

Ho Down

These shoes were made for rocking

BY HIYA SWANHUYSER

Anyone obsessed with band names can understand the instant appeal of the **Whoreshoes**. This pun is worth making, and it's all the funnier for being stuck on an all-girl gang of country music pickers. Decked to the nines in tight vintage dresses for the femmy members and Hank Williams chic for the lady who looks like Elvis, the 'shoes habitually hit the stage with banjos blazing and not an ounce of pretension in sight.

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This is not to say they're only out for a good time — although the quartet enjoys seeing the world through beer goggles, it's the music that matters, and high-quality multi-instrumentalism is common at these 'hos shows. Beehive hairdo? Check. Washboard? Check. What more do you need? The Shut Ins, the Lariats, and Toshio Hirano open at 9 p.m. at Amnesia, 853 Valencia (at 20th Street), S.F. Admission is \$7; call 970-0012 or visit www.amnesiathebar.com.



DAVID RUETER

Close only counts in Whoreshoes and hand grenades.

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