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A 5 NIGHT PILGRIMAGE FOLLOWING THE GREATEST PUNK  
ROCK BAND ON THE PLANET

By: Brian Betzel

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### A 5 NIGHT PILGRIMAGE FOLLOWING THE GREATEST PUNK ROCK BAND ON THE PLANET

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Isn't life just sweet? Frankie Stubbs asks this question on Leatherface's latest album, [\*The Stormy Petrel\*](#), and while the lyrics point to irony, anyone who attended a show on the band's recent tour through eastern Canada and the U.S.A. can attest to there being few things sweeter than seeing "the Boat" live. Knowing this to already be true, I was not to be denied the opportunity to catch the band at some point during their recent trek. As fate would have it, I was fortunate enough to spend five of the sweetest nights possible on a recent Leatherface Pilgrimage.

Record album. Hype album. Release album. Tour behind album. This rinse-repeat action affords fans an almost annual routine in which to partake in new music and concerts of their favorite bands. But when you're a fan of Sunderland, England's Leatherface -- a band that doesn't record a ton of albums and sure as shit doesn't tour much behind them (at least not here) -- you take advantage of what few opportunities you have to get your hands on new music or take in the rare American show.

In late September 2009, the band announced their first ever tour of Canada -- eleven shows in eleven nights (February 21, 2010 thru March 3, 2010) covering Ontario and Quebec provinces. While brief mention was made to a new album being released around this time, absolutely *nothing* was said about tour dates for us Americans.....until the end of December. Though traveling to see a few shows in Canada sounded fun, freezing my southern ass off in the process did not. So it was with great satisfaction that I welcomed the announcement of these additional tour dates.

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After looking over the tour dates and securing a road trip partner in my buddy Artoo, it was decided to follow the tour for five shows -- Richmond, VA; Charlotte, NC; Chattanooga, TN; Atlanta, GA; Tallahassee, FL. Travel would be fairly straightforward by following interstates (except for, as we would soon find out, a mountain rock slide! between Charlotte and Chattanooga).

Our pilgrimage started on Monday, March 8, 2010, with a hearty, soul-food breakfast at [Five Star Day Cafe](#) in Athens, GA. It seemed only natural to begin a 500 mile drive by imbibing loads of strong coffee, French toast, eggs and biscuits covered in sausage gravy. After breakfast, Artoo and I agreed to an every-other-day driving schedule. I would kick the tour off by driving from Athens to Richmond. He would take the next day --- and so on and so on.



The drive from Athens to Richmond was about as uneventful as possible. Other than sneaky cops (I see you!) hiding out along I-85 in North Carolina, the only drama during the drive was Artoo's hilarious admission to having purchased Horny Goat Weed in a convenience store bathroom. "Dear God," I exclaimed, "I'm glad we have separate hotel rooms."

After arriving in Richmond, we checked into the [Holiday Inn Express](#) and then set out to explore the city. My first impression of Richmond was that it was an incredibly clean city for its size -- loads of tall buildings, a fair amount of downtown traffic, scarcely any smell or trash. A good start, to be sure.



We felt it best to find the venue as early in the day as possible so that our ability to get back later in the evening wasn't based solely on inebriated guesswork. Finding the [Canal Club](#) was no problem at all (same street as the hotel; tucked underneath the interstate). The only issue we faced was how to spend the next few hours before the doors opened for the show. Thankfully, Artoo and I had both done a fair

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bit of research on things to do in each of the cities we would be following the band. After seriously considering the "Endless Charcoal Grilled Meat Special" at some random meat heaven, we settled on [Hana Zushi Japanese Restaurant](#) just a few blocks from the venue. The sushi was decent while the beer inventory was lacking. After a few rounds, the waitress proclaimed the restaurant to be out of 12oz. bottles of Kirin Ichiban, but they could give us the double sized bottles for the same price (is this a trick?). Naturally, we took her up on this offer for a few more rounds until common decency dictated we make a polite exit -- in which we did down the street to an Irish pub, [Sine](#). After sampling a bit of what the local microbreweries had to offer at this pub, the time had come for us to venture down the street to the club for the show.



Artoo and I arrived at the club before the first band's set, so we decided to grab one of the booths towards the back and have a few drinks to kill time. Being at a punk show necessitates selecting a cheap, canned American beer as your drink of choice, and we were in no mood to challenge consensus. So after risking a couple more pints of local microbrew options, we wisely swapped over to the nectar of gods -- Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Most of the crowd for the show didn't arrive until well after the doors opened and the first two bands, Landmines and the Riot Before, had played their respective sets. Along for the entire tour, Yesterday's Ring was up next. Being familiar with the Sainte Catherines (a precursor to Yesterday's Ring), I had high hopes the band would be a nice nightly warm up for Leatherface, and they didn't disappoint.



The band dispensed with much crowd interaction and instead chose to pack as many songs as possible into their 30 minute set. While alt country/punk isn't really my thing, I was very pleased to discover that I was going to really

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like Yesterday's Ring -- and it's a good thing too, since we'd be seeing them at each one of the stops along the way!

I've always been amazed at how quickly Leatherface's road crew can run through a sound check. It's basically a sprint to get the instruments "turned up to 11" and then off the stage as quickly as humanly possible. After this setup and sound check, the incomparable Leatherface took the stage much to the crowd's vocal approval. The show began with *God Is Dead* from the new album -- an interesting choice considering this song's slower tempo as well as the band's routine habit of kicking off shows with *Springtime* from *Mush*. Things got back to "normal" with the second song when the band did, in fact, launch into the aforementioned *Springtime* followed immediately by *Peasant in Paradise* from *Fill Your Boots*. Two more from the new album followed -- *Never Say Goodbye* and the excellent *Diego Garcia* -- as the crowd eagerly ate it up. Stubbs and company had the crowd singing and dancing approvingly through old favorites *Little White God*, *Not Superstitious* and the set ender, *Dead Industrial Atmosphere*. While the band certainly owed us no more, they came back for a brief encore which was highlighted by the always crowd-pleasing *Hops and Barley*.

Punched, kicked, hoarse, partially deaf and splattered with beer, Artoo and I made our way out of the club and onto Cary Street. Grinning ear to ear, we didn't say too much to each other on the way back to the hotel. The walk was considerably more enjoyable on the way back than on the way down earlier in the day. Stopping occasionally to snap a few pictures, we knew things had started as perfectly as possible. "This is going to be a blast," I thought. "Only one night into the tour, and Artoo's already posing for pictures while wearing a street cone on his head."



Leatherface shows have a way of making you misbehave (maybe hops and barley have something to do with this as well?).

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The morning after the show, we took our time checking out of the hotel. Artoo, being an early riser, made the wise decision to take advantage of the breakfast offered at the hotel. I, myself, being in a haze for most of the morning, was not so wise. After gassing up the car and filling my stomach with a Clif energy bar (what a crappy breakfast!), we headed back south with Artoo at the wheel. Since passing through Charlotte was necessary to get to Richmond in the first place, we pretty much knew what to expect on this leg of the drive.

Once we crossed over the state line joining Virginia and North Carolina, the drive pretty much became a whiplash-inducing game of "Go Fast, Slow Down" due to the insane number of police patrol cars ~~fundraising~~ staked out on the side of I-85. Though Artoo doesn't have quite as much of a lead foot when driving as I do, this "game" got old to him very fast. To take a break from this monotony, we decided we would stop in Durham to eat lunch. Unfortunately, either due to poor signage or us just plain ignoring what was going on, we missed the exit(s) for Durham. By the time we became aware of this, we agreed Chapel Hill was a more suitable destination. "I like UNC better than Duke anyway," I reasoned to myself.

Chapel Hill was only about a 15 minute drive off the interstate, so this detour really wasn't much of a disruption to our travel plans. After arriving in downtown Chapel Hill, we were both surprised at how much it resembled Athens (independent businesses, bars, campus abutting downtown, etc.).

One striking difference was just how new all the buildings seemed to be. It is almost as if Chapel Hill's whole downtown was built in the last few years. After spending a little bit of time exploring, we decided it was time to find something to eat. Japanese again? Yes, please. After we settled into our seats at the sushi bar at [Kurama Sushi and Noodle Express](#), we both grabbed various offerings off of the rotating conveyor belt while we awaited our noodle bowls. This lunch should be marketed as the



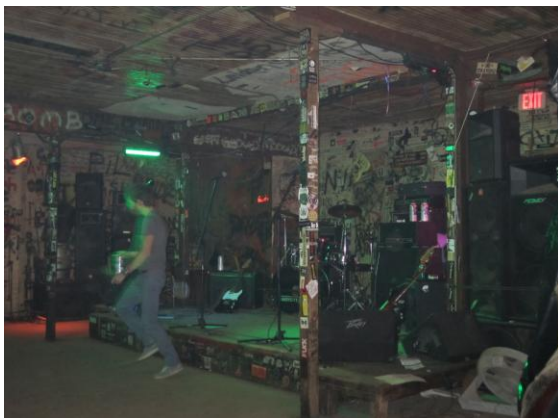
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"Leatherface Concert Hangover Be-Gone". Just write it up on a sidewalk chalkboard and watch the degenerate zombie hangover-having college kids flock in (trust me, I know my people).

After lunch, we wandered around a little more and ended up in a coffee shop. Loading up on caffeine seemed like the right thing to do to assist in the rest of the drive to Charlotte. Our stay in the coffee shop was short lived, however, due to the incessant space-rock/guttural chant music playing over the sound system. We took this as our cue to take our drinks to go and get back on the road.

Another 2 hours or so in the car and we finally made it to our destination of the day. We knew this night's venue, [The World Famous Milestone Club](#), was not within walking distance from our hotel, so we decided to find it first



before checking in. Let's just say the "World Famous" part of the club's name is tongue-in-cheek. If this place had been within walking distance of our hotel, we would have taken it more in a full-on sprint than a walk in an to attempt to ensure safe arrival in one piece. It's not that I expect punk rock clubs to be posh but, c'mon buddy, this club (and neighborhood) looked like a soundstage from *Saw VI*.

After scoping out the location of the club, we made our drive over to the hotel, the [LaQuinta Inn](#). I have to make specific mention to how surprisingly nice the hotel was. This was the cheapest hotel we stayed in the whole trip and the most accomodating -- a fine place to seek respite, indeed.

With several hours to kill, Artoo and I made our way to downtown Charlotte. Our arrival coincided with offices closing down for the day as well as a Charlotte Bobcats game, so there was a fair bit of traffic congestion -- both vehicle and foot. After getting parked, we decided to eat at [Brixx Wood Fired Pizza](#). We researched this place prior to departing on our trip and decided it would be a good pre-show meal mainly due to the number of microbrew beer

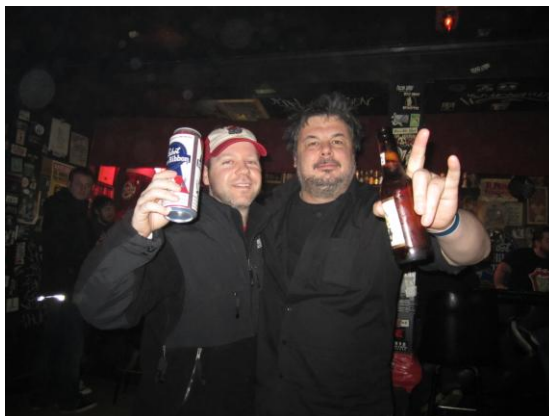
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options they feature. The food pleasantly surprised us and the beer definitely didn't disappoint. With the weather being so nice, we hung out on the patio for a few rounds and people watched until it was time to venture back over to the Milestone.

We arrived, of course, considerably early for the show (much like the previous night). Having now seen the inside of the club, I can say it's actually quite a bit more charming than I had expected. True, the Milestone is clearly a punk rock dive bar, but it's one with tons of character. The place is basically one big, ongoing graffiti/sticker art display. Split into two different areas (bar and stage room), there was so much going on with various stickers and spray paint tags, my attention didn't hold on any one thing for longer than a few seconds. After taking in this visual wonder and with no bands having played yet, we took to a booth in the bar and talked about how great the trip had been thus far.

While we sat in the bar, members and crew from the bands milled about performing various tasks -- some brought in equipment, some setup the merchandise tables, some wandered around jovially talking up anyone who had arrived early for the show. The last activity was dutifully performed by Leatherface guitarist Dickie Hammond. With Dickie milling about, I thought it would be a good time to get a picture with him. He recognized us from the previous night's show in Richmond and, in turn, joined us at the table for a drink.



Dickie asked what we thought about the show in Richmond as well as the new Leatherface album. We both expressed how great of a start to our trip the Richmond show was while admitting it would have been nice to see an even larger turnout. We heaped praise on the new album, particularly *Diego Garcia* -- to which Dickie smiled and nodded his head ("That one's my favorite, too," he said). Artoo brought up how much he thought Leatherface's new drummer, Steve/Skruff, looked like Vince Noir from the British TV

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comedy, [The Mighty Boosh](#). This statement brought about a big laugh from Dickie. " Hell, yes! We kid him about that, but he looks like Wikus from *District 9* even more!"



Our conversation turned to Leatherface's popularity in Europe to which Dickie admitted was much greater than in America. He mentioned the tour was going back to Europe in April (Germany, specifically), and he was really looking forward to these shows. "All the shows in Germany are like the ones we usually have in Chattanooga and Atlanta," Dickie stated. I was very happy to hear this since the next two

night's shows were in these very cities.

Disappointingly, this night's turnout was less than the show in Richmond. The bright spot in this was the ability to get lots of great pictures and full-length video recording of a few songs (I think I know what it must feel like to be a paparazzo now). Another pleasant surprise was Frankie's exuberant dancing during the set. Anyone who has ever witnessed his dancing can attest to its wonderment -- part avant-garde shuffle, part wild guitar strumming. Those in attendance were very receptive to the theatrics as Frankie darted back and forth around the stage. The last surprise of the evening was the band's cover of *You Are My Sunshine* at the end of the show. Overall, the evening was a blast -- maybe even more so for what led up to Leatherface's set than during it. After a late night meal at the always wonderful Waffle House, we headed back to our hotel for the evening with yet another satisfying Boat show under our belts.



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The morning after Charlotte was a tough one. The show in Richmond had been held in a non-smoking venue which was great for us non-smokers. Charlotte's show, however, had no such non-smoking policy which resulted in a morning after with horrible congestion. Look, I don't care if people smoke, but must I feel like death because of it? Add to that a wee bit of alcohol overindulgence, and I knew it would be tough to get going this day. Thankfully, Artoo and I had loaded up on Pedialyte (don't knock it!) at a previous stop, so regaining an acceptable level of consciousness was achieved through this elixir prior to checkout time at the hotel.

No matter how you slice it, the drive from Charlotte to Chattanooga is approximately 330 miles. Unless that is, you accidentally tune detour signage out as white noise and then have to double back because of a rock slide. That's right, part of this great country's interstate system, just west of Asheville, NC, is impassable due to rocks sliding off a goddamn mountain -- and it just so happened to be right where we needed to travel through.

After making good time from Charlotte to Asheville, our trip hit a snag when we failed to realize traffic was being redirected off of I-40 to I-26 due to this mysterious rock slide (by the way, I'm calling bullshit on this being the real reason for the detour -- I'm betting on it being some sort of Area 51 situation). By the time we came to comprehend our blunder, we had missed the detour by a good 20 miles. After getting back on course, the GPS now showed the trip was going to be about 100 miles longer than when we set out this morning. With the additional mileage and the fact this detour was much slower driving than I-40 would have been, we knew our arrival in Chattanooga was going to be several hours later than originally thought. Bummer.

Once back on track, the drive wasn't all that bad. We arrived in Chattanooga around 7:30pm and checked into our hotel, the [Days Inn](#). The venue for the night's show, [JJ's Bohemia](#), did not sell advance tickets, so Artoo and I decided it was best to get tickets before setting out to explore the city. The sole employee at the venue at this time looked at us like we were crazy showing up so early for an entrance wristband, but there was no way we were going to find ourselves shut out due to showing up late.

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After wandering around a bit, we settled on [Hair of the Dog Pub](#) on Market Street. We figured you can't possibly go wrong with a place that has, by its own admission, a "[great selection of booze](#)." Ample time was spent drinking up and down this lovely beer menu as well as taking in the atmosphere of the pub. While the food menu was also fairly extensive, we chose not to stay to eat to give us a chance to see more of the city before the show.



Chattanooga's downtown area is huge and spread out. You can walk around for blocks and not find a single place open after 8:00pm. It was almost as if all the places to eat and drink were hiding from us. The bartender at JJ's had recommended a few places to us earlier so rather than continue our game of hide and seek with the establishments of Chattanooga, we agreed to head back towards the venue. The most enthusiastic recommendation from the bartender was for [the Pickle](#)

[Barrel](#) which we settled on due mainly to its close proximity to JJ's.



As it turned out, what we ended up eating at the Pickle Barrel (mozzarella sticks, chicken tenders, fries) could have been had pretty much anywhere, but I am so glad ended up here. This

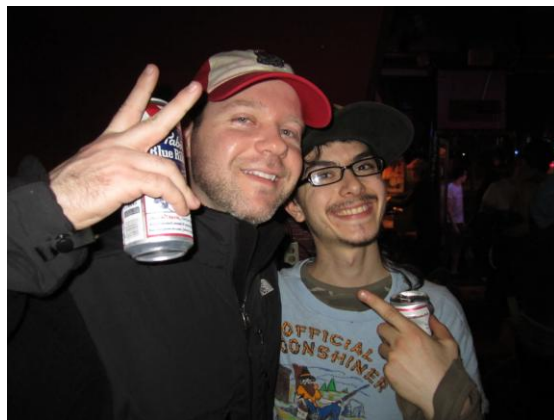
place was teeming with characters galore -- the bar was townie/hipster central, upstairs seemed to be the college hangout and the downstairs area was filled with people obviously attending the Leatherface show. Anytime you see someone with the mushrooms from the cover of *Mush* tattooed on their neck, you know you're in good company (and it was a girl, to boot!). Several pitchers of beer flowed our way as we downed our grub. Giddy anticipation built as I remembered Dickie's comment about Chattanooga

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being one of their consistently best shows in the U.S.A. Tonight was definitely going to be fun, no doubt.

When we made it back to JJ's, the place was already pretty packed. This was a welcome sight for us since the last two nights had seen us showing up to virtually empty clubs. We ran into several people we had seen at the Pickle Barrel and chatted with them for a while about the shows from the previous couple of nights. Everyone was in great spirits. This was definitely Boat country -- the buzz in the crowd was undeniable.



The layout of JJ's is basically a long, skinny rectangle. With the stage located right off the front entrance, a huge bottleneck formed, making it nearly impossible for anyone to get in or out of the club. By the time Leatherface took to the stage, the venue was at capacity. Hot and sweaty, nearly everyone bunched together at the stage to sing and dance along with Frankie and the crew. The band was much more interactive with the crowd



in between songs than they had been at the Richmond and Charlotte shows. At one point during the set, Frankie was presented with a ceramic chicken to which he laughed heartily and mumbled something I didn't catch. Apparently, this is an ongoing, inside joke between the band and some of the Chattanooga fans.

The band tore through the set with an energy that created a controlled riot in the crowd. Everyone swayed back and forth and side to side in unison, roaring approvingly. You were going to end up close friends with everyone at this show whether you wanted to or not. Chattanooga's welcome of Leatherface was fitting in all ways. The atmosphere at this show is exactly the reason why you go on a trip like this!

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Waking up to a driving rain the morning after did nothing to dampen our spirits. Chattanooga's show was the absolute pinnacle of what I had ever hoped for out of this pilgrimage -- a small club filled with sweaty concertgoers packed elbows to assholes with everyone singing merrily while having the time of their lives. Atlanta and Tallahassee certainly had their work cut out for them.

The drive from Chattanooga to Atlanta is pretty much a straight shot south on I-75. Barring any mysterious detours, we knew it was only going to take about an hour and half to make this drive, so other than stopping at a convenience store, no stops were planned on our travel this day. Once stopped for gas, Artoo subjected a Japanese couple to his butt-triliquist artistry. To put it bluntly, he farted on them as we walked into the store, but he did so in a manner where their disgusted looks were directed squarely at me as we passed.



"You son of a bitch," I exclaimed as we made our way into the store. "That poor couple thinks I did that!"

"Did what?" Artoo asked in a mock inquisitive manner.

"Farted on them, that's what," I replied.

With a straight face, Artoo calmly corrected me, "I did not fart on them; the Kraken coughed on them."

I had no comeback whatsoever to this response. I was defeated and would have to deal with this couple's accusatory stares should they still be outside when we left. Luckily, they were long gone upon our return to the car. Juvenile? Probably. Hilarious? Absolutely!

We pointed the car south towards Atlanta and made the drive in short order. We had agreed in advance not to get hotel rooms in Atlanta due to the

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likelihood that we'd just drive back to my house in Athens after the show. So rather than checking into a hotel upon arriving in Atlanta like we'd done the last three nights, we had to come up with something to do to kill several hours before the show.

With Artoo and me both being movie buffs, we settled on heading over to [Atlantic Station](#) to see *Shutter Island* -- what a weird movie with an absolutely haunting soundtrack. I don't think I've ever been scared by music before. I dare you to watch the open credits of this movie without getting creeped out at least a little bit. After the movie, we

walked down to the [Fox Sports Grill](#) for drinks and food. We figured a sports bar would be in keeping with our



modus operandi for the tour, but this place wasn't the charming local dive establishment like we had frequented at other stops. It didn't even feel like a sports bar actually. The decor was super expensive, the place was immaculately clean and bright lights blared in every nook and cranny. I'm not saying I can't appreciate this restaurant's niceness, but we were exhausted, casually dressed and probably looked like shit (OK, definitely looked like shit). No matter, we were seated in a section all to ourselves which we welcomed for the fact that hoity-toity sports bar decorum wouldn't need to be observed if no one could see or hear us. We were joined by my wife who happened to be in Atlanta that day. She was interested in hearing about the shenanigans of our tour thus far which we were all too eager to share. We spent a couple hours eating, drinking and relaxing until the time came to make our way over to the concert venue for the evening.

[The Drunken Unicorn](#) is not the easiest place to find. After driving around the general area of where we believed the venue to be, we settled on parking in the back lot of a pub called [The Local](#). As it turned out, this pub served as the pre-show hangout for many other people who were attending the Leatherface concert as well as some of the band members and crew. Artoo and I took a table on the patio and had a blast going through the pictures and videos we had taken so far along the way.

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It was quite convenient being at the same pub as Leatherface since we knew we wouldn't be late for their set. We kept an eye out for the band and crew's departure as our signal to head over to the venue. So when everyone associated with the band began their migration over to the club, Artoo and I settled our tab and left as well.



Once inside the venue, I quickly realized Dickie wasn't kidding about Atlanta being a good place for the band to play. Yesterday's Ring was just finishing up its set and already the club was near capacity. A small bar adjoined the stage room, and it was here that Artoo and I milled about between sets. While waiting out the set change and sound check, we both

remarked about how many people were in attendance -- many more than Richmond, Charlotte or even Chattanooga. The crowd was far too large for us to be able to get anywhere near the stage, so we settled near the back of the crowd to take in Leatherface's set. This perspective was much different than what we had experienced the first three nights of our tour.

Leatherface took to the stage and the crowd went completely ape. An energetic, thrashing mosh pit erupted that kept its pace for practically the whole show. Every song, old and new, was met with thunderous approval. Frankie bounced around the stage playing up to the audience while I failingly tried to keep up with my Flip camera. This was the most energetic I had ever seen the band -- even Dickie darted back and forth wildly playing his guitar, seemingly performing his best Stubbs impression.



As Leatherface finished their set, the band grabbed their beers and saluted the crowd in the same manner we had done to them all night long. Before

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leaving the stage, Frankie concluded the evening's festivities with a succinct goodbye to the crowd -- "Fucking. Thank. You." It was evident he had been touched by how enthusiastically the crowd had received the band all evening. A finer send off could not have been given. With Atlanta's show now behind us, we made our way to the car and started out on the 60 mile drive to Athens where we would catch some sleep prior to setting out for Tallahassee on Friday.

Waking up in my bed made for a great beginning to the day. It felt like we were starting the trip all over again but, alas, things were actually winding down with today being the last show we'd catch on the tour. Our mission for the day was to make the four and a half hour drive from Athens to Tallahassee -- stopping in Artoo's hometown of Thomasville, GA, to drop our bags off and then re-group in one car for the remainder of the drive to Tallahassee.

Our stop in Thomasville was filled mostly with a vigorous *Rock Band* competition on Artoo's Nintendo Wii. Having never played this game before, I was at a clear disadvantage and the results showed. Having said that, I'm officially blaming my poor performance on the fact that there are no Leatherface songs on this game and that there isn't a Frankie Stubbs avatar to play with. If both of these limitations were removed, I know Artoo would be no match for me!

We left for Tallahassee from Artoo's house late in the afternoon to ensure we had time to eat and then make it to the club. With this being the last show



evening.

we would see on the tour, we wanted to be there for all the bands' sets. After yet another Asian dinner, we drove over [St. Michael's Pub](#) on West Gaines Street where we were welcomed by serious construction equipment out in front of the club. This detour proved no match for the one we faced in Asheville earlier in our trip, and we quickly re-routed over to [The Engine Room](#) to park our car for the

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We arrived prior to the first band's set and commandeered a few seats at the bar. Cheap pitchers of PBR flowed as Artoo and I waxed poetic about how great the trip had been. It was bittersweet to come to the realization that our pilgrimage, which we had looked forward to for months, was gone in what seemed like the blink of an eye. We did, however, still have this one last show to enjoy, and we were determined to make that happen.



As the opening acts completed their sets, the club began to fill with an eclectic crowd -- gutter punks, college kids, Oi skinheads, punk rock pinup girls and average Joe's alike. This was, unquestionably, the most diverse crowd of any of the shows we had attended. Artoo and I made our way to the front of the stage, which was tucked away in a corner of the club.

Leatherface took to the stage and jumped right into *Springtime*. "Wow," I thought, "they're playing a different set list tonight." When I looked down at the handwritten set list taped to the stage, I realized it was actually the same list of songs as the other nights -- the band had just skipped *God is Dead*. The set list did, however, have one difference than the previous shows -- Dickie **was bleeding all over the goddamn thing!** He motioned towards his mouth after we noticed the blood dripping onto the floor. I hadn't seen anything fly from the crowd onto the stage that could have caused this mishap, so I have no idea what went down.



Being a trooper, Dickie soldiered on through the set along with the rest of the band. A few more songs from the set list were skipped -- a byproduct, I suppose, of the band being worn down from the long tour. Despite the shorter set, the punk rock fist pump dance was on full display as Leatherface

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won the crowd over mightily. A wide mosh pit developed as the crowd gave back every bit of energy Leatherface put out. This chaos resulted in Artoo and me dropping several beers during the set -- a small price to pay to experience the energetic pace of this show.

Appropriately enough, the band completed their set, and thus our pilgrimage, with *Hops and Barley* -- our official theme and theme song for the



tour. With smiles a million miles wide, Artoo and I thanked each band member for five fantastic shows. To hear each one of them express how much



it means to have crazy fans follow them the way we had for the last week was quite touching. Some people follow Phish. There are those who follow Widespread Panic. I follow Leatherface ...and I'd do it again heartbeat.

After five states and over 1,500 miles, our fun came to a fitting end on a beautiful Friday night in Tallahassee, FL. Artoo asked, only half-joking, if we should just finish out the rest of the tour. There were, after all, only three more shows. "Best not push it," I reasoned, "there's a fine line between taking a vacation and going completely AWOL from work." We had set out from Athens with the highest of expectations and, in every conceivable way, expectations were far exceeded. Isn't life just sweet? Yes, it is. Yes, it is.

THE END

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*Thank you's go out to: my lovely, understanding wife, Hannah, for letting me go on this "silly pilgrimage"; my esteemed "attorney" and road trip mate, Artoo, for keeping us fairly legal and helping document the proceedings; everyone we met along the way who shared a love of the band; the Boat themselves -- Frankie, Dickie, Graeme, Skruff (aka Wikus/Vince Noir) -- and the whole LF road crew, for being so goddamn entertaining and generous with their time.*



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1. GOD IS DEAD
2. SPRINGTIME
3. PEASANT
4. NEVER SAY.
5. DIEGO
6. LITTLE WHITE GOD
7. ISNT LIFE JUST
8. HOODLUM.
9. MY WORLDS ENDS
10. I WANT THE MOON
11. NUTCASE
12. SOUR GRAPES
13. DISGRACE
14. BROKEN
15. NOT SUPER
16. PALE MOONLIGHT
17. DEAD INDS

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