

The Local: The Unsatisfied exposes ghosts of late '70s punk influences on new EP

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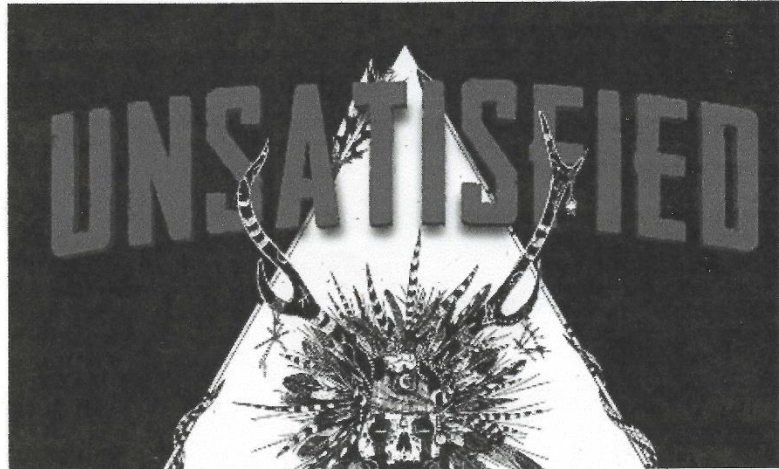
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The Unsatisfied, "Street Shaman."

As one of Chattanooga's premier punk rock bands, [The Unsatisfied](https://www.facebook.com/theunsatisfied/) (<https://www.facebook.com/theunsatisfied/>) has been doling out miles of caustic punk rock rhythms for decades and hasn't lost any of their gargantuan bite in the intervening years. Built around the serrated influences of singer Eric Scealf, guitarist Johnny Stockman, guitarist Wayne Shadwick, bassist Seth Smallen and drummer Doug Bales, the band traffics in pulse-pounding tones, furious melodies and a late '70s New York grime that recalls the work of The Stimulators or The Dictators. They cast a hypnotic and dangerous rock spell that infiltrates your brain and lodges itself in your subconscious. Their guitars are brutalized while the drums threaten to collapse in on themselves, but they manage to keep the songs upright as they voraciously absorb the spirits of their instruments.

On their new EP, "Street Shaman," the band offers up two new colossal punk stompers and two older songs that they've rerecorded for this release. And it's a testament to their ability to wring endless nuance from these vicious rhythms that the older songs are just as

revelatory as the new ones. Even with just these four songs, they provide a much-needed musical kick to a landscape that has all but forgotten how to harness the mischievous spirit of punk rock without sacrificing its personality or wicked wit. And although these songs are mostly loud and muscular in their appearance, the band doesn't forget to indulge in a bit of obscured melodicism when the urge hits them.

Opening with the rattling bass and slithering riff-driven textures of "Slugs," the record kicks into overdrive immediately and never loses that initial momentum. You'd be forgiven for thinking that you were listening to The New York Dolls, as the track blends a devastating melody with a relentless punk energy. "Terrorist FM" is a percussive mammoth, filled with bounding bass lines and fret-spanning riffs that echo along the lengths of your bones. As for the older songs, "Angelic Wall" and "White," the band scrapes off some of the hiss and dirt of the original versions to reveal the dense and memorable melodies that form the cores of their respective tracks. Scealf's vocals are less aggrieved and more inwardly focused. By remaining attuned to the ferociousness and vitality of these tracks, even in their new iterations, the band exposes their tenacious relevance and musical necessity.

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