

# space cretins



"Track four, *Rock The Area* has a line in it that says, 'We're going to party until we die.' A good sign that Seattle power-pop, glam-punk legend Paul Diamond Blow is back with another hit party band...if Dee Dee Ramone could come back, and rock out in top form, you'd have the Space Cretins, and that's good enough for me."

—seattlepunk.net

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When was the last time you listened to L.A. Guns? Assuming Tracy Guns and company haven't grazed your eardrums since they requested "Sex Action" back in the mid-'80s, I encourage you to take a brief look back. Sure, they weren't quite as feral as Axl and Slash's crew, but they had a dirty, cantankerous snarl and married raw aggression to a decent sense of melody and hookiness. Space Cretins achieve a similarly successful fusion, but err more on the punk-rock side of the equation—think Johnny Thunders and Nikki Sixx in a particularly ugly bar brawl. HANNAH LEVIN

"...somewhere between the Ramones and a raging '80's buttrock band, but with enough sizzle, snot, and sass to launch a thousand crotch rockets into orbit..." —*Cock Rock Bandit Mag*



## PRESS

REVIEWS,  
RUMORS,  
GOSSIP...

"SPACE CRETINS made me rock so hard and so stupid I lost substantial IQ points..." —*Chicago Punk Zine*

I don't think I've ever checked out Seattle's Space Cretins because I thought from their name they were some kind of hippie jam band. Holy shit was I wrong! I didn't realize it was two of the guys from the Beserkers and they sound way better than their previous band. Their new "Rocket Roll" CD is packed full of guitar-driven garage punk rock. Yeah, you're sayin' "Dan, that describes a thousand bands" and you're right. But a thousand bands don't sing about being from the stars and sound like some spaced-out, fucked-up mix of the Ramones, the Didjits and Stitches, with a slight bit of Jello Biafra in the vocals. Needless to say, I think the new album, produced by Mr Jack Endino, kicks all kinds of ass.

—Dan Halligan, *the Tablet*

### Space Cretins Rocket Roll Killing Pig

Fucking amazing parody of a Ramones meets 80s hard rock band. "We're superstars on angel dust." Sweet. "Girls we know give us Hong Kong blow." Okay, I'm feeling ya. There's a space odyssey thing going on there...very Ziggy, yes, the songs are very energetic rock and roll, one part Ramones and possibly dipping into the Kiss catalog on "Luv Transmission" (of course, in a hilarious nod to the Dolls, all of the "loves" are spelled "L-u-v" in the aforementioned and in "Electric Luv"). The songs are short and don't drag on which tends to be music of this nature's Achilles heel. These guys are so fucking high and boy, do they love to sing about it. I could seriously see the Space Cretins headlining a show on the Sunset Strip in 1988. Absolutely fabulous!

—Vincent Principle

—*Pocket Full of Change* Feb, 2006



## EAZE By Sleazegrinder

### SPACE CRETINS

#### Rocket Roll

#### Killing Pig

Perennial Seattle hard rock sinner Paul Diamond Blow takes a much needed break from his legendary womanising and cocaine-ising to tear it up with a like-minded gang of been-there gutter glamsters. *Rocket Roll* ain't nothing but 10 fast an' furious tracks worth of dirty, punky, boner-popping sleaze. Cheap thrills, no frills.



"The 10 song CD is a fast paced bad boy punky glam mosaic of music...Hard edged guitars and BAM BAM BAM drums get your undivided attention...It reminds me of some European punk type sound with American influences. You can hear the Ramones meet the New York Dolls and throw in a bit of Johnny Thunders and you got it right here" —*Sugarbuzzmagazine.com*

## SPACE CRETINS

