

Jethro Tull's prince of air and darkness



Ian Anderson appears. Jumping into the music, he kicks and he prances, his gaunt frame radiating a wizened energy as he flashes a lewd smile to the audience. As if on cue, the six-thousand-odd attendants of this duke of debauchery willingly erupt with a wave of cheers, screams and applause, which he accepts with an ironic, almost diabolic leer.

Abandoning his rags of other days for a pair of tights, high boots, doublet and ornate codpiece, Anderson struts about the stage, his body writhing with accustomed fluidity in time to the music. The masses, by now locked into Anderson's hypnotic spell, absorb his razor-sharp enunciation and raise a Greek chorus of syncophantic hosannas at the end of each selection. For them, he is the prince of air and darkness, a creature above the ground, and as rock group Jethro Tull spits out Anderson's music, the jaded audience strains to capture a bit of the ascetic pale fire that wells in his eyes.

Photos by Ted Kirk, Story by Dave Ware







