

THE DEXATEENS

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The Dexateens hail from Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Pine trees and red dirt country. Dusty roads and shacks just over the county line for Sunday beer buys. No last call(well, every night but Saturday)at The Chukker, Alabama's oldest licensed bar.

Elliott McPherson, Matt Patton and the Sweet Dog discovered a mutual love of Rock 'n' Roll rubbing elbows during all night beer binges atop adjacent bars stools in this shotgun shack home of The Rock and The Roll in West Alabama when they weren't up front of the stage yelling and tossing beer at the bands.

Elliott had been slash banging guitar with Tuscaloosa's pop-punk sensation, The Phobes, while the Sweet Dawg was whoopin' skins for indie-rockers, Verga. Both bands carked it leaving Dawg and Elliott stuck on a barstool and hatin' it. Between tossing back tall boys with 'em at the bar and tossing quarters in the jukebox, Matt Patton heard the grumbling. His own combo, Model Citizen, was wood-shedding it for a while. The talk got serious in a hurry. All felt twas time to ROCK! Thusly, was spawned: THE DEXATEENS!

This Tuscaloosa Triumvirate of Rock 'n' Roll needed a marksman to handle the lead duties, a top gun-slinger to lay down the fire and smoke, the twang and brimstone. A few hotshot locals toed the line but couldn't hang. You see, the Dexateens practice like its their last live show. Stomping, yelling, guzzling the Pabst, slinging the cans, dancing on amps. Shit gets broke. In the midst of this mayhem rode into town the 6-string hotgun to fill the boots, a man to stoke that fire and bring that brimstone. Said his name was John Smith. And maybe it was but who's to question such a mild-mannered man of few words and dry wit. One things fer sure. The man could flat out shoot that twang. Lay down the get down and not even flinch. Born to it.

The Dexateens' first outings were an onslaught of blown amps, busted mikes and a butloads of cheap beer, their Motorhead meets manic southern-fried punk rock thodown turning packed houses into beer bash riots. The boys soon headed over to The Money Shot in Oxford, MS and tried to get it all down with Fat Possum Records' producer, Bruce Watson, but those insane sessions remain in the can, fodder for some outtake B-side compilation someday.

The train kept-a-rollin', The Dexateens kept tearing it up, pulling the ceiling down on a night out down at Egan's with their brethren in The Woggles then sharing the stage and holding up their end on an all-star blow-out never to be repeated nor soon forgotten achieving the heaviosity night of Rock 'n' Roll at The Chukker with the tri-guitar powerhouse of The Quadrajets and Sweden's own Hellcopters battin' clean up. The Chukker bought a new PA the next day.

Soon after, Chet "Cheetah" Weise (Quadrajets/Immortal Lee County Killers) told the D'teens to give shout at Tim Kerr, Lord of All He Surveys and just the voodoo healer to get the Dexateens to give all on 2 inch analog. So let it be spoken, so let it be done. Tim Kerr soon found himself in Blaspheme House, home of 600 Studios and not too few 6 keg, 6 band blowouts in Alberta City, Alabama---a makeshift recording studio in a grandma's busted rental house(at least The Dexateens signed the holes they put in them walls)---trying to get it done on a cantankerous tape machine. But them rooms had FEEL. The boys could ROCK in them familiar environs, scene of wild, wild blowouts, puking teenage cheerleaders and drunken apartment wrasslin' after the kegs had floated. They also did hard time at Sarcophagus, that West Point, Georgia studio that gave birth to The Quadrajets' Pay The Deuce.

What came out of it all was The Dexateens, their self-titled release on Estrus Records, a hefty dose of butt-kicking skillet rock that goes down like 25 foot of deep fried hand-slung chitlin's and ice cold Pabst.

You'd think the boys would've been satisfied with hitting the road for shows across these United States and rolling back home to wade up at the bar back in Tuscaloosa handing out free copies to friends and relishing the backslaps and handshakes but The Dexateens had burble gurgling in their firebelly, pain and anguish, heartaches and heartbreaks, and some seething anger at ALL THE SHIT THAT DONE GONE WRONG!

Tim Kerr was soon back in Tuscaloosa, in a relocated, downtown T-town shoebox version of 600 Studios trying to help 'em harness all that emotion and GET IT DOWN!

Out of those sessions comes Red Dust Rising, the new eleven track circuit breakin' shot of Southern-fried get down from that twang and tumble tornado known as THE DEXATEENS. Whereas the band's self-titled 2004 Estrus Records debut showcased these 'Bama boys tattered tri-guitar rawkus rock blaze, Red Dust Rising reaches deeper down into the bands southern gospel roots with twisted songs about love, heartbreak, friendship and life in the new rising south. The distant howls of coonhounds on a hot trail---a midnight swamp boogie, two-step roadhouse jukes on a hot summer Saturday night, lost soul small town sweethearts chasing big city sin--fallen angels with dollar bills spilling from tattered g-strings, greasy haired, sweaty neck, yellow-bellied politicians using the Bible as a bludgeon. Less Black Flag meets Black Oak...more Gram Parsons bareback riding Crazy Horse thru a backwoods brushfire with a six-pack, six-string and six shooter blazing. Exile in Alabama, perhaps? A 120 volt jolt of white lightning rock and roll, Red Dust Rising strips the band's guitar arsenal down to two necks and twelve strings this time out and features the top shelf double stop string wrangling and vocal harmonizing of Elliott McPherson and Mr. John Smith. Roots, Americana, Southern Rock, Alt-Country...these boys are ALL and NONE of the above...filtering their down home Southern musical heritage thru a deep well of loud punk, hook filled power pop and raw n' rowdy porch blues to deliver a unique and personal take on the young man's south. A sound honed at countless full-on, on the floor backyard bashes and house parties and tempered with integrity, honesty and soul. The Dexateens are four-barreling down a backroad and the red dust is rising in their wake. Get in the damn car or get the hell out of the way!

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