

The emperor rides again

An oversized rabbit is hunted by a masked reporter. A billycock wearing man is broiling *wieners* with a Bunsen burner. The *wurst* itself is supplied held by a stripper wearing a *dirndl* dress. At the boundaries of the stage, a midget who has mistaken a red plastic lobster for a bow tie, keeps manically staring at the audience. A girl, who is reminiscent of a replicant from Blade Runner, bites a Wilhelm Tell-esque apple, seconds later, she pets the bald head a half-naked, disco-ball-boneheaded stripper. Next to the dancers, a female fire breather takes a first zip.

Nope, that is not a still from a new Terry Gilliam film set, but a random scene from a concert of the internationally infamous party-battalion named BONAPARTE.

Down in the audience, men and women of free will, are wearing plushy bunny ears and dancing themselves to ecstasy. "Anti Anti!", the mob is shouting frenetically to the blood and water sweating garage rock of a 4 piece band, who is exploiting pretty much anything from Delta Blues, to Stones- and Zep-riffs to Berlin-style electro-synth-octave-basslines.

Bandleader of BONAPARTE is a singer/guitarist in a Napoleon's dress who simply calls himself "imperator". The idea of creating this Rock'n'Roll circus emerged a couple of years ago while he was driving a whack Fiat 850 (52 horse power) from Barcelona to Berlin. Here, he is living nowadays, precisely speaking: is dwelling nowadays, since he's staging more than a hundred shows each year from snowy Moscow to puffy Amsterdam, from the Atlantic coast to the shores of New Zealand.

In the few remaining resident days of his common earthly live apart from Rock'n'Roll nomadism, the imperator now has finished the successor to his rave acknowledged debut album "Too Much", that in Germany alone has sold more than 10.000 copies and got (verifiably) illegally downloaded more than 250.000 times

"My Horse Likes You", the horse whispering new album and revue companion is called – it gathers outrageous, wild galloping party food somewhere between the mania of Screamin' Jay Hawkins, the 1,2,3,4-bogyism of The Ramones, the energy of an obsessive, vibrant, extra terrestrial gang of monkeys and untold Ska-Electro-vibrations. Seriously, go ask the FBI!

Regarding the new live set up we expect nothing less than singing horses, ventriloquisting apes and organ playing dogs.

Ladies and gentlemen, soon, the imperator will enter the circus ring again. Call the curtain!

Life is nothing but a huge party – the price of admittance your mind. The spectacle will never perish! Viva Bonaparte! Long live the imperator. Long live Rock'n'Roll!

Bonaparte – My Horse Likes You (staatsakt./Rough Trade)

All formats

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