

As I sit here spinning the 25th Anniversary edition of The Unsatisfied's Real Gone Pale Face, which I had the honor of remastering for the band, my mind drifts back to some of the best times I've ever had, times that came from being a fan, sure, but also from forming real connections with people far outside the circles I grew up in. It wasn't all hearts, flowers, and sunshine; it's been wild, messy, and heartbreakingly real. There was a day where we tongue-kissed death in a brand-new Mustang, but the Reaper wasn't ready for us yet. He took one look at me, Eric, and his daughter in the backseat and said, "Not today, bitches, there's more music to be made and love to be shared."

My life with The Unsatisfied has been one of the most rewarding, chaotic, and beautiful relationships I've ever had. It all started the night after vocalist Eric snapped his Achilles tendon opening for The Misfits. My girl and I were at the Atlanta show, the Misfits' 25th Anniversary gig, and the openers were The El Caminos and this band I'd never heard of, The Unsatisfied. I've always loved catching the openers, and that night The Caminos came out swinging, channeling that "Real Bad Boy" energy that hit me right between the eyes.

Then The Unsatisfied hit the stage. Eric had his hair teased to hell and back, wearing a ripped leopard-print dress and leaning on a cane. He looked wrecked, all beat to hell, but he sang like a man possessed. I was locked in. Then this skinhead prick in front of me started spitting at Eric and throwing slurs. Eric didn't even flinch, he hobbled over, split the guy's head open with his cane, jumped off the stage, and beat the living hell out of him before security could drag him off. Then, bleeding and limping, he crawled back up on stage

and the band blasted into “White Trash.” That was it for me. I didn’t give a damn that the Misfits were next, The Unsatisfied had already burned themselves into my brain.

A week later, they played Nine Lives Saloon. I showed up early, hungry to learn more. Eric was gracious and talkative as ever, and I met drummer Chris Cameron in the bathroom while he was putting on his makeup, we talked rock, punk – The Dolls and Cramps while he put his war paint on. The next weekend they were at the Star Bar, and by then I was on the guest list, hanging backstage with the band. From there, it just grew, years of shows, road trips, studio sessions, and late nights. I stayed at their homes, watched their kids grow up, and stood by them through every lineup change.

Losing Chris Cameron and Damien Lawless gutted me. Not because they couldn’t be replaced musically, but because we were *family*. And those two were the real deal, rock ‘n’ roll dogs through and through. They welcomed a total stranger into their inner circle and made me feel like I belonged. That kind of thing sticks to your soul. Wayno, the rhythm guitarist has always been my number one MOFO – we just click and there’s nothing else to be said. Johnny Stockman, the other guitarist is my main man too – we’ve shared some good quiet times together and had some really good times away from the band that I’ll forever cherish. Eric and I have always been the dreamers of the bunch – talking in riddles and getting way outside of ourselves of what could be and how to get it done. I haven’t spent much time with the new guys in the band, but I’m sure I’ll love them the same way I do the others. I’ve met Seth a few times and I’ve seen Matt absolutely wreck Nine Lives Saloon with Hellstomper way back when.

I could write a couple of books about my life with this band, the stories, the chaos, the magic. I've always been part of The Unsatisfied without ever technically being *in* The Unsatisfied. At one point, I helped them land a record deal for *Way the Crumbs*. What came of it beyond the CD release, I couldn't tell you, but that's not the point. The point is: I was there. I gave everything I had to help a band I loved.

And yeah, I've always secretly wanted that drum gig since Chris left. But being four hours away and knowing I'm a pain in the ass to play with, it's probably for the best. I earned the nickname "The Sultan of Mean" for a reason. Most of my old bandmates can't stand me, and that's fine. I take this shit seriously. Always have. Maybe I'm not good enough to be in the band, but I'll always be good enough to champion them, to help shape their sound in my own way, like remastering **Real Gone Pale Face**.

That whole project started by accident, or maybe by fate. I wanted to teach myself how to remaster records, to make albums sound better. So, I did my homework, grabbed the software, and started experimenting. I tore into Real Gone Pale Face track by track, spending days tweaking knobs, trashing mixes, and starting over. Then one day, something clicked. "Boney Fingers of Truth" came alive in my speakers. I did the same with the next track. Within weeks, the whole album was reborn.

The biggest challenge was ".44 Caliber", their signature song from that era. I fought with it for weeks, tweaking it in a real studio, sending versions to pros, second-guessing every damn detail. Finally, I took one last pass, and when the band heard it, they lit up. That's when I knew I'd nailed it.

I never set out to remaster the album for sale, it was a learning process, a passion project. My goal was to boost the volume, bring Johnny's guitar to life, and push Damien higher in the mix, to make The Unsatisfied sound like they do in my head.

Since then, I've had double ear surgery, and nothing sounds quite the same to me anymore. But the band loves it, and that's what matters. Now it's up to the Tribe to show up at **Songbirds this Halloween**, grab the new vinyl or CD, and tell us what they think.

I'm proud of what I've done for this band. Proud to have walked through blood, guts, love, and chaos with them. They might love to hate me and hate to love me, but that's okay. That's what I do, I break things, rebuild them, say the wrong thing, and try to make magic out of fucking chaos. I'm just a fan of music and that's all the hell I know, really. I am the King Of Shit Fuck Mountain, the terribly flawed Black Angel and I don't know shit about fuck outside of that. The Unsatisfied is one of the best fucking bands on the planet. This is my church, these fellas are my deacons, my pastors, my priests and we all seek Rock Scar Salvation with Luv N' Blood!