

**The Donuts™**  
**The Monkey Wrench Gang in stores**  
**September 28**

**The Donuts Get Baked**

**Not Just A Bunch Of Holes**

*“One man alone can be pretty dumb sometimes, but for real bona fide stupidity there ain’t nothing can beat teamwork.”*

Seldom Seen Smith, in *The Monkey Wrench Gang*

Bring back the Donuts.

After ten long months with no new album – a Donuts-camp gap of glacial degree that’s left more than just creditors and parole gimps wondering where the Nuts had gone this time – they’ve all four returned in force with *The Monkey Wrench Gang* (Chapter 7 Records): Twelve prime tracks of pre-marital bliss, 29 minutes of heavenly perfection, one very probable lawsuit.

Here’s the hook: “We wanted to cash-in on the whole Live 8 thing,” says frontnut J. Bearclaw. “But we had no idea what the hell that guy was talking about. No way we coulda done an interview on third world debt relief. And let’s face it, the Boomtown Rats totally sucked.”

The ‘Nuts then turned to guest stars, and plenty of ‘em: **Beck** to bolster the martial beats of “Detective Con”; **Coldplay** for color on “Red From Mississippi”; **50 Cent** to bring “Hide” in da club; **Bruce Springsteen** to wail-out “Maya Van Rossum’s Blues”; **Hilary Duff** to “Arrive”; even **John Train** for the melancholically beautiful “Eats Right Out Of Your Hand.”

“But that would have been cheap, obvious pandering,” says axeman Johnny Taint. “And cheap, obvious pandering was our angle last time. This time we wanted something totally new, something completely undone.”

Chapter 7 suits killed the *Eat Your Favorite Donut* contest.

So the ‘Nuts got out of the door and lit out and looked all around, and lo, they scried Mother Nature. “It was perfect,” says Claw, “we took the whole save-

the-environment thing, along with our natural love of explosions, and we fell right into Edward Abbey.”

Latching on to the thirtieth anniversary of Abbey’s classic eco-terrorism manifesto, Claw penned “The Monkey Wrench Gang,” an indescribably catchy two minute burst of activist power pop that can be best described as an indescribably catchy two minute burst of activist power pop. It took pole position on the ‘Nuts third long-player – you guessed it, brilliant reviewer who looks like you’ve lost a little weight – *The Monkey Wrench Gang* (Chapter 7 Records).

The ‘Nuts each copped a character. Claw became Doc Sarvis; Taint turned into Bonnie Abzug; Peter “The Bass Player” Extravaganza was Seldom Seen; and Fathead, a/k/a The Head, a/k/a Mr. Head, a/k/a Fatimus Head, became George W. Hayduke. An idea was born. Or at least borrowed.

“We didn’t really get Abbey’s permission,” says F. Head. “Someone told us he was dead. But we ran the whole thing by our pro bono lawyers and they pretty much okayed it.”

“Complete coincidence,” says Chapter 7 Records Label Chief. “The fact that the Donuts dedicated their contractually obligated third album to Edward Abbey, named it *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, adopted its character’s names, and included a song closely based on its plot all complete coincidences.” Indeed, says Label Chief: “Once we advanced the Donuts each a typewriter and by striking random keys they recreated the entire score of *Evita* in less than two hours. Another complete coincidence.”

“Any anyway,” says Sir Claw, “this was all before we knew about Katrina and Rita. Now we’re pretty pissed at the environment, and frankly, we kinda regret the whole save-the-environment angle. We’re all back to using plastic.”

Betrayed by Mother Nature and pulling an already dated idea, the Donuts got back to the basics. “I’m only in this for the [music],” says Extravaganza. “No matter what size gig we play, there’s always plenty of really hot [music] there. And playing with these losers, I can take my pick of any [music] I want. They all want a piece of my bass.”

So give *The Monkey Wrench Gang* a spin. You’ll use a third less energy than a 45 minute disc, and you’ll feel great knowing that every single word and every single note has been entirely recycled from post-consumer garage band content. The Donuts love the environment like you care about third world debt relief. Rock on, Roundheads!

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