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MUSIC: FEATURE

Bob Log III



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Boobs, booze and blues

By [Omar Perez](#)

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Make no mistake about it: Bob Log III is a breast man. Sure, many of us are. So what separates Log from others? For one, the Tucson-based one-man-band may be the first person in musical history to use human breasts as an instrument. He may also be the first musician to encourage women in the audience to dip their breasts into his drink.

"Breasts don't just have to sit there and look good," says Log, who speaks with such conviction on the matter that it makes one think he is qualified to perform mammograms. "They can do some tricks. When you're having fun you clap your hands. When you're having a lot of fun, you clap your tits. It just makes perfect sense."

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Not only has Bob Log hit upon new uses for women's mammary glands, he performs his manic blend of speed/Delta/ slide/blues guitar while playing drums with his feet, wearing a specially rigged motorcycle helmet complete with face mask.

Things seemed normal enough during his early years. Log (real name Robert Reynolds III) got his first AC/DC album when he was 11 years old, and from that point, playing guitar became an infatuation. "All I wanted to do was put on a funny suit and sweat with my guitar in my hands," Log remembers. "When I watch AC/DC [today], I'm on the ground laughing, watching Angus Young in a schoolboy outfit running around, and I'm hearing the coolest guitar I have ever heard in my life."

Later, Log played in noise-blues duo Doo Rag, which landed an opening spot for Ween. But seven shows before the tour ended, Doo Rag percussionist Thermos Malling left the tour. Yet Log rolled on, turning his guitar case into a makeshift drum kit while still playing his own instrument. Soon after he learned to play the drums with his feet and adopted the now standard-issue helmet.

It wasn't until after his recorded debut, 1998's "School Bus," that Log's fascination with breasts surfaced. Opening a show the following year for, of all people, Ani DiFranco, Log decided to introduce the concept of tit-clapping to his bewildered audience.

"They were all just looking at me, and I just panicked and that idea popped into my head, and I tried to get them all to clap their tits for the next song," he recalls. No such luck -- at first. Log took the concept a step further on the obviously titled song "Clap Your Tits," from 1999's sophomore (sophomoric?) recording, "Trike," in which the sounds of slapping breasts double as percussion. But Log wasn't content with using one woman for his song; he used two women for that stereo effect -- literally.

"No one has ever done it," Log says. "I don't know what the hell is wrong with the world. I'm still waiting for my medal or Grammy or something."

His recent third album, "Log Bomb," offers songs like "Boob Scotch," for which the web-only video gives a glimpse of what happens when booze meets breasts.

Log's frenzied solo performances -- typically boob-free -- have helped him develop a cultlike following in Japan and Europe, where he has driven cross-continent, playing everything from small venues to a few blues festivals. Despite the language barrier and the often unintelligible vocals behind the helmet, Log's live show has turned curious spectators into fans.

"Even though you don't know what I'm saying you know what I mean," he says. "Kind of like an AC/DC album: I don't know what Bon Scott is saying, and I've been listening to the records for 20 years."

While his slide-guitar style may indicate otherwise, he never aspired to be the lone bluesman who makes people cry in their beer. "I think if you went back and tried to find [legendary blues guitarist] Robert Johnson playing somewhere, there would be a bunch of people possibly putting tits in each others' drinks."

