

# SIX CITY STOMPERS THE FORMULA

Side-slipping <b>Si</b> 1 134	X-rated <b>X</b> 2 55			
Chords <b>Ci</b> 3 99	Traditional <b>Ty</b> 4 125			
Soul Train <b>St</b> 5 84	Orleans Ave <b>Om</b> 6 88	Parade <b>P</b> 7 111	Energy <b>Er</b> 8 190	Swing <b>S</b> 9 101
Tracks <b>T</b> 10 129	Half-time <b>He</b> 11 44			
Funk <b>F</b> 12 78	Original <b>O</b> 13 79	Rhythm <b>R</b> 14 7	Music <b>Mu</b> 15 115	Lazy <b>La</b> 16 64

**Stunt Records**  
STUCD 12172  
Distribution DC'Norden



*There is nothing like one thing.*

I have friends who have visited the mountains of Himalaya, shaved their heads and embraced Shiva in that very special deep way. That's all they think of. Nothing else. Others have delved into the wonderful and occasionally dangerous world of cooking. They will taste anything. A door, an old bicycle, a deathly poisonous mushroom, a frog or a thorny branch. And they cook it all and make foam out of it and marinate it. Everything they do is related to food.

It goes without saying, that I like them. They're my friends. But I don't like them as much as I like Six City Stompers. Because they know something my friends don't know. That life isn't just one thing. Not everything is purple. Or green. They know that life is thousands of things, and none of it scares them.

They get together several times every week in attics, corners, in a freight container, and at someone's place, who isn't even a member of the band, but he has a house. They bring satchels with them. And rucksacks, shopping bags, boxes from U-haul, and a very, very fine leather briefcase. Each time, they empty everything on the floor. On a carpet. In one big pile that nearly fills the room. Then they take out their instruments and jump into the pile. Sometimes it's quite noisy. Other times you can't even hear a North American Indian. Sometimes it sounds so beautiful, that even the walls cry and the couch and chairs and tables melt. Yet other times it is tight, virtuosic, fast, funky, too competent to be true, innovative, old school jazzy and still refreshing and new.

It's all kinds of things. But most important: it's always really interesting and always really good. Six City Stompers' new album features twelve tunes with each it's own uniqueness, and each tune can stand alone from here to the other side of the planet. Let your mind float off to the great piano in "Struttin With Some Barbeque" and wake up to the almost classical – and compositionally challenging, but never boring – "Banjoette", in which banjo, guitar and horns create a synergy you never even dreamed of. Or keel over in the couch, high on opium drops and excessive champagne with a young flirt – and kiss her to sleep to "Penthouse Serenade" with the sloppy and extremely beautiful saxophone giving it the finishing touch.

"San Antonio" has the hectic moodiness of Rio de Janeiro. There's always something going on, everything is vibrant, and you are doomed to follow the flow. And now that you're in the zone, "Cream" will take you further on down the road in an beat-up jalopy that can't go over 50 mph, but that's OK, because it can drive into things and pick up hitchhikers, and it's so cool that nobody and nothing can be more cool. Back to Earth with the slow and lovely jazz Bossa "The Melting Pot", which blends three purple granadillas with 120 grams of integrity, a pinch of smoothness and one thrown kiss to the discreet male chorus in the background.

WHAAT!?! What's that? It's "Song For Benjamin". A stroll someplace you don't know – but hey – it's a great place.

"Pretinha" brings your home to life. Everything rearranges itself. The bedroom hauls itself over to the kitchen and the living room moves in with the hallway. Off we go. Sharp. Suddenly somebody starts singing. "Something That You Do". Yeah, man. Backed by one of Six City Stomper's greatest assets: their out-of-this-world brass section. They ooze on in "Sweet Georgia Brown" with the guitar blending in so creamy and rich, that you lick your lips.

If "Cornet Chop Suey" is an old pale blue bus driving down worn-out bumpy roads, running over you and everything else in a comfortable, steady pace, then "Fidgety Feet" is the moment when a shamelessly good-looking milkman's assistant climbs on board, and your knees buckle, and you start giggling and maybe you pee just a tiny drop in your pants (but that doesn't matter).

Don't attempt to understand Six City Stompers. Just put their new album in your machine and dance or straddle a chair. Perhaps you will ask yourself: what do these guys have? It sounds great! The answer is very simple: six musicians, each of whom plays wild and well. An approach to tradition, which is too slithery to be caught on any hook and line. Together they create a sound that others would sell an arm and a leg for. But most importantly: they have a lovely understanding of the basic fact that life is more than one thing.

Enjoy.

- Morten Lindberg/Master Fatman

*Cream / Struttin' With Some Barbeque / The Meltingpot / Fidgety Feet / Penthouse Serenade / Cornet Chop Suey / Song For Benjamin  
Sweet Georgia Brown / Pretinha / Santo Antonio / Something That You Do / Banjonette (Regin Fuhlendorf)*

**Mads Mathias (as, voc), Peter Marott (tp), Peter Rosendal (Flugaphone, p, melodika, hammer spinet),  
Regin Fuhlendorf (g, banjo), Kasper Tagel (b), Morten Ærø (d, perc) + Nappion – rap/mouthbeat på 'Cream' # 1.  
Recorded and mixed by Thomas Vang in The Village and mastered by Jake Burns, Nashville.**

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