**Reverend Schulzz**

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**HOBO SUBMARINE**

When Reverend Schulzz, the hitchhiker invents a means of transportation, in these times of Web 2.0, globalization, space tourism and digital warfare, you can be sure that it is hopelessly anachronistic.

As with his solo debut "Mayfly", itself an airship (the title song invoking a love which ends in disaster), this third work from the legendary singer/songwriter from Hanau in Germany raises a rusty old submarine that travels through time into the unknown.

It is, of course, a submersible boat – because his roots are underground in the alternative scene. It is here where he began, in the nineties, with bands such as "The Swamp" and "The Crow" which garnered a lot of well earned attention and recognition from media, audiences and critics alike. Alan Bangs called the Crow's debut album "Combat Folk Songs" one of the 10 best albums of the year. Even his international colleagues sang his praises. After appearances with artists such as Townes van Zandt, Yo La Tengo, Giant Sand and Ian Matthews, Desert-rock legend Rich Hopkins raved of Schulzz, referring to him in the same breath as the likes of Paul Westerberg or Steve Wynn.

Now, the master of melancholic everyday stories and fragile night sermons emerges and sets sail with his "Hobo Submarine". One might think he has amassed travel tips from the "Travel Agency Girls" from his debut album, here re-imagined as a similarly hopeless, escapist counterpart in the young pharmacist. For instead of dreaming of destinations he now imagines diseases ("Drugstore Girl "), collects them, and puts them into action. So you may find yourself with him barefoot in distant deserts once again (" The Well "), in the wilds of "Paraguay "(an empathetically brilliant Hopkins cover), or in any hotel bar in the world populated with the lonely ("Hotel Bar"). One also travels by an antique carousel - into the past and fantasy worlds alike ("Wooden Horse") - to downtown by streetcar to the laundromat in order to meditate during the spin cycle ("Centre Of The World"), or, just mountain biking with a loved one ("Girl & Bicycle").

These trips do not accept American Express, but do lead to nostalgic places and now vanished points of longing. Places which are home to working class people and allegorical figures. Like ghosts in the hotel bar, the "Candy Thief" slips, as most children’s songs do, casually into the uncanny.

"Hobo Submarine" feels like the logical continuation of "Mayfly", from the pony to the carousel horse, from the Travel Agency Girl to the Pharmacist, from the airship to the U-boat. But the louder parts of "First Division Town" are significantly scaled back in favor of quieter sounds. The "Holy Service" (consisting of a high-profile all-star cast) accompanies the Reverend carefully and cautiously.

A once-strummed, sometimes folksy, sparkling guitar and the brittle-tough voice are joined here and there by a blues harmonica and gentle percussion. Electric guitar accents are highlighted with atmospheric bass and accordion sounds. The kalimba, from the "Mayfly" album is also back on board the "Hobo Submarine" as quiet and unobtrusive as the ukulele. Melodic bliss at exactly the right place which benefits the overall sound.

This is no more and no less than unobtrusive, perfectionist, alternative-folk. One can hear The Reverend’s 20-year development. Nothing is half-baked or overloaded. No sound is too much. No word superfluous. There is not a fiber of willful modernism. In fact, the opposite is true: this is music that is "hung out" and "detached" from the false spirit of the times. Music marking the particularity of everyday life, it exudes a pleasant and sad hope that compassion has come to terms with the stuff that populated his songs and, like the protagonists of trivialities, celebrates champions.

These are songs that conjure goose bumps on leather necks, and can draw tears from a stone. These songs imbed themselves completely and unpretentiously in a secret corner of the soul and never let go; they resonate. Whether driving on the A66, Highway 61 or drifting over the Mariana Trench, just anywhere ... they resonate!

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