

Oh Boy! :Screaming Border Boys

by P. Rapp

Pure pandemonium. Somebody mentioned Liverpool circa 1962.

with all the negativeness in the air lately about concerts and music in general in Plattsburgh (how many times have you heard "Got to get back to the city to hear some music"), some of the most enjoyable entertainment to be found anywhere is happenina right here in the North Country.

The Screaming Border Boys, bluegrass' answer to the J. Giels Band, made their public debut last Saturday night at the Klondike in Beekmantown. The bar was packed to the rafters with alternative lifers, local alcholics, disco ladies, musicians, preppies, and rural youth, all with the same thing in mind: getting drunk and digging the tunes.

With a refreshing lack of professionalism and huge amount of enthusiam, desire, and energy, the Boys (also known to some as the Creaming Corduroys) boogied the crowd into a footstomping, hoot 'n' holler oblivion with their unique brand of bluegrass, traditional, and swing music.

"We're all good friends", commented a band member, "and we usually don't play with our clothes on. We smoke a lot of pot, act like pigs sometimes, and crawl around on our bellies a lot and have a good time."

The band includes members of the old Acion Man International String Band, fugitives from the bombastic acid-rock aays, and a five banjo player named Steve Light, twice chap on bluegrass banjo at the Craftsbury Music Festival.

The Screaming Border Boys will be back at the Klondike Saturday, December 18th. Whether or not you've ever like or heard this genre of music, if you can get into adreanlin, lunacy, and general good times, get a car and drive on out.

