



Photo: Bryon Miller www.bryonmiller.net

NEW LOU REEDS

Cleveland, OH/New York, NY

Stephe DK vocals, guitar

Jeffrey T. Ottenbacher drums

Edward Angel Sotelo bass

ABOUT THE BAND

Beneath the shaking, edgy fear of the future, the sentimental nightmare of the past, and general incomprehension of the present, there exists a kind of wistful humor. Rockin' their way thru that struggle comes the New Lou Reeds. Not quite 'heartland rock' and not what most people call 'punk' anymore, the band owes its sonic debt to a surprisingly diverse array of sources, both musical and literary. But it's their honesty that perhaps best defines them; they may have read a lot, but have their feet firmly entrenched in the mud of the proletariat.

But enough of that nonsense. Who the hell are these guys? Edward Á Sotelo (bass) also throws down with big-timers like Cobra Verde and Doug Gillard (ex-GBV) while Jeff Ottenbacher (drums) spends his time keeping a low-profile gig buying and selling nations in Brooklyn.

Together, they recorded their upcoming full-length, *Top Billin'* (out this spring on Exit Stencil Recordings) on a shoestring budget, and are now planning on cruising around the states in a van, drinking too much and carousing. They sing about food, politics, women, and whatever the hell happened to America. It's like Southern Rock from the North — or punk for hippies — or X and Richard Hell trying to figure out how to cover all of Music From Big Pink by the Band—or Creedence Clearwater Revival going forward in time and learning a bunch of Minutemen tunes.

NEW LOU REEDS LIVE FOOTAGE AND MUSIC

http://www.exitstencilrecordings.com/nlr_multimedia.html

NEW LOU REEDS WEBSITES:

<http://www.myspace.com/thenewloureeds>

<http://www.newloureeds.com>

RELEASES



TOP BILLIN' 2006



SCREWED 2003



EXIT STENCIL RECORDINGS

Both available from Exit Stencil Recordings www.exitstencilrecordings.com

REVIEWS

From Chuck Eddy (Village Voice):

"They seem to get their "Sister Ray" blues drones going pretty good, and the rants and grimy riffs on top may well beat Railroad Jerk if not the Gibson Brothers."

Lost At Sea:

"You know that guy in your classes who was too smart for his own good? He was usually my best friend every year; his uncompromising knowledge and bitter wisecracks keeping me afloat. The New Lou Reeds encompass every bit of this smart [ass] sentiment, awash in smarmy, pleasure-seeking goodness. Their druggy, inventive art-rock would likely earn them some credibility even then, but nowadays they could get mistakenly shoved into a more simplistic box. Like many in the NYC scene, these Cleveland boys have an affinity for the Stones, but there's a lot more to be said for *Screwed*. "Teenage Metalhead" is instantly appealing due to its perplexing pacing and raw-throated bounce. "Hometown Hero" lifts from the jumpy inspiration of Chuck Berry to elicit beads of sweat and soul. Lumbering and bluesy, "(I Felt Like) Woody Allen" feels more modern than the rest of the album, with its alert guitars and fluctuating volume. While the New Lou Reeds will almost definitely get compared to the White Stripes and the Starvations along the way, it should gratify them to know they are in such beloved company."

From Julian Cope's Head Heritage:

"I've also been vibrating off the in-bred sounds of "Screwed" by The New Lou Reeds, who come from Cleveland and don't sound like that old Velvets tosser. Indeed, they're coming on more like an over-caffeine'd Warren Zevon meets that classic Elevators period when even a quizzical Roger Kynard Erikson can't quite reach the Gurdjieffian complexities of Tommy Hall's lyrics. Delightful babies, truly unctuous self-obsession at its highest level ('Without warning a wizard walks by!'). "Teenage Metalhead" has a polio strut to die for (nay, live for) and they even finish the record with a song called 'Peter Laughner'!"

From Jack Rabid (The Big Takeover):

"Or more likely the New (early) Pere Ubu, a thought reinforced by their being from Cleveland, their recording a song called 'Peter Laughner' (an original Ubu member), and most of all by Stephe DK's vocals, which bubble and squeak and squawk in a highly similar manner as David Thomas's - not like Lou Reed's at all. But the nice thing about Ubu is that they were so hard to copy, and The New Lou Reeds don't try, either. The jagged but fulsome rock action here, like on the gnashing 'Stranded in Ashland', instead discovers a previously unknown link between Captain Beefheart, Television, and Neil Young. The music is rhythmic, kooky, a little twisted, and unpredictable. They even try a twisted rock take on ska on 'The Foreigner' that does to the Skatalites what the Clash did to Junior Murvin, as well as a waltz-blues in 'Brighton Beach' that compares well to Iggy & the Stooges' 'I Need Somebody.' *Screwed* is generally excellent. And lyrically, they convey the absurdity of bad urban decay that was this crumbling, industrial 'mistake on the lake' better than anyone since Thomas did.

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