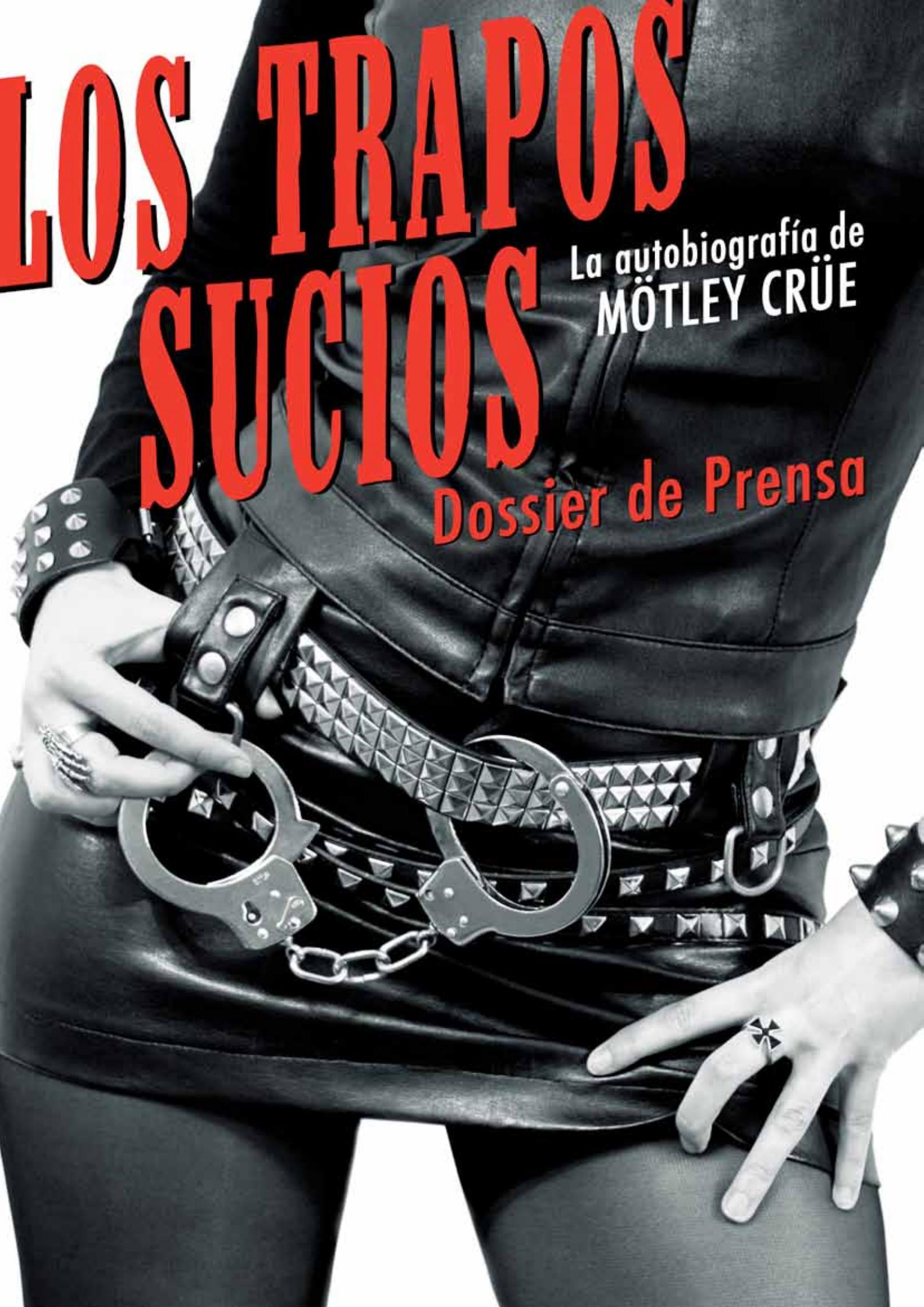
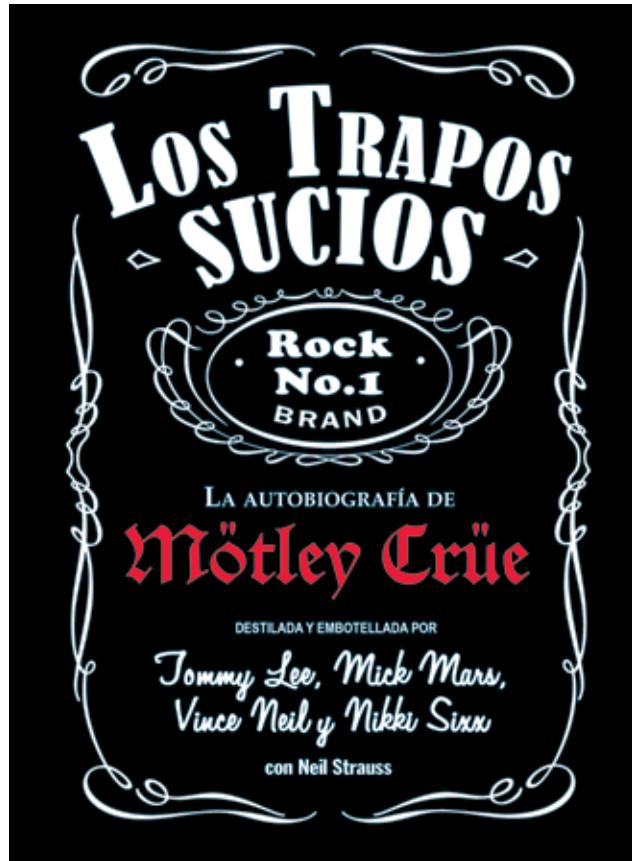


LOS TRAPOS SUCIOS

La autobiografía de
MÖTLEY CRÜE

Dossier de Prensa





TÍTULO:

Los trapos sucios. La autobiografía de Mötley Crüe

AUTORES:

Tommy Lee, Mick Mars, Vince Neil y Nikki Sixx con Neil Strauss

CARACTERÍSTICAS:

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SINOPSIS

Whisky y actrices porno, motos y accidentes de coche, cuero negro y botas de tacón, sobredosis y muerte. Así es la vida de Mötley Crüe, el grupo más bebedor, pendenciero, calentorro y arrogante del planeta. Sus increíbles proezas han dado lugar a innumerables leyendas del rock and roll. Se han acostado con las mujeres más bellas, han provocado las peleas más sanguinolentas, han salido de marcha con los principales camellos de Estados Unidos y han conocido el interior de todas las cárceles, desde California hasta Japón. Han dedicado toda una carrera a vivir la vida al límite, de las mayores fantasías a las más oscuras tragedias. Propulsados por todas las drogas que tuvieran a su alcance y espoleados por cantidades obscenas de alcohol, Mötley Crüe camparon a sus anchas durante dos décadas, dejando a su paso un reguero de mujeres corrompidas, habitaciones de hotel arrasadas, coches destrozados, representantes enloquecidos y huesos rotos. Todos estos hechos indescriptibles, por no mencionar sus terribles consecuencias, forman la espina dorsal de *Los trapos sucios*.

Narrada personalmente por Nikki, Vince, Tommy y Mick, ésta es la versión sin expurgar de la historia. Aquí, el lector encontrará sus mayores glorias y sus mayores miserias, muchas de ellas reveladas por primera vez en estas páginas, como por ejemplo: las cartas que le envió Tommy Lee a Pamela Anderson desde prisión; la enfermedad degenerativa de Mick que lleva años matándole poco a poco; la tragedia familiar que convirtió a Vince en una ruina humana y el angustioso intento de Nikki por superar una vida dominada por la rabia nacida de una infancia desgraciada. Todo ello, acompañado por decenas de fotos inéditas, retratos policiales y documentos escritos. En estas memorias, nadie sale bien parado. Ni David Lee Roth, Ozzy Osbourne, Vanity, Aerosmith, Heather Locklear, AC/DC, Lita Ford, Iron Maiden, Pamela Anderson, Guns N' Roses, Donna D'Errico, RATT, ni aquellas dos chicas de Dallas, Texas.

Pero Mötley Crüe son mucho más que sólo cuatro energúmenos. No en vano inventaron el glam metal y lo dejaron atrás; vendieron más de cuarenta millones de discos, de *Shout at the Devil* a *Dr. Feelgood*; realizaron una docena de giras mundiales y tienen las cicatrices para demostrarlo; han sabido mantener un público fiel en la era de las estrellas del pop intercambiables. *Los trapos sucios* es la biografía definitiva acerca de los peligros de la fama en el rock and roll. Mientras no la leas, no sabrás lo que es la auténtica decadencia.

SOBRE LOS AUTORES

NEIL STRAUSS es el coautor del best-seller *La larga huida del Infierno* junto a Marilyn Manson y de *Don't Try This At Home*, la biografía de Dave Navarro (guitarrista de Jane's Addiction y Red Hot Chili Peppers). También es el coautor de la autobiografía de Jenna Jameson, *Cómo hacer el amor igual que una estrella del porno*. Actualmente escribe sobre temas musicales para el *New York Times* y vive en Los Ángeles.

MÖTLEY CRÜE son Nikki Sixx, Vince Neil, Mick Mars y Tommy Lee. Como estrellas del rock a nivel mundial con múltiples discos de platino en su haber y legendarios anecdotistas, Mötley Crüe definieron a toda una generación. Éste es su primer libro.

Mötley Crüe llevan juntos desde 1980, año en el que lanzaron su primer sencillo, "Stick to Your Guns/Toast of the Town", autoeditado desde su propio sello, Leathür Records, desde el que también lanzarían, en 1981, su primer álbum: *Too Fast for Love*, del que vendieron más de 20.000 discos, llamando así la atención de Elektra Records, discográfica que les contrataría en la primavera de 1982. A instancias de Elektra, *Too Fast for Love* fue remezclado por el ingeniero de sonido británico Roy Thomas Baker, reeditándose de forma masiva en agosto de 1982.

Sus siguientes discos, *Shout at the Devil* en 1983, *Theatre of Pain* en 1985 y *Girls, Girls, Girls* en 1987, cimentaron su reputación como padres del glam metal y como uno de los grupos punteros de su generación. En 1989, Mötley Crüe alcanzaron su máxima popularidad con el lanzamiento de su quinto álbum, *Dr. Feelgood*, que llegó hasta el número 1 de las listas de ventas, manteniéndose en el Top 100 de Billboard durante 109 semanas consecutivas. El grupo se pasó los dos siguientes años en una gira constante por los estadios de medio mundo, consagrados ya como el principal grupo de rock duro del momento. En 1991, llegó el inevitable recopilatorio de grandes éxitos, *Decade of Decadence*, del cual se vendieron dos millones y medio de discos, llegando al puesto número 2 en la lista de ventas de *Billboard*.

El éxito, sin embargo, resultó contraproducente para el grupo. En febrero de 1992, Vince Neil decidió abandonar Mötley Crüe (o fue despedido por Nikki Sixx), siendo reemplazado por el también cantante y guitarrista John Corabi. Corabi sólo llegaría a grabar un disco con el grupo, el homónimo *Mötley Crüe*,



de 1994, un álbum considerado en su momento un fracaso comercial pero que sigue siendo considerado por muchos fans como uno de los más interesantes y arriesgados de toda su trayectoria. Vince Neil regresó al grupo en 1997 para grabar las voces de *Generation Swine*, otro fracaso comercial que se hundió en las listas de ventas.

En 1999, debido a crecientes tensiones internas, fue Tommy Lee quien decidió abandonar Mötley Crüe para iniciar una desastrosa carrera como solista, siendo reemplazado a las baquetas por el malogrado Randy Castillo, quien sólo llegaría a grabar un disco con el grupo, *New Tattoo*, de 2000, falleciendo poco después debido a un cáncer. *New Tattoo*, por su parte, vendió menos de doscientas mil copias.

Sin embargo, a pesar de haber caído en desgracia en las listas de ventas, Mötley Crüe se guardaba un sorprendente as en la manga. En 2001, los cuatro miembros originales del grupo publicaron la autobiografía *Los trapos sucios*, en el que contaban —cada uno a su manera— la historia del grupo. *Los trapos sucios* permaneció en el Top Ten de la lista de los libros más vendidos del *New York Times* y desde entonces no ha dejado de reeditarse. Actualmente, Paramount Pictures y MTV Films están trabajando en una posible adaptación cinematográfica, dirigida por Larry Charles (director de *Borat* y director y guionista de series como *Entourage* y *Curb Your Enthusiasm* para HBO) y con la participación de Val Kilmer y Christopher Walken en algunos de los papeles principales.

En diciembre de 2004, Nikki, Vince, Mick y Tommy se reunieron para preparar una nueva gira mediante la que promocionar un nuevo recopilatorio de grandes éxitos, *Red, White & Crüe*, en el que incluyeron tres temas inéditos. Finalmente, en 2008, el grupo completó su vuelta al primer plano musical con *Saints of Los Angeles*, un disco compuesto íntegramente de material nuevo que fue saludado por crítica y fans como su mejor álbum desde *Dr. Feelgood* y como uno de los grandes regresos del año.

RESEÑAS BREUDES

¿Por qué algunos leemos un montón de libros y vemos mucha televisión en vez de tocar en Mötley Crüe? Porque no tenemos el estómago para ello. Es tan sencillo como eso. Los trapos sucios es un libro definitivo: si hay historias peores que ésta en el rock and roll, no merece la pena contarlas.

NICK HORNBY, *THE BELIEVER*

Pocas veces hemos tenido la oportunidad de leer una biografía tan honesta, sucia y real de una banda de rock. *Los trapos sucios* es una montaña rusa de excesos, glorias y tragedias, que resulta fascinante tanto para los seguidores de Mötley Crüe como para quienes jamás sintieron un interés especial por la banda. No se trata de un retrato amable sino más bien lo contrario; es un libro que definitivamente seduce y ensucia. Adictivo.

CÉSAR MARTÍN, *POPULAR 1*

Sin lugar a duda, es la crónica más detallada de los increíbles placeres y peligros del estrellato del rock and roll que yo haya leído jamás. Es absolutamente apasionante y a la vez completamente repulsiva. Una historia de hombres malvados contada por ellos mismos. Armados con lápiz de ojos, guitarras y jeringuillas, los hombres de Mötley Crüe consiguieron todo aquello que deseaban y luego lo echaron a perder.

ADVERTENCIA: Despues de leer este libro, nunca volverá a sentirse limpio. Resulta imposible desprenderse de *Los trapos sucios*.

JOE LEVY, *ROLLING STONE*

Los trapos sucios consigue que las memorias de otros grupos parezcan tan dulces e inocentes como el libro de Britney Spears y su madre. Estar familiarizado con la música de Mötley Crüe no es un requisito para leer *Los trapos sucios*. Cualquiera interesado en el negocio de la música se verá cautivado por este a menudo perturbador pero en última instancia fascinante libro.

ANDREW ELLIS, *POPMATTERS.COM*

Ábralo por cualquier página y encontrará una historia memorable.

JANET MASLIN, *THE NEW YORK TIMES*

El libro de rock más absorbente del año o, posiblemente, de cualquier año.

Q MAGAZINE

Un apropiado sucesor tanto de *Hammer of the Gods*, de Stephen Davis, como de la colaboración del propio Strauss con Marilyn Manson, *La larga huida del Infierno*.

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

Como crónica de depravación, es insuperable. Realmente estelar.

THE GUARDIAN



RECORTES DE PRENSA

THE DIRT

BRIAN M. RAFTERY
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

Written with the full cooperation of Mötley Crüe and several of their hangers on, *The Dirt* is aptly titled -- its forays into the quartet's private lives leave little to the imagination, and for rock lore junkies, it's a fitting successor to both Stephen Davis' 1985 tome *Hammer of the Gods*, the Led Zeppelin bio that recounted backstage life in lurid detail, and Strauss' 1998 collaboration with Marilyn Manson, *The Long Hard Road Out of Hell*.

And while *The Dirt* is an especially sleazy read (there are more references to throwaway sex than there are to music, including one particularly shocking hotel room moment involving two groupies and a phone), Strauss' account is also a sympathetic portrayal of four damaged individuals whose nonstop misogyny and chemical carousing is matched only by a near karmic amount of personal grief and loss.

That such a conflicting portrait emerges is due both to the band's candor and to Strauss' decision to eschew the typical three act, "Behind the Music" style structure of most celebrity tell alls. It must have been tempting to simply stick with the sexcapades and drunken binges, especially with the Crüe.

But by allowing the group's individual stories to unfold slowly, Strauss humanizes the cartoonish, headline grabbing quartet, making for some rare introspective moments: Cocky frontman Vince Neil anguishes over the slow death of his young daughter from cancer, while hyperactive drummer Tommy Lee (whose famed relationship with Pamela Anderson takes up too sizable a chunk of the book's final pages) touchingly recounts his dying father's influence. Bassist Nikki Sixx is the most articulate and insightful of the four, and his troubled past functions as a visible catalyst for his self destructive tendencies.

Guitarist Mick Mars, the quiet loner with the weird mustache and sunken eyes, is *The Dirt*'s biggest surprise. The oldest (he's age 45) and most thoughtful of the quartet, he at first appears to be on a quest to one up his younger band-mates with anger and detachment (not to mention with his drinking problem); it's not until halfway through that he reveals how a decades long struggle with a degenerative bone disease shaped his life.

Despite such empathy inspiring moments, Strauss never tries to make the case that the Crüe are simply nice guys done wrong by society -- not that the band would want us to believe that anyway. Instead, *The Dirt* explores and questions rock's decadent trappings, finding surprising notes of regret and anguish amid the pyrotechnic razzle dazzle.

CONFESIONES DEL GRUPO DE ROCK MÁS INFAME DE LA HISTORIA

SION SMITH

COUNTERCULTURE.CO.UK

It's the new rock'n'roll you know . . . books about rock'n'roll. Bizarre huh? The last Mötley Crüe album, good as it was, sold about four copies. *The Dirt* however, is whipping off the shelves of bookstores in its millions! The only explanation is that there's a nostalgia for nostalgia.

The Dirt gives you an opportunity to relive the moment you gave up your Crüe virginity, in a way that cranking out *Too Fast For Love* just doesn't do anymore. Which just goes to show that while songs are fine and dandy for the two minutes you're paying attention, it's a story well told that lasts forever - which would be a great lesson for a band like Coldplay to learn. Good songs, but why the fuck do you have to be so boring?! Yeah, yeah . . . I know it's only rock'n'roll.

Anyway, the bonus in all this nostalgia is that *The Dirt* is one of the great rock stories of our time. Well written every step of the way with contributions from all who should be contributing, *The Dirt* wins at every twist of the knife. Nikki Sixx lends himself more to its telling than the others, but it certainly brought to light a few things I never knew before. Mick Mars is not just weird, he's also sick - very sick. Tommy the L.O.V.E. Machine is just a little boy looking for true romance. Vince has had some hard times, but the worst of which was heartbreakingly not self inflicted. Then there's Nikki: As with all ringleaders, he's just a man looking for himself on the oddest of planets.

John Corabi comes out smelling of roses - which is great because musically, the album that he fronted was the best album of their career, while Pammy looked the gift horse in the mouth once too often and gets a real rough time - and if this book is as soulful as I believe, she deserves everything *The Dirt* dishes out.

So why does *The Dirt* succeed where hundreds of others fail? Well, apart from being more addictive than the shit they shoved up their noses for ten years, there's nothing quite so enthralling as grown men being honest about life - and *The Dirt* dishes out honesty by the truckload.

Will we see such a truthful tome from Gene Simmons? Good as the book will probably be, I doubt it, and the sales figures will reflect it too. *The Dirt* is suc-

cessful, because like the Mick Foley autobiography; the time is right, the story is great and the story is always more important than personal pride.

However, be warned: *The Dirt* is a one-sitting book. You know some of the story already - now read it all and weep. It's fantastic.

NO PUEDO IR A LA CÁRCEL, TENGO QUE SALIR DE GIRA

ANDREW ELLIS

POPMATTERS.COM

Each successive Rock autobiography seems intent on out-shagging, out-snorting and out-drinking the last. Led Zeppelin's *Hammer Of The Gods* described in lurid detail life on the road with one of the biggest band in the world and then Stephen Davis also helped the various members of Aerosmith pen their thoughts and hazy memories of drugs, drugs and more drugs (with the occasional musical reference) in *Walk This Way*.

Soaked in excess and debauchery, Mötley Crüe's *The Dirt*, (co-authored by *New York Times* writer Neil Strauss) is the latest high-profile tell-all book in this genre and its candid tales of porn stars, overdoses, and glam-metal makes the sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll memories of other bands seem almost as sweet and innocent as that book by Britney Spears and her mother. The basic story is the rise to fame, fortune, and prominence of Vince Neil, Tommy Lee, Nikki Sixx and Mick Mars -- four guys with big dreams and big libidos who fulfilled both as Mötley Crüe's brand of spandex, leather, and dumb choruses catapulted them from the scummy clubs of the Sunset Strip to arenas and the big time, thanks to a multitude of multi-platinum albums.

However enjoyable the book is in charting the rise of these four young L.A. upstarts, *The Dirt* also stands as something of a cultural indicator of the decade of decadence itself. Music, like the age, was superficial, and as forefathers of the American arena-rock era it's true to say Mötley Crüe could only have emerged in the 80s. Without a doubt, Mötley Crüe were collectively talented but even bassist and chief troublemaker Nikki Sixx admits that two of his band's biggest-selling albums, *Girls Girls Girls* and *Theatre Of Pain*, were, to put it kindly, awful.

Music may be the pretext behind this book, but ultimately that is not what it is about, or what makes it so utterly compelling. The stories behind the songs, or even the by-now-cliced activities of touring rock bands titillate rather than fascinate, but this is much more than a typical bland autobiography. Instead, *The Dirt* is the literary equivalent of Reality TV with a subtly Chaucerian moral tone, detailing the backbiting, the politics, the self-destruction, and just how much trouble, strife, and pain went hand in hand with the copious amounts of hard drugs, fast women, and faster cars.



Of course, the well-documented incident of former Crue drummer Tommy Lee beating up Pamela Anderson is given plenty of analysis, as is his subsequent period in jail. Yet he wasn't the only one to see the other side of the glamour and fame. Vocalist Vince Neil also served time in 1984 for vehicular manslaughter after he killed a man (Razzle from Hanoi Rocks) and disabled two others when he lost control of his Ford Pantera after a three-day alcohol binge. Thankfully, instead of brushing this incident under the carpet, *The Dirt* tackles it head-on from a number of perspectives, but even today Vince Neil tells how if he had been thinking straight he would have refused a breathalyser test and how he - and the rest of the band - continued to drink after this horrific incident. Nikki Sixx's drug problems and inner struggle with his rejection by his father draws further attention to the reality behind the gloss of fame and fortune, and his extraordinary account of "dying" for a few minutes after a massive heroin overdose in 1987 demonstrates the lengths he went to in an effort to blur the past from his tortured mind.

Even mild-mannered guitarist Mick Mars failed to emerge unscathed from the wreckage of Mötley Crüe's twenty-year career. Broke after a string of failed marriages and nearly crippled by a hereditary back problem, Mars shunned the hedonistic lifestyle of his bandmates by immersing himself in an alcohol-fuelled blur that still takes its toll today. As Mötley Crüe's former manager Doc McGhee recalls, the band were hardly the picture of success, even with million-selling albums behind them:

"They looked pathetic. There was Nikki, who was dying; Tommy who was getting loaded and fighting with his wife; Vince who was completely outta control; and Mick, who basically woke up every morning and drank and sobbed to himself until he passed out. And this was supposed to be one of the biggest, greatest rock bands in the world".

As a result, Mötley Crüe come across -- deliberately or otherwise -- as not only the band without a conscience, but also as willing players in the merciless music business that chewed them up and spat them out. Each band member's separately narrated chapters detail how they were collectively unable to deal with the levels of success they achieved after getting caught up in the rock star myth, until eventually reality was something completely alien to them. Through various accounts of sharing oversize Beverly Hills mansions with drug-addicted Playboy bunnies, the constant trips to and escape attempts from rehab centres and depraved activities with porno stars and groupies, Mötley Crüe's inability to recognise the need for accountability in any aspect of their lives is all manifested in grisly detail; perhaps most pertinently, when Neil was told he may have to go to jail after his drunk-driving offence in 1984, he responded, "I can't go to jail. I gotta go out on tour."

Even though one genuinely heart-wrenching chapter describes the death of Vince's daughter from cancer, *The Dirt* is far from being a glum read -- accounts of the band's early days are particularly humorous and enjoyable, Nikki Sixx's memories from a chaotic childhood are often very amusing, Vince's pot-shots directed at Tommy Lee raise a wry smile ("if he had tits he'd be a fucking Spice Girl") and Lee's chapters are peppered with enough "dudes," "bros," and "mans" to make his accounts the most jovial and down-to-earth.

If the reader is finally left to decide how to judge the band after such a rollercoaster ride of no-holds barred stories and recollections, then typically Vince Neil tries to make that process a whole lot easier by closing his final chapter with an honesty that imbues the whole book:

"What everybody always loved Mötley Crüe for was being a fucking decadent band: for being able to walk in a room and inhale all the alcohol, girls, pills, and trouble in sight. I suppose a happy ending would be to say that we have learned our lesson and that it's wrong. But fuck that."

Familiarity with Mötley Crüe's music is not a pre-requisite to reading *The Dirt* -- anyone fascinated by the whole music business and the recklessness and abandon of the 1980s music scene will be captivated by this often unsettling, but ultimately entralling book. As an indicator as to the realities of being a mega successful rock star in a bygone era, it may even be the last of its kind. Put it this way. I don't think the autobiography of the Backstreet Boys or 'NSync will have quite the same impact.