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They say there is a heaven, but I say there's another place that's totally excellent, and it existed last night at the Rock Palace where royalty hit the stage. Moist Metal The Lords Of The Underworld brought us the most wicked material from their brand new, mega-hit, righteous LP, *Lick Me Dry*.

Every note that fell upon our ears rested there until you had no other choice but to bang your head in unison against the floor boards.

Even after a major arterial nose bleed, this one guy just kept on banging.

BY RIK Z. BRA

That is the kind of loyalty these guys inspire.

They opened their set with their current number one hit, 'Bang Me Baby,' dedicated to our own CWhySF president, Peter DoNotKnow. Their marshall amps were cranked so high I could feel a wind blowing through my hair.

The lead singer, PsycO. Metal, was in fine form, but guitarist, Scum P. Bucket, definitely stole the show with his wailing guitar riffs and wicked solo. The only time Bucket was upstaged was when drummer, Blow Me Hard, fell into his drum kit; but even that was excellent. The fans were so wild, the floor started cracking. It must have measured 9.5 on the Richter Scale.

Although every song was great, one tune stood right out there; a ballad called 'Shoot My Mayo In You.' The highlight of this tune was when Rod E. Rect wailed out his wicked saxophone solo complete with visual effects. The floor got so wet and wild, the roaches even 'came' out to dance. The song was dedicated to Rect's lover and girlfriend, Vera Wetone. *Wet One*.

After the show, I had a chance to speak to the band about their awesome show:

ME: So, you guys were really excellent.

RECT: Thanks man.

ME: So, like you guys have a pretty wicked stage set up.

BUCKET: Basically.

ME: So, you got a lot of mics and shit.

METAL: Ya, we have more mics on stage at one time than any other band that's ever played in North America. It helps give us our 'wall of sound' effect.

RECT: Ya, a lot of bands try and get that sound, but they just don't have the vocal power or the mics.

HARD: Ya, and my drum set up has a lot to do with the sound too.

ME: So, that's a pretty wicked drum set you got.

HARD: Ya, no shit. I can do a drum roll that can last several hours; anytime man, any where. My old lady just can't get enough of it, ya know what I mean?

ME: So, that's really excellent.

BUCKET: Basically, I'll go over to Blow Me's place just to make him play drums for me and my old lady too.

ME: So, oh ya.

RECT: You know besides drumming and mics and power and shit like that, I think our integrity is really important to our presentation to the fans.

HARD: Oh shut the fuck up.

BUCKET: Ya basically, you dumb shithead.

METAL: You think we need a sax player *an' wuv?*

HARD: You don't cut this and you're history.

ME: How do you guys work together as a group?

METAL: As the lead singer, I'm also the leader of the band. I gotta keep everyone in line. I think it only works if you have a strong leader, which I am one of.

BUCKET: Basically, everything's pretty cool.

RECT: Well, actually I do have some creative problems.

METAL: Will you just shut the fuck up.

HARD: He used to be in a jazz fusion band, so what can you expect.

BUCKET: Basically man, I don't think that you really understand the head space that we're aiming for in our music and in our general existence.

METAL: See why they need me so much? I have to protect them all from themselves. They are hazardous to their healths.

ME: So, how long have you guys been letting your hair grow?

BUCKET: Basically, as long as we can.

METAL: As long as I've been a leader in music.

HARD: I like my hair and everything, but sometimes when I'm really being physical, the strands get caught on my sticks.

RECT: You know, I've always preferred short hair myself. I'm only growing it because they made me.

HARD: Will you just shut the fuck up.

BUCKET: Basically, your god damn hair looks like shit anyway. Go ahead, get a mohawk for all we care.

METAL: We told you already we're needed your sax expertise less and less by the minute. See what I mean, I'm the leader.

ME: So, that's really great you guys.

RECT: No it's not, wait a minute, I got something to say.

METAL: That's it man, we warned you.

BUCKET: Basically, I've had up to my dick with your shit Rect.

HARD: You can just sax yourself out of this band.

METAL: Hey Hard, I'm the leader. I'm the one who leads.

HARD: Oh sorry man.

METAL: Your out man. (Right at this moment, Rect grabbed a couple of sandwiches, a case of brew, a bag of chips and his sax, and left the dressing room, I guess for good. It was really heavy, I didn't know what to say. Luckily, Metal did.)

METAL: Hey, Rik, you play the sax?

ME: So, actually, not exactly.

# moist metal

# lords of the under world

BUCKET: Basically, that sucks the royal big one.

HARD: Ya.

ME: So, like you guys were really excellent letting me hang out with you and eat your food and shit.

METAL: Hey, no problem. I'm the leader, that's my job.

HARD: Ya.

BUCKET: Basically, we really try to get along with the press.

ME: So, that's great you guys, catch you later.

As you can see from my interview, Moist Metal is a totally happening thing. Check out their new album, now. It's available on CD, LP, 8-Track tape and cassette.

# rock hard on their lick-me- dry tour

"we have  
more mics  
on stage at one  
time than  
any other  
band in  
North America"