I was young, but I had no inkling of what they were about and could not for the life of me comprehend why anyone would voluntarily listen to that screeching and screaming of profanities, barely understandable through the distortion of mic and amp. Entertainment? Really?

Well, long story short, I get it now. And I LOVE IT.

For all the naive youngsters (and maybe not-so-youngsters) like me out there, Mötley Crüe is exactly that: a ragged group of disturbed, endlessly destructive, and oddly talented, men who somehow made it out alive, still decked out in heels and leather, after decades of inhuman levels of partying. Literally. These guys are the definition of go big or go home.

Overdose after overdose, fist fight after fist fight, arrest after arrest— Tommy Lee, Mick Mars, Vince Neil, and Nikki Sixx somehow held it together long enough to become one of the most famous and successful heavy metal bands of their generation. Each with a very different personality and their own unique brand of vice, they bonded into a twisted gang that rocked the world (and ruined millions of dollars worth of property, more than a couple of lives, and their own physical and mental health along the way).

Written by the band members themselves, with the help of Neil Strauss, this memoir-style book chronicles their impossible journey (as individuals and as Mötley Crüe) from their own perspectives. And it blew my mind.

So read The Dirt! And, if you liked it as much as I did, get tickets for Mötley Crüe's final tour (apparently this is the ACTUAL final tour— I understand they've had a couple...) which is happening this year. Serendipitous timing, in fact. Their last show in Utah is scheduled for next week, and yes, I'll be there. Completely out of place— a poser among rockers— but hopefully enjoying the madness nonetheless.

I may even have an extra beer or two in the name of chaos. ;)

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## Tripp says

I used to think that I could not be shocked by tales of celebrity shenanigans. Well, I was wrong. After a few recommendations I read The Dirt, the story of Motley Crue. For most of their career, the behavior of these people (Mick Mars excepted) is flat out appalling. As Nikki Sixx notes, if they were not famous they would have been in jail. I'm pretty sure that if you saw any of these people in their heyday, you would hate them immediately.

If it was written in the 80s, it would probably have been unreadable. As it was written after the end of their Crue career, the tone is more reflective. With the help of Neill Strauss, each chapter is written by a band member or a hanger-on. This was a great choice. For one, we often see where band members have different takes on the same event, or they think the other guys were unaware of behavior. Mick Mars, for example, states that no one knew he was really drinking large glasses of vodka, instead of water, pre-show. In the next chapter, another members notes that Mick always pretended to drink water. The narrative approach also humanizes these freaks. You can hear Tommy Lee talking with his frequent "It was all good, dude."

There is self-criticism among the bragging and celebration. You get a sense they are looking for absolution. One of the more despicable members, Nikki Sixx, attempts to atone for his awful behavior to nearly everyone around him. Vince Neill is more like Lars in Some Kind of Monster, less reflection and a lot less growing up. That may be a defense, as he has some of the worst overall experiences. All of the band members face a heavy personal cost for their fame, and that provides some level of sympathy for them.

Some people will be repelled by the book, but I found it fascinating. This is what Behind the Music would

have been like if HBO did it, instead of VH1.

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### **Tzippy says**

Great read for anyone who ever dreamed of being in an 80s band or a fan of the group. The way that they came to fruition along with some of the things they had to deal with in their lives were remarkable. A relatively easy read, as well.

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### **Lilly says**

There's a scene in Gilmore Girls where Lorelei stays home one night because she can't put this book down. I can fully understand why now.

I loved this book. We read books to escape, and this book had me leave my world and be a cliche rock star in the hair metal 80s. It's not about liking hair metal, and it's not about liking rock, and it's not even about Motley Crue (who I knew nothing about at the start of this adventure). It's about what drives people, how lives intersect, and about page-turning, fun writing, from a professional writing. I think not knowing about them was actually a benefit, because I never anticipated what was coming. In short, I loved it loved it. Look forward to reading more of Strauss's books asap.

Warning: The Surgeon General advises that reading this book could get "Dr. Feelgood" in your head for periods of up to 6 hours. Consider yourselves warned.

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### **Madeline says**

This was it, dear readers. This was the memoir that broke me. The one that made me decide, definitively, to never read another White Dude Musician Memoir ever again.

I thought Keith Richards, with his "I'm a man in his goddamn seventies who still insists on calling all women 'chicks'" act was bad. But at least Keith Richards, for all his faults and *positively medieval* gender politics, is the real deal. Keith Richards is a rock star, and Keith Richards is cool. The dudes in Motley Cru (I don't know how to type the accents and I refuse to learn) are not cool. But god, are they trying *so hard* to live up to the rockstar image that they think they're required to portray.

And in a way, that's the only interesting thing about this memoir: the sheer, naked *desperation* that seeps from every page; the intense, embarrassing need these guys have to be considered cool. Everything they do is performative, from the way they insisted on trashing every space they inhabited beyond recognition, to the exhaustive descriptions of all the women they had sex with (including several instances where one of the guys is forced to admit that, yeah, okay, so I realize now that I actually raped this girl? But I feel really bad about it? Twenty years later?), to the repeated and tiring scenes where the band consumes every drug they can get their hands on. They're not behaving this way because they want to (or, god forbid, because they get

any joy out of it). They're acting like assholes because they think it makes them cool.

It was weirdly fascinating to see how these guys cultivated their image, because in one sense, glam rockers like Motley Cru are almost like drag queens – they wear makeup, over-style their hair, and wear women's clothes – but unlike, say, David Bowie and Freddie Mercury and yeah, Mick Jagger, who embraced and reveled in the feminine sides of their personas (and in the case of Bowie and Mercury, were open about their bisexuality), Motley Cru's presentation is one long, prolonged shriek of NO HOMO, BRO. These guys can't go a single goddamn page without reminding us of their blistering masculinity, and giving us every detail of their sex lives which we certainly did not ask for. (One delightful anecdote: after the guys had had sex with their side pieces, they would stop on the way home to buy egg burritos and *stick their dicks in the burritos* to hide the smell and oh my god I'm gagging just thinking about it.) All the descriptions of rock star riches and excess, much like those poor egg burritos, cannot disguise the fact that these guys are fucking disgusting.

The only truly innovative aspect of this memoir is that it's told in chapter installments, with different band members telling their version of the story – and those different versions don't always line up with each other. It was almost funny, reading one chapter that went "and then we fired so-and-so because he was a dick who refused to learn the music" and then going to the next chapter and reading "and then I quit the band because those guys suck and I hated the music." But the men of Motley Cru remain, at best, petty and immature. And I can't repeat this enough – those guys are all rapists, and also Tommy Lee fucking *admits* that he beat up Pamela Anderson, so in conclusion, they can all go fuck themselves.

But again, the band wants us to believe that all of this – the over-the-top clothes, the drug use, the frankly horrifying treatment of women – was just a product of their fame. Loving a rock star (and, on a broader level, any man with a shred of artistic talent or even artistic ambition) means accepting their garbage behaviors with a smile, because that's the price you have to pay for the privilege of existing in these guys' orbits. Even as the Motley Cru guys reflect on their past behavior and admit that maybe they were jerks back then, you can see them shrugging and grinning - *ain't I a stinker?* - from behind the page. They have learned nothing, and they regret nothing, because why should they? What ever gave them the idea that they needed to be responsible for their own actions? They're *rock stars*, babe! This is just part of the act!

I am *so goddamn tired* of the narrative that excuses asshole behavior in artistic men, as if their creative ability excuses them from basic human decency. The ability to make music does not exempt you from empathy and kindness, and the desperation to fit a rock star image is a pointless and futile endeavor. In a way, it was almost comforting to read this memoir and realize that everyone, even people you might believe are super cool, are just as insecure and desperate to fit in as everyone else. The real lesson that I took from this book, and the lesson I'm going to write here so you don't have to bother reading *The Dirt*, is this: no one is truly cool and everyone's faking it until they make it, so you might as well be nice to people.

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## **East Bay J says**

I'm not a huge Crue fan. Their first two LPs spent a fair amount of time on my teenage turntable but, by the time *Theater Of Pain* pranced and prissed its way into release, I had lost interest. I do like some Crue songs enough to get stoked when I hear them, even later compositions like "All In The Name Of...", "Kickstart My Heart" or "Wild Side". Their ballads stand out of the 80's hair metal miasma as being of a certain quality. "Nona" and "Without You" are just the right mix of sincerity and sap to win a place in the hardest rock 'n roll heart. The Crue had a real knack for writing catchy, hook laden pop hits disguised as hard rockin' party music. That may be the one claim to genius they can make.

A recent viewing of *Carnival Of Sins* awakened in me an interest in the band. Most of it came down to watching Mick Mars tear out his trademark blues based rock riffs and licks, plus hearing songs I haven't heard in years. What brought *Carnival Of Sins* into my home was watching *Tommy Lee Goes To College*, which I thoroughly enjoyed, in part due to the fact it made Lee seem less of a brain damaged ass. Not much less, though. His delight in the "titty cam" in *Carnival Of Sins* is more than enough to remind even drug addled bikers that Lee would not make a good date for your sister.

And that, folks, set the stage for me paying hard earned money for *The Dirt: Confessions Of The World's Most Notorious Band*, the one and only Motley Crue autobiography. I decided to buy it, take it home with me, own it, absorb it. By the time I got to the counter, I was excited enough to read *The Dirt* that the clerk's visible displeasure over my purchase left me nothing but thrilled.

The story of Motley Crue as told by the band and those around them holds your attention like an accident scene or autopsy video. This should come as no surprise from the band that brought us "Girls, Girls, Girls", "Too Fast For Love" and "Dr. Feelgood", who glorified sex, drug abuse, sex, drinking, sex, debauchery and even sex, who collectively did time and O.D.'d several times, who killed a member of Hanoi Rocks, lived fast, rocked hard and kept things real, real simple (as in "duh"). Tales of sex, drugs and rock 'n roll are in ample supply.

What you don't expect is the occasional tug on the ol' heartstrings. When you read in their own words about the times these losses tore their lives apart, the members of Motley Crue suddenly seem infinitely more human.

What touched me most was Mick Mars discussing his struggle with ankylosing spondylitis, a degenerative bone disease that caused Mars considerable, intense pain and discomfort even before the Crue formed. "What struck me most about the diagnosis was that the disease contained the word 'losing.' I had lost." The disease reduces Mars' movements to a minimum, which was frustrating for the guitarist on stage. "I'd get so upset every night watching the way that Nikki and Vince run all over the stage. All I can do is plod around and, when a fan in front starts cheering, muster a smile, say hey, or try to throw them a pick." Just as watching *Carnival Of Sins* made me appreciate Mars as a guitarist, reading what he had to say made me appreciate him as a person.

The other three are pigs.

*The Dirt* seems incredibly honest and that may be its strongest point. A clear picture of who Sixx, Mars, Lee and Neil are, good and bad qualities, emerges as the stories unfold. You realize how simultaneously cool and irritating (and dangerous) it might be to hang around these guys. Full of great stories, pictures and examples of the low point of human evolution, *The Dirt* is a surefire source of thrills and chills aplenty.

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### **Ana O says**

This is like a rock 'n' roll version of the Jersey Shore meets Jerry Springer meets Spinal Tap.

Jim Morrison: I am the lizard king. I can do anything.

Mötley Crüe: Hold our beers.

How many times has Nikki died? Is Tommy Lee really as well endowed as we've heard? Why is Vince so... Vince? Is Mick an alien?

Read the book and find out.

Don't expect political correctness. Don't expect anything, or you'll be disappointed. There's no room for false modesty in this merry band of misfits - they've fully embraced their role as rock n roll villains. That's what I love about them. There's no politics. And no preaching. It's amazing, pure decadence.

Brace yourselves. The movie is OUT. Finally. We've been blessed. I predict it will rank between The Shawshank Redemption and One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.

Four dysfunctional rock dudes snorting ants with Ozzy Osbourne and doing the absolute MOST to piss off Doc McGhee.

Frankie died just the other night ? ? ?

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