

5 MINUTES  
WITH...  
**MICHAEL STARR**  
(STEEL PANTHER,  
VOCALS)

**AS IT WAS THE AMERICAN ELECTION TONIGHT, DO ANY OF YOUR SONGS HAVE POLITICAL SUBTEXTS?**

"We have politics within the band. Like, I like cheese pizza, but Satchel, Lexxi and Stix all like pepperoni. So I get outvoted every time and have to eat fucking pepperoni pizza. It sucks."

**THAT'S LIFE. LET'S CHANGE TOPIC, THEN. WHO'S YOUR FAVOURITE FRONTMAN EVER?**

"It's got to be David Lee Roth. Back when he first came out with Van Halen, he was the ultimate showman. Has he still got it? There's a different vibe now, and I think there's a Samson and Delilah thing going on. It's hard to look at your hero and all you're thinking is, 'Grow your fucking hair and put some spandex on!'"

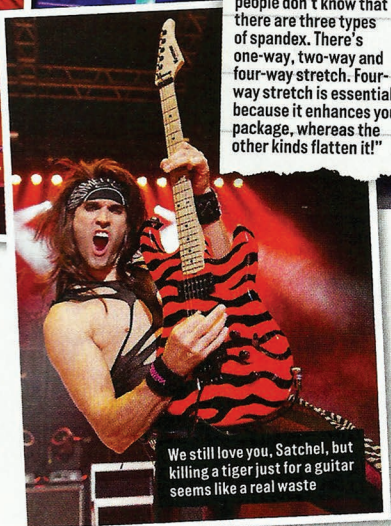
**TALKING OF SPANDEX, ARE YOU KEEPING THAT INDUSTRY AFLOAT?**

"That's a good question, because spandex is really important for what we do. Most people don't know that there are three types of spandex. There's one-way, two-way and four-way stretch. Four-way stretch is essential because it enhances your package, whereas the other kinds flatten it!"



Michael Starr showing off his sensitive side

Lexxi Foxxx wasn't about to let a K! caption box ruin his cool



We still love you, Satchel, but killing a tiger just for a guitar seems like a real waste

# STEEL PANTHER

PLUS: **FALLING RED**

CIVIC HALL, WOLVERHAMPTON. 06.11.12

**KKKK**

WORDS: PAUL TRAVERS PHOTOS: ASHLEY MAILE

**LA METALLERS PARTY FOR THEIR RIGHT TO, WELL, PARTY...**

**TONIGHT** the eyes of the world are on America, where the Presidential race is reaching a dramatic conclusion. Apart from in Wolverhampton, where all eyes are fixed on four Americans who are singing about sex and have all the (apparent) political awareness of a rhododendron bush. Steel Panther play dumb so well you can't help feeling they're probably pretty damn smart. For an hour and a half, however, the illusion is complete, and tonight is a night for checking your brain in at the door. Do that, and few things in life are more fun than a Steel Panther show.

Carlisle is a world away from Los Angeles' Sunset Strip, but northern rockers Falling Red have a similar cock rock strut, albeit filtered through the raw sleaze-punk of the Backyard Babies. The riffs are served with barbs and the hooks are ground glass in honey, marking them out as definite ones to watch – and watch out for.

Meanwhile, Steel Panther's time has come. The last time they played this venue, they were supporting blues rock legends ZZ Top. Now they're headlining, and the place is jam-packed.

The ridiculous In The Future intro builds the tension, and then guitarist Satchel appears in front of a floor-to-ceiling curtain to whoops of delight. When the curtain drops and the rest of the band are revealed in all their spandex-clad glory, Wolverhampton goes absolutely wild.

The banter is a huge part of any Steel Panther show. There are times when they push the envelope of good taste and there are times when they lick it, attach a stamp, and post it to Don't-give-a-fucksville, USA. They also play some songs occasionally, too, and the curious thing about this band is that they're far better musically than most of the '80s hair metallers they appear to want to be. Satchel's solo spot – incorporating snatches of songs by Iron Maiden, Judas Priest and Black Sabbath while he keeps the beat on a kick drum – is genuinely stunning. The comedy metal likes of Girl From Oklahoma and It Won't Suck Itself are drilled out with flawless precision and, as the night draws to an end in a blur of staged stage invasions, the smell of Steel Panther's triumph overpowers the lingering scent of cheese.