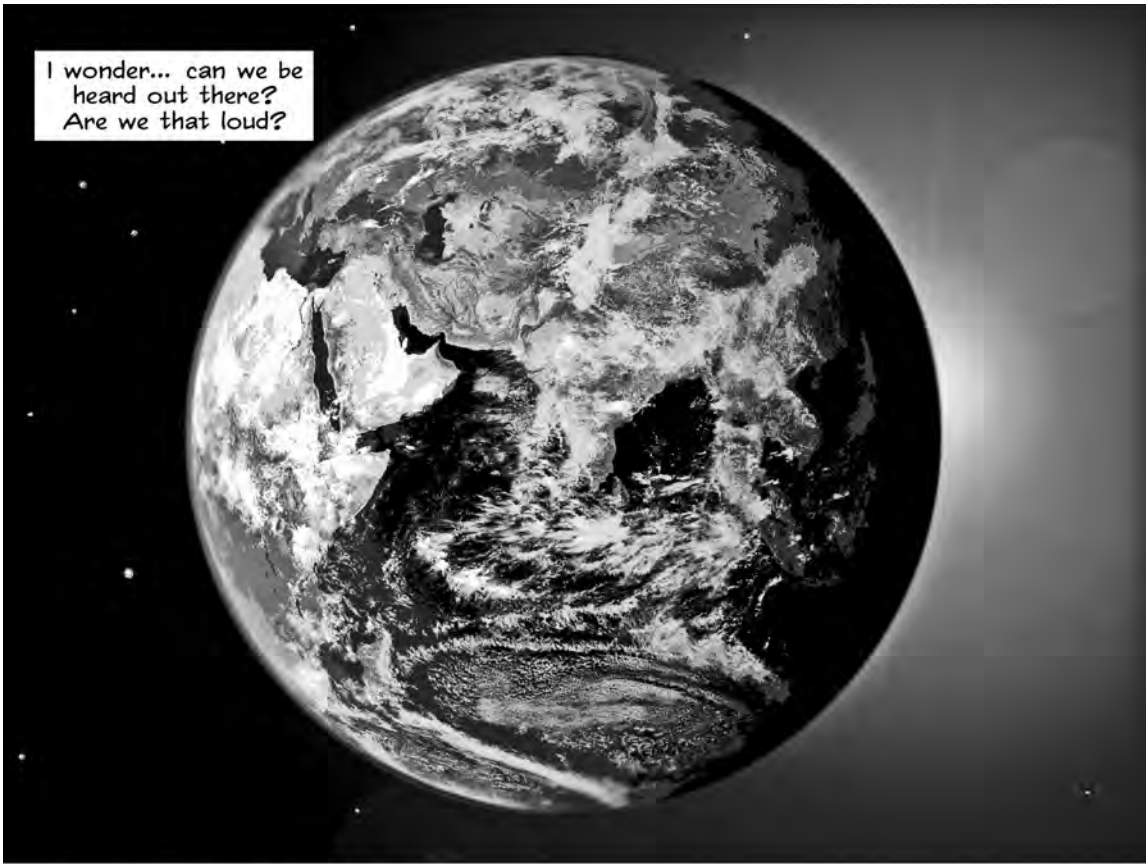


Stepping Up To The Plate





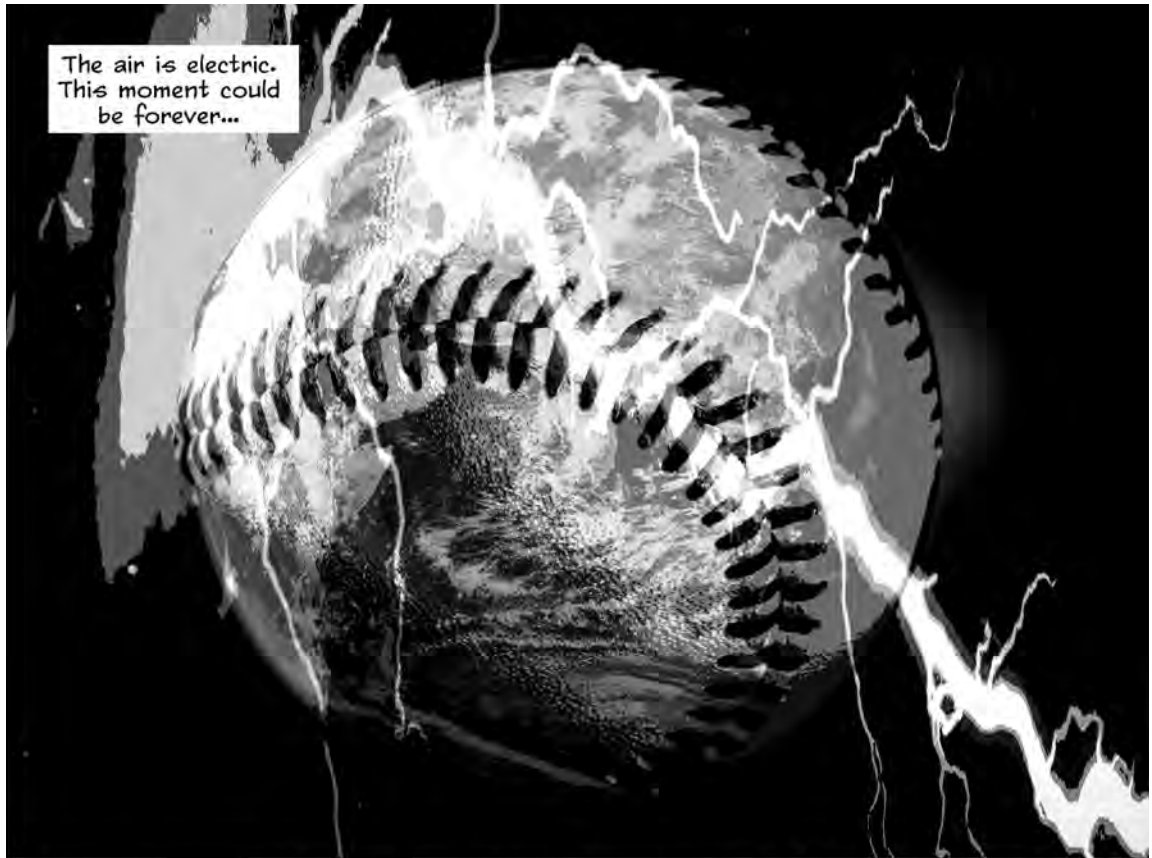
I wonder... can we be
heard out there?
Are we that loud?



Down here, we can hear
the sound of cheering and, you
know, for once it's not for us.



But we are closely involved
and are as spellbound as you are...
we all own this moment together.



The air is electric.
This moment could
be forever...



The most intense
part of forever...



The part of forever that
catches your breath and
suspends you in a
time and a place...



The part of
forever that
is now.



He was our guy playing here in San Francisco; he represented to his people and to us...

We were part of him and he was a special part of who we were and are...



We liked to work at Lars' house across in the Bay Area; we were close enough to catch the SF Giants games in San Francisco.

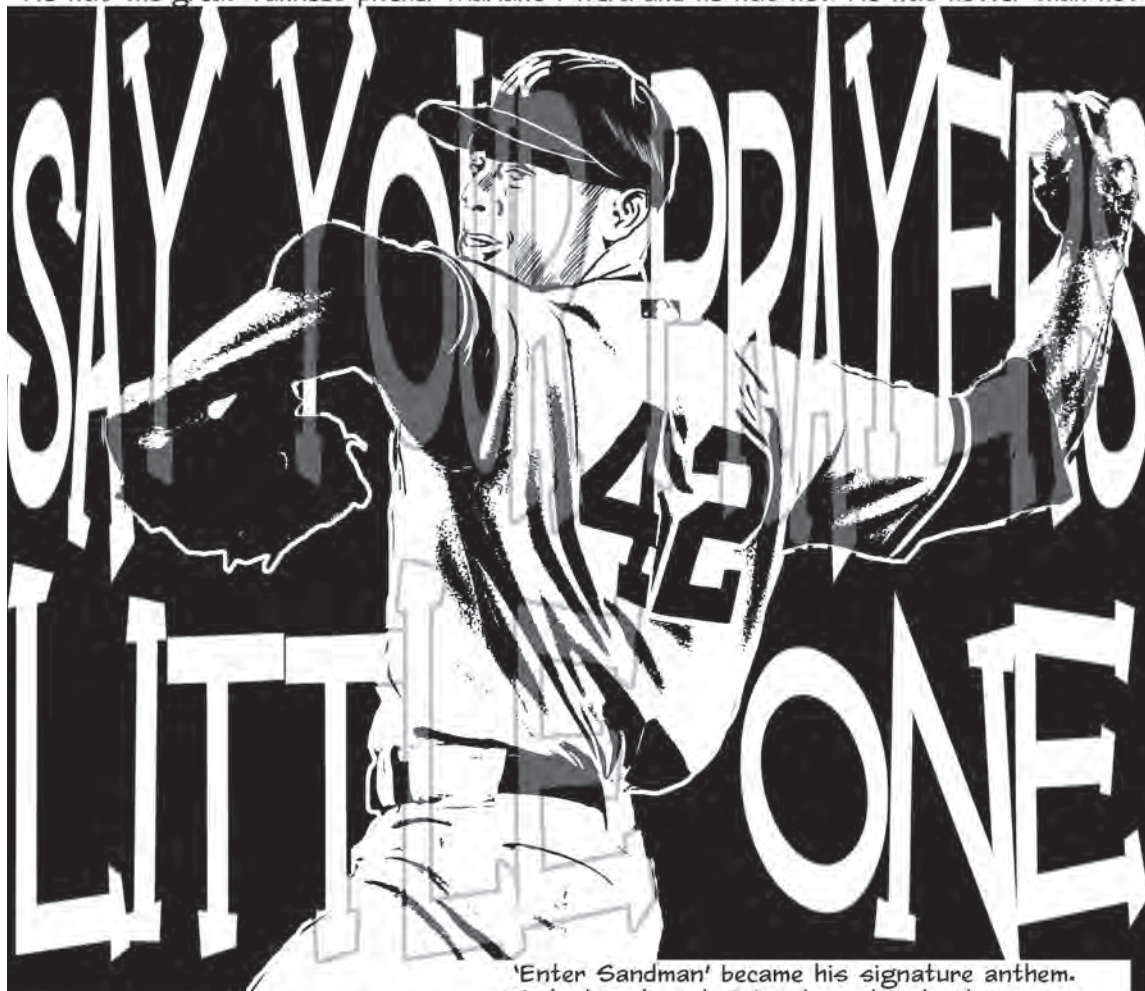
We were working on what became known as our Black Album. It was going to change everything, our fortunes and our music...



California, 1990.

He was on top, just as life was about to open out for us...

He was the great Yankees pitcher Mariano Rivera and he was hot. He was hotter than hot.



'Enter Sandman' became his signature anthem. We had made a decision to make shorter songs around then and it became a big phase in our growth.





One on One Recording Studios,
5253 Lankershim Blvd,
North Hollywood, California.

BEFORE YOU
JUDGE ME TAKE
A LOOK AT YOU

I ain't putting
up with ignorance or
stupid comments from
the media people 'bout
the change in direction, man!



People said we
were selling out
on this record...



All you holier than
thou motherfuckers...



... can kiss the
darkest part of my ass...
It's our best yet!

The first step is to admit you are powerless... over the drugs and the alcohol and just about everything else too...

The second step is to realise you have been insane in every way and in every department of your life...

Looks like the third step is to get a higher power to deal with my outside head man...



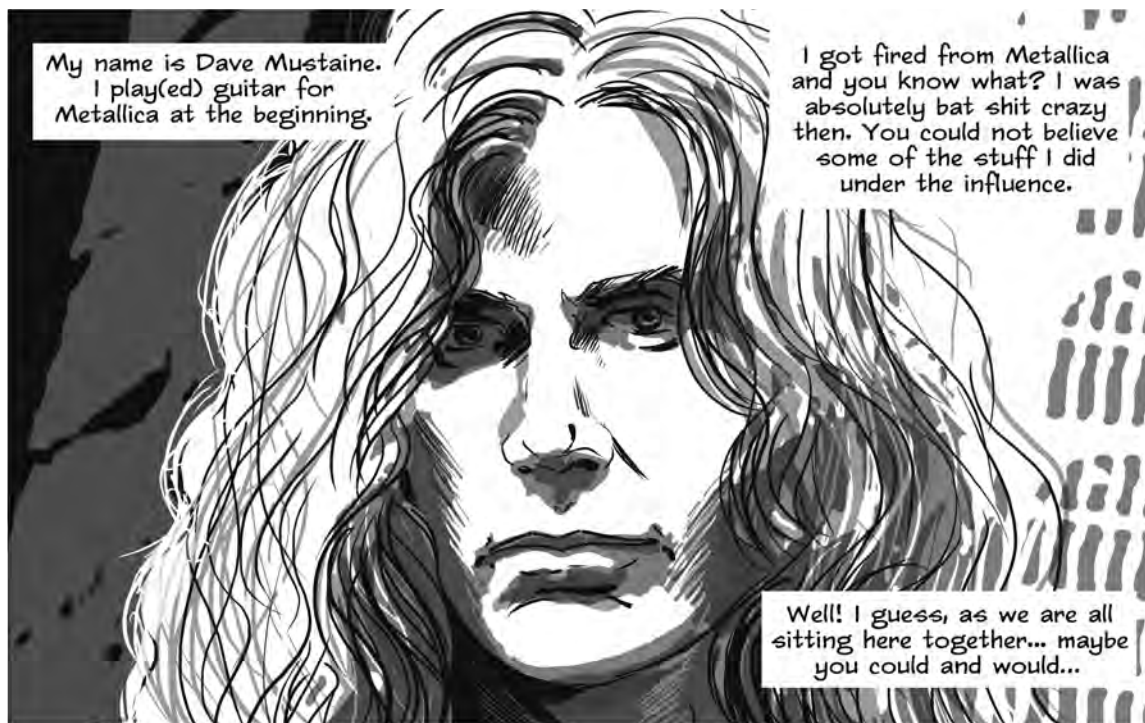
They say location is everything. Well, this is where I'm fuckin' located, In a goddam rehabilitation centre. So much for rock 'n' roll madness...

THE TWELVE STEPS OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God, as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these Steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

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Addiction is not a pretty sight but we all know...

Hey guys, what's up? What's happening?

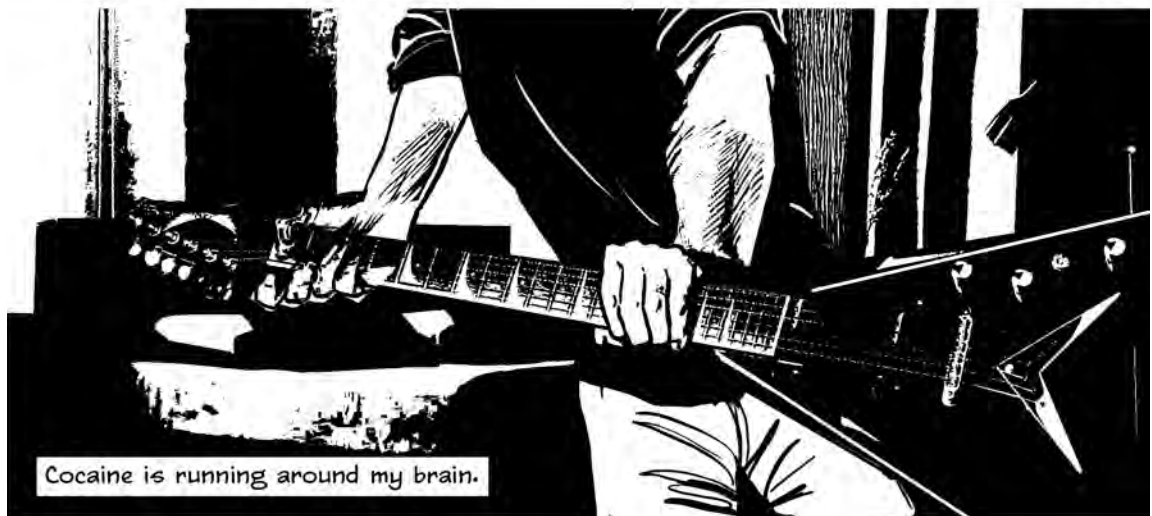
C'mon motherfuckers, what's the deal...? Are we rehearsing here or what?



...the rock 'n' roll world gives a big licence to party and take it to the outer maximum realms, pal...



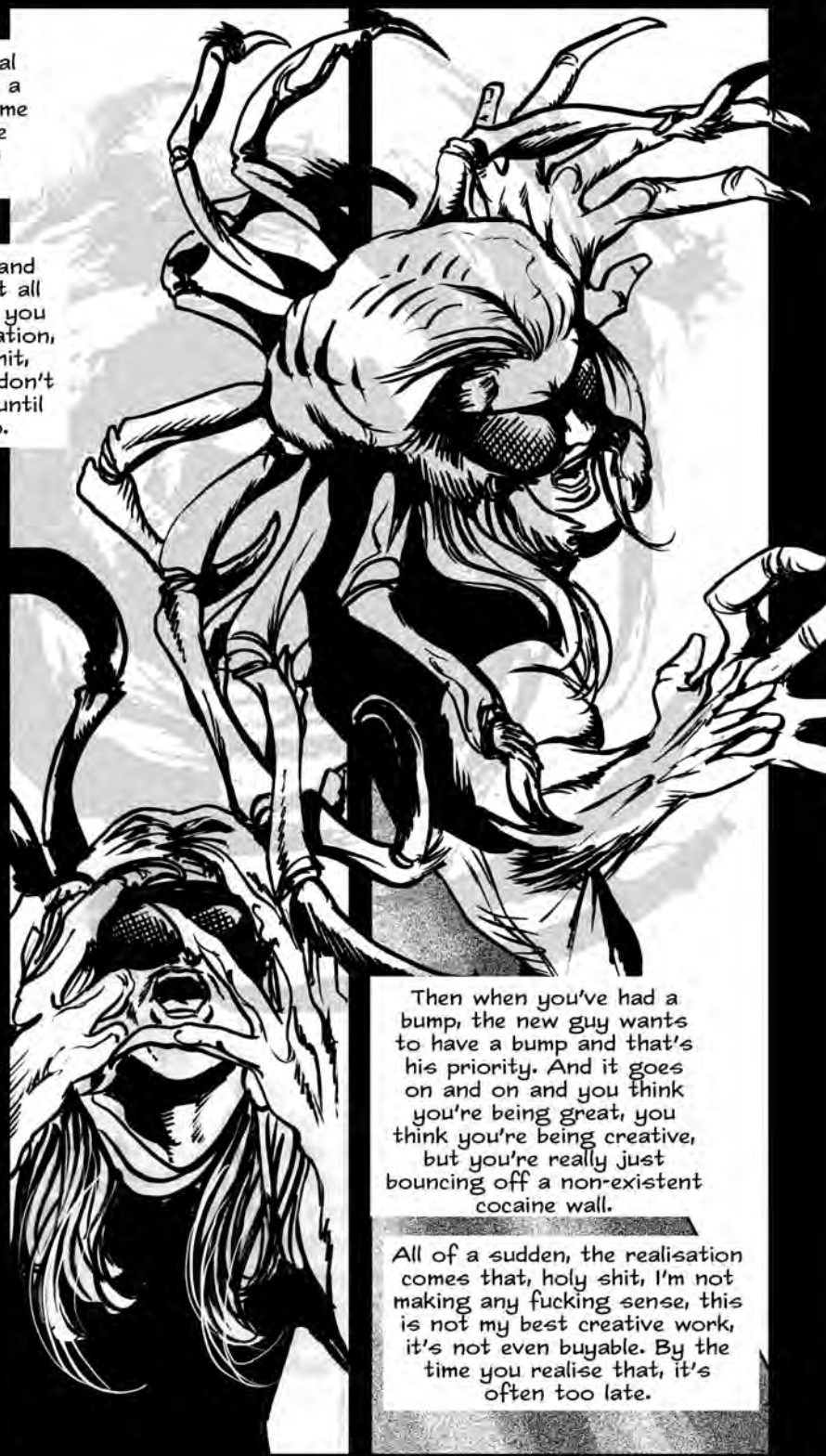




Cocaine is such a habitual drug thing and you take a one-on-one and you become a new man and then the trouble is the new man needs to get high.

Repeat and repeat and repeat and repeat at all costs. Pretty soon, you can't have a conversation, you can't take a shit, you can't think, you don't wanna do anything until you've had a bump.

AAACH!



Then when you've had a bump, the new guy wants to have a bump and that's his priority. And it goes on and on and you think you're being great, you think you're being creative, but you're really just bouncing off a non-existent cocaine wall.

All of a sudden, the realisation comes that, holy shit, I'm not making any fucking sense, this is not my best creative work, it's not even buyable. By the time you realise that, it's often too late.