

PHOTO COURTESY OF WICKED COOL RECORDS



## Stevie Van Zandt's Lost Cathedral Label Launch — Crown Of Thorns—LIVE! June 17 At The Church Of St. Paul—New York City

I don't know if it's the economic pressure or society's softening stance on Christianity, but walking into a church and seeing a rock 'n' roll band spread out on the alter with Marshalls and Les Pauls blazing is a strange site no matter how it happens to be there. But it was a cool PR slant and I relished the vibe as I walked through the Church of Saint Paul, nodding to leather clad VIP's sipping Jameson from a flask. With the launch of Little Steven's Lost Cathedral label and the name of its first signing, it made smart sense to have the party in the house of the gods. Tonight's show featured internationally acclaimed rock band Crown Of Thorns, filming the performance of their new CD entitled *Faith*, at this special NYC event.

Sitting close to the front in the ancient pews and watching the band gear up was sort of surreal, like watching a David Lynch-meets-the-Lost-Boys scenario as Crown Of Thorns proceeded to shake the very candles in the confessionals. Video crews scrambled all over the place amidst seas of cable as they readied to capture performance to tape. The whole night will be broadcast on the Internet along with behind-the-scenes footage, interviews, and a sneak peek of the band's new video—culminating with a live performance set of driving rock and roll. Broadcast details will be announced on their site soon.

Steven Van Zandt was on hand to kick things off; decked out in trademarked sunglasses, black bandana and red leather jacket as he introduced the band at 7:30 sharp. With the band in front of a huge back dropped floor to ceiling gold alter and rich polished stairway to heaven (sorry, you knew that was coming) the camera crew had plenty of wild stuff to film. The band featured the gold topped Les Paul wizardry of Tommy Lafferty along with stain glass shattering bass supplied by Michael Paige and the alter crumbling drumming of David "Hawk" Lopez.

I had a chance to say hi to Tommy Lafferty and Jean Beauvoir (the others were busy with technical stuff) while they were taking a quick break. Both were quite amicable, taking gracious amounts of time to speak with me as well as their fans about their excitement at performing in such a unique room for Lost Cathedral Records.

As with Wicked Cool, Lost Cathedral will focus on artist development, which Van Zandt feels is a lost art in the modern music business. "Once upon a time there was a great, collaborative effort involved in making careers," he said. "Things have gone so far toward do-it-yourself—which frankly doesn't work as it's hard to be capable at all of those jobs, let alone good at them." For further info on the upcoming video release, check it out on [lostcathedralrecords.com](http://lostcathedralrecords.com).

## The Obvious—Asbury Lanes—LIVE! June 21—Wave Gathering

Sometimes you just gotta cut loose and forget the overly intensive seriousness of New Jersey's Americana-emo-folkie-blue-collar rock-hipster explosion and get back into the muddy, non-judgmental pignen of punk rock. Immerse yourself in the reasons you began this musical journey. And that's what this next Shoreworld band does for me. The Obvious is a band that likes to welcome you in, break the rules, force-feed you a beer while not taking their "rock" persona so god damned seriously.

Birthered from the same demented womb as Hole, The Pixies and very early Dead Boys, The Obvious get a kick out of lobbing blitzkriegs of fuzz laced guitar candy while jabbing jagged "Foxcore" into your ribs. I caught a couple songs like, "KO OK," featuring the insect in your skull guitar work of Dan Astorri and the raw, sexy crazy vocals of Surojanie Sugrim, who, lost in the moment and tangled in foot pedals and microphone cords, roared lyrics at the Lanes crowd before coming off the stage and dragging people up to the mic for a shot at a song chorus while she swigged from her beer.

"No No Cardboard" (my favorite) is another gem that showcases the intensity of front girl Sugrim as she once again came running off the stage and launching herself onto some fan sitting on a riser in the crowd and then promptly falling backwards, beer flying, head banging on the floor (so damn hard I could feel it in my feet) skirt and dirty feet in the air in classic crash and burn sprawl before heading back to the feedback drenched stage for the finish. Now *that's* fucking entertainment kids.



PHOTO BY ANTHONY PACI

Bassist Joy Bellamy took her turn at the vocal mike belting out scathing lyric in the hot squeaky style of Elli Medeiros (Stinky Toys) attired in Apocalypse Now-meets-Peggy Sue Got Married wardrobe, she worked her Betty Boop-meets-Valley Of The Dolls crowd magic while Surojanie hacked away at the bass. Drummer Mathew Guzda was the timekeeper here, donning helicopter sized headphones and pumping the groove thru out the manic set as Astorri sunk down and tore open riff after Cramps styled riff from the underbelly of the songs.

Lou Montesano from Status Green even snuck into the party as I looked up to see him playing tambourine in the back and jumping up to sing a backing vocal or two. The band ended in a hot mess as they crashed into gear, dragging microphones, stands and anything else to the floor with them, resulting in the funniest pile of bodies and metal stuff I've ever seen.

If you're looking for a frothy live show that burns with the intensity of a tent revival meeting, catch The Obvious. You might be right in the path of whoever comes off that stage, but you wont be able to resist being part of the fun up front. [myspace/theobvious](http://myspace/theobvious).