

## The Meaning of Truth at the Velvet Elvis by John Farrow

Every now and then you meet someone that you can't get out of your head even if you try. "Sonny Boy," the stage name of a Toronto-area Elvis impersonator, is one such person. He generally holds forth at the Velvet Elvis Lounge and Wedding Chapel, the latter to cater to the dregs of the former around about closing time.

Sonny Boy claims to be the reincarnation of Jason Garon Presley, the still-born twin of Elvis Aron Presley, and that he was reincarnated to carry on the gospel work of the dear departed Elvis. He received the call while working on the transmission of his 1963 Thunderbird in Bakersfield, California.

His is a great act, including most of the early hits of his now-departed twin and then some. Sultry baritone, slicked back ducktail, white socks, writhing hip action, pants so tight you can tell his religion. Even an addiction to Fiddle-Faddle, just like The King.

He represents perhaps the missing link between metalbilly Jason and the Scorchers and psychobilly Reverend Horton Heat. Get-down rock and roll that seeks to define the human condition, delivered at decibel levels sufficient to sterilize frogs at 200 paces.

Well, Baby, Baby!  
Baby, Baby! Yeah!  
Yew know, honey,  
That ah luv yew!

[long guitar solo]

Oh, Baby, whatcha gon' do?  
Ah said Baby, whatcha gon' do?  
Yew know ah'm tired  
Messin' 'round wit' yew.

Between sets, he hits the pulpit pretty hard. "Brother, seek ye the **Truth**! And the **Truth** is that life is full of suffering and pain and misery!"

Got that right! The last few miles of that marathon were simply pure hell, and the training leading up to it wasn't a walk in the

park, either. Not to mention the shin splints, side stitches, muscle strains and stress fractures. And try to run a race, any race, after rolling in at three in the morning with the chain-saw boogie of Dogman and the Shepherds still ringing in your ears. Suffering and pain and misery. No matter, it's just a character flaw.

"Brother, your suffering is caused by your carnal cravings and evil desires!"

Whups. I don't like the way this is heading.

"Brother, your suffering can be overcome. Tomorrow has come bright and early today and the devil wants his due, but if you're waiting for a miracle, this ain't no 34th Street."

"Verily I say unto you that we are all God's chosen. Heaven help us because we are. Seek ye the **Truth** and stop heading nowhere just because you know the way."

Heavy stuff coming down there! Wasn't it Plato who said that truth, like beauty, is an ideal beyond human perception, and being equal, might they not be interchangeable? That truth is beauty and beauty is truth?

"Brother, follow ye the **Steps** and ye shall be delivered from your suffering and into the **Truth**!"

The cat's really rolling now, beads of sweat dripping down his face, eyes wide, arms flailing about, his voice urgent, pleading.

"Ye must acquire the **Knowledge** (is reading *Runner's World* enough?), put forth the **Effort** (intervals every Saturday morning), possess the **Aspiration** (got that, but a sub-3:00 marathon

still looks pretty tough), and develop the **Concentration.**" (That red-head at the bar just might be the end of the search for **Truth**.)

"Amen, Brother!"



ARR News, March 1997

Albuquerque Road Runners Club