

I, ROCK STAR

BY DAVID CURCURITO

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This song is for my girl. They know who they are.

I am *nailing* this guitar solo. How the hell are my fingertips hitting all the notes on this neck with this degree of precision? It's like God is talking through my hands. I knew it was a good night to wear the biker boots—this foot looks serious up on the monitor, like I'm the *man* standing on top of the mountain. I need to shake my head and get some sweat on the girl with the nice big tits up front. I think I look cool. I must look cool, I've been practicing these moves since I was twelve. I'm choking the shit out of this guitar and need to hold on a little longer. Watch this: I'm going to take my pick and rake it down the low E string. That sounded like a jet going sonic! Now I'm going to jam this Les Paul right into my groin and throw the guitar neck at the crowd like a massive erection. Man, they ate that up. Wow, there must be like two dozen people here tonight. I don't know who the dude is who keeps putting beer on the front of the stage for me like it's some kind of altar, but thanks, man. I'm going to drink them all because I have to. What a show. I sang *great*. I'm going to kill that bass player for fucking up our new song... he's out for sure. And God, we need a younger drummer. He's way too fat. Okay, who's buying me a drink and who's got the coke? She does? Oh, perfect, she's hot. How old do you think she is? Doesn't matter. I'll have a Scotch and a couple of rocks. Let's head to the little backstage area and talk about me for a while. Guess the color of your underwear? Wet isn't a color? Are you sure? Let's get out of here. Here... carry my guitar.

Oh, goddammit, the whole place smells like patchouli. As usual, last night's outfit is still a good look this morning. Is that chick cool enough to leave in

→ my apartment alone? I don't even know her name. I can't believe they're not sending me a goddamn car today. Rock stars do not take fucking cabs. Got to be there on time, though. This recording session is for Mark Farner from Grand Funk Railroad... thought I'd throw him a bone. Holy shit, this band sucks! Why the hell is everyone wearing Who T-shirts? The drummer couldn't find the downbeat if his life depended on it, and the bass player looks and sounds like an accountant. Patience, dude. Not everybody can be a rock star. But Jesus, where do they find these amateurs? Is that supposed to be "My Generation"? It sounds like a bunch of cars honking at the same time. Singer's not half bad, though. Guy swings the mic around *just like* Roger Daltrey. Wait, that is Roger Daltrey. What the hell? Hey, Roger, long time, man. I nailed my shit, right? Can't wait for the show tonight. I will own B.B. King's. Just don't fuck it up for me, guys! Kidding, I'm kidding! Okay, check y'all later, I'm due over at the Gibson studios on Fifty-fourth Street.

Seems like everyone is here today. There's Rudy with his bass. What's up, Rudy! I have to get together with Sarzo at some point. The amount of puss we could pull down would be epic. The last time I saw Rudy was back in '90, he was on tour with Whitesnake. Those seats really sucked. Hey, Kip, I'll be right with you. Taking vocal lessons with the lead singer from Winger—I know, right? Listen and learn, Kip. B.B.'s awaits.

The line is all the way down the block. They must not have heard about my gig the other night. I've got to get backstage, but first a drink. Hey man, who's that onstage? Farner, Nona Hendryx, Daltrey, and Winger with Mark Hudson and Sandy Gennaro? Those fuckers weren't supposed to start without me! How long have I been shooting the shit with this MILF? I have to get backstage. Hey, has anyone seen my guitar? There's the guy who runs this thing.

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MAN AT HIS BEST

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Fishof! How could those guys go on without me? How can you play "Voodoo Child" without the voodoo child himself? Man, I can't tell you how many times I have imagined this moment—my solo—in my mind. I cannot tell you. Seriously, I can't tell you, I am so drunk I can't even think. I can't move, either, man,

surrounded by groupies. B.B.'s is packed, man. And Farner's taking my solo! After all I've done for that guy. Oh that's just great! He's actually pretty decent. He's just no rock star, you know? Not like me. Another drink, fine. Where's that chick? Ugh, tomorrow. Is tomorrow the day that really comes after tonight?

Jesus, I cannot believe I have to be at the office in the morning. They are so not rock 'n' roll.

Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp. Four- and six-day packages. Next session, May 10 to 15, House of Blues Los Angeles (with Sammy Hagar); rockcamp.com.