



Juliette Lewis and the Licks
Troubadour
Los Angeles, CA

Words: Sara Eaker

Pellegrino was not brought onstage in preparation for Juliette Lewis and her latest endeavor, Juliette and the Licks. No, no Crystal Geyser was on tap and the celebrity world of Hollywood was checked at the stage door. What emerged was a garage band Angel dressed in white tight pants and black kneepads signifying that she was willing to get injured and that the crowd was about to be rocked. As the Licks started to lead the Troubadour into a series of handclaps, the drummer turned the stage into a live wire of electric energy for everyone to feast off of. As Juliette would beg, "Ah, ah" as she contorted her body with hip thrusts to her guitarists, she oozed sexuality, theatrics, and hard rock. This girl struts rock, smells like rock, and sweats like a rocker should. Ms. Lewis is the real deal. No wonder The Licks are causing people to beat each other up at their previous shows. Her raspy voice, enigmatic lyrics, and bangs tease you and make you beg for more. Contrary to David Hasselhoff and other actor turned musicians. This is not some role she woke up and wanted to play, as she screams, "This one's for the ladies...you have to hold your own out there. Flex your muscles." As she flexed her muscles the girls went wild as "Money in your pocket" pealed out of the amps as she lunged towards the crowd and threw down her tambourine. The Licks can even take it down with slower, melancholic rock ballads as a sea of lighters made their appearance over numerous "I Love you's" from their female fans, in a sort of sisterly bond that some of her songs convey. As Juliette has said, "There is no big studio machine, and no major label marketing campaign. It all rests on us and our little independent label, which works its ass off." Well, tonight, it is evident that the Licks are working their asses off. As Juliette left the stage to slip into a tight studded yellow jumpsuit (can we say hot?), she came back to a raging finale request. "This is our last show, we don't know if we're the chosen ones or if you guys are tonight." As they ripped into a their cult hit, "You're Speaking My Language" it is evident, that we were the chosen ones.