

RAZZORCAKE

fanzine • webzine



#5

Swingin' Utters The Pinkz

Naked Ruby The Beauty's Deadbolt

\$3

Dec. 2001 / Jan. 2002



SUPERCHINCHILLA
RESCUE MISSION

RAZORCAKE

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

I went down to Hermosa Beach to check out Toys That Kill a few weeks ago. I had to drive across LA to get there, and as I cruised down the freeway, I was surrounded by big American gas-guzzling cars waving American flags. Instant patriots. They're everywhere. I also noticed a few flags that had fallen off their cars and landed on the freeway. Car after car raced over the flags, tearing them to shreds. That made me smile. How could it not?

Toys That Kill played in an unlikely pub in a strip mall. An instant patriot had hung a flag behind the stage. During the set, Toys That Kill guitarist, Sean, looked back at the flag behind him, then turned to the audience and asked, "Anyone else suffering from a Reagan hangover?" Of everything I'd read, seen, and heard about recent events, nothing summed them up so succinctly as those two words: Reagan hangover.

Suddenly everyone is political. People who didn't bat an eye when the US intentionally bombed hospitals and residential neighborhoods in Yugoslavia in 1999 were finally asking what kind of animals would kill innocent people. People who still don't realize that a revolution has been going on in Mexico since 1994 are suddenly experts on foreign affairs. Seemingly an entire nation is screaming for blood-thirsty revenge, without irony. A war in Afghanistan for an oil pipeline seems to be the best way to satiate this blood lust. Suddenly, everything is political.

I guess this means that *Razorcake* had to get political. Just a little bit. Since the majority of information that most people get

through television, radio, and print media is coming from five large corporations, it just makes sense that an independent magazine like *Razorcake* should make some room for dissenting opinions. So we did. Retodd delivered a long, well-researched column on the history of US foreign policy in Afghanistan. It's definitely worth the read. Four other columnists also took time to discuss this issue. So, yes, suddenly *Razorcake* is political, too.

But being too political is tough. We're not rich. We're not powerful. We're not even represented by a government with a democratically elected leader. So too much politics can be frustrating. It's hard not to be overwhelmed by the futility. But that was the other thing I got from Sean and Toys That Kill. They were playing in a strip mall in front of an American flag. A futile situation for a punk band, especially when coupled with our current political atmosphere. Still, they acknowledged their situation, then went on with the show. Which is what we tried to do with this issue: acknowledge and move on. Bring out the punk rock.

-Sean

Oh, and if you're wondering why we put an unknown band on the cover of this issue, it's because Todd and I are really big fans of the Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission. That, and because we wanted to be the only magazine on newstands without a hateful picture of an Arab on the cover.

AD DEADLINE FOR ISSUE #6

December 1, 2001

EMAIL OR MAIL US FOR THE RATES

AD SIZES

- Full page, 7.5" wide, 10" tall.
- Half page, 7.5" wide, 5" tall.
- Quarter page, 3.75" wide, 5" tall.
- Sixth page, 2.5" wide, 5" 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 don't reserve ad space. Get it to us by the deadline and you'll be fine.
- 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.

- Sean <sean@razorcake.com>
 - Todd <retodd@razorcake.com>
 - Rich Mackin <richmackin@richmackin.org>
 - Nardwuar <nardwuar@nardwuar.com>
 - Designated Dale <RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>
 - Rhythm Chicken <rhythmchicken@hotmail.com>
- Everyone else can be reached c/o Razorcake.

Razorcake is made by: Sean Carswell, Todd Taylor, ktspin, and Skinny Dan.

Thank you list: We'd-be-fucked-without-you thanks to Julia Smut for help with the cover; an ink-stained high five to the fine folks at Printworks and China Times Printing; shutter-snapping thanks to Dan Monick for his Swingin' Utters and Pinkz shots. (He's, like, our first full-on staff photographer); Mr. Peanut testicle thanks to Namella J. Kim and Rick Hall for the Pinkz interview; thanks to Manny Guzman for his Pinkz boob grope pic.; Graham Russell for his Naked Ruby interview, Vince Ray for the illustrations, and Johnny Volcano for the pics; Rich Mackin's girlfriend Lorraine for putting Sean and Todd's name on a cake while in Boston; Rich himself for letting us put out his book; Randy Iwata for technical assistance with Nardwuar's column; It sucks when Nike does it, but OK when we do it sweatshop labor thanks for stuffing the inserts go to Dale, Kat, Jimmy, Sara Isett, Don, and Art. In the trenches thanks to: Matt Average for zine, record reviews, and Henry; Toby Tober, Bradley Williams, Cuss Baxter, and Donofthedeath for record reviews. Sean thanks Al Quint, Jessica Mills, Rich Mackin, and Shawn Stern for furnishing him with various and sundry interview questions.



Henry; a boy, his duck, his mohawk



RAZORCAKE

Cutting. Tasty.

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



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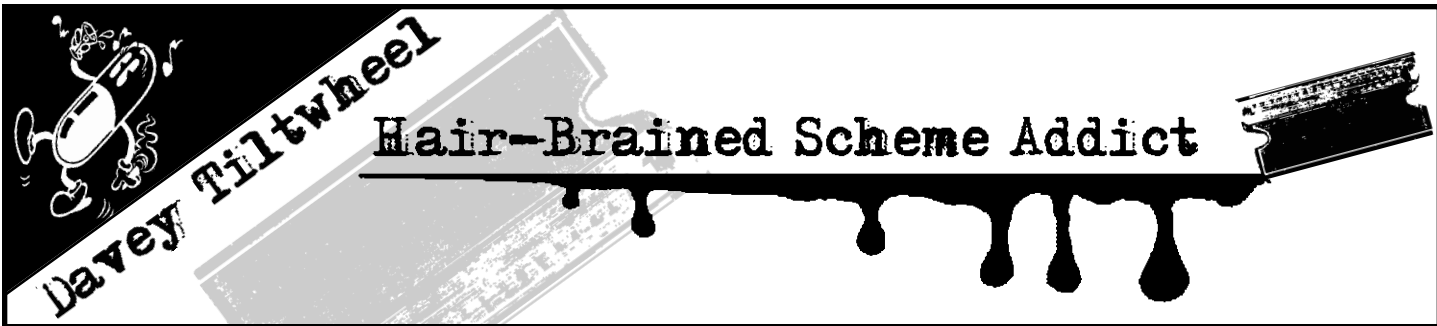
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 These prices are only valid for people who live in the US and are not in
 prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay
 more in postage). Write us and we'll give you a price.



He was polishing a modified M-16 and, from my college "Intro to Pashtu" classes, I could tell he was cursing infidels...

Davey Tiltwheel
I woke up at a rest stop the morning of September 11th. I think it was a rest stop. We were somewhere in California, I know that much. My faint memories tell me that I kept waking up throughout the night exclaiming "this isn't the freeway" and falling back asleep in a small cubby I had made for myself between the edge of the 2nd bench and the passenger-side window. I can remember doing that nearly a half dozen times. I was sleeping semi-consciously, and the swaying motion of my body and the occasional slamming of my head against the large window of the van indicated to me that we weren't on the 5 north. Tiltwheel and the Thumbs had played a show that evening at Burnt Ramen Studios, a small warehouse next to the BART (Bay Area Rapid Transit) tracks in Richmond, CA on the east bay. John from Retox set up the show. We were originally supposed to be playing in Vancouver, BC that night. When that show was cancelled John hooked us up with a party at the last minute. Retox carries with them a small homemade bar/tap/kegerator, built from 3/4" ply and ceramic bathroom tile. It's a beautiful device that fits perfectly in the back of John's minivan. It's white with Green accents and has "RETOX" spelled out in tile fragment. I don't think they had their own amps. For most of the evening this was my shrine; the three cases of Oly, two 30 packs of bud and 12 pack of Hamms for desert had been savagely beaten, raped, and left to die in the rain gutter outside of the warehouse. We were all covered in its entrails. Like a serial killer that feeds off the suffering of its victims and lives for the hunt, I felt the taste for killing. I attacked the Retox keg. I was broke and finagled enough money out of the rest of the guys to chip in 20 bucks for our share. Our group was seven strong, enough to storm the fortress and take down the metallic stronghold between that beer and us. This was one keg we were happy to see go.

RAZORCAKE [4] We had a long jour-

ney ahead of us. The drunks piled into the van. Sleep came to us almost immediately.

This was the first time my eyes had opened upon daylight for this portion of the journey. I could tell we were finally on the 5 heading north. I had shit at this rest stop many a time. Before I could self-hydrate and squeeze out a smartass remark to the driver, Bobby, guitarist and singer for the Thumbs, he turned around with this very odd look in his eyes. Through trembling jaw he informed me that two planes had crashed into New York's World Trade Center, how he had turned off the CD player at one point, and through the announcer of a Mexican radio station, made out the words "Terrorsita! Nueva York!" Instead of muttering "bullshit," I thought I was dreaming. I remember saying only a few words "BinLaden, U.N., Israel!" and I said "It's about time someone did that. I've always thought that crashing a plane into a skyscraper would be the one way I could do maximum damage with the least amount of resources," and fell back to sleep. Sleep didn't last. I joined the ranks of the shocked and silent and listened in as the news reports told of a plane also hitting the pentagon and, later on, a plane crash in PA. I explained to the other members of our roving sardine can that the plane in PA had probably been shot down to prevent it from going into another building. It was quickly becoming the longest drive I had ever been on.

I'm a media freak. I majored in telecommunications in college. I've been a fan of all media since as long as I can remember. Radio has the alternate title of "theatre of the mind." You can listen to its words and they create the most incredible and infinite pictures: A masked hero, larger than life. A villain who's snarling laugh conjures up the most sinister and exaggerated details of the face of evil. I don't get those pictures when I read books. I read books and all I can think of is how to shoot it as a

movie. The images I get from reading are more precise, more human, more realistic, and not half as much fun. My audio and visual senses are the keys to my semi-creative brain. At home, I have short-wave radios, scanners, satellite, cable, newswire, CB, super8, 16mm cameras and projectors, walkie-talkies, etc. I'm always on the lookout for a HAM transceiver and a C-band satellite dish so I can watch network feeds sans commercials. (Anyone who has ever watched C-band gets to see what their favorite talking heads do during commercials. Nosepicking, smoking, off color jokes and foul-mouthed outbursts are abundant). I've been "online" be it BBS-ing or on The Net for over 10 years. I'm the only person I know with a FCC radio operator's license. When we'd play war as kids, hopefully, I'd be manning Sam and Joe Klein's desktop CB radio instead of sitting in the trees waiting to fill Tiger and Rusty's torsos full of "instant kill" bullets. We always won our games of war because I always had walkie talkies or a handheld Radio Shack CB to supply our troops. Our side had the technology and the communication between troops. Their side always yelled, "No way. You missed me!" As a result, we had to employ the "instant kill" bullets. There's no diplomacy in wars on Bootes Street!

So here I was sitting in a sardine can on the 5 north listening to downlinked feeds of CNN and ABC news on the radio. I had no Internet, no short-wave, no scanner and no news wire to monitor. I tried my best to keep my cool and not let the other folks know I was ready to turn the van around and drive back to San Diego. Fuck the rest of the tour, I wanted information! As anyone who monitors media knows, it's the info that leaks in the first hours that gives the most clues to answer the question WHY. These little bits of information that get leaked before the media blackouts kick in hold the answers, hold the clues and hold the truth. There is no

time to formulate propaganda and discredit those who can answer the question WHY. I grabbed a pen and my "bible," a notebook that carries phone numbers and acts as a tour ledger. I wrote as many specifics down as I could.

I hadn't been sober since Sunday afternoon. We played Sunday evening at a coffee shop in North Beach called "the coffee gallery." We didn't get any free drinks so I sat in the van and drank Tumwater's finest. I was outside getting some fresh air when some crack head/junkie type came up to me and offered a color LCD TV to me for 30 bucks. I said no, but only because I was broke. I had six dollars in my pocket. I haggled. I have a small B&W pocket TV but this was COLOR! Another trophy for my media collection. The price dropped to 20. I reiterated that I had six dollars and that brought the price to 15. I walked away and the man followed me screaming, "10! 10!" I said, "wait!" and ran to Kris. Kris was originally only supposed to go to SF and look for a job but ended up on the entire trip. She handed me five dollars and I ran back to my junkie compadre, proudly gave him 11 dollars, and the TV was mine. I had a link to a world outside of the van.

Back to Tuesday morning in the van. I remembered I had this little TV, asked for my backpack and pulled out my little friend. We were in the middle of nowhere and I searched the dial for some image, ANY visual representation of what was going on. My theatre of the mind wasn't working, perhaps hampered by talking heads, or quite possibly the sheer magnitude of what was going on outside the van. Thumbs' drummer, Lee, and I saw the first and only image to make its way onto the screen. Two majestic towers above the clouds, smoke billowing almost perfectly from the top third of the building. It was a peaceful sight compared to the chaos my mind had pictured. Then, from the right of the 2 1/2 inch screen, a plane entered and disap-

peared on one side of the building. A second later on the left side of the screen a fireball emerged. Static consumed the picture. Lee and I looked at each other. I said, "I never want to see that again."

We hardly spoke. There were a few short moments of discussion, mostly statements that sounded more like questions, but for the most part we just listened. At truck-stops we sat just outside the van within earshot of the radio. I fumbled with the TV as best I could, hoping to share with the five other people in the van the horrible image Lee and I had seen hours earlier. I wanted to bring them into my world. I did most of the talking, nervously spouting off theories and relaying the scenarios that had been racing through my mind, piecing together events, trying to paint a picture of the world from here on out. I'm sure I was annoying them.

I can recall we made only one joke, how a white van probably wasn't the best mode of transportation that day. One of my best friends growing up worked for Dominos Pizza for a short time. I used to ride along with him, sharing beers and whatever else would make the night pass more quickly. Part of the delivery route was Miramar Naval Air Station. I could never get over the ritual at the gate. Every car is stopped, the ID's are checked, the window placards verified and the driver interviewed. Every car except ours. The red and blue uniform, the insulated red bag and the Domino's Pizza roof light were always waved through, sometimes to the tune of applause or the occasional "got any extras in there?" I would come up with these scenarios. A white van filled with terrorists dressed in red and blue Dominos uniforms, their pizza bags filled with guns, bombs, and who knows what else being waved through the gates of military installations. The perfect Coup D'etat!

The Thumbs are from Baltimore, MD. Their families work in DC. My family lives in DC and NYC. I'm a DC native; my grandparents are buried in Arlington. Andy, Tiltwheel's bass player, comes from a military family. Members of his family work or have worked at the pentagon. We all worried about friends and family, thousands of miles away.

We made it to the club in Seattle around 7:30PM. We propped ourselves in front of the TVs that flanked the bar. Bobby and I found a local to take us to the library so we could get on the net and communicate. The phone lines were jammed across the country. Like countless other people we would be speaking to for the next few days,

we heard stories about friends and family driving or jogging past the WTC that morning, or missing appointments at the pentagon or the WTC. For a while it seemed everyone had a close call that morning - close enough to make him or her, and us, stop and think.

That night we met a kid named George who invited us to stay at his house. He was new to Seattle, having just moved from Baltimore. His



Notice the maniacal look on the faces of these guys. Is this a gratuitous shot of the Thumbs or...

denim jacket had been adorned with the words "Heavy Metal Thunder" in black sharpie. He sort of reminded me of a character from *Heavy Metal Parking Lot*, which was shot at the capitol center in Maryland. When I asked him if he was in the movie he didn't know what I was talking about. That night I slept in the van as I usually do, to keep an eye on things and to listen to the radio. Information. Mikey from the Thumbs slept in the back bench. Military jets flew overhead all night to ease the people's minds. I stood outside and stared down the street. The horizon from my vantage point included

downtown, the Space Needle and Puget Sound. It looked like a ghost town. I've never been to a ghost town before, but I assumed this is what one feels like. I could barely sleep; I was haunted by what the morning would bring. It was hot; I turned on the van and let the AC cool us down.

When I popped my head up the next morning everything appeared normal but I knew that wasn't the

had invited us in his house to rest our heads before we drove to Portland. I didn't think that explaining floor space hospitality was the right thing to do today.

Across the street was another story, though. A man was on his cordless phone yelling to me something about how he had the cops on the phone and we were in, "Big trouble, guy." I walked up and asked to speak to whoever was on the other end. I told the man I understood he was nervous and offered to explain the situation to the police. The man wasn't very nice. I could understand that. He was making some snide remarks and waving his purple coffee cup in my face and saying, "Whoa, man. You think you're cute. Where do you get off parking a white van in front of MY house with all this going on?" I let him rip into me. I was invading their quiet street. I asked to speak to the police again. At this point, it was to defend my position and to keep the rest of the neighbors at ease. I tried my best to be reasonable with this guy. It wasn't working. I noticed the clear liquid in his coffee cup. It wasn't coffee and didn't smell like water. I walked across the street to get George. I had a feeling it would be a mistake but I figured I needed a resident to back up my story and possibly calm this guy down.

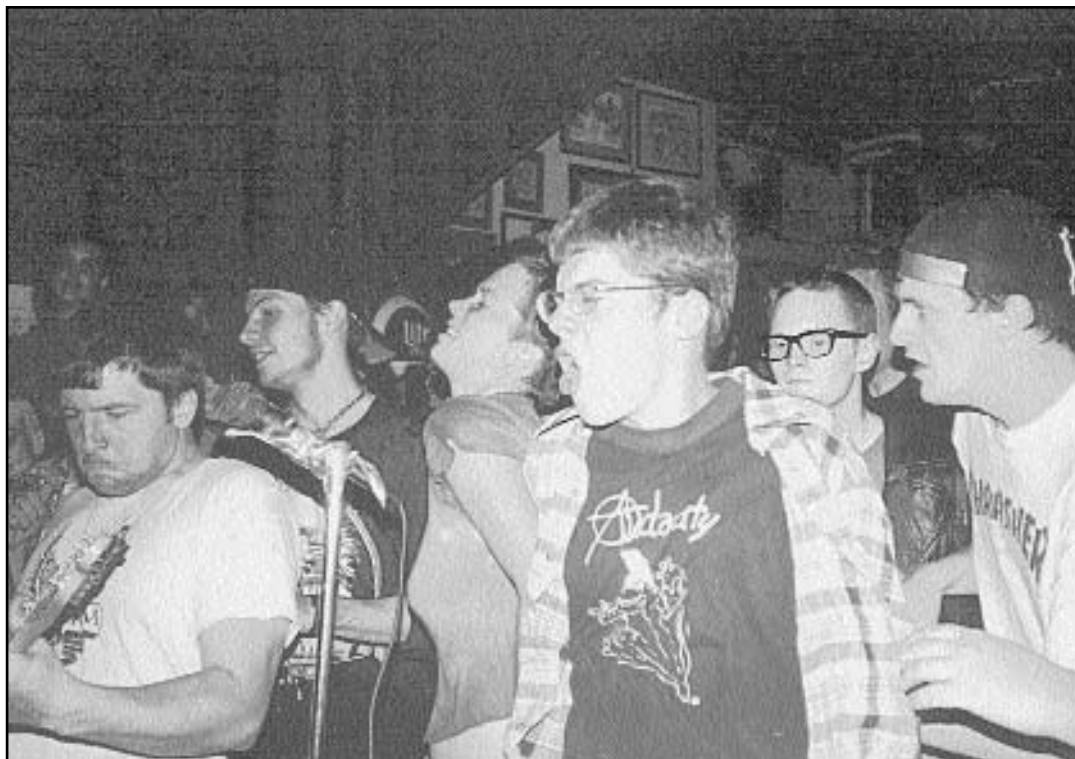
George huffed across the street and immediately got in the man's face. The words started flying. "THESE ARE MY GUESTS, ASSHOLE, I CAN HAVE THEM HERE IF I WANT *SIRRRR*." "GET OFF MY PROPERTY." "THIS IS THE SIDEWALK, SIR. THIS ISN'T YOUR PROPERTY, MOTHERFUCKER," etc. The man relayed George's words to the cop on the other end of the phone. He gave an enhanced play by play of the events. Next thing I know George pushed the guy. The guy started screaming, "He assaulted me." I stepped in, grabbed George, pushed him across the street and told him to get inside and shut the fuck up. I told the man on the phone to tell the cops to get over here and squash this since there was no sign of the situation sorting itself out. He made some more freaky hand gestures and the instructed me to "start flushing guy." I guess he thought we were "on the pot"

I moved the van into George's driveway, which was vacant now. His brother, who owned the house, was probably the one person on the street who went to work that day. As I got out of the van two police cars pulled up. I walked up to the younger cop, introduced myself and asked if he wanted to see my ID. I always try and

initiate conversations with cops. It gives me an upper hand. I do my best to direct the conversation. It's a trick I learned through the years of dealing with police at the bars, listening in on their conversations and paying close attention to television programs like "Cops" or "Mounties." I once had a job as a paperboy in a rich neighborhood and I had the pigs called on me three nights a week, sometimes, by people who thought I was casing their cars and apartments. If you show an officer that you are keen and aware of the situation you are in then they have no reason to hassle you. They know you aren't hiding anything.

I told the cop the same story I told the nice neighbor. I told him how I've been sleeping in vans for nearly six years and how I knew that the possibility of confrontation was increased after such a horrible event. I explained that different people are going to react differently to an event like this and that I expected some hostility and fear but that this person was so uncooperative that I thought it best to be handled by the police. The cop said, "Yes, we know he's a handful." I chose not to comment on the shoving match when asked. I just said, "People will react differently. This probably isn't the first call you've had like this today." He agreed. After he interviewed the phone man and George, he came up to the van and said, "You guys might think about hanging out somewhere else today." I asked him for a few suggestions and he told us about some record shops and music stores. I told him we'd be out of there in a few hours and he got in his car, shook his head, and drove off. I never talked to the other cop, but I did hear him yell at the phone man to get in his house and leave us alone.

We sat in the house and watched the news. I remember being really impressed with Peter Jennings. This man had been on the air from 9:00 AM until at least 2:00 AM the previous day. I figured out he probably had a 4-hour sleep (if he slept at all) and was back on the air at 6:00 or 7:00 AM. He was calm and he was informative. He asked pointed questions to those "experts" he interviewed and took time to dissect and translate their rhetoric. This is a man, like most of us in the room, who is the Canadian equivalent of a high school dropout. He calmed his audience; he soothed their helpless, aching souls with human words and human reaction. He wasn't gunning for any awards, he wasn't trying to package the events in a punchy title and a soundbite like CNN or RAZORCAKE 6 MSNBC and he was-



...are the Thumbs part of this conspiracy, too? And what exactly are they doing to these kids?

n't trying to make his place in the history books. I noticed how he would occasionally glance down and to his left, faint smoke rising from that area behind his desk. He wanted nothing more than a cigarette and a pint of Pike Creek.

It didn't take long for the media blackout to take effect. We had a half price meal at a pub down the street from that evening's venue. We noticed that from the time we left George's house until we sat down in the TV room of this pseudo-Irish pub the news stopped. The "headlines" turned from world events to quotes from politicians. Pictures of "Arabic looking" people holding guns and films of US armed forces took the place of any real information and investigation. That was the last TV I saw for 5 days, until next Monday afternoon when I went into a liquor store on 24th street in San Francisco. The image on the screen was familiar: "Arabic looking" people with guns and films of US armed forces. The owner and his entire family were glued to the television, a most fearful look up the older faces. Their children, who I'm guessing were there to be protected from the anti-"Arabic looking" idiots out there, played with toys and tried to weasel candy from their father.

We all agree that day was the best show of the tour. We tapped an extension cord into the bus stop at the 24th and Mission BART station. A crowd of punks, homeless, businessmen, the uncategorized

and even a group of mariachi musicians gathered and drank, danced and smiled to The Thumbs, Vena Cava, Sharp Knife and the 'Wheel. I may be wrong, or I may be guilty of taking poetic license here, but I think it was the first time we had been able to smile and put a week's worth of worries behind us. I've rarely felt more proud to be part of punk rock.

We reached the Razorcake cell on Thursday morning. After a hearty breakfast burrito with Sean Carswell, I thought something was strange. He was talking all this "conspiracy" gibberish. Still I listened and tried to enjoy breakfast. We headed back to the compound and met up with "Todd," as Sean told us to call him. I use quotations because he took a strange pause before telling us his housemate's name. "Todd" is a diminutive frame, standing somewhere between 5'8" and 5'9". He barely acknowledged our presence. He was polishing a modified M-16 and, from my college "Intro to Pashtu" classes, I could tell he was cursing infidels, condemning us to eternal pain in Na'Ar and laughing very mysteriously. Sean was looking pretty worried, almost embarrassed at Todd's actions. He said that days prior to the attack, after laying out the latest issue (featuring a cover story by "Nardwuar" who is known for poking fun at American icons), that "Todd" was mixing newsprint ink and some strange smelling liquids in the bathtub. He

said that he had heard "Todd" laughing that way with the bathroom door closed day and night for the last week. He said "Todd" rarely "acted Islamic," drank a lot of Budweiser and listened to music by such anti-establishment bands like Smogtown and Puddle of Mud. He never saw him praying. He said "Todd" was very quiet but started to break out in sores and fits of coughing with more frequency. He mentioned that the circulation of *Razorcake* had undergone a dramatic increase, from 15,000 copies of #4 to 4.5 MILLION of the issue you're holding in your hands right now. There were over 650,000 new "subscribers," mostly in Washington D.C., Dallas, New Orleans and some military installations at home and abroad. Sean hadn't seen any money from the new subscribers as of this writing.

We acted calmly. Bobwheel made up some excuse about needing to go buy cigarettes so we all hopped in the van and headed for San Diego. We played one final show and then drove The Thumbs to the Airport. Since then "Todd" has been asking for another column from me. Talking about "deadlines" and "It's very important you have this article to me by Monday." I think he's on some sort of timeline, something premeditated and synchronized. Fuck it. I'm not going to say it. I fear the worst...

-Davey Tiltwheel



HEY THERE TOUGH GUY!
JIGGLE THE HANDLE
CUZ IT'S TIME FER...



ART.
18-01

I MUST BE LOSIN'
IT! GET A HOLD
OF YERSELF BEEZ!!
YER... YER DREAMIN'
ABOUT...



WILL THE BEEZ GIVE UP AND LEARN TO LIVE WITH A GNOME UP HIS BUTT? NAH! WHAT KINDA STORY WOULD THAT BE!? TO BE CONTINUED...

THABEEZ13@HOTMAIL.COM



I'm not saying love everyone. I'm saying don't kill innocent people with bombs.

"We are not afraid to entrust the American people with unpleasant facts, foreign ideas, alien philosophies, and competitive values. For a nation that is afraid to let its people judge the truth and falsehood in an open market is a nation that is afraid of its people."

-John F. Kennedy

VIOLENCE IS THE CURRENCY

Let me start this in very basic terms. For once, I share ire. There is no lack of evidence that two planes hit the World Trade Center, one hit the Pentagon, one went down in Pennsylvania, and thousands of Americans died. By no interpretation am I happy that people die. It's mind-numbing. As dumb as this sounds, innocent people should never die, yet they're usually the first to perish in any act of aggression – be it a driveby shooting, a car bomb, or planes ripping into a high rises.

Also, please don't interpret this as an exoneration or a yahoo! for the people who took over those planes and crashed them into those buildings. I have no sympathy for them. They were fuckers, especially the ones hitting the WTC. On a purely tactical level, I can understand targeting the Pentagon – it's the locus of the brain that enforces the policies that make life in other countries very, very unpleasant. But the WTC? From my understanding, it was mostly filled with couriers, low-to-mid office workers, janitors, and some lawyers. People from 81 different countries were vaporized.

At the point of the first airplane's impact, America had justifiable, provable, irrefutable rage and called for vengeance. For the first time in the last fifty years of American history, there was a very, very good reason for the nation to get its hackles up. This was no Gulf of Tonkin, where the leap into aggression against North Vietnam was suspicious at best.

There is a slim chance it was a single person they were targeting (which is unlikely,

because a car bomb would have worked). It looks like they wanted those entire buildings to go down and designed the attacks as such. They accomplished three immediate goals: 1.) creation a massive amount of fear; 2.) immediate damage to the US economy; and 3.) complete destruction of some highly populated, iconographic buildings. The hits were perfectly placed. They were high enough so firefighters couldn't douse them. They were low enough so the buildings would collapse under their own weight. Perhaps I'm giving the incursionary force too much credit, but the traditional long-term effect of bombing civilians instead of tactical targets has most often backfired. Hitler, instead of going after English military targets and weakening England's ability to make ball bearings, Spitfires, and refine their oil, bombed heavily civilian-populated London, hoping to weaken the resolve of the British people (my Dad, a kid at the time, included). That's when Winston Churchill proclaimed, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." That seemed to work pretty well. Not only did the Axis bombing steel the resolve of the British people, it gave the British army and the Royal Air Force sufficient time to revamp their supplies and turn the Luftwaffe back across the English Channel. Another modern example, The United States, rarely to be outshone, dropped more bombs on North Vietnam than all the bombs combined during all of WWII's campaigns, and attempted to, and I quote General Curtis LeMay; "bomb it back to the Stone Age." Just in case you didn't know, the United States did not win that war.

My point is this. Either there was something very, very advantageous – be it evidence, be it technological secrets, be it bank statements, be it the WTO mucky mucks – that someone wanted destroyed so bad that they didn't mind taking thousands of people with them – or the attackers just didn't care what happened after they died. They had to have known America would retali-

ate. Brutally. It always has. It hasn't always won, but it's always attacked.

Some other things really bother me. Why hasn't anyone or any organization taken credit of the attacks? There's been no boasting. No loud diplomatically-deciphered pronouncements of, "Yeah, ball scratch, I did it! Come get me!" As of the beginning of October, there has been not one shred of evidence that Osama bin Laden was involved with the bombings, despite a previous 10 plus year ongoing investigation of him and attempts at constant surveillance of his whereabouts. Yet he continues to be public enemy number one, already convicted by the mainstream media in a foregone conclusion. Although I'd probably never buy Girl Scout cookies from the guy and have a natural disdain for millionaires, and just due to the fact that he might (yet, again, never proven) be implicated in previous embassy bombings, doesn't make him instantly guilty of another crime. "Just because someone looks guilty" is one of the main reasons that Rodney King got beat down. Bin Laden is the wrong guy at the wrong time, looking guilty, when tensions are high. Right now, it feels like America, as a whole, wants a head severed from a body. Wants retribution. I can understand that, but make sure you have the right guy.

Since we didn't spend the money on comprehensive, universal health care for all Americans, let's go ahead and use every nickel used for each and all 54 fancy \$45 million F-117A Nighthawk stealth fighters (54 X 45 = \$2,430,000,000 = almost 2.5 billion dollars), and all the little, wicked bad tricks the armed forces have got up their sleeves from Black Ops (shhh, they don't exist) to Psy Ops (psychological operations) to their full advantage – to find, first off, *who* did this. Suspicion alone has spoiled and killed many innocent people. Senator Joseph McCarthy's huntin' for Reds in Hollywood should have taught us this. Get some evidence.

The irrefutable kind is best.

LET US NOT MIRROR THE ENEMY WE DEPLORE

Forget about hiding behind a veneer of morality. America is the only nation in the world that has used atomic weapons against an adversary. Let's not pretend that America's never had blood on its hands or face and never started a war for highly suspicious reasons. To be sure, Americans are great at killing and hurting other Americans on American soil (more correctly, disputed American soil): The Civil War (620,000 Americans killed – which exceeds the number of Americans lost in any war from the Revolutionary War through Vietnam), The Great Sioux War, The Mexican War, and the internment of Japanese Americans during World War II are just some highlights. The American government is pretty good at killing non-Americans, too, from The Philippines, Vietnam, Laos, Korea, Grenada, Panama, and Libya. And the list goes on. And these are killings that are openly admitted to.

Before I go any longer, I have to clarify some points. I am the first male in the history of my family to not be employed by, nor to be directly enlisted in, the military or projects that directly support the military. My brother is currently in the army. My dad works at the Family Support center for the Air Force. My uncle is a nuclear physicist for a contractor for the Department of Energy. My grandfather was in the Navy 21 years (1926-1947) and worked as a civilian for the Navy until 1966. His involvement with the Navy spanned five decades. My grandmother was a procurement specialist. She purchased goods, services, and materials. Her career included Korean, Vietnam, and the cold wars. At an early age, I knew I wasn't going into the service. I've got a problem with authority. I know that. When I was growing up, my brother was fascinated with war, with the military. He constantly made (and still makes) models of

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all types of military craft, reads copiously on all aspects warfare, and is a very, very intelligent guy. Also, when we were growing up, we didn't have a lot of money. Dad worked for the Air Force, and the place where he could get free videos was the base library. Not surprisingly, most of the videos were about war; from specific machines, to campaigns, to generals, to tactics. Warfare – the preparation and indoctrination for it – was something I've been very close to for a long, long time. Constant vigilance and constant readiness are two things my brother Ranger and sapper trained, and in an Airborne unit – always stressed. My Dad provides grievance counseling for family members of soldiers who die defending our nation. He's always volunteering and lending his services all over the world.

My brother and father are two big reasons I'm not a supporter of an "ism," have prevented me from becoming an "ist", an "an", or an "at" – as in a leftist, a socialist, Republican, Libertarian, or Democrat. It's pretty simple, really. I love them both and they both may die. To betray them as human beings would debase who I am. Sure, we disagree on a lot of points dealing with the use of military force, but never violently, never irrevocably. One point my brother had sold me on a long time ago had stuck in my mind. Basic fact: no "substantial" number Americans have been targeted and killed on American soil in a concerted effort by a foreign entity since the Declaration of Independence. (Pearl Harbor was attacked on Dec. 7th, 1941 when it was a territory. It became a state August 21st, 1959. The attack on the Oklahoma Federal building was homegrown.) Take into account that America is geographically pretty monstrous and has two of the largest land borders to the north and south of it. It's a miracle that it hasn't been attacked before. In effect, I was prepared mentally for something to go wrong on American soil – I didn't wish it to happen, nor am I the remotest bit happy – I'm just not completely stunned. It's a big target.

Perhaps this is getting a bit too personal, but in my life, I've seen a lot of death and blood and people being maimed. I don't know why this is. I wish it didn't. It just happens. A good friend of mine got his head crushed; another almost got fully decapitated. It's awful. I personally knew no one in the WTC, yet I feel grief for them in a very visceral way. People jumping out of 80 story windows. My god. There's no good reason for that to happen. No justification. No rationalization.

What follows is quite possibly what would lead another force – be it a nation or an organization – to the brink of doing something very awful to a lot of innocent people. It is not a justification of their actions. Hopefully, it's an illustration of what brings people to the brink of declaring war; to killing.

To reiterate an article in *The Onion*, quite possibly one of the funniest publications around today, and keeping in mind that I'm not the slightest bit religious, we're looking a very basic equation that every nation, every human being should take to heart: Thou Shalt



The tactics dealing with humans was a tad different than that with the trees. Unlike trees, humans can flee. And unlike buffalo, humans can fight back.

Not Kill. I'm not saying love everyone. I'm saying don't kill innocent people with bombs.

"There was never a good war, nor a bad peace."
 -Benjamin Franklin, 1773
"Domestic policy can only defeat us; foreign policy can kill us."
 -John F. Kennedy

**HOW AMERICA OFTEN
 FIGHTS A DECLARED WAR
 or
 MOUNTAINS OF BUFFALO
 SKULLS**

In an attempt to better understand what's going on now and pro-

vide it with a little historical context and precedence, let's go back when the fundamental building blocks of American foreign policy politics were being heavily tested. Little has changed since 1873. Exactly 100 years after Benjamin Franklin said a smart thing, America was doing another dumb one. It was at war with the indigenous people who were in the plains, and to honor Columbus's misnomer of them, they were collectively called Indians. Their malfunction? They didn't want to move. This really chapped the hide and scrunched the lariat of many a fron-

zation's expansion West, nothing stood very long in its way. Ohio was fundamentally deforested. Within approximately 40 years, 60 million buffalo were killed. Shit had to be made. Anything – a tree, an animal, a human being – standing in the way had to be mowed down. And it was. Voraciously.

The tactics dealing with humans was a tad different than that with the trees. Unlike trees, humans can flee. And unlike buffalo, humans can fight back. 125 years ago, the railroads wanted to establish an immutable beachhead that would forever sever the Sioux hunting grounds in two and kill all their buffalo. The Sioux wanted to keep these hunting grounds. During these skirmishes the tenor of American foreign policy was born.

American culture backed by the US Army came up with this oft since used tactic. It's pretty simple. You push them. If they fall, woo hoo. You win. Take all their stuff for free. Diplomacy's the barrel of a gun, baby. Easy as pie. If they don't fall, you shove them, maybe kick some dirt in their face. If they don't get back up, you win. Good on you. Do some chest beating. Get a promotion. If they have the audacity to shake the dirt off themselves and come back, you ruin their land (take your pick: hunting ground, ranchland, farm, or poppy field – I'll get to the poppy fields in a bit). If they – by this time – "filthy, no good sons-a-so-and-sos" (savages, cowards, anything to make them subhuman) still aren't giving up their land, there's a good chance they'll strike back. When they do, often without *immediate* provocation, you can say, "They started the whole thing. They just took out some settlers." Then you send in the Army, who had been there all along anyway.

Preferably, send in men like Lt. Gen. William T. Sherman, who, in a time when we weren't fettered by the niceties of PC-speak, succinctly put, "The more we kill this year, the less will have to be killed the next year and for the more I see of these Indians, the more I am convinced that they will all have to be killed or maintained as a species of paupers." (He's also the gem of a man who came up with the memorable tagline to genocide: "The only good Indian is a dead Indian.") In the end, you apologize that blood actually had to be shed, that it's a regrettable byproduct of progress, and if the (fill in the blank of the people just annihilated) just did what they were told to do (move from their native land and give up their way of life), it would have been a blood-free campaign. Little has changed since the Great Sioux Wars on how **RAZORCAKE** 9

America conducts its foreign policy.

"I am no white man! They are the only people that make rules for other people, that say, 'If you stay on one side of this line it is peace, but if you go on the other side I will kill you all.'" -Crazy Horse, Oglala Sioux

"Foreign policy is really domestic policy with its hat on." -Hubert H. Humphrey

Then came an unexpected, nasty wrinkle called The Panic of 1873. It seems in the world of material progress, only one thing can harm it or kill it. Itself. The only pause in the building of the Northern Pacific was not due to any indigenous uprising of buckskin and war bonnets, but the stock market taking a header. The government's role in the economy – as much as it was then as it is now – was to pour money into industry, via such means as land grants and subsidies. The railroad didn't have to pay for one inch of the land they used. The American government (which didn't technically own it anyway) gave it to them. The railroad company made their money from the sale of land adjacent to the tracks.

America's economy's swan dive into an empty shallow end of a pool was precipitated by the fact that settlers were finding out the land adjacent to railroad on the northern Plains was poop for farming. Instead of admitting this and lowering prices, Northern Pacific's main financier, Jay Cooke and Company hired publicists to manufacture images of Eden instead of admitting it was primarily a dustbowl. The truth leaked. Buyers pulled out. Cooke went bankrupt, after initially offering \$100 million in stock in 1868 to finance its construction. As a chain reaction, the stock market crumbled; prices dropped almost to nothing; and the New York Stock Exchange closed its doors for ten days. Until it was reorganized and refunded, the building of the Northern Pacific remained dormant for two years.

President Grant wanted to demonstrate to a suffering, bewildered public that the United States Government could take decisive action to help end the depression. The solution to the problem, as the Administration saw it, lay in opening new territories for exploration. If the trains weren't going to do it, it had to be done somehow. This is what's called "manifest destiny." Physical expansion had solved America's problems before and would again. By conquering Sioux territory and discov-

ering vast gold deposits on sacred land, Custer helped end the six-year-long depression second in severity only to that of the 1930s. The nation was able to get back to normal without having to examine itself too hard, and didn't have to change the existing, cozy, and inextricably intertwining correlation between government and business. Think pimp and prostitute, but get confused with who's fucking whom. It's called commercial intercourse.

Yeah, but there was this pesky little problem. The Sioux hadn't given up. As a matter of fact, The Great Father's agents – including the aforementioned General Sherman – had touched the pen and promised the Black Hills, a sacred place to the Sioux, *forever* in the treaty of 1868. Spotted Tail, a Brule Sioux summed up the lie on December 26, 1876: "This war was brought upon us by the children of the Great Father who came to take our land from us without price." To a manifest destiny culture, "forever" lasted ten short years. Until gold was found. It made settlers crazy with want. The "silly" natives had no use for gold. So the government learned another part of the process. If the treaty works for your gain, it's an iron rod to shoot through your enemy with, to hold up as a tribunal if you're the party wronged. If the treaty ain't so good for you, there's a mysterious shortage of toilet paper and, "Hey look, this treaty should do just the trick." Wipe away past commitments. A bit dramatic? To this very day in 2001 the treaty remains in dispute. In 1993 alone, \$337 million dollars of Black Hills gold had been extracted. The Sioux reservation just to the south of the Black Hills remains the poorest county in the US. What's several thousand human beings? Nothing. That's been the official response of the United States to the Sioux for over 125 years.

"We can learn from everyone, even our adversaries,"

-a fortune I got out of a cookie, author unknown.

DUDE, I COULD GO FOR A SNAPPLE

The only thing that's changed is that oppression has become more sophisticated. Believe me, Afghanistan is not an arbitrary target. Afghanistan has what American material progress wants. No religiously "fanatical," bearded Cat Stevens-looking guy with a turban is going to stand in the way of that progress. Hell no, regardless if Osama bin Laden is found or not, or if Osama bin Laden is guilty or not. It doesn't matter a lick. He's

going to take the fall and Afghanistan's going to pay in buckets of blood.

Afghanistan's a great place for American expansion for two very large reasons. 1.) Heroin. Remember when Dorothy got zonked in the poppy field in "The Wizard of Oz."? She looked like she was having a goodass time. Lou Reed put it well when in the Velvet Underground and sang in the song of the same name, "Heroin, it's my wife, it's my life." 2.) Oil. That's right, the premise to the hit sitcom, "The Beverly Hillbillies." Black gold. Texas tea. Afghanistan's been looked at as the number one candidate for a West-East oil pipeline by Unocal (Union Oil of California) for over a decade. Although the soundtrack to expansion has been updated a smidge, the core values of taking other people's stuff remains the same. The folks in charge are more than willing to shed the blood of hundreds of thousands of innocent people to avoid dealing with apparent on-coming economic disasters.

(As an aside, I throw these two thoughts out. 1.) It would be Jim dandy if the people who were so hot for war did the actual fighting. I'd love to see Rush Limbaugh, Bill O'Reilly, Dick Cheney, and Jerry Falwell in ruck sacks, humping clicks of desert, with the rattle of AK fire activating the blue core of their Depends undergarments. 2.) If you really love our troops, why are you in such a hurry to send them in to get killed? Just a couple thoughts.)

DRUGS IS GOOD

The Central Asian region produces three quarters of the world's opium, representing multibillion dollar revenues to business syndicates, financial institutions, intelligence agencies and organized crime. The annual proceeds of the Golden Crescent drug trade (between 100 and 200 billion dollars) represents approximately one third of the worldwide annual turnover of narcotics, estimated by the United Nations to be of the order of \$500 billion.

As the Secretary of Defense during Desert Storm, Dick Cheney directed special operations involving Kurdish rebels in northern Iran. The Kurd's primary source of income for more than fifty years has been heroin smuggling from Afghanistan and Pakistan through Iran, Iraq, and Turkey. Until February, 2001 Afghanistan had been the world's largest producer of opium and heroin, claiming close to as much as 79 percent of the world's opium in 1999. That opium, consumed largely in Western Europe and smuggled

through the Balkans, was a direct source of cash deposits in Western financial institutions and markets. According to the U.N. Office for Drug Control and Crime Prevention, Afghanistan's opium production was about 3,100 tons in 2000.

Here's where some very, very fuzzy logic comes into play. According *The Los Angeles Times* and *The Associated Press*, on May 17, 2001 Secretary of State Colin Powell donated \$43 million dollars, in addition to other aid, directly to the Taliban; not to our current allies, the Northern Alliance, and not to any other Afghan organization. The reason? The Taliban reversed their long-standing stance of "hard drugs make me a better person," to the official declaration that opium growing is against the will of God and they put a ban on poppy cultivation. The US government doesn't even recognize the Taliban as an official governmental body, but as a "rogue regime." Perhaps I'm not seeing this right. Mr. Powell said, "We provide our aid to the people of Afghanistan, not to Afghanistan's warring factions. Our aid bypasses the Taliban, who have done little to alleviate the suffering of the Afghan people and indeed have done much to exacerbate it." Not to put too fine a point on it, but according to the Clinton administration tallies, the Taliban rules 95% of Afghanistan. Is Powell saying he gave 5% of basically powerless Afghans a ton of money? No. The money was given directly to the Taliban and the aid was described as "humanitarian." Why did Bush give the Taliban – of which Osama Bin Laden is reputedly high up in their organization – give them *any* money, if the Treasury Department, since 1998, has been trying to block his assets and make it illegal for any US bank or business to do business with him?

"In reality, every line of policy is repudiated by a section, often by an influential section, of the country concerned. A foreign minister who waited until everyone agreed with him would have no foreign policy at all." -Alan John Percivale Taylor, British historian (emphasis mine)

OIL STAINS ACROSS AFGHANISTAN

As uncomfortable as this sounds, in many ways, our enemy at the beginning of this millennium is very, very close to us. Closer than the Oglala were to Custer's 7th Cavalry at Little Bighorn. The very, very wealthy tend to hang out with one another – maybe not at the same country club sipping martinis,

but definitely in the same financial institutions or anywhere where but-tloads of money exchanges hands.

For a moment, and just for argument's sake, say that admittedly CIA-trained Osama bin Laden is the devil incarnate, and his money is traceable (which is tricky for a couple of reasons. (1) One, he has fifty-seven siblings, all with the same last name – that have sworn that he's been disowned by his family, and Islamic cultures do a lot of cash exchanges not tracked by banks.) Anyhow, just pretend that there is rock-solid evidence that he's the ultimate bad guy, even eclipsing Saddam Hussein (Who is still around. Wasn't there a war to take him out? What? We just bombed his country and let him live? Yes. That doesn't make sense. No, it doesn't). Osama's reputed partners?

Well, Osama's brother, Salem (dead due to an airplane crash in Texas in 1988), was an investor in George W. Bush's former (now defunct) oil business, Arbusto Energy in Texas. (2) Also, both Osama and George W. have been financed by the same man, Khalid bin Mahfouz. Somehow, I doubt that George W. was thinking of himself or his sugardaddy Mahfouz when he boldly saber rattled, "If you do business with terrorists, if you support or succor them, you will not do business with the United States."

"Banking establishments are more dangerous than standing armies."
-Thomas Jefferson

Enter Senator Phil Gramm (R. Tex.). Gramm's been in a position to cover up the cash in question. He was Chairman of the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee. His wife Wendy, became a Director of Enron Corp. Enron produces electricity and natural gas, develops, constructs, and operates energy facilities worldwide. Enron's 2000 revenue from energy products was \$101 billion. It helps operate 30,000 miles of pipeline. It is the largest marketer of electricity in the US "by a significant margin." According to the Department of Energy's website, the US Trade and Development Agency, the big power plants in India owned by Enron have requested access to Afghanistan's natural gas. US Vice President Richard Cheney is a major stockholder of Enron. (Enron's CEO Kenneth Lay also invested \$1.3 million in Bush's Presidential run.) Gramm killed a proposal introduced by the Clinton administration that would give the Treasury secretary broad power to bar foreign countries and banks

from access to the American financial market unless they cooperated with money-laundering investigations (I assume he means *stopping* money laundering, but one never knows). It was strongly opposed by the banking industry and Mr. Gramm.

Only a couple ties? Maybe it's incidental contact. Nope. There's quite a few more. The family of Sharon Percy Rockefeller, the wife of Senator John D. Rockefeller 4th (D., W.Va.), great grandson of the founder of the Standard Oil Trust. Bin Laden's so-called "secret"



accounts, which the White House has said they would like to freeze, are or have been reportedly in the Harris Bank, Chicago, in joint accounts with the family of Sharon Rockefeller.

Want something a little easier to swallow on a hot summer day? Based in Jeddah and favored by Saudi Arabia's royal family, Saudi Binladin Group derives an estimated \$5 billion in annual revenue from a wide range of enterprises, including mosque construction and ties that were cemented during the Gulf War, when the group built an airstrip and barracks for US troops. They also are the main distributor of Snapple soft drinks in Saudi Arabia. Snapple. Cadbury Schweppes PLC, which owns Snapple, says it plans to end its relationship with the Binladin group soon, due to declining sales rather than negative publicity. A spokeswoman calls the separation "amicable." Motorola acknowledged that it sells equipment, including wireless networks and cellphones, to the Binladin family group. "The U.S. government has not limited" such sales, a spokeswoman notes. "Motorola has been carefully following all of the U.S. government prohibitions against dealing with known terrorists and

takes this matter very seriously."

"I was right then and I am right now," Gramm said in opposing the bill tracking international funds. "The way to deal with terrorists is to hunt them down and kill them." My questions to Gramm are multiple. "Kill whom? Snapple? Enron? The Rockefellers? Your wife?"

So, here's an interesting hypothetical: maybe George W. and Phil Gramm are clean. Maybe they know Osama's innocent, that's why they could hang out with and protect his family. That's no reason to stop a really gnarly bombing attack.

policy that doesn't mean that I'm even close to siding with or even being empathetic to the Taliban. If you see someone get run over by a car, do you go shoot the next person you see driving a car? Hope not. You find the person who did the hit and run.)

Mark my words, and I bet you a nickel, that the intent of the US is to remain in the Caspian Sea/ Persian Gulf/ Balkan regions for a long time; regardless of what happens with Osama bin Laden. If the Taliban's routed (see Vietnam War), the United States will place a "democratically elected" puppet government, which is standard operating procedure when multinational corporations move into a region that they wish to exploit the resources of. The name for this type of operation is called "Outsourced Tyranny."

Many companies have been interested in developing the gas and oil fields of the Central Asian, ex-Soviet Independent States in the Caspian region. The most profitable venture is to pipe oil and gas out of Turkmenistan – who's gas and oil reserves may be the greatest in the region - through Afghanistan to Pakistan and to the Far East to China and Japan. Why East? 1.) The Western European market is already glutted and competition there is high. 2.) All existing pipelines in the region go from South to North, set up initially to feed Mother Russia. 3.) The potential for demand growth in the Asian market is nearly unlimited. It currently contains over 40% of the world's population, and the region's demand for oil is expected to double in nine years by the fact alone there will be an estimated 700 million more people living there. America recently opened trade to China. The WTO, in attempts to make China a member is experiencing "solid momentum" in "out-standing negotiations." Please note, this project provides marginal – if any – benefits for US citizens except stockholders in oil companies. It doesn't provide an increased supply of oil and gas, nor does it mean lower prices. Should American blood be spilled to assure the flow of reasonably priced oil to China and Japan? Congress' and big business' answer: yes. They see it as material progress, as a vital step in maintaining the US's high position in the world economy.

Unocal has been the main partner in an oil consortium called CentGas. (3) Up until 1998, Unocal openly admitted (Past tense. It now denies it.) that it was in cahoots with The Taliban. In December, 1997 Unocal arranged a high level meeting in Washington between the US Undersecretary of

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State for South Asia, Karl Inderforth, and the Taliban delegation. Unocal, in a direct plea to the House Committee on International Relations pointed out that "By 2010, Western companies could increase production to about 4.5 million barrels a day – an increase of more than 500 percent in only 15 years. If this occurs, the (Caspian Basin) region would represent about five percent of the world's total oil production, and almost 20 percent of oil produced among non-OPEC countries." After the Taliban was involved with the bombings of the US embassies in Nairobi and Dar-es-Salem, Unocal officially retracted from Afghanistan and campaigned the US government to install a NATO or UN force to "stabilize" the region for their pipeline project. In an official press release on their website, Unocal stated they "consistently emphasized that the project could not and would not proceed until there was a government recognized by *international lending agencies* in place." (my emphasis) In other words, Unocal wanted a party in Afghanistan that The World Bank, The International Monetary Fund, or the World Trade Organization would officially recognize. So, the underlying, tacit question that's being begged to be asked is, "Who better than an American-appointed government to kickstart an economy we don't yet control?" Let freedom ring... through smart bombs.

As of Sept. 14, 2001, Unocal reiterated that the company is no longer supporting the Taliban in Afghanistan in any way, whatsoever, stating that without peaceful settlement within the region, cross-border oil and gas pipelines are not likely to be built. Officially, this has been Unocal's stance since 1998. Yet, according to *the Business Recorder*, in March, 2000, Unocal was again in dialogue with the Afghan authorities seeking guaranteed protection for its personnel while working on the pipeline.

Is Unocal just a plucky capitalist enterprise caught in the crossfire of nasty nations? Hardly. In the past, they've employed the U.S. Ambassador to Pakistan, Robert Oakley, who played an important role for the CIA aid to Afghan Mujahideen in the 1980s. The company claims that its one million dollar contract with the University of Nebraska in 1997 was not designed to provide pipeline construction skills training in Afghanistan and is for both men and women. But an attachment to its contract with the University calls for training in skills essential to "the manpower

requirements of the proposed Unocal pipeline projects," while the coordinator of the program and the U.S. State Department report the Taliban won't permit women to be trained.

Say hi to Halliburton. Halliburton Company, founded in 1919, is the world's largest provider of products and services to the petroleum and energy industries. Dick Cheney was the CEO and largest individual shareholder (\$45.5 million) of Halliburton from 1995 until he became Vice President of the US. During his tenure, his company's overseas operations went from 51% of revenue to 68%. "You've got to go where the oil is. I don't think about it [political volatility] very much," Cheney told the Panhandle Producers and Royalty Owners Association annual meeting in 1998. Though there is no evidence that Cheney has espoused business dealings with criminal organizations, Cheney has said publicly that the government should lift restrictions on U.S. corporations in countries that the U.S. government says have sponsored terrorism. Nothing emphasized this point more than Dick himself. Before working at Halliburton, Cheney was the Secretary of Defense of the United States. He was, in large part, the man who waged war on Iraq. Skip a couple years. Dick Cheney, the "independent" businessman, got contracts to cleanup the damages *he helped create* in Iraq and turned Halliburton into a giant defense contractor. Halliburton is still doing a good amount of business with oppressive regimes and is currently doing a bang up job not only in Iraq, but Iran, Libya (remember Quaddafi?), Azerbaijan, and Nigeria. In fact, a Halliburton company, Bredaro-Shaw, is a joint venture partner of the aforementioned Bin Laden Group. Halliburton will make a killing (double entendre intended) if Unocal gets dibs on the Afghani pipeline.

"Today we seek a moral basis for peace.... It cannot be a lasting peace if the fruit of it is oppression, or starvation, cruelty, or human life dominated by armed camps. It cannot be a sound peace if small nations must live in fear of powerful neighbors. It cannot be a moral peace if freedom from invasion is sold for tribute."

-Franklin D. Roosevelt

Let's go back to the Sioux. Custer provided the rationale that the Indians were not using The Black Hills, so they should give them up to whites who would. The

Afghans are now making it difficult for a multinational corporation to get a pipeline made through their land. "They do not make use of the Black Hills, nor are they willing that others should," Custer said. "If the Black Hills were thrown open to settlement, as they ought to be, or if simply occupied by the military, as they must be at an early date.... a barrier would be imposed." In other words, it is, as American foreign policy has stated in spirit for the past 125 years, in the best interest of the Taliban to give up their land and will hatch plans to relieve legal title to the land and hand it over to a gas company, most likely Unocal.

Unocal wants to own the pipeline. Halliburton wants to help lay it down. The United States military will make it possible. An unforgivable act was the catalyst. Many people will continue to die. The Sioux are all but extinct. The only ones left are living in reservations. Looks like Afghanistan's going that way, too. Depressing.

Instead of America taking a long, hard look at its economic policies and seeing who the real culprit is, it leaps headfirst into another war.

May all those who die rest in peace.

I don't know what else to say.

-ReTodd

Endnotes:

1. The creation of Islamic terrorist organizations by the CIA has been a key part of U.S. policy, first in attacking the Soviet Union, and since then in an ongoing war against Russia and the countries of the former Soviet Union and against Yugoslavia. Over five billion dollars of military aid and equipment were flung in and an Islamic jihad was started.)

2. George W. Bush was a shitass oil guy, but he must be dipped in the stuff, because he's slick. Arbusto Energy went down, and through a series of mergers and stock swaps it became Bush Exploration, the Spectrum 7 Energy Corporation, which got folded into Harken Energy Corp. At the end, he sold his Harken stock and bought a small share of the Texas Rangers (the baseball team, not the TV show with Chuck Norris.)

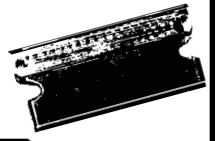
3. Cent Asia Gas consists of Unocal, Delta Oil, Japan's Itochu Corporation, Inpex, South Korea's Hyundai, Crescent Group of Pakistan, and the Turkmen government.





Money

Pog Mo Thon



Two hours later, they were lost. They had already consumed three cases of beer and their resolve was failing.

The Discovery of America (Part 1)

Dirty Barry's Story

Spike, son of Lester Gorsky, descendant of Wally Mackninski, was born among the men of Bergen County, New Jersey. He was a man of punk, lead singer of The Defeated, avatar of Bergen County Punk Rock, famous for his mighty vocal chords. After a show one night, there arrived a punk whose name was Dirty Barry, who came all the way from Los Angeles, California.

When Dirty Barry was plied with many questions by the leader of The Defeated, he wept, prostrated himself on the ground and stayed a long time rolling around rubbing cigarette butts in his unwashed hair. But Spike lifted him up from the ground and embraced him, saying:

"Dirty Barry, why should we be sad during your visit? Did you not come to encourage us? Rather should you give joy to us punks. Tell us the state of Punk Rock and nourish our souls with the varied wonders that you saw."

When Spike was finished with his remarks, Dirty Barry began to describe a woeful tale.

"The state of Punk Rock is a sad thing in this country. Major labels control the radio. Corporations control the cable channels. It's all about the bottom line."

Spike then replied:

"Hasn't it always been this way? We have been marginalized from the get go. Everything we do, we do by and for ourselves."

To which Dirty Barry replied:

"Yes, what you say is true. All the great clubs have closed. The best zines have stopped publishing. The oldest independent labels have all shut down. I have been to places—Dearborn, Sandusky, Tuscaloosa—where the kids who want to piss off their parents listen to rap music.

A great silence fell upon the group. Spike knew what Dirty Barry was telling them was true.

"My learned

friend. What can we do to right this great calamity?"

Dirty Barry replied:

"You must go on the road. You must take your brothers across the country to the Promised Land of the Punks."

When he had said this, Spike spoke:

"Let us go and get drunk in accordance to our wants and needs and reflect on his matter."

When the night was over, Dirty Barry, drunk on American bourbon of dubious quality, said:

"The face of whiskey is a thing of trembling."

The Punks Assemble

Spike, therefore, when fourteen punks out of his whole community had been chosen as band members and roadies, shut himself up with them and spoke to them, saying:

"From you who are dear to me and share the good fight with me I look for advice and help, for my heart and all my thoughts are fixed on one determination. I have resolved in my heart to go in search of the Promised Land of the Punks of which Dirty Barry, my friend from L.A., spoke. How does this seem to you? What advice would you give?"

They, however, having learned of Spike's will, said with one mouth:

"Spike, your will is ours. Have we not left our parents behind? Have we not spurned our day jobs and given our bodies to the reckless pursuit of intoxication? So we are prepared to go along with you to death or life. Only one thing let us ask for, the will of Punk Rock, and perhaps a little beer.

Visit to New Brunswick

Spike and his companions, therefore, decided to get drunk for forty days—but for no more than three days at a time—and then set out. When the forty days were over Spike said goodbye to the punks he would leave behind and set out westwards with fourteen brothers to a place in New Brunswick to pick up some weed for the trip.

After much haggling, the weedmaster, Jeff Boyardi, was able to arrange to buy enough pot to keep fourteen punks from killing each other on the road.

Outfitting the Van

Spike set out for a distant part of his native region where his parents lived. But he did not wish to see them because he owed them money. Spike broke into his dad's garage and liberated a gray Ford Econoline van equipped with a tape player and little else. Spike and those with him got iron tools and constructed bunks out of wooden frames, as is usual in such vehicles. They provisioned the van with blankets and pillows and racks for their equipment. They carried into the van their instruments, supplies for forty days, cases of beer and other things needed for human life. They also hung a pair of fuzzy dice from the rear-view mirror and a portrait of Joey Ramone on the back of the command console. Then Spike ordered his brothers in the name of the Punk Rock to enter the van.

They were as follows: Skeebo (lead guitar), Barrett (rhythm guitar), Measles (bass, fat chicks), Morty (drummer), Seany Rock (mandolin, concertina, penny whistle, whiskey bottle), Piker (designated driver), Ape (mechanic), Jeff Boyardi (cook, weedmaster, drug procurer), Skip (soundboard), Jonaz (roadie, violence enthusiast), Duck (roadie), Felch (roadie), Mickey (merch grommet), Wienie Todd (webmaster, journalist).

The Three Late Dudes

While Spike remained alone in the driveway, three dudes from his town came up, following after him. They fell immediately at the feet of the leader of The Defeated, saying:

"Dude, leave us free to go with you wherever you are going; otherwise we shall die on this spot of boredom and thirst. For we have decided to be punks for the days of our life that remain."

When the man of punk saw their trouble, he ordered them into the

van, saying:

"Don't call me 'Dude.'"

And he added:

"I know why you are here. One of you has done something meritorious, for Punk Rock has prepared a suitable place for him. But for you others hideous judgments await. I christen thee Beefheart, Nimrod and Ramen."

To which the dudes replied with one voice:

"Whatever."

The Great Empty Hall by the Sea

The leader of The Defeated and those with him then embarked. They had a full tank of gas and everything necessary to begin their trip to the Promised Land of the Punks.

Two hours later, they were lost. They had already consumed three cases of beer and their resolve was failing. Spike quickly began to comfort and advise them, saying:

"Brothers do not fear. Punk Rock is our helper, sailor and helmsman. With Punk Rock all things are possible."

"Bullshit" Measles protested. "We require alcohol, and maybe some speed." Morty and Skip agreed.

Spike said:

"I have been in touch with Jimmy and he has given me directions to a club where the Defeated will unleash Punk Rock upon the people."

To which Morty replied:

"Who the fuck is Jimmy?"

Spike answered:

"Jimmy is our tour promoter. I have his phone number."

The leader of The Defeated revealed the digital phone and held it up so that all might see, as many of them had never laid eyes on such equipment before.

In this manner, they came to a town near a beach bluff overlooking the sea. However, they totally failed to find a parking space. The vanmates were greatly harassed by the lack of drink. So the seventeen brothers got out of the van and bullied the people of the town for their

Money

beers. When Spike saw this, he said:

"Do not do that. What you are doing is foolish. Jimmy will tell us what to do so that our harassed bodies will be restored."

With that the seventeen punks climbed back in the van, many of them grumbling. They circled the town for half an hour before they found a parking space where a van might enter. When they had all disembarked and stood outside, Spike forbade them to take any equipment out of the van. As they were walking along the beach, a dog ran across the path and came to the feet of Spike as dogs usually come to the heel of their masters. Spike said to his brothers:

"Has not Jimmy sent us a good messenger?"

Spike and those who were with him followed the dog to a town.

On entering the town they caught sight of a great hall. When they came to the place Spike gave an order to his companions, saying:

"Beware, brothers, lest you puss out. For I can see one of the three dudes, who came from our town to follow after me, to commit a bad theft. I say this to you: You are not one of us."

A man in a van not unlike the one they drove arrived, saying:

"Delivery for The Defeated."

Spike answered:

"We are The Defeated."

To which the deliveryman replied:

"Sign here."

Spike did as he was bidden and the deliveryman brought in a box filled with sliced animal meat sandwiches, chocolate eclairs, and vials of marvelous cocaine.

"Behold the meal that Jimmy has sent us. Give praise to Punk Rock!"

The punks sat back, therefore, and glorified Punk Rock. In the same way they found as much drink as they wanted. When the party was over, Spike spoke:

"Rest now."

In the morning when the punks had splashed around in the sea, each in their own way, they returned to the hall to find another delivery from the deliveryman. And so for three days and three nights The Defeated glorified Punk Rock.

Wienie Todd, delirious on ecstasy, said:

"Is this a great tour or what?"

To which Ape could only grunt with modest enthusiasm.

One Dude Dies

After that Spike with his companions set out again, saying to the brothers:

"I hope you didn't fucking steal anything."

But they all replied:

"We'd rather pluck out our eyes than desecrate our journey by theft."

Then, Spike said:

"Look, when you were all passed out, I totally saw one of the new dudes going through Measles' stuff."

When, Beefheart, the dude in

said to them:

"A long journey lies ahead of you until you find consolation. You will need some speed."

Having received the speed they drove out on the highway, with Piker at the wheel. They snorted all the speed, ate once a day, and bathed not at all. And so the van was borne through various places of the highway.

College Town

One day Skeebo said to Spike: "We are well and truly stoked on the munificence of Jimmy. But when are we going to unleash Punk Rock on the world?"

Spike answered:

club. The students were so numerous the ground could not be seen at all. Although it was a place of learning, it was easy to see that the kids did not know anything about anything, least of all Punk Rock. The girls were impressed with the hair and the jewelry, the boys the tattoos and tight pants.

Spike leapt from the wings. He took up the microphone and addressed the students.

"We are The Defeated and we are here to destroy you."

Then, he called his brothers together and said to them:

"The time has come to unleash Punk Rock. Afterwards, take what you need from the fat of the flock.

Remember, we are educators as well as ambassadors."

And then they did the good thing for which they had been summoned to do: they unleashed Punk Rock in a ferocious frenzy that changed the lives of every boy and girl in the room. The fucking that went on both during and after the show was splendid and spontaneous.

After the show, a young boy fell on his face three times at the feet of the leader of The Defeated, saying:

"I'm so wasted!"

Spike lifted him up from the ground, embraced him and said:

"You have given much glory to Punk Rock."

The boy replied:

"But I'm so wasted!"

The show was so successful they stayed two more nights in the town, each club bigger than the last, and still they could not see the

ground for all the kids that were flocked inside. When the shows were finally over, the beer all gone, fluids exchanged, Spike spoke to his vanmates:

"That is how Bergen County punks give glory to Punk Rock."

They set out in the van and began to drive, each party having cracked open a can of beer according to his own wants or needs.

-Money

Next issue: Part 2
The Swallows



question heard this, he fell before Spike's feet, saying:

"I fucked up, Spike. Forgive me."

Immediately all jumped on Beefheart and started kicking the snot out of him. As the leader of The Defeated raised up the dude, he said:

"Stealing from one's vanmates is not very Punk Rock."

And so they killed him and his body was buried on the spot.

Score

The punks then went with Spike to the beach where their van was parked. As they were embarking a youth came up on a bicycle. He

Money



Maddy

Shiftless When Idle



If you start buying fruits and vegetables, before you know it you'll have two mortgages and three children. It's a slippery slope!

Greetings Razorcakers! In the past hour I have consumed a.) four cups of coffee b.) eleven sour gummi glo-worms c.) one piece of raisin toast and d.) one generic Children's Chewable Vitamin (because I care about nutrition!). With all of these various items swirling around in my happy stomach, how could I be anything other than content? Well, lately I've had to deal with the fact that me, your average, over-caffeinated, given-to-pogoing, tight-panted Dickies fan is now a college graduate! I really don't know how it happened. It's a blur of boring details, complaints, countless bowls of cereal and lots of alcohol. Having graduated, I discovered what everyone who spends their time in college writing about double imagery in

Maddy

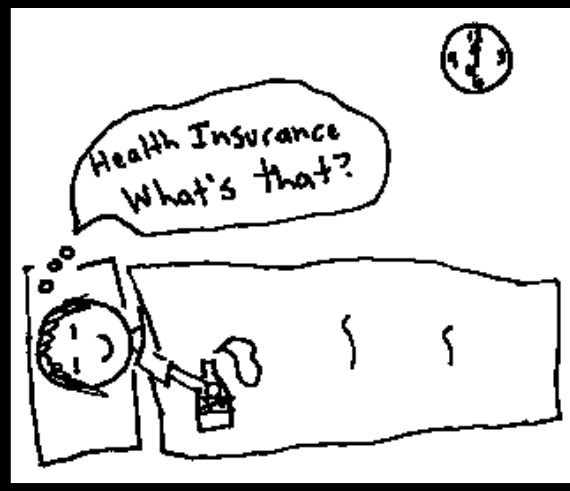
19th century Russian literature learns sooner or later. No one cares about whether someone is an expert in Russian literature, including, in this case, the expert in Russian literature herself! So, while in some other world it might make sense that now, having spent four years in college, I might qualify for some job I did not qualify for before, this is in no way true. In fact, I offer up the theory that my college education might even have hurt me in my job search. Manager, "So, why do you want to work at a cereal-themed amusement park after getting a degree in comparative literature?" Me, "You have NO idea how much I like cereal!" Manager: disturbed stare, starting to lean away from me in his chair. (But, in that case, I did land the job after all, but you're gonna have to read my zine *Tight Pants* to find out about what it's like to dress up like Lucky the Leprechaun and walk around the Mall of America accosting children.)

So, I moved to Minneapolis, and have been spending my hours staring at want ads, online classifieds, ceilings, etc. Argh. Insert comment here about how my life is now consumed by such fascinating questions as, "Where is the best spot to find a bus transfer on the ground so I don't have to spend two hours walking home from work?" However, not having \$1.25 for the bus is nothing compared to The Larger Fear. No, I am not talking about a steroid-injected I-Don't-Care-About-You-singin' band! I am talking about something far more serious... becoming an adult! No! Ack! Eeck! Say it ain't so! (Double ack and loss of ten punk points for inadvertently referencing Weezer!) Of course, I have never been known to bore my readers with morose ponderings. If Crucial

Youth taught us anything (besides proper flossing techniques) it's that we should stay positive! Right? Right! And, if I was to start talking about Oh-No-I-Might-Be-An-Adult-Soon depression and feelings of uselessness and the contemplation of the advantages of slitting one's wrists versus shooting oneself in the head versus

no *Heartattack!*

Anyways, anyways, ANYWAYS, I would NEVER do any of that to you! In fact, since all of you *Razorcake* afficienados and 'das are all about staying young and silly and cool and listening to rock and roll, and never, ever, ever becoming a dreaded ADULT (the worse fate that can befall an individual - and trust me, I KNOW!), I thought that I'd deliver some advice to prevent YOU and your friends from ever becoming a grown-up, an adult, or a mature individual! Fie on all of that! You wanna stay out all night, get drunk, listen to rock and roll, have sex, and then repeat until you're dead! You won't tolerate anything else! Right? Right! Well, then, all right! Follow this advice and you'll be a teenager forever!



Top Ten Ways to Be A Teenager Forever!

1. Never, ever get a job that you care about. As a punk rocker, you should only be employed at jobs where you can steal, scam, or screw over your boss. (See *Scam* zine for important tips!) Do not accept anything less! If you start working at a job with responsibilities you feel obligated to accept and take seriously, then it's all over! You'll come home from work and start talking about how "the computer system is switching over, so I've been putting in extra hours 'cause I really think my boss will appreciate it," or, "things have been really busy at the office, so I'm gonna go back after dinner and straighten things up." No thanks! Your only conversations about jobs should go something like this, "So, I went into work two hours late, but no one noticed. Then I gave all my friends who came in free stuff. When they left, I got drunk in the bathroom. The rest of my shift went by really fast. Right before I left, I stole fifty bucks from the cash register, which I immediately spent on records and candy." All right! (Note: the previous is a rough conglomeration of every job I have ever had.)

2. Never, ever talk about eating nutritiously. You must always partake of the four punk rock food groups: pizza, candy, cereal, and the ever-allusive fourth food group, best described as "whatever's free." If you start buying fruits and vegetables, before you know it you'll have two mortgages and three children. It's a slippery slope!

3. Never, ever accept fatigue before 3AM. If you're tired, drink some coffee, put on the Ramones really loud, and jump around! Do

sneaking into a zoo's polar bear cage in the middle of the night covered in cow blood, well, it wouldn't be pretty. I'd have to rename my column "Raindrops on a Solitary Rooftop" or maybe just "Raindrop on a Solitary Rooftop" 'cause, after all, I'm a girl who likes rain and that might just be enough to tip the scales! Also, I would have to be purged from the rock and roll extravaganza that is *Razorcake* zine! Hey, this is

NOT fall asleep! If you fall asleep before 3AM, you'll start having thoughts like, "Well, maybe spending all of my money on records and candy ISN'T such a good idea...Maybe I need to INVEST. Maybe I need some HEALTH INSURANCE," or other such idiocies! If you stay up until you're ready to pass out, you'll NEVER have these thoughts, I assure you!

4. Never, ever subscribe to a magazine, pay for food in a supermarket, or eat in fancy restaurants! One of the key elements of staying young is maintaining a LOW standard of living. Before you buy ANYTHING, you should first ask yourself the most important question in the English language, "Can I steal this?" If the answer is yes, you better not pay for it! There are lots of ways to get free stuff and lots of ways to steal. Writing a letter of complaint about damaged food gets you free food. Writing a complaint about bad service in a corporate book store gets you free books. Sticking apples in your backpack in a grocery store gets you free apples! Easy!

5. Never, ever stop buying records! If you do, you'll end up listening to the same five records for the rest of your life and making ridiculous claims like "Punk rock doesn't mean anything anymore 'cause no one will ever top the Clash." Resist overly nostalgic tendencies! Just because you were listening to the Buzzcocks or Boris the Sprinkler the first time you had sex, doesn't mean that there will never be a better band! Seek out the new, the exciting, the rock and roll of the future!

6. Never, ever make statements like "rock and roll is dead" or "punk rock used to be so much more exciting." These statements have been known to age people by at least five years per utterance! (Is this the point where I should start yet another boring feud with *Hit List*? Nope! Got too much to do, too

many records to listen to!) If you think rock and roll is dead, maybe its because you're working some adult job, eating adult food, and once a week maybe casually putting on a Rezillos record while you clean the kitchen floor and talk about your swollen feet! Rock and roll isn't dead; YOU ARE!

7. Never, ever spend more than two minutes per week discussing medical ailments, unless they are REALLY interesting. By "REALLY interesting" I mean something like, "I was knifed by a very drunken, undead GG Allin last night," or "I was attacked by a bear." For the record, "I have a really weird rash," or "I can't seem to shake this flu," do NOT count!

8. Never, ever stop watching cartoons and reading comics! If you aren't already a Cartoon Network devotee, then you're an idiot who might as well have a job on Wall Street and a summer home in the Hamptons! (Note to Self: discover where the "Hamptons" are, for in fact, I have no idea.)

9. Never, ever make statements like, "I think its time to settle down" or "I think I should start to take life a little more seriously." Life is crazy and strange and hilarious, and if you try to make it anything else, you'll end up killing yourself or listening to Top Forty radio!

10. Never, ever stop devoting insane amounts of time to writing a zine or being in a band that will never earn you any money or result in any sort of fame or recognition!

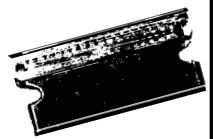
Okay! I hope all of that helped in your quest for ETERNAL YOUTH! Remember, if you're feeling old, go do something crazy! Steal some leopard print underwear! Get drunk! Eat candy until you puke! Start an impromptu Germs cover band! Just do NOT grow up!

-Maddy





Meow Mix



Take drugs and eat some cereal. Your parents would have recommended it long ago had they not been your parents.

MONSTER MADNESS

This article is dedicated to Princess Britannica

Halloween is my favorite time of year. It is the best time to decorate and stock up on stuff for around the apartment for the rest of the year. Candles: Purple candles. Black candles. Candles with spider webs or skeletons on them. Pink and purple string lights (for either around the windows or great as ceiling lights!), spooky material like spider webs or skulls (punk rock!) and velvet or vinyl is a lot more plentiful come October. And, right around Halloween time is when you are least likely to be made fun of for knowing how to sew. In fact, some people even find it a little "cool" when they make the acquaintance of someone with sewing skills, so it is the dork's time to shine! But of course, Halloween is my favorite time of year because I can walk into my neighborhood grocery store and find upon the shelves, dozens and dozens of specially placed, priced and marketed General Mills monster trilogy cereals: Count Chocula (chocolate), Franken Berry (strawberry) and Boo Berry (blueberry).

Yes kids, it's that time of year again. It's the season for spooky cereal! What better way to celebrate the arrival of post summer weather and festivities is there other than to pour yourself a healthy bowl of monster cereal? That's right, a tasty monster treat! Fast enough to feed a girl on the go, and strong enough to keep you tasting sweet all day! It's a good thing I have my friends The Count, Franken, and Boo around to keep me on my right, spooky way towards All-Hallows Eve.

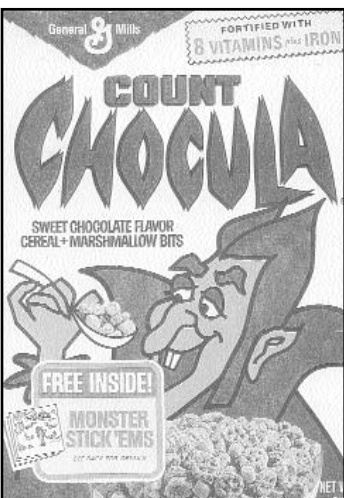
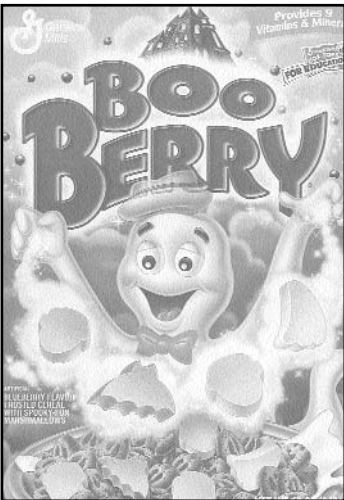
Russ and I had only heard from friends about the arrival of the monsters to a local D.C. Target store. Hey, there's a Target in Pasadena!, I thought, and that's the closest one. So I soon gave them a ring. A few more rings, 'til the phone was eventually picked up by an operator around the seventeenth

or eighteenth ring. Meanwhile, my anticipation made my throat increasingly dry. I could barely speak when the operator answered. She seemed a bit confused at my request to be transferred to the pantry department, or to "Whoever orders the breakfast cereal." My hesitant transfer was followed by frequenting rings and my inevitable disconnection. I quickly, and rather nervously, pressed the redial button. My excitement was then fueled by my apparent difficulties to obtain my Halloween snacks. Again, more of the same, but at last, an answer! I was informed by a young and delinquent employee that the store did in fact have in stock many of the Boo Berry and the Franken Berry cereals, and made me aware that they were \$3.49 a box. He seemed to snicker at my inquiry, but he had already told me everything I needed to know. I thanked him for his help and hung up the phone smiling. The task was now at hand (Tuesday night). When am I going to find the time to make the distance from Hollywood to Pasadena not take up a lifetime? I usually have some

free-time on Saturdays. I'll have to do it then. On Thursday night we were informed, while out and about on a recent grocery shop, that our friend saw all three monster cereals on sale at Albertson's. Friday night it is (that's tomorrow). I made a date with the supermarket.

The air in Albertson's never smelled so fun. I think the bakery must have baked a few extra cookies or something because the sweetness percolated, and the waft of dairy didn't smell too sour. There's also this huge fan that practically blows you over from directly above like a sterilizer. Only this time the air was a little spookier, and it made me feel like there was a ghost breathing down my neck. We didn't get distracted. We hardly had to look. We were using our cereal radar. The cereal made it to the end of the aisle. An ambient glow haloed above the towering cereal, or maybe that was only the reflection from the florescent lights off of the free spooky music and sounds CD that is included in every single box of monster cereal! We stared up in amazement, our mouths dropping slowly wider and wider. It was

A picture of cereal-lovin', bowl-wearin', oatmeal-smeared Harmonee as a kid.



Harmonee

beautiful. One of those orange signs peered at us from between the boxes. "TWO BOXES FOR \$6."

"Two boxes for six dollars?" we asked together.

"Two boxes for six dollars!" we accidentally screamed.

"Three boxes each?" Russell asked.

I kept my eyes on the tower and answered through my drool. "Yes," I replied. Russ grabbed three boxes and I grabbed three boxes, both in unison.

I think we might have made the check out lady a little nervous, or at least confused. Two people under the age of twenty-four approached the register, approximately 10:30 P.M., with a cart and a small collection of selected merchandise. Tin foil, a loaf of wheat bread, cat food, toothpaste and six boxes of spooky cereal (an assortment of three, two boxes each). This is a weird purchase. We are weird people.

At least we might have left her with a lasting memory she can share with the loved ones around her. "Were they stoned? Were they homeless? I don't know. All I can say is that they had a really strange combination of products in that cart!" -The Albertson's Checkout Lady.

We brought the boxes home. We put them on the shelf. They fit comfortably next to the three other boxes previously lined up (a box Cocoa Puffs, a box of Rice Krispies and a box of Betty Crocker's instant Potato Buds). "We have to leave room for the Simpson's cereals," said Russ. There was no room for the Simpson's cereals. We had eight boxes of bright and sugary breakfast cereal filling an entire shelf in the kitchen cupboards. "It could be worse." Russell gestured over to the kitchen cupboard obtained by his roommate. I opened the coinciding cupboard to lay eyes upon some scattered bachelor type groceries. Spaghetti sauce, tea, three half-eaten jars of extra chunky peanut butter, ramen and eight different boxes of Saturday morning cartoon advertised cereals, all of which contained no flakes, no marshmallows, no krispies or pops or crunchies. All were empty. I could not find the proper words to capture that exact moment, so I remained silent and quietly closed the cupboards. There was only one thing left for me to do to seal the evening. I grabbed two bowls, two spoons and a nice cold carton of milk from the fridge and prepared them on the counter. "I couldn't have said it better myself," Russ whispered.

The Experience: When I was younger, my Mom bought an occasional box of cereal. Usually I would see a cereal I wanted, we

would bring it home, and half way into the box, I got tired of it and wanted a new kind of cereal to eat. My Mom did not seem to understand the correct concept of the breakfast cereal. You do not buy just one, you buy many boxes to rescue your tired mind from the redundant protocol of everyday life. Usually my mom would buy Cheerios, but sometimes Lucky Charms or Cocoa Puffs made it onto the shelves. I ate the Lucky Charms, but I did not enjoy it until the very end of the bowl. There was a certain Lucky Charms strategy worth perfecting. First, you eat all those nasty little whole wheat healthy nugget bits out of there (usually while holding your nose). That way you will eventually have just the marshmallows left over. Marshmallow cereal was my favorite. As for the Cocoa Puffs, that was "Mommy's" cereal. I had to wake up earlier than she did in order to sneak a small bowl of that chocolatey goodness. Not too big a bowl. I didn't want her to notice that any of it was missing, and it's not as easy to find other chocolatey nuggets to put in its place like it is to add water to vodka. Women with PMS know when their chocolate has been fucked with! I thought to myself, "Why can't I try mixing the two cereals together? That way, I won't eat too many Cocoa Puffs and to make up for the lack of chocolate, I'll have marshmallows to take their place!" and thus I discovered mixing. Brilliant.

The Review: With the above story taken into account, this is a lot of what Count Chocula could be described as tasting like, only without those nasty little healthy bits (obviously). Marshmallows and Cocoa bits together as one with milk, only it's even better because they are in spooky shapes! I like to think of Count Chocula as my Iggy Pop of cereals. Chocolate is sexy, chocolate is yummy. He's my favorite in that sense of, "I'm a girl so I love chocolate" kind of way. Dark, mysterious, and twice my age! Ha!

Franken Berry is of course almost the same cereal only he's strawberry flavored, not chocolate. Me being "The Strawberry Girl," he is my favorite in that sense of, "I love strawberries and everything pertaining to them, especially flavor" type of way. He is my New York Dolls of cereal. He's rockin' and rollin', but he's got an extra special fruity flavor. I think he's going through a little "Personality Crisis." He's a rough and tough monster, but he likes to wear pink.

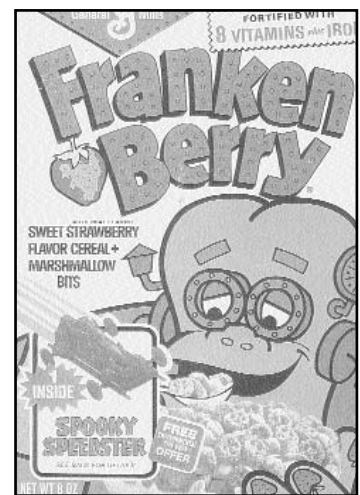
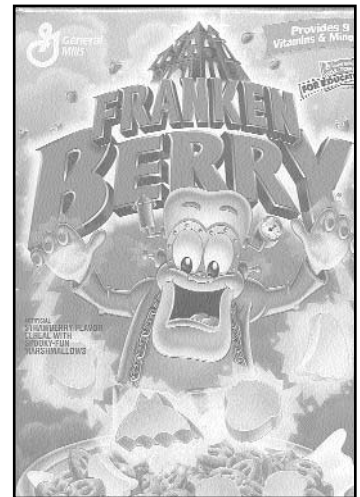
Even his fingernails have strawberries painted on them. I love a boy in makeup.

Boo Berry's a tough call. He's kind of a little Brian Eno, but he does have a little Lou Reed in there somewhere. He is a ghost, and although his name would suggest the flavor of blueberries, we really can't be too sure what type of berry flavor General Mills was going for with this cereal. He fits into his own special niche, I suppose. He is just as widely known a cereal, but he is slightly unrecognized compared to the devilish duo mentioned earlier. He didn't even get his own bobblehead!

Breakfast cereal is, in fact, not only for children, nor should it be confined to ingestion before noon. I have found that most cold cereals (especially the sugar coated and funny shaped ones) better suit individuals with an inclination to fun (or, I suppose drugs), but anyone can enjoy a delicious and nutritious bowl of fun day or night. Take drugs and eat some cereal. Your parents would have recommended it long ago had they not been your parents. I promise.

-Harmonee

(PS, if you're interested in the other side to the monster cereal story, check out Russ's column in <www.theemptybowl.com>)



Harmonee

Nutrition Facts	
This column provides:	
• 9 vitamins and minerals	
• Meets the Razorcake Association word criteria for saturated fat and cholesterol for healthy people over 2. **	



Old school Boo Berry.

** Percentage daily values are based on a 2,000 word diet. Your daily values may be higher or lower depending on your word needs.



Designated Dale

I'm Against It Vs. I'm a Little Airplane

JIMMY ALVARADO



Sean and I thought it would be a good idea to have our columnists beat on one another, toe to toe, idiot fighting style. Dueling columnists. Dale's has the white background. Jimmy's has grey. -Todd

Jimmy Alvarado Vs. Designated Dale

It's now late September as I'm writing away here and I can't help but wonder just what the fuck is going to happen from now and by the time you'll be reading this issue of Razorcake. If you do have this zine in front of yer ugly mug, then I can safely guess that nothing life-threatening hasn't happened to ya (not yet, anyway). As I'm sure you've noticed all around you, there has been more than enough news in these past coupla months to choke Godzilla himself about the unforgivable attacks on the World Trade Center towers in New York City as well as part of the Pentagon building in Washington, D.C. Unless you've been in a coma and have just awoken from a year's sleep, you've also probably noticed how just about everyone's conversation has turned to the topic of these Sept.

11th terrorist attacks, which included four hijacked airliners that ended up as flying, jet-fueled bombs of kamikaze-type destruction on the WTC towers as well as the Pentagon, not to mention the one that fatally crashed outside of Pittsburgh, PA. The morning that this sickness reared its ugly head, I was actually on the road at work while hearing this craziness unfolding live on Howard Stern's morning radio show and the initial reaction to myself about the first plane hitting the WTC was, "Wow, someone really fucked things up at that airport and asses are gonna swing," rationalizing in my head that because of the three major airports in that area (Newark, JFK, and LaGuardia), air traffic must've been extra sticky that morning and that this particular plane met an untimely

Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition

"Let he who is without sin cast the first stone."

-Some famous Jewish guy

Sometimes it sucks being right.

Back in January, I passed on a facetious message from the God of Punk to his legions of followers/lemmings, praising them for all their successful efforts at ensuring the worst possible person available would become President. In it, I made a remark about our current Commander-in-Chief, given the reputation both he and his family have amassed over the years, getting us into a war in the Middle East by early 2002.

Well, as I write this, little Georgie and his daddy's buddies are turning Afghanistan into a potholed parking lot while looking for a guy whose prior supposed terrorist shenanigans were little more than an excuse to bomb Sudanese aspirin factories. It seems I underestimated Bush-the-Sequel by a few months and a few miles, and I'd like to publicly apologize for providing you all with erroneous information.

Who'd-a thunk that this phonetically challenged, Alfred E. Neuman look-alike would get so much done in nine months? I figured he'd still be putzing around with screwing up the economy and looking for ways to make more money for the family oil business this early in the game.

Although I have to admit that I cheered out loud when I turned on the news that morning and saw that someone finally had the pluck to dive-bomb the Pentagon, I was truly saddened to hear that so many had died in the towers in New York and in Pennsylvania over something they probably had no direct hand in whatsoever and who probably had no idea what hit 'em.

What I wanna know, though, is what's the big fuckin' surprise? Anyone with a passing knowledge

of US history who occasionally glances at the news must have seen this coming. The United States has long been one of the world's most hated and reviled nation-states since Rome's last holiday, and rightfully so. Over the course of the last 100 years alone, it has managed to get itself involved in at least one war every single decade and, although it has tried time and again to make it seem otherwise, not one of those wars was humanitarian in nature. It also found out that imposing and training other regimes to brutalize both neighboring countries and their own populations could gain them more political and economic advantage than colonialism ever did.

But there's always gotta be someone under the boot or it wouldn't be called oppression and, sooner or later, those on the short end of the stick are gonna get pretty damn tired of seeing their mothers, sisters and wives raped and kids turned into hamburger. Sooner or later, they're gonna want to give some of that love back.

I'm not trying to discount or make light of the heartrending events of September 11, mind you, nor do I condone what the so-called terrorists did. I don't. While I understand and empathize with what is motivating both sides of obviously pissed off people, avenging the stupid, pointless deaths of a bunch of innocent people by fucking off and killing a bunch more innocent people is equally stupid and pointless, no matter who does it.

Frankly, though, I have a lot of misgivings about the United States trying to take some sort of moral high ground. Sure, if bin Laden and his homeboys are guilty they should be taken in, put on trial and dealt with accordingly. But ain't that what international law is for? I thought the UN as a collective group was supposed to deal with grievances against "rogue" nations to prevent other nations from taking the opportuni-



Dale in his electric weasel stance.

ly fate. Sure. That *has* to be it, right? Minutes tick by and in all the confusion of the first plane, Howard reports a *second* plane hitting the other WTC tower. Then the report of a third plane hitting the Pentagon. Shit. With a sickening feeling deep down in my gut, I think to myself, "C'mon, Howard, even for *you* this bit you're tryin' to pull ain't fuckin' funny at all," trying to convince myself that it was just a very, very bad joke. Trying in vain to get rid of this nausea, I scanned the radio channels in my work truck only to find them all pegged with news about the late-breaking tragedies about these airliners at the WTC and in D.C., and that brought me to the realization that the pitted feeling in my gut was in fact very, very real. Knowing that his studio in the radio station building is only minutes away from the WTC towers, I tuned back in to Howard's show, figuring that he or the people that work on his show might know just what the hell is going on. I found to my surprise that Howard and Co. actually stayed on the air and were giving minute-by-minute info as it was coming in from the few people he was with contact with on their cell phones out on the streets of Manhattan, as well as one of his radio brothers and guests, Crazy Cabbie, who was atop his apartment rooftop in Brooklyn on his cell phone watching it all happen from across the Brooklyn Bridge while on the air with Howard. It's a damn good thing that they did stay on the air as there were reports coming in that all but a couple of television stations were completely blacked out in the NYC area. I'm sure a lot of folks besides me would like to thank Howard and his crew for sticking it out and staying on the air to keep us millions of listeners all over the country informed on what was going on. He was undoubtedly one of the most human people on the air at the time all this shit went down, from the planes colliding, to the desperate sights of the trapped people jumping out the windows of the burning towers, to the disheartening instances when the WTC towers eventually collapsed before everyone's eyes, fully aware that there were many, many people that didn't make it out in time, including the numerous teams of unbelievably brave rescue units from the fire and police departments. I *really* think anyone who's ever had any reservations about Mr. Stern or his show should think again, because even though a lot of folks aren't 100% behind him, the coverage he provided on that horrible day was greatly appreciated by all, fans of him or not. *Thanks,*

Howard.

Immediately after these situations occurred, reactions from American citizens, as well as folks from all around the globe, started pouring in from their homes, workplaces, schools, churches, radio, newspapers and magazines, and our dear old friend, the "ever-reliable" fucking television. Big time shock was running rampant among almost all of the people here in the country the day this crapola hit the fan, jarring people from coast to coast to recognize the grim reality that the U.S.A. isn't as untouchable as they had hoped. I honestly think that it was also a hell of a wake-up call to a lot of folks here who sometimes take this kick-ass rock and roll country of ours for granted. Speaking with a number of people about this in these last couple weeks, I've encountered some different angles on how we as a country should react to this situation of terrorist attack. Of course, there are a vast number of people that feel laying waste to certain countries in the Middle East is the way to go. If these certain countries continue to harbor and support terrorism, fine. Go fucking nuts. Clean house. I'm fully aware that the United States, *politically speaking*, have almost always had "common interests" (the almighty buck) in the last 40 years or so, be it training the people we now call our enemies with our own military and/or CIA, selling "surplus" arms and ammunition to these same people, or even worse, politicians (who represent people like you and me) who are forever sticking their fucking noses in the middle of these country's conflicts, offering whatever financial support possible in the name of "democracy" when the obvious reason is for their own selfish gain. Here's a nice example- remember the "Gulf War"? Jello Biafra was one of the many Americans among us who sure as hell knew what that "Gulf War" was about. Remember his release, "Die For Oil Sucker"? Think about it. There's those common fucking interests at work again. Should the U.S. have made an example out of Saddam Hussein and all his idiocy when that Gulf situation went down? Seems to have worked in the past (Libya). When was the last time Germany got its axis together with Japan and paid us a surprise visit on the shores of Hawaii? Oh wait. They don't like to talk about that much anymore because of a certain nuclear incident that happened upon the city of Hiroshima. Things have been pretty much business-as-usual since. Going and leveling a country like Afghanistan with hopes of squelching some of the leading terrorists and their cru-

ty to pop over and fuck shit up on their own. Aren't there some sort of proper channels the US should be going through? How is taking the initiative to lob tomahawk missiles at impoverished, sleeping citizens of a south Asian country any different than some crazy fucker ramming a plane into a building filled with not as impoverished, working North American citizens? Dead civilians are dead civilians, right?

trains or supports them in any way. Hey, I can get behind that. Who gets to define what a terrorist is? "Terrorize" means "to dominate or coerce by intimidation." Can those who run the US government be counted as "terrorists" as well under this definition? Since the US was the government that originally funded, trained and supported what became both the Al-Qaeda and the Taliban so that they could give the Soviets their Vietnam,



Jimmy in his Octopus Hideum stance

Jimmy Alvarado Vs. Designated Dale

And then there's the terrorist thing. According to little Georgie, this "war," as he likes to keep referring it, is one that will be targeting not just Osama bin Laden, the Al-Qaeda and the Taliban (a government long demonized by those on the "loony left" whose loving treatment of its mothers and daughters has only recently been noticed by everyone else), but also terrorist groups around the world and any government that funds,

when can we expect to see B2 Stealth bombers laying waste to the Pentagon, the White House and CIA headquarters? Hey, the US funded 'em. Isn't the US just as guilty for whacking all those people in New York, DC and Pennsylvania? More importantly, when did these groups, who were freedom fighters when the US trained them, stop being such and became terrorists? When did



saders
s o u n d s
fine and
fucking dandy.
Only problem is that
the terrorism organiza-
tions like these are planted
all over the world like a fucking
cancer-ridden weed. Including this
country, too, by the way. It's an
unnerving thought. For all we
know, the country of Afghanistan
might soon be fricking void of any
terrorist activity (or not) by the time
you're reading over this, so what
good would sweeping a country
filled to the brim with third world
people do? Don't get me wrong-
maybe knock off a coupla handfuls
of these terrorist fucks. Fine. Good
job. But what about the *rest* of the
disease? I really feel that this coun-
try, as well as others, have the capa-
bility to start exterminating these
so-called "sects" of terrorism with
some long, hard work, and I'm
backing it. Who's feet are we step-
ping on in this world if the world as
a whole wants to wipe its ass of ter-
rorism? The terrorists' feet? I'm
also aware that this country's polit-
ical structure has to take a serious
look at itself and basically choose
what's best for *this country* or
what's best for *themselves*.
Unfortunately, the choice of most
of these folks in office has been
pretty goddamn evident since
episodes like America's involve-
ment with Vietnam in the early
'70s. Damn those common interests
again. The hours following the
Sept. 11th blitz, there were speck-
led reports around the country that
there were Palestines, *American
citizen Palestines*, celebrating what
they called "a successful mission
against the evils of America." One
report was coming in from
Paterson, NJ, where a group of
these sub-humans were out in the
streets dancing and whooping it up
following what happened a few
hours earlier across the way in
NYC at the WTC towers. Furious
neighbors piled out onto the streets
to confront these disrespectful
pricks only to be held at bay and be
told by stationed police at the scene
that "These people celebrating here
on the streets have a right to do so.
You have to leave them be." If that
doesn't burn my shit, I don't know
what does. Protected by the rights
of our country *they* so much
despise. Yeah, these people are *real*
fucking reasonable, aren't they? A
real class act. Just like that footage
over in the Middle East of some of
the same scumbags, young and old,
celebrating out in front of that
restaurant with an illuminated
Pepsi machine in the back behind
the counter. And who can forget the

two cheering Palestines pumping
their fists, driving by the front of
this joint honking the horn in their
white *Ford* van? If these people
despise America and its culture so
much, why the hell would they
accept or use any of the products
coming from America's "evil corpo-
rate" empires? Makes no sense to
me - how 'bout you? And if *Pepsi*
or *Ford* had any balls swimming
around down in their sacks, they'd
tell countries such as these to go
pound sand and get fucked - who
needs 'em? But then again, just
how important is that almighty
buck to these two companies? I can
only hope. I want to make it
absolutely clear that I love this
country. I may not agree with a
large amount of what going on
behind closed political doors here,
but I love it all the same. Always
have. It reminds me of the message
I remember seeing on a bumper
sticker as a kid, "I love my country
but can't trust my government." I
was talking Sean, Todd's partner in
crime here at Razorcake, and I
remarked that even as a little
American kid growing up here in
grade school, I somewhat got the
impression that people here in the
states have got it pretty damn good.
To the point of being spoiled, in
some cases. Where else in this
world can you live wherever you
see fit, have a relationship with
whomever you like, worship what-
ever and wherever you please, arm
and protect yourself as a citizen, or
say just about anything your heart's
desire to anyone? How about read-
ing, watching, or listening to what-
ever tickles yer fancy? That
includes the oh-so-beautiful punk
rock and the tons of other rock and
roll so many of us here at
Razorcake live for. Don't forget the
freedom to write, print and publish
zines, like the one previously men-
tioned, for example. We're just *one*
magazine - think of the *tons* of oth-
ers. All the everyday freedoms like
the ones pointed out above, as well
as a load of others, kinda get mixed
into the shuffle of our everyday
lives, not that we intentionally take
them for granted, but I'll say this -
every time I've seen an American
flag since these destructive attacks,
it not only reminds me of how great
this country I live in can actually
be, but reminds me *even more* how
fucking wonderful the things I
dearly love here are...Chuck Berry,
the Ramones, Howard Stern, and
Chevrolets? For these coupla things
of the many in my life that I thor-
oughly dig, you bet your ass, buddy
boy. Terrorism? Let me quote
brother Joey Ramone (R.I.P.) - "I'm
Against It!"

-Designated Dale



<RamonesNYC1974@aol.com>



Saddam
Hussein,
whose Iraqi
military was fund-
ed and equipped by the
US to fight against Iran,
stop being an ally and become
a crazed dictator bent on the
destruction of the free world?
When they decided that they didn't
want to dance with the devil
anymore and told the US to get the
fuck outta Dodge?

If that don't warrant the United
States being labeled as a terrorist
government, or at least sympathet-
ic to governments and organiza-
tions that are, what about all those
shenanigans in South and Central
America? Not only did the US
fund, train, supply and support the
overthrow of numerous govern-
ments that either weren't friendly
toward US interests or whose polit-
ics the US flat-out disagreed
with, in many cases its military
and its CIA actively participated
in the party. In El Salvador, the
CIA and Green Berets taught that
government's military all the lat-
est developments in torture, using
whole villages of Indians who just
happened to be living on oil
deposits to demonstrate what a lit-
tle hydrochloric acid, bamboo
shoots and particularly wicked
rape techniques could achieve.

The US also backed the Chilean
regime of Augusto Pinochet,
whose treatment of his own peo-
ple rivals Herr Hitler's shindig;
funded the imposition of a particu-
larly brutal dictatorship in
Guatemala; sustained both
Bautista and Castro (believe it or
not) in Cuba; put in place and sup-
ported a few generations of
Somoza puppet dictatorships and
the Contra "freedom fighters" in
Nicaragua after the last Somoza
was deposed; and the Marcos
regime in the Philippines, to name
a few. Hell, the United States'
School of the Americas (which is
still open for business under its
new name, the Western
Hemisphere Institute for Security
Cooperation) has in the past and
continues to train some of the
most creatively vicious mass mur-
derous that have ever set foot on
the planet.

The US has supported and con-
doned the actions of allies like
Britain (who made the people in
India miserable), Indonesia (who
made the people in East Timor
miserable), Israel (who've made
the Palestinians miserable), the
Shah of Iran (who made his own
people miserable) and, more
recently, has thrown its lot in with

the current government of
Colombia, which has been quietly
aligning itself with a nasty bunch
of right-wing extremist militias,
all with the supposed aim of rid-
ding the world of the drug
scourge. More people have died at
the hands of the United States
government than the Nazi party
could've possibly dreamed, many
of them iced within US borders.
Do those count?

If what the United States gov-
ernment says is, in fact, true, bin
Laden and his merry men have
been responsible for the deaths
8,000 innocent people, tops. The
US has either directly or indirec-
tly whacked at least 10 times as
many innocent people (and I'm
being conservative in my estima-
tion). Who has more right to the
moral high ground to point fin-
gers, the justified outrage to bomb
the shit out of another bunch of
unsuspecting people trying to
make ends meet on this rapidly
deteriorating hunk of rock? If
we're gonna hunt down and kill
off terrorists, are we gonna put
everyone who's ever held office in
the US federal government on trial
as well?

What the whole thing seems to
boil down to is a case of neither
side as having a leg to stand on.
No one is innocent except most of
those who happen to be caught in
the cross fire. The Al-Qaeda and
any other terrorist organizations
who use murder to further their
cause stand to achieve nothing but
to alienate itself further from the
rest of the world and to belittle
whatever cause it's rallying
around. The US's current desire to
seek some retribution will proba-
bly achieve nothing but to make
martyrs of those it is hunting
down and thus create a whole new
generation of "terrorists" out for
its blood. Oh, and impose another
repressive government it approves
of in another country up to its eye-
balls in trouble to begin with.

If, as the media has been so apt
to try to intimate, the US's current
direction is indicative of the
majority of its population's atti-
tude, though, then maybe bin
Laden's belief that the average Joe
is equally culpable for what his
government does, which has been
essentially the US's attitude
toward the average Iraqi over the
last 10 years, ain't so far-fetched.

If that is the case, then little
Georgie, the arrogant, half-witted
warmonger that he is, and his
daddy's buddies truly are the best
representatives the American pub-
lic could possibly hope for.

Sometimes it sucks being right.

-Jimmy



Jimmy Alvarado vs. Designated Dale



...if your job is to sit around and wait until my house is on fire and then go into the fire and save me, hell, make fun of my haircut all you want.

Okay, let me get out of the way that the good men who publish this zine are also publishing my book. It is basically a gathering of the best of the first 14 issues of my zine BOOK OF LETTERS – my correspondence with corporate America, and a few essays and columns for good measure.

Rich Mackin

The other thing... Wow. Who hasn't been talking about Sept 11/ the terrorism/ the attack on America, whatever you want to call it? Let me start the story from my personal view, and I will throw in my thoughts and information as I can. Rather than doing book reports, I will just show you some places you can do more research. This is likely (hopefully) the least coherent collection of words I have written in recent history – but maybe that's appropriate.

I have a cushy job, and I sometimes show up at work far after the suggested 9AM (I make up for it, for the record). So, Tuesday, September 11, I ride my bike to the twenty-five story building I work in, located within a mall/office complex with another skyscraper, and see everyone leaving. I ask a security guard what the deal is and he just shows me where to go. Out. Some people say something about terrorist threat.

I get home. I am of the mindset that a bomb threat was called in and I get a free day off. Then I turned on TV.

I start calling people. I start emailing people. I notice that the shock is still there even on TV – the refrain is that the skyline is different – we can't even bring ourselves to acknowledge the loss of lives and the impact on our society. The Pentagon is also hit. Another plane crashes – it is reported as headed for Camp David by unnamed yet often referenced sources. Maybe it was headed towards the White House, some speculate. I am immediately concerned about the "let's beat up the Arabs" mentality that does come to be. Like McVeigh bombing the Oklahoma City building, and Arabs getting the blame.

Towel heads. Rag heads. Friends of mine disappoint me with kill 'em all comments. Kill the kids too, less they grow up to bomb us. "Rape their women!" said one ex friend. When asked to explain, he neither apologized, nor explained how rape cures grief. (Nor, a friend points out, how a woman is "theirs" to begin with) We want to bomb someone. Bomb the whole region. By 5PM I am getting emails calling for internment camps.

The evening is spent with a small group of us watching different angles of the planes crashing again and again. Holy shit.

Holy shit. Holy shit. It gets so that days later I am biking towards the John Hancock – far and away the tallest building in Boston, and see host images of jets flying into it, it collapsing into rubble.

Wednesday some of us show up for work. We sit scared and all wind up on one side, watching police siege the next door hotel with suspects inside. The radio says "bomb" and we are all gone (The next week a bomb threat is called in at the neighboring tower, and we leave. Last Friday the papers report a potential yet unspecified threat and we leave. Four total evacuations, not including the official new evacuation policy drill October 3rd). Wednesday night I try and do some non 911 related stuff and wind up comforting a friend who has an unborn baby whose father is MIA in NYC.

I spend the next few days in constant debate with everyone I've ever met – bomb everyone versus peace. Not wanting to bomb the whole Middle East does not mean letting the terrorists get away with it. All Arabs aren't evil. Making Bin Laden the spokesman for Islam is like making Fred Phelps spokesman for Christians... And on other levels, does life still go on? Should the spoken word show next week still happen? Should bands still play? Should we cancel everything in memorial? Is anyone going to want to have fun anymore? Will we all be sitting in front of TV for days on end? The September 15th Freedom Fest – a mostly pro-hemp event – is slightly altered, but goes on. I perform for thousands and dodge bottles. Fun in a weird way. If nothing else, it was good to be concerned about something else.

On Friday, September 14th, *USA Today* (1), of all things, reports that former U.S. Senator Warren Rudman said his security commission warned of terrorist attacks in the United States, and said that not enough was being done to prevent them.

I get more emails this week than I had for the last six months combined. I talk to almost everyone I've ever met. We are all online all day. We all post and repost and forward the same material to each other. At first, all very reactionary, mostly checking to see if we are all alive. After a while we start getting Bin Laden as the Grinch jokes, pictures of the Statue of Liberty giving the finger... Only one person sends instructions on correct display of the flag.

Meanwhile, "patriots" are buying flags in droves. I am unsure why someone so "patriotic" did not own a flag on September 10th. I also don't know why a patriot doesn't know that you always hang a flag blue field in the upper left corner, not the right left corner (which is to say,

you hang up a different side, not just tilt the thing. Upside down is another issue); flying a flag without a light at night isn't correct. Taping a flag to your car and letting it get ragged in the wind is not correct. And the official way to dispose of a flag once it gets ragged is indeed to burn it. Chinese sweatshops step up production of American flag making (so says the *Washington Post* (2)).

Funny how many people are flying flags, but how few vote in this country. Funny how I have seen SUVs not made in America using Middle East derived oil and with a driver littering. It's as if to say people want to show that they love their country more than they actually love it.

MTV does a few news stories in heavy rotation. One is a well-done piece on Islam and Arabs that I would think helps a lot. Another is watching Blink 182 watch the tragedy on TV.

George W. Bush, the man who got fewer votes than Gore (if you believe he got that many) the man who won an election by a weird court decision, suddenly is being held in esteem.

One thing I realized about my fellow Americans is that they are bad with fact-checking. From an opinionated conversation about Islam from someone who didn't know what the Koran is, to every forward of a fake Nostradamus prediction, we made stuff up and took rumor as gospel. Someone emailed someone else a Nostradamus prediction, then they forward it without checking to see if it has any validity, without noticing it was dated after Nostradamus died. Or, "If you write something and convert it to dingbats font it shows a rebus that spells doom." When did Microsoft become a prophet in the first place? I keep getting, "If you write flight 33" or something, which is not the number of any involved flights, then change it to dingbats, it looks like a plane crashing into two buildings... Hell, even I fell victim to Ashcroft saying that something was supposed to happen in Boston Sept 22nd. Meanwhile, people were noting that Afghanistan had 11 letters, and it was on September 11, but then failed to realize that 9/11 is 911, which is emergency. Others even speculated that by picking the airlines United and American, must mean Bin Laden hates seeing Americans United (so we should show him by holding a hands-across-America-style event).

We have declared "war on terrorism" which to me makes it sound like we were okay with it up until now.

Everyone does something hoping to help. Blood is donated in droves, and this is great, but I hope this means people keep it up, and didn't

give September 12th only to never do so again. Some people think chain emails and flags on office doors make the country a better place, others plunge into some sort of activism. One person proposes Fireman's Day. (I kinda like that – I have found in my experience that some firemen are often as stupid and racist as some police are known to be by punks and activists. But if your job is to sit around and wait until my house is on fire and then go into the fire and save me, hell, make fun of my haircut all you want.)

And as we collectively decide what to do next, many, but not enough, of us consider what got us here.

The *Hindustan Times* (and others) reports connections between Bin Laden and the Bush family (3), which of course is interesting considering that George I was a major CIA guy and when he was vice president, the CIA trained a fellow named Osama Bin Laden and set him up with all sorts of toys in the eighties. Because back then, there was no bigger Bogeyman than the "Evil Empire" known as the Soviet Union. And if the enemy of my enemy is my friend, who cares if the enemy of my enemy is a religious nut who hates women and my society in general. Also interesting considering how much money the US gave to the Taliban as recently as this spring to help fight the drug war. I know this sounds like your typical crusty punk anarchist conspiracy theory, but this is being documented on MSNBC (4) and the like – just not as heavily as other stories.

Meanwhile, it is rumored that Chile has declared moral right to bomb us if we bomb Afghanistan. Our boy Henry Kissinger, and our government in general had a role in millions of deaths, such as the 1973 coup in Chile that put dictator Pinochet into power (not to mention all the mess in Viet Nam and surrounding nations that we made around that time). So if we can bomb a nation because a terrorist lives there, they can do the same since Kissinger and Co. live here.

The new issue of *Z Magazine*, just on newsstands, has a brilliant Q&A about this whole situation. The web site does not have it up as I write, but by the time you read this it might (5). Also, you can learn a decent amount about Arabs, Muslims and Arab-Americans at (6). I do realize that I am doing the annoying thing of making online references in the real world – but these are good. Unless you don't have a computer.

The U.S. government is contemplating allying with the Afghani Northern Alliance on the enemy-of-my-enemy-must-be-my-friend logic, which is why we worked with Bin Laden way back when. If some Northern Alliance guy blows up Disneyland in 15 years, let me say that being able to say, "told you so" won't make me feel better.

A massive peace march occurs in Boston. It goes well, save for minor arguments that were not between marchers and hecklers (the few hecklers were mostly drunk and obviously stupid) but between anarchists and "normal" people with American flags. Neither wanted to be seen with the flags of the other.

The next day, there is a warning by Ashcroft to the mayor of Boston and Governor of Massachusetts to be on alert.

The IMF/ World Bank Meetings scheduled to be held in DC September 29th and 30th were cancelled. My friend Matt wonders if that means

we won, since the ideal goal of a protest was to shut it down. This reminds me of how no president was declared election day – meaning arguably that the anarchists won, at least for a while. Some maintained that there still be a protest, while many wanted to switch gears and have a peace/ anti-racism march. I myself was a bit mixed on the idea of "peace" march on DC. For one, I was scared that recent events and loss of mass at the protest would lead to tear gas and skull cracking. Concern of hyper-patriots taking out frustration increased the fear of skull cracking, as did a post on the *New Republic* web site for a counter protest. To tell you the truth, I was concerned that too many people would try to out liberal each other and not want to retaliate at all, and the peace march would be ridiculous. Still, I thought it needed to be done, so I went down as a medic. In any case, I knew that there would be a lot of focus on: not all Arabs are bad, not all Moslems are fanatics, the people of Afghanistan, the government of Afghanistan and the Taliban are not the same, etc.

It is weird to attend a protest as a medic. Usually, on any trip you don't want to bring stuff you don't use. In the case of medical supplies, you hope you never use it. Luckily the most use I was giving out water and a few Cliff bars. It was a downright social event for me, actually, I got to hang out with Ian MacKaye in person and stayed at the Squished Penny Museum, of all places (7).

I was happy to find that few people expected no retaliation at all (I did see one African American woman with a "Bin laden never called me nigger" – after Vietnam era signs. No, lady, but he did kill thousands of people of ALL races. He IS a bad guy) but the general idea is to target those directly responsible. And perhaps those who helped them. Like the CIA...

-Rich Mackin

P.S. By the time this sees print, Columbus Day has come and gone. Me and my friends dressed up as pirates, discovered downtown Boston, informed the Bostonians they were actually Indians and would be working in our plantations after they converted to our God...

**Rich's web links
in the real world:**

1. <http://www.usatoday.com/news/nation/2001/09/12/commission-warned.htm>
2. <http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A59580-2001Sep19.html>
3. <http://www.hindustantimes.com/nonfram/280901/dLAME27.asp>
4. <http://www.msnbc.com/news/190144.asp>
5. <http://www.zmag.org>
6. <http://www.freep.com/jobspage/arabs/index.htm>
7. <http://www.squished.com>



Rich Mackin

When Rich was just a baby, Fireman Doug pulled him out of a burning crib. Rich's mother sent us this photo. Wasn't he a cute kid?





Kveldulfr breaks out laughing and I realize that I'm not David Lee Roth; I'm not even Menudo.

The Dinghole Reports
by the Rhythm Chicken

(Commentary by Francis Funyuns)
[Edited by Dr. Sicnarf]

As a totally unrelated opening comment, I would like to declare the absolute COOLEST tavern in the world to be none other than the Salty Dawg Saloon in Homer, Alaska. The next time you find yourself at the convenient address of 151° 25' 10" W longitude/ 59° 36' 9" N latitude stop in, buy yourself a Pabst, and marvel in the heavenly splendor that screams "home."

(Hey Rhythm Chicken! Let's get to the beef of today's report. Face it! You're a no good sellout! - F.F.)

Wait just one cluckin' second here. Let me explain myself!

[I hate to agree with Mr. Funyuns, but you've been caught red-winged, Mr. Chicken. You know, when other punker types like Green Day sell out at least they sell their souls to Warner Bros. or Atlantic. You've been caught in bed with a far more evil entity, an enemy beyond comprehension. Your ass is now glazed with the jiz of the Miller Brewing Company! - Dr. S.]

(Yeah! Way to go, you Rhythm Benedict Arnold! All your loyal fans who helped bring you to where you are, they lay writhing with carrets thrust in their backs! And you have the nerve to continue swilling all that Vitamin "P"! You're insulting Chicken fans worldwide. What

a disgrace! - F.F.)

BUCKAWRRRRRR!.....SHUT UP! You two are blowing this WAY out of proportion!

[(ARE WE?! - F.F. & Dr. S.)]

First of all, Miller IS brewing Pabst these days! Second of all, I remain an anal virgin! Miller will never have the key to my chastity belt's back door! Third of all...

[Hey Rhythm Turkey! Why don't you start your dunghill report so the *Razorcake* readership knows what the hell you're cluckin' about. - Dr. S.]

I'd LOVE to, if you two would just give me a chance.

(The coop's podium is yours, birdbrain. - F.F.)

Dinghole Report #13: Major League Ruckus at Miller Park

(Rhythm Chicken sightings #201 to #204)
It all hatched just a few days after I appeared in the South Shore Frolics parade in Milwaukee this last July. (see Dinghole Report #10) I received an email forwarded to me by Todd and Sean. Todd's added note read, "Holy shit! Holy shit! I think this is real!" Apparently, it was from the head of Electronic Media Entertainment from Milwaukee's Miller Park (the new zillion dollar baseball stadium for the Brewers, paid for and dictated over by the Miller Brewing Company). He saw my balls-out performance in the parade, liked how I "worked the crowd," and his internet search engine brought him to the beautiful Razorcake web site.

A few emails and a few hangovers later I found Lord Kveldulfr and myself in the Brewers' corporate offices, Kveldulfr in all his tattoos and me in my New Bomb Turks shirt. Before long we were on a flatbed golf cart with the Chicken Kit, Mr. Media, a cameraman, and some high tech lookin' video equipment. It wasn't the usual Rhythm Chicken motorcade, to say the least.

The first gig was in the northwest parking lot with the stadium's hulking mass as a backdrop. Just before we started "the shoot," Mr. Media hands me a fancy Brewers jersey #99 with "bat-boy" spelled out across the back. Hee hee hee! They asked to do a quick soundcheck so I rolled out a little barrel of ruckus. The cameraman breaks out laughing and Mr. Media says, "See! I told you!" The cameraman regained his composure and said, "OK, we're rolling." I ripped out a full-throttle display of chicken-ear-flappin'

Rhythm Chicken



wild-ass rhythmhem. Lord Kveldulfr is busy running around with my own camera taking snapshot evidence because, as I said, "NO ONE will FUCKIN' believe this!" Enough video footage was captured at this location and we loaded up the impromptu Rooster Roller to distant applause from far away.

The next shooting occurred in front of the large bronze statue of Hank Aaron, right next to the main ticket window. Once set up, the rhythm thunder began while the cameraman is hovering about, trying different angles and perspectives. Some old fat dude storms out of the ticket booth yelling about how we "can't be doing this here, and WHAT the hell do you think you are DOING, anyway?" Mr. Media shared a few words with him and the ticket booth cop walks back to his post shaking his head. We finish the gig and I figure that Mr. Media must have some amount of pull here in Millerland.

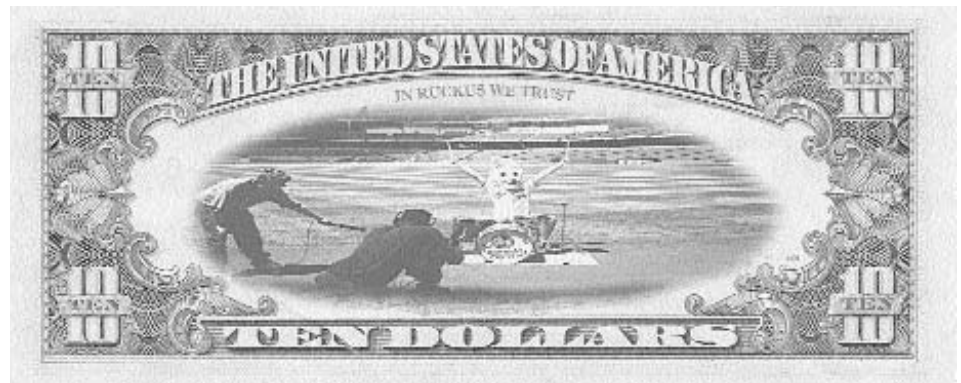
Soon we're loaded up and the Chicken transport is careening through tunnels in the stadium. We come across one of the sausage costumes for the 6th inning Klemments Sausage Race. Kveldulfr and I demand to have our photo taken with this local hero. Soooooo cool! We exit the last tunnel into the sunlight to find ourselves rolling along the meticulously manicured grass of the outfield. Kveldulfr and I look up at the 40,000 empty stadium seats in disbelief.

The third concert takes place on the edge of the outfield facing home plate. About 50 feet to my left is the in-stadium TGIFriday's with an outdoor terrace overlooking the field. Afternoon diners observe the set-up in bewilderment. The video equipment is assembled and I'm given the green light. Ruckus rhythms filled the stadium as I'm giving it my all. About 30 seconds into my well-orchestrated chaos I realize what is actually happening. Here I am, the Rhythm Chicken, doing my thing, playing in a GOD-DAMN 40,000-SEAT STADIUM! STADIUM ROCK! Holy radioactive birdseed! My dinghole never felt stretchier! My Chicken ears never flapped with such gallantry! In my head, for a couple of delusional moments, I WAS Journey, U2, and Madonna, all rolled into one. I abruptly halted the powerbeats and raised my wings skyward anticipating the deafening applause of 40,000 screaming horny hens. My finest moment.

Reality caught up with me as I heard about six of the diners from TGIFriday's clapping and laughing. Kveldulfr breaks out laughing and I realize that I'm not David Lee Roth; I'm not even Menudo. I'm just a nobody punk rocker with a \$75 drum set wearing a chicken head. While tearing down the Chicken Kit I pluck a handful of the green outfield and toss it in the bass drum.

The set is loaded on the Chicken transport and we're back in the tunnels. The day's final video shoot takes place in the east parking lot near the Klemment's Sausage Haus. The close proximity of such a deliciously large stockpile of bratwurst has me quite anxious and squirrely... for a chicken, but I manage to pull off another set of rowdy-ass rhythms. The camera is turned off and the Chicken Kit dismantled and crammed up my dinghole.

The golf cart has us flyin' through tunnels again 'til we end up at the main control room for all ballpark operations. We walk by the scoreboard controls. We walk by the wall full of video consoles that send live game footage to any cable channel's satellite. Finally, in a back



corner we sit in front of a million little knobs and a thousand TV monitors. The cameraman slides the day's tape into a slot, twiddles a few knobs, and we are watching multiple images of myself doing what I do. Well, fuck my duck. Mr. Media hands me two dressy polo shirts with the Brewers' logo embroidered on the front. Nice.

Then Mr. Media and the cameraman take Kveldulfr and I to TGIFriday's for a free lunch. We take full advantage of the offer and start downing pints of High Life. Before long I was home on my balcony downing bottles of Pabst, overlooking Lake Michigan and wondering if the day's events actually took place. Ever since then, most Brewer home games have been showing the Rhythm Chicken on the biscreen jumbotron to get the crowd all riled up.

A few weeks later I start receiving numerous phone calls and emails from family and friends saying, "I was at yesterday's Brewer game and YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I SAW!" Apparently, they even showed the footage during a few telecasts, from what I've heard, and the announcers argue over the identity of this character. I, myself, had not been to a Brewer game since 1981 so I thought it was about time. After all, they do have the coolest team name in ANY league! I called Mr. Media and he set me up with four tickets so I gathered three friends and we went to see the Brewers take on the Astros. Around the 3rd inning the bigscreen jumbotron read "Miller Park welcomes the Rhythm Chicken!" I stared in disbelief. The old guy in front of us said to the guy next to him, "What the hell is a Rhythm Chicken?" Surreal.

After the 6th inning was the infamous Klemment's Sausage Race! Four guys in big 15-foot tall sausage costumes race around the perimeter of the field as 40,000 people scream at the bumbling brat race. God, I love Wisconsin! The 7th inning stretch saw everyone on their feet singing "Let's Go Out to the Ballgame" and "Roll out the Barrel."

Suddenly, just before the 8th inning, there it was. The jumbotron showed the Rhythm Chicken rockin' out, doin' his thing. Then the words "MAKE...SOME...NOISE!" would flash on the screen, then more Chicken ruckus footage, then another "MAKE...SOME...NOISE!" The full stadium was going crazy! Yaaaaaay! More Chicken footage, more yelling, more Chicken footage, more yelling. Each time the yelling would get louder and louder. I sunk into my seat. I absolutely could not believe my senses. Unreal. Two years ago I was playing on the shoulder of some north Wisconsin highway to the occasional car every five or ten minutes. Two WEEKS ago I was playing on the shoulder of some north

Wisconsin highway to the occasional car every five or ten minutes, yet I sat there in a stadium with 39,999 screaming humans roaring for that image on the jumbotron.

Then the most insulting thing appeared. It highly disturbs me to even TYPE it. Some new words were flying across the screen in front of the Rhythm Chicken. They were moving fast and I was having trouble reading them. Finally the words stopped in the middle of the screen and I experienced sheer rage and near traumatic shock! There in front of the Rhythm Chicken flashed the words that made me want to KILL! It said.....THE RALLY RABBIT! That's right! It said the RALLY RABBIT! The fuckin' Rally Rabbit! What in the living FUCK is a Rally Rabbit?! Where did they get THAT shit? Can't they read the freakin' bass drum? I AM THE RHYTHM CHICKEN! THE RHYTHM CHICKEN!!! What are they, blind? Don't they know a goddamn CHICKEN when they see one!!!! Do I LOOK like a fuckin' rabbit? CHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERIST!!!!

(The Rally Rabbit? HA HA HA HA HA HA!!! - F.F.)

[The Rally Rabbit? HA HA HA HA HAR HAR HAR!!! - Dr. S.]

SHUT THE CLUCK UP! THIS IS AN INSULT TO THE HIGHEST DEGREE!!!

(That's what you get for fraternizing with an associate of Phillip Morris, Bunnyman! - F.F.)

[Actually, Mr. Rabbit, that's what you get for going right to the majors and not working your way up through the minor leagues first! - Dr. S.]

AAAAAAAAAAAAAH! This is an outrage! I will seek sweet revenge on those who have wronged the Chicken! I will bring justice to those who have brought insult to the Rhythm Chicken's name! MAKE NO MISTAKE, I AM IN HOT PURSUIT!

(HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!!! - F.F.)

[HA HA HA HA HA HAR HAR HAR HAR!!! - Dr. S.]

P.S. The Rhythm Chicken cordially invites Davey Tiltwheel into the Tavern Squad's Hall of Ruckus for clubbing him in the skull with a full pitcher of beer. All rise for the 21 cluck salute!

-Rhythm Chicken

rhythmchicken@hotmail.com

Rhythm Chicken





Sean Carswell

A Monkey to Ride the Dog



*I looked up and saw fights breaking out in concentric circles around me. A full-on barroom brawl...
And I was standing right in the middle of it. Fuck.*

BRANDON'S POSSE

The band was taking a long time between songs and the pit was still swirling down by the stage. I grabbed a beer from the cooler, gave it to the guy who ordered it, took his money, and gave him change. The whole time, I was waiting for the band to play another song. But they didn't. They didn't tune their instruments or talk into the microphone or anything. The pit kept moving. People crowded into a tight mass around it. A fight, I thought. I looked for the security guy over by the front door. He wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere in the bar. I was sure of that. A six-foot-four, steroid-driven black guy is easy to pick out of a suburban punk crowd. I looked at the sound guy. He clearly wasn't gonna do anything. The only other person working that night was the door lady, but she weighed well over three hundred pounds and got winded walking to the bathroom. Shit. It was up to me to break up this fight.

I locked the cash register, emptied the tip jar, put the money in my pocket, and walked across the dance floor. The closer I got to the fight, the tighter the crowd around it was. I pushed my way through and saw, luckily, that it was just two small guys, both of them probably too young to be in this bar in the first place. I stepped between them, grabbed them both by the collars, and held them at arm's length away from me and each other. "That's it, fuckers," I said. "You're outta here." The kid on my right swung a few punches at me. His arms weren't as long as mine, though, and his punches didn't reach my body. It was kind of funny. I laughed inside at the absurdity of it: a trick from the *Little Rascals* was working in a bar fight. Before I could laugh out loud or drag either of the kids very far, someone sucker punched the kid I held with my right hand. I turned to see who it was. Just then, someone tackled the kid I held with my left

held with my left hand and the guy who tackled him flew up onto a table. Goddamn it. This wasn't funny. I made my living off of those tables. On more civilized nights, people sat there and ate food and drank beer and tipped me money. If that table was broken, the little money I made became a little less. I grabbed the guy on top, put him in a full nelson, and pulled him off the kid he tackled. I started to push the kid in the full nelson towards the door when someone kicked him. Jesus Christ, I thought, what's going on here? I looked up and saw fights breaking out in concentric circles around me. A full-on barroom brawl. And I was the only guy working in the bar. And I was standing right in the middle of it. Fuck.

I let go of the kid in my hands and started to work my way towards the stage. Everywhere I looked, people were fighting. Indiscriminately throwing punches and swinging chairs and breaking beer bottles. At least three beer bottles flew past my head. Someone punched me. I turned and saw a girl with chelsea hair. She looked to be about nineteen or twenty and was holding her fists up at me and snarling through jagged teeth. I looked at her and thought, you've got to be kidding me. I throw around kegs of beer that weigh more than you at least three times during every shift I work. She swung again. I dodged it, said, "Cut it out," and kept making my way to the stage.

By the time I got there, the band had cleared out. I stepped up to the microphone and yelled, "Everyone get the fuck out. Show's over. Go home." About this time, the house lights came on. The sound guy turned on his microphone and started screaming about having a gun and wanting to shoot every last motherfucker in the room. I also noticed the six-foot-four, steroid-driven security guy. He was pushing kids out the door one at a time. I jumped back down on the floor and started kicking people out, too. I wasn't hostile or

mean about it. I didn't hit anyone or try to hurt anyone. I just tried to clear the room.

It was tough. Most people were still fighting. I'd see comical things. A guy tried to punch a girl, and when I saw him wind up, I picked up the girl and pulled her away. The guy hit nothing but air. The girl kicked me in the shin. I saw people slapping other people. Open handed. In a real fight. I couldn't believe it. Suburban kids at a punk show.

It took about ten minutes for the security guy and me to clear out the room. It would've only taken about five, but the band kept letting people back in through the back door. Finally, I threw all five members of the band out and locked the door behind them. They banged on the door and screamed something about needing to get their equipment. I told them to wait ten minutes. Then, suddenly, everything was silent.

I looked around the bar. The door lady sat in her chair, looking really scared and confused. The sound guy still stood behind the sound board. The security guy stood next to me, breathing heavy. And the rest of the room was empty. Well, completely trashed. Broken chairs. Broken tables. Broken bottles on the floor. The cooler was open from where someone had capitalized on the chaos to steal some beers. Posters and fliers were torn off the walls. But no people. I smiled. The security guy asked me what happened. "A fight," I said.

"No shit?" he said.

I laughed, relieved that the worst of it was behind me. "Yeah," I said. "No shit." I thought about asking him where he'd been, but I knew. A sorority from Spellman College was having a party next door. He'd been over there hitting on those girls most of the night. Anyway, it didn't matter. Everything was over. All the brawlers were out on the street, where they could beat each other senseless, for all I cared, as long as they didn't involve me. What did

involve me was the band. They kept banging on the door and bitching. Finally, I opened the door and said, "Will you quit fucking knocking? Do you think I'm gonna pawn your shit in the next ten minutes? Give it..."

Before I could say anything more, I heard a scream from the parking lot. It was one of those screams that tattoos itself to your brain with its shrill disparity, one of those screams that carries with it the knowledge that whoever let it out believes that her life has changed for the worse because of what she's just seen. The security guy and I ran outside.

About ten people were crowded around a silver Honda hatchback, rocking it like they were trying to tip it over. People behind them were throwing rocks at either the car or at the people trying to tip the car. Either way, rocks pelted both of them. One guy managed to get the door open and attacked the driver. The driver responded to this by throwing the car in reverse and slamming into the sound guy's truck. Then the driver shifted back into first and took off. He didn't seem to care about the crowd in front of him or the guy hanging out the driver side door, punching him. The car hit the Marietta Street going about fifteen miles an hour. The dude hanging out of the door dropped off, rolled five or six times, popped back up and ran down the street after the car.

I looked back to where the car had been and the crowd was still there, but no longer fighting. The girls cried, the guys talked of killing the dude in the car. I walked over and suddenly saw why ten men tried to take on a car. The driver of the car had evidently run over (not hit; run over) one of their friends. About twenty-five feet from the front door of the bar, a guy was lying face down in the street. His hair was matted with blood just starting to coagulate. Fresh blood trickled out of his nose and mouth and collected like a spilled pint of Guinness on the pavement. The guy's name must've been Brandon

Sean Carswell

because one of his friends told him, “Hang on, Brandon. You gotta stay alive long enough to see me kill that motherfucker who did this to you.” None of the kids tried to call an ambulance. None of them tried to help Brandon. They just swore revenge.

I looked across the guy bleeding on the street and into the faces of his friends. They all wore their punk uniforms: spiked belts, Pennywise hoodies, Black Flag patches. The street lamp cast a dull glow on their faces, enough for me to see no scars. No cuts. Nothing. This was probably the first time most of them had been in a fight in their lives. “We’ll kill that motherfucker for you, Brandon,” rang in my ears. I couldn’t picture it. Guys named Brandon don’t have a posse. Friends of Brandons don’t get into wars with Cobb County kids in Honda hatchbacks. This was still all pretend for these kids. Even in the face of it, even with their friend lying face down on the street with a tire mark across his back, it was still all a game. A TV show.

A few minutes later, the cops showed up. The ambulance was right behind them. The security guy had radioed for them. At first, it scared me. I was standing outside of a bar where I was the only bartender, watching an underage drunk kid bleeding internally, surrounded by a dozen of his underage friends, all of whom were drunk. And who served them the booze that got them drunk? Me? Well, not the kid on the ground. He’d shown up wasted and didn’t have a fake ID, so no. I hadn’t served him. I’d even kicked him out of the bar earlier that night. Twice. So I was in the clear there. The rest of the kids, yeah. I served them. Yeah, I knew they were underage. Yeah, they all had horrible fake IDs. But a legal drinking age is a bad law and, as a rule, I don’t obey laws I don’t agree with. And yeah, you could argue that possibly the whole barroom brawl started because I served a bunch of underage kids. You could also argue that, if the kids had been allowed to drink at a younger age, they would’ve learned how to handle their booze before they started going to bars, and they never would’ve started a barroom brawl to begin with.

Anyway, there I was, faced with the possible consequences of my civil disobedience. Then I remembered that the reason the security guy was able to radio the cops instead of call them was that he *was* a cop. An off-duty cop, but a cop just the same. And the reason the police and ambulance actually showed up to this part of town after midnight was that we paid the cops two hundred bucks a week to “pro-

tect” us. So I stopped worrying about myself and started worrying more about the kid who may or may not have been bleeding to death on the ground in front of me.

What made me worry most about the kid was the writing on the ambulance: Grady Hospital. The worst place in the world for a sick or injured person. And the Grady paramedics showed why that was true. The two paramedics ran up to the kid. They set the stretcher on the ground next to him. One paramedic had a neck brace in her hand. She set that on the ground, too. She looked at the kid. He really did have a tire track across his back. He really had been run over (not hit; run over) by a car. The paramedic pushed the neck brace aside and grabbed the kid’s shoulders. The other paramedic grabbed the kid’s feet. They flipped him on his back. His head flopped like it was connected to his body by a slinky. The paramedics picked him up and ran him over to the ambulance. Then, they drove off. The cops didn’t ask questions of anyone. A news van showed up. A young woman and a camera man tried to get out and get some footage of the scene. A police officer hardly even let them step out of the news van before he turned them around and sent them on their way. Good to know that the two hundred bucks a week really did get us some protection. I guess cops are like the Mafia—not so bad when you can afford to pay them off.

The next day, it poured rain. I showed up for the lunch shift at eleven o’clock. By then, the place

had been hosed down and the tables and chairs were standing again. One of the neighborhood crackheads who got paid twenty bucks to clean up after punk shows was there. He looked exhausted. He’d earned his money that morning. My boss was there, too. He looked nervous. “Did you hear anything about the kid?” I asked him.

My boss shook his head. “It’s pretty bad, huh?” he asked. I nodded. “Do you think he’s gonna die?” my boss asked.

“Yes,” I said. Even in the pouring rain of that morning, I had still seen the puddle of blood on the pavement outside the bar. I couldn’t imagine anyone losing that much blood and living. Especially after a trip to Grady.

My boss nodded and went back into the kitchen. We didn’t talk about it any more.

The lunch shift went by pretty quickly. It was a Monday, after all. By two o’clock, lunch was over and I was done working until the show that night. I left the bar, took a couple of steps in the rain, and stopped at the puddle of blood. Three hours of a downpour had washed most of the blood away. I squatted down in the middle of the street, feeling the rain pummel my back and saturate my shirt. I stared at the red stain on the pavement. I watched the rain drops pound it. I don’t remember thinking about anything.

For the next few days, I thought about that kid a lot. I’d catch myself occasionally seeing his face when I blinked. I’d hear that girl scream in the background of songs. I didn’t know how to

react. How could I? The event had come and gone. All hope for action was nestled in the past, and the past is a place I physically cannot go to. I thought about how I had acted and reacted. I tried to stop the fight. I stood back and let the paramedics and police do their jobs. The kid went to the hospital. Doctors did whatever they could do. That was that. I thought about the punk-uniformed friends of Brandon and their cries for vengeance, thought about how ridiculous they sounded. I knew they had no idea who the guy in the silver Honda was. What were they gonna do? Drive around Atlanta until they saw a silver Honda, then attack? That’s absurd. So I went to work and served beer and food and watched bands play and went home and listened to music and hung out with friends. It rained a lot for the next week and the blood washed away.

I started to realize that the best I could do was to resolve myself to the fact that things happen that are beyond my control. Tragedies occur through no fault of my own; violence in the past, no matter how recent the past is, cannot be dealt with in the present. The best I can do is not engage in the violence myself and to try to stop it when I can.

Then, something else started to occur to me. It happened on my day off. I hopped a train and rode downtown to a bar where I used to work. One of my buddies was tending bar. He set me up with drinks. We talked about shit in general. While I sat there, a bunch of regulars came in and out. I knew most

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Matt Average (below) and Reagan SS weren't playing on the night in question, but it would've been a lot cooler if they were.

photo by Todd Taylor



of them. All the members of the wait staff came over at one point or another. I chatted with them all. A happy hour came and went. I wandered back to table 59—the employee hang out table. Three cooks sat there drinking their shift drinks. I hung out with them for a bit. One of the cooks and I decided to head out to the next bar, so we took the train to Little Five Points. On the train, I told the cook about the barroom brawl. “That’s some fucked up shit,” he said. I nodded. He was right. He reacted the only way you could. I looked around the train at all of the people, and the sheer number of people dazzled me. Not the number of people on the train. Just the sheer number of people in the world. People I knew at the bar where I used to work. All of the people I served beer and food to. All of the people who came to all of the shows. All of the people on the train and in my neighborhood and in Atlanta in general who I’d pass on the street and nod to and smile, or talk to, or try to share a road with, or come in contact with in some way or another. All of the lives and all of the human drama that surrounded me. And I was just one of the billions. It was suddenly staggering—a moment of vertigo when I realized how meaningless a life can be and how callous and jaded I’d become trying to survive

in a cruel and overcrowded world. More than anything, I wanted the train to be in Little Five Points. I wanted to walk across the field and up the hill to my apartment, to grab a beer and drink it really quickly and stop thinking. The train stopped at the Martin Luther King station. One away from my own. I told myself to relax, that life doesn’t have to mean that much; it just has to be worth living. That a higher power doesn’t have to be a god or a force of nature. It can be nothing more than a train that you’re stuck on for another stop. I told myself that most things were out of my control, and it was okay. Who’d want the responsibility of controlling everything, anyway?

About a month later, a girl came up to my bar and ordered a wine cooler. She was clearly underage and handed me an ID even though I didn’t ask to see one. I looked at it. It was supposed to be a Georgia Tech student ID. Georgia Tech was right down the road from where I worked. I knew what the real student ID looked like. This wasn’t it. This was a very bad fake. It reminded me of the one my friends and I had made years earlier. We’d drawn a poster to look like the University of Maryland student ID, complete with a name, address, birth date, the state seal, every-

thing. We hung the poster on the wall and all took turns getting our pictures taken in front of the it, then laminated the pictures. It looked fake, but it worked all right. The only downfall was that all of my friends and I had the exact same fake ID. Only the faces were different. So I knew this kind of fake well, and I recognized the particular poster that this girl had used. It was the same ID that the kids had been using on the night of the barroom brawl. I handed it back to the girl, grabbed a wine cooler for her, took her money, gave her her change, and said, “You don’t know Brandon, do you?”

“Do you know Brandon?” she asked.

“No.”

“You were working that night when he got hit, weren’t you?” she asked. I nodded. “That was a crazy night,” she said.

I nodded again. “How is he? I mean, he isn’t...”

“He’s fucked up,” she said. “His whole chest and back and right arm is in a cast, but he doesn’t even care. I saw him last weekend. He was all drunk and trying to pick a fight.”

I’d like to say that I was relieved that the kid didn’t die, but I wasn’t. I’d already mourned for him. I’d already dealt with the philosophical and emotional rami-

fications of someone bleeding to death at my feet. The fact that the kid lived didn’t change any of that.

Two more weeks passed. My boss came up to me after a lunch shift and told me that the kid’s mother was suing the bar. I should’ve seen that coming. That’s the real way that a Brandon’s posse fights back. The next couple of weeks, my boss didn’t pay me. He said that the lawyer was taking all of his money. “When the insurance money kicks in,” my boss said, “I’ll have enough money to pay you.” But that never happened. Because I liked working at that bar and because most of my money came from tips anyway, I worked there for about two more weeks without getting paid. Finally, it got to me knowing that all of my money was going to lawyers and insurance companies and the suburbs. I found another job.

As I walked out of that club for the last time, crossing the street where the blood stain had completely washed away, the whole situation came to me with remarkable clarity. It was nothing more than random violence and a working man getting fucked in the end. At least things were back to normal.

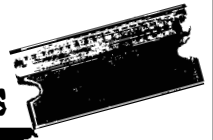
-Sean Carswell





Roger Moser, Jr.

Drunk and Demented in Texxxxas



Besides, ya shouldn't toy with the shambolic hopes and expectations of the downtrodden, drunk, and desperate... it is we who buy your records, afterall!

A LOUD'N'LIVELY AURAL RIOT ALONG THE EASTERN FRINGES OF THE LONE STAR STATE

Although I often bitterly bitch and moan and groan about the extreme lack of cultural stimulation here in Hellview of Texarse, it assuredly ain't always as bad as it seems. Thanks to the undying dedication and strong-willed determination of a handful of individualistic locals, the frenetic chaos-charged energy of explosive punkrock rowdiness can often be seen, felt, and heard during any given weekend here in my drab'n'dreary hometown. Whooo-doggy, there's a bit of harried hope on the horizon, afterall! Within the past couple of years, a solidly united collective of punks, non-conformists, social outcasts, drunken louts, and die-hard rock'n'roll freaks (please feel free to include yours truly in all five of the aforementioned categories, of course!) have grouped together and productively organized a thriving environment of fairly cohesive solidarity to promote music, madness, mayhem, and a maniacal lust for life. Unfortunately, though, this close-knit community of punkrock supporters has experienced more than its fair share of setbacks. But out of the smoldering ashes of aloofness, indifference, and constant authoritarian harassment, punkrock (and rock'n'roll in general) has stubbornly refused to surrender to the static social order of bland everyday routineness here in Dungview... indeed, the roaring power of rock'n'roll, as well as its anti-corporate sentiments and an unquenchable quest for a frenzied flurry of fun has thrived and persevered here, making the scene stronger and more unified than ever.

VENUES

As with most aspects of life, unforeseen hardships and a whirlwind of circumstances beyond any one's control have

sometimes drastically altered the plans and temporarily displaced the lofty aspirations of this close-knit group of go-getters and goal-setters. The fascistic city officials of Longpoo abruptly forced The Warehouse (a performance/skate venue) to close because it didn't quite meet the required standards of area building code regulations; Resistance Skate Shop shut its doors due to smalltown complacency, the proverbial lack of funds, and a sudden unanticipated abandonment of the premises by two of its

tive punkrock spirits, perseverance ultimately prevails in times of rampant uncertainty. A spectacular cornucopia of shows are now consistently being booked at the Texas Blues Bar (I promise, folks, it's not as kitschy and cheesy as its name implies) directly down the street from the vacant, towering Stroh's Brewery. Every weekend, like well-lubed clockwork, TBB grandly showcases a cacophonous cream of the crop of local acts as well as a routine smattering of notable national touring bands. This home-

the show. I highly recommend that any touring bands blazin' through Texxxxas and interested in playin' here in Lameview (we're just two hours east of Dallas directly off I-20), contact Roy Cox, and he'll have ya mercilessly pummelling the damaged-beyond-repair eardrums of the restless locals in no time at all!

A bit of a relevant gripe, though: there's been way too many cancellations lately... ya need to work on eliminating the too-big-for-your-britches rockstar attitude, boys... either you book a show and commit to play it without renegeing on that promise at the very last minute, or don't even fuckin' bother scheduling an appearance here in the first place! It's a fairly reasonable and basic equation of touring etiquette, don't ya think?!? Besides, ya shouldn't toy with the shambolic hopes and expectations of the downtrodden, drunk, and desperate... it is we who buy your records, afterall! Anyway, I now pause for a brief announcement from the fine folks at Spewer's Lightly Brewed Intoxicants, Inc.: "Buuurrrrrp, ahhh, thank you!" And now back to our irregularly scheduled program for more miscreant musings from the irreparably brain-damaged Rog...

Roger Moser, Jr.



21 Guns

principal proponents who briskly relocated to greener pastures yonder ways in the vast concrete wasteland of Dallas; and, most recently, the goonish gestapo tactics of the TABC (Texass Alcoholic Beverage Commission... a state-sponsored law enforcement agency that aggressively regulates the serving and selling of booze here in the lively Lone Star State) strong-armed Ruth's West End permanently out of business, effectively and abruptly puttin' a halt to my illustrious weekend career as a doorman (ouch!)... but, most importantly, it was an ignominious end to a supportive bar and its staff which openly embraced, promoted, and sponsored the scene and its music.

Although such disheartening setbacks briefly dampen our collec-

away-from-home watering hole provides a perfect cosy scenario for such rowdy, drunken rock'n'roll debauchery... it has a "bring your own bottle" (liquor, that is!) policy, and they provide set-ups at a very reasonable rate... they also serve the coldest ice-chilled beer my liver has ever had the privelege of absorbing (two-dollar longnecks each and every night... waaaah-fuckin'-hooo!). And the stage area provides ample space for the youngsters to mosh, slam, and ballistically inflict bruises and abrasions upon each other while brewweary old farts like myself can comfortably sit at a safe distance away from the body-mangling mayhem and still vigorously enjoy

BANDS

For the longest time, testosterone-fuelled grindmetal manure-saturation vomitously poisoned the music scene here in Longmoo... ya know the type: talentless Pantera-clone bands with the obligatory constipated bulldog vocals and redundantly predictable lame-o chord progressions (woof, woof, woof... growwwwwl... chunka, chunka, chunka... smash, bang, boom)... shallow, soulless auidial idiocy for the mindless amphetamine-tweaked masses. Although such lackluster musical moronity still unfortunately rears its ugly shaved head in this area, for the most part it seems to have thankfully relocated an hour east of here across the state line in Shitport,

Louisiana... as far as I'm concerned, I hope such wanked-out sonic sluggishness continues to work its way east until it fuckin' falls into the Atlantic Ocean and miserably wallows in an excruciatingly long death! Yeeehaw, ya tediously boring bonehead sons-of-bitches!!

Ah, but an aurally frenetic array of belligerent bad-ass bands currently blast their stuff loudly and enthusiastically here in this hellish hicktown: there's the funky acid-drenched backwoods psychedelia of Glamorous Glennis... the robust and powerful acoustic-tinged alternative rock of Standing Flat... the ballsy metal-laden hardrock swagger of Bad Mother Trucker... the rough'n'tumble white-trash punk ferocity of The Unfortunate Sons... and, until recently, The Goddamn Ditchdiggers and their sloppy out-of-control good-ol'-boy punk with an oi edge. And, damn, let me not forget the devilishly wicked'n'wild greaser-rock rowdiness of The KnuckleDraggers (who are currently disbanded, but only temporarily, I hope!), The Fast And The Cool with their spastic jubilant whirlwind of poppy sounds ala The Who/Buzzcocks/Violent Femmes-style rock'n'roll liveliness, and the insurgent skull-splitting sonic chaos of A.L.A. (that's an abrupt, to-the-point abbreviation of American Liberation Army, kiddies... they're a two-piece tune-twistin' reign of terror who have forever endeared themselves to my ears with "The Foamy Beer Song"). And then there's Mala Vista and 21-Guns! Two of my local faves, so please allow me to drunkenly introduce 'em to the wondrously receptive *Razorcake* readership...

Mala Vista disruptively unleash a ball-bustin' assault of audial defiance at its most insurgent and extreme... they furiously storm the senses like a thundering stampede of rabid ripsnortin' longhorns, leavin' in their wake a swirlin' dustcloud of destruction, devastation, and debris. According to the band (which boisterously consists of Mike on vocals, Noah on bass/vocals, Brandon on guitar, Allen on guitar/vocals, and Steve on drums), "Mala Vista basically means 'wrong view' or 'bad view'. Our hometown is named Longview. It's a fucked, uptight place." To loudly demonstrate their disdain and distaste for such conventional smalltown docility, this hedonistic crew of musical hellions continuously create a wildly animated aural riot... an explosive temper-tantrum of fullforce punkrock fury with articulate antisocial lyrics and fiery lightning-streaked instrumentation that's



Mala Vista

guaranteed to strip the flesh from your bones layer-by-layer! Sayeth the Vista boys, "We respond to the political world we live in through our daily actions and lifestyles and the messages of our music. We question what is fed to us and what is expected of us. We don't buy into fucking schemes that go against our moral standards to make things easier on ourselves. We try to stay aware... and we like to have fun. Without action, there is no change." In a nerve-wracking era of misguided huggy-kissy political correctness and complacent flag-waving nationalism, Mala Vista defiantly crank-out pure "old school" punkrock aggression that's chaotic, disorderly, unrelenting, and full of raging ferocity. They vigorously question moralistic religious-sanctioned authoritarianism and the pre-eminent corporate-backed powers that be with an anger-tinged outspokenness not very often heard in this day and age. Each and every time I witness the frenzied wrath of Mala Vista, they incite a riot within my soul which forever fans the flames of insurrection in me. Just thinkin' about it causes me to quake in my Converse, so I'll let them have the last word here, "We don't buy into the so-called American dream. We see it as a plan designed to destroy us..."

21-Guns are young, energetic, snotty, loud, and lively! With influences including Anti-Flag (who they uncannily sound like), NOFX, and Social Distortion, these snarling wide-eyed juvenile delinquents rambunctiously blast a fitful frenzy of audacious punkrock unruliness that's smooth and

poppy, yet as venomous and vicious as an enraged, one-eyed rattlesnake. Comprised of Jared (guitar/vocals), Brent (bass), and Ben (drums), this bitterly blazin' lil' band of noise-makers took their name from the Good Riddance song, "21-Guns"... but, believe you me, this rompin'-stompin' trio of boyish tune-blasters ain't your typical run-of-the-mill pop-punk group who redundantly wallow in languid audial unoriginality. Hell no!!! Anytime and anywhere 21-Guns perform, they're more than guaranteed to cacophonously stir the senses while jubilantly creating an all-out, full-blast sonic ruckus... they energetically personify youthful rebellion at its most hyperactive, brash, and captivating. According to the band, "We like to play shows, hang out, and just have a good time. But most of our songs are based on things that the government does wrong and stuff like that." 21-Guns may be considerably younger than most of their contemporaries, but they're certainly not just another trendy wet-behind-the-ears group of bandwagon-jumpin' opportunists (like the vast majority of gooberish pop-punk pantywaists out there!). 21-Guns possess a profound undying appreciation for punkrock, and it joyously permeates through their music. When I drunkenly asked 'em, "Why punk?," they enthusiastically responded, "It's loud and energetic and just makes you want to jump around and go fucking nuts." I couldn't have said it better myself...

And there ya go: life ain't always as listless and lackluster as

it seems. An ear-impairing array of decibel-blastin' rabid maddog bands raucously crank it up and kick out the jams at every conceivable opportunity within this sparsely populated lil' municipality. So for those who complacently sit around and petulantly whine about havin' absolutely nothin' to do (whether you live in an overcrowded metropolitan concrete jungle or a Jerry Springer-style hayseed hicktown), get off your sorry asses and do somethin' about it... form a band, sponsor a show, organize a scene, create a flurry of cultural activity. Just don't surrender all hope and bleakly resign yourself to a life of bland TV-Land mundanity. It's ultimately up to you...

- Roger Moser, Jr.

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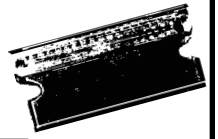
21-Guns:
twenty1guns@hotmail.com and www.angelfire.com/tx4/21guns or www.21guns.cjb.net

Roger Moser, Jr.



Nardwuar

Who Are You?



NARDWUAR the HUMAN SERVIETTE vs. MARILYN MANSON

Nardwuar: Who are you?

Marilyn Manson: "Who aren't I?" is a better question.

Nardwuar: You are Marilyn...

Marilyn Manson: I'm Marilyn. I'm Manson sometimes. My parents gave me the name of Brian Warner. Some people call me "Doctor" as a nickname, but I am a little bit of everyone. That's why I try and remind everyone that no matter how bad or different or interesting or strange people think I am, there is a little bit of everybody in me.

Nardwuar: And you are up here in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada talking about your throbbing, uncircumcised member! Please tell us a little bit about that, Marilyn Manson.

Marilyn Manson: Not my throbbing, uncircumcised member. I'm circumcised, and it may be throbbing from time to time. I was pointing out, uh, how words are letters arranged in different ways, and when you arrange them just right, you get things like "throbbing uncircumcised members."

Nardwuar: Now, Marilyn Manson, you can also arrange numbers: numerology. In your first couple of records, there was quite a bit of numerology. Lately hasn't been as much. Any comment?

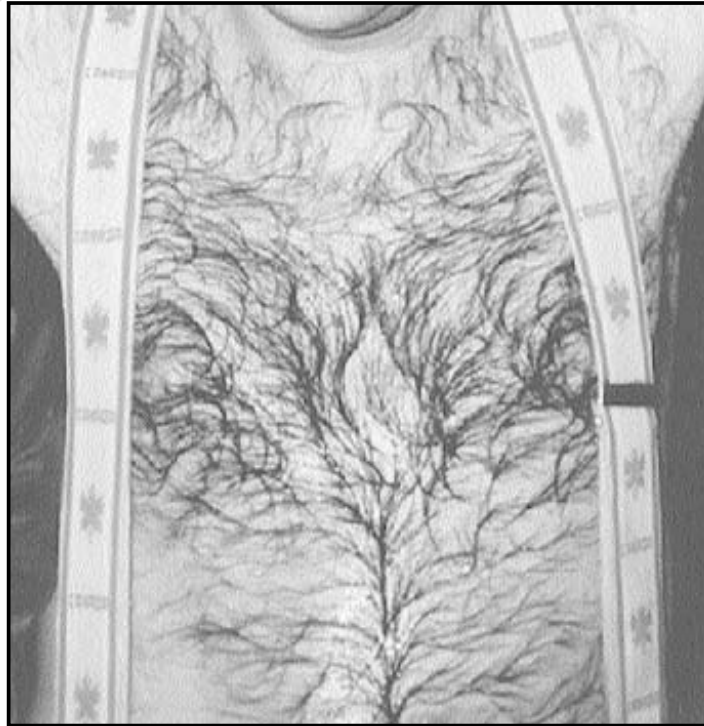
Marilyn Manson: There still has been numerology. This time around on the new record I was using one of the numbers that exists in the tarot. It was very esoteric numerology and things like that. But fifteen is my number.

Nardwuar: Aren't you working on some tarot cards too? Are there going to be Marilyn Manson tarot cards? I know there was some sort of tarot cards. But are there going to be Marilyn Manson tarot cards?

Marilyn Manson: I think we may eventually put out a deck. I like the esthetic value in all tarot cards, so I want to do my own.

Nardwuar: Is there Marilyn Manson lipstick?

Marilyn Manson: There used to be, strangely enough. There was, at one point. It was bright red, but now there is no



Above: Nardwuar's symmetrical chest hair.

Nardwuar: *Speaking of hockey hair and mullets: Creed. What about Creed? Are they really the new Stryper of the new millennium?*

Marilyn Manson: *Those are your words, not mine, but I think that's quite an accurate description.*

Marilyn Manson lipstick. I have an action figure though. It says, "Not safe for children under the age of four."

Nardwuar: That's not a Todd McFarlane one, is it?

Marilyn Manson: No. I thought everyone does the Todd McFarlane doll, so... I sought out some Japanese manufacturers who allowed me to include weapons - and throbbing members - in my action figure set. It would be much more interesting than average Todd McFarlane ones.

Nardwuar: Although he is Canadian, and you are in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, right, Marilyn Manson?

Marilyn Manson: I am a fan of Todd McFarlane, but I just had to have guns and throbbing members in my doll.

Nardwuar: So, what about some of the imagery that you really like. Jodorowsky or Kenneth Anger: what can you say about that sort of stuff? You really enjoy that kind of stuff, don't you, Marilyn Manson?

Marilyn Manson: Um, I think it is the type of - they're both the filmmakers that inspired the era that we're in, you know, and I like to pay tribute to them. I think Kenneth Anger is kind of way out there, as well as Jodorowsky, but...

Nardwuar: What can you tell people about them, for people that

don't know?

Marilyn Manson: Well, Kenneth Anger was someone who was very much involved in the occult. He worked with the Rolling Stones and Jimmy Page and - I think his films were more experimental than Jodorowsky. Jodorowsky is someone who I am actually making a movie with later this year or early next year hopefully called "Able Cain," so that's an honor for me because he is one of my heroes. He's seventy now, but he is still a genius as always.

Nardwuar: And you are Marilyn Manson! Now, Marilyn, you love films! What can you say about some of these that I've just jotted down - I was just wondering the importance of them. Number one: "The Holy Mountain."

Marilyn Manson: That's my favorite Jodorowsky film. I think it's uh, it deals with religion in a different storytelling sort of way. The imagery, every scene, I think is just something beautiful. Even if you turn the sound off, it is just a very beautiful film to watch, something that has inspired a lot of my videos.

Nardwuar: What about "Even Dwarves Started Small"?

Marilyn Manson: Actually I have that film as well. That was...

Nardwuar: Werner Herzog, right?

Marilyn Manson: Werner Herzog, yes. Uh, very, I guess he's an eccentric, sort of the German version of Jodorowsky, in a way. I like that movie. I thought it had a lot of - they used dwarves to tell the more universal story about discrimination. I thought it was a good movie.

Nardwuar: "Crimes of the Future" by David Cronenberg?

Marilyn Manson: I've seen all Cronenberg's but I am not familiar with that one.

Nardwuar: Marilyn Manson, David Lynch, "Eraserhead" - you like that flick, right? Who doesn't really like it, right?

Marilyn Manson: Of course. Not my favorite of his, but I do enjoy it.

Nardwuar: Now there is a rumor - are you going to be working on a movie with David Lynch there? Are

you going to be working on a movie with him with Billy Ray Cyrus in it? I heard this little rumor that you are going to be working with Billy Ray Cyrus - in a mullet, Marilyn Manson!

Marilyn Manson: That sounds like a fantastic idea but that's not true. I did do a tiny cameo on "Lost Highway." I think Lynch is kind of going in a different direction with him films now, I think more of a

right. I saw that film. I wouldn't be opposed to putting him in the film.

Nardwuar: Well, Marilyn Manson, speaking of hockey hair and mullets: Creed. What about Creed? Are they really the new Stryper of the new millennium?

Marilyn Manson: Those are your words, not mine, but I think that's quite an accurate description.

Nardwuar: Actually, I thought you might have actually said that. I

shaped though. There's a symmetry to the way the hair is growing on your chest.

Nardwuar: I understand, Marilyn Manson, that that kind of disgusts you slightly.

Marilyn Manson: Not necessarily. It's uh, I myself don't like chest hair on my own body. I don't mind it on other people's bodies; that's their bodies.

Nardwuar: Marilyn Manson,

Nardwuar: Because for people who don't know, there have been a lot of comparisons between King Diamond and Marilyn Manson.

Marilyn Manson: Our voices are very similar. He has that really high... "laaaa" thing going on, that I can't really do, but...

Nardwuar: But like the name, you know: King Diamond, Marilyn Manson, you both sing about the occult, and you've both been

Nardwuar: *Do you realize in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, "Beautiful People" is a song they use when the Vancouver Canucks hockey team rush on to the ice?*



Marilyn Manson: *That's good. I don't like sports so that makes it ironic for me. But hockey is more violent than most sports so I think that works.*

mainstream directions, so I am not real sure what his next film is, but I was a fan, and consider him a friend, but I don't have any Billy Ray Cyrus projects coming up.

Nardwuar: Marilyn Manson, did you once approach Jello Biafra to be in a film? Jello Biafra once told me this, that Marilyn Manson had approached him.

Marilyn Manson: I met him in Europe and I may have been drunk and said, "Let's make a movie," but I didn't really approach him. He approached - we approached one another.

Nardwuar: Do you think you might put him in a movie?

Marilyn Manson: Didn't he play a Canadian border guard in a film?

Nardwuar: Yes, he did! In "Highway 61" by Bruce McDonald.

Marilyn Manson: That's exactly

noticed it on the metasludge.com website. Have you checked that one out at all, Marilyn Manson, metasludge?

Marilyn Manson: I've seen that - well, I can say this without using any defamation of character that if they are the Stryper and they are the Christians that they say they are, I have seen them at liquor serving establishments which I find to be very unChristianlike.

Nardwuar: Now, I don't know if you are going to like this or not, Marilyn Manson, but um, if you could hold the mic here for one second...

Marilyn Manson: Sure.

Nardwuar: What do you see? This I think really offends you. What do you see here? (Nardwuar removes his shirt.)

Marilyn Manson: I see a very hairy chest, but quite impressively

Quiet Riot. Did you bring them in one time to play a private party? Did you help bring them back?

Marilyn Manson: Unfortunately, I think I may have been responsible for bringing them back. I did have them play a party.

Nardwuar: "Come on Feel the Noize" - why, what happened? Have they been hitting you up for opening spots at all?

Marilyn Manson: No, but they were on some VHI "Return of" something or other, and I feel like I may have put them back into the public eye which I feel might not have been a good thing to do.

Nardwuar: Marilyn Manson, what about King Diamond? Are you a big King Diamond fan?

Marilyn Manson: The rest of my band is, but I missed the King Diamond thing. When I was into metal, it somehow escaped me.

ordained priests, by Anton LaVey.

Marilyn Manson: Is he also?

Nardwuar: Yes, he was the first rock'n'roller ever to be ordained a priest by the Church of Satan. The guy from King Diamond, King Diamond. Just like you, Marilyn Manson!

Marilyn Manson: Well, I guess maybe we're not so different.

Nardwuar: Marilyn, I was wondering, when you were ordained a high priest, did you actually get to check out Anton LaVey's place? Because friends of mine actually have a couch from the "ritual chamber." What's it like there?

Marilyn Manson: I considered him to be a good friend. I had spent many occasions at his house. I think it was what people would expect, I guess. It lived up to my expectations. It was a nice place.

Nardwuar: Did you

cry when he died?

Marilyn Manson: I didn't cry, but I was sad because he was kind of like an Uncle, in a way, to me.

Nardwuar: You don't think he is going to come back as a bat at all, do you?

Marilyn Manson: I would hope that he would. That would probably be his dream.

Nardwuar: Well, Marilyn Manson, a couple of quick questions here. You covered "I Put a Spell on You" by Screamin' Jay Hawkins.

Marilyn Manson: I did.

Nardwuar: That's a great song. Now, he recently died. Did you realize he had sex twenty-one times a day?

Marilyn Manson: No, but that's a fantastic thing that may have caused his death in some way.

Nardwuar: Have you ever been able to compete with that number, Marilyn, twenty-one times a day for sex? Do you think you would be able to be up there with Screamin' Jay?

Marilyn Manson: I think I'm at eleven, is my average.

Nardwuar: He also had fifty-seven kids.

Marilyn Manson: That's a lot of kids. A lot of mouths to feed. A lot of skulls to shake.

Nardwuar: You have a new girl-

friend now. Dita von Teese?

Marilyn Manson: This is true.

Nardwuar: Now she has the largest corset collection in the United States of America? That's pretty interesting!

Nardwuar: *You said (hanging out with Corey Feldman) was as offensive hanging with him as it would be "pissing in a deaf girl's ear," him and Leif Garrett.*

Marilyn Manson: *No, I think that's mixed up a little bit. There was some pissing in the deaf girl and there was Leif Garrett, but they were never all in the same room.*

Marilyn Manson: She gave me a corset. I think that is how we initially met and bonded through our corsetry fascination.

Nardwuar: And, winding up here, Marilyn, do you realize in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, "Beautiful People" is a song they use when the Vancouver Canucks hockey team rush on to the ice?

Marilyn Manson: That's good. I don't like sports so that makes it ironic for me. But hockey is more violent than most sports so I think that works.

Nardwuar: Well... **Manson Handler:** Nardwuar, sorry, we

have to go. We have a plane to catch, and they're going to be late.

Nardwuar: Well, I'm just going to ask you one last thing: Corey Feldman. Corey Feldman. I did an interview with Corey Feldman a



little while back and he was stoked to be in your book, but then he was kind of scared, because.. did you turn on Corey Feldman? Because you're a great Corey Feldman fan, Marilyn Manson. What was the deal between you and Corey Feldman?

Marilyn Manson: I think he was disappointed that about some of the comments that I made about him, but I felt that they were all in good spirits. I wasn't trying to be cruel to him. He was never the actor that Patrick Dempsey was; I find him to be my favorite '80s actor.

Nardwuar: You said it was as offensive hanging with him as it would be "pissing in a deaf girl's ear," him and Leif Garrett. That is what you said in Pulse Magazine.

Marilyn Manson: No, I think that's mixed up a little bit. There was some pissing in the deaf girl and there was Leif Garrett, but they were never all in the same room.

Nardwuar: Well, thanks very much, Marilyn Manson, really appreciate your time. What is your favorite internet search engine?

Marilyn Manson: Um, dogpile or disinfo.com.

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

Marilyn Manson: Doot doot.

For more Nardwuar interviews hop over to:

<http://www.nardwuar.com>

-Nardwuar



The

PINKZ

Jessica • Michelle • Kathy • Alannah

Somebody has to be smart enough to sign the premiere all-girl Los Angeles band at the moment – The Pinkz. They've been together for almost two years and make power poppy punk music that makes you think of driving down PCH with the top down and a favorite member of the opposite sex sitting by your side. The hula girl on your dash shimmies and you're both drinking root beer floats with rum in it. Ahhh, the good old days. I've been following the evolution of these girls from their previous bands and into this current project. I must say they have grown into an original and genuinely fun band. Their music surpasses the quality of just another garage band with intelligent, biting bittersweet lyrics accompanied by a crunchy, sweet melodic sound. You can hear their influences come through in their music, like The Nerves, The Dictators, The Real Kids, The Paley Brothers, The Beat, etc. It's all honest rock'n'roll topped off with a flirty female tone. They have a single out on Teen Beat Records, available at a fine record shoppe near you, and they can be seen around the Los Angeles area playing their little plastic ponytail pom-poms off. You may be lucky enough to catch them in the near future backing up Nikki Corvette as they did for the bubblegum music book release party at World on Wheels! Meet the ladies of The Pinkz: Michelle on rhythm guitar and vocals, Jessica on bass guitar, Alannah on lead guitar and last but not least Kathy on drums. They all live together in one house like a female MC5 where there's always a great party with cute boys, girls totally rule, and Fritz the cat is the biggest stud in the world. I brought Rick Hall, from the excellent Stuporstars, to help me mouth out some questions while I got piss drunk and all red on Zima, of all things! Long live The Pinkz!

" I just have a sketchbook of all my drawings of Mr. Peanut. He's all male and has little peanut genitals. He wears a top hat and a monocle, what's not sexy about that? "-Michelle

Nam: Girls, how long have all of you been living together in the same house?

Michelle: About 4 months. We have a practice room in the basement so it's easier for us to play together. That is, *if* we want to play together. We're pretty lazy so it's hard to get off the couch and walk downstairs with all our equipment and stuff.

Nam: Are there any personal habits that are getting on your nerves? Come on, just pretend the other ladies are not present.

Michelle: Someone keeps on leaving skulls in the bathroom.

Rick: That was me. Hey when you skin a head, what are you going to do?

Michelle: No, that papier-mache head in the bathroom is scary.

Jessica: I made that.

Nam: All right, tell us about the various musical projects you have been involved in over the years.

Alannah: I was in the Fabulous Tuscaderos and then I met Michelle and joined the band a year and half ago.

Kathy: It seems like a *lot* longer.

Michelle: Whenever you moved out here.

Jessica: When Kathy moved out to California, it all fell into place.

Rick: You never had a female Pete Best (original drummer for the Beatles) in the band?

Nam: Hey, that would have to be Jennifer from Bitch School.

Michelle: No, she was never in the Pinkz.

Nam: Okay that was a resounding *no*.

Rick: How would you describe your sound?

Michelle: Nooooo, not *that* question, give this question to Jessica.

Nam: No, I think Michelle should tell us which bands she had been involved in because we like to name drop.

Michelle: I was in Loli and The Chonies and then Bitch School. I met Kathy when I was in Loli and The Chonies. Kathy was in the Retardos at the time. Then she was in The Fevers.

Rick: And Donnie Denim!

Michelle: I met Jessica when Loli and The Chonies played at KUCI. I thought she was kind of mean to me but we became friends.

Nam: We *have* to talk about your heart throb obsessions. Who's your weakness?

Alannah: I don't know...

Kathy: Emilio Estevez!

All: Eeeewwwwww!

Nam: You liked him in *Young Guns*.

Rick: Judge Reinhold!

Michelle: I like him! What happened to him?

Rick: Corey Feldman!

Nam: No, none of the Coreys.

Pinkz: Hell no.

Jessica: Kathy is *really* into David Gilmore, from Pink Floyd. She calls him "Mr. Wow." And we watched "Live at Pompeii" like, 249 times.

Kathy: He's real, real *hot*.

Jessica: And she corresponds with other fans on their internet discussion group!

Kathy: You fuckin' bitch!

Nam: You are so outted!

Rick: Is that why you were making us listen to all that crappy music at the last BBQ?

Jessica: She wasn't there. I was making you listen to all that crappy music!



The



PINKZ

Kathy: Oh yeah, well Alannah likes Bob Dylan!

Rick: Michelle likes Ray Davies.

Michelle: No. I thought he was hot until I read his book.

Nam: *X-Ray*?

Michelle: No, it's the one where he's talking about UFOs.

Nam: Who do you have over your bed right now Michelle?

Michelle: You know the guy - Johnny Ramone. I know I'm boring. He's my

and I had our periods at the same time.

Michelle: I'm always right after Kathy.

Jessica: I came *into* first, but I think I'm last.

Michelle: All I know is that my tampons are always gone by the time it's my turn.

Rick: Always picking up from the rear. Don't worry Michelle, you'll come out in first place. OK, we just about covered everything. Hmm... let's see music, menstruation, heart throbs. Would you like to discuss world events right about now?

Alannah: Uh, thanks.

Nam: Look, Kathy has her patriotic glass. Would you like some Zima?

Kathy: No thanks.

Michelle: She doesn't drink.

Nam: Liars! Dude, last time I saw Kathy, we were at this party and all she wanted to do was drink more beer and start fights with all the boring losers in the room. Then she wanted to go outside and look in each and every parked car on the street so we can find Brett getting it on with some chick. That was sooooo hooooottt! Hey, how old are you guys?

Pinkz: No comment.

Jessica: I'm the youngest!

gonna be out sometime early October.

Jessica: We're like all working with the exception of myself and we all don't have money so we just play around town whenever someone books a show. We're basically just a bunch of lazy girls.

Rick: How do you see the direction of your music heading in the future?

Jessica: I've been told that the songwriting is getting better. We got rid of all the cover songs we used to do and now we have a set of all originals.

Kathy: That's because we have a practice room in the basement.

Michelle: We're always writing half a song and we tend to sit on them for a long time because we're never happy with it. Then someone will ask, "Hey what happened to that song?"

Rick: Do you collectively write the songs?

Michelle: I write most of the good music parts but I'm terrible with lyrics. Jessica usually takes care of that. She finishes what I usually start.

Rick: You're just holding the good stuff away from your band mates!

Michelle: Yeah I'm saving it for my *real* band. The solo project.

Rick: ...Let's see music, menstruation, heart throbs. Would you like to discuss world events right about now? • **Alannah:** Uh, thanks. • **Nam:** Look, Kathy has her patriotic glass. Would you like some Zima?

sweetheart.

Nam: I heard he was a dick.

Kathy: We got to hear it all from Nikki Corvette because she had sex with him. She did him.

Nam: Like recently?

Michelle: No, no like back in the day.

Nam: Hey, you guys have been together for almost two years now - why no album? Why are you slackin' off?

Jessica: We're not. No one wants to put it out and we have no money!

Michelle: We hit up Long Gone John but he said nothing. We sent him our stuff.

Nam: You have to corner him!

Michelle: No, we're not into schmoozing.

Nam: Cornering is *not* schmoozing.

Jessica: Hey, we're into boozing - not schmoozing.

Nam: That's why you guys rock!

Rick: Are you into oozing?

Pinkz: Yeah!

Nam: Yuck, that's too much information!

Jessica: Hey, I'm oozing right now.

Michelle: It's that time of the month thing.

Rick: Well how about that, do you guys all have the same "time of the month"?

Kathy: Yeah, pretty much.

Jessica: I think we all get close and then one of us tries to get away from the schedule.

Rick: They're just trying to break away from the pack.

Kathy: There was a time when Alannah

Nam: Yeah, yeah, you're even younger than me.

Rick: Hey, let's talk about clothes. It seemed like you were more image conscious when you started out.

Pinkz: What? Really? Weird!

Rick: Is there a particular band philosophy regarding fashion?

Jessica: No there isn't, although I saw a picture of me and Michelle when we were in Bitch School and oh my god, I can't believe we went out of the house looking like that! I mean it was so sad. I don't want to get a picture taken of me like that ever again! I try to brush my hair more.

Michelle: As long as we look clean and, like, groomed. You know hair brushed, teeth brushed, clean clothes - that would be nice.

Rick: What about the crusty punks?

Michelle: I got a thing for the crusty punks. **Nam:** No way, you like Conflict! I saw you wearing your Conflict patch.

Michelle: Neurosis.

Nam: Negative Approach.

Jessica: Wait! So Rick, are you saying we look like slob?

Kathy: Okay, let's not start talking about the fashion nonsense of the Stupor-stars!

All: Oooooo...

Nam: Any new things in the works? A tour perhaps?

Michelle: We've got a new single record coming out on Gearhead Records. It's

Nam: Who are some bands you like and dislike in the current LA music scene?

Rick: Dirt, in other words.

Kathy: We like Eagle.

Jessica: Eagle rules.

Kathy: We think Eagle is the best band.

Jessica: We like the Stuporstars.

Michelle: We have to say that because Rick is here.

Nam: You guys are clique-ish.

Michelle: Are we? That's not true. I think we're shy. At least I am.

Kathy: We use alcohol to get over it and to...

Nam: Start fights?

Rick: Hey, Nam does that too.

Nam: Hey, fuck you. Want some Zima?

Jessica: There's a lot of bands we don't like to see, especially our own. I don't think I would listen to us because if you compare our music to the stuff I listen to, it's completely different.

Rick: Do you think we're heading for just a total failure of all harmony and hooks in music and imploding into a noise-like chaos in the music scene?

Michelle: It's hard to tell. We don't like a lot of the current "hot" sounds. That's why we sit here and write what we write.

Jessica: I like S & G... I like The Band - that's like my big thing.

Michelle: Yeah, we want to write songs like that, but first we have to learn to *play* like that.

Jessica: The Pinkz are more about fun. We're doing it for fun. We don't really care about anything else. It's nice to pat yourself in the back after you wrote a song even though I'm like ripping off some other band.

Nam: Everyone does that, so it's okay.

Michelle: We write songs that are really sad. I mean if you really listen to the lyrics, but the music is pretty much happy pop. We like the dichotomy of our music.

Rick: All great songs are like that.

Nam: Are you ladies single?

Kathy: Most of us, except for Alannah.

Alannah: Yes, this is true.

Nam: What, you don't want to give a shout out to your man?

Rick: You know he's reading it and he's gonna get pretty upset.

Nam: Jessica, are you gay?

All: [Laughing pretty fucking hard at this point.]

Jessica: Oh my god! What gave you that idea?

Nam: I'm supposed to ask you that question.

Jessica: What gave you that idea? I could see how people can get that impression.



Rick: So for the record, you never gayed off with each other? •
Jessica: No, but Michelle's gayed off plenty of times. •
Michelle: [laughs uncontrollably.]

Kathy: Jessica has a lot of male admirers.

Nam: I know she does but she shoots them all down.

Michelle: She's not good enough – I mean none of them are good enough for her.

Jessica: Yes, none of them are Charles Grodin. When the time is right I will know. I devote my life to the bong.

Nam: Jessica sucks bong not boys.

Jessica: I have other interests. I will salivate for men on television and on film. I like them rich and clueless. There were a lot of rumors about me and Michelle. It's 'cause we hang around together a lot.

Kathy: And the wedding ring doesn't help either.

Michelle: Plus we also agreed to marry each other if we don't find any men by the time we're old.

Rick: So for the record, you never gayed off with each other?

Jessica: No, but Michelle's gayed off plenty of times.

Michelle: [laughs uncontrollably.]

Jessica: She needs at least two at a time.

Rick: Michelle, explain your obsession with Mr. Peanut.

Michelle: I like Mr. Peanut. I like to draw him in different scenarios. That's it, okay.

Rick: Are you in a discussion group of Mr. Peanut fans?

Michelle: No. I just have a sketchbook of all my drawings of Mr. Peanut. He's all male and has little peanut genitals. He



wears a top hat and a monocle, what's not sexy about that?

Kathy: Michelle once wore a monocle to Pink's Hot Dogs on La Brea and Melrose and it fell over the glass barricade, right into the condiments, like right where they're like making the food. It just fell.

Jessica: Our cat Fritzzy has a tuxedo. I made it for him. I'll put it on him before you guys

leave.

Nam: Are you guys gonna be cat ladies if the man thing doesn't work out?

[Jessica puts the tuxedo on Fritzzy the cat. Then she shows us all the cool outfits she made for Fritzzy. We all have a good laugh and talk some more secret stuff about boys and cars.]



RAZORCAKE 31

PINKZ

Voodoobilly band Naked Ruby may live in South London but their spiritual home is the swinging 1950s Rat Pack-era Las Vegas of gangsters, gambling, sequins and cocktails.

"We are the Rat Pack of Vauxhall" insists devilish red haired singer Ruby. "No, we're the Twat Pack" bassist Johnny B adds helpfully. Naked Ruby is essentially showgirl deluxe Ruby (aka Jane) and Johnny (partners onstage and off) and whatever collaborators happen to be available. On songs like "Love Me," "Hipsville," and "Get Naked," their leopard skin brothel creepers skip effortlessly over torch-y lounge music, surf guitar, sul-

try rockabilly and twang-y Lee and Nancy-style Country & Western, while Ruby purrs in a voice of pure pink cashmere. It's enough to conjure visions of Ann-Margaret in her Kitten with a Whip prime twisting frantically to Link Wray. Perhaps that's why Naked Ruby is equally comfortable performing at '50s rockabilly dives (like Virginia Creeper), '60s garage-punk beer blasts (like The Frat Shack

and Dirty Water) and kinky fetish clubs (like Torture Garden), where they attract a disparate following of devotees. "We get a lot of the fetish scene. Punks. Rockabilies. Weirdoes. Perverts," Ruby sighs, regally dismissive. Using alcohol as a lure, I tricked Ruby and Johnny into confiding everything about their depraved and sensual relationship.

Graham: Tell me how you two met in the first place.

Ruby: The first time I remember him I was flamenco dancing at this squat, this artist's studio. It used to be a big old hospital.

Johnny: In Stockwell back in the '80s. About '88 or '89. And I was playing bass in a huge band.

Ruby: Weren't you wearing a Batman costume?

Johnny: A Batman t-shirt.

Ruby: Oh, I thought it was the whole works. He was wearing underpants over top of his trousers.

Graham: Johnny, what was the band you were playing in at the time?

Johnny: Wakawaka.

Graham: You what? What the fuck was that?

Johnny: Wakawaka. One word. It was a 14-piece dance band.

Ruby: And I was in a flamenco troupe called Las Gazpachos. Which means cold soup.

Graham: That was when you two really hooked up?

Ruby: No!

Johnny: No! That's merely when we first met.



Interview by Graham Russell.

Illustrations by Vince Ray

Photos by Johnny Volcano.



Ruby: I thought, "Who's that dickhead in the Batman outfit in that horrible band going (hums the tune of "Tequila" by The Champs)?"

Graham: So you didn't click that night?

Johnny: No, not at all. In fact we never have.

Ruby: Bastard! I went back into flamenco world. I don't know what you were doing. And then we ran into each other again when I wanted to start my singing career and I asked John to play bass. And John used to come and see me in my first band, The Geeks.

Johnny: That's true. The Geeks were the most fantastic shit band in the world.

Graham: Tell me about them.

Ruby: It was thrash-y. Noisy.

Johnny: Sort of a Nick Cave-influenced pile of shit with a hint of B-52's.

Ruby: I was asked to join The Geeks because the lead singer couldn't really sing. It was a bloke - it was a band full of boys who had good potential and had interesting songs except... I joined it with two other women and the idea was to have a more B-52's style vocals even though the music was still quite thrash-y. I taught the other girls how to sing. We used to go on with wigs and glittery outfits. We looked fantastic. But you could never hear us - so what was the fucking point?

Graham: So you knew it was time to do your own band.

Ruby: I left. I left before I got kicked out. I thought, "I can do better than this."

(Ruby's music is a warped reflection of her own checkered past: she originally hails from Adelaide, "the arsehole of Australia. It's barren. It's a retirement village, like Florida." Growing up in the wastelands of Oz has left her a lifelong glamour junkie, something she indulged in her stint as a scantily clad nightclub showgirl, dancing the Can-Can. Perhaps that's why even she admits most of her lyrics seem to involve "shaking your ass and getting your kit off for money.")

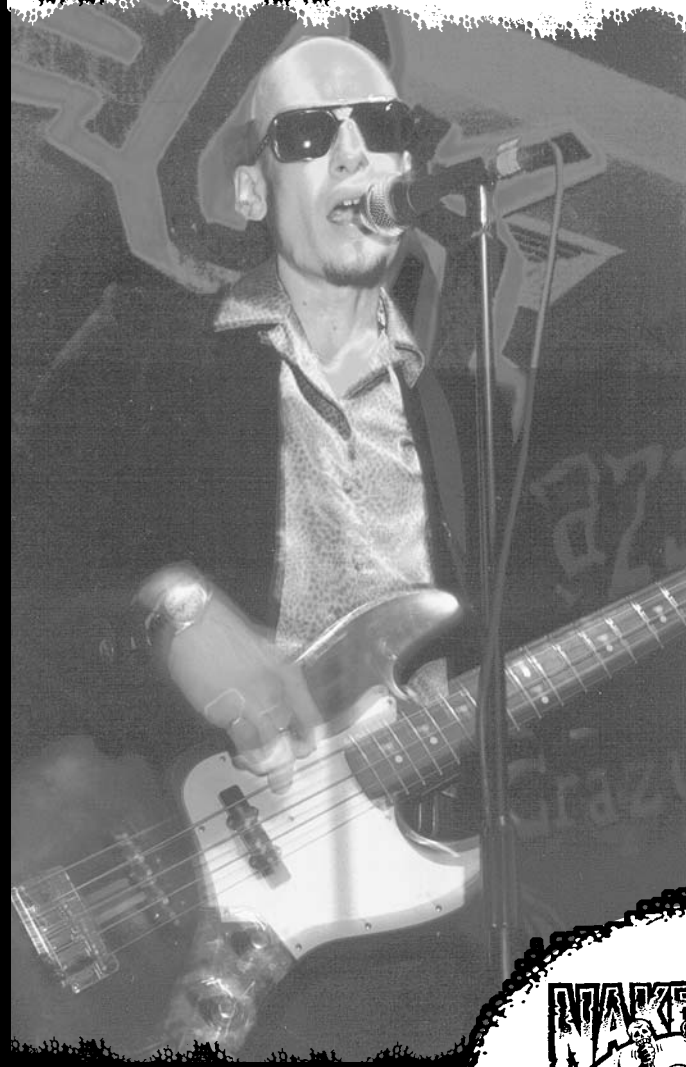
Graham: Johnny, what was the band you were playing in at the time?

Johnny: Wakawaka.

Graham: You what?

Johnny: What the fuck was that?





Ruby: I was a Can-Can dancer in Australia. I was in a Can-Can troupe called the Los Vague Showgirls. It was mad. We used to come onstage with lassoes and cap guns and “Yeesh-has!” and cartwheel onto the stage. I was dancing with them, but because I’d had a rather serious car crash one leg was shorter than the other. I didn’t realize. I was wondering why when I used to dance I was always toppling over! The sentiment was there, but I was a really terrible dancer!

Graham: So you started out as a dancer then you realized you wanted to be a singer.

Ruby: Injuries got in the way of the dancing, really. That’s why I gave up flamenco.

(In 1985 Ruby fled to the UK and paid her dues as a piano bar lounge singer covering jazz standards. The apprenticeship still lingers in her femme fatale vocal antics: she sings as if slowly peeling off long evening gloves).

Ruby: That started about 1992. (Performing) around restaurants and bars in the West End and South London.

Graham: So you had a guy accompanying you on piano?

Ruby: Yeah, and if I was lucky and we got enough money there’d be a double bass. But I got bored of that very quickly. It’s a period I’ve pushed aside a bit.

Graham: Well, dredge it back up again! So you were performing old jazz standards?

Ruby: It put me off jazz and blues! (The audience) was loads of office workers doing tequila slammers. We did a lot of Ella Fitzgerald. Eartha Kitt. Billie Holiday. Nina Simone. Julie London. Frank Sinatra. People I really, really loved listening to.

Johnny: But now can’t.

Graham: Re-interpreting songs like that demands proper singing.

Ruby: I’ve put a lot of work into singing. A lot of training for years and years. It’s what I’ve always wanted to do, but I was very shy and that’s why I danced and didn’t sing.

Graham: Were there songs people used to request you hated singing?

Ruby: Ugh, yeah! “Summertime” and “Girl from Ipanema.” And “Happy Birthday to You!”

Graham: Did you do Marilyn Monroe-style renditions of “Happy Birthday”?

Ruby: No, I didn’t but they would’ve liked it.

(I ask Ruby what singers she really admires).

Ruby: Yma Sumac. I practice to her “Mambo!” CD. And Diamanda Galas as well, I often warm up to her.

Graham: How many octaves do you have, then?

Ruby: I’ve got a pretty big range. I don’t know exactly what it is, but it’s pretty phenomenal now – it takes training. I’ve gone from singing always around my natural vocal range, which is quite low, to getting quite high up the piano. I can really squeal – like a pig! [Laughs]

(Ruby formed Naked Ruby approximately five years ago, originally with be-quiffed guitar slinger Vince Ray. Drummer Nick followed later).

Ruby: I really wanted to do my own stuff. I’d never played an instrument and I was still a bit shy. I thought, “I’ve got to do this.” I knew I could write good songs and I knew I had a good voice, but I still wasn’t doing what I really wanted to do. I met Vince Ray through an ad and asked him to give me some guitar lessons. I thought, “I can’t waste any more time. Too many years have gone by.” I think I had about

two or three guitar lessons! I went to Newcastle and bought a cheap guitar, came back to London and then we got onstage and did three songs, just Vince and myself. It was just two guitars: we had no drums or anything. And it went down so well and we just loved it. I performed my first original song, which was fantastic and is still one of my favorites, called "Wooden Box." It's a song about a bloke who pisses me off, so I kill him and put him in a box on the shelf! I'm not that obvious in the song! Only some people know what I'm singing about.

Graham: Give an idea of who Vince Ray is. I know he's not in the band anymore, but he was Naked Ruby's guitarist for years.

Johnny: He's a famous artist.

Ruby: He's a rockabilly fetish artist. A rockabilly pervert! He is! He lives his art. We're still really good mates with Vince, but we were branching out a bit ...

Johnny: And he loves his rockabilly.

Ruby: And we didn't want to be pigeonholed.

Johnny: Musical differences.

Ruby: But there was no falling out. (Reference points for Vince Ray's artwork would include the Sadomasochistic cartoons of Eric Stanton, Bettie Page's 1950s bondage pin-ups and Russ Meyer films. The cruel and curvaceous dominant women he draws look like Li'l Abner's girlfriend Daisy Mae, or Betty and Veronica of Archie comics gone bad. He illustrated the cover of The Diaboliks's *Three Fur Burgers & A Chilli Dog To Go!* CD last year and his kinky cartoons frequently appear in fetish magazines like *Skin Two*. His stuff also features on his own highly covetable range of coffee mugs, ashtrays, martini glasses, shot glasses and temporary tattoos. See for yourself on Vince Ray's website: www.wildatheart.co.uk).

Ruby: Johnny B came to one of our first gigs and said, "I want to be in the band. That bass player is crap." (The early line-up already had a double bass player, but as Johnny explains, "He was just too jazz").

Johnny: No, I said if you ever need a bass player just give me a call. And they called me in about two days! It was a sound that I liked. They had all the elements I liked: just the sort of Lee & Nancy, slightly rockabilly, slightly

twang-y '60s garage (sound). And I fancied Ruby.

Ruby: I still didn't fancy him, though.

Graham: What was the turning point? When did you realize you did fancy him?

Johnny: After she drank about ten bottles of my home brew!

Ruby: It's true!

Johnny: And she can't remember it.

Ruby: I can't remember it! At all. That's the honest to God truth. Some of it was nice. I mean the home brew.

Graham: Did you brew up your moonshine in your bathtub?

Johnny: That kind of thing, yeah. Trodden with my own bare feet.

Graham: I've never asked you this before, but where did the name Naked Ruby come from?

Ruby: I can't remember the name of the band who used to do a song about a woman called Ruby who stole a guy's train... it was some Australian garage band! I've always

had dyed red hair and at my very early gigs people used to always shout out, "Ruby!" so I thought, Oh, well – fuck it. Before that the band had no name. The "naked" bit came about because at the time I was doing part-time nude life modeling. It was good money; I could do just a couple of hours a day. That was how I paid for rehearsals and my equipment and I thought, Naked Ruby! Without the life modeling I wouldn't have had any money to get on with the band. But it was really boring.

Johnny: They got fed up with her moaning.

Ruby: It served its purpose. I don't do it any more. When it stopped being cash in hand, basically, that's when I stopped doing it! A lot of the life models did it as a full-time job, which I found really weird. And they wanted to hang out with each other. They used to say, "We're having a life models party! All the life models are having a dinner party!" [Laughs]

Graham: Was it clothing optional dinner parties?

Ruby: I think they were. Who knows. (I ask them about cover songs. Their live sets are probably 75% originals, but Naked Ruby's choice of covers is revealing: Elvis's "Viva Las Vegas" (of course). Adam Faith's "Beat Girl" (title track of the 1961 Brit sexploitation flick). Nancy Sinatra's blues lament

"Friday's Child").

Graham: Out of all the Elvis songs why did you choose "Viva Las Vegas"?

Johnny: It just sums up our whole ethos. We like to put on a show.

Graham: And Ruby is the Ann-Margaret of the new millennium.

Johnny: In that case I must be Elvis Presley.

Ruby: Certainly our visuals are very Vegas. Glitter. Tinsel. Slashed curtains. And we absolutely love The Dead Kennedy's version of it as well.

Graham: Nancy Sinatra's "Friday's Child." (Lee Hazlewood wrote it for her in 1966; it demonstrates that for a rich blonde white chick Sinatra could still sing heartbreak blues with genuine conviction).

Ruby: I love "These Boots Are Made for Walking" and "Jackson," but "Friday's Child" is really dramatic. And those lyrics are me! I can relate to that song. My Daddy is called hard times! Talk about things going round in circles: we started out living in trailers and my Dad's just moved back into a trailer park in Colchester. He's returned to his roots. We are trailer trash! What else do we do? "Blue Moon Baby." (The rockabilly purists in the audience always go all entranced when Naked Ruby play Dave "Diddle" Day's 1957 ballad). The Cramps do a fantastic version of it, too.

Johnny: The Cramps are another big influence on the band.

Ruby: Poison Ivy is a huge influence on me. It's frustrating because even now it's still really hard to find a female guitarist with attitude. I love Ivy: she looks good and she plays good. She's not a great guitarist – but she plays it with attitude. We've just recently aired a new encore, which is one of our most favorite fucking songs in the world: "Ace of Spades" by Motorhead! We did it fantastically. People went mental.

Graham: What kind of re-interpretation do you of "Ace of Spades"?

Johnny: It's loud thrash cow punk rock!

Graham: I know, given the chance, Naked Ruby like to put on a real show. (At bigger venues, for example, they bring their own troupe of tart-y go-go dancers) What kind of show would you ideally put on if money was no object?

Johnny: We'd get a ballroom somewhere.

Ruby: A swimming pool. With synchronized swimmers! Fireworks. Lots of glitter. Cigarette girls. Cocktails. Prizes! Raffles! Gambling!

Johnny: And loads of booze.

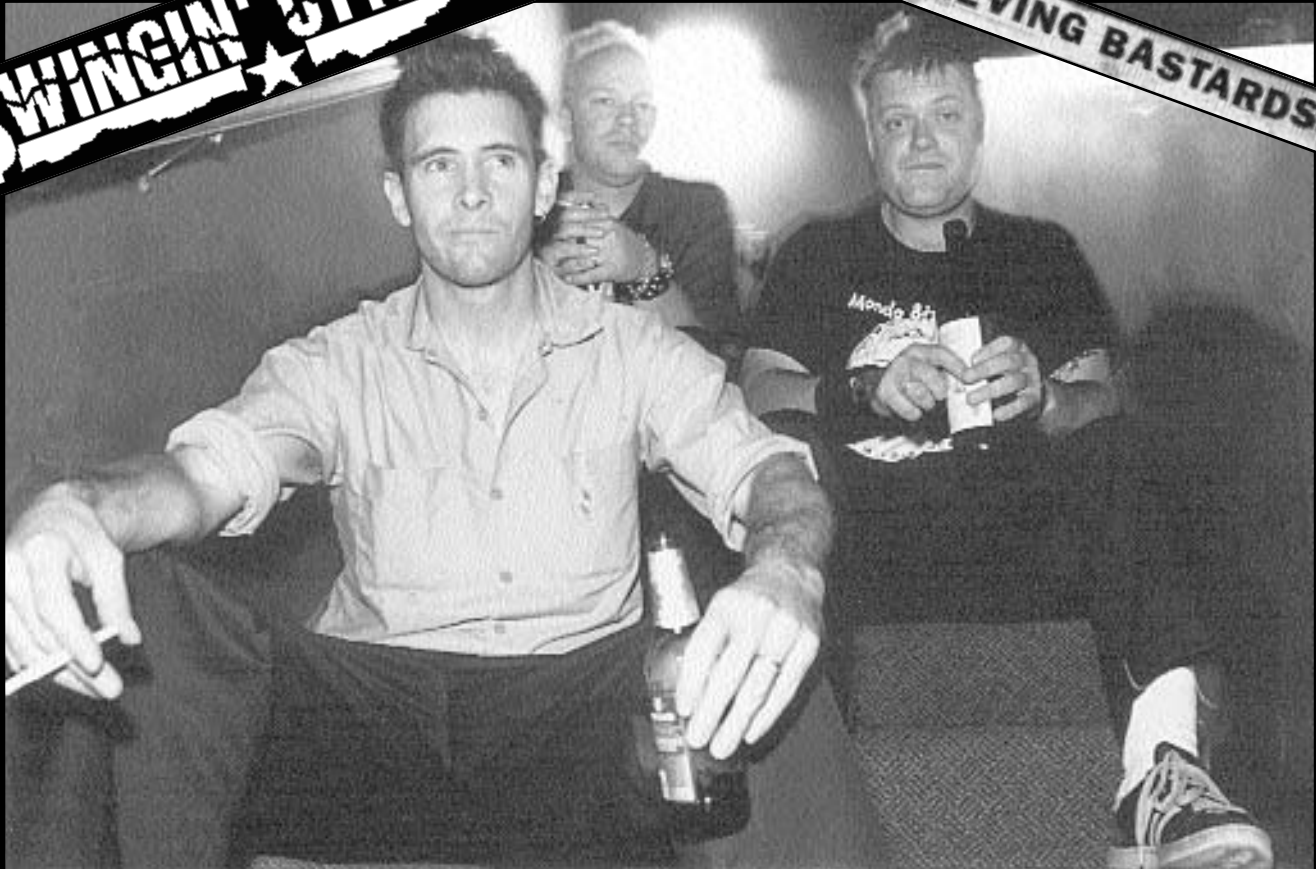
Contact Naked Ruby on:

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SWINGIN' UTTERS

FILTHY THIEVING BASTARDS



Interview by Sean Carswell

photos by Dan Monick

The first time I saw the Swingin' Utters live, they played on the deck of a surf shop in Cocoa Beach, Florida. They'd been on tour with the Queers and were filling in an off day by playing to a handful of surfers and skaters on a hot-as-fuck October afternoon. Before walking down to see that show, I had a copy of their first album, *Streets of San Francisco*, but it was a cassette that a friend had taped for me. The sound was muddy and I listened to it mostly through blown out speakers, so I missed a lot of the music going on. I'd seen that they had a new album out, *Juvenile Product of the Working Class*, but I was hesitant to pick it up solely because the title is a reference to an Elton John song. It's funny the things that make us music snobs.

My whole perception of the Swingin' Utters changed while I watched the five of them jammed into the tiny corner of that surf shop deck, all of them pouring sweat in their leather and work shirts and boots with three kids running in a circle pit that couldn't have

been five feet in diameter. The Utters played as hard and tight as if they were headlining the Warped Tour. They blasted through ten songs that cleared my head of the muddy cassette memories, then the cops showed. The show was perfectly legal. The surf shop had gotten permits and everything. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Live bands played in the area all the time (albeit mostly classic rock cover bands). Still, the cops came to shut them down. I guess punk rock is still dangerous in some places. Johnny negotiated with the cop, though. "Two more songs," he said, "then we'll clear out." The cop agreed, and the Utters finished their set. Needless to say, I was impressed.

I picked up *Juvenile Product of the Working Class* at that show, took it home, put it on the record player, listened and read along with the lyrics. The songs were catchy and fun, but there always seemed to be a deeper element, whether it was an accordion sneaking into the background or a line like "denial is the loyal

vice of the hardest working man" or "Bigots Barrel" starting off with a sound bite from Martin Luther King, Jr. The songs made sense. I could relate. It had all the elements of street punk that described my life at the time: drinking too much, working too hard, never having any money, and facing what seemed like a futile life. But the songs were also fun and full of hope and I became a fan.

In the years that have passed since then, I've acquired everything that the Swingin' Utters have released. One album or another has consistently been in high rotation in my life. They've managed to release a total of four full length albums, two EPs, a bunch of seven inches, and an album combining an early EP and some seven inches. All of the releases are great; all are very different from each other. There's a clear progression from one record to the next. More instruments fill in the sound, more emotion adds to the power. I feel like I've been growing up a little bit with their lyrics.

Beyond just the Swingin' Utters,

Johnny and Darius have taken on a side project, the Filthy Thieving Bastards. It's different from the other Swingin' Utters stuff. It's acoustic. Mandolins and violins sneak into songs. The mad drumming and sonic charge is absent, but the poetic lyrics and catchy songwriting is strong as ever. The Filthy Thieving Bastards put out their first EP on TKO Records, and their first full length should be release on BYO by the time you read this interview. While the Swingin' Utters were touring with the Damned, I sat down with them and asked some questions. Originally, I'd planned to only interview Johnny and Darius about the Filthy Thieving Bastards, but since all of the Swingin' Utters were in the room, the interview branched out.

The Swingin' Utters are:

Johnny Bonnel: Vocals
Darius Koski: Guitar, Accordion, Violin, Vocals
Greg McEntee: Drums
Max Huber: Guitar:
Spike Lawson: Bass, Vocals

The Filthy Thieving Bastards are:

Johnny: Most of the vocals
Darius: Just about everything else
A handful of talented, semi-famous people: Whatever's left

Sean: Johnny, I read in an interview a while ago that you had gotten into a fight with a truck one time on tour. Can you explain the circumstances behind that?

Johnny: I don't remember. [turns to Darius] Was it the van when me and you drank that bottle of vodka?

Darius: There's two stories. You should tell them both.

Johnny: I don't remember the truck one.

Darius: We were partying on our first tour and we're all really wasted and first Johnny cut his head on a window going on a roof or something. So his head was bleeding and he had a bald head, so he looked really gnarly. Oh wait, that wasn't the night he got in a fight with a truck. Anyway, one of these nights, he was wasted and we put him in the back of the truck to go to sleep and to shut him up.

Johnny: Oh, that was at the Cat's Meow. Okay. I know what you're talking about.

Darius: Then he got really pissed and drunk and he started fighting the truck. Just hitting it and freaking out.

Johnny: Yeah, the truck doesn't fight back,

so, you know...

Sean: So you won?

Johnny: Yeah. I won.

Sean: And what happened with the van?

Johnny: The van was me and Darius. We had a bottle of vodka...

Darius: And we drank the whole fucking thing. Over a few days, but one of those huge gallon jugs.

Johnny: And he was playing something on the radio.

Darius: I was playing the Pixies.



Johnny: If someone buys me drinks all night, yeah, we're friends.

Johnny: Yeah, he was playing the Pixies and I started kicking in the dashboard because I don't like the Pixies. I like the Pixies now, but at the time, I was really against them.

Darius: And completely destroyed our dashboard. There was a gaping hole in it.

Johnny: The van lost that one, too.

Sean: You got so much confidence from the truck that you decided to take on something bigger?

Johnny: Exactly.

Sean: Do you still drink whiskey?

Johnny: Yeah.

Sean: Does it still make you mean?

Johnny: No, not as much because I stop at a certain point.

Darius: It used to make him insane and violent and gnarly.

Johnny: I think that's why Kevin (Wickersham, the original bass player) left.

Sean: Did you do anything particular to him?

Johnny: He actually sort of baby-sitted me when I was beating up the truck.

Darius: He just got sick of every aspect of touring, basically.

Sean: Didn't he also have a serious day job?

Darius: He was a teacher.

Sean: Darius, what instruments did you play as a kid?

Darius: Violin and piano.

Sean: Why'd you play those?

Darius: My uncle played violin and when I was five, he asked me if I wanted to, so of course I said, "Yeah." So I played classical music for twelve years.

Sean: Did your parents pressure you to play it?

Darius: No. No. They really strongly encouraged me to do it, but I was never pressured. If I didn't want to do it, I would've just stopped. And I eventually did just stop. I was sick of basically playing other people's music. I was not interested anymore in being a virtuoso type of person who plays things well because I'd rather write my own songs. Classical music is

basically virtuoso. And I was really good, but I just didn't want to sit in a chair in an orchestra for the rest of my life because that's really boring. And also the whole classical music culture is fucking incredibly snobby and super closed minded and it got boring.

Sean: Along those lines, when you guys did *Streets of San Francisco*, it was really at the forefront of street punk coming out in the US and you were the guys doing it. You really inspired a lot of bands. Then, everything you've done after that, with the possible exception of the *Sounds Wrong* EP, has gone in new and different directions. Why is that?

Darius: What I would say is that *Streets of San Francisco* would sound a lot more like these newer albums if we had the time and the money and if we played as well as we do now. We didn't play quite as well back in those days, too. So I think it's always been with us, but that record was recorded and mixed in a week.

Sean: And I hear a lot of people say that *Streets of San Francisco* was your best album. Does that piss you off when you hear that?

Darius: I hear people say that constantly, but I totally disagree. I like that record a lot, but I like the last two (*Five Lessons Learned* and the self-titled album) a lot more. Way more. Just stylistically and sonically and everything. I just like them better.

Johnny: I like *Streets of San Francisco*. Just because it's got a lot of songs on there. There's an urgency that I feel is pretty potent.

Sean: Why are you re-releasing it?

Johnny: Fat Mike wanted to. And we're happy about that. Better distribution.

Darius: New Red Archives (the label that originally put out *Streets of San Francisco*) is... You couldn't even find that record in San Francisco.

Nobody fucking heard it. The label is just too small and their distribution sucks and I've been praying for Fat to buy it forever. They did it and I'm really, really excited about it. It's great.

Sean: Why do you think your songs aren't played on the radio?

Max: Because N'Sync is played on the radio.

Sean: But even college radio stations and smaller radio stations?

Johnny: They play us on college radio stations...

Darius: But not a whole lot.

Johnny: It's just not in certain areas. I think that the smaller towns, for some reason, they have more say in what they play.

Darius: Maybe we're not poppy enough for the pop punk audience and if you're not pop punk, then you're pretty much not gonna get played on the radio. And we're not rap metal, so...

Johnny: And we have curse words in our songs.

Sean: And your songs are pretty complex, too. Do you think if you wrote simpler songs...?

Darius: I think we write really simple songs, actually. I don't think we're complex at all.

Johnny: I think so too.

Darius: Sometimes the instrumentation gets a little complex. There's a lot of instruments going on, but otherwise, our songs are structurally really fucking simple. They're basically just like folk songs.

Sean: How did the Filthy Thieving Bastards come about?

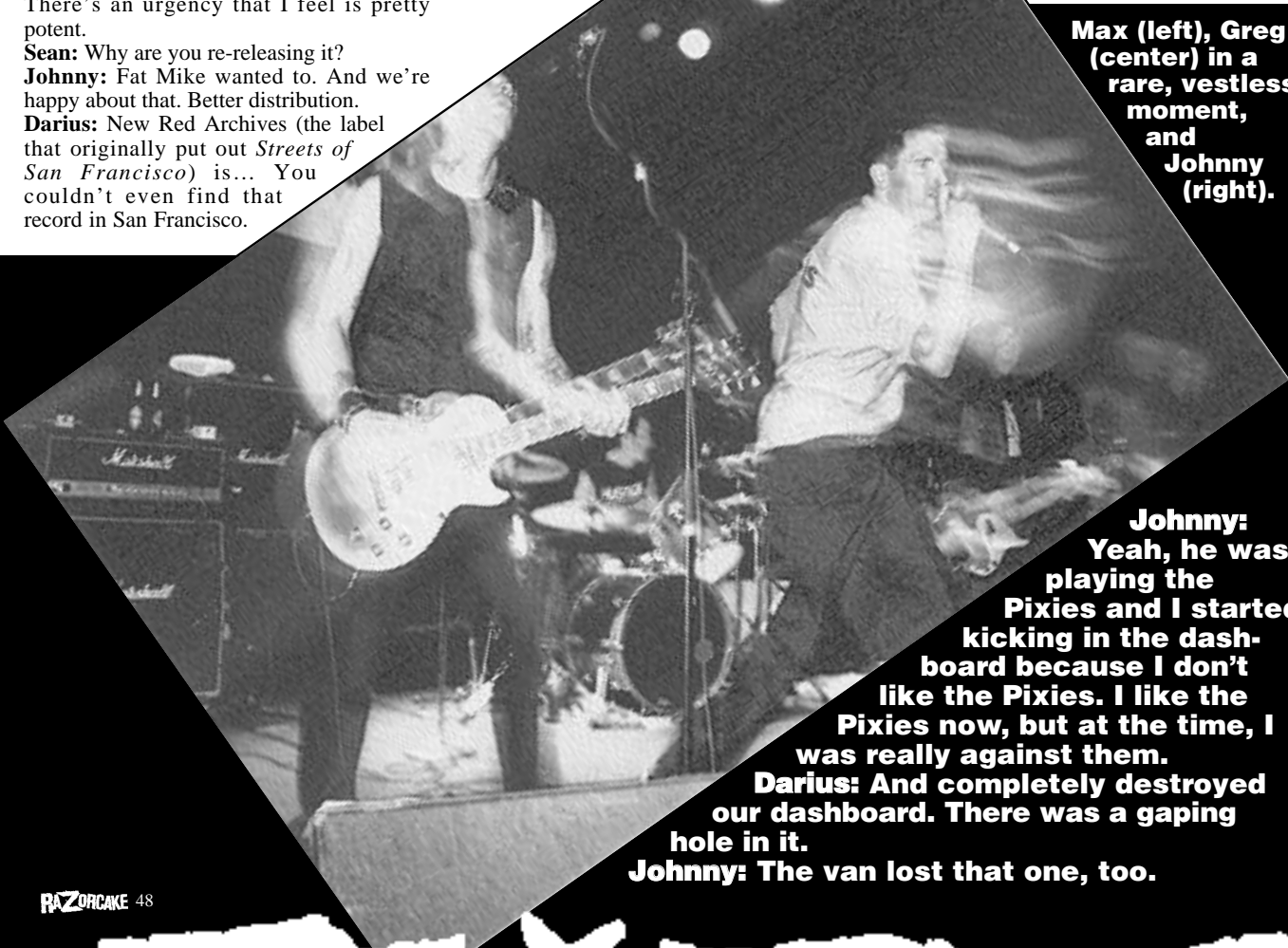
Johnny: Down time. Once we had kids, it was less touring for the Swingin' Utters and we wanted to keep busy. We sort of had this idea to do this Pogues-style music.

Darius: And I also want to be playing music constantly. I don't want to sit around waiting for the next Swingin' Utters record or the next album because it's not enough for me.

Johnny: And this way, we can be at home and do this stuff. We don't tour as the Filthy Thieving Bastards.

Darius: And it's not quite punk. That's a big part of it. It's not that different from the Swingin' Utters kind of stuff, but the thing that's different about it is that it's primarily acoustic. That's

Max (left), Greg (center) in a rare, vestless moment, and Johnny (right).



Johnny: Yeah, he was playing the Pixies and I started kicking in the dashboard because I don't like the Pixies. I like the Pixies now, but at the time, I was really against them.

Darius: And completely destroyed our dashboard. There was a gaping hole in it.

Johnny: The van lost that one, too.

the biggest difference. Swingin' Utters songs, the recent ones that have been on records and are kind of acoustic tunes, that's what the Filthy Thieving Bastards sound like. I want to play as much as possible and I want to release as much material as possible and I have a lot of material and Johnny has a lot and we just figured we should keep busy.

Sean: Is it true that you have a whole drawer full of songs that you've written and never recorded?

Darius: Me? Yeah. I've got a lot.

Johnny: I don't.

Sean: Every time I see you play live, you're opening for someone else. Tonight you're with the Damned, last time I saw you was with the Dropkick Murphys. I saw you a few years ago when you were touring with the Queers. Why do you always tour as a supporting act?

Darius: That's a good one for Max.

Max: Just because, when we get on these tours, it's better shows for us. It seems like every time we try to do our own show, nobody takes it very seriously. And, this way, someone else is taken seriously and we reap the

benefits of having bigger crowds and getting our name out there. Ideally, someday we'd like to go out and headline and stuff, but until people start to take the band more seriously, I don't see it happening.

Sean: People like who? Fans?

Max: No, not fans.

Sean: Johnny?

Max: [laughs] No. Promoters, booking agents, record labels. Everybody who's involved in the end of setting up the show and promoting it, basically. They've never done a professional job of supporting us.

Sean: What's the worst thing about not being the headliner?

Darius: Not being the headliner.

Johnny: Not getting paid as much money. Not getting as much beer as we want.

Max: Sound checks.

Darius: The level of general respect for you kind of goes down.

Max: We get treated pretty well, though.

Darius: I'm not even saying that's wrong. It's just the truth because you're not the headliner. You're not who every-

one is coming to see.

Max: Support bands never get to do a sound check. Just because of time constraints.

Sean: Is it true that Fat Mike brings you on tour with NOFX partly because he likes to party with you?

Darius: We have a really good time with him on tour.

Max: Yes. That's the only reason he'll take any band on the road.

Darius: We get along with him really well and have a really got time with him on tour.

Sean: I heard you guys ran into some trouble in the south on your last tour with NOFX?

Darius: What kind of trouble?

Sean: I don't know. I just heard a rumor that you got into some kind of trouble?

Greg: Is this the gay party thing?

Darius: I have no idea.

Sean: Greg?

[Greg remains silent. No one else has anything to add.]

Sean: How difficult is it to be married and in a band that tours all the time?

Darius: Right when I got together with my wife, when we were going out - I got together with her and a week later, we started to record the first record. Then, really soon after that, I went on tour. So our whole relationship has been me touring. So it's hard and it sucks, but we both understand that that's the way it is. It's something that we've gotten used to.

Sean: Johnny?

Johnny: Yeah, it's a little bit more difficult for me. We talk about it a lot.

(left to right)
**Johnny,
Spike,
Darius,
and
Greg.**

Darius: Yeah. I've worked pretty steadily since I was fifteen. I counted about ten years ago, and I'd had over thirty jobs. So I'm probably at about forty, now... But I guess the songs come from that, because I hate working.

It's just kind of like a thing that I need to do. I've been in the band for a long time and she doesn't want me to quit. But then again, whenever I leave, it's totally horrible. When I get back, it's nice. Now we have a lot more breaks in between tours, so it's not as bad as it used to be.

Darius: We don't go out more than four weeks at a time any more.

Sean: Is that a compromise with your wives?

Johnny: Yeah.

Darius: Yeah, it's like a rule now.

Sean: Have you ever done any collaborations with your wife?

Darius: I have, yeah. She's written lyrics to two of our songs. She wrote most of "Five Lessons Learned" and then she wrote pretty much all of "My Glass House." She sang back ups on the Filthy Thieving Bastards thing. I want to do more with her in the future because I went away on tour one time and she wrote like three or four songs on a four track while I was gone. It's really weird because she'd never written a song before in her life.

Johnny: Those were good, too.

Darius: She plays guitar a little bit. But two of the songs she wrote were fucking really good. I try to encourage her. She has a total career job that she hates, so she needs some kind of outlet. I want her to do more of that kind of stuff.

Sean: Besides just the touring, what other changes did you have to make in your life and as a band when you had children?

Darius: My life hasn't really drastically changed, because when I go home, I don't really go out much. So when I had a kid, that part didn't change much. Sometimes it just sucks because you can't go and party with your friends all night, and that sucks. There's nothing good about that. But having a kid is better and a lot more important than that.

Johnny: For me, every day needs to be planned out. Even on tour. It's got to be, like, phone call at this time. It's changed a lot. It's just a little bit more hectic and I'm thinking constantly about my kid - how's she gonna look when I come back.

Darius: That's the worst thing: missing them. They change so drastically in a minute. That part of it sucks. It's kind of lame. I have a three month old right now. I doubt he's really gonna remember me a lot when I get back. That sucks, too. But I talk to my three year old on the phone, so that's good.

Sean: Nardwuar wants me to ask you this. Who's the prime minister of Canada?

Darius and Max at the same time: Jean Chretien.

Max: Tell him that Max said that.

Sean: Johnny, why do you take on a British accent when you sing?

Darius: I don't think he does anymore.

Johnny: I think I was influ-

enced by the Clash so much that I try to be Joe Strummer. I think it's gone now.

Darius: What I think is funny is that nobody ever mentions how every fucking British band sings with an American accent. Like Mick Jagger sounds like he's from Alabama. What the fuck is that? It's funny because, most of the time when people talk about Americans singing with British accents, they talk shit about them. It's weird. I don't think we do that anymore, but we used to.

Johnny: And I don't really know how to sing. So, it's like, you try to mimic your heroes in music.

Darius: It's not a purposeful thing. We don't want to be English. I really don't want to be English.

Johnny: Make sure the Damned hear you say that.

Darius: [raising his voice] I fucking hate English people.

Sean: Is it true that you two (Darius and Johnny) and Greg were friends in high school?

Darius: Yeah. We had American Government together. The whole band goes back a long way.

Greg: Johnny wasn't in high school when we had the American Government class. He was already out.

Johnny: I was like the guy in *Dazed and Confused* who hung out with all the high school kids.

Darius: And Max was a buddy of ours long before the band started, so we've all known each other a long time.

Sean: What were you like in high school?

Johnny: I was a nerd. A quiet, nerdy guy.

Darius: Yeah, I was a nerd.

Johnny: I was a good student, though. I made A's and B's. Now I'm dumb as a brick.

Sean: Greg, I've heard that you're kind of a loser magnet, that whenever you play a show, the dopiestic skinhead or the dopiestic girl corners you.

Greg: All right, who told you that? Who put you up to that one?

Sean: Is it true?

Greg: Is this for real or is it a joke?

Sean: No, I'm just asking a question.

Greg: I think you got half of it right. Half of the losers go to me and half of them go to Johnny.

Johnny: Yeah, I'm a magnet too.

Sean: Why do you think that is?

Johnny: I'm a nice guy. I don't ever, ever shun away anyone.

Greg: Me and Johnny will go party with people under a bridge or after show all night or something like that, so yeah.

Johnny: If someone buys me drinks all night, yeah, we're friends.

Sean: Greg, why do you wear the red, white, and blue vest when you play?

Greg: Why do I wear the vest? Because it looks cool.

Max: Says you.

Sean: Max, when did you get rid of the liberty spikes?

Max: I can't remember, I think, in '96 or '97.

Sean: Why'd you get rid of them?

Max: They were a total pain in the ass. Plus, I don't want to have the same hairstyle for the rest of my life. It's a do. It's always fun to have some sort of a funny haircut. It's fun to go back and forth between them. I think there are certain types of people in the world who like to alter the way they look and there are certain types of people who don't care about the way they look, and I fall into the category of wanting to fuck with the way I look. It's fun for me.

Johnny: It's a Gemini thing.

Max: Maybe it is. I don't know.

Sean: Did people treat you differently when you got rid of the liberty spikes?

Max: No. I had a mohawk after I got rid of them, so it was like the same kind of thing.

Sean: What about when you got rid of the mohawk?

Max: I died my hair jet black and my eyebrows black. You know, I've been doing it since I was thirteen years old and it's always been kind of fun. It's a complete whim. It's something that, one day I think'll be a funny thing to do. I'll live with it for a while.

Sean: How did you guys get a song on the Tony Hawk video game?

Darius: Fat hooked that shit up. They asked us and we said, "Okay." We didn't really set it up.

Sean: What thought went behind the pictures on *Our Fathers Sent Us* (the first Filthy Thieving Bastards EP)?

Johnny: Our influences. It was originally gonna be like one of those Andy Warhol pictures with a different colored faces. And then this one guy from TKO said, "I've got a feeling of this record that it's got an old vibe to it, so I want to make it look like a yearbook."

Darius: He didn't really get what we were going after, anyway, so we just kind of went with what he did. Hopefully, we won't get sued for copyright infringement or something.

Sean: I noticed you had some writers on there, like Kerouac and James Joyce...

Darius: We just figured to put all our influences on there. I almost think that we shouldn't have added the writers because I could've gone on forever with writers that I love. Then we could've gone with the jazz thing, and Louis Armstrong was as far as we got. But we could've gone on endlessly with jazz guys. It kind of sucks that we only came up with two women, so we were like, "Let's not have any women."

Johnny: Plus, it's called, "*Our Fathers Sent Us*."

Darius: We had Chrissy Hynde and Exene on there, but we just kind of nixed them. I

didn't want it to look like we had taken women on there.

Sean: The writers who influenced you, I can almost see traces of them in your lyrics.

Darius: Well, they were poetic. That's why they're on there.

Sean: How much do they affect you when you write lyrics?

Darius: Kerouac does for me. All of his writing is rhythmic.

Johnny: Stream of consciousness stuff.

Darius: That's mostly why stream of consciousness writing influences me – I just kind of write whatever comes up. I don't like to sit there and work on lyrics for a long time.

Sean: Johnny, where has your artwork appeared?

Johnny: It's on the Beltones' record, *On Deaf Ears* (the front cover). It's on one of the singles that we did early on, "No Eager Men." On the back of *More Scared*. It'll be on the Filthy Thieving Bastards full-length – there's a linoleum cut on the back and a drawing on the front. That's another thing that's an outlet for me. Art.

Darius: Yeah, we're probably gonna do every cover with one of his drawings.

Sean: So you're still working on your art pretty steadily?

Johnny: I'm not. I'm lazy when it comes to that. I really don't have a lot of time because I work and when I come home, I want to spend time with my kid. But I've got garage space now where I live, and my easel is out there, so hopefully I'll get back into it when I have a little bit more motivation. I need someone to say, "We need this now." Then I'll go, "All right." And I'll spend like ten hours drawing.

Sean: It's amazing how a deadline helps. The extra pressure.

Johnny: That's what I need.

Sean: A lot of your early songs have a strong blue collar influence, songs like "Petty Wage" and a lot of songs on *More Scared*. Where did that come from?

Johnny: Working all these jobs we've had. That's just the way it was back when we were writing those songs. I'm the type of person who works a job for a long time. I think I got that from my dad, because he worked in the same place for thirty-five years and retired from there. Once I'm settled in, I stay. The worst thing about working is looking for a job. So when I get a job, I stick with it. I don't want to lose it. And it's pathetic in a way because I'll keep a really horrible wage just for the sake of the friends I've met while I was working and having steady pay.

Sean: What about you, Darius? You're different about that?

Darius: Yeah. I've worked pretty steadily since I was fifteen. I counted about ten years ago, and I'd had over thirty jobs. So I'm probably at about forty, now. I get bored doing one thing for a long period of

time. I've had three jobs at once a few times. But I guess the songs come from that, because I hate working. But I've only been fired once.

Sean: Was the song "No Eager Men" inspired by a real person, like an ex-girlfriend?

Darius: It was inspired by two different people who bummed me out.

Sean: Is there a story behind it?

Darius: Yeah, but I don't really want to talk about it. It's bitter stuff that drove me insane.

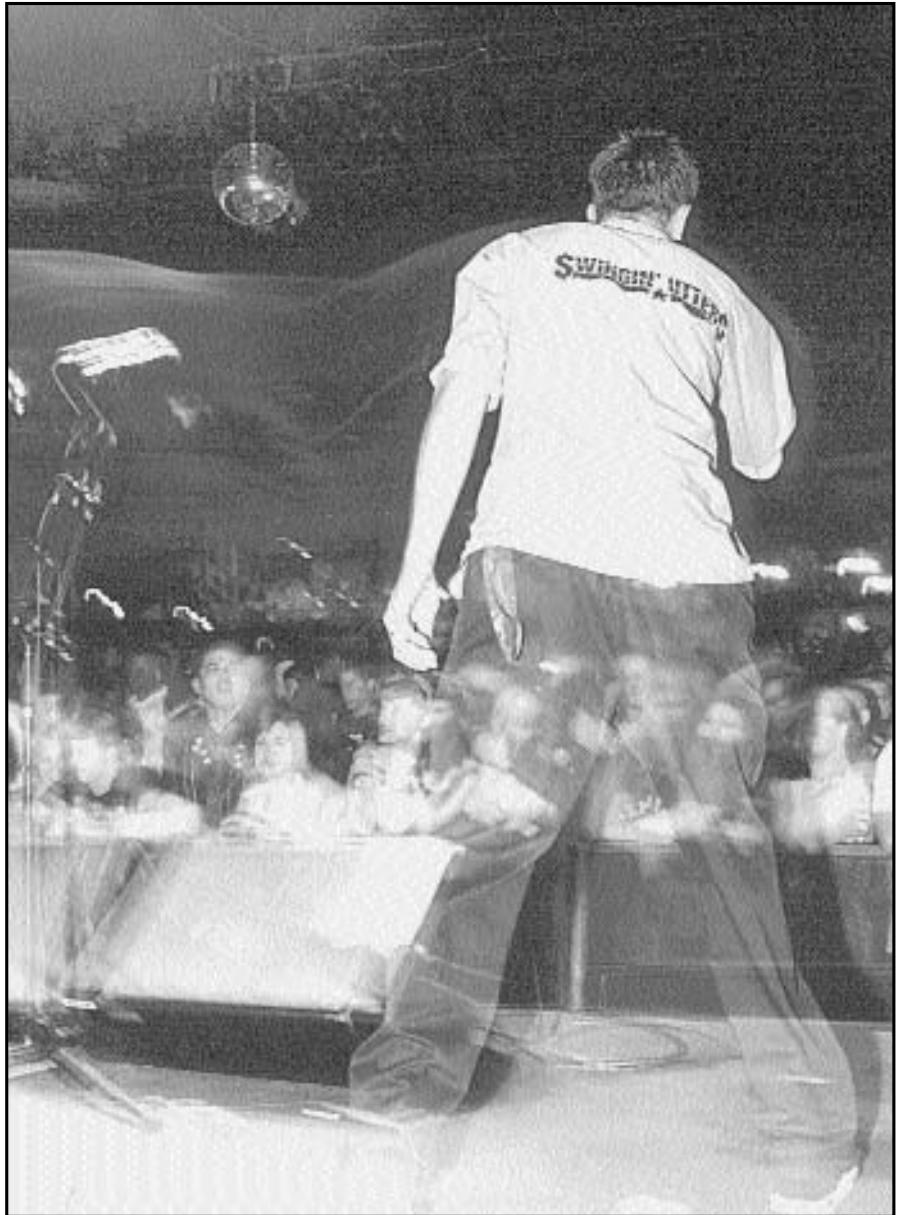
Sean: What circumstances led to writing the song "London Drunk"?

Darius: The English tour. We drank a lot and I puked a lot. I wrote it on the plane coming back from that tour. I puked all over the van one night and it's just a stupid song.

A song about getting drunk on tour.

Sean: Did any particular even inspire you to write the Filthy Thieving Bastards song "SSS"?

Johnny: Yeah, it was a show in Belgium when we were on tour with Rancid. And there was a guy sieg heiling – going around going, "Sieg heil, seig heil." And Lars (Fredrickson from Rancid) was on stage and he grabbed the mic and said, "No, no. Punk rock. Punk rock." And this whole mess started. People were grabbing this guy. Finally, the cops came in and grabbed this guy and escorted him out. I was like, "You guys shouldn't be sieg heiling." It almost sounds like a silly song to me. It almost sounds like a joke, but the message is pretty serious.



DEADBOLT

INTERVIEW BY TOM & JESSICA
LIVE PHOTOS CONTRIBUTED BY PATRICK AND K.A.

Hailing from San Diego, that white-trash wasteland with its methamphetamine fixation, Deadbolt appeals to a range of fans spanning from the goth to the rockabilly genres. Their self-proclaimed "voodoobilly" sound reels 'em in, albeit on a small, somewhat underground scale – and it's suspected that's just how they want it.

That sound, the spooky side of reverb-heavy surf guitar bracketed by multiple bassists (their patent "Wall of Thunder"), coupled with dark yet humorous lyrics, lends itself well to Deadbolt's clearly themed albums. Each of their releases investigates topics ranging from expeditions in Africa (Zulu Death Mask) to American OTR truckers (Voodoo Trucker). The songs are narratives delving into the seedier aspects of whatever they're exploring.

We met up with Harley and Tank before a recent show in Hollywood. We found them at night in a dumpy motel room, with its crumbling adobe façade and heavily weeded pool area, on the Sunset Strip directly across the street from, appropriately enough, Guitar Center.

R.A. MacLean was interviewed by telephone.

Deadbolt is:

Harley Davidson: Guitar, Vocals

R.A. MacLean: Bass, Vocals

3rd Degree Burns: Bass, Vocals

Claymore Mines: Bass, Drums

Tank Johnson: Drums, Trouble Light

Occasional appearances by Diana Death and The Phantom

Tom: Just you two here, huh?

Harley: Claymore Mines, he's meeting us tonight.

Tank: He's meeting us, or he's meeting us? Oh, that's right, he's meatless.

Harley: Nah, he couldn't be in the band if he was meatless... code of ethics.

Jessica: So... what are your day jobs?

Harley: We, uh, work nights.



We're both... hacks. You know – cab drivers. Heh. Doin' research for the next album.

Tom: Yeah, I read that on the website.

Harley: Oh yeah? It's on the site?

Tom: Yeah, I think it was HRG – she made a joke about you being a cabbie on the message board.

Harley: [Laughs]

Jessica: Will you have [taxi cab] confessions? Underage girls?

Harley: Of course!

Jessica: What do your earnings go toward?

Tom: [Laughs] That shelf over there [gestures to the motel room shelf, an impromptu minibar stocked with liquor, plastic cups and a duffel bag full of ice].

Harley: Let's see... booze, weapons. I like the assault rifles. SKS, AK – fun to shoot, but they're hard to get anymore.

Tank: Nickel-plated .38, that's my favorite.

Jessica: Vices? Obviously drinking.

Harley: That's not a vice [dramatic pause]... that's a way of life.

Jessica: Okay, new album?

Harley: New album is done. *Hobo Babylon*, kind of about the bums that ride the trains. That whole kinda "creepy, creepy world out there" thing. Did a little investigating there, rode a couple of trains. Very serious research. We made a couple of runs, interviewed a couple FTRA (Freight Train Riders of America), train riders' Mafia – evil, sadistic bunch of people.

Tom: [Laughing] Like the clown police.

Harley: We're bringing back Patches [the recurring album character of an evil clown]. Patches is gonna be riding the rails.

Jessica: When is that out?

Harley: Fall, supposed to be.

Tom: What about *Haight Street Massacre*? That's a "best of," right?

Harley: Yeah, that's gonna be a "best of." We did some new songs and it's got some old ones, too.

Tank: We re-recorded "Swamp Witch," that'll be on there.

Harley: You know, they (hippies) are coming back, so we gotta keep up the war. We had a party for like eight days straight after Jerry Garcia died. We thought it was the end of 'em. The fuckin' end.

Tank: Like that Dark Star Orchestra... I guess these fuckin' Deadheads know every show, the date of each show, what each show sounded like, what was different about each show. They come down to San Diego and play a particular concert, the way it was on tape (originally recorded). At the end of the show, they come out and say, "That was San Francisco, June 5, 1981." Or whatever. What the fuck is that? I had some chick in my cab the other night talking about that and I about pulled over and kicked her out.

Harley: I drove some. They're all like hanging out in front (of the venue). They want a fuckin' free cab ride. Hey, FUCK YOU. No patchouli. [Laughs all around]

Tom: What's up with R.A.? Never see him around at shows...

Harley: He's been sick.

Tank: He got hit by a car [laughs maniacally and pauses]. I was nowhere near San Francisco that night.

Harley: He was in the hospital (when Deadbolt recorded their new album) and we had to send him the stuff we recorded and he recorded stuff on a cassette player and we dialed it all into the computer – the vocals.

Jessica: So he recorded from his hospital bed?

Harley: Yeah, yeah.

Jessica: What's the crowbar for? [Referring to a large tire iron on the dresser next to a cop-sized black Maglite and other indiscernible, ominous black objects]

Tank: Oh, that's our second key to the room. They wanted a deposit and we said, "Fuck that."

Harley: [Looks through his half-empty glass and deadpans] We're really upset about the hippies, upset about punk the way it is.

Tank: Madonna's punk rock nowadays.

Jessica: What about your fans?

Harley: Touring, we always meet cool people who come to the shows. Deadbolt fans are universally cool. We could have a Deadbolt convention with a shooting range, a Hippie Dunking Contest, Bobbing for Ammo [laughs all around].

Harley: Some of the places we go have the weird "Blue Laws." Like Sundays in Alabama...

Tank: Yeah, we say, "All right, let's go drink."

Harley: And it's [Southern drawl], "We don't sell no alcohol on Sunday. You're in the Bible Belt, son."

Jessica: Lastly, is there anything you'd like to ask each other?

Tank: Yeah. Harley, would you get me another drink?



With R.A....

Jessica: How does living in San Francisco affect the band?

R.A.: Well, with the line-up in hand, 3rd Degree and Clay do the bass chores and it works out pretty good. Harley and I keep in touch a lot and bounce ideas off each other. Just because we're not face-to-face, you know...

Jessica: Are you going to tour Europe this fall with the band?

R.A.: Sadly, no. Everything that's happened to me this year really put a cramp in my touring plans [R.A. is temporarily out of live performances due to his injuries sustained in the car accident mentioned earlier]. I recommend that nobody break their clavicle. It is the worst pain in the world. I was popping pills like Elvis and it did not help.

Jessica: So you were all doped up when you recorded the vocals for *Hobo Babylon*?

R.A.: "Doped up" is such a harsh term. I was taking my medication. It was a good time. Harley took the tape I did down to the studio and he called me back and said, "Man, it's like having you in the studio. You're talking to me and you're not there and you're kind of babbling at times." I guess I did a pretty good job. I look forward to hearing the final product.

Jessica: How did Deadbolt get their name?

R.A.: The version I heard was that Harley and our first drummer, Les, were working at the Deadbolt house, Disgraceland, and they were trying to think of a name for the duo they had. They played parties, the Laundromat, you know. Les held up a package that had a deadbolt lock in it and it said "Deadbolt" in bold letters. He said, "What do you think of this?" I guess Harley said that was pretty cool. Nothing cryptic or sinister. Innocent. There are a lot of stories, tales and myths about Deadbolt. I've heard I was a junkie; I'm not. An oldie but goodie is that I was a pimp for three Swedish hookers.

Jessica: Tom's sitting in with us now, R.A.

R.A.: Hi Tom.

Tom: How are you doing, R.A.?

R.A.: Sick, sober and sorry. It's really been a colorful year. I'd look at my bass in the corner and I'm sitting there with a sling on because you can't cast a broken clavicle. God, the thought of putting my bass on... I'd scream like Nancy Kerrigan. But we've been busy at the same time. We've got the greatest hits CD (*Haight Street Massacre*) and *Hobo Babylon* (both to be released this fall).

Jessica: What have you heard about the other members?

R.A.: Oh, they usually have to do with firearms, mysterious disappearances. All I can say is, "No comment." I do have a good gun story, though. When we first went on tour, we played a place called the Satyricon in Portland, Oregon. It was kind of a seedy neighborhood. I pop open the door of the van, been stuck in the van for two days driving. I step out onto the pavement and I see heroin balloons. I'm like, "Oh shit, great." So I go back in the van, I take one of the handguns we got and I stick it in my jacket. I went into the club, had some drinks, set up the equipment and started doing the show. People are having a good time; we're having a good time. It suddenly occurred to me that I've got my gun in my pocket. So I cross over to Harley while we're playing and say, "I've got my gun." He yells back, "I've got mine, too!" I will say I'm very responsible with guns. We had a Navy SEAL teach Harley and me tactical shotgun. We went down to the border with a case of beer, six assault rifles, three shotguns, assorted handguns and a couple thousand rounds of ammo. We blew the side off a mountain. He taught us what they call "shoot and scoot" – how to fire and move.

Jessica: And your weapon choice?

R.A.: A Mossberg 12-gauge and a Thunderfive handgun – that holds only five rounds, but it fires either a .45-caliber long bullet or a .410 shotgun shell. I call it the mood adjuster.



R.A.: Right now, San Francisco is just a place to hang my hat. We (San Francisco) have got serious music problems. Not many bands in the city that I'd plop down \$5 to see. Yet again, I've been saying that since I've been in Deadbolt. I pretty much hate... I can count on my left hand the number of bands I've heard in the past five years that I like. There's a San Francisco band called Slender and another band called the Crosstops – kind of trucker based, trucker scene. It was really funny because their album was coming out and we came out with *Voodoo Trucker*. I think they were kind of annoyed. They're a good bunch. In terms of national acts – Nashville Pussy, the Mavericks. What do we have now? Boy bands. And we have all these "angry young men." What do they have to be angry about? In the '80s, we had Reagan. Outside of the current tragedy in New York and Washington, what in the hell do these kids have to be pissed off about? I'm amazed at the crap that's out there. It's mind-boggling. I just reach back to what's been good – George Jones, 1955 stuff. Johnny Cash, Jason & the Scorchers. Just listening to the oldies, that's quality music. I think there are a lot of bands, and pardon the pun, they play with themselves. They look down. They don't play to the crowd. They don't entertain. They play with themselves. That's something, since the beginning of Deadbolt, we vowed we'd never do. If Harley has to cut an amp in half with a chainsaw, whatever it takes – we entertain. We play out; we don't play inward.

Tom: Getting back to what you just said about playing out, playing to the crowd, putting a show on, I've caught two or three shows here in LA so far. One of the things I noticed, sitting at the bar, was when Deadbolt sets up, sparks start flying, the caution tape goes up and all kinds of people seem to come out of the woodwork. Whether they've heard of Deadbolt or not, they swarm the stage out of curiosity.

R.A.: Oh yeah... you don't know what's going to happen at a Deadbolt show. It's not a production of Cats. It's something on edge.

Jessica: How are you received elsewhere? Do you go to the same lengths on tour?

R.A.: Absolutely. We have our equipment box and we set up. Some places, the crowd is kind of taken aback, afraid to come up close; they ask themselves, "What the hell is this?" And some are right up there, fixated on every bit. Funny enough, the place that kind of sticks in my mind is Provo, Utah. I don't know why. I

don't question it. But some of our most thunderous responses have been in Provo. Scary part is, most likely, they're sober. We have to bring our own beer in from another state. What we do now is get a room at a Motel 6 on the edge of town. I put on a Garth Brooks western shirt, a straw cowboy hat, Levi's and boots. I disguise myself (go to the front desk) and tell the lady there's only two of us. So we sneak around. Last time we were there, it was really hot. Me and Harley sat in the pool with our cowboy hats on, pounding beer. Empties floating all around. This family came down to use the pool and ran from us.

Jessica: Who writes everything?

R.A.: Definitely a collaborative effort. Obviously we have a basic theme, which makes lyrics easier to write. I don't have to "Baby, baby, my baby left me."

Jessica: Have themes been intentional from the outset?

R.A.: We had a basic theme and rolled with it. I recall recording *Tijuana Hit Squad*. No, no, *Zulu Death Mask*. We hammered some ideas out at Disgraceland. *Voodoo Trucker* was mostly done in the studio. I think I got the most satisfaction out of the last two – *Zulu Death Mask* and *Voodoo Trucker*. Everybody asks how we did "Whereabouts Unknown." We had a pair of Radio Shack walkie-talkies and we taped one to a mic stand in the recording room. Meanwhile, I'm sitting on a couch next to the mixing board, drinking a beer and talking into the other one. We did most of it sitting on our butts, drinking beer and Jim Beam. That song took two takes, only because I couldn't stop laughing.

Jessica: Is that reflective of your evolution as a band?

R.A.: It's been a healthy evolution. I look back at *Shrunkn Head*. You know, being our first time in the studio, I was quite proud of it – considering we didn't have a clue what we were doing. You learn as you go.

Jessica: One reviewer commented that Deadbolt was a novelty act.

R.A.: [Draws a sharp breath] Yeah, I hear the "N" word once in awhile. But we've earned our keep. People say, "I was listening to your CD, fucking my girlfriend, right before we came to your show. I just want you to know that." When you hear comments like that, that they really like the CD, they're not talking about the performance or the "novelty." They enjoy the music in and of itself. They get a kick out of what we have to say. That's a plus. We're not big on "Baby, baby, I love you" lyrics, but what we have to stay sticks in your mind.

Jessica: Like the lyrics to "McGortsky." They give me the shivers.

R.A.: Oh, I remember recording that. Me and Harley were side-by-side, doing the vocals. We practiced it once and we're rolling, "One day you'll swing where the little birdies sing." All of a sudden, I hear

[whistles bird chirps] and I just look at Harley. The microphone picks up everything, like lips smacking. So I turned away, fighting laughter between these whistling bird sounds. That's the one thing about the majority of recordings we've done. They're really a fun, drunken at times, atmosphere. Lots of laughing... It blows my mind how bands can be such fucking snobs. The snobbery I've seen sometimes, of bands that aren't even signed for that matter, it just blows my mind. I've brought this up on several occasions and I like to think I'm not flogging a dead horse, but some of these bands take themselves so fucking seriously. When I lived in San Diego, we practiced once or maybe twice a week. I know bands that practice the same set two or three times a week. I say, "Guys, you got it!" It's ridiculous; it's just a band. I don't know what the big to-do is. Go out, entertain, have a good time. I'm very grateful. I've never forgotten that people are paying you money to play music, to entertain. I've never forgotten that.

Jessica: Harley made mention that Deadbolt fans are universally the coolest people around.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN AT A DEADBOLT SHOW. IT'S NOT A PRODUCTION OF CATS. IT'S SOMETHING ON EDGE.

R.A.: I agree. Definitely.

They're down to earth. You might say the salt of the earth. Touring back and forth across the United States, we've met some of the friendliest people. I'll tell you a story. We played in Monroe, Louisiana, at this coffee shop. Just a little place and the owner was super nice. I'm setting up and I go outside to have a cigarette. This car pulls up. About five people, one man and four women, get out of the car. He walked up to me and asked if I was in Deadbolt. I say, "Yes sir, I am." He said, "I'm Dr. Such-and-Such. I'm a dentist here in Monroe and this is my staff. We heard on the radio you were coming and we got dressed up real nice to see you play." The women were in dresses, kind of like prom dresses, come to think of it. And the dentist was in a suit. They really dressed up. I was taken aback by that, it always stuck with me – the gratefulness of driving a couple thousand miles to play in their town. Another time, we did a show in Anderson, Indiana. They had a record store with a little raised stage. As we pulled up, I hear this kid start screaming, "They're here, they're here!" People start circling the van. A kid no more than 12-years-old wants me to sign his *Shrunkn Head* CD. (At the show) there were 30 – 40 people, singing along. They knew the

words. Christ, I could have handed them my bass – a couple of them could have played the songs. You remember that kind of stuff. It keeps you firmly rooted in the ground. We've played to as few as 12 people and knocked the socks off ten of 'em. Mission accomplished.

Jessica: And it doesn't seem like any of you plan on stopping.

R.A.: Deadbolt stopping? No fucking way. Can you really put an age limit on it? I see Deadbolt business as usual. I tell you this – 2002. You look out because I'll be healed and I'll be pissed. I will have a chip on my shoulder. 2002, the US, lock up your daughters, hide the booze. I will unleash hell on tour. Guaranteed.

Jessica: Harley mentioned that you do very thorough research for all your albums.

R.A.: Oh, absolutely. You gotta hit the bricks. Railyards, homeless encampments, under freeway overpasses, near train tracks. Very effective. You give them some Thunderbird and they'll tell you anything. Absolutely, we do our homework. You take a basic theme. *Hit Squad* is a really good example. "Hit Gone Wrong" is a classic

example. Do you know what (the lyrics) "This one's for Albert" is from?

Tom: I've heard different stories.

R.A.: Well Tom, I'll straighten it out for you...

it's from *The Shootist*, John Wayne. You see the movie, Tom?

Tom: Yeah.

R.A.: Well, remember at the end, Richard Boone's holding up the table and John Wayne's blasting away at the table. (Boone) throws down the table and yells, "This one's for Albert!" and falls on the ground. When I first saw that, I thought, "Who the fuck is Albert?" Watching it again, it's (Boone's) brother that Wayne's character kills a couple years back. It just thought it was so funny, so damn bizarre. I had to put it on the album.

Tom: The phrase pops up again in "Trucker's Rumble." That's great.

R.A.: "Trucker's Rumble" was hysterical. There were four of us in the studio making all these sounds and we just overlapped (the tracks). Must be like 18 tracks of people fighting, so four of us made it sound like 40.

Jessica: I like "The Slap."

R.A.: That's an oldie. That was a weird one. The lines "The Cokes are in the icebox," that's a line from "Having A Party," by Sam Cooke. Just ramblings. I vaguely remember Harley saying, "Say 'the Cokes are in the icebox.'" [Sings] The Cokes are in the icebox, the music was playing behind the green door.

Jessica: And what does "green door" refer to?

R.A.: Probably the porno. I have a copy of that. It's the Holy Grail of porn.

Jessica: Between your job as a psychiatric

technician and Harley and Tank's jobs as cabbies, you must have a wealth of stories you could make into albums.

R.A.: I could sit down with a beer and both of you and turn your hair white with horror stories. It's really just stuff on the outside (for album material). People we know, people we've seen on tour.

Jessica: What other themes do you plan on exploring?

R.A.: There will always be something to explore. Just when I think we've covered everything, Harley will dream up something. I remember him calling up and saying, "The name of the new album will be Hobo Babylon." I said, "Hobo Babylon? Hobo... okay Harley. That's great." So I slept on it. I called him back and said, "Hobo Babylon!" Fucking genius. I've stopped knee-jerk reactions. I've learned to repeat it and sleep on it. Now, okay, HOB0 BABYLON! ... I think I'd like to see Tijuana Hit Squad Revisited. Doing my patriotic duty as of late, I think that'd be a feel-good album. Put Butch Vig on the line! Another hit, babe! That, or even motorcycles. There are so many things.



R.A.: We are unique, yes we are. I find it amusing for people to try to describe what we do. What's the flavor of the day? Johnny Cash goes surfing. The Violent Femmes. What the fuck? I actually heard someone say we were like the Violent Femmes. Oh yeah... Quentin Tarantino's lost soundtrack. There's always something.

Jessica: What do you say?

R.A.: Quality entertainment for the masses. I've pretty much given up trying to describe Deadbolt to people. People walk away with various ideas. Some people say, "Man, you're the best band I've ever seen in my life." Meanwhile, the person next to them is writing in their diary, "I'm very disturbed. I'm very disturbed."



R.A.: We take a CB on the road. Harley will start babbling, "I'm gonna get you, sum bitch."

Tom: When I moved out here, I definitely made sure I brought my CB for the trip. You can't do a lot of traveling without one of those, really. They're a blast and they really come in handy.

R.A.: [A CB] saved our asses once. Our alternator went and we were in the snow. We got on the horn and this guy helped us out, helped us get to Portland.

Tom: The shit on *Voodoo Trucker*, like "The Mocker." That's a riot.

R.A.: This is the mocker. Lyrically, I think that thing is one of our better ones. Musically, I think people are going to be in for a surprise with the new album. I tell

you, with Tank on drums, he's really added some muscle to the rhythm section. It really shows and I think people are going to be pleased. I don't say that about many things.

Tom: I, for one, am definitely looking forward to it. It's cool to have something new coming out.

R.A.: It's been awhile. The greatest hits thing is cool. We've got a couple tracks from *Tiki Man*, *Shrunken Head*, etc. And we've got a couple surprises. Harley and I redid "Swamp Witch." That's one from the hospital scenes.

Tom: I came across "Swamp Witch" on mp3.com.

R.A.: That's the first thing we've ever done. That was literally the first recording ever.

Tom: I did a search online to see if I could find anything else and I came across this Burt Bacharach tribute from Italy. There was a partial mp3 on the site, "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head."

R.A.: I tell you, Harley was really out to lunch that day. It was fucking brilliant.



R.A.: I do understand the need for music on the road. We're big fans of audio books on the road. It's great, they got them at Flying J truck stops. John Gotti's lieutenant, Sammy the Bull.

Tom: Yeah, Gravano.

R.A.: One time we grabbed that and went a couple hundred miles on that one. Provo to Las Vegas. We also listened to the entire book of *The Perfect Storm*. I've never had an urge to see the movie because the mental images I was conjuring up while driving were a hell of a lot better than anything George Clooney can do.

Jessica: You guys did a TV show.

R.A.: Yep! We did the last ABC After School Special ever. This guy went to a Deadbolt show in LA at the Whisky. I guess someone [a Whisky employee] told the band, "If you guys use any sparks, fireworks or light cigarettes on stage, we're gonna shut the sound down." So Harley's doing the set and he lets loose with, "Let me get this straight. Jim Morrison can fuck a goat on this stage and I can't have a fucking cigarette?" I guess that stuck in this guy's (the guy who went to the show) mind and Deadbolt got a call asking if they wanted to do the After School Special. It was called "Teenage Confidential." It was about a girl whose parents are really concerned about Baby having sex and the pressures of having sex for the first time. There's this nightclub scene where we played air guitar to "Channel 5." And I'll tell you something - I have never in my life played to one of my

recordings. I've never lip synched, ever. I don't know how people do it, how they can keep a straight face, singing something they recorded months or years ago. I felt like a fucking idiot. It got to the point where I was just strumming my bass. I wondered why I was even bothering to finger bass lines I played three or four years ago. So I just started strumming and doing goofy antics. And it turned out pretty fucking good. We did four takes with a live crowd. These people had a good time. It was just weird trying to mouth, "There's an evil trucker, some old timers say." I'm used to really blaring it out while on the album it's quite subdued. What I'm singing (on the recording) doesn't match what's coming out of my mouth. And the guy who edited the footage gave us copies - it looks fan-fucking-tastic. Deadbolt at its best. So we did the ABC After School Special. We care about the kids.



Jessica: Any last comments?

R.A.: All I can say is we've received a lot of letters, emails that basically say, "When are you going to play in my town?" We are coming. As I mentioned, I'm loaded for bear, ready to go. 2002, we will take the US by storm. We will kick some serious ass.

Discography:

Creepy World - demo
Shrunken Head
Tiki Man
Tijuana Hit Squad
Zulu Death Mask
Voodoo Trucker

Upcoming releases:

Haight Street Massacre (Best Of)
Hobo Babylon



SUPER CHINCHILLA



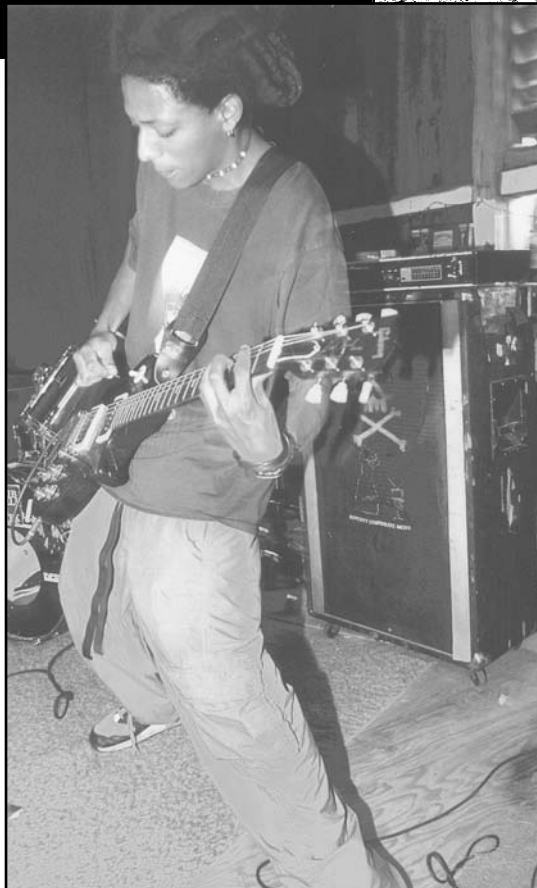
The world's in a weird place. America got two of its largest teeth removed without anesthetic and there's a hole in the Pentagon. A lot of people who were cleaning toilets and delivering mail and fighting fires died for very, very complicated and stupid reasons - reasons that should be dealt with between nations and not showered in the blood of the innocent. The result, among certain folks I know, was "What's the point of continuing? It's meaningless what I do when put up against the current political situation. What we do is petty. It's just punk rock."

Flat-out wrong. Fuck you. I don't buy it. We're not doing what we're doing by default. It's times like these that crystallize what's most important to you because - quite literally - there may not be a tomorrow. I have the deepest sympathy for the dead and the bereaved. My own brother and father may be directly involved in a war any day now, but it's also time to both memorialize and celebrate what we've got, and for me part of that something is Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission. They're five guys who play together and off one another so forcefully they're seamless, like if Voltron was made with musical napalm, had a beergut, and grew up kicking intergalactic ass with Naked Raygun or Radon on the headphones. Wankless, Tem plays what would be a solo if he weren't so perfectly in synch to the structure of the song - all the way through. Seth sings and swells through poetic, non-shit, non-emo, grit-laden, alcohol-soaked lyrics. "The Truth," Dave, and Pat compact the songs so tightly that you swear the music's going to sproing out in a thousand different directions like a golf ball splitting in a vice - and yet their songs fly high; perfectly nailed.

What better to combat depression and void with a heavy dose of ripass, wall-of-sound punk rock? What better than to celebrate a brand new band that you've probably never heard of and say, "Look, here's one good thing that makes perfect sense in a world that just got turned inside out."

Blast 'em loud. They're that good. Bless 'em.

RESCUE MISSION



Interview and pics -
ReTodd

Tem - guitar

Dave - guitar

Jimmy "The Truth" -
bass

Pat - drums

Seth - vocals

Todd: What names did you discard before coming up with the catchy Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission?

Dave: "Said Gun."

Jimmy: I liked "The Fucking Dudes."

Dave: "The Dirty Five."

Todd: So how did SCRM come about? I know Jimmy was from Panthro U.K. United 13 and that Pat is in Crispus Attucks. Pat did you meet him in Panthro?

Pat: Yeah.

Todd: So how did the rest of the

guys come about?

Pat: I did a band with Tem and Dave, but the band broke up.

Todd: What was the name of the band?

Pat: De Nada. Me and Dave wanted to start a new band and we got Seth and Tem and we started playing and we didn't have a bass player, so we called Jim.

Todd: How versed are you on chinchillas themselves?

Jimmy: Dave knows a lot about Nepalese chinchillas.

Dave: They live to 45.

Todd: Say I've captured a chinchilla and am holding it really tight, how will it escape?

Seth: Don't they scratch?

Jimmy: I think they gnaw their way out.

Todd: No, they'll loose their fur. They'll slip out.

Jimmy: That's disgusting.

Seth: All of it?

Todd: Where you have it held. It's

actually officially called a slip and it loses its fur there, like a banana shooting out of its peel.

Pat: Tem got some movies off the internet of Chinchillas having sex.

Tem: It's pretty disturbing. [makes high-pitched animal noises] It was pretty startling.

Todd: So, Jim, is it true that you peed in your fridge?

Jimmy: [dejected, yet laughing] Yeah. And Seth watched me and didn't stop me.

Todd: Can you help me out with your thought process.

Jimmy: I was sleep walking, but I think maybe I was thinking that I was hungry and I had to go to the bathroom at the same time. I'll kill two birds with one stone.

Todd: Did you get something to eat?

Jimmy: I don't think so. Seth?

Seth: Me and Brian, a friend of ours, we were drinking until about five in the morning and Jim came out of his room and his eyes were closed. He opened the fridge, started peeing in it, and we're yelling at him, "Jim, what are you doin'?" And he just kept smiling back at us, peeing. He finished forty seconds later and went to bed. Just smiled.

Jimmy: People at work are like, "I want to see your band's web page." I'm like, "It's a really long name. I don't know the web page by heart," because it says Jim peed in his fridge.

Tem: I'll take it down.

Jimmy: Yeah.

Todd: This is a two part question. What is your day job and how does that motivate you to be in a band?

Jimmy: I work at the Helicopter Association International and I'm the mailroom coordinator and I surf the internet all day and think about going to band practice and leaving for tour.

Dave: I work at a cancer research center. Pretty much, I order supplies for the scientists - lab supplies, flasks, whatever. I just help with supervision there. I pretty much run around all day. Gopher stuff. I get on the internet as much as possible. Usually, as far as band-wise, I try to get ahead of these guys. We always email each other back. We talk about stuff - shows or things that are coming up, looking at the site over and over again.

Todd: On the cancer tip, does it bother you that every body in the band smokes?

Dave: Not at all.

Tem: I used to work at a used record store but I wanted to beat the fuck out of my manager, so I had to quit. I've been temporarily unemployed for the last couple months. So, I've been sitting in my room playing guitar. I have plenty of ideas for the band while I sit in my bedroom by myself.

Todd: So, you designed the website, too?

Tem: [nods]

Todd: Self taught?

Tem: Mmm hmmm.

Todd: Did you teach yourself guitar?

Tem: Yeah. I have nothing to do with myself so I sit in my room and learn things.

Seth: I work a temp job for the Department of Transportation. I basically do nothing but I kind of just hide in offices and they pay me pretty decent. I do the big Firestone tire recall. It was a big thing where people were dying that drove Ford

Explorers and I kind of handle all of the statistics and I mail out all the messed-up tires.

Todd: Do you get to see any fucked-up pictures of dead people?

Seth: Oh yeah. I was doing these court cases. You just have to look for some information. They had the autopsy and they had the pictures of the people missing a chunk of their leg or face or whatever it was. It was kind of gruesome. What was the other question?

Todd: How does working a day job motivate you to be in a band?

Seth: It helps me a lot. I know a lot of people don't like work. I hate it. I just hate to work. I want to do something creative to balance that out. I can write lyrics at work every once in a while. Get paid to be in a band.

Pat: I'm unemployed now. I don't like to work, like Seth. I try to do as many things that I have fun in and this is a big part of it.

Todd: You have to answer to the person to your right. Explain their playing style and what they bring to the band.

Jimmy: Dave plays rhythm guitar. Rhythm guitar and hair. The hair is everywhere. He brings rock to the band. I dunno.

Todd: What would Super Chinchilla be without Dave?

Jimmy: It wouldn't be Super Chinchilla.

Todd: Like Mediocre Chinchilla?

Jimmy: It would be The Fucking Dudes or something lame like that.

Dave: Tem brings the fuckin' shredding, the killer leads, and the rock, pretty much. He plays a lot of cool shit.

Seth: He's the most talented.

Todd: Why do you say that, Seth?

Seth: Because he is. The man can do Metallica solos and all kinds of shit.

Todd: No offense, but I don't think genius should be measured by Metallica solos.

Seth: I can't do 'em.

Tem: Without Seth, we'd be like most other bands with really cheesy, cliched lyrics, but Seth actually pulls out the stops when it comes to the lyrics. He writes pretty damn well. We keep on getting compliments on the lyrics a lot. Without him, we'd be singing about fuckin' poop.

Seth: Pat's awesome. He goes really well with the music. We can practice a song one or two practices and he gets it down. A really solid drummer. He does really off-beat stuff sometimes. Then other times, he finds a really good rhythm.

Tem: Balls out.

Jimmy: Rock.

Pat: Jim provides us good stories about pissing in the fridge. He writes

some songs. He's fun to have in the band. He's a funny guy.

Todd: Is he a fireplug?

Pat: A firestarter.

Todd: Tem, when did you find out you had roaches in your bag when you came back from Ethiopia?

Tem: That wasn't from Ethiopia, that was from out kitchen. We live in a scummy-assed house. We saw one or two roaches a couple months ago, probably around March. We were all laughing. "Oh, look, a roach. It looks like they're having sex. We'll leave 'em alone." There were only two of them for three months. Out of nowhere, the oven's filled with them. You put a piece of bread in the oven, roaches all over. They're in the dishwasher. I'd come back from Ethiopia and I'd left my luggage right in the kitchen, right on the floor. I didn't touch it for a couple months. Last month, I go to get a pair of pants out and [makes clicking, roach feet sounds] roaches everywhere.

Seth: There are roaches inside our video tapes by the TV.

Tem: Anywhere you could imagine.

Todd: So, to rectify the situation, you guys are moving?

Tem: Pretty much. The lease is almost up.

Todd: What is your largest perk of being in this band?

Seth: Having fun with people on the same page. It's not like we have to stick with a certain style. Someone might want to go in one direction. The other person might want to play some other style. I guess it's like finding one happy medium.

Todd: Have there been any styles that have been discarded? Like, "No, fuck you, I'm not playing trance." Or "Ohh, let's got for a disco beat right here"?

Jimmy: It's always been somebody plays a riff and we play the song and we've never discarded one idea so far.

Tem: Pretty much even songwriting-wise. Everybody comes up with stuff.

Dave: As far as genre, we all have fun in the style we're playing. We didn't say, distinctly, "We want to sound like this." We just come up with stuff and build up on ideas and it's cool. We all have fun playing - well, I do on my end - and the newer stuff that we're playing is better than the earlier stuff. We're getting better, with as far as writing. The energy I get off. The songs are great.

Seth: Usually, that's the biggest problem of being in a band - having different idea on where the song should go. That's what I was thinking when I answered. We have no problems. We all write something -

everybody just puts their own part in.

Dave: I'm in a band with all my friends. If I'm not practicing with them, half the time I'm hanging out with one or the other. I think that's awesome to be in a band with a bunch of friends. Everyone's enjoying what they're doing and having fun. It's like a good chemistry and everyone's on the same level.

Tem: Even just being on tour, I've kind of realized it more. I usually get twelve emails a day and when we go on tour, every time I check my email, I get nothing because I'm with all my stupid friends.

Todd: On tour, what is your average beer consumption?

Todd: When you have the word "like," it's a simile.

Jimmy: Or an "as."

Seth: OK. A simile. It's hard. I write poetry a lot, so I like bring that stuff in. Anyone else can be, like, "A relationship's like a tapeworm. What the fuck does that mean?"

Todd: Is it that you think that relationships are inherently destructive? Tapeworms are parasites, right?

Seth: I guess. The next line's "eating you from the inside." That's what I was thinking of.

Todd: What do you think of when you play live?



Tem: There's plenty I'm not going to do just because I'm lazy, to be honest. Things I won't do: Wake up before two. Do push ups.

Dave: I'll drink, three beers a week, if that, but when we go on tour, it's a billion times that. It was fun as shit, I just hope I don't go home and keep doing it by myself.

Jimmy: I think for me, probably on average, is twelve a day.

Seth: Probably more?

Tem: On tour or off tour?

Jimmy: On tour. Off tour, I can't handle it.

Seth: When did we start drinking? We start at usually two or three in the car. Some places are crazy. Chattanooga. I don't think I've drunk that much. A case. Something. Me and Mark from Tiltwheel were drinking 'til ten. It was ridiculous. That's too much.

Dave: It's too hard to tell on tour.

Todd: How long will the 30-pack last?

Dave: Five minutes.

Todd: Seth, a question about your lyrics. How are relationships like tapeworms?

Seth: Tapeworms?

Todd: That's a quote, isn't it?

Seth: Yeah. I like using comparisons. Metaphors? Metaphors or similes? I always get them confused.

I'm trying to figure out the basis of your music. Is your mind basically blank, trying to have your fingers and toes do the right thing, or are you thinking of something other than the music? Watching you guys play is a blast.

Jimmy: I'm totally focused on playing. I'm like caught in the music. I'm just playing. I'm not thinking of "Man, some ice cream would be good right now." I'm just playing every note. I'm rockin'. I'm just thinking about playing music while we're doing it and having fun.

Dave: I always think about what if I were to see this band live - the music hypes me up and I'm all involved with the music, so I'm always singing along even if it's not for backups or whatever. As far as like seeing musicians, not trying to be like anybody, more like, for me. A lot of shows, I like moving around just because of the music and also as far as like playing live, I like seeing bands that are into the music and they don't have choreography. It's not fake. For me, I'm going with the music. If I wasn't playing it, I'd probably be doing the same thing, 'cause I'm a fan of what we play.

Playing a song is just so much fun. When I see other bands that are into, they play the way they sound, I think it's fucking awesome.

Tem: I guess, for me, guitar-wise J. Mascus is definitely what I live for. Dinosaur Jr. type stuff. I don't know if that really comes out in what we do because it's more poppy. But playing live, especially in the band that me and Dave and Pat used to be in, De



Nada, that was all just grindcore metal. Completely different. I used to always think of people that pissed me off, people that have screwed me over. Girls that have dumped me. Girls that piss me. I still do that now. That's just what I want to get out when I'm playing. Just get rid of it for a little bit.

Todd: Get rid of all the "Dear shithead" letters.

Tem: Yeah. [laughs]

Pat: I don't really think of other musicians when we're playing unless we're doing a cover song. When we're playing, I just like to have fun and like seeing the other guys jumping around.

Jimmy: What are you thinking of when you play?

Pat: [making shit up] Green meadows and pink flowers. Nice picnic and some potato salad. Playing with a ball of yarn.

Todd: Would it be fair to say that music is a form of liberation?

Tem: That'll work.

Jimmy: I feel like it's liberating like Tem says. Letting out aggression.

Todd: In a positive, constructive way.

Jimmy: Like going to the golf course and hitting golf balls and hitting that little guy in the golf cage. "I got him. Fuck that guy."

Seth: Any form of creativity. I think it's awesome. I don't know where it comes from. It just kind of comes out. You might not be able to write a song for

three months, then all of a sudden, we wrote four or five new songs in two weeks. It just kind of comes out. That's the great part about it. You can't pinpoint it or control it.

Dave: We're pretty good on catching on what we want to play. We're not like, "Let's write a song, dammit." Like, force it. It's not going to happen.

Todd: Name the one thing that you will not do.

Jimmy: I will not do crack.

Seth: Ooops.

Todd: Explain, "Ooops."

Seth: I think it was crack. I smoked pot with these people one time. I didn't really know them. I took a hit. It hit my head right away. I was like, "Wow, this is some crazy shit. I haven't smoked for awhile." I was drunk then. The next day, I woke up with the most insane hangover. I was punching flies in my room. I was with this girl then. She kept trying to sleep but I was blasting Beethoven and standing on chairs and screaming. I don't ever want to do that again.

Todd: How'd you smoke it?

Seth: Just out of a pipe. Maybe it was laced stuff. I don't know what it was. It wasn't good.

Dave: I guess I'd never kill anybody.

Tem: There's plenty I'm not going to do just because I'm lazy, to be honest. Things I won't do: Wake up before two. Do push ups.

Pat: I won't wear Victory Records basketball jerseys if anyone in my band is wearing them, too. We saw two guys like that yesterday. We laughed a lot at them.

Seth: I won't do crack anymore.

[The van hits the parking lot of the show.]

Seth: Look at this.

Jimmy: No way.

Todd: The Recreation Station. [The venue comes into view. It's an indoor soccer arena.]

Seth: What the fuck? This is going to be a weird one.

[laughter]

Tem: [talking directly into the microphone] To clue in all the Razorcake readers, we just rolled up to a busted-ass show at a laser tag, miniature golf recreation center.

Todd: What's one step you won't take as a band?

Jimmy: Keyboards and trumpets. Unless you're the Big Boys, you can't pull that shit off.

Tem: I wouldn't play it if I wasn't into it.

Dave: I wouldn't try to fool myself. If I was playing and not having fun, I wouldn't continue. It would lose the integrity of the music we write as a collective.

Todd: What's the latest fad that you got stuck into?

Jimmy: Break dancing. I do the worm when I get drunk. I get caught in the break dance groove.

Seth: You and Dave were doing the worm in Tampa. It was a crowd of fifty people, completely loaded, cheering them on. I wish I could have taken a picture.

Jimmy: I wish I could have, too, but I was too busy getting my groove on.

Pat: I can't shake the Hypercolors and Zubaz that I keep wearing. That stuff looks so cool. Got stuck in seventh grade. Can't get out. (Clarification: Hypercolor shirts were a base color, like pink or blue. Wherever your body was hot and or sweaty, the shirt would

change color in that area to orange (pink shirt) or pink/purple (blue shirt). Zubaz were bold and baggy pants made for gym enthusiasts that featured elasticized waists and ankles. They were cut loose through the waist and thighs, and the leg tapered down to a slimmer fit at the ankle. The Zebra print was popular.)

Todd: So what makes you guys so special? I don't want to ask you to describe your sound, but what are do you guys doing different to what can be classified - however a broad a brush you want to use - as punk rock?

Jimmy: What are we doing different? I don't think we're doing anything different than what everybody else is doing.

Todd: Then why should people show up to see you guys?

Jimmy: We write songs together. We play together, like any other punk rock band. We just have our own style, just like everyone else does.

Todd: But that's not true. There's a lot of bands that have their own style, but their style is so close to another band that they admire. I don't see any direct reference to your guys' style. I can't say, "You guys sound like Naked Raygun." Or "You guys sound like Bad Brains." Why do you think that is? Is that a conscious effort?

Everyone: No.

Jimmy: If it was a conscious effort then we would sound like The Bad Brains.

Seth: I understand that it's rock'n'roll and there's only twelve notes on the guitar that you can hit, but there are some bands that it's blatant. A lot of these bands that are going mainstream. There's obviously a sound that's easy to sell and it's obvious where they got all of their influences.

Jimmy: That's not a band. That's somebody who wants to fucking make money or some shit. That's not a band. That's bullshit.

Dave: There are bands that will even sweat like another band. Sometimes they'll be young.

Tem: Definitely, it's all about writing songs that we all like. It doesn't really matter what the style is. Generally, there's a theme or guidelines.

Todd: Tem, have you ever tried to introduce hip hop into it?

[laughter]

Tem: Nah. There's about as much chance as me introducing hip hop as there is about as much chance as me introducing Ethiopian jazz.

Seth: Maybe the biggest compliment someone can get is, "This is our fucking shit. We're serious about it." We're not being goofy. We have fun, but when we play - we have focus. We have our angst or whatever it is and if someone gets that out of our show, that's what we're trying to do.

Tem: It's definitely funny that you said we're not goofy, but the name of our band sure is.

Dave: We're not dead serious about stuff, but on the same hand, we're not a joke. We drive long hours to play shows. And whether they're good or not, we still play.

Todd: And apparently, you can get better at laser tag, too.

Tem: That's coming.

Dave: We wouldn't be doing this if we didn't like it.

Todd: What would you like to accomplish with Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission in the next couple of years?

Jimmy: I already think it's successful that we're touring and there's people watching us. People are jumping up and down watching us. That's success for me. No matter what. If it's just one dude, jumping up and

down, digging it and buying our demo, that's awesome. In a few years, I don't know. The same thing.

Seth: Tour. I want to travel around. If we could not have to shell out all the money ourselves. That would probably help out a little.

Dave: Playing in a band with my friends is the best part of my life. Most people don't have that opportunity.

Todd: You have to look to the person to your left and ask them one question that you've always wanted to know about and don't know yet.

Jimmy: Pat, when you graduated from college last month, or whenever. What was your main goal of getting your degree when you first started going to college?

Pat: Unfortunately, my goal was to get a job and make money, but I got a degree in history, so I'm unemployed now. I don't want to get a real job. To keep on doing the band stuff. So, my goal's gone down the drain.

Todd: How do your parents feel about that?

Pat: They've been pretty supportive of it. They like this band more than my other bands. They're like, "Oh, this guy sings. It's kind of melodic." They like it that I get to tour. I get to travel a lot and they know most of these guys.

Pat: [to Seth] After moving to Baltimore and Portland and all that, why did you decide to come back to the east coast?

Seth: It was Dave. When I was in Europe, I thought I could live there for some weird reason, but I couldn't because I couldn't understand anything that anyone was saying. So I called my dad and told him I didn't have a place to stay so I flew out to California and I could only handle that for a week or two and I was talking to Dave on the phone and he was like, "Why don't you come out here?" I had nothing better to do so I flew there a couple days later. That was it. I'm stuck. [long pause, digging for some more questions]

Todd: So, Seth, do I have this right? You accidentally shat on someone?

Seth: Maybe the girl will read it. I don't know. I was really drunk one night. I was living with this girl's parents for a little while and I went to one of those brew pubs. Then I went to a bar and drank the hard liquor and I came home. I didn't remember anything and I woke up and I found a big piece of shit on my foot. And then I realized that I'd just shit myself while the girl was in bed, so I woke her up, starting yelling at her that I'd shit myself and kept on going, "Dunna nunna nunna, Shitman, Shitman, Shitman." Meanwhile, her mom's asleep in the next room, so I went to the shower. I think she kinda cleaned it up, too. I don't really remember much.

Jimmy: For my sake, I'm so glad this is in the interview because peeing in the fridge is nothing compared to this.

Seth: She just laughed the whole time. She thought it was really funny. And I kept saying that the bartender put a mickey in my drink. I thought he made me have diarrhea.

Dave: Jim, where did you think I was from the first time you met me?

Jimmy: I thought you were Asian. (Dave's Hispanic.)

[Laughter. Beers crack and the van door rolls open.]

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Interview and photos by Sean Carswell

In my on-going quest to give press to my favorite obscure bands, here's the Beautys. They're a female fronted rock'n'roll band from Ft. Wayne, Indiana. To steal a quote from a Razorcaker who wishes to remain anonymous (Designated Dale), "They kind of sound like the Pretenders, if the Pretenders had any balls." Bassist Erick was the touring guitarist for the Queers during the Queers heyday; singer/guitarist Kathleen (aka Chica Baby) rose from ashes of the all-girl punk band, the Smears; and drummer Dave, well, he doesn't talk much, but he rocks. I've admired the band from afar for years and memorized their albums and seven inches. Shortly after the release of their most recent album, *Thing of Beauty*, I finally got a chance to sit down and talk with them about their years on the road, the bands they came from, and their (sometimes painfully) honest lyrics.

Sean: Who were the Smears?

Kathleen: Who? A bunch of fucking slutty drunks from Indiana. And I was one of them.

Sean: Why'd they break up?

Kathleen: Because they were a bunch of slutty drunks.

Sean: The Smears were from Bloomington, and you left Bloomington. Why'd you leave?

Kathleen: You know, when you're a goldfish and stay in the same water forever and you just keep eating and shitting and eating and shitting, the water gets really cloudy and starts to stink. Sometimes it's just better to move into another bowl.

Sean: And now you live in Ft. Wayne. Are you still happy in Ft. Wayne?

Kathleen: In a really twisted way, yeah. Because let me just tell you, living in a town where nothing happens, when you go someplace else, you're not jaded. The boringness throws all the exciting stuff that happens elsewhere into sharp relief, and it makes it a little sweeter. And that's only one of the reasons to live in that town. You can just crank everything back and coast along. The cost of living is real low. I love my job.

Erick: Everything's exciting outside of Ft. Wayne. It's like, we went to Pontiac, Michigan a couple of weeks ago. It's one of the most repressed places in the United States, but we had a blast.

Kathleen: Yeah, it was cool.

Sean: What did you do there?

Kathleen: We sat in a tour bus.

Erick: Jimi Cheetah, the guy who owns our label, is head of merchandise for Green Day, and we wanted to firm up some tour plans, so we went up to visit him. And sat

on a tour bus, basically.

Kathleen: Drank free beers.

Sean: That's always fun. Whose tour bus was it?

Erick: Green Day's crew, actually.

Sean: How much time elapsed between when the Beautys first formed and first went on tour?

Erick: Like six months. The first tour was in '96. It was east coast, from New York down to New Orleans, then back up. It was only like a week and a half long.

Sean: Did anyone know who you were then?

Erick: No. Kathleen was adamant about no one knowing that she was in the Smears, even though the Smears did pretty well on the east coast. At that point, she was trying to get away from that completely, so we didn't use that as a stepping stone, and it was pretty fucking miserable.

Sean: Why didn't you want to use the Smears as a stepping stone?

Kathleen: Because I'd seen some ads where people would say, [in her best radio announcer voice] "Former Smears, Smears, Smears." It just seemed a little like coasting on your laurels.

Sean: And now, six years later, you try to do an interview and the first question asked is about the Smears.

Kathleen: You're the first person who was that obtuse about it. And that's cool, because I'm ready to start talking about it.

Sean: I tried to hit your old drummer up for a little bit of dirt on you.

Kathleen: She emailed me.

Sean: And you told her, "Don't tell him anything"?

Kathleen: No.

Erick: We're the ones who have dirt on her. She doesn't have anything on us.

Kathleen: No. I was a good little girl. That's funny. Elena. She just resurfaced and I've been keeping in contact with her. She's kick ass. She disappeared. I mean, seriously disappeared for a long time. Took a couple of years off and hiked the Appalachian Trail. A six hundred mile hike. Something happened at the end of the Smears that did something to all of us. Because fucking Gretchen has a kid now. And that's all I'm gonna say.

Sean: Any catastrophes on that first Beautys tour?

Erick: No. We had to wire home for money a couple of times, but other than that, it was nothing too bad. Did some pretty fun shows, but it was...

Kathleen: First time out, a new band. We only had the seven inch. We didn't have the connections that we have now. Now, even if the show sucks, there's somebody in town we can stay with. Whereas, the first couple of tours, it was like, the show sucked and we're broke and we have no place to stay and the van smells like pee and/or vomit.

Erick: I thought I put a lid on that thing.

Kathleen: [laughs] His little pee bottle.

Sean: Is that a real story?

Kathleen: No. Well, the vomit part is. Was that the first tour?

Erick: Yes. It was the first tour when you vomited in the van.

Kathleen: Nothing like hurtling down the highway at sixty-five miles an hour, puking your guts up into a plastic bag. I thought that, if I drank a lot of whiskey and brandy, it would make my throat feel better.

Erick: How wrong you were.

Sean: [to Erick] So you were on that first tour?

Erick: I've actually been booking the tours since the beginning of the band, pretty much. Through the Smears and various other bands, we've accumulated a bunch of connections. So I've been involved in the whole process since square one.

Sean: But you didn't play bass then, right?

Erick: No. The old bass player, Jeff, was there at that time. 1998 was my first show.

Sean: What happened to the first bass player?

Kathleen: He left to pursue other interests in the pornographic movie industry.

Sean: It's funny, but every interview I've been doing lately has some tie in to the porn industry.

"We were feeling very nihilistic because we didn't have a van or any place to stay or any money or anything."



Dave

Kathleen: He [pointing at Erick] works above one (Erick works in a print shop).

Erick: Yep. I have to walk through a porno store every morning to get to work.

Kathleen: And his boss is the guy who fired me.

Erick: She used to work in the porno store.

Sean: Yeah, why'd he fire you?

Kathleen: I wasn't very nice to the customers. Because they're fucking crazy men.

Erick: I mean, you have your hip kind of porno customers, but the average one is not anybody you'd want to associate with.

Kathleen: And you don't even want to be involved in their sexual life at all. Putting their lube on the counter, pushing it over to them, and collecting their money can be way too much involvement in their sex life.

Erick: They call those pillows. Pillows of lube. Actually, the best one was one day I looked out the window and there was a retard bus in the parking lot and all the retards were rocking back and forth in the back and the bus driver was inside shopping for porn.

Sean: So all of this is where the song "A-1 Sex Shop Employee" came from?

Kathleen: Yep. I wrote that after I got fired. In a fit of anger.

Erick: Actually, the boss's wife, the one who fired Kathleen, asks me every now and then, "Does Kathleen still hate me?" And I tell her, "Yep. Kathleen still hates you." "I thought so."

Kathleen: I do.

Erick: It's great because Kathleen is like repellent. Whenever she's in the building, my boss and his wife won't come anywhere near me. So I try to keep her there as much as I can.

Sean: Erick, you also went on tour with the Queers, right?

Erick: Yeah, I did a couple of years of touring with them.

Sean: When was that?

Erick: '95 until the very end of '96. I played guitar. I played with Joe, B-Face, and Hugh, when Hugh was still alive, in that line-up. Pretty much the original line-up. B-Face and Hugh were the core of the Lookout years.

Sean: How was Joe on that tour?

Erick: Joe's Joe. He's a grumpy old east coast guy, you know. He's got a lot of personality.

Sean: What's the story behind Jeff, the old bass player for the Beautys, breaking his knee?

Kathleen: We had a pretty dismal night on tour. It was the night when everything turned to shit, because we pulled into town and our van broke down. It turned out to be the one year that the van had a neoprene gear. And the neoprene teeth had just gone, grind. The thing wouldn't start. Wouldn't run. Oil was spraying everywhere. And to top it off, we all got wasted. We were feeling very nihilistic because we didn't have a van or any place to stay or any money or anything.

Erick: It was the second day of tour.

Kathleen: So everybody at Miller's pub was like, "Have another beer. Have another beer." And we're like, "Glug, glug, glug." Drinking away our sorrows.

Erick: This was like, '97.

Kathleen: And Jeff, our bass player jumped off a fucking riser that was about this [holds her hand about four feet off the ground] tall and his knee goes, tweak. It totally swelled up immediately. He broke his fucking leg. So we were all pissed and ragingly drunk. We had no place to stay, so we crawled into the van and passed out. It was Green Bay. Kind of cold. We woke up and everyone was shaking and tripping into the IGA to try to use the bathroom. It was awful. And the guy who set up the show stopped by at 5:30 in the morning and gave us breakfast burritos.

But Green Bay was pretty sucky. We spent like five days there. We moved from back behind the pub to the mechanic's parking lot. We spent a lot of time **PAZORCA**

cold chili out of a can.

Sean: How could Jeff afford to go to the hospital?

Kathleen: Jeff never went to the hospital.

Erick: One guy there was a nurse. He got Jeff's knee back into its socket. It didn't really break. It got back into socket and was all fucked up. Jeff made it okay. The only person who had to go to the hospital was Dave. He got poison ivy



Kathleen
(posing like the picture on her guitar)

one time.

Sean: How'd that happen?

Dave: I must have got it before we left on tour. It manifested itself. Finally, I went to a clinic in San Francisco or Berkeley. But it was great. The gave me the steroid pills and the whole visit and the medicine only cost me twenty-three or thirty dollars. It was ridiculously cheap.

Erick: But he couldn't drink or smoke pot for a week.

Kathleen: It's a big payoff to have an arm that isn't a big, pink, pulsing mess.

Dave: It didn't matter because, after a couple of days, the stuff started to disappear. But it was bad. It was on top of my fingers and the other side of my fingers. It was miserable.

Kathleen: Hard to hold a stick.

Sean: How important is beer and Mexican food to you?

Dave: Mexican food is very important. Beer too.

Sean: Well, on the new album (*Thing of Beauty*) you have beer and Mexican food on the front cover, the back cover, the inset...

Kathleen: That was a motif: the Virgin of Guadalupe hot pepper. It was actually a tattoo that I worked up for Dave. That he never got. But we're still working on him. I was looking at it and thinking about what the cover of the CD should be. And I wanted to paint it. Because I painted the *Liquor Pig* (the first Beautys album) cover. I was thinking, well, you know, I've already done a bar scene. I want to do something a little bit different. And I collect fucked up religious iconographic imagery, and, I don't know, I've always liked the hot pepper Virgin of Guadalupe. So I painted it. And the whole thing came from there. We love Mexican food.

Erick: [pointing to Dave] Senor here has the

knack for sniffing out all the killer Mexican joints for us.

Kathleen: Dave's family is in the Mexican food business.

Dave: My dad used to have restaurants. Some of my uncles still do. I grew up in the kitchen, you know, twelve and thirteen, cooking food.

Sean: And you're not sick of it?

Dave: Fuck no. I love it.

Kathleen: It's nature's perfect food.

Dave: I'm glad that I worked there because now I can cook for everyone.

Kathleen: Yeah, we all live together in the same house, like the Monkees. Our practice space is in the basement, so it's just like, time to go practice, and we walk downstairs.

Sean: And you all get along pretty well?

Kathleen: We're a pretty good-natured band. We don't take up much space and we travel in a very compact way. And we all have our little chores to do. It's not like some bands where people are openly fighting on stage and shit.

Erick: Like the Smears.

Kathleen: [laughs] It really sucks to turn around and see your bass player and your drummer going, "I'll kill you. Fuck you, bitch. I'll kill you." Being restrained by a roadie [Erick] going, "Come on. Stop it guys. We got a show to do." "I'll tear your eyes out, you bitch."

Erick: Yeah. I was more concerned about making sure they finished their set so they got their damn hundred and twenty-five bucks that night. Telling them, "You guys can fight later."

Kathleen: Yeah. "Do it on your own time in the bathroom later."

Sean: Let's talk about the first Beautys album. You self-released that. How did that work out for you?

Dave: It sells a lot on the road.

Kathleen: It's getting more distribution as we get more connections. Which is cool. The guy from 11345 just picked it up. He's like an internet guy. You know, you put a CD out and it pretty much stays in your general area unless you can get distribution.

Erick: A few distributors carried it. 1000 Flowers (Mutant Pop) and 11345. It's something that we never really pushed too hard because we made a thousand of them and it's good to have them to sell at shows. Mail order, we sell a lot that way.

Kathleen: Plus, you know, people will buy the new album and then they'll want more and buy it.

Erick: And vice versa. A guy came up to us the other night in Phoenix and wanted a copy of the new album because he had *Liquor Pig*. It got a lot of excellent reviews on both coasts. That made it visible.

Sean: Also, I guess for a new band who goes on tour after six months, it's probably the fastest way to get an album out.

Kathleen: Especially if you're in a wasteland like Ft. Wayne. It's not like record execs come down to the bar to hear you play. Christ, the nearest record exec is probably in Chicago. That's three and a half hours away. So you might as well just suck it up and put the damn thing out yourself.

Erick: And after two years of doing tours. The first one was the east coast and down south. The second one was the whole US, which was in '97. That's when we had the van problems and shit. And we were touring just on seven inches. There were three seven inches and no disc. Man, it was rough when your hottest piece of merchandise sells for three bucks. It was rough just getting your shit together to get to the next town. So we realized pretty early that we had to have a disc. And VML - Joey Vindictive's label - he was originally the guy who was going to put the record out, but he had problems. He had financial problems and problems with the IRS.

Sean: Is that what killed VML?

Erick: Yeah, pretty much. And I think he got burned out on

doing it. He sold all his shit to Liberation Records, and that guy got tired of doing it. Now Suburban Home is doing both labels. Yeah, so Joey was going to put it out and he didn't.

He said, "Go to the studio and we'll pay for it." So we go to the studio and record, and we were waiting for the money, and he told us, "Oh, by the way, I can't put this record out." But I'm glad because, if he would've gone ahead and paid for the recording, chances are it never would've came out. So, at that point, he did us a favor and it worked out in the long run. Everything came together really fast and the record was out when the Beautys went on tour again in the spring of '98.

Sean: That's cool that the album is out, because when VML went down, they took a lot of good albums down with them. They'd put out some pretty good stuff.

Erick: I think, and I don't know exactly the details involved, but when he re-released that first Screeching Weasel record that hadn't been available for years, I think that sparked the interest of the IRS. Because that sold a lot of copies. It all went down right about the same time. The Screeching Weasel record came out and the IRS called soon after. But who knows.

Sean: Mind if I ask some questions about the lyrics? Who's Alice and what happens Thursday nights at the Rail (from the song "Thursday Nights at the Rail")?

Kathleen: That is a true fucking story.

Erick: Alice was a toothless white trash betty at our favorite bar, the Brass Rail.

Kathleen: And this was when we first discovered this bar. We moved into town and we had nothing to do, and there was this bar right across the street from this place that was doing all-ages shows. And fuck, man, all-ages shows, that's where the kids are. Sometimes you want to get away from them. You want to go to a bar and drink. So it was pretty intimidating. Low doors, no lights. You peak in and the only light is coming from the popcorn machine in the back. And you see a bunch of people beached there, waiting to die. You think, well, there's a beer sign so there's gotta be beer. You go in and sit down and order a beer. Then your friends start coming over. You start tipping the waitress and tipping the bartender and they start liking you. Next thing you know, you're there every fucking Thursday night. And Tuesday night they have a drink special...

So anyway, one of the first nights we went in there, some woman was heckling us for what we were playing in the jukebox. I played "Volare" by Dean Martin. My god, you wouldn't believe the chorus of fucking redneck bitching that arose after I played that. "Who played this? Play Clint Black. Play Molly Hatchett." I was like, "This is Dean Martin." And Alice is like, "Who?" I said, "Dean Martin, you know. Mr. Drinking Drinks and Having Fun." Alice is like, "I don't know who no Dean Martin is."

Erick: She just harassed us. She ended up getting totally drunk and obnoxious. And we were with two other guys and she was trying to kiss them and lick them and shit. We just got her the fuck out of there.

Kathleen: There was another bar that was even lower than the Rail. That was Barb's Walk In. It's since been demolished because someone got their head blown off inside of it. And Alice wanted to go to Barb's because the clientele was a little more her scale. So they took her over there and dropped her off like a stray cat. That was a true story.

Erick: Yeah, I still see her and I flip her off just for fun, because she'll stand on the corner and freak out. But we've never seen her at the Brass Rail since.

Sean: Is there a history behind your hatred of Goldschlager (from the song "Goldslobber")?

Kathleen: Yeah. When Erick went on tour, he left me all alone in Ft. Wayne. I didn't know anybody. All I knew were the guys at the Wildwood Liquor Store, which was about three and a half blocks away. And they sold me a bottle of

Goldschlager every Friday. And I'd drink it down. And I'd wake up Monday and have to go to work and my hair would be a different color and there'd be white out on my nails. I wouldn't remember the last few days. That was the way I kept myself occupied while he was off on tour.

Sean: What's the worst thing you've seen on the internet to inspire that song ("Don't Show me that")?

Kathleen: I don't know. You know what it's like. There's always some schmuck going, "Hey, check this out." And it's somebody's head going into an elephant anus. Or a chick with a baseball bat stuck up her ass. You know, because you walk over there with a blank slate, like, "Why, what do you have?" Then you're like, "Aggh, I will never unsee that. No." I've reached a certain saturation point of that, I'd say.

Sean: Back to song lyrics. Fuck evolution (from the song "Fuck Evolution")?

Kathleen: You know, sometimes I feel like we've peaked. As a race, as a humanity. If you look at Ft. Wayne, you have a serious problem that I think is de-evolution.

Sean: You have a handful of songs about sex. Does that lead to a lot of creepy guys hitting on you at shows?

Kathleen: Yeah.

Sean: Do you have any creepy guy stories?

Kathleen: You know, bless the creepy guys. They buy our merch and they come out to shows. We actually have a song called "Creepy Guys" on one of our seven inches. But creepy fans. What are you going to do? As long as they don't try to get your home phone number or ask you out or try to cut you or look at you too long or hang out in the same room as you...



Sean: Who's Steve-O?

Kathleen: You know, I shouldn't use the real names of people, but it just makes it so much more true when I sing it. I really should change the names. Actually, you know what? I did. The guy's name was, uh, Ed. No, uh, Frank.

Sean: You don't want to talk about it?

Kathleen: I'll tell you when the tape recorder is shut off. But I feel a little weird because it's a little slanderous.



PUNK ROCK GIRL

Namella J. Kim, aka Nam (as in we bombed that place), remains a mainstay fucker-upper-er in Los Angeles. I challenge you to find someone who's got two fists deeper inside of real rock'n'roll and lets it bleed all over her for the purity, damage, and the fun of it.

I've never seen her back down from a fight and I know few people who share her dedication to a good time, and will, in her own words, "Fuck work, fuck sleeping, fuck good health, fuck everything else - I'm an eager teenage horn-dog on prom night for rock'n'roll."

Nam's takes her fun seriously. You're better off if you're her ally.

If you see her, buy her a beer.

-ReTodd



440's, THE:

Flamethrower Love: 7"

Man, I absolutely utterly love The 440s (especially their lasciviously luscious n'loud lead guitarist/vocalist, Sparkle Plenty... Joan Jett ain't got nothin' on the sinfully delicious Sparkle!). Their "Hot to Go" disc is a constant maniacal mainstay in my CD-changer, and now I thankfully have this tough n'nasty neck-snappin' 7-incher to thoroughly rough-up my eardrums. Side A snottily snarls with a rude, crude, and lewd rendition of the Dead Boys' "Flamethrower Love." Woowoo-weee, it's a-causin' me to spazz in a fanatical fit of full-throttle rock-'n'roll ecstasy, by golly gawd-damn! Side B is a devilishly delectable lil' ditty about the sin-inspiring Unholy One himself, ol' Beezlebub of Hades. "Satan's at the Spot" is as wildly primitive a song as ever was force-fucked into my ears! I'm cross-eyed, slobberin' silly, and about to desperately drop to my knees. The 440s have once again robustly seduced my aural senses, and I can only hope that I never fully recover! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Steel Cage)

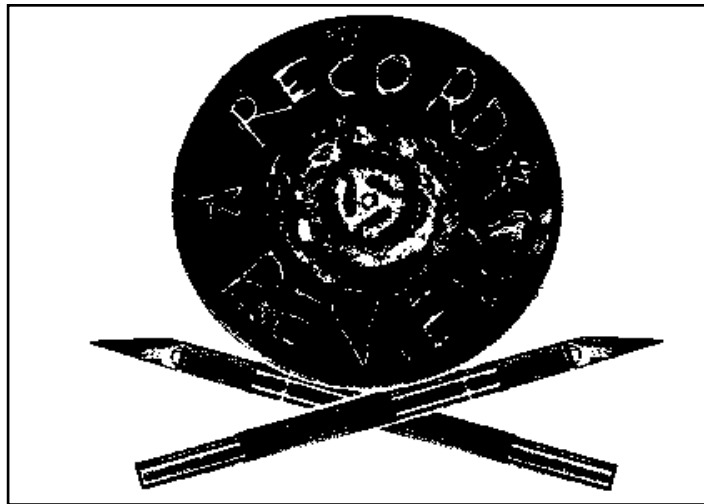
440's, THE: **Hot to Go: CD**

Rippin', smokin', death-defyin', rockin', and any other hackneyed descriptive terms you can think of that essentially mean that this is one cool-ass piece of plastic. Hardcore, punk, blues and rock'n'roll meet in a dark alley, decide to join forces and set forth to tear the universe asunder. Yogi has been raving about this band for a couple o' years now. Hell, when he mentions them, he even gets that little twinkle in his eye like that dude did in the opening credits of the Wonder Woman television show. I'll concede that he's usually got pretty good taste when it comes to punk rock, but for some reason, I never went to the trouble of finding anything by them. Maybe it's 'cause of the Lizzy Borden, Thor, and Cat Stevens albums he's secretly got tucked away in his closet so that no one will ever know he actually owns 'em. Well, no matter. The point is, I shoulda listened to him more when he ranted on and on and on about these guys. They really got it goin' on, baby doll. -Jimmy Alvarado (Steel Cage)

8ROOF: **Yeah! If**

You Can't Win!!: CD

This frenetically fierce trio of jet-propelled Japanese noise-makers jubilantly blast a fun and upbeat barrage of Descendents/Generation X-style pop punk that's raucously bellowing with thick



I'm now scared that the fifty-something lesbian who lives beneath me with the shaved head and the braless boobs that almost hang down out the bottom of her white see-through t-shirts will now think less of me for not playing the usual fuck you punk rock that is always coming from my apartment. -Toby Tober

chunky shards of Cheap Trick-like hooks and harmonies. On top of that, toss a loud hefty dose of The Clash, Sex Pistols, and Dils into the mix for good mayhem measure! While continuously listening to the addictive punkrock clamor of 8Roof, I just could not sit still. My feet steadily tapped along to the pure rhythmic joy contained herein, my hips uncontrollably swiveled, my head buoyantly bounced around in a fit of hyperactive giddiness, and my hands were in constant air-guitar mode. Man, 8Roof are among the most energetically engaging song-destructionists my enfeebled old ears have had the pleasure of hearing in a very long time. They're a whirlin' rip-roarin' tsunami of sound, and I'm utterly completely blown away! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Snuffy Smile)

ANTI-SEEN: **15 Years of Fame, 15 Years of Infamy: CD**

I guess I have been living in a cave but this is my first encounter with Anti-Seen. This is a compilation of rare tracks, 7 inches and live recordings from the past 15 years. So I have missed out on this band for 15 years. There are 28 kick ass tracks on this CD. They remind me of Motorhead with a little REO Speedealer (now just Speedealer). I'm sure most of you have heard them before but these songs might be new to you. Titles include "Jailbait," "Hippy Punk," "Fuck All Ya'll," "Date Rape," "Wifebeater," and "Fornication." How could you go wrong with titles like that? They even do a cover of Talking Heads' "Psycho Killer."

For those Anti-Seen fans, this is a must have I'm sure. For those of you, like me, who haven't heard them, get out there, do yourself a favor and discover the great sound of redneck punk rock. -Toby Tober (Steel Cage)

ARRIVALS, THE:

Goodbye New World: CD

Hell yeah. These ears are always thirsty for great music that rocks in new ways. The Arrivals amaze me. Their lyrics are whip-smart, heartfelt, and honest. The instruments crackle like unharnessed lightning and contain an untraceable chemical that has me reaching for the repeat button again and again. What gets me is how catchy they are without being either too simple and boneheaded about it, and the songs are relatively complicated, but they make the music flow so easily and forcefully. With bands like The Arrivals, I get the feeling that it's four guys playing the exact same song for the exact same reason at the exact same time. That may seem like a real obvious thing, but it's not. How many bands do you see or hear, and it sounds like they're going for an effect or are aping an already stripped sound, or they endlessly tinker, or the individual members can't wait to boost themselves in the mix? Far too many. Not only are The Arrivals technically tight, they're seamless. The result is pure propulsion, complete charge, a completely new take on punk that jettisons cliché. Take the solid fuel rocket boosters of Naked Raygun, bolt it through an honest sounding voice (a strong, sure, non-mimicking one), struc-

ture the songs so they sound instantly classic, yet couldn't have been made ten years ago (fuck if I know how they do it), and dash in a little Dillinger Four (I'll never say that lightly), and let it all sizzle and pop. Don't let the emo-y, bulb-setting blur-fest picture on the cover steer you wrong. This is crystal clear explosion. Snatch this fucker up. It's fantastic. -Todd (Thick)

BACKSTABBERS, THE:

To Eleven: CD

Someone's been listening to a lot of Pagans.... Loud, obnoxious boogie-punk with good chops and even better hooks. The style's being beaten into the ground these days, but this is an exceptionally good entry. -Jimmy Alvarado (Dead Beat)

BAD FORM, THE:

Self-titled: 7" EP

Picture a hybrid mutant bastard stepchild of Tanner vs. The New Bomb Turks. Tanner, because they're spazzy, but in that experimental who-done-it way. There's a large flank of melody and butchering. New Bomb Turks because their shameless embrace of lo-fi, deep fried, and undignified rock-'n'roll.... Hey, wait a minute. This little pink pill of vinyl is 33 RPM. What the fuck? Big hole in the pink = either 1.) your mom or 2.) 45 RPM. This is a tad slower than I first gave credit to, so the Tannerisms become more gravelly and more like the ball-in-dirt vocal dragging of the Laughing Hyenas. So, here's me wanting something a little more wicked and frenetic. I wish I could play it at 39 RPM (half way between 33 and 45). I'd like the instruments fast as possible and the vocals not to squeak. Needless of my inability to operate my turntable, it's pretty good. Wonderful packaging. Neon green inside the sleeve, fold-out poster lyrics sheet, the aforementioned blow-up doll colored vinyl, and it comes with an extra spindle for the big 45 hole. -Todd (Youth Attack)

BEATINGS, THE:

Kiss on the Cheek: 7"

Pretty rockin' seven-inch from a band that seems to have that Dimestore Haloes/Johnny Thunders thing goin' on. Note to self: figure out what sort of good luck resulted in me getting a ton of Thunders-esque stuff to review in the past few weeks! It's making me put on the Heartbreakers more and more, which is definitely a good thing! If you're into the whole NYC circa '75/'76 thing (which I certainly am!), you'd like this record! There are even the manda-

RAZORCAKE

Keeping
spiral
scratch
disease
alive,
one
revolution
at a time.



Underground Medicine Mailorder, Connecticut

1. **Piranhas**, "Dictating Machine Service" (RocknRoll Blitzkrieg)
2. **Paul E. Ester and the Cruel Shoes**, "Eyeliner" (Rapid Pulse)
3. **Plugz**, "Mindless Contentment" (Blammo)
4. **Nick Royale**, "Burt Ward Law" (No-Mango)
5. **Teenage Rejects**, "Don't Care About Anything" (Rip Off)
6. **Hookers**, "God Made Me the Raven" (UFO)
7. **Blutt**, "Bing Bam Boum" (Royal)
8. **Kill-A-Watts**, "Dig These Kids" (Yakisakanna)
9. **The Statics**, "Original 1980 Punk Rock Recordings" (Ugly Pop)
10. **Put-Ons**, "A Different Kind of Single" (Unity Squad)
11. **The Clap**, "Don't Say No" (Bacchus)
12. **Flakes**, "BadGirl/Hangup" (Lipstick)
13. **Mud City Manglers**, "Tired of Losing" (007)
14. **MHZ**, "Action Figure" (Flying Bomb)
15. **Hatchbacks**, "Ain't No Bitch" (Turkey Baster)
16. **A-Frames**, "Neutron Bomb" (Dagnet)
17. **Tyrades**, "Detonation" (Big Neck)
18. **Del-Gators**, "Mudpit" (SFTRI)
19. **Les Teckels**, "Change Your Mind" (Troubadours...)
20. **Le Shok**, "LA to NY" (Kapow)

Disgruntled Mailorder, California

1. **Dr. Know**, "Burn" (Mystic)
2. **Le Shok**, "From NY to LA" (Kapow)
3. **Donalds**, "I Wanna Be in Palo Alto" (Cabeza De Tornado)
4. **Flash Express**, "Who Stole the Soul?" (Revenge)
5. **Blue Collar Special**, "Had Enough..." (Destroy All)
6. **Numbers**, "Green #2" (Hostage)
7. **Gloryholes**, "Screamer" (Dirtnap)
8. **White Stripes**, "Lord Send Me an Angel" (SFTRI)
9. **Negatives**, "Wanna See What You Got" (Hostage)
10. **Smogtown**, "Audiophile" (Hostage)
11. **Piranhas**, "Dictating Machine Service" (RnRoll Blitzkrieg)
12. **Briefs/Spits**, split (Dirtnap)
13. **BellRays**, "Suicide Baby" (No Tomorrow)
14. **Bodies**, "3 Brandnewsongs" (Hostage)
15. **Stupor Stars**, "Poison Arrows" (Pelado)
16. **TV Killers**, "Splosh You Up" (Dead Beat)
17. **DRI**, "Dirty Rotten EP"
18. **Teenage Rejects**, "Don't Care About Anything" (Rip Off)
19. **Sign Offs**, "#1" (Pelado)
20. **Electric Frankenstein**, "Already Dead" (TKO)

tory references to heroin! Punk rock! If this were a cereal, it would be Golden Grahams because I sometimes make the mistake of going for months without eating them, only to discover them once again in all of their glory! -Maddy (Pelado)

CASUALTIES, THE:

***Die Hards*: CD**

If ya have a hot'n'bothered hankering for the spikey-haired, studded-leather, ghetto-punk hooliganism of The Exploited, G.B.H., Broken Bones, Discharge, One Way System, and Blitz, then look no further! The Casualties seditiously possess all of the outrage, attitude, aural belligerence, lyrical objectivity, and scruffy nuclear-mutant appearances of the aforementioned progenitors of their particular genre. It's working-class punkrock rage for the restless, downtrodden, oppressed, and furiously insurgent. Unadulterated sonic chaos at its most savage! Rock, riot, and rebel with The Casualties, and I promise you'll never grow old. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Side One Dummy)

CHEMO KIDS, THE:

***Radiation Generation*: CD**

What you've come to expect from Pelado. Fast, snotty rock and roll with occasional lyrics like these from the song "Cunt": "Gonna tell my baby what I want/Get on all fours and shut the fuck up right now...My baby she lives in my town/When I get home gonna slap her around." Which is, well, stupid. If you can overlook cliché suck-my-dick-or-I'll-hit-you-girl lyrics (or if that's your thing) the rest of this pretty much rocks. Plus they say it was recorded on December 7th, 1941 in Pearl Harbor. Punk rock! If this were a cereal, it'd be a combination of generic Fruit Loops for the generic sugary rock and roll excitement, combined with something like Barbie cereal, for its silly attitudes towards the females! -Maddy (Pelado)

CLAIRMEL / CEASE:

***Split 7"*: EP**

Some bands tow along fury. Clairmel is one of them. It's an unplaceable element, but it drives the songs harder, more true, more directly while establishing new ground musically. Think of a tornado, then the tenderness of the Red Cross. And when they establish a rhythm, they take it down winding, interesting audio roads, which serves the listener from becoming bored or yelling, "Ah ha, you boner. You ripped off _____ (fill in the blank)"

at the turntable. Clairmel's also one of those bands that are really fucking cool musically, then you read the lyrics, and it gets all the better. (i.e. "I never thought I'd be crawling just to walk on the other knee"). They're in the same dugout as Tim Version, The Arrivals, Spontaneous Disgust, and Hot Water Music (with whom they shared a split 8"). Honestly delivered vocals, tight and bombastic instruments, emotionally charged, and soaring. Thumbs up. Cease: chonka chonka, pause, pause, growl. It's silliness by some dudes that play way too much Dungeons and Dragons and rearrange Slayer lyrics like those poetry refrigerator magnets. Lots of screaming about doom and abysses and stuff. I yell, "Ah ha, you boner." I rip it off the turntable. -Todd (Attention Deficit Disorder)

COLOMBIAN NECKTIES:

***untitled*: CD**

This is one o' them there "preview" discs here, 'cause literally no information came with it. Don't know the name of the disc, don't know the track titles, but DAMN if I ain't completely flabbergasted by the music. Straight up, balls-on rockin' punk can be found here, kids. The songs are a little on the long side but you never even notice, which to me has always been a potent indicator of how good a song is, and there're tons of tracks here that fit that criteria. Do yourself a favor and just buy anything with this band's name on it. Sooner or later, you're bound to find this disc, and you'll find that the money you spent was worth it. -Jimmy Alvarado (Columbian Neckties)

COMMON RIDER:

***Am I on My Own?*: 7"**

In case you don't know, Common Rider is Jesse Michaels' band, and Jesse Michaels was the singer of Operation Ivy. They put out a full length album a couple of years ago, and I think the album irritated a lot of Op Ivy fans. Personally, I liked it, but I think the heavy ska (not ska-punk; ska) and soul influences turned off a lot of people. With this seven inch, though, Jesse is getting closer to his punk roots. The bounce and pogo are strong in the grooves of this record. The songs are tight and faster than the ones on the full length Common Rider album. Op Ivy fans will be happy. This is good stuff.

-Sean (Lookout)

CONTENDER: *Scenic*

***Overlook*: CDEP**

Contender youthfully exuberate an intricate, uptempo assortment of

poppy, punky sounds with some very slight emo overtones tossed throughout. Their unabashed energy reminds me of an electrical charge frenetically surging through the tight-fit constraints of a high-tension powerline... lightning-fast, omnipotent, and full of unbridled kinetic fury! Unfortunately, it's finished and over too soon (it is an EP, after all), but not before thoroughly jolting the senses and adding fire to the veins. A radiant aural shock to the system at its most powerful! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Not Bad)

CUTTHROATS 9: Anger Management: CDEP

Painful, rhythmic hardcore featuring the guy from Unsane. In fact, the only really big differences between that band and this one are the length of the songs (shorter here) and the lack of gore on the cover of this disc. This is some punishing shit that proves that you don't need to play at warp speed and/or sound like Godzilla with throat cancer to be heavy. Buy many, play often. -Jimmy Alvarado (Reptilian)

CZOLGOSZ: Liberation: CD

Mid-tempo, self-proclaimed "anarcho punk" hardcore that's catchy and snotty enough to keep my interest piqued. They remind me a little of Code of Honor but without all the neat time signature changes. Although the lyrics vary in quality, I can really get behind a song called "Fuck the French." -Jimmy Alvarado (Rodent Popsicle)

DARKBUSTER/TOMMY & THE TERRORS: Split: CD

Darkbuster: Beer-soaked, punk rock with more than a touch of oi thrown in for good measure. The songs are catchy as hell and pretty well crafted overall. Thumbs up. Tommy: Less "pop" and more "core" than Darkbuster, but that ain't necessarily a bad thing. I liked their last record, with its sound nodding to both the English oi-boy bands and Boston's hardcore past, and this is pretty much in the same vein. In short, a pretty good split here. -Jimmy Alvarado (Rodent Popsicle)

DEAD MAN'S CHOIR:

What's Wrong With Me: swirled-grey 7"

This is pure trashy rock'n'roll thunder. Sleazy, primitive, raucous, and loud, the way real rock'n'roll is meant to be. Cranked-up and delivered straight to the jaw with a swift, one-two powerhouse jab! DMC belligerently blast it out like the New York Dolls, Dead Boys, The Heartbreakers, Supersuckers, The

Lazy Cowgirls, and a spazzed-out hyperactive Chuck Berry tweakin' on an undiluted batch of vein-poppin' trailerpark meth. Indeed, there are very few groups who've ever attained this level of balls-out aural intensity! It's exactly the kind of snotty rock'n'roll dirtiness that inspires long nights of sexual decadence, drunken obnoxiousness, drug-fuelled sinfulness, and other such sordid debauchery. It's hard'n'heavy musical madness that profoundly stirs the senses, vigorously shakes the spirit, and aggressively possesses the soul. The devil's frightfully cowering in the shadows, Sid Vicious is chatterin' his teeth and rattlin' his dogchain, and Johnny Thunders is nervously rollin' over in his grave, 'cause they've all been whupped by the savage sonic sauciness of them DMC boys. Hell yeh, my ears are motherfuckin' eternally grateful for this skull-splittin' 7-incher. Bottle forward, bottoms up, and here's to the greatest rock'n'roll band on the face of planet Earth! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Know)

DEVIANTS, THE: On Your Knees Earthlings: CD

Collection of tracks recorded from '67 to present. All the stuff recorded in the '60s is f'n great, but once they hit the '90s the music becomes patchy to downright horrible. Psych rock that's more heavy than dreamy, and at times tripped out beyond belief ("Last Man"). They do a respectable cover of Zappa's "Trouble Coming Everyday." Seriously, when these guys hit their mark (as the material from the '60s to the '70s demonstrates) they can't be fucked with! I'm gonna have to start searching their early records out now. Maybe you should, too. -M.Avrq (Total Energy)

DHARMAKAYA: Deelux: CD

Once again, Dharmakaya have energetically unleashed a frenetically perfect indie-rock release that transforms the ears into a big ol' glob of glowing molten mush! This is a cacophonously spectacular collection of their *Pop* EP, *Analbum* full-length, *Sheila* EP, and various live cuts from the Spat! Records KickOff Jubilee this past July, and it's all as relentlessly fierce as it is emotional and tense. The vocals are muffled but full of distinct, unbridled rage. The guitars are supernaturally scorching like fiery streaks of lightning ominously flashing across the distant cloud-heavy horizon. The bass and drums thunderously roll along like a ferocious fit of flatulence emanating from the ass of Satan himself. Whooooo-doggy boy, I hear an influential bit of Nirvana, Husker Du, Pavement,

Dinosaur Jr., and Superchunk in this, but, overall, it's a whole world of aural originality unto itself, vibrantly burstin' at the seams and ready to sky-rocket into the outer limits of the stratosphere. Exciting, enticing, and intriguing beyond belief! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Spat!)

DIABOLICAL MASQUERADE: Death's Design: CD

Whoa!! This is really f'n good metal. Seems almost like a soundtrack to a violent fantasy realm warrior movie. Due in part to the orchestration and ambient embellishments that creep in and out that create an epic larger-than-life sound. Fortunately the music isn't bogged down in this, and retains the heavy presence of abrasive guitars and earth-shaking percussion. The vocals are twisted with a demented grind style somewhere in between Carcass and Brutal Truth. There's 61 tracks total, but with the music throwing curve balls here and there, this is far from redundant. In short, this is awesome. -M.Avrq (Olympic Recordings)

DIALTONES, THE:

Playing the Beat on the Radio: 7" EP

This Swedish band revels in the straight-ahead, no-nonsense and blazing punk'n'roll in the vein of The Hellbenders and The Humpers. This stuff's like playing with matches. Simple, hard to put down, for kids of all ages, and full of wicked fun possibility. Cool and as uncomplicated as a black leather jacket. Three short stabs. -Todd (Dead Beat)

DIMESTORE HALOES: Long Road to Nowhere: CD

Fie on the Razorcake staff for sending me this CD! You see, I had this great plan to listen to all the records I had accumulated over the summer (when I didn't have access to a record player). But then this came in the mail, and it's all I've been listening to! I mean it! With all of those stupid rock-and-roll-is-hip-now bands around these days, trying to look like heroin addicts and talking about how they're born to lose and wanna die before they grow up and all of that, it's a wonder that bands that have been rockin' and rollin' in the Thunders vein for a long time still get no attention at all! Note to readers: if you are drunk, feeling depressed, like your life don't matter and you might as well be dead, put on this fucking record! Roll around the ground in a drunken stupor! Jump up and down! If this were a cereal, it'd be Count Chocula—brooding and rockin'! Buy this record!

-Maddy (Pelado)

DISCARDED, THE: I Won't Live a Lie: CD

On first glance, I just thought this was an Unseen/ Casualties ripoff. Spiky hair, bad lighting, faces of constipation, tons of patches, safety pin abuse. But something didn't sit right. I recognized none of the patches. I don't claim to know every punk band's logo, but then the irony struck me like a nail through the scrote. These crusty anarcho punks aren't. They're Punks for Christ (with funny names like Ratty, Monkey, and Zipper). Fuckin' weird. All their patches are wiggly, charged crosses that look like they've been put through the Rudimentary Peni filter. Using the crusty look, they extol the virtues of a clean mouth (no swearing), how god is good (in every song), and how anarchy's not the way ("don't get me wrong, our government sucks, but we can't destroy it. We can fix it!") Fuckin' weird. I know I just said that. I have to ask. Why rip off the crusty look? They look like a bunch of kids you'd split a 40oz with or bat away when they're spare changing instead of splitting wafer and juice-as-the-blood-of-christ with. The music? If you think a bad carbon copy of The Sex Pistols, cross bred with Jerry Falwell Ministries, cross bred with the fucks from the '80s TV show *Fame* sounds like a good idea, you're no friend of mine. Awful intent, awful execution. I feel dirty. -Todd (Fucking Christ)

DISMEMBERMENT PLAN, THE: Change: CD

Perhaps their best yet. While retaining everything that separates them from every other band in existence, this record seems to move smoother than the others. That's not to say this outing is entirely easy sailing, as they throw a wrench of chaos in the mix with songs like "Pay for the Piano." But it works in the scheme of things. An atmospheric record that brings in many moods. From the (musically) upbeat opening track, "Sentimental Man," to the urgency of "Secret Curse," to the reflective "Automatic," and on to the brilliant "The Other Side." -M.Avrq (DeSoto)

DMZ: Live at the Rat: CD

The legendary, incendiary DMZ (in conjunction with the highly esteemed musicologists at Bomp Records) have raucously released a skull-crackin' platter of live material culled from one of their early performances in September of 1976 and then a "reunion" gig in May of '93. Although I personally prefer the first set due to its **RAZORCAKE** 73

energetic youthfulness and frenzied brashness, the entire disc is quite simply the ultimate in pure rampagin' rock'n'roll swagger. It's sloppy, insolent, abrasive, and musically caustic – a robust and dangerous explosion of some of the most primal sounds man has ever unleashed! If ya need a drunkenly incoherent comparison of sorts, all I can say is Chuck Berry, The Stooges, and the New York Dolls are each sonically spraypainted into DMZ's bloodstream with huge globs of snottiness profusely oozing outta their sweat glands. In the CD-insert liner notes, DMZ's guitarist, J.J. Rassler, bluntly states the obvious, "The band was difficult to deny, easy to hate, and hard to love. A lotta people thought we'd just self-combust. We did kinda...". Now that's what I call straightforward balls-out attitude! Just one listen to *Live at the Rat*, and you'll wholeheartedly agree. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Bomp!)

DS 13:

Killed by the Kids: CD

Imagine, for a second, if Minor Threat didn't break up. I'm not speaking ill of Minor Threat and I'm still a huge Fugazi fan, but for the sake of argument, imagine what could have been done if a whole batch of songs never got released and they explored new avenues within *Out of Step*. Wonder no longer. Umea, Sweden's DS 13 play like a cattle prod to the soft and tenders; pure thrash, pure attack, pure attitude and it's so forceful, it's hard to think of them as any sort of throwback. And unlike Charles Bronson (another fave), these guys haven't broken up. What's amazing is that there's no traces of metal, no traces of jockcore, no tiring, repetitive songs, just stab after glorious thrash stab without turning to blurry mush. Two minutes into it, you're four songs on. I love it. Pushead did the cool kung-fu over skulls cover and if my sources are correct, the artwork cost almost as much as the rest of the CD, from recording, mastering, and manufacturing. If you like hard punk, you'll have to be deaf not to dig DS 13. -Todd (Havoc)

EGGNOGS, THE: You Are Special: CD

Weird, college pop music for complete spastics. It's actually pretty damn cool. -Jimmy Alvarado (Tyros)

END ON END:

Self-titled: 7" EP

The name's from a Rites of Spring album. The vocals sound like non-

shit (pre-*Field Day*) Dag Nasty, mostly sung, sometimes shouted. Some of them have facial growth like "Finding the Rhythms"-era Hot Water Music. Speaking of, many of the breakdowns could be easily placed in earlier HWM's repertoire. And so End On End follows suit, almost down to a tee. The lyrics are fair (i.e. "we've missed the mark and fallen short of where we've aimed"). I really want to like this more than I do. Great intentions. Fair execution. Their predecessors have such long shadows and without fire of their own, they shed no new light. Sorry. -Todd (Headline)

EPOXIES, THE:

Self-titled: 7" EP

Oh... my... gawd... Nicholas Cage, pre-steroid enhancement, even pre-*Raising Arizona* was in a so fucking awful it was fucking great movie, one that sparked a world-wide movement of gagging on household utensils, mall abuse, skinny ties, and suburban misunderstanding. *Valley Girl*. It even had a soundtrack so influential that there's already been a full-on punk tribute to it. The Epoxies. Two words: new wave. Androids. Male eyeliner. Slashy sun glasses. Androgynous voices (there's both male and female voices, but they're real similar), unabashed, up-in-front synthesizers. Word on the street (Not on my street. Ranchero music is ruling supreme, almost drowning out the cock fighting training) is that new wave's the Next Big Thing. That, I could give two shits about. However, the Epoxies have sniffed the early '80s glue that nudded up Devo and they've huffed up a lot of Human League to know their chops, lay a beat, and whip up some catchy songs with Casio-esque flourishes. The punk rocker in me wishes for a tad more drive (a la Servotron), but this is far from ass. -Todd (Dirtnap)

EYELINERS, THE:

Sealed with a Kiss: CD

Even though the whole pop-punk, Ramones/Screeching Weasel thing has been done to death, the Eyeliners still manage to make it sound fresh. Part of that has to do with the vocals. Laura can sing so fast and so clearly that I can't decide if I want to sing along or just listen. The songs are full of hooks that dig into my brain and reel me in. And the music is just plain fun. But there's something more. I liked the last Eyeliners album a lot, but something seemed to be missing. The songs seemed too simple. Too poppy. Then, I saw the Eyeliners as Al's Bar a while ago, and the same songs were no longer too simple or

too poppy. They rocked. That's when I noticed that, on the last Eyeliners album, for some reason, the vocal's were cranked way up in the mix and the guitar was hidden. Which is a shame, because Gel is a rocking guitarist. She's all over the place when she plays live. Beyond that, though, she adds a powerful element to the song that was ignored in the last album. Well, that's not the case with *Sealed with a Kiss*. The energy and power of the Eyeliners live set is cranked up, and the band is better represented. The songs are still poppy and catchy, full of hooks and fun as hell. They just rock more on this album. -Sean (Panic Button)

FACTORY INCIDENT, THE

: Helmsshore: CDEP

I've gotta be one of the only people on the planet that absolutely loathed Government Issue's later recordings. I'd read all these glowing reviews of each record they put out after *Joyride*, praising the sheer genius of John Stabb and his merry pranksters, and secretly wonder what the hell was wrong with me 'cause I thought it was crap. No matter how many times I listened to each album, how hard I tried to "get it," the only thing I was ever able to glean from each musical experience was complete boredom. It wasn't just GI in particular, either. Damn near all of what came outta DC from, say, 1985 on absolutely bored me to tears. All of those bands that formed the nucleus of the fledgling "emocore" thang, Beefeater, Rites of Spring, Egghunt, et al., collectively seemed like one big vacuum intent on sucking all the excitement from the only other scene outside of Los Angeles that I gave two shits about and putting in its stead the very same arty, self-centered pretentiousness that so many of us hated about bands like Yes and ELP. It's not that I wanted all that was coming outta there to sound like Minor Threat or even United Mutations, but I did (and still) miss the intensity of emotion that seemed so integral to that early scene and, frankly, Jawbox just don't do it for me. I'm able to experience more intense feelings these days trying to put together a futon. But I digress. This is an EP courtesy of Stabb (now apparently going by his given name of John Schroeder) and his latest band that, although not particularly energetic, is thankfully interesting enough to warrant more than a casual listen. The sound is not unlike very mellow, post-Sonic Youth pop with guitars eschewing the standard barre chord (the punker's fave) for more complex fingerings, and John gently croon-

ing along. It's also loads better than what GI ended up being, which alone is a definite plus. As this played, I found myself thinking of a boat ride on a lake, which I guess means that there's also a certain nonverbal picturesque quality to what they're doing that is effective. This disc certainly ain't exactly gonna win them any punker points, but at this point in time, I don't think they care much about such things anymore. I woulda loved to hear them do "Sheer Terror" with this sound, though. Hee hee. -Jimmy Alvarado (Post/Fact)

FALL OUT: Demo: CD

must.... reach.... out..... and.....
turn..... stereo.....
off.....
wretched..... music.....
draining.....life.....
energy..... -Jimmy Alvarado (www.falloutonline.com)

FEDERATION X:

American Folk Horror: CD

If you go with the abbreviated title of their name it becomes Fed X, which brings to mind FedEx (Federal Express) the Memphis-based global delivery service whose plane caused Tom Hanks to be stranded on an island. That movie was perfect for the fans of *Survivor*. Came out just at the right time. A sort-of supplemental point of reference for the identification of crap TV. Tom Hanks is no Tenacious D. And Tenacious D is nothing like Arnold Schwarzenegger. Speaking of which whatever happened to Conan? This is an important issue that should be reviewed in length at a later time. Back to the matter at hand—the new Fed X CD. This one is for the Graveyard Soup lover in us all. -Brad (Estrus)

FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM:

Welcome to the Octagon: CD

Their last CD, *Total Fuckin' Blowout*, was a damn-fine recording. I've only got to hear their first release *The New Professionals* a few times, but I've heard most of the songs off it at one time or another. And now this thing called *Welcome to the Octagon*. Jesus Christ! Recorded in Texas at the Sweatshop right after Garage Shock and with a new bass player (Dr. Multilingual Love) this might be my favorite so far. With songs titled "Panties Off" and "Swamp Wolf," in my humble opinion, you can not go wrong, my friends. But the thing that puzzled me—better yet intrigued me, is the title of the record itself. One

word, especially.... Octagon. I see this and I think Octopussy (007). I think Dr. Octagynecologist. Stop signs. It brings up thoughts of eight-armed ju-ju spirits. This needs more research. Peoples of the sonic rumbles, listen at it! -Brad (Estrus)

FIXTURES, THE:

Forward: 12-song 10"

Kevin, the lead singer and drummer for The Fixtures, has been banging and making a racket in LA, for, fuck, going on fourteen years (*Dangerous Music*, their first album, was released in 1987). Fast enough for hardcore kids with ass-flaps to churn, they're a lot more than just that. The uniqueness comes from Kevin. Two things. He's the drummer and lead singer. The only other band I can think of with that set up is The Carpenters, and, thankfully, the similarities end there. I don't think Kevin's bulimic and The Fixtures have nothing to do with bubblegum pop. The other thing is that Kevin is punk rock's answer to an operatic overlord. The closest comparison I can come up with is Jello Biafra; his voice can trill, sound gloomy doomy, and he sings all the way through (Kevin's been at this way too long to be clumped to being a Dead Kennedys clone). It throws some people off on first listen, but believe me, it doesn't take long and you won't even notice it. The result: ultra-tight, satisfying, drum-driven, smart punk rock. Another strong outing. -Todd (The Fixtures, Gate to Hell)

FLASH EXPRESS, THE:

Who Stole the Soul?: 7"

Hey, all right, launch a dart into my scrotum and tally a triple 20, this ain't half bad. No pseudo-gospel "Put your hands together" jizz, either. It's got the jobby wobbly Jon Spencer feel (pre-*Orange*) that makes one think, "Hey maybe whitey can shake some serious fucking ass without becoming a parody or turning 'soul' into an art project." Hollow-toned guitars, tambourine, burning ember drums, and a true blue roadhouse-about-to-riot feel goes all the way through the b-side, "Fire." Excellent. Two winners. I'll be spinning this tons. -Todd (Revenge)

FLESHIES / VICTIMS

FAMILY: Split 7"

Fleshies scare me. When they're fast, they kick kindergartener ass and remind me of early, breakneck Mudhoney. "Gonna Have to Pass" could easily be placed next to "Touch Me, I'm Sick." That, I like a lot. When they slow down, they

remind me of Journey. As a matter of fact, if you squint and forego the fact that the lead singer is in his saggy, stained undies for most of the set, he looks like a young Steve Perry of the aforementioned soft rock band. Victims Family. They formed in 1984 and have been very weird ever since. Their contribution, "Calling Dr. Schlessinger," is an anti-ode to the right wing talk show host. It intentionally drags then slips into noise snatches, chanting, rock dirge, and audio collages. If you're a digger of Negativland or Lard, you're prime. If you like songs with basic structure, you're fucked. Proceed with that in mind. -Todd (Alternative Tentacles)

FRISK, THE:

Bank Restraint: CD

This rocks! Adeline is where it's at! True story: I put this on without even looking at it, and was gonna write a review saying something like, this rocks, but that guy is completely ripping off Jesse Luscious. Then, I picked up the liner notes, and I discovered that Jesse Luscious was, in fact, the singer! Would I ever pass up a chance to prove my stupidity and humiliate myself in print? Nope! This is poppy and rockin' and reminds me a little of the Criminals. Plus they cover "Know Your Rights" with additional lyrics! And Jesse Michaels co-writes some of the songs! All right! If this were a cereal, it would be Honey Nut Cheerios—always a reliable and rockin' choice for your breakfast meal! -Maddy (Adeline)

FUGAZI: Furniture + 2: CDEP

At first, I didn't understand why Fugazi released an EP and a full-length album at the same time. Especially since there are no overlapping songs. When I listened to the full-length and the EP in order, it made perfect sense to me. While *The Argument* breaks off into new musical directions, *Furniture + 2* is more reminiscent of Fugazi's earliest stuff. All three songs have the driving rhythm section, the perfect melodies, and the moments when everything explodes that made *13 Songs* such a great album. Listening to these new songs more than a decade after the first Fugazi album, it's easy for me to see how I was so blown away by Fugazi in the first place. And I try to avoid talking about the lyrics because, well, if I go around quoting Fugazi lyrics, Jimmy Alvarado is gonna make fun of me. But when Ian asks "how many times have you felt like a bookcase... full of thoughts already written?" I actually do feel

a connection. The tough thing about Fugazi is that so many bands have done such a bad job of ripping them off that it's almost given Fugazi themselves a bad name. Then, this EP comes along and makes them impossible to discount. -Sean (Dischord)

FUGAZI: The Argument: CD

I got the feeling with Fugazi's last two full length studio albums (*Red Medicine* and *End Hits*) that they were trying to push songs into new directions, but they weren't quite getting where they wanted to go with the songs. While they were both good albums, *Red Medicine* brought in jazz undertones that lost me and *End Hits* had arty moments that lulled me. Now, with *The Argument*, Fugazi has finally gotten where they seem to have been trying to go all along. Unlike jazz undertones that seek to destroy the structure of a song, *The Argument* builds a new structure to songs. They create and diffuse tension and travel all over the place, but always make it back to the underlying rhythm. And the power and anger balance out the art. All of the elements that make Fugazi a great band are in this album, but they finally seem to have come to such a firm understanding of who they are as a band that they can go beyond that. *The Argument* is an amazing album. Some of the songs stand out on their own. "Epic Problem" is my favorite on the album and parts of it bring me back to *Margin Walker*. "Full Disclosure" blows me away in new ways. But what's most impressive about *The Argument* is how it works as a whole. How all of the songs are completely different from one another, yet ebb and flow with perfect fluidity. It's a tough album to review because it's so different from anything else I've listened to that I can't rely on buzz words, but, as a reviewer, that's exactly what I love. -Sean (Dischord)

GAMEFACE:

Feels a Lot Better: CDEP

Anyone miss the Gin Blossoms? Neither do I. Gameface by all rights should be on easy listening rock radio, alongside Phil Collins and Live. They slaughter covers of Elvis Costello and Morrissey, as well as three milquetoast originals. -M.Avrq (Firefly Recordings)

GRIEFBIRDS:

Paper Radio: CD

Man, I think I've done died and gone straight to flower-puff hippy hell. The Griefbirds sappily sound like that atrocious acoustic-tinged

shit David Bowie was biliously blowin' out his effeminate lily-white ass in the 1960s before he stumbled into the big-time corporate cosmos. Or this could very well be the 30-year follow-up to the vomitously twee Wings *Wild Life* album. Either way, it's blandly unoriginal la-dee-da hippy music with folky sugary-sweet inflections of vile ordinariness. Does The Beatles "Rocky Raccoon" ring a bell?! I'm gonna save this though and burn it as kindling come winter. I might as well get some use out of this horrendously lackluster disc since it torturously irritated my ears for several minutes on end. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Planetary)

GUNMOLL: Anger Management in Four Chords or Less: CD

This gritty Gainsville three-piece debut with a clear and forceful album that already feels well worn and comfortable without sounding tired or contrived. It's melodic without being able to see the easy hooks; tuneful without resorting to over-sweetness, poetic without being whiny sweater champs. They have the sense to let their songs breathe and beat and expand without boring the listener. I've got the feeling they've listened to a bunch of Husker Du (circa *New Day Rising* or *Zen Arcade*)—it's not like they're sitting their asses the carbon copier of that band, but they've got the inherent feel of what makes a song both satisfyingly punk and well written without getting lame or shitty or too arty about it. Down home without being hayseed, if that makes any sense. Entirely listenable, very infectious. Sounds honest as all hell. Very recommended. My only complaint is there's no lyrics sheet. I like those. -Todd (No Idea)

HALFWAY TO GONE:

High Five: CD

Enough of stupid cock rock glorification! The cover of this CD features a vulture destroying a guitar. Stupid, stupid, stupid! And it sounds like fucking stupid metal hard rock! Maybe there are hipsters who eat up all of this crap, but not this tight-panted girl! Since when have we regressed to the point of liking the same crap that punks used to wanna destroy? Who knows. If this were a cereal, it would be soggy oatmeal with metal filings in it. Soggy=old and boring. Metal filings=metal, dude. -Maddy (Small Stone)

HAMMERLOCK: Barefoot & Pregnant: CD

WOO HOO! More

redneck punk! I'm not a redneck (at least I don't think so), so I'm not sure why I like this style of music so much. Maybe it reminds me of growing up in a small Florida town where the parties we went to had things going on such as pig guttin', turtle fryin', gator killin', bon-fire jumpin', hunting dog tree trimmin', 4x4in' and dog jerkin' (yes, that's correct. I knew a guy who would jerk his dog off for fun at parties). How could I not enjoy having something to listen to to bring me back to those times? Hammerlock is one of the better redneck/punk/country/rock'n'roll bands I have heard. They have a great ability to combine the songwritin'/story-tellin' style of old school country artists with hard driven punk rock'n'roll. They even pay tribute to some country greats by covering Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings' "Good Hearted Woman" and Charlie Daniel's "Long Haired Country Boy." Their first track also has samples of Willie and Kris Kristofferson reading samples of old west writer Louis Lamour's *Riding for the Brand*. Although you can tell they have deep roots in country, they have a hard rock'n'roll influence as well. This makes for some great foot stompin' and head bangin' music. The cover has a great pic of a pregnant girl in the kitchen wearing a half-shirt,

holding a frying pan in one hand and a shotgun in the other. Very sexy. (Maybe I'm a redneck in denial.) If this stuff appeals to you, check them out. If you like them, contact me and we'll have to drink Milwaukee's Best and go mud boggin'. But I ain't jerkin' off no dog. -Toby Tober (Steel Cage)

HOT ROD HONEYS, THE:

***Kill Me Now*: LP**

High energy Dwarvesy business that veers occasionally into '77-style and Queers territory, with denim! -Cuss Baxter (Demolition Derby)

INSPECTION 12:

***In Recovery*: CD**

Inspection 12 have released a predictable squeaky clean collection of pop-punk splooge that caused me to contemplate hacking my ears off with a big ol' Outback steak knife. So after less than one listen, I quickly ejected this atrociously annoying disc and violently flung it to the floor. I then proceeded to brutally stomp it into a thousand jagged little pieces before drunkenly defacing its shattered remains with a steady stream of brew-saturated whizz. The overly whiney tear-jerkin' vocals and flat, lackluster instrumentation disgusted and irritated me to no end. They severe-

ly lack energy, creativity, sparkle, and drive. They're the Barry Manilow of a mediocre musical genre. A complete waste of time! Amen and, yes, I will go to hell. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Honest Don's)

(INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY, THE:

***A New Morning*,**

***Changing Weather*: CD**

If this dastardly doodoo of a disc had audibly existed in the early 1990s, the effeminate English VJ lout, Dave Kendall, would've slavishly showcased this group constantly on MTV's *120 Minutes*. They repetitiously possess all of the unexceptional markings of classic late-night musical muddiness: Michael Hutchence/Trent Reznor-style vocals, hot'n'heavy discotheque guitar sputterings, bohiney-twistin' bass thumpings, hollow tribal drumming, heartburn-ridden synthesizer burps, and sporadic fruity spurts of spazzed-out horns. Damn it, damn you, and damn me. This is the INXS (and Midnight Oil and Duran Duran) of Epitaph. I'm gonna go chew on an empty beer can now and hopefully choke on it. Thank you. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Epitaph)

J CHURCH: *Meaty, Beaty,*

***Shitty Sounding*: CD**

Nope. No matter how hard I try, no matter how much I may want to, I just can't get into this band. The covers of ELO, Jesus and Mary Chain and others are pleasant enough but the originals only succeed in making me cringe. Sorry. -Jimmy Alvarado (www.hbrecords.org)

JOHN BROWN'S ARMY / REAGAN SS: *Split: 7*

John Brown's Army are from Albany, New York. I picture a male-dominated crowd supporting this band with no hair or males shaving their hair because they are balding. I see football and basketball jerseys that have been adorned on those east coast punk rock icons. I see the women of the crowd in fear to enter the domain of the pit due to the high testosterone level. That is the picture that I draw. I don't want to give the impression that they are a skinhead band because that is not the type of music that they play. The music is tough as nails and gives off the tough guy appearance. Intense east coast hardcore that pulls back no punches. Reagan SS: Happy faces at the Razorcake HQ. Matt Average (contributor extraordinaire, publisher of *Engine Fanzine* and father to the *Razorcake* icon Henry) has a

new endeavor and new outlet for his rage. He is the vocalist for this thrash unit. I also know Danny the guitarist and met Apeface, the bass player, because I jammed with him a couple of times. So I have a few nuggets of knowledge of this band. Seven straight-up thrash numbers that expresses Matt's perspective of life. Saw them live recently and they are even more powerful live than what was captured here. -Donofthead (Gloom)

LAST BURNING EMBERS:

Distress Call:

3-song CDEP

Super-smart, mathy rock, ala Jawbox. As a matter of fact, Last Burning Embers Jawboxian trappings are so complete, that it sounds like a hybrid cross between the albums *Grippe* and *For Your Own Special Sweetheart* – in song speed and spread, lead vocalist timbre (David Burokas' voice signature is so close to Jay Robbins', it's disarming), and volume (hushed but loud, if that makes sense). I happen to like Jawbox. I also happen to know that Jawbox has broken up and will never make another song, so this is pretty good. On a related note, if you've ever wondered what Jack Rabid of *The Big Takeover* magazine sounds like as a drummer, wonder no longer. He definitely holds his own. -Todd (Last Burning Embers)

MAD DADDYS: *The Age of Asparagus*: CD

Motherfuckin' howdy-hooooo, this is a brawny, ballsy brain-rattler of a disc from beginning to end and back again! It's pure rootin'-tootin', rockin' barroom burliness at its most decadent, debauched, and devilishly divine; all-at-once wicked, savage, and downright irreverent! Yeh buddy, the Mad Daddys aurally resemble an atomic-powered Big Bopper (electrically jolted back to life like Frankenstein's monster!) ferociously frontin' an untamed tribe of rampagin' demonic heathen-child musicians. Or at the very least, they're the flesh-and-blood embodiment of 100 tons of prime undiluted musical manliness! Damn it, why don't more bands of this cacophonously crazed caliber exist?! I dunno, but I do know this much: the Mad Daddys have enthusiastically put the rock back into the roll! Thanks, fellas! And thank you, R.A.F.R., for releasin' such aural rowdiness. And, most of all, thanks Ma for torturously givin' birth to me so that my ears could one day have the supreme privilege of jubilantly listenin' to this CD. Amen, and fuck the world! -Roger Moser, Jr. (R.A.F.R.)

MALA VISTA: *demo*: CD-R

Mala Vista are one of those beligerently loud bands who have "old school" tattooed all over their tattered and torn hearts. A fiery raging passion for punkrock chaotically courses its way through their veins and violently roars outta their mouths and fingertips like a pack of rabid flesh-eating hellhounds unleashed upon the unsuspecting occupants of mainstream society's everyday blandness. Mala Vista are primitive, primal, raw, rowdy, and anti-everything conventional. Their confrontational anarchic attitude is of the "we're gonna riot in the streets and fuck things up" variant, and the mayhem musical miscreance contained herein only reinforces the ballsy brazenness behind their insurgent rock'n'roll demeanor. I shit you not, kiddies, this is as aurally intimidating as the end of the world! Who needs Black Flag when there's Mala Vista to lay waste to all of the inane corporate-produced drivel constantly polluting the public accessible airwaves this day and age?! Yep, the Vista boys are a sonically furious force not to be fucked with. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Mala Vista)

MIGHTY GORDINIS, THE:

Kiss My Wheels: LP

It's a pillowfight between '70s punk and '60s loungesurf; no clear winner, but who wins a pillowfight? The two styles rarely meet in one song, but they do manage to enhance each other, making this (probably) a swell party record. Stupid lyrics ("next stop Pusssyville/I really really can't sit still/next stop Pusssytown/I really really can't sit down") in French accents complete the fun pack. -Cuss Baxter (Demolition Derby)

MILEMARKER:

Anesthetic: CD

This CD made me reflect on the 8-track. It had its good and bad points, but I liked the 8-track for one big reason. It helped kill prog rock. Think about it. A track only had x-minutes per, then it had to click over to the next track, no matter where the song was. It was great for punk. All the songs fit. "Anarchy in the UK" was released on the format. The coolest thing is that bands like ELO and Hawkwind took it on the chin. You couldn't put a 30-minute wankfest on the format. It'd chonk over mid wank, destroying the groove, man. For that, I applaud the now deleted format. My point? Milemarker are good, but would benefit by making their songs a lot a bit shorter (three songs of the seven songs clock in over seven minutes, one at 8:27.

For the love of all that's holy, my medication only lasts five minutes). The good: pretend Enya was in a new wave band, backed by the soundtrack to the movie *Tron* and Jawbox. It's pretty fruity, but it's still swelling, enjoyable, and I bet you could get nailed with this on the hi-fi. The irritating: the lyrics are folded inside the back jewel case (I swear I wasn't dismantling it for the case). The funny: the line, "these plastic molded seats had to be cast from someone's perfect ass." Mixed bag. If it was half the time, I'd probably enjoy it ten times more. -Todd (Jade Tree)

MINORITY BLUES BAND /

J CHURCH: *Split*: 7"

The pairing is good here. The music styles seem to match. Minority Blues Band: J Church like in delivery but more poppy. A dreamy, fantasy-like sound is delivered through my speakers on the first track. The second track is more punk in its delivery and punches forward with intensity. J Church: What happened to these guys? They used to put out a releases like every other month it seemed like. They play a Subhumans cover and Cringer (former band of [singer/guitarist] Lance's, if you didn't know) cover recorded live at a radio station. These guys have been around long enough for me to not have to describe them. -Donofthead (Snuffy Smile)

MOURNINGSIDE: ...*From Two Graves Back*: CD

Horror-laced lyrics mixed with street punk from this Boston band. Reminded me of Agnostic Front. The vocals not being in key at times drove me crazy. The music was there but the vocals bugged me. Not high on my attention radar at the moment but can be better embraced by others. -Donofthead (Rodent Popsicle)

NAVEL: *1994 - 1999*: CD

Discography CD from this dreamy, pop punk band from Japan. Didn't know that they had broken up or can confirm if they really did based on this release. I have heard Navel in the past. I have the split with Skimmer and the *Hello Nippon* and *Killed by Crackle* comps that they have appeared on. Many might relate to the reference of Hi Standard to conceptualize this band since both originate from Japan. Both have very thick Japanese accents and play melodic punk. I will re-use the adjective "dreamy" again when I have to describe the music they play. They do tread in a more hardcore vein in some tracks, but many tread in a pure pop vein. The musicianship is absolutely

dead on and puts a smile on my down face. What is included here is their full length, *Uneasy*, and a variety of tracks off splits and comps. Worth its weight in recycled rabbit dung and can fertilize a good time. -Donofthead (Snuffy Smile)

NO USE FOR A NAME:

Live in a Dive: CD

I love most bands on Fat, but this is not one of them. Recorded in various clubs in California, you get one of the most professional live recordings I've heard. Included for your viewing pleasure on computer is three songs of video and interview footage and a cool comic book. A must-have for fans or a good introduction point for those not in the know. My wife has been cranking this in her car, if that is any consolation. -Donofthead (Fat)

NO USE FOR A NAME:

Live in a Dive: CD

I'm not ashamed to admit that I like No Use For A Name. I always have (well, ever since I first heard their song, "Death Doesn't Care," on a local college-radio station sometime in the early '90s when I lived in Shitport, Louisiana). I fervently feel that NUFAN musically combine some of the better auidial elements of Bad Religion, Green Day, NOFX, and Pennywise while molding it all into precise, well-polished pop-punk sculptures of sound. On this loud'n'live release, they energetically immerse the ears in a free-flowing flurry of melodious magnificence. Twenty spectacular tracks of prime frenetic tuneage, including a killer-cool cover of The Misfits' "Martian" and a raucously stellar rendition of Bob Marley's "Redemption Song." And, hell yeh, the CD-insert booklet contains an amusing and graphically striking comic about the band's fictional (mis)adventures on the road! As usual, NUFAN have created a top-notch package of structurally perfect ditties that cause the ol' baby-blues to well-up and mist with joy. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Fat)

ONE MAN SHOW LIVE:

It Don't Matter: 7" EP

Full-on attitudinal, low-fi trash, reminiscent of early Makers, Mummies, and Drags, that actually begs the audience to try to come and beat the shit out of them. When Joey Valentine sings, "I've been down so long/ your kicks feel like kisses," I actually believe him. They play like a fully revving, non-smog-passing, clattering GTO in a closed garage: noxious, potentially lethal, and inherently

cool. One Man Show Live test the theory that a band with a modicum of talent and eight fists of fuck you can launch out of a garage and burn it down in the process. They emerge victorious. I like this 7" a lot. They make their spite sound genuine and like a lot of fun. -Todd (Call and Response)

OZOMATLI:

***Embrace the Chaos:* CD**

Here is a band that I love listening to when I need a punk rock break. My wife and I love to go see them every chance we get. We dance (or try at least...) and always have a good time when we go see them. I missed the Santa Monica Pier show recently and heard that it was a great show. My friends told me that the you could feel the pier flexing from all the people dancing and jumping up and down. I did catch them two weeks later at the John Anson Ford Theater and had a great time with my wife for a great date. I love going to their shows because you see people from all walks of life and from all age groups. It is there for all to enjoy. This is their second full length following a self-titled release and a self-released EP. They are one of my favorite bands of the moment and they are infectious with their blend of Latin and hip hop. They're always fun and

the musicianship is impeccable. They were sort of inactive for about a year and when they played the Democratic Convention with Rage Against the Machine and got shut down, they got re-energized and wanted to continue on their quest. The music is not their only focus. If you go to their website, (www.ozomatli.com), you will see that they are activists also. Jimmy Alvarado tells me they used to play community centers benefits before they got more popular. I respect that and even though they are on a major, they play great music and try to educate those who are open to being educated. I know I like this. I hope you will too. -Donofthedeath (Interscope)

PENETRATION: *Coming up for Air:* CD

With a name like Captain Oi, I was excited to hear something in the Oi or skinhead genre. I'm embarrassed to play this in my apartment by myself. This is apparently a reissue of an album put out in 1979. It is very dated for certain. It sounds like the bad radio pop of the time with female vocals along the lines of Cyndi Lauper or Pat Benatar. Nothing at all punk about this. Gay is the only adjective that comes to mind. I'm now scared that the fifty-something lesbian who lives

beneath me with the shaved head and the braless boobs that almost hang down out the bottom of her white see-through t-shirts will now think less of me for not playing the usual "fuck you" punk rock that is always coming from my apartment. -Toby Tober (Captain Oi!)

PINHEAD CIRCUS:

***Self-titled:* CDEP**

Kick ass! I can't get enough of these guys. I about tripped over my belly getting to the CD player when this came in the mail. They keep getting better and better every time I hear them. Great songwriting as usual. They started out fairly poppy with their earlier albums but seem to get a little angrier with each release. Seems like they are mixing their pop punk now with a small touch of hardcore. Fucking awesome. Only five songs here at a length of about nine minutes. Just enough to tease me and get me excited for more to come. -Toby Tober (Not Bad)

PLUS ONES/ TRAVOLTAS:

Going Dutch:

***Split* CDEP**

Plus Ones: The songs aren't as immediately catchy as their first disc, but are pleasant enough as pop goes. The third song, "You've Been

Had," was by far the best. Travoltas: Yet another post-Queers pop punk band to fill up space on the music racks. They're good at what they do, but there's already literally millions of others already strip mining this plot on the punk rock landscape. Give it a rest, already. -Jimmy Alvarado (Asian Man)

QUALM: *Preventing*

***Explosion:* CD**

Singalong punk about feelings'n stuff. Try to guess how I feel about it. -Cuss Baxter (Not Bad)

RATOS DE PORAO: *Guerra*

***Civil Canibal:* CD**

More loud'n'fast hardcore from this long running Brazilian band. They've picked up a slight tinge of metal over the course of the last 15-plus years, but the songs go by in such a blur that you barely notice. As with damn near anything else this band has put out, this is guaranteed to peel pieces off of your face at first listen if you're not careful to make sure it's not too loud. Purty cover with a guy eating another guy's leg, too. -Jimmy Alvarado (Alternative Tentacles)

REAL MCKENZIES, THE:

***Loch'd & Loaded:* CD**

I really am impressed and have enjoyed listening to this disc every time I put it on. My wife seems to enjoy it, too. I catch her listening to it in her car and sometimes at home. This Vancouver, B.C. band plays punk with a Scottish flair and is accented with two bagpipe players. Now, that is bitchin'! It rocks along with a great place and sometimes you feel like you need to kick your legs high in the air. Some might think that the bagpipes might become annoying, but they don't. I like when a band adds a new element to the music and makes it original. These guys have put their heritage on their sleeves (and kilts!) and produced something that might interest not only the punks but also those outside of the scene. For those into Flogging Molly, Irish drinking songs, or the Pogues, have a good, stiff whiskey and listen!

-Donofthedeath (Honest Don's)

REDUCERS SF: *Crappy Clubs and Smelly Pubs*: CD

Wild, wild, motherfuckin' wild! This is aurally the ultimate in unrelenting punkrock ferocity! The Reducers SF have so severely pummeled my skull with their incendiary sonic savagery, an ungodly amount of blood is now profusely gushing outta my ears and nose.

Yep, I just might very well fuckin' bleed to death before I ever have the opportunity to complete this rant of a review. Whooooo-weee, this is pure unbridled aural energy at its most crisp, crushing, crafty, and crazed! The Reducers SF expertly reinvent the pub-punk sounds of the golden days of yore, and they're uncannily similar, songstructure-wise, to an atom bomb's roar of The Business, Cockney Rejects, Sham 69, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, and even a bombastic bit of The Adicts. If the aimless complacent youth of today ever conjure the courage to raucously run amok through the streets in a disruptive show of unity while destructively rioting against the egotistical political powers that be, I'm sure the Reducers SF will proudly provide the chaos-fuelled soundtrack for such an insurrective uprising. This is the angry hostile noise of a dangerous new generation. Parents and politicians, beware! -Roger Moser, Jr. (TKO)

RIVER CITY HIGH / PIEBALD: *Split* CDEP

What a stinker! River City Rebels play the sort of "rock" that you'd hear on the soundtrack of a modern teen flick. The kind where the good looking football player wishes he could fit into his circle of friends

and get the hot girl to notice him. Blah... Piebald, boring. So boring I get a headache. This is what they call "emo" today. I call it shit. -M.Avrq (Big Wheel Recreation / Doghouse)

SELDOM: *Places I Haven't Seen*: CD

Ugh. This is easily a narcoleptic's worst nightmare. Mellow college pop dreck at its most annoyingly arty and introspective. Seeing as the label is based in Seattle, my initial reaction is to suggest that someone take the initiative of tossing all remaining copies of this into Puget Sound, but there's gotta be a law there that prohibits polluting. -Jimmy Alvarado (Casa)

SKIDS: *Days in Europa*: CD

What is the deal with this label? Captain Oi! is probably the worst and most misleading name for this label based on my first to exposures to them. Another reissue from 1979. This one not as terrible as the first one I got (Penetration). This is still pretty bad. Reminds me of bad '80s European pop, like The Fixx, for instance. Definitely a dated sound. I have no problem with reissues. There are plenty of bands that stand the test of time. This one couldn't even sit for the test.

Captain Crap seems more a more appropriate moniker for this label. I think I'm going to so listen to Black Flag's *Damaged* and get my head on straight. -Toby Tober (Captain Oi!)

SLASH CITY DAGGERS, THE: *Backstabber Blues*: CD

Well I'll be a soused-silly sappin'-at-the-gills sonuvabitch, these badass backalley boys define rock'n'roll at its trashiest, sleaziest, and sluttiest! If the New York Dolls hadn't prematurely fragmented, *Backstabber Blues* would've been their next highly anticipated release. The Slash City Daggers have the sassy seal of Johnny Thunders and crew shamelessly stamped all over 'em (toss in a bit of The Stooges and *Exile on Main Street*-era Rolling Stones for full fucked-up boogie effect, and there ya have it!). With such salacious song titles as "T.V. & Pills," "Backstabber Blues," "Fucking You," "Jailhouse Lover," "Dead Drunk," and "Backstreet Baby," it's a given that this is purebred rock'n'roll raunchiness at its most rebellious and saucy. The Slash City Daggers have dug deep into my heart and sonically carved me up somethin' fierce. That's the true power of rock'n'roll for ya! -Roger

Moser, Jr. (Unity Squad)

SLAYER:

***God Hates Us All*: CD**

If there is a God, the title implies my feeling towards life. A much anticipated release that was delayed two months because the band decided to remix the whole thing. Here is a band that I have been listening to and purchasing since I was in high school. I have seen them only once and that was before their first record came out. I think that has to be 17 or 18 years ago. Man, I am getting old. At least something from my childhood has kept up with me. If you have read my previous reviews of this band in another publication, I will keep referring to their ultimate album *Reign in Blood*. That is their best record and the record I use as their high point. Well, after that record, the producer, Rick Rubin pushed them in another direction and they have slowly been coming back to that point. Point made, this is the closest that Slayer has come to making a record with that intensity. The trademark sound is there. The vocals are screamed and yelled more as opposed to singing. The songs are faster and better utilizing Paul Bostaph, the replacement drummer for the last few records. Paul is a much better drummer than the original drummer, Dave

Lombardo. The traditional riffage and solo attack of Kerry King and Jeff Hanneman are here. The lyrics are as evil or more so than previously releases. More spiteful and questioning that it is almost calming in comparison to an average day's problems. A no lose situation when it comes to Slayer. You know you are getting something good and a surprise or two is in store. - Donofthedeath (American)

SLIM CESSNA'S AUTO CLUB: Self-titled: CD

Are you kidding me? I'm gonna review a country album in *Razorcake*? That's crazy. But I have a confession to make. I was raised on country music. Some really horrible stuff like Glen Campbell, but also great stuff like Waylon Jennings, Johnny Cash, and David Allen Coe. When my parents' record player broke, I stole their Hank Williams Sr. album. It made me realize that the music that's called country these days is just pop with a southern accent, and that country music, as a genre, can be pretty good. And Slim Cessna's Auto Club has their shit down tight. They learned a lot from early country pioneers like Hank Sr. and Jimmy Rodgers, and they put together songs that make me day-dream about hopping a freight train

or driving a truck. The songs are slow, sure, but they're so well layered with accordion and banjo and everything else that the songs are never boring. And there's something really cool about a guy who can play a pedal steel guitar well. Anyone who's been listening to punk rock will admit that you can't listen to punk rock all the time or you'll get burned out. Every now and then, you need something to cleanse your musical palette. Slim Cessna's Auto Club is perfect for that. -Sean (Alternative Tentacles)

SMOGTOWN:

***Domesticviolenceland*: CD**

There are days and there are foot-stomping, pin-your-ears-back, wake-up-wanting-to-run-through-walls, need-something-to-blow-the-top-off-your-skull days. Those are Smogtown days. *Domesticviolenceland* is a brutal record. What it lacks in the narrative finesse characteristic of *Führer's of the New Wave* it makes up for in ferocity. Guitardo doesn't do walls of sound, he cuts a swath through the silence, stabbing at the empty spaces. My favorite track-of-the-minute, "Dead Actors," is their fastest song yet. It starts like a siren. Wailing guitar. Terminal bass loop. Relentless drum beat. Chavez

spits non sequiturs like shotgun Da-Da inoculated with instamatic irony. It's an ambush. A sneak attack on the abstract phoniness of the television programming that tries hardest to convince us of its replication of reality. But is it really just a satire, a silly spoof? Forget Holden Caulfield. Forget Homer Simpson. The final line "violence is celebrity" is a 100% accurate, non-ironic reflection of the present state of the media in this country. That's so fucked-up. -Money (Disaster)

SMOGTOWN:

***domesticviolenceland*: CD**

Smogtown are the most sonically crazed crew of loud'n'lively louts to ever put the punk in the rock! They savagely unleash an A-bomb's roar of California beach-punk chaos furiously raging with snotty '77-style lawlessness. It's disruptive, unrelenting, hostile, angry, combative, and merciless! The vocalist pugnaciously growls as if his throat has been aggressively dragged across a cheese-grater; the guitar rhythms are explosively similar to the frenetic fretboard flash of Steve Jones with thick, meaty leads sporadically burstin' forth like the flames of Hell lickin' the wounded emptiness of a condemned man's soul; the thunderous

torrents of the rumbling out-of-control bass fractured my vertebrae and split my skull straight down the middle; the drums sound like a whirlwind of crumbling bricks smashing to the pavement in the war-torn streets of Nazi Germany. And then there's the wry lyrical commentary about nightmarish suburban uniformity, an intolerant neighborhood's violent rejection of leather-clad spikey-haired punk freaks (ala the storyline in "Suburbia"!), obnoxious slamdancing boneheads and the havoc they wreak, a Midwest couple's cursed quest for the American Dream in California (awww shucks, they only make it as far as Denver, Colorado), fascistic surfer racists, drugs, renegade toilet-paper-tossin' vandals, and lots more narrative misadventures of the dimwitted, downtrodden, and depraved. Fuck yeh, Smogtown have detonated the ultimate resounding blast of snarlin' punkrock fury! It just doesn't develop bigger balls than this. - Roger Moser, Jr. (Disaster)

SOLEDAD BROTHERS:

Self-titled: CD

Word has it that one of these guys is a phrenologist. Maybe a mind reader. A somnambulant perhaps? Regardless of their mysterious chosen occupations these fellas be a tight as hell two-piece act. Which brings about the obvious question.... What is it with two-piece bands? Is this some type of anti-bass player revolt? Bring out Rob Bass. He'll settle the score! I'd like to see a battle, not with some bass player, but with another band of the two-piece variety, the Immortal Lee County Killers el numero dos. I'd like to see it.... I'd like to see it. -Brad (Estrus)

SPITS, THE:

Self-titled: CD

Mid-tempo, primal and funny punk rock that flat-out stomps much of the competition into the ground. I'm particularly impressed with the fact that they are able to remind me of the Ramones without sounding like a Ramones rip off. Now that takes some doing, and for that alone, I send this along to you with the highest of recommendations. - Jimmy Alvarado (Nickel & Dime)

SYSTEM OF A DOWN:

Toxicity: CD

I hate to say it, but I have to. This is my favorite CD at the moment. I usually don't follow what the kids are listening to. I try to find something exciting that the mass media is not pushing down your throats. That is my general theory. But my complacency got the best of me.

Sitting at home watching videos on MTV X with my wife passing time, I got a whiff of the new single. Blown away, my wife ran out and bought it. I confiscated said item and immediately put it in my car. I had three other brand new CDs to listen to, but they did not get a chance. I was hooked! What blasted through my carefully crafted sound system was a mixture of controlled mayhem and sheer beauty that engulfed all my emotions at once. The first thoughts that ran across my mind was an intricate mixture of Primus meets the power or early Metallica cum Slayer with the ideology and structure of the Beatles during their Sgt. Peppers period. The songs have a collision of tempos that mimic almost a circus setting that thrust forward into a hardcore punk mayhem, converts to a period of toned-down, painful serenity and powers on in a metallic vein. Some of the songs have the basics for four to six songs for the common band. Things break down in many ways that it are sometimes hard to analyze. The lyrics range from cryptic, to silly, to thought-provoking questions of modern society. The vocals are sung with sheer rage and then are sung with so much pain that the mind becomes confused. Added touches of grindcore belches accent many songs while the guitarist accents his vocals. I've read elsewhere that there are elements of Armenian folk music infused here. I would agree there is a native element that is pre-eminent in the music at points, but I am naive to verify it. I do love when a band adds different parts from different genres of music to change the generic. No band at the moment that is labeled "metal" has moved me like this in awhile. From start to finish, this is one of the best releases that have passed into my possession in sometime. - Donofthedeath (American)

TEEN COOL:

Adolessons: CDEP

Teen Cool aurally explode forth with rudimentary rock'n'roll roarings in the vicious vein of The Stooges, New York Dolls, and the early Damned. This is nicotine-stained, beer-guzzlin', bottle-smashin' sonic surliness at its ugliest, meanest, and nastiest! After just one listen, it hammerlocked my mind, besieged my senses, and crushed my skull like a ton of bricks. And then it ferociously laid waste to my simmering mortal remains before I even had a chance to repent and confess my numerous sins. "Adolessons" is an unequivocal ear-killer, indeed. It's aural decadence made for crankin' to the maximum limit of decibel levels! -

Roger Moser, Jr. (Pelado)

THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB:

Self-titled: 7" EP

Part punk, part ho-down, all fun-sounding, TBIAB are what I'd happily embrace as folk songs. John Belushi, as Bluto, would not smash their guitars. The songs mostly happily bubble with oscillating male and female voices, but they're full of present-day protest; calling for a more open door policy for the Black Panther Party ("after 25 years of silence, you can see that I hate the cops as much as you do"), and how cancer has replaced black lung disease. Even though the 7" gets rounded out by a song about bones a-crackin' from "feeling old and crookedy," and includes a cover of Neil Young's "(Four Dead in) Ohio," the overall effect isn't a downer. Two things really make me like this band. Although they approach essentially depressing, charged material, their overall tone is one of knowing there's a better world obtainable, and they have some ideas on how to get there. Secondly, although life has well worn them, they've still got gumption and spark to rally against it in new and meaningful ways. Hand-screened cover. Cool all around. Woody Guthrie'd be proud. -Todd (This Bike Is a PipeBomb, \$3 ppd.)

THREE MINUTE MOVIE:

Another Night, Exchanged Letters: CD

Jesus. I never would have guessed there'd be Japanese emo, but here it is. Not the worst thing I ever heard, but maybe the worst Japanese thing. I can dig the name of the label, though. -Cuss Baxter (Snuffy Smile)

THUMBS, THE/ JACK

PALANCE BAND: Split 7"

I'm a big fan of The Thumbs. There's a real urgency to their music, a passion to their vocals. The lyrics are intelligent, the songs are catchy, and they flat out rock. The Thumbs have two songs on this split. One original, "Down with the Roads," and one cover of the Buzzcocks "Fast Cars." As with any Thumbs release, it's highly recommended. The Jack Palance Band has a tough act to follow. They have three songs that sound like poppy Hot Water Music. I've listened to it a bunch of times, but it's still not really growing on me. But then again, the Thumbs are a tough act to follow. -Sean (Attention Deficit Disorder)

THUMBS/ ONE LEAF:

Split 7" EP

The Thumbs: Could a more perfect

band be overlooked for so long? It fucking kills me that The Thumbs aren't better well known. Everything they've released has smoked (get *Last Match*) and they continued to break out with more excellent songs. Dual, dueling screaming chants, spazzy and true guitar and bass, political (not too specific, not too general) lyrics, and songs that simultaneously break apart and hold like superglue. Two winners - "They Improve Ideas" and "Hour 1" on their side of the split. One Leaf: This is about the sixth Japanese band I've heard in the last year that hedges Clash riffs deep inside a mostly pop punk song. It's very strange how well it works and how sneaky the riffs and chords are imbedded. The lead vocalist has a gruff, almost blown out voice, and although instruments are immaculate, almost like scalpels, the songs are OK. They just don't have a lot of stick. -Todd (Snuffy Smile)

TIM VERSION, THE:

Creating Forces that Don't Exist: CD

This album has been on high rotation around Razorcake HQ. It finds its way into the CD player every day. We've burned copies for a bunch of people. When someone asks me what really cool new band I've heard lately, I say, "The Tim Version." Musically, they're somewhere between Panthro UK United 13 and Tiltwheel, which is a great place to be, musically. The songs can be at once a wall of sound and a catchy hook. They know when to rock and when to let the songs breathe. And, like Panthro and Tiltwheel, The Tim Version can play a song that lasts over three minutes and I don't mind at all. That's a huge compliment coming from me. I can relate to their songs, too, whether it's an abstract rant on our consume and die culture or just a simple statement in a song title, like "Hardcore Drugs Made Me a Better Person." The Tim Version toured this summer with Tiltwheel and the Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission. I'm bummed out that they didn't come anywhere near LA, so I didn't get to see them. In a perfect world, that tour would be recognized as a great moment in musical history. In an imperfect world, I still have albums by Tiltwheel, Super Chinchilla Rescue Mission, and The Tim Version. And that's pretty good, too. -Sean (Attention Deficit Disorder)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Give 'Em the Boot III: CD

Hot-diggedy-damn, this skull-thumpin' third installment in the *Give 'Em The Boot* **RAZORCAKE** [89]

series is, by far, the most brashly belligerent and raucously rip-roarin' of 'em all. It's the undeniable best in a vociferous trilogy of the most bad-ass punkrock comps to ever rape, pillage, and plunder my inner ears! The majority of the mayhem music-makers who spasmodically blast their tuneage throughout this brain-destroyer of a disc are more alleypunk-oriented (with a couple of rhythmically pure reggae numbers thrown in for good measure!) than the ska-cluttered redundancy of *Give 'Em The Boot II*. Hell yeh, thankfully a whole lot less ska is present, so the fluidity of the songs perfectly gel and magnetically create an all-for-one, one-for-all effect as if every band on here participated with each other in the entire recording process of this CD. Yep, punkrock communalism at its most competent! And, of course, it's assuredly a diverse and varied roster of song-tossers which includes The Distillers, U.S. Bombs, Dropkick Murphys, Lars Frederiksen and the Bastards, Rancid, F-Minus, Devils Brigade, Agnostic Front, The Nerve Agents, Tiger Army, Duane Peters and the Hunns, Nekromantix, Roger Miret and the Disasters, Leftover Crack, The Slackers, Joe Strummer and the Mescaleros, King Django, The Pietasters, Mouthwash, The Gadgets, and Hepcat. Man, I can honestly unabashedly say that this is one of my top audial recommendations of 2001, and you can take that to the bank, bub! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Epitaph)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Out of the Garage Vol. One*. CD

Okay, damnit, now's a good time to disregard all preconceived notions that Nashville is nothin' more than a cartoonish rhinestone-encrusted country'n'western mecca for bug-eyed skoal-lipped truck-drivin' red-necks and their saggy-faced gum-smackin' honkytonk floozies 'cause this deliciously diverse disc proves without a doubt that rock'n'roll in the form of lo-fi indie-rock insanity is loud, alive, and well in Music City, USA. Such sonically corrosive bands as Dharmakaya, Spider Virus, The Obscure, Rebecca Stout, psomni, Fall With Me, and Carter Administration all offer an illustriously varied assortment of dynamic musical proficiency that's uniquely compelling, comprehensive, and downright original. This is one helluva collection of audial nogginthumpers from start to finish, and I fully intend to absorb a daily dose of it for the remainder of my brew-knocked days here on earth. - Roger Moser, Jr. (Spat!)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

***Redefiling Music*. LP**

First things first. In my humble estimation, No Idea's one of the best totally indie, totally reliable labels - punk or otherwise - on the planet. Their mailorder smokes. They've got the sweetest, most unpredictable vinyl color schemes (this one's yellow, red, and blue, with green where the colors meet). Not only do they keep the rock coming at a rapid, glorious pace, and with high caliber precision, they're some of the nicest folks I've come in contact with but have never personally met. There's no reason for my tongue to be in their ass. They're just a great example of what's right about the underground and I'm stoked they've been around for fifteen years and 100 releases. This comp is a cover affair, and it reflects No Idea's roster nicely: some roots punk rock, some hardcore, some emo, and some "huh, that's pretty good, but I don't know what to call it." After listening to this several times, I've come to this conclusion: I like the bands on No Idea much better than the stuff they cover. Highlights are as follows. Radon cover Morrissey's "Interesting Drug." Sean made fun of me for about ten minutes for me knowing a Morrissey song. His scuff hurt. I had no defense. Can one be a man and defend Morrissey? No. Sean and I are scheduled to fight. Radon's awesome. I suggest you buy every 7" and their album. Asshole Parade cover the Circle Jerks' "Red Tape." Nice. *Group Sex*, the album, if you listen to it closely and take it to heart, will make your life easier: deny everything. That's gospel. Panthro U.K. United 13 could probably take a shit on my front step, I'd pat it down, wait for it to fossilize, put it on the turntable, and call it genius. They cover The Clash's "Safe European Home." Purchase Panthro's full-length, *The Sound of a Gun*. Small Brown Bike cover Thin Lizzy's "Jailbreak" (replete with cop siren sounds). It really fucks with SBB's inherent dynamic of swelling and gushing, and it's downright weird have them hardrock it and try the solo-y bits. Palatka make Gorilla Biscuits' "Good Intentions" even more abrasive, knuckly, and shorter. Hot Water Music cover Bruce Springsteen's "No Surrender." I still won't back The Boss. Fuck him. But HWM are great. They even make my toes tap to something I'd usually pee on. Anthem Eighty Eight cover Assuck. They sound almost exactly like Assuck. Scary, fitful stuff. Rumbleseat cover, "Jackson," by Johnny Cash

and June Carter. Fuck yeah. Can't go wrong with Johnny Cash and the dual male/female vocals are perfect. Soulful and sparse porch stomp. Clairmel cover the Lemonheads, you know the pop band on Taang!, and the lead dude Evan Dando fucked someone famous (like your mom or Courtney Love or someone). The Hoover-quality suckage of the L-heads almost overshadow my like for Clairmel during the song, but Clairmel makes it out OK. -Todd (No Idea)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

***Tomorrow Will Be Worse*. CD**

That seems to be the title of my life when I prepare each day to go to work. Besides my piss ant life, this is something I missed out on when it initially came out as a 4x7" box set. So much was said about this comp that I felt I should have gotten it. Rave reviews were everywhere. As in most cases, I didn't react quickly and didn't find a copy that was still in the box. A later pressing was available in vinyl but the boxes were gone. Damn fucking record collectors. I put it as one that got away. But luck struck my way for once. Not that the circumstances were ideal, but one of our reviewers was backing out. I was

getting more thrash, hardcore and power-violence stuff! Sounds selfish doesn't it? Oh well... I try to handle everything that is passed my way. I may not be the highest authority on this stuff but I do enjoy it. Knock me on my ass and blow me over with pure venom. For those not in the know, this a classic US and Japanese thrash fest on one CD. I want to list all the bands on this release to give you the massive collection compiled here. Representing the US are Capitalist Casualties, Hellnation, Spazz and Charles Bronson. Japan is destroyed by Flash Gordon, Nice View, Fuck on the Beach and Real Reggae. I'm partial to the Japanese bands because of heritage bias. But don't get me wrong here, this is a must have comp to get if you are one who has callused ear drums and enjoys pure rage and speed. Power-violence may have passed as the in-thing, but you can not deny that you need a pure, under-a-minute hurricane blast of untamed punk rock. 44 songs in under 40 minutes. OCD patients take note. -Donofthead (Sound Pollution)

Check out a bunch more new reviews at razorcake.com



Contact Addresses

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue
or posted on www.razorcake.com in the last two months

- **702**, PO Box 204, Reno, NV 89504; <www.stickerguy.com>
- **Adeline**, 5337 College Ave. #318, Oakland, CA 94618
- **Alternative Tentacles**, PO Box 419092, SF, CA 94141-9021; <www.alternativetentacles.com>
- **Anchor**, PO Box #154, 3495 Cambie St., Vancouver, BC, V5Z 4R3, Canada; <anchorxrecords@hotmail.com>
- **Asian Man**, PO Box 35585, Monte Sereno, CA 95030
- **Attention Deficit Disorder**, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674
- **Benign Music**; <www.benignmusic.com>
- **Bomp!**, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510; <bomp.com>
- **Boss Tuneage**, PO Box 19550, London, SW11 1FG, UK
- **BYO**, PO Box 67609, LA, CA 90067
- **Calendar of Death**, 1431 A Park St., Alameda, CA 94501; <www.fracaspunks.com>
- **Call and Response**, 1526 Westerly Terrace #4, LA, CA 90026
- **Captain Oi!**, PO Box 501, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP10 8QA; <www.captainoi.com>
- **Casa**, 4509 Interlake Ave. N., #305, Seattle, WA 98103
- **Chunksaah**, PO Box 974, New Brunswick, NJ 08903; <www.chunksaah.com>
- **Columbian Neckties**; <hove@taxidriver.dk>
- **Conquer the World**, PO Box 40282, Redford, MI 48240
- **Cyclone**, PO Box 810, Manchester, NH 03105
- **Dead Beat**, PO Box 283, LA, CA 90078
- **Demolition Derby**, PB 4005, 2800 Mechelen 4, Belgium; <<http://come.to/demderby>>
- **DeSoto**, PO Box 60932, WDC 20039; <www.desotorecords.com>
- **Dionysus / Bacchus Archives**, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507; <www.dionysusrecords.com>
- **Dirtnap**, PO Box 21249, Seattle, WA 98111
- **Disaster**, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510
- **Dischord**, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007
- **Epitaph**, 2798 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA 90026; <www.epitaph.com>
- **Estrus**, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227
- **Fat Wreck Chords**, PO Box 193690, SF, CA 94119-3690
- **Firefly Recordings**, PO Box 30179, London, E17 5FE, UK; <www.fireflyrecordings.com>
- **Fixtures, The**, PO Box 16283, Encino, CA 91416-6283
- **Fucking Christ**, pray real hard. God'll give you the PO Box number.
- **Fueled by Ramen**, PO Box 12563, Gainesville, FL 32604
- **Gate to Hell**, Schutzenstr 217, 444147 Dortmund, Germany
- **Gearhead**, PO Box 421219, SF, CA 94142
- **Gloom**, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212
- **GMM**, PO Box 15234, Atlanta, GA 30333
- **Havoc**, PO Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408; <www.havocrex.com>
- **Headline**, 7708 Melrose Ave., LA, CA 90046; <www.headlinerecords.com>
- **Honest Don's**, PO Box 192027, SF, CA 94119-2027; <www.honestdons.com>
- **Hopeless**, PO Box 7495, Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495; <www.hopelessrecords.com>
- **Jade Tree**, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810; <www.jadetreec.com>
- **Know**, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809; <www.knowrecords.com>
- **Kung Fu**, PO Box 38009, Hollywood, CA 90038
- **Last Burning Embers**; <www.lastburningembers.com>
- **Lookout**, 3264 Adeline St., Berkeley, CA 94703
- **Mad At The World**, PO Box 5216, New Brunswick, NJ 08901
- **Mad Butcher**, Bergfeldstr. 3, D-34289 Zierenberg, Germany
- **Mala Vista**; <www.angelfire.com/tx4/wrongview>
- **Manifesto Jukebox**, PO Box 813, 13501 HML, Finland
- **Mutant Pop**, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330
- **Nickel & Dime**, PO Box 12171, Seattle WA 98122
- **No Idea**, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604; <www.noidearecords.com>
- **Not Bad**, PO Box 2014, Arvada, CO 80001
- **Olympic Recordings**; <www.olympicrecordings.com>
- **Orange**; <www.orangerecordings.com>
- **Outsider**, PO Box 9270, Long Beach, CA 90809
- **P22/Atom Smash**, PO Box 770, Buffalo, NY 14213; <www.p22.com/records>
- **Panic Button**, 3264 Adeline St., Berkeley, CA 94703
- **Pelado**, 521 W. Wilson #C101, Costa Mesa, CA 92627; <www.peladorecords.com>
- **Planetary**, 2614 W. Cary St., Richmond, VA 23220; <www.planetaryrecords.com>
- **Post/Fact**, PO Box 21570, Washington DC 20009
- **Quarterstick**, PO Box 25342, Chicago, IL 60625
- **R.A.F.R.**, 11054 Ventura Blvd. #205, Studio City, CA 91604; <www.rafr.com>
- **Reptilian**, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231
- **Revenge**, 5835 Harold Way #203, Hollywood, CA 90028
- **Rise**, PO Box 135, Roseburg, OR, 97470; <www.riserecords.com>
- **Rodent Popsicle**, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134
- **Side One Dummy**, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 211, Hollywood, CA 90028; <sideonedummy.com>
- **Sit-N-Spin**, 302 Oak Ave., Carrboro, NC 27510
- **Skin Graft**, PO Box 257546, Chicago, IL 60625
- **Slutfish**, 327 Bedford Ave. #2, Brooklyn, NY 11211; <www.slutfishrecords.com>
- **Small Stone Recordings**, PO Box 02007, Detroit, MI 48202
- **Snuffy Smile**, 4-1-16-201 Daita Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, 155-0033, Japan
- **Sound Pollution**, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017
- **Spat!**, 1113 Forrest Ave., Nashville, TN 37206; <www.spatrecords.com>
- **Steel Cage**, PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125
- **Sub Pop**, PO Box 20645, Seattle, WA 98102
- **Thick**, 409 N. Wolcott Ave., Chicago, IL 60622; <www.thickrecords.com>
- **This Bike Is a Pipe Bomb HQ**, 918 E. Gonzalez, Pensacola, FL 32501
- **This Guy**, PO Box 25725, LA, CA 90025
- **TKO**, 4104 24th St. #103, SF, CA 94114; <www.tkorecords.com>
- **Total Energy**, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510
- **Triple X**; <www.triple-x.com>
- **Tyros**, PO Box 133, Marion, IA 52302
- **Unity Squad**, PO Box 1235, Huntington Beach, CA 92647; <www.unitysquadrecords.com>
- **Wet Tail**, PO Box 4916, Richmond, VA 23220
- **Youth Attack**, PO Box 126321, SD, CA 92112-6321



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.



DRUNKEN MASTER 2, \$2.95, 6 1/2 x 10, offset, 40 pgs.

This is a really well-done cross between a comic book and a zine. There are four comics, one about a violent hoodlum who lives in an underground world (literally underground, not non-mainstream underground) and is banished to the outside world. Another one is a strange take on smoking. A third is about an abusive father. The artwork on these three are heavily influenced by dark Japanese comic book art, and are really cool. There's also a simple comic about a tree that becomes a house. It's not nearly as elaborate as the other comics, and it's drawn by a different artist, but it's still kind of poignant. On the zine end of things, there's an interview with the Hissyfits. Not necessarily the most in depth interview, but it definitely gives a good insight into the band and makes me want to check them out. There's also a quirky letters section and a funny "near death experience" story. I've got to give this zine a lot of credit. It's visually arresting and a good read. -Sean (Kiyosi Nakazawa c/o Shino Arihara, PO Box 51033, Pasadena, CA 91115)

FILM GEEK, #6, \$1.00, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 28 pgs.

Film Geek is a tiny, photocopied surprise. Alan Fare, the guy who puts it out, is one of those aging (well, getting into his thirties) punkers who still carries with him a lot of enthusiasm and a shot of cynicism. It's a good mix. Fare is a nut for B-movies. He's the kind of guy who was probably raised on *Creature Feature* and grew up into *Mystery Science Theater 3000*; the kind of guy you see hanging around a video store and getting excited about the dust covered movies that no one rents, shunning Blockbusters everywhere so that he can find just one video store clerk who understands the subtle genius of *The Hollywood Strangler Meets the Skidrow Slasher*. He's a freak, basically, and I'm all for it. This issue has the second part of the interview with Fare that his cat did. It also has a wealth of information on horror movies and a walk down "Memor B Lane." It's a great read for one lousy buck. The fact that he gives *Razorcake*, and me in particular, a glowing review has nothing to do with what I'm about to write, but I highly recommend this. -Sean (Film Geek, PO Box 501113, Tulsa, OK 74150-1113)

FLASHPOINT, #3, \$3.00 ppd, 8 1/2 x 11, offset newsprint, 44 pgs.

This is an extremely informative anti-corporate, government-bashing zine that's knowledgeably thick

on facts and statistics. It's well-researched, articulate, in-depth, and wordier than the Holy freakin' Bible. And although it blearily reads like a medical journal or a covert governmental report throughout, I couldn't help being eagerly drawn into the vast tangled array of information Flashpoint has to offer. It thoroughly chronicles such socially taboo topics as the sad state of our inept health care system, the underhanded corporate-sponsored dealings of the FDA, the adverse risks of childhood immunization, the shocking truths about AIDS and what the medical community/US government don't want you to know about it, and so much more mind-exercising material that I'm too impressively overwhelmed to divulge all of its contents. This is the ultimate in printed knowledge acquisition... enthusiastically absorb it, kiddies! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Shannon Colebank, PO Box 5591, Portland, OR 97228)

GET OFF MY LAWN!, #16, \$1.00, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 32 pgs.

This is an inked collection of personal ruminations, from an outcast punk perspective, about life (or the extreme lack thereof!) in the shit-hole environs of Grove/Tulsa, Oklahoma. There's a colorfully descriptive smorgasbord of verbiage displayed throughout this short'n'sassy lil' zine pertaining to drunkenly wayward roadtrips with friends, deeply personal reflections on failed relationships, and inevitable run-ins with white-trash inbreds, suspicious above-the-law bible-belters, and all-knowing local authority types. The introspective author also briefly offers his reaction to Joey Ramone's death, and then there's a brief interview with Geoff of Thursday and a spotty smattering of music, zine, and book reviews. Overall, this is fascinating, well-written, and openly idealistic! Hey, broham, hang in there. If I can survive the morose mundanity of life here in Longview, you can surely overcome the everyday drudgery of TulsaTown. -Roger Moser, Jr. (Get Off My Lawn!, PMB 141, 7107 S. Yale Ave., Tulsa, OK 74136)

MICRO-FILM, #4, \$3.50, 8 1/2 x 11, offset glossy, 40 pgs.

I'm a big fan of *Micro-Film*. I got excited when this issue showed up in my mailbox. I started reading it on my walk back from the PO, and read the most of the magazine as soon as I got home. There's just something about it. Editor Jason Pankoke's editorials are always very strong. They have a way of being about movies, but being about so much more than movies.

The interviews in *Micro-Film* deviate from the typical Q & A style and are written in a more narrative format, which works well if the writer doesn't have an agenda. And the only agenda *Micro-Film* seems to have is to demonstrate their enthusiasm for independent filmmaking. This issue has a bunch of strong articles. One is a first hand account of underground filmmaking in Memphis. Another is a summary of a year in the life of Pankoke's filmmaking efforts. There's a good look at comics-turned-movies and an interesting piece on the movie *Existo*. Actually, the whole damn magazine is good. I read every word and got pissed off that there wasn't more. Then, I did what I always do at the end of *Micro-Film*: I swore I was going to seek out every movie that they talk about in the issue. So far, I haven't looked up a single one, but I'm still swearing. -Sean (Opteryx Press, PO Box 45, Champaign, IL 61824)

RAWHIDE #9, \$1.00, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 32 pgs.

Retodd told me that this is from one of the guys from Florida that we skated with at Paul Revere Junior High the day after the Old School Skate Jam happened. I didn't go to the OSSJ, but that is how can remember it in my mind. In *Rawhide*, there's a bunch of skate photos and articles from the '80s when boards were big and it was in the down period. Included is a scene report of Rattown (Atlantic Beach, Florida), '88 ESA contest article, pool session section from Kona skatepark and zine reviews. This hit close to my heart because that was my high period of skateboarding and that was during the '80s. A great time period piece. -Donofthedeat (Rawhyde, PO Box 41444, Memphis, TN 38174)

SCREWED & TATTOOED, #1, free (but I highly recommend sendin' 'em a couple of bucks to cover postage and/or other costs... it's damn well worth it!), 8 1/2 x 11, copied, 46 pgs.)

Man oh man, this is exactly the type of zine that solidly grabs your attention by the balls and won't release its grip until your eyes and mind are thoroughly satiated! I read the entire contents of this magnificent mag cover-to-cover in one sitting, and I was still left imbecilically craving more. It's a printed marvel to behold—appealing, informative, catchy, and perfectly laid-out—obviously, a lot of organizational thought, dedication, and hard work went into this published endeavor. It includes a well-written in-depth article about the Posh Boy label (includin' a lengthy discography!),

an intense interrogative romp with Smogtown, and well-researched write-ups on Bonecrusher, The Hellbenders, The Bodies, and The Stitches, plus a cramped back-section of record reviews galore! Lots of visual stimuli, too! On a scale of 1 to 10 (10 bein' supreme perfection), I'd firmly rate S&T a durable 10+... this Jersey-shore zine is the ultimate in DIY page-perusing titillation! I'm slobbery-lipped and wild-eyed in eager anticipation of issue #2! -Roger Moser, Jr. (Screwed & Tattooed, 39 Kearney Avenue, Unit #5, Seaside Heights, NJ 08751)

SOAP AND SPIKES #8, \$4 ppd. worldwide, 8 1/2 x 11, copied, 74 pgs.

Derek, who runs *Soap and Spikes*, fucking rules. The span of my entire lifetime, I'd never read an interview with Johnny Rotten where the guy even seemed human. Derek pulls off a long, entertaining interview where the following happens. I swear it's true. 1.) Johnny Rotten isn't a prick. In fact, 2.) Mr. Rotten compliments his interviewer and 3.) is genuinely funny, attentive, responsive, and comes up with some great details that I've never read anywhere else. If you have any interest whatsoever on the history

of punk, undiluted, right from the mouths of the folks who lived it, and drawn out by a guy who's got his shit dialed, pick up *Soap and Spikes*. It's one of the best out there. It's also one of my all-time favorites. Also in this issue – all long, all satisfying, all definitive – are interviews with The Dead Boys' Jimmy Zero (part 2), Karl Morris of Billyclub (ex-Exploited, Broken Bones, UK Subs), Pinch (drummer of The English Dogs, The Weren't, and The Damned), the one and only Nardwuar, and Sick on the Bus. Not a bad page in the who fuckin' zine. Beyond recommended. -Todd (Derek Dykeman, 561 Brant St., PO Box 85021, Burlington, Ontario, Canada L7R-4K3; <snspikes@netcom.ca>)

TMT, #29, August 2001, \$85 Australian (I'm unsure how that translates into U.S. currency rates, folks!), 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 32 pgs. Hailing from the wild'n'woolly "land down under," this nifty-neat lil' periodical is an interesting and entertaining read from cover to cover. Proudly displayed within its punk-oriented printed pages are an eye-bulging array of inquisitive Q&A sessions with the loud'n'lively likes of The Dead Ends, Atom And His Package, Manifesto

Jukebox, and Lawrence Arms, and, of course, there's also a smokin' smorgasbord of music and show reviews. Well-written and not too terribly wordy. Perfect toilet-readin' fodder! -Roger Moser, Jr. (TMT Zine, c/o Mat, 63 Glenbar Rd., Duncraig W.A. 6023, Australia)

URBAN GUERRILLA #10.5, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, copied, 20 pgs.

Well, this is supposed to accompany a comp, but I don't have it, so... It looks like the comp might be cool, seeing the line-up on the inside pages. Bands like Urko, Discordia, Grimpe, Melee, Crude, Head Hits Concrete, and the like. Along with the lyric section to accompany the comp, there's an interview with Head Hits Concrete, and some pieces by Fly. -M.Avg (PMB 419, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709)

ZINE GUIDE #5, \$6, 8 1/2 x 10, offset, glossy cover, 156 pgs.

Zine Guide is truly impressive. Not only do they have the most comprehensive listing, explanations, and ratings of zines in the world, they thrust even the casual reader into the middle of zinedom – from zinester surveys on what struggles were overcome, to what they'd like

to see happen to their zine in the next year. It's as much of a "how do?" as a "why do?" and a "why you should be involved," beyond the simple call for help. Most zines listed have short synopses of the content, plus quotes from other zinesters about the zine, and often, the editor of the zine in question's most and least favorite zines. What's exceptional is the attention to detail and the different ways they look at zines as a whole movement, and as all the tiny components that make each effort unique. Zine Guide not only provides networking resource addresses for distributors, printers, and bookstores, it also lists the top 250 favorite overall zines, recently defunct zines, the top 500 most featured bands, a band index, a person index sorted by interview and article in the zines reviewed, and a subject guide (so you can catch up on all the breaking Cap'n Crunch news). Wow. An irrefutable resource, a mammoth undertaking. -Todd (Zine Guide, PO Box 5467, Evanston, IL 60204)

Zines reviewed on razorcake.com in the last two months:

Banzai, Dunk and Piss, Garage and Beat, Metal Core, The New Scheme, Toxic Flyer, Urban Guerrilla, Wonkavision

Badsville: I Love Rock'n'Roll But These People Don't

"It's part concert film, part documentary" says the copy on the postcard promoting this event. They forgot to mention the other part that's so pitifully rock cliched and pathetically hip. Yes, everything you wanted to know and probably didn't really WANT to know about the sleazy Los Angeles rock community culminates in this spastically edited, idol worship cinema tragedy. My male companion the esteemed *New Times* and *Razorcake* contributor returned from a jaunt over to the restroom where he saw one of the members of Dragbeat, a featured artist in the film, pounding his head against the wall and chanting, "Why? Oh why did I say all those stupid things?" The screening room was thick with the cloud of regret and remorse. Yes, there are many stupid things being said by stupid people about stupid places and stupid situations, but then again there are many smart things said in this film by smart people involved in this music scene—mainly the "survivors" of the scene who have been/seen/done it all. These horrifically dolt experiences translate as a grain of wisdom to the wannabe's still out there—glamorizing and canoniz-



ing these "rock stars" but for the most part, stupidity reigns and I was getting quite bored of watching the endless dribble coming out of these people's mouths. I was sincerely hoping they would say something I would give two shits about but most of the interviews deal with bragging shamelessly about who gave them a record deal and which label dropped them from their roster. Then while displaying a stupendous range of cerebral dexterity, the conversation veers towards the usual drinking and drug stories of a rag tag band of rock'n'roll fools. I give up!

Let it be knownst that the bands featured here represent only a slight portion of the Los Angeles

music scene. Plain folks who watch this film should be aware that there are countless other bands that were not featured in the film, making a whole different kind of sound with a whole other set of beliefs, morals and ethics. This sloppy sketch of the mainly Hollywood, decadent rock scene features the The Superbees, Extra Fancy, Throwrag, Texas Terri and The Stiff Ones, Bubble (great insight from the drummer a surviving bastion of the hair metal days. He spins the weave of tales you wished you could tell at that age—that is IF you make it that far), the aforementioned Dragbeat, Coyote Shivers (live singing about wanting to make a million bucks and complaining about being down

and out), The Streetwalking Cheetahs, The Hangmen, etc. Jesus, are these people as shallow and as one dimension as the film portrays them to be? I'm willing to bet that there are a few of them with a functioning brain cell left that can hold an interesting conversation that does not involve pussy, booze, drugs and rock—Ha! Who's kidding who here? The main point to remember while reading this is to clench your teeth and fist and call bloody murder if you were in this film. The other point is to remember that not all musicians in Los Angeles are "in it to win it." We all don't care if Tom Zutaut signs our band. We don't want to play at the Opium Den every fucking night. Some bands out of Los Angeles actually have a heart and tons of spirit that comes through when they play; they just weren't featured in this film. Badville's interpretation of the music scene leaves a bitter taste in one's mouth. What's also sad about this expose is that it's happening in every city around the world! Yikes the asshole quotient rises! It's a bitter pill I'd rather not swallow.

- **Namella J. Kim**

(Acetate Records, 2020 Broadway, 2nd Floor, Santa Monica, CA 90404)



Angry Young Spaceman

Jim Munroe, paperback, 244pgs.

After Harper-Collins published Jim Munroe's first novel, *Flyboy Action Figure Comes with Gasmask*, Munroe turned his back on big publishers and released his second novel, *Angry Young Spaceman*, on his own. He toured Canada with it, sold more copies than Harper-Collins had of his first book, and struck a blow for DIY book publishers. Now, indie-publisher Four Wall Eight Windows picked up *Angry Young Spaceman*, and it's finally available in the US.

Angry Young Spaceman is set in the year 2959. It tells the story of Sam Breen, a young man who takes a job teaching English on the remote planet of Octavia.. Initially, the job is just a way for Breen to pay off his student loans, but while he's on Octavia, Breen is forced to re-evaluate his own culture and belief system. He also meets a cast of bizarre characters, falls in love with an eight-legged woman, and learns a lot more about the universe than he bargained for.

Munroe does a good job of creating a futuristic Earth, as well as making you feel like you really have visited Octavia. The writing is seamless, and Munroe uses the futuristic setting to explore a lot of contemporary ideas



like cultural imperialism, the global (or in this case, universal) economy, veganism, and corporate co-opting of youth culture (something punkers can surely relate to). I'm not really a fan of sci-fi, per se, but authors like Ursula K. LeGuin, Ray Bradbury, and Jim Munroe have a way of making far off worlds relevant to my own, and I really appreciate that. It makes for a good read, regardless of the genre.

-**Sean Carswell**

(Four Walls Eight Windows, 39 West 14th St., room 503, NY, NY 10011)

