

## Dead brothers' Newsletter #2

Dear living friends out there,

It is of course so rare, much too rare, to receive a letter from neverneverland. But some of the news does come through. We left you a note a year ago saying we we're gonna travel across the world; and we did.

Starting with ten killer days in Holland. We first hooked up with the great sound engineer, the one and only Joop de Dolder, we saw the brand (too) new Patronaat in Haarlem, drank some bourbon sour mash (Wild Turkey please, and no ice) with our beloved bluesmen from T99, missed the Waterfront and Elvis much to our regret (next time we promise), played again the VPRO radio Show and got sick quickly in the cold weather.

Then Germany where the big bunker in the middle of Hamburg, Uebel und Gefährlich, was like a second home to us, hooked up with the great Clashes'dj Scratchy in Switzerland, thanks to Karin, my wonderful cousin from the great Sofa Agency, zoomed over London again to the stranger than paradise burlesque dancers, kissed Miss Amandas' delightful hands and shake those of the Barracudas'own Robin Wills, ancient swiss national Alice Cooper came to our gig (Jean-Pierre Fournier is his real name) much to our honor.

We saw the north of Germany where we visited Jens Truemmer and family in his hideout, hung out in Frankfurt with Mark Littler, played in his movie "a road to nod", saw the great G.Rag and Los Patchenkos in Munich. In Paris and Marseille we met the Lollipop records guys that reedited our Wunderkammer in France. Austria was good food, Vienna decadent and fun as usual (one of my favorites), tried to play soft sets to rough crowds and scare quiet crowds with loud bursts of howling noises, and lied down in the Boston Arms the Dirty Water Club in London with the magnificent Flaming Stars, Swearing at Motorists and all the staff from Mojo magazine (salut mon ami!), to die once more.

We then took a trip to south America and played Nicolas Valles' Buenos Aires Stomp! Festival, had a ball with The Mutants, real finnish freaks (Riapolla boys!), and Mister Valles' own Motorama, went to Brazil to zoom all over Sao Paulo to see the gentle Alessandro Padovano and his new rock'n'roll club. The first night a fight broke out with skinheads in the small Club Berlin; we continued playing unamused by the scattering fights of the living.

Good thing that Doctor Love was looking after us, better than he was looking after himself, and that Pedro Palhares, the film maker, taped the gig at Club Bela Fiori, an ancient Bmovie studio set in red velvet, in a bad part of Sao Paolo. The Butcher Orchestra recorded the stuff and Rastrillo Records, Argentinas' best record label led by Mister Pirullo, will edit the stuff. Keep n'eye open.

Funnily that part of Sao Paolo is where my armenian grandfather disembarked from a train, fleeing from the turkish massaker of the armenians in 1915. He fled over Marseille to New-york, and then Sao Paolo. To end later in the heart of Cairo. But his brother stayed in South America and I traced backed cousins of mine in Montevideo.

I then had a pilgrimage to Uruguay to see the site of La Paloma, the famous harbour, that has so well been sung by Hans Albers from Hamburg, and the Dead Brothers' of course. The wonderful Trikont label of Munich is bringing out a new compilation of La Paloma versions. At last the Dead Brothers' la Paloma is also on there!

Met the first and one and only surf band from la Paloma and roasted so bad in the sun that I got nicknamed: the great empanada man! Went back to Utuzaingo and bought santeria statues and prayed for a miracle! That eventually did happen. As the great Tom Waits once said: someone took time to make us, we gotta take time to make kids too.

All this taking time some of the boys had already planned to return among the living. We wish them good luck, the pop world up there is a hell of a business! We are staying cosy down here among the dead. At least we can't die here. And this summer the earth upon our graves will loosen it's grip and we will be crawling outta the hole again. First appearance: 3rd of July somewhere in the swiss mountains. Stayed tuned for more rock'n'roll!

*Yours truly, Dead Alain      May 2008*