



*I feel guilty for everything I throw away, because nothing ever really goes away.
What we make is here to stay, I need some change! I need some change!*
-TRASH TRASH TRASH

Trash Trash Trash is by no means ordinary. They look strange, they sound strange, and if you were to cannibalize them, they'd probably taste strange, too. They are the impossible: a band split between two cities, founded by creative writers, embellished by professional musicians, and having had their first full eight-member practice only a week before their second show.



No one can adequately describe TTT. They've called themselves "savior sound from outer space." Jay Crutti has called them "cursed." Trash Trash Trash is a visual and aural feast. Trash Trash Trash is a dance machine. Trash Trash Trash can not be taken out.

Dual keyboardists unite beautifully with a virtuosi bassist and drummer. Melodic female lead vocals are fortified by the "Art Choir" who rhythmically

chants their messages. The sound that pours forth has depth, breadth, character, and attitude. It's also entirely non-threatening. Your mom might like Trash Trash Trash.

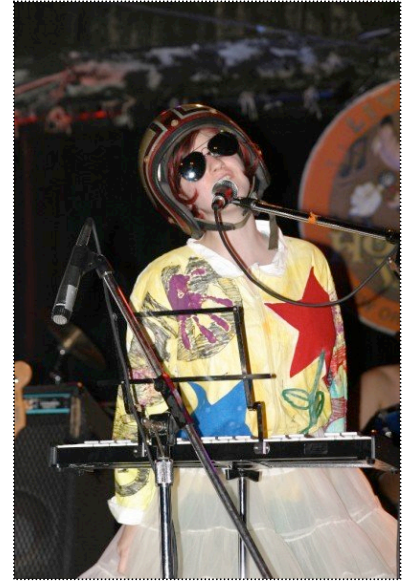
Songs are always written with the *danse* in mind, and the band gets visually disturbed if no one is moving. As an eight-person ensemble, however, they can make up for it with their own dancing. Their songs traverse rock, reggae, punk, electronic, and power-pop. The sound is diverse, but always driving. Trash Trash Trash loves you and wants to make you move.



The band is by no means "trash," if you want to use that word in a negative sense. Their name is especially relevant in a city where giant piles of trash—piles of the past—have

routinely been heaped on street corners from gutted houses and establishments. What is trash? Heaps of everything. The band is a coherent, beautiful mass of *everything*.

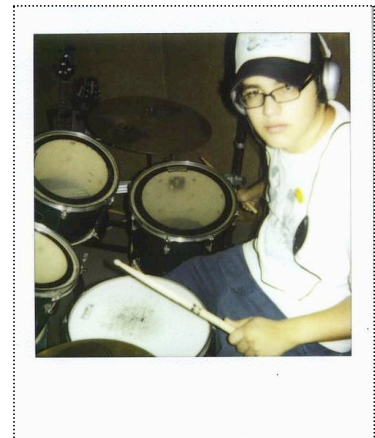
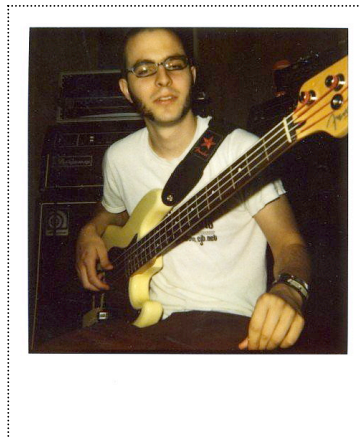
The name of the band sprung from an anagram game. The founders came across a pile of cut-out letters, and soon discovered that they were able to spell out “TRASH TRASH TRASH.” They took it one step further: every original song’s title is also taken from these letters: “Art Hrs” is an ode to creativity and art; “Tha Stars R Ars” (The Stars Are Ours) is about exploring space and pushing oneself to leave their comfort zone and do their very best; “Trasht Haarrt” is a love song, naturally; and “Trash Trash Trash” is the mission statement.

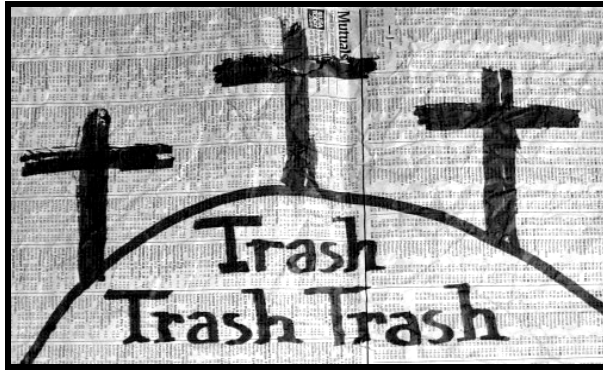


Trash Trash Trash live in two different cities—New Orleans and Baton Rouge—but they make every effort to make it work. They played their first show at the Howlin’ Wolf in the autumn of 2006, and followed it up with an amazing performance at the Dragon’s Den a month later. They’re presently booked to play at the Green Project Space on January 11th with JAPAN^{THER}, and have a future winter engagement at One Eyed Jack’s.

Shows are no small matter. The band is decked out in their space suits: tyvek[®] suits that each member individually decorated. Televisions project images of the city of New Orleans, trash, and art. Traffic cones are precariously placed everywhere. *This is only the beginning.*

Trash Trash Trash has taken off, and they have no intention to stop before they have penetrated the upper atmosphere. Bookings are coming in, material for their upcoming EP, *Trash Trash Trash Didn’t Deserve It!*, has been perfected, and new songs are constantly in the process of being written. They’re already somewhere in the stratosphere.





Who are all these people?

In no particular order...

Joe Bourgeois ★ Bass. An extremely gifted New Orleans native, having played bass in bands such as *Hello Asphalt*, *Antenna Inn*, *Big Shiny Robots* and *HAMN!*

Aldo Guerrero ★ Drums. An Italian immigrant, settled in Baton Rouge. Has played with many punk bands, including *The Hydroxides*, and draws upon every musical genre to form his hard-hitting style.

Rita LaGrange ★ Piano/Lead Vox/Lyrics. All the way from Joplin, Missouri, the frontwoman is the daughter of musicians, having a successful career solo and with *Big Shiny Robots* and *Mark Twain's Magical Moustache Ride*.

Brandon Ledet ★ Choir/Vibraslap/Lyrics. Creative writer and Chalmette native, being a formidable force in the local band *HAMN!* and *Digital HAMN!*

Tom Macom ★ Keyboard/Guitar/Choir. Native New Yorker and Loyola student, being a classically-trained multi-instrumentalist, composing solo in *Das Tomothy Orchester* and with the band *Trains Trains Trains*.

Warren Pope ★ Choir/Tambourine. Multi-talented tall gentleman native to the area, with experience in the band *HAMN!*, everyone's favorite band that throws ham sandwiches at you. Has freebased purple.

Leroy (né Kevin Schehr) ★ Choir. A local visual artist and music-aficionado making his musical debut in *Trash Trash Trash*.

Alanna Stewart ★ Vox/Xylophone/Lyrics. Loyola student and experienced writer, filmmaker, musician, and manager from Memphis, Tennessee; a member of the popular Memphis rock band, *Scandaliz̃ Vandalistz̃*, which just made its national tour in the summer of '06.

Shows

~October 21, 2006 @ **The Howlin' Wolf**

With SOUL REBELS and Impulss

~November 18, 2006 @ **The Dragon's Den**

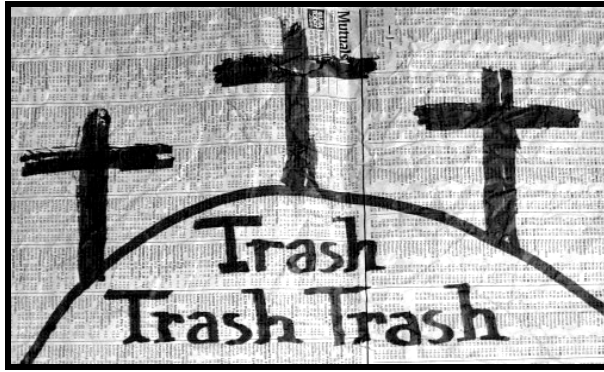
With DJ Scratchmo and Impulss

~January 11, 2007 @ **The Green Project Space**

With JAPANHER

~February 2, 2007 @ **Loyola University**

With lots of lovely people!



Contact

Questions, Replies, Commentary...

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Trash Trash Trash fan Rachel Smith, in her chic "Space Cadet" style TTT-T-Shirt, gleefully hula hoops herself into oblivion after a Trash Trash Trash concert.