

RAZZORCAKE



fanzine * webzine

issue number two

The Crowd

Flogging Molly The Forgotten

Hostage Records

Hot Water Music



Leatherface

Scared of Chaka

RAZORCAKE

PO Box 42129
Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.com

Email

Sean <sean@razorcake.com>
Todd <retodded@razorcake.com>
Rich Mackin <richmackin@earthlink.net>
Nardwuar <nardwuar@nardwuar.com>
Designated Dale <RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>
Everyone else can be reached c/o Razorcake.

AD DEADLINE FOR ISSUE #2

June 7, 2001

EMAIL OR MAIL US FOR THE RATES

AD SIZES

Full page, 7.5 inches wide, 10 inches tall.
Half page, 7.5 inches wide, 5 inches tall.
Quarter page, 3.75 inches wide, 5 inches tall.
Sixth page, 2.5 inches wide, 5 inches tall.

*Covers are already taken in perpetuity (forever), but if you put in a request, we'll put you on the list.

*Please make all checks out to Razorcake.

ADVERTISING STIPULATIONS

- *All ads are black and white. There are no immediate plans for color insides.
- *Make ads the right size and orientation. If ads are the wrong size, they won't run or we'll chop 'em up with scissors to fit.
- *We will not accept electronic ad files. Hard copy only.
- *Send good laser prints for the ads. Use solely black ink on all art. Do not output your ad on a bubble jet printer even if it looks black and white. It will reproduce like complete shit when it goes to an offset printer.
- *Only for full-page ads, we'll accept film. Positive stats, RRED (right-reading, emulsion side down) only.
- *All photos must be halftoned using a 85 LPI (85 line screen).
- *If you feel the need for us to invoice you, understand that your ad won't run until we have the cash on hand, so make those arrangements before the ad deadline.
- *If any of this is fuzzy, don't hesitate to contact us. We'll explain it.

Thank you list: Huge, huge thanks go out to Julia Smut. Not only does she have huge karate chop to the neck skills interviewing Hostage Records, she laid out said interview, along with The Forgotten, and she's the #1 reason you don't have inkstains on your fingertips (and face) right now. She helped us out with the new, fancy cover. Regular, heartfelt thanks go out to Pete Hucklebuck in his debut interview ever, with The Forgotten and his record reviews, Felizon Vidar for her debut column, Donofthedeard for Sean's skate wheels, Big Rock for setting Todd up with Leatherface, and Kat Jetson for showing us the brilliantly awful "Showgirls," Illustr8d Man for the

CELEBRATING THE UGLY THINGS *

Holy shit. (Repeat in Jim Belushi voice.) Holy shit. That's about as far as I can articulate it. It's issue number two and all is well. Fuck, it's better than well. Issue number one sold out in three weeks flat. We broke even on production costs, we've been getting more positive feedback than I could have imagined (like a thousand little flashlights shining light up my butt, but in a great way), distributors are calling us back (we'll see if they'll pay), and we got a fancier cover (mostly for our own sanity - putting in those little inserts gave us ink stains to our elbows.). Not to say issue number two was Sean and me clinking ice tea glasses all the way and winking at each other knowingly while we just picked our asses. We had our problems. Computers can be both liberators and nooses and a couple of times, Sean had to talk me down (after I'd punched out the window screen) from hucking the glow boxes, with their itty bitty bits of code and microscopic little green men, into oblivion. Wrinkles have been ironed. Therapy (in the form of six packs and skate sessions) has been administered. All is well. We're stoked with this issue. We learned a bunch of stuff that would bore most of you, endlessly twiddled with things you'll never notice, but rest assured, it's all in the name of getting you a zine that we, ourselves, would want to buy, roll up in our back pockets, and read on the shitter.

-Todd

*D4 (stolen from Nelson Algren). Bless 'em both.



This is Henry. This happy little guy is Erin and Matt Average's kid. He's also a brand new Smogtown fan.

Nardwuar interview illustration, Sara Isett for helping us stuff 2,000 zines and forgetting to take home her bottle of gin, and all of our columnists and reviewers, who make this a lot more fun.

Cover picture of The Crowd by Todd

Issue #2, June/July 2001

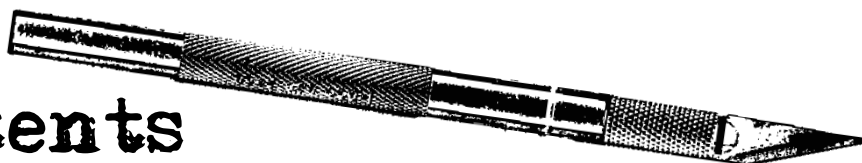
RAZORCAKE

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www.razorcake.com and PO Box 42129, Los Angeles, CA 90042

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Razorcake, the zine and website, is put together by Skinny Dan, Sean Carswell, Katy Spining, and Todd Taylor. Dave Guthrie made the logos.

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Yearly subscriptions (six issues) are \$15.00. Plus you get some free shit.

JOEY RAMONE SAD TO SEE YOU GO



Just this last Easter Sunday, one of the **finest inhabitants** from the **REAL** world of rock & roll was forever taken away from the rest of us after duking it out with lymphatic cancer for some time - **Joey Ramone**. He would have been **50** this May.

Never being one to shit on a parade, Joey had continually kept his illness under close wraps, even from those who were very close to him, but as I started to talk with the people who personally worked with and knew Joey, I began to understand why he was so sick in the last year or so. Shit. It's been hard not to think about it and have the word "WHY!?" screaming inside my head numerous times a day. I talked with Marky Ramone the day after Joey's passing, and we both solidly agree on **THIS**, though - there are far too many shitbags in the business (and world) who deserved to die instead of Joey, especially the way he did. Because of my being one of thee most devoted fans of the Ramones, I ain't gonna lie to you or anyone else - the immediate hours following the news of Joey's death was one of the most painfully fucked-up days of my life, as I'm sure it was for devotees like Kidd Spike (ex-Controllars, Gears) and Rodney Bingenheimer (KROQ's Rodney On The Roq). Snot-filled breaking down plagued my body the following day while I was at work, too. Fuck me for having feelings. But rather than dwell on Joey's death, like so many other fans of other dead artists do, I'd rather live in the music that he and his fellow brothers created in the studio and celebrated live for so many years to so many fans. I'm sure there are many of these fans out there who feel this same way, but if you happen to be one of the very few people in the dark about what the Ramones did for rock and roll, as well as for the numerous bands to follow, there are 13 wonderful studio albums out there ticking like a baker's dozen of plastic explosive time bombs. My suggestion is to experience them all and blow your fucking mind wide open. The light will be shed. And for the sweaty throngs of us who got to witness the Ramones live - never forget how those shows use to make us feel - even if the feeling lasted just for the evening. I know I won't forget - I could live with that feeling forever. Thank you, Joey... and your "bruders." Easter candy will never taste the same again.

-Designated Dale

PHOTO BY STEPHANIE CHERNIKOWSKI

Rich Mackin The Twisted Balloon

Zine people are all weird fringe people. At a single zine fair, you can get right wing skinheads and punk anarchists, straight edgers and drug-obsessed fiends, born-again christians and pagans, vegans and meat eaters decked head to toe in leather

HOW I (DIS)ORGANIZED SOME ZINE FAIRS

4 years ago, this guy calls me and asks me if I can help him set up a zine fair in a Boston suburb - he would set up the space, it would be my job to get the zinesters. Well, it fell through, as DIY plans sometimes do, and I started thinking, SOMEONE should do a zine fair. That made me sound like the people who tell me I should do stuff when they could just as easily do it. So I decided that since nobody put on a zine fair in Boston, I would have to do it.

Fresh out of Mass College of Art, I asked some friends who were still there if they could get some space for a zine fair and Beantown Zinetown was born.

The first was organizing heavy and organization low. This was also before I had computer access, so I had to use the phone. Bad idea to do anything like this and put your home phone # on fliers. Some people think it's fine to call at 2AM. Some think it's cool to call at 7AM. When you are getting calls 19 hours a day, well, it sucks. The fair went well - 4 rooms and connecting hallway space full of zines, music and spoken word during. Not a bad event for not knowing what I was doing.

The second year was a big weird experiment. My Mass Art got a big, huge room this time, and we decided to have acts AFTER the fest, so as not to distract people from interacting during set fair time. I booked too many bands, and while it was awesome, it was grueling. Unless you are having a festival that is all about all day bands, you should never book more than 4 or 5 bands for anything, especially after a 6-hour zine event. The bands were almost redundant anyway, since it seemed like we could draw a huge crowd based on the zine fair alone.

explain a few things by this point. I personally think that a zine fair - being an event where those not directly involved are expected to BUY stuff, should be free. I dislike the idea of charging admission for something that you are expected to spend money at. So, it is important for me to have a zine fair that is free admission, which means I can't pay any money for the space, so I turn to places such as colleges that have lots of space that can be used free with the right networking. The

and \$1000 went to the performers, there would have to be a paper trail for official and tax reasons) The problem is that someone thought this meant that no cash could be used to buy or sell zines - which caused considerable concern that never needed to exist. It all worked out fine, but you could imagine the stress up until that point.

A lesson learned between BZ3 is that if you aren't a student at a school and want to use that school,

allows for an easy flow from one to another, yet keeps the noise and business levels to tolerable amounts. It was a nice accident to stumble upon.

One odd lesson learned is to consider a college spring break - on a plus side, if a school is on spring break - they don't have much use for a room and are likely to let people use the space. On a down side, they might have different rules about hours of operations. If the building normally opens at 8AM, say, it might not open until noon during spring break. This was the case I found out the hard way when I showed up at 11AM to a crowd of zinesters locked outside (luckily it was nice out.) I had learned to tell everyone involved to show up an hour earlier than the public was invited to get set up and problem solving out of the way. Had I known the building was locked until noon...

The event itself was great - zine fairs are best worried about until a half-hour before they start, and then left to themselves. The basic point is that they are gatherings of cool people - let the cool people interact and the rest takes care of itself. Make sure everyone has everything they might need and is happy, and keep in mind that no matter what, SOMEONE will be unhappy, so don't worry.

Here are some random thoughts for those who might embark on such a task...

FOOD! Food is important. Say, if you are in a city and there are 3 cool cafes on the same block as your event, maybe not as much. Say you have a small 3-hour zine fair, maybe not, but as a whole, if you want a long social event, have food. The two best solutions I have found are 1) Invite the local Food Not Bombs to cater. This year, all food was provided by FNB, who found it to be a great awareness builder and fundraiser; or 2) DIY



unfortunate part of this, is since a school and/ or school group is essentially doing you a favor, you often have to deal with weird issues that a paying customer would be able to balk at.

In the case of Beantown Zinetown 3, we had plans for the event to take place in the hall BZ2 was in, then the gym, then the cafeteria, and back again. This made it hard to promote until almost the week of the event since you can't give directions to an event if you don't know where it will be. Another SNAFU was a misinterpretation of a rule involving admission and money. The actual rule was that money taken for event admission needed to be deposited into a group account and any payments would need to have checks cut for documentation purposes. (The idea is that if \$2000 was taken in at a show

make sure that you have close contacts with a student or student group. I was informed that the student group that helped with BZ1-3 knew BZ4 would happen. Of course, all the individual students involved had graduated or dropped out by that point, so when I contacted those I thought were expecting me, I was sent a form letter detailing how the group worked and how they couldn't except any outside event requests. Luckily, I found this out early and was able to turn to Emerson College students I know who set up a space there - this space being even nicer.

BZ4 - well, one thing I learned is that the ideal setup for a zine fair is a string of small rooms that are connected. Separate rooms make the event seem disjointed; One big room becomes loud and hectic. Several rooms connected in a string

PBJ (make your own peanut butter and jelly) bar - cheap inherently vegan food most people like. Get big jars of smooth and chunky, maybe some soy nut or other "butter" for those allergic, a few jellies and maybe fluff, and a few loaves of bread. For 20 bucks, you can feed 100 people and have extras for later. Food is social, and reduces the need to wander off. Put a fun bank for donations, and odds are you make your money back plus some.

RESPECT - Zine people are all weird fringe people. At a single zine fair, you can get right wing skinheads and punk anarchists, straight edgers and drug-obsessed fiends, born-again christians and pagans, vegans and meat eaters decked head to toe in leather. Give a few words in print or person about respecting each other, less the arguments start. I mean, debate is great, but you don't want people picking on each other.

VOLUNTEERS - Each year I do a zine fair, people ask what they can do to help. Each year, what they mean is "what can I do to say I helped do this and seem cool?" Each year all I need help with is sweeping, cleaning, set up and putting up fliers. Try to think of what helpers can do, but don't expect to get help.

SHOULDA - Every year someone tells me what I "shoulda" done. While I appreciate feedback, there is a difference between - "hey, next time, why not" and "you shoulda..." especially since YOU shoulda, nobody ever says how they will help you. Be prepared for this. If

you aren't an organizer, please don't tell what the organizer shoulda done. Or, since you know so much, organize your own zine fair.

One shoulda I get every year is that there should be more political/ personal/ art/ female/ male/ minority/ transgender/ whatever zines. If you are political/ male/ female/ transgender/ black/ white/ Canadian/ whatever and want something said, do a zine, don't wait for someone else to do one for you. This year,

for example, I was told that I should have had more transgender zines, as if there was a huge selection of them and I wouldn't let them in. Of the 2 trans people I knew there, one complained, one did a fictional comic about unrelated subjects... Similar problems happen with any other group. (If you can't guess, this is the one thing that actually upsets me about doing zine fairs)

OTHER ACTIVITY - Bands,

workshops, etc. can add or detract from an event. Think long and hard about who you expect to come - do you need more reason for people to come, or will anything else be a distraction? Make sure you don't overbook the day. Down time is important. People always seem happy to have a quiet room to just read their new zines.

SMALL BILLS - ATM machines give out 20 dollar bills. Zines usually cost a buck or two. You cannot have enough singles at a zine fair. Spend a huge amount of time making change the weeks before any zine fair you are event remotely connected to.

SENDING STUFF - Sometimes, there's a zine fair you can't attend. You can send stuff. This works best if you send stuff that you just want given out for free. If you are doing this, make sure to get in touch with someone who is expecting your stuff, and send it out well in advance. Otherwise, you can be sending a box that won't fit into an apartment mailbox and whoever you send it too has to make arrangements with UPS or pick it up at the post office to get it. Every year I get several packages the week after the zine fair, some I expected that were late, some out of the blue, all expecting to be distributed too late.

PROMOTION - Promote the hell out of a zine fair! Consider what you want accomplished - I have been to some fairs that are more a zinester convention, and those are cool. I have been to some where it's more of a zine marketplace, and those are also cool. But a zine marketplace set up that only zinesters know about, well, that's pretty sad. Depending on your area, you may already have a huge zine scene or none at all, and thus want readings or bands to draw people - think about all of this, but remember there are no real rules to this.

Ok, I hope I didn't scare you. Actually, the hardest part is securing the space and a bunch of tables. (I think BZ5 might be a picnic setup with no tables at all) There is a lot of running around, but I haven't set up or attended a zine fair I wasn't happy with the outcome of. Happy zining!

Rich Mackin
<http://www.richmackin.org>
richmackin@richmackin.org
 P.O.Box 890
 Allston MA 02134



(above) Don't let the hat and the sly glance fool you. It's the table of Mackin, not the table of mackin'.

(below) Is it Lucha Libre's Magnificent Pork or just a zinester with a mask?

(opposite page) Rumor has it that this guy was fired from a suicide hotline for telling too many callers, "Why not? Your life sucks anyway."





I wanna be the guy who pollutes the airwaves, paper supply and worldwide web with all those ridiculous half-truths and outright lies aimed at achieving nothing smaller than emptying your collective wallets.

WORKIN' FOR THE MAN

The movie "Crazy People" has ruined my life.

In a nutshell, the film is about an ad exec tired of lying to the public who decides to tell the truth. Naturally, the people he works for decide he needs a little "rest" in a sanitarium, where he joins a group of other patients in giving new

meaning to the phrase "truth in advertising." For the most part, it's a sappy love story with an improbable premise. The ads, though, are what make this movie worth watching.

Take a print ad for Metamucil, for example, which contains the following text: "Metamucil. It helps you go to the toilet. If you don't use it, you'll get cancer

and die." How about a travel ad that says "Forget France. The French can be annoying. Visit Greece. We're Nicer," or an ad for Jaguar with "For people who want hand jobs from women they don't even know"? This flick is filled with ads just like these, folks.

Anyway, The movie touched a nerve in me and I have since been unable to shake the uneasy realization that I'm being lied to all the time.

"What," you say, "did you think they were doing? Did you honestly believe that all those sugar-packed cereals, diet pills and greasy cheeseburgers were actually good for you? That drinking all that beer somehow made you a veritable chick magnet?"

Umm, yes.

Now that the façade has been torn down from before my eyes and I see that Oz the Great and Terrible is actually a withered snake oil salesman in a cheap suit, I want a piece of the action. What I'm saying to you all is that I wanna be the guy who pollutes the airwaves, paper supply and worldwide web with all those ridiculous half-truths and outright lies aimed at achieving nothing smaller than emptying your collective wallets. I WANNA BE AN AD MAN.

I've already begun work on campaigns aimed at getting the world's biggest corporate entities what they lust for most: your money. First off is a little ad campaign I've been toiling over for the tobacco industry. To date, the industry has done all it can to get the population to believe that getting cancer from their product is untrue, that the amount of smokers who keel over from the disease is some sort of odd coincidence. I say quit lying to everybody and use the truth to your advantage. In this game, spin is everything folks and what you do with it can turn into big sales.

What I came up with for the tobacco industry is a new, no nonsense brand of cigarettes with bargain-basement packaging to increase the profit margin: plain, white cigarettes in an attractively simple white box with only the name brand printed in non-bold, typewriter-type letters on the front: Smokes. The print ad would feature a guy in a hospital bed with an IV and a tracheotomy scar like the lady in the anti-smoking commercials, his bed surrounded by gorgeous supermodels. The tag line to the ad is "Smokes. If you're gonna get cancer and die, why not do it with style?" Another set of ads, geared toward pregnant women, would carry the tag lines "'Normal' births are boring," and "A kid with birth defects makes for a life filled with surprises."

There's been a lot of talk about the legalization of marijuana, at least medicinal purposes. I say let's go whole hog and push for legalization for the recreational user as well. My ad campaign for the pro-pot legions is thus: get an actor who exudes a "trust me" type of vibe, say Wilford Brimley or the most identifiable guy who's played Jesus in a television movie. Sit him in a library or someplace with a lot of important books surrounding him so he looks especially intelligent, and have him read the following script: "Good evening America. I want to talk to you about something very important tonight. Marijuana use has suffered from centuries of misinformation about the dangers of its usage. [Cut to scenes from "Reefer Madness"] Many people believe that it will give

Jimmy Alvarado

RICH MEN DIG ANOREXICS



THE THREE-STONED ANOREXIA RING.
ONE STONE FOR EACH MEAL
I FORGET TO DIGEST.
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NEVER STICK MY RING FINGER
DOWN MY THROAT.



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you brain damage, that using it will cause you to go out and shoot 20 people in an orgy of violence, that it will make you into some sort of weirdo [quick cut to "Cheers" star Woody Harrelson]. Well, That's a bald-faced lie. Many famous Americans have grown or smoked hemp throughout the years. People like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Louis Armstrong. Studies have also shown that people who drink alcohol are more prone to violence than their counterparts who are [make "quotation" hand gesture] "stoned" out of their gourds. But who really cares what the experts say. You be the judge. How many times have you seen two guys get into a fistfight over the last hit of a joint? How many times have you heard someone on trial for rape or murder give a confession that runs along the lines of, 'Well, your honor, I was pretty drunk when I sodomized that mannequin and shot my dad's Buick...' I rest my case. This says nothing of the statistics that show that stoned drivers are less likely to be involved in fatal driving accidents because it's danged near impossible to kill someone when you're cruising at a cool three miles an hour. So, ladies and gentlemen, let's get out of the dark ages. Let's legalize marijuana. It's safe. It's better for you than drinking. It's the American way [fade out with actor lighting the bowl of a hookah pipe with the Grateful Dead playing in the background]. "I guarantee you that the Surgeon General and all those whiny anti-pot do-gooders won't know what hit 'em.

Lastly, I want to share with you an idea for playing up America's image as the most powerful nation on Earth. The television ad basically consists of a series of grainy black and white shots that fade on and off of the screen in timed intervals. The first is a picture of Three Mile Island. The next is of dead ducks covered with oil and a sinking tanker in the background. In a voice-over, President George Bush II assures the public that America's economic interests are more important than the environmental health of the planet. The next series of photos are of Leonard Peltier, Judi Bari and Karen Silkwood shown in quick succession, coupled with a sound bite from another high-ranking official stating that the greatest thing about America is that its people have a right to speak their minds. Finally, the screen is covered with pictures of wounded and dead people from Hiroshima, My Lai, Kent State, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Alabama, Mississippi, the Philippines and Okinawa, as well as snapshots of famous American Indians, both in

life and death. As the screen goes black, former President George Bush I can be heard saying, "America will not tolerate aggression from one country toward another." The last image, in white on a black screen, is the words "America. Be glad you've still got a country." I figure if we beamed that little ditty all over the world, we wouldn't have to worry about a war for some time.

Who woulda thought working in advertising would be so fun?

I hope someone hires me soon.

YADDA YADDA YADDA

I would like to publicly rescind my rather chilly review of the latest Briefs album. After much listening, I found it so enjoyable that I seem unable to pry it from my player. It rates a 99 on the Skank-O-Meter, and is blessed with nary a lousy song. Sorry, guys, if my being a jerk adversely affected you in any way.

What does Jesus say when he wants to take his name in vain? Say he smashes his finger with a hammer. Does he say "Sweet me, that hurt"?

Why don't any of her psychic friends tell Dionne Warwick, "I see that doing these commercials for the Psychic Friends Network are effectively putting your singing career in the shitcan?" If they're so damn psychic, why didn't they warn her in the first place?

Now that the rest of the Dead Kennedys have apparently won the rights to their song catalog from Jello Biafra, I guess that we can all expect to see oodles of Levis ads with "Holiday in Cambodia" blaring in the background. I wonder if the irony of that idea will be missed by the execs that okay its usage. Will they bother paying attention to the lyrics? Anyway, that's one more song I'll probably never listen to again, right up there with SLF's "Gotta Getaway" the Buzzcocks' "What Do I Get?" and Black Flag's "Rise Above." Pity. I was thinking about getting 'em on CD, too.

Salacious salutations to Yogi, Goose, "Guam Boy" and all the guys at Ceilings Plus, who have made the painless segue from that OTHER magazine to Razorcake. Sorry that the fish porno thing didn't pan out last issue. I know you guys were really looking forward to it.

Tune in next issue when the topic of discussion is whether Superman or Godzilla would win a death match.

Get back at the other by being extra hard on yourself,

-Jimmy



CANNABIS

IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO SMOKE

Jimmy Aivarado



Davey Tiltwheel

Hair-Brained Scheme Addict



All the little grommets, skate punks, MunchSkin grrls, the black-haired/pale skin types, the romulans, the messy haired artists and the '70s types all seemed to say "Joey did this," or at least had something to do with it.

I found this in my pocket, Tuesday afternoon, April 17, 2001. It's reproduced exactly how I found it. Keep in mind I also found that I had spent 97 bucks at the bar this was written on double whiskys:

"I'm in a place called Mars Bar on 2nd. Ave. in NYC. Last night I was in a town in PA drinking beer with Leatherface and I went for a piss. Big Rock told me as I left the bathroom that Joey Ramone had passed. None of us know why. It didn't matter. Joey Ramone..."

What can I say. I'm in New York at a bar because of him. 1,2,3,4 and it's all I can do to start a band, listen to punk rock, and go on tour doing sound. I live in San Diego. 3,000 miles from home because some asshole said "gabba gabba we accept you as one of us." One of us... I've nothing in this life but punk rock. How stupid when you think about it. It was because of that ugly cretin light bulb head bastard that I'm here. Every artist, every college radical, every punk, every skin, everyone without their original hair color, everyone who has raised their middle finger. Every single person who YOU have said "hi" to is here because that asshole said "now I want to have something to do." It's because of you. 'Night Joey, see you soon."

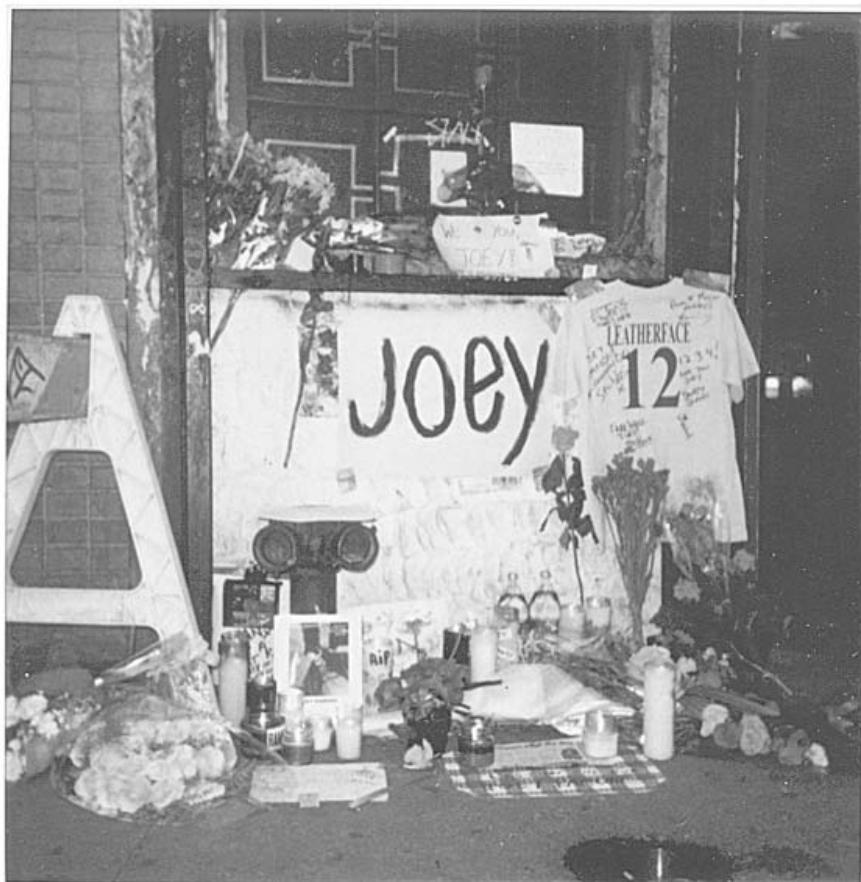
The last show of the Leatherface tour this year was in Chicago. For some unknown reason we had to drive to New Jersey to drop off our van. The Boat was leaving out of JFK. Easter Sunday we were shackled up in a hotel in some nameless town three hours outside of NYC in PA when I heard the news from our tour manager, "Big Rock." The next day it was agreed that we run by CBGB's and have a drink in his honor. Luckily, we weren't the only ones. We first stood outside for an hour or so and just stared at the shrine. Covered in hand-written and computer-generated tributes, candles, beer bottles, 40 oz bottles and flowers, the shrine read "Joey Lives." A group of 30 or so people stood in near silence outside snap-

ping pictures, lighting candles and occasionally having a look around at the other mourners. I made eye contact with few people. We were all the same, affected in a most unusual way by the thing that is RAMONES. Most of them had

leather jackets on. One person had left theirs on the windowsill outside CB's. I found my one guitar pick that had survived with me on tour and flinged it at the mess. The last thing we did together on the tour was stand by the stage inside

CBGBs and have a drink for Joey.

I do seem to remember scrawling the above in the midst of some tirade against the New York nightlife types, at least the ones I have come into contact with in the last few days I spent in NYC. I can



What can I say. I'm in New York at a bar because of him. 1,2,3,4 and it's all I can do to start a band, listen to punk rock, and go on tour doing sound. I live in San Diego. 3,000 miles from home because some asshole said "gabba gabba we accept you as one of us."

only take so much of the plastic phony baloney asskissers before I start looking for reasons to throw punches. I sat alone at the window of this bar and stared out onto the wet pavement on 1st. street watching the people go by so I could settle down a bit. All the little grommets, skate punks, MunchSkin grrls, the black-haired/pale skin types, the romulans, the messy haired artists and the '70s types all seemed to say "Joey did this," or at least had something to do with it. It was nice. It made me feel good. If you were in a bar in NYC on Monday night and wondered why some teary-eyed fat guy with a stack of newspapers kept tapping his glass against the window, now you know....

Everyone I saw that night in New York just made me stop and think of where we'd be today If it weren't for Joey Ramone. You, the reader, are a product of that man's err... "music." It's music to our ears, I guess that's why we've all gathered for this occasion. I'm certainly here writing this "column" (HAHA-HAHHAHAHA) because I can't get enough of punk rock, especially The Ramones. I used to spend hours, day after day just pacing back and forth in my room listening to "It's Alive" and playing guitar along with the record. I did this

until I felt better. Sometimes that would take me 30 minutes, sometimes that would take me two and a half repeats of each of the four sides on the album. Either way, it always worked. I remember borrowing my older sister's betamax player and renting "Rock N Roll High School" from the music store across town every weekend for what seemed like years. I was young, I didn't know you could actually BUY videotape.

I've made some great friends over the years, most, if not all conversations started with, "What do you think of The Ramones?" My mom knows who the Ramones are. I guess I first heard the Ramones, I mean REALLY took notice of them at a "midnight movie" in my pre-teen days. To those reading this with roots in mall/multiplex culture, every Friday and Saturday night, theaters across the country would show movies at midnight, attracting the "Sneek-a-Toke(tm)" and "Beer in the Parking Lot" types. Every weekend the same films would play and the same folks would show up. As in all societies and cultures, those attending the films would splinter off into their own tribes based on the offerings of the gods. The ones who traveled on scooters would be in Theater One watching

"Quadrophenia" and "The Kids Are Alright." The ones who arrived in Dusters and Camaros would be in Theater Two watching "Song Remains The Same" and "Roadie" and the really weird ones who I never saw drive anything would be in the other theater watching "Rock N Roll High School" and "Urrgh! A Music War."

I, of course, showed up with the Camaro and Duster crowd. They were older than I but thought I was 16 so they drove me around and I drank and did other "grown up" things with them. I remember at school there was this guy named Charlie who would always tell me about "Rock N Roll High School" to the point where you couldn't understand what he was saying because he'd spazz out so much. Come to think of it, I don't think he could tell you what time it was without drooling and snorting the words out. After a few weekends of seeing stoned burnouts get teary-eyed when Robert Plant screams "Does anybody remember laughter?" I decided to see what "Rock N Roll High School" and "Urrgh!" was all about. I'm glad I did. I honestly don't think I've ever been able to sit through a Led Zeppelin song since...

If I'm at someone's house and they put on "Zep," I leave. If it's on

the radio, I change the channel. If someone plays it on the jukebox at a bar, I unplug the juke or locate the cancel button. If that doesn't work, or depending on my level of mischief, I scream and yell profanities like "HIPPY SHIT" or "BORING" until the song is over. By comparison, for the last twenty years I've said "Ramones" at least once a day and smiled doing so.

I keep writing but my point doesn't seem to be coming across. Maybe it's the fact I haven't slept more than an hour at one stretch in 2 weeks. Maybe it's jet lag and maybe it's detox. I won't get into the time I hid under a stage for three hours and listened to them soundcheck so I could sneak in. I won't mention the time, about eight years later when I got to walk across the stage while they were soundchecking and they smiled and mouthed "hi" and I won't mention the day I sat across a picnic table from Joey and got to interview him for a local fanzine. Those are the stories I'll save for the bar. I guess I'll just finish up by raising a glass to Joey Ramone...

Next Issue's Topic: "If you're Socialist does that mean your beer is mine?"

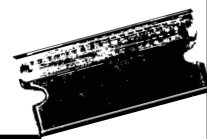
-Davey





Gary Hornberger

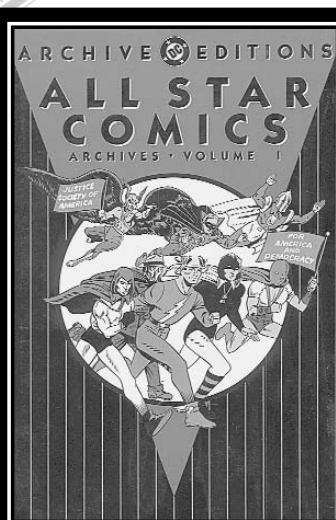
Squeeze My Horn



...this rockabilly-looking ghost and his girlfriend challenge them to a race... a race for their souls. The race doesn't happen and the two go off for some waffles.

Well it looks like we all made it to the magnificent second issue of Razorcake, which I must say is great. So it's been two months since we last chatted, so let's see what has happened. I personally have been sitting at home nursing a hernia surgery and boy let me tell you that it's not really the injury itself or the operation but red tape of bureaucracy that takes up your down time. Now that I know what not to do, if this happens again I'll know what to do. For instance, say you want to know exactly what a hernia is, read the pamphlet in the office, don't ask the surgeon because he doesn't have time for you and will give you a vague response. Here's another problem the amount of time off. Take six weeks because your doctor nor the surgeons know what you do for a living and will send you back to work early and then when you need more time off, you go through more red tape to get your disability pay.

Now, let's see, what else there is for me to gripe about? Oh here we go, I believe I made it known that I'm a golf nut, right, and since I've been home for five weeks with an injury, I've had to do my golf with television and couch. Here's my problem, Tiger Woods. It's not enough that everyone wants to make a buck off this guy in the business and blows Tiger sunshine into everybody's cranium, but for goodness sakes why do they have to help this crybaby, egotistical, fist pumping, get out of my way before I push you off the bridge kid, I thought I told you not to take my picture, I can't acknowledge the fans, jerk. Four tournaments back on the final hole, Mickelson hits his drive and loses 20 yards because some old man serving as an official can't get out of the way, so he has to settle for laying up and getting a great par. Now Tiger hits his drive on the same hole horribly yet some beer drinking yuppie and his brain dead girlfriend, wife, whatever keep his ball from



Young Gary. Devil in Converse.



going out of bounds, and on top of that she picks up the ball, (Who knows why? Maybe to prove to her husband that this indeed was the projectile that made you spill your Bud draft.) This gives Woods a free drop and a great opportunity to win the tournament. You know, I'd be a great golfer if I had a wall of people to hit at and lessen the probability that my ball would go out of bounds.

Here's another thing, most golfers on tour didn't sign a giant contract with Nike before they ever hit a PGA event so they have to play it safe each tournament so as to receive a check each week,

because the difference between second and sixth is a whole lot of money. OK, did I spend enough time on my sports report? You bet! What does this have to do with comics you ask? Well nothing, but maybe you will find my rants comical. On the subject of comics, I've seemed to have lost contact with my supplier of independent comics, so if anyone out there can steer me right, please oblige me. It seems that right now everything pertaining to comics and toys are in a lull, so there's not much to report, though I did see in passing that someone put out a bizarre series of figures of Alice in Wonderland. If I see more, I'll be sure to turn people onto them. Well, that's it for now, so see if any of these comics seem to hit you where it tickles. Later.

ALL STAR COMICS - ARCHIVE EDITIONS Reprints

DC All Star comics #3-#6 \$49.95 US, \$59.95 Canada The reason I'm even telling you about this one is because I got it for half off the cover price at one of the Super Crown book stores that are going out of business. I'd seen these before and to be absolutely truthful this is the only way, unless you're filthy stinkin' rich, that you can read an actual golden age comic from the 1940s.

Hell, even at 50 dollars this could be considered a steal. As far as I know there are, at the moment, 20 or 30 of these hard back books out, and all of them reprint the actual comics right down to the ads that ran in them - you know, super prizes for selling Christmas cards or toy bombers for a dollar fifty and who can forget the 100 army men in a locker for a dollar. The great thing, however, is how corny the way things were written 50 or 60 years ago. Take, for example, the dialogue of criminals. If I were introduced to the criminal element only through these comics, I would come to the conclusion that anyone

who had a New York accent was a crook. Example: "He gives me a hunnerd bucks an' does a tousand bucks wortha damage! Wotta nerve!" and now the spell check on my computer is going nuts. Another thing is how easily the criminals give up even if they out number the superhero. They even go to jail willingly. Of course that was a simpler time and everything was cut and dry, the medium was also used as means of raising pride in the youth of America against the Nazis, though they refer to them as gray shirts. It seems that comics have come a long way in 60 years, yet many of these same heroes are around today, though DC, not too long ago, went for a big youth movement. Today's DC characters have to play a more cerebral role. Hell, most of the superhero comics today are merely soap opera digests (characters with larger than life problems and a story line that's continued next month) - stars trying to win acceptance in an increasingly competitive market. But does this stop me from reading them? The answer is no. I did it as a kid I'll do it now, and besides I don't think the interaction is as mind-numbing as interactive computer or arcade type games. You know, "Ozzy, or Laura Croft told me to take a gun to school." Come on, man you have to now how to use the on/off switch.

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS

CD Comics, \$2.95 US, \$4.25 Canada, 2 pounds UK

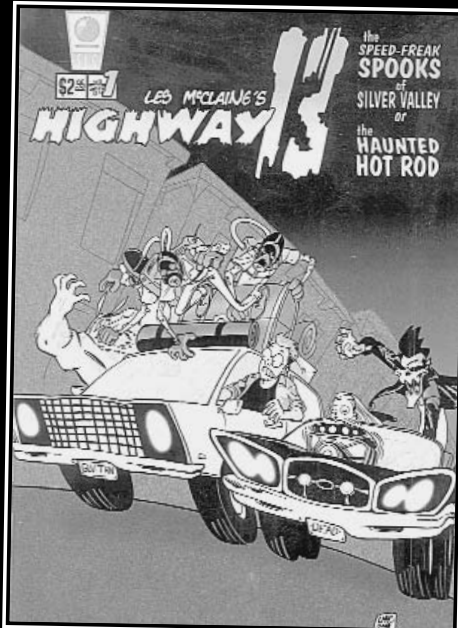
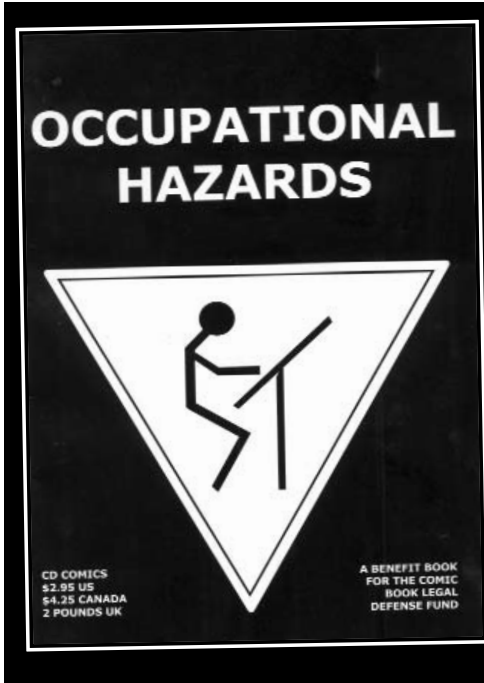
Occupational hazards is a comic written as a benefit for the comic book legal defense fund, an organization set up to protect first amendment rights by fighting censorship in comics. So basically this one is a one shot deal. The basis of the comic is the strangest thing that has happened to various comic writers and/or artist that were interviewed by the guy that put this comic together. At first I thought this was going to be a dud, but after reading it in its entirety it's really downright frickin' funny. Maybe it's because so many fans get to caught up in the comics or maybe because too many people don't take the time to think

that make their actions grace the pages of this here comic. The first guy is just surprised that anyone at all would read his book and is kind of bland but the next one starts the ball rolling. It seems this guy ran into some nut fanboy who first wanted to know how Superman got his powers and then wanted to know how he himself could obtain the very same powers, going as far as to follow the artist into the bathroom. The next story is a booze-induced romp to Europe where a

Here is my favorite of the batch. A kind of cross between "X-Files" and the Night Stalker. It also has some depictions reminiscent of the Tick, but hell, I could be tying fish line with yarn there. From what I get of reading this one is that the main character Rick is on some kind of monster mash type road trip - whether he's looking for them or they find him is to be determined. For instance, his traveling companion at the moment - and I'm not 100% sure but I think is a werewolf

back alive he's going to kick his butt. The race is on. The mechanic loses. Ghost takes his soul. So the daughter of the mechanic soups up the wagon and the next night the two are looking for another race. This is where we find the wolf has no soul which means Rick has to race and, of course, he wins and the souls are released and off go the ghosts to their final rest. OK, look, I'm going for the "in a nut shell." It's much better in print. Of course, the mechanic wakes from his coma.

called Razorcake. The seven person cast is pretty straight forward: the boss, a guy named Cole Richards (who rules the world of '80s classic arcade games), Brent Sienna (who has little time for games since he has to put the magazine together), Jade Fontaine (the hottie chick that proves girls can play too), Francis Ottoman (the gaming nut with teen angst), and my favorites Robbie and Jase, (two ex-jocks who only play sports console games from their couch), and lastly (for what



Gary Hornberger

portrait of Judge Dredd haunts its drunk spectator on Halloween night. The next artist actually does Dredd and he has a run in with a fanboy who seems to have a hard-on for Catwoman and suggested that the artist should write a book with Dredd falling in love with Catwoman. The best one in the comic is the guy who had to deal with Mr. T. That, my friends, is comedy. Anyway, there are a couple of others that lie in the pages of this comic, but hell, I can't tell you all of them. That would keep you from going out and enjoying this all on your own. On the mere fact that personal experiences are always funny and, well, these people are meeting hundreds of people at these conventions, you can imagine the laughs that are stored in this vault, right? One thing before I let you go. The artist renderings that grace the pages do so much justice to the characters that they meet. (CD Comics, PO Box 20481 Knoxville, TN 37940)

LES McCLAIN'S HIGHWAY 13: THE SPEED-FREAK SPOOKS OF SILVER VALLEY or THE HAUNTED HOT ROD
#1, SLG Comics, \$2.95 US

(though, to be honest, he never changes between states, yet it is disclosed that he has no soul.). The story has a lot of loose ends that I hope will be tied up in future issues. For instance, in the beginning Rick is filling up with gas while Garth (he's the werewolf, I think) is fighting off a multitude of gas mask wearing men, whom, until the end, we know nothing about. Then there's the guide book that I'm guessing lists all towns and their monsters, ghosts and whatever else certain towns have to offer. Onto the story. After leaving the station, the twosome enter the town of Silver Valley just as night falls. They stop at a garage to have their car (some sort of mini station wagon) checked out, but before they can finish their sentence the mechanic hurries them inside just as a ghostly hot rod pulls up outside and this rockabilly-looking ghost and his girlfriend challenge them to a race... a race for their souls. The race doesn't happen and the two go off for some waffles. The next night has them looking for a race and they find one, but just as the rockabilly ghost has Rick in a trance, the mechanic shows and challenges instead. He tells Rick if he makes it

It's a happy ending except for Rick because he gets his butt kicked and off go Rick and Garth to the next town and the next installment of Highway 13. Trust me on this one, the comic I hold in my very hands is going to be big! So big because it is written well and is artistically stylish. If you were a fan of monster movies and watched Elvira on the weekends as a kid, your gonna eat this one up. (S.G. Publishing, 848 The Alameda, San Jose, CA 95126)

PVP

#1, Dork Storm Comics, \$2.95 US Work place comics are usually inspiring. Take Dilbert, for example - comical to most rational workers because at one time or another we've had to work with the irrational and, on occasion, asinine co-worker or management personnel. So in briefing this one, I thought work place humor should make for a good comic. Indeed, this comic pulls through with a high tech "WKRP in Cincinnati"-type humor. The weird thing here is that these characters work for a magazine that reviews computer and arcade games. Sounds real close to a guy who reviews stuff for a magazine

inspirational motive I don't know), there's a mythical creature named Skull, who seems to be the magazine's butt kisser because he can't lie and is always reporting to the boss. Most of the time the comic is introducing us to the pitfalls and pranks that take place within the confines of the workplace, but there is a series in which the team tries to help Francis try and distance himself a little from his obsession with computer games with the help of Robbie and Jase. It seems these two are going to help him by taking him to the batting cages, where Francis finds more harm than help, and when that doesn't work they plan to take him to a strip joint. Unfortunately, this is where the comic ends, so hopefully we'll find out what happens in the second installment of this comic. If you like humor in the break room, then your going to love this title, just remember PVP. (Toonhound Studios, 3930 Glade Road - Suite 108 - PMB 104 Colleyville, TX 76034; <letters@pvponline.com>)

-Gary Hornberger





Nardwuar

Who Are You?



Nardwuar: What's the most obscene chant you've ever heard about Posh Spice at a Man United game?

Mani: Uh, Posh Spice takes it up the ass.

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE VS. MANI OF PRIMAL SCREAM

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Mani: I'm the bass player for the Scream.

Nardwuar: And who else is in Primal Scream?

Mani: Well, we've got Bobby Gillespie on vocals, um, a three man guitar lineup of Kevin Shields, Throb, and Andrew Innes, then we've got Darren Mooney on drums, then we have Martin Duffy on keyboards, and Jim Horn and Duncan MacKay on horns.

Nardwuar: And that's like nine of you, isn't it?

Mani: Yeah, man, the family's growing by the year.

Nardwuar: And you've all made it into Canada successfully?

Mani: Yes, we've all made it in because we're good boys, you know?

Nardwuar: So Mani, how was the airplane trip over here for Primal Scream?

Was there anything crazy 'cause we've heard those rumors, you know, of like Bobby having sex on an airplane with Kylie Minogue.

Mani: [laughs] Hahaha! Well, it all sort of went a bit pashay for me because I flew down from Manchester to London to meet up with everybody and my visa hadn't been processed so I had to wave the guys off and I had to travel the next day on me own. But apparently I think they were met by about six policemen at Washington Airport because a big something had gone on on the plane, but the police were just wanting to give them a warm welcome into the US, do you know what I mean?

Nardwuar: Perfect for the press-book, then!

Mani: Absolutely! Hahaha!

Nardwuar: Are you going to come to Vancouver, BC, Canada? How come there is no Vancouver gig? I am phoning you from Vancouver.

Mani: Yeah, you know, that's strange. I've been

asking myself that same question.

Nardwuar: I was just thinking, it would be a great place to play, because on the song "Kill All Hippies," from your new LP, "Exterminator," you guys sample Dennis Hoppers' movie "Out of the Blue"...

Mani: Yeah man!

Nardwuar: ...and that movie was filmed in Vancouver.

Mani: Superb. Yeah, well it's ah, right, we should come and do it for you, man, you know?

Nardwuar: Do you remember the band in the movie, "Out of the Blue" at all, Mani? You've seen the movie, haven't you?

Mani: Yeah, but it's been a long time since - are they a local Vancouver band?

Nardwuar: Yes, it was the Pointed Sticks. They played the song "Somebodies Mom" in the movie, and they were actually signed to Stiff Records in 1980, flew over to England, and even recorded with Nigel Gray, but their album never came out on Stiff, 'cause there was something about Nigel Gray not liking them too much.

Mani: Oh, right, weird one, man. That's strange.

Nardwuar: How into punk were you, Mani? How punk were you back then in the day?

Mani: Well, I was an original 1977 punk, man, you know, I sort of still carry about a little bit of the punk spirit in me heart anyway, man, you know, you can never lose that part.

Nardwuar: Did you ever see like Slaughter and the Dogs, the Drones...

Mani: Yeah, Slaughter and the Dogs were my favorite band, mate. I've seen them plenty of times. The Buzzcocks, uh, everybody man, GBH, Discharge, the Clash, everyone, barring Pistols.

Nardwuar: Were there many punks from your hometown, Failsworth, at all?

Mani: Shitloads, mate. Absolutely heaps of them. Yeah.

Nardwuar: Any other bands? Like you mentioned Slaughter and the Dogs....

Mani: Yeah well, there were some other guys who have made it from Failsworth who have been famous, me mate Simon Ryan ended up playing drums for AC/DC. And then another friend of mine, Darren Warren ended up playing keyboards for Thin Lizzy, man. So, they pump the odd good musicians out. And there's a band out of there right now who are called Pure Essence who are doing quite well.

Nardwuar: So, back then, Mani, were you wearing brothel creepers and drainpipes?

Mani: Nah, I was a tartan bondage pants man, and Dr. Martens black boots.

Nardwuar: That's when you were hanging around Ian Brown a lot. Was he like a full-on Mod scooter gang guy?

Mani: We all kind of had Lambrettas, you know, from mooching around. He was more of just a scooter boy than a Mod, I'd say. He was always up on his northern soul music, his Motown, things like that, you know?

Nardwuar: Was he into like The Squire, and the Jam, and the Prisoners and all those...

Mani: Yeah, I reckon everyone's done a bit there. The Prisoners were a good band in all, you know.

Nardwuar: Is Ali-G, the punkest guy in England right now? Mani, of Primal Scream?

Mani: Oh man, he's dope. I'm telling you it's so clever 'cause it's a Jewish kid pretending to be an Asian, pretending to be West Indian kinda thing. He's a funny guy, man. He's completely unique, man.

Nardwuar: Do you think Mani, that the Happy Mondays are as talented as they think they are?

Mani: No way, man. Ha ha ha. No, but good friends of mine, the Mondays boys. But uhhh, they leave a lot to be desired about musicianship and what have you, but they just live to party, you know?

Nardwuar: Is it true that Mark Day from the Happy Mondays now sells encyclopedias door to door in Manchester?

Mani: Well, that's a story that I

heard, man. [laughs] Yeah. I don't think he wanted to be in music anymore. I think he'd just been completely wore out by it.

Nardwuar: Mani, is Manchester still known as "Gunchester"?

Mani: Yeah, there's been a real upswing in the gun thing again recently but the thing is with Manchester, it's a cool place and you just don't see it. I think you've got to be living in that world to experience it, you know. But there's people getting shot dead and all that again and it's disgusting, you know, and I think it's just cowardice, you know.

Nardwuar: Playing in Manchester with Primal Scream, have you had any celebrities come out to the gigs? Like has Curly from Coronation Street come out...

Mani: [laughs]

Nardwuar: ...to see Primal Scream?

Mani: Well listen, we've had a few Coronation Street people come out. When we just played recently, a whole bunch of the New Order guys were out, Mark E. Smith was out. Everyone who's ever been in bands in Manchester just came out.

Nardwuar: How about any footballers? Like Curly, he's a Man City fan, isn't he?

Mani: Yeah, we, ur, I can remember in the past there were people like Ryan Giggs and Peter Schmeichel and what have you, United players coming to the gigs. We get everybody, you know?

Nardwuar: What's the most obscene chant you've ever heard about Posh Spice at a Man United game?

Mani: Uh, Posh Spice takes it up the ass.

Nardwuar: Can you do any Barmy Army? Any Barmy Army? Can you do any Barmy Army chanting right now? You know, any little Barmy Army chants for us?

Mani: Uhhhhhhh...

Nardwuar: Mani, of Primal Scream?

Mani: There's a, uh, Man United I'll send to Liverpool because there's a great rivalry there. It's uh...



Illustration by Illustr8dman;
<tat2dog@postoffice.pacbell.net>

"We all hate Scousers and we all hate their Kops. They're a bunch of thieving smackheads who will never have the chops. I will always fucking hate them and I will never ever stop. We are the Scouser haters."

Nardwuar: Baboom!

Mani: Yeah, man.

Nardwuar: Mani of Primal Scream in action! Have you ever shook Tony Blair's hand?

Mani: No, but I'd punch him right in the fucking nose if I ever met him.

Nardwuar: Why do you feel that

way about Tony Blair? Like, wasn't he at one time the savior of Britain?

Mani: Yeah, well what it was was everyone had to do a bit of tactical voting and they had to use the votes to vote out the Tory government, you know, systematically fucking crushing the country over a period

of twelve, sixteen, years you know, so it was a tactical vote. The Scream boys, we're all left wing socialists yeah, but Tony Blair's moving away from the socialist ethic of the Labour Party and moving to some strange center right kind of thing and it's

kind of designer socialism. And it doesn't work really. The guy's a bit of a fraud, but I am prepared to give the guy a bit of a chance, you know, because it's going to take him more than one term in office to change things, you know?

Nardwuar: Didn't he want to have his little lackey to become mayor of London?

Mani: Yeah, because the guy who eventually got the job, Ken Livingstone, he's a proper left wing socialist, yeah, and Blair wasn't down with that at all. And he tried manipulating the vote to put his candidate up before Livingstone but at the end of the day, the people voted, and the people voted for the guy that Blair hated.

Nardwuar: So, Mani, what is happening with the Satpal Ram situation? Maybe you could explain a bit about this please, because not everybody knows a lot about it. I know recently Vice Magazine had a little thing about it, but what is the Satpal Ram situation, for people that don't know?

Mani: Well, Satpal Ram is an Asian guy, right, and in the '80s he had gone out for a meal with a white girl, you know, at an Indian restaurant, when these six white racist blokes came and they just started kicking the shit out of him and they were glassing him in his face and what have you. And Satpal Ram worked in a warehouse and he had a craft knife for opening boxes and stuff and he stuck one of the guys with it. And they had been arrested. And the guy's gone to the hospital, and because it was a black nurse who took care to treat him, he refused treatment and he went home and he bled to death. And Satpal Ram really didn't get really enough legal advice in court and none of the waiters, like they had six witnesses, and none of them who could speak English. Instead of pleading self-defense, he was told to plead provocation and he ended up on a Murder One thing, you know. And he's been in prison, the authorities just keep moving him and moving him and moving him so the guy can't settle and they keep blowing out his appeal. And I don't know what they find so dangerous about him, but it's now called a situation where he's overserved his time, you know, because he's lost remission inside for being bad and being put on the punishment block and what have you. He's now serving an "overtime" kind of thing, but they should free him really. If six racists are giving you a shearing and you lash out in self-defense, it shouldn't be down as murder, you know.

Nardwuar: And you guys have been raising money to try and get him a proper lawyer?

Mani: Yeah, we're just trying to help him fight his case, you know. The guys in the band Asian Dub Foundation turned us onto his case, and we said, well, we'll have a petition at the front door of the gigs and we can try and raise some money to help the guy, you know. Because it's a pretty unjust thing at the minute.

Nardwuar: Mani, what do you think of Gay Dad?

Mani: Um, I can't say I've ever really heard of them, you know? I've heard the name, but I haven't heard any songs.

Nardwuar: The reason why I mention that is because Denise Johnson from Gay Dad, she does backups for Gay Dad...

Mani: Yeah, she's singing for them now, isn't she?

Nardwuar: She was part of Primal

Mani: Well, you know, if Chrissy Hynde wants to protest against it, then that's her thing, but you know, cows are just dumb animals. Let's kill them. Let's eat them. Let's wear their fucking skin, man.

Scream. Was she in the band when you were in the band?

Mani: No, she had just departed kind of just before I joined.

Nardwuar: Because I interviewed her recently and she said she loved Primal Scream and was kind of disappointed because she thought with "Exterminator" you guys were trying to sound like the Chemical Brothers or something. What do you think about that? You actually have the Chemical Brothers on your LP!

Mani: Um, I think she's talking out of her ass!

Nardwuar: When she was in the band, didn't you have any of those kind of leniencies?

Mani: No, the way it works with us is, we don't really start out with any kind of ideas of a plan or anything like that. We just let the music sort of evolve in the studio and what have you. I don't know. I think saying we sound like Chemical Brothers is just of a bit of an easy answer, you know what I mean? I think it goes way deeper than that.

Nardwuar: Didn't you use to practice at an old abandoned textile mill in Guy-Bridge?

Mani: Yeah, yes, we did too, yeah. A lot of those places are being used for band rehearsal spaces and what have you, which is good.

Nardwuar: It's really an interesting area where you practice, like Droylson, Audenshaw, Openshaw like where Davey Jones of the Monkees is from, Openshaw!

Mani: Yeah, well, I'm surprised

you know so much about my hometown, man! This is kind of the area where I'm kind of from, you know what I mean?

Nardwuar: Herman Hermits, they're from Manchester?

Mani: Yeah. Right. Yeah.

Nardwuar: Is Boddington's really "The Cream of Manchester"?

Mani: Um, a lot of people would agree with you. Yeah.

Nardwuar: Do you drink Tizer at all?

Mani: I love Tizer! I mean that! [laughs]

Nardwuar: That's a soda, right?

Mani: Yeah, there's that and Iron-Bru which is excellent as well, man.

Nardwuar: Is that on the Primal Scream rider?

Mani: Um, I haven't seen it yet, but it should be. It's the best hangover

psychedelic spinning cow head? What was the deal on that, Mani?

Mani: Well [laughs] that was the extremely fertile bizarre mind of Clint Boon at work there! He's always thinking up of weird scams like that. He's that kind of guy.

Nardwuar: Mani, what's Paul Gallagher like? I talked to him once, and he was pretty insane! That's not Noel, not Liam, but Paul, the older brother.

Mani: That Paul's okay, you know. Once again he is a very good friend of mine. I like him a lot. He's a great guy, man, he's a good guy.

Nardwuar: Because I was kind of joking to him about his book "Brothers" and he threatened to come over to Canada and beat me over the head with a snowboard.

Mani: [laughs] Oh man, those Gallaghers, that's what they're like, man!

Nardwuar: What do you think about Chrissy Hynde's protest against the leather at the Gap, Mani? Because in a recent Q Magazine, you were pictured wearing leather beside Miss Sweden.

Mani: Yeah.

Nardwuar: So what do you think about Chrissy Hynde's protest against leather at the Gap?

Mani: Well, you know, if she wants to protest against it, then that's her thing, but you know, cows are just dumb animals. Let's kill them. Let's eat them. Let's wear their fucking skin, man.

Nardwuar: Mani, Bobby Gillespie said he would die for the Jesus and Mary Chain. Would you, Mani, die for Primal Scream?

Mani: Oh, absolutely man, yeah. Absolutely.

Nardwuar: And didn't the Moors Murders' Ian Brady and Myra Hindley live in Gorton, on Garlick Street?

Mani: Yeah, there is still so much resentment for those two bastards in Manchester, man. They gotta burn.

Nardwuar: Do you think they should release Myra Hindley because she is old and weak and ill?

Mani: Do you know what they should do? Just release Myra Hindley into the street and say, "Here's Myra Hindley," and just let the people deal with her.

Nardwuar: How would you describe your haircut, Mani?

Mani: It's like a floppy '60s bowl cut right now.

Nardwuar: 1963 Mersey Beat.

Mani: Yeah, man, there's a bit of Brian Jones going on a bit around there you know.

Nardwuar: Now, what's the deal with Bobby's hair? Is



cure known to man.

Nardwuar: When you come to Canada, on your rider, is there any stuff that you request especially because you know you're in Canada?

Mani: Mmmm. We could just ask for a moose, couldn't we, man?

Nardwuar: What happened to the legendary Hacienda Club? Like what is it now?

Mani: Well, the Hacienda, it's been empty. It's no longer a club. There was talk of people wanting to like knock it down and put a car park there but there's been some people like really kicking off about that idea so I think now they are going to do it up into living spaces and like a mini hotel or something weird like that.

Nardwuar: Do you know what the deal was with the Inspiral Carpets

there a band called "Bobby Gillespie's Hair"?

Mani: I think there is you know, because I keep seeing - some girl writes into the music magazines and that's how she signs herself. Yeah. That's strange.

Nardwuar: A few years ago when you were in the Stone Roses, didn't you guys fly all the way to Barcelona to watch Man United get thumped four-nil at Nou Camp Stadium?

Mani: Yeah man, well you know, that was a bad night all around, but we're massive, massive football fans you know.

Nardwuar: Stone Roses vs. the Farm - Mani and Reni vs. Pete and Keith - what do you think? Did you have any rivalries with the Farm at all, when you were in the Stone Roses, Mani?

Mani: Yeah, we made up with Peter and the boys here and there. Yeah, we always kind of got on like a house on fire. It's good to see Liverpool come out with a band because all this football rivalry, you know the rivalry thing, and that's all it is, it's just football, but at the end of the day, Scousers and Mancs are very, very similar people. Uh, yeah, there was never any rivalry on the music front.

Nardwuar: Now, looking back to the Stone Roses, you rode it out

right to the end. Do you feel, Mani, that the Stone Roses "George Bested" it?

Mani: We did, most definitely. Yeah, a lot of unfulfilled potential there, but shit happens in life, you know. I can remember when we came to play Toronto and it was not the best of gigs and we really weren't really getting along too well. I think myself and Ian Brown, we preserved its life a little bit too long. When John Squire left, we should have just called it a day there and then, you know?

Nardwuar: How bad was John Squire on cocaine?

Mani: Uh, not as bad as people would you make out really. It's... a lot of bullshit. No, John's a very controlled guy. I still see him, and he wasn't that bad at all. I think it's just been blown out of all proportion really, you know?

Nardwuar: Because I guess I was just curious, what was the largest amount of cocaine you have ever seen John sniff and where was this?

Mani: Uh, it would probably be when we were recording the "Second Coming" LP and, um, it wasn't that large an amount, man. Not as much as the weed that Ian Brown and bloody Reni used to smoke.

Nardwuar: So at the end of all of the recording, at the end of the end

of the end of the Stone Roses, was there any cash left over at all?

Mani: Um, no, money was a bad thing because we all spent loads of money going through all these bloody legal cases you know. And a lot of people around Manchester, they look at me and they think, "Oh, that guy's a millionaire." Because they don't see how your payments work out, you know. They just see you selling shitloads of records and see you on the TV, and think you are a millionaire. But no, there was no money really left over. Funnily enough, we've only just now started receiving royalties from Silvertone for the first LP. Can you believe that, eleven years on?

Nardwuar: Did you end up flying back and forth between LA and England in the Stone Roses during that long period when you were recording the album? Because it is quite an amazing story, you know, taking so long to get the record out.

Mani: Yeah, we just got too many pounds and just went bonkers with it for a couple of years, you know?

Nardwuar: What was one of your favorite instances here, just winding up with Mani of Primal Scream, when you were in the Stone Roses?

Mani: I remember we had a competition to see who could spend ten

grand the quickest and we all flew to the south of France and we chartered a helicopter and we were staying in a six hundred pounds a night hotel suites and what have you. We all just got a little bit too Duran Duran for a week and it was good fun.

Nardwuar: And who won?

Mani: I won.

Nardwuar: All right! And you're Mani of Primal Scream, also, just curious, do you have any good Paula Yates stories?

Mani: Uh, I've never met her but I can remember she used to be booking into hotel rooms and phoning Liam Gallagher up. I think she really wanted to shag Liam, you know, and Liam had to be on his toes to avoid her quick, you know.

Nardwuar: And, Mani of Primal Scream, why should people care about Primal Scream?

Mani: Because we care about people and we support people man, and we're real.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much, keep on rockin' in the free world, and doot doola doot doo.

Mani: Thank you, Nardwuar

Nardwuar: Actually, Mani, doot doola doot doo....

Mani: Doot doot.

...for more interviews check out <www.nardwuar.com>

-Nardwuar





Designated Dale

I'm Against It



It's one thing to purchase one CD to get the bonus tracks, but to get raped into buying a whole box set for another one or two songs? Suck a dick.

Hey there, turtletits, welcome back to the second round of Razorcake. I trust that our premiere issue has left you with a nice, thick, aggravated gash deep within the gums of your front teeth. Feels good, don't it? As brother Stiv once said awhile back, "Ain't it fun?" Get those yappers ready to be skewered once more, greedy lovers of the 'cake, 'cause here's your second helping.

In my last installment, I somewhat touched on the slick trickery of subliminal advertising. I'm hoping that some of you who had found that part of my last column of any interest to make an effort to find out about Professor Wilson Bryan Key's books he has done on this phenomenon that has been going on for years on end. Even if you are skeptical to this practice of manipulation in all forms of the media (television, print ads, etc.), you will likely find his studies, at the very least, a most interesting read.

As for the "hidden evils" in music I touched on, I REALLY hope that some of you who had read that part can point me in the direction of obtaining some VHS copies of those old '80s programs that the Christian networks used to run on their stations. I wanna say one of 'em was called something like, "Satan In Our House/In Our Music," or some jive. Regardless of what they were called, I'd appreciate anyone with vid copies of these to contact me through my email at the bottom or get a hold of me through Razorcake, 'cause I'd LOVE to laugh my ass off at these old programs filled with attempts to sucker in "unaware" parents of what lurks in their children's records. I'm chuckling in between keystrokes as I'm typing away right now. Heh. And if you happen to be one of those bible-thumping types that likes to try & blow this kind of smoke up people's asses, including mine, then right now I'm laughing at YOU, like Nelson Muntz of The Simpsons, "Haw, haw!" I'm also holding up an extended hand - pick a finger, motherfucker.

This time around, **RAZORCAKE** 20 I'd like to talk about

some of the music box sets that are floating around out there and what some artists/labels are doing to get people to purchase these boxes of listening pleasure. Used to be, a long while back, that box sets were usually imports that were ridiculously overpriced or sets of bootleg vinyl, usually live concert material, with an oversized, makeshift label on the box that looked as good as an eighth grader's first photography assignment. And these were always as expensive as the imported sets, even more. As compact discs became the norm later on, many artists were getting savvy to the fact that a lot of their listeners loved the idea of the convenience and sound quality that CDs offered, yet a whole lot of the listeners were becoming increasingly pissed to the fact that they had to start buying all of their favorite music again on yet ANOTHER format.

You have to keep in mind that a lot of people thought they had slayed the inevitable dragon by repurchasing everything on cassette that they had been recently spinning on vinyl for years. Just when everyone's cassette collection was almost complete, along came CDs to start the vicious buying circle all over once again. Some of these people, including yours truly, were even recording their previously owned vinyl to cassette, their own way of telling the record industry to go fuck themselves. But once compact discs became commonplace in the home and everywhere else, cassettes took a backseat just as vinyl did, although some bands to this day still insist on releasing vinyl versions. As complete, or near complete, catalogs of artists' recordings started pumping out in CD format, a number of artists wanted to include never-before-heard cuts or alternate/demo takes of songs on the CD versions that were never included on the original vinyl or cassette versions. These rare lil' gems were practically never available for the public to listen to, let alone own. As more and more artists started to add these jibs to their CD re-releases, the demand for unreleased cuts became increas-

ingly high, not only among the rabid fans, but also the record executives who saw the lucrative potential in adding one or two cuts to a re-release that would do nothing but boost the reissue sales even further.

The shit end of the stick to this ideology is these executives know that fans will buy a second or even third version of an album just to get the few unreleased treats. Happens constantly. The same reason I believe box sets came into play is because a ton of artists had, and continue to have, a hefty amount of unreleased tuneage within the studio tape reels sitting on the shelves of their "vaults" collecting dust. Some box sets include what the artists or labels consider their best work (usually greatest hits, which isn't always their best work) as well as unheard cuts, early demo versions of songs and/or live tracks that never made it to the pressing plant or have become near impossible to find because of extreme scarcity, like the Misfits box set, for example - filled to the brim with hard-to-find 7" goodness as well as their complete recorded works. Even the included book has an overflowing wealth of knowledge of the recordings, pressings, and all the lyrics (even if they did fuck up and forget to put the lyrics to "Queen Wasp" in there - can't have it all, huh?).

Other box sets, like "The Rolling Stones Singles Collection," boasts all of the Stones 7 inchers up to the "Sympathy For The Devil" single (man, what I'd give to own a complete set of these singles on their original 7" vinyl!) The big ol' monster of a book with this set has got a ton of pics (Brian Jones fans rejoice!) as well as intricate info on each single included in the set. Great party box set.

One of my fave box sets, "Back to Mono," is a retrospect of producer Phil Spector's greatest triumphs with tracks from The Ronettes, The Crystals, Darlene Love, Ike & Tina Turner, and loads more, including Spector's kick-ass yuletide record, "A Christmas Gift for You from Phil Spector." The book in this box

set is wonderfully illustrated with photos of Phil at work in the studio with the different artists he worked with as well as "The Wrecking Crew," Phil's ever-ready studio musicians and sound guys. Even included is a "Back to Mono" pin! HIGHLY recommended for Spector fans.

Box sets like the "Cowabunga" box is a must for anyone who is head over heels for surf music or who wants to duck-dive straight into the origins of the almighty surf guitar. All the cuts on this set are chronologically set up on four discs, the early on material consisting mostly of 7" singles, some of which are the only available tunes ever recorded by some of these artists. Real primal stuff, but in a hell of a good way. The book itself is a frickin' wonder with dates and locations of recording info for all the bands and artists within, as well as pics of the early surf/surf music scene, including a shot of the infamous (but long gone) Huntington Beach (So. Cal.) hangout, The Golden Bear, in the background, which later on became a place for the punks to get their rock on at live gigs.

Some box sets, like the recent "Bonfire" box, a tribute to original AC/DC vocal frontman Bon Scott, includes a gaggle of goodies like an AC/DC guitar pick, an AC/DC tattoo, a poster of the cover of the box set, sticker, and a steel keychain bottle opener that has the AC/DC logo adorning it in black and silver. Besides all the cool toys, the discs in this set contain different variations of some of their early studio work as well as some rare-as-all-hell live electricity. Way cool shit here.

A set that I was lucky to covet some years back was a Ramones box called "End of the Decade" that contained six 12" singles spanning from '84-'87, a shirt, poster, and three postcards. Because the production of this box was limited to 2500, people won't hesitate to shell out a pretty penny for it, if and when, it does go up for sale.

Another cool box like this one is the one Rick Bain (Hostage

Records/O.C. photographer supreme) put together for the Flipside Fanzine benefit show last summer. What Mr. Bain did was take four of his label's 7" singles - The Crowd, Smogtown, The Hunns, & Bonecrusher - and hand-printed separate black and white print/covers for each of them, as well as documenting and numbering each one in his handwriting. VERY bad ass, to say the least. I must say that I feel as lucky as a cat sitting in tall cotton to own one, the reason being that there were only five, yes, FIVE of them made. Good luck.

I've noticed that a lot of artists have been releasing complete sets of all their original studio records, most recently Jimi Hendrix's box set that I've yet to get my eyeballs on. The Doors complete studio recording box is pretty damn smooth in the sense that they've recreated the original album covers of each of their six studio LPs for this box set in smaller, CD-size versions. Even the inner sleeves are just like the original LP inner sleeves - only smaller. The book with this houses all the lyrics and discusses the making of each record. As a bonus, a seventh disc is included with the "Best of" their other box set of unreleased demos and live tunes.

Box sets of artists' complete studio works are convenient if you have yet to bite the bullet and plunk down for the entire catalog of CDs of your favorite bands' records, but it's a real kick in the ass when they sometimes pepper a box set with one or two songs of "never-before heard material". Chickenshit is a more fitting word, actually. Like I was discussin' before, it's one thing to purchase one CD to get the bonus tracks, but to get raped into buying a whole box set for another one or two songs? Suck a dick.

The ironic thing is that a pretty good amount of these sets, even a few of the above-mentioned, are being released not only on CD format, but also on cassette and even VINYL on occasion! And believe it or not, but there ARE some fans (obsessed, most likely) that will purchase all three formats for whatever reason they come up with. I think if some of these record labels made reel-to-reel and 8-track formats available as well, these same people would snatch them up, too. Whatthefuckever.

I like the bands, most of them implementing the do-it-yourself ethic or belong to indie labels, that insist on including their bonus tracks on their vinyl versions only. Right on. No reason not to get off your lazy, callused ass and spin some vinyl once in a while. I'll be the first to admit that CDs are WAY

convenient and that sound quality plays a factor in choosing them over LPs, but I'm one of "those people" that will bust out the vinyl when the situation warrants, even if it's just because I fucking feel like it. Don't care what anyone says - there's nothing like spinning a seven inch from a band you've been waiting to hear and it knocks your dick deep enough in the dirt that you can't WAIT until you get to go see 'em live - THAT'S a beautiful thing.

Anyhoo, the bottom line with box sets is that if the majority of the material included with 'em is unreleased booty that you've been lusting for and you've yet to sink your claws into, chances are you'll be pleased as fucking punch that you'll get yer rocks off upon cranking that sucker outta the speakers and sharing your new-found treasure with your neighbors, whether they like it or not. If you find yourself checking out a particular box set and wondering if it's really worth it or not, ask yourself this - (not out loud - they'll tell you to get the fuck outta the store) "Do I have these songs on the recordings in my own collection? Are a coupla songs worth buying this whole damn thing, or could I get a copy of these few tunes I want elsewhere?" If you ain't really sure about what you have at home as compared to what you want out of a particular set that you're contemplating, just tell yourself (again, not out loud) to kick fucking back - you can always come back after checking out what you've got at home. Don't be buying just to be buying - that's what these cocksuckers who run the big labels are hoping for - a quick sell. Fuck 'em. Box sets are being released by many a band these days, even bands who don't have that many records out. The greatest advantage of some box sets is that you can get all or just about everything an artist has released in his/her career without getting bent over to pay the outlandish, absurd prices for original pressings of rare records. I mean, the music is the reason why you buy the fuckin' things to begin with, right?, unless you happen to be collector scum, which in that case, you need to be violently run down by an 18 wheeler. FANS who happen to collect don't fall into this category. There is a difference, but that's whole other column.

I wanna note that the examples of the box sets that I mentioned above are in no way the only ones I happen to own or are in constant heavy rotation. Hell, if a Ramones one ever surfaces (besides the one mentioned earlier), or if that Replacements one ever finally fuckin' comes out (how long have

they been promising THAT?!), I'm all OVER it, long as they're fully stocked with long lost swag. That goes for a Big Drill Car box, as well. (C'MON, guys! yukyukyuk). In fact, I'd like some of you to contact me with the bands/artists YOU'D like to see put together for a box set - I'm curious to hear who you have in mind.

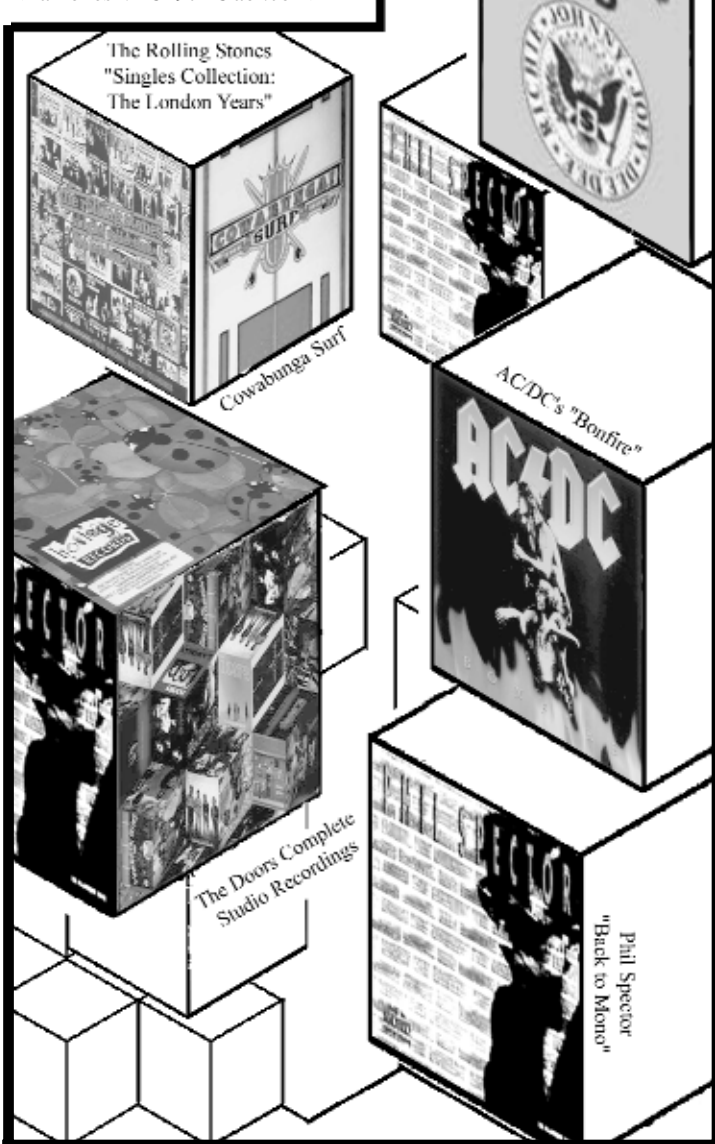
Also, all you bands who really know how to get your rock on out there need to get your recorded shit in if you'd like to see it get reviewed. Can't review it if you don't send it, cocks.

Last, but not least, I'd like to take some time to extend some late condolences to all the Dog Patch Winos everywhere for the recent loss of their Big Easy brother, Bob Lush. New Orleans probably won't be the same without 'em to those who ran with Bob, but I'm sure his spirit will run rampant all over the French Quarter wherever there's a good time waiting to be had. Cheers, Bob...

I'm Against It

-Designated Dale

<RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>



Designated Dale



*...he rumbled, rolled, and thundered across the cracklin' keys
as if the apocalypse were just around the corner!*

**WILL THE REAL KING OF
ROCK'N'ROLL PLEASE
STAND UP AND SHAKE
YOUR STUFF?!**

I recently read an article asserting that *Forbes* magazine has pronounced Elvis Presley the wealthiest deceased entertainer of the year 2000 (if I recollect correctly, I believe the rhinestone-studded corpse of ol' King Elvis nobly netted a hefty grand total of 35 million buckeroos during the 12-month stretch of 2000... no small feat, considerin' his earthly remains have been in a state of decomposing repose for the past 23 years!). I unequivocally admit, I like Elvis... most specifically, I like his early rebelrousin' raucous recordings from 1954 through 1957 (especially the Sun Studio sessions!). Elvis was at his most primal, savage, animalistic, wild, raw, and youthfully exuberant during that particular period... indeed, he rebelliously reigned supreme then. But in 1958, he was drafted into the artistically restrictive U.S. Army where he was dutifully trained to be a robotic socially acceptable pawn of the federal government... in other words, the jungle-prowlin' wild lion of rock'n'roll was ceremoniously sheered, declawed, and tamed before he ever knew what hit him (when informed of Elvis's death in August of 1977, Beatleboy John "El Walrus" Lennon accurately stated the obvious, "Elvis died in the army." Regretfully, I tend to agree... though he didn't physically die in the army, his hedonistic hip-swivellin' rebellious rock'n'roll spirit most assuredly died then. Ol' Uncle Sam molded and conformed him to meet the regulatory sugar-coated standards of society's blandly colorless norms.). Anyway, as much as I respectfully revere the early hound-doggin' hellion Elvis (and I particularly admire the tenaciously pristine string-strummin' prowess of his guitarist, Scotty Moore!), I never fully felt that he was the one most suited for the honorable bestow-

ment of "The King of Rock'n'Roll"... only because so many others are just as worthy (if not more so) of such a highly esteemed declaration. So without any further inebriated ado, here's my venerable noteworthy nominations for such a commendatory title (a drunkenly disjointed disclaimer of sorts: this is a partial listing in no particular order whatsoever, and it's entirely my humble half-wit opinion, so don't go gettin' your panties all bunched up in a wad like a tizzy-tossin' overly theatrical Little Richard in the makin'!):

**The Top Ten Contenders for The
Royal Rock'n'Roll Crown
Part One (Sonically Ferocious
Finalists 1-5)**

1) **Carl Perkins**... In my humbly outspoken opinion, this guitar-slingin' hillbilly hellcat gave Elvis a true unmatched run for the money in the early days of rock'n'roll's juvenilistic rowdiness (he just wasn't as visually striking of a pretty boy as Big E, though). His dirty downhome backwoods nittygritty twang aurally embodied the ruggedly archaic and simplistic goodtime authenticity of rock'n'roll's formative burst of frenzied creative energy: pure, untamed, and robustly from the heart! The proof's definitely in the pudding, folks... a bit of Perkins-style lyrical ingenuity from the raucously rollickin' "Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby" ("Well, they took some honey from a tree, dressed it up, and they called it me...") joyously says it all and then some. Unfortunately, CoolCat Carl fearlessly sauntered into the open arms of eternal afterlife a couple of years ago, but his hootin'-and-hollerin' country-fried sizzle-stirrings of sound will forever live in the hearts and ears of appreciative rockers everywhere.

2) **Bo Diddley**... He's big, bad, and robustly brash. He's larger than life, a boogie-woogie boogeyman, a full-fledged hellfire hoodoo leg-

end! The raucously rousing rock'n'roll crudeness of Bo Diddley effortlessly struts along like a mangy old alleycat on the prowl for some hot young pussy (cat, that is, ya filthy-minded lil' dirtbags!): purrrfect, suave, cool, and voraciously virile! Due to his reverberating musical mastery and sexually-charged lyrical prowess, ol' Bo's incandescently swaggerin' song-smithing abilities go down as smoothly as beans, cornbread, and aged-to-perfection sourmash whiskey (indeed, it's that damn tasty, finger-lickin' good, and succulently satisfying!). He rapaciously raps, rolls, sifts, stammers, and shuffles like a manic mojo man voodoo daddy on the rip (and I'll be damned, I swear to my dying days that the aural heart of man resides within the almighty Bo... he musically moves the earth like no other!). Now ain't that a suitably wrathful testimonial of Rog with nary a lingering argumentative quality! Bo knows... and he so proudly proclaims it in brawlin' bravado-ridden ditties like "Who Do You Love?", "Before You Accuse Me," "Road Runner," and "You Can't Judge a Book By Its Cover." Yep, Bo's bad to the bone, and he has no qualms whatsoever about letting anyone who will listen know just how bad he truly is.

And now a public disservice announcement from nobody in particular: ladies and gentlemen, may I timidly present "the devil's fork"?! I just took a wee-wee, and two different streams of brew-saturated piss divergently shot out of my weiner at once! How's that for an America's Funniest Home Video moment?!? Wheeeee, and whizzzzz indeed! I now halfheartedly apologize on behalf of Todd, Sean, and my mom for sharing such an intimately strange and profanely revealing experience with the *Razorcake* readership. Hopefully, my next urinary projectile offering will be steady, direct, and straight on course... if not, then in the blurry-eyed distant future, I'll assuredly consult Dear Abby

and her moronically smiley-faced staff of know-it-all nobodies for further inadequate half-assed advice. Amen, and now back to our irregularly scheduled program of Roger's rowdily written revelry...

3) **Jerry Lee Lewis**... This sneerin'-and-snarlin' good ol' boy was well on his way to belligerently dethroning his Sun Studio compadre, Elvis, back in the day when all rock'n'rollers were deemed demon-possessed hedonists by the moralistically-inclined God-fearin' officials of societal sanctimony. With his raunchy rollickin' songs salaciously oozing sweat-drenched animalistic sexuality, Jerry Lee defiantly waved a big fat middle finger in the faces of repressive authority figures everywhere while enthusiastically corruptin' the ears, hearts, and minds of society's not-so-innocent offspring. And, man, he banged and pummelled the piano like a swirling dervish of unrelenting fury... he didn't daintily tickle the ivories like a properly trained pantywaist concert pianist... nah, he rumbled, rolled, and thundered across the cracklin' keys as if the apocalypse were just around the corner! Even though he's the original howlin' and honkytonkin' Wild One, the coveted rock'n'roll crown was not to be his... being an insolent certifiably malcontent country boy, he married his 14-year-old cousin in the late 1950s which caused an immediate tidal wave of righteous indignation and scandal-laden bad publicity. Due to his unapologetic and understandably confrontational demeanor regarding such a taboo act of sinful wickedness, he was publicly vilified, ran out of town, crucified, hung out to dry, and then left for dead by the press and the mindlessly holier-than-thou moral masses (what a shit-wallowing shame, I say!). But ol' Mr. Lewis has obstinately outlived most of his deranged detractors, and he still jumps, jives, and jubilantly caterwauls like a true maddaddy juke-joint hellhound. Yes, indeed, "if you find a big ol' lump in your

sugar bowl," it'll be Jerry Lee (to decoratively quote his saucy lil' song, "It'll Be Me").

4) **Ritchie Valens...** Personally, I feel that Ritchie's frenetically festive rendition of "La Bamba" is one of the most joyously upbeat rock-'n'roll ear-titillators of all time. This slick coolcat kid from the smog-enshrouded LA area was a blazin' bundle of fireball fury who smoothly crooned and uncontrollably yelped with supreme Christlike vocal divinity... he strummed, streaked, walloped, and wailed along the well-worn fretboard of his guitar with wizardlike precision... he meticulously created a cosmetically perfect assortment of sounds that was all-at-once tender, frenzied, and audaciously invigorating: bluesy, ballsy, and robustly self-assured sonic panache! When he seductively roars, "C'mon, baby... just rock, rock, rock... ooooooh, my head!" (from the appropriately titled "Ooh! My Head"), you feverishly feel compelled to grab the proverbial bull by the horns and live life to its fullest and most extreme.

Ritchie charismatically personified the goodtime frenzied giddiness of rock'n'roll's strikingly buoyant and brash spirit... he brilliantly blasted meaty fat chunks of sonic splendor with a suavely debonair sophistication far beyond his years, and he aurally embellished it all with spicy Latino-flavored exoticism that gave his music an awe-inspiring air of inimitable originality. But at the zestful age of 17, he blazed across the dark winter skies (like a fiery streak of celestial scintillation) into the eternal hereafter on that fateful night in early February of '59... the illuminous brilliance of his music will forever flicker and gloriously shine with timeless youthful vigor and struttin' energetic zeal. RIP, Ritchie... you musically created the moon!

5) **Eddie Cochran...** Man, Eddie is undeniably the king coolcat of rock'n'roll's illustriously wild and colorful checkered past... he rowdily growled and screeched like a virile young tomtabby on the prowl; he crooned with suavely cultured refinement; he flawlessly strummed and intricately picked

his guitar as if it were a birth-given extension of his arms. He defined "cool" (visually, aurally, and otherwise!)... he looked the part of a dangerous prettyboy rebel with a cause, and he craftily constructed ballsy swaggering songs that deliberately defined his "live fast, die young" image (when he insolently grumbles, "Ah, who cares?!?" with gravel-throated glee in the anthemic "C'mon Everybody," you can bet your sweet bippies that he assuredly doesn't give a shit!). I mean, hell in a handbasket, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to realistically conclude that such raucously roaring aural romps as "Jeane, Jeane, Jeane," "Summertime Blues," "Nervous Breakdown," "My Way" ("I'm an easy goin' guy, but I always gotta have my way..."), "Somethin' Else," and "Boll Weevil" are the ear-blasting end-all-be-all epitome of rock-'n'roll's moral-bashing rebelliousness. Eddie fuckin' rocks, and his riproarin' spastically spirited songs say it all in a frenzied burst of out-and-out unadulterated savagery. Yep, that's more than reason enough to justifiably designate

Eddie Cochran as the forever reigning crown prince of rock-'n'roll... all hail Eddie!

Okay, kiddies, stay tuned for the second (and final) installment in our fearless search for the cacophonously coolest catdaddy most worthy of Rock'n'Roll's coveted royal crown (comin' soon in the very next highly anticipated ink-stained issue of the divinely devilish *Razorcake* mag!). As to who will supremely prevail and regally rule the consecrated Kingdom of Rock: some of you will ultimately be surprised; some of you will knowingly nod your heads in wholehearted agreement; some of you could care less; and some of you (certainly the ones who could care less!) just need a violently sincere swift kick in the ass. And the jumpsuit-attired ghost of Big El is just the hip-thrustin' karate-choppin' entity to deliver such a hide-hurtin' wallop of whup-ass! Until next time, buuurrrp... ya'll come back now, ya hear!!!

-Roger Moser, Jr.



The incredibly rare photo of the one and only show Elvis and Eddie Cochran ever played together. That's little Roger Moser leaning on the speaker.



Roger Moser, Jr.



*This installment is dedicated to those special moments when chicken meets cop.
Like matter and anti-matter, they clash on the field of battle!*

The Dinghole Reports
By the Rhythm Chicken
(Commentary by Francis
Funyuns)
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

[Excuse me. Please allow me to introduce myself. I'm Dr. Sicnarf. I have a degree in mathematics and currently hold down four jobs having nothing to do with math, whatsoever. Somehow, that qualifies me to edit the written words of... a bird. I would like to apologize for my limited input in the Chicken's last column. He and Francis can

invading MY Dinghole Reports! Francis, I thought you secured all the entrances.

(I guess I forgot to take the doggie-door into consideration, Mr. Chicken. - F.F.)

Alright, men. Empty your dingholes. I wanna make sure we ain't got no more stowaways!

(Wow, you really ARE from Wisconsin! - F.F.)

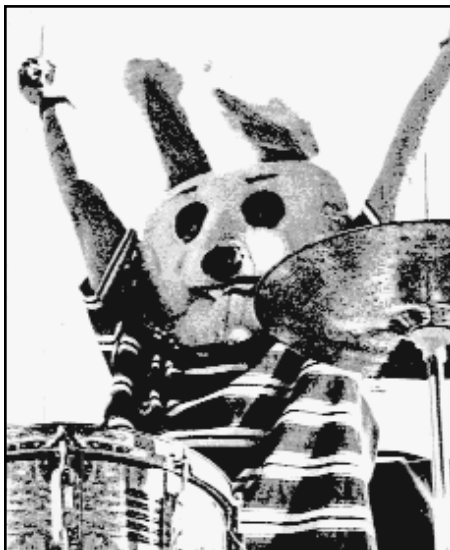
[Uh, guys? I think Todd is waiting for some material here. - Dr. S.]

confused enough to flex his authoritative muscle. I knew from day one that I would have to face the force. I just never thought it would be on day two!

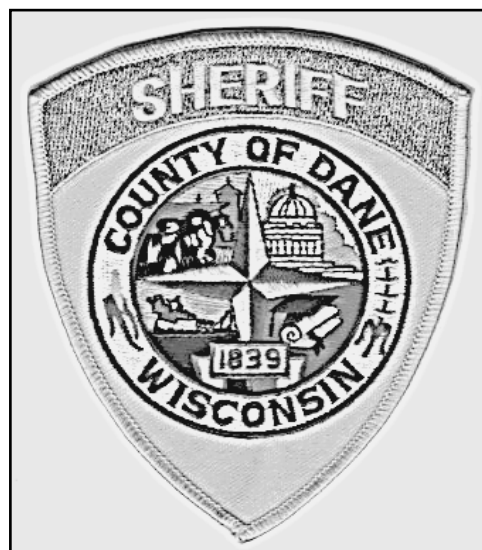
Dinghole Report #4: I bombed at Atomic

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #3)
The first gig of the "Count Your Eggs" tour was across the street from Milwaukee's Atomic Records, a pedestrian-heavy area just starving for ruckus. Draftee tour stagehand G-Money helped throw together the chickenkit while yelling to confused passer-

CLUCK YOU, MAN!" Their actual salutation was more along the lines of, "Just WHAT do you think you are DOING?" I stood and uttered a few clucks in their direction, to which they replied, "Ok, buddy. Just move along and we won't have any trouble." The squad car pulled away to the boos of the ragtag audience. That's it? No apprehension? No reading of my rights? No boots to my feathered tail? No being thrown into the iron coop? Let me tell you, my first run-in with the fuzz was anything but a challenge. Since I had a tour to finish, I acquiesced and grudge-



Shake-n-bake VS. serve-n-protect!



tend to horde the spotlight at times... - Dr.S.]

Outta my way, Sicnarf! Go shove that sliderule up your dinghole or something! How dare you start my column without me. What is this, the Differential Equations Reports? Now you've gone and ruined my big ding-tweaking introduction. Next thing you know, Gary Coleman will show up.

[Hi everybody! - G.C.]

GET HIM OUTTA HERE! He's got no business

Fine then. Is it too late to start over?... shit.

The Rhythm Chicken vs. the COPS!

That's right! This issue's installment of the Dinghole Reports is dedicated to those special moments when chicken meets cop. Like matter and anti-matter, they clash on the field of battle! Shake-n-bake vs. serve-n-protect! When a chicken is playing the drums at the corner bus stop, it's only a matter of time before Johnny Law gets

bys, "Prepare for the Rhythm Chicken!" Within seconds I kicked off the tour with the signature opening drumroll. Ruckus, confusion, and general curiosity drew customers and employees out of Atomic, Subway, and Cousin's Subs. Traffic slowed, cars honked, and Milwaukeeans cheered. Then within just a few minutes of the initial blast, there they came, the agents of darkness, Milwaukee's men in blue, the uniformed party poopers. I was expecting to hear "This is the Milwaukee Police. The party's over," to which my proper reply would have been, "Yeah,

ingly moved on. Cops -1, Chicken -0. buck buck buck...

(Wow, Rhythm Chicken. What kind of self-respecting ruckus-raiser gives in to the cops? - F.F.)

Hey! I was young and ignorant, a mere chicklet! Cut me some slack, Funyuns. Besides, what happened with you in Indiana?

(Next report, please. - F.F.)

I thought so. Now, shut your dinghole!
[Oh my! - Dr. S.]

Dinghole Report #5: Ruckus at La Puerta's

(Rhythm Chicken sightings #10 & #20)

They had just started selling Pabst on tap at Sister Bay's favorite watering hole, La Puerta's. The Tavern Squad and I had been Pabstin' in heavily jubilant celebration and it was time to rustle some feathers. Across the highway Captain Foolhardy and I set the Chicken's stage and WHAMMO! Chicken-laced ruckus at 1 am! The entire establishment emptied out onto the highway in a drunken frenzy. The Pabst-fueled chaos lasted a good ten minutes, the chicken kit was tossed in my back seat, and all the cretins filed back indoors to suckle up to the tappers. A few minutes later, one of Door County's finest arrived in response to a neighbor's noise complaint. After asking around about some late night drumming he received no answers and left. I have no clue how the dingbat didn't notice the chickenkit in my back seat positioned directly in front of the bar! Chicken -1, Cops -1. Buckaw! Three weeks later the late night La Puerta's concert was repeated in the same fashion, only this time the authorities pulled up just as Pat Clark and I were attempting a clean getaway. About two miles down the road their red and blue bubbles had me at roadside. It looked like the end for our hero. Two officers walked up with their flashlights inspecting the contents of my car, one on my side and one on Pat's. Then came the question that both terrified me and almost had me pissing in laughter at the same time. "Excuse me, sir. Are you the Rhythm Chicken?" I looked at Pat and we both had to look away to keep from laughing out loud. I looked in the back seat and saw the predominantly displayed bass drum head reading "the Rhythm Chicken." I looked back at Officer Einstein and said, "I might be." He then told me to keep my "antics" within reasonable daylight hours. Pat leaned over and asked the officer, "Sir? Have you ever SEEN the Rhythm Chicken?" He replies, "No. I haven't," but then the officer on Pat's side pipes up, "Ya! I've seen'm! He's great!" We drive off to the next tavern in side-splitting laughter. Cops -1, Chicken -2. Buckaw buckaw!

(So you call that a victory? - F.F.)

Well, I did get two government employees to acknowledge the existence and identity of the Rhythm Chicken.

(RC, your definition of victory is about as loose as your dinghole! - F.F.)

Thanks!

Dinghole Report #6: All Star Wrestling on Y2K

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #97)

In the late hours of Dec. 31st, 1999, most people waited anxiously to see exactly what would transpire at the stroke of midnight. What they weren't prepared for was what they got on Green Bay's Main Street, sheer liver-crippling ruckus! Inside, hundreds of punker-types just finished watching the Queers and Boris the Sprinkler rock out their final performances of the 1990's. As they started pouring out of the Concert Cafe they were met by a very Pabstified (a very, very Pabstified) Rhythm Chicken bringing in the new millennium like a hell-bent chickenhawk! Stagehand Juicy Jeremy was overseeing the extensive fireworks display (two roman candles and six sparklers!) until he could hold back no longer. About one minute into the new year serenade he resorted to instinct and TACKLED THE CHICKEN! Wrestling ensued! One of the most primal forms of ruckus. My form of wrestling at this point resembled me clucking a lot and being tossed around like a rag doll. Then the unthinkable happened. Jeremy dared to rip off the Chicken's head! The crowd gasped in disbelief when they saw what was exposed beneath... A WRESTLING MASK!!! The return of the ANTI-SOCIAL MASTURBATOR!!! He was last seen tackling Chicago concert-goers in the summer of '97 and then presumed retired or dead. Not so! Almost like a spirit channel for Keith Moon, the Anti-Social Masturbator started wrestling the unsuspecting audience as bodies and drums rolled into Main Street. Chaos! Rrrrrrrrrrruckus!!! Happy New Year, folks! After a few more riotous rounds of audience vs. chicken, audience vs. audience, and chicken vs. drumset, promoter Timebomb Tom stepped in to pull my limp body out of Main Street. I, of course, saw it as an attack and started wrestling Tom (not a sane move by ANY means!). A Green Bay squad car pulls up to the two of us rolling around in Main Street... AND DRIVES AROUND US, continuing down the road! He was obviously smart enough to realize that if you see Timebomb Tom and the Anti-Social Masturbator wrestling each other in Main Street, ya best not get involved! Cops -1, Chicken -2,



Rhythm Chicken



Timebomb Tom -1. Buck buck buckaw!

[Ok, kids. With Easter being just 9 short days away, our friend the Rhythm Chicken had to go start preparing for his holiday onslaught of fecal-carrat wreaths and ruckus-baskets. Remember, he still enjoys your complaints and insults at rhythmchicken@hotmail.com. Put your assumed name on the mailing list for "Follow that Bird". Don't

worry. I'm sure the FBI already knows where you live. Also, I'm sure he's got plenty more cop tales for next time. As for that last dinghole report, I think it was more like a three-way tie for last! -Dr. S.]

--- phone rings ---

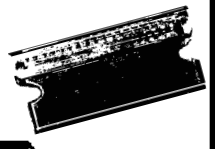
(Hello?.....uh huh. Dr. Sicnarf, it's for you. It's Timebomb Tom. - F.F.)

[!!!!!! - Dr. S.]



Money

Pog Mo Thon



*...the army waged war on its own people, and they did it with Westminster's consent.
This is a skeleton they would very much like to keep closeted.*

BLOODY SUNDAY, PART 2

January 30, 2002, will mark the 30th anniversary of Bloody Sunday - the civil rights rally that turned into a nightmare when British paratroopers opened fire on Derry civilians, killing 14 and wounding many more. Following a hastily conducted investigation, Chief Justice Lord Widgery exonerated the soldiers of any wrongdoing and implicated the victims in their own deaths. In 1997, British Prime Minister Tony Blair announced the introduction of a new Tribunal of Inquiry to be conducted by Lord Saville.

In order for the people of Derry to be able to put this grisly chapter in their troubled past behind them, Saville's report must overturn Widgery's rulings and put the blame on the shoulders of those who shot and killed unarmed civilians. The British government has been reluctant to do this because they are afraid of what skeletons such questioning will expose.

The principal question has always been who fired first, the soldiers or the protesters? If the Inquiry finds that the soldiers did indeed fire first, the next logical step is to determine whether the soldiers acted on their own accord or if they were ordered to open fire. If the Inquiry's findings reveal that the soldiers were "following orders," it must be ascertained who gave them those orders and why they felt they were necessary. The British government is loathe to face these questions because the answers point to a terrifying conclusion: the British army conducted a premeditated military ambush on a group of unarmed citizens. To wit, the army waged war on its own people, and they did it with Westminster's consent. This is a skeleton they would very much like to keep closeted.

Not surprisingly, these questions speak to the heart of the thorniest impediments to peace in Northern Ireland today: Who has the right to police Northern Ireland? With the biases and prejudices

so extreme, can any one security force protect its civilians from sectarian violence and criminal activity without succumbing to pressure to abuse that power toward political ends? It is an issue that has become a sputtering powderkeg that threatens to destroy the good work achieved by all the parties involved in the peace process and plunge Northern Ireland back into a state of lawlessness.

Recently a friend from Belfast forwarded a joke to my email account which nicely codifies popular perception of Northern Ireland's security issues. It is as follows (I have edited slightly for the sake of clarity):

In an effort to establish which of Ireland's many security forces would take a leading role in the new cross-border bodies, the two police forces and the two armies were each brought to a secluded forest area in South Armagh, and given the task of catching a rabbit, which had just been released there.

The Guards (Irish Police Force) went in to the forest and placed animal informants throughout the patch. They questioned all plant and mineral witnesses. They did a video reconstruction of the rabbit's release for Crimeline, and waited for some punter to solve the crime for them. After three months of intensive investigation, they concluded that rabbits do not exist.

Next came the Irish army. They set up two base camps, and cleared a path through the forest for the patrol from one to the other. They placed listening devices in the undergrowth, but were unable to hear any signs of animal life on the tapes. Their investigation is still ongoing, six months later.

The British army moved into the

forest in full combat gear, with fifteen helicopters and three small tanks. After two weeks without a capture, they burned their patch of forest to the ground, killing everything in it, including the rabbit. An investigation found that no blame could be attached to any individual, as the local animal community was clearly harboring the rabbit.

The RUC (Royal Ulster Constabulary) moved into the forest. Two hours later, they came out dragging a badly beaten bear. The bear was screaming "Okay! Okay! I'm a rabbit! I'm a rabbit!"

It is often said that the most successful lies are those with the most amount of truth in them. Lies that depend on support spun out of thin

goes a long way toward explaining the perceived "truth" about methods employed by the various security forces, and presents a somewhat skewed view of the results that can be achieved with such methods. It reveals what generations of bloodshed have taught those in Northern Ireland to expect. For example, the crack on the Irish Guards addresses the perception that the force is largely all hype and no substance, that they are adept at utilizing the latest technological advances in crime fighting techniques while doing very little to actually prevent crimes or bring those who commit them to justice. The joke also includes a subtle reminder that if not for the petty betrayals of "punters" amongst

criminals (i.e. rival sectarian forces, often from the same "side"), the Guards would seldom, if ever, have anyone to arrest. As sectarian forces frequently obtain funding from organized criminal activity (drugs, prostitution, protection rackets and shakedown scams) a disaffected teenager who sniffs glue, goes joyriding and torches the car afterward (more prevalent than you might think; it happened to a friend of mine) has as much, if not more, to fear from sectarian hooligans than the Irish Guards.

If you're like me, the example of the British Army burning the forest to the ground seems more bizarre than humorous, conjuring up images that only the most conspiracy minded survivalist could imagine. One would like to believe that the joke

derives its humor from hyperbole, painting a picture of excessive force taken to excessive degrees. Sadly this is not the case, as anyone who has grown up taking armored cars and barbed wire for granted the way California kids expect an AM-

Bloody Sunday commemoration 17TH ANNIVERSARY

MARCH & RALLY DERRY

Sun.
29th Jan

SPEAKER:
Martin McGuinness

ASSEMBLE 2.00PM
CREGGAN SHOPS

RALLY
AT FREE
DERRY CORNER



Photo obtained from the CAIN (Conflict Archive on the Internet)
Web service at <http://cain.ulst.ac.uk/images/posters>.

air aren't as successful as those that are credible in places where they can be verified, plausible where they can't. The same holds true for humor. Although this joke is not without its biases and couched in language that easily betray them, it



(l) Thousands gather to bury the dead at Creggan Cemetery. Photo courtesy of Belfast Telegraph, Feb. 3, 1972.

(r) Purple dye and CS gas are sprayed on Derry's William Street just prior to the shooting on Bloody Sunday. Photo by Robert White.



PM and Taco Bell on every corner. The events of Bloody Sunday are every bit as absurd, every bit as excessive as those illustrated above. Perhaps the joke is intended to be decidedly unfunny, a bit of sober realism to set up the absurd notion of a bear in R.U.C. custody denying its very beariness, warping the truth through intimidation and fear so that for those left behind a bear starts to look like a rabbit, a rabbit a bear, and no one knows quite what to expect in place where everything is turned on its head and men in uniforms who are not of the forest - indeed, have never been to a forest before, nevermind this one - dictate the terms, determine its fate; and if there are mistakes made, casualties incurred, it's to be expected because this is, after all, a war - a war the Catholic protesters never knew they were fighting.

Is this criticism masquerading as satire? The forwarded e-mail a form of sublimated social protest? Or perhaps the fact that the message is conveyed as joke, something to be chuckled at over morning email in office cubicles in Ireland's increasingly high tech environment, is a sign that a corner has been turned and the past, no matter how bloody or violent, must remain in the past for peace to prosper and endure? These are questions that can't be easily answered, but deleting them isn't going to make them go away. Not in Derry where Saville's Tribunal of Inquiry continues.

Since the beginning of the new year hundreds of witnesses have appeared, given statements, and testified about the grim events they witnessed nearly thirty years ago. As expected there have been snags. Some of the victims' families have refused to participate for reasons so complex it would trivialize them to attempt to sum them up here. Only three of the seventeen rifles used in the Bloody Sunday massacre have been located, frustrating efforts to obtain and/or substantiate critical forensics evidence. Then there are those who feel the Tribunal was doomed from the start, interpreting

Saville's unwillingness to guarantee no immunity for the soldiers as a sign that the Inquiry may very well expose the truth but will not attempt to seek justice, which for the victims and their families is tantamount to giving a man crossing the desert all the water he could want without the means to convey it to the other side.

As the 30th anniversary draws near, look for Bloody Sunday to become a rallying cry for police reform in Northern Ireland. I don't know if the Inquiry will be over by then or, if it is, whether they'll release their findings in time. Regardless of what the Inquiry decides, I can say with absolute certainty there isn't a joke so clever as to make the events of January 30, 1972, any less tragic, the aftermath any less sad.

CLARIFICATION

In Part One, in the section on Bloody Sunday's victims, I reported that "four nail bombs were found on [Gerald] Donaghy's body." Although I mentioned that the bombs were found after he had been taken into British custody, I failed to stress that the bombs were in all likelihood planted on him. This conclusion is an easy one to make: Gerald had been examined by Catholic doctors before being taken into custody, and it is highly unlikely that the bombs were either not detected by the doctors or, if they had been detected, left for the British authorities to discover. I wish to make this distinction because my clumsy prose appeared to contradict the fervent claim that none of the participants in the rally were armed.

WORKS CITED

I could not have written either part of this essay without the benefit of *Hidden Truths: Bloody Sunday 1972* edited by Trisha Ziff and published by the good people at Smart Art Press in Santa Monica (the same people, incidentally, who published the excellent *Forming: The Early Days of L.A. Punk.*). *Hidden Truths* contains essays from

eyewitnesses, political figures, and men and women from the front lines. It is a stunning visual document. If this subject interests you, you owe it to yourself to get your hands on this book and get informed before the 30th anniversary.

For background information I frequently consulted Tim Pat Coogan's *The Troubles*. This landmark history provides the most thorough and even-handed treatment of the conflict I have encountered.

Although it does not touch on Bloody Sunday per se, *We Wrecked the Place* provides fascinating insight into the minds of those for whom sectarian violence was a way of life: the bomber, the gunman, the arsonist. I found it practically

unputdownable.

On the Web, you will not find a more complete examination of the Troubles than the CAIN (Conflict Archive on the Internet) Web service at <<http://cain.ulst.ac.uk>> "Report from Belfast" on the McSweeney's Web site at <mcsweeneys.net/2000/12/12belfast.html> provides a look at the contemporary socioeconomic climate in Belfast. Lastly, you can follow the glacial progress of the Saville Inquiry at their Web site at <www.bloody-sunday-inquiry.org.uk>, although you will need Adobe Acrobat to access the pdf files.

-Money





Sean Carswell

A Monkey to Ride the Dog



...poverty isn't so bad when you don't have to work for it

NO PERMANENT DAMAGE DONE

I was between semesters and mired in bad luck at the end of the summer. I'd gotten fired from my shitty summer job for complex reasons that could be simplified down to the fact that my erstwhile boss took way too much speed. Because I worked for the university, I'd have my regular job again in a couple of weeks. So I had nothing to mope about, just a lot of macaroni and cheese and riding my bike around town and forced sobriety. I had a key to the university writing center (part of my scholarship required that I tutor there when school was in session) and no one was really in town, so I spent a lot of time there, typing away on a novel. It was actually kind of nice. Summer in Flagstaff.

I rode my bike to the writing center one morning. The weather had cooled down. A breeze flowed through the hole in my jeans. Everything around me, the aspens and ponderosa pines, seemed especially lush and green. The ride to the school was all downhill. My head was full of the book I was working on, and I remember thinking, poverty isn't so bad when you don't have to work for it; I think my luck's about to change. And it did.

After about an hour of typing, I walked down to the soda machine and reached into my pocket for some coins. I felt some paper. I pulled it out, unfolded it, and caught a glimpse of Andrew Jackson staring back at me like the gaunt, Indian-killing motherfucker he was. But damn, he looked pretty in my hands. I hadn't worn (or I guess washed) those jeans since the spring. That twenty dollar bill must've been sitting there since the days when I was employed. All right, I thought. I'm gonna get drunk tonight.

I stayed in the writing center until the late afternoon, then called a buddy of mine, Bill, to see if perhaps he was up for getting drunk with me. As fate (or common occurrence) would have it, he'd already started. He told me to come on by. I did.

When I peddled up



(above) a still from an animation-in-progress by Tom Wrenn

into his yard, I heard someone call my name from next door. It was Bill, sitting on the porch with the girls who lived there. I walked over. Bill handed me a beer. A forty. Of Mickeys. My luck just kept getting better.

I sat down, said hello to the girls, and introduced myself to the one I didn't know. They'd been chatting before I walked up and picked up again where they left off. Something about New Orleans. Drinking stories. I listened for a while, drinking the Mickeys, watching the sunset, thinking about my empty stomach and my found twenty and wondering what I'd do for dinner. And, as if my thought had been printed in a bubble over my head, one of the neighbor girls came outside and told us dinner would be ready in five minutes. She invited me to join them for burritos. I accepted and felt so good that I filled up the next lag in conversation with my story about getting drunk in New Orleans.

After burritos, we all sat around the neighbors' family room. I felt so full and buzzed and happy that I said, "Man, this is turning out to be the best day." I listed out all my reasons.

Bill said to me, "You forgot about the Fat Man."

I thought, the Fat Man? Jerry Garcia? "What the hell could he possibly have to do with anything good?" I asked.

"He died today." Bill could barely contain his grin. I let out a "woo-hoo" before I knew what I was doing. His one neighbor, this little hippie broad, looked so aghast that I couldn't help giggling. She got mad. "A man is dead," she said. I laughed more. "A human," the hippie broad said. "A life." I did everything I could to not look at Bill. I knew he was laughing. I knew that, if I saw him, I'd lose it. I tried not to laugh. These girls were sad. And I was in their house. And they fed me burritos, after all. I bit my tongue and closed my mouth and tried not to laugh, but I just couldn't help it. Part of it was nervousness. Part of it was my buzz. And, I'll admit it, a very small part of me thought it hilarious that I was in the student ghetto surrounded by a bunch of slumming suburban rich hippie broads who were actually upset at the passing of the Fat Man.

Not that I really wanted Jerry Garcia dead. Not that I knew him or had any problems with him personally. Not that I honestly believed he was a force of evil. I didn't even really think of Jerry Garcia as a human being. I thought of him as a

ziti in the nose of my Flagstaff experience. It got under my skin that the only live music in Flagstaff was Grateful Dead cover bands. It bugged me that every time I walked into a bar, someone would slide a dollar into the jukebox and play the trio of "Truckin'," "Casey Jones," and "Mexicali Blues." And after a year in Flag, I knew all the words to all three, goddamn it. But what irritated me beyond it all were all of these kids I'd see coming into their freshman years at Northern Arizona University looking like they walked straight out of a Gap or a Wherehouse Music and three months later, they'd be walking around in thrift store chic, reeking of patchouli. I just wanted to grab them and shake them and say, "You can't rebel just like your parents did. It goes against the whole spirit of rebellion. You fucker."

So the Fat Man was dead, which I wasn't genuinely happy about. All the suburban kids who parroted their parents and mocked the poor mourned, and I was genuinely happy about that. We went out to a bar to celebrate.

The hippie girls went with us. Not to celebrate, they assured us. They'd just planned on going to a bar anyway. We went to a cheesy downtown bar because the bar had dollar beers and dollar shots that night. Subtracting that from the twenty I now had in my pocket, I had plenty to drink with. Woo-hoo again. We hung out and shot pool and drank beers.

I wanted to do something nice for the neighbor girls. They were nice, and I felt bad about their fallen idol, and I wanted to repay them for dinner. I decided to buy them shots. Somewhere between thought and action, though, I guess the Mickeys and the refried beans made me mean. I went up to the little hippie broad who'd been most offended and said, "I'll buy you a shot if you drink it to the death of the Fat Man." She looked around. No one heard me make the offer. "What? Like in mourning?" she asked. I shook my head. "In celebration." I could see her thinking about it. "I won't tell anyone," I added. She smiled. "What are we drinking?"

Gradually, over the course of the night, I did shots with all five of the neighbor or neighbor-affiliated girls. All drank in celebration of the death of the Fat Man. One of them wasn't a deadhead, though, so she doesn't really count.

I had to sleep off my buzz on Bill's couch, and the next morning, as I peddled up the mountain to my house, hungover and broke again, I couldn't help smiling. I felt like karma had given me a big, wet kiss.

Almost a year passed. I learned that I wasn't alone in my revelry. Rev. Norb wrote a hilarious column about the passing of the Fat Man for Maximum. NOFX came out with "August 8th," a song about the day the Fat Man died ("I see a bunch of hippies crying, August 8th was a beautiful day"). I even started seeing punkers with t-shirts that said, "Jerry's dead. Give it up." I can't say for sure, but I felt like Norb, NOFX, and tasteless punks were like me in that we didn't really feel happy that a man was dead. We just saw a stagnant scene that harkened back to a time and sound that was never that cool to begin with. We saw the shallowness of, say, people who brag about bootlegs from the Detroit show, 1989, then sell out the death of their idol for a dollar shot of Jaegermeister.

Anyway, by the next summer, I'd secured another useless diploma and was back in Atlanta. I worked in the same bar that I'd worked in before moving to Flagstaff. I lived in a house with three old friends. My favorite deadhead - Laura - and I shared the upstairs attic space. The whole city was gearing up for the Olympics. I worked night shifts in the bar with Laura, and it was crazy. Hundreds of people every night would flood into our bar, get drunk, yell and scream, have fun, start fights, eat, run out on tabs, tip obscenely well, and basically bounce from one end of the insanity spectrum to the other. Some nights, we'd walk out of the bar with enough cash and enough time to join the insanity. Most nights, though, we'd head back to the attic space, drink a beer or two, and try to decompress. We'd both want to listen to music, but being a hippie and a punk with one stereo between us (Laura's stereo, at that), some serious compromising had to go down. We agreed to alternate albums. Since we were friends, we'd try to pick albums that wouldn't drive the other one of us too crazy. I'd play a lot of Man or Astroman? or Ramones (figuring everyone loves those bands). She'd pay me back with War's "The World Is a Ghetto."

Gradually, I got to the point

where I actually sat through an entire Dead album without whining or throwing the stereo out the window. Not that I enjoyed it. I didn't enjoy a single note, chord, or drum-beat. But I watched Laura, who still had a killer record player (and this was the late nineties), spin Dead vinyl that was as old as she was. I heard her tell stories of growing into adulthood following the Dead. I met some of her old hippie friends and actually became friends with a couple of them. I listened to her new albums and realized that she listened to a lot of current bands who took the Dead's influence in new directions. And, of course, we debated. I won't say argued. We debated. She asked why Man or Astroman? was any better than Dick Dale (because Man or Astroman? is a whole band who rock. Dick Dale's just a guitarist). She asked how I could criticize Jamiroquai for living in the past and stealing everything from the Dead, but not notice that Man or Astroman? was doing the same thing with Dick Dale (doh!). We'd listen to the Dead and I'd ask how she could be so hung up on a band that hadn't written a good song in over a decade. Then I'd play "Rocket to Russia" and she'd ask, "When was the last time the Ramones wrote a good song?" (doh again). I'd point out lyrics. She'd

point out the ways drum beats filled spaces. Sometimes one of our other roommates would come up and play her Rick Springfield albums. Laura and I would roll our eyes together. Finally, I understood that not only were Laura's battered Dead albums far beyond the bootleg cassettes in some Flagstaff kid's BMW, but that she was just like me - a music fanatic entrenched in an underground scene that's rife with poseurs and crippled by waves of trendiness, a scene that was triggered by bands who are long gone (or should be), but who started a lot of mixed up folks down really original paths.

And so, I still giggled when I heard the NOFX song. I still laughed when I saw the "Jerry's Dead..." t-shirts. I still got together with my punker buddies and laughed about the night all the trendy deadheads sold the Fat Man's memory for a shot. Most of all, I still hated the music of the Dead. Thanks to Laura, though, at least I felt guilty about mocking a man's death.

Then, April 15, Joey Ramone died, and I had nothing to crack wise about. Ain't karma a bitch.

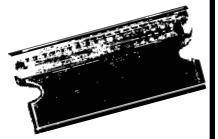
-Sean Carswell





Felizon Vidad

Shark Bait



I checked the rest of my students; they seemed under control. At least there were no visible projectiles.

WHY KIDS GO POSTAL

Danny came up to my desk at the beginning of the class period and asked could he please have permission to go see Mrs. B, the assistant principal.

"No," I said. "Not right now. Now is not a good time. Go sit down."

It wasn't a particularly good idea to allow him to leave my classroom and be out in the halls. I could just imagine my principal stopping him to find out which teacher had the poor judgment to let a student be idle during class time, even though all week the kids had been suffering through the state's standardized test and today they finally got a break.

In his oversized nylon windbreaker, Danny's skinny body seemed to shrink a couple more inches. But he obediently turned around and went back to his seat. I didn't pay him a whole lot more attention after that. I was trying to balance about a hundred different things at the same time: take attendance; figure out which kid needed to make up what work; write up a detention for the girl who was chewing gum and then said she was chewing on her tongue when I asked her to spit it out; open up the Grade Quick program and locate six different grades from three different files in order to fill in the information for two students' progress reports; e-mail another teacher about a project we had due for a night class we were required to take if we wanted to keep our jobs; stop to yell at three kids to sit down, didn't I tell them not to get up without my permission and wasn't I already doing them a favor by not assigning work today and allowing them to have a quiet period? Danny's retreating back flinched at the shouting, but he should have known that I wasn't yelling at him.

Danny is one of those kids who you could forget was even in class. There are days when I forget to check attendance and after all the kids have gone home, I rack my brains trying to remember if certain kids had shown up in class. Most of the time, when the

students are done with their work and have started sneaking up out of their seats, tossing folded notes and throwing hair picks across the room, Danny is impervious to it all, engrossed in Harry Potter. He likes to read, and he doesn't carry a backpack – he pulls one. You know how flight attendants have the compact carry-on luggage that rolls on wheels? Kids at our school have student versions, stuffed backpacks on wheels, heavy burdens that they cart around campus. It's like they're going to the airport. The other day, I even heard one kid make a comment about another student: "Look at her, she think she going to the airport. Hey, Whitney, what gate you flying at?"

In the back of the classroom, most of my students were absorbed in games of Connect Four and checkers. A few of them were preoccupied writing letters that no doubt were grammatical and spelling nightmares, but at least they were writing. Four of the girls

say? Or do? How much control did I have over these kids' lives?

Not ten minutes later, Danny was back at my desk. "Now, Ms. Vidad? Can I go see Mrs. B?"

I knew the last thing one of my bosses needed at this point in the day and week was to have me send a student up to her office. As befitting my position on the academic totem pole, I tried to screen the situation before I bothered administration.

"What's so important that you have to go see Mrs. B, Danny?" I asked.

Gravity suddenly had a very fascinating effect on Danny. His eyes got pulled down all the way to the floor until he was staring at it through his toes and he said, "I kind of don't want to tell you."

I checked the rest of my students; they seemed under control. At least there were no visible projectiles.

I said, "Let's go outside and talk."



were sitting in a tight cluster and discussing Kimberly's secret pregnancy, which wasn't so secret ever since a teacher tipped me off about Kimberly's recent change from tight little outfits to a baggier wardrobe, and Kimberly herself came by my desk the other day and casually asked, "Ms. Vidad, what'd you do if you knew one of your students was pregnant?" I said, "I would be pretty sad. And disappointed." Because what else could I

Danny followed me and didn't lift his eyes from the smears of pencil lead on the floor tile until we got outside in the hall. I kept the classroom door open a crack and waited.

"See," Danny began, "Well, uh... Okay, um, me and David, we were sitting in the back of the room yesterday and, uh, Tina came over to us and she started calling me names and told me stuff like how come I always act so dumb and why my teeth all buttery and, um, uh, I

guess I made a comment like I told her why she so ugly and, uh, she reached over and grabbed me by my shirt and scratched me right here and she left kind of a big mark. But, uh, I didn't do nothing 'cause I don't hit girls. And then you told us it was time to go and she got up and kicked me in the leg and she went back to her seat and then I was talking to my mom yesterday and um, uh, my mom said that's battery and assault and um, uh, I should've reported her."

Danny quit talking and stared at the space above my right shoulder. I could tell that the kid was scared but the first thing that came to mind was a long sigh and oh, shit. Danny's mom is a cop. The first time I met her at a parent-teacher conference, she came in fully loaded with a billy club and gun in holster, wearing a uniform that stretched across her biceps and fit snugly around her thighs. The woman was solid. She looked like she could easily bicep curl her son with one arm and his backpack on wheels in the other. In comparison, Danny was a shrunken mouse of a kid who got lost in the shadow behind his mother. I could imagine the interrogation after he came home and told her what happened at school. Where was your teacher this whole time, Danny? What was she doing? Why was this allowed to happen? What were you all doing in class anyway? Why didn't you report this or say something to her, Danny?

I looked at Danny and I saw this kind of nerdy kid who, through no real fault of his own, was going to find himself in high school next year stuffed into a metal locker one day when his back was turned during PE, and all I could think of was how my butt was going to get into a whole heap of trouble. How I hadn't been doing my job and how I could have let this happen. Why this kid who would rather bite off his tongue before he would tell a lie feel like he couldn't come to me about another student's attack on him yesterday. It wasn't entirely my fault, but how come I felt so guilty? Why should I feel so

responsible?

If I really wanted to shift the blame, I could say that it was the fault of the state of Florida and the circumstances it had created for me: the fact that I had just spent the past four days, for two to three hours at a time, forcing on my students the state's standardized tests in reading, writing, and math; the fact that what I am allowed to teach has become strictly regulated due to the contents of the tests, because administrators across the state have become fearful of experiencing the fate of one school that was sued by a student who received failing scores, claimed it was her teachers' fault for not teaching the material, and won; the fact that I work at a school where the majority of my eighth graders read at a fourth grade level, where standardized tests have set up my students to experience failure and the discouraging reality of their race and economic legacy, and where they are even further segregated from the rich white kids who live along the coastline of this county and whose parents make the daily commute to their engineering jobs at the Cape in SUVs and foreign import cars.

If I really wanted to shift the blame, I could raise these issues and demand, how much do you actually expect from me for the amount of money you're paying and the level of respect you've attributed to my profession? How much are you going to hold me accountable, and where does it say in my job description that I have to be somebody's mother on top of everything else?

I did shift the blame. I looked at Danny and I found myself turning it into the kid's fault for not telling me sooner. I said, "Why didn't you tell me about this when it happened yesterday?"

Danny finally quit looking at everywhere else except at me. He broke his gaze from the floor and looked me right in the eye and said, "I did. I tried to, but you were busy with someone else, so I didn't bother you and then it was the end of the period."

It wasn't until later on in the afternoon, when I was walking back to my classroom from the dean's office where I had just submitted a referral and where the entire experience consisted of me watching the dean read it, snort, and say, "Well, now this is the boy's side of the story. Did you talk to the girl?" – it wasn't until I got to putting my key in the lock when I remembered why I'd been so busy that Danny didn't want to approach me. I'd been too preoc-



*(above and opposite page)
Two of Ms. Vidad's favorite
students and their hair.*

cupied with screaming at another one of my students who always seemed to develop selective hearing around the time the bell was going to end class. No matter how many warnings I gave my students to get ready to go, Ty was never in his seat and I usually ended up holding him back a few extra minutes before the late bell.

But Ty is another story, the kind of kid who gets yelled at regularly and who shrugs his shoulders when he gets a call over the intercom to report to the front office. Ty could have given Danny some pointers on how to deal with being in the dean's office. Danny was going to need it. I knew the dean didn't have any respect for a kid who told me he wanted to go talk to the female assistant principal first. The boy was nervous by nature, and it didn't help that his growing-up years was filled with people who made themselves feel better about themselves by intimidating somebody weaker. Danny was going to get bullied in the dean's office, and he was going to walk out feeling like he never should have said anything in the first place.

I knew all this, and it made me feel worse when the bell for the next period rang and the new kid from Georgia walked into my class. He was clean, well-mannered, called me ma'am, and had a sweet, soft-spoken Southern way of talking. That's not what made me sick at heart. It was hearing the other students' whispers and recognizing the look on the new student's face when he took his assigned seat. This was the kid who, on his first day of school three days ago, got jumped in the boys' locker room. The other kids didn't like the way he talked and they wanted to beat him up. They said he was a faggot.

-Felizon Vidad



the CROWD

...KICKED THE DOOR
WIDE OPEN

INTERVIEW BY TODD AND SEAN



JIM DECKER LEAD SINGER
JIM KAA GUITAR, VOCALS
DENNIS WALSH DRUMS
CORY STRETZ BASS, VOCALS
BOZ MILUCKY GUITAR, VOCALS

THIS PICTURE BY RICK BAIN, ALL OTHERS BY TODD

FOR BANDS LIKE TSOL AND THE ADOLESCENTS... "THEY WERE THE FIRST ONES BEHIND US AFTER THE DOOR WAS OPENED AND WE FELL DOWN."

The Crowd. Most folks outside of Southern California probably don't know who they are. I'm not going to get on my high (or even hobby-sized) horse. There are reasons for their undeserved obscurity.

Reason Number One: Real bad timing. Ever see a cheerleader who's just a little bit out of synch, who can't raise her pom-pom at just the right time? That's the Crowd's timing.

Reason Number Two: They have a knack of getting screwed. Directly or indirectly, for reasons that are explained further in this interview, most of their records are out-of-print or just really, really hard to find.

Reason Number Three: Who knows? Luck's always a factor.

The reason for this interview was simple: The Crowd, the founders of Southern California pop punk, are still plugging away, and not in a "Aww, how cute it is to watch them try," pity sort of way. The opposite. Not to sound as out of place as a clown at a funeral, I truly believe that The Crowd's best material is going to be released within this year. And that's exciting because they've already released lots of phenomenal stuff.

Sean and I drove down to Huntington Beach, to a nice house in a nice subdivision. Jim Kaa's wife gave us soda pop, apple wedges, and crackers. She very politely wished us good luck on our "punk rock summit," snapped some gloves on, and went to gardening.

Todd: We need a short background. Started 19__?

Decker: '78. Summer.

Kaa [pronounced like the letter "k"]: First gig was at a girl named Ginger Eastwood's house. Jim, me, his brother Jay, Tracy Porterfield playing guitar, and a guy named Barry Miranda playing drums. Barry Cuda and Tracy Modern. Everybody had their punk name. Tracy would refer to me as Jim De-Kaa [sounds exactly like "decay"]. Us being both Jims, people would refer to him as Jim Trash and me as K. People thought I had a big last name that started with a "k."

Todd: What was the name before it was The Crowd?

Kaa: The band existed without Jim as The New. Jim played in The Flyboys and The

Resistance. The New had a singer called Peter Roach and then he left. Then Jim came, and it became The Crowd.

Todd: [to the wrong Jim] And you were in Witchcraft?

Decker: That was my high school band. That had Sandy West from The Runaways.

Kaa: That was Jim's girlfriend, too.

Decker: Now she's lezbo. [laughing] I broke her down.

Kaa: The Runaways played a couple house parties before they started to hit the LA and Hollywood circuit. A couple blocks away from here, Lita Ford, Joan Jett - before Cherri Currie was in it, when Michelle Steele, who later was in The Bangles, played bass - and Sandy.

Todd: Wouldn't it be broken up by the second chord?

Kaa: No. You could go 'til 11:30 before the cops rousted everybody. The band could get a whole set in.

Todd: What are you guys doing now?

Decker: We're working on a new full-length album (tentatively titled "...Goes Wild").

Kaa: We're doing a bunch of things. We just released that single, "I'm Not Happy Here" with Rick Bain on Hstage.

Decker: We're going to record the album ourselves and put up all of our own money so we're not obligated to any label. Then if nobody wants it, we can do something with it.

Kaa: Almost all of our songs are on MP3.com or on our website. Another thing I've been trying to do, with Brian of Grand Theft Audio, is put out a "boot-leg" thing. There might be four different versions of "Modern Machine" from all different eras. It's going to be a CD filled with as many live outtakes from all of my different cassette recordings and things I have and as many flyers I can pile into a booklet. It's just a fun thing to do.

Decker: We're actually going to leave Huntington Beach and play outside.

Todd: How far is the touring leash going to be?

Kaa: Right now, I can say Vegas, Arizona, Northern California. I see us going to Portland, Seattle, or Texas, but that will probably be about it. We've also talked about flying back East and doing a one-weeker. Trying to do Philadelphia, New York, or the ultimate goal, a two-weeker in Europe. On our website, we have people from Belgium, Berlin, Brussels, and France saying "We guarantee a sellout if you come." My last one was from Sweden.

Decker: They don't say it's a six-seat bar... It's hard when everybody has the forty hour week and three kids.

Kaa: Fifty hour week.

Todd: So what do you do during the week?

Decker: I'm a construction worker.

Kaa: I do financial and accounting work for a big restaurant company. Dennis is a postman. Boz is the general manager of a precision metal foundry. Cory is a mason in brick and tile.

Decker: We can get shit built, torn down, and financed.

Kaa: And we can deliver the mail.

Sean: What type of construction work do you do?

Decker: I run cranes and concrete pumps. And before that, I ran fishing boats, when work got slow.

Todd: Working backwards, on "A World Apart" (Posh Boy Records, 1980) why are the guitars taken out of that recording? It sounds like "tink, tink, tink."

Kaa: Couple things. We were trying to differentiate ourselves somewhat from all the other music of that time. It wasn't like we said, "Let's make this music be short, fast, and poppy." I think "A World Apart" was a natural evolution of that because we learned to play a little bit better. But, you've got to remember that we worked with Posh Boy.

Decker: Posh Boy has a terrible ear.

Kaa: And David Hines, the guy who engi-



"PUT THE OFFSPRING IN THERE, TOO. THEY CAME THROUGH THE SAME DOOR THE TIME WE WERE STARTING TO GET BACK UP. AND AT THAT POINT, THEY HAD THE TITAN MISSILE."

neered it...

Decker: Has even a worse ear.

Kaa: ...we weren't smart enough to know, to say, "No, this is the way it should be,"

when you're making your second record and it's the second time you've been in the studio. When we made "Beach Blvd.," (recorded July 3rd, 1979) it was the first time we were in the studio. He mixed the whole record in one day.

Decker: We got the tape, ran to - I forget what the music store was in LA - 'cause we didn't have a tape player in our car. Put it in a cassette place - an audio store - heard it come out and we just looked at each other and went, "That sounds like shit."

Kaa: A big difference in today's world is digital. When you finish something and make a DAT or CD of it, it sounds virtually the same. Something's screwed up if there's a big difference. In those days, everything sounded good in the big studio, but by the time you made a vinyl record, the low end was missing a lot. None of them had a thick, big-bottom end. Now you can buy a little four-track for your house for \$500 that you can record massive stuff on.

Decker: I'd like to get a hold of those tapes, re-mix some of the songs, and put it out. There's some really good songs on that record, but the mix just blows chow.

Sean: Did you write rhythm guitar parts or any bar chords in those songs, because it seems like, if you listen to it really close,

you can hear some guitar.

Decker: Right. But it's so far away.

Kaa: Like the guitarist is in the other room... I have a version of "Can't Talk" that we did on KUCI radio. That song's just manic. The ending's of an undetermined length. It could go on for twelve bars or forty. It was just way more intense. Drak at Vinyl Solution (Huntington Beach's premiere punk rock record store) would say to me - this is previous to the last few records - "You guys are so great live but your records never captured that." I think "Beach Blvd." did, for the most part, we went in...

Decker: It was played

live in the studio.

Kaa: In "A World Apart" and "Big Fish Stories," (Flipside, 1989) neither one of them were we able to get our live intensity across in the record. Because when you're in the studio, I end up taking the time to make a record, make things that are in the studio cool, too. It's a different place. But on the flip side, I don't want to make it weak, diluted, and crappy. But it's nice - if you want to put an acoustic guitar in one part, I'm not going to be afraid to do that. It's okay to be quiet for eight seconds of one part of one song.

Brett Gurewitz was the one - when we recorded the **RAZORCAKE** 35

single "Dig Yourself" (Lethal Records) in 1990, 1991 at the old Westbeach Studio - that made it real straight forward. I thought [insert Scooby Doo question mark sound]. He was the first guy we ever recorded with who knew exactly where we were trying to get and for us to get there, it was easy. He's like, "You just want to make straight-ahead So Cal pop punk? Oh, that's cake." We already had the ingredients. All he had to do was turn on his machine to capture it.

Decker: He was cool to work with, too.

Kaa: Yeah, he was. Chain smoked. I almost died when I was recording my guitar parts, but when we did "Letter Bomb" (Flipside, 1996), we had seen the path.

Todd: So, you're not dissecting the track into a sixteenth of a second like Metallica?

Kaa: Exactly. In the end, I think about records I like and they just need to feel good.

Todd: So you guys broke up for five years, correct?

Kaa: '82 to '87.

Todd: Why?

Kaa: For me, the whole violence thing.

Decker: That probably had the most to do with it.

Kaa: From '78 to '80, it was really a joyous period.

Decker: It was fun.

Kaa: You could push your friend down and someone else would dive on top of them in a pile and everyone would pour beer on each other, but no one was trying to kick each other in the head. Five guys weren't beating up one guy.

Decker: Happy.

Kaa: True.

Decker: Girls could be in the pit, slanking around, you know.

Kaa: That's what it was about in those days: buying guitars and amps, starting bands, writing your own songs, and playing at parties. It was cool. Then the whole thing exploded larger. We played with The Circle Jerks at The Cuckoo's Nest. It wasn't about playing. It wasn't about music. It was about who was there, who looked punk, who was beating up who, which people with long hair to get in fights with. I remember playing that night, leaving the stage, and looking back at the audience - which was stuffed - and just thinking, I didn't get into it because of this part. I got into it because I love music. The scene and meeting new people was a neat part. I didn't understand the "I'm punk, you're not. We need to fight you."

Decker: "We're going to kick your ass."

Todd: When you guys got back together, were you called The Crowd?

Kaa: No. We played in different bands in that in-between era, playing a lot different music, a rebellion against punk. Just like,

RAZORCAKE 36 "Oh man, get that away from

the CROWD

"HOW CAN YOU LIVE IN HUNTINGTON BEACH AND SURF EVERY DAY AND BE PISSED OFF?"



totally different band.

Kaa: In Bachelors Even, another band we did, we were running a drum machine and sequencing two synthesizers with horns off of it.

Decker: We had to set the keyboards to different colors because we didn't know where the things went.

Kaa: I always liked a lot of different music. How I got to play the music I played, I'm not sure. I was also listening to Joy Division, Cabaret Voltaire, and Ultravox and all kinds of music. Lots of music with synthesizers and rhythmic, heavy, deep groove. I've always really liked English music. They were always taking American things, being influenced by them, and doing it before Americans. Buzzcocks and The Clash are two bands that are, as punk bands, very influential.

Todd: This is from Designated Dale. Tell

me. It's tainted." Jim had a band called The West that was just starting to get off the ground. We (The Crowd) decided to do one show at Night Moves as a one-off.

Decker: New Years Eve.

Kaa: It worked out good for us.

Todd: In that interim, were you guys were in a Duran Duran cover band?

Decker: No. We had Sextet.

Todd: That's it.

Decker: It was kind of that style. Violins, saxophone, lots of keyboards.

Todd: Why did you change the name to Sextet and then come back as the Crowd?

Decker: It was a

me about when you played with The Ramones at the Rendezvous in Garden Grove.

Decker: We blew them off the face of the planet.

[laughter]

Kaa: About a year ago, I got a bootleg.

Decker: They hated us.

Kaa: We were big around here, but certainly not as big as The Ramones. This place had a low ceiling. A couple thousand people were crammed in.

Decker: It was like the biggest thing we'd ever done.

Kaa: It's about half and half between people who love us because we're new and we're punk and everything, and people who hate us because...

Todd: You're not The Ramones.

Decker: Exactly.

Kaa: People spitting at us, we just start laughing. Jim throws a whole pitcher of water at somebody who was spitting at us. People were untying our shoes. We were undeterred. We were young and stupid and didn't know any better, so we just drove on forward.

Decker: I was fucking covered in spit. I got it out with him. "You want to spit on me? Come on, man, let's go." But it was a fantastic show. With that group of the Crowd - Barry, Tracy, me, Jim, and Jay - it was probably one of our best shows we ever did, energy-wise.

Kaa: It was like earning another stripe. We went up there to the hostility and didn't back down. I think you earn a lot of people's respect that way. I recently got a bootleg of this. We played with Dee Dee Ramone one night, and this kid comes up to me and said, "Hey, I have a tape of you guys from The Coconut Teaser." I said, "Oh, really? I'd love to get one." We swapped addresses. Turned out, he mailed me back and I put the tape in and it starts with "Living in Madrid," which is a

really old song. I'm thinking, that's really weird. And the tones are really bad.

Decker: Really bad. We stunk.

Kaa: I come to the realization the Ramones show at the Coconut Teaser is on the other side. This kid had been trading Ramones tapes and said he had hundreds and hundreds of tapes of bootlegs from their whole career.

Decker: We weren't as good as I thought we were.

Kaa: Johnny, their guitar player, was yelling at Jim after their set. "You were letting people spit on you. Those fuckers were spitting on me." And then their security guy locked us out of the back stage.

Decker: We were all pissed off at them.

Todd: Jim [Decker], is there any validity to the rumor that you started slam dancing? The HB strut? Somebody wrote that you looked like "Gumby on whites."

Decker: I mean, that's what everyone says. I will personally never come out and say that I started slam dancing. I can say I was dancing like that and a lot of people started dancing like that. You know, the head down, the flailing arms, running around.

Kaa: We described it "The Downhill Racer."

Decker: Exactly. When we would play, more and more people would start dancing like that. Pretty soon, everybody was doing it.

Kaa: The natural evolution then, for someone - who just doesn't want to have fun - is to see that and think, "That's what you do. You swing your arms so you can club another person." That was not our intention. Remember, we were in The Crowd early on to get chicks.

Decker: That was the whole point of the band.

Todd: Why are Crowd releases so hard to get, excluding the brand new Hostage stuff? Do you guys feel doomed?

Kaa: I don't feel doomed, it's just been a bummer. That early Posh Boy stuff was pretty well distributed, I think, in the early days.

Todd: It's still out of print, right?

Kaa: "Beach Blvd." is out now.

Decker: It's "Beach Blvd." with twenty-five piles of crap on top of it.

Todd: Isn't it something like "Rik L. Rik Presents..."?

Kaa: "Rik L. Rik and Others."

There's the "Yes, LA" (Dangerhouse) comp. that came out.

Decker: But not before that. Was it?

Kaa: There's a bunch of those. It was one of the forerunners, that's for sure.

Todd: I think Mike Boehm (one of the sole punk-sympathetic writers for the Orange County arm of the LA Times who knows what he's talking about) said it was the first Southern California comp to come out of any other place other than LA. It's the first OC comp. That's for sure.

Kaa: Yeah, it's been frustrating. Mordam was a good distributor for Flipside for a long time. Unfortunately, right before we put "Letter Bomb" out, Flipside moved from Mordam to Rotz. I can't fault anybody for that or fault us. Everyone did everything in good faith. No one did anything behind anybody's back to try to make our distribution bad. It just, unfortunately, came out bad.

Todd: Did Robbie ever pay you anything?

Kaa: He paid us very little. He literally paid us a few thousand dollars over our careers in cash and product. And, if you think of "Beach Blvd.," it had to sell, literally by this point... It's probably sold between 40,000 to 60,000 copies over twenty years. It sold a

Kaa: Some songs we drop out of our set and don't play. "Politics," which is on "Letter Bomb," is a song that we had had '79 or '80 but we never released. But when we pulled it out of our hat to play it live, we said, "Shoot, we should put this out. It's a good song. People deserve to hear it."

[Dennis shows up and pops open a beer.]

Dennis: If it's a good song, it's a good song. It doesn't matter when you record it.

Decker: There's always one or two on each record.

Dennis: The genre of the band hasn't really changed all that much anyway. Technology and the sound quality are the only things that have gotten better. Actually, we've gotten better as players, but the songs are pretty much still the same, or similar, anyway.

Sean: "Politics" is probably more appropriate now.

Decker: Exactly. We wrote that song when Carter was President.



KAA: ... THAT'S REALLY THE CONCEPT OF BEING
TORMENTED BY THE LOCAL SURF GIRLS WHO SIT
TWENTY YARDS DOWN THE BEACH FROM YOU AND
TORMENT YOU ALL DAY LONG...
DECKER: SHOOTING BEAVER SHOTS.

Decker: Well, Rik was Robbie Fields' (Posh Boy's real name) first band.

Todd: Posh Boy manufactured Rik as a band?

Decker: The rough equivalent of a boy band... more of an alliance. Robbie thought that Rik was his ticket. Robbie attached him to his coattails first, thinking that Rik was going to lead him through until he saw ours. Then he saw all the chicks, too. "I'm going down that way. Fuck Covina, man."

Kaa: I remember we were sitting in the spare bedroom and Posh Boy had come to one of Jim's house parties. He's wearing his red leather jacket and he says, "What would you guys think about making a proper record like this," and he pulls a Simpletones single out of his jacket and tosses it on the bed.

Decker: Like it's a fucking wad of cash.

Kaa: Because we're all eighteen and nineteen and never made anything, acting like it wasn't that big of deal, but, of course, that was the beginning of how we did "Beach Blvd." Robbie was smart in the sense that he was able to figure out "Well, gee, we'll take Rik, The Crowd, F-Word, and The Simpletones, and we'll put them together."

Kaa: Can you think of a comp before that?

ton in the day. Robbie

made a living off of releasing other people's records. If we try to sue him, it's a lot of money in legal fees to get there. It would be tough.

Decker: It was discouraging when Brian Holland from the Offspring wanted to get "Beach Blvd." from Robbie and put it out on Nitro and release it. He wanted to do the original seven songs from each band that was on the record and put it out and Posh Boy wouldn't give it to him. That's the one thing that actually pissed me off.

Kaa: What I think it came down to was Robbie wants to do licensing deals where he gets income over time and doesn't take a big tax hit and I think Brian Holland wanted to buy it and have it for perpetuity, for good, and they couldn't come to an agreement about it.

Decker: I would love to have that out. It would have been good for us.

Todd: You have songs that you play for a long time, but you don't release it until - sometimes - fifteen years later. Why?

Decker: I don't know. Some songs, you forget about them. We'll probably put something out on this new record that's almost twenty years old, I'd have to imagine.

Dennis: And it came out when Bush ran against Clinton.

Kaa: I think it's more coming down to, you want to put out as much stuff as you can. Dennis' point is that if you feel that the song is a good song, then you put it on. There are a few songs from the old days that...

Decker: Aren't very good.

Kaa: They're probably not going to be released.

Decker: The thing that's cool about a lot of those songs, you're in the studio, and all of sudden there's extra tape or you've got some time before you've got to go. "OK, let's put down 'Politics.'" Boom. One time.

Kaa: That's like the "For Your Love" that's just on the video version of "Letter Bomb." It was live.

Dennis: That's how we recorded "Transmission" (a Joy Division cover) on "Big Fish Stories."

Decker: It comes off good. You're like, "Yeah."

Todd: [to Kaa] Jim, you've been quoted as saying, "It's like when you get to your friend's house five minutes after he's left to what happens to be the coolest party of the year." **RAZORCAKE** 37

Would that be the coda for The Crowd?

[laughter]

Decker: That sums it up pretty accurately.

Kaa: It's certainly frustrating when Green Day and Offspring - both "Dookie" and "Smash" went off in '94 or '95 - when they were both selling a lot, their music is so derivative of our style. Not at all are they copping our style, but it's right up our pipe. Straight-up pop punk music. Power guitars. Short songs. Poppy.

Dennis: Good choruses.

Kaa: Melodies that stick in your head. A little bit of guitar solos. You begin to think, where's trickle down for The Crowd? I see Social Distortion being so successful, that they made it, and we missed by an inch. There's two little holes to shoot in and we missed both and they got in and how that happens you just never know.

Todd: Can you think of any mitigating factors that have changed over time? Now you have children and better jobs.

Kaa: I think we're all realists in the sense that we don't have this false illusion that "This single's gonna be the one." [laughter]

Dennis: It used to be, twenty years ago, every time I went into the studio, I'd go, "Fuck, I'm going to be famous," since I heard the first take. "We're there, right?" Now, it's what's going to happen is going to happen.

Dennis: We're having a good time.

Kaa: I feel that way. It's disappointing to have known that you had that style of music when there wasn't an audience for it, and by the time there's an audience for it, we're well past the opportunity stage of our career. But I think our fault was we didn't tour when we were kids and we should have.

Decker: That said, I think this record will be our best one ever. The songs that we wrote for this record are fucking great, I think. I love them.

Dennis: I think this is a better band than we've ever had before. Cory and Boz are so solid.

Kaa: Literally, Cory's parents' house is a mile from my parents' house. Boz is a few miles away. We all went to Edison high school. They understand exactly where we're trying to be. It's easy for them to lock into that mold and the music we're playing. They grew up in the vacuum of the Crowd. They've been reared on the SoCal pop punk stuff. Cory was in the second version of China White. He was also in The Blades in the old days. Boz toured with Youth Brigade in 1984. He had his own bands, The Relics and Curb. They've been active guys.

Dennis: He's playing with someone else too, now.

Kaa: He's in a band called The Glory Holes.

Todd: Is it true that you guys smoked hash with Jane Wiedlin and Belinda Carslile?

Dennis: I believe so.

Kaa: [Lowly, so his lovely wife and child don't hear.] It was backstage at a place called The Woodsound. The bill was Flyboys, Crowd and GoGo's at this little place in Monrovia. It was certainly being passed around and everyone was there. And, basically, what I saw in "Behind the Music" with the GoGo's, that ain't nothing. [laughter]

Todd: Did you guys really teach Ron Emory (of TSOL) to play guitar?

Kaa: I showed Ron Emory how to tune his guitar 'cause he had this crappy Mosrite. Mosrite had a really cool surf guitar but it wouldn't stay in tune worth a damn.

Todd: Have you guys ever done a Bar Mitzvah?

Dennis: No, but we'd like to.

Todd: Do you ever feel like you're playing to an audience that are your children's peers?

Kaa: I'm running into that all the time. There's a whole new generation of people who are into music right now who are in their twenties who are...

Decker: Who weren't born when we started.

Kaa: That's why we're not trying to live on nostalgia. All people know about is now. Duane Peters is contemporary. He's forty. Mike Ness is contemporary.

Decker: If he isn't forty, he looks sixty.

Kaa: All blues and rock players are contemporary and they're older, so I guess there's no age where we say, "You know what? Because I turned forty this year, I must turn in my punk rock badge."

Todd: Like "Logan's Run." Just get sucked up through a big tube when you get too old.

Sean: What you were saying before with younger bands, it reminded me of your song, "Run for the Money" and I was thinking, what bands did you kick the door wide open for that you wish you could have kicked it right shut before they got in?

Dennis: That's pretty harsh.

Kaa: The band I think about in that era when I was writing that song was Guttermouth. It's not so much them specifically - I have no beef with them. Mark, the singer, is a nice guy. But it was seeing bands really reaping the benefits of long ago hard work. All of a sudden, there's a built-in, twenty-year generation raised on punk in Southern California. The demographic was right there for bands like Pennywise to pick it up and score with, and there's been good bands - Pennywise being one of those in the sense that they're winning. Then there's bands that are less than that, that you see the same thing. For me, it was more not directed at one band, but more like, we smashed through the door and just fell to the side.

Dennis: And got trampled.

Kaa: Everyone poured through before we had a chance to get back up again. You see that in all styles of music. When Pearl Jam started to get big, all of a sudden you had Stone Temple Pilots, Bush, Creed - all of the followers sell millions of more albums because they take the identifiable sound. What's going to be the next one? Who knows. Every generation needs their own rebellious music for their parents to hate, whether it be Elvis Presley, The Crowd, or Eminem. There will be someone new to hate next year. I saw Marilyn Manson on TV and he seems pathetic...

Dennis: "Nobody hates me. I'm acceptable."

Kaa: He doesn't even shock people...

Sean: Let me ask the opposite side of that question. What band do you think that you're really glad that you kicked the door open for them, who took your sound and really moved it in new ways that you're happy about?

Kaa: I think bands like TSOL and The Adolescents...

Dennis: They were the first ones behind us after the door opened and we fell down.

Kaa: I think they were able to say, "We're in the same genre in the sense of pop, powerful punk," 'cause there's definitely pop in both of their music to a certain degree, and quickly made it their own styles. The Adolescents with the double guitar attack, the really good vocals, and TSOL, more of the darker hue, heavier, kind of rock. Really the demonic, in the sense that it came from their own personal demons. Their own personal haunts came through in their music. They both directly and indirectly, got it.

Decker: Put the Offspring in there, too.

Kaa: Yeah, but they're like a much more distant relative.

Dennis: They came through the same door about the time we were starting to get back up. And at that point, they had the Titan missile.

Kaa: When we started playing again in '87 and '88, hard rock, long-hair music was popular. It was funny, when punk started to happen four or five years after that again, people would come and see us again and think, "Oh, The Crowd, they must have heard punk's happening and jumped back on." It's like, "No, we jumped back on when Bon Jovi and Guns and Roses were popular." Again, our timing. It wasn't like there's a great demographic for us. No one was thinking that far in the future back then. It was just like, "If we could just play a house party, that would be great." Then it was, "If I could ever play the Whisky A Go Go, God, that's all I want. I'll never ask for any more. Just one shot at the Whisky," because that's where you saw you heroes. That's where The Jam, X, or The WeirDOS would play. "If I could be like them, I'd be..." Then two years later, we were playing at The Whisky with The WeirDOS. It was just such like, a "Wow, it couldn't have been any better."

Dennis: "We made it."



the CROWD

Kaa: I wasn't yearning for that much more because you're already surpassing any goals that you already had.

Todd: Have you guys ever been courted by a major, if just for tax relief purposes?

Kaa: Back in the day, a guy named John Hewlett was a manager of The Dickies.

Decker: Worked for A + M.

Kaa: Allegedly, he wanted us to go on tour with The Dickies in England, 'cause they were having the "Nights in White Satin" hit. I took a semester off from school because I thought that was going to happen. It never came to fruition.

Todd: Is there any such thing as the Crowd's "Revisited" cassette from 1994? It was listed on your website.

Kaa: Carl (their webmaster) took that off. We recorded a demo for A + M at a place called Sound Investment in downtown LA. We never got any real tapes of it. It's really the lost Crowd album is what it comes down to. It was the stuff the original lineup recorded after "Beach Blvd." and before "A World Apart" that, would have been much more of what people were looking for.

Todd: Name the Mouseketeer that charted two slots below you on Rodney on the ROQ's August, 1980 top twenty list.

Decker: That was whatshername. Annette Funicello. I forget what the song was.

Dennis: It was from one of

and because my mom was a housewife and took care of the kids?

Dennis: [joking] If she was a heroin addict that beat me, then I would have made it.

Kaa: We just celebrate the culture of the beach. "Suzy Is a Surf Rocker," that's really the concept of being tormented by the local surf girls who sit twenty yards down the beach from you and torment you all day long...

Decker: Shooting beaver shots.

Kaa: And then tormenting you that same night at the house parties. Our themes were based on much more relationship themes, which a lot of traditional music was based on before you had to be political about things. I write songs about some

social things, but it's usually more from a personal standpoint.

Todd: I would see that contiguous with The Buzzcocks.

Dennis: They're all about love songs, basically.

Kaa: "What Do I Get?," "Love You More," and, again, I'm not advocating that every song needs to be happy or "I love you."

Todd: You're being true to the environment that's pouring into you.

Kaa: You had the guys in Fullerton (like Social Distortion) getting beat up in high school and everything. None of us got beat up.

Decker: Right. The football team would

an album of that in an afternoon - of cliché anti-kill-death. On the other hand, DOA's "Thirteen Flavors of Doom" record, I listen to that, and they're almost like happy songs about the end of the world. If you listen to our new stuff, we have a song, "When Satan Smiles"...

Decker: The melody's real happy.

Kaa: But the lyrics are about bad people doing bad things and making satan happy. That's sort of the catch phrase in it. In "Letter Bomb," Jim wrote those lyrics about a Vietnam vet. It came from this guy in Dana Point who went crazy and shot a bunch of people.

Dennis: [the mailman]: Postal worker.

Kaa: The whole postal worker goes crazy thing, but the lyrics really talk about a tormented person who's got it buried inside - regardless if they're a postman or not - some day it's going to blow out. Over time, our optimism has been lost.

Dennis: With age, we've seen some dark things. We just still write about them in a happy way.

Kaa: In "Can Pipe" [hums in a lilting melody] "I'm smoking crack all night on a can pipe." It's a happy melody. That's a toe-tapper.

Decker: "What are those words, dad?"

Kaa: And that came from Jim working 3 AM shifts pumping concrete and watching the crack addicts.

Sean: Jim, I see that your daughter's a little bit of a Britney Spears fan. How does Jim Kaa of the Crowd go about obtaining a Britney album for his daughter?

Kaa: I haven't been forced to buy the Britney Spears, but I did buy The Backstreet Boys one time. I went to Tower and I found where it was and what it looked like, and left it there. And then I went and shopped at Tower for all my other goods, and right before I had to buy it, I put it in my stack at the bottom...

Decker: We can get shit built, torn down, and financed.

Dennis: Kind of whistled up to the register.

Decker: [in checker voice] "Excuse me, are you sure you want this one?"

Kaa: You know what the really sad sign is? I actually started to recognize those N'Sync and Backstreet Boys songs when I hear them in elevators and stuff. It's been a hard thing to reconcile. Being a parent, I feel like I'm going to live through my Limp Bizkit or Crowd or Bad Religion that my kids will bring to me, and right now, that happens to be in the form of Britney Spears and N'Sync. It's my own poison I'm having to swallow.

The Crowd can be contacted through their website: <www.thecrowd.com>

Check out The Crowd's family tree at <www.razorcake.com>



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ON "STARDOM"

Kaa: I do financial and accounting work for a big restaurant company. Dennis is a postman. Boz is the general manager of a precision metal foundry. Cory is a mason in brick and tile.



those "Beach Blanket Bingo" deals.

Decker: In the Flipside (where the top twenty was printed), it had a little hand-drawn wave.

Todd: You guys approached punk rock in a fun and positive way. Where did that come from? And as funny as it sounds, do you think that was a liability?

Decker: Oh yeah. That was just our personalities. How can you live here and surf every day and be pissed off?

Kaa: That hits the nail on the head. It's what it all comes down to. Luckily, none of our parents are divorced. We're living in an upper middle class beach community. Am I supposed to be angry at my parents because my dad worked hard and was a good guy

come to the house parties after the game.

Kaa: A lot of those guys were guys you grew up with your whole life, so they weren't dick jocks. They were guys you knew, who surfed, and who you'd been going to the beach with for twenty years. So, when we started punk rock and people came to our shows and parties, it wasn't just certain people - "Oh yeah, you've got to have a shaved head" or "You've got to have black hair."

Dennis: There wasn't that many of us.

Kaa: Yeah, when you talk about being a liability, I think a lot of people slam you that you're soft or pop because you're not confronting. "Kill, kill, government's ass." [makes machine gun noises.] You can make

SCARED

OF

CHAKA



SITUATED

FETAL

ALCOHOL

INTERVIEW BY SEAN CARSWELL

SATAN'S BABY SKETCH BY TOM WRENN

PHOTOS BY TODD AND SEAN

I love hearing people sing along with Scared of Chaka's songs, because the lyrics change from person to person. I get caught up in it, too. It's loud, trashy rock'n'roll with very clear vocals singing very muddled words, so I sing along with sounds and fill in my own words. Finally, with their fifth album, Scared of Chaka included a lyric sheet, and the lyrics are funny because they sound like just another person singing the wrong words. It's weird. It's a mystery. I had to get to the bottom of it, so when Scared of Chaka came through town, I caught up with their singer/songwriter Dave. The interview went kind of like a Scared of Chaka album in the sense that Dave filled me up with a bunch of two-minute stories about women, rock'n'roll, earthquakes, touring with

Dillinger Four, and roadies turned porn stars. We did the interview in a sea of trashy rock'n'roll. I screamed the questions, Dave screamed the answers, and I thought there was no way I'd be able to make sense of the muddled words when I sat down to transcribe it all. But, like a Scared of Chaka album, when I played the tape, everything came together and made sense.

Scared of Chaka are:

Dave: Guitar, Vocals

Ron: Drums, Vocals

Josh: Bass

Sean: I noticed that all interviewers ask you the same five questions.

Dave: Yeah, I could tell you those same five

questions.

Sean: You want to give your five pat answers now and get it over with?

Dave: I would rather you not even ask them, but if you want to, you know, it's a new zine. I'll do whatever you want. What do you want me to do? You want me to answer them?

Sean: No, I'm just kidding with you.

Dave: Do you want me to answer where the name comes from? Who's Chaka? You guys tour a lot? How long have you been around? Who were we influenced by? Was there another one?

Sean: No, that's pretty much it. But I don't want to make you answer them.

Dave: Well, I started the band in like '92, '93 and the name Scared of Chaka. You know Chaka from the "Land of the Lost." It was a lot funnier a long time ago. I don't know. The whole band's been kind of like an after-

thought. Like everything. We realized we weren't really prepared for it. Everything before was kind of like a joke or not really serious. Like the name. It just kind of set a pattern for us, I guess.

Sean: Why do you think people always ask you the same five questions? Any theories?

Dave: I don't know, but that's a very good question. A lot of times, when those questions are asked of us, it's zines that kids are starting out and they don't really know a lot about us. And we'll answer them. We won't always answer them correctly, but we'll answer them.

Sean: Is it true that you used to be in Monkeywrench?

Dave: I was in another band called Monkeywrench, but not the Monkeywrench. I was never in a band with Tim Kerr or Tom Price. Tom Price is my guitar hero. Tom Price of Gas Huffer and U-Men. You know who Tom Price is?

Sean: Yeah.

Dave: He may not be all Yngve or whatever, but he's got the perfect style. Tom Price actually signed me to Empty. When we did "Masonic Youth," that was one of my personal main perks: I'm gonna meet Tom Price. And I did. And me and him just kind of like, giggled at each other. He was one of the nicest, coolest guys, not used to stardom or whatever. And maybe he's not a star, but I fucking worship the guy. He taught me how to play so much of the shit that I do now, which is standard Chuck Berry leads hidden within rhythms. Just kind of flowing with everything. And he's not too flashy, not too tacky, but he's brilliant. He's brilliant. I love Tom Price to death.

Sean: Well, talking about influences, are any of your moves on stage influenced by professional wrestlers?

Dave: Probably.

Sean: Because you look like you're trying to jump off the ropes and onto the stage sometime.

Dave: Like I'm the general and you're the enemy and this is the battle. Right, right. Well me and Ron are big on Rick Flair. You know, the Woo! and all. I don't know. (Pause while he thinks it over) Of course. Of course I'm influenced by professional wrestling. I just never think about it. Which is good, because if I did, then I would be really lame. It would be preconceived.

But, um, are you familiar with Incredibly Strange Wrestling? I know the El Homo Loco. That motherfucker is crazy. No, for real, he's got some nutty, nutty moves. I saw a serious lucha libre when I visited my father's family in Mexico. My mother's in America. And I was visiting some family down there and I saw a straight up fist fight. Like a real fight with masks and shit and everyone doing craziness. It was amazing. I mean, we don't have enough tape for me to describe the glory of that experience. Oh my God. But suffice to say, yeah, I love the fuck out of wrestling.

Sean: I can see that. Last year when you

guys were on tour with Dillinger Four, did you have any catastrophes?

Dave: Yeah.

Sean: Do you want to tell me about them?

Dave: How much tape do you got?

Todd: There was a rumor you had a black cloud tied to the bumper of your trailer.

Dave: Yeah, well, our drummers had a situation going on, and, let's see. Okay, okay. The best story with Dillinger Four and us on tour was, we're driving to St. Louis and the

hour, just fucking around because we're bored. We come out and we're walking up to our van and we're like, "Is that smoke coming out of the side window of our van? No, it can't be smoke. That would be crazy. That would be fire, right?" We walk up to the van, and our van has been completely terrorized. Someone jimmied open the side window and stuffed pizza in it and it's all over our shit. Someone lit a smoke bomb and there's nothing but smoke inside our van. And on the front windshield, in toothpaste - D4.

So, yeah, we're furious. We're like, those bastards. This is the last straw. We go back into the roadside. We buy so many bottle rockets and roman candles and hide them in our pant legs and jacket sleeves. We see them and they're like, "You guys, we got you." "Yeah, you got us good," you know, giving them the elbow. The whole show, we're like, "You won. You're the best. You're the gods." Then, they start playing the first song. They're marauded on all sides by fucking bottle rockets.

Todd: How'd they take it?

Dave: Well, they wrestled me to the ground on stage in front of a bunch of kids while Billy (the D4 guitarist) played the fucking theme from "Deliverance." You know, and they're chasing this little Mexican (Dave) around, those big old beefy guys. They got me. Paddy's screaming in my ear, "Take his pants down. Take his pants down." Luckily, they couldn't maneuver my belt. Anyway, yeah, we kind of got even, I like to think. It was a fun tour. Those Dillinger Four guys, they're bastards, but we love them.

Sean: Okay, I want to ask you about something you said a long time ago. Well, someone said this about you, "Being on tour with Scared of Chaka is like being on tour with the cast of 'Hee-Haw' when Benny Hill's driving the van."

Dave: You're talking about Janelle.

Sean: Do you want to explain that comment?

Dave: No (laughs). I mean, everyone wants to have fun on tour. The last thing you want to do with some band is show up, all right, we're gonna play two hours, all right, where's our rider, all right let's go back stage, hang out, you know? I

Situated alcohol fetal?... I wrote that song about how certain girls have major crushes on ugly guys. Like Supergrass... Guys who look like fetal alcohol syndrome victims.



whole time before that, our vans are on the freeway, visibly in contact with each other so any time we come close and we make faces or whatever. It's a very long drive through Texas and at some point, we lose those guys. In the middle of nowhere, we see this huge, three-story roadside attraction selling fireworks and funny tomahawks and cap guns and stuff. So we're in there for an

mean, what do you want to do when you're out? In your mind, picture this ideal where you can travel, right? You're gonna want to fuck around. I'm gonna want to fuck around, so I do. But Janaynay, she definitely put the tail on the donkey.

Sean: Can I ask you about some other things you've said?

Dave: All right.

Sean: Can you explain the lyric "situated alcohol fetal"? What does that mean?

Dave: Which one?

Sean: "Situated alcohol fetal."

Dave: What song is that?

Sean: I don't know the title. It's off "Tired of You."

Dave: Situated alcohol fetal? (Pause) Oh, yeah, that's off of (sings the guitar intro) yeah. Hopefully, by the time this comes to press, you'll have dug up the name of the first song on side two of "Tired of You" ("Spitting Quarters"). I wrote that song about how certain girls have major crushes on ugly guys. Like Supergrass. You know how Supergrass kind of look like their eyes are too low, like apes? But I've heard a couple of girls like, "Oh my god, they're so hot." Stuff like that. Guys who look like fetal alcohol syndrome victims, and they're hot to some girls. Do you know what I mean? They look like in-bred people. They look like they've been kicked in the face, but they're "hot." They've got that mystique. Janaynay actually wrote a whole fucking article about how she went on a date with this guy who sucked and bummed her out, but then, at the very last minute, he stuck some quarters between his teeth. And then, she's just like, "You rule." You know what I mean?

There's something about girls like that who see past the whole, I don't know. They're like, "I like Leonardo DiCaprio." They see that really weird looking motherfucker and think he's totally hot. That's what that's all about.

Sean: Wow. I didn't think it meant anything.

Dave: Surprise, surprise.

Sean: Is it true that the Motards (a mid-nineties garage rock band from Austin) helped you get signed to Empty?

Dave: Sure. Yeah, them and the Drags. We knew them and the Drags, who were from Albuquerque. They were definitely our two best friends of bands. Absolutely.

Sean: What's the last riff you stole from the Motards?

Dave: Nothing on the new stuff, but definitely on "Tired of You." You're gonna have to figure that out yourself, but

it's definitely there.

Sean: What's the last riff the Weird Lovemakers (a really cool band from Tucson who, incidentally, deny ever stealing a riff from Scared of Chaka) stole from you?

Dave: Oh, those bastards. That's a good question. I don't know, but god bless them. I love them.

Sean: So you guys just finished recording another album. Is it on Hopeless or Sub City?

Dave: Hopeless.

Sean: How long did you take to record it?

Dave: About five days. On and off. Altogether five days. During the recording process, we experienced an earthquake - a seven point whatever. They had a riot, a Mardi Gras riot where someone got kicked in the head until he died in Pioneer Square. All this shit happened during the time we

Ron says, "Dude, where's my car." What the fuck, man, you know where your car is. But it was gone. He got it back a week later. It stunk like piss and shit, but he got it back a week later. He's got it here.

We had a horrible, horrible amount of crazy tragedies befall us during the recording. I was moving to Seattle. I live in Seattle right now. And the building that I just moved into, back even before we started recording, I came back, and there were cracks all over it and now there's a question of whether or not I'm even gonna be able to live in it. It's hard. It's weird. But I'm just saying, you know, the new record sounds fucking awesome. And we had the craziest week recording it. It better sound awesome. But seriously, it's amazing. (Pause) I don't know what it was. I mean, the car theft. And it wasn't even in a bad area.

Sean: Nice car?

Dave: No. It wasn't even a good car. It's a fucking Subaru hatchback. And all the belts squeal when you turn it on. And of course, the one time you need to hear it, we're locked in a soundproof booth. Some guy's out there with the belts squealing for ten minutes and we have headphones on. And the fucking car's getting stolen. Ain't that a bitch?

But the car got returned and the record sounds awesome. I love that record. It's great. I mean, it's not coming out until the end of June. So, you know... It's under a half an hour, fourteen songs. We've got a handful of slowish, indie-pop songs, but then we've got a lot that just rock.

Sean: Are you gonna take credit for the earthquake, saying your recording of the album caused it?

Dave: Yes, we're gonna take credit for the earthquake. That was a crazy time. Very crazy. It was my first earthquake. Me and Ron were staying the night at this friend of ours' house. It was like ten in the morning. I was dozing in and out of consciousness, watching Ron. I was on the couch and Ron was on a sleeping bag on the floor, flipping through digital cable. Then, all of the sudden, Chris Dickens, a friend of ours who lived there, is

like, "Wake up. Get out of my house." He grabbed the couch and started rocking it back and forth, and I'm like, "Yeah, that's real funny. Quit doing that."

Todd: Didn't it last for, like, forty-five seconds?

I feel very lucky and honored that someone called me the Julio Iglesias of punk rock. You bastard. You total bastard.



were recording. Ron got his car stolen. Our drummer got his car stolen. Right outside the studio. We finished everything. We're walking out. The sun's coming up - because we were doing it all night - and everything's cool. We're shaking hands, talking, then

Dave: It lasted for a long time. Then, all of the sudden, shit starts falling off the walls. A stereo speaker, almost falls on Ron. He gets up, like, "Oh." And I'm still sitting on the couch, thinking, an earthquake, that's kind of weird. And Chris and Mike and Ron are all in the doorway of the living room. I'm looking at them like, what the fuck are you guys doing? I'm rocking back and forth on the couch. It's an earthquake. I didn't get up. I didn't get out of my underwear for, like, two hours. I was in such shock or denial or whatever you want to call it. It was weird. It was really, really weird. But, anyway, that was a hard, hard time for me.

No it wasn't. What am I saying? It wasn't hard at all. It was a fucking earthquake. It was weird, because I'd never had an experience like that before. But it was odd because I just moved to Seattle. I live in Seattle now. We're northwesterners now. We're not southwesterners anymore.

Sean: How long were you working on that singles collection that you put out on 702?

Dave: Just about a year. I wasn't really rushed. It was just like, we should get this together because, eventually, people are gonna want a collection of this stuff. I always get people asking me about certain singles and they're always different singles, so, you know, we put them all in one CD and I wrote a little story about the singles. But yeah, it was about a year. I like it. I think it's a good product. I hope it gets out there. Right now, it's definitely not widely distributed. It's kind of elite.

Sean: Whatever happened to Mike, the roadie turned drummer (Scared of Chaka's original drummer quit in the middle of one tour and Mike filled in for the rest of the tour)?

Dave: He's in Albuquerque. He's doing some shows with some people there. We're definitely still friends and we're gonna see him when we go to Albuquerque. Yeah, we're taking a little break away from him, but he might join us very soon. I hope he comes back on tour with us, because I love him to pieces. He was a porn star.

Todd: Porn star?

Dave: Not a star. He was in some movies.

Sean: Tell us about that.

Dave: You know that guy Jim Lane? He was in some, like, Mystic Records band. The Grim? Maybe the Grim. Anyway, this guy, he decided to start a porno company and from way back, there's been this odd connection with the Albuquerque scene and

the LA scene. Mike was a part of that. He's older than me and in the middle of that. Anyway, Jim Lane started a porno company and did some movies and NOFX did soundtracks for a few. So did the Swingin' Utters. Just a bunch of really, really low budget pornos (laughs). Tell me about Mike's porno career. I can't believe I'm doing this. He's never really in like a... I don't know.



Sean: Well, while we're talking about this kind of thing, have you ever left a stripper breathless?

Dave: Have I ever left a stripper breathless? No. How would I leave a stripper breathless?

Sean: Viva Las Vegas, maybe (Viva Las Vegas is a stripper and writer from Portland)?

Dave: No, no, never. (laughs) You fucking bastard. How'd you know that shit? You guys live in LA. What the fuck is that shit (laughs)? No, I've never left a stripper breathless. I need to regroup. Wow.

Sean: Well, the stripper you didn't leave breathless called you "the Julio Iglesias of punk rock." How do you feel about that?

Dave: Um, um, well, well, I feel very lucky and honored that someone called me the Julio Iglesias of punk rock. You bastard. You total bastard. That's rad. I can't believe you guys found that.

Sean: I'll give you a little less disarming question.

Dave: A KISS Army question.

Sean: In an interview, you said that punk rock is basically a restrictive society within itself. Can you elaborate on that?

Dave: What's that got to do with KISS Army?

Sean: I said, "disarming."

Dave: Oh, I thought you said, "KISS Army." I swear to god, I was ready to talk about the KISS Army.

Sean: Okay, talk about the KISS Army.

Dave: I don't want to. I'll talk about disarming. Disarming? We'll talk about paraplegics now. Dislegging. What was the question again?

Sean: You said punk rock is a restrictive society within itself.

Dave: Well, I mean, how old are you guys? I'm pretty sure we're all on the same page when it comes to being part of a lifestyle

that defines non-convention, but it becomes conventional itself. And it's just discouraging because you think it's tough for you and your friends. And when you and your friends stop getting into that, you assume that it's gonna be over. But no, there's like tons more fifteen and sixteen year-olds picking up where you started. A lot of people see inspiration in that. And that's great and cool, you know, punk lives on. And I'm like, no. That's shit that I got past. That's shit that you should get past, too. And maybe I'm really

bitter and cynical and shit, but goddamnit, it's the year 2001. Get over that shit. There's a lot of value to be learned from early eighties punk. There's a lot of value to be learned from the last thirty years of hard, underground rock. It's beautiful. It's brilliant. But don't marry yourself to a style that was developed by some guy who doesn't even believe in it anymore. So, like some twelve year-old who's believing Jello Biafra's shit from the eighties, and in all reality he's struggling to get out of some Alternative Tentacles lock-hold that's not even there anymore. I don't know.

From the beginning, we've always had a lot of shit against us because we didn't have a certain niche that we would strive to be a part of. We constantly went against that. We didn't want to do that. We made fun of people who did that, despite the fact that we were friends with a lot of bands who did that. I don't have the attention span to do that. I don't have the attention span to maintain a wardrobe. Am I making sense, here?

Todd: I'm with you, brother.

Dave: It's awesome that people have a different lifestyles and do this shit. It's great. But that's not where I'm at or what I do, and maybe that reflects with my band. I don't know what else to say. Respect that past, learn from it, but you don't need to repeat it. Because what they were doing in the past was not mimicking what was in their past. That's the real lesson that you have to learn.





paul



interview by julia & gish



rick

When I met Rick a couple years ago my first thought was, "hey, that guy looks like the singer for Talking Heads." My second thought was, "why is this guy taking our pictures and putting out a record for us?" I soon found out Hostage Records is a label based on the passion and desire for true punk rock music. No rockstars, no egos.... what you see is what you get. You want to make demands, sign a contract, get a royalty check for .23 a record after you've paid back the initial investment plus the current market prime interest rate.... don't bother these guys.

Julia: How does it feel being well known and respected record label owners/creators?

Rick: I think I'll give that one to Paul...

Paul: Are we well known?

Rick: I don't know that we're respected, actually. I think we are just winning by default, there's nobody else doing it. There are plenty of labels out there that are doing records, but none of them are really doing seven inches and developing labels after seven inches. I think that's what we've managed to do, is do what no one else is doing. Whether we've done it well or not, that's up for everyone else to decide. I don't know that we're famous. I think we're known in the small circle of Orange County. We're famous in Orange County, that's it.

Paul: It goes back to the beginning. I think we got lucky with our first couple of records. We're documenting a scene and we are really the only ones doing it right now.

Rick: Orange County was always the hotbed of punk rock as far as I was concerned. All the bands that were always worth a shit either were surf bands or Orange County punk bands, there were very few really good L.A. punk bands, that I thought. All the stuff that I listened to when I was growing up, would all be stuff that I think would be Hostage stuff. All the labels that were Orange County labels gave up on doing Orange County, like Nitro. They weren't doing any Orange County, Dr.

Dream was doing Orange County but not punk, and the only guy that was really doing anything was Mike Lohrman doing Vinyl Dog, and we pretty

much just ripped off Mike. All his ideas, all his bands... We'd just go to the Stitches shows, see who was opening up and say "hey, you guys want to do a record?". You just follow the genius. You look at all the bands on the label [Hostage] and they've all opened up for the Stitches. When ska bands start opening for the Stitches, you'll see the end of Hostage Records.

Julia: What made you decide to do a record label, as opposed to being in a band, or doing the photography, etc...?

Paul: Playing an instrument would've been first for me, that was always my dream. I decided if I can't make music I'd like to put it out, and I'm a record collector. Rick was a fellow record collector and I approached him to start the label, and it happened.

Rick: I never had any interest in being in a band. I always did the photos. I think that's one of the other shortcomings of what the scene turned into. There used to be an awful lot of photographers out there documenting the scene and not so many bands, and now there's a gazillion bands and no photographers. Everybody wants to be the superstar, but no one wants to be the star maker. As far as the label, when I finished school and got my life all together, what I wanted to do was...[pause]... everybody's got a short list of things they want to do before they die, and having a record label - actually, putting out seven inches and doing something that I thought was important to document what was going on around here was one of them. The only other thing that I'd like to do is, I would just kill to have a radio show that was on, like Rodney used to do, and just spin vinyl of Orange County bands on some cruddy little AM radio station or FM station that nobody listens to around here, and just spin those all night. We'll see if I get to do that before I die. I doubt it but at least I got to do this.

Julia: So you both grew up in Orange County?

Paul: No, I'm from Beckly, West Virginia.

Rick: I grew up in Long Beach, CA and went to high school with Jack Grisham of T.S.O.L. That was my inspiration.

Julia: Were you in the same grade?

Rick: He was two years in front of me.

Paul: I had to go find punk rock in West Virginia. It was hard to do, but I found it.

Gish: A lot of mountain mommas...

Paul: Yeah, there were a lot "blue ridge mountain skies" or whatever, the "take me home country roads."

Rick: That must have been a harder trick to find it there. There was a hotbed here.

Paul: I managed to find the Talking Heads, the Ramones, the Dead Boys and the Vibrators. I knew there was something else out there other than...

Rick: FM rock.

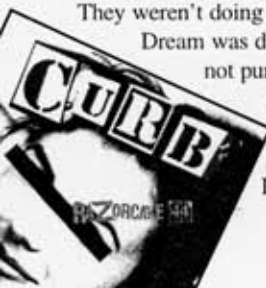
Paul: Yeah, besides radio rock.

Julia: So high school age was when you started getting into it?

Rick: For me personally, when I got into punk... I will always maintain that punk rock saved my life. When my dad died, and he was sick for a long and extended period of time, when I was like 18 in my last year of high school, instead of doing a bunch of drugs or drinking booze or doing a bunch of self destruction to deal with my pain, what I got into was punk rock. Which turned out to be a good outlet for it, so I wasn't destroying myself, but still venting my anger. Punk rock saved my life and kept me from doing stupider things.

Paul: It was college for me. I just like the aggressiveness of punk. Punk can move you more than rock, I think.

Rick: I think what I liked about punk was that it was totally, absolutely accessible. What I despised about music before punk, was if you were into KISS or you were into Aerosmith, you were ultimately in the hands of corporate and total business - music was not at your disposal. The bands would come around every two years and play Cal Fest Jam '77 or whatever it was, but with punk you found a band you liked and on any given weeknight or weekend you could go see that band and the songs you liked. The other thing that was the beauty of punk is that, punk rock proved you could make great music and not have to be a super talented musician. Not that they're bad musicians, but that's the beauty of punk -





energy replaced technique, and there's a lot to be said about energetic music.

Paul: My original punk connection was probably the New York bands, then moving out here – I was in the military – and discovered Social Distortion and The Crowd. I discovered this is a whole other punk scene and these guys are doing it so much better than what I'd heard before.

Rick: I think when we started doing Hostage it was to do seven inches...

Paul: A lot of your ideas are Posh Boy's, too...

Rick: Yeah, I remember when I was a kid I loved the Posh Boy seven inches 'cause they were dirt cheap, they looked cool and they're were bitchin' and Dangerhouse records were really good too, and what Lohrman was doing with Vinyl Dog. I really think the key to

those three labels to why they will go down in history as great labels is because Dangerhouse was all about documenting the L.A. scene in it's time and in it's day as it happened, Posh Boy was doing Orange County in it's day as it happened and later Lohrman did Orange County as it was unfolding with a lot of really important debuts like the Stitches, the [U.S.] Bombs, The Naughty Monkey... The beauty of what Lohrman did and Dangerhouse and Posh Boy did is that they did debuts, which are inherently more risky and you have to put your balls on the line when you're doing that 'cause you can take it in the shorts real quick if you have a bomb. When I look at things for Hostage I always keep in mind those three labels. They're where I draw my influences as to how the records look, what they sound like, and what they're about.

Julia: Why do you mainly just do vinyl?

Paul: I love vinyl. It's easy to put out. It's easy to do. When you're going to put out a record with two or three songs, I think it makes the band think a little bit more about the material they want to put on there and you get some stronger cuts from the bands. They know they've got this one shot to get their recognition. We call it a "calling card."

Rick: A couple things about seven inches. Number one, the last thing that separates

punk rock from all the other music, whether it's country, rap or all the other crap that's out there, is the seven inch. None of those other labels in any of those genres of music makes seven inches. Also that punk rock is inherently a vinyl product because it sounds much more raw and energetic on vinyl. To be honest with you, there's an awful lot of bands out there that have a set of songs that a seven inch makes far more sense – putting two or three absolutely smoking tracks out on a seven inch, rather than making another long and drawn out fifteen song piece of crap CD that they've got no business putting out 'cause it stinks. When was the last time you walked into a record store and saw a CD on the wall for \$25.99? CDs are totally sterile and have no inherent value.

Paul: But that's how most record labels started out. Most bands were singles bands, and compiled all the singles into an album.

Rick: We're just trying to keep it the way things used to be. I ran into Raybo [Bonecrusher] at the record store and he says "Oh, you're a fuckin' dinosaur dude. Why don't you get with the program?" and they used to be so down with doing seven inches and now they're like, "We don't want seven inches. We want CDs. We're a CD band now." The difference is seven inches are about making music and CDs are about making money. I'm not doing this to make money. I have a day job. This is just a hobby, so lighten up rockstars.

Julia: What happened with Bonecrusher?

There is no Hostage record that is as bad as the cover, that's for sure.

Paul: Bonecrusher was our first release, and we're forever indebted to those guys for the four tracks on the "Animal" EP. It's a great, great record, probably one of my favorite punk rock records. Bonecrusher did what we hoped they'd do. They outgrew the label. One of the ideas behind Hostage is that the bands outgrow the label. We're not a label that's equipped to take anybody to radio, to mass distribute like an MCA or Epitaph or Hellcat.

Rick: We have no intention of paying the bands anything.

Paul: Our goal...

Rick: We're keeping all the money.

Paul: ...is for the band to get noticed and hopefully go on to that big label deal. That's our dream, corny as it sounds.

Rick: That "Workin' for Nothin'" CD proved the point, it was too big for the label because

that thing went absolutely nuts. All we had was a seven inch distribution channel and that CD was blowing doors, we could not keep up with that thing fast enough. Which is a testament to how great the band is. Bonecrusher is the closest thing to what punk rock was when I was really young, and that is dangerous. Bonecrusher is the last band of that era where you still have apprehension about their live show because they are that wild. Like Black Flag was. The difference is Black Flag was an intense band that had a crazy following, and Bonecrusher's a crazy band that have an intense following.

Julia: For the most part, you keep pretty close in touch with the bands on Hostage?

Paul: I think Rick, you shoot them so you have most of the band contact. If there's a problem, I'll get a phone call...

Rick: Usually I take the shit from the bands. Again, the good thing about seven inches is people don't expect a whole lot out of it. There's no money involved, because there's none to be made. Bands that are doing CDs are like, "Hey, when's that royalty check coming my way?"

Paul: There's an expectation there.

Rick: Kids, don't be fooled. There's a lot of money to be made on CDs. They cost sixty-three cents to make.

Gish: He's lying, they're eight dollars to make... [laughing]

Paul: Let's talk about that for just a second, because I want to go on record saying something about the cost of compact discs. Why do you have to go into Tower Records and pay fifteen ninety-nine for a CD when Hostage Records can put all our CDs on the street for five ninety-nine...

Rick: Or less...

Paul: Or less. You don't pay anymore. And I'll be honest, we've made some money...

Rick: Shhhhhhhhhhh...sssshhhhhh.

Paul: Hey, why not.

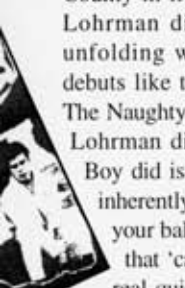
Rick: We have not, we have lost.

Paul: We've recouped our cost...

Rick: We have lost a ton of money.

Paul: We show a loss every year.

Rick: That's right, shhhhhh, the I.R.S. reads this. [laughing]



Paul: We lose money. Let me tell you something, you put something that everybody can afford, because everybody works equally hard for their money, and you're getting ripped off when you're paying more than six or seven bucks for a CD.

Rick: I saw an interview, I won't name the name or the label, but the guy's like "It's ridiculous what they charge for CDs at the record store." Well dude, if you didn't charge so much damn money to the distributors, they wouldn't cost that much. Hostage puts our CDs into the distributors for three bucks!

The difference is seven inches are about making music, and cds are about making money.

Paul: Take control of your product.

Gish: I think, for the most part you're right, talking about big bands...

Rick: No, I'm not talking about you...

Gish: But a band at our level...

Rick: But...

Gish: Hey, listen...

Rick: This all applies to everything except for the Smut Peddlers.

Gish: No listen, for real... We're paying for our own recording...

Rick: What you guys are doing is different. You had to pay for your own recordings and take all that stuff yourselves.

Gish: Well, there are some bands that do that.

Rick: Yeah, my hat goes off to that. I'm down with the independent music, I'm talking about the stuff that's on big labels.

Gish: Yeah, you're right.

Rick: The Rancid LP - seventeen ninety-nine U.S. list?, come on... that's a little much.

Paul: But there are a lot of independent labels that charge fifteen ninety-nine for their CDs.

Julia: And there are records stores, where it doesn't matter if we sell them to the distributor for five bucks, once they get to the store, the store jacks up the price to match all the other CDs.

Rick: That's why you put "list price \$6.99, don't pay more or steal it" on the cover...

Julia: Yeah, but I have twenty records that have that and the store price tag next to it for five dollars more.

Rick: We're not disrespecting the independent bands, we're down with that. What we're saying is...

Gish: The man!

Rick: The man! The man is sticking it to the kids. I will also say that Hostage Records

takes NO money from the Hostage Records shows. It all goes to the bands.

Julia: What influences you when it comes to bands on your label?

Rick: I try not to be like a censorship type of guy, so whatever they want to do, they can do. I'm obviously not going to put out any ska music and I'm not going to put out any Nazi music. I like the bands that sing about reality. Whether their reality is warped or not, is not the world I live in. We're just two regular, clean cut guys living vicariously through the bands on the label.

Hostage



Paul: For me it's always been, "do I like the song?" It's more simplistic for me. The music I collect, the records I buy, it's always because of the music. We're not into censorship...

Rick [from the kitchen grabbing a cold one]: But we're not into crap.

Julia: Do personal feelings mix with your decision to put out a record, for example, say a member of a bigger band has a side project and you know they'll sell a lot of records but on a personal level they're not the most ethical of musicians as far as respect for others/other bands, etc... would that influence you?

Rick: We never put out a record thinking how many we can sell of it. I know what you're saying, and as much as I would like this to be one gigantic happy family, it's like any family. There's factions of the family that don't like other factions of the family. The tough thing is to walk the line and not play favorites. Sometimes you have to just say nothing and let it be.

Paul: I don't know, you bring an interesting point. I'm not sure we'd do that record. Maybe if the music was there, but then it gets back to why are we doing that record.

Julia: What is the most dramatic or biggest difference between now and when you were a kid going to shows.

Rick: Shows or bands?

Gish: The scene.

Rick [sitting back down and cracking open a cold one]: Ok, I'll tell you the two things that I think are disgusting about the scene as it is now. Number one is when I was young you could walk into any venue with a camera and shoot pictures. Now you have to have some secret pass to go shoot pictures at the Whisky or the Troubadour or the Glass House or all

these shows, and that's a pile of crap. Punk rock is this independent, underground thing and part of the greatness of the early punk rock days are people like Ed Colver and Glen Friedman shooting pictures so they could show the next generation what it was about, and now it ain't about that. It's all about image. And the other thing that I think is ludicrous is bands being sponsored by clothing companies.

Gish: Oh, I hear that.

Rick: That is disgusting. When I shoot group pictures, all that stuff is taped over. That's crap.

Gish: I was just thinking about that on the way over here.

Rick: That's pathetic, you should be embarrassed if you're doing that.

Gish: Unless you're getting a check. [laughing]

Paul: [laughing]

Julia: [laughing]

Rick: Well, not even that. What's the difference between that and... [louder laughter]... unless it says Hostage Records then that's okay.

Gish: Hostage Wear.

Rick: Someone actually said to me, "Hostage is a rad name, you should ditch the record label and make a clothing company."

Gish: Uhhh god.

Rick [regrouping]: Where are all the punk rock photographers?

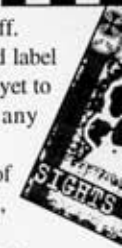
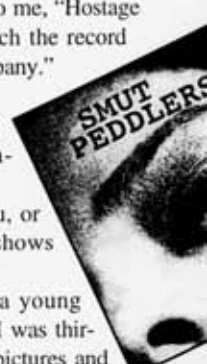
Julia: Is that what started you, or did you get into bands and shows and then photography?

Rick: I did photography at a young age. That was the gig. When I was thirteen I was shooting my own pictures and developing my own film and doing drag racing, is what I started out on. When I was thirteen. Then I went to punk rock. I thought it was cool and it was fun. But I didn't really take it seriously until I was much older. I don't think I really picked up a camera seriously 'till I was thirty, which is pathetic because I could have had some great stuff.

Paul: I always thought if I had a record label it'd get me a backstage pass, but I have yet to get backstage at any show and see any bands from the stage. [laughing]

Rick: Hostage Records is just a way of Rick Bain promoting rickbainphoto, that's all it is...

Paul: In fact, I pay at the door for every show.



Rick: We thought we were going to get a whole bunch of free shit, but we don't get nothing.

Paul: No wait, I was on a guest list one time at Club Mesa.

Rick: Here's a question, "What were the last two records I've bought?" I bought the Boncrusher – "Followers of a Brutal Calling" and I bought the Bodies – "Addicted to You" LP and both those damn bands are on my label.

Gish: So you're saying everyone should just get everything for free? [laughing]

Rick: No, just I should. [laughing]

[tape switch]

Paul: [looking at a magazine] I think that's the nicest thing I've ever seen about our label.

Rick: Some guy nailed himself to a surfboard like Jesus Christ and put all the [Hostage] record albums around him. That's dedication.

Julia: That's what I'm saying, that's why were doing this. You guys are all over the place.

Rick: It's not us, it's the bands. It's all about the bands, we owe everything to the bands.

Julia: And do you get that in return from the bands?

Rick: No, the bands all hate us – well, they don't hate Paul. They hate me.

Julia: When you do a record, is it usually under the assumption that those songs will be exclusively Hostage Records songs?

Paul: That's the goal. We ask that of the bands. It hasn't always happened.

Rick: That was always the idea until Boncrusher came along.

Paul: Well I wasn't going to say that, but you took the words right out of my mouth.

Rick: The reality of the Boncrusher thing is simple...

Paul: Their MP3s are on the internet.

Rick: Well, not only that, their MP3s are on there before the records came out. The intention of Mike, I believe, was to keep them as seven inches only, but Hostage did not own the rights to that music. Boncrusher paid for that. So really they're welcome to do whatever they want to do with it.

They put it all on a CD, which we really didn't want them to do, but – because we wanted to keep it, you know so we could sell it for a lot of money on ebay and then they just killed our plan, and now

we have to work another ten years of our lives. We could have just sold "Problems in the Nation" at one hundred bucks a copy and been done. [laughing]

Paul: I come from the collectors stand point, and hey, everything's numbered and limited and you got a little piece of punk rock history.

Gish: Is Hostage Records where you want it to be?

Paul: I don't know if there's a master plan.

Rick: I think it's pretty surprising we got to thirty records. Let's ask you... you're on the label... what's really good about being on the label and what's not good about it.

Gish: I like all the bands on it, I like you guys. We're told what's going to happen, that's what happens. There's never anything weird. We get our records. We sell our records. You do your job and sell the ones you're supposed to sell. There's no problems. I hear so many other people on other labels, and it sounds like they get such a cut throat deal.

Rick: If my bands ain't happy, I ain't happy. When you see me walk into traffic you know why... People bag on the label, saying "Jesus, you're doing xeroxed cover, get with the program, we want color..." blah blah blah. That ain't what it's about. I'd rather spend the extra money and have that recording screaming. I've bought plenty of records that have a bitchin' cover and they suck. There is no Hostage record that is as bad as the cover, that's for sure.

Gish: What about the future?

Rick: The future is changing. If all goes as planned, the Numbers record, which will be Hostage Records number thirty, will be the last of the traditional Hostage Record. We will re-invent ourselves with number thirty-one. We'll leave it at that.

Julia: Do you get bands sending you tapes and stuff?

Rick: No... that's the weird thing.

Julia: Do you want them to?

Rick: Yeah, I want the Orange County bands sending us stuff.

Julia: Just Orange County?

Rick: This is just an Orange County label. Locals only.

Paul: Although we did the Bodies, but they're ripping off our sound.

Julia: Aren't the Decline from Long Beach?

Rick: That's Orange County in my book. Yeah, the Bodies... the Bodies rule. We had to pay those guys a lot of money, though. [laughing]

Julia: So, just Orange County.

Rick: Here's the deal with that. Nobody was taking care of the home town and we did it. What we're trying to do is capture what's going on around here. The key to Hostage is, it started as a core of friends. Then they brought in their friends, and then that group of friends brought in their friends and that's how it branched out. Smut Peddlers brought us the Fakes, we got the Negatives because of Smogtown, we got the Numbers because of Smogtown, we got Discontent because of Boncrusher, and everybody else was just friends from the start.

Gish: So it's more like a mafia type thing.

Rick: I have always maintained that this is a family.

Gish: It feels like that, when we have our beach parties and stuff.

Rick: It's going to be very sad when it all goes away, it doesn't all last forever, but these are the best of times.

Gish: Any record stores worth mentioning?

Rick: Vinyl Solution saved our ass. Without Vinyl Solution we would be nothing. When Vinyl Solution closes up, Hostage Records will be done. Drac and all those guys took chances on us.

Paul: When we started the label, we went down and talk to Lob... I remember it was the Olive Lawn record, I dug that out, recorded in 180 mono sound, and he did it on a two-track, but Lob did it and he sold about five or six hundred of those Olive Lawn records. We saw that, we saw that one seven inch with the Stitches, UXA and the other one and we saw a couple of the early Vinyl Dog records and we thought, my god these are selling a thousand of these records, we can do that, and we can probably do it a little bit better. And we did. Lob helped us out and Vinyl has always been very supportive, taken a lot of records... [end of tape]

Although we could have sat and talked with Rick and Paul for another two hours that night, I think they got their point across. They created Hostage out of a love of the Orange County punk scene, they are doing their best to document it, and whether they will admit it or not, they've made a place for themselves in punk rock history that will never be forgotten.

Thanks guys, hope we can do another interview for the twenty year anniversary of Hostage Records! -Julia

www.hostagerecords.net



THE FORGOTTEN

interview by Pete Hucklebuck
photos by Todd & Money

I met up with The Forgotten outside of Chain Reaction in Anaheim before their set. We all piled into their van and began what I'd hoped to be a good interview to be followed by a great set.

Gordy - vox
Craig - guitar
G-Cash - drums
Johnny - bass

Pete: You're from San Jose, how's the scene up there going?

Gordy: The scene's growing, I'd say, especially in the youth. They're the ones who're bringing it back, coming with the charged hair and leather jackets. The old people are

still the old people.

Pete: You guys have a new CD out called "Keep The Corpses Quiet," on TKO Records. When did that actually come out?

Craig: September, I believe.

Pete: And how's that going?

Craig: Pretty good, we've already sold out of the first pressing about a month ago, so we're stoked.

Pete: Have you recorded anything new since then?

Craig: We sure have! We've got an EP coming out on Knockout Records in Germany, and then out here its coming out on Cyclone Records. I believe we're gonna do EPs with Outsider and GMM as well. We just recorded a track for a compilation on Grand Theft Audio a couple of nights ago also.

Gordy: We've also got a singles collection coming out on Gortex Records, which is a Europe-only release though.

Pete: Back to your latest CD. I noticed that it's somewhat faster and tighter as well, in comparison to yer last effort, "Veni Vedi Vici." Do you attribute that it's due to musical growth as a band, or did you simply want to take a different approach with this one?

Craig: I'd say both. We have a new drummer on this one, so that's where the tightness comes from. We're a live band and always trying to capture that live sound onto CD as best as we can, and we definitely got closer this time.

Pete: Is your current line up permanent now, or what?



THE NEW

Gordy: Definitely! 100% permanent, finally.

Pete: Are you currently touring? What brings you down to Anaheim?

Gordy: This is just a one off show. Then Craig is leaving with Lars Frederiksen and the Bastards, which is his side project. He plays guitar for that, so he'll be gone for two months out on the road with them. We have six days after that and then we take off for a European tour for two months, doing all of the "Holidays In The Sun" tours.

Johnny: The Beltones are going to Europe with us too.

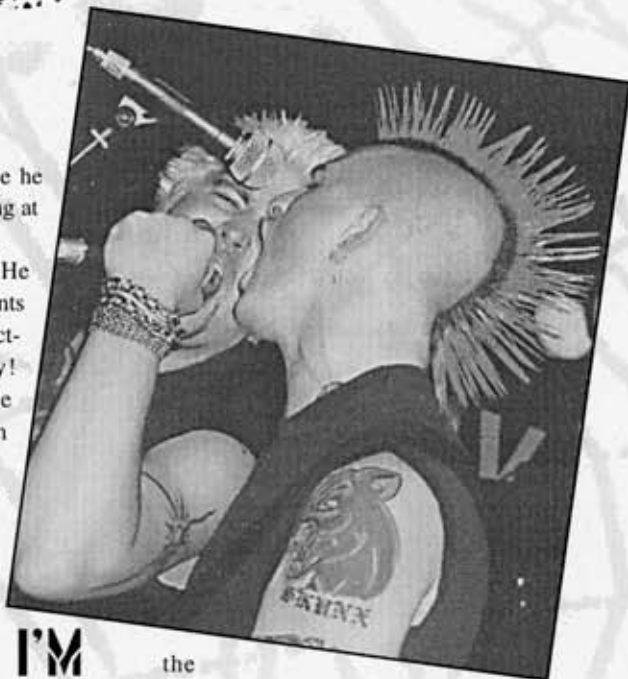
Craig: When we come back, I think we're

off with all of our shit.

Craig: It's funny too, because he was such a puss. He was yelling at us while he was running away.

Gordy: Ya, check this out. He was wearing clogs, leather pants and a furry vest. And he expected us to take him seriously! Even if he wasn't a horrible driver, that would've been enough to piss me off.

Pete: So who's been in the military? I thought I saw a Marine Corps tattoo on one of you guys.



BUSH IS AN IDIOT, BUT I'M GLAD HE'S IN OFFICE BECAUSE THERE WILL BE A LOT MORE PUNK BANDS NOW SCREAMING ABOUT HOW PISSED THEY ARE.

going to tour the states. We're playing the "Beer Olympics" in Atlanta. In the fall we're touring with Oxymoron on a tour called the "Pure Punk Tour."

Pete: Give me an amusing story while you were on the road.

Gordy: Oh! We got to fire our driver while on the road during our last tour, which was kind of fun. He was such an asshole. All of the bands that were on the bus had a problem with him. We didn't tell him he was fired until the other driver was there, and he flipped out and pulled a knife on one of the guys on the bus while threatening to drive

Craig: No one. I got that tattoo in memory of my grandfather, who passed away.

Pete: Right on. So what are your views on the government and our country?

Craig: Bush is an idiot, but I'm glad he's in office because there will be a lot more punk bands now screaming about how pissed they are. It'll be easy to write lyrics.

Everyone: It'll be like the Reagan years all over again!

Johnny: George Bush doesn't even claim anything. Sure, he's a conservative guy, but he's trying to appease all these minority groups when he doesn't really know what

the fuck he wants.

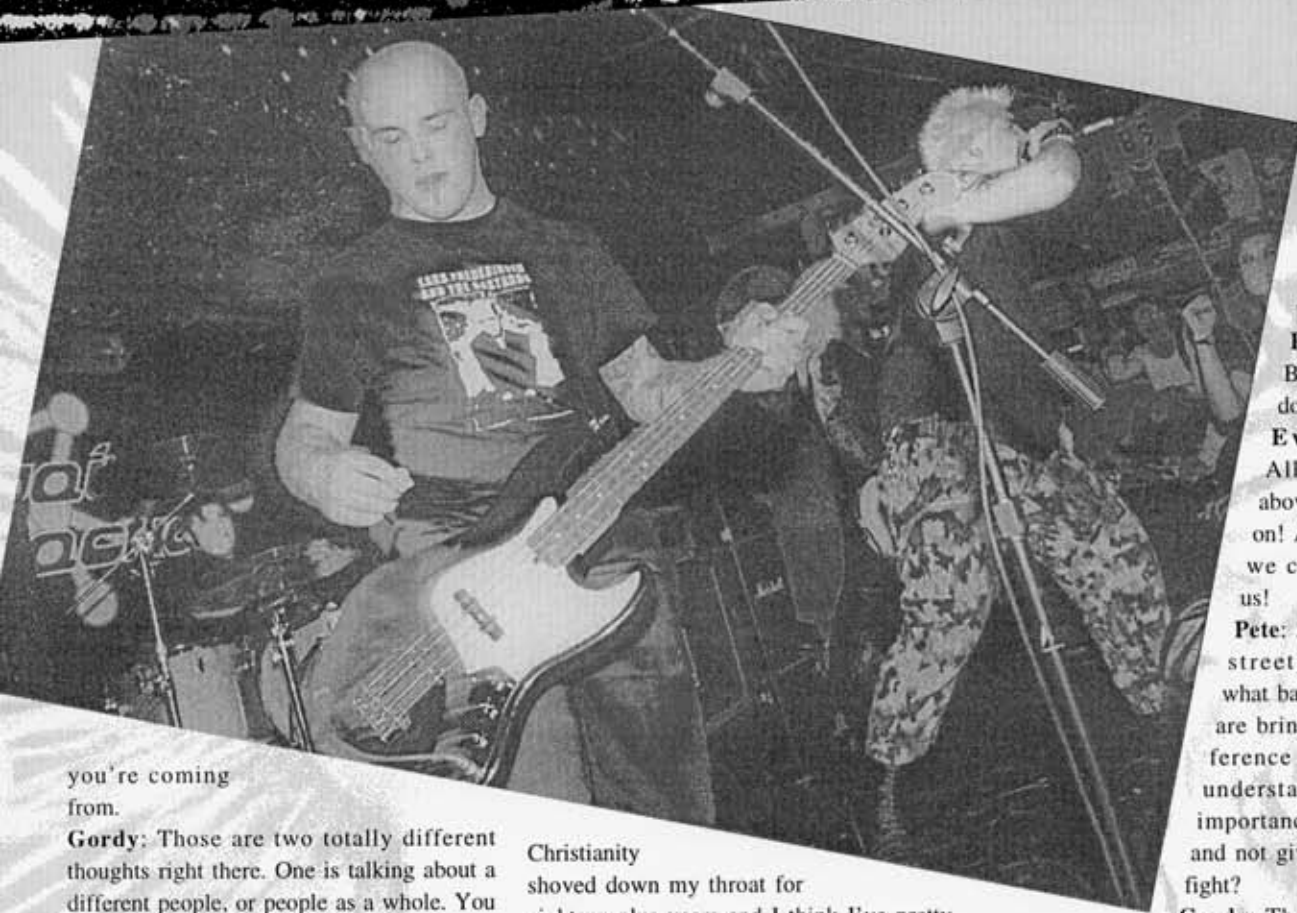
Gordy: I think he's going to push through his father's plan. I believe it's one big push towards a New World Order, and that's what they're going for in time. Like this year when they forced everyone to go to the "euro" (a single currency for all of Europe instead of national denominations), that's the first fucking step.

Johnny: And they mask it all under peace, you know. Everyone is going to be under one big thing and everything is going to be fine, but it's really just so they can control us more.

Gordy: The funny thing is that it's not really the politicians but big business. The money is the power and it's big business leaders who are running shit. The politicians answer to them.

Pete: How about your religious and/or spiritual views? I was reading "Forced to Believe" lyrics and compared them to "Air Raid" lyrics, noticing a reference to praying. I'm not trying to pick apart your words, but simply trying to understand where

KEEP THE CORPSES QUIET



you're coming from.

Gordy: Those are two totally different thoughts right there. One is talking about a different people, or people as a whole. You know, that story was actually taken from a lady that I know who lived through the holocaust. Whereas, in "Forced to Believe" is my own account of being forced growing up to become a Roman Catholic. The fifth sacrament is confirmation where you go in and say that you accept God. You tell me any kid who really ever had a choice in that one. Because I said, "if it's my choice, then I don't want to," and they said, "no, you're gonna! You are a Catholic and that's what you're gonna do." It's all really hypocritical and that's what spawned that anger. I don't dog on any people who are Catholic or any organized religion for that matter, but for me, I don't dig on organized religion.

Pete: I'm the exact same way. I'm spiritual, but I'm not religious.

Gordy: Exactly!

Pete: I had

Christianity shoved down my throat for eighteen-plus years and I think I've pretty much made my point in regards to church. Some religious people are the nicest and most sincerely caring people you'll ever meet, but to have to listen to someone tell me how I'm going to Hell unless I do this and that is ridiculous. There are so many different religions out there and they all claim that theirs is the true way. It's all philosophy.

Pete: TKO Records sure appears to be highly supportive of their bands. How's it going for The Forgotten?

Gordy: Definitely! Whenever something arises, they're always there to help us all the way

and have never left us high'n'dry on anything.

Pete: Booze, dope?

Everyone: All of the above! Bring it on! As much as we can fit into us!

Pete: Aside from streetpunk/Oi!, what bands, if any, are bringing a difference towards understanding the importance of unity and not giving up the fight?

Gordy: That's a good one! You're making me

think now.

Everyone: Ya.

Craig: I think hardcore is actually uniting the scene right now. Crossover bands such as the Nerve Agents. There's quite a bit of that going on in the bay area at the moment.

Johnny: Hardcore is huge out in Europe right now too, much bigger than it is out here right now.

Gordy: Even in my hometown, I'd like to think that I'm on top of the scene, but it's a really good wake up call when a band, like this band (hed)pe that showed up one time down at this local club, and all



of a sudden there was a line of kids going around the fucking block, and I had never even heard of their name before. So, in a sense, it's kind of like the new punk rock, because its underground where punk rock is now "aboveground" and in the mainstream. This is the new shit, this is the new underground stuff. I've got a lot of respect here for them.

Craig: It's weird how that hardcore crosses over. Bands like Korn were considered hardcore punk when they first came out.

Gordy: That's what makes me mad, because hardcore has taken on such a different meaning and that term just pisses me off. Back in the day, hardcore punk bands were GBH, Discharge and bands like that, whereas now it's so much different. What's labeled hardcore today is really metal. Although they might be screaming instead of singing, but it's closer to metal than it is punk rock. I'm not saying that it's a bad thing, but hey, punk rock is our thing. Why claim punk? You've got your own gig, you know.

Pete: Other than this band, are any of you involved in other forms of support for the scene, or does the band consume all of your time in that area?

Craig: Like Gordy was saying earlier, I also play guitar with Lars Frederiksen and The Bastards.

Pete: Besides Lars and yourself, who else is in The Bastards?

Craig: Jay from The Rough Necks out of Sacramento, Scott Ables who played drums with Hepeat, and The Unknown Bastard.

Pete: In regards to San Jose, would you ever consider (or have you ever) played with bands such as Smashmouth or that genre, or are you strictly into the so-called underground scene?

Gordy: Greg Camp from Smashmouth is actually a friend of mine, and I'd share a stage with Greg Camp any day of the week. I don't care what anybody has to say, he's a friend, so fuck them if they've got a problem with that. But any other bands like

that, fuck no, we try and stay away from that!

Everyone: (laughter!)


Pete: I actually worked for them a few nights ago down at The Ritz Carlton in Laguna Niguel as a stagehand and they're all really cool guys. I thought it would be fun to ask that question though, since you're from the same town.

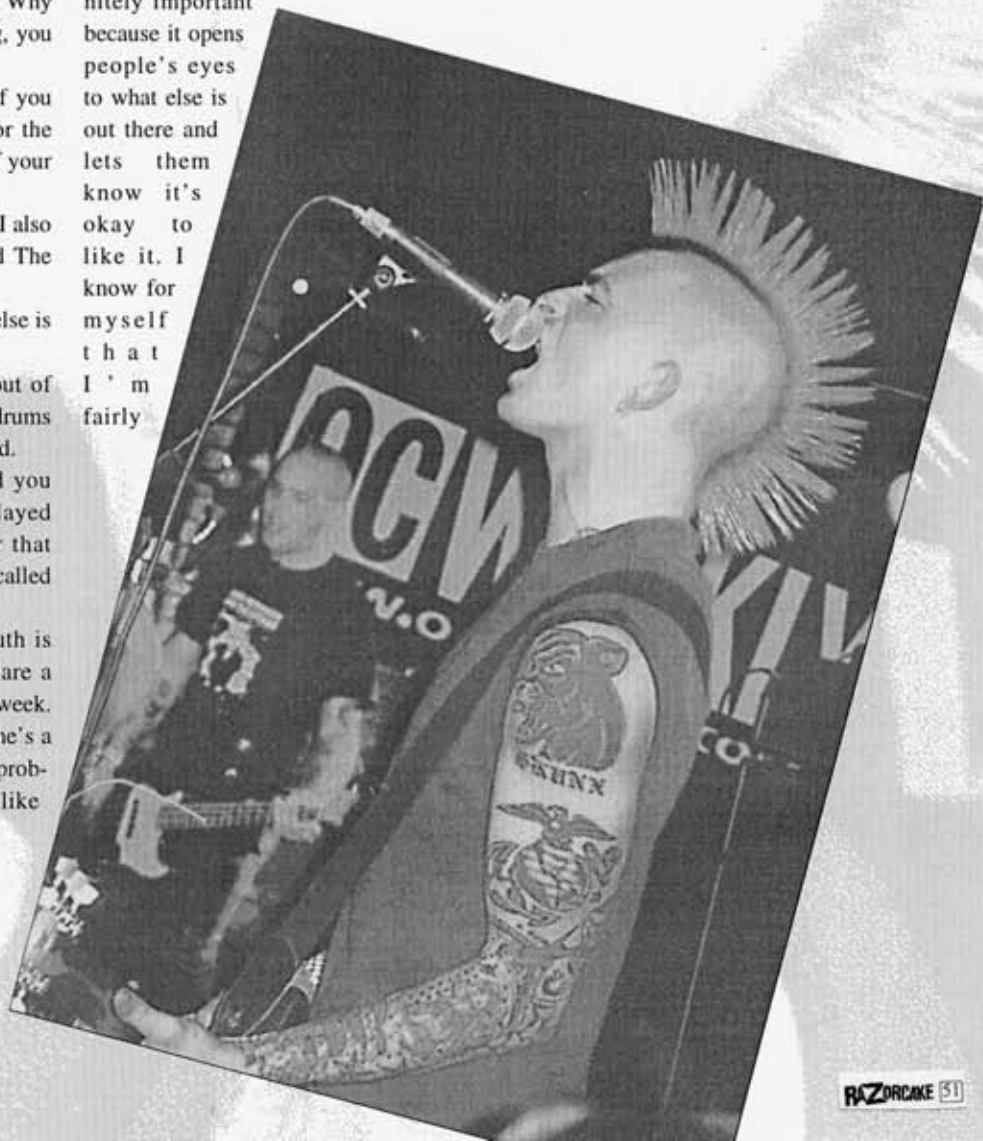
The line up this evening consists of a variety of styles of punk rock (Youth Brigade, Smut Peddlers, Damnation, Justified Anger) and I feel it's a good idea in doing so, because it exposes fans from other preferences to music that they otherwise might not listen to. Do you agree?

Johnny: Ya, like the Unity Tour we just went on was pretty much a hardcore band/ SoCal hardcore type thing and we were stoked just to be on the bill with all of them, and everything went really well.

Gordy: I think these type of shows are definitely important because it opens people's eyes to what else is out there and lets them know it's okay to like it. I know for myself t h a t I ' m fairly

closed-minded as far as music goes, and I wouldn't wish that upon anyone else. It's all about individuality, but at the same time we need to stick together.

Pete: I couldn't have said it better myself! 



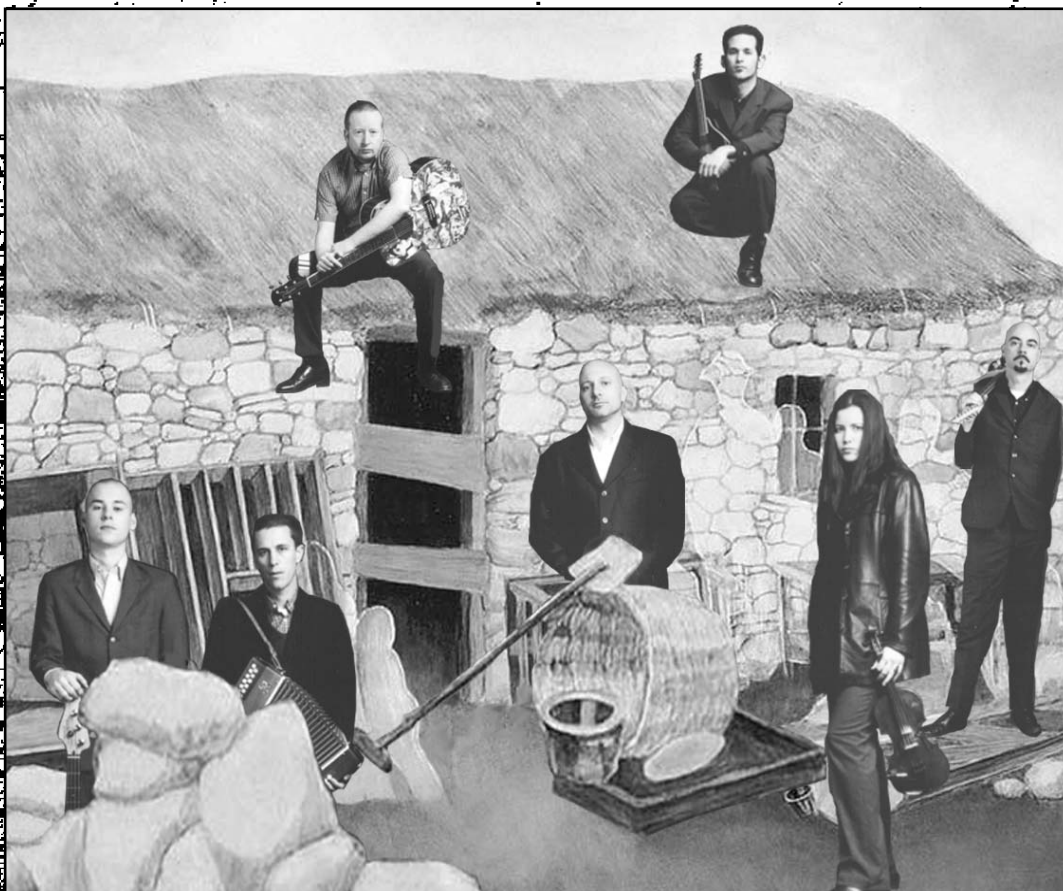
BRACE YOURSELF
BRIDGET!*

it's...

FLOGGING MOLLY

interview by money

photos by rusty monday



Flogging Molly is the best traditional Irish music-influenced band in the country. It's no empty boast. Immensely talented and benefiting from intense fan loyalty largely generated by word-of-mouth, Flogging Molly is regarded as one of the liveliest shows in Los Angeles. Although their excellent song writing is showcased on the Steve Albini-produced "Swagger" for Side One Dummy, it doesn't begin to capture their live gigs. Even more remarkable, they don't pander to the audience by playing old standards or drinking songs but vibrant, original tunes that delight the imagination as well the ear. Whether they're playing the humble stage at Molly Malone's on Fairfax (where they got

their name) or the main stage at last year's Van's Warped Tour, Flogging Molly play a passionate provocative set that's sure to get your feet moving and the stout flowing.

Flogging Molly are: Bridget Regan, fiddle and tin whistle; George Schwindt, drums; Matt Hensley, accordion; Nate Maxwell, bass; Dennis Casey, guitar; Robert Schmidt, mandolin and banjo; Dave King, vocals and guitar. Neither Nate nor Robert attended the interview, which took place at the pizza joint on Sunset up the street from the Whisky. Many rock journalists more famous (though far less insightful) than I have engaged in verbal exchanges with rock and roll luminaries on these same rick-

ety chairs and now it was my turn. Rusty Monday was the dutiful photographer, but was so impressed with my skillful weaving of words he neglected to take any pictures during the interview proper. Shay-Shay Caboose performed crowd control and improvisational bartending.

\$: Why do you think traditional Irish music has such a vital audience?

Dave King: Does it? I don't know.

\$: You've got a huge following.

Matt: I think it's because Dave writes great songs.

Dave: You think so?

Dennis: And we've got a great accordionist. We're the greatest rock band with an accordion.

Matt: We make accordions cool \$ (pseudo-seriously): Here's a sloppy analogy. When snowboarding came out, it took off so quickly because there was a niche for it. While the idea of rocketing down a mountain on a plank of wood seemed absurd, there were skateboarders and surfers, people from different cultures, willing to give it a try. Flogging Molly's music is much the same in that straddles rock, punk rock and traditional Irish music.

Dave: I think people are at the stage maybe where they're just fed up with everything that's going on.

Dennis: I think it's great songs

Matt: Hey, I already said that!

\$: Irish music is dance music. And that's something else that pop, indie or whatever has gotten away from.

Dennis: People want to go out and have a good time.

Dave: We do this for ourselves. We're not out there to impress anybody. We just do what we do and that's it. Just go out there and have a few pints, a good time and a bit of fun.

\$: People really respond to it.

Dave: The crowd is just as important to me at a live show as the band is. And that's the way it should be. The whole atmosphere.



\$ (lowering voice in a manner that is understood to mean we are leaving pseudo-seriousness aside and moving into the serious serious section of the interview): Is Irish music something that you started with, moved away from and then came back to?

Dave: Yes. Exactly. That's exactly how it was. When I was a kid, my mother and father would go out for a few pints on the weekends and they would bring back all the people from the pub. They'd sit around the room and play traditional music and sing traditional songs. And it's almost like I want to go back to that. I ran away from it for years. Of course you do. You know?

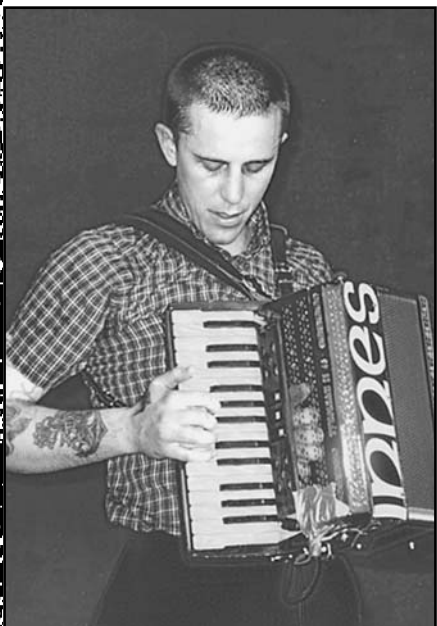
You get older. Fuck that. That's not cool. I ran away from that for years and years. I always looked back. Fused traditional Irish music with rock music or whatever. I was always intrigued by that. Coming to America as a songwriter definitely helped me do that. To go back and relive what I ran away from. It has to happen that way. Coming to America, it made me feel very proud of my heritage.

\$: Do you think you are unfairly compared to another Irish band? I'm trying to get through this interview without mentioning them by name.

Dennis: We all know who you're talking about.

Dave: It's only natural.

\$: But your music more fully taps a tradition that most people are ignorant of. You don't think the comparison is unfair?



Dave: I don't think so at all. It's the last thing that crosses our minds when we're writing songs. I don't care what people think. It's not what I'm here for, so I don't care. And I'd rather be compared to the Pogues than fucking Elton John.

Matt: Every band gets compared to another band for whatever reason because you always have to answer the question: "What do they sound like?" That's the first question. We're fortunate in that we've always been compared to good bands. Not some shithole band that I used to hate back in the day. Something complimentary.

Dave: When you play in L.A. you get to see a lot of bands that are not so much influenced by other bands but trying to be that other band. That's not the case here at all.

\$: Absolutely.

Dave: I can only write a song a certain way that reflects where I am in my life. That's what "Selfish Man" is all about. I want to please myself. I don't care what others think.

\$: Is "Life in a Tenement Square" based on personal experience?

Dave: Oh, yes. It was a tenement called Beggar's Bush. It was the last British Army barracks in the south of Ireland. My father was one of the first civilians to move into it. It was a tenement.

\$ (doing that eyebrow thing): Council housing?

Dave: It wasn't even that. Much worse. It



was an army barracks that they said they could move people into. They put a sink and a toilet into each room. And that was it. Nothing else. Stone floors. Freezing fucking cold.

\$: Where was this?

Dave: In Dublin. It's a luxury apartment now.

\$: Is it really?

Dave: Government officials live there now. Very swanky.

\$: "The Likes of You Again." Is that based on a quote from a peasant farmer? An old woman who wrote a memoir of her life in rural Ireland?

Dave: Peg?

\$: Yes.

Dave: Do you not have that saying over here? Do you use that often?

\$: No.

Dave: For me it's a direct quote from my father when he was getting old. That's basically it.

\$: When was the last time you were in Ireland?

Dave: I haven't been back in seven years. I've got to make a journey home. My mother will fucking kill me.

\$ (like a chess player moving his white knight in the path of a black bishop): Does two feet, nine inches have any significance to you?

Dave: Why would it?

\$: Does it?

Dave: No.

Dennis: Is this a trick question?

\$: No.

Dennis: I have no idea. Means nothing to me.

\$: Matt?

Matt: Excuse me?

\$: Does two feet nine inches ring any bells?

Matt: No.

George: Wasn't Matt's ollie three feet?

\$: Two feet, nine inches. 1989. A record-breaking ollie.

Dave: I was just going to say that! I swear to God.

Matt: I thought we were talking music. I was thinking "What song has two feet nine inches in it?"

Bridget (icily, acrimoniously, in a voice tintured with sadness and though surely not for me to say but I will anyway, deep regret): We never talk about music.

Matt: I'm sure it's not a record anymore.

\$: Do you know any other skaters who play in Irish bands?

Matt: Um, no.

\$ (realizing the ridiculous specificity of the question): Do any of your fellow accordion players skate?

Matt: Um, no.

\$ (bravely, stalwartly, muleheadedly soldiering down this dead-end line of questioning): Can you compare the feeling of pulling off a 360 degree no comply and getting drunk off your ass playing the accordion?

Matt: Um, they're both a good time. That's really the only comparison

Dennis: He's actually done them both at the same time.

Matt: It feels good to be on stage playing music and have people enjoy what you're doing. It feels the same kind of good skateboarding.

\$: Do you skate much anymore?

Matt: I do and I don't. Obviously not as much as before. I'm trying to but it's hard with my life. My son is three and I'm trying to get him into it. Taking him down to the skateboard park. I got him a little mini-board and everything.

\$: You take him to the park?

Matt: I do. There's one by my house. But most of the time he skates in the garage.

\$: Have you ever pulled a sack tap?

Matt: Is that like smashing your shin on the rail or something?

\$: No it's a trick on the Tony Hawk video game, which is as close to the park as I get.

(Everyone has been served their food and are eating. Everyone, that is, except Money and Shay-Shay. Money goes on a tirade, which in no way resembles a fit, and bitch- es about the total absence of tortellini on his plate. After years of service in the front lines of punk rock journalism, Money knows the rock interview is not unlike a high-wire act that requires a delicately balanced intake of alcohol and other nutrients. Money trembles. The whole thing is in danger of collapsing.)

\$: With so many of you, it must be really hard to get together to rehearse.

Dennis: What makes it even harder is that Matt lives in San Diego.

\$: Are the gigs pretty much your rehearsals?

Dennis: Sometimes.

\$: How long have you been playing the accordion?

Matt: Six years.

\$: How did you get started?

Matt: It was just something that I decided to do. I had this old accordion and I took lessons, just like anyone.

\$: Did it come naturally?

Matt: Not at all. I was taking lessons with these kids. Playing stuff like "Row Row

Row Your Boat." I was terrible. I was like, this is never going to work for me. Then I finally got a handle on it and started playing music I was interested in.

\$ (feeling strong now): You had a breakthrough.

Matt: I played in a recital and everything. I was older than some of the parents.

\$: How long had you been playing when you joined Flogging Molly?

Matt: When I met Dave it had only been a year and a half.

\$: Holy shit.

Matt: I told him I would try to be the best accordion player I could be. My heart was in it and he gave me a chance. And I try to be a better accordion player all the time. I have a sick collection.

Not content to merely observe as lesser, higher-salaried rock journalists do, we participated in the rollicking frolicsome splendor that is Flogging Molly. Whiskey was drunk. Shoes were scuffed. Elbows were bruised. And then back to the bar for more whiskey. Rusty remembered to take photos. Shay Shay, black eye and all, rocked. Money, as he is wont to do, rolled, already thinking ahead, mentally calibrating the questions and answers while sublimating his own considerable ego so that the gracious wit of Flogging Molly would come alive on the page. Also, how to spell tortellini.

* Punchline to the joke: "What's the definition of Irish foreplay." But you already know this so what are you doing here at the bottom of the page straining your eyes? Isn't it bad enough your ears are blown out you have to wreck your eyes as well? Beat it.



i'd RATHER BE COMPARED TO THE POGUES THAN FUCKING ELTON JOHN.





A SHORT ANATOMY OF FANDOM

How Leatherface and Hot Water Music helped change the way I listen to music.



What is this I'm writing? Fine question. I'm not too sure. It's a little too detailed to be a live review, but the following was inspired by the three dates I got to see Leatherface and Hot Water Music in San Diego, Pomona, and Hollywood. It got me to thinking, that's all.

TEXT AND PHOTOS BY RETODD

I'm not going into this stating that either band is the end-all, be-all of existence, but they're in my top ten. What's particularly great is both bands are still creating, still churning, still coming out with new and exciting material. What I do contend is that both bands have affected me in no small way; have shifted how I listen to music as a whole. They maintain purchase in a very real musical universe that I hold dear, and continue to strike both mental and musical chords.

Both bands should be dead. In December 1993, lead singer of Leatherface, Frankie Norman Warsaw Stubbs, to a befuddled audience and even more shocked band, announced that he was quitting. In 1998, at The Hardback Café, to an estimated 700 people, Hot Water Music played their "last show." In their set was a cover by a little-known English band, Leatherface.

Both bands are infinitely stronger because they didn't give in when it looked like the only logical conclusion was to quit. I can relate to that.

Lighten up, Retodd. It's just music.

But it's more than just music. Tell a religious person it's just an elephant with eight arms or a bleeding guy nailed to a cross. Tell a greaser Mopar's just a car. Tell a doctor that surgery's just a bunch of slicing. Tell yourself it's just money.

From the back, I can hear someone say, "But, man, those guys suck. I tried listening to them, but they did nothing for me." Five years ago, I would have fought you on it, tried to explain it away. Now, I could care less. You see, I've found something empowering, that rings true to me, and I want to share it. If you want nothing of it, fine. I'd love to hear about bands that you dig beyond "they rule, dude" or "you don't know anything if you don't worship (fill in the blank)."

A word of caution. If you're fully convinced it's all been done before, and better, either join a historical society, start a re-issue label, or get on the porch and join the rest of rocking chair critics who don't get out of their seats but haven't

found the off switch to their megaphones of bitching, either

Neither of these bands go for the easy.

A new rock is being built - a grain at a time, under extreme weight.

"You're a very small drop in the middle of a big sea of high and mighty things."

-Leatherface, "Springtime"



Although Leatherface is from Sunderland, England and Hot Water Music is from Gainesville, Florida, both bands were formed by working class members, their days spent doing things they'd rather not do that caused calluses, their nights spent in clubs, sawing away at songs that came as a direct result of an attempt to burn in something new. Leatherface formed in 1988, Hot Water Music in

1994.

The most obvious aspect to both bands' music is that their voices are gruff. Shouts. Yells. Burlap tracheas. And if you listen to the lyrics for more than a minute, there's sorrow. Honey-drenched, huckleberry-scented sorrow. Knife-licking, tetanus sorrow.

What's not slap-in-the-face obvious is that both bands exist as wholly unique enterprises, wholly unique sounds. Sure, there are predecessors, but just as a sling shot was the template for the Titan missile, developments have been made beyond old comparisons to Jawbreaker (pre-"Dear You"), "Margin Walker"-era Fugazi, or Husker Du (in that period between pure thrash and the album where they don't have any shoes on).

Well, that, and they're not writing smash pop hits of the kind the world is used to hearing, and that both of them have had previously terrible luck when signing to labels. (1)

LEATHERFACE

"Like a bowl of flies, we've a very short life." -Leatherface

In the grand scheme of things, the world is topsy turvy. I'm sure weirder things have

happened to Hot Water Music than to have had a band they admire take the opening slot for their national tour. Twice. I know it eats Hot Water Music up to know that if Leatherface was last on the bill, that a bulk of HWM's fans would leave before Leatherface came on. But that's just how it is.

It's not exactly castor oil. It's not exactly, "Here's something that tastes bad to make you feel better." Leatherface's music is like slowing down a video tape so you can see how some of Hot Water Music's quicker magic tricks are done and how they learned to play for themselves and not just their audience.

Leatherface isn't an easy first listen. You can't really shake your fist to them. There are anthems, but few chants. You can't really do a gainer off a speaker stack to them. They're very rumbly. They're almost like a pop band, but not quite. They're almost like an experimental band, but not quite. They're almost like a lot of things, but not quite. It's that "not quite" that separates them from being solely great to being... beatable only by themselves. But all it takes is that one listen when the gates open up and a little bit of drool comes off your bottom lip because you've just been heavily awed when you should be folding your laundry and thinking about dinner. It's like figuring out a new alphabet or a taste that you could never get your tongue around. It becomes a specific craving.

I did a lot of thinking based on a simple question. "Who does Leatherface sound like?" Every answer I came up with was simply chrome adornments to a well built monster of a car. To be sure, there are bright, silvery flashes of Motorhead (Frankie sounds like he's singing with a broken bottle in his mouth), Snuff (complex, fast, wank-free pop), Wat Tyler (the cover of "Hops and Barley." Lore has it that Frankie bought the song from Simon Tucker for six quid because Simon wanted to drink.), and fifteen other bands that live further down in obscurity. Yet, to mistake the obvious, extraneous, flash pieces for the dented, well-oiled, and darkened inner workings of Leatherface's vicious, popping machine would be a disservice. There's too much going on to reference them away.

"Don't underestimate underdogs, they can beat the world..."



... and come back for more."

Leatherface

I've assembled an "Introduction to Leatherface Appreciation" kit. Think of it as an introduction to any trade - like computer software or fixing a toaster. People need to learn what good music sounds like, and fuckin'-a, they're not going to hear it on the radio. I try not to be a dick about it, but people aren't allowed to seriously talk to me (or talk shit) about Leatherface until they've done the following: Listen to "Mush" (recently re-released for easier finding on Big Rock Records) through headphones

from beginning to end. If you want to pay attention to something beyond the lyrics, listen to the guitars. Like kelp at the bottom of the sea, flapping from invisible ocean currents, those guitars can be going it thousands of different directions in the course of a two minute song, but they're both firmly rooted to the same source. The result is a sort of hypnosis - a quick glimpse to a much deeper place - not like a taser to the nutsack or hoo-hoo - but like your heart forgetting its beat for a second. It's a simple thing that

could change how your ears hear, how your body reacts to music, if just for a crucial nanosecond.

That said, reservations abounded for me with this tour. Leighton, the second guitarist, stayed home, expecting a child (Well, his significant other was. One never knows with advances in technology.). The dual-guitar lure in "Mush" that sunk the hook in me that I've yet to remove was going to be missing. I feared we'd be listening to a backup goalie of a Leatherface. (2) I feared



"When at a weak point or time of suffering, the edge won't quit."

Hot Water Music

a three-legged dog, hobbling around, dragging its feet. My fears were unfounded. I became dumbfounded. Without the second guitarist, none of the musicians could hide. David, Andy Lang (who goes by Lainey), and Frankie played like they were in a prisoner lineup, the stripped-down culprits of hundreds of musical heists, and the audience was there to make sure they weren't imposters. Under the harsh light, they were still able to battle trick after trick from their short-sleeved shirts, proving a level of adaptability that would cripple a band that used every single member as a crutch instead of a larger weapon.

I should have had more faith. It seems that every member of both bands are con-
duits for music one wouldn't suspect. (3)

And for a generation of music listeners that has been more and more bred on visual stimuli in action movies that have budgets that exceed the gross national product of most third world countries, Leatherface's live show is three pasty English guys, basically staying put (can't blame the drummer). Once in awhile, Frankie does his happy, skipping duck waddle to David and back. That's it. In the world of boy bands, they're

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a marketing nightmare. They

were fantastic.

Age is often a scary thing for aggressive music. It's downright pathetic and ugly to see a band that was based on verve and cordless guitars reform, mining territory that's already been stripped of its jewels. Leatherface steers way clear. The bombast, the fiery crashes, the bloodshed, the tears, the heroes and hooligans, are all in the music for you to find and crack open.

After every song break, there was plenty of applause. In my life, there have been no shortage of stone cold silences between a ho-hum band's songs. Just as there isn't an easy genre to stuff Leatherface into, there isn't a pre-concocted way of responding to them. There were no kung fu floor punching exhibitions, no crowd surfing, just pockets of people moving in different ways, letting the music take hold, followed by sincere clapping.

Leatherface's first-ever American tour was in support of the 1998 split with Hot Water Music on BYO Records. The two bands seem to twine around one another like the guitar lines in their own songs.

Off stage, Frankie was candid about his songs. He treats them better than a lot of people treat their children. He knows their

temperaments. More importantly, he cherishes some to the point that he won't bring them out in the wrong environment. First case is "Andy," which is a requiem to departed bassist Andy Crighton (who played in both Snuff and Leatherface and committed suicide in 1998). In the past, when the song was played, people didn't show the proper respects and after the song ended, the band attacked the offending parties. It'll be a rare occasion, if ever, when the song is played live again. A favorite Leatherface song of mine is "Baked Potato," and one that I've never heard live. When I asked Frankie why that is, he said it was too difficult to play live. Too many time changes, too many things to do simultaneously.

Being that I live in America, I've seen Leatherface only six times (Their first U.S. show was in 2000 at the Che Café in San Diego), so I may be wrong about this. Many band members, when I meet them before a show, seem polite, nice, and mellow, but when they get on stage, they sound like swarming insects and look like buffalo are trampling them. The inverse happens if Frankie Stubbs guzzles red wine out of a sports bottle. The intense and focused man

on stage became an absolute, hilarious loon who encouraged all takers to throw fruit as hard as they could into his open mouth, charged passer-bys on a rolling chair, and ended the evening breaking open his nose, while attempting a head stand into a 33 gallon trash can, then yelling, repeatedly, "I'm sick as fuck and I'm fuckin' sick," until someone gave him a big hug and a fresh towel for all the blood gushing from his face.

HOT WATER MUSIC

Hot Water Music has crowd control down to a science. They're not filling stadiums on the West coast, but at every club I've seen them, the band controls the bouncers and it's not from direct confrontation, which almost always backfires. Take, for example, the Troubadour - a place that I'd have to take both shoes and socks off to count how many times I've seen people taken out of there in choke holds. Although there was rough but respectful dancing and a couple of songs where the audience borrowed the microphones, the bouncers stayed to the wings. I can make the assumption that the meat sequoias (aka bouncers) weren't chained to their stations.

The reason is a core philosophy of the band. Sure, it sounds cheesy when I'm sitting at a desk typing and you're reading it off of newsprint, but Hot Water Music demands respect. Not for themselves, but for the audience amongst themselves. They're cognizant that they're playing fast, aggressive music, and that, shit, it's easy to jump around like a footed raccoon, jacked up, surrounded by a fire. Instead of insisting that people remain calm when they, themselves, freak out while playing their instruments, it's all about the unity that comes with a lot of people flailing around. Have fun, but if you start taking swings, the music will stop.

The main difference between Hot Water Music's and Leatherface's live show is how much HWM bounce around and the number of times they have to use towels to wipe the sweat off their instruments. (4)

Let me make this clear. Some bands jump around because they feel like they have to, because it's in the marketing plan (along with product placement t-shirts, super-obvious tattoos, and sexy/constipational/dipshitinal sneering. Poo like New Found Glory and everything that Drive-Thru Records (A + M's official farm team) puts out, comes instantly to mind.) But Hot Water Music differs. They're physical ciphers. Just as the reaction of a needle on a piece of vinyl actually vibrates in a groove, you can hear the motion in the music and see it get acted out in muscle and gristle, right there in front of you, by four guys pouring themselves out, note by note.

Another thing about Hot Water Music: I believe that they believe in what they're singing about - and their belief is as rugged as it is poetic. Years back, they were singing about unity. After endless tours, they couldn't even stand themselves. Rather

than pull a Journey - where it's all hugs and kisses on stage and sharpened knives for back stabbing offstage - they took the honorable route. They broke up with no plans to rejoin.

After a six months lapse of decompression and beard growth, games of pool, pitchers of beer, the band came to a simple realization - playing music together is what they do best, it's what gives them happiness.

"You don't want this war anymore.

See what was wield, and it shines on back to what blinds me.

I don't want to be blinded."

-Hot Water Music, "Translocation"



Hot Water Music is rock'n'roll: that simple, elusive beast that's summoned by unlikely heroes beaten into an inch of their lives, only for the heroes to come back with an even finer edge to their songs. If you latch on to the sloppy modifier "emo," you're mistaken. They're not singing songs about their man pussies getting twisted into their Fugazi-patched backpacks, yet they're nothing like straight-up street punk bands that simultaneously champion the working class while putting down minorities. They're both tough and tender - not giving an inch on either - like a baseball glove, a leather jacket, a perfectly worn pair of Chuck Taylor Converse (American production, RIP), or a long fight with someone who you know will remain your friend after the last blow.

I'll end at the beginning. The first time I saw Hot Water Music was at a music store that has long since closed. They played their live set in the 7" section, between the Ms and Zs. I'd heard of them, but I was there to see Discount. I remember the beards and that George, the drummer, looked almost exactly like my best friend with slicker hair. I remember thinking that they'd damage a lot of the records in the store, not from jumping off the stands, not by play-action smashing their guitars against the glass cases, not by disrespecting the audience, but by the enormous heat and sweat that poured out of 'em. I thought they'd warp the album covers. Get them mildewy.

Who'd of thought it was the beginning of a musical warp in my mind.

FOOTNOTES:

(1) Leatherface was duped. A "major that wasn't a major," courted them and then turned out to be just that: a self-interested, money-driven business that sold musical product and thought of it solely in terms of units. "Mush" - what is widely considered their masterpiece - was released on Seed, an imprint of Atlantic that had the longevity of a donut in a cop's hand. It's reported that between 10,000 and 20,000 records were pressed. There was no college radio hit. The band was shelved, along with the masters and publishing rights, which Seed holds to

this day. That's the problems with the major leagues of the music industry.

Semi-authorized bootlegs of Leatherface's shows (in Dublin and Oslo) have been released through Rejected Records, by a man that Frankie refers to as "that fat fuckin' bastard."

Everyone in the band seems happy with their current label, BYO, which has supported them through several tours and recorded "Horsebox" (their first full-length in seven years) with.

Hot Water Music's "Forever and Counting" CD on Doghouse Records (the recording arm of Lumberjack Distribution) is in and out-of-print. During the last tour in California, it wasn't available, and according to Jason, the merch guy, it's a common occurrence. Some Records, who put out their penultimate CD, "No Division," suffered from promising too much and delivering too little. Tour support was scant and friends of the band would be bumped off of live show lists in favor of record industry types. Although it is true that it's neat that one of the guys that runs Some was in Gorilla Biscuits, that in itself didn't assure a smooth operation.

The one constant light on the porch for Hot Water Music is No Idea Records. A true and diligent DIY label that knows exactly what it can do and does it without fail, Var and Jennifer have kept a long list of Hot Water Music releases in print, at reasonable prices, just a mailorder away.

Their next album is going to be released on Epitaph and there's a plan for two years of touring to support it.

(2) The backs to the Leatherface t-shirts all had the number "12." When I asked Leatherface's tour manager Chris Schaefer why the number "12," he said, "The goalie is always number 1. The backup goalie is number '12.'" It's fitting for Leatherface. Seldom the opening superstar, but always in the game.

(3) Leatherface: In the time when Leatherface broke up, Frankie Stubbs was in the bands Jesse and Pope. Leatherface has shared members with Snuff. Frankie Stubbs has also released a solo album. Lainey was and still is the drummer of The Cockney Rejects. Dickie Hammond went on to a band called Doctor Bison.

Hot Water Music: Chris and George are in The Blacktop Cadence. Jason Black joined with Bill (formerly of Discount) and Jason Rockhill (roadie extraordinaire) and formed Unitas. Chris and Chuck are in Rumbleseat (a stripped-down country outfit, in the vein of early Johnny Cash). Chris has hooked up with the drummer of Radon and formed the band with the best name of the year: The Cheryl (Cro)Mags.

(4) Although, this time, Chuck seemed to be doing most of the jumping. Chris felt a pull in his knee and was being cautious with it. Although Jason's wearing a knee brace, he spun around a lot.



"English Wipeout" CD

Two live recordings from "back in the day," both of which suffer from some pretty lousy sound, especially the second one. Of note is the inclusion of a live song they apparently never recorded. I personally wouldn't pay for this. -Jimmy Alvarado (Overground)

ACTIONSLACKS**"The Scene's Out of Sight" CD**

Nausea-inducing post-Nirvana college pop. Maybe it's a good thing that Cobain is dead, 'cause hearing what he wrought woulda killed him. -Jimmy Alvarado (Self-Starter)

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY**"Nothing New for Trash Like You" CD**

This album is a collection of AAA seven inches and songs from comps. Stuff like the four songs from their first seven inch, a cool song from a cool but long lost comp put together by one of the Voodoo Glow Skulls, and a cover of a Pist song from a split seven inch AAA did with them. I'm a pretty big AAA fan, so I have most of these songs already. Still, it's nice to have them all together on one piece of plastic and not have to flip it every three minutes. Plus, I realize that most people don't have most of this music and it's not really readily available. Since it's a Sub City release, part of this album's profits go to charity. This album benefits the Radiation and Public Health Project, a group that does research regarding cancer from radioactive pollution (the program that AAA refer to at the end of their last album "24 Hour Roadside Resistance"). It's a worthy cause and a good collection. -Sean Carswell (Sub City)

ALKALINE TRIO**"Hell Yes" b/w**

"My Standard Break from Life" 7" Against-my-better-judgement, catchy-as-hell songs that lick the razorblade separating pop and punk which bleeds in the same way as Green Day when they go to balladeer mode. Tight, well written, gettin' girls wet while dudes can shake their fists along types of songs. If it helps, think of the Weakerthans with a couple of nuts and less wounded warrior poetry. -Todd (Lookout)

ANASAZI, THE

"Calculating Components and Compound formulas for Mass Population Reconstruction" CD EP Extremely noisy thrash that, somehow, failed to pique my interest. I loved the song titles, though. -Jimmy Alvarado (Troubleman Unlimited, address too small on back of cover to read)

ANN BERETTA**"New Union...Old Glory" CD**

This doesn't suck, but

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**Critics are like eunuchs at a gang bang.
-George Burns**

their attempts at sounding inspirational fall miserably flat. I found myself skipping from one song to the next after the third track. Jeez, if I'd wanted to listen to Rancid, I woulda put on a Clash record. -Jimmy Alvarado (Lookout)

ANTI-FLAG**"Underground Network" CD**

Musically, this Anti-Flag is melodic hardcore in the vein of Good Riddance or the newest Propagandi. It's fast and powerful with enough melody to make it catchy. Lyrically, this is an intensely political album. Usually I'm pretty one-sided about political punk. Basically, if I agree with the politics, I tend to like the band. If I don't agree with the politics or it's completely dry and preachy (like Fifteen) I don't like the band. Anti-Flag add some new figures to this equation. Not only do I like the music and agree with the politics, but it's incredibly well done. Not only do they sing songs about US "practice" bombing (with real bombs) in Vieques, Puerto Rico, but they include text alongside the lyrics from former US Attorney General Ramsey Clark informing you of what exactly is going on in Vieques. Along those lines, Anti-Flag back up their other songs with bits and pieces from magazines like the Progressive and writers like Noam Chomsky. Howard Zinn even wrote a piece on the US invasion of Panama in '89 specifically for these liner notes. Wow. This brings political punk to a whole new level. It's like Z Magazine put to punk. And then, just when politics threaten to become overwhelming, Anti-Flag throws in the cool, funny, and distinctly non-political song "Spaz's House

Destruction Party." Do yourself a favor and check this out. -Sean Carswell (Fat Wreck Chords)

ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE**"A New Thing in a New Town"****8-track**

You read it right. 8-fucking-track. I happen to own an eight track player. Bless Goodwill and their Dollar Days. It happens to be rigged directly through the stereo and set as Phono #2, for glorious instances just as these. That's the good news. The bad news is that the fidelity of this eight track is really poor. I'm casting no stones, looking no horses (gift or otherwise) in the mouth, it's just that after hours (literally) fiddling with all the adjustments I could think of (including trips to the 99 cent store for some speaker wire alchemy), I can barely make out the songs. Either I get this weird, low-cycle bass hum that sounds like a giant hydroelectric generator through ear muffs, or it's so tinny I fear glass shattering. Just to show you how far I went to try to get this to work, and be as scientific as possible, I popped in my "control group" 8-track, The Best of Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians' "The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven." It sounds great. Lush strings, and tons of verve on the "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover" medley. Pop in Atom again, and, unfortunately, not much of anything that be construed beyond an industrial noise band's wet dream with a wee bit of Atom in the distance. For completists. FYI, it's a live recording from March of '00, and from what I can tell, all the material has been previously released. On the weird side, I just realized that I'm credited for the photo on it (which I didn't take), but

not credited for a source photo on his new album, "Redefining Music," (which I did take). No hard feelings, just my type of luck. -Todd

ATTRITION**"The Hand That Feeds:****The Remixes" CD**

I guess even manic-depressives need tunes to disco dance their troubles away. -Jimmy Alvarado (Invisible)

BAD FORM, THE**Self-titled 7" EP**

Sloppy, occasionally fast hardcore from these Jersey guys. I had to check where they were from, 'cause they sound like they coulda come outta San Francisco's vats scene circa 1981/82. They got that raw hardcore sound popular in them parts, say like Capitol Punishment, early Condemned to Death or Sick Pleasure. The singer sometimes reminds me of the guy who fronted Long Beach's Crewd, too. Good stuff here, even if it sent me on a weird nostalgic head-trip. -Jimmy Alvarado

BANTAM ROOSTER**"Fuck All Y'all" CD**

I guess the title says it all. Actually they're reaching out to the NWA/Eazy-E fans in all of us. The angriest duo in garage rock today enter the ring without any pity for album number - oh who's counting when all of them do the same "cathartic" trick for those mentally jaded by life, love and the pursuit of happiness. Tom Potter still screams and yelps like a teenaged buttfuck. "This Time" has a great "wall of sound" Spector-ish vibe which mutates into a churning, burning, full throttle classic Rooster tune, "Shitlist + 1" (damn, you gotta give 'em credit for inventive song titles). This is Bantam Rooster at its best - unleashed, unabashed, ripped off, pissed off - all the emotional roller-coasters of a Spanish soap opera wrapped into the three minute blues punk song. That ladies and gentlemen, is the beauty of Bantam Rooster and if you don't understand it, you can take your spoonfed, wide-eyed, spoiled rotten, luxury lifestyle, candy ass to the curb - so I can kick the shit out of it. -Namella "Take No Prisoners!" J. Kim (Sympathy for the Record Industry)

BIG IN JAPAN**"Destroy the New Rock" CD**

Whenever I listen to Elvis Costello, I think about how cool those songs would be if the guitars were louder and the songs were faster. If they rocked, basically. Because he does have a great voice and he does write great songs (remember that Elvis Costello was one of the original punkers [at least according to the "Understanding Music: Punk and Reggae" documentary at the library]). I just grow old waiting to

get through them. Finally, though, Zac Damon from Zoinks and a couple of the guys from the Gain have gotten together to show the world what Elvis Costello should've been. Big In Japan take on those early eighties pop sensibilities and Damon almost steals Costello's vocals and tempo changes, but there's a real edge to the lyrics. "Destroy the New Rock" is a catchy snarl. It's a bunch of songs that could be three-and-a-half minute radio hits if they hadn't been condensed to two-minute punk songs and if the lyrics weren't about killing your boyfriend or ragging your worthless life. I like this a lot. And, for the record, they don't cover any Elvis Costello songs on this album. -Sean Carswell (Honest Don's)

BILLYCLUB "FUVV" CD EP

Fuckin'-A, Billyclub rampageously clobbered my ears with a fullthrottle unruly attack of ragin' punkrock profanity that's all-at-once decadent, defiant, and morally corrupt! Hell yeah, just what the devil ordered! This is insurgent audial anarchy at its decibel-blastin' best that'll kick the complacent asses of crybaby PC prettyboy "punk" poseurs everywhere (causin' them to fearfully shudder and girlishly whimper like the lil' tree-huggin' espresso-sippin' pansies they uninspiringly are!). Billyclub proudly wave the red and black anarchic banner of pure punkrock nonconformity while sonically layin' waste to everything socially acceptable that's unwittingly caught in their wake... in the process, they indelibly inspire a snarlin'-and-leerin' legion of mohawked mutant insurrectionists to pogo 'til their hearts plop outta their rectums. Damn, I've been aurally assaulted, and my six senses will never be the same... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Hello, Billyclub)

BLOODHAG "8-Song Demo" CD EP

I can understand nary a syllable of a single song on this short, sweet piece of ear candy, but DAMN if it don't get my blood pumpin'. The songs are musically-to-the-point shards of molten punk-hewn metal that prove that you don't need to be fast as hell or bicep-advantaged to sound like hard muthas. Being the proud owner of some of their other releases, I can't wait for this to be properly released so I can find out exactly which of my favorite sci-fi writers are taking the lyrical center stage this time around. -Jimmy Alvarado

BLOW UP, THE "Dead Stars" 7"

Raunchy, thrashy rock'n'roll mixed with a punk attitude with a heavy attention to the rock part. -Donofthedeath (Empty)

BLUE BALLS, THE "Stretch Marks" turquoise-blue vinyl 7"

The Blue Balls belligerently bust my balls, boy! They rock and roar with raw primitive blastings of raging bowerypunk fury and a concussive dose of "old school" attitude on this here trio of tit-twistin' tunes, I shit you not! It's sonically sick audial dementia at its ballbustin' best, and I'm thunderously thrilled that my ears have made the aggravated (as in assault!) acquaintance of these unruly rockers who aggressively give Electric Frankenstein a ram-bunctious run for the money. Nastier, scarier, and more unholy than anything I've ever heard! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Destroy All Records, The Blue Balls)

BLUE COLLAR SPECIAL "Had Enough..." 7"

Almost did not want to listen to this. Nothing in the packaging made me want to put this on. A pleasant surprise on my part. This band has elements of street punk mixed with early Face to Face. The recording is a little thin, but the song writing truly jumps out. I would like to hear how they sound down the road with a little better recording. -Donofthedeath (Destroy All Records)

BOMBSHELL ROCKS "Cityrats and Alleycats" CD

You ever have to go to a wedding or something and have to wear a suit and the closest thing to dress shoes you have are Docs? It's happened to me a couple of times. I polish up my Docs and put on my suit and look down at my feet and it's weird. The shoes look good. Almost new even though I've been wearing them for years. And they're cool shoes. No doubt about that. So maybe it's me. Maybe I'm just so used to being scuffed and worn that polishing anything bothers me. Anyway, that's how I feel about the Bombshell Rocks-they're like polished Docs. Musically, they're immaculate. The songs are well textured, everyone is perfectly in beat, the singer is in key and has just the right amount of gruff in his voice-like an early Mike Ness-and they have a perfect blend of influences. I hear a little Cocksparrer (from when they were good), a little Business (see Cocksparrer), a little Social Distortion, and a lot of Stiff Little Fingers. All great bands. And I'm not saying this album is contrived. Not at all. I like it a lot. It's just like polished Docs, if that makes any sense. -Sean Carswell (Burning Heart)

BORIS THE SPRINKLER "...Is Gay!" CD

If you've heard 'em before, you already know what to expect: pop punk gems with sly, intelligently stupid lyrics. Norb has always reminded me of Tesco Vee, albeit

sans Tesco's preoccupations with his penis, Abba and homosexuals (which isn't to say that Norb doesn't often touch upon [no pun intended] these subjects [cf. any one of his columns in Hit List or MRR (the latter [that's "latter," not "ladder"] of which no longer carries his columns [which is their loss, I guess])], and this particular opinion of mine is further bolstered by the fact that the opening track, "Motherfucker Are You Ready to Rock?" sounds like a Meatmen outtake. -Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart)

BREAKDOWN "Battle Hymns For An Angry Planet" CD

Ok, I was given a stack of CDs for a fellow reviewer and myself to review. On my drive to work I threw in each one, gave it a 10 second scan of each song and came up with two out of ten that I could actually review. Now... Breakdown is not a band whose album I would go looking for, nor would I actually buy it. It's one of those CDs I would borrow indefinitely from someone. I need a reason to listen to this band, i.e. bad day at work, fight with the ol' man, etc... This band has playing ability, and they probably have something to say, but I can't find the booklet to read the lyrics. The best thing about this band is the unmistakable late eighties/ early nineties sound they have. Think Billy Milano-ish vocals,

the SOD/ MOD "moshing" interludes that flow right into a double time chorus that stops, fades, then whips you right back into the mosh pit. I hear a little Slayer action in the guitar leads, and those big shouting back up vocals, usually consisting of the words like, "WAR," "HATE," or "KILL." If you were a Fender's Ballroom local and remember the "cross over" era fondly, you'll probably like this too. -Julia Smut (I Scream)

BRIEFS, THE "Hit After Hit" LP

Mark my words. I'll say this once every a year, if that. This is it, the perfect album. This is the punk album you've been looking for. Snot, attitude, swagger, rhythm, lyrics, fidelity. It's all here. It can be used to fuck along to. It can be used to drive your bike through a toll-booth, foot hooked over the license plate, so you don't have to pay. It could be used as a commercial in fifteen years when they're older, fatter, and jaded (The first track, "Poor and Weird," an instant anthem, could easily be appropriated to sound like, "Pull over here, baby, I want some Taco Bell." Listen with half an ear and it's there. Fuck you, Sean, for pointing that out.). It could be used at a baseball game like Gary Glitter, with the crowd chanting, "she's got a knife to my head." It could be used as a soundtrack to a

riot like The Clash (“kill Bob Seger tonight.”). If The Briefs don’t break up or develop nasty drug habits before they can peak, these guys have nailed something new so fucking perfectly, I just saw about fifteen records in my collection become irrelevant. It’s bands like The Briefs that make me want to choke the shit (only in print, no real threat, back the lawyer up), every time Exene or Penelope Spheeris open their yappers about how punk died when they ran out of material and their cash cow could no longer be milked. The Briefs are the new, better, more resistant breed and they’re proof positive that neither you nor I are wasting our time. Much like Smogtown’s “Fuhrers of the New Wave,” The Gain’s “Ready, Steady, Smash,” Dillinger Four’s “Midwestern Songs of the Americas,” and Leatherface’s “Mush,” sure, there are predecessors (much like Chuck Berry was the predecessor to The Damned), but all five bands were able to pull a completely new punk bunny out of a hat that most folks mistook for an empty toilet paper roll. Not a stinker on the LP. Buy a couple and prepare to spazz. -Todd (Dirtnap)

BUNCHOFUCKINGOOFS

“Barrage of Battery and Brutality” **CD**

Primal, metal-tinged hardcore similar in sound to fellow Canadians,

Dayglo Abortions. I hear a dash of the Mentors in their sound as well, although I’m not quite sure if that’s intentional. Not bad. -Jimmy Alvarado (God)

CAVE IN “Jupiter” **CD**

Utter poo. I should have known it with the planet picture and the graphic of a satellite on the cover. I couldn’t even get through the first track. -Donofthedeath (Hydrahead)

COCKROACH “Stay Angry” **7” EP**

Spastic hyper-core with a singer who sounds plenty pissed. I’m feelin’ it, gee. -Jimmy Alvarado (Acme)

CROSSED OUT “1990-1993” **CD**

A discography for one o’ them influential “power violence” bands. Like so many of the bands currently catering to this particular musical niche, the songs are intriguing for four or five songs, then start to blend into one another and eventually become one long, boring drone. In small doses, though, this was pretty good. -Jimmy Alvarado (Slap A Ham)

CROWD, THE “Goes Wild” **CD-R demo**

It’s a damn shame that these guys have never gotten their due. They’ve been slogging it out for 20+ years, creating some tasty punk rock along

the way, and a good chunk of the punk population has probably never heard of them. Hopefully this release will change that. What I’m listening to right now is a “rough mix” of this soon-to-be-released gem and, let me tell you, this has got some mighty fine tuneage on it. The songs are tight, taut and packed with hooks. If this don’t set the world on fire and earn them their rightful place as the punk rock demigods they are, I’m gonna... well, I’m gonna be very upset. -Jimmy Alvarado (No address)

CRUMBS, THE Self-titled **LP**

The first two Crumbs albums sound like they’re pretty much just trying to rip off the Saints. Which is okay. The Saints were a great band and the Crumbs were picking up where the Saints left off. It worked. The singers had similar voices and the rhythm guitar just powered both bands. With this Crumbs album, though, they seem to have taken that sound and expanded it in a strange direction. It sounds like the Crumbs spent the past year and a half hanging out in the backwoods somewhere, listening to old rock’n’roll radio stations. There’s a lot of Sun studio guitar sounds, a bit of country twang, and even some touches of Ritchie Valens-style ballads. It works in some places and doesn’t work in some place. I get the feeling, at

times, like the band really wants to rock, like the drummer wants to pick up the pace, like the singer wants to scream, but for some reason, they’re holding back. Then, on songs like “Out of Range,” they don’t hold back and I see what a good band they really can be. On the whole, I really do enjoy this album, and I appreciate that they’re growing as a band. I just prefer the times when they rock out. -Sean Carswell (Recess)

DANKO JONES “I’m Alive and On Fire” **CD**

Didn’t know what to expect from the ordinary cover art. But lo and behold, there’s some mighty fine hard rockin’, gettin’ nasty with someone you just met kind of music contained on this five inch disc. Who said size counts? “Dr. Evening” is that sort of song, with its throbbing bass line and talking about, you know, doin’ it. There’s a lot of fuckin’ goin’ on here! Who’s to complain? Great music makes you wanna fuck anyway. I can’t think of any higher recommendation than that! -M.Avrq (Bad Taste)

DAVE BROCKIE EXPERIENCE “Diarrhea of a Madman” **CD**

Schizophrenic, vaguely poppy rock music with some pretty stupid lyrics, from one of the guys responsible for Gwar, which explains quite a bit. -Jimmy Alvarado (Metal Blade)

DEAD END KIDS

"Slowly as the Fever Burns" CD

A demo quality recording of a mid-tempo punk band that sounds like they'd fit nicely on one of those "Bloodstains" comps. Not too bad. - Jimmy Alvarado (Skanking Skull)

DEATH BY STEREO

"Day of the Dead" CD

Unaffected is the term that best suits my feeling for this release. The vocalist's tone bugs me to a certain degree. They have musical chops that ranges from punk to metal. But overall, nothing that shook me loose out of my shoes. -Donofthedeath (Epitaph)

DEVOID OF FAITH

"Slow Motion Enslavement" 7"

After the great split with the Voorhees, I came across this mind blower recently on my impulse buying spree at Dr. Strange Records. More of the manic hardcore that pulverizes all those in its way. Anger management at its finest. Six missile attacks that explode with power from start to finish. I had heard a rumor that they had broken up. I guess that is not the case. I feel worthy. -Donofthedeath (Coalition)

DIALTONES

"Shortsharpshock" 12" EP

Sean's right. This is too danged short. You get eight tracks of primo punk rock'n'roll that are over before

you even have the chance to get your pogo groove on. Nice cover art by Mario Aerobitch, by the way. Recommended for punkers who refuse to take their ADD medicine. - Jimmy Alvarado (Radio Blast)

DISMEMBERMENT PLAN, THE / JUNO

Split CDEP

Originally released as a single, this is brought back in digital format with two extra tracks from both bands. This is my first time hearing Juno, and I gotta say I'm hooked. Good, solid pop rock that moves smooth yet has a crashing feel. Their cover of DJ Shadow's "High Noon" is worth the price of admission alone. The Dismemberment Plan starts off with the chaotic, sirens blaring "The Dismemberment Plan Gets Rich," but their rendition of Jennifer Page's "Crush" is where they shine the brightest. -M.Avrq (DeSoto)

DONNAS, THE

"Turn 21" CD

Yes, they still sound like the Runaways with the Pandoras' sexual appetites. Thank god for consistency, 'cause this rocks pretty fucking hard. -Jimmy Alvarado (Lookout)

DOWN IN FLAMES

CD-R demo

Down in Flames. Thankfully, they sound nothing like Reel Big Fish, Van Halen, or Blackhawk (a contem-

porary country music band), all who have songs of the same name as this band. More thankfully, their sound's leaning towards the Dead Boys. And lookee what the b-side to the "Sonic Reducer" 7" is. "Down in Flames." Coinkydink? The music's good. Young, loud, and snotty. You can easily imagine sweat on the guitars and the dry spit hucks of some genuine effort and movement. An obscure way to describe this would be mid-tempo and crunchy, if RKL were less Nardcore and more of a rock band. The main drawback? The lyrics occasionally suck bad in a dial-a-cliche way. Case in point: "Like a runaway freight train/ Going down in flames."? Many things may go down in flames, but mostly things that fly or fall out of trees. Last I checked, there's airbuses but no such thing as an aerotrain. -Todd (Down in Flames)

DOWNWAY

"Never Be Clever Again" CD

Downway effortlessly generate a spirited onslaught of sound that's all-at-once precise, frenzied, fast, heavenly, hectic, and harmonious... it's equal parts pop-punk and melodic-core without being too cushy sweet and annoyingly whiney. The soaring fluffy-cloud harmonies, poignant thought-provoking lyrics, rapidfire guitar strafings, and steady-sturdy bass and drum rumblings intricately intertwine with each other to skill-

fully create a picture-perfect musical masterpiece that's majestically upbeat, radiantly appealing, and supremely pleasing to the ears. I'll joyfully listen to this platter of aural delight until the last of my dying days... -Roger Moser, Jr. (206, Downway)

DR. KNOW

"Habilly: What Was Old Is New" CD This is not, repeat, NOT a re-release of their old stuff, but rather re-recordings of old tunes courtesy of the latest, Brandon-led lineup, and before you all let out a collective moan of disappointment, this little piece of plastic is pretty damn good. The band is razor sharp, fast and Brandon's voice is still blessed with the same charm it had nearly 20 years ago. Even the songs that originally had Kyle's vocals on them are pretty darn good, thanks in no small part to the fact that the "metal" trappings of those songs are kept at a bare minimum. While I'm usually pretty cynical about old farts peddling their hits to a bunch of kids probably not even born when the songs were originally released, I gotta hand it to these guys. They still got it going on, baby doll. -Jimmy Alvarado (Cleopatra)

DR. KNOW, THE HELLIONS, FANG

"Fish & Vegetables" CD

This ear-searing CD raucously roars

with such thundering almighty ball-sy punkrock belligerence, it kicked my ass silly and left me for dead (blood-splattered, bruised, and mangled beyond recognition!). The three badass bellowing bands concussively contained herein threateningly rage with push-comes-to-shove menacing ferocity, and they recklessly regurgitate the aural equivalent of doomsday's flesh-scorchin' violent maelstrom. If you're not frightfully intimidated yet, by god, you should be (after only one listen, I was quakin' in my boots somethin' fierce and fillin' 'em full of shit quicker than I could jump-hump a bunnyrabbit!). Dr. Know rambunctiously reverberate with all-out incendiary anger, attitude, and old school insolence (they are now amongst the anarchic audial elite at the top of my all-time fave tune-twistin' insurgents list!). The Hellions robustly blast out a fitful barrage of dirtbag trashrock roarings that makes Zeke, Motorhead, and Speeddealer all seem like a sissified bunch of effeminate negligee-attired pantywaists (gawddamn, these bastards are brutally frenzied and confrontationally all-up-in-your-face!). Fang venomously spew forth a lethal dose of harried hardcore heinousness and conflagrant spit-foamin' fierceness that inspired me to bang my head with such rabid maddog zeal, I'll never fully recover from the resulting fits of whiplash spasms and

fractured vertebrae trauma. Yep, you ain't anywhere near punk enough until ya get your grubby lil' mitts on this here foot-stompin' package of pure punkrock fury! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Hello)

DROPKICK MURPHYS

"Sing Loud, Sing Proud!" CD

Another great release from these Micks. Included are tracks with Shane MacGowan and Colin McFaull (Cock Sparrer) on vox, which make for a great combination with Al Barr. -Pete Hucklebuck (Hellcat)

DRUNKEN CHOLOS, THE

"Livin La Vida Loco" CD

The Drunken Cholos are the Queers back to their original line up. It sounds a lot like "A Day Late and a Dollar Short" (which I think is the Queers' first album). It's real raw like "A Day Late..", and very snotty-two things that usually make for a good album, but not in this case. The lyrics are inane and the songs are simple and uninspired. I guess this is what happens when you have a record label that will put out any kind of crap you record. It's too bad, because, when I think back to all the cool Queers albums out there, it pains me to rag this one. But you can't just put out any shit and expect your fans to worship you. Sooner or later, you have to do something new and interesting. The Drunken Cholos

are neither. -Sean Carswell (Hopeless)

DRUNKTANK

"Carbombs, Molotovs and Destruction" CD

Raw hardcore with a sound outta the mid-80s. Although sing titles like "Chokin' on my Puke," "Eat My Shit," and "Liver Transplant" make me glad my copy didn't come with a lyric sheet, the songs themselves are pretty friggin' rockin' and I'd wholeheartedly recommend this on that alone. -Jimmy Alvarado (No address)

ENVY

"The Eyes of Single Eared Prophet"

CDEP

Five-song release from this Japanese band that sounds like pure apocalypse. I'm not sure if this would get classified as emo, but this is definitely emotional. Screaming and yelling over droning guitar blasts supported by thunderous back beats and bass solidifies the pain. It almost puts me into a bad mood and brings out the internal pain of my disturbed self. If that is their goal, the job is 1. -Donofthedeath (HG Fact)

EVAPORATORS, THE

"Honk the Horn" 7" EP

Frenetic, spastic, goofy, and epileptic, Nardwuar is a traffic accident and the Evaporators happen to be in the van when he leaps from the back,

grabs the steering wheel, and careens them off the side of the road. Bless him. On this short-runner, they've got Nard's mania in a tight ball of electricity. "Touch Wood": Electroshock The Smugglers and splice in Bikini Kill's Kathleen Hanna's spiked uterus screaming. It's a riot in two senses of the word (as in "funny" and "burn this place to the ground."). "Honk the Horn": If you ever wondered if Screaming Jay Hawkins was white, recovered from an anyersm, and espoused full-on Canadian pride after a snippet with Tommy Lee's cock print on a boat horn, wonder no longer. "I'm a Critic Like the Rest of Them": picture hardcore favorites, The Neos, less doom and gloom, for exactly forty three seconds. "I Don't Need My Friends to Tell Me Who My Friends Are": Yardbirds, but punk and better, with a bring-it-on-down spoken word segue. Tattoo a maple leaf on my ass, this is a fine, fine 7". -Todd (Nardwuar The Human Serviette, Mint)

EX, THE

"Dizzy Spells" CD

Crass drops some L with Tragic Mulatto at a Gang of Four show and they all while away the hours making anatomically correct origami representations of Cary Grant's intestinal tract. Really good noise/rock here, kids. -Jimmy Alvarado (Touch and Go)

FAIRLANES, THE
“Welcome to Nowhere” **CD**

The first couple of times I listened to this, it sounded like pretty generic pop punk somewhere between Screeching Weasel and Lagwagon. I decided I'd give it one more listen, figuring, if I don't hear something in it this time, I'm gonna send it to someone else who may like it. And, for some reason, it stuck. I heard something. A touch of the Thumbs rawness. A touch of D4 drum beats. I don't know what it is, but there's definitely something deeper going on in these songs. It's growing on me. Then I read the liner notes. The bassist tells the story of how the Fairlanes graduated college and started moving away from the band and into the world of careers and other such nonsense, then realized that their hearts were really in this band and dedicated themselves to it full time. Maybe that's it. Maybe it's that random sense of sincerity that makes this a good album. Maybe I'm starting to sound like a football announcer talking about Warrick Dunn's "heart." I'm gonna stop now. -Sean Carswell (Suburban Home)

FAST AND THE COOL, THE
“4-Track Demos” **CD**

This is new wavish super-distorted jangly stargazin' sonic splendor that's all-at-once trippy, poppy, funky, sludgy, and feel-good giddy. In an unusually odd display of audi-

al diversity, the succulently sweet songs contained herein are a magical mishmash of infinitely mind-reeling instrumentation ala Cheap Trick, Badfinger, Stereolab, Smashing Pumpkins, Devo, Spacemen 3, and even a bit of "Rubber Soul"-era Beatles. I especially enjoyed the invigorating spontaneity of the spastic tribal drumming, the sporadic eruptions of a synthesizer's ebullient emotings, and the intermittent effervescence of fuzz effects. The whiney bratty schoolboy vocals are strainfully similar to The Judys, Violent Femmes, and Dead Milkmen (annoying at times, but certainly unique and vividly impressive). All in all, this delightful lil' disc possesses a euphoric childlike innocent quality to it that's both endearing and uniquely divine... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Crystal Clear Sound)

FORWARD
“We Need the Truth” **CDEP**

If you have followed my reviews through the time I have been with Flipside and now with Razorcake, I am very biased towards Japanese punk. I absolutely love it. I set it on a pedestal and worship it like it was the best shit I ever took. You know the type. The bowl filler that took the least amount of effort to expel. Not sloppy and takes the minimum amount of wiping to make yourself ready for the day. There I go again talking shit again. Here is a four

song blast from the mighty Forward from Japan. They play a sort of sloppy old school style of punk that has no intentions of sounding professional. Fun is had by all by not being too serious but play to keep the energy alive. Some now may say that it sounds street punk while others would say old school. I would say the old school vein. One thing I need to do is learn more Japanese to be able to understand the songs. Japanese does not always translate well into English. -Donofthedeath (HG Fact)

FOUNDATION
Self-titled **CD**

Rare has been the occasion when a CD hits the bottom of a trashcan as fast as this one did. Neo-hippie shit with non-fuzzed guitars, a song named after a Cocteau Twins EP and a Tom Waits cover, dressed up in packaging that gives the impression that they're either straight edge hardcore (which ain't much better) or noise metal. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ann Beretta)

FRENZAL RHOMB
“Shut Your Mouth” **CD**

An average band in my opinion. They never seem to float my boat with their melodicore and silly lyrics. I know people must like them because they are on Fat. But I am not one of them. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

GINA GO FASTER/
THE THIRTEENS
Split 7” **EP**

Gina Go Faster have been a sleeper favorite of mine for awhile. I forget about them for six months at a time because the name's kinda weird, but the songs are a-rockin', and I'm always pleased when I pop one of their releases on. "Here We Go" and "2 Steps from Home" are low-fi, high-energy songs that are sweet and crunchy like bubblegum dropped on a sidewalk, and re-popped into your mouth. Real fun garage power pop. The Thirteens are pretty standard and straddle the line between punk and hardcore (screamed vocals, trapped drummer syndrome, soaring guitar chords). To be sure, the songs are competently played, but there's at least fifteen current bands that do it better. Their effort's not piss, but not as good as a two 40 ozs (which would be in the same price range). -Todd (King Bee)

H2O
“It was a Good Day” 7”

Two covers here, side one being an embarrassing, punked up cover of Cube's "Good Day" and side two being a shitty cover of a shitty Suicidal song, "I Want More." If there is a God, someone's gonna do some serious time in punk rock hell for this release. -Jimmy Alvarado (Sideonedummy)

HALF JAPANESE

"Hello" CD

God, I haven't seen this name in quite a while. What you get is some great post-Velvets/Beefheart art pop with enough of a "punk" edge to keep the proceedings more than entertaining. This is welcome change of pace around these parts, believe me. Recommended. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

HAWKWIND

"Atomhenge 76" CD

If I had to break down and recommend one of this batch of Hawkwind records, "Atomhenge 76" is definitely it. This is prime stuff, the spiciest, tastiest space rock of the bunch. Good lineup, an amazing great version of "Reefer Madness" kicking it off, classics like "Brainstorm" and "Sonic Attack," plus a bunch of tunes I wasn't already familiar with. Up there with the best of my Hawks records, this is the one I find myself reaching for the most, of the stuff that's newer to the Hawkwind section and hasn't already been listened to fifty times like "Complete '79" or "Space Ritual." -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HAWKWIND

"Family Tree" CD

The actual Hawkwind content on this album is a bit on the low side, basically consisting of one '79 version of "Motorway City"; the rest is extracurricular cuts by members of the current Hawkwind lineup. The first half of the record is the most un-Hawklike, since Brock didn't have anything to do with it as far as I can tell. The second half features four all-Brock-all-instruments tracks (which sound pretty similar to what's on "Spacebrock"), one track by Brock plus two Hawks, then ends with the live '79 cut. Not at all a bad listen, but not as essential as the other Hawkwind/Voiceprint releases by any means. -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HAWKWIND

"Spacebrock" CD

Whereas the other Hawkwind discs I'm writing about here are archival releases, "Spacebrock" is an all-new for 2000 album. As you might expect, it sounds vastly different from the vintage stuff and features a completely different lineup other than titular mainman Dave Brock himself; actually, the largely electronic and sample-based sound of the disc in combination with the title tends to make one wonder if this isn't effectively a solo album with several contributions by Brock's touring cohorts. Regardless, don't expect a spacerock retreat or simulation here - I get the idea Brock's basically trying to reinvent the spacerock idea for the present, and

he's often very successful. Someone who only liked, say, the Hawks with Lemmy-era stuff might be a bit startled - hell, they might not even recognize it as Hawkwind - but as long as you don't come to the party expecting the familiar it shouldn't be a problem. The oddest thing is the credit on the back that says "Life Form" was in the movie "Any Given Sunday." Really? That Al Pacino/Cameron Diaz football movie? I didn't see it - I'm not big on sports - but now I almost want to check it out to see if the Hawks are in the background there or what. -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HAWKWIND

"Weird Tapes 1: Sonic Assassins, Dave Brock" CD

This initial entry in the "Weird Tapes" series is basically a split release, combining half an album's worth of the Sonic Assassins live on Christmas Eve 1977 with a bit less than half an album's worth of Dave Brock solo tracks, plus one extant Hawkwind live version of "Who's Gonna Win the War," perhaps to justify the Hawkwind logo on the front, since the bulk of the album isn't technically Hawkwind. Still, the Sonic Assassins (described in Pete Frame's Rock Family Trees as Brock's local/second-string group of the time) here also feature full-fledged Hawkwind member Bob Calvert alongside the Assassins, two of whom would end up in the Hawklords in a short while anyway. It's a bit less straight-up spacey as Hawkwind proper, with a few more jazzy overtones, but if you put this stuff on a comp in between Hawkwind tracks I doubt you'd hear a shocking difference. Brock's solo stuff here falls a bit in the sparse-and-experimental category, and is overall of less interest except for "Assassination," which is more successful. -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HAWKWIND

"Weird Tapes 2: Hawkwind Live/Hawklords Studio" CD

This volume of the Weird Tapes presents a five-track chunk from a 1977 "Spirit of the Age" tour Leicester gig, filled out with three Hawklords (the band Dave Brock formed after temporarily breaking up Hawkwind in the late '70s - which quickly evolved back into Hawkwind, naturally enough) studio tracks, presumably otherwise unreleased. Nice clear sound on the live stuff and a focus here on poet/vocalist Bob Calvert's material: four of the five Hawkwind cuts have a Calvert writing or co-writing credit. Interesting contrast with the Hawklords tracks, which are sans Calvert although he was among the 'lords initially. Creative tensions aside, he's in fine form here, as is the rest of the group. The Hawklords cuts aren't quite as

striking, being a bit keys-heavy guitar-light, and the sound's a bit pinched, but they're not too problematic; if nothing else they certainly help justify the Weird Tapes heading. -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HAWKWIND

"Weird Tapes 3: Free Festivals" CD

This one's almost too good to be true: Hawkwind at Stonehenge! The first five tracks are, anyway - recorded at a free festival amongst the famous stones in 1977 - while the remaining three come from a 1975 gig (the Watchfield Festival, apparently) with a totally different lineup besides Brock. The latter are a bit lower-fi than the Stonehenge tracks, which are nice and clear, but the Watchfield extracts only comprise about a quarter of the playing time anyway - obviously the Stonehenge stuff is the main attraction here. -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HAWKWIND

"Weird Tapes 5: Live '76 and '77" CD

Here we find unspecified (as to date-and-location) live excerpts from two different lineups, one from the seven-piece '76 band with Nik Turner and one from '77 following the departure of Turner, bassist Paul Rudolph and one of the two drummers. A bit more laid-back and less raging than the majority of live Hawkwind records overall, there's still plenty going on here and unlike the first three volumes of the Weird Tapes it's all Hawkwind and all prime. Plus, there's even a vintage radio ad for "Quark, Strangeness & Charm" on Sire Records thrown in for good measure. (I wouldn't mind hearing more of this kind of audio ephemera on the Weird Tapes series: after all, with the Weird Tapes name as a caveat emptor, it seems like about any kind of recording could be legitimately included, as long as it's audible. Band dialogue, arguments, crowd noise, whatever. Hell, it's not like people don't already expect freaky shit from Hawkwind anyway.) -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HAWKWIND

"Weird Tapes 4: Live '78" CD

The straightest-ahead of the Weird Tapes discs: it's all (gasp) from one Hawkwind lineup, no ringers from side bands or solo projects tossed in, all live Hawkwind from 1978. Definitely more rockin' than the bulk of these releases, and probably the most highly recommended of the Weird Tapes discs - if you only want to buy one (at first...) you could do worse than to start with v. 4. It's got "Urban Guerilla," probably my favorite Hawkwind song bar none, and the consistency of this disc makes it the most palatable to

the ear in ways than the grab-bag nature of the other discs in the Weird Tapes series - it basically sounds like an unreleased live album, and a pretty good one at that. Definitely a worthy addition to the canon. -Aaron J. Poehler (Hawk/Voiceprint)

HELLACOPTERS/

FLAMING SIDEBURNS

"White Trash Soul" CD EP

A couple o' trashy rock bands take a stab at soul music. The Hellcopters weigh in with two apt Motown covers and a Flaming Sideburns cover, while the Flaming Sideburns offer two originals and a Hellcopters cover. The effort is not bad, but it seems to me that the Sideburns kinda eschew the whole soul thing and opt to do what they do, which ain't too bad. -Jimmy Alvarado (Bad Afro)

HELLBENDERS/ SAFETY PINS

Split CD

Hellbenders: Punk fueled rock-'n'-roll that struts its stuff at a nice clip. Safety Pins: More of the same, only with gruffer vocals and a Spanish accent. Good listenin'. -Jimmy Alvarado (Dead Beat)

HELLIONS, THE

Self-titled CD

These are the bastard demon-spawned purgatorial offspring of Lemmy and Motorhead... sinful, wicked, and belligerently bad-to-the-bone... ugly, mean, nasty, and evilly vile! The Hellions crudely crank-out a skull-fracturing assault of insanely souped-up audial madness that's thunderously louder than a corpse-strewn apocalyptic battlefield and just as confrontationally fierce! With balls-out bad-ass brutality, they ferociously roar through such sonically volatile stormings as "Think for Me," "Death Row Romeo," "Case of the Bads" ("Hot rod rebel/ I'm a real tough man... I'm going to hell as fast as I can!"), "Teen Rage," "Blacked Out," "What's Yer Poison," and "Switchblade Rock'n'Roll" (my personal fist-thrustin' favorite!). Satan better beware; these mayhem musical miscreants are gonna knock him cross-eyed and silly right off his flame-broiled throne as they rabidly conquer Hell and beyond with their 100% blend of killer kick-ass rock-'n'-roll rambunctiousness. Fuck yeah, The Hellions whipped my ears into a frantic frenzy of brain-bustin' bewilderment, and I now have serious doubts as to whether I'll ever return to a non-convulsive state of semi-coherent normalcy. Oh well, who cares?! Long live The Hellions! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Hello, The Hellions)

HELLNATION

"Cheerleaders for Imperialism" CD
Hyper-speed blur-

core with screaming fetus vocals. In all, you get 29 songs in 17 1/2 minutes. Now that's what I call more bang for your buck. -Jimmy Alvarado (Slap A Ham)

HEROINE SHEIKS, THE

"Rape on the Installment Plan" CD

This is spine-tingling audial insanity... nefarious, noisy, and abnormally erratic... Butthole Surfers-style noise terrorism... an electroshock-induced sonic nervous breakdown. It's cacophonously comparable to thick coats of fluorescent candlewax melting in the mind and oozing snail-like out of the ears like serpentine streaks of alien-monster penis goop. After just one harrowing listen to this ear-plundering platter of twisted psychotic sounds, I feel as if I've been beaten within an inch of my life, violently lobotomized, and then left, bloodied and bruised, for a circling flock of flesh-starved vultures... indeed, beware the brain-rattling musical bewilderment that The Heroine Sheiks will hellishly heap upon you! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Reptilian)

HEROINE SHEIKS, THE

"Rape on the Installment Plan" CD

This is Shannon of the Cows' latest musical endeavor, and it don't sound all that different from the Cows, which is a pretty good thing if you happen to be a fan of that now-defunct band. The group itself is a sort of super group, featuring members of Ultra Bide, the Swans and Foetus, and they easily provide their charismatic front man with enough solid, noisy grooves to make the whole thing one hell of a listen. Oh, and yes, he did bring his bugle along for the ride. -Jimmy Alvarado (Reptilian)

I HATE MYSELF

"Drama in the Emergency Room" 7"

I'm almost sure that is the band's name and the same goes for the title. The penmanship of whomever wrote the titles and the lyrics needs to consider others trying to read it. I'm no secretary having to read somebody's bad writing every day. This has a arty cover with the bad penmanship. Music wise, this sounds like emo to me. -Donofthedeath (No Idea)

I HATE MYSELF

Self-titled CD

Aurally, this is uneventful, underwhelming, and not all that unique. Although I Hate Myself tumultuously teeter-totter at times, they ultimately tread a fine line between overwrought emo emissions of sound and bratty propulsions of unoriginal indie-rock redundancy. The vocalist excruciatingly screams with all-out unrelenting rage as if his pecker's been pierced with an old rusty icepick, but sometimes he fades into indecipherable choirboy harmonies that are almost angelic in nature... the guitars are quaint and pretty (mean-

dering, soaring, and frolicking like huge fluffy clouds rolling through the statuesque solemnity of rugged snow-capped mountains)... the rhythm section is adequately appealing in the sense that my toes frenetically tapped along to the beat on occasion. I just don't know... after listening to this, I got the distinct gut-level feeling that I've heard it all before... indeed, it's interchangeable and indistinguishably replaceable with everything else in the emo-charged world of musical monotony. I want music to move me; to inspire me; to shake my senses silly; to create intense feelings of euphoria, soothe the inner child within me, or unleash the big bad beast in me. I have no need for music that numbs me with teary-eyed melancholy or causes me to desperately dwell in my very own self-made misery or makes me bleakly contemplate the meaningless morbidity of life. Unfortunately, emo often does just that... it's pouty hippy-church music for today's disaffected sulking PC youth (nothin' a swift kick in the ass and an eye-opening dose of harsh reality can't cure though!). Yep, give 'em the boot, and then kick out the jams, motherfuckers! -Roger Moser, Jr. (I Hate Myself, No Idea)

ICARUS LINE, THE

"Mono" CD

Dicordant, noisy, arty, morose. I liked it. Judging solely by the name, I thought Todd was fucking with my hatred of emo when he gave it to me. -Jimmy Alvarado (Crank)

(INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY

"Survival Sickness" CD

Quasi-militant rock/punk with '60s underpinnings. I liked this a lot better than the single I heard a year or two ago. Actually, I'm pretty damn thankful it wasn't more pop punk crap. -Jimmy Alvarado (Epitaph/Burning Heart)

ITCH

"Euphoria" CD EP

A weird shaped CD put out to commemorate the tenth anniversary of our bombing the shit out of Iraq. The first track is a sort of sound collage highlighting how silly the war propaganda machine has gotten over the whole thing. The other two tracks are largely forgettable. Shoulda just stuck with the first track and left well enough alone, 'cause that was the one that most effectively made its point. -Jimmy Alvarado (no address)

J CHURCH

"One Mississippi" CD

I not a real big fan of J Church. I love their song "Alone When She Dies" off the "The Drama of Alienation" CD. It touched me. But that is about it for me. I liked Lance's previous band, Cringer, more. I used to see them all the time when they moved to

LA before moving north to SF. J Church used to pump out the releases for awhile. I don't see that many advertisements for new releases anymore. I saw them recently and maybe due to lack of alcohol, I was lackadaisical about their performance. If anybody knows my brother Katz and sees Lance, you would swear they were twins now. This release leaves me kind of unmoved. I hear elements of REM and college rock. It's kind of folk-like with a rock mix. Don't get me wrong, but it just does not grip me. J Church fans should disregard all that I say and continue on with their lives. - Donofthedeath (Honest Don's)

JESSE

Self-titled CD

A sweet "re-release" (with the needle surface noise between tracks, nudge, nudge, wink, wink), from one of the two projects Frankie Stubbs did between Leatherface's death and resurrection. Originally recorded in 1997, quite a few of these songs, like the opening track, "Indestructable," have already found their way into Leatherface's live set. The tight instrument weave is there, along with Frankie's rope-burned vocals and spot-on lyrics (i.e. "you are like lots of pages taken from different books."), and the melancholy that can play as a celebration or a funeral dirge, depending on your mood. If you're not afraid of the occasional

acoustic number, like "Everwas," that'll break your heart if you're feeling vulnerable, you really can't go wrong with this. I'd unabashedly call this singer-songwriterly if that genre of music wasn't typically a piece of crap. This, on the other hand, is fantastic. -Todd (Big Fish, no address.)

JOSH FREESE

"The Notorious One Man Orgy" CD

You know Josh Freese best as our generation's Jim Keltner or Kenny Aronoff: he's played behind, well, everybody it seems, but off the top of my head: Guns 'N Roses, Paul Westerberg, Devo, F.Y.P and he's a full-time member of both the Vandals and A Perfect Circle. Here he takes a solo tack that's mostly a Vandalsesque side project with Josh playing all the instruments and writing all the material but sports some heavy-hitter guests like Stone Gossard from Pearl Jam to throw in a curve ball; the result is pretty damn enjoyable. May not rise to the top of your "favorites" pile but you won't regret putting it on - it's a tremendously witty record, from the dollar-signs in his name on the cover (i.e. Jo\$h Free\$e) to the album's title to the cut-up and looped answering-machine messages that are interspersed throughout. And hey, if any of Josh's bands are so kind as to allow him to do a song from this record live, make it "Playboy

Mansion," eh? -Aaron J. Poehler (Kung Fu)

KNUT

"Basterdizer" CD

Pantera covers Unsane. I'm sure you're all as thrilled as I. -Jimmy Alvarado (Hydrahead)

LARS FREDERIKSEN

& THE BASTARDS

Self-titled Advance CD

"Dead American" will be a hit, packed with the energy you've come to expect from bands such as Rancid. Actually, there are quite a few good tracks on this CD and I bet they're a great live band to see as well. -Pete Hucklebuck (Hellcat)

LEATHERFACE

"The Last" CD

The first eight songs on this CD were "the last" recordings of Leatherface when they broke up in 1993. The recording was never officially released in the United States and pretty much got executed right out of the gate in Europe on Domino Records. BYO's done us a favor and in this re-issue and have added eight songs. If your panties get twisted easy, the last eight songs aren't technically Leatherface songs, but Pope songs (never officially released), recorded in 1994 with two Leatherface members (Frankie and Andy) and drummer Chris Mackintosh. While not as consistent-

ly stunning as "Mush," you can't go wrong with any Leatherface release. "The Last" oscillates from the forlorn pop of "Little White God," and the stripped, piano-heavy "Shipyards," which get you ready for the Louie Armstrong-esque (or choking Muppet, take your pick) skat number, "Ba Ba Ba Ba Boo" and the quirky disco, techno beat breakdown flourishes and whistles in "Winsome, Losesome." It plays like a band who's eager to try new things without abandoning what they do best. The Pope material is very reminiscent of Frankie Stubbs' other project, Jesse. Frankie's rasp seems to be the center point, and all of the instruments surround and scrub at him, which limits some of the crush and crunch of full-on Leatherface, but damn if it isn't simply enjoyable to listen to. My obligatory bitch is that there isn't a lyrics sheet. I mean, who give two shits when bland pop punk band's yelping about losing their girlfriend, but when one of the most ingenious and literate men in punk rock writes a song, it'd be nice to read the exact words (especially since eight of these songs were never officially released.). -Todd (BYO)

LESS THAN JAKE

"Greased" CD

Repress of their cover of songs off the classic music soundtrack of "Grease." I remember being in elementary school going to see the orig-

inal movie and consequently me purchasing the soundtrack. I still have that record. Bubblegum and cheesy the way I like it. I love covers! The only regret that I have is I wish they did the whole soundtrack. I would have loved to hear them do the theme song. -Donofthedeath (No Idea)

LOST SOUNDS

Self-titled 7" EP

You say Empty, I say trashy, noisy rock'n'roll. That said, side one of this is a sludgy death rock-sounding ditty. Side two, track one is a noisy, gloomy affair and the last track is an uptempo rocker. Not quite what I expected from this label, but still not that bad, considering. -Jimmy Alvarado (Empty)

LUNACHICKS

"Babysitters on Acid" CD

I vaguely remember seeing this in the record bins back in the '80s. I could be wrong. Not having been a fan or actively seeking out their product, I think this is a re-release of an early recording. I could be wrong. Maybe their first album. I could be wrong. The songs are raw and the recording is very garage-y. I could be wrong. The songs are rocking and have a very club/live feel. I could be wrong. I know there are more people out there that can describe this all-women rock machine. I could be wrong. -Donofthedeath (Go-Kart)

LYLE SHERATON AND THE DAYLIGHT LOVERS

Self-titled CD

Your friends Lyle Sheraton and The Daylight Lovers from Canada present a brand new way to do the old fashioned. It's not exactly gregariously suave as Carl Perkins nor as bad boy cool as Gene Vincent, but the Daylight Lovers take their elementary cues and run clear across the 50-yard-line of your average modern day cruisin', bruising, screwing garage slop. This is outlandishly horrid with enough bravado to make you want to cheer for even "more abuse." The Lovers' version of cult punk favorites The Pack's "Nobody Can Tell Us" is chock full of that good ol' brazen spirit that transforms the idiot in all of us into sophisticated boom-boomers. Lyle's instinctive guitar work through the album is a case study in a new guitar movement I would like to coin as, "The Awful," and adoringly so since every faux pas lends some malevolent charm, ala The Mummies of yore. It's a little bit of country, a Gino Washington cover (is it mandatory for every friggin' band that records at Jim Diamond's Ghetto Recorders to cover a Gino Washington song?! What's up with the Detroit Power bullshit?), a little bit of school yard garage punkin' as well as a dash of the dirty boy blues. What more could you want? This album has been pro-

duced by the only man closer to God than God himself, Jack Oblivian, who can turn my knobs anytime. -Namella J. Kim (Sympathy for the Record Industry)

MADCAP

"Stand Your Ground" CD

Not half bad. I thought I was going to hate it. Sing-a-long, '77-styled street punk that is melodic. The lyrics aren't what I would write home about, but should improve as the band progresses. -Donofthedeath (Side One Dummy)

MAN, THE

Self-titled 7"

Egads, this sucked. -Jimmy Alvarado (The Man)

MARBLES, THE

"Seduction" CD

After the '80s came and went in a drug-addled haze, I thought I'd never think of Scandal, Patty Smythe or even Pat Benatar again. Sadly, I was wrong. -Jimmy Alvarado (Break Up)

MAYFLIES USA, THE

"The Pity List" CD

Pleasant but familiar-sounding four-guys-two-guitars-bass-drums-loads-of-harmonies pop-rock, basically a lot like recent Teenage Fanclub. Sugary but this shtick is just too old to be very interesting without a few twists. This thread of music has got-

ten far too watered down after getting passed through the Beatles, Byrds, Badfinger, Big Star, dBs (whose Chris Stamey produced, all the better for the Mayflies to lay claim to the crown) et. al., ad nauseum. Maybe you'd dig 'em if they were nearby but amongst the pack they disappear without unique features - like the last couple of Teenage Fanclub albums. I sure liked that band better when they rocked a bit in the Crazy Horse vein. Now they just follow the formula every time out. Guess that spirit left the band without original drummer Brendan what's-'is-face. Ah well. -Aaron J. Poehler (Yep Roc)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES

"Blow in the Wind" CD

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes are almost like a forbidden pleasure for me. First off, I hate cover songs anymore, primarily because it often seems the people who usually do them fail to put their own personal stamp on the song, or, if they do, the stamp is more akin to, "Look at us! We're so cool/funny! We really have no business covering this song because we suck worse than the song/aren't even in the same league as the band we're covering." I hate that. Next off, I pretty much hate pop punk these days. Granted, there was a time when my whole life revolved around when the next Descendents

or Husker Du album was coming out, but those days are long gone, thanks in no small part to every two-bit Blink 182/ NOFX/ Queers/ Screeching Weasel clone group that has ever dragged itself up from the pits of Hades. So why do I like a band that relishes in performing songs that gave me nightmares as a child in a style that normally makes me want to climb into a bell tower and smoke a few people? Hell if I know, but DAMN are they good at it. This, their third album, is just as funny, catchy and downright smokin' as their last effort. Their focus of attack this time out is on the '60s and they put their own indelible stamp on some of the worst songs from that decade, and even render the Stone Pony's "Different Drum" listenable, the original of which probably makes even Linda Ronstadt and the Eagles cringe every time it comes over a nearby radio speaker. MFGGs certainly won't change my life or anything, but they did learn me that there are exceptions to even the most rigid of rules. Besides, how many punk albums do you own that your mother knows all the lyrics to before you even put the damn thing on? -Jimmy Alvarado (Fat)

ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES

"Shannon" 7"

MF and the GG's always give me

time to reflect on my musical upbringing, since they cover old shit and make it listenable. My parents never listened to a lot of music beyond The Kingston Trio (Who the Dropkick Murphys cover and modify, by the way, with "Skinhead on the MTA") and The Limelighters, so I don't have many musical scars to excise. That covered, I don't even pretend to know dick about Del Shannon. I've heard "Runaway" when standing in line to get gas, but the Gimmes grow it some nuts, get it faster, scuff it up and I like it quite a bit. It may be the way that Spike sings, but the way the Gimme's present a song, I actually listen to the words and like it more than I could possibly enjoy the original. "Hats off to Larry" is a big, ol' fuck you to a chick. The narrator's happy that a girl got dumped by Larry because the girl previously fucked him over. Me First and the Gimme Gimmes are single-handedly overthrowing AM radio by making those moldy oldies, polishing them up with punk spit (and a drum track), and makin' 'em golden. -Todd (BYO)

MELVINS

"Colossus of Destiny" CD

Okay, I'm 10 minutes and 34 seconds into the one 60 minute track on this and, so far, it sounds like outtakes from the soundtrack to "Forbidden Planet." The cover says this is a live recording, so I'll stick it

out and see if there are any actual songs on this. At 12 1/2 minutes it still sounds pretty much the same. Twenty-five minutes in and still no change. Is this some sort of tribute to Bastard Noise? Forty-nine minutes: Oh, neat...drums! At 54 minutes it almost sounds like a song, but at this point, I no longer give a fuck. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ipecac)

MEMBRANES, THE

"Kiss Ass, Godhead" CD

So far as I'm able to tell, this is a re-release of an album that came out 12 years ago. This is one of those bands I'd always heard of but never actually took the time to listen to, primarily 'cause I always thought they were one o' them Crass-type bands and I hated Crass back then. Well, I'm kicking myself in the ass pretty hard right about now, 'cause this disc let me know exactly what I missed out on. This was produced by Albini back in his Big Black daze and the overall sound is reminiscent of that period. I guess this stuff would be called "post-punk," and it has all the trappings: razorwire-sounding guitar, rumbly bass, lotsa "space" in the sound and all, but the songs are well realized and are catchy in a weird way. I guess I've got a new band whose back catalog I must search out. -Jimmy Alvarado (Overground)

MERLE HAGGARD

"If I Could Only Fly" CD

The man is a musical maverick, an enigmatic well-traveled larger-than-life legend, a stern and stoic leathery-faced old outlaw who's sturdily rode the hellbent-on-fury buckin' bronco of life into many a dust-stirred silhouetted sunset. His music is country, pure and simple and holds-barred. Yep, on this here smorgasbord spread of delectably tasty ditties, old-time country'n'western is heartily served by the musically mercurial master himself, Mr. Merle: whiskey-sippin' country twang that smoothly quenches the debilitating thirst of the forlorn, lost, and forgotten transient nomads aimlessly wandering the vast sprawling expanses of America's endlessly open rural desolation; chugga-chugga cowhide country that colorfully conjures a smalltown backwoods honkytonk setting of sawdust-covered floors, sweet and sticky BBQ beef thickly piled heaven-high on platters of beans, potato salad, and home-baked bread, and nostalgically cradlin' a longneck while swayin' in a boot-shufflin' cheek-to-cheek waltz with your true-love high school sweetheart; cryin'-in-your-beer shitkickin' country that appropriately provides a spirit-stirring soundtrack of robustly brawlin' manliness. The most intimately inspirational moments contained herein: the jaunty and jazzy New Orleans rowdiness of "Honky Tonk Mama" (it'd do ol' Hank Sr. proud... he must surely be smilin' big

and prideful-like in the wild blue yonder!), the downhome flavorful strains of an aching poignant swirling steel-guitar in "Turn to Me," the quavering cowpoke harmonica-blaring solitude of "If I Could Only Fly," the Bob Wills-inspired country-swing swagger of "Bareback," and the ruggedly jubilant giddy-up-and-go folksiness of "Proud to Be Your Old Man." Yeehaw and yippy-tie-yie-yay! Merle Haggard, the man and his music... endearing, inspiring, and always intriguing... timeless, yet aged to perfection. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Anti)

MIA

"Lost Boys" CD

I've been sitting here for two days trying to convey what a great thing Alternative Tentacles has done by making the tracks on this release available once again. MIA was simply one of the best punk/hardcore bands that ever graced a stage, period. They were a perfect hybrid of the hardcore that was coming out of DC in the early '80s and OC/HB's "beach punk" sound of the same time period, or, to put it more succinctly, they sounded like the bastard offspring of Minor Threat and the Adolescents. Yet, rather than be mere shadows of their influences, they took those sounds and forged a sound entirely their own, one that was hard and fast yet instantly hummable. As if good music wasn't enough, they also took time to make their lyrics both substantive and well written, something that was often as rare then as it is now. Submitted for your aural pleasure are the "Murder in a Foreign Place" EP, their side of the "Last Rites" split LP, tracks from various compilations, live material, early and late-period demos and other goodies. My suggestion to you, loyal reader, is to buy three copies of this (in case two get worn out) and crank "Boredom is the Reason," "Murder in a Foreign Place" and "Fucking Zones" as loud as your stereo will allow. Make sure that you have a cassette copy for the police to blast on the way to the station when they take you in for disturbing the peace, too. Believe me, they'll thank you for it later. God (or pick your deity of choice) bless Alternative Tentacles for this disc and God bless MIA for leaving us some timeless, kick-ass tuneage. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

MIDIRON BLAST SHAFT

"Starts Fires in Your Pants" CD

Imagine if Minor Threat met Tool in a music-mangling head-on collision of cacophonous deconstruction... this is the ear-shredding equivalent of such a sonically catastrophic event! It's a larger-than-life maelstrom of ever shifting sound that's heavy, threatening, and ferociously full of passionate rage. Upon my first listen to MBS, I fearfully cowered in a cob-

web-ridden corner of my room, sucked my thumb like a lil' baby girl, and then thoroughly soaked my pants with a waterfall's rush of weewee. It's that much of an aggressively harrowing experience, folks! No matter; I still fervently recommend this dynamically intense CD just for its sheer versatile velocity and its indefatigable ability to robustly stir the senses... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Reptilian)

MIDIRON BLAST SHAFT

"Starts Fires in Your Pants" CD

This reminds me of what Gravity Records used to put out, but Midiron Blast Shaft have a bit more rock in their sound, not to mention that DC stuff creeping in. While there are some cool parts to the music, they tend to get too weighed down in complexities. In the end it's just not that interesting. If they were to shave the fat off they could stand to gain more energy and impact. -M.Avr (Reptilian)

MILLHOUSE/ RIFF RANDALS

"Nevergirlboy" 7" EP

Riff Randals: Strong, catchy female-fronted hardcore with a snotty edge. Millhouse: Not as catchy, but there's also an edginess here that made them at least engaging. -Jimmy Alvarado (Drool City, no address)

MISSING 23RD, THE

"ctrl+alt+del" CD

I know straight edge is still alive and kicking, although I'm sure it's changed some in the past decade. These guys sound straight edge although they don't seem to sing anti-drugs and booze type lyrics. They are more of a positive message kind of band. Talented, tight musicians lead by a front man who very strongly reminds me of Kurt from DRI... yep that's it... DRI in their late teens/ early twenties, gone straight edge with a little more added melody to the music. -Julia Smut (Sessions)

MONKS

"Five Upstart Americans" CD

Ninety-nine out of a hundred times when I hear some musician say in an interview that some set of demos is better than the album, I tend to believe it, as much as anything because of the lure of the untouchable: I can't get this, therefore it must be better than what I can get. I think there's something seriously wrong with me. But anyway, that's not your problem (unless of course it is), and this is a record review, and the Monks' demos album, "Five Upstart Americans," rivals their only pukka release, "Black Monk Time," for pre-punk insanity and harsh '60s pop-rock that's fairly indescribable, but imagine a cross between the Troggs and the Stooges and the Kingsmen and, um, the early Clash, I guess. Now think funnier. I already knew I'd like this since it's the Monks and

"Black Monk Time" kills, but the pleasing surprise was that the versions of the songs are actually significantly different than the originally released versions, 'cause often when you actually hear the "demos that were supposedly better than the album," they just sound like lower-fi, unfinished weaker versions. Not the case here: this album actually presents an earlier, alternate version of the Monks, effectively an unreleased first chapter to "Black Monk Time," which tells their musical journey from the middle (the original BMT album) to the end (the compromised, half-Monkmusik/half-pop post-LP singles). Here you have the beginning in the Five Torquays' pre-Monks single and the demos that comprise the bulk of the album, recorded (as most demos are) in an attempt to get a contract. I suppose the reunion live album which I have yet to purchase is the post-script, to stretch this tortured analogy to the limit. I'm pleased this disc won't just be a collectors' curiosity on the shelf for research and completism purposes, but is as likely to get stuck in the player as the "properly-released" album. And oh yeah, I paid for this album too, which proves I'm not just a spoiled music critic, right? No, it does nothing of the kind, and it's patently obvious that musically I'm as spoiled as they come without actually making any money. Anyway, you should buy this album too. -Aaron J. Poehler (Omplatten)

MY SO-CALLED BAND "The Punk Girl Next Door" CD

My So-Called Band have come a long way, baby, since the nefariously negative review I belligerently bestowed upon them in the March/April 1998 issue of Flipside. Three years and a blazin' bucketful of audial attitude has made all the difference in the world: the sound is thicker, chunkier, meaner, meatier, and more raucously combative (oh what the hell, I'll even delve into the record reviewer's musty old bag of over-used cliches and go so far as to say that this amped-out effort is fuller, richer, and more cacophonously cohesive than their first!). It's as if Cheap Trick were bein' mercifully trampled to death by the New York Dolls, Nirvana, The Toadies, and Saint Vitus or SWA (or one of them there other guitar-grinding bands from SST's "Blasting Concept, Volume II" album), but with lighter, breathier vocalizations... yep, pure punky power-rock pummelings of pleasurable noise-makin' merriment! The guitar strappings are crunchy and frenetically cutting with a spine-snappin' sense of unstoppable urgency; the bass furiously rumbles like a napalm-laden supersonic jet whooshin' through the fiery skies of an impending apocalypse; the drums spastical-

ly stomp along like a rugby match between two opposing teams of viciously enraged dinosaurs; the vocals are high-spirited, fever-pitched, and jovially snotty. Man, I'm so gloriously damn glad that we receptively open-minded critics possess such tolerant all-encompassing ears that seem to never hold a grudge... otherwise, I might not have given My So-Called Band a second chance. This is too much of an aurally enticing jewel to routinely ignore, so I give it two thumbs up, a full-fledged erection shootin' straight to the moon, and a rowdy round of roguish Rog recommendations! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Yesha)

MZ. PAKMAN

"Oh Shit" CD

Minimalist rock'n'roll, sorta like a poor man's Donnas. I got bored pretty quick. -Jimmy Alvarado (Slutfish)

NATIONAL ACROBAT, A

"Can't Stop Casper Adams" CD EP

More dissonant noise rock from these guys, who still sound like a death rock-less Mighty Sphincter. When you think it's all over, they offer up a bonus track with all the previous songs played backwards. They ain't fast, but they is pretty danged heavy. -Jimmy Alvarado (Status)

NIBLICK HENBANE

"Go Away" CD

If I can say one thing about this CD, I'd definitely have to say that their cover of Blondie's "Dreamin'" is cool. I wish more bands like these guys would sing more songs like that. It put a smile on my face. -Pete Hucklebuck (TKO)

NICK CAVE **AND THE BAD SEEDS**

"No More Shall We Part" CD

I need to go buy some more Clairol black dye in the green box with the Asian lady on it because it's the cheapest, and the color gives my face that great ashen look. I'm thinking maybe some blue streaks this time, red perhaps but I've done it so many times. Oh I know! Blue and red makes purple, then purple streaks it is! So, I scored this great velvet pant suit I'm going to sport at the Nick Cave show. He's not playing with the Bad Seeds yet. He's just trying out the new material. Yeah he's coming to town and I'm sooo excited. We will be reunited again, me and my mister. Oh Nick, if only you would look into my eyes while standing in front of 12,000 glazed and passionate eyes. Then you will know that we were meant to be. Your songs speak only to me, in a deep secret place in my heart that no one will ever touch, especially that stupid MC5-loving guy who works at the record store who rolls his eyes every time I come in for my special

shipment of your Australian import flexi-disc of a B-side not available in the States. I'm gonna wear a tie and smoke cigarettes and wear tons of black eyeliner just like him. Oh, I think I'll run off into my room and write some poetry while sipping some hot tea and feeling very glamorous about angst. Sigh! No mother, I won't turn down the stereo! - Is this you or do you know someone like this? You need to get this person some help. I should know, I'm one of them. Why are people fanatical about Nick Cave? Well, I won't go as far as saying he's the greatest because he's not, but he does possess what's missing in most artists of his caliber; it's that soul of the soulless quality which brings one to self validate deep depression as an overflowing artesian source of inspiration. He's a haunting reminder that art school is never out of style for some people. Unfortunately "Deanna" has long passed. "Straight to You" is a memory of a love affair that once was. "The Mercy Seat" is now being occupied by a film school freshman trying to become the next Fasbinder, Wender or Jarmusch. Nobody goes "Where the Wild Roses Grow." So Mr. Cave now sits quietly under an antique stained glass ceiling in front of a piano with a glowing cigarette pluming a ghostly veil in the middle the dark stage. He tries to sing with a voice that took him all these years to muster up. They are love songs for the love lorn, of course, but his maturity shines through. The lyrical content of "No More Shall We Part" has less of the absurd thrill kill death scenarios he's so famous for painting and more reasonable woes like relationships. Mr. Cave finally grows into that suit and tie image and places himself and his music along the level of Leonard Cohen and Serge Gainsbourg. I'm coining a new music genre "Diet Death" or "Death Lite." Enjoy. -Namella J. Kim

NIKKI SUDDEN

"The Last Bandit" 2X CD

So Nikki's finally gotten to the point in his career where a "best-of," or more appropriately, "an introduction to"-type compilation is de rigeur, a necessity concentrating some peaks down into one convenient package for those too cheap and lazy to go out and buy every rare single and import CD they can find, like, well, me. I've always enjoyed whatever of Nikki's work has floated my way, from the first time I heard his version of Neil Young's "Captain Kennedy" on the Bridge tribute album (one of the only tribute albums that rewarded more than one listen), to his more recent album with the Jacobites that's spent a good amount of time in the player - oh fine, I'll get up and find out the title... it's "God Save Us Poor Sinners." Happy now? Bomp also sent along a comp of Nikki's

first band, Swell Maps, which I haven't had time to really get into yet, to be honest, seeing as it's not up the same Keith Richards meets Alex Chilton alley as Nikki's solo work, but it sounded okay - intriguing indie-noise from the early eighties, which is always an area worthy of investigation for me. Regardless of the Swell Maps disc, Nikki's "The Last Bandit" comp's pretty damn solid until the end, where it sort of peters out a bit - I assume these tracks are included due to their rarity and not their overarching quality - but the bonus solo acoustic disc makes up for it with seven sparse but haunting cuts. But what the kids really want to know, Nikki... is where the hell did you find that priceless gold-lame (imagine a little accent mark over the "e") suit you're wearing on the cover? That's picture's fucking worth the cost of the album right there. I totally want that suit. -Aaron J. Poehler (Alive/Total Energy)

NIKKI SUDDEN

"The Last Bandit" 2X CD

Nikki Sudden is the unspoken top contender in an ear-comforting class of musical majesty that's equal parts tavern rock'n'roll, '60s-style juke-box pop, mid-'80s jangle-rock, and rootsy rural downhome charm. Although his shimmering aural effervescence is incomparable in its sheer shining brilliance, his audial artistry can be rightfully compared to the American heartland exuberance of Tom Petty, the pained hollow-hearted honesty of "Walls and Bridges"-era John Lennon, and the frenzied Crazy Horse folksiness of Neil Young (if ol' Neil were more of a brew-drenched Sunset Strip scene-shaker and less of a whiney tofummunchin' hippy). At times, a swirling maelstrom of guitar-saturated psychedelia frenetically lurches forth and inspires my senses to spin around and around and then loopily-loop right back again. And I do declare, the upbeat urban vibe of "Countess" sounds uncannily like a long-lost outtake from The Rolling Stones' "Some Girls" sessions (but then "Captain Kennedy" is the sonic siamese-twin equivalent of Paul McCartney's "Let Me Roll It", and "Behind The Lines" is raucously reminiscent of Marc Bolan (T. Rex) in all of his baddest boogie-boy bravado). And Disc 2 is an acoustic resurrection of Johnny Thunders brashly payin' semi-reverential homage to a younger more rebellious Bobby Dylan. Wow, Mr. Sudden is certainly skilled at crafting well-structured musical magnificence and then polishing it to sparkling perfection. Like my favorite frothy fermented beverage, this delectable disc is good to the last drop! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Alive/Total Energy)

NO WTO COMBO, THE

“Live from the Battle in Seattle” CD
I’ve always had a soft spot in my heart for Jello Biafra. Even when I find myself vehemently disagreeing with him on some subject or another, I never lose sight of the fact that in four minutes the man gives you more to think about that is in some way pertinent to your life than anything you could learn in four years of college. Then he’d usually drive home his point by knocking you on your ass with some highly charged punk rock. Well, many a moon has passed since I’ve seen or heard Jello grace a stage with a band behind him (a 1985 DK show at the Olympic being the last time, I think), so this disc was of particular note for me. As the title suggests, this is a live show recorded in Seattle during the hoopla surrounding the WTO meeting in December 1999. Jello, backed by a sort of super-group featuring Soundgarden and Nirvana members, barrels through “Let’s Lynch the Landlord,” “Full Metal Jackoff” and two new numbers, as well as one of his patented rants against the World Trade Organization. The nostalgia aspect of hearing the man perform live music again aside, the new songs aren’t too shabby (blowing the more recent Lard crap off the map) and his commentary on the WTO is insightful and should hopefully inspire others to at least look into what he’s talking about. Mandatory listening, to say the least. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

PATTERN, THE

“Wet Circuit City” 7”

‘60s garage rock that has a mix of psychedelic mixed in. Reminded me of some of the soundtrack music that you would hear on some B movies from the late ‘60s to the early ‘70s. I like some of this stuff, but this did nothing for me. -Donofthedeath (Alternative Tentacles)

PG. 99

“Document 5” CD

Hardcore blended with grind, overflowing with an unrelenting tense energy. The music is thunderous, explosive, abrasive, and a million other “brutal” adjectives. Maybe you could throw a “yee-ouch” in there as well, but let’s not sink to that level. Through all the fury they manage to throw in these near serene moments that all somehow fit perfectly in the scheme of things. “Hotel Nevada1982” and “Comedy for Christ” are a couple of standouts on a pretty much flawless album. -M.Avrq (Reptilian)

PRICKS, THE

Self-titled CD EP

Okay, I really didn’t mind the rock-’n’roll-inflected punk rock sound, but when they started messin’ up two of my favorite Childmolesters songs, that’s where I draw the line. See,

those of us from this sweaty little neck of the woods take our Childmolesters tunes seriously and we don’t take kindly to people fuckin’ ‘em up, stranger. Now knock it off before the whole lot of you end up on the losing end of a thumb fight death match. Punks. -Jimmy Alvarado (Mongoloid)

RATOS DE PORAO

“Sistemados Pelo Crucifa” CD

First heard of this infamous Brazilian band from my brother Katz in the early ‘80s. Since then I only picked up the split with Colera and recently the “Carneceria Tropical” CD. They have transformed through the years to a more metalish sound. I guess they got a weird hair up their ass and decided to re-record their first LP that they first recorded and released in 1983. I like second chances. I’m not sure how rare the first LP is, but my guess is that the collectors have made it unattainable. But with luck, they are reintroducing this again for those who didn’t have the chance. I would love to compare the two to see how different the musicianship has changed. This is a great record. It has screamed, sort of guttural vocals sung in Portuguese. The simplicity of the guitar chords push the rage. It has the non-polished feel of many bands of that period. I’ve been listening to it now for about three weeks and just love the old school aspect of the whole thing. I can still feel the magic of excitement hearing a band from a distant land playing the no-holds-barred music of punk. I was playing this in the car and my friend started playing air drums before asking who the band was. I may be jaded at times, but there are many moments that I feel that the past kicks ass many times on the present. -Donofthedeath (Alternative Tentacles)

REAL KIDS

“Live in Detroit” 7”

I imagine this was recorded while they were on tour with Loose Lips. What you get is a couple of live doses of that good ol’ punk rock ‘n roll from some of the masters of the art. Sound quality is good and the band itself sounds great. Recommended. -Jimmy Alvarado (DUI)

ROCKET 455

“Go to Hell” CD

Picture the Jesus Lizard cranking on a more garage/trash Velvets trip. Good and nasty rock’n’roll, just as it should be. -Jimmy Alvarado (Get Hip)

RUN FOR

YOUR FUCKING LIFE

Self-titled LP

A good, solid hardcore unit here, kids. Lotsa tempo changes in the songs, lotsa angry words, lotsa aggro and lotsa attitude make this a good

way to start off the new millennium. This is the best thing I've heard from San Diego since the last Battalion of Saints album. -Jimmy Alvarado (Gloom)

RYKER'S

"Life's a Gamble" CD

This seems way more metal than hardcore to me. Lots of "chug-chuga-chug-chug" on this one. Now and then there's a punk-riff-type-thing thrown in there. -Pete Hucklebuck (Chord)

SATANIC SURFERS

"Fragments and Fractions" CD

You'd never expect that the singer for these guys is also the singer in Intensity and plays in Sewn Shut. Two very different bands from Satanic Surfers! Anyway, this is their latest, and perhaps best. I'm not much of a fan of this style, but I like the fact that their lyrics are of real substance and not the ilk of all those lame ass bands that write song after song about girls. -M.Avrq (Bad Taste)

SCOTT FARKUS AFFAIR, THE

"We Will Become Destination" CD
Emo/college rock. It sucked. -Jimmy Alvarado (Ambiguous City)

SCREAMERS, THE

"Demos '77-'78" LP

As highly revered, sought after, talented, and influential as The

Screamers are, they never officially released single piece of vinyl. Recent (and gorgeous) double-CD bootlegs (containing live shows and audio tracks from their Target Video appearances, among other things) have been released, and since Tomata Du Plenty died, it doesn't look like a truly legit release will ever come out. (I have no idea who owns the rights to these songs.) The simple synopsis of The Screamers: a punk band that was at times out of Seattle and LA, was huge on the club circuit, that had no guitars. And they didn't suck. Jello Biafra's been quoted as saying The Screamers were, "The best unrecorded band in the history of rock'n'roll." I personally can't think of another one. The result is easily the first example of West coast techno punk, a genre that got raped all to hell, but was as vital and real as anyone plugging in a guitar. The Screamers are aggressive, tension-filled, exciting, and different - different not just to be different, but exploring something wholly original. Visionary? Yep. Iconoclastic? You bet. Worth getting? For the adventurous or if you think you've heard it all before. The only caveat to this? There's a high pitch hum all the way through the LP and it's fucking murder listening to it on headphones. And when I played it on the stereo, the neighbors dogs freaked (which is rad in its own way.). -Todd (SOB, a bootleg)

SELF-MADE MONSTERS

"Give Me My Rabies Shot" 7" EP

Trash punk a la the Reatards, albeit minus the vitriol. The songs are simple and the lyrics aren't exactly Longfellow, but fuck if this wasn't a fun listen. Primal in all the right ways and a definite keeper. -Jimmy Alvarado (Self-Made Monsters)

SERPICO

"Everyone Vs. Everyone" CD

Pleasant post-Mould alternative/college rock. I wouldn't pay to see them, but I like 'em enough that I wouldn't change the station if they were on the radio. -Jimmy Alvarado (Boss Tuneage)

SHERYL CRO(W) MAGS, THE

"The Sheryl Cro(w) Mags #1 Hit" b/w "Watch for Repetition" 7"

Tied in a two-way split for Best Band Name, 2001 with Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission, The Sheryl Cro(w) Mags are spit and stained jeans punk by a couple of roommates who happen to be Hot Water Music's Chris Wollard and Radon's Bill Clower. The name's funny but the music's not a joke. It's got that same instant depth and musical firebranding of HWM and the seemingly unbreakable musical spine of Radon. It's different enough from their other bands to warrant its own praise but in the same vein to easily recommend to fans of both. Short, powerful, and recommended,

even if it was three guys I'd never heard of before. -Todd (No Idea, Crow(s) and Pawns)

SHIFTERS, THE

"Shattered" CD

Musically, this is pretty strong: some solid early '80s OC punk crossed with late '70s punk, resulting in a sound not unlike label mates the Bodies. Lyrically... uh, let's just say that including the lyric sheet was not the brightest of ideas. I mean, "And the kids shout - Oi! Oi! Oi!?" Please. At least put the same amount of thought into what you're saying as you do figuring out which chords sound good together and where the breaks should go. That little bitch-fest aside, I liked this. -Jimmy Alvarado (Radio)

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL

"Red-Eyed and Tongue-Tied" CD

This is fully revved thunder-rumble rock'n'roll rowdiness as obscenely loud and lewd as the roaring flames of Hell itself! It's bad-ass, ballsy, and sinfully blistering... high-octane audial attitude that's mean, miscreant, and motherfuckin' maniacal! STD harshly unleash a sonic assault of ear-incinerating wickedness (raucously replete with gargoyle-growl vocals and fiercely embittered battle bombardments of instrumental madness!) that rampantly runs circles around The Stooges, Motorhead, AC/DC, and Zeke. Hot damn indeed,

this is the devil's music, and it's size-fryin' my ears somethin' fierce! - Roger Moser, Jr. (Get Hip Recordings, Silver Tongued Devil)

SIXER

"Saving Grace" CD

Sixer chaotically create loud and lively blasts of stormin' streetscruff sonic subversion that's as rough, tough, and gruff as it gets! And "Saving Grace" is the life-altering audial equivalent of repeatedly smashing your skull with a jagged chunk of concrete: it causes the body to infectiously swell with thrashing spasms of throbbing urgency, and it overwhelmingly leaves an indelible long-term impression upon the receptor senses. The razor-slashed vocals, riot-chant choruses, and frenetically intense machinegun staccato instrumentation is raucously reminiscent of Rancid during their debut and "Let's Go" heyday (and toss in a mayhem mixture of The Clash, Swingin' Utters, and Dropkick Murphys for tumultuously ear-toastin' good measure!). Yep, this is a blistering blitzkrieg of pure punkrock perseverance, and I wouldn't have it any other way... -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

SMOGTOWN

"Audiophile" 7"

"Hey, stupid ass, didn't you review this last issue?" Why, yes, I did. The news is that it's got a non-lame cover of a giant 45-hole filler instead of the Photoshop'd emboss-filtered dohickey cover that pissed me off last issue and the vinyl's red. And I just want to remind you that Smogtown's one of the best bands to never have left California and you should urge them to come to your town. -Todd (Hostage)

SPEED OF SOUND

Self-titled CD

Very alternative. This CD has excellent recording quality and good musicianship. If you're looking for some chicks to hang out with, I bet there would be plenty at one of Speed of Sound's shows. That said, it's too nicey-nice. -Pete Hucklebuck (Speed of Sound)

STONE COYOTES, THE

"Born to Howl" CD

Pleased to see the Stone Coyotes pop back up with a new one just in time for me to get this review in. Basically the name of the game here is Songwriting with a capital S - okay, sure, sure they've got this "family" hook, seeing as the band's comprised of wife/guitarist Barbara Keith, husband/drummer Doug Tibbles, and bassist/Doug's son John Tibbles, which makes for some different media coverage and attracted novelist Elmore Leonard's attention, but I don't listen to records just because a family made them, y'know? Maybe people who buy

Danielson Family discs or Hanson do, I don't know. The Dylan-in-his-prime-quality lyrics Barbara writes kept me coming back to their last disc, "Situation Out of Control," and after two or three listens to this one, I'm already grinning at lines like "Some of these new boys/They say they want to fight/But it takes them three days/To get the drum sound right." Ha HA! Sound like anyone you know? The music does the job of conveying the tunes properly - sure, Doug's not going to be replacing John Bonham anytime soon, but he gets the job done and he's certainly established a style, one that's refreshing in its Ringoesque simplicity. Hell, at this point I'm just glad to hear something this unique (without that desperate, tattooed-and-pierced-and-dyed bullshit look-at-me-I'm-oh-so-unique fakery every new rock band seems to ooze), listenable, well-crafted, and solid. Who gives a shit if it doesn't fit into any marketable categories? Here's to hoping someone like Joan Jett or Sheryl Crow or Chrissie Hynde picks up on "First Lady of Rock" (Mommy said to Daddy, "Did you hear what she said? She said 'I like Black Sabbath and Motorhead'") and makes the Coyotes some hit royalty cash to finance more great Barb tunes. -Aaron J. Poehler (Red Cat)

SUPER CHINCHILLA RESCUE MISSION

Demo CD-R

Tickle me pink, paint giant polka dots on my ass, give me a monkey sidekick, and have me join the circus, this is great. From the ashes (well, one ash) of Gainville's mighty Panthro U.K. United 13, Jimmy "The Truth," lends his guitar talent to another band that seems to know exactly what's in my record collection and play it back in a way I've never heard before. Mixing the blatant, joyous yelping of The Thumbs, the tumbling, net-like instrumental weave of Tiltwheel, the electric cut-throat-the-shit guitar of Leatherface, and the dark excitement of a city in the throes of a power outage on the verge of a full-on riot is not a bad way to release a demo. The handwritten note said it was recorded at the University of Maryland in five hours. Fuck yeah. This CD was stuck in my truck for two weeks. Literally. I think it's a wee bit fatter than a regular CD (and it's black, not shiny. Cool.), and it wouldn't eject, so I gave this about sixty listens until Sean suggested I pop the fuse. Worked like a charm. Now it's stuck in the home stereo for pure enjoyment reasons. The only question that remains is who's going to be smart enough to release it? -Todd (Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission)

SWELL MAPS

"Sweep The Desert" CD

The mind-boggling musical artistry

of the Swell Maps is so damn uniquely original, it defies all logical definition! Although their experimental post-punk aural inventiveness is brilliantly unparalleled, they are cacophonously comparable to a brightly colored careening out-of-control hodgepodge of Pere Ubu, Wire, Hawkwind (albeit briefer song durations, frenetically more intricate structures, and disjointed more spastic instrumentation!), Mission Of Burma, Gang Of Four, Husker Du, PIL, and even a bombastic bit of Chrome. It's a musical montage of frenzied sounds maniacally sequenced in a discordant disarray of bewildered devil-may-care commotion... it's convoluted aural imagery brazenly brimming with fitful nervous energy and lively wild abandon... it's unrivaled artistic integrity at its most intense... it's venerable, pristine, and viable. It's the Swell Maps! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Alive/Total Energy)

SWELL MAPS

"Sweep The Desert" CD

Though I don't have much by this band, they're definitely a favorite. This disc collects songs from their past releases (some selections overlapping what was compiled on "Collision Time Revisited" over 10 years ago). The influence this band had on music is unreal. You can hear it in Sonic Youth, Joy Division, and Mission Of Burma, just to name a

few. Discordant music that fucked with what was considered standard in song writing, and at the heart was a good pop song. "Fashion Cult" is a great example. Noisy, jangly, and catchier than hell. Same with the triptych "Full Moon in My Pocket," "BLAM!!," and "Full Moon (Reprise)." My favorite stuff, though, is the dark "Big Empty Field (no. 2)," and "Collision With a Frogman vs. The Mangrove Delta Plan." -M.Avrq (Alive / Total Energy)

TEDIO

"Abbinamento Editoriale Vietata la Vendita" CD

Italian art rock that isn't as pretentious as that label implies. The songs are engaging enough and are sometimes a little reminiscent of a less intense Minutemen.

-Jimmy Alvarado (Tedio)

TEMPLARS, THE

"Biaus Seignors Freres" CD

Along with The Templars here, are The East Side Boys, Ibano & Templars, and Sons of Acre. The recording has little quality, if any. Although there are a few decent tracks on this CD, I wouldn't recommend it to anybody. -Pete Hucklebuck (TKO)

TERRIFYING

EXPERIENCE, THE

"Magnetic Breakthrough" CD

College rock that, by the end, turned out to be a waste of some really loud guitars. -Jimmy Alvarado (Mental Telemetry)

THUG MURDER

"The 13th Round" CD

I'm speechlessly awe-struck and agog! This is the end-all be-all punkrock release of the past two decades! Why, how come, and what the hell for (you may not ask)?! Well, just because Thug Murder ballistically blaze to the max (and then some!) with auditory attitude galore! This trio of terroristic tune-destroyers turbulently transfix my ears with their ragin' punkrock roarings of aural disorder that's exhaustively fast, frenzied, ferocious, and flailing all over the fuckin' place! They are the fierce female equivalent of The Ramones, Sex Pistols, early Rancid, The Nobodys, and Wizo cacophonously crossbred with a leaner, meaner Shonen Knife... flesh-shreddin' chainsaw riffs, thunderously stompin' gut-pummeling rhythms, viciously snotty spit-in-your-face vocals, and all of the rebellious spirit and wild, crazed youthfulness noxiously needed to sonically surpass most of their mentors, contemporaries, and like-minded punkrock comrades-in-arms! Yep, I'll even go so far as to proudly place this beligerently loud disc, song for song, in the same venerable league as The Ramones' self-titled debut, the Sex

Pistols' "Never Mind the Bollocks...", The Clash's self-titled debut, The Buzzcocks' "Singles Going Steady," and The Misfits' "Legacy of Brutality." "The 13th Round" is so damn awe-inspiring and swift, no amount of descriptive praise can adequately define its furious nuclear conflagration of flesh-scorching sound. So my brew-sloshed suggestion to you all is simple and sincere: acquire this ear-blistering CD now at any cost whatsoever (even if ya have to rob your very own grandmother blind!)... it's essential listening for your continued unruly punkrock existence! -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

TOMMY & THE TERRORS

"Mass. Hysteria" CD

Boston skinhead stuff that sounds more hardcore than oi, although there is that undercurrent. They're pretty good for the most part, a little reminiscent of Negative Approach but not to the point of rehashing, and the lyrics aren't too bad. I liked it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rodent Popsicle)

TONGUE

"Sweet Meat" CD

The terror from Pasadena unleashes another assault upon an unsuspecting public. They've actually managed to add more depth to their already pretty cerebral art-damaged hardcore and there's the occasional tinge of (gulp) pop on some songs.

Liz's voice is in fine form, Ivan's guitar noodling is top notch and Rickles and Kevin lay down one hell of a solid backbeat. The production is excellent and the whole effort seems to have considerably more punch than their last effort. As if quality punk rock noise wasn't enough, the damn thing is also filled with a bunch of CD-ROM stuff, including pictures of tours and other bands (Hey, ain't that Beast and "Halfers" George from Media Blitz? Ron TSOL? Julia Bell?!), live footage and an unnerving loop of a severed finger. Coming from a person who notoriously talks shit even to his friends, this is one impressive release, kids. Dos lenguas sticking straight up, way up, courtesy of the East Los chapter of the Bitter Old Punk Bastard Brigade. There Rick, you got your good review. Where's the 20 bucks you promised me in exchange for singing your band's praises in print? -Jimmy Alvarado (Hello)

TRAM

"Frequently Asked Questions" **CD**
Really mellow, almost lullaby-type stuff that was pretty, but, seeing as I'm at work right now, it got dull pretty damn quick. Perfect for those late nights when one is plagued with insomnia. -Jimmy Alvarado (Jetset)

TRENCHCOAT ARMY

Self-titled **7" EP**

Any record with a crucified football player on its cover automatically warrants a thumbs-up from this end. The music here is thrash without all the wanky metal parts that have permeated the genre for the last 15 years or so. -Jimmy Alvarado (Mad at the World)

TURNEDOWN

Self-titled **CD**

"Radio-friendly" comes to mind, but where I come from, that's usually not a good thing. I turned it down. -Pete Hucklebuck (Sessions)

UNKNOWN, THE

"Pop Art" **CD**

Picture, if you will: a castrated All with a not-so-secret love for later period Cars. -Jimmy Alvarado (Boss Tuneage)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"33 Cheap Shots and Low Blows" **CD**

A collection of TKO singles and EPs from 1997/98, most of which are out of print, I think. Bands making an appearance here are One Man Army, the Forgotten, Workin' Stiffs, Templars, Lower Class Brats, Anti-Heroes, Dropkick Murphys, the Bodies, Dead End Cruisers, the Randumbs and the Truents, respectively. While all the bands are more than adequate at what they do (shit, even the bands I usually loathe sound pretty cool here), the real

gems here that make the whole thing worth the green are the tracks by the Bodies and the Randumbs, especially the latter's "Money Shot," which still sounds as cool as when my friend Art Munoz first taped it for me two years ago. -Jimmy Alvarado (TKO)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"All Ages" **CD**

No Redeeming Social Value, Ensign, Indecision, Double Crossed, Kill Your Idols, Vitamin X, Destroyed by Anger and a gaggle of other hardcore groups cover songs by the Descendents, Underdog, the Rolling Stones, GG Allin, Raw Deal and others. Some of it's good, most of it's pretty bad, especially the Peeping Toms and Milhouse, who should be kneecapped for their crimes against the Descendents. The Putrid Flowers' '80s medley, however, was an absolute riot, especially their segue from Billy Joel's "The Longest Time" to Metallica's "One." -Jimmy Alvarado (DIY)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Boston Punk 2000" **CD**

An overview, I guess, of what's going on in Boston's hardcore scene lately. Features Toxic Narcotic, A Poor Excuse, August Spies, Indignation, A Global Threat, Lost Cause, Dead Pedestrians and a boatload of others. Things tend to stay on the speedy side of things, but there is

the occasional oi song here and there to break up the monotony. From the sound of things, I bet that the shows in Boston are pretty rockin'. A good listen here, kids. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rodent Popsicle)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Delphonic Sounds Today!" **CD**

Bob Keane... hmmm... he's one of those pop/cult names synonymous with record collectors everywhere. I'm not one of them, but even a dumbnut like me can tell you this guy rocks. Why? Well, he founded Del-Fi Records, one of the world's most successful and unforgettable independent record labels of all time. Although Del-Fi closed its doors after their thoroughbred Bobby Fuller's tragic demise, the music of Del-Fi continued to live on in the hearts and minds of pop music fans everywhere. Mr. Keane also takes mucho credit for signing a diverse cross section artists such as Ritchie Valens, Chan Romero, Barry White (!) and The Lively Ones (you know, Pulp Fiction) and The Centurions to name a few. Let's just safely assume that without this guy, oldies radio would not be the same. Cholos and playas would have no make-out music to call their own. Surfers would be trapped in Jan and Dean hell. Surprisingly, Mr. Keane is still very much alive today and continues the innovative traditions of Del-Fi with a rowdy bunch of music enthu-

siast co-conspirators whose efforts culminate masterfully with this offering of the old and new peering through a delightful aural looking glass. I generally tend to think compilations are hard to sit through. Oh those countless tribute comps and "comedy" comps just make me wish I could just grab for a shotgun and use it like a 15-year-old high school kid, but this one exhibits fresh makeovers by latter day artists putting their own signature touch on these timeless rock gems. The Jigsaw Seen's take on The American Four's "Luci Baines" is pure, hazy, happy drug-addled joy (I swear your body tingles when you listen to this). Deke Dickerson's Dekes of Hazzard (fuck, how many bands is this guy in anyways?) puts Deke's dexterous fingers to use on that famous double neck Mosrite of his with their rendition of "The World's Greatest Sinner" by Baby Ray & The Ferns - Frank Zappa (gasp!) The Negro Problem sound very "Randy Neuman" doing "Magic Touch" by The Bobby Fuller Four. Speaking of The Bobby Fuller Four, you know someone HAS to cover "I Fought The Law" on this comp. Who would be more appropriate to execute this deed than our own anti-Christ of rock, The Brian Jonestown Massacre? Drone power, baby, full-on John's Children psyche dervish. Pass the fucking drugs, I think I'm Anton. Alrightee, this review is getting too long. Let me wrap it up: Davie Allen And The Arrows, The Liquor Giants (doin' Chan Romero's "Hippy Hippy Shake" - straight up, yeah!), Man or Astroman?, Neil Mooney, The Wondermints, Mello Cads, Los Straightjacket and a plethora of others make this an enjoyable and even comfortable audio experience. Trust me, it's got something for everyone. -Miss Namella J. Kim (Del-Fi)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Fat Music Volume IV - Live Fat, Die Young" **CD**

I will steal this format from the infamous Jimmy Alvarado to give credit where credit is due. This is the first Fat comp that I can think of that finally has unreleased tracks: Zero Down: Pennywise meets Strung Out, my wife loves the track. No Use for A Name: Soft Pop. Anti Flag: The chorus didn't add up for me with the rest of the lyrics at first but my peanut-sized brain finally comprehended. Great song that I hum the chorus for hours on end after listening. Good Riddance: Nothing has come close to the sheer fury of the "Operation Phoenix" album but this is still a good track. Fabulous Disaster: Still haven't gotten the CD to see what the songs are titled. Did see them locally and they absolutely ripped. Many missed out due to an early time slot. Another great song. Sick of It All: Powerful and brilliant.

Mad Caddies: Didn't do anything for me. Consumed: Consistently a winner. Strung Out: Zero Down was much better. Bracket: I passed. Frezal Rhomb: Passed again. NOFX: Like the guy and the label but not the band. Rise Against: Just as powerful as the SOIA track and many points for singing straight through 98 percent of the song. I couldn't breath listening to it. Lagwagon: Once again I passed. Wizo: Their songs that are sung in German seem to be the best and this confirms my beliefs. Propagandhi: I like some of their stuff but this track did nothing for me. Tilt: They are a grow on me type of band but I always like it at the end. The same with this track. Snuff: What can I say, other than they are musical geniuses. Me First & the Gimme Gimmes: A '60s theme this time around and a chuckle from the tummy is always guaranteed. Swingin Utters: This is how Social Distortion should sound now. -Donofthedeath (Fat)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Hangin' from the Devil's Tree" **CD**

This is a benefit for Your Flesh Magazine, who seem to be in some sort of unnamed financial trouble. The tracks here, wildly varied in style and mostly good, come courtesy of Monster Magnet, New Bomb Turks, Bellrays (live!), Rocket From the Crypt, Sun City Girls (now there's a name I've not heard in at least 15 years) and others. Well worth the green if your taste in music includes punk, free form jazz and everything in between. -Jimmy Alvarado (Your Flesh)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Industrial Strength 2001" **CD**

Rats, Oozies, Strychnine, Cell Block 5, Shitgiveits, Oppressed Logic, Glamour Pussy, Jumbo Shrimp, East Bay Chasers, The Process, Doomsday Device, Puzzle Box. -Pete Hucklebuck (Industrial Strength)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Killed by Hardcore" **LP**

New in the "Killed by Death" series and the start of increasing prices of the time period between 1980 - 1985. Now you will start seeing "KBH" on Ebay to drive those prices up. This is the time period that holds true to my heart and one that I definitely call my own. I'm more of an observer now more than anything but still a fan. Here lies a great international comp that is very comparable to the Tim Yohannon tribute comp that came out last year. Many great bands on this release which I only have a few of the tracks in my collection due to being young and poor at the time. For the first in the series, many bands are represented here. Urban Waste, Terveet Kadet, NOTA, Colera, The Fix, America's Hardcore, Lama, Nihilistics, The

Execute, The State and others. An informative insert is enclosed. A great comp from start to finish. I definitely will collect this series. -Donofthedeath (Redrum, no address)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"New World Hors D' Oeuvres Volume Two" **7" EP**

Toy Train: Noisy, back-beat driven dementia that's hypnotic, hooky, and hip hoppy. Fantastically, the song's narrative is a dark, post-apocalyptic story line ala "Warriors of the Wasteland" infused through a shaker of a Mr. Boston's bartender's guide (ie: "Bloody Mary didn't pay for a genocide and tonic" and "My body ached for a hot toti."). It holds together much better than it sounds. Eternal 13: Soaring, guitar-beautiful skaterock sawed from half of Bloodhag's body that's a fun and powerful bludgeon and attack while grinding infinite coping. The Cripples: "Split Apart" - '60s synthesizer rock being slaughtered and splattered and crashed about on the hard rocks of gauzey guitars. Makes me think of The Mummies, which is a fine thought. "Miracle" is more standard fuzz rock fare that's repetitive. My least favorite track of the four. All in all, impressively an diverse 7", scoring with three cool songs. -Todd (Extravertigo)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"No-fi Trash" **CD**

With the exception of the always swell Adventures of Jet, here are 27 reasons why you should give up listening to music (and punk in particular) entirely. Absolutely abominable. -Jimmy Alvarado (Suburban Home)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Punch Drunk II" **CD**

This is a full-fledged fist-thrustin' aural assault of insurgent street-scuff punkrock radicalism; brutish, thuggish, and cataclysmically confrontational to the max! Oi, old school, and other assorted sonic chaos is raucously regurgitated by such heathenish hoodlums as Reducers S.F., Dropkick Murphys, The Forgotten, The Beltones, The Bodies, The Generators, The Randumbs, The Templars, The Vigilantes, Thug Murder, and numerous others. The riot-inciting sounds brazenly splattered throughout this supercharged disc are industriously representative of true punkrock aural belligerence: gruff working-class vocals, rugby chant choruses, rapid-fire machinegun guitar riffs, balls-out ground-rumbling bass thumpings, and boot-stompin' cobblestone alleyway drum poundings. Sure enough, I'm now deliriously punchdrunk on ale, anarchy, and these brain-rattlin' TKO anthems... that's cer-

tainly a combustive combination I can always usefully indulge! -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“Rock ‘n’ Roll War” CD

One o’ them there punk’n’roll comps, featuring the Dictators, Jeff Dahl, Sour Jazz, Sylvain Sylvain, Nikki Sudden, Trash Brats, B-Movie Rats, at least three bands with Kevin K. and a host of others. Some of it’s pretty good, some of it blows, some of it just flat-out bores, which is about par for these things, I guess. -Jimmy Alvarado (Vicious Kitten)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“Rodent Popsicle Records “Boston Punk 2000” CD

Toxic Narcotic, A Global Threat, A Poor Excuse, The Profits, The Statistics, Class Action, Crash & Burn, Razorwire, MourningSide, August Spies, Indignation, The Short Lived, Entrophy, The Nockers, Fallen Short, Disaster Strikes, C.O.P., C.H.U.D., Dumpster Junkies, Lost Cause, Dead Pedestrians, Downfall Fear, and Shoot The Hostages. Metal/hardcore. -Pete Hucklebuck (Rodent Popsicle)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“Speed Freaks 4” 7” EP

There’s yet to be a dreg in this comp series! Raising the bar higher this edition brings you blistering assaults from DS-13, Dudman, Ruido,

Cripple Bastards, Tumult, and Dahmer! I think that says it all there. Get it. -M.Avrq (Knot Music)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“Terror Firmer” CD

The soundtrack to a Troma film I’ve never heard of, featuring Less Than Jake, All, Lunachicks, Vandals, Two Man Advantage, Ensign, NOFX, Gwar, Melvins, Sick of It All, Vision of Disorder, Toilet Boys and a boatload of more of your favorite punk rock heroes. I don’t know if it was intentional, but when Under the Gun’s band name is coupled with the title of their track, “Nowhere to Run,” you get the chorus to a Circle Jerks song. Neato. -Jimmy Alvarado (Go Kart)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“The Ecstasy of the Agony” CD

This cramped conglomerate of a compilation offers a whopping wallop of widely varying audial diversity. It seethes, simmers, boils, and conflagrantly rages with an awe-inspiring abundance of frenzied emotings of sound: psycho electronic emissions (The Causey Way, Jad Fair & Jason Willet); scathing social/political spoken word diatribes (Noam Chomsky, Mumia Abu-Jamal, Angela Davis, Jello Biafra, Howard Zinn); roaring rock’n’roll robustness (Black Kali Ma, Los Infernos, Queen Bee); abrasive noise nefariousness (Amebix, Ratos

De Porao, Pachinko); clanging-clamoring musical originality (NoMeansNo, Creeps On Candy, Victim’s Family, Half Japanese, Lard, Dead & Gone, Iowaska); vastly assorted inflections of sonic Americana (Slim Cessna’s Auto Club, Wesley Willis); and, of course, skull-pummelling punkrock raucousness (Fartz, Pitchshifter, The Dicks, SNFU, The No WTO Combo, Free Beer, BGK, False Prophets). This is definitely unequivocally well worth the bargain price of \$5.99 for over 75 minutes of ear-pleasing mayhem! My unsolicited advice for you all: open your ears and expand your minds with the revolutionary aural rumblings of Alternative Tentacles’ diversely colorful and wide-ranging roster of recording artists... -Roger Moser, Jr. (Alternative Tentacles)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“The Punx” LP

Sometimes you have to say thanks to the bootleggers out there. It gives people a chance to listen to music that is either hard to get or too expensive in this collectors’ market. This is a classic example. I don’t recall the original but my guess is the original came out between 1983 - 1985. I know the first time I heard these bands from Japan and got releases of some of these bands was when I was still in high school. I don’t know if anything is missing

from the original, but you do get two tracks each from Lip Cream, Gas, GISM, Laughin’ Nose, Cobra and Willard. I remember the excitement every time I got a new release from Japan. It was so hard to come by and was expensive. A great sampler of that time period. -Donofthedeat (Bootleg, address unknown)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“Too Legit for the Pit” CD

Sweet Jesus, is this bad. Twelve hardcore groups cover twelve different rap songs and only succeed in making themselves look like total fucking idiots. I’m not gonna even bother naming them (even though I’m far from what you would call a fan of the other crap they produce) because I’m just flat out embarrassed for them. If anybody reading this happen to meet up with the members of either Aerosmith or Anthrax on the street, do me a favor: kick ‘em square in the nuts. I hold them personally responsible for all the lousy punk/metal/rap hybrid groups that plague the music scene, from Limp Bizkit right on down to all the pendejos on this piece of shit comp. -Jimmy Alvarado (Radical)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

“Toxic Narcotic/The Unseen...” CD

A compilation of four 7” EPs on one disc featuring Toxic Narcotic, the Unseen, A Global Threat, the Statistics and A Poor Excuse. All

five bands play hardcore of varying speeds and all are really good at what they do, even the Statistics, whose 7-inch I remember, in a fit of really bad judgement, I gave a bad review a while back. Sorry, but snorting grape Kool Aid does things to the mind. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rodent Popsicle)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Toxic Narcotic/The Unseen..." CD
With song titles such as "Metal Mosh Maniac," it's not hard to describe this CD at all. -Pete Hucklebuck (Rodent Popsicle)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Wild News from Frenchy Radio Punk Rock" 7" EP

This features Jerry Spider Gang, Jerky Turkey, Gasolheads, Machine Gun Kelly, Sugarfix, Exxon Valdez and Sonic Assassin. All sound like they spent way too much time over-analyzing those Killed By Death comps. In all, they were all pretty good if not particularly original. -Jimmy Alvarado (Lollipop)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"You Call This Music?!" CD
The theory behind this comp is that every punk has been listening to something he really digs and someone else has come along and said "You call this music?" In response, Geykido Comet throw up their middle fingers and scream, "Fuck yeah.

Just listen to this shit." There's a pretty diverse collection of bands on this comp, from old, famous bands like DOA and Citizen Fish to cool former bands like Falling Sickness and Jon Cougar Concentration Camp to the-next-big-thing bands like the Eyeliners to a bunch of bands I've never heard of. The only thing all the songs have in common is they're pretty good. This is what punk rock radio would be on a good day. And, just to keep the DIY spirit strong and do something really cool, they price this CD at \$3.00. And it's almost seventy minutes long. It just don't see how you could go wrong. -Sean Carswell (Geykido Comet)

WARM JETS

Self-titled 7"

"She Says" sounds like a variation on the Effigies' "Security." "Diabla" sounds like a variation on virtually any Nirvana riff. -Jimmy Alvarado (Acme)

WEIRD LOVEMAKERS, THE

"Back 20" CD

The Weird Lovemakers have been around for about five years. They've written a ton of songs, put out two albums on Empty, and a third one is coming out in July. Beyond all of that, they have a bunch of songs that never made it onto comps or seven inches or anything, and apparently, the guitarist/singer Greg got sick of having all of these songs in his head

and never being able to listen to them. So the band went into the studio, recorded this gem, and released it themselves. It's got that raw, trashy rock'n'roll sound that I've come to love about the Weird Lovemakers, and the DIY recording definitely sounds like it's shaking the garage door off its tracks. But it's so much more than that. There's a doo-wop song here (though Weird Lovemaker doo-wop is tantamount to Picasso portrait painting). There's an eighties new wave song (see comment about Picasso), and there's just a lot of good rock'n'roll. There's even a sample from one of the greatest movies of all time - "Miller's Crossing." Thumbing through the lyric sheet, trying to sift through Greg or Jaime's screaming antics, I was even amazed to find that the lyrics are really good. They tell stories about a drug runner waiting out the statute of limitations in Mexico ("flipping my finger at the USA") and about being the homely roommate/best friend to a really pretty girl. Things like that. Because they were less cautious and doing it themselves, this album is more diverse than their previous two Empty ones. It's highly recommended. The Weird Lovemakers are, without a doubt, the best band that you've never heard of. I'd say more good things about them, but it already sounds like I'm gushing on their payroll. -Sean Carswell (Star Time)

X-IMPOSSIBLES

"White Knuckle Ride" CD

Boring rock'n'roll dressed up nice and dirty for all you big, tough, leather jacket-wearing punkers. -Jimmy Alvarado (Headhunter/Cargo)

YIDCORE

Self-titled CD

Well, here's some inspired lunacy: as the band name suggests, this is a set of traditional Jewish songs (and a couple of originals, I believe) given the hardcore treatment. The whole thing is pretty riotous, although I don't think the Hassidim are going to find it the least bit funny, seeing as some of the songs are supposed to be sung directly to God himself. Still, you gotta give these guys their props for being comfortable enough in their faith to have a little fun with it. My obligatory gripe? Where's the dreidel song? Highly recommended, even for goy-boys like you and I. -Jimmy Alvarado (Swell)



Contact Addresses

- **206**, 8314 Greenwood Ave. N. - PMB 102, Seattle, WA 98103; <http://www.206records.com>
- **Acme**, PO Box 441, Dracut, MA 01826
- **Alive/Total Energy**, PO Box 7112 Burbank CA 91510; <http://alive-totalenergy.com/>
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9092
- **Ambiguous City**, PO Box 31560, Baltimore, MD 21207
- **Ann Beretta**, PO Box 12246, Richmond, VA 23246
- **Anti**, 2798 Sunset Boulevard, LA, CA 90026
- **Atom and His Package**; <www.atomandhispackage.com>
- **Bad Afro**, Poste Restante, Frederiksberg Alle 6, DK-1820 Frederiksberg C, Denmark
- **The Bad Form**, PO Box 5921, Parsippany, NJ 07054
- **Bad Taste**, Stora Sodergatan 38, S-222 23 Lund, Sweden; <www.badtasterecords.com>
- **Billyclub**, PO Box 823276, Dallas, TX 75382; <http://billyclub.tsx.org>
- **Bloodhag**, PO Box 19802, Seattle WA 98109
- **The Blue Balls**, PO Box 1821, Los Alamitos, CA; <theblueballs@aol.com>
- **Boss Tuneage**, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK
- **Break Up**, PO Box 15372, Columbus, OH 43215-0372
- **The Briefs**; <www.thebriefs.com>
- **Burning Heart**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
- **BYO**, PO Box 67a64, LA, CA 90067; <www.byorecords.com>
- **Cheryl Cro(w) Mags**, 116 NW 13th. St. - 141, Gainesville, FL 32601
- **Chord**, PO Box 15793, Philadelphia, PA 19103
- **Cleopatra**, 13428 Maxella Ave. - PMB 251, Marina del Rey, CA 90292
- **Coalition** c/o Jergen Vrijhoef, PO Box 243, 6500 AE Nijmegen, The Netherlands
- **Crank**, 8571 Higuera Street, Los Angeles, CA 90232
- **Crystal Clear Sound** - Geff Grimes, 10486 Brockwood Rd., Dallas, TX 75238; <geff@crystalclearsound.com>
- **Dead Beat**, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078
- **Del-Fi**; <www.del-fi.com>
- **DeSoto**, PO Box 60932, WDC 20039; <www.desotorecords.com>
- **Destroy All Records**, 3818 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026; <www.destroyallmusic.com>
- **Dirtnap**, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111
- **DIY**, 15-59 149 Street, Queens, NY 11357-2552)
- **Down in Flames/Brian**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **Downway**; <www.downway.com>
- **DUI**, PO Box 46073, Mt. Clemens, MI 48046
- **Empty**, PO Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102; <www.emptyrecords.com>
- **Epitaph**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026
- **Extravertigo**, 1122 E. Pike St. - 513, Seattle, WA 98122
- **Fat Wreck Chords**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119
- **Get Hip**, PO Box 666, Cannonsburg, PA 15317
- **Geykido Comet**, PO Box 3743, Laguna Hills, CA 92654
- **Gloom**, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212
- **Go Kart**, PO Box 20 Prince St., NY, NY 10012
- **God** <www.godrecords.com>
- **Hawk /Voiceprint**, PO Box 50, Houghton-Le-Spring, Tyne & Wear, England DH4 5YP
- **Headhunter/Cargo**, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432
- **Hellcat**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., L.A., CA 90026; <www.hell-cat.com>
- **The Hellions**, PO Box 550672, Dallas, TX 75355-0672; <www.thehellionspunkrock.com>
- **Hello**, 100 E. Vine St., Suite 809, Lexington, KY 40507; <www.hellorecords.com>
- **HG Fact**, 105 Nakano Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo 164-0013, Japan
- **Honest Don's**, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119-2027
- **Hopeless**, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409
- **Hostage**, PO Box 7736, Huntington Beach, CA 92615
- **Hydrahead**, PO Box 990248, Boston, MA 02199
- **I Scream**; <www.iscreamrecords.com>
- **Industrial Strength**, 2824 Regatta Blvd, Richmond, CA 94804; <www.industrialstrengthrec.com>
- **Invisible**, PO Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616
- **Ipecac**; <www.ipecac.com>
- **Jetset**, 67 Vestry St., Suite 5C, NY, NY 10013
- **King Bee**, PO Box 1164, Denver, CO 90201
- **Knot Music**, PO Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090-0501)
- **Kung Fu**, PO Box 3061, Seal Beach, CA 90740; <www.kungfurecords.com>
- **Lollipop**, 7 Impasse Monsegur, 13016, Marseille, France
- **Lookout**, 3264 Adeline Street, Berkeley, CA 94703; <www.lookoutrecords.com>
- **Mad at the World**, PO Box 5216, New Brunswick, NJ 08901
- **The Man**, 1845 Lucretia Ave., LA, CA 90026
- **Mental Telemetry**, PO Box 46643, Kansas City, MO, 64188
- **Metal Blade**, 2628 Cochran Street - PMB 302, Simi Valley, CA 93085-2793
- **Mint Records**, PO Box 3613, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3Y6; <mint@mintrecs.com>
- **Mongoloid**, PO Box 48029/3575 Douglas Street, Victoria BC, Canada V8Z7H5
- **Nardwuar The Human Serviette**, PO Box 27021 - 1395 Marine Dr., West Vancouver, BC Canada V7T 2X8; <nardwuar@nardwuar.com>
- **No Idea**, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604-4636
- **Omplatten**, PO Box 230712 Ansonia Station NY, NY 10023; <www.omplatten.com>
- **Overground**, PO Box 1NW, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1NW, England
- **Radical**, 77 Bleeker St. C2-21, NY, NY 10012)
- **Radio Blast**, PO Box 160308, 40566 Dusseldorf, Germany
- **Radio**, PO Box 1452, Sonoma, CA 95476
- **Recess**, PO Box 1112, Torrance, CA 90505
- **Red Cat**; <www.stonecoyotes.com>
- **Reptilian**, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231; <www.reptilianrecords.com>
- **Rodent Popsicle**, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134
- **Self-Made Monsters**, PO Box 1122, China Grove, NC 28023
- **Self-Starter**, PO Box 1562, NY, NY 10276
- **Sessions**, 15 Janis Way, Scotts Valley, CA 95066
- **Sideonedummy**, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028
- **Silver Tongued Devil**, 10 Victory Lane, Leetsdale, PA 15056; <www.silvertongueddevil.com>
- **Skanking Skull**, 40101 Sherydan Glenn, Lady Lake, FL 32159
- **Slap A Ham**, PO Box 420843, SF, CA 94142-0843
- **Slutfish**, 327 Bedford Avenue - A2, Brooklyn, NY 11211
- **Speed of Sound**; <www.speedofsound.com>
- **Star Time**, PO Box 43091, Tucson, AZ 85733; <www.weirdlovemakers.com>
- **Status**, PO Box 1300, Thousand Oaks, CA 91358
- **Sub City**, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409
- **Suburban Home**, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204
- **Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission**, 1841 Columbia Rd. NW - 218, Washington, DC 20009; <chinchillarescue@hotmail.com>
- **Swell**, PO Box 287004, NY, NY 10128)
- **Tedio**; <www.crushsite.it/pro/tedio.html>
- **TKO**, 4104 24th Street - 103, SF, CA 94114; <www.tkorecords.com>
- **Touch and Go**, PO Box 25520, Chicago, IL 60625
- **Troubleman Unlimited**, address too small on back of cover to read
- **Vicious Kitten**, GPO Box 20, Canberra, ACT, 2601 Australia
- **Yep Roc**; <www.yeproc.com>
- **Yesha, Inc.**, PO Box 31725, Charlotte, NC 28231-1725; <www.mysocalledband.com>
- **Your Flesh**, PO Box 25764, Chicago, IL 60625-0764

Introducing Razorcake's...

PUNK ROCK GIRL



Erin from
Fat Wreck
Chords (left)
with punk
rock sex
expert Annie
Sprinkle

With each issue of Razorcake, we'd like to include the picture of one woman who makes our independent music scene that much cooler. This issue, we've included Erin from Fat Wreck Chords. Sure, we did an interview with Erin and her husband, Fat Mike, for issue number one, but fuck it. We like Erin and we like Fat Wreck Chords and we were really impressed after speaking with her and understanding exactly how much she's done for punk rock. And since that last interview, Razorcake headquarters has been blessed with great new Fat Wreck CDs from bands like Big in Japan, Fabulous Disaster, Anti-Flag, Me First and the Gimme Gimmes, and Propagandi. On top of that, we got to see cool Fat Wreck bands like Avail and Swingin' Utters live. And no, this isn't a Fat Wreck Chords ad and no we aren't a Fat Wreck Chords zine. We're just fans. We also know that Erin keeps Fat Wreck alive and Fat Mike from being more than a slovenly, drunk, aging punk. So this page is for her. Also pictured is Annie Sprinkle, a punk rock sex expert and pretty righteous broad herself.

If you want to be the next Razorcake Punk Rock Girl, send your picture and info to the address listed at the front of the magazine. Fuck you in advance if you think we're going to run lame band promo shots with your website address attached. We want real "girl next door" punks. Publicists need not apply.



Send all zines for review to Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. Please include a contact address, the number of pages, the price, and whether or not you accept trades.



2600: THE HACKER QUARTERLY

Volume 17, Number Four, Winter 2000-2001, \$5 US, \$7.15 Can., 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, offset, glossy cover, 58 pgs.

2600's the real deal - a magazine, website, and radio show that thrives on the dissemination of technological information. Some call it hacking. Some call it freedom of speech. One thing's for sure: there's no question concerning the validity of their rebellion. They're getting sued once again. The court ruled that 2600 was guilty of reporting (not making) a circumvention device under the Digital Millennium Copyright Act. Basically, someone made some a program, called DeCSS, that made it possible to play DVDs on a system (Linux, a public domain operating system) that it was designed not to work on. Stripping it down - 2600 is in trouble for telling people how technology works. That's their threat. Large corporations are scared and indignant. NBC, CBS, Verizon, General Motors, Staples, and The Guinness Book of World Records have all threatened lawsuits. Why? Because their balls and chains (this time around, much more pervasive and intrusive) are being lockpicked by people who are supposed to just roll over.

In this issue: Ever wanted Verizon's employee info line? , an introduction to snooping around the web, an introduction to radio scanning, how to get anyone's credit report for free, hacking an NT domain from the desktop, and some tricks to get free phone calls. Beware that it's often very technical and assumes a pretty computer-savvy reader, but there's always a couple of articles that someone relatively new to the culture, such as myself, can understand and learn from.

Ok, I was going to end the review there, but there's just too much good stuff. This was in the letters section. By 2005, the FCC is forcing all audio television signals to HDTV, replacing analog with digital; a different frequency. So what? Well, the analog TV audio signals are right below those currently used for FM radio - a whole, freshly freed bandwidth of frequencies that have yet to be claim jumped that could quite possibly be used for community radio, enough to have multiple stations in every city in America. I had no idea. -Todd (2600, PO Box 99, Middle Island, NY 11953-0099; <www.2600.com>)

CINEMAD #4, \$4 ppd., 8 1/2 x 11, offset, 60 pgs.

A friend gave me this magazine to

check out, and I gradually ended up reading and enjoying every word of it. Pretty much one guy, Mike Plante, puts it out, and he does a really good job. It's full of nice, clean layouts and tons of great articles. It's hard to pick out my favorites, but I really enjoyed the interview with a stuntman named Jeff Jensen, who, among other things, did all the Lone Biker of the Apocalypse stunts in "Raising Arizona." There's also a really interesting article about one woman's bizarre experience filming a documentary in Cairo, Egypt. Another article takes you through one man's search through the Republic of Georgia for a long lost Russian filmmaker. Plante is also an impressive interviewer. He's well researched and has a knack for making his interviews interesting even if you haven't heard of the filmmaker he's interviewing. Cinemad ranks up there with Micro-Film at the top of my "zines about movies I'll never see" category. -Sean (Cinemad, PO Box 43909, Tucson, AZ 85733)

GARAGE AND BEAT! #2, \$3.50 ppd., 8 1/2 x 11, offset newsprint, 56 pgs.

Former Flipside columnist extraordinaire, P. Edwin Letcher, is currently investing all of his knowledgeable inked efforts into this groovily fascinating periodical... he proficiently writes with passion, expertise, and skillful frenzied zeal about the wild'n'-woolly musical genres of beat, garage, surf, psyche, mod, and so much more! In this second spectacularly sizzlin' installment of GAB!, your eyes will be eagerly feast on such visually striking stimuli as a CD box set showdown between The Seeds and The Zombies, informatively entertaining interrogative romps with the lively and loud likes of The Mooney Suzuki, The Invisible Men, Barry Tashian of The Remains, and the seemingly amiable Art of Musick Recordings; and, of course, there's an analytical array of grandiose record reviews galore! Yes, indeed, Garage and Beat! is an essential ink-stained staple for your complete page-perusing pleasure... -Roger Moser, Jr.

GRINDSTONE #11, \$3.50 ppd., 8 1/2 x 11, offset, 40 pgs.

Grindstone is a zine for the rockabilly/urban redneck set. This issue has interviews with Hank Williams III, The Domino Kings, Cave Catt Sammy, and a bunch of other names you may not know, but you'd recognize by their pompadours and tattoos. It's mostly interviews and reviews and hip-

retro ads, but at the back is a really cool article that explores the past and present of Chicano Rock. Grindstone is worth the \$3.50 on the merit of that article alone. Otherwise, it's a well-constructed and well-written zine, but I guess because I've never dipped a comb in pomade and my girlfriend looks nothing like Betty Page, I felt a little out of place in the pages of this zine. Not that there's anything wrong with that... -Sean (Grindstone, 11288 Ventura Blvd. #450, Studio City, CA 91604)

JERSEY BEAT #68, \$3.00 ppd., 8 1/2 x 11, offset newsprint, 128 pages

Jeez, it's been ages since I've seen one of these. There seems to be considerably less emphasis on hardcore bands these days and more focus on "arty" or emo-oriented bands, although there is an interview with Joe King and a Queers tour diary. Other features here include interviews with Avail, Plug Spark Sanjay, Ivet and others, as well as "Inside Hoboken: A Special Report," which should come in pretty handy should I find myself stuck in that city anytime soon. Glad to see Testa's still involved after all these years. I am a little annoyed by the reviewer ghettoes in the back, though. -Jimmy Alvarado (Jersey Beat, 418 Gregory Avenue, Weehawken, NJ 07087)

THE NEW SCHEME #2, \$9 for six issues, 8 1/2 x 11, offset newsprint, 56 pgs.

There's one really funny page in this zine where a guy makes lists of one-liners like "Rhetorical Questions That I Wish I Could Ask: 'What are you doing today? You wanna go get some sticks and poke this guy?'" Stuff like that. It made me laugh. Other than that, it's a pretty ordinary punk zine. Interviews with Cave In, Al Burian, Waxwing, etc.; columns that were pretty weak; and a bunch of record reviews. Not really recommended. If you subscribe, though, you can get a free copy of the new Fabulous Disaster album. I recommend that. -Sean (The New Scheme, PO Box 19873, Boulder, CO 80308)

RAWHYDE, #8 no price on cover, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, xeroxed, 15 pgs.

Self-described as "the only magazine devoted entirely to 1980's skateboarding," it's exactly that, with a good sense of humor and a better sense of soul. It's based on remembrances of skate parks of yore, of heavy crushes on girls who skated, and the simple, poetic beauty of an indie air. Based out of

Florida, the pictures are all authentic and the layout is wonderfully chaotic yet entirely readable. What's admirable about Rawhyde is that although it lives in very specific time in skateboarding's past, it does so as a living celebration, not an empty bitch session. What makes it sweeter is this zine was given to me out of the blue by its creator, Mic. He was on a thick, big, fat ol' board doing crazy carves on the paved, humpy-bumpy expanses of Paul Revere Middle School. We just happened to be skating at the same place and same time. Rawhyde's for the love skateboarding prior to obscene sponsorships and flippy tricks, to a time when mutes, stale fishes, and daffys ruled supreme. Fun to read. Cool to look at. Pure fandom. - Todd (Rawhyde, PO Box 41444, Memphis, TN 38904)

SICK TO MOVE, Volume 3, Issue 2, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, Xeroxed with cardstock cover, 46 pgs. This zine feels trapped. Lots of verbosity and even bigger concepts, but I get the overwhelming sense of claustrophobia and self-contradiction and things that just don't add up. Example: "There's a time in every music-obsessed person's life when he or she realizes that he or she 'hates the sound of

guitars.'" Waah? Then he admits "I'm a guitar player." Then it goes into classification - "Guitar Rock (GR) which can be made with or without guitars" Waah? And "Non-Guitar Rock, which can be made with or without guitars." He then goes to say Frank Sinatra is Guitar Rock and the reason he's writing this is because he wants "to persuade a few people out there not to play the guitar... and learn to speak Croatian or something." Waah? Fuckit. Interviews with Grade, The Weakerthans, and Jersey and teletype perzine stuff with a lot of The State of Punk Rock, What Went Wrong? type of shit. -Todd (PO Box 121462, San Diego, CA 92112-1462)

TIGHT PANTS #7, three stamps, 8 1/2 x 5 1/2, copied, 56 pgs., Tight Pants is hilarious. Imagine what Bust Magazine should've been. Imagine a female George Tabb (before he started telling lame stories about his dog). Remember the brilliance of Cul-de-sac and WHAM (Women Happily Advocating Masturbation) and you'll get close to Tight Pants. It's a collection of stories told by Ms. Tight Pants, a woman who loves Lucky Charms, knows her punk rock (you'll notice numerous references to The Crowd and D4),

sees the world through the spindle holes of her record collection, and punctuates her jokes with "Rock and Roll." This issue takes you through the use of mice in the revolution, the confessions of a book nerd, a new take on the bloody underpants story, an anti-emo rant, and a whole lot more. I couldn't stop laughing when I read this. I can't stop laughing when I think about this. I had to run out and order all her back issues. I'm hooked. I'm gonna pay Ms. Tight Pants the best compliment I can think of-her zine is better than Lucky Charms. -Sean (Madeleine, 2208 North 72 St., Wauwatosa, WI 53213)

UPRISING! #10, \$1 ppd., 8 1/2 x 11, offset newsprint. 32 pgs. The guy who puts out Uprising! has to be one of the most gung-ho punkers I know of. He puts out this zine pretty much by himself (as well as doing most of the writing for it), does his own website (www.uprising.com), and has started up a new record label that released its first CD recently. On top of all that, I think he works a day job. It's an impressive amount of work in the name of punk, but you can tell he digs it. Uprising! is a very positive zine. Rob Uprising is a very enthusiastic dude. This

issue has interviews with the Eyeliners and the Fairlanes; a pretty cool article about a local Toledo punk club called Bottle Rocket; and a bunch of record and live reviews. -Sean (Uprising!, PO Box 2251, Monroe, MI 48161)

WE DON'T GO TO THEIR PARTIES: A GAINESVILLE COMIC ANTHOLOGY #1, probably \$1, 8 1/2 x 7, copied, 40 pgs.

I've never seen a compilation zine before, but this is pretty cool. Some of the writing surprises me in its depth; some of the writing leaves me scratching my head. Likewise, some of the comics are drawn really well, and some look like they were drawn by a three-year old. My favorite was "Gainesville Biking Tour '98" because the artwork really captures what I've seen of Gainesville, and the writing reminds me of a lot of what goes through my head when I ride my bike around. And there are some other real gems in between these pages. "We Don't Go to Their Parties" definitely doesn't have Marvel quaking in their boots, but then again, I prefer comics that aren't overdrawn and testosterone driven. -Sean (Travis Frisroe, PO Box 13077, Gainesville, FL 32604)



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**THE WAR AGAINST OBLIVION:
THE ZAPATISTA CHRONICLES**
John Ross, paperback, 350 pgs.

"This war is always a matter of the corn patch vs the World Bank, the hoe against the stock market, the poorly armed guerrilla band against a military armed to the teeth by the Pentagon, the village against the World Trade Organization, the smallest of the small against the Fortune 500, the local against the global, the many against the few..."

-John Ross

Every now and then, I read a book, and I enjoy it so much and feel it is so important that I wish I could convince everyone to read it. I felt that way with Emma Goldman's autobiography of anarchy and resistance, *Living My Life*. I felt that way about Philip Gourevitch's narrative about the Rwanda Genocide, *We Wish to Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed with Our Families*. And, right in between those two, sharing Goldman's spirit and fight and Gourevitch's ability to balance the tragic and absurd, is John Ross's chronicle of the situation in Chiapas, Mexico, *The War Against Oblivion*. First, a bit of history for the uninformed.

On January 1, 1994, the first day that the North American Free Trade Agreement was in effect, the Zapatista Army of National Liberation (EZLN) marched into San Cristobal and five other municipal seats in the southern Mexican state of Chiapas and declared war on the Mexican government. The military presence in San Cristobal was minimal. Most of the soldiers had been given leave for the

holidays. The rebels quickly took control of the town and issued the First Declaration of the Lacandon Jungle, a document explaining the rebels' position. Essentially, the EZLN were fighting for indigenous rights in Mexico. Specifically, they took issue with the Mexican government's re-writing of Article 27. Article 27 was one of the most important results of the Mexican revolution, pushed by Emiliano Zapata to give communal lands to the Indians in Mexico. Carlos Salinas, then-president of Mexico, essentially took away those communal lands and offered them up to big businesses "to buy, rent, or enter into association" with. The re-writing of Article 27 was one of the conditions of NAFTA.

Delivering the First Declaration of the Lacandon Jungle was Subcommandante Marcos, an eloquent, ski-masked mestizo (a person of mixed blood, not indigenous to Chiapas). The press immediately latched on to Marcos as the commander of the EZLN. But no, Marcos assured everyone, he was not in charge. He simply spoke for the Indians from whom NAFTA had stolen land.

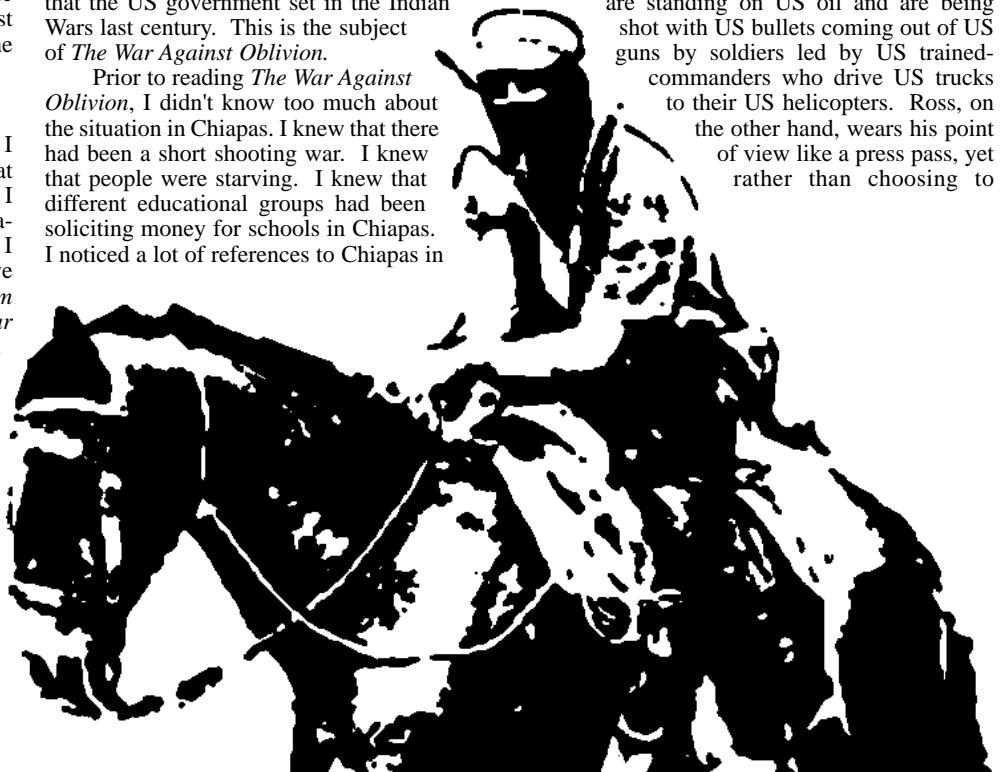
Rebels in the five other cities didn't fare quite so well. The Mexican Army rallied pretty quickly, and for the next twelve days, a shooting war broke out. On January 12, 1994, Carlos Salinas declared a cease fire. What followed has been six years of low intensity warfare: a series of negotiations between the EZLN and the Mexican government; the formation of paramilitary groups (otherwise known as Mexican and US armed death squads); the formation of guerrilla armies; the massacres and rapes of random civilians and farmers; sporadic battles for land; increased military presence; agreements made and broken; and basically the Mexican government following the example that the US government set in the Indian Wars last century. This is the subject of *The War Against Oblivion*.

Prior to reading *The War Against Oblivion*, I didn't know too much about the situation in Chiapas. I knew that there had been a short shooting war. I knew that people were starving. I knew that different educational groups had been soliciting money for schools in Chiapas. I noticed a lot of references to Chiapas in

reports of protests of the WTO in Seattle and the World Bank/IMF in DC. I'd read a handful of articles in both mainstream and leftist magazines, and most of the articles I read had that Sally Struthers, these-children-are-starving, won't-you-please-help kind of tone. Or else they had the one-dimensional, hysterically politically correct tone. I'd meant to inform myself more on the subject, but I'm probably like most people in the sense that I can only take so much of that. I guess I have a finite amount of empathy and articles that take dramatic or horrific events and just hit you over the head with them overwhelm me.

That said, John Ross does a fantastic job of transmitting a dazzling amount of information on the Zapatistas and the general political climate of Mexico. He lets the drama stand for itself and covers the low intensity warfare with a subtle but stinging wit. John Ross basically sounds like your favorite political science professor after he's had a few beers and decided not to hold his tongue.

Of course, *The War Against Oblivion* is not an objective book at all. Ross is an unapologetic supporter of the Zapatistas as well as a vicious critic of the Mexican government, the PRI (the ruling political party in Mexico), Bill Clinton, NAFTA, the World Trade Organization, the World Bank/ International Monetary Fund, and big business in general. Ross's subjectivity doesn't bother me at all, though, because nothing is objective. The mainstream American press wasn't objective when it chose to ignore guerilla warfare in Mexico prior to the signing of NAFTA (a choice which, incidentally may have lead to the passing of NAFTA). The mainstream American press isn't objective when it chooses to ignore the fact that our neighbors to the south have been actively engaged in a revolution for the past seven and a half years. And the mainstream American press certainly isn't being objective when it chooses to ignore the fact that most of the Indians being shot in Chiapas are standing on US oil and are being shot with US bullets coming out of US guns by soldiers led by US trained-commanders who drive US trucks to their US helicopters. Ross, on the other hand, wears his point of view like a press pass, yet rather than choosing to



ignore information, he presents everything he seems to know about the subject and relies on his readers to make up their own minds. Certainly, Ross assumes that his readers will agree with him, but he gives enough information to make the book worthwhile for someone with a completely different point of view.

For example, Ross is an unwavering critic of Ernesto Zedillo (Mexican president from 1994-2000). Ross criticizes Zedillo's means of ascent to the presidency, nearly all the acts passed by Zedillo's presidency, and even most (if not all) of the people Zedillo appoints to various governmental positions. Still, Ross gives you enough information to understand key factors in understanding Zedillo's point of view. Specifically, NAFTA was already in effect when Zedillo became president; shortly after Zedillo took office, the Mexican economy collapsed and Zedillo wasn't really to blame for that; and in order to rescue the economy from collapse, Clinton forced Zedillo to deposit Mexico's "oil export revenues in the Federal Reserve Bank at the foot of Wall Street as collateral." Underneath the floor of the Lacandon jungle, which is the heart of the

Zapatistas' territory, is a huge reserve of oil.

Until this information was revealed, Zedillo seemed to be one-dimensionally evil - a greedy man making his money by killing Indians. But where, I asked myself, is the profit in killing Indians? Knowing the three aforementioned factors helped me to understand that, yes, Zedillo was greedy and brutal, but he was also trapped. In order for his country to survive at all in the global economy, Zedillo had to abide by NAFTA, which requires him to keep the Indians from reclaiming their land. In order for the Mexican economy to survive in the global economy, they have to keep giving the US the profits of the Mexican oil reserve. In order to get that oil, they have to dig under the feet of the Indians, and the easiest way to do that is to kill all the Indians. Considering this, Zedillo doesn't come off as the next Hitler (and I'm always wary of Hitler comparisons). Instead, Zedillo is shown as what he really is: a pawn to globalism.

Ross's subjectivity is actually enjoyable, also, because he does a good job of comparing press releases to his first hand observations. Unlike the mainstream American press that bases nearly

its entire content on press releases from the government and big business, John Ross actually gets off his ass and acquires the information himself. He reports what he has seen at the site of massacres and in the middle of the fighting. He reports what he actually hears from Marcos and the other Zapatistas when Ross himself goes into the Lacandon jungle to speak to them. He reports what happened when he witnessed the dialogue between the Mexican government and the Zapatistas, then how he lived through the Mexican government's abandonment of all they agreed to do. He witnesses masked "Zapatistas" turn their weapons in to the PRI while Mexican television cameras conveniently look on, then Ross hunts down the "Zapatistas," finds out who they are (members of the PRI with no affiliation to the Zapatistas), and even finds out who paid them and how much. By doing this, Ross very clearly shows how political spin works and how big-business news companies suck it up. All the while, Ross's wit allows you to laugh at things that really shouldn't be funny.

In the end, *The War Against Oblivion* is really about much more than the Zapatistas in

Chiapas. It's about how the global economy destroys towns, villages, communities, and people in the name of profit. It's about how information is distorted by media conglomerates - *The War Against Oblivion* works as a case-in-point for Aldous Huxley's "Propaganda in a Democratic Society" or Noam Chomsky's *Manufacturing Consent*. *The War Against Oblivion* is a glaring spotlight on the fact that the US and Mexican governments continue to kill the indigenous people of this continent. And, just when your empathy for the Indians starts to overwhelm you, Ross paints the beautiful picture of Marcos, Commandante Ramona, and the other Zapatistas, of how a group of poor Indian farmers from the jungles of southern Mexico learned from the mistakes of a thousand failed rebellions and managed to stand off an army that outmanned and outgunned them, take on a global economy, and take down the longest ruling party in the known universe. -Sean Carswell (Common Courage Press, PO Box 702, Monroe, ME 04951)



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THE BARFEEDERS

"Wyoming"

(It's a video on an itty-bitty CD that plays on your computer.)

This was palmed to me at a show by a very nice guy who I'd just met and went by the name Scott Alcoholocaust. He was human shielding me so I could pour whiskey out of a smuggled flask into a plastic cup and we bonded. It's a full-on, pro quality Muppet-esque punk rock video. By that, I mean it's little fuzzy puppets as The Barfeeders. It's 2 minutes, 51 seconds of pure viewing pleasure. The featured song's "Wyoming," which I was acquainted to from a very, very fine double 10" compilation on Very Small Records. It starts out in a dissolve to an idyllic woodlands creature scene and quickly develops into chaos and the puppets spelling out "WyO!Ming!" in big block letters. There's a couple reason why these Barfeeders puppets are more rad than Dr. Teeth's Band O'Funk. 1.) They have tattoos. It's hard to tell what the tattoos are because they play so fucking fast. 2.) They throw up on chickens and kiss furry pigs - very much like their human Barfeeders counterparts. 3.) They destroy their instruments. The blue fuzzy drummer not only assaults the hi-hat, but he tackles Animal out of his stool. I have no idea how much this is, or if it's even for sale, but if by some quirk you come across it, it's a total hoot. Highly recommended. -Todd (The Bar Feeders, 429 Buchanan St., SF, CA 94102; <thebarfeeders@hotmail.com>;

Directed by Mike Sloat at Spoon Fed Films in San Francisco; <www.spoonfed.com>)

BLOODHAG, SEATTLE'S EDU-CORE KINGS IN: THE FASTER YOU GO DEAF, THE MORE TIME YOU HAVE TO READ, "READ FREE OR DIE" TOUR 2,000

(Reality Train Pictures, VHS video)

Timmy looks up to Poppie and says, "Was there really a band that played heavy metal songs solely about science fiction authors who had a tour of true blue libraries?" Poppie smiles and pops in the video of an all-too-true story.

This is Bloodhag, my favorite speedmetal/deathmetal band on the planet chucking books at preteens, making a two-kid mosh pit in a reading room, and suggesting kids stick their fingers in their ears to prevent hearing loss. It's hilarious and it's a wonder of modern music that

someone could actually pull off a

tour of libraries off under the very real guise of education. Man, I wish when I was eight, I had Bloodhag instead of overstuffed rodents squeaking at me, floundering through Beach Boys covers.

The video is well shot, excellently edited, did well at the South By Southwest film competition, and my only complaint is that I didn't read that it was only eight and a half minutes long, mistaking the ending credits for the opening credits. My own dipshitedness aside, this is fucking great.

Get educated in the singalong that James Tiptree Jr. was a lady. See a kid say they rock harder than Korn. See a girl with full-on braces head gear squint at the sheer terror of the 'Hag. Hear a young kid who had been thrown *Mort* comment on the cover art remark, "It looks cool because you can almost see her boobies."

If you've ever yearned for the slash of guitars as much as the slash of paper cuts, if you've ever wanted to "Read Free or Die," I can't think of a better video. -Todd (Bloodhag, PO Box 19802, Seattle, WA 98109; <www.hiscorearcade.com/bldhg.htm>; <bloodhag@exite.com>)

THE SHOW: VOLUME ONE (VHS Video)

Hmm. Thinly veiled as anything but a promotional effort by Sideonedummy with a lot of Fat bands, this is kinda choppy. Apparently, it's a TV show hosted by Joe Sib, who's one funny motherfucker. Razorcake.com. (Huge tangent: A bunch of people got into my mom's car. One of them happened to be Joe Sib. I know this because he kept on saying his first and last name, so it was easy to remember. We had to negotiate a lot of traffic. I'd never met Joe before and he launched into a story about this guy he bought a shot of Goldschlager for. After downing the shot, the guy got into his car, backed up as far as the parking lot would allow, dropped the hammer down on the accelerator, and drove his car into the club. Repeatedly. Years later, he saw Joe again and said, with obvious pride to his friends, "Hey, that's Joe Sib, the guy who gave me the shot that made me want to crash my car." Joe wanted that to be on the down low.) Razorcake.com. So, the video. It's as inconsistent as that guy thinking that drinking cinnamon schnapps with gold flakes in it is the necessary predecessor to driving your vehicle into a building full of people.

I would have liked to see the full shows of The Show or a little more of a thread that connected everything. Some of the pieces are full-on videos (like H2O [doing an Ice Cube cover], Madcap [throwing bottles at the man], AFI [working on full Danzig-ination], and Flogging Molly [gettin' their jig on]). Razorcake.com. Some of the pieces are live shows - The Ataris (you know, the band with the Macintosh computer ad), Avail, 7 Seconds (I think of the axiom that Floyd of Fat came up with. By definition, "If the kids are united," what else can they be but "never divided"?), and Kill Your Idols (who were good). Then there are some interviews which are OK. Basically, it's Joe Sib coming up with questions off the top of his head, talking about tours and influences. Joe should just come up with stories and talk to himself. Razorcake.com. My favorite part was the Avail live show because I like Avail, and dag gum it, I was at those shows. Razorcake.com. My least favorite part is that MxPx is still a band and they're still putting out records. I hope that after all the praying that they do, they still go to a very uncomfortable place in the afterlife. Like Barstow or something. Well, that's the video in a nutshell, and if you've been reading this and being annoyed by all the razorcake.coms throughout, that's basically how many times they told the viewer they were watching something by Sideonedummy. You'd think that someone who just sold the Warped Tour for 18 million or something like that wouldn't have to be doing such the hard sell. Visit razorcake.com. - Todd (Sideonedummy, 6201 Sunset Blvd. - Ste. 211, Hollywood, CA 90028)

