

Attractive Eighties Women / Pistolero / Bases Loaded The Earl

Atlanta, GA

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The Attractive Eighties Women CD release party, a show already primed for the ridiculous, ended even more dramatically than expected. The raunchy, loud, extravagantly costumed, and adamantly politically-incorrect rock group had completed its fourth song ("Pandamonium," which couldn't be more appropriate), when an audience member threw a glass at the stage, cutting AEW singer Mack Williams (AKA Phoebe Cates) and effectively ending the evening. The airborne glass hit Williams' microphone stand and shattered, sending a shard into his left wrist. Confusion ensued. Much of the audience, without a clear sight-line and prepared for the absurdity usually to be found at an AEW performance, didn't immediately realize the seriousness of the situation and milled around helplessly as Williams bled on his shoes.

After a hospital visit and seven stitches, Williams is mending fine. The band has even taken this opportunity to release the numbers completed before the incident as an EP entitled *In Stitches*, complete with album art of the broken glass on top of the setlist of the night. The EP now accompanies the release that was being celebrated, the band's first

full-length album, *Coup D'é Ta-Ta's*, which also includes the standout tracks played at the show, "Lightning Bolt" and "They Shoot Hipsters, Don't They?" (featuring a laundry list of "hipster" places to visit in Atlanta that made the local audience yell with self-conscious laughter).

All the, well, pandemonium served to overshadow what had already been an entertaining spectacle. Bases Loaded, the two-man, two-bass, two-Oakland Athletics-uniform, two-fake-handlebar-mustache act billed as "Atlanta's Only Rollie Fingers Tribute Band" started out the night. Songs made mediocre or predictable when covered by anyone else were relentlessly funny on two basses, complete with song false-starts and a finale performance of none other than Journey's "Don't Stop Believing" (during which the duo turned on the flashing logos in their baseball caps).

After Bases Loaded, the more traditional, bright pop-rock of Atlanta's Pistolero seemed downright morose. Which isn't to say the band played un-energetically or didn't do themselves justice; the prowess each member of Pistolero possesses on his respective instrument came across full-force. What's more, the most impressive aspect of the set was the sheer commitment they displayed. Keyboardist John Fernando Ochoa throttled his tambourine as if it owed him money while frontman Pallon Patrick swung his mic and careened around the stage, a performer in his true element. Despite their solid show, Pistolero's set came across like the eye of a hurricane in between such whimsy and chaos.

-Review & photo by Julia Reidy

