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# Classic Rock Revisited

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## Dan Wall's Rocklahoma Review

Rocklahoma  
Pryor, Oklahoma  
July 10-13, 2008  
By Dan Wall

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Well, that was an experience!

My first trip to Oklahoma and this year's Rocklahoma festival turned out to be a non-stop barrage of music, changing weather and crazy moments. The four days flew right by, just like someone's camper on Saturday night.

Oh, you haven't heard about the near tornado that hit Pryor (a.k.a. Hell on Earth) on Saturday? Or the 110 degree temperatures that roasted the place earlier that day? Or the mud, the washed-out roads, mini lakes, collapsed stages, reworked sets, flooded campsites and utter chaos that took over after the weather turned ugly on July 12?

Keep on reading, you will.

You could almost write a review of everything but the music, but that would not be a very good review. Because about the only thing that really works well here is the music. If you're coming to see the bands (like I do), the rest of this can be chalked up to just another crazy time at another crazy rock festival. But if you come for the ambience, the laid-back campsites, the ease of VIP seating and eating, and all of the others things that make RockFest and the Moondance Jam so much fun, you might want to check out another event.

As one of the locals said on Saturday after the storm, "it makes you wonder why anyway would hold a festival smack dab in the middle of Tornado Alley during

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tornado season.” I couldn’t have said it better myself.

Below is a recap of each day and a few thoughts mixed in to give you an idea of just how nuts this whole thing was.

### Thursday

The day starts out innocently enough, as sun and warm temperatures greet us on the drive from our hotel (roughly 40 miles from Pryor-I don’t do camping) to the site. My traveling companions for the weekend include my good friends the Commish and his wife Tammy, along with Cindy and Shane. The forecast is for a 40% chance of rain, and you know that in this part of the country, there’s always a 40% chance of rain (how do people live here, I keep asking myself). Anyway, the site is fairly accessible, parking is easy, the passes are there and before long, we are inside and ready for Jetboy to kick things off.

A quick visit to the press tent gives us an idea of how things are going to go for the media this weekend, and it’s not going to be good. Before the first interview is held, one of those nice, little Oklahoma thunderstorms rains down on the site, re-flooding everything that flooded the day before, and forcing the first move of the press facilities to another location (the press tent flooded, that’s how hard it rained).

With everyone focused on the main stage, we take out seats and watch Jetboy in a steady downpour. You know a band is good when a small crowd becomes larger while everyone is getting soaked. Vocalist Mickey Finn (whose Mohawk got a bit tussled by the weather), along with guitarists Billy Howe and Fernie Rod remain from the original line-up, and with simple, head-banging songs like “Make Some Noise,” “Stomp It” and “Feel the Shake,” Jetboy’s Aerosmith-meets-GNR Hollywood glam sound helps the band go down as one of the early contenders as band of the day.

House of Lords followed with a 45-minute set that wasn’t bad, but not many in the crowd know any of the material outside of the songs from the band’s first record. Comments about lead vocalist’s James Christian’s considerable girth “outweigh” those of the music, but since I usually eat when called to the table, I hardly notice. “I Wanna Be Loved” is the best song of the set, and it’s pretty easy to see why this band’s regal sound goes down so well in Europe. The first set that allows me fantasize about the Sweden Rock Festival.

Vain had a buzz but it quickly dissipated, much like the morning storm. Vocalist/leader/namesake Davey Vain is a bit of a strange fellow to begin with, and for some reason, this band never made it big despite putting out the great *No Respect* record back in 1989. Songs from that album, especially “Bite the Bullet” sounded good, but there too many tunes not recognized for Vain to leave much of a mark on the growing crowd.

Enuff Znuuff is a much better band with Donnie Vie back fronting the group, and I heard many comments about how this performance was much better than last

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year's Vie-less trio show. The band's quirky metal pop always sounds good to these ears, but the boys make a major mistake when they ditch the group's biggest hit, "New Thing," for an overly-long jam session with GNR's Steven Adler (who along with Bang Tango's Joe Leste, help out on "Come Together" and "Knockin' On Heaven's Door"). The jam was cool, but not at the expense of your biggest hit.

The biggest surprise of the day takes place next, when the Tracii Guns-led version of L.A. Guns takes the stage. Last year, the word was that original vocalist Paul Black (not Phil Lewis, who has his own version of L.A. Guns running around the country) ruined an otherwise solid set by the band at this same venue. Guns rectified this by dumping Black in favor of Marty Casey, who you might remember from *Rock Star: INXS*. Thought by many to be a poser in a rocker's clothes, Casey capably handled all of the big Guns songs (the group tore up "Rip and Tear"), and sang his own hit "Trees." The band also ripped up the Brides of Destruction's "Shut the Fuck Up," a kiss-off to critics who had written this version of the band off.

Dokken is one of my favorite bands of this era, and I looked forward to seeing the band's performance here. The Commish points out that the group was spectacular last year, and I am hoping for much the same this time around. Far from being bad, it becomes evident early on that Don Dokken's voice is not in top form and that this night will not match last year's appearance here. Dokken simply can't hit those high notes anymore (when he tries, it sounds like someone hit him in the balls), so he sings everything a couple of registers lower and even reworks the backing vocals. Aside from the vocals, everything else sounds good, especially guitarist Jon Levin, who simply smokes all of George Lynch's guitar parts.

Sebastian Bach is up next, and early on in his 70-minute set it appears he is trying to set some sort of decibel level record-for singing! Bach doesn't sing anymore, he screams, and his repeated "aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhs" can be grating at times. Also grating on most of the gathered and now deaf crowd is the set list, which features way too much of his *Angel Down* solo record, and not enough Skid Row stuff. "18 and Life" and "Youth Gone Wild" solve most of his problems, however, and his band is rock solid.

Bret Michaels closes, and it begs the question-why is the supposed biggest 80's rock festival in the world featuring the singer of Poison, but not the entire Poison, a band known in these circles as the biggest hairball of them all? Is it because the band was featured here last year-well, if that's the case, why are Dokken and L.A. Guns and Enuff Znuft and Steelheart and Queensryche all back? There is absolutely no reason for a solo Michaels show outside of a nightclub, because he basically plays a bunch of Poison stuff at a decidedly lower level than his other band does, and plays covers and solo songs no one cares about. Since I'm seeing Poison next week at another festival, I decide to visit with my buddies Armored Saint mid-set, who have now arrived for its Friday show.

The best band on the side stages on Thursday was Messano, which featured the one-time guitarist for Joe Lynn Turner, Starz and Frankie and the Knockouts. Bobby Messano played songs that he wrote and performed with those bands, including a killer version of "Tell Me Why," which is on his recently re-issued first solo record.



## Thursday's best band: L.A. Guns Runner-Up: Jetboy

### Friday

Man, is it hot. My nose burns so bad that someone calls me Rudolph the red-nosed rock critic. Amazingly, it's still muddy in just about every spot that the masses need to walk, making negotiating the festival site a constant search for dryer ground. And get this-the press has to walk all the way around the site (probably 200 yards) to get to a tent which is 20 feet from a gate on the stage's north side. Amazing how the media is treated at rock shows.

XYZ is a band that makes going to these types of festivals fun. I might have seen them once back in the day, and I might not ever see the group again. But for 45 minutes on a blazing hot Friday afternoon, the band does its best to kick things off on the main stage with a seven-song set that includes a beautifully melodic "What Keeps Me Lovin' You" and a rousing "Inside Out" to close the set. The group probably sounded too much like Dokken (blame Don Dokken's production of the band's first album for that) for its own good back in 1989; amazingly, XYZ probably sounded better than its mentor on this day.

Armored Saint's up next, and it's going to be hard for me to say anything bad about these guys. Friends of mine for over 20 years now, I have seen them in every type of setting, from small club to theater to auditorium, but I've never seen John Bush and the boys in front of this many people. Some questioned the group's inclusion here due to its heaviness, but I don't think anyone questioned it after the band's 60 minutes onstage had ended. The crowd grew larger, the heads banged harder, and the band fed off the energy in putting on one of its best live performances ever. Opening with the classic "March of the Saint" and including virtually every great hard rock song the band has ever written, the Saint showed everyone why people call this one of the most underrated heavy metal bands of all time. And why Bush, who fronted Anthrax for 13 years, is one of its greatest vocalists. Bassist Joey Vera and drummer Gonzo held down the bottom, while guitarists Phil Sandoval and Jeff Duncan blazed like few others could on this weekend. "Can You Deliver" shut the set down, and the Saint definitely did deliver.

Kingdome Come has never been one of my favorites, but I have to admit the group surprised me a bit here. I probably was one of those who wrote the band off as Led Zeppelin clones, and come to think of it, Lenny Wolf and friends still sound a lot like the mighty Zep. But this set rocked harder and featured some superb guitar playing, specifically on biggies "Get it On" and "Do You Like It."

Living Colour was out of place here, and I don't mean because they are black. The band is a hard rock band, but for some reason, the quartet's set never sparked on this day. The group's songs from its first album sounded good enough, especially "Cult of Personality," but anything else was met with quizzically stares and a tepid reaction, which can pretty much sum up the band's career. Being one of the most musically talented groups here doesn't mean everyone is going to get the music, because simple and straight-forward seems to be winning this crowd, now all

looking like lobsters, over.

Night Ranger was up next, and in keeping with it's now nearly 25 years playing major festivals and stages around the world, put on a show that oozed with class. 11 songs, just about every one of them a major hit, played with precision and punch, by one of the best live bands from the hair band era. Bassist Jack Blades and drummer Kelly Keagy still do all the singing, alternating album cuts and big hits, while guitarists Brad Gills and new guy Joel Hoekstra played tandem leads like few can. Keyboardist Christian Cullen shaded the heavy songs and provided piano for biggies "Sentimental Street" and "Sister Christian." Another band that was getting quizzical looks when this bill was first put together, but ultimately proved it belonged all the time.

Now, after hearing about all the bands that didn't fit into this weekend's line-up, we actually get one that didn't. Extreme was terrible, easily the worst band that performed here the entire weekend. There was hardly any buzz on this band to begin with, and after seeing Night Ranger, most would have easily moved that band into this special guest slot. I like this group's first two albums, but I haven't liked much since, especially it's horrible fourth record. Things started off well enough, with "Decadence Dance," "Kid Ego" and "It's a Monster" all going off okay; then came the droning, unknown fourth song, and the wheel's started coming off. Quite simply, if it wasn't for Nuno Bettencourt, these guys would have been booed off the stage. Extreme did not play "Get the Funk Out," "Rest in Piece" or even it's new hit "Star," adding to the crowd's misery. When the group tried to rectify things, all we got was Gary Cherone butchering "Communication Breakdown." Not even "More Than Words" or "Hole Hearted" could save this train wreck.

Triumph closed the Friday show, playing just its second show in 19 years and first in America since 1989 with the original trio of guitarist Rik Emmett, bassist Mike Levine and drummer Gil Moore. The band's inclusion on this bill was the main reason I got to see my boss, CCR editor Jeb Wright, at this year's festival, and it's always good to visit with Jeb. His review of the show differs only slightly than mine; I thoroughly enjoyed the set, and have always been a big fan of the band. But 19 years away can do a lot to an act's stage show, and I think there was some rust on the boys at points in the set. Notes that were easily hit by vocalists Emmett and Moore weren't always hit like they were in the heyday, and I heard more than a few instrumental mistakes. But I will chalk that up to having just two shows under its belt, and will predict that the band's anticipated tour in 2009 will probably beat the shit out of this performance, once the band finds its sea legs. (And another thing-get a little more adventurous with the set list-"Say Goodbye," "American Girls" and especially "Follow Your heart" are all dearly missed.)

One of Tammy's (the Commish's wife) favorite bands is Dirty Penny, and after seeing these guys play three times on the weekend, I can understand why she loves them so much. These guys want to be rock stars so much that they played in a tent nearly 300 yards away from the main stage, lost deep in the campsites, on Friday night at 2 a.m., in front of a bunch of drunken idiots (Tammy not included). Sounding more like Motley Crue than the Crue does these days, Dirty Penny is fast becoming one of the this resurgent genre's favorite sons. Metal Church vocalist Ronnie Munroe also played a side stage set with his solo band, and closed with "Gods of Wrath." The Gypsy Pistoleros also performed, but I find it extremely

difficult to listen to a band that doesn't sing in English. I don't know how all of those foreign rock fans do it, listening to all of our heroes singing in a foreign tongue.

**Friday's best band: Armored Saint**  
**Runner-Up: Night Ranger**

**Saturday**

Its 10:15 in the morning, just hours after we left this site following Dirty Penny's late set, and we're already back-listening to Big Cock. I got five hours of sleep, my nose is barbecued, and I'm too stupid to listen when someone says a big storm is coming. I've heard it all before, so I rock out with my-well, you gotta do something when Big Cock is playing.

Of all the sleaze rock played on this weekend, Big Cock is probably the sleaziest of them all. I mean, the name alone probably costs these guys a number of gigs every year, so they concentrate on albums, and all three of the band's records are sleazy, guitar-based melodic slabs of rock-think AC/DC meets Aerosmith-filled with titles like "Get a Load of Me," "Bad Motherfucker" and "Breaking My Balls." Onstage, these guys rock just as hard as on record, but until this country gets over a name like Big Cock, this band will remain a curiosity, and probably deserves more attention than its getting.

The main stage kicks off at 11 .m. with Pretty Boy Floyd, and despite not being seen much in America these days, play a great 45-minute set of their best known songs. Every Mother's Nightmare, hair metal's answer to Lynyrd Skynrd, and Tora Tora, another Tennessee band who basically got together to play at this festival, play short, above-average sets that are entertaining, but its doubtful there worth dying for. Unfortunately, a lady in the crowd does expire due to heat exhaustion and complications due to diabetes (which always worries me, because I'm a diabetic). My prayers go out to her family, but it goes to show you just how careful you have to be at one of these things, especially when the temperature reaches hellish numbers.

Black N Blue, the next main stage band, has problems during its 60 minute set due to heat exhaustion as well. Bassist Patrick Young is forced to sit down behind the band's amp line and take oxygen because of the heat. It doesn't stop the band from barreling straight through 11 classics, however. Vocalist Jamie sounded and looked great and helped show why BNB is another one of those bands that should have been much bigger that it was. "Hold On To 18" should have been a massive hit, but for some reason, these guys will never be as famous as their ex-guitarist Tommy Thayer, currently the guitarist in KISS, is.

Little did Trixter know that the band's first show in over 10 years would turn out to be so strange. It started out innocently enough, as the band worked through some early sound problems and hit its stride with some of the quartet's mid-level hits. But just as the group started to play its biggest hit, "Give It to Me Good," the skies opened up and it started to rain. It's almost as if God was watching all of this debauchery and heard Trixter's call-give it to us good. Well, did he and Mother Nature ever do it. Before long, rain had turned to a down pour and then into an absolute waterfall. Large objects such as garbage cans were picked up and blown across the seating area like sheets of paper, as the winds picked up (and would

eventually hit 65 mph). Skies that were once sunny turned as black as night, and before the band could even finish the song, the stage was shut down and closed to avoid the inevitable damage that storms like this can bring. Little did we know (I was trapped onstage with all the road crews and stage personnel, as well as other media members) how bad things would be once we were let out two hours later. (During the break, the merits of a RocklaSanDiego were discussed).

The stage is the most secure structure on the site, so all of us felt pretty good in there. Once we were let out as the storm weakened, I headed over to VIP for dinner. Once I hooked up with my friends and new buddy Russ Frick ("what a frickin' storm"), everyone wanted to know where I had been and if I knew what happened. Stories started to spread about the side stages, which had collapsed, and rumors of injuries and perhaps fatalities (thank God, no one died in the storm, and injuries were minimal). Those who hid out in VIP told how the tent nearly collapsed, how it flooded, how the power nearly went out, and of the panic that ensued during the storm's strongest push. All of us agreed that we were pretty lucky to not have been harmed, and wondered if we could say that about everyone else (eventually, we could, aside from some minor injuries).

A great line: for those of you who attend these festivals on a regular basis, you all know Album Man (that's his real name), a guy who has virtually every record known to man. He brings them to the show, and inevitably shocks most of the acts by displaying his collections during the sets. His wife goes along as well, and during the storm, she returned from the bar with a number of beers and this line: "if I'm going out, I'm going out with a buzz."

Another storm hit after dinner, and this time we retreated to our rental van to wait it out. Rumors started to swirl that the rest of Saturday might get cancelled, but about 8 p.m., Lynch Mob takes the stage. I don't know if Lynch Mob is exactly the best band to play after a big storm, but the reconstructed band, featuring George Lynch on guitar, original singer Oni Logan on vocals, along with bassist Marco Mendoza and drummer Fred Coury (Cinderella), did the best they could as the crowd started to fill back into the venue, after assessing the damage to neighboring roads, camp sites and recreational vehicles.

I had hoped (and predicted) that Kix would be the surprise band on this bill, but was I wrong (in a good way). Kix was so good that the band rose about 100 spots on my all-time greatest band list. The quintet roared onstage just as another storm hit, and it was raining so hard while the band played "Girl Money" that I swore I saw an ark float by (with two armadillos among the creatures gathered). Areas of my body that have never felt water were wet as the group ripped up "Midnight Dynamite." An ocean liner could have parked in the lake that formed during "Cold Shower" (which we were all getting). Funny, it just didn't matter to Steve Whiteman, Jimmy Chalfant, Ronnie Younkins, Brian Forsythe and Mark Schenker. The group and the crowd decided that it wasn't going to get any drier, that there was really no other place to go, and that everyone had come to rock, so that's what happened. 60 glorious minutes of glam rock, with "Cold Blood," "Don't Close Your Eyes," and "Blow My Fuse," along with all the others, definitely elevating this performance to one of the band's best ever shows. A career defining moment.

It would have taken Lita Ford's best ever-show to top Kix, and that was just not

possible on this night. Lita was far from bad, but I have seen her better (I used to do lights for her back in 1983). Much like Triumph, she has just re-emerged on the scene, with just a handful of shows under her belt, a new band and 13 years of rust to knock off. She looked great, sung well and played most of her biggies ("Gotta Let Go" and "Falling in and Out of Love" were particularly powerful, but where was "Shot of Poison.") She left a lot of the guitar work to Tom Cavanagh, concentrating on fronting the band, and I think the show suffered for it a bit-Lita is a great guitarist. After she makes a new record and gets some more touring completed, I think she'll be able to top this show.

Warrant could easily top its show-by firing Jani Lane again. What an idiot this guy has turned out to be. Far from the debacle that Lane perpetrated on a crowd in Las Vegas back on July 5, it still wasn't even close to a polished performance-from Lane that is. The rest of Warrant are a far better band than most people give them credit for, and I feel sorry for them. Lane might not have been as high, or as drunk, or as whatever as he was in Vegas, but he was on something (maybe cold medicine-he kept talking about how sick he was). He rambled on about a number of topics no one cared about between songs, and it looked like the rest of the band wanted to dip him in one of the new lakes that formed. He did forget some lyrics, in an obvious tribute to David Lee Roth, and gave the rest of the group every reason to invite Jamie St. James (you remember him-fronting Black N Blue earlier in the day) back into the band. The best I ever saw Warrant was with St. James singing, not Jani Lane.

Aside from big Cock, not much happened on the side stages today-and unfortunately the tornado (or whatever it was) caused the closure of both stages for the remainder of the festival.

**Saturday's best band: KIX**  
**Runner-Up: KIX's road crew (actually Black N Blue)**

### Sunday

Back for the last day, everyone is in a much happier place as Axe starts up at 1 p.m. Drier, safer, in new clothes, with friends in tow-smiles were the order of the day. And what a beautiful day it was-warm but not searing temperatures, and a lot of interesting music.

Axe was another one of those under-the-radar bands back in the 80's, and you have to wonder if the band has much of a future without any of its original members. Bobby Barth is with Blackfoot, leaving Bob Harris to front a band that is pretty much a tribute to Axe, but one that gets to use the official name. Far from horrible, the band actually sounds powerful, but plays only two songs from the band's biggest records. Okay in this slot, the group should have probably been on one of the side stages-if they were still standing.

Zebra is one of the bands you either like or you don't, and I'm pretty much in the later category. Randy Jackson (not that one, or the one on American idol either) could hardly hit the high notes this band's music requires back in the heyday, and now he's just irritating. Musically a force, these guys would be much better if they could find someone who can really sing.

UFO is one of my favorite bands, but the group is growing old and tired, and so is its stage show. (A buddy of mine, John Costello, and I were talking the other day, and he commented that the band's last two records sounded old and tired, so I'm giving him the plug for coming up with old and tired). This band used to kick the shit out of anyone in its way, but I don't think the boys can do it anymore. Vocalist Phil Mogg still acts like he's been drinking since 1973, even though his voice has weathered the storm of this band's career rather well. The rest of the guys-guitarist Vinnie Moore, keyboardist/guitarist Paul Raymond, drummer Andy Parker and whoever plays bass for Pete Way since he has visa problems and can't get into the U.S., are all capable, but the band plays too much new stuff, while the old hits just kinda sit there. Good songs all, but we've seen and heard them played much better with that German guitarist (Michael Schenker) ripping them up. And they forget to play "Doctor Doctor"-oh my.

Steelheart has a big buzz surrounding it, since the group was the surprise band from the 2007 show and was asked (pretty much demanded) back to play here in 08. These guys are good, but not as good as everyone has made them out to be. Vocalist Mike Matijevic is known for his soaring voice, but boy, does he know how good he is. Cocky to a fault, his ego often gets in the way of putting on a good show. It took the band nearly five minutes to start opener "Stand Up and Shout," as the group repeated the opening beat pattern (you might remember that Matijevic provided the vocals for Mark Wahlberg's character in *Rock Star*) as the vocalist rode onstage on a motorcycle (hasn't Judas Priest done this already). He also has an irritating habit of pulling his mike away from his mouth when hitting the highest notes, and since the sound mix wasn't as great as it could have been, the vocals were sometimes lost-and that's the band's strength. Things took a turn for the better once "I'll Never Let You Go" and "Blood Pollution" were played, but then the band was told to take its leave after just 55 minutes onstage. An encore, which might have took five minutes, was not allowed, and once again showed the ignorance of those running this show to give the crowd what it wants.

For some reason, many were writing off Ace Frehley before he came on-what a big mistake that was. 18 months sober and playing with a group of young, hungry lions who grew up idolizing KISS, Frehley got everything back on track with a 60-minute set that featured the best of his solo stuff and a number of KISS chestnuts. It was loud, sleazy and the epitome of rock and roll, as Frehley rocked such staples as "Rip It Out," "Parasite," "Rock Soldiers," "Shout it out Loud," "New York Groove," "Shock Me," "Rocket Ride," "Love Gun," "Deuce" and "Cold Gin." It was great to see a healthy, sober Frehley playing guitar like he did during his old band's heyday-too bad he can't get along with Gene Simmons anymore.

What can you say about Tesla that hasn't already been said and written 1000 times? This is one of the great bands of the 80's and a group that never, ever disappoints live. I've seen the group over 20 times, and the only time I ever even complained about a live show was the night I saw them play without a second guitarist (they only did this a handful of times) 15 years ago, and we all know that this band's sound demands two guitarists. We got that sound here, with Frank Hannon and Dave Rude replicating all of the great riffs and solos from the band's catalog. Vocalist Jeff Keith was in fine voice, the rhythm section of Brian Wheat and Troy Luccketta were rock solid, and Tesla was the first band that truly brought this diverse collection of bands, musicians and fans together as one. All of the

biggies were present, and after the band shut things off with “Modern Day Cowboy,” you had to wonder if Queensryche had what it would take to top this show.

Amazingly, the Seattle-based progressive rock band was up to the task. Performing the entire *Operation Mindcrime* in its entirety, the band sounded tremendous in the festival’s closing slot. Not exactly everyone’s cup of tea, the band still was able to hold the attention of this exhausted gathering with a 100-minute set that also included “Walk in the Shadows,” “Take Hold of the Flame,” “Jet City Woman,” “Empire” and “Silent Lucidity” as encores. Geoff Tate sounded great as the band roared away behind him, and despite some cheesy acting and ensemble play that was used to explain the concept album’s plotline, the band turned in a great performance as the weather-beaten, exhausted, inebriated and deaf crowd made its way home for another year.

Hold that thought—there was still another round of side stage bands, now relocated to the beer tents to contend with, and for some reason, one of the organizers thought it would be a good idea to put Ron Keel, the Bulletboys and Dirty Penny all on at the same time. I chose Keel, since I’d seen Dirty Penny and don’t really care too much about the Bulletboys, and the veteran singer did not disappoint. Mr. Keel hung around all four days, signing autographs (he was in a merch tent that was damaged when one of the small stages collapsed) and generally holding court with anyone who would approach him. His set included all of his best numbers, including covers of “Because the Night” and “Rock and Roll Outlaw,” along with “Tears of Fire” and “The Right to Rock” from the band that carries his name. I saw the Bulletboys do “Smooth Up in Ya” and Dirty Penny cover “Live Wire” before my ears, feet and head gave out. It was 2 a.m. on Monday morning and it was time to call it a weekend.

**Sunday’s best band: Ace Frehley**  
**Runner-Up: Tesla, Queensryche**

After living through Rocklahoma 2008, I don’t know if I’ll be back or not. It really depends on the bill. The organizers promised a much stronger bill and bigger headliners than they delivered this year, and I’m not the only one who is sitting on the fence, seeing what they pull off in 2009. These guys really need bands like Whitesnake, Def Leppard, the Scorpions and perhaps a KISS or Crue to make this hellish venue worth the trouble. Anyway, we’ll be at a festival somewhere next year (maybe here, maybe elsewhere), and we’ll bring you all of the details right here at CCR.

**[Check Out Rocklahoma Here!](#)**



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