

- A1. Sonny Curb/Monkey Woman 2,45
- A2. I'm no evil 2,38
- B1. Nothing at all 1,49
- B2. Out of pace 3,40



Vocals: Ludvig Raoul François Dahllöf
Guitar: Robert "Rock Dude" Danielsson
Bass: Peter Krooks
Drums: Daniel "Dallas Piss" Persson
Lyrics: Ludvig Raoul François Dahllöf
Music: Robert "Rock Dude" Danielsson
Recorded 2001, Alphyddan, Nacka

We had one common interest: To get drunk.

I used to hang out in the suburbs with my rock 'n' roll daddy and my best friend Jonny Punk. My father gave me the final injection of The Dictators, Radio Birdman and Hank Williams. My dad was born the same year as Iggy and he always played 1969 at his birthday parties. We used to meet up at the local pub in Blackeberg in the west side of Stockholm and get drunk. Once we went to a girl I knew but ended up looking at an Iggy show on videotape all night.

Still I wasn't satisfied. I wanted more. I met this guy Robert. He was constantly playing guitar and had a vision to write proper songs. We recruited a bass player and a drummer. I think they wanted to make music but it's really a giant blur between hangovers. Robert had seen a letter I wrote to a girl and imagined I could write lyrics. And so I did, I think.

Bonks rehearsed at Alphyddan in Nacka, close to Stockholm. Sometimes we didn't even get there. We ended up at the 7-11 with all kinds of people, from total freaks to single moms looking for a boyfriend. Once I provoked four big guys who came straight out of a gym exercise. I was walking my path with an S/M 58 Shure microphone and two sticks, wearing supporter clothes from the wrong side of town. They gave me a

kick in the head. I responded with a fearless attack. I was astonished when they ran away. At one rehearsal the dry white wine gave us the idea to record some tracks. Four of them ended up on this record. They're fucking great.

We mostly stuck to ourselves. But we made friends with a bloke called Esa. We gave a performance at his motorcycle club. The audience preferred an acoustic twelve string guitar. We brought an electric guitar and a harmonica. We knew they weren't into garage punk but we didn't care. It all turned into a drugs party. With too many girlfriends we carried out the mission to sound like The Stooges. It was like a theatre where the actors were constantly out of order.

Our first and last proper concert took place at a club called Bullwinkles Inn in the north west part of Stockholm. There was no stopping us. Bonks was a fuse and the frustration lay in our nature. It all ended up an unpredictable bloody mess. The fight continued in the subway after the gig. We were never allowed to play anywhere in Sweden again.

Bonks: It's a love story.

Ludvig Raoul François Dahllöf, Stockholm, January 2022

THE BONKS



Weekend Kicks

