



AMERICAN SPEEDWAY

Ship of Fools

Prophase Music

Ray Van Horn, Jr.

Though they hail from Philadelphia, AMERICAN SPEEDWAY sounds almost legitimately Southern it could thus be said they are the North's answer to NASHVILLE PUSSY. With the aggressive energy of the latter band's chronically hopping *Let Them Eat Pussy* album setting a standard for raging punk as interpreted through the bottom of an emptied Jack Daniel's bottle, AMERICAN SPEEDWAY dips straight into the same hellraiser's glass neck in relentless pursuit of a heavy-handed and randomly vulgar punk stampede.

Undoubtedly *Ship of Fools* can stand toe-to-toe with *Let Them Eat Pussy* using the energy gauge alone. Not once does AMERICAN SPEEDWAY let off the steam that drives their manically-strummed rockout session on *Ship of Fools*. Even rowdier than DIRTY RIG or ARTIMUS PYLEDRIVER, AMERICAN SPEEDWAY throws its yelling, riffing and pounding lines into a roughneck stock car of rock and sends the thing round and round for angular loops as if racing in Pocono.

At times coming off like the CIRCLE JERKS on "Far Behind" and TWISTED SISTER on "Cocaine" (think upon the main riffs of "Burn in Hell") or even later-era RAMONES (*Animal Boy* or *Halfway to Sanity* days) on "No Control," AMERICAN SPEEDWAY rips and snorts like a brew crew of persistent punk chugging. Heaping just enough pressure upon themselves to keep their pistons grinding on cuts like "Don't Tread On Me," "American Speedway," "One Foot In, One Foot Out" and the loud 'n proud metal/punk anthem "Make Some Noise," *Ship of Fools* is a hellafun beat down with a snaggletooth confederate mentality. Blaine Cartwright and his posse might have a drag race on their hands with these guys. RVH