**J Marinelli Bio**The grandson of an Italian immigrant coal miner (and proud-and-loud son of the central Appalachian Mountains), Morgantown, West Virginia punk-folk troubadour J. Marinelli has taken the do-it-yourself idea to its furthest extreme.

That is to say, he’s his own band; after cutting his teeth in ‘90s and ‘00s punk notables [**Samuel**](https://vimeo.com/137521251)and [**Les Trois Malheures**](https://carcrashrecords.bandcamp.com/album/les-trois-malheures)our boy abandoned the notion of a backing band, and decided to do the dirty deed his damn self.

Thus: a Doc Martened right toe booms the big bass drum while the right heel keeps time on his humble hi-hat. His left foot snaps a snare, while his veined and gnarled hands grapple and grip the well- worn neck of a sturdy silverflake six-string -- barehandedly smacking a cymbal between syncopated strums.

He tops this well-edited Gotterdammerung with a crackling croon of a voice that recalls the forgotten apex of every aging lo-fi junkie’s vinyl collection (for you trainspotting music nerd-types, imagine **the Fall**, **Billy Childish**, **the Urinals**, and **Guided by Voices** filtered through the dusty arcana of early 20th century American folk music).

​

The end result is a swirling, sweaty, self-contained cauldron of sound and (e)motion. Tones at once familiar and strange: texture and tumult, punk and folk, sweetness and skronk, avant-garde and avant-garage. By the end of the set, you’re as exhausted and exhilarated as he is – eyes bulging and red, hair matted with perspiration, mind aglow with the possibilities of what a shy Appalachian can do if he puts his mind, heart, and back to it.

After bringing his one-man roots-punk juggernaut to the endless sprawl of his home country, Marinelli has recently completed three tours of Europe -- charming audiences in the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Belgium, Ireland, Northern Ireland, the Netherlands, and Norway.

​

Much of *The Big Listen*, Marinelli’s recent five-song EP, and eighteenth release since 2006, was recorded via eight-track reel-to-reel at Studio Anatomy in Traverse City, Michigan by T.J. Hall (**Tolerater**, **Parking Lots**) and stands as his most mature release to date. While snugly fitting into Marinelli’s ever-expanding catalog, this release points toward an earthier, rootsier trajectory. His next LP  (the as-yet-unreleased *Leelanau Waltz*) is rumored to explore this country/folk direction even more fully, while not sacrificing the sweaty punk attack of his older, lo-fi efforts and now-legendary live show.

**Selected Press Clippings**

“J Marinelli is a true talent... a refreshing change of pace from the over-produced, processed, homogenized crap shoved down our throats on a daily basis.” - Punk Planet

“…somewhere between Guided by Voices, a lost mountain troubadour and a classic 70’s punk outfit from your dreams.” - Subversive

"Appalachia’s resident populist punk rock poet and defender of all things real."
- WV Rockscene

“(J. Marinelli’s) style on Stray Volts has transcended one-man band songwriting.”
- Razorcake

“Hearts raced and his set careened at times to breaking points where you would have no idea if he’d just kick a hole in the bass drum or what. All this by one guy sitting down behind a drumset with a guitar and going full on. This is what rock n’ roll is about!”
- Buddyhead

"...unsophisticated basement brilliance." - Jersey Beat

"... lo-fi, electric soul with break-beat swagger and the kind of nonchalance that is earned by years of playing all of your instruments at once..." - North of Center

“If you are of a mind that music is just some tool used to keep out human voices on the subway, or to use for ringtones (and you must not be, since you are reading this amazing zine), or if you have forgotten that rock was meant to be offensive and celebrate freedom, this is a good primer on what glory rock can be when the artist just plugs in, turns it up to 10, and raves on.”
 - Foxy Digitalis

“Twisted one-man-band mayhem that's part Billy Childish, part Hank Williams, part Daniel Johnston and all fun and weird.” - The Washington Post

"...sounds like the funnest maddest person that you know picking you up and swinging you around the room while simultaneously explaining to you the most important secrets of existence and mysteries of life.” - Little Gem

“Catchy, lo-fi rock with great melodies, clever lyrics, and nothing else that isn’t needed.”
 - Iron Post Blog