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## [Charlie Pickett and the Eggs/Bar Band Americanus: Bloodshot records](#)

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So Peter Buck terms them true believers sitting at a crossroad where Johnny Thunders and Son House intersect; meanwhile the co-founder of Bloodshot reminds us that they worked without a blueprint back in the early 1980s, wrapping together a sense of roots and rock full of songs evoking slummy avenues in Miami and lost cowboy dreams. All that may be true, for this confederate-tinged bar rock rattles through your speakers like lost tapes from an era that had yet to undergo a total chokehold by MTV's faux musique. Sure, much of this seems dirty and derivative, a wink at swagger and sucking mid-1970's booze and heroin rock, just in flannel and shit-kicker hats. It does not quite resonate with the thunder of Jason and the Scorchers (though they come awfully close on the speed-hitched, twangy, and nubile "A. on Horseback"), or measure spoonfuls of their bitter Nashville tunefulness, yet it does have a festering cowpunk cockiness that could shake and stir the likes of bands under the umbrella of Frontier (Pontiac Brothers, etc.) at the time. The live tracks at the end are mostly documents, not dire, though their cover of "Shake Some Action" lifts the beer-smearred tables and reveals the foundations of the band's sensibilities to a degree. To prove their allegiance, "Slow Death" reveals the same underbelly — a steady diet of Flaming Groovies. Stand-out tracks include the honky core cretin rock of "All Love All Gone," mixed by near-genius Steve Fjelstad, who labored behind the greatest acts of Twin Tone (Replacements, Husker Du...). This track is what Blood on the Saddle should have done : noisy, unctuous, toe-tapping, dusty, and utterly lovelorn. The follow-up, "Get Off On Your Porch" delivers all that Max's Kansas City lowdown lurk, while the mellow fellow "Liked it a Lot" barely has pulse. The Australian rockisms begin on "In the Wildness" which sounds like a dead ringer cousin to the tunes of the Primevals, while the wise-crackin "If This is Love, Can I Get My Money Back?" keeps the irony on full blast. The bastardly, tongue-in-cheek blues of "Penny Instead" is dour and broiling at the same time, while the 1960's frat rock of "Marlboro Country" will keep your Budweiser warm and frothy. To be sure, the dented heart-on-the-sleeve pop of "But I Didn't" justifies another quarter in the jukebox.

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