



ON LEAD GUITAR/BACKING VOCALS:

TOBE ANDERSON

INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY

"Where's my Jagermeister? Where's my Heineken? Where the hell is my 151?"

Tobe Anderson has been raising the bar of what it means to be "totally out of control" for most of his adult life. Most lead guitarists aspire to live the rock and roll lifestyle. Tobe is the rock and roll lifestyle. If progressive self-destruction is an art form, then Tobe is a master of the craft. The guy can play a guitar solo behind his head while guzzling a beer held between his teeth, for Christ's sake! We're not talking about his first beer of the night, either. We're talking about his ninth beer of the night. Even while working towards his Masters in classical guitar, Tobe rarely sobered up longer than it took to attend his classes. The fact that he actually attained his degree is a testament to his force of will, his musical genius, and his iron liver. His drunken antics have made him a legend in his own time, which is about the only reason he has any knowledge of his deeds, since he usually can't remember a damned thing the next day.

On one of his better nights, Tobe tried to eat a urinal cake at the Satryicon before trying to hang himself from the cloth towel dispenser in an apparent act of self-loathing. In another apparent act of self-loathing, he drunkenly propositioned Honi Gingrich, the niece of the famous republican loudmouth, Newt (luckily, she turned him down). Then there was the time that Tobe attempted to drill into his own skull with a Dremmel tool during a garage party. That was a fun night. When the Dremmel got tangled up in Tobe's hair and the electric motor ground to a smoking halt, Skipp staggered over with a drink in one hand and an axe in the other. He laid Tobe's head on a chopping block and whacked the Dremmel away with one miraculously well placed swing. Yes, for better or worse, Tobe's band mates are usually there to lend him a hand. Truly, the spirits of dead rock gods must be looking out for this guy. Otherwise he probably would have drowned in someone else's vomit years ago. Speaking of vomit; Tobe can vomit on command if you want to see something both fascinating and disgusting. It's a great way to clear a room in a hurry if you need to. Viola! No more waiting in line at the bar!

Of course, if you were to ask him about any of this, Tobe would probably feign ignorance or refuse to comment. Not to say that he isn't proud of his multiple nefarious accomplishments, but many of the lawsuits filed against him are still pending, and his team of lawyers has counseled him against opening his yap and stirring up even more trouble for himself. If you really want to hear his foggy, second-hand accounts of any of his exploits, simply work your way through the crowd of hot women that usually surround him and buy him a few rounds. Do that and he'll open up like a trailer park mom in a one bar town at the end of happy hour. Don't act like you don't know what I'm saying!