

The Starlite Desperation

With the entire history of music and everything else breathing down our necks, how does anyone say anything anymore? Have all trails been blazed? Which voice is yours? The answer may or may not live in night clubs, zines, stadiums, libraries, record stores, basement shows or even Joshua tree. But it definitely lives in solitary confinement where many would fear the loss of sanity. But to make anything nifty, a loss of sanity is highly recommended. What is that sound? That irrepressible whisper, that ungodly chirping? What the fuck is it? Gadzooks, it's upsetting! But it's very soothing. It keeps you going and seems to come when it's not being chased. When you're in one of your little trances it quietly sits down next to you and puts its paw on your knee. It comes when you are at one with IT. It is your own language and because it is your own, it is more universal than the imitation, than the scene, than the Strokes. We have been living this dream since before the beginning. As Santa always said, "you can take the kids out of isolation, but you can't take the isolation out of the kids". We started in a little town called Monterey, CA where by the standards of any city, there was nothing to do (Thank God) and even now we can be back there in a nanosecond if we just shut our eyes. Shhh! People! Shut up for five seconds, won't you? But make no mistake. Our other goal has always been to throw the loudest, happiest, tantrum at the parade. We will play at parties. One of us is the loudest clapper in the world. I swear. Our fairy godmothers along with a pachyderm of Renegade Circus animals have always protected us from robots and clueless royalty. We will always fix cake in the dried up lake where the piranhas go. A warning to anyone who would try to subdivide our lucky charms: We WILL burn down your church. Understand? The private tongue enriches the public tongue. Glossolalia spoken here. Translate Starlitch to English. No problem. There are no problems. Ain't it plain to see? Every moment is an epic street myth where your heart, soul or ass must be protected from the jaws of the Formica headed and petty hearted. But you know what? Fuck it. Don't be afraid. Nobody can ever really hurt you. As above, so below. But please, don't use words like Stonesy, Suicide, the Stooges, Joy Division, Psychedelic, Gothic, Glam, Post-Punk, Birthday Party, 13th Floor Elevators or Ol' Dirty Bastard. Use other words. Please? Don't use words like, "swagger, croon, tambourine, sex, compressed, Bo Diddley, over the top or Chrome" Use other words. Enough! Do what you gotta do. Do what you like. Do what you must. The thing is; we are excited. We are very excited. Do you want history? We have too much! Our history is confusing because we have always been confused. Now is what matters. But since the beginning it's been **Dante Adrian** who cried and played guitars. Since before Stephen Hawkings even knew about it **Jeff Ehrenberg** has been the go-to guy for hittin' skin with pieces of wood and liberation by capture. And do you think that psychic Larry could ever have predicted that fellow My Violin soulmate **Laena Myers-Ionita** plays the bassiest guitar of all and does the pretty, pretty voice?? We live in Los Angeles. So what?

"The Starlite Desperation has a lot of songs." That could be our slogan, but it's not. Wait. Is that a head scratcher or a knee slapper? It makes us want to dance (without being "dancey"). Okay, it's your turn. Write an article or if you prefer, a blurb. Thanks. Thank you very much. I know your time is precious and we appreciate your interest. I almost feel like we've met before. Good bye my love. Till next time.....