



Nashville Pussy

Live! In Hollywood

(MVD Entertainment Group)

Having been born and raised certifiably White Trash, I'll be the first to openly admit my unabashed appreciation for the Southern Rock genre. And who can blame me? Reared on a steady diet of Lynyrd Skynyrd, Molly Hatchet and, to a lesser extent, the curiously-overlooked [Raging Slab](#), even after I '...discovered...' Heavy Metal (and, as a result, the Hair Metal sub-genre), I often found myself simultaneously worshipping all things Blackfoot and Metallica. Okay, okay...so *maybe* I temporarily lost touch with my inner Black Oak Arkansas once the all-consuming plague that was the Grunge phenomenon sank it's greasy, flannel-clad hooks into me, but rest assured I still found solace amid my well-worn copy of *Strikes*. Not surprisingly, when I was initially approached regarding writing a review of *Live! In Hollywood*, the latest audiovisual offering from acclaimed Atlanta, Georgia-based veterans Nashville Pussy, I was more than happy to oblige.

On the stellar *Live! In Hollywood* (2008), an expertly assembled nineteen song collection of ingeniously captured '...in-concert...' footage (taken from a sweat-soaked performance at the now infamous Hollywood, California-based haunt The Key Club) each track, beginning with the group's modus operandi "Pussy Time", the wildly spirited "Goin' Down Swinging", and the rumbling, Punkabilly-tinged "Piece Of Ass", immediately command the rapt and undivided attention of even the most jaded and unimaginative of listeners. Wisely re-capturing the fist-pumping intensity that personified much of their arguably checkered, not-so-recent past (most notably 1998's full-length debut *Let Them Eat Pussy* and 2002's *Say Something Nasty*), the group stomps, twists and turns through each gleefully bloodthirsty composition, often with an unparalleled reckless abandon.

Continuing with the razor-sharp "Good Night For A Heart Attack" (from the group's criminally underrated 2005 effort *Get Some*), the maddeningly infectious "Go Motherfucker Go", and the wryly-titled (albeit instantly memorable) "Hell Ain't What It Used To Be", the steadfast--to say the very least--combination of vocalist/guitarist Blaine Cartwright, lead guitarist Ruyter Suys, '...newcomer...' bassist Karen Cuda and drummer Jeremy Thompson steamroll ahead with a what can only be described as a truly sickening ease. Having weathered a series of line-up changes (with the ravenous Cuda replacing inexplicably absent C'mon co-founder [Katie Lynn Campbell](#)) that would have easily destroyed a lesser dedicated act, the group pounds their few unsuspecting would-be oppressors (i.e. anyone without an open mind) into an almost hypnotic submission via an impressively expansive ensemble of gritty vocals, blistering fretwork and imaginatively abusive rhythms.

Although obviously not necessarily for everyone (particularly those without a genuine and sincere interest in '...throwing the horns...' like it's 1983), the group, as they have consistently done in the past, punctuate their already undeniably high octane set with a seamless, mostly mid-tempo barrage of lesser-known gems--most notably the awkwardly-titled (yet deliciously tongue-in-cheek) "I'm Gonna Hitchhike Down To Cincinnati And Kick The Shit Outta Your Drunk Daddy"--that are, without a doubt, quite easily worthy of the highest of critical and commercial accolades. Needless to say, other standouts, including a delightfully earsplitting take on the oft-maligned Ike & Tina Turner staple "Nutbush City Limits", the swaggering, self-explanatory lament "The Bitch Just Kicked Me Out", and the indescribably scalding tirade "Shoot First Run Like Hell", only add fuel to the proverbial fire, thus further solidifying the improbably long-running group's uniquely dedicated fan base.

So what ultimately separates the roaring, whiskey and nicotine-fueled monstrosity that is the mighty Nashville Pussy from quasi-legitimate contemporaries such as Artimus Pyle, Alabama Thunderpussy, and Black Stone Cherry? Hooks. Miles and miles jagged, impossibly barbed hooks delivered with a seemingly unequalled, near-lethal precision. Even if you somehow find yourself less than enthralled with the group's exceedingly unique, genre-defying brand of 'Southern Rock boogie', one must, at the very least, sincerely admire the frequently frantic foursome's already much-celebrated penchant for effectively **delivering the goods** with a bloodthirsty fervor. As a result, if you've once again found yourself in search of a refreshingly pummeling detour from the painfully mindless din and clatter that is so often the mainstream, then this, my friends, might just be a '...less than obvious...' cure for what ails you. Trust me, you won't be disappointed.

Select Discography

From Hell To Texas (2008)

Live! In Hollywood (DVD) (2008)

Get Some (2005)

Keep On F*cking: Live In Paris (DVD) (2003)

Say Something Nasty (2002)

High As Hell (2000)

Eat More Pussy (EP) (1998)

Let Them Eat Pussy (1998)

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