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Reckless Sons 12.17.09

By [dirtyfuckinghipster](#)

Last night I hit up Pianos to check out Reckless Sons. What a fucking scene. After shuffling my way through the always-irritating cluster of schmucks who hang out at the front bar I found myself stepping into CBGB around 1973 – metaphorically, of course. There, Tom Verlaine, Richards LLOYD and Hell are gathering crowds of anti-arena rock punks clad in black leather, silver chains and cigarette ash – again, a metaphor. It was at that point I began to think that maybe real Rock n Roll is back (finally!) in this damned city. The Sons surely looked the part. Butler, Stella, Schumacher and Bastien radiate coolness. Their attitude is obvious but not forced. They don't give a shit, they just want to play music and they want to play it loud.



Photo courtesy of Mick Rock

Frontman Matt Butler spared not an ounce of energy. Between screaming like a banshee for an hour and tossing himself around the stage during the band's final song, "Blood," he looked like an exhausted Andy Dufresne as he left the stage. What I had expected from the band after listening to their MySpace they more than delivered. Three-and-a-half minute bursts of unmitigated Rock dynamite, one after the other for the duration of the set. The crowd was shoulder to shoulder, pumping their fists unison, creating a rally-like atmosphere. The rhythm guitar was blaring through the mix – as it tends to do at Pianos – and no one in the audience gave two shits. It was too loud, too crowded and too hot. In short, the Reckless Sons show was punk perfection. New York, let me re-introduce you to a little thing called Rock n Roll. -DFH

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