



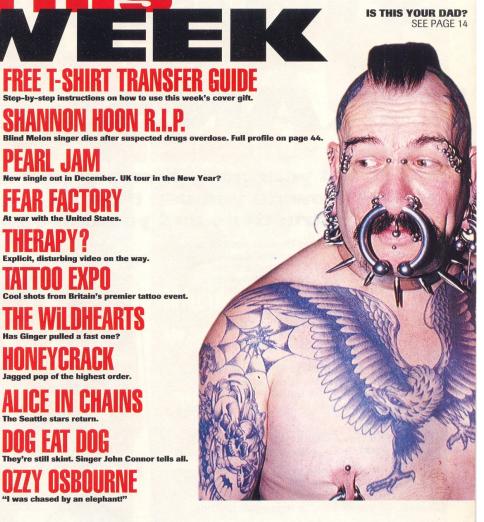
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New single out in December. UK tour in the New Year? FEAR FACTORY At war with the United States. 10 THERAPY?
Explicit, disturbing video on the way. **14 TATTOO EXPO** Cool shots from Britain's premier tattoo event. 18 THE WILDHEARTS
Has Ginger pulled a fast one? **22 Honeycrack** Jagged pop of the highest order. 40 ALICE IN CHAINS
The Seattle stars return. 50 DOG EAT DOG
They're still skint. Singer John Connor tells all. 62 OZZY OSBOURNE "I was chased by an elephant!"



REEF (GARY STRINGER) PAGE 42



NEWS Metallica, Bon Jovi, Guns N' Roses, Apes Pigs & Spacemen, Whale, Catherine Wheel.

13

WHO THE HELL ARE...
Motörhead.

AMERICAN NEWS
Ministry, Courtney Love, Stone Temple Pilots, Weezer and Pearl Jam.

LIVES

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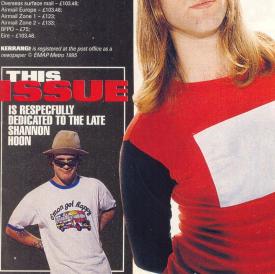
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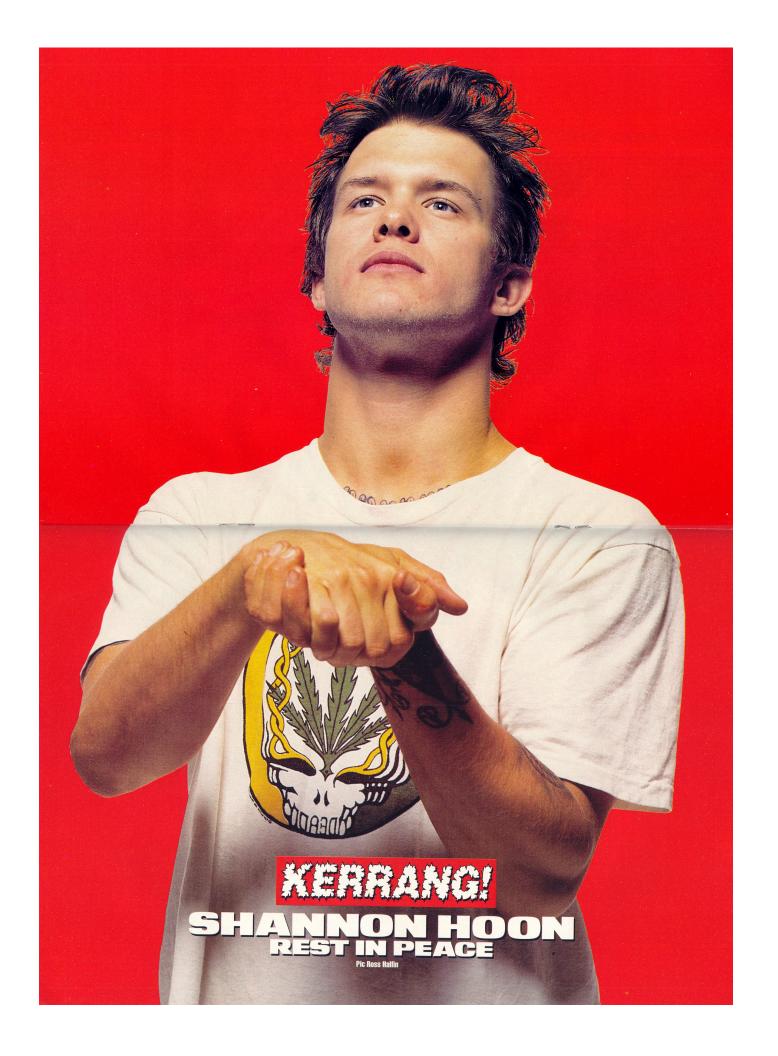
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FOR Blind Melon

singer Shannon
Hoon lived life
to the full. Now,
after a
suspected
drugs overdose,
he is dead.
Jason Arnopp
interviewed the
singer in
August...

HERE WAS
Shannon Hoon,
the singer in
million-selling US
rock band Blind
Melon, clutching

a selection of soppy kids' books. One was called 'Papa, Please Get The Moon For Me'. Another was 'My Little Golden Book About God'.

It was mid-August in London's Copthorne Tara hotel. Photographer Dave Willis and I were there to do a Blind Melon feature for Kerrangl. It was our first time working with the boys, and by the end, we definitely didn't want it to be the last.

There was a concept to the piece. With the band poised to return to hard touring, the idea was for each member of the band to present a vital possession of theirs. Something they couldn't really be without on the road.

For example, bassist Brad Smith brought a pool cue down to the room. His secret ambition, believe it or not, turned out to be to meet UK snooker star Stephen Hendry. Drummer Glen Graham, uh, brought a keyboard in. Guitarist Rogers Stevens brought a book. His guitaring partner Christopher Thorn brought liquorice sticks and his sketch pad.

Shannon Hoon was last in, wearing his hat and shades, a little hazy, having just awoken. Displaying his kiddie's books, he explained that he had been reading them onto tapes, then sending them to his month-and-a-half-old baby daughter Nico Blue. "This is the only way that I can be there without being there,"

he shrugged.

He suddenly noticed my tape recorder running.

"Are we doing the interview now?" he asked.

Yep.

"Whoah!" he laughed. "I'm gettin' all mushy here! I'd better put my rock head back on..."

He was just kidding, and continued to chat in exactly the same vein, stressing how much the birth of Nico Blue had changed his life. He was a man with a new-found sense of purpose.

"No matter how much I could try to prepare myself for it, there's no way you can. How do you prepare to be overwhelmed in every part of your body?! It gives meaning to the big picture now. I'm gonna be a father longer than I'm gonna be a singer. I don't know which will be the most exhausting, actually!"

Would being a father affect Shannon's writing?

I'll be doing a little more sleeping too! This time we'll be pacing ourselves. Trying not to live at 90 miles an hour.

"I think the band and crew are probably a bit relieved when they call my room and I happen to be sleeping!" he smiled. "Usually I'd be calling their rooms at 6am, going, 'Heymanwhat'sgoingon? Igotnothingtodo!'."

Hoon also revealed that he had recently come out of a rehabilitation centre for alcohol and drug problems. At present, he was banned from the demon drink – something he found quite amusing.

"I was just sitting in my room, and the concierge came in and took all the alcohol out of my mini bar!" he chuckled. "He was from Zaire or something, and he was saying, 'Ha ha, I take away your lager now. You can't have none!. It's pretty weird when someone from Zaire knows who you are, and knows about your alcohol problem!"

"BEING A FATHER, THERE'S A LOT OF THINGS I NEED TO TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION. STAYING ALIVE IS ONE OF THEM..." SHANNON HOON

"It won't affect the way I write, but it will affect the way I live. My home life has always been very calm and quiet, believe it or not, and although it's a bit noisier now, it's the healthiest thing that's ever happened to me. We'd been wanting to have a child for a while, and of course when you stop trying, it happens!"

The singer candidly admitted that leaving home had proved hard.

"I'd be lyin' to you if I said I was enthusiastic about being back on tour. A month is by no means enough time to enjoy something so huge as a child. Trying to mesh it all together is quite a difficult task. I'm not even sure I want to. One is a bit purer than the other."

LIND MELON'S first, eponymous album sold over two million copies. The subsequent touring drove the band a little crazy. By the end, they all admit that they didn't particularly care for each other's company.

This time, pledged Hoon, they were going to take things slower.

"We can prepare for it a little bit better now. We'll know the cities better this time. I think More seriously, he sighed, "There's a lot of things I'm trying to get used to on this tour. There's so much time on hand. I'm spending a lot of time going out and seeing cities now. This band doesn't spend a lot of its spare time together, though. Trying to fill in and kill the 'hurry up and wait' part of this business is

"It would be a little easier if I had Lisa and Nico with me, but the baby's too young to travel. Should be a couple of months yet..."

With that thought in mind, Hoon cheerfully went through to the next room, where Dave Willis was waiting to take pictures.

HOTO SESSIONS can be like pulling teeth if a musician isn't into it, but Hoon was not only patient and willing, but a f**king good laugh.

"Guide me, baby, guide me!" he comically pleaded to Willis, in his wispy, cartoon-character voice. He went on to exchange general conversation about the imminent Reading and Donington festivals, talking both to us and his tour manager Paul.

There were a couple of distinctly off-the-wall moments. At one point, Hoon remembered a

Pic David Willis

SHANNON HOON REST IN PEACE

Peach & P

"MY HOME LIFE HAS ALWAYS BEEN VERY CALM AND QUIET, BELIEVE IT OR NOT..."

SHANNON HOON

SHANNON HOON KERRANG 45



ANNON HOO

Shannon Hoon died at 1.30pm on Saturday, October 21. The Blind Melon singer had suffered a suspected drug overdose. Shannon was 28 years old. He leaves behind his girlfriend, Lisa, his six-month-old daughter, Nico Blue, his parents and his bandmates.



These are the facts. They can't explain who Shannon Hoon was, what drove him, or how he came to be slumped unconscious on a tour bus in some nondescript parking lot. Neither can anyone who didn't know, live with and love Shannon Hoon. I met him twice, and interviewed him on

the phone several times more. He came across as an amusing, awkward, selfdeprecating, often opinionated and

occasionally infuriating human being. He had his bad days, like everyone else, especially towards the end of the two years Blind Melon spent on the road promoting their first album, but mostly

he was genuinely good company.

He walked out on one interview I conducted with him for Kerrang!, right before the band almost fell apart after their 1994 for Kerrangl, right before the band almost fell apart after their 1994
Glastonbury Festival appearance, muttering darkly about getting out of rehab
and not needing "dumb questions", but he later apologised.
He was born on September 26, 1967 in Lafayette, Indiana. It was, he said, "A
small community. You're able to live your whole life there, and really be quite
comfortable. But I wanted to see more."
At the age of 18, he packed a small car full of all his belongings and drove
cross country to Los Angeles. He arrived on the West Coast with nowhere to

stay and only a vague idea of what he wanted to do. He began "people watching. You just go into a part of town, sit down and try to be invisible. I just used to eavesdrop and zoom in on different kinds of people."

Among the first people he actually met in LA were fellow smalltown exiles Rogers Stevens, Christopher Thorn, Brad Smith and Glen Graham. Together, they formed Blind Melon.

The band itself started at a "grass-roots level", playing clubs. By the time they had signed to Capitol and released their first record, though, Hoon had already been record, thought, room had already been plastered all over MTV, after he accepted an offer from a friend from back home, one Axl Rose, to appear in Guns N' Roses' 'Don't Cry' video. When I first met him, in Florida in 1993,

Shannon was an MTV star in his own right – the 'No Rain' video, the one with the Bee Girl in it, had been gobbled up by the station – and 'Blind Melon' was selling thousands of copies a week. The band had been on tour for 18

months, the pressure was on, and they, and their singer in particular, were a peculiar mixture of elation and exhaustion. Sadly, no one listened to them.

Consequently, six months on, they flew home from Europe in a terrible state Hoon quite openly confessed that he'd been battling drug problems for the best part of a year, and the band were suffering from the sort of personal problems unique to people who have been forced to share the same confined,

claustrophobic space for years on end.
However, when the band re-emerged in April, 1995, after a protracted break
and a spell recording 'Soup' in New Orleans, Shannon sounded happy and
optimistic. He was proud of the new record, he enthused about everything from AC/DC to moving house and, more than anything else, he couldn't stop

talking about the fact that he was about to become a father.
It was, he laughed, the most remarkable thing that had ever happened to him. It had also given him a new sense of responsibility, one which he was desperately keen to uphold. "I have to

set an example now," he reflected.

Of the drugs and the detox, he
joked that he'd managed to leave New Orleans just in time – "before the Mardi Tragically, he returned to New Orleans for the last time all too soon. The Shannon Hoon was on September 7. He was on stage at London's Mean Fiddler, wearing a

false moustache and a red clown's nose, and looking for all the world like he was having the time of his life. I'd prefer to remember him that way.

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