

Motorpsychos

FASTER PUSSYCATS

Writer: JUSTIN HOPPER

JHOPPER@STEELECITYMEDIA.COM

A glance at the cover art for the self-titled, self-released debut from Pittsburgh's Motorpsychos and you might assume the band to be a booze-and-tattoos leather rock band, their music (and apartments) filled with Danzig records floating in Jack Daniels. You might guess their songs (like "Kill Hymn" or "Filthy Prick") to be girl-group versions of post-biker rock standards. And from that, you might draw your battle lines and decide whether or not you like *Motorpsychos*.

And you'd be right on all counts.

Just because Motorpsychos play by all the dark motor-rock rules, however, doesn't stop the gals (and token guy drummer) from putting together a record worthy of a spot between Motorhead and Mud City Manglers on the shelves of the tattooed classes nationwide. For one thing, guitarist Pamela Simmons and bassist Amy Bianco have managed to forge a metallic-punk combo loud and low enough to just *barely* keep from permanently damaging ears and speakers alike. On "Princess Insecticide," for example, the thin line between guitar



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crunch and overblown bass finally blurs, and Simmons and Bianco become a single fuzzed dirge. Similarly vocalist Rachel Cassidy works the lower ranges of hemorrhaged vocal cords, such that a song like the opening track "Insane" hits the gothic greaser depths of the Misfits without getting familiar enough to be comfortable.

Discomfort is, in fact, Motorpsychos' forte. Mosh-pit anthem "Filthy Prick" should be just enough to keep drummer Dennis Brown on his toes around his femme fatale bandmates, and "Aborist" could go either way: Is it cartoonish metallic rock or actual, untamed psycho-fetishism? Just smile, nervously. Motorpsychos may have the skills to kill, but they're on our side — for the moment. **CP**

Motorpsychos CD-release party, with guests Science Fiction Idols, begins at 10 p.m. Fri., June 21, at Gooski's, Polish Hill. 412-681-1658.

