



**Bob Log III.** Der Mann mit dem Helm ist zurück und sein Shit ist -wie sollte man es anders erwarten – perfekt !

Generationen junger Musiker und hunderte von One-Man Bands versuchten wie er zu klingen, Generationen junger Frauen saßen auf seinem Schoss und selbst Tom Waits will sein wie er ! Nach drei Alben auf Fat Possum Records erschien im letzten Jahr auf Voodoo Rhythm-Records: „**My Shit is perfect**“. Der Gran Senior aller One-Man-Bands, der einzigartigste Slidegitarrist aller Zeiten mit seinem unwiderstehlichen **Blues-Trash-Punk. Crunchy, bluesy**, manchmal sogar ein bisschen Rockabilly. Die Vocals immer mit verspultem Unterton durch das im Helm eingebaute Mikrofon gesungen und das Tempo oft angezogen, so brettet er in unvergleichlicher Manier durch seine Songs.

**Bob Log III** is an American, Slide Guitar, One Man Band.

During performances, he plays old silvertone archtop guitars, wears a full body cannonball man suit, and a helmet wired to a telephone which allows him to devote his hands and feet to guitar and drums. The spectacle has been described as a guitar dance party, full of sweaty smiles, jumps and kicks. Touring over 150 shows a year in more than 30 countries, Log and his guitar never, ever quit. Bob Log's version of quick Delta blues is a continuation the sound that Bob Log and Thermos pioneered in the duo, Doo Rag. The major differences are: greater emphasis on guitar showmanship, and drumming -one man band style-with his feet. It sounds like three drummers, two guitar players, and one sort of singer. Based in Tucson, Arizona, and Melbourne, Australia, he has made frequent tours of North America, Europe, Japan and Australia, Mexico, and Iceland.

His long awaited **new album, MY SHIT IS PERFECT**, begins the onset of another slew of adventures. Geography be damned, Bob Log III intends to take these songs and his unique slide guitar party to the good people of the world. There is no town too remote, there never has been.

#### **Bob Log III QUOTES AND TESTIMONIALS:**

**TOM WAITS** "And then there's this guy named Bob Log, you ever heard of him? He's this little kid — nobody even knows how old he is — wears a motorcycle helmet and he has a microphone inside of it and he puts the glass over the front so you can't see his face, and plays slide guitar. It's just the loudest strangest stuff you've ever heard. You don't understand one word he's saying. I like people who glue macaroni on to a piece of cardboard and paint it gold. That's what I aspire to basically."

**ROBERT PLANT** "Dear Bob, it's been ages since Sweden."

**POISON IVY** (The Cramps) "If you do that again, we are kicking you off the tour."

**HASIL ADKINS** "Woooo! Can I have your autograph?"

**R.L. BURNSIDE** "Sideshow, you hanging in there like a dirty shirt. I want you playing with me tomorrow, and the day after that, and the day after that."

**FRANZ FERDINAND** (Nick) "... Can I ride in your car?"

**BLOWFLY** "Bob Log, you play guitar by yourself, you play drums by yourself, you drive yourself, but I bet you need help to masturbate."

**WEEN** "Can I have one of your sandwiches?"

**SHARON JONES** "Bob Log, you can use my dressing room.... wait, let me get you a towel."

**SHONEN KNIFE** "Can we sit your knee?"

**JIMMY CARL BLACK** "Bob Log, I can't find the hotel."

**CHRISTINA SPENCER** (BOSS HOG) "Can I wear your suit?... oh.. wait.. nevermind."

**SAHARA HOT NIGHTS** "We're not mad! Really! We love Bob Log!" (in a Swedish accent)

**T-MODEL FORD** "Try playing THAT mutha fucker! HEY! you sat on my sandwich!"

**ITOMO!** "Nodo chinko?????"

More infos:

[www.boblog111.com](http://www.boblog111.com)

[www.myspace.com/boblog111](http://www.myspace.com/boblog111)

[www.trueemmerbooking.de](http://www.trueemmerbooking.de)

#### **TourInfo / Booking:**



Selloweg 29 a, D-26384 Wilhelmshaven  
Phone: +49-(0)4421-996573  
FAX +49- (0)3222-240 3993

[office@trueemmerpromotion.de](mailto:office@trueemmerpromotion.de)  
[www.trueemmerpromotion.de](http://www.trueemmerpromotion.de)

**Bob Log III** is a One Man Band Slide Guitar Party. A perverse product of the Arizona desert, Bob Log III has been diligently travelling the globe since 1996, showcasing his incomparable talents and developing a devoted following along the way. A whirlwind of dextrous limbs and digits, this super star sonic showman has to be seen to be believed.

Clad in his cannonball man, extra tight jumpsuit and signature motorcycle helmet with telephone/microphone attached, Bob Log III unfailingly sweats up a river while kicking on a kick drum, stomping his homemade foot cymbal and playing slide on an old archtop guitar. His endless pursuit for musical mayhem and a downright party has seen his unique talents utilised for children's birthday parties, obscure beer barns, mammoth music festivals and everything in between.

Yet beyond these mesmerizing visuals, lies the true reason for Bob Log's international, cult status and superhero adoration. It is quite simply the guitar playing - finger picked lightning, sliding up and down, stopping when it wants to, then starting again when it feels like it, all in a way that makes people move uncontrollably, smile and reel.

The upcoming release of his long awaited new album, MY SH\*T IS PERFECT, begins the onset of another slew of adventures. Geography be damned, Bob Log III intends to take these songs and his unique slide guitar party to the good people of the world. There is no town too remote, there never has been.

But don't take his word for it, let the guitar speak for itself:

### **Bob Log III RUMORS**

Yes, we have all heard the rumors:

He has a monkey paw instead of a hand, girls like to sit on his knees and bounce while he plays, occasionally various people from the crowd jump onstage and put their boob in his drink, he rides in an inflatable dinghy over an ocean of fans...

These whispers are all best explained in the following article, which has been translated from its original publication in French, using the Transatron Whizgig 4000-

"Mrs. Bob Log appears, and so joy! It is of many nights and one thousand ladies, the guitar defeats us to dance. On the top, a crown. Never has this in time! Maybe not future. Only the now, her glowing hand, can be seen. Thunder of foot escapes the stage, chasing wild tempo with sound animal. We, the entourage, are not free. Arrested! But not of shame. Many times more we ask it. Encore, Captain, Encore!"

And so you see, it is all true.

All Bob Log asks is that you do the math. And if you do it (correctly) you will find that with the single exception of Hasil Adkins, Bob Log has out guitared, out drummed, out sweated, out driven, out boated, out bounced, out custom agented, out inspired all other one man bands. Numbers never lie. Bob Log III. MY SHIT IS PERFECT.

[www.boblog111.com](http://www.boblog111.com)

[www.myspace.com/boblog111](http://www.myspace.com/boblog111)

#### TourInfo / Booking:



Selloweg 29 a, D-26384 Wilhelmshaven  
Phone: +49-(0)4421-996573  
FAX +49- (0)3222-240 3993  
office@truemmerpromotion.de  
[www.truemmerpromotion.de](http://www.truemmerpromotion.de)

**Manic Slide Guitarist and One-Man Blues Explosion****Bob Log III makes a rare concert appearance this Sunday, one of only eight Canadian dates**

Initial attempts to reach the mysterious Bob Log III ended in a riddle - an instrumental snatch of Gary Glitter's "Rock 'n'Roll (Part I)" on an answering machine. Repeated efforts only led me further into the echo chamber. Yet I was convinced that I hadn't misdialed because of the sample's primitive edit, stomping bass drum and unrefined guitar riffs - all quintessential Log.

When I finally reach the blues man, he's daffy and apologetic.

"I just got in a car wreck," he says, teetering on the edge of laughter. "I'm fine, it wasn't my fault. I snapped my head back real good, though - that should teach me to wear that helmet at all times."

The helmet, if you hadn't gathered from the press photos and album jacket for School Bus, his solo debut, is something of a constant, like the Residents' ubiquitous giant eyeballs. Beyond offbeat haberdashery, though, Log's headwear is functional, fitted as it is with a microphone, allowing for privacy, snug acoustics and freedom of movement. The latter is an important consideration as Log is a one-man band.

"I play bass drum with my right foot and cymbal and two drum machines with my left foot, and I play guitar at the same time, he says. "I'm "drum running", whatever you want to call it, and I play guitar and sing into the helmet at the same time."

Estimations of the merits of Bob's stage show - merciless slide attacks, fudgy kick drums and knife-sharpening solos - vary, and it's not always easy to suss out the difference between the praise ("Mississippi Fred McDowell meets Beck meets Slayer") and the punches ("a jam session with Ministry, Mojo Nixon and Skid Roper").

Much of the material of School Bus hews closely to the skanky blues noise of Pussy Galore's Corpse Love or the addled scuzz of Royal Trux's Twin Infinitives. By turns scatological ("I want Your Shit On My Leg") horny ("Big Ass Hard On") and ornery ("All The Rockets Go Bang"), Log's debut might have come from the bad-asses at the back of the bus. Yet the session is undercut with a sophistication at odds with that adolescent smirk.

Memorably described by one critic as "a square-dancing record for the criminally insane," it's the kind of music that might be made by a musician whose formative musical experience was mistaking a shopworn pressing of Captain Beefheart's Trout Mask Replica for a desiccated Delta blues 78. Bob's awakening was nothing quite so exotic.

"There was a guitar in my house my whole life; I'm sure I picked it up a couple of times," he says, "but when I was 11, it was like, "oh, man, here we go." As with many males of similar age, AC/DC was to blame. Australian blues, if you will. He says that Screamin' Jay Hawkins was his first authentic blues experience, and cites Cedell Davis, Fred McDowell, "Lonesome" Dave Peeverett and Bukka White as favourite slide men. The guitarist hot to underground reknown as one half of Tucson, Arizona's Doo Rag, a scrappy pair of bluesy buskers favoured by Beck, who featured them as tour openers.

The fit was natural. Doo Rag deal in post-apocalyptic variety of Beck's junkstore sampladelia. Drummer Thermos Malling's kit was made of a Bud box (bass drum), a tin bucket (snare drum), a film reel (cymbal), an iron shopping basket (hi-hat) and various other devices, such as the exhaust pipe of an old Chevy. Bob sang alternately through a vacuum cleaner hose and two hairdryers with built-in microphones. A certain amount of this residual weirdness remains, but Log is adamant that it's driven by economy.

"I've McGyvered guitar pickups out of a telephone," he says. "It's pretty much necessity - I don't sit at home and invent stuff and then try and implement it. It's like, this foot's not doing anything. What can I stick on it? All of a sudden I've been doing it for six months. With the phone mics, they're free if you go to a nearby pay phone. At most they're like a dollar at the thrift shop. It's cheap mics and cheap guitars. I get guitars nobody else wants and make 'em do stuff nobody else does." As for his drumming, understated on album, Log says that his skills have sharpened through obsessive touring.

"It's come along an awful lot. The Fat Possum guys actually just saw me play, and they were like "man, why don't we record this album again?" which I would be totally into doing. I mean, I was forced into a situation where it was like, go home and shut up, or learn to play the drums with just fee, alright? Right now. You've got 12 hours.

So in 12 hours' time I learned how to kick my guitar case with my foot. That's all I was doing. And then I started going through too many guitar cases, so I got the bass drum. And then my right leg was getting much bigger than my left leg, so I needed to exercise that thing. So I got the cymbal, and then the drum machines came along to just tie it all together. Some songs have got a drum machine and kick drum, so it's like two drummers at once, sometimes it's both feet drumming. I'm always kicking something. I can't just sit there.

Because of the compact nature of his band and the anarchic spirit of live performance, Log admits that arrangements are constantly shifting. Technologically - rooted though it is, a live show hangs on the interplay between audience and performer.

"Each drum machine has one part on it, and I'll alternate with the bass drum. But none of the songs are set up like this part goes for four, and that part goes for eight; it's more like whenever the people are shakin', I'll play that part a little longer.

"It works good," he says, "but it's real physical. I've monitored my legs, and on a fast song, two and a half minutes, it turns out I'm going damn near a half a mile - per song.

"There are some songs where it's more like a slow jog - I don't quite go the distance - but on the sprint songs, yeah, it's damn near half a mile. And some songs I just use one leg so it's kinda like I'm hoppin' for half a mile. If you've ever seen anybody do that," he laughs, "it's a physical thing."

Log became a solo act after touring pressures split Doo Rag, if only temporarily.

"I don't like to think of it as dissolved," he says. "We've got some shows in June in Europe we might still be doing, and there's the possibility of a record. Basically, it was too much touring. One of us wanted to tour, and one of us didn't - it kinda gets in the way. I still think we're gonna be doing something. I really think if we, Doo Rag got to 90 years old, we'd be the funniest looking motherfuckers on the planet.

"I'm damn proud of both those records," Bob adds passionately, "and if someone wants to hear it, they should be able to get it. It's hard doing that on your own, distributing worldwide - it has nothing to do with being a musician, it really doesn't."

During a week - long stint as second guitarist with R.L. Burnside (best-known for his collaboration with the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, with whom Log has also worked), the guitarist fell in love with the old-school blues circuit and the label promoting it - Fat Possum. "

I really can't see how it could've worked out better," Bob beams. "Getting' in the car with these old motherfuckers, learning about how to have fun with your guitar... because that's what these guys'd be doing, Fat Possum or no Fat Possum." While Bob is a right youngster compared to other acts - R.L. Burnside is 72, the late Junior Kimbrough would have been 67 - his elders quickly warmed to his ways, and offered nothing but affirmation.

"Those guys are always telling me, "Don't change for nobody, Log." R.L. calls me Bo, sometimes Sideshow. I've been told by every one of them not to change a fuckin' thing."

And how does it feel to be labelmate to Davis, a slide player he admires so much?

"I ain't met Cedell," Log confesses. "I've probably heard the album about as much as anybody, and that's about it. Cedell doesn't get to play out as often as the rest of Fat Possum does. I don't know if I wanna call him frail, 'cause it sure ain't frail music, but yeah, he's got like a three song limit, so I ain't got to see him play. But as far as the rest of Fat Possum goes, I wouldn't trade it for the world. I love touring with those guys. It's different than touring with the broccoli eating, "where's my Evian bottle?" kinda thing.

"We gave Robert Cage an Evian bottle at the beginning of the tour," he laughs, "and every day he was filling it up 'cause he thought it was a canteen. He was filling it up in the sink, man, I swear to God. I wish I was making this up, but I ain't. We'd be like, "Robert, we'll get you a new one." And he's just like, "Why? This one's working just fine."

"I love the guitar," he concludes. "It's given me a lot, so I'm trying to give something back to it. And I think a lot of people who play guitar are maybe gonna go home and try this out. And at the same time, while you're getting better on guitar, you're also exercising. So it's good for you all around. And you get all the ladies once them leg muscles start showin'.