

"THE X-OLD LADIES STARTED OUT AS AN INSIDE JOKE; AND SO IT SHALL REMAIN."

- bassist Demetri Enriquez

Who would have thought a guitarist dude named "Pickle," or, alternately "Sweet Pickle" could abjure the punk rock ideology of "Fight the Man?"

Yet, so it is, a man named Pickle moved to freakin' California about five years ago to fulfill a contractual agreement with the Devil by accepting a position with Intuit.

"He cut his hair and everything," Demetri deadpanned.

"He sold out to the Man. Got a job in San Jose." Demetri shook his head in mystified disgust.

It was a hazy, lazy Sunday afternoon when Mr. Enriquez spilled about The X-Old Ladies. The history shrouded in mystery began back in 1992 when Demetri (henceforth known as D) and Steve "Pickle" Laflen worked together at Time Market.

"Pickle wrote a song about an ex-girlfriend called 'X-Old Lady,'" D explained.

And it all took off from there.

Interestingly enough, the band's first show was on September 18, 1997 - opening for the dear departed blues/slide guitarist, song crafter and Tucson legend Rainer Ptacek at Monsoon Madness on 4th Avenue. According to Kini Wade (who used to book those gigs), it would prove to be Rainer's last performance.

Since Pickle chose the dark side - abandoning his friends and the Old Pueblo, The X-Old Ladies only play three to four times a year. Per the stipulations of the band's lawsuit settlement, Pickle must pay penance for his sins.

"So he comes down to Tucson for three to four days at a time and we punish him for selling out...Tucson style," D clarified.

"The last time we played was in October at Curtis Troyer's killer house party."

Six months later, Pickle is overdue for his "Tucson Style" flogging. His atonement shouldn't be too egregious - they'll need their guitarist for a possible up-coming studio session.

D says they (which also include multi-instrumentalist Jimmy Carr and Bill "The Hammer" Richardson) have enough material for a new project.

But, will it see the light of day?

With two albums out and "maybe 40 copies" floating around, the best bet for hearing the elusive, fugacious band is to boogie on down to Che's Lounge (350 N. 4th Ave.) on Saturday, April 2.

Thanks to modern technology, I was able to rip a burned copy of the band's second effort "Solid F#@%ing Gold." These tight and talented musicians are all over the genre map with styles involving rock, jazz, rap, country, hip-hop, funk, reggae, lounge, and even Lou Reed-esque spoken word - all with tongues-in-cheeks. It's comedic, goof rock of the highest caliber.

There is no contact information to share - the band is sans website, email and phone.

And they probably like it that way.

