



THE FUCKING CHAMPS VI

DC333 ►► LP/CD
OUT FOR RELEASE: LATE SPRING 2007

Songs:

- THE LOGE
- ABIDE WITH ME
- SPRING BREAK
- FOZZY GOES TO AFRICA
- INSOMNIA
- A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER
IN THE HISTORY OF IDEAS
- THE CRYSTAL BEHIND YOU?
(ARE YOU CHANNELING)
- PLAY ON WORDS
- CHAMPS FANFARE
- EARTHEN SCULPTOR
- DOLORES PARK
- COLUMN OF HEADS

It is oft opined that to the victor go the spoils; truly then, the world belongs to the **Champs**. **The Fucking Champs**, that is. In the four years since the release of **V**, they have roamed their domain endlessly, holding concerts when and where they desired. As **The Fucking Am**, they created **GOLD** in collaboration with **Trans Am**. And they watched with bemusement and vindication as entire nations of young people strained themselves in awareness and emulation of their deeds. The legend grew and grows still. Why, in the last three days, they've received emails from Morocco, Venezuela and Serbia.

And the world deserves to love **The Fucking Champs**! Their only battle is with music – and may the war never end. They respect the bold adventurers who join them in this battle. But when they commence to play their own music, there's nothing that comes close to them.

With **VI**, a multi-colored hue returns to the field – a palette that recalls the bygone days of **III**, but without ever looking back – for that way death lies. **The Fucking Champs** live life in the future – or at the very least, in the present. Joining **Tim Green** and **Tim Soete** is **Phil Manley**, whose contributions to **GOLD** helped set it apart from everything that came before it. Truly, these **Fucking Champs** are a new breed.

And with this evolution, finally a "Champs Fanfare" for the faithful to tout! Humble warriors that they are, they've made sure it's the briefest passage on all of **VI**.

As ever, the neck-choking guitar acrobatics that are **The Fucking Champs'** signature are in place. The pummeling of tom-toms reaches dizzying, spiritual heights. Their almost clairvoyant guitar interplay and ferocious drum attack is captured in transparent sterling detail. Their grand and benevolent (yet playful) sense of humor (that has no relationship to irony whatsoever) arcs above the melee, creating songs titles such as "A Forgotten Chapter in the History of Ideas," and "That Crystal Behind You? (Are You Channeling)." Yes, humor has its uses. For instance, "Fozzy Goes to Africa" features a cameo from "America's Funnyman," **Neil Hamburger** that is completely and utterly musical. And what else would you expect from the inventors and sole progenitors of the genre known as "Total Music." And who else would you expect to include a hit from two hundred years ago on their album, finding nothing but pure rock in the ancient melody?

Nobody but **The Fucking Champs**.

**PREVIOUS
RELEASES
from
THE FUCKING
CHAMPS**



GOLD
(as The Fucking Am)
DC269 LP/CD



V
DC225 LP/CD



IV
DC197 LP/CD



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THE FUCKING CHAMPS

Biography

Formed in the toasty crucible of the Big Bang, the Champs began playing in Santa Cruz in 1992. Founding members Tim Soete and Josh Smith played two guitars through a single Fender Champ amp. They soon discovered a mysterious 9 string guitar hewn from a waterlogged stump floating down the San Lorenzo River and some discarded paper clips. This talisman of sorts began to inspire riffs and harmonies the likes of which had never before been heard by mortal ears. The following year guitarist Adam Cantwell joined the group and Tim Soete embarked on a 14-year drum apprenticeship under the tutelage of a Gretsch “Wristmaster” trap set. A number of self released cassettes were produced with titles such as, “Fresca” and “Bad Recording. Live!”.

Three years later, faced with the option of a lengthy prison stay or issuing a public apology, Smith and Soete relocated to San Francisco, where they employed then-homeless, parking lot attendant Tim Green. Fusing his love of early-Renaissance Hungarian folk songs with a scientific approach to amplification, the band, now renamed Fucking Champs so as to avoid possible legal entanglements with The The, embarked on the first of approximately 50 world tours in the following three weeks. In the ensuing years, The Fucking Champs forged a tender, yet largely plutonic relationship with fellow music enthusiasts, Trans Am as well as a lucrative merger with Fortune 500’s latest darling, Drag City Inc.

2003 saw the departure of Josh Smith, who had left the previous year for Sera Monastery having been mistaken, briefly, for the fifteenth incarnation of the Dalai Lama. The following year Trans Am’s Phil Manley brought his street savvy and rumored prosthetic sixth digit to the band. Fresh from visits to the pacific rim and their 9th release imminent, the group continues to delight audiences of all ages and sexual persuasions with their unique brand of instrumental barbershop.



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